

country from the town of Guelph (which had lately been founded by the Canada Land Company) to the town of York, now the city of Toronto.

The meeting was attended by the agent of the company, the celebrated Mr. Galt. After the business of the meeting was over (the object of which, by the way, was never accomplished) they dined, and after the cloth had been removed, the author's father, among others, took occasion to address the meeting, when he spoke of the advantages which were *then* expected to be derived to the province by the operation of the Canada Land Company. He also took a complimentary notice of the literary talents and reputation of their distinguished guest, and also of his popularity in this country, which was then unbounded, as an instance of which they had begun to call their villages after his name; and concluded by observing that he had been some time since jolting by the village of Galt, between Guelph and Dundas Street, in a waggon, accompanied by some friends, when he composed and repeated to them the following lines in reference to this subject:

Great names to little things are oft applied,
And some may call it vanity or pride;
Ev'n be it so—they ne'er can be in fault
Who to immortalize their village, call it Galt!

And after the applause which this elicited had subsided, Mr. Galt observed "That he was not aware of there having been a poet in company."

THE END.