

1st, 1899, the uniform rate in all Canada was reduced to two cents. (Even since my coming to Canada in 1841, the postage on a letter from Montreal to Halifax was two shillings and three pence). I remember the death of George IV. in 1830, and the opening of the first passenger railway of any account in the Kingdom in the same year (The Liverpool and Manchester Line). The passing of Lord John Russell's Reform Bill in 1832 was hailed with great rejoicing in Glasgow, especially by the working classes; multitudes coming in from the country, women riding on horse-back seated on pillions behind the saddle on the same beast with their husbands with an arm encircling the guidmon's waist. Illuminations on a grand scale, bonfires, reviews, etc., etc. Ducrow's circus and Wombell's menagerie afforded infinite amusement to young and old. In 1901 when visiting Kensal Green Cemetery, London, my attention was attracted to a handsome mausoleum, over the door of which was this inscription:—"Andrew Ducrow died in 1842; many years lessee of the Royal Amphitheatre: He lived to brighten the lives of others." In Highgate Cemetery, beautiful for situation, far surpassing Kensal Green, I discovered Wombell's Tomb—a great block of marble, surmounted by a huge lion's head, and inscribed—George Wombell, menagerist, born 1777, died 16th November, 1850.

The imposing ceremonies connected with the opening of the Jamaica Street Bridge in 1834, was another great function in Glasgow, which I witnessed from a window in the home of Bailie Martin on the south side of the river. It was designed by Telford the architect of the Menai Suspension Bridge and considered one of his best works. The Aberdeen granite stones that entered into its construction had been hewn into shape in their native quarry, and when brought to the Broomielaw they fitted into each other with mathematical precision, so that it might be said of the bridge, as of Solomon's Temple: "There was neither hammer nor axe, nor any tool of iron heard while it was in building." That beautiful bridge lived scarcely 60 years, and I was in at the death of it. But the spectacle which above all else inspired the small boys with awe and wonder was the annual procession of "the Lords"—the judges of the circuit—who in white wigs periodically made their grand