

The characters in the dramatic *jeu d'esprit*, from which these lines are taken, are the principal personages of the defeated party, under thinly disguised names, Mr. Justice Clearhead, Mr. John Scott, William Welland, Judge Brock, Christopher, Samuel, Sheriff William, as above, and Thomas, &c. Rosedale is a name of pleasant sound. We are reminded thereby of another of the same genus, but of more recent application in these parts—Hazeldean—the pretty title given by Chief Justice Draper to his rural cottage, which overhangs and looks down upon the same ravine as Rosedale, but on the opposite side. (A residence of the Earl of Shaftesbury in Kew-foot Lane near Richmond, on the Thames is called Rosedale House, and is associated with the memory of the poet Thomson, who is said to have written his *Castle of Indolence* there.)

The perils and horrors encountered every spring and autumn by travellers and others in their ascent and descent of the precipitous sides of the Rosedale ravine, at the point where the primitive Yonge Street crossed it, were a local proverb and by-word: perils and horrors ranking for enormity with those associated with the passage of the Rouge, the Credit, the Sixteen, and a long list of other deeply ploughed watercourses intersected of necessity by the two great highways of Upper Canada.

The ascent and descent of the gorge were here spoken of collectively as the "Blue Hill." Certain strata of a bluish clay had been remarked at the summit on both sides. The waggon-track passed down and up by two long wearisome and difficult slopes cut in the soil of the steep sides of the lofty banks. After the autumnal rains and during the thaws at the close of winter, the condition of the route here was indescribably bad. At the period referred to, however, the same thing, for many a year, was to be said of every rood of Yonge Street throughout its thirty miles of length.

Nor was Yonge Street singular in this respect. All our roads were equally bad at certain seasons every year. We fear we conveyed an impression unfavourable to emigration many years ago, when walking with two or three young English friends across some flat clayey fields between Cambridge and the Gogmagogs. It chanced that the driftways for the farmers' carts—the holls as they are locally called, if we remember rightly—at the sides of the ploughed land were mire from end to end. Under the impulse of the moment, pleased in fact with a reminder of home far-distant, we exclaimed, "Here are Canadian roads!" The comparison was