

spot of magnificence and beauty, instead of the two papered and whitewashed *caravanserais* which served Lord Elgin as his Kensington and Balmoral whilst he turned his back on the Canadian St. James. The friends of the Grand Trunk Railway (together with the true friends of the Province) would have had six piers of the Victoria Bridge peering in contemptful grandeur over the frozen St. Lawrence,—the first that had braved his icy might, and ever reminding one of what in 1849 should have been the conduct of Lord Elgin and his ministerial advisers. The peaceable citizens of Toronto would have erected a special penitentiary for the use of their rowdy-ridden city; and, indeed, there is not a municipality in Canada that could not have applied every copper of it to its own particular wants and improvements.

And now it is but justice to add, that attempts have been made to abolish this most absurd system; a somewhat satirical motion has been made with regard to it, in the House, as most will remember; and if the press expresses the sentiments of the people, there would seem to be a general yearning after some fixed capital. It is, moreover, rather amusing to see the way in which the journals of every town of the least importance exhibit its special fitness for the purpose in view. Some have rummaged the mortality statistics, and triumphantly insist on the *salubrity* of their "*favorita*;" others, again, insist on the *security* of theirs in the event of the country's being invaded; whilst others that are quite desperate, will combine with these two gaudy colours every other which they think will make up an attractive picture. Toronto rests on the security of present possession, and we have actually seen a Kingston editor, writing of its (Kingston's) system of railway being soon completed, as one of the advantages, which that rising village presents! Come, Blue Bonnets and Vaudreuil, step into the rank of competitors. You, too, have a system of railways. You have been foolishly fancying that the track merely passed through your streets. But no; the great lines of the Eastern States, connecting with the Grand Trunk at Portland, and the whole net of railways from that point, were made to pour commerce into *your* laps.

An elephant was one day swimming across a river, when a fly that had been long on the wing chanced to alight on his head. As soon as the fly had rested himself, he commenced to soliloquize on his immense consequence in the kingdom of nature. Here was this monstrous beast with his prodigious strength and wonderful sagacity,