

Hamilton stands on the shore of a deep bay, called Burlington Bay. I should, however, rather call it a small lake with a very narrow opening into Lake Ontario. Above, or rather inside it, is another lake, reaching as far as Dundas, now almost filled with sedges or rice-plants. The Dundas Lake has also a narrow opening into Burlington Bay. During some great convulsion of nature, when the waters which covered the earth came sweeping down towards the Atlantic, having first filled the upper lakes, one part found its way through the Niagara River, while another came in this direction, first filling the Dundas basin, out of which it escaped by a narrow channel it formed for itself into Burlington Bay. Here it met with another impediment in a long straight sand-bank, thrown up probably by the first part of the flood, and not having strength to clear the whole away, it cut itself an outlet like an artificial canal. The Mountain I have spoken of, as sweeping round from Niagara, rises about a mile and a half from this bay, and on the intermediate space the city of Hamilton has been laid out. The street in which the City Hotel is situated extends from the water to the foot of the Mountain. There are several other fine broad streets parallel to it, and others at right angles to them, with intermediate squares and open spaces, some already filled with churches, schools, and other public edifices.

Hamilton contains more good hotels than any city in Canada. The one we were at is not the largest; but the landlord, Mr. Davidson, is most attentive, the house is most comfortable, and the provisions most excellent. A new railroad hotel is about being erected to vie with the finest in the States, and to be conducted, with certain variations, on the American plan. Probably, however, by this time, in all the cities through which railways