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THE CITIES OF CANADA.

TORONTO.

It may be regarded as a high degree of local vanity—a species of Metropolitanism, closely allied to the pride of Cockaigne—which induces us to commence our series of illustrations of the cities of this portion of Our Most Gracious Majesty's Dominions, with a description of the place of our habitation. But, Reader, whatever the feeling which prompts this preference may be, you will, perhaps, readily concede that it is a most natural one. Dwelling in a city, whose every stone and brick has been placed in its present position, under the eye of many who remember the locality as the site of primeval woods, the region of swamp—of some who have seen the lonely wigwam of the Missasauga give place to the log-house of the earlier settler, and this in its turn disappear, to be replaced by the substantial and elegant structures of modern art—we feel that we are justified in yielding to the pardonable, if vain desire, of telling the wondrous metamorphosis of forty years. It is meet that we should rejoice over the triumph of civilization, the onward progress of our race, the extension of our language, institutions, tastes, manners, customs and feelings. In no spot within British territory could we find aggregated in so striking a manner, the

evidences of this startling change; in none should we trace so strongly marked the imprint of national migration; in few discover such ripened fruits of successful colonization. The genius of Britain presides over the destiny of her Offspring—the glory of the Empire enshrouds the prosperity of its Colony—the noble courage and strength of the Lion inspires and protects the industry of the Beaver—the Oak and the Maple unite their shadows over breasts which beat in unison for the common weal.

We boast not superior intelligence, we claim not greater, nor even an equal share of, local advantages over the sister cities of our country, but we assert, in sincerity of belief and in justice to ourselves, a rapidity of growth and a stability produced by wholesome enterprise, as encouraging as it is remarkable.

The fine Bay in front of the city is formed by the remarkable peninsula, which, commencing at the River Don, stretches away westward, with a singular bend or curve at its western extremity, until it approaches the mainland opposite the Garrison. Here, a very narrow channel marked by buoys, admits vessels of almost any tonnage to shelter and safe anchorage. Over this expanded sheet of water may be seen, at this season of the year, many a graceful and tidy little craft gliding along under the skilful management of its amateur