

the feeling is delightful. Toronto seems to me much as usual ; grass grows in the streets, the geese wander about unmolested. It is a quiet place for its size—no hurry nor bustle. It reminds me very much of a steady going middle aged man, and would be much improved by casting aside a little of its stiffness, and inviting a good class of emigrants to make a stir in it. At present it is like a Seidlitz powder, it needs to be mixed and stirred ; still it is a fine city, containing about 50,000 inhabitants, and some very fine literary institutions, to which I shall call attention on my return from the West. I shall merely say that the day after my arrival, my dear brother got me an early breakfast, and drove with me to the Great Western Station, put me carefully into the car, and left me to my own thoughts. The weather was cool, and no dust. When we started, I found myself next a gentleman who told me the names of the places at which the cars stopped between Toronto and Hamilton. The first place was Mimico ; and a poor looking church, like a smoke-house, appears in view ; Port Credit, which seems to have a good deal of stagnant water around it ; then Oakville. After passing these places, a succession of fine ravines are seen, then Bronté, and we find ourselves at the head of Lake Ontario,—the day beautiful and the lake calm, and we stop with all politeness to make our bow, and allow the little steamer, “ Lady Argyle,” to pass