

our upward journey. The day was intensely hot. A bank of thunderclouds lowered heavily over the mountain, and the close dusty streets were silent and nearly deserted. Here and there might be seen a group of anxious-looking, careworn, sickly emigrants seated against a wall among their packages and sadly ruminating upon their future prospects. The sullen toll of the death-bell, the exposure of newly made coffins in the undertakers' windows and the oft recurring notice placarded on the walls, of funerals furnished at such and such a place at cheapest rate and shortest notice, painfully reminded us at every turning of the street, that death was everywhere, perhaps lurking in our very path. We felt no desire to examine the beauties of the place; with this anxious feeling pervading our minds, public buildings possessed few attractions, and we determined to make our stay as short as possible."

Sir John Colborne, then Lieutenant Governor of Upper Canada, had made great efforts to induce the better classes in the British Isles to emigrate to Canada. Until that time it was generally considered that no one could live long in our country owing to the severity of the climate and its barren soil! Emigration was discouraged by the Home Government which then exercised from Downing Street much control over the affairs of this country.

In his "Lives of the Judges," Mr. D. B. Read tells us that about this time a number of young Irish gentlemen formed an Emigration Society and decided upon Canada for their future home, intending to take up land and carry on farming.

In 1832 in the ship "Anne" of Halifax, with Cap-