

upwards of three years, derived our chief supply from that source. I do not know of anything more exciting than a regular good pig-hunt. Some of the old boars will set any number of dogs at defiance. Independent of the real and substantial advantage of this so cheaply procured food, it will at all times afford the New Zealand settler an excellent recreation to follow his dogs through the pig-grounds. Pigs are frequently to be met in herds of fifteen and twenty."

"I have seen," says Mr. Walter Brodie ('Remarks on Past and Present State of New Zealand,' 1845, p. 106), "nearly the whole of the British Colonies, as well as the States of North and South America, and I here conscientiously and honestly state that I have never seen any country to equal New Zealand." And this gentleman, be it observed, was a four years' resident there.

If we come back now to the CAPE OF GOOD HOPE—with its varied resources of wool and wine and grain—we have more evidences of unbounded prosperity. It is true that there have been disturbances in the interior, and the frontier warfare has thrown a partial cloud over the sunshine of the settlers; but this is but a temporary gloom, which cannot affect the resources of the country, or mar its capabilities as a scene for profitably industry. And here also the cry is for *labour*. And is it not a goodly country,—rich in soil, in climate, in all that can gladden the heart of man?

Let us take the account of one its most enterprising and flourishing settlers, that of Mr. J. C. Chase, an emigrant, of 1820, to the Eastern Province:—

I shall now address myself to the labourer, and my tale to him shall be short, plain, and unvarnished. I ask him to look and think upon his changeful native skies, his bitter winter and his poor accommodations—his periodical winter complaints, and "other ills that flesh is heir to," with his wife and children starving for the support which is dependent upon his labour—the attendant apothecary's bill, the stern looks of the relentless tax-gatherer; and then there is the landlord. I appeal to his spirit of independence, deadened by habitual suffering, in a land where all the privilege his *free* birth has left him is probably to give his suffrage to elect a Member of Parliament, whose face he never may see, and then "to ask his fellow man to give him leave to dig," and be refused—or should that gracious boon be accorded, then the

"Blessed prospects!

To slave while there is strength; in age the workhouse—

A parish shell at last, and the *little* bell

Toiled *hastily* for a *pauper's* funeral."

I then beg him to cast his frenzied vision hither—to a celestial climate and bright heavens, with their very excess of light; whose sun-beams shed no baneful influences on the human frame, where sickness is the exception, and uninterrupted health almost too general to be gratefully appreciated. Where doctors pine for want of practice, or take to farming, vastly more profitable; where apothecaries become poor, lean, and as transparent as the colours in their show bottles, and drugs are drugs indeed; where the ink-horn and pen-eared spectre, demanding the legal taxes, is never seen; where the landlord, in general, is the occupant himself; where artificers are not "the unwashed;" a land unlike that of the English labourer's home, where he is beset with