

to struggle with, and most of them are still below that happy point. Now, who would expect such persons to be very generous? They may be charitable enough; that is, if a person really destitute solicits their aid, they will not perhaps refuse it; but they will not lessen their children's comforts to serve a stranger, who, for aught they know, may be more independent than themselves. Let that humbugging fellow, Sterne, say what he pleases, hardships and privations will chill the fountain of liberality in the human breast—it is religion or prosperity that must thaw it.

Do you ask why I have not said any thing of the manners of the people here? But, pray, who are these people? Are they not English and Irish, with a few Scotch, and still fewer Yankees? Well, then, you know the manners of those already; and a few years, more or less, can have altered them little. Still, there is one particular, in which it is interesting enough to observe the effect generally produced on the lower class of my countrymen, even by a very short residence in Canada; and then to contrast them with the English settlers.

When Paddy has got a bee in his brain from a few glasses of whiskey, he looks down on every one who has a claim to be called a gentleman, with the utmost contempt. Should he have a quarrel with such a person, he will express himself respecting him something in this way—"He to the——! who the—— cares about him? Haven't I land, as well as he? For-yogh! I don't care that for him"—snapping his fingers. "Oh! by my soul, 'tis not the same with him here as 'twas in Ireland—I'll show him I'm as good as ever he was!" I have heard this, or language perfectly similar, on several occasions, from fellows who, before they came over here, were in the very lowest class of society; I have never heard any thing of the kind from Englishmen. The same seems too obvious to require explanation, and, in my opinion, brings more discredit upon Paddy's manners in the old country than upon any other of his vices.