

have suffered grievous disappointment on awakening to a practical knowledge of the fact. But so far from it following, as a consequence, that gentlemen cannot be either prosperous or desirable settlers, quite the contrary is the case.

Those who have read the very clever and entertaining work of Mrs. Moodie, and do not possess any other knowledge of Canada but what has been gleaned from its pages, may possibly be of opinion, that the only way to escape the misfortunes of the Moodie family, is to avoid the country where such an accumulation of disasters was suffered. Such impressions should be guarded against, for they will not be found to be supported even by the book itself, when the story and the intention of it are properly considered, and they are utterly inconsistent with the real state of the country, and with those numerous circumstances, connected with it which may have escaped the notice of the talented, but very unfortunate authoress, and which, at all events, her two volumes could not be expected to contain. We have heard doubts thrown upon the statements of the work. In not one single doubt upon the subject do we join. Our reasons for this are pretty good. We feel convinced that the authoress would not condescend to misrepresent, and as for the anecdotes being improbable, we could vouch for the perfect truth, of as many equally striking parallel incidents, within our own experience. No, the fault of the book, if it have any, is not inaccuracy. But, as its narrative is one of almost unvaried misfortune, whoever takes it as a sole guide to a knowledge of Canada, is not unlikely to close it with erroneous impressions, respecting the country, and the advisability of emigrating to it. A Canadian or an old settler, has gained sufficient experience, to enable him to read the book, and enjoy it—as who can fail to do—without having his judgment misled by it. He who has his knowledge of Canada, to acquire, and is honestly desirous of gaining unprejudiced views on the subject, while he need not deprive himself of the pleasures of Mrs. Moodie's entertaining society, should take the trouble to look into Smith's Canada, and the valuable statistical pamphlets circulated by the Canada Company, and Dunlop's Backwoodsman, and "Sketches of Canadian Life," will do him no harm. The Anglo-American he will consult, as a matter of course.

It is perfectly true that many gentlemen have been very unfortunate in Canada, but the causes of their trouble have been such as would have produced similar effects elsewhere. A delicate youth with barely any means, attempts to make a living by the labour of his hands, and after

"roughing it" for a few months, finds it necessary to do what he should have done in the first instance,—that is, he betakes himself, in some other part of the Province, to the employment for which he has been fitted by education,—supposing of course that he is fitted for anything. If he is not, it matters little whether he encumber his friends here or at home. He will be useless lumber anywhere.

A gentleman perhaps with a small capital, without taking any time to make himself acquainted with the country, purchases a farm which he either has not seen or of which he has not ascertained the intrinsic value. He finds that he has been bitten by a land jobber. With a similar lack of common prudence, he would have been victimised quite as scientifically in the purchase of a "pretty place" or an "eligible rural retreat," which George Robins had advertized, in any county in England.

He sells or lets his farm on very disadvantageous terms, and buys wild land. After making a few improvements, he finds that all his money has been spent, and that it is extremely difficult to drag a living out of his small stumpy field. The consequence is, that he finds himself, no better off, than if he had rented an English farm, and, having expended all his capital during the first season, and having been unfortunate with his crops, he remained without means to carry on the business. He experiences the nipping ills of poverty, and those ills, he soon discovers, are very much the same in all places, though the tyrant bites less keenly in new than in old countries. All Mrs. Moodie's readers must sympathise with the vivid picture which she draws of poverty in the bush, but one cannot reflect upon the story, without congratulating the authoress, that she was not a stranger in New York, Liverpool, London, or any other great city, when food was wanted, and there was no money to buy it with. A woman is greatly to be felt for under such circumstances, but a man,—one with sufficient courage and enterprise to deserve the name in its full sense, and possessed of health—has no excuse for remaining long without the necessaries of life in this country, however white may be his hands or however gentlemanly his feelings.

Any one with but moderate means—such as would be quite insufficient to enable him to maintain and educate his family, in the old country—may with much advantage and comfort, settle in Canada.

He brings with him no very large sum of money, perhaps, but enough to purchase a small farm. This he does not do, however, until he has thoroughly satisfied himself, by personal