

been essentially the experience of each of the elements of the English race, had it attempted the colonization of America. But, combined, they have given to the world a race, not only distinguished by the Celtic faculty of cohesion and endurance; by the Saxon faculty of conformity to all climes and conditions of life; and by the hardy Scandinavian, or Yankee spirit of adventure and migration; but, also, by a prodigious faculty of self-propagation, unknown to any portion of the human family. In evidence of this latter quality, the French savans themselves assert, that the population of the United States doubles itself once in 25 years; of Great Britain, in 44 years; of Germany, in 76 years; of Holland, in 106; of Italy, in 135; of France, in 138; of Switzerland, in 227; of Portugal, in 238; and of Turkey, in 555 years. The statistics of population in Asiatic and African countries are too lame to afford a trustworthy basis of calculation; but we know that there are many nations of men that do not increase at all in population; that there are others gradually wasting, like morning dew before the rising sun of civilization. And, perhaps, we may safely assume, that the aggregate population of all the other nations, besides those mentioned above, doubles itself in 1000 years. Then, taking the average increase of all these nations, the population of the globe, exclusive of the English race, would double itself in 310 years, and, if now 750 millions, would be, in the year 2157, if the world endure so long, 1,500,000,000. But the English race doubles itself in 35 years; and, putting it now at the very low estimate of 50 millions, if it should increase as it has done, it would amount to 21,940,000,000, in 2157; or more than twenty-seven times the present number of the inhabitants of the globe! and more than fourteen times the number of all the rest of the human family 310 years hence. Can there exist a reasonable doubt, then, of the ultimate prevalence of one blood and one language over the earth? Is it not inevitable, that these sluggish streams and stagnant pools of human vitality, must be absorbed into that gulf-stream of population which takes its head and impetus in England?

"Great Britain is not only the heart in which the blood of this wonderful race is elaborated, but the heart that propels it, by organic pulsations, to the world's extremes. During the ten years, ending with 1846, under the pressure of a common necessity, she propelled 745,300 of her children across the Atlantic, to seek a field of labor and life in North America alone,—and 125,778 of these, during the last year. And this is only one direction in which she has propelled the blood of the English race, to propagate its kind among the distant tribes of men. America, with its 25 millions of English lineage, language, and genius, is but a senior plantation. The whole globe is already sown with the like in kind; and each an evidence of the prodigious fecundity of the stock. Sail the wide oceans over, and you will find one of these plantations striking its vigorous roots deep and broad into every soil, whereon the aborigines are melting away like unsuited exotics. The island-heart of Britain beats on, and its blood acclimates itself to every clime and condition of vitality. And now its pulsations are quickened and strengthened by the pressure of the new necessity, which has long been gathering force. Her sea-girt home is too contracted for her landless millions, who are annually increasing in numbers, and in the relentless importunity for bread and freer life and labor. And she must let her people go—go by hundreds, where they have before gone by scores—go to all lands, where labor can meet the exigencies of human life. During the last year, the official register

numbers 129,851 emigrants, who went out from her on this mission of existence. But what is this number, compared with the host that will leave the United Kingdom the present year? If nearly a million have gone to distant lands during the last ten, will not a million more follow them in the next five years? And these will go, as their predecessors went, with as strong home affections and love of kindred as ever bound human hearts and habitations together. If one doubts this, let him stand by and witness the scene that is enacted when an emigrant ship unmoors for the Western World; or let him go to America, and try the strength of the home feeling with which the emigrant clings to the remembrance of his native land, and of those he has left behind."

LINES

ADDRESSED TO THE FARMERS' OF CANADA.*

BY A YOUNG LADY.

Know ye not that ye are men,
Ye labouring throngs of earth?
Must ye be told and told again
What truth and toil are worth?

Why do you look upon the ground,
No fire within the eye,
When noble born are all around,
And wealth and rank go by?

For, have ye not a heart within,
And sense and soul as they?
And more—have ye not toiled to raise
The bread ye eat to-day?

Do you despise your sunburnt hands—
So hard and brown with toil—
That have made fair the forest lands,
And turned the forest soil?

What! do you fear the haughty gaze
Of men in such array?
'Tis said, pride hath not many days,
And riches fly away.

Up heart and hand, and persevere,
And overcome the scorn—
The haughty hate and heartless sneer
Of this world's gentle born.

Fear not—shrink not—to you is given
The guardianship of earth:
And on the record book of Heaven
Is writ your honest worth.

Honour yourselves, be honest, true,
And willing, firm, and strong—
Do well whate'er your hands may do,
Though praise may linger long.

A high and holy work is yours,
And yours should be a fame
That lives for ages, and endures
Beyond a hero's name.

Go, with your hands upon the plough,
And the plough beneath the sod,
Pity the heart that scorns, and bow
To nothing but your God!

Carton, 1847.

* First published in the *Montreal Courier*.