

reason for this is, that in the absence of all manufactures, the consumption has not kept pace with the production, and they would not perhaps, hitherto, bear exportation. The wonderful revolution in production of the finer fabrics which constitute our wearing apparel, which has of late years taken place throughout the world, by means of cotton and the spinning-jenny, has all but annihilated the growth of flax, and has also seriously affected that of hemp.

Down to this time it is only to the staple productions that we have paid much attention. These staples have hitherto been—wheat, pork, lumber and pot-ashes. All the other productions of our soil have only occasionally and incidentally received attention, and could never hitherto be reckoned and depended upon as productions to offset against our importation of foreign goods; and in this lies the secret of our commercial embarrassment. If, then, we strike out of this already small catalogue—pork, lumber and pot-ashes, the former depending for demand upon the last two, and these again diminishing daily with the clearing up of our wild lands, we have but one left—*wheat*. And then, if we pursue this idea and reflect, that what with the lessening of the demand for home consumption by means of the decline in the manufacturing of lumber and pot-ashes, and the loss of protection in the English market, this our only staple article is reduced 20 per cent. in value, we may, without much difficulty, fix upon the value of our future prospects! And yet, in the face of these incontrovertible facts, we hear people wondering how it is that our commercial matters have got into so ricketty a condition—that our wholesale merchants are so largely indebted to the European manufacturer, our shop keepers to the wholesale merchants, and the farmers to the shop keepers.

That the country is enormously in debt we have every day the most irrefragable evidence—no man can shut his eyes to the fact. I estimate the mercantile indebtedness to be equal at least to that of the public debt—upwards of five millions of pounds! I do not mean to say, that the farmers alone owe this sum, but I mean to say that this 20,000,000 of dollars has all to be dug out of the ground by the farmers, with the exception of that part which the remnant of our lumbering and pot-ash establishments may yet meet—both of which are at present dwindling away, and will shortly become wholly insignificant. At least four-fifths of this sum are owing by the people of Upper Canada, and must be dug out of the ground by about two hundred and fifty thousand pairs of hands! Oh! for a few months in California! Not so, gentlemen, take my word for it, we will dig this out of our own mine much more easily than out of those of California. I repeat, that the whole of the amount for the payment of this debt must come out of the ground—it must be CREATED. Political economists, I know, differ somewhat on this point, but the difference consists in words merely. They do not understand each other. It is of great importance that every man who gets his living by the production of *food*, should never lose sight of this great and important distinction between his

occupation and that of all other classes of the community—that he alone CREATES, and all the rest of the world ANNIHILATES. I shall not stop here to enter into a metaphysical discussion of this subject, but without an explanation of what I mean by this word "creation," as applied to the growers of food, I should not be sufficiently understood, and this explanation cannot better be given than in the following quotation of an experiment lately made.

Two hundred pounds of earth were dried in an oven, and afterwards put into an earthenware vessel; the earth was then moistened with rain water, and a willow tree weighing five pounds was placed therein. Care was taken to prevent the addition of fresh earth. After growing for five years, the tree was removed, and found to weigh one hundred and sixty-nine pounds three ounces. The earth was then removed from the vessel, again dried in the oven, and afterwards weighed; it was discovered to have lost only about two ounces of its original weight; thus, one hundred and sixty-four pounds of lignin or woody fibre, bark, roots, &c., were certainly produced—but from what source? This is what I mean by creation—and this is what the farmer does in the growth of all his crops. In an acre of wheat which will yield 45 bushels, he creates four tons out of the single bushel of wheat, weighing about 60 lbs., which he sowed! It is only by this operation that debts, strictly speaking, can ever be really discharged. This produce may, indeed, for the time being, be represented by bits of metal or bits of paper, but these representatives are a mere guarantee that this food shall be created and be forthcoming.

I have dwelt upon this, because, if we may judge from the actions of men, the farmer does not know the importance of the position which he holds amongst his fellow men; nor is the non-producing part of the community, which constitutes fully one-half of the population in this country, aware, it appears to me, of the extent of its obligation to the farmer.

To pay this enormous sum we must export 16,000,000 bushels of wheat, supposing we realise five shillings per bushel. Now, I do not think, that of Canadian wheat we have ever shipped from our sea ports much exceeding 3,000,000 bushels in any one year. So that five or six years must elapse before this debt would be paid, supposing we imported no more goods, and exported on an average not less than this quantity of wheat.

Do not let me be misunderstood here. In making these estimates, I do not pretend that they are based upon any certain data—they must necessarily be mere approximations; my principal drift is, to set before you some tangible matter for your serious consideration; because that our present position will require the serious consideration, and not only so, but the prompt and energetic *action* of the farmers of Canada; none but those who, having eyes and see not, ears and hear not, or hands and work not, can for a moment doubt or gainsay. Nor let me be censured for thus exposing our real situation to the world—to strangers, and many of those strangers foreigners perhaps.