

when my father settled in our township, there was not a road, or a mill, or a neighbour within ten miles of us.' Most of them went in debt for the little supplies of provisions they wanted, and thought it no hardship to pay the debt afterwards from the produce of their lands. Five dollars worth of flour, and a like value of pork or other food, would be abundance for each individual, taking men, women, and children, until crops would be gathered. Families of five, becoming settlers, ought to consider themselves rich with twenty pounds worth of provisions, tools, and seed. I believe three-fourths of the settlers in the woods in this country, possessed no such sum; and with assistance to that extent the new settlers ought to succeed, and would succeed well."

And the learned gentleman in the same lecture, thus addressed his Irish countrymen, urging them to look to emigration to Canada as the means of relieving them from the poverty prevalent in their own unfortunate island:—

"You who are Irishmen and who belonged to the middle class of society, who are the sons of small farmers in Ireland, or of small tradesmen in Irish towns and cities, must remember well the narrow economy, the parsimonious housekeeping, which was necessary to make both ends meet. It used to be said of the Kinsale gentry that they had hake and potatoes for dinner one day, and, by way of rarity, potatoes and hake the next. You know with what anxiety parents watched their growing families, feeling them an increasing burden, and wondering where the mass of society would open places in which to introduce the wedge, which was to make their children self-dependent. You have witnessed the struggles to obtain small parcels of land at exorbitant rents, which would leave to the tenantry just sufficient in favorable seasons for subsistence, and hopeless arrearages, should prices be low or crops bad. Have you not had in your neighbourhood the midnight burning, the hideous murder? Have you not been startled from your slumber by the clank of arms, to look abroad and see the glittering sabres of the soldiery surrounding the unhappy criminals, on their way to captivity and death? What occasioned this? Some higher rent offered for a farm, which made the tenant homeless; some despairing resistance to the fate which was to make the tenant a half-employed laborer, and his family beggars. In this descending course to social perdition, were there not times when the sinking tradesman, the small farmer, could have emigrated, with more abundant means, more manly strength, and more of the habit of enduring privation, than one half the emigrants who have peopled the Western States of America; and more available property to commence a settlement, than one half the Irish emigrant population of Canada, who are now independent freeholders? What these people wanted was American ambition; they should not have struggled for what their own country contained. They should have sought for better things abroad. For several years of the period I speak of, namely, from 1816 downwards, land in this country was given free, and at this moment land can be obtained on credit, at prices which an industrious man can pay in a

few years with his own labour. Many have emigrated, many have come here, but how few in comparison with the multitudes left behind, how few in comparison with the multitudes which this country was capable of receiving. And yet did it require more courage to cross the Atlantic than to become an Irish laborer for hire, more exertion to clear a farm than to work from morning till night, seeding on potatoes at sixpence a-day, more endurance to sit by a blazing wood-fire in a Canadian shanty, than to shiver over the stunted hearth of an Irish cabin?—was the certain prospect of abundance in the one case, less cheering than the inscription "hope not," which may well be placed over the door of each Irish peasant?

"This picture is Irish. I dare not indulge in any portraiture of society in the sister island. If there be no destitution amongst the agriculturists and artisans of England, if the accounts we read of Parish Unions be fables,—if there be not in truth an addition of 300,000 souls to the population of England each year,—if the condition of the English labourer be not worse than it was twenty years ago,—if the prospects of the English farmer be as bright as they were twenty years since,—if the Glasgow weavers be a prosperous class, as compared with the Canadian landholders,—if the Highland hills afford abundance to the brave children of the soil,—then all I can say is—happy island! You want no extension of territory, you can afford to conquer colonies, and to give them for nothing to the needy Americans, that they may sell them, that they may found sovereign states upon your inheritance. But if there be destitution and poverty even in England and Scotland,—if the increase of population overstock the labour market,—if the wealth of nations flowing into your country brings no riches to the poor,—if the condition of the great mass of society have anything of a downward tendency,—if fathers look with any uneasiness upon the future prospects of their children,—then how much more applicable to you is my reproach; for you have the means of emigrating, you have the means of settling on land with ease and comfort, you have the opportunity before you of individual independence, and of founding a great transatlantic community, of spreading the constitution, laws, and intelligence of your country over new regions, and you want the spirit, the ambition, the enterprise of the Yankee, whose manners you ridicule, and whose wandering propensities you affect to despise. •

"To the class I have just described, those who have the means of emigrating, and of settling upon land; to those who are still more happy, in the present means of paying for land; to those who can do still better, and choose their new position on land already improved, and in the midst of cultivation and population; to all whose condition is not one of present ease, and of hopeful future for themselves and their children,—this country of Canada offers all the inducements to emigration, arising from cheap land, fertile soil, good and healthy climate. If labour be comparatively dear, so much the better for the labourers. If this makes land cheap, so much the better for the settler. If labour were here as cheap as at home, the land which you can now purchase for ten shillings or one pound an acre, would be worth one or two