

BRITISH AMERICA.

"TURNING to the north of this Continent, the foundations of a new Empire are seen in Canada. This region is, for all actual purposes, boundless—stretching as it does from Nova Scotia, in forty-five degrees North latitude, to the Pole, and from Newfoundland to the Pacific, through eighty degrees of longitude.—If it be objected that the Canadas are still a wilderness, and visited with intense cold, it is justly answered that this whole extent is capable of sustaining life, as is shown by the residence of the Indian Tribes, and the hunters of the Hudson's Bay and North West Companies;—that the most populous part of Russia is twenty degrees to the north of the American border of Upper Canada;—that *Montreal* lies in nearly the same parallel which cuts through the south of France, the Adriatic, and the Black Sea? And above all, that the Colonists crowding to that country are *Englishmen*—a race proverbially successful in all the tasks to be achieved by patient vigour and fearless adventure. Those men require only room, their native energies will do the rest. The forest will be cleared, the morass drained, the prairie will be a corn-field, the sandy-hill will bear the vine. The hugo lakes, those Mediterraneans of the new World, will be covered with the products of the mineral and agricultural wealth of the country;—Coal has been already discovered in abundance—Iron and the various metals are already worked—the hills about in every kind

of limestone, up to the purest marble. The climate is singularly healthy—the higher latitude repels all the summer epidemics that ravage the United States.—Even in the severity of its winter, all that is injurious will yield to the thinning of the forests, the drainage of the swamps, and the other labours of the accumulating population. The temperature of the European climates has gradually given way to the same means. The north of France, at the time of the Roman Conquest, was incapable of rearing the vine. The north of Germany was the habitual seat of winter.—Its frosts and damps, more than the sword of Arminius, repelled the Roman soldier, seasoned as he was above all other men to all vicissitudes of climate.

"But whatever may be the dreams of England's supremacy in this quarter of the globe, in one thing she cannot be a dreamer,—in the lofty and cheering consciousness that she has laid the foundation of a great society where all before was a wilderness.—Whether the Canadas shall retain their allegiance or shake it off, there will at least be human beings where once was solitude, law where once was the license of savage life, religion where the Indian once worshipped in brutish ignorance,—and England's will be the wand that struck the waters from the rock, and filled the desert with fertility and rejoicing."—[CROLY'S GEORGE THE FOURTH.]

SUCH are the eloquent and striking words in which one of the most powerful writers of the age, in his splendid survey of the glory of the British Empire, has touched on her North American Provinces. There are few, very few, (and those few are little to be envied,) throughout the boundless spread of dominion reposing under the shelter of the flag of England, who can read without a proud feeling of delight that glowing compendium of the splendour and magnitude of British power. The lowest and meanest of her countless millions, the smallest atom of a mass so brilliant, if he be not dead to every generous feeling that exalts or ennobles our nature, will feel his cheek glow and his eye brighten when he hears a master spirit singing of the surpassing glory of his country—her martial deeds by field and wave, her unequalled achievements in the regions of science, her ceaseless efforts for the

general good of mankind, and the magnificence of her far spread realms, of an extent and majesty beyond the wildest day-dreams of a Grecian or Roman Victor. To no spurious enthusiasm should this feeling be attributed, to no overweening nationality does it owe its birth. With the purest and best aspirations of the heart, and the soundest deductions of common sense, it is indissolubly interwoven. No sensible British subject, however prejudiced he may be on certain points, when he takes for his theme the real and positive greatness of his Country, or her exertions in the cause of truth or of humanity, will utter a sentiment or pronounce a panegyric which the understanding and intelligence even of an alien will censure as too exalted or too little deserved. Take an enlightened inhabitant of every nation of the Earth, and let the question be propounded to him—"Which are the two greatest Countries