

And as a babe whom scaring sounds molest
 Clings close and closer to her mother's breast,
 So the loud torrent and the whirlwind's roar
 But bind them to their native country more."

This love for home is still as great as ever, but many circumstances have combined to induce them to avail themselves of any facility of emigration. The letters which reach them daily from their friends on this continent, the progress of knowledge, the horror of destitution at home, and the impossibility of finding employment in their own country—and above all the appalling famine which recently visited them, with its usual horrors—the change of times producing the destruction of that patriarchal tie which bound the poorest Clansman to his Chief, as a member of one family—all these circumstances and many more have combined to reconcile their minds to emigration, and if they must leave their own lovely Isles of the Sea, and the sweet glens of their nativity, over which the Roman Eagle never hovered, they would prefer the woods and **BRITISH SETTLEMENTS IN NORTH AMERICA**, where, by societies like the present, the language, dress, and manners of their forefathers are preferred by thousands of their expatriated Countrymen, to the dusky atmosphere of manufacturing towns; or the still more uncongenial land of republicanism.

Nor, Gentlemen, whilst paying this just and willing tribute to this valuable class of settlers, in this province, can I help, on this day, this great, auspicious, memorable day, carrying my mind's eye over the broad Atlantic, to the rural villages of my own, my native land, where its hardy, noble peasantry are gambolling together on the village green, to commemorate the restoration of monarchy to a people, who sickened and disgusted at republican tyranny, threw off its heavy and intolerable yoke. We know not until we observe the workings of the monster, on this Continent, of what a burden they were freed. And the monitions of the past should strongly teach us to preserve inviolate that great, inestimable boon, the British Constitution. That matchless form of government is not the child of chance nor the offspring of hasty and crude experiment—it is not the result of a happy conjecture—it owes its birth to the united efforts of the