

*" Dalhousie Castle, 31 Aug. 1833.*

" MY DEAR SIR,

" I do feel, and ever shall feel, the warmest interest in the welfare of that country in which I spent nearly ten years of the happiest days in my life. I sincerely rejoice to learn, by your letter, that the Lower Canada Land Company has closed a bargain with Government for the purchase of large tracts of land. Experience in settling the Canadas has long proved, that to give free grants is not the wisest system to advance the interests, either of the emigrant or of the province. A man who purchases his land, will proceed to obtain the return for his money more industriously, than one who gets land for nothing—the one system of settlement encourages industry, the other idleness—so, at least, we have seen it almost invariably.

" Your Company has now brought a powerful machinery to work for the public good, as well as their own; an energy which the Government was not able to create. I wish you success with a firm heart. You have given proof of its effects in Upper Canada, to admit of no doubt of its influence elsewhere.

" When in Canada, I did doubt your success, because I doubted the Company would persevere in so great an outlay as was then proposed; but I only rejoice the more now, in the success of their perseverance. Allow me to repeat my cordial wishes that the Canadas and the Company may equally benefit in the great undertaking.

" My physicians have banished me (not fourteen years) to Nice, during this approaching winter; but in my own mind, if Scotland won't do for me, I much doubt any other climate will do better. Wherever I go, I shall always entertain that esteem and regard for you, which began and grew in our acquaintance in Canada; and in these feelings always believe me to remain

" Faithfully yours,

" DALHOUSIE."

" John Galt, Esq.

While this sheet was at press, and I expected to conclude my narrative with something less dolorous than many parts of it, I was struck with another shock that has rendered my sight ineffectual; thus maintaining the uniformity of my fate in a singular manner. However, I am something like a cat that I was at the drowning of in my boyish years:—a country carter, who looked over my shoulder at the sight, on seeing the poor animal, remarked on the catastrophe, that it would "take pains to kill her."

END OF AUTOBIOGRAPHY.