

Notwithstanding the usual influx of strangers during the summer, it is worthy of remark, that the number of unemployed poor is by no means proportionably increased. On the contrary, we have good reason to believe that Quebec, and its neighbourhood, were never more free from this burthen than at the present moment. The facility with which locations are now obtained, is one cause, and amply sufficient, alone, to account for it.

There has been a pretty general error in imagining that the settlers who arrive from Europe, are almost universally paupers. Hence has arisen the coldness with which the mere influx of numbers, without capital, has been viewed by persons who otherwise had the welfare of these provinces much at heart. During the late season, our enquiries have led us to a perfectly different conclusion. It is a bold thing to say, but strong ground exists for believing that the amount of capital brought into the province by the settlers of the season will not fall far short of £150,000. Various instances have come to our knowledge where Emigrants have possessed each from £100 to £200. The party headed by a Mr. Jones, and who are now settled in Upper Canada, brought with them £20,000 in cash. Two individuals had, the one fourteen, and the other, whose name we have, and who arrived in the ship *Clarkson*, forty pounds weight of sovereigns. Many officers on the half-pay of the Army and Navy, brought with them considerable sums.

The benefit of the provinces by the progress of Emigration and New Settlements, without any visionary idea, must be considered of vast importance. When we regard the increased number of persons arriving, and remaining as settlers in the province—the money expended by them, and the capital they possess—the favourable condition of the working proportion—the few unemployed and unproductive poor, notwithstanding so large an influx of Emigrants—and the great extent of settlement, even in this district—it is impossible to deny that the prospect is cheering, and the consequence to be anticipated highly interesting and satisfactory. In every part of the province, opinion seems to have changed to a decidedly favourable direction, and Emigration and New Settlements, formerly viewed with suspicion or indifference, now excite feelings the most liberal and inspiring. Land has advanced in value in various proportions, but still has advanced. In the line of Craig's Road it has increased 50 per cent. and in Stoneham and Tewkesbury more than double.

Looking at the operations of the summer, it would be an act of injustice to pass over the indefatigable exertions of the gentleman, appointed by the Imperial Government to reside here as Agent for Settlers and Emigrants. We are far from saying that the labours which are known to have been freely bestowed, have alone produced the effects we have above alluded to, but we may say, without any fear of contradiction, that they have materially promoted the present state of things, as regards Emigration and New Settlements in the Canadas.

TEMPERANCE.

Warning for temperate drinkers.

A correspondent of the Rochester Observer, under date of *Pittsford*, Nov. 23, says:

Our minister yesterday broke ground on the subject of Temperance.—But though the preacher was truly eloquent, yet there was one in the assembly who though mute as the grave, spoke in a language far more touching than his. It was a female—the wretched wife of an intemperate husband. When the man of God came to speak of the distress caused by drunkenness, and portrayed the miseries of a tender mother, surrounded by her half-naked, half-starved and helpless offspring, begging in vain for bread, she saw in his description, the picture of her own wretchedness. It was too much—tears rushed to her eyes, and she seemed overwhelmed in grief.

Never were my feelings more sensibly moved. I knew her condition. I pondered the means by which it had been occasioned, and trembled at the thought, that perhaps my own "temperate drinking" was one of the tributary streams to her tide of woe. Indeed I remembered, and it came like an arrow to my heart, that her miserable husband, once I might reproved for sipping at the fatal bowl, replied by way of excuse, "Mr. — takes a little occasionally, and may not I?"

Strength diminished by Alcohol.—The acquisition of strength is found to be only temporary; dulness, both of the passions and intellect succeeds, together with a diminution of the muscular power; a tendency to sleep ensues; and it is seen that the subsequent exhaustion is in reality proportionate to the previous excitement; in short, that the drinker, instead of increasing, has only used up his vital powers, and is now weaker than before. Hence it is that, although spirituous liquors create a temporary energy, which may, under some circumstances, possibly enable him who drinks them to accomplish more than at another period, yet the reverse is the case in the long run; and, both as regards a consecutive series of daily labour, and the prolongation of life, alcoholic drinks are a real disadvantage.—The experience of all those who have employed numerous workmen, and who have made comparative trials is decidedly confirmatory of what we here allege. In mechanical strength, in the capability of enduring hardship and fatigue, in the force and clearness of the intellectual powers, the intemperate can stand no comparison with individuals endowed with the same natural advantages, who abstain totally from the use of ardent spirit.

Phil. Med. Soc. Report.

MISCELLANY.

From an English Periodical.

THE NEW YEAR.

"Whatsoever thine hand findeth to do, do it with all thy might."

Where is yesterday? It has passed by, and a fresh day has dawned in its stead. But will it not return? Never! Similar scenes may present themselves; the same routine of duties and pleasures may again offer themselves, and command your attention; but the hours of yesterday, with their pleasures, their cares, and advantages, are gone for ever; they are lost in the chaos of past ages! Where is to-day? Its moments are on the wing! Where is to-morrow.

—In another world!

To numbers this is certain;

The reverse is sure to none!

Of what infinite value is time! 'Tis the space given for repentance, or to fill up the measure of iniquity:—'tis the prelude, the forerunner of heaven or hell, and yet, how short, how uncertain its duration!

Time has no tardy pace, admits of no delay,
Hours, days, weeks, years, haste onward to decay;
Swifter than lightning from the fire fraught sky,
Or radiant sun-beams, all our moments fly.

Is it then certain that yesterday, as well as to-day, was bestowed in order to give us opportunity to redeem our neglect of the past, by the improvement of the present? This truth no one will deny; it has been allowed by the wise and good of all ages and nations. Surely then the irrecoverable departure of yesterday must fill even the vain and thoughtless with alarm; must urge them to seize upon the present hour, lest it should escape also:—Alas, No!—Such a one will readily confess that past duties were not fulfilled, and that those before him are not more complete; nor is he ignorant that to-day will be quickly added to his neglected calendar. Does any one reproach him with folly for this delay, no one is more ready to acknowledge the culpability of it; but when urged to immediate reformation—"Such and such an engagement," he cries, "prevents me to-day, but to-morrow, mark, to-morrow! I will begin in earnest and I pair my negligence." To-morrow shines upon him, and claims the performance of his promise; but new pursuits and allurements arise with it, and fresh excuses are framed. Continued negligence again deplored; and promises of speedy amendment again given, binding as the former, and which will be as easily broken, when by the hasty strides of time to-morrow is transformed into yesterday.

Such is the conduct of numbers in every affair of importance throughout life: 'tis thus they trifle with time, till it is no longer theirs; and to-morrow, so often depended upon, rises no more for them!

If with the Emperor (who called himself to account every night for the actions of the past day; and, as often as he found he had slipped any one

day without doing good, he entered upon his diary this memorial, "Perdidi diem,") we could only lament the loss of a day, how sweet would be the reflection, and how heartfelt the delight! But, proud as we are by nature to do that which is forbidden, and to omit doing that which we are commanded, in taking a retrospective view of the last twelve months, we shall find that a large portion of our time has been occupied in pursuits more culpable than total idleness." "Every fool," (observes Lord Chesterfield,) who slatters away his whole time in nothings, has some trite observation at hand, to prove both its value and its fleetingness; and though they pretend to feel the necessity of employing it well, they squander it away without considering that its loss is irrecoverable." This remark is too just to be considered as a libel upon society; but to censure imperfections without pointing out a remedy, is as unavailing, as it would be for a physician to describe all the minute symptoms of a disease without recommending a proper mode of cure.

Dr. Young's sublime description of time was never surpassed, and can scarcely be equally in any language:—

—We take no note of time,

But from its loss. To give it then a tongue,

Is wise in man,—As if an angel spoke,

I feel the solemn sound!

He then proceeds to tell us that the stroke of the clock is "the knell of our departed hours," and warns us not to waste them! Time is every man's moral estate, and happy is he, who has early learned not to squander his patrimony! A just and correct knowledge of the importance of time should be looked upon as the greatest mark of a sound head. A man who suffers moments to glide away imperceptibly, unemployed, except in listless, idolent inactivity, or in trifling and irritable amusements, fails in the great duty he owes himself and his fellow-creatures; he fails in the duty he owes himself, for he neglects to strengthen the virtuous principles of his character by proper exercise, without which they become corrupted and inert; and he fails in the duty he owes to his fellow-creatures, because no man should live for himself alone! action is his sphere: he should do something towards the general stock, or else he is to be regarded as an intruder upon the labours of his brethren!—

Man, like the generous vine, supported lives,

The strength he takes, is from the strength he gives.

The retrospect of the past year may fill the reflecting mind with anxiety and regret; but while there is hope, and though the year be as yesterday, and cannot be recalled, the one on which we have just entered, holds out renewed opportunities and advantages. 'Tis true the same temptations may again assail you, heretofore but too successful. Be, therefore, more vigilant; you have, or ought to have, increased experience to detect the foe, and more resolution to withstand the assault. Avoid the errors of the past, and remember that the present hour is all that you can call your own; make the best use of it while it is so; and re-5, without fear, on that power which will reward your sincere though feeble exertions.

The departure of another year, the arrival of a new one, have induced me to send the above piece to the Magazine; and I hope it will be the means of exciting diligence in all who read it, to make their calling and election sure. O how speedily will the consummation of all things commence! For yet a very little while and the commissioned archangel lifts up his hand to Heaven, and swears by the Almighty Name, *That time shall be no longer.* The abused opportunities will never return, new opportunities will never more be offered. Then should negligent mortals wish ever so passionately for a few hours,—a few moments only, to be thrown back from the opening eternity, thousands of worlds would not be able to procure the grant.

Let me just remind the righteous that they now have

"A twelvemonth less to struggle with the world,

A twelvemonth nearer on the road to Heaven."

"Whatsoever thine hand findeth to do, do it with all thy might," is a thought I would recommend to the reader as well as myself, as a motto for the new year 1830.