

His humble tenement was the abode of his forefathers, the scanty meal his accustomed lot, and, in the hour of need, the parish his refuge. There every thing is familiar to him : his habits and affections are equally bound up within the precincts of his birth-place. Accompany him from thence, with his wife and children, to the shores of Canada, whither he has wended his way, with some vague, some indistinct notion that he will better his condition ; and—oh ! say it not in Gath !—the tale of his indigence is yet to be told. He that, in the language of the panegyrist, was to prove the saviour of the Colony, its bone and sinew, and every other smiling figure of expression, exemplifies “poverty made more poor ;” his position may be seen too truly—friendless, penniless, work-less, guide-less. Mark the following notice of his transit by a recent Montreal journalist :—“ On board the “ *Princess Victoria* were some Irish emigrants, on their way “ to the United States, without money, without provisions, “ without any object except to procure employment, without “ any information of either Canada or the States.” Alas ! and veritably poor exile from Erin, thine ambition was to toil and sweat, to fulfil the prophetic doom of man ! No outstretched hand was nigh to counsel thee—to direct thy willing energies—to place thee where thy unemployed industry would have been called into active service, with the certain and cheering prospect of obtaining those worldly comforts of which, in thy utmost longing after, thou didst little dream. Ye that invite immigration, that seek to attract it to your