

The fact of such numbers crowding to America must not be laid altogether to the door of their circumstances at home. They are miserable at home because their friends are so happy here. An old woman came to me the other day with a letter, which she had got some other old woman to write for her. It was to her friends in the "ould counthray," and I was to address it. As she left it with me to mail for her, I took the liberty of reading it. Here, said I, is an illustration of one of the causes of Irish dissatisfaction. I am sorry I did not make a copy of it. 'An will yez niver com to Amiricay It's meself ud be the glad ould crather iv I seed yez agin we hiv fiv cows eight sheep and any quantity iv foul and sich a purty counthray iv yez wud only sen me Mary Jane to take care iv me in me ould age.'

This same 'ould crather' was one of the poorest and meanest in the place. I don't think she could have raised five dollars to save her life. Her old man was working a small clearing on shares, and half the time sick with fever and ague.

I deliberately sat down and wrote this postscript,—'Good people, I have read what your friends have been telling you, and I think it my duty to warn you not to act upon what is here written. At the lowest calculation one half of it is not true. I have nothing against your people, but don't let them persuade you to come here if you can at all make a shift to live at home. They are as poor as you can possibly be and they are half the time sick with fever and ague.'

We all believed 'n cousin Philip, especially mother, who was of the same ardent temperament, and of course as easily influenced by what he said. But Philip could not persuade his aunt to remain in the north of Ireland. Come what may she would give the New World a trial in some one or other of its northern divisions.

What would Philip say about Canada, the British Siberia, as he used to call it? Go to! Let us see what it has to say for itself. There's the Croziers, they are rich, if old Tom is to be trusted. They have been there for fifty years or nearly—none of them but old Tom have ever thought of coming back to Ireland again.

"But we are not going to the Croziers, mamma."

"No Mary, I was going to say if they can live in Canada I can. We shall steer clear of the Croziers for certain."

The great question now with mamma was more of an aesthetic nature, certainly one not much debated by intending emigrants. It was this: "Is there any difference in the condition of the Canadian and American Irish? Is the Colonial Irishman the same denationalized being he is said to become in the great Republic. Or is Canada a home, in any sense capable of supplying the place of the dear land he can never cease to love and regret. Satisfy me on this head and my mind is made up. I care not what people have said about the climate, the agricultural resources of the country or its political condition—these are of trifling significance to me, compared with its capacity to satisfy a fundamental craving of the Irish heart."

"Mamma! Philip can tell us all about it."

"Philip knows nothing at all about it, Mary. Let me see, now, when I think, I have read somewhere that the greatest men in Canada have been of Irish birth, and Philip gives it as a triumphant proof of his assertion that we are not liked in the States, that no Irishman born ever gets into an office. Why, Mary, it stands to reason, it's all the same country. There is nothing to hinder an Irishman here from filling the highest place in the land, and what is to hinder him there?"

"Well, mamma! you talk like the O'Donnoghue, or one of the French political women, as if the Crozier dynasty had some other mission into this world than merely to earn its daily bread. Do you think we shall have one hundred pounds, mamma, after paying our passage to Canada?" "Mary, it matters little what money I have; money could not let me see the future more plainly than I do. For myself, it matters little where I go, but I have my duty to perform to my children, my country, and my people, which as I happen to recognise I shall as certainly endeavor to discharge, God sohelping me."

"Spoken like an old Roman matron, mamma, I shall try and feel like you."

It was decided we should go to Canada.