

earth, the island was closed to emigration, the few who went there, were squatters, having no title to the land they cleared, and no heart to improve what they occupied, lest ejectment should follow. Fishermen came in summer like water-fowl, and like them took wing at the approach of winter; and the wrecker and the outlaw lay hid there like vultures, to feed upon what the storms or the currents threw ashore.

It was not till 1820, when Sir James Kempt galvanized this dormant body, that respiration and vitality were restored to it, and even now it has scarcely recovered the effect of this long torpor. During the last 100 years, since it fell to us, the tide of emigration has flowed within sight of its shores, conveying hundreds of thousands—nay, millions of emigrants, to augment the strength of our rivals and unfriendly neighbours, the Americans, without a word of invitation to them to land, and occupy this vacant territory, the nearest to Europe of any part of the American continent, and the best and most promising of all those lands of promise. Happy, indeed, would it have been for us, if the Corporation of Glasgow, instead of the authorities of Downing Street, had had the direction of our affairs. If practical men, like those able and intelligent merchants, who preside over your city, and who by their industry, their talents, and their zeal, have raised it to its present state of wealth and prosperity, had had the direction of our destinies also. Alas! red tape may be strong enough to bind and compress despatches, but it is utterly worthless as a ligature to hold together the separate and disjointed parts of an Empire. He who