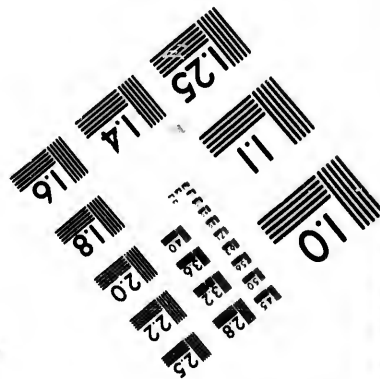
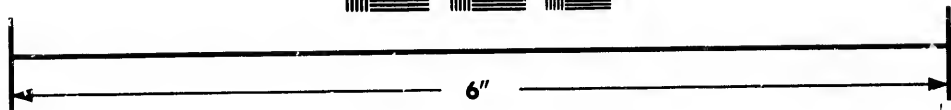
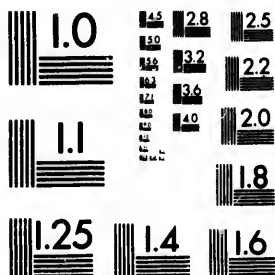


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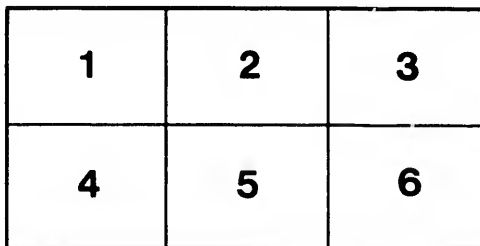
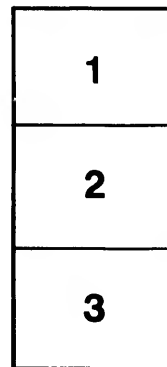
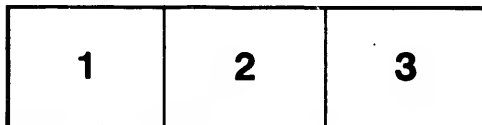
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OUR COUNTRY, AND OUR DUTY TO IT.

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A LECTURE

DELIVERED BEFORE THE MECHANICS' INSTITUTE, MONTREAL, ON  
THE 7TH OF MARCH, 1854,

BY

B. CHAMBERLIN, ESQ., B. C. L.,

TO WHICH ~~IS~~ SUBJOINED

SOME REMARKS UPON THE PROGRESS OF CANADA,

*Taken from a Lecture delivered before the Mercantile Library Association of Montreal, in the Winter of 1852-3.*

---

MONTREAL :

PRINTED BY WILLIAM SALTER, GREAT ST. JAMES STREET.

1854.

The following Lecture, written and published at the request of the officers of the MECHANICS' INSTITUTE of Montreal, first appeared in the columns of the *Montreal Gazette*. Several of the writer's friends having expressed a wish that it should be given to the public in a more convenient and permanent form, as likely to serve the purpose of disseminating juster views with regard to the resources and power of British North America than are now generally prevalent, he has consented with some reluctance to issue it as a Pamphlet, after a hasty revision. He has added, by way of appendix, a portion of a Lecture delivered by him in the winter of 1852-3 before the Mercantile Library Association, containing some remarks upon the *Progress of Canada*.

A Canadian by birth and education, he sends his little *brochure* forth, certain of deriving no profit or fame from so indifferent a literary performance, yet humbly hoping that it may not be altogether unproductive of good in the hands of those desirous of promoting the interests of his country.

Montreal, 20th March. 1854.

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# LECTURE.

The subject I have undertaken to lecture on this evening is one, which, when selected, presented many charms to my own contemplation; but on more mature consideration respecting the manner of treating it for a popular audience, I found it to be surrounded with many and not slight difficulties. To some, I did not doubt, the story of the progress and present position of our country must be worn threadbare by constant study and frequent repetitions,—to others, and, (as I had some reason to fear) a majority, the subject is possessed of but slight interest. As for the duty we owe our country,—what can be more trite than the teachings of all ages in that regard? Yet, believing it the duty of every one to study, and of those who assume the office of public teachers, to promote a knowledge of the resources of their country in order that she may be appreciated at her true worth, and that all may learn how best to turn those resources to their own individual advantage and that of the public, I have decided to stick to my text, rather than seek some other topic about which I might perhaps more easily, and creditably, have filled my paper and the hour of your time kindly allotted to my lucubrations. And I may add with respect to the objection of triteness, that there are cases in which important truths, have been neglected and lost sight of, after having become trite and therefore distasteful. They therefore require to be from time to time brought afresh under public consideration. Such I believe to be the case just now in regard to those great truths on which the duty of an unselfish Patriotism is based.

Strange as it may seem, it is not an easy matter to decide what is considered by individuals in this province as their country. Those whom I see here to-night will probably have at once decided theirs, to be "Canada," and this might be the answer given in any large assembly, but if one were to go into the street and ask any four or five individuals about their country, the chances are, he would receive four or five different answers. "My country?" says the first—"I've no reason to be ashamed of her—"St. George for Merrie England?"—"nor I," says the second—"Mine is the land of moun-

tain and of flood," "And as long as the thistle and heather shall bloom, here's a health to bonnie Scotland to thee"; while a third with a rich Milesian accent chaunts "Oh! steer my bark to Erin's shore, for Erin is my home." A fourth avows that he belongs to the great universal land of notions, and you must speak in other than the English tongue to the fifth in order to elicit the frank, outspoken reply "*Je suis Canadien —enfant du sol.*" Ask a sixth, and he will answer indirectly by telling you his parents came from England, Scotland, Ireland or the United States; and you will very likely require to put a second query to him before you learn that he was born in "this Canada," as a member of the Canadian Parliament has contemptuously called it. He perhaps belongs to a national society made up of immigrants, from his father's native land, for all races have their national societies, their national songs, and their national traditions, except British Americans. Let us hope that they too will soon feel sufficient self respect to organise themselves in a body, and avow their nativity in the face of day. Already changes in popular sentiment are perceptible, and I trust the time is not far distant when the state of affairs I have indicated will be reckoned among the things which have passed away. It is far from creditable to us that it should have so long existed.

It is not wonderful that immigrants should look back to the land of their birth with an honest pride, and, claiming a share of the honors which their forefathers helped to win for it, should feel that to be peculiarly their country. They have come here seeking a fortune—many of them with a firm intention to return to the Old Country to spend their last days, and lay their bones beside their fathers. Though this country has proved more generous in her favors than that was,—giving them the competence or wealth denied them there,—yet it is not surprising, I repeat, that the love they feel for it, as compared with that entertained for the land of their birth, is much the same as would be felt by a young man for one who gives him steady employment and good wages, when



compared with that he feels for the mother who bore him, who tended his helpless infancy, who pardoned his wrong-doing and prayed for, and blessed him in his more boisterous youth, and who watched with fond hope and pride his growth to manhood. When such a one has attained to mature manhood, he looks around him for a helpmeet, and, having found her, he sets up a new family altar,—a young brood springs up around him, he lives a new life in the children God has given him, and loves—oh! how tenderly he should love—their mother. The old home—his boyhood's home—has become a pleasing reminiscence;—his mother's is still a sacred name, indeed, blest with hallowed influences to him, but the strongest affections of his nature are centred in that household he has built up around him—that young troop of bright-eyed urchins who greet him with the blessed name of father,—that fair and blooming matron whose love for him is more than tongue can tell. So it should be with the immigrant; and he should honestly wed himself to the mother-country of his children, not treat her as a mistress, to be discarded when he has tired of her favors.—Yet if her own children lack respect for her,—if she fails to win their regard, it is but reasonable to expect that others will treat her with contumely. They, at least, have no excuse for failing in dutiful affection for her. They have, it is true, a glorious old grandmother over the ocean, to whom they owe veneration,—a rich and powerful uncle next door, for whom they should entertain becoming respect, but their mother is here,—a fair-haired, graceful, noble young matron; not so rich as her mother or her brother Jonathan, but well to do in the world; prosperous and thriving; and if her sons behave themselves, she is yet destined to cut no mean figure in her time. The inhabitants of British America should not be ashamed to confess their country. True, she cannot point to a brilliant past, to reminiscences of great deeds done which stir up the heart to enthusiasm, but she does offer a glorious future to those who have strength of heart and purpose to look forward to it for reward, and direct all their energies to secure it. It is well to gather wisdom from the experience of all nations who have left their impress on the page of history, and learn to admire their great men and great deeds, but let us not vainly regret that we are not participators in the honors of their triumphs. I for one gladly accept the partition of time that Providence has seen fit to make for us. I will willingly give others all the past of other

ands for a moderate share of the future of my own. It depends upon our own exertions whether the period and place assigned to us shall be inglorious or not.

To come back, however, more directly to the point from which I have somewhat wandered, it behoves me to explain what I mean by the term "Our Country."

There is a growing feeling in the British American Provinces that, having identical institutions, interests, language, and habits, and looking to one common Sovereign head, they do in reality constitute but one country,—their inhabitants but one people, and many are looking forward to the day when they shall be politically united. On this point I entertain strong feelings, and claim here as elsewhere, that, as a native of this Province, my country stretches from Newfoundland to Vancouver's Island, from the latitude of Sandwich to the North Pole. It is of the territories contained within these limits that I purpose to speak to-night. Let us glance at their resources. They contain a greater area than did the American Union, up to her recent acquisitions from Mexico,—(though with a much larger portion of it unfit for cultivation) inhabited by a hardy, industrious, and intelligent people. They have now a population of about 3,000,000, equal to that of the United States at the period of the Revolution. Their joint revenues, raised without any oppressive or even burdensome taxation, do not fall much short of £2,000,000,—while they have a public debt of less than five millions and a half. The fact that their securities are of equal value with those of the United States in the London Money Market, shews we need not lack for funds to develop their vast resources if their finances be discreetly managed. British America is the third maritime power in the world, ranking next after Britain and the United States; and Quebec the second shipping port on this continent, ranking next after New York. Really this hardly seems a position to be ashamed of. But let us examine the several Provinces a little in detail.

If we take up the map of the world, and look for the shortest course a vessel can take, in order to establish a speedy communication between the old world and the new, within temperate latitudes, we find that course to lie between the Western coast of Ireland and the Eastern coast of Newfoundland. This latter island we find lying snugly enough in the mouth of the Gulf of St. Lawrence. Its area is about equal to that of England, and consequently greater than that of either Scotland or Ireland. Its soil is not generally very

fertile, and it probably will never become a rich agricultural country; but its position is such that it must sooner or later become well peopled and thriving. It now possesses a population of 125,000 souls. Within convenient distance from it are the great Banks, where are the best deep sea fisheries in the world, while all around its shores lie rich fishing preserves, maintained for the use of British Colonists alone. About 30,000 men, with 400 or 500 vessels and 10,000 to 12,000 boats, are employed in carrying on this branch of industry. The value of the property embarked in them in 1849 was estimated at over \$2,563,000. The value of the products of the colony, on an average of four years, ending in 1849, was estimated at \$6,352,000, and it has probably increased since then. With the manner in which the cod fisheries are carried on, you are probably to some extent acquainted. Although a hard and by no means over nice work, it is yet unattended with any greater perils than are attendant upon any sea faring life, and from these even, the shore boat fisheries are in a great measure exempt. But there is another kind of fishery pursued by the hardy Newfoundlanders, and their neighbours who inhabit the Labrador coast, which deserves more particular notice. I allude to the seal fisheries. I glean some facts concerning them (as well as a great deal more of the statistical information I am enabled to lay before you) from the report of Mr. Israel D. Andrews to the Senate of the United States. These fisheries were first entered upon some fifty years ago, but did not employ any considerable number of men or vessels until 1825. Since then they have been steadily increasing, and in 1851, 380,000 seals were taken. The vessels employed range in capacity from 60 to 180 tons, with crews of from twenty-five to forty-five men. They are got ready for sea in March, when the several crews combine, and cut their vessels out of the ice in which they have been frozen up during the winter. During that month and April the principal part of the floating Northern ice comes down, (though icebergs are more frequently met with later in the season) and upon this are found vast herds of seals. Into the midst of it the little vessels take their way. The hunters or fishers steal upon their victims while dozing comfortably upon the ice, enjoying a cool and happy siesta on their white-sheeted hammocks, and, knocking them incontinently on the head, indefinitely prolong the slumber in which they are so deeply buried. Fire-arms have been sometimes employed, but they awaken, and frighten the other sleepers, and lead to the escape of numbers of them, who save their grease (Greese) by means of a spluttering duck, even as Rome is said once to have been saved by a cackling goose. When caught, the poor seals are summarily ejected from their skins, to which their warm lining of fat adheres, and these are carried together to, and packed carefully away in, the hold of the vessel. But the seals do not always suffer alone in these expeditions. Their gallant vessels of ice are sometimes as destructive to the fleets of their enemy, as fire ships in more civilized warfare.— Their captors are surrounded with perils. Push-

ing and sailing about with difficulty amid the drifting ice, and exposed to the fury of March winds, and storms of snow and sleet, they require strong hearts, and sturdy frames to carry them through. But the brave fellows rather court than shun the risk, and go forth chee fully, year after year, to face it. Sometimes a false step upon the shifting ice, plunges a poor fellow into the deep; it closes over his head; there is no hope of affording him assistance,—he is gone—his skipper dashes the tear from his eye with his hard hand as he turns from the spot, his comrades gather mournfully together and talk of him below their breath: perchance they foresee in imagination their return home, and the anguish of the poor fellow's widowed mother longing fondly to clasp her manly son.—the stay and comfort of her old age, in her arms. Ah! who shall be the bearer of the tidings to her that will surely break her heart. Perhaps in some dark night their little vessel becomes entangled among large fields of ice,—the storm howls wildly about them; closer and closer come the threatening masses; they grind against the sides of the vessel; they crush through her ribs—they rear their crests above the deck, and sweep them clean; and men and vessel are whelmed together in the dark waters, or lie broken, mangled, disfigured—dead on that lone, cold bed. No one survives to tell the tale, and a whole village perhaps mourns for their gallant breadwinners lost. In such a stern school as this, are trained as hardy seamen as the world e'er saw. Great Britain now wants volunteers for her Baltic fleet,—she cannot find better than in Newfoundland.

Having reached the shore, the fishermen next proceed to separate the fat or blubber from the skins. They then, says Mr. Andrews, cut it in pieces and put it into frame work vats, where it becomes oil simply by exposure to the heat of the sun. In three or four weeks it flows freely. The first which flows off is the virgin or pale oil, and the last the brown oil, known by these names in commerce. The skins are spread out and salted in bulk, and packed in bundles of five each for exportation. The vessels, nets, lines, provisions, &c. for this business, are furnished by merchants,—a middle man superintends the operations of the crew on his behalf,—and the profits of the catch are equally divided between the outfitter and the crews. A fisherman usually gets from seventy to one hundred dollars for the season, (which ends in October,) when hired for wages instead of receiving a share of profits, or, as they call it,—being hired "on half their hand."

Besides the Cod and Seal fisheries, the Labradorians, our own Gaspé fishermen, and some of the Newfoundlanders engage in the equally hardy pursuit of whale fishing, and it is believed that this business might with profit be much extended. Although Herring, Salmon and Mackerel, abound at the proper seasons around Newfoundland, they are neglected by the Islanders for the Cod, which they say is more profitable. In fact when a Newfoundland speaks of fish he means Cod,—other fish being designated by their special names. You see Cod everywhere, you eat Cod

everywhere, you smell them almost everywhere, —the shores being perturbed with them where the cleaning and drying process has been carried on, —and cultivated lands are manured with the refuse. Nay, if all tales told about their political and social condition be not fish stories the mind of the people has also been very decidedly rod-died. The Newfoundlanders export their fish to almost every quarter of the globe. In 1851 Portugal was their next best customer after Great Britain; but their importations are taken almost exclusively from Great Britain, the other B. N. A. Colonies, and the United States,—from the two latter in about equal amounts, in 1851 nearly \$1,000,000 from each. Timber fit for shipbuilding grows upon the island and is used to some extent for that purpose. But leaving these resources out of consideration, the position of Newfoundland and the unrivalled commercial facilities which it offers in its numerous harbours of easy access, must hereafter make it a country of great maritime importance. From Galway in Ireland to St. John Newfoundland is but 1,665 miles—these being the two nearest ports accessible at all seasons, on the two sides of the Atlantic. This distance may be traversed by steamers in five days, and from these points upon the completion of the lines of telegraph now being constructed, intelligence may in a very few hours be sent to almost any part of either continent. People who have striven so earnestly, and expended so much money and labor, to facilitate the transmission of intelligence, as have those of Great Britain and the United States will not rest satisfied until this be done; and the Atlantic steamers will probably make St. John a port of call and probably a coaling station. Indeed, had the island been American, I am inclined to think brother Jonathan would have had it fired that way ere this. John Bull and Jack Newfoundland are somewhat slower in their movements—and the latter is as yet but a stripling, but they will bring it about in time. Having dropped her telegraphic summary, and perhaps her mails too,—(which may yet cross the islands by rail, thence to the mainland by a swift steamer, and then on by rail again to the uttermost parts of America,) we may next expect to see the Ocean Steamer take her passengers, and the lighter and more valuable portion of her cargo to the nearest port and Railway depot in Nova Scotia, whence it will be distributed West and North and South by Railway. She will then perhaps proceed with the heavier portion of her cargo to Portland, Boston or New York. The ports of Nova Scotia and especially that of Louisbourg, in the Gut of Canso, like Menai Straits, and the St. Lawrence should come to be bridged—present every facility for the use of this, the shortest possible water transit. There will be found coal and almost any kinds of shipbuilding material, in abundance, cheaper than at any of the United States ports. To me the setting of the current of trade in this direction seems a mere question of time. I am aware of the argument that the great centres of traffic and wealth draw to themselves the trade spite of the better situation of other ports, and that New York must absorb more and more of the trade of the continent, but

may not the absorption of American trade by Liverpool and Glasgow in despite of London furnish a sufficient answer to that?

Before leaving Newfoundland for Nova Scotia, let us take a hasty glance at the Labrador coast, politically annexed to that island, and only separated from it by the straits of Belleisle. Many of you will remember that recently a Mr. Warren came to Quebec as the bearer of a petition from the white inhabitants that they might be permitted to enjoy the blessings of commercial connection with Canada, and be rid of the burden of the Newfoundland Customs Tariff. The Government of that colony imposes a heavy tax upon breadstuffs coming from Canada as well as elsewhere, and in fact, makes that tax its principal source of revenue. The permanently resident white population of the coast is set down by Mr. Andrews at only about 800 souls, living at the different trading posts, scattered at considerable distances apart, but there are large numbers of red men frequenting it, with whom the white settlers sometimes intermarry. The number of fishermen from the sister colonies and the United States, who visit it each summer, is estimated at 10,000 to 15,000. The value of the annual exports is variously stated as being from 2½ millions to 4 millions of dollars, the imports being set down at \$600,000. The exports consist principally of fish, oil and furs, some of the finest varieties of the latter being obtained there. A pretty large herring fishery is also carried on there.—Another occupation of the inhabitants is that of gathering the eggs of wild fow., which are exported principally to Nova Scotia. One little vessel of 25 tons cleared £200 in this business in one season.

Almost directly south of Newfoundland lies the island of Cape Breton, separated from Nova Scotia, (of which it politically forms part,) by the Gut of Canso. This narrow strait forms the southern passage for vessels leaving the Gulf of St. Lawrence, and is used by those destined for the United States and the West Indies. As this strait may be bridged, I believe, about, or quite as easily as the St. Lawrence, Cape Breton may be looked upon for all commercial purposes as part of the mainland. So regarded it becomes invaluable, being the easternmost part of the continent within a temperate climate. It has an area of 2,000,000 acres, and a population of about equal to that of this city. A great many of the settlers are emigrants from the Scotch Highlands and the Hebrides. A singular natural phenomenon exists here, supposed to have been caused by some violent convulsion of nature. The island is nearly divided in twain by an arm of the sea, called the Bras d'Or Lake. This lake is about 50 miles long, and in some places 20 miles broad. It renders the interior of the island accessible to the largest class of sea-going vessels, and it abounds in fish which are caught here in winter, through the ice, as well as in summer. In some of its bays, timber ships for England are laden at 50 or 60 miles from the open sea. This little island, with its sparse population, exports about \$300,000 worth of fish annually. But its riches are by no

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means confined to its fisheries or its successful husbandry. It contains a vast deposit of coal 120 square miles in area, and is believed to possess valuable mines of iron and copper. In fact, the Bras d'Or Lake received its name from a shining substance visible at its bottom, formerly supposed to be gold, but since, copper. At the Sydney mines, the vein of coal is 6 feet in thickness, affording a profitable scope for mining operations. They are not, however, as yet worked with any degree of energy. The exports in 1849 amounted to but 13,000 chaldrons. It is said that they might be indefinitely increased, but for the monopoly of the mines by a company holding under a lease from the heirs of the late Duke of York, to whom the grant was unwisely and unjustly made. Some 500 vessels are annually employed in the commerce of the island. The value of imports in 1850, was estimated at about \$140,000, and that of exports in the same year at \$340,000. These, however, are likely to be under statements, as a good deal of the trade passes through Halifax, and swells the returns of Nova Scotia proper at the expense of Cape Breton. That its commerce is destined to be very great, seems to be most certain. Our neighbours are wont to talk much of the manifest destiny of their great republic. Let us boast when occasion offers about the manifest destiny of little Cape Breton.

The Nova Scotians seem to have lacked business energy and enterprise, or they would have done something ere this to take advantage of their position. The first of British American authors, their own Sam Slick, has shown up this defect of theirs in his series of humorous works. The Blue noses have talked very long, very loudly and pretty well upon the subject of internal improvements, yet all their expended breath seems to have kindled no flame. Political parties have turned these things over from hand to hand as capital to trade upon, but beyond this, nothing seems to have been effected. They have talked with Mr. Sykes and Mr. Jackson by turns, and their treaties with both have ended in smoke. Mr. Jackson and Mr. Sykes have come away to Canada. Mr. Howe, the leader of the government in Nova Scotia, has talked beautifully and persuasively to his followers and the House of Assembly about divers modes of getting railways to the West from Halifax, and Parliament seemed ready to adopt his plan. Mr. Johnston the leader of opposition—the "Rupert of debate" in Nova Scotia (as it would seem from his speeches) at last persuaded them to adopt his scheme.—These schemes were both no doubt excellent schemes;—the only drawbacks to their benefits were that they have never been set in operation, nor do they now seem likely to be for the last advices from Nova Scotia inform us that still another is on the tapis. They have wasted their breath in calling upon Hercules, and Hercules has declined to aid them because they do nothing of themselves. For years a canal has been talked of, (and acts passed for its construction) to connect the waters of the sea at Halifax with those of the Bay of Fundy by the way of the river and Lake of Shubenacadie,—but the canal is still a thing of the future. The Halifax

and Quebec, and European and N. American railways have since occupied the public attention. These are grand and comprehensive schemes, for a Province which has as yet built no Railways at all, whose first locomotive and railway cars are things yet looming in the (I hope not distant) future. Sooner or later they will get railways built, and when they have done so they will keep up with the times, and with their neighbors. The tortoise would of course take longer to get aboard an express train than a hare or a cat, but once on board and the steam up he will travel as fast as either of them. And so with a country traversed by railways—the people are carried along in spite of their prejudices, their customs,—in spite even of what some may deem their comforts. Get a railway built then from Quebec or Portland to Halifax, and new life and energy will be given to Nova Scotia. Once pushed so far, it will not stop at that port; on, on it will go, until it reaches the seaboard at the easternmost accessible harbor,—that nearest to the coast of Britain and Ireland. That harbor (if the Gut of Canso be bridged) will probably be the now dismantled and deserted one of Louisbourg. Here, it will be remembered, a town and very strong fortifications were built by the French, but taken by the British under General Amherst, in 1758, Wolfe holding a command under him. It was then dismantled, the inhabitants removed, and the settlement broken up. Haliburton, in his history of Nova Scotia, concludes his description of it thus:—"The character of the whole scene is melancholy,—presenting the memorials of former life and population, contrasted with its present apparent isolation from the natives of the earth. The impression is not weakened by the sight of the few miserable huts scattered along the shores of the port, and the little fishing vessels, scarcely perceptible in the mountain swells of the ocean; they serve but to recall painfully the images of elegant edifices that once graced the foreground, and of proud flags that waved upon the face of that heaving deep. It is not easy to give a reason for the continued desolation of Louisbourg. A harbor opening directly upon the sea whence egress is unobstructed and expeditious, and return equally convenient at all seasons; excellent fishing grounds at the very entrance; space on shore for all the operations of curing the fish; every advantage for trade and the fisheries, is offered in vain. The place would appear to be shunned by tacit consent. The fatality which hangs over places of fallen celebrity seems to press heavily upon this once valued spot."

The harbour of Sydney, a little further north, is also an excellent one, and then in summer the capacious Bras d'Or itself, opens its mouth to receive any quantity of shipping. Sydney possesses this advantage over Louisbourg that the country around it is more fertile, and therefore more thickly settled. The south-eastern coast of the island is rocky and comparatively sterile; and these features extend to the same coast of the peninsula of Nova Scotia, whither by your leave we will now proceed. While, as I have just said, its south-eastern coast is rocky and comparatively sterile

(as in fact is all the Atlantic coast for many hundreds of miles beyond,) the Interior furnishes much good land, and the opposite side of the peninsula, bordering on the Bay of Fundy is exceedingly fertile. Its diked marshes contain as rich and inexhaustible a soil as is to be found anywhere in the world. Nova Scotia too, possesses rich fisheries on her coast, their yearly produce amounting to £1,000,000. Her Digby Herring are famed for their excellence. She has rich beds of bituminous coal, from which are raised, notwithstanding the baneful effects of the monopoly to which I have before alluded, from 110,000 to 115,000 chaldrons per annum. The average weight of a Pictou chaldron is 3,456 pounds, and the coals are delivered on board at that port for three dollars per chaldron to wholesale purchasers. I enter into these particulars for the purpose of directing your attention to this source of obtaining fuel another season, should there be a prospect of firewood rising to its present excessive prices. This coal is pronounced to be equal to the best Newcastle.

Besides her coal and fisheries Nova Scotia possesses a great source of wealth in her deposits of gypsum, so generally used as a fertiliser, by agriculturists. Of this she exported over 40,500 tons to the United States in 1851. She has yet much good timber in her forests, which, besides being employed largely in ship-building is made to some extent an article of export. She possesses good mines of iron, and, it is believed, of lead and copper, though these are as yet unworked. Excellent roofing slate is also quarried. With such a position and such resources it seems incredible that Nova Scotia should not soon become rich in her developed industry, were those resources properly understood. Though the tide of immigration now sets Westward, yet as long as the West exports its products to Europe, must the facilities of intercommunication offered by this easternmost land with its splendid harbors be an object to be coveted and prized. Mr. Justice Haliburton in his last work "Sam Slick's wise saws and Modern Instances" makes Sam say:—"Oh! in the way of natural wealth and actual poverty Nova Scotia beats all natur! The land is chock full of coal, iron, copper, freestone, asphalt, slate, gypsum, grindstones, and the Lord knows what. And the coast chock full of harbours, and the waters chock full of fish. I say, Cutler," addressing his companion, "if we only had it, lick I wouldn't we make a great country of it! that's all." Mr. Andrews, in the report to which I have already referred, says:—"The extensive and varied fisheries; the rich deposits of the finest coal, with the best iron ore; the superior quality of the timber, and extraordinary facilities for ship-building; the rare advantage of inland navigation bordered by good land for agricultural purposes; the existence also of abundant salt springs, lofty cliffs of the best gypsum, and the finest building stone of all kinds; with the geographical situation of the island as the key of the St. Lawrence, and the position which commands the entire commerce and fisheries of the Northeastern portion of North America—all combine to render Cape Breton one of the most important and most desirable posses-

sions of British North America. The naval power of France began to decline from the time of the conquest of Louisbourg. It was once said by Mr. Jno. McGregor, M.P., late Secretary of the Board of Trade, that the possession of Cape Breton would be more valuable to the United States as a nation than any British West India Islands; and if it were once obtained by them as a fishing station, and a position to command the surrounding seas and neighboring coasts, the American Navy might safely cope with that of all Europe." These remarks concerning Cape Breton may be justly applied, though perhaps, on a different degree, to the rest of Nova Scotia.

—Returning to our maps, we quit Nova Scotia, and find, lying a few miles north of it, and east of New Brunswick, the Island of Prince Edward, formerly, under French rule, called Isle Royale. It also enjoys its share of the fisheries,—but, on account of the singular fertility of its soil, they are not so much prized as on the less fertile coasts of the other colonies. They boast sometimes of an average of wheat per acre equalling that of Upper Canada itself. Some of the newspapers and political economists of the Island seek on this account to deter the Islanders from embarking in the fisheries, as they are thus led away from the more profitable pursuit of agriculture,—and, but for the nature of the land tenure, (a leasehold derived from large proprietors, among whom the Island is parcelled out, operating somewhat like our Seigniorial tenure in Lower Canada,) this advice would probably be more generally followed. Shipbuilding is also carried on here to a considerable extent,—large numbers of fishing and trading vessels being sold annually to Newfoundland and Great Britain. Its finances and trade seem to be in a most flourishing state. The revenue has almost doubled in the last five years, and its debt has been reduced in the same period from £28,579 to £3,028. Its exports increased in the year 1849-'50 from \$292,775 to \$325,989, not including shipping,—and in 1851 rose to \$607,389, including the new ships exported. Of these exports \$93,492 represented the value of lumber, and \$179,167 grain and breadstuffs, (including 160,000 bushels of potatoes, 30,000 bushels of barley, and 365,700 bushels of oats.) The products of the fisheries exported amounted only to \$39,000. Its imports in that year amounted to \$475,871. This, for a country with an area of only 2,134 square miles, and a population of only about 75,000 souls, is, it seems to me, pretty good evidence of the absence of poverty or any lack of industry.

Fifty or sixty miles to the north-east of Prince Edward are the Magdalen Islands, placed absurdly enough as it seems to me under the jurisdiction of the Canadian Government, and forming part, for electoral purposes, of the County of Gaspé, although twice as far from the nearest point of that County as from the shores of Cape Breton or Prince Edward, and a good deal further from it than from Newfoundland (to which it was at one time annexed) or New Brunswick. Their population, amounting to 2,000 souls, is principally made up of Acadian French, and their origin may

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furnish the reason why they desire to form part of the Lower Canada. They are chiefly engaged in the cod fisheries which are very valuable along the shores of the islands, but they also prosecute the herring and seal fisheries. Gypsum is found on the hills and forms an article of export. That found upon one of the islands is of an exceedingly fine quality, resembling alabaster in the purity of its whiteness. Deposits of ochreous clays are also found here. The total value of the products of the fisheries exported in 1848 was \$224,000, but this is considered an under-statement, as it is derived from the Custom House returns, and a good many fish are carried away without being entered. Yet it shows an export of \$112 per head.

Coming back to the mainland from our wanderings, we will wend our way to New Brunswick, our own next neighbour. Sam Slick used to include the New Brunswickers in his denunciations of Bluenose slothfulness, but he would hardly do so with any show of justice now, for I believe that nowhere in the United States or Canada are greater efforts being put forth to improve the country, or more vigorous and successful enterprise displayed, than by them. They have imposed heavier taxes on themselves than the people of any other province. One will hardly find upon this continent a more thriving, bustling sea-port than St. John, their commercial capital. That city has now a population of nearly 30,000, owning 518 vessels of 94,810 tons burthen, giving over 3 tons per head for each man, woman and child residing there.\* The principal export trade of the province is in lumber and ships, and St. John ships since the brilliant successes of the Marco Polo have a high reputation. Her builders have had more orders than they could execute. But New Brunswickers are looking forward to the time when their lumber shall be exhausted, and are directing their attention and their energies to the improvement of their agricultural resources. Hitherto the comparatively wild and unsettled life of the fishermen and lumbermen has seemed to possess greater charms for the people than the quiet pursuits of farming. Now, however, every effort is being made to turn public attention in that direction. Agricultural exhibitions have become the vogue, and Professor Johnston was brought over to survey and report upon the capabilities of the province and the best modes of agriculture to be pursued. He reported very favorably on the former points and gave some good advices upon the latter. The effect has been visible in the decrease of the importation of breadstuffs. Two intelligent officers of the Royal Engineers who surveyed the railway routes through the country, thus speak of it:—"Of the climate, soil, and capabilities of New Brunswick, it is impossible to speak too highly. There is not a country in the world so beautifully wooded and watered. Two thirds of its boundary are washed by the sea—the remainder is embraced by the large rivers, the St. John and Restigouche. The beauty and rich scenery of this latter river and its branches are rarely surpassed by anything on this continent. There is no part of the country without its streams, and it can everywhere be penetrated by means of

them. Its agricultural capabilities are highly and deservedly praised by Bouchette, Martin, and other authors. For any plan of emigration or colonization, there is not another British colony which presents such a favorable field for the trial as New Brunswick. On the surface is an abundant stock of the finest timber, and if the forest fuel should ever become exhausted there are coal-fields underneath. The rivers, lakes, and sea-coast, abound with fish; along the Bay of Chaleur it is so abundant that the land smells of it. It is used as a manure; and while the olfactory senses of the traveller are offended by it on land, he sees out at sea immense shoals darkening the surface of the water." The Restigouche country alone lying alongside of Gaspé, with the adjoining Canadian counties, being now a comparative wilderness, have as good a climate, with a richer soil, and as large an area, as the kingdoms of Sweden and Denmark, which have a population of between three and four millions. Thence we may infer what the future of this part of New Brunswick is likely to be. Respecting the lumber trade, I find that there was got out upon the St. John river alone in 1852 timber valued at about \$2,000,000. The new ships built at that port in 1851, numbered 74, with a tonnage of 38,960. In 1851, 35 vessels of nearly 22,000 tons were exported from St. John, bringing about \$800,000. Nearly all the trade of that port is carried on by vessels built and owned in the Province. But not to weary you with figures,—from St. Andrews and St. Stephens on Passamaquoddy Bay, (forming the Maine boundary line,) from Cocagne, from Buctouche, (dear to the hearts and palates of Canadian epicures on account of its delicious little oysters,) from Richibucto, from Miramichi, from Shippagan, from Bathurst in the Bay of Chaleurs, which divides N. B. from Canada, and from Dalhousie and Campbellton on the Restigouche, which falls into the bay, large and yearly increasing exports of lumber and ships take place. The fisheries of the province are in no means confined to the Baie de Chaleurs, where they offended the olfactory senses of the engineers, but extend along the gulf coast, and are highly remunerative in the Bay of Fundy also. This Province has also great mineral wealth, similar to, but not so far developed, as that of Nova Scotia. She already exports, however, bituminous coal, asphaltum, manganese, plumbago, grindstones, lime, and pig iron in small quantities, from a valuable mine near Woodstock, on the St. John. In fact, New Brunswick lacks no quality of greatness, but a large population. The total exports of the province in 1851 amounted to \$4,000,000, shewing an increase on the previous year of about \$500,000. The imports were \$5,000,000, shewing an increase of \$800,000. In that year, 3,058 vessels were entered inward, their burthen being 490,000; outwards, 2,981 vessels of 538,500 tons. These colonies all do a large business with the United States, and, after the boasting about their maritime resources, you would suppose that our neighbours did the greater part of the trade for them. But we learn from a table compiled for Mr. Andrews' report, shewing the state of the case with regard to the nine principal American

\* See Appendix, (C)

ports with which these colonies trade, that, while the Americans do, indeed, send more steamers into colonial waters than the colonists send out, the latter prodigiously outnumber the American sailing vessels. In 1851 the Americans sent 83 steam vessels, to 29 from the Provinces, but only 135 sailing vessels of less than 20,000 tons, to 3,000 Provincial vessels of over 300,000 tons. A very considerable portion of the trade of Boston is with the Lower Provinces. Yet, while she sent but 57 vessels to their ports in 1851 of less than 9,000 tons burthen, the colonies sent 1,800 vessels to her with a burthen of over 800,000 tons. These are the sort of people whom we are wont to consider us unable to go alone without hanging on the skirts of John Bull or Brother Jonathan.

If we come to our own Province, we see nothing to cause our hopes of future greatness to falter. As I have already dabbled somewhat largely in statistics, I shall not trouble you with any concerning Canada, though I find it difficult to refrain. Each succeeding blue book is filled with tokens of her increasing prosperity,—her unprecedented progress. With her resources I must suppose most of you to have become in some degree familiar, as *Bouchette*, *Smith*, *Hutton's* census report, and *Lillie's* admirable lectures (which should be in the hands of every Canadian) are easily procurable; and last, though not least, *Andrews's* report is to be had, containing an excellent collection of statistical information, drawn up by *Mr. T. C. Keefer*, with his usual ability. These should be tempting books to all residents in Canada, who earnestly desire to be well informed respecting her. *Dr. Lillie* was, I believe, the first to grapple with the subject of a comparison of the respective rates of progress of Canada and the United States. Following him pretty closely, I took occasion last winter, in a lecture delivered in this place, before a sister society, to extend the comparison to the Eastern Provinces, and enter more minutely than he had done into the facts relating to the comparative progress of Eastern Canada and the adjoining states of the Union. I believe I fairly succeeded in establishing that, taking district with district as they lie side by side, our East has advanced as fast as their East, our West as fast as their West. The progress of Toronto outstrips that of any other city on the continent, and that of the Western peninsula will compare favorably with that of any of the famous Western States. Coming eastward we might compare the products, exports, and progress of the Ottawa country with that part of the state of New York lying between the *St. Lawrence* and *Lake Champlain*, but if I am not terribly mistaken, (for I have not had access to the necessary American statistics,) the comparison could hardly be made, so far ahead is the Canadian district. Next comes *Montreal*, and it will be found that her progress since she recovered from the disasters following the repeal of the *Corn Laws* has been greater than that of Boston, the commercial metropolis of New England; the latter enjoying the full benefits of her magnificent railway system, while ours is but partially in operation.

\* See Appendix, (B)

With all her wealth and population, Boston was unable to keep all the *Cunard* steamers, and has never started a line of ocean steamers of her own. *Montreal* has one line now provided by the Government, and two more fast advancing in the hands of private capitalists, and I am firmly persuaded she will keep and find employment for all of them.

Go next into the Eastern Townships and compare their progress with that of Vermont, and except in their lack of railway facilities it will be found that Canada has the advantage. If the progress of *Sherbrooke* were compared with that of *Montpelier* (the respective capitals of the two districts) I am sure that the comparison would result favourably to our Canadian town. Nay, I am satisfied that *Sherbrooke*, without water communication, would not suffer by comparison with *Burlington* which has it. Next set down *New Brunswick* beside *New Hampshire* and *Maine*, and it will be found that she outstrips them altogether. Nay, but for her manufactures, *New Hampshire* would speedily commence a retrograde movement, so sterile are her bleak hills when compared with the lands of *New Brunswick* or the Townships; and *Massachusetts* herself is hardly better. I hardly know where a farmer could look down upon a more disheartening tract of land for his labors than from the top of *Bunker Hill Monument*. I have been informed that the graziers of Northern Vermont and Canada, are, by means of the facilities of railway communication recently opened up with Boston, driving land out of cultivation in the States named, by sending sufficient supplies to that City at a cheaper rate, after paying transportation and (in the case of the Canadians) duty on their products. And this is the country of whose future some among us have been tempted to despair! It is funny to-day to revert to the lugubrious passages of poverty and distress which were current from mouth to mouth a few short years ago.

We have taught ourselves, or been willing to believe that we can carry on hardly any sort of manufactures to advantage here, and hundreds if not thousands of Canadians have quitted the country under the impression that there was no scope for their efforts in Canada. The fact is that, in the majority of instances, they had not quite sufficient energy to carve out a position for themselves. Their places here have been supplied by shrewd Americans who have found ample room and verge enough to establish successful manufactures and acquire wealth. Most of those men who have left us would have fiddled away a long time and expended a vast deal of ingenuity to untie a Gordian knot, which some Alexander severs with a single sturdy stroke of his good sword. Scoundrels sometimes utter words to utter brilliant truths, and *Shakspeare* has put one into the mouth of "honest Iago," which is indeed a pearl;—

"Tis in ourselves that we are thus or thus."

I am thoroughly convinced that in Canada, it depends almost entirely on a man's own conduct whether he is successful or the reverse.

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A mistrust of their own resources and those of their country has been the bane of British colonists in America.

"Our doubts are traitors,  
Which oft do make us lose the good  
We else might win,—by fearing to attempt it."

In this respect, we have yet much to learn from our neighbours. The Hon. Mr. Howe recently said in the Assembly of Nova Scotia:—"Meet an American where you will, and he is bragging of his own country. Let him come from the most sterile state—or rock bound district—he is ever ready to stand up and defend it before the world. His eyes glisten as he relates to you its perfections; prolific soil, inexhaustible resources, capacity for improvement of all kinds; but to our discredit be it said, Nova Scotians seem to draw these comparisons only that they may depreciate their own country in the eyes of its own people and all the world beside. Sir, it is time that these odious comparisons should cease; or, if drawn, be founded upon something more tangible than floating fancies."

Now as Americans go everywhere, even to the uttermost corners of the earth, and boast wherever they go, their country has come to be everywhere known. This boasting may have rendered them in many places disagreeable, but still, as Mr. Bullyman would say, it has had an effect. Provincialists do not roam about so much, or when they do, they claim to be regarded generally as Englishmen, and are too often willing to believe and confess that they have nothing in their native country to boast about. This is to be accounted for after this manner. The immigrants hither come generally from the British Isles, or the United States. They have not, in the majority of cases, left their own countries with any embittered feelings against them. On the contrary, the British immigrant has come to a British Province in preference to the United States, because he was desirous of remaining a British subject, and hoped to find here a transcript of the institutions he left behind him. Finding them different he is well disposed to make unfavorable comparisons, and to grumble at Colonial forms. The American, on his side, has the state of affairs in the great republic ever in his eye, as the great model for everything. So between the two, the country, out of which they are making very snug fortunes, comes in for a good share of contumely and abuse. The Anglo-Canadian, in his simplicity, looks up to them as necessarily sages because they have come from older and greater countries than his,—from the two great centres of Anglo-Saxondom, and so he sides with one or the other of them and grumbles on like the rest. His country in the meanwhile lacks defenders, and suffers in consequence. Jean Baptiste alone seems contented with his native land, though he too has been sometimes excited to irascibility against the government, to his mind,

"The direful spring  
Of woes unnumbered."

He would like, good easy man, a great bill for giving every body everything, which will give

him land for nothing, as much education for nothing as he might choose to take, and an efficient government and police without any taxation. He begins now to believe that he would very much like to have railways built with other people's money for his profit and accommodation. He does not care to earn or save much himself, for if his crops should be bad he expects the government, to which he contributes nothing, to give him relief in return for his good will and exemplary conduct. Such have been his notions of a perfect governmental system; but the times are changing, and with them his ideas are changing and expanding. He has a thousand good qualities, and in one respect at least he puts Anglo-Canadians to the blush—he really loves his country, and is neither ashamed nor backward to confess his place of nativity. Through poverty, distress, affliction, disaster, he still clings to the shores of his loved St. Lawrence and Richelieu. He will not leave his with, but rather, like the old Minstrel, would sing:—

Seems as to me of all bereft,  
Sole friends their woods and streams are left,  
And that I love thee better still  
E'en in extremity of ill."

The first great duty which we owe our country, that of loving her and sticking by her through good report and evil report, has been performed by our French Canadian brethren:—can Anglo-Canadians say as much for themselves?—But Jean Baptiste lacks, and the rest of us are not very abundantly endowed with, that stern determination, and unflagging energy which gave the settlements of the Puritan Fathers in New England their great success. They cast behind them all hankering after the joys of the country they had left. This new world was to be their home, their children's home, and they must make it a comfortable and happy one. They took little time to talk and plan; they expended their powers only in the performance of deeds. Their climate was more severe than that they had left; but what of that? They were strong men and able to endure it. The soil was not so fertile, but that mattered little,—they could improve it by continued labor—labor which would make even the wilderness to blossom like the rose. To such men no difficulties are insuperable; under their hands any country will thrive. Are we not of the same race—and shall we approve ourselves born of less sturdy sires?

The fact is, we are not sufficiently weaned of a spirit of dependence. I would not preach disloyalty or disaffection. I believe I am as loyal a subject as our good Queen possesses, but I would have the lesson duly remembered, which recent British legislation has been calculated and intended to teach us—that we are big enough to go alone. In our first essays to walk, we toppled down on our noses, and lay there sprawling for a time, kicking very vigorously, and bellowing very lustily, but Mamma forebore to pick us up, and in due time we found our temper and our legs, and have got on very well ever since. In the United States, the immigrant population becomes gradually amalgamated with and forms part of the



American—it is their aim and desire to do so.—Here the Anglo Canadian, as if he had no country, ranges himself among the British, or American, population. They lead him on; he adopts their habits and views, not they his, which would be more natural and seemly. We lack the germ and leaven of nationality, a thing much wanted to soften down many wide differences of opinion and sentiment—to establish harmonious action among our differing races, and thus help us onward in our future progress. We lack that just appreciation of the greatness of our country, which would lead us to prize it as we ought. As I said before, the first great duty which a man owes to his country, is to love her. From the earliest times the love of country has been esteemed a virtue, and distinguished patriotism honored as deserving of commendation and reward. It has been reserved for modern times to produce cosmopolites who profess as an article of their philosophy to love one country as well as another. Perhaps indeed they do so. Some men have little hearts, and very little feeling. We know it was not always so. The love of the people of God for Judea and Jerusalem was most enthusiastic. It formed indeed, a part of their religion, for was not that the land which had been promised them,—the land flowing with milk and honey, set apart for their use by God himself, to which He had led them after their journeyings in the desert, whose kings and peoples he displaced in order to give them possession? Was not that the city in which God's temple stood, in which his presence was year by year manifested? In the fervid rhetoric of the Prophecies, and the sweet strains of David's psalms the glory of the land was pictured, and the affection of the people stimulated. "By the waters of Babylon," says David, "we sat down and wept, when we remembered thee, O Zion." "If I forget thee, O Jerusalem, let my right hand forget her cunning. If I do not remember thee, let my tongue cleave to the roof of my mouth; yea, if I prefer not Jerusalem in my mirth." And who can forget the yearning affection of the Saviour of the world in that outburst of love and sorrow when he exclaimed, "O, Jerusalem, Jerusalem, which killest the prophets, and stonest them that are sent unto thee; how often would I have gathered thy children together, as a hen doth gather her chickens under her wings, and ye would not." And again, when looking down upon it, he wept over the city of David and Solomon, and cried out in the sadness of his heart, ere he prophesied its destruction. "If thou hadst known, even thou, at least in this, thy day, the things that belong unto thy peace; but now they are hid from thine eyes."

Passing from sacred to profane history, the mind of the lover of classical literature turns at once to Greece. The pages of her history sparkle with the brilliant deeds of heroic patriotism recorded in them. All even our cosmopolite, must turn with fondness to a land so fair, once peopled by a race so brave—once so glorious, since so wretched and debased,—now again slowly, with many a toilsome step and many a disheartening rebuff working her way back into the circle of

enlightened nations. None can read of the glorious deeds of her sons, can gaze upon her shattered and disfigured, yet still splendid monuments, can study her almost matchless literature, and not feel that they are themselves half Greeks, and owe allegiance and reverence to the memory of those who built up such a name in arts, in literature and in warlike achievements, leaving so bright an example for the imitation of those who have followed them. Who will deny that the three hundred who fell fighting at Thermopylæ died well?—who would willingly confess the cowardice which would keep him away from such a fight? If we be true hearted men, we honour that unselfish patriotism which prompts men to the performance of such deeds. And Rome too, what a long list of patriots could she boast, or rather how few were there among her sons who lacked patriotism down to the time when riches and luxury crept in and debased them. The names crowd upon us so fast as we turn from page to page of her history that we cease to wonder at Roman prowess,—we learn without difficulty whence national greatness takes its origin. It is the legitimate offspring of Patriotism,—it will own no other parentage.

Nor has Britain lacked a worthy line of Patriots from the earliest years of her national existence until now, men who live in the hearts of their countrymen, and are destined to live there so long as love of country is not extinguished by the flood of luxury and selfish indulgence which follows in the train of too much wealth. Different men may choose to place the laurel wreath on different shrines. Scotsmen will generally agree in honoring the names of their Wallace and their Bruce, while of Englishmen some will prefer Hampden and some Falkland. For my own part I cannot refuse my admiration to William Pitt, who killed himself by hard labor in his country's service, and died a beggar after disposing of hundreds of millions; while others will choose some one of his brilliant circle of compeers for their hero; but all will alike do homage to Nelson, who won safety and renown for his loved country by the sacrifice of his life. Among Irishmen some will boast of Wellington, some of Emmett and O'Connell, and some of the unobtrusive Dargan. Yet all should admit that he who labors zealously for his country because he loves her and desires to see her exalted, is worthy of honor, and distinguished reward. Why then is it that Canadians do not love their country, or manifest a zeal to serve her? Have they not equal cause? If we wait for our country to be great before we begin to esteem it worthy, we may be assured it will never attain to greatness. The Romans did not wait thus: they were incited by their love for it to carve out greatness for their city,—and our American neighbours presented as proud and defiant a front to the world in their day of small things as now when they have come to stand in the foremost rank of the family of nations.

"Oh!" says some sneering utilitarian, "that may be all very fine sentiment, but will hardly advance us in wealth or population. I am of the opinion of the writer who said that he was a public benefactor

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who made two blades of grass grow where but one grew before." Aye, truly is he, and so is the sturdy mechanic who gives us locomotives and railway cars in place of old fashioned stage coaches,—who, by means of cunningly devised machinery makes one pair of hands do the work of ten; yet, having cheapened the product & increased the demand for it, leaves none of the ten idle, but on the contrary opens up new fields for labour to those who have been idle. All the spoutings on platforms or in Parliaments imaginable will not make up for the lack of the head that plans employment for the masses and the sturdy hands that do the work. Few of the workers, however, labor for themselves alone: the wants of some wife, or mother, or sister, or children, prompt the untrifling and never faltering industry,—and it is adding one more noble incentive to his efforts, if every artisan can be made to feel that every blow he strikes with his heavy hammer is knocking off one of the fetters of poverty which bind down his young country;—if every lumberman as he fells the sturdy giant of the forest is sensible that he is adding to his country's resources; every farmer, as he turns over his furrow, that he is tearing up some of the weeds and brambles that clog his country's growth. A new impulse is thus given to his industry, and a new source of pleasure in its profitable results.

The cursory review we have taken of the national resources of the Provinces suffices to show that it is not these we lack,—but men and money to develop them. And why is it (to use the interrogative form of argument patronised by that most respectable individual Mr. Chadband) that we continue in so great a measure to lack them? Why, fellow colonists, do we lack them? Is it because we can't find profitable employment for them? No! Is it because immigrants have not every prospect of success in life here? No! Is it because, notwithstanding the existence of those advantages, we cannot attract or keep them here? Yes! And why can we not keep them? Simply because, like the very virtuous Uriah Heep and his mother, we have been "very 'umble"—too humble by half. An American goes boasting of his country and his riches to John Bull, and John Bull believes in him to any extent, gives him his money to make ducks and drakes of,—gets cheated once, but is ready to try him again. He has faith in Jonathan, because Jonathan lets him see that he has faith in himself. But a Canadian approaches the great bankers of the world "with bated breath and whispering humbleness" and, much like a poor relation come to ask the means of earning future subsistence, craves the loan of money. And John turns him off as a species of beggarly loafer from a land which he believes to be the refuge of those who were too idle or unthrifty to win their way at home. Colonist goes back rebuffed and doubting very much about the benefit of his relationship as a colonist to the man of plethoric money bags whom he has quitted. If he has been unsuccessful it has been his own fault. Had he shown the Englishman, that he came to put money into his pocket, to give him a better opportunity of investment than he had at

home; that he was conferring quite as great a favor as he was getting in return: had he acted with a becoming sense of his own importance and that of his country, he would have been listened to with attention. Had he trodden a little on John Bull's corns,—sneered at the Mersey and Thames as mere brooks beside Canadian rivers; at the English Lakes as pretty garden pools or ponds when compared with those in Canada; at English scenery as very pretty, but devoid of any of the magnificence found around his Western home; at English fortresses as well planned and built, indeed, but card houses when compared with Quebec; at the area of England as making a very respectable Canadian district,—had he talked in the strain of the owner of broad and fertile acres who wants a temporary loan from a usurer,—he might have been stared at as a monstrously impudent fellow, but would have been treated with some consideration, and been in a fair way to get what he wanted.

In order to love our country as we ought, we must first recognise the tie of nationality which binds us to her, and learn to appreciate her as her true worth, and as the greatness of British America lies in her future, so she must depend for it upon the good-will and energies of her younger sons.—Yet how many of them regard her with indifference; how many of them are woefully ignorant of what she really is. Send almost any young Canadian to the Old Country,—and what account could he give his English acquaintances of her past history or her present progress? He might tell them about the Kings and Queens of England, and the Heroes of Greece and Rome,—he learned these in his school days. He has probably since learned something from books, from travel, and the boasting of his American friends, about the greatness and prosperity of the United States; but ask him about Canada, and he cannot tell you much,—about the sister Provinces, and the chances are he would be compelled to confess profound ignorance. What wonder is it, then, that people abroad should have so very imperfect a notion of the worth of these Provinces, when we are ourselves so careless about it. Talk to many a man among us of Provincial politics, and he will exclaim that it is petty Parish business, but he will be delighted to converse about the tittle-tattle and chit-chat of European Courts. That sort of information is so *distingué*! If he take up a newspaper he turns to the columns filled with American or European intelligence—and passes by what, perhaps, concerns his immediate interest. His views are so very much expanded that they cannot take in the petty affairs of his own countrymen. Where there is so much expansion of information or interest, there is apt to be shallowness of head or heart. Failing to respect himself or his country, travel where he may, he is likely to fail to win respect for either from strangers. Lacking a feeling of nationality, Anglo-Canadians too frequently lack also an honorable ambition after political distinction, and the great game of politics is left in the hands of those who play it too often for the promotion of selfish personal ends. Ambition has been called the vice of

great minds, and, when based on selfishness and a single desire to build up for one self a fortune or a name it is indeed a vice. But that generous and enthusiastic ambition which leads men freely to devote the best energies of their lives to the service of their country,—which is willing to sacrifice self, and the petty gains of self seeking industry, in order to promote the good of a nation or of mankind,—such an ambition as this ceases to be a vice, and becomes a God-like virtue. How few, even of our young men, who should be as yet uncontaminated by contact with the corrupting selfishness of the world, are possessed of any such ambition? How many of them pride themselves much more upon dancing the Polka well, than on the greatness or prosperity of their country? New countries have ever thriven by reason of the simple, frugal, thrifty habits of their inhabitants. We have already imported into this new country, much of the craving after pleasure and luxury, which enfeebled Roman power, which led to the loss of the liberties of her people, and eventually robbed her of her great name and position among nations, making her old age despicable, and handing her over an easy prey to the barbarian hordes who finally subdued her. The young men of the United States, now that their country has become rich and great, run riot in a still wilder measure. An American satirist, in a recent work (the Potiphar Papers) thus speaks of them:—

“These elegant Pendennises we saw at Mrs. Potiphar’s, but not without a sadness which can hardly be explained. They had been boys once, all of them fresh and frank hearted and full of a noble ambition. They had read and pondered the history of great men, how they resolved, and struggled and achieved. In the pure portraiture of genius they had loved and honoured noble women, and each young heart was sworn to truth and the service of beauty. Those feelings were chivalric and fair. Those boyish instincts clung to whatever was lovely, and rejected the specious snare, however graceful and elegant. They sailed new knights upon that old and endless crusade against hypocrisy and the devil, and they were lost in the luxury of Corinth, nor longer seek the difficult shores beyond. A present smile was worth a future laurel. The ease of the moment was worth immortal tranquillity. They renounced the stern worship of the unknown God, and acknowledged the deities of Athens. But the seal of their shame is their own smile at their early dreams, and the high hopes of their boyhood, their sneering infidelity of simplicity, their skepticism of motives and of men. Youths, whose younger years were ‘fervid with the resolution to strike and win, to deserve at least a gentle remembrance,’ if not a dazzling fame, are content to eat and drink, and sleep well; to go to the opera, and all the balls; to be known as ‘gentlemanly,’ and ‘aristocratic,’ and ‘dangerous,’ and ‘elegant,’ to cherish a luxurious and enervating indolence, and to ‘succeed’ upon the cheap reputation of having been ‘taut’ in Paris. The end of such men is evident enough from the beginning. They are snuffed out by a ‘great match,’ and become an appendage to a rich

woman; or they dwindle off into *roués*,—men of the world in sad earnest, and not with elegant affectation, *blasé*; and as they began Arthur Pendennises, so they end the Major. But believe it, that old fossil heart is wrung sometimes by a mortal pang, as it remembers those squandered opportunities and that lost life.”

How much of this is applicable to young Canada I leave you to determine. If we do not make all the progress which we might, how much of it is attributable to these great deficiencies in our national—or rather, to speak more precisely, our unnational character? For—

—What constitutes a state?

Not high raised battlements and labored mounds.  
Thick walls and moated gates;  
Not castles proud with spires and turrets crown’d;  
Not bays and broad arm’d ports,  
Where laughing at the storm rich navies ride.

Not men—high-minded men!

Men who their duties know, yet know  
Their rights,—and knowing, dare maintain;  
Prevent the long aimed blow, and crush  
The tyrant, while they rend the chain—  
These constitute a state.

But is time to bring this lecture to a close. I fear I have already detained you too long, and have been, I doubt not, somewhat tedious, especially to the fairer portion of my auditors. Yet even to them I hope the subject, so imperfectly treated by me, is not without deep interest. For I remember that the bravery and patriotism of Spartan men, is recorded to have been much owing to the teachings of their Spartan mothers; and that Roman matrons did not fail to train their sons to hold their life well sold if it purchased a new honor or new franchise for their country. And how often in all ages has the bright eye of loved and loving woman lighted the rugged pathway of the soldier and patriot to deeds of chivalrous enterprise. If they and I should fail in our appeal to any higher motives,—they, at least, have it in their power to make Canadianism or British Americanism fashionable,—and that will insure it a certain measure of success.

To conclude,—it has been my endeavour to show that we have here a great and glorious country, well fitted for a high destiny; that it is our bounden duty to learn her worth, to respect and to love her ourselves, and by every means in our power to make her respected by others. If we will but awaken to a realization of the fact that we have indeed a country, and do our duty to it earnestly and continually, we shall not fail to reap a rich reward ourselves; and those who come after us will enjoy the fruits of our labours in an assured and respected national position, a clear and unbounded arena for the attainment of national greatness.

# APPENDIX.

The time and space taken up by the statistics of the Lower Provinces prevented me from entering upon those of Canada as fully as I could have desired in the preceding Lecture. In order to remedy, in some sort, this defect, I have determined to subjoin here some remarks upon this subject made in a previous Lecture :—

When grumblers declaim against Canada they point to the United States as eclipsing her. This is not the place, if I had time to-night, to enter upon a discussion of the merits of the respective forms of government by which our neighbours and ourselves are governed, but I may refer *en passant* to the fact that in exchange for the nominal Sovereignty of Great Britain, we have been freed from the expence of maintaining troops, or diplomatists, no inconsiderable items of governmental expence in other countries. Mr. Watts, a barrister, of Fredericton, New Brunswick, thus speaks of that Province, in an excellent lecture delivered before the Mechanics' Institute of St. John this Winter, entitled "Want of confidence in our country and ourselves," in which he ably shows the absurdity of our humility and timidity:—"Our institutions are free as the staunchest friend of freedom should desire. Our constitution invests us with all the power of self government—we are at liberty to build, to re-build, and to furnish as our own sense of our own requirements shall dictate. The power of a great nation is at our back to aid us, its wisdom is within our reach to counsel us—the inducement of the splendid triumphs of Republican America is beside us to stir up our emulation and enterprise; better than all, we have resources in our country and ourselves sufficient for the achievement of a great success; all we want is confidence in our country and ourselves, and that great success is certain." We are surely as well off in Canada.

It is a generally received and favorite doctrine among men of our race that the greatest progress will be made under a political system which affords the greatest amount of individual freedom of action. This freedom we possess in an eminent degree; our danger lying, methinks, if anywhere, in having overmuch, and in the tendency towards popular tyranny and the excesses of popular excitement. Here then are two points from which we may start in all our calculations for the future of our country. The great body of our population is sprung from the same stock which has performed wonders, in Britain, in India, in Australia, in the United States, and the remainder from the most brilliant and refined of the Celtic races. The institutions of our country give us as much real freedom as is possessed by any other people. True it is that our French Canadian fellow subjects have not kept pace with the progress of the age, but the night of their sluggishness is passing away—everything betokens it. Their schools are increasing, slowly it is true, but surely; their agriculturists begin to manifest an interest in Agricultural Associations, in Ploughing Matches; their educated classes in the support of

a national literature; their moneyed classes in internal improvements. The country people seem to be all awakened to the importance of Railways, as the recent action of Two Mountains and Terrebonne, and of the several Counties and Parishes along the North Shore of the St. Lawrence abundantly proves. True it is also, that our Governmental machine does not work exactly as many think it should, but alas, it is thus with all human institutions, and we have the power in our own hands to remedy this.

Having then free institutions, and people fitted to make a right use of them, let us see what kind of a soil this bleak and inhospitable Lower Canada of ours possesses? Why, I will tell you—within a few short miles of this city are farms which have now been cropped for a hundred years almost entirely without manure, and their fertility is not yet exhausted. Forty or fifty miles to the South East of this is as fine a grazing country as the sun ever shone upon, a district which, notwithstanding the American tariff against it, is driving land in New Hampshire and Massachusetts out of cultivation by a successful competition with the protected farmer, in articles of dairy produce. In the far West we have a large tract of wheat country which will support a very dense population, and still furnish large quantities of breadstuffs for exportation. I have already given you a hint of the agricultural resources of New Brunswick, and I might add much more derived from recent works upon the subject, particularly from the report of Professor Johnston, a report founded upon a survey made at the request and cost of the New Brunswick Government, a fact which says something for the enterprise of John Bluenose. I cannot, however, give you all the statistics which I have waded through myself, and which I have rejoiced to read. I may mention, however, that the Professor establishes the fact, that the lands lying near the northern boundary line between New Brunswick and Canada, through which the projected Trois Pistoles and Miramichi road would pass, are for the most part very fertile.

Upon the Ottawa, the Lower St. Lawrence, the St. Maurice, the Saguenay, and at the West, we have vast forests of valuable timber. We have mines of Iron and Gold, and at Lake Superior inexhaustible deposits of Copper. The Mines of that region, principally those upon the American side, (which are no richer, but have hitherto been more successfully worked than our own,) produced last year nearly a third part of this metal known to have been smelted in the world.

In our northern territories (the Hudson's Bay

Co.'s territory, &c.) we have almost exclusive possession of the fur trade of the continent, while in Vancouver's Island we have a splendid marine station on the Pacific, valuable not only for its commercial importance, but for its minerals.—We have great rivers and splendid harbours too. Where shall we go to find another St. Lawrence, with her mighty lakes, her splendid scenery, her commodious ports. As sea ports, we have now Quebec and Montreal, and Trois Pistoles or Rivière du Loup will soon grow up to rival them when the Railway thither is completed. These are all accessible to vessels of large burthen in summer. Then in winter, when we must reach the ocean by rail, we have Halifax and St. John and St. Andrews, all of them nearer to Europe by some hundreds of miles, than Boston or New York, and a good deal nearer than Portland even.

But some people, who are firm believers in the destiny of great cities, will doubt the possibility of these ports ever gathering any great amount of traffic, and will point to the example of the failure of Boston to compete in Atlantic traffic with New York, and I confess that until lately this somewhat staggered me. But I am indebted to a Massachusetts man for a most satisfactory explanation.

A Mr. Charles L. Woodbury recently lectured at Quincy and Somerville upon the subject of Reciprocity. In pointing out its many advantages to his Yankee friends, he dropped a hint or two worth treasuring up on this side the border. He takes occasion to show that New England can't go on as it now is: The advantages of the large home market it enjoys are being destroyed by the extent and power of home competition; New Jersey, New York and Pennsylvania, are competing with them successfully in manufactures. Why? because they have iron and coal at command.—Why can they not maintain a line of steamships, or establish the works necessary for their repairs at Boston? because coal and iron are nearer to New York and Philadelphia. These things are almost near enough to them in Nova Scotia and New Brunswick, but the tariff imposed on these products by their rivals prevent them from bringing them thence. Water power is not too abundant with them, and upon the sea coast, where the Boiler Works should be, is not available. Thus their steam marine is placed at a disadvantage.—Not so with our ports. They have coal and iron enough within easy access for all these purposes, thus enjoying the double advantage of proximity to Europe, and the products necessary for the establishment of a steam marine. Even under the disadvantage of the adverse tariff, Nova Scotia exported in 1848, 34,800 tons of coal to the New England States, the produce of their mines being in that year 62,000, and there has been a surprising increase since.

Of the surprising progress of our province in population and wealth, you are all cognisant.—Recent statistics carefully collated by such men as the Rev. Mr. Lillie have taught us, that in the midst of grumbling and discontent we are outstripping our neighbours in very many respects. In the increase of our population, we have certainly

done so. Let us make one or two comparisons in proof of this. In the 25 years from 1825 to 1850, the population of Canada alone, as well as British America taken together, increased over 2½ times; in the 30 years from 1820 to 1850, the Empire State of New York did not increase as much. Again Canada and all British America having increased 2½ times in 25 years, the whole United States did not increase 4 times in 50 years. During the 10 years up to 1850, while Lower Canada increased 32½ per cent, the United States increased 36½ per cent, but Upper Canada increased 90 per cent, making the rate of increase of the whole Province very much greater than theirs. Putting West against West and East against East, going back 40 years, Upper Canada had some population, while Ohio, Illinois, and Michigan had hardly any, yet the increase during those 40 years is but slightly in favor of those States; but taking the last 10 years as a criterion, Upper Canada has distanced them. Lower Canada has increased faster in population than the adjoining states of New Hampshire and Vermont. New Brunswick has outstripped the progress of the five northern states taken as whole, or any state taken singly, except Massachusetts or Rhode Island.

During the 9 years ending in 1850, Lower Canada increased 30 per cent. During the 10 years from 1838 to 1848 Nova Scotia increased 34 per cent. In the eight years from 1846 to 1848 New Brunswick increased 42 per cent. During the seven years from 1841 to 1848 P. E. Island increased 32½ per cent; and during the nine years from 1836 to 1845, Newfoundland increased also 33½ per cent. Vermont during the ten years ending 1850 had only increased 7½ per cent. New Hampshire 11½. Maine 16½. Connecticut 19½. Massachusetts 34½. Rhode Island 35½. The average rate only 22 per cent, considerably less than that of any of the colonies.

Thus we find that whether Canada is taken as a whole, and compared with the United States, or parts are compared singly with adjoining parts on the other side of the boundary we have the advantage. How much greater will that advantage be when our country is opened up by Railroads as theirs has been.

But there is another aspect in which we may bear comparison with our neighbours, who owe much of their success and prosperity to the confidence they feel in their own ample resources, and lead many among us to regard them as so very much to be prized above our own. Having shewn the rapid increase of population in Western Canada (an increase which is perhaps the most wonderful on record) it would not be matter of surprise if it were found that in these recently founded and imperfectly tilled settlements the crops should not be so large per head as in the adjoining States. Here too, however we outstrip them. The average per head of the wheat crop of Upper Canada is much larger than that of any two States in the Union, and larger than that of any one but Wisconsin, and Wisconsin is herself beaten in her average by Prince Edward Island. The average of Upper Canada is 13½ that

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of Wisconsin 14 and that of Prince Edward Island 15½ bushels per head of the aggregate population.

The State of New York is an agricultural State, and the western part of it pre-eminently a wheat growing district. The population of that State is 3,097,358, that of Western Canada not quite 1,000,000, yet the wheat crop of the former is but one 27th larger than that of the Western Province. Again, the whole Province contains less than 2,000,000 of inhabitants against the three millions of New York, yet our wheat crop exceeds theirs by two millions and a half of bushels. The proportion between New York and Western Canada are as six to twenty-eight in favor of the latter.

Comparing both sections of the Province with the six Northern States, viz., New England and New York we find, that with their population of 5,825,675—ours being under 1,800,000—they come behind us to the tune of 1,566,358 bush; judging by population their inferiority is therefore much more marked. Comparisons with the States of Pennsylvania, Ohio, and Virginia exhibit similar results. No other States produce any where near the quantity grown in Canada, though the average per head approaches nearer that of Western Canada, in Michigan and Illinois. I now quote from an Upper Canadian journal:—

"Returning to the four States whose staple production is wheat, namely New York, Pennsylvania, Ohio and Virginia, a detail comparatively drawn of the area of their improved farms, and those of Canada may enable us to form an estimate of the fruitfulness of their respective soils. Deficiency in the American Census returns which do not supply the number of acres on which wheat was grown—which our census most adequately furnishes—renders it more difficult to reduce our calculations to exactness. In the State of New York the number of acres improved in farms is 15,408,968, acres; while that of United Canada, which as we have shown, grows upwards of two millions of bushels more wheat, is only 6,303,341 acres. Such a difference in the apparent productiveness of the two countries, it may be thought, is accountable by the proportionate extent to which grazing is carried on in the Republican Territory. Such a presumption, however, we think our statistics will scarcely show to be borne out by facts. True, the New Yorkers own upwards of double the number of sheep we raise in Canada, the respective numbers being 3,453,241, and 1,597,840, but this would not itself account for the 5 odd millions of acres which they cultivate more than us, and still come short of our wheat crop 2,000,000 bushels; and the difficulty is not solved by taking into account that we raise 1,322,544 head of cattle, while the number in the neighboring State is 1,676,630."

"This difference in sheep-raising which in New York as compared with both sections of this Province bears the proportion of 2 to 1 is worthy of attention; but it should be noticed that in Upper Canada alone after approaching within some four hundred thousand bushels of the wheat produce of the neighboring State—on an area, be it observed, of 3,767,724 acres, or less than one third that of New York—we likewise raise 968,022

sheep. We think this is sufficient to show that we do not lay an unfounded claim to manifest superiority in the production of our staple commodity.

"Extending a similar comparison to Pennsylvania—whose improved area bears a nearer proportion to that of United Canada than the State of New York—we think we have even greater reason for self-congratulation than is presented in the foregoing. The area of the improved farms of Pennsylvania is 8,028,619, being upwards of 1,300,000 acres more than this province. Assuming the wheat produce of both countries last year to have been equal—which we think the statistics which we have already given show to be not unlikely—we must either come to the conclusion that seven million acres of ground in Canada is worth eight million acres in Pennsylvania, for wheat-growing purposes—or that they excel us in stock-rearing. The alternative is self-evident. In Pennsylvania, the number of cattle in 1850 we find set down at 1,522,377; being a deficit in the former as compared with Canada of upwards 200,000 head of cattle; and again of about an equal number of sheep."

I think it is fairly established by these figures that Canada, as a wheat growing country, is superior to the great States of the Union, when the comparison is made either by population or area of cultivated land. Unfortunately for the fullness and exactitude of the details, the agricultural returns of the United States do not show the capabilities of their soil as ours do. Had a column in their census report been devoted to a detail of the number of acres comprised in the wheat crop, it would then have been possible to form our comparative estimate more certainly. But it is enough for me to state the fact that our wheat growth almost equals the aggregate of 27 States and territories and that it outvalues the individual produce of their greatest wheat growing States, not only in the actual returns but in relation to population as well as area of cultivation.

I find I shall be compelled to pass over a subject upon which it was my intention to have dwelt at considerable length.—I mean the capabilities of Canada as a manufacturing country,—a subject which of itself, treated by an able hand, would form the theme for a most interesting and instructive lecture. One thing is certain, that here in Lower Canada, water power is most abundant, and the requisite kind of labour cheaper than elsewhere in America. Our manufactures are already growing, and Montreal, Chambly, and Sherbrooke, seem destined to be the seats of large establishments of this kind. Several towns in Upper Canada too are sending forth excellent manufactures, as witness Gamble's blankets, and the agricultural implements of the Gananoque factory.

I should like also to go into the details of our lumber trade, and the prospects of our Railroad enterprise, upon both which points much could be said which would furnish grounds for an honest pride in the capabilities of our country. Our lumber trade is steadily progressing: shipbuilding too is becoming an important branch of indus-

try. Quebec built ships are commanding high prices and a ready sale in Britain, while year by year their style is being improved. If I am rightly informed, there are ships now upon the stocks at Quebec, from which we are likely to hear something, and our brethren in New Brunswick will have to look to the laurels which the Marco Polo has won for them.

With such resources and such a past progress, Canadians sometimes call themselves feeble, despised and ill off. If they are so, it is because they do not respect themselves or their country. They do not do their duty to her, but defame, and sneer at and rob her. The human mind seeks something to love, and lacking, as they suppose, a country worthy of affection, Anglo-Canadians seek in social life, its pleasures and its dissipations to fill the void in their affections. The care of their country they leave to others, looking on with comparative indifference, while she is buffeted and treated with contumely and abuse. I would to God my countrymen could be made to feel that they have a country worth striving for with the best energy of their minds and bodies, worth defending, if need should ever be, with their heart's best blood.

## (B)

With regard to the Ottawa District, the Report of the Directors of the Montreal and Bytown Railway, just published, quotes Lord Elgin's Despatch, giving the exports of that District in 1852 as £1,351,713, and goes on to state—

The inquiry instituted by the Provincial Government as to the prospective duration of the pine forests from whence the lumberman supplies himself, removes any apprehension as to the cessation or curtailment of the lumber trade. The first cuttings of the pine forest for square timber, leaves untouched those trees suitable for Saw-logs, and of these latter it is calculated that at the present rate of consumption it would require six hundred years to elapse before the existing stock could be exhausted.

The magnitude of the interests embarked in the lumber trade can best be illustrated by selecting the firm of Messrs. Jno. Egan & Co., and furnishing a few facts connected with their operations. They employ in the forests one thousand seven hundred horses, two hundred head of bullocks— independent of four hundred double teams on the roads constantly engaged in the conveyance of food and forage—they have at present three thousand five hundred men in their service, one hundred lumbering establishments scattered over several hundred miles of country, each conducted by a foreman drawing a salary of \$100 to \$800 pr. annum. Their consumption of pork is ten thousand barrels annually, and their daily consumption of oats during the winter months from one thousand to twelve hundred bushels. They are building one sawmill at the Chats, on the Ottawa, which will saw fifteen million feet of lumber B M annually—and their cash transactions requisite to keep this immense machinery in motion exceed two millions of dollars.

## (C)

**PROGRESS OF ST. JOHN.**—Since the preceding Lecture was in type, the following statistics of the trade of St. John for the past year have reached me :—

The total value, in sterling, of the imports at the port of St. John N. B. and its out-bays, in the year 1853, was £1,657,907—being an increase of £594,353 over the imports of 1852.

The value of exports from St. John and out-bays in 1853, was £984,200—being an increase of £269,340 over those of 1852.

*Maritime Importance of Nova Scotia.*

The London Times says her progress in shipping is "on a scale to denote that at no distant day she is destined to be one of the largest shipping countries in the world. She owns now nearly one-third as much tonnage as France. She beats Austria by 2,400 vessels, and by 69,000 tons; and owns 116,000 tons of shipping more than Belgium. She beats the two Sicilies by 38,449 tons; Prussia by 99, 783. Holland, which once contested the supremacy of the seas with England, now owns but 72, 640 tons of shipping more than this, one of the smallest of the British colonies; and Sweden, with a population of three millions, only beats Nova Scotia in shipping by 36,927 tons. At the same time, the comparison with the United States is also remarkable. Out of the 31 States which constitute the Union, there are only six (New York, Massachusetts, Maine, Pennsylvania, Louisiana, and Maryland) whose tonnage exceeds that of Nova Scotia, and the last three of these she is likely to outstrip in the course of a year or two. Considering that the colony is only 100 years old, and that her population does not exceed 300,000, these results are beyond anything ever before witnessed. It is curious, however, to discover that even as a wheat growing country she beats five of the New England States and twelve of the more recently settled States and territories. In the growth of rye she is far ahead of sixteen of the States and territories of the Union; in oats she exceeds thirteen, in hay twenty-one, in buckwheat and potatoes 23, and in barley every State and territory except Ohio and New York.

*Increase of Canadian Revenue.*

By a statement published in *Le Canadien*—obtained, I suppose, from the Receiver General's Office—it appears that the Revenue of Canada, derived from Public Works and Customs Duties, in 1852 and 1853, was as follows:—

	1852.	1853.	Increase.
Pub Works*	£108,667 2 6	£119,974 18 1	£ 11,407 15 7
Customs **	£704,495 3 3	£869,784 1 8	£165,286 18 5

Total Increase.....£276,696 14 0

To these must be added the revenue from Excise, Bank Imposts, Militia Fines, other fines and forfeitures, &c., Law Fee Fund, and Territorial and Casual Revenue,—which amounted in 1852 to £105,000.

\* These figures, however, do not agree exactly with the Parliamentary Blue Books, but are an approximation.

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