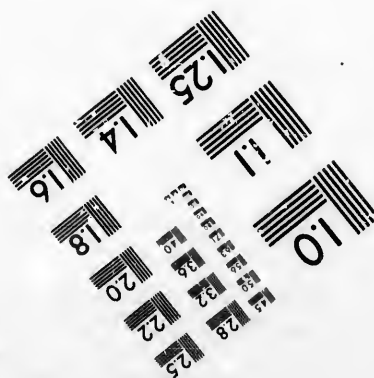
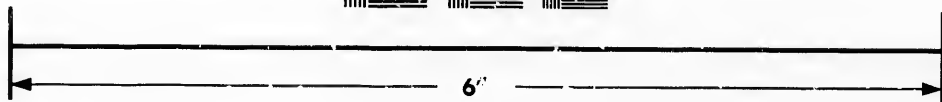
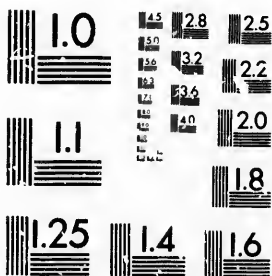


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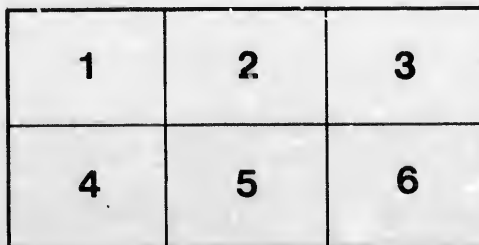
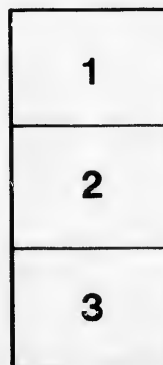
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Letters on Canada.

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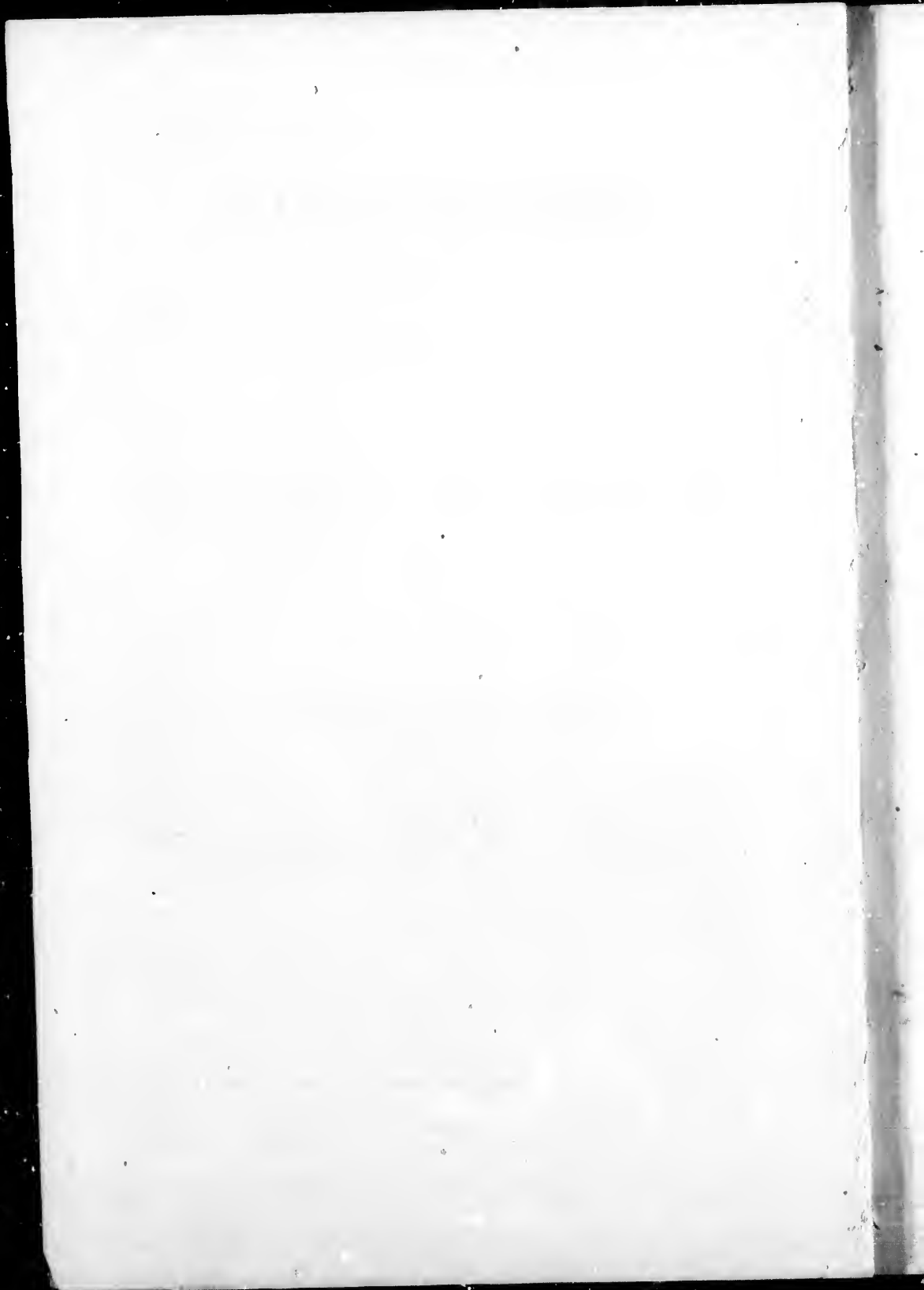
A PRESBYTERIAN CLERGYMAN,

Lately returned from that Country.

John P. W. Cleary

BELFAST:

1874.



LETTERS ON CANADA,

To the Editor of the Northern Whig.

SIR,—Although the columns of the Belfast Press have lately been well supplied with letters on emigration to the British Provinces in North America, perhaps you will kindly grant me space for a few words bearing upon the issues raised by the correspondents. Nothing short of a sense of duty could induce me to write a single line in the public prints on any conceivable subject; and, therefore, in the present case I would not dream of obtruding myself upon the notice of your readers did I not feel morally bound to publish what I know, in justice to Canada and its enterprising Government and people, to thousands of ill-paid, ill-fed, and ill-clad Irishmen at home; and also to Mr. Charles Foy, our energetic emigration agent in Belfast. Permit me to make two or three prefatory statements, in order to show my authority for attempting to write upon a subject regarding which great diversity of opinion prevails. I have just returned from a thirteen months' tour through Canada and the United States. Nearly one-half of that period I spent in the former country, not in one continuous visit, but in two separate visits embracing all the seasons of the year; indeed, it is barely six weeks since I left the city of Toronto. During the six months spent in Canada my travels by rail, boat, waggon, and sleigh, North, South, East, and West, extended over a distance of 1,500 miles. I never remained for a longer period than three weeks in any city, town, or district, and consequently was afforded abundant opportunity of becoming acquainted with the condition of the country. Moreover, instead of being confined to the isolation of hotel life, I generally lived with the people—professional gentlemen, merchants, farmers, labourers, and mechanics—ate at their tables, mingled in their gatherings, and slept in their houses. For a very considerable portion of the time I was buried in the heart of rural scenes—rusticating with the hospitable farmers, accompanying them to the markets and agricultural fairs (same as our “shows”), walking with them over their spacious fields; watching the reapers, the ploughmen, the wood-choppers, &c.; closely questioning every man whom I met

about his advantages and disadvantages, comforts, and hardships, and always concluding my interviews with Irish settlers by putting the question, "Would you like to settle down in Ireland for the remainder of your life?" And, Mr. Editor, I am not giving an exaggerated estimate when I assert that fully 99 per cent. of the answers returned to that question by farmers and labourers were expressed by an ironical laugh, a vigorous shake of the head, and the following words, "No, Sir; I couldn't live in that country now, and I advise you on leaving Canada to purchase a return ticket." Before concluding this correspondence I hope to be able to show more than one satisfactory reason for the answer. Again, I shall only state facts that came under my own personal observation, and offer opinions which, to my mind, spring spontaneously and irresistibly from those facts. And, whilst doing so, I have no desire to become involved in a controversy with any of your correspondents; I shall simply tell "a plain, unvarnished tale," stating what I saw with my own eyes and heard with my own ears, and drawing legitimate conclusions therefrom. And I hope that no person will charge me with egotism when I respectfully submit that, under all these circumstances, any testimony which I can furnish (always assuming that my veracity is not impugned) should have more weight with the public than second-hand evidence adduced in support of some pet theory in political economy, or statements published by correspondents who have not visited Canada for a considerable term of years. To reason about the present condition of a new and rapidly developing country from the facts known regarding it fifteen or twenty years ago is as illogical and fallacious as to discuss the present condition of medical theory and practice in the light of the limited scientific facts and discoveries known to our grandfathers. Finally, I have no personal interest to serve in this matter. I have not even the pleasure of being acquainted with Mr. Foy, and therefore do not come forward for the purpose of doing a service to a friend. Believing, Mr. Editor, that this letter has already grown too large for an introduction, and thanking you for inserting it, I shall feel obliged to you for admitting two or three others from me on the following subjects, which have been touched in the recent correspondence:—"Farmers and Labourers," "Climate," "Society," "Politics," "Religion and Morals."

Yours, &c.,

JOHN R. M'CLEERY,

Presbyterian Minister.

Cootehill, June 26, 1874.

To the Editor of the Northern Whig.

SIR,—Finding that you have inserted my introductory letter on Canada, I now proceed in continuation of the subject.

The condition of farmers and labourers :—Inasmuch as this question is one of great public interest at the present time, not only in Ireland, but also in the sister island, I shall devote a whole letter to the consideration of it. The condition of the Canadian farmers and agricultural labourers is widely different from that of the corresponding classes in Ireland, the difference being decidedly to the advantage of the former. In these days of Land Acts and Tenant-right Associations I need scarcely remind your readers that the Irish farmers do not own the land upon which they and their children toil and sweat, and expend the energies of many precious years. The situation may be pretty, or even romantic, the house commodious and comfortable, the fields large and fertile, and the fences trim and regular ; but the man by whose taste, money, and industry the whole place has been cultivated and adorned cannot stand on his door-step, and, looking around on the pleasing scene, exclaim—“ All this is my own property, and no man dare attempt to deprive me of it.” Such an assertion falling from his lips would be looked upon by the landlord as unpardonable treason, and dealt with accordingly. Yet that is precisely the enviable position occupied by the Canadian farmers. They are not only the husbandmen, the tillers, the workers of the soil, but also the landlords of the country in which they live, perfectly independent, and not afraid to resent any interference with their rights and privileges. What a contrast to the dependence of the Irish farmers—a dependence which in many instances is scarcely one degree less humiliating and galling than the degradation of Russian serfdom ! And is there, a single spirited, unselfish, and magnanimous man attached to either political party at home who will hesitate to affirm that an absolutely independent proprietorship in Canada is infinitely preferable to a humiliating tenancy-at-will in Ireland—a tenancy which is held at the discretion of a class, some of whom are undoubtedly kind and conscientious, but many of whom are exceedingly arbitrary and unscrupulous, and even tyrannical ? About 100 miles north-east of Toronto I visited an aged Hercules from one of the poorest districts in County Cavan. When I saw him he was very sick, and his friends were expecting that he would die in the course of a few days. Listen to his story, told to me by himself as he lay on his sick bed :—“ I had a very small farm in the County Cavan about forty years ago, from the proceeds of which I found it impossible to pay a high rent and support my young family. I resolved to emigrate to Canada. Accordingly I

went to my landlord, and requested him to give me a few pounds for my farm and let me go. He replied that he would not let me have so much as a sixpence, and that I might go where I liked. I left everything in his possession, without receiving any compensation; came to Canada; settled down in the heart of the bush, on the very spot where I am now dying. Other settlers came and took up lands all around me. My sons and I have worked hard, no doubt; but, sir, you can look around and judge for yourself." I did so; and what did I see? One of the finest districts in the world; well settled and well cleared. That old man, his three fine sons, and two or three sons-in-law, were living in fine houses, on farms from 150 to 200 acres each, faring as well as the esquires do at home, and ever ready to entertain any strangers who might pass their way. How different their history would have been, in all probability, if the aged sire had remained in the County Cavan! And yet, Mr. Editor, this case is only a sample of many settlers from Scotland and the North of Ireland, whose history I could narrate, if space permitted. Is there not more depth of meaning than we at first discover in the words which I quoted in my last letter—"No, sir; I couldn't live in that country now." What do they mean? Simply this—"After enjoying independence and plenty so long in this good country of Canada, I have no intention of parting with them by resuming the miserable life of a small farmer in Ireland. I could not now submit to the dependence, humiliation, and poverty of my early life, when I was a poor tenant-at-will, crouching to the landlord or his agent, uncovering myself in his presence, and afraid to speak to him least he might order his bailiff to thrust me out of the office." I freely admit that many of the Ulster farmers are men of independent spirit, who, even at the risk of incurring the landlord's displeasure and being ejected from their homes, nobly assert their manhood and maintain their self-respect. But the same manly and elevated position is assumed by every Canadian farmer without exposing himself to any risk of the kind. In short, he is the sole proprietor of the land on which he spends his strength—free to build or pull down houses, cut trees, make roads, drains, fences, &c., at his own discretion, without being compelled to crave permission from any overweening aristocrat.

Surely what I have just written is worthy of serious and impartial consideration, especially from our small farmers, who are hopelessly struggling to support large families upon miserable little patches of land, which by a stretch of charity and an abuse of language we call "farms." Within a few miles of the Northern shore of Lake Eric I met a sturdy Highlander, under whose hospitable roof I spent Christmas Eve. During an interesting

conversation with him on this subject, he said—"I loved my native land, and love it still, as fondly as any Scotchman loves it. But when I came to consider that my interest in that land only amounted to five or six acres, and that even that little patch was not my own property, but held by me at the will of the landlord, I immediately decided on emigrating to Canada, where I would still be under good British rule." That man now occupies a position similar to the one attained by the settler from County Cavan, whose case I have related. He is perfectly independent, the owner of 200 acres of fine land, and able to give his children opportunities and advantages which they never would have enjoyed had their father remained on the miserable patch of rented land in Scotland. No wonder that such men could not now bring themselves down to the low level of hardship, poverty, and humiliation occupied by thousands of the Irish farmers.

I find, sir, that the subject grows upon me as I proceed. Therefore, I shall reserve some additional facts bearing on this part of it for my next letter.

Yours, &c.,

JOHN R. McCLEERY,

Presbyterian Minister.

Cootchill, 1st July, 1874.

To the Editor of the Northern Whig.

SIR,—The fact to which I gave special prominence in my last letter was the independence that is soon attained by farmers who emigrate to Canada, in illustration of which I quoted the cases of two men—one Scotch and the other Scotch-Irish—who formerly belonged to the class of "small farmers." Before proceeding allow me to add that the districts in which these men resided (about 200 miles distant from each other) are occupied almost exclusively by emigrants from the Highlands of Scotland and the province of Ulster. I visited many of them in their own houses, and met many more at church, market, public meetings, and social gatherings; and yet I can scarcely recall a single instance in which anything approaching an expression of dissatisfaction was uttered. On the contrary, all appeared to be prosperous, happy, and contented, quite in raptures with their adopted country (although still attached to the "old sod"), and greatly amazed that so many of their struggling friends on this side of the Atlantic are so blind to

their own comfort as to prefer poverty at home to plenty in Canada. I freely acknowledge that there are some men in the Dominion who have not improved their circumstances by emigration. Notwithstanding all the advantages afforded by a new, fertile, and well-governed country, they are not one whit more comfortably situated than they were in the days of small farms, high rents, bad houses, and bad diet. But, whilst admitting that this is true of a few steady and industrious settlers, whose lack of prosperity, instead of being charged against the country in which they live, should simply be pronounced unaccountable, I unhesitatingly affirm that it is chiefly applicable to men of a sluggish and thriftless nature, who are always "getting behind," no matter how favourable the circumstances may be in which their lot is cast. And then, in order to palliate their own indolence or prodigality, they send whining letters across the Atlantic in which they pour forth pitiful complaints about the death-like loneliness of bush life, the indescribable toils and pains of chopping wood, the intolerable severity of the heat in Summer, and the cold in Winter, &c., &c. I respectfully caution your readers not to be so indiscreet as to form their opinions of Canada from the dismal growls of such malcontents.

"Oh! that was very fine talk in your last letter about peasant proprietorship, independence, and self-respect," replies some one of your readers, "but you must admit that the difficulties and hardships encountered by the Canadian farmers are terrible, and more than counterbalance any advantages which they enjoy in other respects." Now, Mr. Editor, permit me to say that this part of the subject has been grossly misrepresented and exaggerated (undesignedly, I believe) in some letters that recently appeared in Belfast papers. Postponing for the present the question of climate, which will come under discussion in due time, and contemplating the entire subject in its broadest light, I cannot but express my deep conviction that the trials experienced by the majority of Irish farmers are even greater than those undergone by their brethren in Canada. Let us for a moment place the two side beside with each other, and then we shall discover on which side the advantage lies. What is the history of the average farmer at home? It may be told briefly as follows:—A large purchase-money for the bare Tenant-right (in many cases no small portion of the price must be borrowed at high interest)—a heavy annual rent (from 30s to 50s per acre for good land), which like a crushing burden oppresses him for the remainder of his life—high taxes—frequent wet harvests—stubbing out old hedges, and enlarging and draining fields—preparing farmyard and purchasing artificial manures—weeding land—breaking lumps—paying high prices for fuel, meat,

&c., not to mention the paying of interest on money that may have been borrowed to assist in putting him into the farm—running to the bank for bills to pay the rent—selling off crops at low rates to meet urgent demands—and many other difficulties that will suggest themselves to the minds of your readers. And then, should he be so fortunate as not to fall into arrears and escape eviction, he leaves his children behind him to fight like cats and dogs over the “property,” when the “office” promptly steps in and summarily puts an end to the squabble by packing them all off to America, with the exception of one favourite son, who receives the “ticket,” and is thereby gazetted as the hero of the fight and the lord of the disputed possessions. And so he tries his hand at the wheel of fortune, only to repeat in his own life the scenes of hopeless drudgery through which his poor father dragged himself in his day. Suppose that the same man emigrates to Canada, what is his history? He purchases—that is, he “buys out”—one hundred acres of splendid, deep, loose, and rich land, with good houses on it, for less money than he would pay for the mere Tenant-right of a thirty-acre farm in Down, Derry, or Antrim. He never pays a cent of rent. His taxes amount to £3, including school tax; in other words, by paying £3 annually in one tax he discharges all his pecuniary obligations to the Government and gets his children educated free. He does not incur the trouble and expense of preparing, buying, carting, and spreading manures, because they are not required. I ate as good potatoes, parsnips, &c., raised without manure on farms twenty years under cultivation as are now produced in the richest gardens in Ireland. There is as much wood on his own land as will supply fuel for many years, which he cuts at his own pleasure without begging permission from any person. In Winter he lives, like the bees, upon his store of honey, having nothing to do but to attend to his cattle and chop a little wood. He lives well—kills his own beef, mutton, and pork, takes his own wheat to the mill and gets the best of flour—has a handy little cooking-stove, in which his wife, always provided she is a good one, roasts or boils meat and fowls to perfection, and bakes magnificent plain loaves, cakes, pies, &c. Or suppose that he has not sufficient money to purchase a cleared farm, and is compelled to settle down on the free land, to shoulder his axe, and ply it hard during three or four months of Winter, when the air is dry and bracing. Has he not something to work for? Having no rent to pay and merely a nominal sum for taxes, he is always certain of having plenty to eat and drink, and then in a few years he will have a fine farm of 160 acres, all his own property. He is perfectly independent from the first day of occupation, and realizes at last that he is a man free to think and act in his private

business, and in the affairs of the country, according to the light that is in him, without fear of unpleasant consequences. Yes, a man amongst men, and not a "fellow" amongst "their honours" and "their lordships," to be despised and kept at a distance as an inferior creature, and treated as a mere machine for repairing old houses, and draining wet fields, and improving and beautifying impoverished land with his own money and the sweat of his own brow—land that belongs to another man, whose pockets he annually fills with his hard-won earnings, to be spent, not for the good of his country, but in the luxuries of a metropolitan or Continental residence. "The Canadian farmers have hard work," you say. Granted that they have, and for the sake of argument I am prepared to admit that they experience more hardships than the Irish farmers in the prosecution of their avocations. But how different are the results! No honest man will shrink from hard work, not even the hardest, that will eventually raise him above the low level of an obsequious retainer, and establish himself and his children in a position of honourable independence and inviolable security. It is admitted by all parties who are competent to give an opinion on the subject that no people in the world are more independent than the Canadian farmers. Can the same words be used of the Irish farmers? No; and yet they work like slaves.

Yours, &c.,

JOHN R. M'CLEERY,

Presbyterian Minister.

Cootehill, July 2nd, 1874.

To the Editor of the Northern Whig

SIR,—My attention has just been directed to some letters on emigration which appeared in Thursday's issue of another Belfast paper. I would not trouble you to insert a line respecting them were it not that they are replete with utterly untrue and most mischievous assertions, which, if allowed to pass unchallenged, might prove extremely prejudicial to very important interests. How any men under the control of an enlightened conscience, and at the same time repudiating all interested motives, and also claiming to be conversant with Canadian affairs, could deliberately sit down and pen such epistles for the perusal of intelligent people in Ireland is most amazing and unaccountable. Let us give them the benefit of the doubt, and adjudge that they wrote in ignorance, and not from any preconceived desire to pervert the truth; and

although I do not wish to be regarded as a self-constituted champion for Mr. Foy, let me here remark that it is really intolerable that he and other agents, when faithfully discharging their duties, should be branded before the public gaze as "man-catchers" and "traders in humanity," and charged with the most selfish, sordid, and criminal motives by anonymous and irresponsible correspondents. Such abusive language may be considered perfectly in order in the so-called "Land of Liberty" from which it emanates; but in Ireland and Canada, where better manners prevail, it is not current in the ranks of respectable society. Besides, it ill becomes any man hailing from the United States, which was until quite recently the dungeon of nearly 6,000,000 slaves, to turn round towards honest Irishmen and tell them that he "detests man-catchers—traders in humanity." I regret that, owing to an extraordinary pressure of pastoral work consequent on my return after a long absence, I have not been able to read all Mr. Foy's letters on emigration to Canada; but love of the truth, and a desire to see fair play, impel me to avow that I can honestly endorse and defend almost all the statements made by him in the letters and emigration bills which have come under my notice. Without resorting to exaggeration or falsehood, Mr. Foy or any competent agent should not experience any difficulty in exhibiting Canada most attractively before the eyes of small farmers and labourers in Ireland.

One of the correspondents alluded to betrays his utter ignorance of the whole subject, and his utter incompetence to express a reliable opinion upon it, when he groups Canada and the United States together as one country under the common but misleading name—"America." Having introduced this new term into the argument, he disingenuously makes a number of indiscriminate statements as applicable to both countries, although he must surely be aware of the fact that on all the points on which he touches there is as much difference between Canada and the United States as there is between a plain, quiet, inexpensive place like Cootehill and a fast and fashionable metropolis like London or Paris. In short, there runs through the whole letter the common fallacy of predicating of the whole that which is predicable of only one of the parts. "Canada and the United States are America. Now, in America (meaning the United States) a labouring man pays 140 dollars (?) for two poor suits of clothes; therefore, every emigrant sent out by Mr. Foy to America (meaning Canada this time), and receiving 200 dollars a year, must pay 140 of them for two suits of clothes." That is precisely the method in which he writes from the beginning to the end of his letter. There is about as much of truth and common-sense in the whole being as there is in the following:—"Greyhounds and poodles are dogs; greyhounds run

faster than hares ; therefore, poodles run faster than hares, because poodles are dogs ;" or, "London and Cootehill are in the British Isles ; in the British Isles (meaning London and other fashionable places) a man pays £10 for a suit of clothes ; therefore, he will pay the same sum in Cootehill, because it is in the British Isles." Comment on such reasoning is unnecessary.

Now, Mr. Editor, it is an incontrovertible fact that in the matter of the cost of living there is no comparison whatever, but, on the contrary, a most remarkable contrast between the Dominion and the States ; and it looks exceedingly like a clever attempt at imposition for the author of a public letter to take into his hand the labourer's account-book, and, under the head of income, to enter Canadian wages, whilst under the head of expenditure he coolly puts down a list of articles, not at Canadian prices, but at the enormous sums charged and paid for them in the United States. Let us examine the following extract :—"Any man knows that the American tannage is not one-tenth as good as the Irish, and where two pairs of farm shoes or boots would suit in Ireland, six pairs would scarcely suit here." If we intended that we should construe the words "American" and "here" as meaning the United States, then I would say that there is some truth in what he says, although the facts are greatly exaggerated. But it is quite obvious from the context of the letter that he includes Canada in the statement, because he is from beginning to end writing against the £40 a-year offered by the Canadian agent as an inducement to Irish labourers to emigrate. And, if applied to Canada, the statement is simply untrue. Having made it my business to inquire into all such matters during my tour through the Dominion, I am in a position to certify that boots and shoes are equally as good and cheap as they are in those parts of Ireland where the best wages are earned. We all know the quality of boots to be had in Belfast for 12s a pair. The same money will buy as good an article in Toronto or Montreal. Immense quantities of boots and shoes are manufactured in the latter city and other parts of the province of Quebec, where labour is comparatively cheap, owing to the market being generally well supplied with French Canadians. The manufactured article is then scattered over the whole country, and no matter where you go you will find no difficulty in getting a pair of good, durable boots or shoes at old-country price. As for other articles of clothing, such as are usually worn by labouring men in Canada, they can be purchased for very little more than they cost in Ireland ; and the idea of a Canadian labourer expending 140 dollars annually on dress is wild and ridiculous in the extreme. I venture to affirm that not one gentleman out of every fifty in Toronto reaches so high a figure in the purchase of the finer and

more fashionably-made garments which he wears. The correspondent of whose assertions I am now writing appears to be entirely ignorant of the fact that all sorts of wearing apparel are from 35 to 40 per cent. cheaper in Canada than in the United States. I know a clergyman in New York who, in company with his two sons, undertakes an annual pilgrimage to Toronto for the purpose of purchasing clothes, and thereby saving money. From his remarks on the value of 200 dollars (£40) in currency, the same correspondent also seems to be ignorant of the fact that Canadian paper money is equal to United States gold—that is, the dollar bills current in Canada, and received by the labouring man as compensation for his work, are 10 per cent. more valuable than the “greenbacks” circulated by the “Great Republic.” In January last I sold the Canadian dollar bill in the States at gold price—110 cents. And yet the correspondent writes of what he calls the “American currency,” and makes deductions, as if he were entirely ignorant of the fact that paper currency is at par in Canada, but considerably below it in the United States. Let me state one or two facts regarding diet and wages before I conclude this letter. In the rural districts of Canada master and man sit at the same table, and partake of the same food. Meat is largely used—plenty of beef, mutton, and good pork. With wages at 6s. per day for 7 months, and 3s. per day at least, for the remaining 5 months of the year, and beef and mutton selling at from 2d to 5d per lb., and geese and turkeys at 2s and 2s 6d a-piece, surely the Canadian labourers can afford to live well, and they do live well. If any man is idle for three months of the year, it is simply because he is an idler, and therefore should bear the consequences of his sloth in silence. How often do the Irish labourers eat beef and mutton? On rare occasions, indeed, such as marriages and “christenings,” and perhaps on Christmas Day. It is reserved for them (poor fellows), and not for their brethren in Canada, to enjoy the constant luxury of the delicious “fat pork” which the United States people are so glad to have “cleared out” of their country. With only 7s per week for wages, and rent to pay, and fuel to buy, and meat at 10d per lb., can the Irish labourer and his family be said to live at all? For such men to remain in Ireland may serve the interests of the people who ride in splendid coaches and fare sumptuously every day, but it is only subjecting themselves and their children to hopeless penury and a life-long starvation. I never met a single industrious man in Canada who was “living from hand to mouth,” and it is nothing less than a gross libel upon the kind-hearted and hospitable people of that country to publish to the world that they would allow any stranger from Ireland, England, or Scotland to perish in their midst like a dog.

Thanking you for inserting my previous letters, I now conclude, although I have not by any means exhausted the subject.

Yours, &c.,

JOHN R. M'CLEERY,

Presbyterian Minister.

Cootehill, July 4, 1871.

To the Editor of the Northern Whig.

Sir.—I must apologise to you, and your readers for occupying so much of your valuable space. Having voluntarily proposed to treat of several specified subjects, accurate information on which is of vital importance in the settlement of the emigration question, I wish to carry out my proposal by exhausting the series.

THE CLIMATE OF CANADA.—As I have not been examining the statistics of public health at home or abroad, I am not prepared to express an opinion arithmetically on the rate of mortality in the Dominion. However, I can testify that during my sojourn within its borders I met a large number of very old people who did not appear in the least degree more shrivelled and decrepit than persons of the same advanced age in Ireland. In fact, when travelling through their country and mixing freely with all classes and ages, I did not observe any peculiar feature in the physical appearance of the Canadians; they seemed to be exceedingly like the people whom I had just left behind me in Ireland—a ruddy, robust, and hardy race—and exceedingly unlike the pale faces and lanky figures which, like “spectral bands” and “ghostly visions,” crowd the towns and cities of the United States. The children of Irish settlers—stalwart lads and rosy lasses—looked quite as strong and healthy as many of their cousins reared in the “Green Island,” with whom I have the pleasure of being acquainted. Were some of the anti-emigrationists in Cootehill, I could show them the photographs of two hundred Canadian friends, whose forms and faces they would immediately pronounce to be almost, if not altogether, as good-looking as the forms and faces of those with whom they daily associate at home. I happened to be in Canada during the time of annual drill, when I had a splendid opportunity of seeing the youth of the country; and I am confident that impartial witnesses will bear me out in the statement that, with the exception of the Royal Irish Constabulary (picked men), and some chosen regiments of the

line, there is no finer looking body of men in the British dominions than the Canadian Volunteers. They are certainly much superior to the Irish Militia in physique.

Now, Mr. Editor, surely some of the credit of this must be given to the climate. How could the inhabitants be so strong and ruddy if their country were unhealthy, as represented by some correspondents? Moreover, it is a fact, of which I have also personal knowledge, that the vast majority of Irishmen who have resided in Canada for a number of years prefer its climate to that of Ireland. The heat of summer and cold of winter may look terrible when contemplated from a distance, especially if viewed through the magnifying medium of some anti-emigration letters; but if you were only out in Canada, and became acclimatised and got some experience of the advantages of dry harvests—during which grain is easily saved—and of dry bracing winters, when you may roll about in the snow without fear of getting wet and contracting cold, you would soon begin to wonder how you agreed so well with the rainy weather in Ireland. No doubt in some parts of Canada the heat is great in summer, and in other parts the cold is very intense in winter; but the former is not so oppressive as in the United States, and the latter is decidedly healthy, for it makes the ground, the houses, and the atmosphere perfectly dry. A gentleman who had resided for many years in the city of Toronto, and is at present paying a visit to his friends at Cootehill, has just informed me that he found the heat quite as oppressive in London about three weeks ago as ever he felt it to be in Toronto.

I observe that whilst great prominence has been given to the disadvantages of the Canadian climate, not the least notice has been taken of the cold and rainy seasons which have been of frequent occurrence in Ireland during the last ten or fifteen years. Do not the farmers tremble now as the month of August approaches, and the recollections of incessant floods and perishing crops rush upon their minds? And what about the health and general condition of our labourers and small farmers who spend night as well as day in miserable houses, through the roofs of which the notorious "drops" keep pushing themselves all the winter through? Let me here introduce another fact, that speaks volumes. I was particularly struck by the almost total absence of coughing in the Canadian churches during the winter season, so much so that I frequently drew attention to it in private conversation. Every clergyman in Ireland knows too well how difficult it is to speak in his church during the wet sloppy weather of winter, when fully one-half of his audience seem to have conspired to "bark" the sermon down. How can it be otherwise? If the cold is intense in Canada, the air is dry, and the people are comfortably clothed and housed.

But with a damp atmosphere, bad houses, and very insufficient clothing, no wonder that the children of our small farmers and labourers are shivering and coughing during the greater part of the winter. Let me ask—What sort of things do they wear on their feet for the purpose of keeping out both rain and mud? Dare we call them either boots or shoes?

In writing thus I must not be understood as holding the opinion that the climate of Canada is more salubrious than our own. I simply infer from facts known to me that it is healthy, perhaps only one degree less so than the climate of Ireland. And I must add that some of the diseases which are prevalent in the United States are practically unknown in Canada.

Yours, &c.,

JOHN R. McCLEERY,

Presbyterian Minister.

Cootehill, July 7th, 1874.

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