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**PART ONE.**

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THE  
SETTLER'S NEW HOME.

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**BRITISH AMERICA,—CANADA :**

EMBRACING NOVA SCOTIA, NEW BRUNSWICK, CAPE BRETON, PRINCE EDWARD'S ISLAND,  
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COMPREHENDING OREGON, AND VAN COUYER'S ISLAND.

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## COMPANIONS FOR THE VOYAGE, THE HUT, AND THE FRAME HOUSE.

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*The Emigrant may be removed from society without being deprived of companions. Even if he sequesters himself from the company of the living, he may have on the lonely ocean, the distant prairie, or in the solitary wood, communion with those who never die. The mind, for want of a better social circle, has been glad in the sea calm, or at the cattle station, to pore over a series of old almanacks. Before it be too late we would warn emigrants to provide against solitude by securing to themselves the intercourse of books, of which the best happen also to be the cheapest. In the colonies they will always sell for double what they cost in the mother country, while the purchaser has had the use of them into the bargain. To supply this desideratum we have requested our publisher to select a list of books from his stock suitable for settlers, and to append their prices. These will be found at the end of the volume.*

## P R E F A C E .

*D. S. 218/10*

It is not unreasonably made a charge against political economists, that they are not agreed as to their objects, and that they are singularly indefinite in the application of their principles. They aim at an arithmetical exactitude which is not compatible with a due consideration of the disturbing causes which must invalidate their calculations; or else they exclude from the operation of the science, moral and political influences, without the consideration of which it is of little practical value. Some keep in view solely the *production* of wealth,—others assign more importance to its *distribution*;—not a few regard only the *power*, and *greatness* of a kingdom;—wiser men look rather to the diffusion of the general *happiness* of its subjects,—the wisest, test economical theories solely by their capacity for enlarging the contentment, security, and comfort of the whole human family.

Your rule-of-three statistician has got hold of a phrase about productive labourers and unproductive consumers, upon which he rings the changes of his political arithmetic, with much *self*-satisfaction, and with little to any body else. All that he cannot post in a ledger he regards as a loss. All that he can enter in a day book, he reckons as a gain. The more intelligent statist regards a great poet, a fine composer, an inspired painter, or orator, or sculptor, or moralist, or philosopher,—the men who have made the people of England that which distinguishes them from the Kalmuck or the Cossack,—as more productive than a thousand steam engines, or ten thousand power looms. The weaver can indeed warp and woof threads into cloth, and the artizan can hammer iron into tools; but the statesman, the artist, the man of science, the moral teacher, the public writer, can breathe into crude humanity the breath of life, and make of it a living soul, and call an Athens, a Rome, a Paris, a London, out of the Serbonian bog of chaotic barbarism, and bring it into the light of civilization. The mechanic who can make a compass, or the

sailor who can haul a rope, is more arithmetically productive than the man who discovered the principle of the attraction of the needle to the pole, or the application of steam to navigation; but for all that, he who can put types together scarcely does as much for the world as the inventor of the art of printing. The wealth of nations is not to be estimated by that alone which can be put on paper; nor is a balance sheet, or columns of £. s. d. the proper measure of the power, riches, or happiness of an empire.

It is on this account that the value of colonies to the mother country cannot be ascertained by a mere debtor and creditor account. We do not get at the bottom of this controversy by finding that the government of Canada costs Britain £2,000,000,—that the profit on the goods we sell her is only one million and a half, and that we therefore lose half a million by the connexion. Nor, on the other hand, have we proved that it is better for our outlying provinces, and for this our central kingdom, that the former should be set adrift, by showing that the United States cost us a great deal while they were dependences of the British crown,—that at present they cost us nothing, while they take from us ten times the amount of manufactures they ever did before, and that they are ten times as populous, and ten times as wealthy as they were while they were mere colonies. Had they never been British colonies, protected and fostered by the crown, they would never have become a great Anglo-Saxon republic. Had George III., listening to the prophetic wisdom of Chatham, had the sagacity to have conferred upon the various provinces the blessings of political independence, and that local self government, which is no less our constitutional policy than the source of public spirit, individual development, and social activity, America might now have been as great as a colony, as she now is as a separate republic, and might still be the pride and strength of Britain, in place of being our rival in commerce, manufactures and politics, and our often threatened antagonist in war. Dependent upon her for cotton, she may one day shut up every mill in Lancashire, and by some gigantic effort, manufacture for the world, in our stead; and had she been at this moment a dependency of ours, she could not have assailed us with a hostile tariff, which, while it inflicts mischief on her own people, deprives England of a market for

at least £20,000,000 worth of manufactures *per annum*. What, indeed, is it that has made and continues the greatness of the United States, except that, speaking our language, adopting our institutions, assimilating our jurisprudence, forming her public opinion upon our literature, our people make her; in fact, the chief of our colonies, by annually migrating to and subduing her wastes,—adding to her capital, executing her public works, and feeding her labour market with supplies, and her navy with sailors, without which she would make but small appreciable progress. What is it that makes Canada a burden upon rather than an aid to the imperial treasury, but the two-fold fact that the United States are not now a British Colony, but a “sympathiser” with the discontents of our subjects, and that we have too long withheld from our Acadian possessions those powers of self-government to the want of which alone our colonial governors attribute their inferiority to the neighbouring republic.

If we had not taken possession of the Cape, Natal, New Zealand, Australia, Van Diemen’s Land, of Ceylon, the Mauritius, they must have been seized by other potentates, and could never have become places for the settlement of British subjects. We would thereby have lost these outlets for our redundant population, our surplus labour, or our superfluous energy. If our people had located themselves in these districts, the common obligation under which every country rests to protect its own subjects, would render it imperative on us to defend them in their possessions,—just as we send out fleets to protect our commerce, and to convey our shipping. If we turn them adrift, because, on a calculation of mere arithmetical profit and loss, they are found to be chargeable to us, we must maintain them in their independence until they are able to protect themselves, and when they can do that, they would cease to be a burden on our finances, even if they were continued among the number of our dependences. There is not a colony we possess that could maintain its own independence against 10,000 European troops for a month after we had abandoned its sovereignty; and as a mere common sense proposition it is obvious, that whatever expense our interference might incur, we could not stand by and see even a minority of our fellow countrymen conquered and subjected to the dictation of a foreign power. Cromwell, at a cost

of millions, vindicated the rights of a single British subject. Wherever an Englishman goes, there the majesty of England must be with him. We recognize the duty of spending millions upon the mitigation of Irish distress; we pay six millions every year to feed and clothe 1,900,000 English paupers who are totally unproductive. Shall we admit our obligation to support domestic beggary, and deny the duty of encouraging the efforts of the enterprising, energetic and industrious, to maintain themselves, subdue the wilderness, extend our empire, and increase the productiveness of our dominions? In short, shall our paupers alone have claims upon us, while our colonists are to be deserted? Two hundred and sixty thousand of us expatriate ourselves every year, to make room for others at home, to be no longer a burden upon us; to help us, it may be, to more employment in their customs, in their shipping, in their exports and imports. How much greater would be our distress and competition, our pauperism, if these remained in the mother country.

The question of colonization is indeed a very distinct one from that of our existing management of our colonies. Give to each of them an independent government, and a domestic legislature, owning only like our own, the common sovereignty of the British crown. Why pay governors, and deputy governors, bishops and judges? May colonists not have their own president, and vice president? their own religious instructors? their own judges and jurisprudence? If they cannot all at once pay their own expences, help them until they can, as we do many of our own provincial domestic institutions. The Home Office does not rule the Irish Unions because it helps them to a grant, or a rate in aid. It does not preside in the town council of Edinburgh, because it pays half the debts of the municipality. Neither is it right to keep colonies in the leading strings of Earl Grey and Mr. Hawes, because they are compelled to creep before they can walk. There is scarcely ever a private commercial enterprise that is self-supporting at the first. The capitalist must long lie out of interest before he can look for returns,—and so must a nation. But the sooner colonies are endowed with self-government, the earlier will they be self-supporting.

But is it so certain that even under the existing vicious system, our colonies are even a *pecuniary* loss to us? The wealth of the Indies is saved to be spent in England. The West India trade and fleet, the New

Zealand and Australian and Canadian timber, and wool, and minerals, and shipping, and flax, and tallow, and oil, are they nothing to our maritime interests, our merchants, and bankers, and manufacturers? Cut us off from all these, and where would be Leadenhall Street, and Lombard Street, and Broad Street; Liverpool, and Bristol, Manchester, the Clyde, and the Thames? Compared with the population, Holland is richer than England. Yet what is Batavia politically, socially, morally, in the world's eye, to the leading power of Europe,—and to what account does she turn her capital? But for the elastic enterprise, the inventive fertility of mercantile resources, the restless spirit of adventure, the unceasing energy of speculation which bear us onward under the inspiration of the aphorism, “never venture, never win,” what would there be to distinguish England from Germany, or Spain, or Italy? And what fosters that sentiment of universality and grandeur of endeavour which is our characteristic, if it be not the extension of our name, race, language, and empire over the world? It is of no consequence arithmetically to us, whether a great number of private capitalists sustain heavy losses by foreign speculation, or the amount be taken from the public treasury. Either way it is a deduction from the national wealth. We have lost far more by United States' banks and stocks, by Spanish Bonds, by foreign railways, and continental ventures, than the whole cost of our colonial government. Yet upon the whole we gain by the world in place of losing by it; the state must not make itself the judge of the enterprise of its subjects, and it must follow and help them wherever their energy or interest lead them.

Trade begets trade. In searching for one adventure, our supercargoes and ship-captains find out another. A single cargo of a strange article, brought home in desperation for want of other freight, often lays the foundation of an enormous branch of new commerce. We fish for whales at the Bay of Islands, and find out flax, and gum, and ship-spars, and manganese at Wellington and Auckland. We begin by banishing our criminals to Australia and Van Diemen's Land, and end by becoming independent of Saxony for wool, and by finding coal to carry our steamers to Singapore, and Bombay, and the Cape, as a halfway house to Europe. Do we owe nothing to posterity? Is our money of no use to mankind,

but to be kept in the money bags? Are we born only for ourselves? Shall we be called the foremost men in all the world, and do nothing *for* the world? Let England set her mark upon the earth to fructify and bless it. Half a million souls we bring annually into the world. Year by year, interest on compound interest is heaped upon our teeming population. What can become of them, what shall we do with them if we keep them all here? "Home-keeping youth have ever homely wits." A family is chargeable. Shall we therefore deny the proposition of Benedick that,

"The world must be peopled."

No—if colonies cost us too much, let us retrench—if they do not "get on," let us confer upon them the powers of self-government to energize them into self-reliance;—if the colonial office mismanages, let the colonists manage their own affairs, and pay for it. But we need new fields of commerce—fresh subjects of trade—new homes for our overcrowded people, and therefore let us have colonies and keep them.

The time should teach us a solemn lesson. We have become every year more dependent on the continent of Europe for trade and custom. To what alone can we trace our present depressed, almost prostrate condition? The wars and disorders of our European customers have robbed them of their means of purchase, or rendered them no longer trustworthy debtors for goods. Should the flame of war burst out over the old world, we shall find ourselves with half a million of additional hands yearly to find food and work for, and fewer safe customers than ever. Mr. Mackay warns us that the vast mineral resources of Pennsylvania, combined with the exhaustless water power and raw material of manufacture with which the United States abound, will speedily convert the transatlantic republic into a most formidable, and invincible manufacturing, and commercial rival of England. With Europe at war, and America for a competitor, where will our safety be, if not in finding customers in our colonies? Universal Peace may come before the Greek Kalends, and anticipate by centuries the Day of Pentecost; but our wants are urgent, and our necessities immediate. We must find work and raiment, and food now, in this very year of War, Pestilence, and Famine, of Irish de-



population, and all but English ruin. If we had no taxes, we must still seek trade, customers, elbow-room, and employment. And we repeat, with dangerous commercial rivals, and distracted Europe, where are we to find consumers, outlet, and provision for our increasing numbers, except in Emigration and in Colonies?

London, August, 1849,  
4, Charlotte Row.

#### NOTICE—CANADA.

The ninth number of the Circular of the Emigration Commissioners, announces that affairs in our North American Colonies are in a state of depression, and that the demand for labour has, in consequence of a suspension of the execution of public works, fallen off, although agriculture and farming settlers are in a state of steadily progressive prosperity. This is therefore the very time for the migration thither of all classes of settlers. When everything is in a state of plethoric efflorescence in a colony, the interest of money falls, cleared land advances extravagantly in price, provisions are dear, and wages far too high for the permanent advantage either of the capitalist or the labourer. To men, indeed, seeking employment as artizans in the towns, the present will be an unfavourable period for emigration to Canada, but all who desire to settle on land will find numberless clearings and farms of all kinds remarkably cheap, and the cost of subsistence uncommonly low. Stock, grain, agricultural implements, log huts, frame houses, mills, may now be had at cheap rates, and twenty shillings will go as far at present as forty shillings did ten years ago. The abundant supply of labour at reasonable rates, is a circumstance highly favourable to agricultural enterprize, and capitalists cannot fail by seizing the present golden opportunity greatly to better their fortunes.

The probability of the early execution of a main trunk of railway through the chief districts of the colony, is a consideration of no mean importance either to labourers or to capitalists.

We observe that the number of emigrants from the United Kingdom is only 248,089, against 258,270 last year. There has been an increase of settlers to the United States of 46,079, and to Australia of 18,955, the decrement amounting to 68,615, being confined to our North American colonies. We are corroborated in our favourable opinion of the western portion of Upper Canada by every fresh inquiry we have the opportunity to make, and the recent answers we receive to questions relative to the climate, continue to be more and more satisfactory.

The immediate prospect of a reaction towards war all over Europe, will give a fresh and great stimulus to emigration, and we should therefore advise all who meditate the step of proceeding to the colonies, to hasten their departure, so that they may arrive before the best locations are bought up.

We cannot issue this edition to the public without acknowledging our obligations to the various authors to whose works we have been chiefly indebted. The "Emigrant's Journal" we are especially bound to recommend to all intending emigrants, as a most valuable reporter of colonial information. Mr. Byrne, Mr. Mathew, Mr. Wilkinson, Mr. Earp, Mr. Gray Smith, and others, have also supplied much useful instruction, of which we have freely availed ourselves.

We are also bound to express our gratitude to the conductors of the periodical press, for the kindly and liberal spirit in which they have noticed the work—to which, much of its great success is to be attributed.

It will be seen that the present edition contains many important additions—and it is our intention, should our anticipations of establishing the work, as a standard book of reference on the subject of emigration, be realized, to spare no labour which may conduce to its completeness, and to render it a volume in which the most recent and authentic information in reference to every colony may always be found.

We have had access to the most certain and exclusive sources of information, official and private. We have been guided by the strictest and most disinterested impartiality; and have always written under the sense of the deep responsibility which all should feel, who undertake

to advise our fellow countrymen in reference to a step which involves such important personal results, as the fate of British families for their whole lives.

We have also been solicitous to render the work accessible to the humblest classes of the people, by fixing its price at the lowest barely remunerating cost.

To the perfect completeness of the subject, it was necessary that we should exhaust the question of Home Colonization, and the prospects of the Mother Country.

Of the interesting topics of entail, primogeniture, small freeholds, spade husbandry, taxation, poor-laws, jurisprudence, land titles, and other cognate objects of enquiry, we have accordingly undertaken to treat in a separate volume, to which we shall earnestly solicit the attention of those, who, having been interested by the following pages, may feel inclined to accompany the author through a not less important field of enquiry.



## INTRODUCTION.

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IF that which is true cannot be profane, Voltaire may almost be pardoned for the sentiment, "If God did not exist, it would be necessary to invent Him." "Man never *is*, but always to *be* blest;" he cannot live in the now and the here; he must fill the heart's aching void with a heaven and a hereafter. So little to the meditative "in this life only is there hope," so soon to the reflective and spiritual do "the evil days draw nigh" in which they are constrained to say in weariness of very life, "they have no pleasure in them;" that without the assurance of a God, a heaven, and immortality, earth would be but one vast bedlam. In an inferior but analogous sense what immortality is to time, foreign lands are to space. Colonies are "the world beyond the grave" of disappointed hopes. The antipodes are the terrestrial future, the sublunary heaven of the unsuccessful and the dissatisfied. The weaver in his Spitalfields garret who tries to rusticate his fancy by mignonette in his window-box, and bees in the eaves, bathes his parched soul in visions of prairie flowers, and a woodbine cabin beside Arcadian cataracts. The starving peasant whose very cottage is his master's, who tills what he can never own, who poaches by stealth to keep famine from his door, and whose overlaboured day cannot save his hard-earned sleep from the nightmare of the workhouse, would often become desperate, a lunatic, or a broken man, but for the hope that he may one day plant his foot on his own American freehold, plough his own land, pursue the chase without a license through the plains of Illinois or the forests of Michigan, and see certain independence before himself and his children. The industrious tradesman, meritorious merchant, or skilful and enlightened professional man, jerked perhaps by the mere chance of the war of competition out of his parallelogram, and exhausting his strength and very life in the vain struggle to get back again into a position already filled; compelled by the tyranny of social convention to maintain appearances unsuited to the state of his purse; plundered by bankrupt competitors or insolvent customers, and stripped of his substance by high prices and oppressive taxation, would often become the dangerous enemy of society or of government, but for the consideration that, in South Africa, in America, in Australia, or New Zealand, he may find repose from anxiety in independence, rude and rough though it may be, emancipation from the thralldom of convention, and an immunity from any compulsion to keep up appearances, and to seem to be what he is not. "I care nothing," said the French king, "for these clubs, plots, attempts upon my life; but I have thirty-four millions of restless spirits to find food and employment for, and I have no colonies." The redundant enterprise; the surplus energy; the fermenting spirit of adventure with which the

population of these kingdoms teems, would, like the figure of sin in Milton, have long since turned inward to gnaw the vitals of its parent, but for the "ample scope and verge enough" it finds in the romantic life of our sailors, or the trials, perils, hopes and fortunes of emigration. "Ships and colonies," the time-honoured toast of monopolists, have stopped many an *emeute*, and saved many a rebellion. We are not sure that they have not more than once averted a revolution. Hampden, Pym, and Cromwell, turned back by a king's warrant from the emigrant ship in which they had already embarked, remained to decapitate their rovereign, and establish a commonwealth. The unsettled boil off their superfluous mischief in the prospect of a fixed home in the bush or the backwoods; the discontented find comfort and rest in the conviction that "there is another and a better world" in the genial south, or the region of the setting sun. It is always in our seasons of greatest commercial distress and social privation that the largest export of emigrants takes place. The misery and disaffection which otherwise would make themselves formidable to constituted authority, hive off into the repose of peregrine settlements, and, sluicing themselves into new channels, save the overflow of the parent stream.

The wandering Arab, the vagrant gipsy, the restless discoverer and circumnavigator, the pioneer of the backwoods, who no sooner has civilized the forest and the prairie, by the plough, and the enclosure, and human habitations, than he disposes of his home, and hews out for himself further and still further removed from man, and settled society, a new resting place in the remote woods, these are all but types of an instinct and rooted tendency in human character, which, if it do not find its natural outlet in colonial settlements and naval enterprise, will invent the occupation it cannot find, in disturbing the peace and interrupting the order of our domestic social fabric. If we do not make war upon the forest we will make war upon mankind; if we do not subdue the wilderness, we will conquer one another. It is in vain that we call upon the governing power to employ our people at home, and to reclaim our own waste lands rather than send our necessitous abroad. Few colonists leave their country without the mixed motive of necessity and inclination. The love of the romance of adventure is strong in many of the rudest and apparently least imaginative minds. There is an instinct of vagabondism, so to speak, in many otherwise well-regulated intellects, which must find its vent in wandering over the face of the earth. The drudgery, the want of elbow room, the absence of property in the soil one tills, rob a holding on the moor of Scotland, or the bogs of Ireland, of everything which can satisfy the activity and energy of the men whose tendencies present the best materials for colonization. And whatever may be the interest of the government or of the settled community in this regard, it partakes somewhat of mere sentimental cant to pity the hard necessity which drives the poor from misery at home, to colonial independence, and deprives the peasantry of the privilege of starving in their native parish, that they may leaven the primeval curse with its promise of daily bread, in the abundance of a foreign location.

Let this sentiment be examined by the manly common sense of the country, not whined over by its Pecksniffs, and made the hobby horse of

antiquated prejudice, and sentimental humbug. Every soldier, every sailor, including members of the highest and richest classes of society, is liable to expatriation at any time the duties of the service render it necessary he should go on a foreign station or on a lengthened cruise. The whole civil officers of our colonies, embracing Hudson's Bay and Sierra Leone, Calcutta and Jamaica, sustain a virtual banishment from home, and the perils of the most rigorous climates, added, in many cases, to imminent danger from the barbarity of savage aborigines. The merchant who sends his sons abroad to establish foreign houses, and open up new channels of commerce, is driven to that necessity by the absence of any proper opening for them at home. The squire who exports his brothers to the East Indies, provided with a cadetship, or a writership, the lord who places his relatives at the head of a colony of tenants, to fell the woods of Canada or pasture the plains of Australia, are consulting the real interests, not only of the mother country, but of the objects of their care. It is not the rulers who misgovern us, or the legislators who mismanage our affairs, upon whom are made to fall the consequences of their folly or corruption. It is the industry and labour of the country which, at the bottom, have to sustain the whole burden of maintaining all the other orders of society. It is the working classes who produce every thing by which all others profit, or are sustained in their position. The operatives and the peasantry are the real honey bees to whom the hive owes all its stores; they ultimately make the wealth by which the £10,000,000 of our poor-rates are found, they sustain the burden of finding food and lodging for the 81,000 Irish vagrants who even now cast themselves on the eleemosynary compassion of the metropolis. Upon their wages fall the depreciation produced by the competition of a redundant population. Out of their ten fingers, sweat and muscle, must be ground the local and imperial taxes, wasted in the prosecution of crime, caused by want or ignorance, or the abandonment of children by their parents. So long as a man can maintain himself and those for whose support he has made himself responsible, no one has a right to dictate to him either his mode of occupation or his locality of life. But when, either by misfortune, or his own fault, he has to call upon his fellow labourers to support him as well as themselves, then he gives a title to society to say to him as well as to the soldier, the sailor, the sprig of quality, or the farmer, "You are not wanted here, go thou there where thou art wanted."

This is not a dispensation of rose water and pink satin. Here is no Lubberland, wherein geese ready roasted, fly into our mouths, quacking, "Come eat me!" It is a hard, working-day, unideal world, full of forge culm, and factory smoke. The millions of our towns and cities have to go into unwilling exile from honeysuckle, swallow-twittering eaves and meadow scented air. The chief ruler among us is the hardest worker of us all; nor can one easily conceive of a life more approximating to a cross betwixt that of a gin-horse and the town-crier, than a Lord High Chancellor or a barrister in full practice. Paley could not afford to keep a conscience, and mankind cannot indulge in the luxury of mere sentimental patriotism. Nostalgia is a most expensive disease; home sickness a most thriftless virtue; and the most elevated sentiment sinks into sentimentality when it is indulged at other people's cost. And when this

attachment to father-land becomes mere "sorning" upon useful industry at the sacrifice of that manly independence without which the expatriation of the citizen would be the gain of the community, it ceases to command respect or merit sympathy. It is a very small portion of the population of any country which can consult their taste, or study the fancy of their mere inclinations, either in the choice of an occupation, or the selection of their local habitation. Least of all should those dictate to the toil worn but independent sons of labour the condition on which they shall sustain the burden of their subsistence.

There are tens of thousands of the children of this country, who, either abandoned by or bereft of their parents, or worse still, taught to lie and steal, are let loose upon our streets, to find a living in begging or petty larceny. They have no home but the jail, the union, the penitentiary or the ragged school. Why should not society, in mercy to them and in justice to itself, gather all these together and help them, under careful superintendence, to colonize some of our healthy foreign possessions? Besides the enormous masses of Irish vagrants and British mendicants, who infest every town and county in the kingdom, there are vast numbers of habitual paupers, maintained in all our unions, whose very condition is a virtual assertion, on their parts, that there are no means of finding for them regular and legitimate employment. If society offers to these men a good climate, a fertile soil, high wages, cheap living, a demand for labour, and good land for the tilling, what justice, sense or reason is there in permitting these objects of the public bounty to reject the means of independence, and to compel the people to continue to bear the charges of being their perpetual almoners?

There are thirty one millions of us swarming in these islands, 265 to the square mile. We reproduce to the effect of a balance of births over deaths of 465,000 souls per annum; requiring, to preserve even the existing proportion betwixt territory and population, a yearly accession of soil to our area of 1754 square miles, of the average fertility of the kingdom, or an enlargement of our boundary equal, annually, to the space of two or three of our larger counties. In the single year ending 5th January, 1848, we were compelled to import no less than the enormous quantity of 12,360,008 quarters of corn, to supply the deficiency of our domestic production, which amounted to quite an average crop, and for this additional supply we had to pay . . . . . £24,720,016

Live Animals 216,456 . . . . .	432,912
Meat 592,335 cwts. . . . .	1,480,837
Butter 314,066 cwts. . . . .	1,256,264
Cheese 355,243 cwts. . . . .	888,132
Eggs 77,550,429. . . . .	1,292,507

Being an enormous aggregate of £30,070,668 spent to meet our domestic deficiency of supply of the barest necessities of life. As our population, at its present point, will increase five millions in the next ten years, and proceed in a geometrical progression thereafter, it has become demonstrable that the plan of carrying the people to the raw material which is to be manufactured into food, is a wiser and more practicable proposition than that of bringing the food to the people



in its manufactured state. By emigration they cease to be an element in the overcrowding of our numbers; they go from where they are least, to where they are most wanted; they are no longer each others' competitors in the labour market; but speedily become mutual customers, and reciprocate the consumption of each others' produce. So long as it shall continue an essential feature of our constitutional policy to foster, by artificial enactments, an hereditary territorial aristocracy, the laws of primogeniture and entail will rapidly diminish the proportion of our population dependent on the possession or cultivation of the soil for their subsistence. Within the last fifty years the yeomanry and peasantry of the country have alarmingly decreased, not relatively merely to other classes, but absolutely (see Returns, pop. 1841, and Porter's Progress of the Nation,) and the great mass of our people are maintained on two or three branches of manufacturing and mining industry which, when they droop and languish, throw the whole kingdom into a state of turbulent discontent, and the most perilous distress. To maintain the producers of food in something like a fair proportion to the other classes of the community, it therefore becomes essential that the surplus population, in place of being forced into trading or manufacturing pursuits, should be drafted off into our colonies: and it is demonstrable that a large expenditure for the purposes of emigration, disbursed at the outset, will supersede the necessity of any future efforts, except such as voluntary enterprise can effectually supply. If half the annual ten millions of poors' rates levied in these kingdoms, were expended for four consecutive years, in transmitting to our foreign possessions those who are unable to maintain themselves and their families at home, colonization would, for ever after, be a self-supporting measure. Every man that locates himself in our colonies becomes the pioneer of his relatives and neighbours. He encourages them to follow by bearing his testimony to his own improved condition, by giving them information on which they can depend, in reference to climate and condition; by offering them a home in his own cabin, till they can find one for themselves, and by sending them his surplus gains, to enable them to defray the expenses of the voyage. (Through Baring, Brothers alone upwards of half a million has been remitted for this purpose in twelve months, and a nearly equal amount through other houses.) Emigration emphatically grows by what it feeds on. 506,000 colonists who have last and this season taken with them, probably £2,000,000 sterling, will earn four times that amount before a year has ended, and will remit quite as much as they have taken away in less than eighteen months. The expenditure of £10,000,000 in feeding the Irish people last year, ceases of its effect with the mere lapse of time, leaves the recipients of the imperial bounty more dependent, and therefore more destitute than ever, and establishes a precedent for a renewal of government profusion, whenever the return of the potatoe rot, or a failing harvest, brings with it a renovation of the necessity for support. Paupers are not got rid of, but, on the contrary, are perpetuated by being relieved. The only effectual means of reducing pauperism is by colonizing paupers, sending them to new and fertile wilds, where food is redundant and labour scarce, from an old and settled country, where food is scarce and labour redundant. There let them increase and mul-

tively, to make the wilderness and solitary places glad, and the desert to rejoice and blossom like the rose. When the whole parish of Cholesbury was occupied by two farmers, the peasantry having no interest in the soil, 119 were paupers out of 139; the farmers became bankrupt, the parson got no tithe. The Labourer's Friend Society divided the land among those very paupers in parcels of five to ten acres per family, and in four years the number of paupers was reduced to five decrepid and old women, and all the rest were in a high state of prosperity, affording even to pay a rate in aid to the neighbouring parish. As "faith without works is dead, being alone," so is land without labour, and labour without land. Bring these two together, and the earth is conquered, and the world served. Here we produce plenty for the back and little for the belly. There the stomach is filled, while

" Back and side go bare, head and feet go cold."

Nothing is wanted to complete the circle of mutual accommodation, but that dispersion of population, and diffusion of occupation which it is the object of emigration to effect.

Let us not then, whine over the mere unmanly and irrational sentimentalities of home and country. Reason and conscience are paramount to the tenderest associations of the heart. Independence is better than home "for behold the kingdom of heaven is within you?" He best serves his country who serves mankind. The natural history of society shows human migration to be an instinct, and therefore a necessity. It is indeed by earthly agents that providence works its inflexible purposes; but when, by some supernatural soliciting, we go forth to subdue the earth and make it fruitful, it is less in subjection to a hard necessity than in obedience to a law of nature, that hordes and tribes and races leave exhausted soils, or inhospitable regions, and wander westward to the region of the setting sun, or forsake the hyperborean tempest, for the climate of the milder south. Of all animals man alone has been framed with a constitution capable, universally, of having his *habitat* in any latitude; and when he leaves scarcity behind him, and goes forth to adorn, with useful fruitfulness, the idle waste and inhospitable wild, he but fulfils the great object of his destiny. As then his Creator made him his heir of all the earth, let him enter with thankfulness upon the length and breadth of his goodly inheritance.

### MOTIVES FOR EMIGRATING.

That strange world madness called war has with so few intervals of peace or truce, raged over the earth, that some philosophers have concluded the natural state of mankind to be that of mutual devouring. The train of reasoning by which a declaration of hostilities is arrived at is so ludicrously inconsequential, that the misery of its results is the only consideration which saves the tragedy from being farcical. That because two kings, or a couple of diplomatists should differ in opinion, two hundred thousand men, one half in red and the other half in green or blue, should assemble with iron tubes to feed powder and carrion crows, with

each others carcasses, seems to partake to so great an extent of Partridge's favourite element of logic called *a non sequitur*, that one cannot help suspecting that battles arise rather from the universal spirit of pugnacity, than from any solicitude to find out a more rational apology for them. Invasions, plagues, the small-pox, famines, are still considered as so many substitutes for Malthus's prudential check to population. The progress in civilization, the improvements in science, which have so greatly diminished these sources of mortality, are regarded by the cynical as a thwarting of the tendencies of nature. They point to our thirty-three years of peace and its effects in intensifying the pressure of population on the means of subsistence, and the miseries of increasing competition and poverty, as a proof that over civilization defeats its own end, and that social and scientific progression contains within itself the seeds of its own destruction. They darkly hint at War, Pestilence, and Famine, as scourges to the human race, which are as yet essential to the fulfilment of the designs of providence, and silently point to warriors and destroyers as virtually regenerators of mankind. And truly when a prime minister, rubbing his drowsy eyes, calls to mind, as he awakes each morning, that 1,277 more subjects of the sovereign that day require bread, than when he laid his head on his pillow the night before, it is not wonderful that he should fall into antiquated habits of philosophising upon the best and speediest means of getting rid of them. Nor can they themselves be less interested in the practical result of this enquiry. All Europe has been shaken to its very foundation by neglect of any endeavour to furnish a rational solution of the question. The very existence of civil society is periled. Class is rising against class—crime is spreading with unerring consequentiality upon the heels of misery; we repose at the mouth of a volcano; like snakes in an Egyptian pitcher each struggles to rear his head above the rest for sheer air and breath; and a crowning selfishness seizes on us all, in the struggle to preserve ourselves from sinking in the crowd of competition for bare life, and from being trampled to death in the contest for existence.

It is true we have still standing room in these islands, although how long that will be possible, with an increment of five millions in every ten years, and not a square inch increase of soil in a century, it is not very difficult, by the help of Cocker, to predicate. But that is not life—scarcely even vegetation—but a mere sickly and sluggish hesitative negation of dying. The Spitalfields weaver, the pale artizan, the squalid labourer, the consumptive sempstress, classes that count millions in the census, what optimist of us all can venture to say that that is God Almighty's dispensation of the life of immortal creatures gifted with discourse of reason? Or the starved clerk, with the hungry children and the pinched wife, nailed to the desk of the dingy office from year's end to year's end—or the poor wretch that breaks highway mettle by the measure, losing a meal by pausing a single hour,—or the spindle shanked peasant, paid in truck with tail wheat, and the very marrow drudged out of his rheumatic bones, until toil is ended by a premature old age in the workhouse—these are ceasing to be mere exceptions, and gradually becoming a rule of our population. The tradesman, the merchant, the professional man, what one of all of these who reads these pages, can toll

any but one history, that of continual anxiety to sustain himself in his existing position—of a total inability to save anything for his children or the decline of life, of a war to maintain his place against the encroachment of his neighbour, a mote troubling his mind's eye with the spectre of possible misfortune and contingent destitution. It was intended that we should toil to live, but never that we should live simply to toil; yet mere work! work! work! is literally the exclusive element of our existence. Rousseau's preference of the savage to the civilized state was not entirely utopian. If the pride of our civilization would let us, a modest hesitancy might well whisper the question, whether the Cossack, the Kalmuck, the New Zealander, the Otaheitian, the Hottentot, or the North American Indian, is in very many substantial respects in a state of less dignified humanity, or of less ample enjoyment of the rights and privileges of sentient existence, than not a few of the mere drudges and scavengers of our toiling population.

“God made the country, man made the town,”

—and such a town! Wherein a man ceases to be a man, and is drilled and drummed into a machine of the very lowest mechanical function, spending a whole life in making a needle's eye, or exhausting an existence in putting the head upon a pin! Look at that begrimed beer syphon a Blackwall coal heaver, or his archetype the dustman, handling his “paint brush,” in doing a bit of “fancy work round a corner”—or the handloom weaver throwing his weary shuttle for eighteen hours a day, to charm the daily loaf in to his crumbless cupboard—or think of the pinched drudge “in populous city pent,” who sees the sun only through the skylight of the dingy office, and hears nothing of the fields but the blackbird in his wicker cage on the peg, and scents the morning air only of the fluent gutter, whose world boundary is the parish march, whose soul is in his ledger, and whose mind is a mere mill for figure grinding—the slave of a dyspeptic huckster, and thirty shillings a week, whose, and whose children's fate hangs upon the price of greengrocery and open ports—or call to mind the lodging-house maid of all work, or the cit's nursery governess, or the trudging peasant, who is, indeed, in the country, but not of it, who cannot leave the high road for the open field without a trespass, or kill a hare without transportation, or eat the grain he sowed and reaped without a felony, or pluck fruit from a tree, or a flower from a shrub, without a petty larceny—or last of all picture the Irish cateran in a mud pigsty, without bad potatoes enough for a meal a day, dying of starvation while exporting the very food he raised, and after that turned out of his only shed, and his children's sole shelter, into the nearest bog, there to find some ditch that will shield their naked skeletons of carcase from the wintry wind—think of these pictures, and compare with them that of nature's freeholders, that work only for themselves, and only when they have a mind, who are monarchs of all they survey, who fell the nearest tree when they want a fire, and shoot the fattest deer or spear the largest salmon when hunger bids them, to whom every soil is free, every fruit, seed and herb, belong for the gathering—every forest yields a house without rent or taxes, who never heard of a workhouse, and never saw a game certificate, and cannot conceive of a gaol or a gibbet—com-

pare these archetypes of sophisticated civilization, and the rudest barbarism, and which of us can, without hesitancy, determine that social better than savage man enjoys the privilege of sentient existence, develops humanity, fulfils the earthly purpose of his mission into this present evil world ?

To talk of the love of country to the man whose sole outlook into it is through the cracked and papered pane of the only window in his Liverpool cellar, whose youngest and oldest conception of England is that which the coal seam in which he has spent his life presents ; the only inspiration of whose patriotism is the dust cart he fills ; the union in which he is separated from his wife, or the twopence-halfpenny she earns for stitching shirts for the slopsellers, is to display more valour than discretion. The cry of some that there is no need of emigrating, that there is abundance of food and employment at home which would be accessible to all but for oppressive taxation, unwise restrictions in commerce, and a defective currency, does it not partake a *leettle* of fudge, and not too much of candour ? Is not the objector thinking of his own pet panacea, when he should be remembering that "while the grass grows the steed starves ?" A sound currency and cheap government are goodly things, but then the Greek Kalends are a long way off, and, meanwhile, the people perish. Why, the very insects teach us a wise lesson ; it is not food and capital alone they desiderate ; the bee must have *room* to work ; latitude and longitude without unseemly jostling. What is swarming but emigration upon a system ; an acted resolution, that whereas there is not space and verge enough for all of us here, therefore let some of us go elsewhere. There is no conceivable state of social circumstances which can make general independence, ease, and comfort compatible with a dense population crowded together in two small islands, and sustaining the incursion of a daily increment of 1,277 new competitors for work, food, and clothing. If to that evil be added, the circumstance that only one person in every 108 can boast of the possession of even a rood of the soil of the country, that scarcely one-fourth of the population has any industrial connexion with its cultivation, that the great mass, both of the numbers and the intelligence and enterprise of the nation exist in a state of the most artificial mutual dependance ; that their prosperity is contingent on the most sophisticated relations of circumstances, and that their very existence in a state of civil society hangs upon the most complicated and the least natural arrangements of human occupation, industry, and subsistence, little reflection can be necessary to induce the conviction, not only that emigration is essential to the relief of the majority who remain at home, but to the safety and happiness of those who are wise enough to see the prudence of shifting their quarters. When a revolution in France destroys the means of living of millions in England, when the very existence of many hangs upon the solution of the question of the currency ; when the fixing of the rate of discount seals the fate of thousands, and a panic in Capel Court or Lombard Street, may empty the cupboards and annihilate the substance of half a kingdom, he is a wise man who looks out over the world for a freehold on God's earth which he may have, and hold, and make fruitful, and plant his foot upon, and call his own, in the assurance that, let the world wag as it may, he at

least is inexpugnably provided for. What after all is at the root of social existence and the basis of human industry and thought? The craving maw that daily cries "Give!" the empty stomach with its tidal fever, punctual as the clock, which must be filled else "chaos is come again." But this, the preliminary condition of society, the fundamental postulate of life itself, is almost overlooked among us, and nothing is perhaps less seriously regarded than the appalling fact that twenty-one millions out of twenty-eight of our population, have literally no more interest in or concern with the soil, on whose productions they depend for bare being, than if they were denizens of the arctic circle. Sweep away the leather and prunella of civilization, credit, a government, institutions, exchange and barter, manufactures, and what would become of the people in this artificial cosmogony? Neither iron, copper, coal, nor gold; neither cotton, bills of exchange, silk nor leather, neither law, medicine, nor theology, can do much to save them from a short shrift and a speedy end. No, plant a man on his own land, though it were a solitude; shelter him in his own house, though it should be a log hut; clothe him in self-produced integuments, though they were the skin of the bear he killed, of the deer he hunted, or the sheep he tends; and what contingency can give him anxiety, or what prospect bend him down with care?

"Poor and content, is rich, and rich enough.  
But riches faceless are as poor as winter  
To him who ever fears he shall be poor."

Revolutions of empires, reverses of fortune, the contingencies of commerce, are for ever threatening the richest with poverty, the greatest with insignificance, the most comfortable with every physical destitution. At this very hour how many thousands are there who, by revolution in France, or monetary crisis in England, after being racked with anxieties, have been prostrated in the most helpless destitution! In densely populated countries where the great body of the people live the dependants on mere artificial contingencies, and destitute of any direct relation with the soil, half the mortality is traceable to a purely mental cause, the fear of falling out of the ranks of one's neighbours, of losing place, customers, or money, the dread of poverty, or the terror of starvation. But in America it is rightly said that there are, properly speaking, *no poor*; no man dependant for life or happiness on any other man; none without a freehold, or the immediate access to one, which would amply supply him and his with all that is truly essential to the due enjoyment of the glorious privilege of sentient existence on that beautiful earth which every day in sky and sea, in sunrise, meridian, and sunset, in cloud, and moon, and star, acts before us a succession of scenes to which all that wealth, power, or genius can add, is less than nothing and vanity. What are the hardships of the backwoods to the corroding cares of the crowded city, or what the toils of the body to the anxieties of the mind?

To the man whose very constitution has become cockneyfied, who has long taken leave of nature, whose soul has become moulded in the artificial and conventional; to whom Warren's blacking has become a necessary of life; who cannot exist without hail of the newsman, or out of

sight of the town clock ; whose tranquillity is dependent on the possession of the orthodox number of pots and kettles, and who scarcely conceives how water can be accessible except it is "laid on" by the new river company, it may appear an unconquerable difficulty, and the most calamitous vicissitude to be placed at once in immediate contact with nature and the earth, to be called on to use his bodily faculties in the discharge of the functions for which they were originally designed, to make war on the elements, and to provide for his wants. But to him who yet has left about him human instincts and manly intrepidity, his thews and sinews, his ten fingers, his hardy limbs will soon find their right use. To stand in the midst of one's own acres, to lean on one's own door-post, to plough or sow or reap one's own fields ; to tend one's own cattle ; to fell one's own trees, or gather one's own fruits, after a man has led an old world life, where not one thing in or about him he could call his own ; where he was dependent on others for every thing ; where the tax gatherer was his perpetual visitant, and his customer his eternal tyrant ; where he could neither move hand nor foot without help that must be paid for, and where, from hour to hour, he could never tell whether he should sink or survive, if there be in him the soul of manhood and the spirit of self assertion and liberty, it cannot be but that to such a one the destiny of an emigrant must, on the whole, be a blessing.

As hounds and horses may be "overbroke," and wild beasts have been even overtamed, so man may be over civilized. Each player in the Russian horn band blows only a single note, and that merely when it comes to his turn. Division of labour, however cut and dried a principle it may be in political economy, cuts a very poor figure in the science of mental development. We are so surrounded with appliances and "lendings," that none of us is able to do any thing for himself. We have one man to make our shoes, another cobbler to mend them, and a third to black them. Railways and steam boats, gas lights, county constables, and macadamised roads have extracted the adventurous even out of travel. Almost without a man's personal intervention he is shoved in at a door, and in three hours is let out at another, 200 miles off. Our claws are pared ; we are no longer men, but each some peg, cog, piston or valve in a machine. The development of our individual humanity is altogether arrested by the progress of the social principle : we get one man to clothe, another to feed, another to shelter us. We can neither dig, nor weave, nor build, nor sow, nor reap for ourselves. We neither hunt, nor shoot, nor grow what supports us. That variety of mental exertion, and of intellectual and physical occupation which creates a constant liveliness of interest, and cheerful healthiness of mind, is sorely neglected amongst us, and nervous diseases, mental depression and the most fearful prostration of all our over stretched or under worked faculties, is the consequence. We abdicate our human functions in promotion of the theory of gregarious convention. We lose the use of our prehensiles, and forget the offices of our limbs. We do not travel, but are conveyed. We do not support ourselves, but are fed. Our very manhood is no longer self-protective. We hire police to defend us, and soldiers to fight for us. Every thing is done for, scarcely anything by us. That universality of faculty which is the very attribute of man is lost in the economy of exaggerated

civilization. Each of us can do only one thing, and are as helpless and mutually dependent for the rest, as infancy itself. We spend our lives in introspection; turning our eyes inward, like Hindoo devotees, we "look only on our own navel;" the mind becomes diseased from monotony of thought, and we vegetate rather than live through life's endless variety of scene, incident and occupation. It is not royalty alone in Jerusalem palace that sighs, "Oh! that I had wings like a dove! for then would I fly away and be at rest . . . then would I wander far off, and remain in the wilderness." There the necessities of present life, the every day calls upon our industry and action, the constantly shifting scene of labour and activity, the rural cares which become comforts, bid us to live out of ourselves in the world of external realities. There our friends are not our rivals, nor our neighbours our competitors. The sight of "the human face divine," sickens us not with a sea of the squalid visages of multitudinous population, but brightens our own countenance with welcome to a brother. The mind has no time to canker within itself: we have to grapple with the palpable realities of the physical elements, and the earth that is around us, not to wrestle with the diseased anxieties of the brooding mind; the nervous energy which in populous city life, festers in the brain, and eats into the heart, is exhausted in the healthful activity of muscular exertion; the steers have to be yoked, the cows low for milking, the new fallen lambs bleat their accession to our store; the maple yields its sugar, the sheep its fleece, the deer their skin for our winter integument; the fruit hangs for our gathering. There is no exciseman to forbid our brewing our own October, or making our own soap and candles. With the day's work, the day's cares are over: the soul broods not, but sleeps. Tired nature bids us take no thought for tomorrow, for we have the promise that seed time and harvest shall never fail, our house and land are our own, and we have fuel for the felling. Children become a blessing and helpers to us. Nature is within and above and around us. "Behold the lilies how they grow, they toil not, neither do they spin, yet Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of these." If then the splendours of a royal court are as nothing to those natural glories which God, in the fields, by the rivers, and on the mountain side, has made accessible to the meanest and poorest of us, and which we may drink in at every sense, what is there in the crowded city, or the populous centre of wealth and civilization that we should really prefer to the enamelled prairie, the echoing forest, the contemplative waterfall, or the fertile valley.

"There is a pleasure in the pathless woods,  
 There is a rapture on the lonely shore,  
 There is society where none intrudes,  
 By the deep sea, and music in its roar."

Let him to whom a daily paper is an indispensable requisite, and whose evening's happiness depends on the cooking of his dinner, who has within him no mental resources, no self help, to whom the simplicity of nature is nothing, and who is made up of conventionalities, who "must have every thing done for him," and "cannot be put out of his way," let such an one, whether rich or poor, stick to the sound of Bow bell, and keep within the bills of mortality. Futile idleness, and worth-



less ineffectuality may prevail upon folly to mistake its pretentious bustle for useful service; but it could not so impose upon the settlers in the backwoods, or the prairie farmers. Riches can do but little for the luxurious in colonial settlements, where every man is master of his own freehold, and will not own the service of any one. The tutor or governess that would rather bear

“The spurns

That patient merit of the unworthy takes,”

than plough his own land, or milk her own cows, let them, too, stay at home and wait upon providence. The man who has no internal resources, and no moral intrepidity, who has no external activity, and no spiritual energy, to whom work and physical labour of any kind are a real hardship, whose whole feelings, habits and sympathies are trained in the sophistications of high civilization, and who so

“Heeds the storm that howls along the sky,”

that he cannot encounter it, even to be made

“Lord of the lion heart and eagle eye;”

such an one needs no advice from us to deter him from emigration. No doubt the life of a settler has its drawbacks. We cannot carry the conveniences of Cheapside, nor the roads of Middlesex with us into the backwoods. To the member of the middle classes there will be found the absence of the same obedience and servility in servants and labourers to which he has been accustomed. His frame house will not be so fine as the brick one he has left behind him. He has not at his elbow, the shops, the social helps with which he was surrounded. He must often serve himself where he was formerly ministered to by a hundred alert appliances, he must oftener do as he can, than do as he would, and he must not be ashamed to work with his own hands. His wife must lay her account with often being deserted by her servants, and of being compelled always to make companions of them. The doctor, the apothecary, the blacksmith, the saddler, the carpenter, will not be so nearly within hail as in England. Furniture will not be so good, nor ordinary appliances and wants so easily supplied.

But if a man prefers toil to care; if he would rather have fatigue of body than anxiety of mind; if he would train himself in that cheerful self denying intrepidity which

“The clear spirit doth raise,

To scorn delights, and live laborious days,”

if he would rather lie harder than he may sleep sounder, than slumber fitfully in troubled dreams, under the Damocles' sword of “thought for to morrow;” if he would prefer his children's happiness to his own present convenience, or

“A lodge in some vast wilderness,

Some boundless continuity of shade,”

to life in the noise, strife, struggle and danger of multitudinous civilized sophistication, then there can be little hesitation as to his choice.

To the thoughtful parent of the middle classes, whose social position can only be maintained by keeping up appearances, and who must either

submit to be the slave of convention, or to see his family condemned to the proscription of their class, it is in vain to preach

" Certes, men should be what they seem,  
Or those that be not, would they might seem none."

In England to seem is to be. An exterior is an essential element of business expenses. A man must spend an income, if he would earn a subsistence. Even life insurance cannot meet his case, because before he can die, he may lose the means of paying the annual premium. Where every advertisement for a secretary, a manager, a book keeper, a buyer, a traveller, is answered by two thousand applicants; where hundreds are standing by, gaping for dead men's shoes, or envying the snug births of the living, and offering to supply their places for half the money; where the slightest slip, or the most innocent misfortune, like a tumble in a crowd, crushes the sufferer out of his place, or tramples him out of existence; where frugality and thrift, which curtail the imposture of appearances, become absolutely short sighted improvidence. The citizen must for ever bethink himself of Mrs. Grundy. As he can leave his children nothing which, divided amongst them, will enable each to sustain the position he is compelled to hold, he must spend his substance in the lottery of matrimonial speculation for his daughters, or in surrounding himself with connexions who may be useful in pushing his sons into life. When he dies, his girls have the fate of the poor buffeted governess before them, and his boys sink into the precarious existence of eleemosynary employment. In Australia the former would become invaluable treasures, and if they chose, already brides before they had reached the harbour. And even where the material and merely outward prospect is fairer, what are not the thousand moral temptations and spiritual hazards to which a family of sons is exposed in the gay vice, the unthinking extravagance, the reckless dissipation of European cities! How many prosperous parents have their whole happiness poisoned by the misconduct or spendthrift thoughtlessness of pleasure hunting boys, whose hearts, perhaps, in the right place, and whose principles sound and true at bottom, have their heads and fancy turned and captivated by the follies of the hour, and the "pleasant sins" of metropolitan gaiety. In the bush, on the prairie, at the colonial farm, if the attraction be less, the safety is the greater. The hot blood of youth sobers down in the gallop over the plain, or falls to its healthy temperature as he fells the forest king, or

"Walks in glory and in joy, behind his plough upon the mountain side."

Where all women are revered, and respect themselves, the gay bachelor can fix his regards only where he is ready to repose his prospect of happiness for life; and where vice presents no artificial gilding, and debt and dissipation are equally despised, there is small temptation to improvident extravagance, no inducement to leave the beaten path of useful industry, and the vigorous restraint of public opinion and vigilant social propriety, to enforce respectability of conduct, and ensure the observance of a healthy moral discipline. Emigration saves many a pang to the anxious mother's heart, and renders the duties of a parent easy and pleasant to many a thoughtful husband; nor, while the bubbling hell-broth of European convulsions still turns up its poisoned scum, and

momentous social questions allow mankind no rest until they are solved, although as yet no Sphynx can be found with inspiration enough to solve them, will parents fail to reflect on the tranquillity of the transatlantic solitude, or the hopeful security of young society in Australian Arcadia.

No man can deliberately reflect on the fact that our population has doubled since the commencement of the nineteenth century; that every trade and occupation is so overdone that there are thousands of applicants for every vacant situation; that the social fabric of all Europe has been shaken to its very centre; that internal discontent festers in every community, that monetary panics and commercial crises recur at increasingly proximate intervals, and that the condition and prospects of the great body of the people are becoming yearly a less soluble problem, without having the doubt suggested as to whether mere prudence and security are not consulted by removing oneself from European vicissitudes, and taking up the impregnable position of a freeholder in a new country and a fertile wilderness. The science of accumulation comes to some perfection among us—but the philosophy of distribution seems every day to become more retrogressive and confused. The few get richer, the many get poorer, and all are dependent even for their existing position upon such contingent circumstances and precarious conditions, that a grave thought crosses the mind of the possibility of England having reached its climacteric. A scanty population on a fertile soil and abundance of land, can stand a great deal of mislegislation and bad government; but when the population becomes dense, and the territory proportionately scanty, so that subsistence no longer depends on natural production, but is contingent upon artificial relations, every increase of population makes the management and support of such numbers more difficult, and any economical blunder in the shape of an imperfect distribution of wealth more fatal. A people who are all planted on their own land in a fertile country, and themselves the producers of what they consume, are independent of the contraction of issues by the bank, of unfavourable exchanges, of panics, and of reverses in trade. To people who have no rent, and only nominal taxes to pay, even the want of customers becomes little better than an imaginary hardship. To the man who grows and weaves the wool for his own coat, who fells his own fuel, builds his own house, kills his own mutton, bakes his own bread, makes his own soap, sugar, and candles, it is obvious that a dishonoured bill, or the refusal of credit at the bank, is scarcely to be regarded as a matter of substantial consequence. But the man who has to buy all these things, and who has rent to pay for his house and lands, is, without money or credit, the most destitute and helpless wretch of whom it is possible to conceive.—Place many such in this predicament, and there will be disorder and sedition; make it the case of a nation, and sooner or later it must produce a revolution. In our own time we have seen the whole of Europe scourged by the incarnate mischief of a great military dictator; more recently we have witnessed not only thrones, principalities, and powers, but whole classes of society, ruined and undone. We have seen such kingly vicissitudes as to persuade us that life was a romance, and stern realities stranger than the most improbable fiction, until the appalled heart and the sickened soul have sighed for the solitude and rude safety of the backwoods, or the security and certainties of the

lonely prairie, where food and raiment, however rough and simple were sure, and---

“ Where rumour of oppression and deceit.  
Of unsuccessful and successful war  
Might never reach us more !”

Even where anxieties are imaginary, still they *are* anxieties. The competition of the competent among each other, the struggling jealousy, ambition, and rivalry of those, who in other regions would be friends, all the more for being neighbours, the difficulties of setting up and getting off sons and daughters---the perpetual round of unnatural drudgery in the counting house with its risks, or the lawyer's chambers with their galley slave work, or the thousand offices which minister to the needs of society---do not they suggest the question, whether, under the most favourable circumstances such avocations can stand a comparison with the healthy and athletic activities of agriculture, the freedom and leisure of the settler, with his plough, his spade, his rifle, his horse, his salmon spear, and canoe. Is not life in the crowded city lost in the struggle to live,---does not the faculty of enjoyment pass from us before we have leisure for its fruition, has not existence rolled past before we have begun to study how it may be made happy--have we not put off retirement, until it has ceased to please? We greatly mistake if these considerations have not sunk deep into the public mind. The powers of steam, and the improvement in navigation are yearly, or rather monthly tempting better classes of men to quit what some think a sinking ship, and to venture their fortunes in the land of promise. America is within twelve days of us, the Cape within forty, Australia within sixty-two, passage money has become very moderate, and the previous emigration has facilitated every thing necessary for the reception and settlement of after comers. As families get settled they can offer a home to which others may at once repair on arrival, and while their own experience gives them the authority of the most unexceptionable witnesses, they acquire money and remit it home to aid the emigration of their relatives. As colonies become more populous, they offer new inducements to colonise, and the tide is likely to set in and know no retiring ebb. At last colonies become mighty kingdoms, and either sustain the greatness of the parent country, or become its rival. But in either case retain its language, habits, sympathies and wants, and become its most valuable customers.

## GENERAL ADVANTAGES OF EMIGRATION.

Every new country where land is cheap, the soil fertile, and the climate agreeable, offers to the poor man this obvious advantage. The cheapness of the land makes every man desire to possess it, and to cultivate his own acres rather than to be the servant of another. If he can fell trees he can always be his own master, and find his own, and that a profitable employment. Hence the supply of hired labour is far below the demand, and wages, even for the most indifferent service, are considerable. The labourer, who in this country has the utmost difficulty to procure employment even at the lowest rate of wages, is sure of an en-

agement in a new country at a remunerative price. The vast production of food renders subsistence at the same time easy. We observe that Indian corn is sometimes sold in America at 6s. 8d. per quarter, whole hams for 6d. each, meat in retail at from a halfpenny to twopence per pound, whisky at 1s. per gallon, and other articles of prime consumption in proportion. A comfortable log hut may be purchased for £20, and a frame house of six rooms for £90. Taxes are nominal---water is at the door---fuel is to be had for the felling---he can brew his own beer, distil his own spirits, dip his own candles, boil his own soap, make his own sugar, and raise his own tobacco. These are incalculable advantages to the poor man. But their benefits are not confined to him.

For all practical purposes four shillings will go as far under such a state of prices in America as twenty shillings in England. Substantially then the emigrant finds £250 of as much value in Illinois or the Cape as £1,000 would be in England, and if his family be large and his expenditure upon the bare necessaries of life bear a considerable proportion to his whole outlay, the difference in the value of money will be even greater. Although the usury laws are in force in most of these new countries, it is understood that the purchase of land may in general be so managed as to yield from nine to twelve per cent. with perfect security for that return. The state stock of Pennsylvania yields upwards of 7½ per cent. on the present price; and money has been borrowed on undoubted security, at as high a rate as from 20 to 25 per cent.

From these data it is evident that besides the benefit of the exchange in favor of British money which would add nearly £150 to every £1,000 carried out to America, or most of our colonies, £1,000 may be fairly expected to yield in any of these settlements from £90 to £100 per annum, while that income will command about as much as £200 yearly in this country. To the small capitalist therefore, without the desire or design to become a farmer, or to enter into business of any kind, emigration offers the advantage of an easy independence.\* The facility with which by such a step he can provide for the prospects of a family is not the least of the benefits which colonization is calculated to confer. It is true that he cannot surround himself with the luxuries of life there, so cheaply as in an old settled country. The same amount of money will not give him abundant and good society in the prairies or backwoods,

\* "Money may be lent on good mortgage security in this state [Ohio], at 8 per cent. payable half yearly. I thought it probable that the high rate of interest, and the facility of obtaining small portions of land transferable at a mere trifle of expense would hereafter induce a class of persons to emigrate, whose aim would be not to work hard for a living, but to live easily on a small capital already acquired. We have hundreds of tradesmen in our towns who cannot continue in business without the fear of losing all and who have not accumulated sufficient money to retire upon. A man of such a class in England cannot live upon the interest of £1,000; but here for £200, he could purchase and stock a little farm of twenty-five acres, which would enable him to keep a horse and cow, sheep, pigs, and poultry, and supply his family with every article of food, while his £800 at interest would give him an income of £64 a year. He could even have his own sugar from his own maple trees, to sweeten his cup and preserve the peaches from his own fruit trees, and almost all he would need to buy, besides clothes, would be tea, which may be had of good quality at from 1s. 9d. to 2s. per lb. Still further west he could have ten per cent. interest for his money."—Tour in the United States, by ARCHIBALD PRENTICE, 1848

nor good roads, nor bridges, nor walled gardens, nor well built brick or stone houses, nor medical advice at hand. Above all, no amount of money will there supply him with good, respectful, and obedient servants. A new country is the paradise of the poor---but it is the pandemonium of the rich, and especially purgatory to the female branches of all who are well to do. Those artificial and conventional advantages, those conveniences whose value is only known when they are lost, those endless fitnesses and accommodations which are gradually supplied in an old country as their need is perceived, the emigrant travels away from, and will strongly feel the want of. The mere cockney will be thoroughly miserable in the new mode of existence which every emigrant must enter upon. The nightman, the shoeblack, the newsman, the omnibus, the two-penny post, he will see little of. The water will not be laid on, nor the drain connected with the soil pipe. Wooden houses have chinks---logs are not so convenient as coal---rooms are small, and not very snug---the doors and sashes do not fit---the hinges and floors creak---household secondary luxuries are dear---and the whole family must be very much their own servants. Nobody will cringe and bow to them, and just bring to their door the very thing they want, *when* they want it. But then the real needs and requisites of life will be indefeasibly theirs. If their house and its contents be inferior, they are as good as their neighbour's, a consideration which takes the sting out of many disappointments. They fear no rent day, nor poor-rate or assessed tax collector---neither game nor fish are preserved, nor licenses needed---around them on their own freehold are ample means of subsistence, and a little money supplies all the rest. They need have no care for the morrow except the consciousness that each day their clearing is more improved and of greater value. They have leisure, independence, peace, security. If they can serve themselves, help each other, find pleasure in the useful activities of self help and country life, and possess internal resources of mind and occupation, then all such in emigrating change for the better. If their society is bad, they can do without it, if an occasional qualm of home sickness and the claims of fatherland come over them let them think of the toils, fears, and anxieties they leave behind them, and be grateful for the change.

To persons in the middle ranks of life, emigration is social emancipation. Convention is their tyrant; they are the slaves of mere appearances; they are never able to escape from the necessity for an answer to the question, "What will Mrs. Grundy say?" They must implicitly conform to the world around them, even to the number of rooms in their house, the servants they keep, the hats and gowns they wear. They cannot be seen in their own kitchen, to make their own markets, to carry their own luggage. Their clothes must be superfine, and the seams invisible. They must not condescend to work, however willing and able. A glimpse of their wife at the wash-tub would be ruin to the family. Is it nothing to wise and worthy people to escape from all this thralldom? The idleness, listlessness, total vacuity which produce in our daughters and sisters so much disease of body and of mind, can find no place in the settler's life. The weak spine, the facility of fatigue, the sick headache, the falling appetite, the languor, the restless dissatisfaction which result

from romance reading and the polka, are speedily put to flight by the exercise of cow-milking, butter-churning, baking, cheese-pressing, and stocking-darning. To the man whose world has been his desk or his counter, who can go nowhere without an omnibus, and do nothing for himself, what a new world must be opened by his rifle and the woods, or his rod and the waterfall! What new life and vigour may he not draw by breaking his colt or yoking his oxen, or scampering over the prairies, or sleighing from house to house in the way of good neighbourhood when the bright snow has made a universal road! Think of the liberty of wearing hob-nails and frieze cloth; of living, down to one's own income in place of living up to one's neighbours; of walking abroad in primitive defiance of a hiatus in the elbow or armpits of his coat; of the luxury of serving one's self; of making war upon appearances by a second day's beard or a third day's shirt, or a running short of shoe blacking. Loneliness! monotony! not an hour, not a minute without its occupation, compelling the mind to *objectivity*, and saving it from *subjectivity*, that brooding on itself, which finally eats into the heart and gnaws life away. Shelves have to be put up and hinges screwed, and panes to be put in; a table has to be attempted, perhaps shoes have to be cobbled. The young colt has to be broke; the larder is empty, more game is wanted; the rifle must be got ready, or the rod for a dish of fish; the sugar has to be made from the maple, or honey to be got by watching the bees in the wood; the cider, the beer, grape wine have to be brewed, or the whisky or brandy to be distilled, or the soap or candles to be made; or, in fine, the whole offices of the farmer have to be performed; the plough, the wagon, the seed time, the harvest, the cattle, the sheep, the horses, the fences, the fuel, the cleared land and the wood land, all cry out upon the sluggard, and promise to crown industry with its just reward. Every work done is a hoarded comfort; every new operation is prospective wealth; every difficulty conquered is ease accomplished, and a care chased away. You look around and whisper, I vanquished this wilderness and made the chaos pregnant with order and civilization, "alone I did it!" The bread eats sweetly, the fruit relishes, the herb nourishes, the meat invigorates, the more that myself have subdued it to my uses. I feel myself a man with a reasonable soul and a contriving intellect; I am no longer a small screw in a complicated machine; my whole powers are put forth, and every faculty put to its providential use. To-morrow I am richer than to-day in all that is worth living for; until the fixed and firmset earth shall perish, and the "clouds shall return no more after rain," no human vicissitude can deprive me of that, which, to have, is to possess all that a wise man should covet.\*

\* LIFE IN THE WILDERNESS.—Although liable to an accusation of barbarism, I must confess that the very happiest moments of my life have been spent in the wilderness of the Far West; and I never recall, but with pleasure, the remembrance of my solitary camp in the Bayou Salade, with no friend near me more faithful than my rifle, and no companions more sociable than my good horse and mules, or the attendant cayute which nightly serenaded us. With a plentiful supply of dry pine logs on the fire, and its cheerful blaze streaming far up into the sky, illuminating the valley far and near, and exhibiting the animals, with well-filled bellies, standing

In such a state of being independence may be literally absolute. The savage has retired to his remote fastnesses; the wild beasts and noxious animals have followed him. In many parts of America the old custom still prevails among many respectable, well educated, almost refined families, of producing every thing which they use and consume. In the winter the woollen and linen yarn is spun and woven into cloth; the garments are homely, but comfortable and decent; the furniture if inelegant suits all useful purposes; the sheep yields her fleece, the deer and cattle their skin and leather; the fowls their feathers; the materials of light, heat, cleanliness, even of sober luxury, are all around them within their own freehold; sugar, fruit, wine, spirits, ripe October, may be commanded on the spot; they may enjoy the moderate indulgences of civilization by the work of their own hands without the possession of even the smallest coin.

And if they are not competent to the production of all this, or do not desire the labour, they may acquire a freehold just large enough for the supply of their own wants, while a small yearly surplus of money will furnish them easily with all the additional comforts they can reasonably desire. Every addition to their family is an accession to their wealth; no man is a rival or competitor, but only a companion of the other; and all neighbours are, in the most material sense, friends. The poor man is always welcome, because he is never a pauper, but a helper, a sharpener of the countenance of his fellow man. There is wealth to the community in his thews and sinews; a mine in his productive energy and cunning skill. If he would still serve, his wages are high, and abundant food found for him; if he too would be a freeholder, the wages of a day's work buy an acre of fat soil. Nor let it be forgotten that with the inheritance of the Illinois prairie, the Canadian clearing, or the Australian plain, the settler is also the heir of European civilization. With the science of agriculture, the habits of industry, and the development of intelligence, he may command if he desires it, his parish church, his district school, the cheapest and best literature. He marries the advantages of both hemispheres, and leaves behind him the cares of sophistication.

What room is there for hesitancy? "*Dulcis reminiscitur Argos.*" He cannot forget his country; his wife and daughters

"Cannot but remember such things were  
That were most dear to them."

The thought of change

contentedly at rest over their picket fire, I would sit cross legged, enjoying the genial warmth, and pipe in mouth, watch the blue smoke as it curled upwards, building castles in its vapoury wreaths, and, in the fantastic shapes it assumed, peopling the solitude with figures of those far away. Scarcely, however, did I ever wish to change such hours of freedom for all the luxuries of civilized life: and, unnatural and extraordinary as it may appear, yet such is the fascination of the life of the mountain hunter, that I believe not one instance could be adduced of even the most polished and civilized of men, who had once tasted the sweets of its attendant liberty, and freedom from every worldly care, not regretting the moment when he exchanged it for the monotonous life of the settlements, nor sighing and sighing again once more to partake of its pleasures and allurements.—RUXTON.



——— "Makes cowards of us all,  
 And thus the native hue of resolution  
 Is sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought,  
 And makes us rather bear those ills we have  
 Than fly to others that we know not of."

Women that never did any thing for themselves, and rotted mind and body in ease, if not in comfort, grumble at being compelled to do that which will give health to both; mistresses accustomed to void their temper upon submissive drudges, find themselves forced to respect humanity if they would have its cheerful service. Masters before whom man, made abject by dependence, had reverently to cringe, are disciplined to the bitter lesson of doing homage to the nature which God had made only a little lower than the angels, and for the first time are taught the infinite significance of a human soul. We are made to do that for ourselves which others did for us, and to deny ourselves much that was never truly worth the having. In nature's school we are set the tasks necessary for the mind's sanity and the body's health, and we grumble like the urchin that we are made to know that which will one day make a man of us. Which is the really richer, he who has most appliances or the fewest wants? Riches take to themselves wings and flee away; moth and rust corrupt; thieves break through and steal. We have seen within the year merchant princes beggared by the hundred; royalty teaching a school; kings running from their kingdoms without so much as a change of linen; the whole wealthy classes of a great nation reduced to beggary; but he who can say *omnia mea mecum porto*, whose whole resources are within himself, who never acquired a taste for that of which others could deprive him; who has learnt *quantum vectigal sit in parsimonia*, who never wants what he may not have, what are the world's vicissitudes to him? Some emperors are wise enough to discipline themselves to denial. The autocrat of Russia lies on a truckle bed, lives frugally, labours industriously, sleeps little. Peter the Great worked in Deptford Dock-yard; are they not wise in their generation? What is there in a Brussel's carpet, down pillows, damask curtains, French cookery, stuffed chairs, silver forks, silks, or superfine cloth, that we should break our hearts for the want of them, and suffer the very happiness of our lives to depend upon the milliner, the jeweller, the tailor, or the upholsterer? Out of doors, man's proper atmosphere, does the turf spread a finer carpet, the flowers yield a sweeter perfume, the lark sing a more melodious song, the sun rise with greater lustre, or the heavens fret their roofs with more golden fire for the peer than for the peasant? Will the salmon come better to his hook, or the deer fall faster to his rifle? How little more can money buy that is really worth the having, than that which the poorest settler can command without it? He has bread, and meat, a warm coat, a blazing hearth, humming home-brewed, the "*domus et placens uxor*," children that

"Climb his knees the envied kiss to share;"

a friendly neighbour, and if he would have society, Plato, Shakespeare, the dear old Vicar of Wakefield. Burns. Fielding, Scott, or Dickens, will join the fire-side with small importunity. "The big ha' bible" and the orisons of the peasant patriarch, will they whisper less soul comfort, or

impart less instruction than the bishop's blessing or the rector's sermon? Or will He, who long ago taught us that neither on Mount Gherizim nor yet at Jerusalem should he be alone found, be less effectually worshipped in the log cabin, or "under the canopy,"

"I' the city of kites and crows,"

than in the long drawn aisle and fretted vault of the consecrated cathedral? The conditions of true happiness, depend upon it, have been made common and accessible to all. Cry not, Lo here! lo there! for, "behold the kingdom of heaven is within you!" It is not on the rich

"The freshness of the heart shall fall like dew."

Luxuries, money, and money's worth, are man's invention, not nature's work;

"'Tis not in them, but in thy power  
To double even the sweetness of a flower."

If you are well, leave well alone. If the world prospers with you in England, and you see the way to moderate independence; if care is not tearing your heart out, and thought for to-morrow poisoning the happiness of to-day, we need not unfold to you the incidents of emigration. But if you have troops of marriageable daughters, and sons whom you know not how to settle, and a struggle to keep the wolf from the door, why should you, like the frightened hare, be overtaken by misery in your form, when by running from the hounds you may find shelter in the backwoods, or safety on the prairie? "Friend, look you to't."

## COLONIZATION.

What emigration is to the private individual colonization is to the state. It means wholesale migration on a settled plan. It is undoubtedly a system which has many advantages denied to individual removal. To lift up half a parish, with its ploughmen, blacksmiths, carpenters, cobblers, tailors, a parson and a schoolmaster, next door neighbours and relatives, transport them from Wilts or Bucks, and set them all down together on the prairie of Illinois, or the fat plains of New Plymouth, is to surround them with every home comfort and necessary appliance, with the addition of a better climate, and farms in fee simple. They do not go among strangers; they do not leave society; they do not lose the advantages of divided labour. They cheer each other with mutual sympathies; they scarcely leave their country, when they take with them those who made their country dear. The capitalist may have his old servants and tradesmen inured to each others habits and modes of thought. They may locate their cottages in the order of their former contiguity. The doctor, who knows their constitutions, may be in the midst of them; and the pastor, who knows their hearts, speak the old words of comfort. It was thus the Highland clans went to Canada; that the lowland Scotch now go to Otago, and the men of Kent to New Canterbury. Engagements are thus secured to the poor before they go out; a house and food and the exact spot where they are to settle, are fixed.

beforehand. The capitalist is assured of his old labourers; friends are kept together; the vessel and the voyage are arranged in the best manner for the safety and comfort of all. Our last letter from Auckland says, "We have every reasonable comfort we can desire but society and old friends." Colonization supplies this want, and obviates many greater hardships. All is prepared beforehand on a well considered plan, by persons who know the country and its requirements. The necessaries of life and those appliances, the want of which, form the first difficulty of settlers, are anticipated. The helpless are assisted and advised; the desponding cheered. Civilization is transferred to the wilderness, and even frame houses are carried out in the ship. The first division arrived and located, the second can venture with confidence, where they will be received with welcome, and England itself is made to re-appear in the wilds of New Zealand. As this system becomes better understood, it is more generally followed. Numerous families of the middle and higher classes agree to emigrate together; single capitalists freight a large ship, and take out a whole colony on their own venture. Associations in populous districts advertise for companions and canvas for fellow-voyagers; agreements are made with ship owners, on an advantageous plan; each contributes his fund of information and advice to the common stock, resulting in greater comfort and economy. Younger sons of squires, cadets of noble families go out at the head of their tenant's and cottier's sons and families. It is indeed a somewhat ominous circumstance that the Peels, the Carlises, the Stanleys send their scions to the new world, or the fifth section of the globe, as if they did not know how soon it might be necessary to look out for new quarters and a quieter life than amidst Irish rebellions, chartist risings and European revolutions.

But the great purpose of state colonization must be to relieve the mother country of its most obvious redundances in the shape of population. Lord Ashley has had a conference with a large deputation of the thieves of London: they desire to change their mode of life, to which so many have been driven by social neglect or "necessity of present life, to which their poverty and not their will consents." They earnestly desire removal to where they are not known, to work out reformation and independence by industry and the right direction of a perverted ingenuity. In 1847 the number of persons committed for serious offences in the united kingdom was 64,847! All of broken fortunes, what more good can they do to society or to themselves at home? In the same year the total number of paupers relieved, was 2,200,739, at a cost of £6,310,599. If to these be added the middle class of persons of broken fortunes, we have a mass of population who, manifestly, in the existing arrangements of society, are so much surpluse among us, a burden to themselves and to the nation. When we add that these numbers nearly equal the entire nation of the Netherlands, or Denmark, or Switzerland or the Roman States, or Tuscany, or Scotland, and that the annual cost of prosecutions, of jails, penitentiaries, hulks, workhouses, hospitals, added to the poor rates, is upwards of £5 per head on paupers and criminals, a sum that would carry the whole of them to Quebec or New Orleans, provisions included, the half to the Cape, or one fourth to Australia, we need scarcely ask whether a case is not made out for gigantic self supporting

colonization. Add to these means the proceeds of the sale of lands to capitalists attracted to the colonies by this prodigious supply of labour, and the sums expended by them in wages, and it is clear that the practicability of the measure is demonstrable.

Hitherto, from the absence of any well digested system of colonization, both the labour and capital of emigrants have been in a great measure lost to us. Out of 258,270 emigrants in 1847, 142,154 went to the United States. Left to the freedom of their own will, and unassisted by any previous preparation in the colonies for their comfortable reception and absorption, they naturally took refuge in the popular and prosperous American Republic. What is wanted to be devised, is this:--Let a large tract of good land, in a favorable district, be properly surveyed and divided, its roads laid out, good water frontage being an essential desideratum. Let substantial frame houses be erected in proper situations on each section of 640 acres, and comfortable log cabins be put up in easy contiguity, furnished with barely necessary household utensils, labouring tools, and rations until harvest, for the family. Let labourers and capitalists, masters and men, make their contracts here, and go out in the same ship together. Let the employers retain such a portion of the wages agreed upon as will repay, in eighteen months, to the government the cost of the various items supplied to the labourers, and let this fund be applied to the surveying and dividing and housing and hutting other tracts in the same manner. At first this must be executed on a most extensive scale, and as emigration grows by what it feeds on, we have no doubt that, largely and liberally carried forward at the outset, the result will be such that government assistance will soon be rendered unnecessary. A railway from the interior to the best shipping port, would be constructed at a cost less than that of the mere labour spent upon it. The land would be had for nothing; the property on the line could well afford to defray a share of an expense which would so much enhance its value; timber could be had for the cost of felling, and the rails might quite practicably be made of logs, while in regions where the winter is long and the frost steady, the closing of the lakes would not obstruct traffic, which could then be carried on by rail. In many parts of the United States the cost of a single tramway does not exceed £1,200 per mile. In our North American colonies the work could be executed quite as cheaply. In Denmark and Norway the troops of the line are located on regimental farms, under their officers, and made by their labour on them to pay all their expenses, in place of destroying their own habits and the morals of their neighbourhood in idleness. We need not be at the cost of a single regiment in our colonies, if we would but, on a systematic plan, send our army and navy pensioners there, and locate them in proper cantonments. Here their pensions cannot maintain them, there all the necessaries of life could be obtained by them without cost, and their pensions would enable them to live in the highest comfort.

Our Navy entails a heavy burden upon us. Mr. Cobden's exposure of the way in which our fleet is disposed, proves that our sailors are not trained as they ought to be, by being sent to sea to keep their sea legs, and to be exercised in navigation. To what use could they be half so well applied, even for maintaining the efficiency of the service, as in carrying

detachments of emigrants to our colonies. Our steam ships could reach Halifax from Liverpool, in nine days, or the Cape in forty, and at the latter place they could be met by steamers from New Zealand and Australia, for emigrants to these localities, coal of excellent quality having been found in abundance in many districts of those settlements.

The Wakefield system of Colonization is, it is hoped, now universally exploded. The plan of compelling labourers to continue in the capacity of mere servants to capitalists by so enhancing the price of land as to render its possession inaccessible to the poor, is clearly unjust and demonstrably impracticable. It is calculated to frustrate the very end it aims at, by discouraging the emigration of labour. Capitalists after having paid forty shillings an acre for land become insolvent, their property is thrown upon the market, and sold for two shillings or three shillings per acre, while the solvent purchaser finds that his settlement is depreciated to the same extent by the glut of land thus forced upon the market. The annual revenue derived from the sale of Crown lands in Australia, when sold at 5s. an acre, was £115,825. When the price was raised to twenty shillings it sunk to £8,000, emigration fell off in the same proportion, and universal depression was the result. Peasant proprietors are the life and marrow of every state, and all other objects should be postponed to the one great end, of making labourers freeholders. The great stream of emigration from this country has been to Canada and the United States, where the upset price of land varies from 5s. to 8s. per acre.

## EMIGRATION FIELDS.

A very small number of the host of publications which profess to treat of emigration are really written with the single view of enabling intending emigrants to form a sound judgment on the subject of the choice of a destination. The authors are biassed in favour of the particular region over which they themselves have travelled. Others have an interest in, or have relatives in the colony described. Some have political prejudices which warp their comparison of the merits of a settlement in a foreign state, in the American republic, or in British Colonies. Not a few take it for granted that no British subject would migrate to the possessions of a foreign power. Land jobbers everywhere insinuate their lies into the public mind, against every locality but that in which they have sections to sell, and too many settlers who find they have made a foolish choice, seek to mitigate the calamity of their position by trying to bring others into the same scrape. A writer is well paid for writing up Texas, and the press is bribed to spread the delusion. Merchants write home to their London correspondents to "get up an agitation" in favour of their colony, and straightway deputations are delegated, and public meetings called all over the country. The New Zealand Company sets its powerful machinery to work. The Canada Land Company gets its Union Workhouse settlers to write home their unsophisticated letters to their parents, which are instantly published by the County paper, the "Cape and its Colonists" have a whole republic of authors scribbling away on their behalf, while the

land sharks of the United States stir up the bile of the Chartists and other simpletons in favour of the model republic and no taxation. As the most recent and glaring specimen of this sort of constructive deception we may instance the article Emigration in the British Almanac for 1849. In answer to the question "whither should emigrants go," it blinks the United States, it slurs over Canada with a kick at its rigorous climate, it *does not even mention the Cape of Good Hope*, and devotes nearly the whole of its space to South Australia. It shall be our object to maintain the strictest impartiality in giving a candid and practical account of the various regions which offer inducements for emigration; and to afford an intelligible and well digested view of the various features of each district.

The climate of our West and East Indian possessions is so inimical to the European constitution that we need say nothing more of these localities than to condemn them. Ceylon, Singapore, Sarawak, Labuan offer great inducements to the store merchant, but not to agricultural settlers. British Guiana adds to a good climate the advantages of a beautiful country and a fertile soil, but is not yet in a condition for the proper settlement of emigrants. The same may be said of the islands in the South Sea, of the regions on the shores of the Pacific, and the other possessions in North and South America not in the tenure of the Anglo-Saxon race. Van Couver's Island, that splendid acquisition of the Hudson's Bay Company, combines every advantage of soil, climate, and production, and will at some future day become one of the most valuable appendages of the Crown; but its remoteness, its unsettled state, the uncertainty of its position, the scantiness and uncivilised character of its European inhabitants, combined with the precariousness of its existing elements of trade and production, render removal thither at present unadvisable. To California and other recently acquired annexations of Mexican territory by the United States the same objections apply. Black Feet, Cumaches, trappers, and herdsmen are not comfortable neighbours, and are uncertain customers. Oregon, the Falkland Islands, and Astoria may be dismissed with similar brevity; and it has only to be remembered that the Auckland Islands are considerably nearer the South Pole than the southernmost point of New Zealand, in order to dispose of the question of the ineligibility of those islands as a field of emigration for any except such as are fonder of whales and cold weather than of fruits, flowers, and a genial sun.

The only fields of Emigration which can *at present* be offered for the choice of a settlement, are, 1. Canada and our other North American colonies in the Atlantic; 2. The United States; 3. The Cape of Good Hope, and Natal; 4. New Zealand; 5. New South Wales; 6. Van Dieman's Land; 7. South Australia; 8. Australia Felix; 9. Western Australia; 10. North Australia:

Before proceeding to describe these regions in detail, it is however necessary that we should, having discussed the general reasons which should determine the question of the propriety of emigrating at all, now consider the various particulars which should fix the choice of a locality, and review those suggestions of detail which are applicable to the subject under all circumstances. Where you are to go is the first problem to be solved. How you are to go is the second.

## CLIMATE.

Every other advantage of a settlement is secondary to that of climate. Without health, there cannot merely be enjoyment, but even subsistence. To a man who expatriates his wife and family, the responsibility he undertakes in this regard is serious, and any material error in his choice, fatal to his happiness. To save the life of some members of his family he may be compelled to leave his location, perhaps to return to the mother country and make shipwreck of his fortunes. He himself may be stricken down, and his helpless children left desolate in a strange land. His wife may pine away while subjected to the process of acclimation. The mortality among settlers is proverbially great. Tens of thousands of the poorest have left competency and abundance, and returned to misery and starvation in England, to remove themselves from the influences of a bad climate, after perhaps having buried all their relatives. Every ship which returns from North America brings back travellers of this kind of all ranks. Stricken with disease in our own country we never blame the climate, but when the husband and father has taken his family to a strange land, every malady is attributed to the fatal step of leaving home, and home is their only specific for a cure.

Climate then ought to be the first consideration of all emigrants. Indeed it is inferiority of climate, which is the great preventive of emigration; millions have been deterred from joining their friends abroad by reports of disease and denunciations of the climate.

We have been at much pains to gather and compare the testimony given on this point; and the result of most anxious study and enquiry, we shall now proceed to lay before the reader:—

New Zealand appears to possess for the European constitution, the finest climate in the world. It has no extremes of temperature, and no sudden changes of weather. At all times, both night and day, mild and equable, it is subject neither to excessive droughts nor excessive rains---labour can be at all times pursued in the open air---two crops in the year are yielded, the leaves never wither but are pushed off by their successors, and no diseases seem indigenous. It must be excepted, however, that this description applies only to the northern island---the temperature at the southern extremity being sometimes rigorous; it has also to be observed that, although the prevailing winds are unobjectionable they are very high---that a degree of humidity exists sufficiently remarkable to characterize the region, which may be unfavourable to some constitutions, and that scrofula and consumption are, from whatever cause, common among the natives. Still as it is the most agreeable, so on the whole it is the most healthy climate, in the world---presenting scarcely any drawback, except the prevalence of earthquakes, at no time infrequent, and very recently alarming, and even partially destructive.

Next in order of eligibility is Tasmania or Van Dieman's Land. This island, in climate, possesses all the excellences and most of the characteristic features of that of Great Britain. The winter is milder and of shorter duration, and the summer is perfectly temperate, with less variability.

Australia Felix also possesses excellent climatic qualities, and although the heat is greater than in Tasmania, pleasant breezes, a sufficiency of water, a rich soil, and well sustained forests, render it very agreeable and highly salubrious.

The constitution is in South Australia subjected to a much greater extremity of heat than in the settlement above noticed, although somewhat mitigated by a pleasant sea breeze, which sets in regularly every day during the arid season. We are bound to add, however, that we have received unfavourable accounts of this district, and especially of Adelaide.

Of Western Australia very favourable accounts are given, from which we would be led to believe that the climate is more temperate than that of the Southern colony. Still arrow root, sugar cane, pines, bananas, the cotton tree, which all luxuriate here, indicate a temperature, almost tropical in its character, although satisfactory testimony is borne to its salubrity.

The statements relative to New South Wales are not so concurrent. It is said that in the course of a single day the temperature varies thirty degrees, and Mr. Martin states that siroccos frequently occur, which raise the thermometer to 120° Fahr., and set vast forests and vegetation in a blaze of fire, killing birds, beasts and men. It has, notwithstanding, to be observed that Europeans enjoy excellent health in this colony: at some of the military stations not so much as a single man having died in seven years, and of 1,200 settlers, not more than five or six having been sick at one time.

Port Natal, it seems conceded on all hands, possesses a climate much resembling that of Australia Felix, enjoying abundance of most luxuriant vegetation, valuable forests of timber, and a sufficiency of water.

The climate of the Cape of Good Hope partakes much of the character of New South Wales, or of Southern or Western Australia. The heat is often intense and most oppressive; periodical droughts burn up and destroy vegetation; and ophthalmia, dysentery and influenza, the maladies of excessive aridity, occur periodically. But still, with regard to all these settlements, it is to be admitted that the concurrence of testimony in favour of their superior salubrity, is nearly unanimous. In them all the human constitution can sustain exposure to the weather at all times with greater impunity than in any others embraced by our enumeration. The average of health and life is higher; the diseases are fewer; the recoveries from maladies contracted in other countries are more numerous. These regions for persons having consumptive tendencies, must obviously be excellently adapted, and they are said to be very favourable to the recovery of dyspeptic patients.

The evidence with reference to the climate of the fields for emigration in North America, is much more conflicting. It may be assumed, however, as indisputable, that in no part are they so favorable to health and the enjoyment of life as the localities before enumerated. They are subject to sudden extremes of heat and cold, except in the regions of yellow fever, where the heat is as great, and the climate as dangerous as in Jamaica or Calcutta. As a general feature of the North American Continent it may be observed that it is remarkably dry without being arid. The sky is seldom overcast, except for a few hours; the atmosphere is



delightfully clear, and throughout the winter the sun shines out without a cloud, making the earth brilliant. Diseases produced by humidity, especially asthma, we should expect to find rare. The sudden changes in the Eastern States, produce, however, consumption, while fever and ague of an aggravated character, annoy and sometimes scourge the population. Nowhere, can any freedom be used with the constitution inured to habits of civilization, and there are few maladies incident to the old world, which do not also ravage these parts of the new. "The climate of America," observes Mr. Buckingham, "is much more pleasurable to the sight, and feelings than the climate of England. Whether it be as favorable to health and longevity may be doubted." The highlands of Virginia and the Southern Slopes of Kentucky, extending from the Potomac to Alabama, are highly praised for their beauty and their delightful climate. But in both the cold of winter is intense, and although they escape fever and ague, except near the Lakes, the intensity of the summer heat produces, every fifth or sixth year, a considerable mortality. The New England States are, as a general rule, not so healthy or agreeable as those which are farther west; but the pulmonic and inflammatory diseases produced in the former, probably do not create a greater amount of disease than the fevers and epidemics which occasionally scourge the latter.\*

We find an universal concurrence of opinion in attestation of the remarkable salubrity of our American colony of Prince Edward's Island, and we feel no hesitation in characterising it as the healthiest region in all the Anglo-Saxon portions of North America. Its small size, its complete environment by the sea, the absence of mountains or heights, and of fogs, of forests (those nurseries of snow and ice,) to any but a moderate extent, of the extremes of temperature which prevail in all the other regions of America, coupled with a fine soil, a moderate winter, and a temperate summer, make it so favourable to longevity, that invalids from other districts make it a common place of resort to recruit.

To a good sound constitution Lower Canada presents a climate which is healthy enough; but its winter is so long and so severe, that it is

\*"Our New York friend said 'Ah! you are now coming to our elastic atmosphere.'

[1st June, New York.] "One of the Newspapers says, 'The temperature is delightfully cool, the thermometer is only 75 deg. in the shade.' We should call that pretty hot in the old country, but I find it exceedingly pleasant, and shall not complain if it do not exceed ten deg. higher.

[3rd June.] "82 deg. in the shade. Mr. Brooks and I do not find the heat oppressive.

[7th June.] Baltimore. The weather, hitherto, has been delightful, the heat having been felt oppressive only in the middle of the day at Philadelphia, when the thermometer stood at 85 deg. in the shade. We are told that persons coming from England do not feel the first summer's heat so oppressive as the second. Our individual experience has been that of a temperature exceedingly favorable for a pleasure excursion. Mosquitoes have not yet introduced themselves.

[13th June, Cincinnati.] "We are beginning to speculate how we shall feel, when people acknowledge that it is hot. The evening air is balmy and delicious but we do not desire at noon day to go out hoeing potatoes.

[22nd June, Louisville, Kentucky.] "Hitherto we have not suffered from the heat, although it has stood higher than 80 deg., and the mornings and evenings have been of a delicious temperature.

[22nd July, Gloucester.] "Nothing could be more delightful than the weather. 93 deg. at Boston, only 82 deg. here, and the air so pure and so elastic that to breathe it was a positive at once felt luxury."—Prentice.