

## IMMIGRATION.

The Blue Book on Immigration, whose late appearance has stirred the righteous soul of the *Montreal Gazette*, got the length of Toronto on the 11th inst., and though it is almost as much out of date as an old almanac, two or three things may be culled from it before it passes into oblivion. The number of **immigrants** entering the St. Lawrence in 1869 was 43,114, against 34,300 in 1868. The number who entered by Suspension Bridge and other inland ports was 30,326; at Halifax, 448; at St. John's, N. B., 456; and at Miramichi, 21; making a grand total of 74,365. Of these it is calculated that 57,202 passed through to the United States, and 18,630 became permanent residents of **Canada**. Of the latter, 17,202 settled in Ontario; 503 in Quebec; 477 in New Brunswick, and 448 in Nova Scotia. This is a steady increase compared with past years; but nothing like what it ought to be. The Deputy Minister of Immigration, very gratuitously in the estimation of the *Gazette*, sets himself to depreciate the value of his own statistics, and virtually says that a good number who profess at first to be going to settle in **Canada** soon get disgusted and go off to the States. "The wretched system of depreciating the country in the eyes of strangers" is, according to the same journal, the master-piece of Dr. Tache, "who, as deputy Minister, has devoted himself with masterly inactivity to the work of his office."

In 1869, Mr. Dixon instead of being dismissed as was suggested by a Committee in 1868—thus leaving **Canada** without a single agent in Europe—was directed to remove from Wolverhampton to London. He is there still; the solitary Emigration Agent for the whole of England that **Canada** can boast of. M. Limaye, we are told, has his office in Antwerp, but "spends his time mostly in travelling," with as yet no visible results in the way of **emigrants to Canada**. Two agents are located in Ireland, and one for Scotland, whose headquarters are Glasgow. Whether or not they also spend most of their time in travelling, we are not told. And no report of what they have done, or mean to do, or wish to be allowed to attempt, is given. Thirteen thousand dollars and upwards were spent in the European agencies, and not one line of report is given as to how this money was spent or what the country got in return.

The whole outlay in the immigration service for the year referred to was \$39,775 84; and the capitation tax amounted to \$41,069, so that the actual cost to the Dominion of **Canada** was \$18,706 84. This is the one point of consolation which the *Gazette* can discover in the whole concern. Its words are worth quoting: "Let us console ourselves with the thought that if the system is not very efficient, it is at least inexpensive!" And this is the system we poor folks in Ontario are called upon to admire with our whole heart! We have one agent for that poor little place called England, one for Scotland, two for Ireland, and one who "chiefly spends his time travelling" in Antwerp. Does any sane man believe that these have efficiently brought **Canada** as a field for emigration before the people of Europe? What have they done? How many lectures have they delivered? How many letters have they written? How much discussion through the newspapers have they raised? We don't know. Our masters don't choose to give us any information on the subject. We venture to hazard the guess that not fifty dollars in all were spent in advertising where these Canadian agents were to be found; and that their letters to editors, combatting misrepresentations and removing ignorance of this country, have scarcely as yet had a beginning. Yes, but it is a great mercy at any rate that the cost has been so small. Only eighteen thousand dollars! If that is not enough to make the heart of John Sandfield rejoice, we don't know what is. Yes, when every permanent settler in **Canada** is worth to the country at least a thousand dollars! Nobody objects to the expense, nor would were it ten times as much, provided there were something like life thrown into the concern, and the country were supplied with timely and full accounts of what had been done—"how the money went" and what had been received in return. We shall see whether Dr. Tache's "masterly inactivity," as the *Gazette* calls it, or Mr. Dunkin's "enthusiastic energy" come off victorious. We hope the best, like the *Gazette*, but we must acknowledge that our fears are great. If one could only manage to get quit of the enthusiastic blindness of the Ontario organs, it would be exceedingly pleasant. They are full of gratitude, and cannot find words sufficiently strong to express their ecstasy. According to them everything has been done which could possibly be thought of. Pleasant delusion, from which they protest against being delivered. Thankfulness! They have fifty reasons for thankfulness! Yet their poor brother down in Montreal can only comfort himself with the thought that, at any rate, it is merely a matter of eighteen thousand dollars, and accordingly, like George III., at the close of the American war, thanks God that things are no worse. Well, well, gentlemen, settle it among you. In the meantime, if this blue book is the full record of a year's transactions, it cannot be said that very great feats of organization or effort have been achieved. What has been done in 1870 we shall possibly learn a year hence, unless, quickened by the friendly switch of the *Gazette*, our friends of the Agricultural Bureau have, for the first time in their lives, their report for the year out before the new year is a couple of months old. That would be an achievement sufficient to entitle Mr. Dunkin to a "good conduct" medal, and Dr. Tache to a public vote of thanks from both Houses of Legislature.