

I look over the returns, and I find the most successful among them, who have acquired the most property, and paid best for their land, began with no capital whatever. Ask those who remain of the early settlers of Upper Canada, when the journey hither was almost as difficult as one to the Rocky Mountains would be in our day. You do not find they had houses built for them, or roads made for them; no, their great struggle was with the isolation in which they were individually placed. Ten to one, but the first one you meet will tell you—Sir, when my father settled in our township there was not a road, or a mill, or a neighbour within ten miles of us. Most of them went in debt for the little supplies of provisions they wanted, and thought it no hardship to pay the debt afterwards, from the produce of their lands. Five dollars worth of flour, and a like value of pork or other food, would be abundance for each individual, taking men, women, and children, until crops would be gathered. Families of five, becoming settlers, ought to consider themselves rich with twenty pounds worth of provisions, tools, and seed. I believe three-fourths of the settlers in the woods in this country, possessed no such sum; and with assistance to that extent the new settlers ought to succeed, and would succeed well.

Our fellow citizen, Mr. George Duggan, told me an anecdote of a settler, an Irish emigrant, a few days ago. At the time the township of Monaghan was being granted, he met with this man who began his lamentations, and wished he was at home in the old country. "Nonsense, man," said Mr. Duggan, "go to Capt. Fitzgibbon, and draw a lot of land in Monaghan." "And please your honour, what will I do with a lot of land, I hav'nt what will buy me a bit or a sup till I get a crop." "Never mind that," said his kind adviser, "go upon the land, get a place to live in, if it is no better than a fox hole; work with some farmer for a bag of flour, take it home on your shoulders; when it is eaten up, come out again, and work for as much more, and I'll warrant you, will get on with your clearing." He was addressed by the same man some years afterwards. "Arrah, Mr. Duggan, do you remember the man you sent to live in a fox hole, in Monaghan. God bless you, Sir, it was the best advice I ever had in my life. I have got the deed of my lot, and I have eighty head of cattle and sheep feeding on it."

This is very like the history of thousands and tens of thousands of men who are now rich and independent, who will tell you they have had hardship and difficulty; but yet who, in the whole course of their struggles in Canada, never met with any privation half so great as that of an Irish labourer in full employment, or any discomfort half so bad as a week's residence in an Irish cabin.