

would have written sooner, only waiting to get settled. I have bought a farm, three or four miles out of the town of Meaford, above a lake; a nice farm, nearly level with limestone bottom, and good black clay—200 acres, of which 150 acres cleared. I went into possession on the 1st September, and have now 12 acres of fall wheat sown, and have two ploughs ploughing every day. The out-offices are first-rate—three barns, two stables, and a large shed for cattle; the dwelling-house is not so good, it has three rooms on the ground, and three upstairs, with a back kitchen, but I intend to build next summer, if spared life and health. I paid 7,000 dollars, or about £1,400 sterling. I am happy and content. I have my buggy, and drive to Meaford every Saturday, for my week's supplies. I have four mortgages on four farms; I get 8 per cent. interest; I could get 10 per cent. on notes, but I think land security safer. The Rector of the town transacts all my business. I drink no liquor except some beer when I am out. There is very little whiskey drunk here. We had two circuses in Meaford this summer, and what appeared strange, not a policeman, nor no necessity for them; nor a drunken man in the immense crowds. This is a fine climate; I never had as good health in my life. The harvest is now over, and a bountiful one it was. Wheat is selling here at 1 dol. 20 cents to 1 dol. 25 cents a bushel, equal to 4s 10d and 5s. This is the best wheat county in Canada. The children are at school about half-a-mile from here. I feel very thankful that I am so comfortably settled in my new home in the west. I got here with my thirteen of a family, without one mistake; nor did not lose a cent's worth. I am happy and content, and glad I came out. There are some very smart folk here. This farm is the fourth that I bought; the other three, the owners would not fulfil their bargains; but I was not so green—they thought. I am on the mail car road, three miles and-a-half from Meaford. I can hear the train whistle at two stations, when in my bed. I have good neighbours—Scotch and Irish, but mostly Scotch. Write soon. Kind regards to all the family.—I remain, your affectionate brother,

ROBERT GUY.

Portadown, 24th October, 1871.

Dear Sir,—David Munroe, who sailed in the "Peruvian," on the 25th May last, has sent to his late employer, Mr. John Stinton, £8, to bring out his wife and child; they wish to go in the "Caspian," on Friday, from Derry.

You may recollect that Munroe went to Ottawa, and as the £8 will barely pay the passages of the wife and child (18 months old)