

paid for, thank God, and am not due a man a cent, and we are living more comfortable than ever I could be in Ireland on a farm. I can earn a dollar a day in the winter, packing salt in the salt works; and I can earn a dollar and a quarter (5s. 2d. of your money), a day in the summer time. I expect to do far better than ever I could in Ireland, for I will have a chance of giving the children a trade, which I think I would not be able to do in Ireland; the school is not over the length of Henry M'Gau's from our house, and the meeting house is just beside it. We have a fine minister, he visited us since I came to Seaforth; his name is Mr. Goldsmith, he is a fine preacher; he puts us in mind of big Mr. M'Mahon, when he is in the pulpit and preaching. Allan and I go every Sunday morning at half-past ten o'clock, and I keep house for Mary, and she goes out in the evening at half-past six o'clock; so this is a great blessing that we are so near a place of worship and school for our children, and thank God we want for nothing. We know nothing of the troubles the people had in this part of the country twenty years ago. Seaforth was only a wood, and now it is as fine a business town as a man might wish to go into; the train runs through it, and there are two flour mills, a corn mill, and a flax mill; there are three salt works, a foundry, a stove factory, a carriage shop, plenty of waggon shops and blacksmiths' shops; so that it is a very nice place for a man to rear a family in, as the minister told me that where he was before he was getting 1,400 dollars a year, and that he came to Seaforth for 1,100 dollars on account of his family. I have got the very best of neighbours. We have only one drunkard in the town, and I am sorry to say he is an Irishman, the unfortunate wretch; the people collected 40 dollars to send him and his family to the States, and to get rid of him, but when he got the 40 dollars he drunk it every cent. Mary's uncle will soon write to you; next time you hear from us you will get our likenesses. Mary says she will soon write, but thinks it would take a fortnight to tell you all she has to say about this fine country.

Remember us to all the old neighbours about the race course, and to my brother.—Your affectionate Son,

*From a tailor who left Belfast November last.*

Quebec, 1st March, 1872.

Dear Mr. Foy,—You will no doubt think me very unkind for not writing to you when I came here, but my reason was I wished to give this country a fair trial, not to pass rash sentence before I could be somewhat acquainted with the place and people; and now I can say, with all my heart, I only wish I had come here twenty