

st abounding with deer, &c., it consists now of beautiful fields and meadows, tolerably well stocked, and in a high state of cultivation, with fine buildings and young hands, and the settlers very comfortable and well satisfied. I have found over 200 people in this country who emigrated through my agency, and am happy to be able to say not one complains. Many have done exceedingly well. The one great complaint continually heard is we want more help. Men cannot be had for money. Hundreds of farm hands could find good employment in this country, even at this season of the year no working man need fear employment anywhere in this part. The weather since I have been in this colony has been delightful, no rain, no frost or snow, but a continuation of fine open mild weather, the sun shining as brightly as on summer's day.

I have now travelled several hundreds of miles through the country, have been amongst all classes, from the squire to the poorest labourer, and I have not seen a man out of employment who wants work, and willing to give a fair day's work for a fair day's wages. But, on the other hand, I am continually getting farmers asking me to send them men. One man has just called and wished me to send him a man from Toronto next week, should there be one to spare out of the number which has just arrived by the Polynesian. Wages 12 dollars per month, with board and lodgings all the winter. Servant girls, general servants, are wanted greatly everywhere. I find I can place without difficulty 5,000 people in Ontario next spring, and guarantee to give satisfaction to any reasonable man or woman who may place themselves in my hands. I am arranging with farmers, &c., and intend coming back again early in the spring with any number who may put themselves in my care. Canada, as a country, is greatly misrepresented in England. With some the very mention of Canada brings up visions of eternal snows, or of a Russian winter, of interminable and useless forests, of inaccessible and worthless territory, and of a people far behind in the march of civilization, if, indeed, they have even started from a state of barbarism.

Canada need only to be known to be highly appreciated, to be even sought as a residence by those who love refinement, society, beauty in scenery, healthfulness in the atmosphere, and even luxury in life. Rightly understood it will be felt as of importance by the man of commerce, it will be viewed as a field of operation by the enterprising, the political economist will regard it as affording a fine and profitable study, while to the philanthropist it will present a scene of prosperity, morality, security, and contentment, combined with progress unequalled in the world of the present, and even in the history of the past.

To-morrow I commence to retrace my steps towards Toronto, through a different route to which I came, and will write you once more next week from Ontario. I intend sailing for England from Quebec by the Royal Mail steamer Polynesian on Saturday, the 21st.

I am, Gentlemen, Yours, &c.,

J. W. DOWN.

Clinton, Ontario, Nov. 11, 1874.

### LIFE IN CANADA.

(To the Editors of the Observer.)

GENTLEMEN,—I once more address you from Canada. I have now travelled over 2,000 miles of Canadian country, and have made inquiries as to labourers required at all points, and find that hundreds of good men could get employment at

feel grateful to the people of Canada for the way they have treated me on this tour. I have met with the kindest of treatment from all, rich and poor.

I am, Gentlemen,

Yours respectfully,

JOHN W. DOWN, of Victoria Street, Bristol.

Montreal, Nov. 18th, 1874.

*The following letter has been received from James Wilkins, who went out from Betchingley, Surrey, last spring, as one of the New Brunswick colony.*

NEW BRUNSWICK, CANADA,

October 3rd, 1874.

Dear Father and Mother,

I now write a few lines to let you know that I am happy, and getting on first-rate. I have got a good farm, and that is more than I ever should have got at Betchingley, if I had worked till I was a hundred years old. I have got plenty of wood, and you can have it for fetching; it seems a sin to burn so much in waste when there are so many poor people that would be glad of it; it would be worth a good bit in England. My timber consists of beech, birch, maple, fir, spruce, pine, cedar, and dogwood. I cut it down and junk it up and let it lay awhile, and then set fire to it, and then that runs over the ground; that is the first burn, and the second burn is to pick it up and pile it and then burn again, and the third burn is to grub all the stubs we can; some of them will not come out for five years, but we pile the roots up again and then burn again, and then we have got a nice lot of ashes to harrow in. We sow our grain and it grows well, for it is good soil. I have got twelve bushels of potatoes planted out, and they tell me that will grow from twenty to twenty-four bushels; besides, I can grow other little things, such as radishes, peas, parsnips, scarlet-runners, bushbeans, pumpkins, cucumbers, and Spanish onions; and now I am going to plant my autumn wheat. I am very busy making a cellar for potatoes, and the people tell me it will hold 100 barrels, and it is worth \$20 to me. I have a nice house with four rooms in it. I can have as big a garden as I like. My farm is 100 acres. The French settlers are quite beat with the Englishmen's farming. We have a nice road being made through the settlement. We like the water very much. I shall get six acres more land ready for my spring crops. I have just sown a bushel of wheat for experience. Thomas Terry and I keep jogging on together. I have got four men and two boys at work, and I hope to have a cow and a horse before long. I think the Union has put us into a good spot. I hear you have a good harvest; I hope the farmers won't break. The Government think of having fifty more families next spring. There is plenty of room for all the labourers in England here. Come out here and be farmers; it is better to be in a free country than to be bound down by the hard-hearted farmers of England. We are all like brothers and sisters here. We kill two or three sheep every week, so I do a little butchering; I sell it out at five and six cents per pound; and I do hair-cutting and get five cents for each; therefore I am butcher, barber, and sometimes carpenter. Remember me to enquiring friends.

From your ever-loving son and daughter,

JAMES and MARY WILKINS.