

At Marquis's house, Thursday the
12th July 1787. ~~ee~~

My dear Scott

Our friend George Bownal went as far down
as Labels at Kamouraska, where he left me in health but far
from being in spirits - time alone, and the workings of reason
must mitigate the pain I feel on Mrs. Scotts and your
account - abstracted from my well founded attachment
to you both, a sigh will break out ^{on} account of Tommays
premature ~~exit~~ from this Stage - He is better of them
we, but human nature will work; lament his loss:
next to my own, he was dear to me; alas! Scott, 'twas a
trying stroke - but let us ^{endeavor} to resign ourselves to the
Will of Providence, Poor Tommays was snatched suddenly
from us, indeed! - a promising plant, - Why might
he not have been spared! Providence knows best.

Now My friend - should any accident
befall me, what becomes of Mrs. Fintlay and her children!
We know the goodness of Lord Dorchester's heart - He
would compassionate the Widow and the Fatherless - He
would appoint Mrs. Fintlay to be Post-Mistress of Canada,
at least he would recommend, and his recommendation is
worth a Commission - He is a Father, an affectionate Father
he would befriend my wife and our children - My benefactor
my friend M^r. Todd would assist Fintlay's offspring;
the certainty I have of all this, would soften the pang
I should inevitably feel, should I go out of this world,
with my senses about me, for then my last moments would
be

be occupied about those I was about to leave without any
Provision: Hope, hope so founded as mine could alone
support me even at this moment — Oh my dear friend.
You little conceive the anxieties that rush often on my
Mind when I look at the Mother with her nine around
her — but God will bless them for her sake — She has sown
the seeds of Virtue in their tender minds — She is
esteem'd for her intrinsic worth — She will not
want friends should I be taken from her.

Remember me most affectionately to My
dear Sister — Comfort or attempt to console, I cannot;
alas! when I feel the affliction of others, I am too apt
to play the woman, but in every temper of mind
to grieve with you, or rejoice, I shall ever be most
sincerely

Your and her most affectionate friend
Hugh Finlay

It raint hard this morning;
but if it had not rained, we
could not have enter'd the portage
without men, and a certain provision
of Pork and flour which cannot be
put up before the evening. We shall
in all probability proceed to morrow.

Scott's Company,
of the West India Company,
Customs

Thomas Scott Esq.

Quebec



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La Motte