

a keen competition. This secured for national purposes a great degree of talent; but the pressure on the middle classes grew yearly heavier. There were many who possessed small capital—from five hundred to one thousand pounds—but it was not everyone who possessed the judgment and industry required for a life in the bush. As an octogenarian (a wealthy man who came to the country as a lad in service and saw his master and his master's friends disappear, their means dissipated, and the world and themselves no better for their having been) has said, "Sure they all had money; but few of them had any sense, and none of them knew how to work."

In 1825 Galt had put the final words to the "Last of the Lairds," and set sail for Canada with his grant of 1,100,000 acres of land in his pocket, and his brain busy with emigration schemes. That year was famous in London for schemes and company-making. It was a time, famous still, for busy brains of many kinds, and the nursery life of those who were to make the succeeding years remarkable in the world's history. Miss Nightingale was a school girl; the Duchess of Kent was giving her life to the formation of that character which has been England's happiness ever since; and a little girl, whom the world was to know under the masculine name of George Eliot, was drinking in the learning and the wisdom to appear afterwards in her closely written pages. Grey, Brougham, Peel, Lyndhurst and Melbourne, were speechifying, and Disraeli and Gladstone were the youths who listened to them; Burns and Byron were warm and palpitating memories; while Scott, Moore and Wordsworth were furnishing feasts for a youth named Tennyson; Croker, Maginn, Ellis, Gifford, and a host of others, were making things lively in the reviews; Harriet Martineau had begun to write; Fanny Kemble was delighting audiences from the north of England to the south; Crusty Christopher, Hogg, Galt, Dunlop and Alan Cunningham were enjoying their *Noctes Ambrosianæ*; while the memory of Nelson, and the living presence of the Iron Duke, were as an afterglow of peace upon victory. The Mexican mountains