

Cattanach, Donald, was born at Laggan, Badenoch, Scotland, in 1799, and emigrated to Glengarry, Canada, in 1826. He was educated at the parish school, that good inheritance of education to which the Scottish youth are born, one of the many bequests of Knox to his country. He was educated also on the rugged mountains and heath-clad moors of his native land into bodily strength and physical endurance. He grew up, we are informed by a graphic and admiring writer, handsome and strong, keen of eye, skilful of hand; he knew well the haunts of the red deer, where the muir fowl and ptarmigan loved to stay, and all the deep secrets of successful angling. In these days, as now, many a Highland lad drifted away from his native hills into the army of fighters, or the ranks of thinkers, to mingle in the stir and struggle of life, to make their mark on every field of manly endeavour. With the adventurous spirit of the hills, young Donald Cattanach left his native home for honourable employment in England. He was noticeable there as being essentially a clansman, proud of the Highland hills, and keen to uphold the honour of the tartan. He frequently tried his prowess in the hunting field and on the moors against those famous sportsmen, Osbaldeston and Sir Harry Goodericke, whose names are still household words although two generations have passed since then; and Sir Harry Goodericke shewed so much appreciation for his sporting qualities that he presented him with a "Joe Mantou," which is now a cherished heirloom in the family. Mr. Cattanach brought some sporting dogs with him to this country. Two of these, foxhounds, were presented by him to the Montreal Hunt Club, and contributed largely towards a success which it has maintained until the present day. During his residence in England his father's family left Loch Erricht side for Canada and settled in the maple woods of Glengarry. His eldest brother, the late Colonel Cattanach, who was then employed by the government as provincial land surveyor, encouraged him in beginning business as a merchant at Priest's Mills, called afterwards Alexandria. Mr. Cattanach, in common with many others, felt rather hopeless about the condition of the country, which was pretty primitive at that time, and had almost decided to return to England. He soon became acclimatized, however, and also keenly interested in the progress and improvement of the new country. Its needs were apparent enough. There were long stretches of primeval forest,

traversed by deer paths, dotted with lakes, intersected by rivers, waiting to be broken into clearings and developed into farms, and requiring passable roads above all things instead of paths. Rivers required to be spanned by bridges and utilized for saw and grist mills. There is something in the fresh life of a new country so hopeful and progressive, so full of stir and struggle, trial and endeavour, that all new comers are soon drawn into the stream of efforts. It was so with Donald Cattanach: he was not the less Highland and clannish that he became an earnest-hearted, patriotic Canadian, seeking the welfare of the land he lived in and the benefit of the people among whom he dwelt, as well as his own. One of Mr. Cattanach's first efforts for the benefit of the new land was in this matter of roads, and he was appointed a commissioner. Some of the young men who earned their first wages at that work under him are now in their old age independently wealthy. In 1830 he was appointed magistrate. Law and lawyers were delightfully scarce in the newly settled parts of Canada at this time. A Celtic opinion that it was mean to appeal to the law to settle a dispute with a neighbour was very perceptible in Glengarry many years later. Strength of arm had often the advantage of strength of intellect, the knock down argument being counted very convincing. Magisterial duties in these early times were exceeding various. They solemnized matrimony, in consequence of the dearth of ministers; they settled cases arising out of the bewitchment of cows and of people—the belief in witchcraft emigrated with the early settlers, and it lingered long in some parts,—they had perplexing cases to settle arising out of quarrels about line fences, individual rights being pertinaciously defended; they had various other causes to try arising from original sin or backwoods pugnaciousness. In 1832 he married Catharine McDonell, widow of Mr. Duncan McMillan. In the same year he removed to lands he had purchased in Kenyon, on the Lochiel border. He called his place Laggan, in loving remembrance of his far-away early home in Inverness-shire. Here he lived his life, a noticeable figure in the history of Glengarry for the next fifty years. At Laggan he followed store-keeping; he lumbered; he farmed; he kept the post office; he dispensed justice; he encouraged farmers and mechanics to settle around him, giving employment to very many in his various enterprises, and among them many French-Canadian families who