

WILLIAM HENRY DRUMMOND

History—less than two hundred years—separated us in our Highland life from many of the customs of the Indian. We had still—though hung upon the wall—the weapons of our forefathers, and our fireside tales were yet of native war-trails, forays, feuds, old passions, and alarms. Little wonder that the Red River settlers from Sutherlandshire found the aboriginals less strange and inimical than the whites, or that the great North-West should prove so hospitable to the Gaelic winterers from Hudson's Bay! And one last feature especially, of the New World rendered it more alluring to our youth—our folk were there! They had blazed trails and builded flourishing communities, they occupied the outmost forts and knew the land from sea to sea; they had given their names to the mightiest rivers.

I have been through Canada at a time when the early affections for things unseen and enterprises unexperienced are usually worn rather thin; when the "radiance that was once so bright" is replaced by

—a sober colouring from an eye
That hath kept watch o'er man's mortality,

and though the views which I had previously formed of the country and its life had necessarily to undergo some process of readjustment, I am