

they went forth with a calm despair somewhat akin to the desolate determination with which the Israeliteish captives went forth to Babylon; burnt into their hearts, the recollection of the "Highland clearances" of the first quarter of this century blazes forth in the memory of tens of thousands of Celtic settlers all over America, and the wrong is treasured up in their bosoms, and remembered as only a Highlander can remember.

The inhospitable shores of Hudson's Bay; the iron-coast in winter; men and women trudging over the ice and snow with bleeding feet; the starving wives and children; the wearying journey of six hundred miles from the Bay to Red River; and the arrival at a destination houseless and without sufficient food. These, and the subsequent hardships, are but the successive scenes of the gloomy panorama of the early Selkirk settlement. Sutherlands and McKinnons, McKays and Coopers, McLeods and Smiths, McPhersons and McLeans, Mathesons and McEacherns, McBeths and Frasers, Macdonalds and Campbells, Livingstones and Polsons, Bannermans and Gunns, Munroes and McIvors, were the components of this Celtic movement; for, though a few of the names given are Norse, yet these families had all intermarried with the Celts. Something less than three hundred was the number of the four bands who, in four successive years, proved the Hudson's Bay route feasible.

A CELTIC FEUD.

No Greek can meet Greek with more spirit in deadly conflict than Celt meets Celt. Lord Selkirk's