

cheerful and happy time. My poor wife, at the prospect of joining her mother and sisters in Australia, we knowing that the sisters were all married and comfortably settled, plied her needle in joyous vivacity to prepare our children's outfit. When I took brief snatches of recreation with my children, one was on my back, another on my head, and one on each shoulder, with others pulling at my skirts,—all delighted at the happy fortune which had at last come to us. We talked of Australia, and of going to their grandmother and aunts, first thing at dawn of day and at the latest hour at night. So often disappointed as we had been, my wife did sometimes say, musingly, "Can this be all true, or is it only a dream!"

To such observations I rejoined, "Yes, I think this is true. Our stranger is evidently a man of strong prejudices, but he seems truthful."

"It looks so like romance," my wife continued, "that a stranger who knows nothing of us, should come with such offers of future ease and comfortable independence for us,—to you, who have toiled so thanklessly; and yet, as you say, he does look and speak like a truthful man."

Having put my work in the printer's hands, I proceeded to London in the middle of April to dispose of others, printed and in manuscript, and to make final arrangements for a passage to Australia; leaving my family in Edinburgh. I was to return for them and settle all remaining affairs about my publications in Scotland; I being then uncertain whether we might sail from Liverpool or from London.

At the Stranger's request, I had given him a letter of introduction to General Perronet Thompson, M.P. He desired to become acquainted with some of the "liberal" members of parliament. Let me anticipate in this place what General Thompson said to me, just as I quitted London to come to Canada, the Stranger having by that time developed his proportions. He said:—

"Mr. Somerville, be thankful you have escaped: that Australian is either a lunatic or the most dangerously sane man that I ever met: Had you gone to Australia with that man or in complicity with him, you would have run great risk of being hanged within your first fortnight."

What was this man, who had caused me to break up my home and all business connections?

He was the agent of the Australian secret societies. When I showed him the proof-sheets of the work prepared at Edinburgh to introduce me as a Political Economist, the opening paragraphs of which have just been given, he exclaimed "This will never do!"

What would not do? Was it my depreciation of the new territorialism and the hazards of civil war attending it? No: it was my depre-