

the Highland hills and keen to uphold the honor of the tartan. During his residence in England his father's family left Loch Erricht Side for Canada and settled in the maple woods of Glengarry. Their letters in praise of the fair and fertile green wilderness, which they soon learned to love, drew him to them over the sea in April, 1826. His eldest brother, the late Col. 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. The change from the old civilization of Britain to the free, new life of young Canada is often trying to the new settler, who finds it difficult to get adjusted to the altered state of things. They may not expect "a' the luxuries of the saut market of Glasgow," as Bailie Nicol Jarvie would say, but the change is very great indeed. What is missed of accustomed conveniences is more noticed at first than the solid advantages gained. Mr. Cattanach in common with many others felt rather hopeless about the condition of the country, which was pretty primitive at that time. It was dreadfully new, and wanted so very many improvements for comfort and convenience. He soon became acclimatised, 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 endeavor, that all new comers are soon drawn into the stream of efforts. It was so with young 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. The prosperity of the individual and the progress of the country are bound up together.

The want of roads is the chief want of settlers in a new country. The icy way of a river, the hard packed snow through the forest, were the backwoods Canadian's only road out to the front, as the older settlements on the St. Lawrence were called. They were thus practically shut in the greater part of the year. We can hardly realize the hardships en-