

describes, in a report of a trip from Glengarry to Kingston (or Cataraqui it then was) in 1783, "The very best site for a mill I ever saw."

But the romance and love of adventure which had, during the French regime, induced scions of noble houses, with a desire to add to the glory of La Belle France, to brave the dangers and endure the loneliness and privations incident to a removal from a civilized land to a trackless wilderness, had died out. Nothing now but promises from a responsible source of better homes than those left behind would induce anyone, high or low, to become settlers in Canada, about which very little was known in Great Britain.

So the two heads were "put together" (and two heads are always better than one), and out of the inner consciousness of the War and Colonial Bureaux, Perth was evolved.

Late in the month of May, 1815, three transports, the Atlas, Batiste Merechant, and Dorothy, sailed from Greenock with three ships' loads of Scotchmen, their wives and children. They reached Quebec the middle of September, and had the discomforts of their long voyage added to by the ship going aground before they reached Sorel. Tradition says the ships were chartered by Government at so much per month until they again reached Greenock; those who made the trip stoutly affirmed there was no other reason for the voyage consuming the time it did, than a desire on the part of the owners to make as many months as possible. Too late to proceed to their future homes, they were quartered for the winter at Brockville and at Prescott in a stone building still standing at Buckley's Wharf in Prescott, while a few single men went to Kingston.