

Scottish psalms were sung in the Gaelic tongue. Every effort of the new settlers tended to make Glengarry as like a bit of Scotland as possible. Indeed in the memory of comparatively young people it was possible to travel a day's journey through that section and hear no sound of any language but the Gaelic; nor could they escape a hospitality that was as free and bountiful as ever made the Highland welcome a proverb.

Glengarry, since its first settlement, has been a wonderful nursery for men who were gentlemen. Sons and daughters of Glengarry have migrated far and wide, have made their way in every walk of life, have fairly won and nobly worn their full share of the honors which their adopted country had to bestow, and have written the story of their success in that country's history. In every place Glengarry men have made themselves conspicuous for the elements of success which they carry along with them, and for being emphatically clansmen and gentlemen.

No history of Glengarry can be written without making mention of Donald Cattanach, who filled a noticeable place there for over fifty years. It is a pleasure to us to piece together such fragmentary recollections of one of the fast disappearing pioneers as we have been able to collect. It is not possible for any one to picture him as he lives in the fond, grateful recollection of his own family and friends, but what we can do we will do gladly. He was born in Badenoch, Inverness-shire, Scotland, 7th September, 1799, the year after the Irish rebellion, if any one cares to note that fact. He was educated at the parish school, that good inheritance of education to which the Scottish youth are born, one of the many bequests of Knox to his country. He was educated also on the rugged mountains and heath clad moors of his native land into bodily strength and physical endurance. He grew up handsome and strong, keen of eye, skilful of hand, he knew well the haunts of the red deer, where the muir fowl and ptarmigan loved to stay, and all the deep secrets of successful argling.

In those days, as now, many a Highland lad drifted away from his native hills into the army of fighters, or the ranks of thinkers, to mingle in the stir and struggle of life, to make their mark on every field of manly endeavor. With the adventurous spirit of the hills, young Donald Cattanach left his native home for honorable employment in England. He was noticeable there as being essentially a clansman, proud of