

men who came to it; the work of their hands, be the hands gentle, mechanic, soldier or horny.

The spirit of the times, warlike and progressive, stirred in them and gave them strength for the great work before them. All of the contingent, poor and rich, high and low, were more or less the same. It was a time of hatreds. Dunlop hated a Frenchman as deeply as did Nelson; the Tips and the Downs came ready to battle in the intervals of ploughing; and once settled in the Huron Tract, friendship and feud were to be taken up on Old Country lines, to so continue until a common danger made men brothers, to fight in 1837 side by side,

Old settlers tell how, like the banqueters of ancient Gaul, their meetings seldom ended but with a fray. With the Gaul the thigh-bone of the *pièce de resistance* of the feast became the perquisite of the bravest. Here there was no such invidious choice. Each man got his axe-handle, and courted his foe with gesture and gibe. Nor were the fair ones wanting in valour. The Irishwoman who "walked," calmly sat down on the roadside when things promised to be too much for her friends, drew off boot and stocking, put a stone in the latter, and, bellicose dame that she was, threw her missile into the barbarian chaos.

The main body of the Huron people was Tory, but some of those composing it were to find out that history and common-sense tend to change opinion. The last travelled as slowly as did the passengers of the time, over corduroy; but destinations were reached, nevertheless. How they were reached, and the stirring stories of the time when the Canada Company and the Colborne Clique strove for mastery, it is hoped the following pages will tell.