found to have received a severe cut, a slight scar from which he bore to his dying day. One of the witnesses to this performance was a little cousin, who being only ten years his senior was soon to be intimately associated with him, and was to carry him in her arms about the deck of the vessel that brought him to Canada.*

Moved by reports of the success of friends and fellowcountrymen in Canada, and disappointed in his career at home, the lad's father decided at length in 1820 to emigrate to the great Western continent, where he would have opportunities of becoming a successful merchant or a land-owner on a scale he could never dream of at home, and still live under the British flag. So at length, about the first week in April, 1820, Hugh Macdonald with his wife and family, including his old mother, then seventy-five years of age, and some of his wife's relatives, gathered their "belongings" together and boarded the ship the "Earl of Buckinghamshire." We had almost said the good ship-she had been good when she sailed to the East Indies, but now she was utterly unseaworthy; and the following year, while bringing out to Canada a cargo of 600 immigrants, she went down with all on board, and was never heard of more. The present voyage she was to complete safely-though not without accident; and never did this old East Indiaman bring to the marts of England in all her sailings freight like that she took up the Gulf of St. Lawrence on this voyage, for among her passengers was a child who was to be in one sense the builder of a nation,—a people whose full stature no man yet may outline. These poor but strongminded and strong-limbed immigrants probably little conceived then how deeply they were to impress their national characteristics upon the young Canadian nation. The better class of Highland Scotchmen having set the example of

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^{*} The cousin referred to is Mrs. John MacPherson, an estimable lady, who is still living in Canada, at the good old age of eighty-six.