

delivered up their ingots of gold and silver; the pearl oyster yawned in surprise at the diving-bell; diamonds and gold dust were brought from Africa; and travellers, tempted abroad by so many varied attractions, piled the booksellers' stalls with tales hard to be believed. The air, too, was alive with scientific discovery; the railroad, the steamship, the photograph, were about to be given to a world which was half wondering, half credulous, soon to be wholly believing.

And in spite of all this progress, Canning and Castlereagh, and others less famous, were fighting duels, or pretending they were ready to do so. Canada was remote from the new birth, but even she felt the quickening; for Britain was about to send a new class of emigrants to jolt over her corduroys and thread bridle-paths through her woods.

In Ireland, Lord Edward Fitzgerald, though dead, lived in the hearts of the people; the rough-coated, down-trodden Celt had a long memory and a keen wit; he sighed for a "patch" and a log cabin, with a cow and other things desirable in life. To the Huron Tract he came, leaving behind him the bleak mountains of Clare dotted over with forsaken mud hovels, the reclaimed bogs of "farm" rented at exorbitant prices, and the peat stack which held the keg of poteen.

This, then, was the Britain to which Galt, Dunlop, Strickland, Don, Hyndman, Haldane, Luard, Lizars, Jones and a host of others, belonged. The pamphlets of the Canada Company had fallen among them, and into the depths of the Huron Tract they carried their knowledge, their tastes, their habits, and their enthusiasms.

But for every one such as these there were dozens from the three sister countries whose minds were made receptive to words which promised a living in any land, which spoke of a home as a possibility. It was then that men had to give way to the red deer, and in every clachan about Braemar and Glen Clunie there were heaps of stones and green patches which marked what were once cottages and gardens. The Scotchman, like the Irishman, looked his last upon the desolation of his