

BEMOCKED OF DESTINY

CHAPTER I.

BY THE ATLANTIC SHORE.

Oh, little did my mither ken,
The day she cradled me,
The lands I was to travel in,
Or the death I was to dee.

Birth and Parentage.

ON the margin of a leaf in the old family Bible, long since worn out, I remember seeing, in father's poor handwriting, that I was born on the 17th day of October, 1844. A very small event, hardly worth recording, but which took place in the quiet, picturesque valley of Middle River, Cape Breton, N. S. Parents true Highland Scotch on both sides, and I can speak the Gaelic yet fairly well. My two grandfathers had crossed the Atlantic many years before then, but whether at the same time or not I cannot say, and settled on bush farms in the Island of Cape Breton, not over twenty miles apart, I should think; father's people near St. Ann's, and mother's people on Middle River.

My great grandfather on mother's side had also