

other partnership I know, the prospect is blasted at once when idleness and whiskey come in. There was not a ball nor a "soiree" (pic-nics were not so fashionable then) within many miles at which they were not present; generally dressed in kilts, and each with a pair of bagpipes. Their pipes were magnificently mounted; there was no doubt of *their* gentility. One of them assured me (and I had no special reason for disbelief) that his pipes—he would not say that the bag had not been renewed, but the pipes as a whole—had been present at the battle of Killiecrankie. Now little Kitty Seagram had never seen bagpipes; but her father had a wonderful German pipe, with a grand amber mouth-piece very like the mouth-pieces of these finely-mounted bagpipes; and to Kitty it seemed a natural thing that the mouth-pieces were used for the same purpose—drawing, instead of blowing. So, when they struck up "Tullochgorum," she danced round them with anything but a dignified aristocratic calmness; and when they passed, she screamed out with wonder and delight, "Oh! *didn't* they *smoke a nice tunc* out of those bag things!"

Their "Royal Stuart" tartan was seen flashing about the Captain's for several days; and it was afterwards understood among the neighbors that they had shared with Seagram, by way of loan, their last remittance from "home." If so, they would be his perpetual creditors; for he never paid in anything but promises and excuses. Their remittances stopped after a year or two, and then their circumstances grew desperate. They had never raised more than paid their rent; perhaps not so much—and now their farming came to an end. One of them went back to Scotland; the other went to California or British Columbia. But it would seem that industry and perseverance are pretty closely allied to fortune, even on the Pacific; and not having *these*, he missed *that*. At any rate, a neighbor on his way out to El Dorado found him on the Isthmus, at Aspinwall. He was on his way back, and had a through ticket to New York. Tarrying too long among the whiskey shops, he had been left by the steamer; and now, with hardly a rag on his back, was "put-

ting in" as best he could the two weeks till the next steamer should be "up" for New York. He seemed perfectly happy; what baggage he had was gone on the steamer, and without a cent in his pocket he was going from one saloon to another; playing here a strathspey for a "drink," and there bartering any number of pibrochs for a "square meal."

One of Captain Seagram's associates was Mr. Pimpernell. He too had been promised "a situation" under Government; he, too, had had an uncle in the army, and held up his head above his neighbors in accordance with that fact. But it is a weary thing waiting a man's whole life for what will never come; and Pimpernell seemed to wake up all at once to new ideas. He sold his farm, which did not bring him very much, for there was the genteel farmer's inseparable companion—a mortgage—to meet; but with what he had he went back into the bush. If you can once get a "gentleman" to throw off his coat, he generally goes to work with a perfect *abandon*. When I see a man working with bad tools, and making up for that and for lack of skill, by main strength—and if he works much with his hat off—and especially if he does not seem to care whether he keeps his face and hands clean, I say to myself, "That's a *gentleman*, broken-in to work!" Well, Pimpernell was one of that sort. When once he got back in the woods, he did not care how ragged he went, or how dirty. His natural instincts were grovelling, his temper was none of the best, and his life was a life with the muck-rake, as depicted by Bunyan. A good many years after, I fell in with him. His farm was pretty well cleared up. His boys were coarse, boorish fellows. He had made a good deal of gain out of a primitive sort of grist-mill and sawmill, all under one roof, and driven by a pretty little spring-creek that ran across his lot. Like most of our new townships, until the vegetable mould is somewhat exhausted, it was spring wheat, rather than fall wheat, that was found to succeed best. Now, spring wheat is apt to get caught with the early fall rains; or, if it escapes those, is very apt to be put into very open log barns, and get well drifted over with snow. Either way,