

I wouldn't cut the bread so fashionable *thin*, nuther." "Why, is the bread thin, up on the third concession, Jonas?" "Well, I talk about dinner, 'cause I think it would do better than tea. I don't like these militia teas. The Captain and me had a regulation tea together at his place wunst. There was seven little pieces of thin bread and butter on a plate, and when I had doubled one up in my cheek, the Captain nodded and handed me another—and then he nodded twice. Twice seemed to be the rule, and if I'd tuck any more there'd 'a been none left for anybody else. It all comes of the new military regulations." "But that wa'n't the way in 1812," said another; "it was '*Eat*, boys, or else you can't *fight*,' with Brock." And so on the banter went.

Nobody wanted to hire with Seagram; for he managed always to put such an unapproachable distance between himself and his hired man, that it became very disagreeable. And nobody wanted to "change work" with him; for what was really a favor he looked upon as a proper tribute to his greatness. In consequence he had more work in the busy season than was possible for one man to do, and do well; and his farming became worse year by year. Poverty is a good preceptor, and it should have taught him much. It only taught him bitterness and murmuring. He had been for several years a school-trustee of the section; and, when he had his own way in everything, gave much attention and somewhat of time to the office. But the crowning act of ingratitude on the part of the section was when they associated John Crow with him on the Board. Crow's great object was "to have children learn the jig now, they'll have to dance when they get older." The Captain's principle was to "have them loyal, and obedient to superiors." Crow would ask a candidate for the school, whether "he understood a child's *nature*?" Seagram would ask, "what he knew concerning the British Constitution?" While the Captain would visit the school, and give the children a lecture on their duty, an hour in length, Crow would drop in, and after learning from the teacher that the children had been "very good," advise him to let them out at "recess" in

the afternoon, as a reward for such meritorious conduct.

Under dire stress of circumstances, the young Seagrams had been sent to school. The Captain would have had a tutor or governess at home; but it was vain to struggle against poverty. They therefore had to cast in their lot with others. One patriotic work is accomplished by our schools: they make children feel—and by an bye, like—their equality. If the old Captain had himself been trained at a Canadian common school, he had been a happier man. His children were very shy—thought everyone was bent on teasing them (which was, to an extent, true at first),—and afraid of accepting the little confidences of their classmates; but became at length fair scholars, and not wholly disagreeable companions. One in particular, Kitty (her mother was always careful to call her Catherine Victoria), became rather a favorite with the scholars. But Kitty was by far too outspoken for her own comfort at home. The neighbors ot to know a great many of the shams and shifts of desperate gentility, and Kitty often got into domestic disgrace in consequence. When a fine party was made—which happened about once a year—Kitty would be sure to tell some intimate from whom the china was borrowed; or, worse still, order her elder sisters to "snuff the wax candles"—thus letting out the secret that tallow dips, or equally vulgar moulds, were the common burning of the house. Or when the Captain had made one of his mysterious visits to Toronto, Kitty would tell on his return, "Pa hasn't got the *Sherriff* yet!" revealing the office-hunting object of his visit to the capital.

Gentility is cosmopolitan. The man who turns up his nose at the common herd in his own country, is welcomed by a universal free-masonry by every other turn-up nose in the world. Two young Scotchmen who had been sent out by their friends, in the vain hope that they would forget today and take to hard work, found their way to Seagram's. They had rented a farm in the next township, and made a pretence of working it; keeping "bachelors' hall" the while. Now, while there is a better prospect for two young single men doing well in a farming partnership than any