

a fine intelligent family of four boys and three girls. He was personally a tall well-built man, of true Highland type, and his head and face had a most striking resemblance to Gladstone's portraits. His wife was a thrifty, active, industrious little woman, neat and plump and very good-looking, even to the end of her life. In 1852 or thereabouts, he made a trip to Upper Canada, tramping on foot the greater part of the way, and finally located in the county of Bruce, where he took up bush farms for himself and nearly every one of the family, male and female, close to each other in the township of Kincardine, some five or six miles from the town of that name. They all moved there, I think, the following year. Two of the daughters eventually had very large families of their own, about a dozen apiece, but the third one had no children, though she tried to make up for it by capturing three successive husbands of different nationalities, English, Scotch and Irish. The eldest one, Mrs. John Grant, was particularly good stuff. I once saw her binding in the harvest field only three days after being confined, besides doing all the house work.

But to come back to the old man. He had many peculiarities, and was a notable character in some ways. For one thing, he usually went bareheaded in summer. One scorching day in hay-making time I said to him,—“It is really dangerous to have your head exposed to such a hot sun;” but he only looked at me, and answered,—“What better thing could it be exposed to?” Then he would just as soon travel by night as in the day time, no matter what the