

obsequious to no man's opinions, having plenty of his own, ready to take up any gauntlet and hold his own with the best of them; a dour carle to thwart, but a big man every way, with a warm heart and an open hand. On this occasion it had opened wide, else this trip had not been made, and this tale had not been told. Next, the General's wife, unofficious, unflustered, smooth, ever ready with the kind act and word. Their only son, Robert, a chip of the old block, ready of tongue, given to nice distinctions, full of fun, comic songs, and good nature. His wife, graceful as a fawn, and as shy sometimes—"Kid," her boy used to call her. Next, Captain Mellis and his gracious, stately wife, from Huntly, in Aberdeenshire, Scotland, on a visit to the General—a distant relative. The captain has a fine voice, and can melt the Scottish heart as few can do. "Of a' the airts the win' can blaw" is one of his best, and rarely was it heard sung with more feeling. James Duncan and his wife—a sister of Captain Mellis—come next. Originally from the north of Scotland, they have been long resident in London, England. "A genial soul" was what the General promised us in Mr. Duncan, and the promise was amply fulfilled. In addition, we found him a ripe scholar, with a "fouth" of anecdote, and the funniest of old-world stories. His wife is a perfectly loveable little woman. The General's three married daughters come next. Mrs. Palmer, the eldest, has seen the world: she is a manager, and a born sight-seer, eager that you should see also and share her delight. Her daughter Mamie, dark-eyed and thoughtful, well trained and well-read, the pet and "lintie" of the party. Mrs. Barclay, the little one, smart as a cricket, hard to keep your hands off her. (Laura) Mrs. Clark, the youngest, tall,