

in front, two behind, and the boarders two by two between them. The soldiers of the 71st Highlanders lined the corridors and room where the bazaar was held, and their band gave such heavenly music. I was fifteen then, and had never seen soldiers dressed in this manner, and I felt my face redden as I saw the bare knees. The bearskin caps, too, surprised me. The tables were beautiful. Lady Colborne was at one, and her sister, Miss Young, at another. The young ladies at the different tables wore white dresses, and small black silk aprons with pockets. Sir John was present, walking up and down the hall leading his little daughter by the hand. I knew he had been at Waterloo, and I thought of Washington, Cornwallis, and the people I had heard grandfather talk about."

Our narrator met at other times two ladies in deep mourning, one a Miss Shaw, the *fiancee* of General Brock, who wore black to the day of her death, and a Miss Givens, "who was engaged to a son of Sir Peregrine Maitland by his first wife. This gentleman went to England for his health, and died on the return trip. Miss Givens lived to be ninety-one years of age, faithful to the love of her youth. I never forgot that beautiful day in June, and can see it still."

Mrs. Grover's house in Colborne, in after years, was named, in memory of those pleasant days, "Seaton Hall," Sir John Colborne having become Lord Seaton.

The recollections do not say what was studied in the Toronto School, but there were "pencil drawings, wonderful embroideries, with shaded silks to imitate engravings, and still more wonderful samplers." They had a French dancing-master, but the waltz and the polka were unheard of. After her return home at Christmas time there were private theatricals, her brother figuring as David, and a very tall serving man as Goliath. They had an ancient piano, and her brother had a guitar for serenades.

Mrs. Grover tells of a trip to New York with her father and mother, driving from her home to Brighton, taking tea at Presqu' Isle, and leaving there by steamer for Charlotte, the port for Rochester, United States. They stayed there two days, visiting places around the city. From there they went by the Erie Canal to Albany. The boat was drawn by three horses abreast, and they thought it a most delightful way of travelling.

"Twenty miles this side of Albany we saw the first railroad and enjoyed the change; then on a floating palace from Albany to New York. . . . New York City was a wonder to us. I supplied myself with everything new. Father took us to the Park Theatre. We heard Tyrone Power, who was afterwards lost on the ill-fated *President*.