

The train on which we were to travel to Toronto did not arrive promptly that morning, and consequently we were compelled to remain at this station about an hour. My son during this period kept a close watch on the market-basket containing the ruffed grouse, which he was very anxious to convey to his mother and sister, who were now stopping at the Queen's Hotel in Toronto, where we expected to arrive about eight o'clock that evening. The train finally arrived, and we promptly entered the cars, which were roughly constructed and primitive in their appearance. There were on the train at the time about twenty passengers. The greater number of them were pioneers from the backwoods, who had that morning left their log cabins for a day's recreation in travel over this newly-constructed railroad, the completion of which was expected to mark a new era of prosperity and happiness in their lives. Among this class of passengers there was one who was especially conspicuous. He was evidently a sturdy son of toil, and had spent several years in the backwoods, although a Scotchman by birth and education, who proclaimed his nativity by his brogue, features, and the dress that he wore.

The appearance of the man indicated that he had already passed threescore years or more. He carried with him on this occasion his bagpipes, and entertained us with his choicest music, while a happy smile lighted up his wrinkled face. He played on the old musical instrument with great energy, and scarcely halted for breath so long as two or three of the passengers seemed willing to give him audience. He manifested much anxiety, whenever the