

come out with them, and he must have been a very old man. For he had wielded his broad claymore at the battle of Culloden, in 1746, wearing the white cockade in a hopeless cause; and mother told us one thing about him that burnt itself into my young mind. In the wild impetuous onslaught of the Highland clans on that fateful day his right arm had got peppered black with gunpowder, and remained so for the rest of his life. This little historical fact clearly proves that a part at least of Prince Charles' army had fought at very close quarters to the enemy's firing line. She also said that in showing his arm to any one he would only remark that "it was a hot day when that was done,"—the brave old rustic hero.

*Early Home Life.*

My parents began their married life on Middle River, but moved in a few years to Baddeck River, and settled on a farm about three miles from the town of the same name. It was a poor enough place, all but the river front, which was excellent hay and pasture land, called *interval* there. But we did not depend entirely on the proceeds of the farm, as father was a carpenter, and worked at his trade part of the time. Besides, a little money went a long way there in those days. Except tea and tobacco no luxuries were thought of, and so much the better for us. We had good wholesome oatmeal porridge twice a day as a rule, for breakfast and a late supper before going to bed. I liked to scrape the pot best, in a corner by myself, and sitting on the floor, with the milk poured