

"douceeness." The brothers were clad in suits of blue homespun cloth, manufactured by a neighbouring customer-weaver, and they wore the flat, broad blue bonnet, now seldom seen on the heads of the country folk in Scotland. Lizzie, as became her mature years, wore a close cap or "mutch," of white muslin, and her dress was of dark coloured wincey, of stout and serviceable material, the homeliness of which was relieved by a white muslin kerchief worn round the neck and folded over the bosom. She had no pretensions to personal beauty, but she was a "trig, little bodie," and her cheery smile and "couthie" manner made up for her lack of personal attractions. Jamie, in make, costume and personal appearance, as well as in gait, so closely resembled the principal figure in Sir David Wilkie's well-known picture *The Rent Day*, (illustrative of the couplet in Burns' *Two Dogs*—

Puir tenant bodies scant o'cash,  
How they maun thole a factor's snash)—

that, as I well remember, when I first saw an engraving of this picture, I could not help fancying that the illustrious painter might, at some time or another, have penetrated to this quarter of Deeside, and seeing Jamie's venerable figure, have taken him for his model—reproducing on the canvas Jamie's douce features, his short skirted coat, knee-breeks and boot hose. William was good looking, his features being well formed and betokening the possession of a fair share of shrewdness and intelligence. His face was embellished by a *nez prononcé*, which he indulged with a moderate supply of the "titillating dust," administered by a "snuff-pen," a little implement used by snuff-takers in his canny and thrifty country.

My father and I were quartered in the new house already spoken of, but we had our meals with the trio in the old cottage, sharing the simple fare on which our friends subsisted throughout the year. In North America, where the table, even in a log-shanty, is loaded at every meal with a variety and abundance of good things, people would naturally wonder that well-to-do folk like our friends should have been contented with the homely fare on which they subsisted, and which they discussed with a relish an alderman might have envied. Butcher meat or fowls appeared on their board but once or twice throughout the year. Fish, except an occasional trout or salmon presented surreptitiously by a friendly poacher, they never tasted, while pies, pastry and pickles they knew only by name. At the time of my first visit to our friends, breakfast consisted of

The halesome parritch, chief o' Scotia's food,

eaten with milk; for dinner we had milk brose, or broth of barley and milk, and for supper, sowens with rich cream, the latter condiment appearing as a treat to the guests of the family. Skim-milk, cheese and fresh butter of rare flavour appeared on the table at every meal. The bread used was in the form adopted in the "land o' cakes;" but the material employed was rye-flour, slightly mixed with oat-meal, to qualify the peculiar flavour of the former grain, and I cannot say that, even with the appetite of a healthy juvenile, I relished it. This style of living, diversified by dishes of vegetables—principally potatoes, kail