

aside for each of them a case of the choicest Port wine in his well-stocked cellar, not to be opened until they had respectively attained the age of twenty-five years : but no such mark of approval heralded the first appearance of number seven—that was me—on this planet. Ah no ! I have been told that when brother William reached his majority, a company of invited guests came to his Island, all the way from Montreal, to do honour to the occasion and broach the case, but, alas ! to find that in the long lapse of time the old wine had lost alike its colour and flavour, and was as weak as water ! Whereat I was comforted.

While I write, visions rise up in my mind's eye of the beautifully coloured capacious china bowl that for many years was the chief ornament on the drawing-room chiffoniere. Had it but speech, many a strange tale it might tell. It had often graced the dining-room table, steaming with savoury punch—a decoction prepared with a variety of ingredients the making of which is now one of the lost arts. But, then ! Glasgow had the undisputed pre-eminence for brewing it—Jamaica rum, Port wine, lime juice, sugar, lemons, and nutmeg with toasted biscuits entered into its combination. In the early years of the last century, and within my own recollection, the punch-bowl was an indispensable article of house plenishings. In my father's time the punch-bowl was in evidence, at the dinner party of every 'well regulated family' ! Ten times at least it had served in his family as the baptismal font ! But in these degenerate days it has gone—disappeared for ever—*Requiescat in Pace !*

I have a distinct recollection of being taken by mother when I was six years old to Mr. Hardy's school in George Square, on the site now occupied by the magnificent municipal building of Glasgow. On her taking leave of me I naturally fell to weeping, but my tears subsided when the kind-hearted dominie patted me on the head and assured me that "I would be a man before my mother." My mother married again in 1831. The wedding took place at Largs, where we had been in the habit of going for our summer-quarters, and by a singular freak of fortune it fell to me, a boy of ten years, to figure as best man on that occasion. My