

to the refinements and luxuries of a city life, attractive by her charms, she forsook all to share my lot.

The privations, exposure and hardships of her forest home preyed upon her health, and as if to crown all our misfortune in the depth of a cold winter night, with two feet of snow mantling the earth, a blaze was discovered in the roof of the house, and in the space of one short hour all was swept as by a tornado, and our child of two years old was with difficulty snatched from the devouring flames. Did this even intimidate me? By no means. On the very spot where lay the ashes of my once happy home another was erected, of far more commodious and comfortable proportions, but for various reasons I abandoned it to cast my lot in a different sphere of life without a regret, for events have proved to me that I struck a wrong track when I took to farming, and I am reminded of a jocular remark made to me by my old friend, John Prince, who, when he first came to Canada in 1832, said, "my father kept a pack of hounds in England, but they soon ate him up." Now in comparing my lot to his there was but this difference, the hounds did not con-