

beautiful workmanship, but executed, I should think, with no very rigid considerations of economy or expense. An extensive embankment has been formed, to deepen a shallow lake, and the canal, from this point, will very soon be opened into Kingston Bay. The log-huts, &c. are government property, stamped with the broad arrow, and the inmates, I regretted to observe, stamped also with the sickly hue of an aguish district. We crossed the line of the canal, and returned to town by the south side of the bay. A little trait of American character, not perhaps unworthy of record, occurred as we jogged along. When passing a farm-yard, the ears of our guide were, for the first time in his life, saluted by the screech of a peacock. Listening with little patience to my description of the bird, he galloped off to find him, poking about in every description. The evening was fast closing in, and as we could not proceed without him, I sounded a loud note of recal. It was sounded, however, in vain; nothing would do, until he finally succeeded in finding the object of his search perched in full glory on a rail. Some high-minded folks will perhaps say, "Here was impertinence with a vengeance!" What? a fellow engaged for a time as your servant, absolutely presume to leave you in the lurch. Even so, and yet I must plead to be more amused than provoked by the resolute determination of Jonathan to satisfy a reasonable curiosity, though at the hazard of giving some offence to a temporary employer.

We recrossed the river by a wooden bridge, built by subscription, and the pontage upon which yields a good return; it is about one-third of a mile in extent. The fort, the navy-yard, &c. are situated upon a bold headland commanding the harbour. In a paddock adjoining the residence of the commodore, I observed a small herd of the native deer. They were in low condition, but appeared near akin to the red deer of Scotland. Willingly could I have lingered for some time in the neighbourhood of Kingston, but time was pressing, and only admitted of a steamboat excursion on Quente Bay. I started in the *Sir James Kempt* on the following morning, and passed several fine situations for villas in the vicinity of the town and upon the banks of the lake. Mr Haggerman, solicitor-general of Upper Canada, possesses one of great beauty, with the grounds sloping