

loss of the rabbit. But the more I sought to pacify him, the more boisterous he became, nor was it until the following morning, when sleep had in some degree cooled the fumes of passion, that he listened to reason—accepted my apologies (money he refused,) and finally forgave the erring Hector.

But Hector, although but too often guilty, was once unjustly accused, and experienced all that obloquy which attaches to a dog that has the misfortune to have a bad name. Colonel Prince, who, I have already remarked, is a great amateur of field sports, and loves, moreover, to people his grounds with such birds and beasts as can be domesticated—the stately and graceful wild turkey being of the former—had a number of very fine rabbits, which were, however, nightly destroyed by an animal that was cunning enough to delay his nocturnal visits until the family had all retired to rest. On one occasion the Colonel was awakened by the noise made by the intruder into the warren, and rising and seizing his gun, beheld a large white dog slowly retiring. He might have easily shot him, but believing him to be my dog, and knowing how much I valued him* he had the generosity to refrain, and satisfied himself with calling the next day, denouncing the delinquent, and requesting that he might be kept tied up at night. It was in vain that he was told that it was perfectly impossible Hector could have been the destroyer of the rabbits, as he always slept in my own room, and never left it until I rose to dress in the morning. The Colonel could not be convinced. He had particularly remarked the dog, which was a large one with black spots on a white ground, and knew of no other in the neighbourhood which resembled him. Some time elapsed. The rabbits still disappeared, and the Colonel watched more closely. At length he beheld the intruder again, but a doubt having crossed his mind as to his identity, he examined more attentively, and found that the animal was smaller than my dog, and of a different figure. A hasty glance, in the deceptive moonlight, had led to his former error; and now all scruple being removed, he either shot him himself, or desired one of his people to do so. The dog belonged to an individual residing in what is called the Irish Settlement, some distance in the rear of the Park Farm, and used to travel thus far to enjoy the delicacy of a rabbit. I was not sorry to find that the gallant Colonel had had an opportunity of fully undeceiving himself, for Hector had too often accompanied me, when partaking, after a hard day's sporting, of the excellent "home brewed" that was liberally tendered, not to suffer all the deserved odium of deep ingratitude, in thus repaying the hospitality extended to his master in the parlour, and to himself in the kitchen.

Such was Hector, and his companion the colt was no less a character in her way. On our arrival at Toronto, the little creature, which had commenced its journey at a month old, and had now traversed three hundred miles of road, not only drank water, but ate its oats, with the same eagerness with its older and more practised companions. It was curious enough, that whenever the ostler appeared with a measure in his hand, to hear her whinnying and scraping the floor of the stable with the utmost impatience until her portion had been given. This addiction to water and oats, even while sucking the mother, was considered so singular that they even who were the most conversant with the habits of horses, expressed the utmost astonishment on witnessing the fact. It being the period of the races, and the stable where I had put up the ponies being owned by the proprietor of several racers, there was of course a constant influx of men into it of men connected with the turf, and my little steeds were naturally to them, from the scarcity of the breed in Upper Canada, a subject of some interest. Without a single exception, all who I heard remarking on the circumstance, admitted they had never known or heard of an instance of a colt of that tender age even touching oats, much less devouring them in the impatient manner they had witnessed. It was confidently predicted, however, that not only the growth of the animal would be checked thereby, but that she would lose her hoofs. Neither the one nor the other evil, however, resulted. Indeed, but for the taste it had acquired for hard food, the colt never could have performed the journey. On reaching our final destination, it was just two months old, and had travelled upwards of five hundred miles of ground, the journaies being from five-and-twenty to forty miles a day.

An amusing occurrence took place at a later period, when, on leaving Toronto and approaching Kingston, we came within sight of the village of Napanee, on the River Trent. We had stopped about a mile from this, for the purpose of dining as usual under the shade of a tall tree, and were already engaged in our meal, when a person came up driving a team of broken-kneed horses that had counted more summers than they could ever hope to see again. He stopped his waggon near my own own, and then advancing to the ponies, which were feeding at some little distance, began to examine them with an air of much interest and curiosity. At length, when he had completed his inspection, he drew near to me, and throwing the handle of his whip across his arm, and squirting his tobacco juice some yards, not exactly in front of him, but rather on one side, commenced in a drawling voice, which at once betokened him to be, if not exactly a Yankee, of Yankee extraction, to question me as follows:—

"Well, now, Mister, them is nice little horses of yours. I should'nt care much to swop mine agin em, if you'd give me something to boot."

"I guess you would'nt have much objection," I replied, "but I have no great desire to swop with you."

"Well, I guess," he resumed, "my horses would suit your purpose better. They'd draw your wan better."

"That may be," I returned, "but I have no great fancy to deprive you of such serviceable animals. I am quite contented with these."

"You may say they are good uns," he pursued, "I guess that white un is a buster. But still I don't care if I swop, because I want them ere little critters."

"Do you indeed: I guess though I like them too, and once for all, we don't swop, so there's an end of the matter."

"Ah! they're part of the show, I suppose," said the fellow, squirting his fragrant tobacco juice once more. "May I be so bold as to ask what you have got in that wan," and he turned and nodded his head towards it.

"All kinds of strange animals," I returned, "and that colt and dog you see there are the principal performers. They can play all sorts of tricks."

"Indeed," exclaimed the man, arching his eyebrows, "so I guessed."

"Now, I'll tell you what it is, my good friend, I think you can render me a service if you will do it. Are you going into the village?"

"I guess I am," he replied, "that is my hum" (home).

"Then will you, as you go along, apprise the people that there is a show coming into the village, and that it will stop at the tavern near the bridge. I should like to have a good audience, and you might help a poor fellow to make some money. If you do, you shall have a free admission for yourself and sweetheart, if you have one."

The yahoo seemed delighted, and promising, as he once more repaired to his team, to let the whole village know what was coming after him, flourished his whip, and succeeded in getting his unladen steeds into a jog trot.

In the course of an hour we had dined, and followed him into the village, and from the anxious and curious faces we beheld staring at us as we passed, from almost every door-way, it was easy to perceive that our arrival had been heralded by our acute Yankee friend. We, however, deemed it prudent, with a view of avoiding importunity and annoyance, not to stop in Napanee as we had originally intended, but to pass on to the first respectable-looking inn we should find, some eight or ten miles further on, thus disappointing the good people of the village of their anticipated treat. What had greatly tended to the belief that my waggon was provided with the indispensables of a show, was the circumstance of the annual migratory circus, which comes from the United States, and traverses almost the whole of the Upper Province, taking vast sums of money out of the country, having preceded me only a day or two. It was doubtless supposed that I was either a sort of "camp-follower," and entrusted with the exhibition of the least important of the "hanimals," or going business on my own "hook," as an humble satellite of the great caravan.

In the early part of July we reached Brockville, the place of our future residence, and I confess I felt more like a man going to be hanged, than one about to enter on the possession of a property which, however incomplete in many respects, had at least the much coveted advantage of privacy and quiet. My life, however had ever been so completely one of excitement, and I had been so much in the habit of roaming unfettered about the world, that the idea of burying my self in this secluded spot, to which I felt myself tied down by the act of purchase, had in it something appalling, and I can safely say that, during upwards of two years of my residence on it, I never was a single day utterly free from a vague and indefinable lowness of spirits which, I am convinced, arose from my painful sense of the imprisonment I had doomed myself to undergo. It was however vain to repine, and since I could not recal the excessive and inconsiderate folly which had led to my purchase of the property, I even resolved to make the most of circumstances, and bury myself alive.

Contrary to the promises made to me by the person from whom I bought it, and the declaration of my very dear friend Colonel —, that he would take great care to see everything was properly arranged before my return, (and this I had stated would be about the present period,) not one of the several alterations, which it had been agreed should be made during my absence, had been attended to. Not, however, that those portions of the soil which were susceptible of bearing fruit, and which constituted about five acres out of the fourteen, had been left untilled. On one side appeared a large patch of oats, nearly ready for the sickle; and on the other, an equal proportion of oats and field-peas, in the same state of forwardness. Between this, in the true Yankee taste of the planter, were to be seen, interspersed with carrots, onions, turnips, parsnips, beets, cucumbers, and melons, a host of pumpkins and squashes, sufficient to feed half the beasts in the country. It really was a curiosity to behold this melange

[TO BE CONTINUED IN OUR NEXT.]

*I had given ten pounds currency for him in Quebec.