

a few pairs of rabbits; and so enormous has been the increase, that over a space of some two or three hundred square miles rabbits abound; and of that large area, scarcely one-thirtieth part is in the hands of the proprietary: it is farmed by tenants who pay large rents. To whom belong the millions of rabbits by which it is infested, and who gobble up yearly many hundred pounds worth of the produce? To the proprietor who originally turned them loose? Alas! no: the two or three pair,—the progenitors of the whole,—that, so long as they were in his possession, were assuredly his, would have scarce brought him half-a-crown in the market: besides, he has long since sold his little property, and left that part of the kingdom. His claim would be exactly that of the Italian boy, who, having turned loose his two tame mice in a granary, came back some twenty years after, and found their descendants twenty millions strong. Do they belong, then, to the proprietors of the district in general? On what plea? They were not theirs originally: they have been supported, not on their produce, but on that of their tenants. The non-farming, non-resident proprietors, have not a particle of property in them: they are simply a certain amount of the grass, corn, and turnips of the farmers and farming proprietors, converted into animal food, and running about on all fours. They are mischievous vermin when alive, which no one ought to be prevented from destroying, and which the farmer has a positive right to destroy; and, when dead, they ought surely, just like the fur-bearing animals of Siberia or Hudson's Bay, to be the property of the man who has taken the trouble of killing them. All quite right, says the game-preserved. You are, however, rather unfortunate in your illustration: rabbits are not game. We are quite aware of that fact, we reply, and might have chosen what you would have deemed a better illustration. In Pomona, twenty years ago, there were no hares. A young man, the son of a proprietor, procured a very