

country, he tells you to "go to Halifax," thus, showing conclusively to my mind that it is the next most wicked place on record. There are a few insignificant places in the vicinity of Halifax which I did not feel disposed to visit, as the passes are not well guarded, and I might at any moment be devoured by the wild beasts, or captured and eaten alive by the ubiquitous savages. One of these is called New Brunswick, a farm once owned by the Duke of Brunswick, which many of the German *Adelstand*, (nobility,) visited to feast upon the garlic and onions, the sausages and saur-kraut, that grew thereon. Those people seldom returned to Germany, but remained in the colony, and followed the profession of *Lager-bier* vendors and Tobacconists, having, of course, by the act of immigration from the Fatherland lost cast, and fallen from their high estate as Europeans to the degraded level of colonists. Prince Edward Island is where Edward the Martyr took refuge when he fled from the fury of his mother-in-law, on the occasion of his wanting to join the Mormons, and distribute himself amongst an indefinite number of other wives, and he remained for several years on that secluded rock, till his Nemesis died. I do not know the exact circumstances connected with that little family unpleasantness, but it is fully set forth in Miss Claffin's admirable work on "How to Procure a Husband, and How to Manage Him."

For the foregoing valuable facts I am indebted to my esteemed friend, Captain Cuttlefin, some of which may appear extravagant and partially overdrawn, but they are, nevertheless, strictly true, because the Captain, being a Scotsman of cultivated tastes, as already mentioned, is the soul of intelligence, integrity and honour. As travellers have, in a great measure, to rely upon what they are told, it is fortunate when such a trustworthy man places himself at their service to give useful and correct information. I am free to admit that if Captain Cuttlefin were not a Briton born, (and consequently of cultivated tastes,) and free from flights of fancy and erratic idiosyncrasies, I should be disposed to receive many of his facts with some degree of reserve, but, knowing him to be of such sterling worth, I have no alternative but to believe implicitly everything he has told me. In all my travels through this wretched colony I have invariably sought and obtained all my facts from gentlemen who have been but a short time in the country, for I could not feel justified in accepting as true any statements made by mere colonists, as they are so prone to exaggeration, and have not a true appreciation of the elements that surround them. I grieve to say that natives of the British Isles, France, Germany, &c., after they have been in the colony for a few years, and in daily contact with the *olla podrida* that make up the aggregate of those miserable colonists, become contaminated and degenerate, their judgment becomes warped and biassed; their attachment to their native land is transferred to their adopted