

time, when we got to the gut of Cancer we were stopped by the ice. So we put into Cape Breton. The poor there are mostly in a miserable condition, living in wretched hovels and having scarcely a rag to cover them. They obtain their living chiefly by fishing in the summer. The girls live in idleness, having nothing to do, and I think that in some parts of the cape the people do not hear a sermon from one year's end to the other, but are allowed to remain in ignorance. In some parts of the cape some are doing well. Sidney, which is the capital, is a fine town, where the people are more instructed.

From Cape Breton we went through the Gut, and sailed across the bay towards Prince Edward's island, when we got amongst the ice and could not extricate ourselves for two or three days: the ice chafed our vessel's bows through and jammed her sides, but we got her to Prince Edward's island, where she was condemned. We stayed in the island trying to get a passage home, but could not. The island is two hundred and fifty miles in length, and sixty in breadth; it is the best island in British North America, and has the finest land. There are English, Irish, and Scotch settlers. I travelled over nearly two hundred miles of that island.

On or about the sixth I went to George town, a new settlement on the island. There are settlers almost all along the road. They have some very fine farms, and provisions are cheaper here than in any other place that ever I was in. The people are very civil and pleasant. It is certainly the garden of British North