

clothed in coats of mail made of the indigenous birch bark. Many sanguinary conflicts have taken place between the people and those formidable *phocidæ*. Sometimes young seals are caught and domesticated, and when tamed they are trained to do the work of horses and oxen, such as drawing home fuel for winter use, and fish for the trading vessels. Under the saddle they make excellent hunters, chasing the swift-footed mud-turtle over hill and dale, and all manner of inaccessible places for hours together. It is a common thing to see a gay equipage in St. John's only thoroughfare, drawn by a pair of iron-grey seals going at a break-neck pace. But they are very treacherous in their nature, kick badly, and need to be handled with great care and caution.

In the face of such perils, as pointed out by my esteemed friend, I did not deem it prudent to leave the steamer at the Banks. Captain Cuttlefin is a Highlander of cultivated tastes, (although his Gaelic name is beyond the orthoepy of any Englishman,) whose sterling integrity and urbanity of manners I have great pleasure in bearing witness to; and I do so more willingly because he is not one of those mere Colonists, who have not had the enviable distinction of having been born in Europe, but yet with characteristic presumption would make us, enlightened people, believe that they are just as good as we are. But, thanks to our superior intelligence and noble heritage, we have to be a long time degenerating under their climatic influences, before we can descend so low in our own unprejudiced estimation as to recognize colonists as our equals. And this fact we never try or wish to hide; on the contrary, we never let an opportunity pass without impressing upon the minds of those upstart colonists that they, and everything they possess, from the sun that so persistently and continuously scorches them to the atmosphere around them—which is as thin as Scotch brose—are inferior in every sense, socially, morally and physically, to anything and everything we have in the land of our birth. But they are so superlatively stupid that they cannot understand that the humblest individual amongst us towers in every noble attribute far above the best blood in the colonies. Nature never makes a mistake. This may appear at first sight somewhat paradoxical, because colonists are immigrants only who left the different countries of Europe to settle in the colonies, and consequently are descended from the same stock as we are. But it must be borne in mind that as soon as a person leaves Europe with the intention of making his home in the colonies, that moment he becomes degenerate, and steps down from the level of those he left behind him, despised and branded forever as a mere colonist, and no series of metempsychosis can ever replace him on the pinnacle from which he fell.

As I have already intimated, I did not visit St. John's, but the Captain described several of the traits of character of the people