

ble *bon bouche* is roast missionary on toast. Several efforts have been made with stimulative agencies to civilize them, but with no appreciable result, and they are still very numerous. They live in caves in the great Banks that communicate with each other by subterranean passages, and when an unfortunate traveller comes in their way, they seize and drag him to an immense cavern, which is their place of rendezvous on great occasions, and where their festivities are held. The savages do not know the use of fire, and of course the usual process of cooking is dispensed with, so that the feast is partaken of in a very crude state, but the Captain was not aware whether any cases of *trichina spiralis* had ever resulted from eating raw missionary, yet the practice is one not to be recommended for fear of evil consequences, and I had no fancy for being accessory to any such results, nor did I appreciate such a form of welcoming a stranger in a strange land, and preferred not to make the acquaintance of so *captivating* a people. The walls of those caves are studded with diamonds, and as the eyes of the natives are luminous in the dark, the light thus reflected makes a brilliancy equal to Edison's best electric achievement, and at a much cheaper rate.

Another reason the Captain gave me was, that Newfoundland being an island, (which I was much surprised to hear,) the ice on the channel between St. John's and Halifax might not be sufficiently strong to bear me up, as the countless numbers of seals frequenting that strait make the ice porous with their breath, and unsafe to venture upon. Those voracious animals have such "predatory instincts" (acquired, no doubt, from their cogenors in North Britain,) especially in the winter season when laying up stores for future use—that they capture every living creature that comes within their reach, and convey it to their burrows in the ice, so that it is dangerous in the extreme to attempt crossing in the midst of such desperate beasts. A sense of danger, however, would not have deterred me from making the attempt, were it not that my mission was of too important a character to be imperilled by any rash act, and I am happy to say that whenever I suspect the presence of danger I am governed by the dictates of prudence and pursue the path of safety. I have ever been ready and willing to sacrifice my life, if need be, in the cause of science and philanthropy, but feeling convinced that science and philanthropy would suffer irreparably by the sacrifice, I have acted on the suggestion of prudence to postpone self immolation until that period arrives, as it must, when my sphere of usefulness will have become so circumscribed, that the people of Europe will not so seriously feel the loss as they would have done up to the present time. This is a digression, however. When the Colonists find it necessary to cross this dangerous strait, they go in large bodies for mutual protection, well armed with tomahawks and scalping-knives, and