

emigrants. I should decidedly prefer them to any other place, and I wanted to get back to them, but I could not meet with a conveyance, and it was too great a distance to travel on foot.

As I could not return to the States, I shipped for Hull in Yorkshire, with the intention of going back to the United States of America. On the second of July last, I left Chatham in Miramichi, in the province of New Brunswick, British North America, after traveling for full three years, both in some of the uncivilized and the civilized parts of South and North America, and in the principal places lying between the Isthmus of Darien to the borders of Newfoundland. I arrived at Hull on the thirtieth of August, and came from Hull to London, where I found three of the people that went out to the unfortunate place spoken of in the early part of the narrative. I related the affair to the Lord Mayor of London; the Aldermen said they knew that great deception had been practised in relation to emigration, and that the British government was about to look into the affair for the future. I arrived at Ipswich on the twenty-third of October, 1839.

As soon as I reached home, I felt it my duty to show to the public the state of the intended settlement, and how much we were imposed on by going to a country that we knew nothing about, and had never heard of, except by the flattering statements that were given us by a company of speculators. Accordingly I have given a detail of our sufferings, lest others should be ensnared in the same manner, and share a fate similar to that of my fellow adventurers.