

vation and research. After much study and enquiry, I obtained a vague idea of where this *terra incognita* was to be found, and how to reach it. My information was not very definite, but I learnt that my objective point was in the direction of the setting sun, beyond the sea, and to be reached by a steamer sailing from Liverpool. I immediately made preparations for my sojourn through the inhospitable regions to which I was for a time to be banished, by providing a stock of writing materials, matches, cigars, homœopathic medicines, essence of coffee, extract of beef, concentrated milk, corn plasters, postage stamps, bath-tub, hat-box, and various other articles necessary to my comfort, not to be obtained in the wilderness. Fortunately I secured a passage in the steamer *Afghanistan*, of which my honoured and veracious friend, Captain Cuttlefin was master, and to whose inexhaustible fund of accurate information I am indebted for many of the Facts that are recorded in these pages.

I brought with me some guide-books and the latest papers, from which I gained some knowledge of the geography of the colony and of the character of its people, as well as of a few of the latest events that had taken place there, so that I was enabled to form some sort of a programme for my guidance. It was my intention to have left the steamer at the Banks of Newfoundland and walk into Toronto *incognita*, so that I would not be overwhelmed and bored with laudations and addresses by the stupid colonists, who flock to see persons of distinction, such as Lord Dufferin, the Princess Louise and myself, (and when Dufferin and the Princess suffered so severely, it would have been infinitely worse for me if it were known that I was a member of so eminent a Society as the S. P. C. I.,) and again, not being a good sailor, and tired with calls for contributions from the inexorable Neptune, I did not like to be tossed about upon the restless waves of the Atlantic longer than I could help; and, as might have been expected, I found that the farther those waves receded from the benign influence of my dear old home, the more turbulent and desperate they became. But the genial and whole-souled Captain Cuttlefin prevailed upon me to abandon my intention of landing at the Banks, and I stepped ashore at a place called Halifax instead. I yielded more willingly because he gave many cogent reasons to dissuade me from following the plan I had first laid down, and as he could give every information about anything I might wish to know, I confidently submitted myself to his guidance and instruction.

The Banks of Newfoundland, he informed me, are steep and lofty, and so slippery in winter that it is all but impossible to climb them, being covered with snow and ice, and if I made the attempt it might seriously interfere with my prospects of success. The aborigines of Newfoundland are cannibals of the most ferocious type, worse, if possible, than those of Tasmania, whose most desira-