

summer appearance conveys the idea of barrenness, their winter appearance must be dreadful in this region of almost everlasting frost and snow. This unfruitful country is rightly named *New Scotland*. Barren and unfruitful as old Scotland is, our *Nova Scotia* is worse. If Churchill were alive, what might he not say of this rude and unfinished part of creation, that glories in the name of New Scotland? The picture would here be complete if it were set off with here and there a meagre, and dried up highlander, without shoes, stockings or breeches, with a ragged plaid, a little blue flat bonnet, sitting on a bleak rock playing a bag-pipe, and singing the glories of a country that never was conquered! To finish the picture, you have to imagine a dozen more ragged raw boned Scotchmen, sitting on the bare rocks around the piper, knitting stockings to send to England and America, where they can afford to wear them. Such is *Scotia* old and new, whose sons are remarkable for their inveterate hatred of the Americans, as we shall see in the course of this narrative.

As to the inside of the prison at Melville Island, if the American reader expects to hear it represented as a place resembling the large prisons for criminals in the United States, such as those at Boston, Charlestown, New York, or Philadelphia, he will be sadly disappointed. Some of these prisons are as clean, and nearly as comfortable, as some of the monasteries and convents in Europe. Our new prisons in the United States reflect great honour on the nation. They speak loudly that we are a considerate and humane people; whereas the prison at Halifax, erected solely for the safe keeping of prisoners of war, resembles an horse stable, with stalls, or stanchions, for separating the cattle from each other. It is to a contrivance of this sort that they attach the cords that support those canvass bags, or cradles, called hammocks. Four tier of these hanging nests were made to swing one above another, between these stalls or stanchions. To those unused to these lofty sleeping-births, they were rather unpleasant situations for repose. But use makes every thing easy.

The first time I was shut up for the night, in this prison, it distressed me too much to close my eyes. Its closeness and smell were, in a degree, disagreeable, but this was