the tenth day we reached Cape Race, Newfoundland, on which there is a signal station and lighthouse; a few miles further on we were in the midst of the celebrated

NEWFOUNDLAND FISHERIES,

hundreds of vessels on every hand being engaged in the business, nearly all two-masted schooners; those that we saw were principally French, from the French colony of St. Pierie, the men receive a bounty of six shillings for every quintal (equal to a hundredweight) they take; they had the appearance of being fine healthy robust men and need be, for their work is weary and laborious. There are a great many whales in the gulf of St. Lawrence, and it was amusing to see them blowing columns of water into the air every time they came to the surface; I was surprised they did not upset some of the tiny boats in which the fishermen rowed about, but I suppose they are inoffensive if let alone. Our ship stood in towards the coast of Newfoundland, to a little place called Porte Basque, the captain desiring to send a telegram to Quebec to announce our arrival; as we sailed up the gulf we passed several rocks, the homes of thousands of sea birds. Cape Rozier on the

CANADIAN MAIN LAND

came in view, and shortly after we saw signs of settlements; little wooden houses built in the clefts of the rocks and ravines, the homes of the French fishermen. In the evening the captain gave permission to passengers to remain up to see the pilot come on board, about one in the morning, at a place called Father-Point. This was really an exciting event; the vessel lay to, and a gun fired as a signal, the steam whistle was sounded, and a shower of rockets were discharged to enable the pilot to know where we were, the night being very dark. At last he arrived, bringing a bundle of papers, which was a most acceptable present; next morning we woke up to find ourselves fairly in the

RIVER ST. LAWRENCE,

the beautiful island of Orleans on our right, and a fine