

torial current to the south, consequently as we have very little intermingling of warm water with our gelid sea, we have little or no fog. But in summer the water is not so cold; the Gulf stream pushes its warm current over the Banks, throws a supply to the south and south west of the island towards St. Mary's, Placentia and Fortune Bay and Burgeo, and the harbours on the Southern Shore by Rameo. St Peter's banks, and all the shallow seas about begin to send off steam. The Bay of Fundy is clouded, the steamers are frequently a day waiting to grope their way into Halifax harbour, and the dense fog, as far north as St. John's, is seen like a great wall at sea, though in general it does not penetrate far inland, as the people say, "the shore eats up the fog." The Gulf stream then has to answer for the fogs of Newfoundland as well as for the humidity of Ireland, and though it does not bathe our shores, still a large portion of heat is thrown off by it which accounts for the mildness of our climate in comparison with that of the neighbouring continent. We never have the thermometer down to zero unless once or twice a year, and then only for a few hours, and for a few degrees, three or four perhaps ten, while we hear of the temperature of ten and twenty below zero in Canada and Newbrunswick, and this life-destroying cold continuing for days, perhaps weeks. Then see another effect of this—the Canadian and other North Americans of the same latitude are obliged to keep up hot stoves continually almost in their houses, while we have open fire places, or at most Franklins; our children, I may say, as lightly clad as in summer, spend a large portion of their time in the open air; and thus while our neighbours have the sallow hue of confinement tinging their cheeks, and their children look comparatively pale and delicate, our youngsters are blooming with the rosy hue of health, developing their energies by air and exercise, and preparing themselves for the battle of life hereafter, either as hardy mariners or healthy matrons—the blooming mothers of a powerful race. Thus the Gulf stream, which clouds our skies, paints the cheek, invigorates the population, pours out to us in its return from the northern basin, the arctic current, which enriches our seas with fish, and enables us to furnish this luxurious and necessary article of food to the languid intertropical nations, for no food is so wholesome or so agreeable to the inhabitants of warm countries, whose diet is mostly vegetable, as the dried codfish of Newfoundland. I may remark, that by the climate table furnished me by Mr. Delany, I find that the highest temperature was