

a general Atlas of the world, gives a very imperfect map of Newfoundland, and a short description of the people. They, he says, are barbarous and savage, eat large quantities of fish called bucalbaz, or cod fish, raw meat, and even human flesh, (which is false, for they were never known to be cannibals) and they adore the sun, the stars, or anything that strikes their fancy. We see that there was a very erroneous opinion entertained of the Beoths at the time; the arts of civilization were never tried on them, they were a fierce people and resented the intrusion of the English on their salmon fisheries, and of the Micmac Indians on their hunting grounds. Their bows and arrows were of match enough for the muskets of the white man and the Indian, and the government, too late, were aroused to the iniquity of leaving this interesting people to the cruelty of the Micmacs and of the whites, more cruel than the savage. The entire race, with the exception of a few individuals, has perished, and no trace of them is now to be found in Newfoundland, unless their graves and the mouldering remains of their huts and their deer fences. I have made every enquiry I possibly could among our own people, and Indians employed by the government to look out for them. Their haunts have been explored, but their graves alone remain, their fires are extinguished for ever, and their fate is a disgrace to the government of those days who took no steps for their civilization or preservation. I have some slight reason to think that a remnant of these people remains in the interior of Labrador—a person told me there some time ago that a party of mountaineer Indians saw at some distance (about 50 miles from the sea coast) a party of strange Indians, clothed in long robes or cassocks of skin, who fled from them; they lost sight of them in a little time, but on coming up to their tracks they were surprised to see the length of their strides, which showed them to be men of a large race, and neither Micmac, Mountaineer, nor Esquimaux. I believe that these were the remnants of the Beothic nation, and as they never saw either a white or red man but as enemies, it is not to be wondered at that they fled; such is the only trace I could find of the Beoths. We may wonder why England, after such a valuable discovery did not avail herself of the acquisition; but soon after Henry VIII. commenced the Reformation, as it is called, squandered the treasures left by his parsimonious father Henry 7th—who magnificently rewarded Cabot with the sum of £10 for discovering the *New Island*, which, about this time, got the name of Newfoundland, a name so ridiculous in itself that nothing but the sanction of ages can reconcile us to it. No gold was discovered, and silver mines poured their treasures into the exhausted coffers

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