

Among the many evidences I could adduce, in proof of the assertions of the moral state of our outport population, I shall refer to the subject of freight. *The merchants of this Colony are paying away to strangers the sum of £30,000 a year for freights.* And what are all our sea-born boys doing? Are they so busily engaged with the fisheries that they cannot render any service to the merchants on the sea? Alas! Their time is not half employed. They complain of failing fisheries. They murmur against the merchants and the government, saying, "We have no employment." And yet we have the greatest difficulty in engaging them for the foreign service. In how many instances are they lounging on the beach, or hauling sticks to boil the kettle, or walking to the Government meal depot for provisions, or sleeping, or smoking in their punts, while enterprising strangers and foreigners are running away with £30,000 a year for freight.

This is a fact for the fishermen to consider. Shall they continue to spend half their year in idleness, misery and want, when by a little exertion and self-denial, they might pour the comforts and blessings of good wages into their families? Where lies the root of this evil? In the home of the fisherman. A man is what his mother makes him. From her he receives great principles or great prejudices. She will not hear him mention the fact of his taking a voyage to any foreign port. In hundreds of instances, the Newfoundland mother has never been a mile beyond her own hut, except berry-picking or stick-gathering. Her prejudices are, therefore, in general as strong, as her ignorance of the world is great. The love of home, a fine element of our common humanity, degenerates into weakness and a fault under the present deplorable condition of the country. The Newfoundland wife and mother would prefer their husbands and sons to tarry at home, half fed, half clothed, and reduced to extreme destitution, to parting with them for nine months in the year and receive good wages. There is always a good deal of sobbing and crying when Jack goes to the ice or Labrador; but to hear of him going to the Mediterranean, or the West Indies, is to alarm them. Better he should catch the Cholera, or that the Russians should nab him! This antipathy to "life on the ocean" meets with sympathy, when manifested among the mothers of agricultural peasantry; but in the Newfoundlander, under present circumstances, it is inexcusable. It is a question of good policy how to deal with it, remove it as far as possible, and turn the stream of £30,000 a year into our own resources of profit.