

out to Cape St. Mary or Cape Pine in their half-decked boats. All the while I was in St. Mary's, there was a thin blue haze overhead, partially obscuring the sun: there was no smell of smoke, but it was said to proceed from a great fire in the woods on the other side of the bay. Father D. invited me to tea with him one evening, and took me over the farm he was trying to establish round his house. The country around slopes gently from the interior to the water, the land rising only to a moderate height of about 200 feet: the subsoil generally consists of gravel, and it is altogether better adapted for agriculture than the neighbourhood of St. John's. In two years Father D. has cleared and reduced to a tolerable state of cultivation a considerable space of ground, probably twenty acres, and he intends to grow oats, barley, and turnips. He has several cows, horses, pigs, and sheep, all very fine of their kind. His sheep were certainly the fattest and best-looking, and had the most wool of any I had seen in the country. It was now shearing time, and the wool appeared very fine, and was used by my entertainer for his own dress, such as stockings, &c.