

*rollar* to denote working on a ship preparatory to sailing either for seal or cod fishing. A curious one of which I can get no explanation is *she'd lick her cuff*, that is, submit to any humiliation, to be let go to a dance or secure what object she has in view. But one of the most amusing uses of a word is that of *miserable* simply as intensive. Thus a person will speak of a *miserable fine day*. Occasionally there is something poetic in their expressions, as when the land is described as just *mourning for manure*.

In these two papers I am far from having exhausted the subject, but I believe that they will be sufficient to show that in the peculiarities of Newfoundland speech we have an interesting field of inquiry. Here is a people living in a secluded position, but retaining words and forms of speech brought by their fathers from England, which elsewhere have passed away entirely, or are preserved only as provincialisms in some limited districts. In this quarter the study of these has been neglected hitherto. Persons laying claim to education have regarded them simply as vulgarisms, and have expressed some surprise that I should have deemed them worthy of thoughtful investigation. They could scarcely conceive that the rude speech of unlettered fishermen was really part of the language of Shakespeare, Milton and Chaucer. What I have done will, I trust, stimulate further enquiry, and that without delay. Education and intercourse with people of other lands will soon modify if not entirely wear away these peculiarities. It is to be hoped, therefore, that while the opportunity lasts there will be found among those having intercourse with them, persons to prosecute the inquiry farther, and to seek to gather the fullest information on a subject interesting in itself, but especially so as bearing on the past of our English mother-tongue.