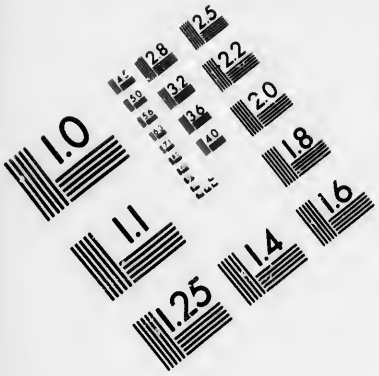

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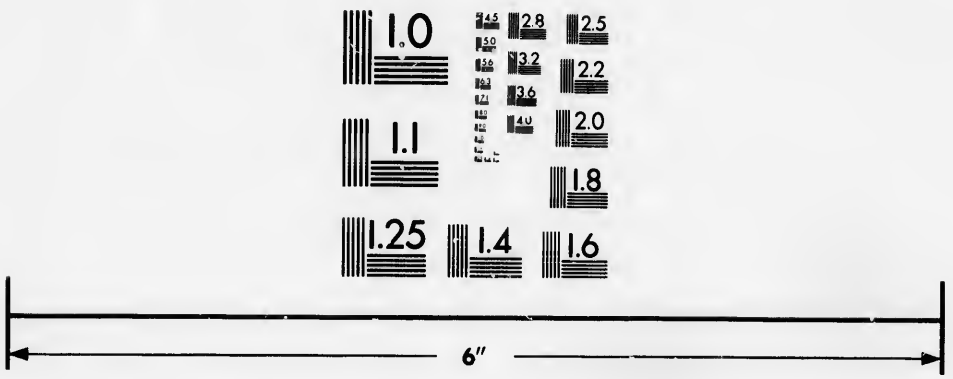

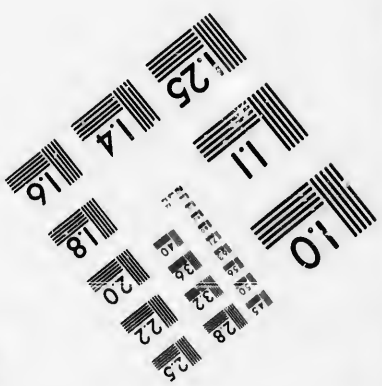

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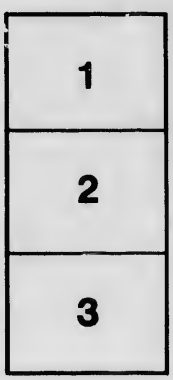

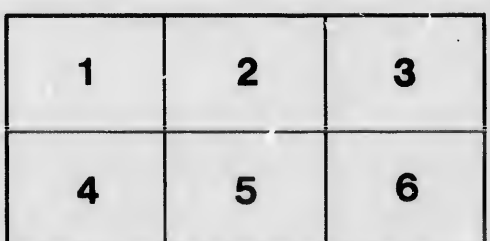

TWO LECTURES

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DELIVERED AT

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JANUARY 25, AND FEBRUARY 1, 1860,

BY

THE RIGHT REV. DR. MULLOCK.

New York:
N MULLALY, OFFICE OF THE METROPOLITAN RECORD,
No. 419 BROADWAY.
1860.

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FIRST LECTURE.

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN,—The subject on which I have the honor of addressing you this evening is one of particular interest to us—it is the land we live in, Newfoundland, the native or adopted country of all here present. Of all the feelings implanted in the heart of man, next to religion, there is none so strong as patriotism: the *dulce et decorum est pro patria mori* (it is sweet and honorable to die for one's country), is not alone the expression of the pagan moralist, it is the universal feeling of all people in ancient and modern times: nay, more; we know that our Divine Redeemer himself, when foretelling the destruction of the capital of his people, Jerusalem, pointing out from the summit of Mount Olivet the glories of the Temple, the golden vine, his own image sparkling in the setting sun, the lofty towers of the city of David, the massive walls which for so long a period resisted all the efforts of the Roman power, wept over it, and lamented that the crimes of its inhabitants should have provoked the Divine Justice not to leave one stone on another. It is, then, to encourage this sacred feeling of patriotism among the youth I now see around me, that I have been induced to take the subject of Newfoundland in this and the following lecture as most calculated to foster it. It is a great and noble country, a

country of untold wealth, of wonderful and unknown resources, and the few people who now fringe its shore (for 130,000 inhabitants are but the germ of a future population of millions), sprung from the most energetic nations of modern times, English, Irish, and Scotch, possessing in themselves and intermingling the poetic and fiery imagination of the Celt, the steadiness and perseverance of the Saxon, and the enterprise and coolness of the North Britons, are destined to be the founders of a race which, I believe, will fill an important place hereafter among the hundreds of millions who will inhabit the western hemispheres in a few ages. I will, in this lecture, rather confine myself to the past of Newfoundland, reserving for another occasion the description in detail of the country and its future prospects. Every country inhabited by man has more or less a history—the more anciently civilized empires, the Assyrian, the Grecian, the Roman, have left after them imperishable records of their greatness. The last of the empires, however, the Roman, is the mother of all civilization and polity. Rome moulded all the nations of the West and the civilized people of the East, into a great empire, and from its fragments the modern nations, re-enforced by the barbaric energy of the northern tribes, have sprung. In the fourteenth, fifteenth, and sixteenth centuries, the people of Southern Europe, the Spaniards, Portuguese, and Italians, were not only the most advanced in material and mental progress, in literature, arts, and arms, but also the most enterprising, the most commercial, and the most adventurous of all other nations. In 1492, Columbus, the great Genoese navigator, after hearing Mass, and, together with his crew, receiving the Holy

Communion, in the Franciscan Church of N. S. la Bella, in Palos in Andalusia, from the hands of his friend and patron, Fr. John Peres, the guardian of the convent, unfurled the golden banner of Spain, crossed the wide waste of waters, and gave a new world to Castile and Leon. Only five years after, in 1497, Cabot, another Italian, a Venetian, discovered Newfoundland. Although these two great men are always called the discoverers of America, still it is certain that at least the northern parts of it had been visited, and perhaps partially settled by the Northmen of the Middle Ages. There always existed a dim tradition that the western shores of Europe were not the boundaries of the world. The legend of St. Brandon, the Bishop of Kerry, in the south of Ireland, sailing across the Atlantic and discovering an island of the blessed, and the Atlantis of Plato, were but the traditional embodiment of a fact. Columbus visited Iceland to seek the among the traditions of the natives some clue to the mystery of the ocean. We know not what an encouragemen he may have received there, to persevere in his almost hopeless enterprise, but modern research has proved that the traditions were not without foundation. The Society of Northern Antiquaries has done much to clear away the mist which obscures that most interesting portion of history. Professor Rafn has collected and translated very many of the songs of the Scalds, or Scandinavian poets recounting the voyages of their countrymen to the western land; many of them have been translated into English by Mr. Beamish, of Cork, and are most interesting to all early historians of America. We know for certain, that about the year 981 or 982 Eric, called the Red, a Norwe-

gian Viking, discovered Greenland, and that a bishop's see was established in that inhospitable region about the year 1021. A list of the bishops of that remote see has been preserved down to 1406, nearly four hundred years, when all communication between it and the Mother Country ceased, and the imperfect civilization introduced perished. A few ruins of walls, or stone fences now mark the sight of the Norwegian Colony. It is quite natural to suppose that these adventurous mariners, who crossed over to Iceland and Greenland so frequently, would not content themselves without passing the few hundred miles which separated them from the Western Continent, only about five hundred from the western seaboard of Greenland. Accordingly we find accounts of voyages to, and settlements in, Helluland, Vinland, Markland, and Ireland it Mikla—Helluland is supposed to be the barren and stony land of Labrador, Vinland or Winland Newfoundland; but then as we have no wild vines, many learned men transfer the name to some more southern land in the present United States, while others again say that the Northmen looked on the abundance of the raspberry plant as entitling the country to the name of Vinland. Markland is supposed to be Nova Scotia, or Main; and Ireland it Mickla, or great Ireland, the main Continent of America, the present United States. It is very improbable that so many accounts of voyages would be preserved, the names of the discoverers and navigators, the birth of some of their children recorded, the wreck of one of their ships on Keeler Ness, Kell Cape or Ship Cape, and the locality marked out now Keels in Bona Vista Bay, by the certain but rude way of determining the northern latitude, that

is the length of the longest day in the summer solstice, if it were all a work of imagination. I have no doubt but that these sea-kings, after establishing colonies in Greenland and Iceland, visited this country and made some settlements here, but I believe the few people they brought with them either perished in their wars with the Skroelligers, or Esquimaux, or that the remnant left the country which they could not then have found very inviting. The real cause, I should imagine, of the abandonment of these lands was the invasion of more genial climes and polished nations of the Northmen. When they obtained possession of one of the finest provinces of France, now called after them Normandy, when they settled in Northumberland, and along the fertile banks of the Shannon, the estuaries of the Liffey and the Suir, in Limerick, Waterford, Cork, Dublin, Wicklow, and many other Danish towns in Ireland, and when they showed such a capacity for the remains of civilization lingering in the Roman Empire as to adopt the languages, the arts, and the sciences of the provinces they conquered, we may naturally imagine that the tide of adventurous emigration would be directed from the frightful shores of Greenland and Iceland, or the rugged and uninviting localities of Newfoundland, or Northern Continental America, to the shores of the Seine in smiling France, or the rich pastures of Ireland and England. The western land would soon be forgotten, there would be no inducement to cross a stormy ocean in ships not as large as our western boats, when they could coast along the shores of Europe, and find their countrymen settled in the maritime districts of a civilized country. It is said that a Greenland bishop, Eric, visited Winland

in 1121, to endeavor to reconvert his countrymen to Christianity, which they had forgotten in those then remote and desolate regions—yet all appears buried in obscurity. We know quite enough to excite our curiosity, not to satisfy it, and it is impossible that the real history of the Northmen in America will be ever cleared up. They left no monuments after them; like all people who have abundance of wood, they would not build stone houses, and the only records we have of their existence here, are the songs of the Scalds, or the histories of Adam Bremen or others who lived ages subsequent to their settlement here, and embodied the traditions, half fact and half fable, which they found floating in the songs and the legends of the people, in the histories they compiled.

We now leave the doubtful region of romance and fable, mingled with some facts, for the sure ground of history. The wonderful discoveries of Columbus had excited, in a degree we find it difficult to comprehend, the enthusiasm of Europe—a new world appeared, not as a discovery, but almost as a new creation. Every maritime and commercial nation was aroused, and all wished to participate in the glorious inheritance acquired for Spain by the Genoese mariner. In England the Wars of the Roses were now at an end, the regal pretensions of York and Lancaster were united in the person of Henry VII., by his marriage, the ancient aristocracy of the land had almost perished, the crown, as always happens after a civil war, was strengthened, and the people, weary of bloodshed, resigned in a great measure their liberties into the hands of the Tudor sovereigns, and only looked for repose. The Italians almost monopolized the American discoveries, and

two brothers of the name of Gabota, Venetians, resided in Bristol; they offered their services to Henry VII., to make discoveries in the Northern Ocean, and find, perhaps, a passage to India by that route; the offer was accepted, and on the 20th of June, 1497, Sebastian Gabota, or as his name was anglicized, Cabot, discovered Newfoundland, and gave the name of Bona Vista, happy sight, or happy view, to the cape he first sighted, which Italian appellation it retains to the present day. He returned the same year and brought with him three of the natives of the island, a race which has now been cruelly exterminated. I here pause to say a few words of the aborigines of the country. It was supposed at first that this interesting people were the descendants of the Northmen of whom I have spoken: the science of ethnology, however, proves this not to be the fact—the skulls of those people showed them to belong to the American or Mongolian race, and not to the Caucasian of which the Northmen were a branch; a semi-civilized people may become savage, but never so change the form of the cranium as to acquire the characteristics of another race, until entirely absorbed by generations of intermarriage. It may be that a little of the northern blood mixed in the aboriginal stream, but all traces of it were soon lost. We know they called themselves Beoths, that they painted themselves with red ochre, as the Britons of old did with woad, and hence, they were called by the settlers, Red Indians. They were clothed in robes of skin, their arms were the bow and arrow, and spear, like those of all uncivilized nations. They lived by hunting and preserved the flesh of the deer by buccanning. They made enormous fences, such as are used in

Ceylon to entrap elephants, sometimes extending as far as thirty miles and converging to a point where the deer in their migration were obliged to pass; thus they were enabled to kill large quantities which served them both for food and raiment. Their huts are represented as comfortable, and capable of lodging several families. Of their religion we know nothing, but something like a carved human head is said to have been found in one of their houses, which would lead us to believe that they practiced a species of idolatry. A Florentine writer, Rucellai, in 1560, in 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 the fish called baccaloas, or codfish, raw meat, and even human flesh (which was false, for they were never known to be cannibals) and they adore the sun, the stars, or any thing 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 no match for the musket 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, had 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 inquiry 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 forever, 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 fifty 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 remains 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 VII.—who munificently 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, no silver mines poured their treasures into the exhausted coffers of Henry, and so the Biscayans who are said to have fished on the Banks, and to have been aware of the existence of

the island even before or as early as Cabot, the Bretons, the Spaniards, and Portuguese, enriched themselves by the inexhaustible mine of the fisheries; while Henry and his nobles were impoverishing themselves by the useless pageant of the Field of the Cloth of Gold or the wars in France, and endeavoring to repair their shattered fortunes by the plunder of the Church. An English captain wrote a letter to Henry VIII., on the 3d of August, 1527, in which he tells him that in the port of St. John's he found eleven ships from Normandy and three from Britanny engaged in the cod fishery. As all Europe was Catholic at the time of the discovery of America by Columbus, and of Newfoundland by Cabot, we find that the names imposed by the early navigators were either the names of the saints on whose days the land was discovered, or the names of some localities in their own country which it resembled, or names descriptive of some natural feature distinguishing the place—a most favorable contrast with the vulgar or trivial names given by subsequent navigators. Thus we may imagine the anxiety of Cabot, looking out for land on the western horizon, when from the lofty mast a sailor cries out, land! The Italian, perhaps often deceived by fog-banks, sees at length the cape well defined, the surges breaking on the Spillers, the dark green of the forest, gives expression to his feelings in his own musical tongue, and cries out, Bona Vista! Oh, happy sight! Gaspar de Cortereale, a valiant and religious Portuguese, especially devoted to the B. Virgin and St. Francis, discovers the great Bay of Conception, and calls it after the great mystery of the Immaculate Virgin, Conception Bay, and the cape at its entrance, C. St. Francis; he also named St.

Lewis and St. Francis Bays on the Labrador. Go round the shores of the island, and you will see the Catholic feeling which named the bays—Conception, St. Mary's, and Nôtre Dame Bay, dedicated to the B. Virgin—Trinity Bay, including the harbor of St. Bonaventure, Catalina Bay, or St. Catharine's, Catalina, like Kathleen in Irish, being the musical Spanish term for Kate or Catharine, St. Clare's Bay, now St. George's, St. John's, St. Peter's, St. Jude's, now C. Judy, Trepassey, the Bay of the Trepasses, or All Souls. Again: we have the French recollections of their own smiling land in Audierne, C. Frechel or Freels, Plaisance or Placentia, on account of its beautiful situation, the Portuguese Fermosa or Fermeuse beautiful, Renews rocky, and numberless others, a most happy contrast certainly with Bay of Despair, Fortune Bay, Gallows Harbor, Pinch Gut, Push Thro', Piper's Hole, Old Shop, Bread and Cheese, Exploits, and many others too trivial and vulgar to mention. In 1534, Jacques Cartier, the great French navigator, visited the island and named many capes and bays. In 1583, Sir Humphey Gilbert took possession of St. John's, put up the queen's arms, Elizabeth's, and established the Book of Common Prayer as the only form of worship to be used forever in the island. The country was now about to commence a new phase of existence which, however, ended in disappointment. Sir George Calvert, subsequently Lord Baltimore, having obtained an Irish peerage, got from King James a large grant of land from Bay Bulls to Cape St. Mary's. A zealous Catholic and most enlightened philanthropist, which he proved himself to be by the universal toleration he established in his new colony of Maryland (the only part of

the world in that age where, as long as Catholics held power, conscience was legally free, and no religious test was required for the enjoyment of citizenship, or office), established a colony in Ferryland, and laid the foundation of what, but for adverse circumstances, would be a great State at present. As he was thoroughly Catholic and English, he wished to perpetuate the religious memories of the English Church in his new plantation; accordingly he gave the name of Avalon to his province. It was a tradition in the early British Church, though it will not stand the test of criticism perhaps, that St. Joseph of Arimathea, after the passion of our Lord, fled from the persecution of the Jews and took refuge in Britain. He came, it is said, to Avalon, afterward called Glastonbury, in Somersetshire, and founded there a church, which was looked on subsequently by Britons, Saxons, and Normans, as the cradle of British Christianity. A splendid abbey which covered sixty acres was subsequently erected, but perished in the so-called Reformation, along with the other glories of Catholic England. There is an ancient Roman town, now called from the great abbey subsequently built there, St. Alban's, but in ancient times called Verulam. The protomartyr of Britain, St. Alban, there shed his blood for Christ, and the abbey and town afterward took his name. Calvert, wishing then to revive those Catholic glories of his country, called the province we now inhabit, Avalon, in honor of St. Joseph of Arimathea, and his own town Verulam, in honor of St. Alban. Like most of the foreign names, French or Spanish, this was corrupted into Ferulam first, and next into the modern name of Ferryland. Calvert spent over £30,000, an immense sum in

those days, in the settlement, but a grant of a more favored territory on the Chesapeake, the incursions of Indians, and the attacks of the French, induced him to forsake Newfoundland, and to establish Maryland, called after Charles's queen, and the city of Baltimore, called after his Irish title. Thus Newfoundland sustained an irreparable loss which retarded its progress for two centuries. The French on the other side of the peninsula founded the town of Placentia—the environing hill, the two arms of the sea with a rapid tidal current reminding the French of the arrowy Rhone in their own land, and the almost total exemption from fog in a bay remarkable for it, induced them to call it Plaisance, a pleasant place, now Placentia. They early saw the importance of the acquisition, and provided for its security by strong fortifications. These are now in ruins—they have served as a quarry for the few buildings requiring stone or brick. The great demilune which guarded the entrance of the port is now a shapeless heap of rubbish, its vaulted brick casements have been all destroyed, and the remains of a castle on Crevecœur Hill are slowly perishing. It is remarkable that several properties are still held in Placentia by virtue of the original French titles, and such importance did the government of Louis XIV., the grand monarch, attach to the possession of the place, that all the grants are signed by the king's own hand, and countersigned by his minister Philippeau. Nor were the French oblivious of the necessity of religion in their new settlement a convent of Franciscans, a branch of the convent of Our Lady of Angels of Quebec, was established there in 1689, on the site of the present Protestant Church and burying ground, and a few

French tombs of the date of 1680 and 1690 yet remain to mark out the place where it stood. Most of the French tombstones were taken by the English settlers after the surrender of the place by France, and applied to the ignoble purposes of hearth-stones and door-steps. Newfoundland was then under the jurisdiction of the Bishop of Quebec, and in 1689, the second bishop of that see, Monseigneur St. Vallier, made a visitation of Placentia and the neighboring parts in company with Father Giorgieu and some of the Franciscan community of Quebec. The records of the foundation of the convent and of the episcopal visitation are in the archiepiscopal archives of Quebec. Thus we see two great and powerful nations established on the shores of Newfoundland, opposed in politics, in interest, in religion, and it is easy to imagine that the progress of the country must have been, not only retarded, but absolutely impossible. A series of skirmishes, naval battles, and obscure sieges follow, until the treaty of Utrecht in 1713, when the French, exhausted by war, were obliged to resign all claim to Newfoundland, to evacuate St. John's, which they held for five years previously and were strongly fortifying, retaining only the small island of St. Pierre and Miquelon, and the right of fishing from Cape Bona Vista on the Northern to Point Riche on the western coast. England now obtained the dominion of the entire island, but had no intention of colonizing it. She wished to retain it as the French do the north and west shores at present, as a nursery for her seamen, and to make the riches of the deep in Newfoundland contribute to the strength and to the wealth of England. Freedom of Catholic worship was by treaty allowed to the French

residents but with the sinister proviso, "as far as the laws of England permit." Governor Edwards, taking advantage of this, gave such annoyance to the French Catholics and their clergy that almost all of them sold their properties and left the island; thus a body of useful citizens were lost to the colony through these bigoted proceedings, but we must in justice make allowance for the prejudices of the age. In the reign of King William III., by an extraordinary statute, a form of misrule was established tending to discourage settlement and create interminable confusion—the three first fishing captains arriving in the island each summer, took the names of admiral, vice-admiral, and rear-admiral, and without any qualification, except the priority of arrival, became magistrates, empowered to decide all Fishery rights and civil causes. We may imagine what sort of laws these men would deal out to their servants, and to the poor inhabitants whom they in general looked on as intruders. Something like a regular census of the population was taken in 1753, but ninety-seven years ago; the inhabitants returned then were 13,112—4795 Catholics and 8317 Protestants. The fixed inhabitants, however, were estimated at only 7500, the rest being summer residents, but returning home every winter. The state of the population was miserable in the extreme; no law, no security, the uncontrolled will of the ignorant fishing admirals being the only rule. Accordingly, Lord Vere Beauclerk, who commanded the naval force here, by his representations obtained from the Home Government the appointment of a titular governor, and in 1729, Captain Osborne was nominated as the first governor. The fishing admirals, however, and the merchants would not easily yield

up the power they possessed and misused, and though the appointment of a local governor, even for the summer months, was a recognition of the population of the island, still he found himself almost powerless. The only law known in the colony for a long series of years after was the proclamation of the governors; and without their sanction, until within the recollection of many now living in St. John's, a house could not be built or even thoroughly repaired. I should only tire your patience by recounting the tyrannical acts of persecution embodied in the proclamations of these, perhaps honest, but bigoted men—we therefore hasten over this dreary period, and come to the comparatively happy epoch of 1784. On the 24th of October, that year, a proclamation was published, pursuant to the instructions of His Majesty George III., to the governor, justice of peace, and magistrates of the island, whereby liberty of conscience was allowed to all persons in Newfoundland, and the free exercise of such modes of religious worship as are not prohibited by law, provided people be contented with a quiet and peaceable enjoyment of the same, without giving offense or scandal to government—thus Catholicity was permitted, and the days of open persecution were happily at an end.

It may be interesting, especially to Catholics, to know the state of the Church here before that time—Protestantism being the established religion, ministers were stationed in the principal settlements, but the few priests in the island had no fixed abode—they usually came out disguised in the fishing vessels, seldom staid long, and had no regular missions, as the surveillance of the Local Government was too strict. In the same year of toleration,

1784, Dr. O'Donnell, the founder and father of the church of Newfoundland, landed in the island. Born in 1737, in Tipperary, he spent a large portion of his life in the Irish Franciscan Convent of Prague in Bohemia; afterward, as superior of the Franciscans, in Waterford, and subsequently provincial of that order in Ireland. He was the first regular authorized missioner in Newfoundland after it became a purely British settlement, and no man ever had British interests more at heart—he mainly saved the island to the British crown when a mutiny broke out among the troops under the command of Col. Skerrett. By his influence among the Irish population he prevented the disaffection from spreading, and saved the colony. If such a service had been performed in those days by one of the Dominant Church, his reward would be a peerage and a pension; to Dr. O'Donnell the British government granted, not a peerage, but the munificent pension of £75 or £50 (I am not sure which) per annum for his life; however, they acted consistently. Catholic loyalty is an affair of conscience, and, consequently, he only gave to Cæsar what was due to Cæsar. As long, however, as rewards are given by the nation to those who do their duty, especially when that duty becomes, through extraordinary circumstances, a great public benefit, so long will the stinginess of the government of that day to Dr. O'Donnell be condemned by all right-thinking men. Dr. O'Donnell was at first only prefect apostolic, that is, a priest exercising episcopal jurisdiction, and generally having, like the Prefect Apostolic of St. Peter's, the right of giving Confirmation, which, as we see by the practice of the Greek Catholic Church, is not essentially an episcopal sacrament, if I

may call it so. The importance of the population now required episcopal superintendence. The Sovereign Pontiff, to whom is committed the care of all churches, saw that Newfoundland was destined to become the home of a fixed population, not the summer residence of a floating one. Accordingly, in 1796, on the 5th of January, the great Pontiff, Pius VI., the Confessor as well as Doctor of the Faith, appointed Dr. O'Donnell Vicar Apostolic of Newfoundland, and Bishop of Thyatira in partibus, and he was consecrated in Quebec on the 21st of September the same year. Thus was the foundation of the Catholic Church solidly laid, and we hope forever. The state of morality is described at that time as very bad indeed, and this is not to be wondered at. The population was, I may say, a floating one, with no family ties and no religious ministration previous to Dr. O'Donnell's arrival, unless the casual visit of a priest from home. Money was abundant and liquor cheap; education there was none, and few even to avail themselves of it if there had been. Those who made money in the country, went to spend it elsewhere, and it is most disgraceful to reflect that, though colossal fortunes have been made in the island, not a college, an hospital, a school, an alms-house, was ever established by any one of those persons who drained the wealth of the land. Catholic or Protestant, it was all alike, as soon as a fortune was made, they went home, where it was frequently soon squandered by their children, and in the third generation no trace of it remained; but in Newfoundland they left nothing after them. It was only slowly, therefore, that population increased, and were it not for the appointment of Dr. O'Donnell, as bishop, and the

certainty, therefore, that religion was permanently fixed in the island, the Irish settlers, who formed the bulk of the population of St. John's and the south of the island, would not have remained here. We have rather an interesting proof of this in a letter written by Governor Milbank to Dr. O'Donnell before his consecration as bishop, in answer to an application made by him to His Excellency for leave to build a chapel in one of the out-ports. Here is the document, and written, mark you, six years after the proclamation of freedom of religious worship: "The Governor acquaints Mr. O'Donnell that, so far from being disposed to allow of an increase of places of religious worship for the Roman Catholics of the island, he very seriously intends, next year, to lay those established already, under particular restrictions. Mr. O'Donnell must be aware that it is not the interest of Great Britain to encourage people to winter in Newfoundland, and he can not be ignorant that many of the lower order who would now stay, would, if it were not for the convenience with which they obtain absolution here, go home for it at least once in two or three years, and the governor has been misinformed if Mr. O'Donnell, instead of advising their return to Ireland, does not rather encourage them to winter in this country. On board the Salisbury, St. John's. Nov. 2, 1790." Such was the state of things exactly seventy years ago; what a contrast our governors then presented to our esteemed Sir A. Bannerman; or to the late administrator, Hon. L. O'Brien, who so far from wishing to lay restrictions on places of worship for Catholics, a Catholic himself, subscribes most liberally for their erection—witness his donation of £100 to the new church in Torbay. Thank God,

those times are past, and now we have perfect civil and religious liberty ; and I may say, speaking of the Protestant population, not in the French sense, equality and fraternity. Let no one blame Newfoundland, then, for not having hitherto advanced as rapidly as other colonies. I boldly assert that never was more energy shown by any people than by the inhabitants of this island. The government that should foster them, considered them intruders, and banished them when it could. They were exposed to all the petty tyranny of ignorant fishing admirals, and of governors who proved their devotion to England by depopulating Newfoundland. They had not the liberty of the birds of the air to build or repair their nests—they had behind them the forest or the rocky soil, which they were not allowed, without license difficultly obtained, to reclaim and till. Their only resource was the stormy ocean, and they saw the wealth they won from the deep spent in other lands, leaving them only a scanty subsistence. Despite of all this they have increased twenty-fold in ninety years, have built towns and villages, erected magnificent buildings, as the cathedral in St. John's, introduced telegraphs, steam, postal, and road communications, newspapers, every thing, in fact, found in the most civilized countries, and all this on a rugged soil, in a harsh, though wholesome climate, and under every specie of discouragement. We owe a great debt of gratitude to those who have gone before us, and by their energy, prepared happy homes in the stormy wilderness of Newfoundland, despite the frowns of man and nature, for the present generation. Our task is comparatively easy, we run on the smooth track, but they were the pioneers. The administration of

justice has been regarded in all communities as a matter of the most vital importance, but, like every thing else in Newfoundland, was most scandalously conducted by fishing admirals, arbitrary governors, magistrates without education, and surrogates, until after a great deal of opposition and delay, the Supreme Court was finally organized in 1792, and Mr. Reeves appointed Chief Justice. Thus another great boon was won for Newfoundland, and the subject could always obtain a regular hearing of his cause and legal decision. Mr. Reeves appears to have been a gentleman well qualified for his station, and it was a Herculean task to clear away abuses and abolish practices which existed for ages. In 1807, another step in advance was made by the introduction of the press. In August that year the first newspaper in the colony, the *Royal Gazette and Newfoundland Advertiser*, was published, and two years after, in 1809, a post-office was first established in St. John's. Thus, by degrees, were improvements slowly introduced, and the English government tacitly recognized the population of Newfoundland as having a right to live in the land they had chosen. In the mean time, Dr. O'Donnell was laboring in his arduous mission—he had obtained leave from the Local Government to take a piece of land at a lease of ninety-nine years, and begun the old chapel, which was very small at first. He made several visitations to the out-ports of the island, encouraging, as far as he could, education; we believe he was guilty of the charge made against him by Governor Milbank, of encouraging the Irish to winter in the country, and we feel no doubt but that he gave them absolution when they applied for it, and even more frequently than every second or third

year, as accused by the worthy governor. During Dr. O'Donnell's episcopacy, the population was almost Irish, English, or Scotch. The Catholic district of St. John's, for it could not be called a parish, comprised the south shore of Conception Bay, and the south shore as far as La Manche toward Ferryland, and still the marriages were, on an average, only about seventeen or eighteen a year among the Catholic population—now the average of the same district gives about two hundred and sixty marriages. Both Protestants and Catholics complained at that time of the spread of infidel opinions in this country. "Paine's Age of Reason," denying all revelation, was very extensively read, trade was most flourishing, money abundant, and vice of all kinds prevalent. Protestant ministers in the principal towns, St. John's, Harbor, Grace, Trinity, and Ferryland, took charge of their own people; priests were stationed wherever there was adequate support for them, when the bishop could procure their services. The Protestant clergy combated infidelity, principally by means of the publications of the Tract Society, but the Catholic always trusts more to the living word than to the dead letter. The mission was a laborious and rude one, and, accordingly, Dr. O'Donnell, in the seventieth year of his age, resigned his charge to younger hands, in the person of Dr. Lambert, and sought repose in his native land, where he died four years afterward, and was buried in the old parish chapel of Clonmel—he had fought the good fight in days of darkness, of danger, and of difficulty, and we hope he received the crown of justice. Having now given a rapid sketch of our scanty history from what we may call the fabulous times, until the death of the founder of the

Catholic Church in the country, I pause to make a few reflections which, in a Catholic college, and addressing a Catholic audience, the majority of whom look to Ireland with affection, as the land of their forefathers, may be interesting. History, as well as faith, teaches us that man can do nothing of himself, that human power, energy, talents, or wealth are of no avail, unless God wills that a thing should come to pass. "Unless the Lord buildeth the house, in vain do they labor," the psalmist says, "who build it." The history of the Catholic Church in Newfoundland most strikingly shows this. Twice under the most favorable auspices was the Catholic Church planted in this island—twice it failed to take root. Sir George Calvert, in Ferryland, intended this country, and particularly in this province of Avalon, to be a city of refuge to his coreligionists—what the Puritans did in New England he intended, though with more enlightened and Christian sentiments, to accomplish in Newfoundland. The Catholic glories of ancient Verulam were to be renewed here and the ancient British faith of Avalon and Glastonbury was to flourish with renewed vigor—all ended in disappointment, and the English branch of the Catholic Church never took root. The most powerful monarch of Europe, Louis XIV., justly called Louis the Grand, established, as he thought, Catholicity firmly in Placentia—founded a convent of Franciscans, the apostles of the New World, and laid, as he imagined, the foundations of our faith, broad and deep. Again a failure—the lily of France never throve on the soil, and with the departure of the last French governor the Catholic faith died away. The very churches were transferred to the professors of another creed. Well, the

Irish laborers came out to earn a subsistence by braving the dangers of the ocean ; they were not of the class of men who generally succeeded in establishing a church. Their faith, bitterly persecuted in their own country, was strictly prohibited in Newfoundland—the house where Mass was said was burned down by orders of the government—they had not wealth, nor education, nor any of those human gifts which would give them influence in the land ; still the hidden seed germinated, liberty of conscience was granted, they were grudgingly allowed to raise an humble wooden chapel here and there—the successor of St. Peter looks to this impoverished portion of his flock and gives them a pastor in the person of Dr. O'Donnell—the weakly plant, trampled on, cut down whenever it showed itself, now begins to throw out vigorous shoots, and we see at present, thank God, that it flourishes like a tree planted by the running water. This is the work of God (mind, of God alone), and it is wonderful in our eyes. Calvert failed. Louis failed, but the poor persecuted Irish fishermen succeeded, and the proud monument of his or his children's faith—the Cathedral—crowns the culminating point of the capital of the island. I fear I might tire you by continuing these dry details any longer. On this day week, please God, the present state and future development of our country will be the subject of the lecture. I thank you most cordially for the attention you have given, and if I have succeeded in making you in any way better acquainted with the by-gone times of the land we live in, and exciting in the generous young hearts I see around me an enlightened love of their native land, I am more than amply repaid. I considered it necessary to give this prepar-

atory lecture as an introduction to the descriptive one I shall have the honor of giving this day week. As I have rapidly sketched the history of the country from the earliest records I could find down to the period within the memory of thousands in St. John's, I will principally confine myself in the next lecture to the physical description of the country, its capabilities for the support of a large population; and what I conceive to be the best means of developing them. Newfoundland has more claims on us than any other part of the world. If it is not the native country of most of you, it is the native country of your children, and I am sure that every one who has adopted the country as his home, and especially those who have brought up a family in it, loves it with a sincere, though not perhaps as tender an affection as if it were the land of his birth. If the ashes of his ancestors repose in the old land and his cradle was rocked there—his tomb will be here, and his children here will venerate and hallow his memory. Again thanking you for your attention, I remain, ladies and gentlemen, an ardent friend of the land we live in—NEWFOUNDLAND.

SECOND LECTURE.

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN,—I have, in my last introductory lecture, sketched the outlines of our scanty history as far as I could find materials, for our records are only those of an infant people, few and uninteresting to any one but ourselves and posterity. I need not recount the recent facts in the recollection of most of us, they are most important for the future historian of the country, but for us they are matters of recollection, not of record—I allude to the introduction of Representative Government first, and recently of that more perfect form of representative institutions called Responsible Government; the nomination of Dr. Lambert as successor to Dr. O'Donnell, of Dr. Scallan, whom so many of you have known, of my immediate venerated predecessor, Dr. Fleming, all three of the same institute as Dr. O'Donnell. I will not speak of the foundation of the Cathedral, of the establishment of a Protestant bishoprick in the island by Her Majesty Queen Victoria, or of a second Catholic bishoprick in Harbor Grace—all these matters are of too recent a date, and therefore I will pass at once to the physical description of the country, its climate, its capabilities, its future prospects. With politics or parties, I have nothing to do, and if I make any suggestions for what appears to me to be

the improvement of the country, I hope all will esteem them as dictated solely by a love of Newfoundland and its people. The island of Newfoundland, as you may perceive by the map, is the greatest in North America, nearly four hundred miles long from Cape Ray (Raye) or Split Cape, as called by the French, from its appearance at sea, to Quirpon on the northeast, and about three hundred miles wide from Cape Race (Raze) on the east coast again to Cape Ray on the west. It contains, it is calculated, about 35,000 square miles, or 22,720,000 acres. This, however, is only an approximate calculation, as the country has not been explored, much less surveyed. It is of a triangular form, very narrow toward the north, hence called by the French "Petit Nord," very wide at the southern base, and having attached to it, as it were, the great peninsula of Avalon, separated from the great island by the Bays of Placentia and Trinity, and joined to it by an isthmus of only two or three miles, and this province is again divided by the two noble bays of St. Mary's and Conception. In no other part of the world are there more noble bays and harbors than in Newfoundland. Eighty and ninety miles the ocean penetrates by those great arms into the land, conveying to the doors of its inhabitants the treasures of the deep, and affording them a cheap means of conveying their produce to market, such as a hundred millions spent in railways could not procure. It is most providential that every thing required to carry out the great industry of the country, the Fishery, is found here better than in any other part of the world—the bays and harbors, the vicinity of the great breeding grounds, the abundance of wood adapted for boat-building, cooper-

age, flakes, and stages, the bracing winds and absence of a burning sun for drying, the rocky ledges the feeding ground of the cod, and above all, the hardy daring sons of the soil, men nurtured in danger, rocked in the tempest, men to whom the severest hardships are only sport, who know no danger, who tread the frozen ocean with as firm a step as their native soil, and yearly undergo without a murmur more danger than usually falls to the lot of the most daring through their entire lives. You perceive that the capital, St. John's, is placed almost in the centre of the great peninsula of Avalon, on the nearest point to Europe, with a port the most secure perhaps in the world, fortified by nature and only requiring a very moderate outlay, and a few thousand brave soldiers to make it, I may say, impregnable—the Gibraltar or Sebastopol of the North Atlantic. A fleet of war steamers stationed in St. John's, sheltered by the guns of Signal Hill and South-side batteries would give the command of the North Atlantic to Great Britain, and, with Bermuda, paralyze the commerce of the entire sea-board of the neighboring continent. I consider St. John's and Bermuda as the two great bastions of North America, but I leave the subject to be discussed by military men. It has been said that the trident of Neptune is the sceptre of the world, and unless some extraordinary change takes place in naval affairs, like the introduction of gunpowder into modern warfare, the saying has hitherto held and will hold good. See the immense importance of Newfoundland: between French, English, and Americans there are now, I suppose, from 50,000 to 70,000 men employed in the Fisheries, amid ice, fog, and storm. If the Fisheries were fully developed, as

they will be in future times when the population increases and extends all along the shores and into the interior, this number will be doubled. The gulf and river of St. Lawrence depend altogether on Newfoundland—the possessor of this country holds the keys of the gulf. The Labrador, which will in time become a country like Norway, will swell the contingent of seamen. The Fisheries then will not be confined to the shores, but our mariners will each summer explore the recesses of Baffin's and Hudson's Bays, and probably follow the seal to Greenland. Now, a maritime population like this must have a great influence in the affairs of the world hereafter, and hold a place of the highest importance among the hundreds of millions who in two or three centuries hence will people those northern lands from the frontiers of Mexico to the shores of Hudson's Bay. This, ladies and gentlemen, is not a sketch of imagination, for as sure as the rivulet swells to a mighty river in its course and bears the fleets of nations, so sure, according to the laws of nature, will the wonderful development of these countries take place. Wars or pestilence may check it for a time, but nothing will stop it. The island, as you see, is trending, if I may use the expression, northeast and southwest. All our great bays, with the remarkable exception of the Bay of Islands, Bonne Bay, and Ingornachoix Bay, on the western or gulf side, follow the same direction as do the mountain ridges and the great lakes which fill up the valleys of the interior. It would appear as if the whole island was in a fluid state when the hills and mountains took this direction. The country is for the most part, geologically speaking, of primitive formation, granite, slate, old red sandstone, indeed I may de-

scribe it as a great skeleton poorly furnished with flesh. We have in the neighborhood of Conception Bay inexhaustible quarries of sienite or red granite. The front of the Presentation Convent is built of this material, and though it has not been quarried, but only taken from the bowlders on the surface, it is imperishable. In the same locality I have seen on the road and in the garden fences the most splendid blocks of Oriental porphyry, that rare material that we see in Rome alone, of green serpentine and of cipollino. The traveler is astonished at the riches of the altars in the Roman churches constructed in what the Italians call *pictra dura;* the brilliancy of the color and the high polish of the variegated material. Well, between this and Holyrood, at the head of Conception Bay, there exist materials enough to ornament all the churches and palaces of the world. It will, however, be long before these rich but intractable materials will be turned to any account. Gray granite is found in great abundance in almost every locality of the island; slate of a superior quality in Trinity Bay, and I suppose a thousand other places, if sought for; plastic clay and brick clay abound in our immediate neighborhood. That most useful material, lime, is most abundant in the north and northwest; the shore about Ferroll, in the Straits of Bellisle, is almost entirely composed of it; it is plentiful also in Canada Bay, and lately deposits have been found in many other places—I recently saw a quarry in the harbor of Burin, in the side of a cliff. Cod Roy would furnish plaster of Paris for all the purposes of building and agriculture, and one of the most beautiful sea views I know of is the painted plaster cliffs near Cod Roy. In the Bay of Exploits, re-

markable for its fine timber and scenery, fine-grained red sandstone, a beautiful material for building, is found; 'tis said that good white marble is got in the Humber River; coal is said (and though I have not seen it, I have good reason to believe it) to exist in the upper part of Cod Roy River. The coarse building stone of St. John's is a fine material for rough work, and the Cathedral shows what can be done with the fine sandstone of Kelly's Island.

The mineral resources of the country have not been, as yet, turned to much account. Rich copper ore is found in many places in Conception Bay, Placentia Bay, and White Bay. If the country were explored and capital invested in mining, under judicious management, there is no doubt but that the enterprise would be a great source of wealth for centuries, perhaps as great as the Fishery is at present; but when we consider that only a small portion of the country has been hitherto explored, and only on the sea-coast, that whatever mining operations have been undertaken, except at La Manche, have been of the most superficial character, merely, I may say, surface works, and that it was only very recently that any attention at all has been paid to mining, the sea being naturally considered by a maritime and fishing population as the only mine worth exploring—a mine richer, in reality, than all the silver mines of Mexico, producing millions for the last three centuries, and inexhaustible, we ought to rest satisfied with what has been done as an earnest of what will be done hereafter. I regret, indeed, that the lead mine of La Manche has been, not abandoned, but the work suspended for a time, I heard from Mr. Crocket, one of the superintendents there, two years ago, that there was then as much lead

discovered as a thousand men could not remove in twenty years. To a person like myself it appeared unaccountable that such a region of lead as I saw there should be left idle, but I hope, in the spring, operations will be commenced anew and such a source of wealth not allowed to lie fallow. Silver is found in several of the lead specimens I have seen, though not in any great quantity in the La Manche ore, and I have seen minute threads of native silver in stones taken from a well dug in the neighborhood of the Hospital of St. John's. Time will tell whether, like the Lagenian Mine, sung by Moore, these indications are only spangled over the surface, but I have not the least doubt that copper and lead are most abundant, and will hereafter be an enormous source of wealth to the country. Of native gold, though the most generally distributed of all metals, I have not seen a specimen but one, with some microscopic particles glistening in the quartz; the person who had it told me he would call again and tell me the locality of his discovery, but never did so. It would be easy to try by amalgamation whether the spangles were gold or not. The gold matrix, as described by Humboldt and others, certainly exists, but the attention of the people has never been called to it. It is remarkable, that the fishermen in the lower part of Placentia Bay used to go to La Manche, take the pure galena, smelt it, and run jiggers out of it, and still the existence of the mine, though almost every pebble on the shore had specks of lead in it, was either unknown or disregarded. This shows how much we require that the country should be explored by competent persons. Since the discovery, three or four years ago, many thousand pounds of lead have been shipped off.

Once, while I was there, sixty-five tons, valued at £15 a ton, was shipped off, and another time I saw several, perhaps one hundred, tons of dressed ore in barrels, prepared for exportation ; and still so little knowledge did the people possess of the treasure existing in their midst, that for generations the only use made of it was to dig out a bit to make a jigger. Before I speak of the great industry of the country, the Fisheries, and of our limited agriculture, and its future development, I have a few words to say of the climate. Climates in all countries, though principally depending on the distance from the equator, are still governed by other laws—elevation, direction of prevailing winds, but above all, by the currents of the ocean, and the proximity of the country to those marine influences. Confining myself at present to Newfoundland, we find St. John's in 47.30 north latitude ; well, this same parallel intersects some of the finest wine-growing districts in France. Ireland, the Emerald Isle, is clothed with perpetual verdure, and flowing with milk and honey, while the corresponding region in Labrador is bound in the icy chains of almost perennial frost. The Gulf Stream, that great oceanic current, is the cause of the warmth of one region, and the great northern current, together with the diurnal revolution of the earth, of the cold of the other. You perceive that Cape St. Roque, on the Brazil coast, as I mark it for you, approaches so near to the African continent as to form a great basin, widening out to the north of the equator. Now, the almost vertical sun heats to an enormous degree this immense basin or cauldron of water in the Atlantic. All water heated increases in bulk, as every housewife knows who places a kettle too full on the fire ; the water,

when heated, begins to flow over; now the very same thing happens to the enormous cauldron of hot water between Africa and Brazil, the water so highly heated flows over toward the north; it enters into the Gulf of Mexico, heated to the highest pitch, seeks its exit through the narrow passage round Cuba and through the West India Islands, and, following the direction it gets from the set of the coast and the diurnal motion of the earth, it flows on, widening out like a fan every mile it travels, till it reaches the shores of Europe, envelops Ireland in its tepid embraces, bathes the coasts of France, passes round England, and washes the shores of Belgium, Holland, Germany, even in Norway prevents the harbors from freezing, and enables the Laplander to ripen barley under the Arctic Circle. But why does it not go directly north and bathe the shores of Newfoundland? One great cause is the diurnal movement of the earth. If it were possible to fire an Armstrong gun, for example, from the equator to the pole at the source of the Gulf Stream, the bullet would not, as we imagine, go straight, it would tend every instant to the right, describing a curve, and strike somewhere about the coast of Ireland. It is a curious fact that a railway train, going at a high velocity due north and south, always exhibits a strange tendency to fly off *at the right hand*. I beg you to remember this, for here is the secret of the climate in a great measure. The Gulf Stream, going north, curves off to the right hand, strikes the shores of Europe, rushes on to the great polar basin, the region of perpetual frost; cooled there, the great basin overflows and sends down the gelid or arctic current to fill up the place in the equatorial seas left vacant by the overflow of the Gulf Stream,

which, I may remark, distributes daily as much heat in its course as would melt thousands of tons of iron if concentrated. The cold current then rushes down by Baffin's and Hudson's Bays, and, as I remarked, on account of the diurnal movement of the earth coming from the north, tends to the *right hand*, consequently hugs the American shore, bringing with it the floating ice and the cold winds of the polar basin. Thus we see the huge icebergs sailing majestically along the shores of Labrador and Newfoundland, resting on the ledges, and going forth again till they meet the Gulf Stream, and are finally melted in its tepid waters. The European coasts are, therefore, warmed by the hot water of the equatorial basin, sent to them by the Gulf Stream. Newfoundland and the North America shores are cooled by the cold water of the polar basin, coming from the north, and consequently having a continual tendency to hug the right or American shore. Let no one say, however, that Providence has not given a compensation for every thing; the abundant pastures of Ireland are compensated by rich sea pastures of Newfoundland. The codfish, the great source of our wealth, would not flourish among us if we had the hot and vapory waters of the Gulf Stream bathing our shores. The painted fishes, which inhabit the tropical and warm seas, have no flavor, can not be preserved and never would form an article of commerce like our cod, the king of all fish. The Gulf Stream gets its greatest deflection perhaps from the great submarine island, the great Bank of Newfoundland, the greatest submarine deposit on the face of the earth. Here the arctic and the equatorial currents meet and produce, by the intermingling of hot and cold water, "the fog on the banks." This great

submarine island, the great bank, is, as far as we can define it, of an irregular oval shape, surrounded by the smaller banks which extend many hundred miles on every side. A great submarine island at first, it has for thousands of years been receiving deposits from both currents, north and south. The Gulf Stream has deposited the *infusoria* of the tropical seas; the deposit, as proved by the deep sea soundings of Captain Berryman, extends all along the course of the stream to Ireland, but from the nature of the obstacles it meets in the southern portion of the bank, the greatest quantity must necessarily be deposited there. Then we have those great carriers of nature, the icebergs, bringing from their polar home millions of tons of rock for thousands of years, and depositing them all over the banks when they ground. Thus nature has created and enriched this extraordinary submarine region which forms the great breeding and feeding ground of the cod species, and has such an extraordinary influence on our climate and ourselves. Very beautiful specimens of coral and pebbles are sometimes fished up by the French bankers; for the French, as we know, follow the bank fishery to a great extent, and those who have been in the habit of crossing the banks, on their voyage to Europe, must have been surprised to see the number of French ships riding at anchor by their hempen cables, better adapted than chains for the continual and short pitch of that sea, and the hardy fishermen passing along in their large boats, hauling their bultows—the most ruinous mode of fishing ever practiced. The bank fishery, as you all know, is confined to the French and the Americans, as we can not compete with their bounties, and there is not a single British ship on the banks. It is a

dreary locality, the almost constant fog and drizzling rain, the doleful sound of the fog-horn or the ships' guns calling their crews, the troubled ocean, the ships rolling almost under the waves, steadied by their main or try-sails in addition to their moorings; all these make an impression on a stranger the first time he passes the banks in summer which he never after forgets. From this, also, most persons receive an erroneous idea of the climate of the island, which they imagine to be the same as that on the banks, and coming themselves from the cloudy though genial atmosphere of England or Ireland, can not believe that we are all the while enjoying a clear, bright sky, beautiful as that of Italy, and breathing an air dry and pure, never felt in the humid region of the Gulf Stream. What an awful climate, they will say, you have in Newfoundland; how can you live there without sun in a continual fog? Have you been there you ask them? No! they say; but we have crossed the Banks of Newfoundland. How surprised they are then when you tell them that, for ten months at least in the year, all the fog and damp of the banks goes over to their side and deseends in rain there with the southwesterly winds, while we never have the benefit of it, unless when what we call the out-winds blow. In fact, the geography of Americe is very little known, even by intelligent writers at home, and the mistakes made in our leading periodicals are frequently very amusing. I received a letter from a most intelligent friend of mine some time since, in which he speaks of the hyperborean region of Newfoundland; in my reply, I dated my letter from St. John's, north latitude 47° 30″, and directed it to Mr. So and So, north latitude 52°.

The summer here is remarkable for fog, on the southern and southwestern coast especially, not on the northern or eastern side; the reason of this is the more northerly set of the Gulf Stream in summer. During the winter months the northern or arctic current is stronger, and pushes the equatorial 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 southwest of the island toward St. Mary's, Placentia, and Fortune Bays, and Burgeo, and the harbors 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 Harbor, 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 neighboring 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, four, or perhaps ten, while we hear of the temperature of ten and twenty below zero in Canada and New Brunswick, 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 fireplaces, 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 neighbors 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. Delaney, I find that the highest temperature was 96° on the 3d of July; 8° on the 3d of March, and the mean temperature of the year (1859) 44°; mean max. pres. of barometer, 29–74 inch; rain 63–920 for the year; max. quan. in twenty-four hours 2.098 inch; Wind N.N.W. and W.N.W., two hundred days; N.E. twenty-five days; W. and W.S.W. thirty-eight days; S.S.W. and S.E. one hundred and two days; rain fell on one hundred and ten days; snow fifty-four days; thunder and lightning five days. We have all the advantages of an insular climate, a mild temperature with its disadvant-

age, uncertain weather. I may remark, likewise, what Abbe Raynal recorded already, that the climate of Newfoundland is considered the most invigorating and salubrious in the world, and that we have no indigenous disease. It follows, naturally, that I should, in connection with our climate, speak of our limited agriculture. Besides the shallow nature of our soil in most parts of the island, we have, on account of the set of the arctic current, carrying its floating ice and icebergs along our shores, a late and uncertain spring; herbage will not, at least within the influence of the cold winds, spring up as soon as our latitude would entitle us to; we may be perhaps three weeks late, but then see the compensation we reap from those fields of ice, a crop which, I suppose, altogether realizes a million sterling in the European market; I mean the oil and skins of the seal—a crop which we do not sow, but the reaping of which encourages ship-building, rears up the hardiest mariners in the world, and throws hundreds of thousands of pounds into circulation, at a season which in all other northern countries is one of comparative idleness. The prosecution of the seal fishery does not interfere with the summer cod fishery, the winter herring fishery, or farming operations. Thus we have a great blessing bestowed on us by Divine Providence, a wonderful source of wealth coming in just at the time that, but for it, we should have nothing else to do; for this we may thank the great northern current, which retards our spring, but sends us rich harvest, and one which no government bounty or encouragement could create elsewhere.

A doubt has been expressed by many whether the seal fishery will last—they fear that the continual destruction

of both young and old seals will exterminate the breed and destroy the fishery, as was the case with the Greenland whale fishery. I can not agree with this opinion, and I will state my reasons—'Tis true the seal, *phoca cristata* or *barbata*, is one of the *mammalia*, bringing forth but one at a time and that annually—it can not multiply like the cod-fish with two millions of eggs. If we could get at the seals, then, I have no doubt, but that in a few years, like the Greenland whale, they would be almost all destroyed. This has happened elsewhere. In the great work of St. Bazil, the Hexameron, I find a description of seal-fishing in the Mediterranean, or perhaps in the Dardanelles or Black Sea; the seal, he says, is speared with a harpoon to which is attached an inflated skin, so that, once struck, it can not sink, and is, therefore, easily dispatched. Now, it is remarkable that the Esquimaux and Greenlanders of the present day use the same means to kill seals. Well, the seals in the Mediterranean may be considered as exterminated, being now extremely rare; but here, fortunately for ourselves, we can not kill the goose with the golden egg. See the great breeding and feeding ground of the seal, the polar basin, Baffin's and Hudson's Bays, the Northern Labrador—all these places are inaccessible to us; we can not in the winter or the spring advance further than the outskirts of the great seal field—we kill hundreds of thousands, we can not reach the millions behind them; we must wait till Providence sends us a share, for if man's cupidity had full play, he would rush at once to the arctic solitudes, kill all the seals he could find, and the North Atlantic would in a few years become like the Mediterranean—a comparative waste of barren water. To return,

however, to our agricultural capabilities: first, we have the means of raising on our wild pastures, millions of that most useful animal to man—the sheep. On the southern and western shore, indeed everywhere in the island, I have seen the finest sheep walk; and what is better, the droppings of the sheep in this country induce a most luxuriant crop of white clover, and prevent the spread of bog plants. If sheep were encouraged, we should have fresh meat in abundance, and their fleece would furnish warm clothing in the winter for our people of a better quality than the stuff they now buy "half waddy and devil's dust," and which impoverishes them to procure it. Domestic manufactures would be encouraged, the people would become industrious and comfortable, and every housewife in our out-harbors would realize, in some sort, that sublime description of a valiant woman by Solomon, Prov., xxxi., "she hath put out her hands to strong things, and her fingers have taken hold of the spindle; she has sought wool and flax and hath wrought by the counsel of her hands; she shall not fear for her house in the cold of snow, for all her domestics are clothed with double garments; she hath looked well to the paths of her house and hath not eaten her bread idle; her children rose up and called her blessed; her husband had praised her." But, unfortunately, this great blessing of sheep pasture is marred by one curse, and idleness and poverty are too often the accompaniments of the poor man's fireside in the long winter —as long as a vicious herd of dogs are allowed to be kept in the country, so long will poverty be the winter portion of the poor. In no other part of the world would such an iniquity be permitted There is a law offering £5 for the

destruction of a wolf, and I never have heard of £5 worth of mutton being destroyed by wolves since the days of Cabot; but why do not our legislators, if they have the interest of the people at heart (and according to their election speeches, every member is actuated by the most philanthropic and patriotic motives), pass and enforce a law against dogs, which devour every sheep they can find, and have almost exterminated the breed altogether; for no one will keep sheep while his neighbor is allowed to keep wolves. I will read you a list of certified losses, furnished to me by the Rev. M. Brown, of Bona Vista, all of which took place last year in that small locality. (Read a list of twelve milch cows, value £96 10s.; of sixty-two sheep and fifteen goats, all destroyed in Bona Vista in the year, by dogs.) I hope the government will at last see the necessity of putting a stop to this state of things, which would not be permitted by a Turkish pasha in his province; but then the pasha, perhaps, has not an eye to the next election. Nowhere can be seen a more distressing spectacle than a stalwart man yoked in with a couple of dogs drawing a load of firewood, losing his whole winter, tearing the poor clothes he is obliged to buy and which his wife ought to spin and weave (spinning and weaving are taught in the convents, but we can't get the children to learn the art), and brutalizing his children by keeping them from school, because, as the usual excuse is, they have to go to the woods. One horse would do the work of one hundred dogs and be always useful, and the man who could not keep a horse, could hire his neighbor's for a few days at an expense less than what he even wastes in boots and clothes. These observations may be unpalatable to some, but I have

the interests of the people too much at heart to conceal my sentiments on a subject of such vital importance to them; and religion, education, civilization are all suffering from this curse of dogs, worse than all the plagues of Egypt to this unfortunate country. In Canada, New Brunswick, or any of the other northern provinces, such a thing would not be allowed—but there the people have not the spring seal fishery or summer cod fishery, and are, therefore, obliged to preserve their sheep and cattle. Cattle of the best breed thrive here, and both our beef and mutton are found to be of superior flavor to those imported from the neighboring provinces. I have several times suggested the establishment of a cattle fair at Holyrood, at the head of Conception Bay, where the people of the great cattle-producing districts of the cape shore, Placentia, St. Mary's, and Salmonier, might find a market for their surplus stock, though to tell the truth, they have hitherto made very little use of their fine pastures. The populous districts of Conception Bay and St. John's would then be supplied; farmers and victualers would know where and when to obtain stock, and an impulse would be given to cattle-breeding, at an expense of less than £10 a year to the government for printing the proclamations and paying a toll clerk, which, in a few years, would highly improve those grazing districts. Goats form a very important item in the agricultural riches of other countries; with a large space of thin barren land like Newfoundland, they generally forage for themselves for a great part of the year; their milk is most wholesome, and goat's cheese is not a bad addition to a poor man's meal. Kid's flesh is a delicacy, and in Rome capetto, or kid, is one of the cheapest, most abundant, and

most delicious of meats while it is in season. It is a shame that, even in St. John's, we have little chance of a turkey till the Halifax steamer comes in, and the goose, the most nutritious, the most useful, and the most easily kept of all fowl in a northern country like this, is just as scarce. In the north of Europe you get goose almost every day ; and a good roast goose for dinner, and a feather bed to rest on, are not to be despised ; and here is the very *habitat* of the goose, the very climate of all others where the bird could be brought to the greatest perfection, and the wild goose, which breeds in enormous numbers, is the most delicate of our wild fowl, we get our geese from Nova Scotia, and our feather beds from Ireland or Hamburg. All garden vegetables, cabbages, carrots, turnips, salads, etc., are brought to the highest perfection, and the climate appears especially adapted to impart succulency to them. The potato, you all know, before the rot, was of the finest quality. It is now nearly recovered, but I regret to see in many of the out-ports the potato-field reverting to a state of nature—people prefer the hard and unwholesome Hamburg bread, American pork, and Danish butter, to the fresh and nutritious food they could raise themselves—in a great measure trusting to a supply of meal from the government, if the Fishery is short, or to the eleemosynary relief distributed in the fall under the name of road-money, instead of improving every spare hour and every leeward day in clearing and improving a plot of ground. We have not hands enough even for the Fishery, and thus we see (unless in the populous and industrious districts of Harbor Main, Brigus, and the River Head of Harbor Grace, and perhaps a few more exceptional localities), that the land brought into cul-

tivation is rather diminishing than extending, and we are obliged even to import large quantities of hay from the States, where labor is so high and land so dear, while millions of acres are lying waste about us. Cereal crops demand a special notice—wheat will ripen very well, especially if the proper variety of seed adapted for a northern country be procured; but as long as we have the great grain country of the United States at our doors, no one will take much trouble about such an unprofitable crop. I have never seen finer barley than the growth of Newfoundland, and all persons who have bought, as I have done, Newfoundland oats, at nearly double the price of the husky grain imported here, will find that he has gained by his purchase. Hops are most luxuriant, and so are strawberries, currants, gooseberries, cherries, and many other species of fruit. The hawthorn flourishes here, when planted, and I have seen as fine hedges of it laden with haws here as in the home country; and I mention this as a proof of the comparative mildness of our climate, for I find in Russia, as far south as Moscow, it is a hot-house plant. My estimate, then, of the agricultural capabilities of Newfoundland, comparing it with what I have seen in the north of Europe, is, that if we had a large agricultural population, we could support them in comfort, and that as population increases, we must attend more to the land, and then more general wealth and comfort will be diffused a hundred-fold, than now, when our population is, I may say, wholly maritime, and we depend almost altogether on other countries for our food. My earnest advice would be, kill the dogs, introduce settlers, encourage domestic manufactures, home-made linen and home-spun cloth, and

Newfoundland will become the Paradise of the industrious man. The soil, in general, is thin, but kind, easily cleared, and besides the legitimate manure of the farm-yard, can always be enriched near the sea by scarack and fish offal; the climate is comparatively mild, and all we want are hands and industry. The Fishery, however, of Newfoundland is the great and grand industry of the country. Other lands may surpass us in every thing else, but here we are without a rival; the natural productions of one country may not only be raised in another, but even improve by transplanting, as the Peruvian potato did in Ireland, and the East India ginger in Jamaica. Tea may be cultivated out of China; but the noble codfish—this is beyond man's control, this is the gift of nature to those northern seas, and as long as the world lasts, Newfoundland will be the great fish-producing country. The codfish, the chief of the family of the *gadaccæ*, inhabits, in general, the North Atlantic, between the fortieth and sixtieth degrees of latitude on the European coast, but extends further south on the American side. In another country, the description of the capture and curing of cod would furnish materials for a very interesting lecture, but here it is superfluous to say any thing on that subject. The grand bank appears to be the great breeding ground of the species, and the finest fish are caught there. In the Lafoden Islands in Norway, under the Arctic Circle, a great cod fishery is carried on, but, as far as I could learn, the catch is under 100,000 quintals. The fishers there pay great attention to the curing; the fish is nicely packed in boxes, the fins trimmed off, and though in reality not as good fish as that of Newfoundland, brings a higher price, as a fancy fish, among the Spaniards

and Cubans. I will not offer an opinion on the use or abuse of cod seines, the improvements in curing or catching, for our people know more about these matters than any other race on the face of the earth. I may remark, however, that the want of a population in many of the outports, causes a loss of a great quantity of the most nutritious and delicate food, the air-bladder, or as we call it, cod's sounds, which consists almost altogether of pure gelatine, and sells at a high rate in any market into which it has been introduced. The medicinal qualities of the fresh liver oil have been fully proved, and the manufacture of that article has brought a great increase of wealth to the country. Like all good things, however, it is easily imitated; the common cod oil, made by the putrifying process, has been refined at home by animal charcoal, filtered so as to deprive it of all bad smell, being already deprived, by putrefaction in the manufacture, of iodine and all other medicinal qualities, and pawned off by dishonest dealers as the genuine article. It would be well, therefore, for the credit of the article and the advantage of those who require to use it, if some particular seal or mark was fixed on the bottles or vessels here, which would, in some sort, serve as a guarantee of its purity in Europe. We have not only, I may say, a monopoly of the cod fishery in Newfoundland (of course, I now include the French), but we see the market every day increasing. See what a prodigious expansion the Brazil trade has taken within the last few years; what will it be in future ages when Brazil will count its population by hundreds of millions, when Cuba will increase ten-fold? All tropical people like codfish, and must have it; and, therefore, if we could produce one

hundred millions of quintals, we could not supply the demand in future ages. The roe of a cod contains two millions of eggs, and if all these came to maturity, one cod would fill the ocean in a few years; but though countless millions perish, we know that, if we do not violate the law of nature by destroying the mother or breeding fish, we can not lessen the species. There is another fish, however, the salmon, which requires strict legislative protection, as it comes to spawn in the river, and is therefore easily destroyed by the cupidity of man. It is the duty of the government, as the guardians of the public interest, to look to this, to appoint a committee to investigate the laws made for the preservation of salmon in Great Britain and Ireland, and to use the most stringent measures, both here and in the Labrador, to prevent any wanton destruction of the fish, or any annoyance to it in the breeding season. We know that through ignorance or carelessness, this rich fish has been almost annihilated in some of the home rivers, and it costs a series of years and the strictest precautions to nurse up the remnant and re-establish the breed once more; for by an extraordinary law of nature, this fish always returns to the place where it was spawned, and if disturbed, disappears forever. There is another delicious fish, which is now only hauled for bait and manure, for the little cured is of no consequence, but which will hereafter become a great source of wealth—this is the caplin, or, as naturalists call it, the *Salmo articus*. We see what a source of profit the sardines and anchovies are to the people of the Mediterranean. Now, I am quite sure, that if we had hands enough to cure this delicious fish, it would take rank with these delicacies, and, like the codfish, the supply of

caplin is inexhaustible. I am quite sure that the habit of taking large quantities for manure from the spawning beaches, has, in some cases, chased away the fish, for instinct is so strong in all fishes, that if impeded in the operation of spawning they generally seek other localities. Indeed, I never could believe that the use of this delicious fish for manure is legitimate. If they were merely pickled and dried, a simple operation which could be performed by children, they would be worth at least a dollar a barrel, and a million of barrels would find a market, if introduced into fish-eating countries, and not sensibly lessen the quantity which every summer swarms in every bay and creek of the Island and Labrador. I have no doubt but that hereafter they will be preserved in various ways and in extraordinary quantities; but at present, coming as they do in the height of the fishing season, we have no hands to cure them at that busy time. A great mine of wealth we possess, and which is only partially worked or turned to account, is the herring fishery. In no part of the world is the herring finer, or, I believe, so abundant, and all it requires is to be properly cured. The Dutch became a great nation, it is said, principally by the herring fishery, and Amsterdam, they say, is built on a foundation of herring bones. Even at present, the Dutch herrings, though caught on the same ground as the English or Scotch, bear a higher price than any other in the world, and are eaten raw as a relish in Holland and Germany. The first barrel of new herring that is taken, is forwarded to the king at the Hague. It is carried in procession with banners and military music—the day is one of public rejoicing, and a few of the new herrings are sent as presents to the nobles of

the land. I understand that the Dutch bleed each herring, use the best quality of salt, and take the greatest care in their manipulation. If they had the rich herring of Labrador, it would be worth the gold mines of Australia to them. A movement was made to procure instructors in curing, some time ago, but I know not from what cause it failed. I believe the Dutch prohibit their herring curers from engaging with foreigners, but Scotland could furnish us with many nearly as good, and thus hundreds of thousands of pounds would be yearly gained to the country, and the gifts of Providence would not be abused. One great step for the preservation of the herring on the western shore, has been made by passing Mr. Benning's bill. I have been informed, on good authority, that the waste of herring for supplying bait to the French was awful, and that one year 20,000 barrels, for which there was no sale, were cast back into the sea. No fishery then, I think, requires the watchful care of government more than this, and if properly preserved and managed, it will be nearly as great a source of wealth as the cod fishery, and more secure than the seal fishery. The whale fishery was formerly prosecuted to some extent in the Bay of Despair, but the whale, as we know, is easily exterminated, and though the fishery is yet followed to some extent, it is one we can not expect to continue—still it will be always more or less an addition to our resources. Allow me to say a few words of my experience of the people: I have found them in all parts of the island, hospitable, generous, and obliging; Catholics and Protestants live together in the greatest harmony, and it is only in *print* we find any thing except on extraordinary occasions, like disunion among them.

I have always, in the most Protestant districts, experienced kindness and consideration—I speak not only of the agents of the mercantile houses, who are remarkable for their hospitality and attention to all visitors, or of magistrates, like Mr. Gaden, of Harbor Briton, or Mr. Peyton, of Twillingate, whose guest I was, but the Protestant fishermen were always ready to join Catholics in manning a boat when I required it, and I am happy to say that the Catholics have acted likewise to their clergymen. It is a pleasing reflection that though we are not immaculate, and rum sometimes excites to evil, still, out of a population of over 130,000, we have rarely more than eight or ten prisoners in jail, and grievous crimes, are, happily, most rare, capital offenses scarcely heard of. I will now ask you to accompany me round the coast. Leaving St. John's a few miles brings us to Bay Bull's in the southern district, a fine harbor of refuge for St. John's, along to Ferryland, the ancient but hitherto neglected capital of the district, by Cape Broyle, Fermeuse, and on to Cape Race. All this district has fine land, magnificent harbors, a great fishery, and only wants a large population. On round the cape to Trepassey with a spare population, less than 800, where thousands could find a comfortable living; on to the fine Bay of St. Mary's, with the richest fishing grounds in the island, excellent land, and the rich and beautiful arm of Salmonier, extending far up into the country, well timbered, and adapted for the seat of a rich agricultural, as well as a maritime population. I am happy to say that settlers are now coming there in numbers, and in twenty years it will be one of the finest districts in the island. The lover of scenery and field-sports could nowhere spend a pleasanter

week than in Colinet. We hurry on round the Cape St. Mary's to the great Bay of Placentia, sixty miles wide, ninety miles long, rich in fisheries and minerals—copper at Mahony's Cove, lead at La Manche, studded with beautiful islands, some of them, like Merasheen, twenty miles long. It will hereafter be the most important district in Newfoundland, but as yet, the small population of the bay, including Burin, perhaps not more than 13,000, hinders its development. Fortune Bay has the most beautiful scenery, rich fisheries, and especially of herring, and several great arms—Connaigre Bay, Hermitage, and the Bay of Despair, all waiting to be filled up with a population. Between the two great bays of Fortune and Placentia we find the French colony of St. Pierres and Miquelon—the only remnant of the immense empire France once possessed in North America.

The small rocky island of St. Peter contains in the town perhaps 2000 fixed inhabitants; it is a place of great trade; the church is very handsome, though a wooden one; the great hospital, served by six Sisters of Charity, is a noble establishment. A prefect apostolic, Very Revd. Pere Le Helloco, and two assistant priests, look after the spiritual interests of the inhabitants, and Christian brothers teach the boys, as nuns do the girls. The government authorities are remarkable for their courtesy to strangers, and I never can be grateful enough for all the kindness and attention I always received from the governor and officials, the naval authorities (for there are no military stationed in the island), and the prefect apostolic and his clergy. The southern shore, from St. Peter's by the Burgeo Islands, the seat of a large fishing population, is indented

with fine harbors; but the land, as far I saw it, is covered with moss and the population thin. It is the least developed district in Newfoundland. We now pass round Cape Ray into the Gulf of St. Lawrence, and enter on what is called the French Shore, which extends to Cape John on the northeast side. Cod Roy is rich in agricultural capabilities. St. George's Bay, though deficient in ports, has a fine herring fishery; and small as the population is, it consists of four races, who speak four languages: English, French, Gaelic, and Micmac Indian. The fishery in the gulf is what the French call a *nomade* fishery, they follow the cod in its migrations. We turn round Cape Norman from the dangerous Bay of Pistolet, by Quirpon, on to Croque, a fine harbor, the headquarters of the French navy, till we come to the French limits at Cape St. John. The country is very thinly inhabited all along this line, as the fixed population is, I may say, not recognized by either power. Some copper mines are opened there, which will, it is expected, turn out most valuable. Nôtre Dame Bay, the Bay of Exploits, and all the surrounding arms are rich in fine timber, good land, and productive fisheries. I may make the same remark of Bona Vista Bay, especially in the rich timbered arms. Passing the old Cape of Bona Vista, the first discovered part of Newfoundland, we enter the great Bay of Trinity, pass the fine harbor of Catalina, and soon come to the beautiful Swiss-looking town of Trinity, seated in one of the finest harbors of the world, on to Bay Bulls Arm, the terminus of the Atlantic Telegraph. We return to Baccalieu Island, so called from the Beothie name of the codfish, and enter the great Bay of Conception, with its fine town of Harbor Grace, the seat

of a Catholic bishoprick; its rich population of nearly 40,000 inhabitants; its great sealing fleet; populous towns and villages, telegraphs, agriculture, in fact, every thing that a large civilized community requires. We return to Topsail or Portugal Cove where a railway to St. John's ought to convey us; and I hope that in a very few years a railway and a line of good steamers will connect the Conception Bay and St. John's trading communities, and be most highly advantageous to both. I regret that I can not take you into the unexplored interior—to the Big Pond, seventy miles long, the future seat of a great population; to Indian Pond, and the other great lakes and rivers which beautify the country. (This is only an outline of the description of the country, which, with the explanations on the map, occupied more than an hour.) The interior appears to be a country such as Britain was anciently, marshy, but easily reclaimed; there being everywhere a fall into the great lake or by the rivers to the sea. When we know what the state of the North of Europe was eighteen hundred years ago, and what a great change it has undergone since, we may reasonably hope that the climate of the interior of Newfoundland will, by cultivation, drainage, and reclamation of bog land, undergo a great change. The coast climate will always depend on the oceanic current, but the interior climate will, under those influences, be modified. I know many persons imagine that the interior will never be inhabited, but they have not studied the subject. I see the sandy and barren shores of the Baltic, with a climate and soil far worse than Newfoundland, and without any great maritime or fishery resources, as we have, the seat of a large population.

Why? Because the people of Courland, Finland, Esthonia, Prussia Proper, Mecklenburg, and all these other northern regions have no other place to go to. They can not, as of old, follow their chiefs from their forests, and carve out for themselves homes in the genial climes of Southern Europe. Suppose America to be the old country and Europe the new, and that the tide of emigration set eastward, it would naturally be directed to the banks of the Garonne, the Tagus, the Gaudalquiver, or to the shores of Italy or Sicily, not to the Elbe or the Baltic. Such is the case with us at present—the tide of European emigration sets toward the broad rich lands of the United States. But let these get filled in another couple of centuries, when land now sold at $1 an acre will be paying an annual rent of $5 or $6, and it will be as difficult to get a living there as now in the crowded countries of Europe: when taxation will be increased, perhaps large standing armies kept on foot; then the people of these northern regions, increasing and multiplying, will cultivate their now waste lands, as the Swedes, the Danes, the Russians, and Prussians have done, when there was no outlet for them, and Newfoundland will count its population, not by thousands, but by millions. The increase at present, independent of any emigration, is thirty-three per cent. *at least* every ten years. Take the present population at say 130,000, and that is a very low estimate, and see then what it will amount to in even another century—over two millions! I do not mean to say that the increase will be so constantly progressive, but it must be at least ten-fold—1,300,000. The present generation of Newfoundland then leaves a mighty inheritance to their children, and we are now form

ing the character of a future nation. The development of the people is certain. Religion, education, and industry are indispensable to make them a great people. Consider what Newfoundland was fifty years ago, and then you may imagine what it will be a century hence. I hope, then, I have drawn your attention to the past and present state of the country in this and my former lecture, and excited your hopes for its future prosperity. I have merely glanced at the subjects I treated of—to take them up in detail would require many lectures longer then the present, greater abilities than I possess, and deeper research than I could afford to give to the subject. However, the man who brings only a single stone to an edifice contributes to its erection. Before I close, I consider it due to one Institute to make special mention of it—I mean that Society of Religious Ladies, the Nuns, who are now engaged in the great work of female education, in moulding the characters of generations yet unborn, instructing in religion, industry, and refinement the future mothers of the people of Newfoundland. We may look with confidence to those who come after us when such a religious foundation is laid. I thank you sincerely, ladies and gentlemen, for the attention you have shown to this long lecture, assuring you, in all sincerity, that whatever observations I made in the course of it were dictated solely by a love for our native or adopted country—NEWFOUNDLAND.