

wooden props, lead in some places down the face of the black slate cliffs, to a wild little landing-place on some sharp jagged ledges; while stages are often carried out on the rocks, affording places on which to spread the fish to dry. The greater part of the road we had come was bordered with thick scrubby wood: in one place, however, this had been burnt some years ago, and the white dry sticks and stakes still remained bare and brittle, crossing each other at all angles and positions, and as bad or worse to penetrate than the growing woods. As it was useless and almost impossible to work traverses or to find sections in such a country, I was driven to the sea-cliff. This, however, was inaccessible, except by a boat. I accordingly wished to engage a boat to take us to Pouche Cove, a distance of six or eight miles. I could not get one with fewer than four hands, and at the rate of 10s. a man, which, thinking extravagant, I refused. We then walked to Middle Cove, another part of the same bay, and there with some difficulty induced two men to pull us alongshore for an hour and back again in an old rickety leaky punt for a dollar and a half, or about 6s. and