

only last March, and hence the cuts furnished admirable fields in which to examine the geology. The road is surveyed and bed made along the Cape Breton shore of the Gut nearly to the northern end, and when completed will be a delightful ride. I think the Gut for 10 miles north of Port Hawkesbury resembles the Hudson just by the Palisades. It is grander than Eggemoggin Reach and on a far larger scale than Somes' Sound. At the northern end it broadens and becomes just a magnificent waterway, without the grand scenery. We were becalmed nearly all day in George's Bay, at one time getting pretty near Antigonish, but got a breeze towards evening. We tried fishing several times but could not get a bite though several fishermen were in sight and trawls innumerable. We passed one fisherman, a fine three-master, just as we were coming out of the Gut from Frenchman's Bay, going home, but with very little fish.

I got the captain to call me about 4, Wednesday morning, to fish, but got none. We were then off North Cape, having had a good breeze all night. The wind was light all day, but towards the latter part of the afternoon commenced to blow from the southeast, kicking up a nasty sea very soon. We double reefed the mainsail reefed the foresail and hauled the flying jib down. About 8 P. M. we laid to with the jib hauled down, on the starboard tack. The wind had backed to the east about four points and was blowing a gale. About 12 M. it suddenly dropped, a flat calm, leaving a tremendous sea running from the southeast, combined with a smaller one from the east. Our motions, jumps, rolls and pitches, can be better imagined than described. It seemed at times that our bow and our stern were where the mastheads usually are, and our rails were frequently rolled under.

Rice and Hunt stood one watch, Cary and I the second, and here Rice, though a good sailor and an experienced yachtsman, finally succumbed. We hauled everything down with infinite difficulty, owing to the violent motion, and made it fast, then let her roll and pitch to her heart's content. A sorrier looking place than our ward-room, and a sicker set of fellows it would be hard to find. The dishes had some play in the racks, and kept up an infernal racket that I tried in every way to stop and could not. To cap all, the wind came off a gale northwest about 4 A. M., and made yet another sea. As soon as possible we set a double-reefed foresail, and then I turned in. When I turned out at noon we had made Newfoundland and set a whole foresail, jib and one reef out of the mainsail. We were becalmed, but found excellent fishing, so did