

for the present year, Professor Stuwitz, who had taken my old vessel, the Beaufort, into his service, offered me a passage in her as far as St. Mary's Bay or Trepassée.

May 19th.—We set sail with a north-north-west wind, and a jumping sea, which before we got fairly round Cape Spear sent both of us into our berths. By the time we reached Ferryland Head, however, I was better: here the wind shifted into the west, and as this would be dead against us when we got to Cape Race, we beat up into the harbour of Aquafort, and anchored near its head. This is a long inlet, with pleasant shores, and cliffs rising to a height of about 200 feet. It takes its name of Aquafort from a pretty cascade on the northern side, where a brook shoots its waters over a cliff into the sea.

May 20th.—Fine morning, with light, variable winds. I determined here, if I could get a guide, to walk across the country to St. Mary's Bay. I consulted accordingly with a gentleman, the only resident merchant in Aquafort, who recommended me to go to a man in Ferryland, as the person best acquainted with the interior of the country. Stuwitz and I accordingly walked across to Ferryland by a very fair road