

shelving ledges and black precipitous slate cliffs at once forbade all attempt at a descent. We accordingly returned to Pouche Cove, and passing through the scattered lot of straggling houses, proceeded towards Cape St. Francis. A narrow winding path of three miles through the dense woods conducted us to it. Just as we emerged from the woods on a bare eminence above the little cove behind the cape, called Biskin or Biscayan Cove, a schooner rounded the cape close in-shore, apparently nearly touching the rocks, and then, hauling her wind, kept close along the coast for St. John's. The lively craft, contrasted with the deep silent woods and the wild rocks of the cape, formed a beautiful picture. A few fishermen's huts were scattered about even in this desolate-looking little place. I walked round Cape St. Francis, admiring the boldness of its rock scenery and the magnificent sea-view of the mouth of Conception Bay, but soon found all further progress hopeless. It was not until I actually looked upon this coast with my own eyes that I could fully appreciate or even understand the difficulty, if not the absolute impossibility, of traversing it. It is truly an iron-