

Croesus." "Begobs then I will," says Mike, "I'll tell em yer looking fur crayses" and off he went. We had our smoke on deck and sat chatting till the stars came out and objects on the shore became dim and undefined.

Turning into our berths shortly after nine o'clock we were rocked to sleep by the gentle motion of the swell which heaves in round the South-east point. When we awoke in the morning we found the schooner under way and stretching in the Sound with a fair breeze of wind off the western shore. During the day we hugged that shore with a variable breeze. Sometimes it was strong enough to raise our hopes of an early debarkation, then it would drop and we would steal slowly along. The scenery was very fine. The eastern shore was a plateau rising in some places to about three hundred feet, but I should think an easy one to travel over, although here and there were small groves of firs and spruces. Mike informed me it was "a grand place fur pattridges" and that the boys of Clattise Harbor and the neighborhood hunted over the ground in the fall of the year, as soon as there was a "scat" of snow on it whereby they would be enabled to track the birds. Foxes were also numerous in the neighborhood, and one Dave Hebditch had caught a lot of "illigant" ones there. The western shore of the Sound was of a different character. The land rose almost precipitously from the water to the height of six to seven hundred feet, and was not broken by many indentations. All the shore was well wooded and the breeze as it came from it was laden with the scent of the various trees which grew there. We passed close by the only harbor on that side, which appeared to be a small but safe one. Mike informed us it was called Darby's Harbor and that it was "as nate a little harbor as ever ye saw, yez could moor

to the land an the biggest gale as ever blew could't hurt ye." Only one family was living there at that time. Later on we passed Chandler's Harbor on the east side, where, Mike informed us, there was a pond from which any amount of trout could be caught. As the day was advancing we were somewhat tempted to make this Harbor, but after some consideration, we concluded to pursue our original intention. Towards the afternoon the wind veered more to the south-west and became a strong breeze, before which we bowled merrily along. I thought there was no end to this beautiful Sound as the head of it, or in the language of the natives the "bottom," seemed to be as far off as when we started. Some of the crew said that this arm of the sea was eighteen miles long, some said it was twenty, but I am of opinion it is much nearer thirty miles. However, towards nightfall, we were informed that we were getting near our destination, and somewhere about ten o'clock down went the sails and the anchor was dropped overboard. Leaving orders to be called early in the morning, and after some preparations for our next day's start, we retired for the night. When we were aroused next morning, and had partaken of an early meal, we started for the shore, laden with our fishing and cooking paraphernalia, and soon landed near the mouth of a river which our guide said was the "Blackmore Brook." The spot was an enchanting one. For some distance the ground was level and covered with a profusion of berry-bearing bushes of all descriptions. Here it is, so we were informed, that the inhabitants of the outlying settlements come in the month of August, and later, to provide themselves with enough berries to make their winter stock of preserves. Here grew raspberries, wortleberries of the largest description, cranberries of the wild kind,