

St. John's for Trinity Bay on the 30th August. After having travelled some ten days without anything worth recording having happened, he says "On looking back towards the sea-coast, the scene was magnificent. We discovered that under the cover of the forest, we had been uniformly ascending ever since we left the salt water, and then soon arrived at the summit of what we saw to be a great mountain ridge that seems to serve as a barrier between the sea and the interior. The black dense forest through which we had pilgrimaged presented a novel picture, appearing spotted with bright yellow marshes, and a few glassy lakes in its bosom, some of which we had passed close by without seeing them. In the westward, to our inexpressible delight, the interior broke in sublimity before us. What a contrast did this present to the conjectures entertained of Newfoundland! The hitherto mysterious interior lay unfolded before us—a boundless scene—a vast basin. The eye strides again and again over a succession of northerly and southerly ranges of green plains, marbled with woods and lakes of every form and extent, a picture of all the luxurious scenes of national cultivation receding into invisibility. The imagination hovers in the distance, and clings involuntarily to the undulating horizon of vapor in the far west, until it is lost. A new world seemed to invite us onward, or rather we claimed the dominion, and were impatient to proceed to take possession. Fancy carried us swiftly across the Island. Obstacles of every kind were spelt and despised; primitiveness, omnipotence, and tranquillity were stamped upon every thing so forcibly, that the mind was hurled back thousands of years, and the man left denuded of the mental fabric which a knowledge of ages of human experience and of time may have reared within him. But to look around us before we advance. The great external features of the eastern portion of the main body of the island are seen from these commanding heights. Overland communication between the