

After a hard pull to windward for two of us, to set the pilot ashore, and a wet and rough time getting aboard again, and after our laugh at the expense of the mate, who had cast off our shore warp, as we started out of the harbor, and then had been unable to catch the schooner, which was equally unable to wait for him in the narrow passage, and who had, therefore, to row all the way after us at the top of his speed, and only caught us when we lay to to send off the pilot; we made everything snug and started down the straits, hoping to reach Canso without further delay.

That was not our fortune, however, for soon the wind hauled ahead, and with a strong current against us it was impossible to make any progress, so after jumping in a most lively manner all day, in the chops of Belle Isle, we made a harbor for the night at Chateau Bay, in almost the same spot where we had waited two dreary days two months before. The next day we worked along the coast, but at night again put in to what proved our last, as well as our first harbor on the Labrador—Red Bay. Here we found a mail steamer and were allowed irregularly to open the bag to Battle Harbor and take out that which belonged to us, much to our delight, of course, for it gave us news comparatively fresh, that is, not over a month old, from home.

Here, also, we laid in a supply of the only fruit that Labrador produces, called "bake apple." It is a berry of a beautiful waxen color when ripe, otherwise looking much like a large raspberry, and having a most peculiar flavor, which we learned to like, and grew very fond of, when the berries were served, stewed with sugar. We had been deprived of fresh fruit so long that we should probably have learned to like anything, however odd its flavor, that had its general characteristics.

Here, too, we again fell in with our little Halifax trader, which gave us so hot a race to Halifax in the coming week, both vessels arriving at Halifax within an hour of each other, after starting at the same time from Red Bay and keeping within sight nearly all the time. At length the wind came to the south, and we started, laying our course west, along the Labrador shore, so as to get a windward position and be able to "fetch" Canso