

reaching the coast we put up at Joe's house, a very swell habitation for an Indian, having a decent carpeted parlour, with several prints hung upon the walls. The difficulty now was how to get back to St. John's, for we were miles out of the track of coasting vessels. Ascertaining that schooners were in the habit of calling at a copper mine on the coast, we determined to make our way thither, so having stowed all our things into a large boat belonging to Joe, we set sail with a fair wind. Putting into a small harbour on our way, we went to a public-house to get something to eat. The landlady soon got us a meal ready, and the master a bottle of rum. On tendering payment it was refused, both for the food and liquor. We were strangers, they said, and had come a long journey, so would not take anything, not that they had any idea who we were.

Bidding these hospitable people good bye, we set sail and arrived in a couple of days at the mines. Here we met with the most unbounded hospitality and kindness from Mr. McKay, the owner, whom we had before met in his yacht, and from Mr. Gill the chief agent. We put up at Mr. McKay's house, where we were regaled in