

*A. striatum*, or mouse wood of Canada; mountain ash, *Sorbus Americana*; choke cherry, *Prunus Borealis*, and small wild cherry, *P. Pensylvanica*; hazel, *Corylus Americana*; elder, *Sambucus*; and some other shrubs.

*September 5th.*—Our boat having lain dry on the bar nearly all night, we slept in her in preference to encamping in the woods. Wild geese and other birds were flying to and fro over us during the whole time, most industriously and fearlessly, in search of food. This is a favorite resort of ducks, herons, and other aquatic fowls.

Sunrise announced that adieu was to be taken for a time to the routine habits of civilization. My travelling equipments being landed, the boat with the party which brought my Indian left us on her return to Bonaventure. On her disappearance into the gloomy gut, and when the reports of our farewell guns were no longer echoed to each other along its windings, an abyss of difficulties instantly sprang up in the imagination between the point where we stood and the civilized world we had just quitted, as well as between us and the centre of the *Terra Incognita*. That we might be eaten up by packs of wolves was more than probable to the farewell forebodings of the inhabitants we had last seen, if we should escape the Red Indians. My Indian was also at this juncture sensibly affected; contrasting no doubt the comforts and plenty he had of late experienced, to the toils and deprivations that were before us, the nature of which he could foresee. But we did not come here to entertain emotions from such a circumstance.

It would have been impossible, with the object I had in view, to reach this spot by land from St. John's, as the coast we passed is without roads or paths of any kind, and an entire assemblage of rocky mountains, forests and lakes, intersected by deep bays.