Kissed.
Laughing, my cousin Isabel
Had challenged me to kiss her! Well,
By stratagem I soon obtain
What force would labor for in vain.
I boasted. "Don't be proud," said she;
"Tis nothing wonderful; for see—
Your valor's not so very killing;
You kissed me—true—but I was willing."

The Cruise of the Arethusa.
THIRD PAPER.
NORTHWARD FROM BONNE BAY.

Our party left Bonne Bay, July 1st, our destination being Cow Head, situated some fifteen miles to the northward. During the afternoon the breeze was light, and our headway not so rapid as could have been desired. As it was quite late in the afternoon when we reached our objective point, we decided to anchor in a small cove for the night, and not run into the harbor proper until we could get a pilot more familiar with the dangerous rocks and reefs about the entrance than ours was.

Cow Head is a small settlement situated about half way up the western coast of Newfoundland. It may possibly be able to boast of one hundred inhabitants, but certainly no more than that. The houses, or, more properly speaking, the huts, are small wooden arrangements, and have never known such a thing as paint. The people along the western coast are dependent, for the most part, entirely upon fishing; and if that means of subsistence fails, they accept the only other alternative—and starve. The larger portion of the settlements have no store whatever, and Cow Head is no exception. All the necessities of life are purchased from the trader. The "trader," as it is called, is a floating country store, the stock including everything, from patent medicines to tinware. The pay is taken entirely in dried codfish, and the inhabitants generally have to give the highest prices for extremely coarse articles, and receive a very low valuation for their fish.

The amount of ignorance prevailing in some of these places is very great; and yet one will not wonder at it when it is remembered that many of the settlements are entirely isolated, and the people only see the trader, or an occasional fisherman as ignorant as themselves.

Three days amply sufficed for us at Cow Head, when we set sail for Ingornachoo Bay. The run being about fifty miles, and the wind ahead, we started very early, so as to get in that night, if possible. The breeze gradually lessened, and by afternoon we were becalmed for several hours; evening promised to furnish the desired zephyr, but we were again doomed to disappointment. Our progress for that night, as shown by our log, was just a mile and a half. Next morning we succeeded in making the desired harbor.

From Ingornachoo Bay proper a narrow arm makes inland about five miles; and it was to the extreme upper end, known as Hawkes Bay, that we were bound. The land has lost much of the wild aspect seen farther south, being now considerably lower, and less hilly. We remained at our anchorage for a day, and then ran out toward the bay. Our work detained us here for three days, and then we continued our journey. As our next harbor is under the control of the French, it may be well in this connection to speak of what is known as the "French Coast." An old treaty, dating back a great many years, gives the French the right to fish along the western coast of Newfoundland for about two hundred miles, to occupy such harbors as are necessary for the purpose of carrying on this business, and to erect temporary houses and sheds. But neither the French nor the English have the right to erect permanent buildings, nor give deeds for the land. To settlers, the English authorities can only say, "Go ahead and erect such buildings as you want, and if the French do not disturb you we will not." This treaty has been of exceedingly great disadvantage to the coast, as it prevents very material improvements that would otherwise be made. Port au Choix is the name given by the French to the principal station occupied by them during the fishing season of the summer months.

The harbor is small, not a mile square, and quite shallow for the most part. On either