

May 21st. — After some delay in getting breakfast, I set off accompanied by Simon, at 7 A.M. for Renew's. The road was pretty tolerable, passing over the high grounds between Aquafort and Fermouse, sweeping round the head of that long and picturesque inlet, and then over high ground again to Renew's. The distance from Aquafort to Renew's was about seven miles, and we caught occasional glimpses of the Butterpots Hill over the woods on our right, and were evidently nearest to it when passing round Fermouse harbour. After some little trouble, we found a house at Renew's, where they undertook to give me a bed for the night, and the next thing was to procure a "pilot" or guide. Luckily we met with some of our ice comrades, and the brother of one of them, named Tom Coady, offered to go with us. At 10 A.M. we set out, walking through a brook at the head of the harbour, the water of which was sufficiently cold to the feet. The day was fine, and the sun shone on the side of the hill we were going to visit, which, indeed, seemed so near us, that the fuss made about going to it would have appeared to a stranger perfectly ridicu-