

ried a knapsack and hammer-bag, while I was encumbered with a prismatic compass, box sextant, mountain barometer and thermometer, gun and shot-belt. There was a road as far as Torbay, where I had been previously on horseback: the last three miles of this road, however, was merely a track over bare rock, with all its original hollows and ruggedness. On entering Torbay, we passed a small Roman Catholic chapel, which Kelly immediately entered, and where he remained three or four minutes. Torbay is a bold indentation of the coast, offering little or no shelter except in the coves at its head, and none there against an easterly wind. The houses, as is always the case in the small places, are scattered irregularly round the cove, with a straggling path from one to the other. They are built of wood, each by its own inhabitants, rarely painted, and with small windows and doors, the chimney and hearth being of brick. One or two have two stories, and a second room or parlour. As a shore frontage is of the first importance to their fishing operations, every advantage is taken to extend it. Zigzag stairs, supported by short poles resting on points of rock and