

bearing exactly magnetic north by my prismatic compass, but could not distinguish, among the many rugged eminences, which belonged to the Butterpots of Holyrood. It seemed to me inconceivable how the common notion could have originated that the hill seen from Conception Bay, and called the Butterpots there, was the same hill as this Butterpots near Renew's; and yet such was the universal belief among the inhabitants. We counted from the summit of this hill eighty ponds or lakes of water, many of which were two or three miles across, and none less than one hundred yards. There was a great assemblage of large ponds in the direction of *Trepassee*, from which flow two streams, namely, the main brook into the harbour of Renew's and the Black River into Biscay Bay. The wind was blowing, and it was piercingly cold on the top of the hill, but we stayed there an hour while I took a round of angles and bearings with the prismatic compass and box sextant, and left, completely chilled, at about five o'clock. On coming down we selected an easier route than the one by which we went up, keeping more to the eastward,