

the little pond, we evaded these bushes, and after another short stoppage for a slight refreshment, were soon afterwards on the top of the hill, which was one rounded mass of bare rock, something like a rude dome. All the principal mass of the hill, after the first eminence, consisted of porphyry, passing here and there into sienite. On opening my barometer, I found the tube broken and the mercury gone, so I was left to guess at the height of the hill, which I should give at about 1100 feet. The view from the summit was very commanding, extending from the ridge at the Bay of Bulls to the country west of Trepassée Bay. The whole range of the eastern coast was visible, but in the west and north-west the view was shut in by rising ground, over which, however, I thought I could just discern the top of the north-east mountain of Placentia. In the direction of Conception Bay was a line of inconceivably broken and rugged country, hardly constituting a distinct ridge, but covered with knobs and hummocks. Some more decided hills with a steep face to the east were called "Bread and Cheese," "Bold Face," &c., and I thought I could make out the Cats Cove hills,