

which they are surrounded. But what astonishes all the naturalists who have visited the Island within the last five years, is the total disappearance of all the water from the most of these reservoirs, without any perceptible cause or visible passages for discharge, while the lakes on the mountains remain full.

There are a few rivers of considerable magnitude rising in the interior, and gradually increasing until they fall into the sea, navigable only a short distance from their mouths; and some secondary ones, rising amid the hills and running, with a tortuous course, through the interior, sometimes with impetuosity between two parallel hills, then losing themselves for miles over vast flats without channel, fertilizing them to be again collected for an egress by the near approach of two collateral ridges. At last, after a circuit of many miles, they find their way to the "greedy sea," but little larger than where they first originated. These are always dry during the warm seasons, except in small pools, which the stock breeder is compelled to dig in their beds, to keep a supply of water on his run.

All parts of the country appear to have been visited, formerly, by these mountain streams, which have, seemingly, disjoined the hills that otherwise would have formed extensive chains, connected throughout the Island. There are two extended ranges, called the Eastern and Western, running parallel to each other across the country; while hundreds of inferior mounts rear their heads in mimic grandeur on either side, and between them, as if to rival their neighbors, if not in noble magnificence and bold appearance, at least in scenic beauty and diversity of character. A more strikingly magnificent spot, as viewed from Mount Seymour, where I now stand, 500 feet above the level of the sea, could not be found in any country. \* \* \*

I am at this height, on a pic-nic party; and while others are enjoying the joke, the bottle, and laughter, I amuse myself more rationally, by describing to you, my love, the scenes, a view of which would, if you were present, produce enthusiastic delight; but now all is steril, and enjoyment almost a blank. \* \* \*

Affectionately your's,

B.