

by an easy route and a succession of open slopes and short cliffs to the summit of the hill. We pushed on accordingly to the first exposed sheet of rock, which I found to consist of beds of common slate, dipping from the hill at a considerable angle. Climbing up this, we found ourselves on a bare table of rock tolerably smooth and easy to traverse, but had hardly proceeded 300 yards when to our great disgust we found ourselves on an insulated eminence, and that a valley 200 feet deep and a quarter of a mile wide, filled with the densest possible mass of wood, still intervened between us and the principal body of the hill. I descended the side of the hill with all care on account of the barometer slung across my shoulder, but notwithstanding my precaution, a thick sheet of moss gave way, and sliding with me along the smooth face of the slate-rock, down I went into some stunted fir-trees below, being partly caught and brought up by the barometer-case. Pushing our way through the woods, we arrived at the next slope, which was so rocky and precipitous, that we were obliged to pass my dog Bell from one to another as we climbed up. Most provokingly, after surmounting this