

there was reported to be a copper-mine that had been worked in the last century. For the first three or four miles there was a good road, but we then turned off by a narrow path over the ridge of the South Side Hill. The summit of this is a broad bare moorland, consisting partly of morass or small skirts of wood, partly of naked sheets of level rock or of round hummocks and knobs, and small abrupt ridges of rock rising up here and there along "the strike" of the beds. There are several ponds or small lakes scattered about it: one or two of these are connected by narrow passages, and form most picturesque sheets of water; and when the eye stretches across them over the well-defined boundary of the hill just beyond, and sees far away in the distance the blue horizon of the sea, few scenes that I have beheld are more wild and striking. After traversing this moorland, we came suddenly on the verge of its seaward slope; and there in a narrow ravine between dark precipices lay the cluster of white houses called Petty Harbour. The houses surround a small creek, which receives a howling torrent that hurries over the rocks of a desolate valley just behind, and they