

of 1840 in a timber-laden ship, the *Harvest Home*, Captain Thompson, bound for Newcastle, a somewhat out-of-the-way port for a passenger from the west, but which had the advantage of being less distant from Edinburgh than some others more easily reached from America. Towards its close the voyage was a stormy one, and one night a sea broke on board which cleared our deck from stem to stern, tore away a large part of the bulwarks and injured two of the crew, besides destroying the wheel. The whole was the work of a moment, but left our ship an apparent wreck, as well as deluging the cabin with water. The storm abated as we entered the English Channel; and I was delighted with the beauty of the coast—seen at no great distance—as we passed in leisurely succession the cliffs of Cornwall and Devonshire, the rocks of the Isle of Portland, the green fields and woods of the Isle of Wight, the banks of Beachy Head, and the chalk cliffs of Dover—all already familiar to me by name through my geological reading. How I longed to be on shore, to examine their rocks and collect their fossils! Our difficulties were, however, not yet over, for in the North Sea we were again assailed by storms, and had to run before