

Hyndman Esq., their Secretary. Mr. Brennan had secured for our reception the hospitality of the member for Burene in the House of Assembly of that colony, a Mr. Benning, an intelligent and amusing Irishman.

Leaving Arichat we arrived at Burene after a weeks tossing about on the Atlantic, having encountered the equinoxial gales that blew our little "Sea Gull" far away to the east. Approaching the coast of Newfoundland, in the vicinity of Burene, we were all struck by the appearance of its iron shore. The cliffs appeared to range hundreds of feet above the water without the appearance of a cove to shelter a weather beaten mariner. Our captain, a Newfoundlander, told tales of a fearful character of the people of a certain cove who lived by plundering ships decoyed on shore or driven there by the force of storms. Among others he told of the fate of the crew of a frigate who were all lost, excepting three or four—thrown on a shelf of the rock to be murdered by these wretches who were, he said, at times guilty of cannibalism. His stories made me shudder.

The wind was fair, and as we neared Burene we saw the French Islands to the westward and were aware, as well as our captain, that we were close on our desired port. He shifted his course a little and ran in directly for the land; I thought the fellow was mad, as he had been drinking hard during the gale, and I said to Mr. Brennan:

"I think, sir, this fellow intends to give us a watery grave, because we stopped his rum," but my friend, better acquainted with the coast, replied:

"There is no fear." So we dashed on.

In a short time we saw an opening, into which we sailed—one of the most extraordinary the mind of man can conceive. We sailed through this gut for a full mile. It appeared about a couple of hundred yards wide, the rock on each side hundreds of feet above our top-mast. Some extraordinary convulsion of nature must have caused this wonderful entrance to the Burene Harbor which we entered. It was, I assure my readers, quite as exciting as the delight an Englishman feels tramping up the mountains and pinnacles of the earth in Europe. Our surprise was multiplied as we entered the harbor. It is a perfect basin, I