

close in-shore, standing backwards and forwards across the mouth of the harbour, with a light, but bitterly cold breeze blowing off the land. The cold wind blowing over the ice the other day was not to be compared to the biting keenness of this, although the thermometer was a degree or two higher, being about 41° . We were compelled, for the first time since leaving Liverpool, to light a fire in the cabin-stove, in order to breakfast in comfort. The first view of the harbour of St. John's is very striking. Lofty precipitous cliffs, of hard dark red sandstone and conglomerate, range along the coast, with deep water close at their feet. Their beds plunge from a height of from 400 to 700 feet, at an angle of 70° , right into the sea, where they are ceaselessly dashed against by the unbroken swell of the Atlantic waves. This immense sea-wall is the side of a narrow ridge of hills which strike along the coast here, and through which there are occasional narrow vallies or ravines. These transverse valleys cut down through the range to various depths, and the bottom of one being about fifty or sixty feet below the level of the sea forms the entrance to the harbour