

Capt. Mercier is about thirty years old.

" We were sailing up the river St. Lawrence, since Sunday morning, said the captain, making on an average eight knots an hour. Our deck was being continually washed by the waves, and the schooner groaned under their shock, but I knew she was solid and I felt no fear. On nearing the dangerous passage of St. Roch, we saw some cord-wood floating about, with broken spars and other fragments indicating a wreck. Our supposition was soon confirmed, for towards four in the afternoon, we saw a black mass floating level with the water, about a mile away from us. On coming close, we ascertained that it was the hull of a vessel. A man standing on the keel was making desperate signs.

It was not an easy matter to save him. At the first moment, the undertaking seemed impossible; yet we were determined to try. After having brought the schooner to, and furled the sails, we left the rudder in the hands of a lad fourteen years old and tried to put out our small boat. Our first attempt was made to the windward, but the boat immediately filled and we had to hoist it on deck. We finally succeeded in making it float to leeward, but when we had finished this operation, which had taken half an hour, the man had disappeared from the wreck. We nevertheless embarked. I rowed and Carbonneau emptied the boat which at every moment threatened to sink.

On reaching the wrecked vessel, a sad sight met our gaze. A dead man was tied to the keel, another was holding on desperately to one of the beams, now rising on the crest of a wave and crying for help with a feeble voice, now entirely disappearing under water. We approached carefully, and finally succeeded in seizing him, but he had completely lost his mind, and was clinging to the vessel, without perceiving that we had come to his aid. We had to unite our strength to tear him from it, and even in the boat he continued