

usually keep to the southern, as the coast of Newfoundland has many dangerous rocks, and shoals.

About the middle of the Gulf, we sailed by the island of Anticosti. This land is uninhabited, unless at particular seasons, when hunters come on account of the skins of animals, with which it abounds. It extends about 30 miles in length. Its breadth is considerable. In most places it is distant from the land either to the north, or south about 35 miles. I was much struck with the idea that this island would be a proper place for a settlement of convicts. The distance from home would equally preclude escape, as by transmitting them to Botany Bay. I communicated with some gentlemen at Quebec, on this point, who were of the same opinion. After the period of their exile was elapsed, those of them who had families might accelerate the population of Canada, by receiving small grants of land, and thus strengthen our colonial establishment. The industry of these persons, confined to a small tract, would soon exhibit a scene of high cultivation that would exonerate their country from the expense of supporting them.

The navigation of the River St. Lawrence is peculiarly dangerous, hence the necessity of taking a pilot on board, at a distance of 50 leagues from Quebec, at the Isle of Bic. To survey a chart of this river, one would suppose that danger could rarely be escaped from the number of sunken rocks, that are laid down in it. Fortunately for us, our pilot was a man of ability, to whose skill we were, I believe, indebted for our safety. Shortly after we had taken him on board, it commenced a dreadful storm, accompanied with a thick fog, in consequence of which we could not see above a quarter of a mile from any part of the vessel. This last circumstance is, of all others, most to be apprehended, as it deprives the pilot of the opportunity of ascertaining the course of the ship by land marks, and reduces him to the necessity of relying merely on the lead. You may suppose that I had some occasion for alarm, when the Captain twice informed me, that he considered us as being in a most desperate situation, the vessel at the time going with the wind, and current, 14 miles an hour. The storm however abated, and we landed in safety on Sunday the 14th of October.

The St. Lawrence, as you approach the town, has an interesting appearance, from the number of houses and villages which adorn its banks. They are white on the outside, which aids the effect.