

far from the Magdalen Islands, which lie about midway in the Gulf of St. Lawrence. These islands are nothing more than a cluster of rocks, some appearing above, and others hidden under the water, and have been fatal to many vessels. Seamen wish often to make them in fine weather, as they serve to take a new departure from; but in foggy or blowing weather they as studiously avoid them. We found the mate's conjecture but too well founded; for in less than two hours we heard the sea breaking upon the rocks, and soon after discovered the principal island, which is called the Deadman, close under our lee, the point of which it was with the greatest difficulty that we weathered. Having happily cleared the main island, we were still far from thinking ourselves secure, for being unable, on account of the heavy fall of snow, to see many yards a head of the vessel, and being in the midst of the small islands, there appeared very little probability that we should pass clear of them all in the same manner. Not being able to distinguish any