

of navigation, in the latitudes we were then in; and we were not long before we experienced how critical our situation was.

"We waited only for the instant when the weather should clear up, to go and reconnoitre the land, from which we deemed we were not far distant. We thought we had at last attained the summit of our wishes. On the 22d of July, the finest sky imaginable filled us with hope and joy. The horizon, though not quite so clear as we could have wished, seemed, nevertheless, to promise a sight of land at five or six leagues distance. Upon the strength of this delusive appearance, we run directly towards the landing-place, with a brisk wind; but how great was our amazement, when, without discovering any land, we suddenly perceived, at a small distance before us, the dashing of the waters, which could only be occasioned by the coast, or by rocks or breakers, which the fog concealed from our sight. No time was to be lost; we tacked about, and made all the sail we could, to get away from a coast where it is dangerous being wind-bound, on account of the violent currents, which may drive the vessel ashore, if she has the misfortune to be becalmed.\* Happily for us, the wind favoured our flight, and we made for the Great Bank, there to wait, till a less fallacious change of weather should permit us to go safely in quest of land.

"This we had an opportunity of effecting two days after, by the finest weather imaginable. Nothing is more gloomy than the sky darkened by that thick and damp fog, as nothing is more beautiful than that very sky, when a north-east wind drives away the fog, and exhibits a well-terminated horizon. The sun was not yet risen, when the mist, which had been constant all the 23d, dispersed in an instant; a clear sky and a fair wind determined us to make directly for land. We set sail at two in the morning; at eight we discovered a small eminence rising in the most distant horizon. At noon the figure of this, and several other points, which appeared as we drew nearer, made us conjecture that the land we saw was the coast of Newfoundland, and that this first eminence was the *Chapeau-rouge*, or *Red-hat*. However, we were still too far off to judge with any certainty; but at four in the afternoon, being but four leagues distant, we plainly saw we were not mistaken. The *Red-hat*, and, in general, the whole coast of Newfoundland, is very steep, and rises very far above the level of the sea: we first discovered it at near 16 leagues distance. The ships that sail in this latitude commonly take notice of this mountain, its form being very distinguishable."

The *Comus*, above mentioned, was lost in the night of the 24th of October, 1816, at the entrance of *St. Shot's Bay*. At ten o'clock, it was supposed, "from reckoning and double altitude, (which was taken that day,) they were on the inner edge of the Green Bank; sounded, and found that they were in 25 fathoms of water, the exact depth on that bank as laid down in the Admiralty charts, which they referred to; but, for the greater safety of the ship, it then blowing very fresh, hauled her wind, with the head off-shore, and stood on under easy sail. At forty-five minutes past eleven, struck on a reef of rocks, extending from the eastern head of *St. Shot's Bay*, into the sea, owing to the amazing indraught into the different bays, and which are not accounted for in the Admiralty charts, which threw the ship out of her reckoning. The helm was immediately put down, and the sails braced aback, to get stern-way, when she was unfortunately caught by a rock, on the larboard quarter, and bilged before the boats could be got out; every exertion was used to save the ship, but in vain. At the same time, the weather was so foggy that little more than half the ship's length could be seen."

The *Harpooner*, which was lost on the 10th of November, 1816. On the 26th of October, detachments of the 4th Royal Veteran Battalion, with a few belonging to other corps in Canada, in all 380, embarked on board this ship, and sailed from Quebec for London, on the 27th. On the passage to the Gulf of *St. Lawrence*, moderate weather and favourable winds prevailed; but, on arriving in the gulf, the weather proved boisterous, and the wind contrary. Not a sight of land, nor an observation of the sun, could be depended on for several days. On Sunday evening, November 10, at a few minutes after 9 o'clock, the second mate, on watch, cried out, '*the ship's aground!*' at which time she lightly struck on the outermost rock of *St. Shot's*. She beat over, and proceeded to a short distance, when she struck again, and filled. Encircled among rocks, with the wind blowing strong, the night dark, and a very heavy sea, she soon fell over

\* The Island of Newfoundland is surrounded with the most violent currents: they have no fixed direction, sometimes driving towards the shore, sometimes towards the main sea. This uncertainty requires the greatest caution.—(Original note.)