

ignorées, le Corps Mort se dessina par le travers de notre hanche de tribord. Vraiment, le langage populaire lui avait bien donné le seul nom qu'il pût porter ; car, vu de cette distance, il ressemblait à s'y méprendre au cadavre d'un matelot flottant au gré des vagues. Involontairement je me rappelai alors l'*Ile des Morts*, ces belles strophes qu'un de nos bons poètes canadiens, James Donelley, avait imitées de Thomas Moore : (1).

(1) Voici les vers de Moore. Ils sont intitulés : "*Written on passing Dead-man's island, in the Gulf of Saint Lawrence, late in the evening, September, 1804.*"

See you, beneath yon cloud so dark,
Fast gliding along, a gloomy bark ?
Her sails are full, though the wind is still,
And there blows not a breath her sails to fill !

Oh ! what doth that vessel of darkness bear ?
The silent eum of the grave is there,
Save now and again a death-knell rung,
And the flap of the sails with night fog hung ?

There lieh a wreck on the dismal shore
Of cold and pitiless Lib ador ;
Where, under the moon, upon mounts of frost,
Full many a mariner's bones are tost !

Yon shadowy bark hath been to that wreck,
And the dim blue fire, that lights her deck,
Doth play on as pale and vivid a crew
As ever yet drank the church-yard dew !

To Dead-man's Isle, in the eye of the blast,
To Dead-man's Isle she speeds her last,
By ske eton shapes her sails are furl'd,
And the hand that steers is not of this world !

Oh ! hurry thee on—oh ! hurry thee on,
Thou terrible bark ! ere the night be gone ;
Nor let morning look on so foul a sight
As would blanch for ever her rosy light !