

close above us, while at the same moment the breakers were seen and heard under our bows. 1824.
June.

Our next cast gave us four fathoms, but most opportunely a flaw of wind came edging round the rock, and we were fortunate in staying the ship, and just clearing her of the reef. Guided by the sound of the breakers, and our hand leads, we succeeded in running into an anchorage in fifteen fathoms, apparently sheltered by some part of the high land. As Sinclair's Bay is the only place affording anchorage along a great extent of this most precipitous coast, we were most thankful for our security. I cannot pass over the circumstances of this escape without deploring the extreme ignorance of the pilots for this part of the coast; ours, for instance, not having any idea of our situation when anchored, and having been most positive that the set of the tide, with which he declared himself perfectly acquainted, could not possibly sweep us near the head, on the course we had been steering.

On the forenoon of the 29th the fog cleared, and we found ourselves about three cables' length from the land, and near the ruins of two fine old castles of the Sinclairs,