

snow beginning to fall, it was with the utmost difficulty we could get sight of each other, though at no great distance; and, in order not to part company, we fired a gun every half hour. The schooner at length made no answer to our guns, whence we concluded she had foundered, nor were we wrong in our suspicions; and every one on board perished, being sixteen in number.

The gale considerably encreased the following day, and the sea began to run high, with a heavy fall of snow, so as to prevent our seeing twenty yards a-head of the vessel. The men being excessively fatigued, the water had risen to its usual quantity of between four and five feet in the hold. The captain's mate, who was an intelligent young man, and well acquainted with his profession, judged, from the distance we had run, that we could not be 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. The mate's conjecture was right, and we soon found ourselves among them; but being unable, on account of the heavy fall of snow, to see many yards a-head of the vessel, there appeared little probability that we should pass clear of them all. Not being able to distinguish any one in time to avoid it, we were obliged to leave the vessel to the direction of Providence, and fortunately, if not miraculously,

we