the 26th, and that I was e the desired effect. All said the Mass of the Holy wenty-four men offered to ere left them, and a promat relief would be sent as an.

had made up my mind to nen who had offered to rewreck, and that I would vait patiently the promised ed my design, and to disenew the language of the party, so that if Mr. de should die, I might act as any Indians on the island. illy desired I should go; reaking my word, and did arrival at Mingan, my first m; not but that those who osed to send a boat to their et they relied apparently t, than that of one of themged, I exhorted those who old them that the means of essings of Heaven, was not nd to abandon themselves ovidence-that they should al exercise to keep off sickouragement,—that prudence e of the food we had left, although I hoped to send them relief before it was spent; but that it was better to have some over, than to run the risk of falling short. After giving this advice, those who were to go, began to make their preparations, and, on the 27th, we prepared to go; we embraced our comrades, who wished us a successful voyage, and, on our side, we showed how anxiously we desired to relieve their distress; we were far from thinking that it was our last embrace. Our farewell was most affecting, and the tears which attended it were a kind of presentiment of what was to befall us.

Thirteen got in the small boat, and seventeen in the longboat; we set out in the afternoon, and rowed that day about three leagues, but could not make land, and were obliged to pass the night on the water, where we endured inexpressible cold.

The next day we did not make as much progress, but we slept ashore, and during the night a prodigious quantity of snow fell over us.

On the 29th, the wind was against us, and we were compelled by the snow, which still continued to fall in abundance, to go ashore very early.

On the 30th, the weather forced us to lie to; at nine o'clock in the morning, we landed and made a good fire to cook some peas, which disagreed with several of our party.

On the first of December, the winds prevented our re-embarking, and, as our sailors complained of weakness, and said that they could not row, we cooked a little meat, which we ate after drinking the broth; it was the first time after our departure, that we had feasted ourselves so well; the other days we ate only a little