# GOLDEN YEARS IN ACADIE.

## Chapter X.

"Weather signs and sea superstitions".

In those unreturning years, our shipbuilding village had its being in the home shipyards and the doings of our ships; their Captains, their crews, their charters, their cargoes, their sailings to and fro in all the oceans. These were the great concerns of life in that enterprising community at the head of Cobequid Bay.

Even the children consulted maps, and were deeply imbued with the prevailing sea-spirit.

If picnic or any special festivity was being planned, we felt in duty bound to consult some sea-faring authority, as to weather probabilities. If a retired deep-water Captain was interviewed, he immediately consulted his barometer, and gave terse pronouncement. The coasting Captains were keen observers of local weather conditions, and not so chary of detail.

"You're wantin' to know about the weather for this afternoon, eh?"

"Wantin' it fine, of course! Pretty sultry mornin' this, and high water at eleven! Don't think much of that sky. See the big black clouds pilin' up in the west, and the hard edges of them! That means wind comin' with the tide. The raggeder the black clouds are, the fiercer will be the gust. There's a thunder-squall comin' with the tide, but it will likely go on up river, and then come out fine and cooler. Guess you can chance your picnic all right."

"Rainbow in the morning, sailors take warning.
Rainbow at night, the sailors' delight."

is an old rhyme that our sea-going prophets put little faith in. "Rainbows night or morning mean the same thing, unsettled weather," declared the Skipper, "they are mighty handsome to look at, arching the sky, but mighty tricky."

"Evening red and morning grey, two sure signs of a fine day", is a proverb all right for land or sea, but "Mackerel sky and mare's tails; that make tall ships carry low sails", are no good on land or sea. Neither are light clouds scudding along in opposite directions, they're squall breeders. Pale yellow clouds at sunset foretell wind, and if the clouds are deep orange or copper-colour, both wind and rain.

There were some very accurate weather-observers in our village, who logged weather conditions on land as well as sea, and were keen watchers of the skies.

Sailors' superstitions were a natural inheritance of the children, of a sea-faring village. We knew about "the flying

Dutchman", "Davy Jones' Locker", "Fiddlers Green," St.Elmo's Fire", "Black Cats", and the various tribulations they carried for sailors.

Our home ships always carried cats, home tabbys, grey, white, yellow,striped and spotted, but no entirely black cat. "Black cats spit wind, and carry gales in their tails".

The crew of a Maitland ship wrecked on a precipitous rock-bound coast reached shore on a line. Tabby was forgotten. Later, the sailor, whose special pet she was,went back and spied Tabby mewing piteously in the bow. He risked the trip back, secured Tabby, and both reached shore in safety.

St. Elmo's fire, the dancing balls of red and blue fire seen on mast tips, and in the rigging of ships, especially in the Mediterranean, had for long generations been regarded, by sailors, as a forerunner of disaster. Today this ghostly fear has been laid, and St. Elmo's Fire is but a very beautiful display of electricity.

The Flying Dutchman, a phantom ship seen at sea, was for generations a very real terror to sailors. That ghostly ship was always a portent of impending disaster. In this twentieth century, we know that the phantom ship is a mirage seen at sea. A sea-mirage of some far away ship pictured against clouds and sea, and produced by atmospheric conditions, similar to those in the more common land mirages.

The Flying Dutchman, and his menace, was a familiar sea tale of sailors the world over. The skipper of a Dutch ship, obstinately determined to round "The Horn", against a heavy gale and terrific seas, his cursing and obstinacy, his ribaldry and drunkenness, his crew of thieves and murderers, sinners like himself, and their sacrilegious doings, have in these years of steam and electricity been shorn of all their horrors. The mirage is now gazed upon with interest from steamers' decks, without any of the superstitious fears that harrowed the crews of sailing ships. The dreaded "Flying Dutchman", like the sailing ship, is now but a "has been".

The Flying Dutchman was a frequenter of all the oceans, and as a child I well remember my uneasiness over a report, that the "Flying Dutchman", had been seen in Cobequid Bay. Although the report was generally scoffed at, still sea superstitions have a strong hold upon those "who go down to the sea in ships".

We knew very little about mirages in those days, but many years afterwards I remember seeing a most wonderful mirage in Cobequid Bay, with Blomidon sitting in state, in the spot where Noel Point should have been. No doubt, that long ago shad fisher saw a mirage of some Fundy ship mirrored in the clouds.

"Davy Jones' Locker" was a familiar descriptive phrase for wreck or moorings in the depths of the deep sea, a lonely uncanny spot. While "Fiddler's Green" was the port of peace,

where all good ships and their crews rest eternally.

Sailors, who live so near to Nature's heart, are proverbially superstitious. The following story was told to me by a Hants County Captain.

His vessel, bound from Florida to Europe, was well out in the Gulf stream. Just after daybreak, on a misty morning, everyone was startled by a loud wailing cry that came out of the sea right ahead. At once the helm was shifted hard a-starboard to clear whatever it was, that had given such an unearthly yell. Just abreast of the spot, where the sound came from, something black raised its head. "We glimpsed its black neck, striped with white, and its undulating body. It looked as if it might be that of a huge sea-serpent. It was a *year*, when sea-serpent-appearance stories were being largely featured in the American newspapers. For a time, we were of the opinion that we might have something worthwhile to report upon the subject, but when we reached port, we found that an automatic buoy had broken from its moorings on the Atlantic coast, near Cape Hatteras, and was travelling and wailing its way over the Atlantic. Thus another good sea-serpent story went adrift."

There were strange happenings in regard to some of our home ships. So strange indeed, that we were chary of discussing them. There was the Capri, for instance, and there were others that featured strange and uncanny happenings. Fine, well-built ships that were literally "killers" of sailors at sea, as

bloodthirsty as the were-wolf of Acadian tradition. Ships that demanded the toll of a life for every voyage, be the weather foul or fair, and after they had completed their toll of murder, in some fierce manner destroyed themselves.

The Capri's uncanny actions did not begin before launching. It was after she had struck the sea that the trouble began. This fine well-built ship was not launched on a Friday. She was a fast sailer, easily handled, and a good cargo carrier.

Why was it that with a fine, home Captain, careful officers and crew, the Capri was compelled to pay the toll of a life on every voyage? Fair weather or foul that heart-breaking statement:-"A man lost overboard on the voyage!" accompanied the notice of the vessel's arrival in port.

The Capri became a "marked ship" and sailors in ports on both sides of the Atlantic hesitated to join her.

In the summer of 1881, our family had a keen personal interest in the round trip of the Capri, from New York to Europe and return. The Captain, an old friend of my father's, was taking my younger brother, a lad of fourteen, with him for the trip, while his son stayed with us and attended Selma school.

The Capri cleared from New York for Hamburg. On her way across the Atlantic the ship paid her usual toll of a life. The weather was fine, the sea calm, and the ship was making

excellent time. The toll exacted was the first mate, the Captain's brother, a fine, strong young man, who slipped out into oblivion. He was last seen standing in the bow looking back over the ship, quietly gazing at the rose and gold of a wonderful sunset. No splash was heard, no cry, nothing to break the quiet peace of that golden eventide. The strong active mate had paid the last voyage-toll demanded by the Capri.

In due time the Capri reached Hamburg, and the usual report, of "Man lost on the voyage", was sent home. Before the return voyage started, the fine reliable Captain was taken ill with fever, and had to be left in hospital. A new Captain took the Capri. On the return trip the cargo was ice, shipped in a small Norwegian seaport, for New York. This was before the production of ice by artificial means.

The Capri was loaded and set out on her return voyage. Then Boreas got busy;- gales, rain, hail, smashing seas, and final calamity, dense fog. Suddenly in the grey dawn of a September morning, the loud and ominous crashing of breakers sounded through the fog. Almost immediately the ship struck on the precipitous rock-bound coast of Unst, the outermost of the Shetland Islands. The Capri drove bow on against the towering granite cliffs. At once the jagged rocks and battering seas began their work of destruction. To the boy of fourteen, the overhanging cliffs with the great seas smashing against them, and the ominous crashing of ship timber, as the Capri

began to break up, were lifelong memories.

The second mate, a fine young Scotsman, braved death and swam ashore with a line. It was a hazardous chance, but though badly bruised, he was able to make the line fast. One by one those on board followed on that line, swept by heavy seas, but holding on for dear life. Among the number was my young brother, and the ship's carpenter, Charles Laurence, a Selma man.

There was a stiff and hazardous climb up the cliff, for the chilled exhausted company, but all reached the pasture land above in safety. Frightened sheep scattered in haste, and when the astonished crofters, wakened by shouts and strange voices in the grey gloom of a misty dawn, beheld the wild looking company, they feared at first that it was a raid upon them, with evil intent. But when they heard the marvellous story of wreck and escape on their rockbound coast, they, like the inhabitants of that other island, in the best-known of all stories of shipwreck, showed the unfortunate crew"no little kindness".

Every soul was saved in that final gesture of the Capri's, though she had dashed herself to pieces in a spot, not far from where another fine Nova Scotianship had ended her career, with sad loss of lives.

My earliest definite recollection of sea tragedy, is connected with the age-old one of mother-love.

Fulton McDougall, eldest son of Captain A.A. McDougall of Selma, and his friend, one of the young O'Briens of Noel, were at sea together. The two were convalescing from small-pox. It was their first day on deck, a fine, bright day, with sunshine, wind, and a racing sea. Suddenly a great wave was shipped. It swept the deck and the invalids, too weak to battle with its fury, were both carried overboard and drowned.

Although it was several years after this tragic happening, when I stood, a wondering little girl, beside Mrs. McDougall and heard the story, her tears and grief-stricken white face have been for me a life-long memory.

Another memory of the long-ago was a Christmas tragedy of the sea before my time, but always recalled as Christmas drew near.

The vessel and Captain Esdale were both of Selma. The coal-laden brig cleared from Pictou, on a fine, brisk December morning. That night the wind increased to a furious gale with smashing seas. Near the entrance to the Strait of Canso the vessel foundered with all on board. The only record of this disaster came from a shore resident, who was anxiously watching the distressed ship, labouring with wind and seas. The watcher turned aside for an instant, and when he looked again the vessel had disappeared.

In the year 1870, the coal-laden brig, "Nancy", bound from Cow Bay (now Port Morien), Cape Breton, for New York, foundered during a heavy gale. The Nancy was a Maitland vessel. Her Captain, William Putnam, and the first mate, John McDougall, were Maitland men. The second Mate was also a Nova Scotian, and the crew of seven were foreigners.

Captain Putnam had his wife and little child of seventeen months with him. The brig was also carrying passengers,- a miner's wife with her family of seven children, ranging in age from a few months to nineteen years. The Cape Breton family was on its way to join the head of the household, in a Pennsylvania mining town.

It was near the Autumnal equinox, and rough weather was to be expected. On Monday September 18th, 1870, during a terrific gale and raging sea, the vessel sprang a leak. So desperate a leak, that all efforts to stop it were without avail. The Nancy went swiftly to her doom. With one exception, all on board went down with the brig. The exception was Captain Putnam, who was on deck when the Nancy took her final plunge. As the sea was closing over the doomed ship the Captain grasped at a ladder, and clinging to it was hurled out into the storm-tossed Atlantic.

For thirty-six hours he was swept to and fro, clinging for dear life to his frail support. Twice ~~was~~ he was washed off, but managed to regain his hold. On the afternoon of

the second day, the despairing, exhausted man was picked up, in a semi-conscious condition, by the Captain and crew of a Nova Scotian fishing schooner, and was brought to Halifax.

The terse loge of Maitland ships in the seventies, eighties, and nineties have records of daring deeds, that savour of the time of Elizabethan sailors, and their exploits.

Among the epic performances there was one that featured an oft-quoted expression of our school-days: "Douglas will follow thee or die".

In the early Autumn of the year 1890 the Stormy Petrel, Captain David Douglas of Maitland, sailed from St. John, New Brunswick, bound to Bordeaux, France, with a cargo of deals. About the same time a sister ship, the Kentigern, also deal laden, sailed from St. John for Bordeaux. The Captain of the Kentigern was also a Hants County man, and a close friend of Captain David Douglas.

The north Atlantic in Autumn, with shifting winds, rough seas, and lessening daylight, was not the happiest spot for a sailing ship, especially for a vessel carrying a heavy deck-load of deals, and the Stormy Petrel was laden to capacity.

On a gusty October day in mid-Atlantic, Captain David Douglas was at work in his chart-room, when he caught the heart-breaking cry of "Child overboard".

"Child Overboard" meant his little son, a blue-eyed boy with golden curls, who but a few moments before had left the

chart-room with a small dog, his constant playmate.

Instantly Captain Douglas was on the lumber-piled deck. He threw off his coat as he ran, his keen eyes searching the rough sea.

"Thank God, O, thank God"! There was a little arm and hand in sight. The small boy, too, was of the stuff of which heroes are made. The Captain tore off his shoes, threw aside someone who tried to intercept him, shouted sailing orders and to launch a boat, jumped to the rail, and leaped over into the rough mid-Atlantic.

Captain David Douglas was a strong swimmer and an expert in the water. The fingers of the little hand were soon within his firm clasp. The boy was conscious, and after much difficulty, the Captain managed to get the little son into a safe position on his shoulder. He then struck out for the ship. A life buoy, that had been thrown, came his way and he was able to put one arm through it. Twice the laddie, now only half conscious, slipped from his father's shoulder, and was with great difficulty replaced.

There had been trouble in handling the ship for this sudden emergency. She was hard to bring about, consequently, there was delay, and the rescuing boat was long in reaching father and son. Captain Douglas and little Eddie had been an hour in the icy water, battling with death, when the rescuing boat reached them. The little boy was unconscious. The

father and mother, and others who loved the happy child, worked for hours over the little body, but without avail. The joyous young life had set out on that widest sea of all--Eternity.

When the Stormy Petrel reached Bordeaux, Captain David Douglas was taken to hospital suffering from acute rheumatism, brought on by cold and exposure, in that heroic attempt to save his child.

His ship was under charter for a South American port, and both the Captain and his wife were averse to burying their little son in a foreign land.

In the meantime, Captain Dexter of the Barque Kentigern, had reached Bordeaux, and was loading for New York. The embalmed body, of the drowned child, was placed in a lead coffin, and was taken by Captain Dexter in his ship to New York. From the American city, this "true friend in time of need", had the body sent on to Maitland, to be buried in the Douglas plot in Oak Island burial ground.

In recalling the sorrows of that long-gone Atlantic voyage, Captain Dexter mentioned an incident, that illustrates the proneness of those whose life is on the great deep to watch for mysterious signs and omens.

The Kentigern was on her way back across the Atlantic to New York. The weather, in mid-ocean, was rough. During a heavy gale, the first mate reported to Captain Dexter that

there was great uneasiness among the sailors, in regard to a bright star of light on the wall of the room, just above the little casket--the casket had been placed in a room of the forward house. The sailors were afraid, that this bright star was an omen of impending disaster.

Captain Dexter went at once to investigate. The bright spot of light was there as reported. After a careful examination he found a small rough-edged hole in the partition, between this room and the lighted forecastle adjoining. Through this hole, the light reflected in a bright star-shaped spot on the wall, just above the coffin. This ghostly portent was quickly laid, the voyage to New York was a fair one, and with no untoward happening.

Four of Captain David Douglas' seven sisters married Bay Captains, and "sailed the seas over". They were all charming women with the same dauntless spirit, that animated the loved brother. The youngest married Captain Currie McDougall, and was the heroine of a sea tragedy rare in the annals of Maitland ships.

# GOLDEN YEARS IN ACADIE.

## Chapter XI.

"Mutiny on the Launberga"

Maitland was the home port of many fine ships, and of able Captains. The Captains' wives, too, come in for honourable mention in our Chronicles of the sea. Fine, reliable women, who were ready to take their share in many a grave crisis.

In those adventurous years, fire at sea was our most dreaded hazard of the great deep. We knew well the stories of the Milton, and the Lara, but mutiny--that most terrible of all sea-experiences--was an unheard of happening in connection with our ships and crews.

In the sixties, seventies, and eighties, the crews of our home ships were mostly from the Maritime Provinces, or, at least, were largely leavened by these fine sailors. Young fellows trained in the "give and take" of country schools; inured to sea changes and hardships. Young men, who were looking forward to "passing the Board" and becoming ships' officers. Crews such as these had inborn respect for law,

order, and "the powers that be".

In 1895 the sailing ships and their crews had begun to suffer a sad sea-change. The end of our golden years was at hand. The youth of our Maritime Provinces were forsaking the sea, for other and more promising careers. Crews, of sailing ships, were not of the mental and moral calibre of those who had signed articles, in the golden decades of the seventies and eighties.

In the last years of the nineteenth century, the crews of our sailing ships were often foreigners--usually referred to as "Dutchmen", or men who said "yaw" for "yes". Unfortunately, they were too often the "sweepings" of the great seaports of the Atlantic and Pacific.

In March, 1895, the Launberga, a superfine vessel of fourteen hundred tons, built by Adams McDougall of South Maitland, and commanded by his brother, Captain John Currie McDougall, was lying off Iloilo in the Philipines, making ready to take in a cargo of sugar. The Launberga had carried coal from Newcastle, Australia, to Manila, the Capital of the Islands.

The crew, a very mixed one, had been eagerly looking forward to shore leave at Manila. Owing, however, to quarantine regulations at Manila, this leave could not be granted, but shore leave for the crew was promised at Iliolo, the Philipine port, where the Launberga was to load a cargo of sugar for New York.

The vessel arrived at Iloilo on a Friday, and Captain McDougall at once went ashore to enter his ship at the Customs. When the Captain returned from this shore visit to the Port Authorities, he brought back with him a disappointing communication from the British Vice-Consul. An order to the effect, that no shore leave would be granted to sailors. The crew, of the ship that had preceded the Launberga, had stirred up a riot in the town, and during the fray a native woman had been killed, hence the prohibitory order.

The British Vice-Consul gave a copy of this order to Captain McDougall, and requested that it be read to the crew. He also sent two well-armed Philipine policemen on board, to prevent the sailors going ashore. Captain McDougall on his return to the ship called all hands aft, and read to them the disappointing news.

During Friday evening, and all day Saturday, seething discontent possessed the crew. Brains and whispering tongues were hot with wrath. The men worked in suppressed fury at their task of discharging the ballast, taken in at Manila, and now being lightered out to make room for the sugar cargo.

"The means to do ill deeds, make ill deeds done".

An unobserved shore boat, slipping slyly to the bow, supplied the busy crew with rum, which added fuel for a fierce combustion.

Knocking off hour was at six o'clock. The Captain had gone forward to see that the lighter was safely off for shore.

He then turned to go aft to the cabin. Amidship a little group including the first mate, a mild, elderly man named Bowyer, the second mate, James Evans, and the boatswain, Tom Desmond, were watching the shoreward bound lighter, when two of the crew, Shuman and Brown, bursting with rum-bravado wrath, after insulting remarks directed toward Bowyer, the mate, suddenly attacked him and knocked him down. Four others hurried along and joined in the assault upon Bowyer.

Desmond, lithe and strong, threw two of the assailants back, and Bowyer made his escape to the quarter-deck, where the foremast hands hesitated to follow him.

The attack had been halted, but only for an instant while one twisted the door from a hen-coop, savagely shied it at the mate's head and missed. Another of the rum-crazed men threw a lump of coal from the galley which struck the unfortunate mate on the head. He surged over onto the main deck and lay as if dead.

Captain McDougall was near the pilot house when he caught the sudden tumult of sound. He turned to see half a dozen drunken, infuriated sailors kicking and pounding the body of his first officer. He rushed down the companion-way and through the mess-room, where his wife with their eight-months old baby, Annie, in her arms, called in alarm "O, what is it? What is the matter?"

The answer was surely a startling one. "They've killed

the mate!"

"Where's my revolver?" he cried as he dashed into the stateroom. In an instant he was back with it, but without cartridges. "Where are the cartridges? Where are they?" he cried.

The steward, Robert Otto, a Shelburne lad, thrust his loaded revolver into the Captain's hand and hastened up the companion-way after him. The eyes of the little Malay cabin boy glittered as he listened. Instantly he, too, prepared for battle. Snatching up the carving knife, with a flourish he started off with it, eager to fight for his Captain.

Mrs. McDougall caught him, twisted the knife from his hand, and forcibly pushed him along with her small son, Fred, four years old, into a stateroom and locked the door. Margaret McDougall was a woman in a thousand, brave, quick-witted and resourceful. With her baby in her arms she rushed up the companion-way. The ballast-lighter, on its way to Iloilo, was still within hailing distance. Her clear voice carried out to those on board a startling message. "The crew have killed the mate! Mutiny! Send the gens-d'arme! Quick! Quick! Do you understand?"

There was an instantaneous answering shout in the up-and doing tones that meant help.

Meanwhile Captain McDougall, revolver in hand, had reached the deck. "Get forward, men!" he ordered. "You'll

kill the mate!"

"Yes, and you, too!" shouted Kelly, the leader, with a volley of oaths as he dashed up the poop-ladder brandishing a drawn sheath-knife.

Raging behind him were five of the crew, Shuman, Brown, Land, Abrahams and Goydlewski, all cursing, shouting, fighting-mad, and rum-reckless. As they swarmed up, the Captain gave way a step or two and fired over their heads. This clemency but added fuel to their rage, and Kelly, the leader, jumping forward, struck furiously at the Captain's head, a blow that smashed his face open from the hair to below the cheek bone, a fearsome wound that left its life-long scar.

Captain Currie McDougall was a young, full-blooded man, and from this ghastly wound blood covered his face and blinded him. Again Kelly struck a brutal blow and this time the Captain's revolver answered, and the shot was not over his assailant's head. So near were the mutineers, that the bullet singed the leader's shirt and lodged in his lung. He at once fell back out of the fray.

The others--five of them--closed with the Captain. One of them stabbed him in the neck. Another pounded him on the head with a lump of coal. The Captain, meanwhile, gripping hard upon the revolver, that five men were struggling to wrest from him. Back and forth they surged in a death struggle. Finally one succeeded in wrenching the revolver from the

Captain's hand. Instead of turning it at once upon the Captain, the possessor fired one desultory shot, and with the revolver in hand ran forward, drove the two Iloilo policemen into a room and fastened the door on the outside.

The second mate, Desmond, and Otto, the steward, both unarmed, had rushed to the aid of their hard-pressed Captain. Desmond threw his arms around the Captain shielding him with his body, while he tried to reason with the rum-crazed men. In an instant they had flung Desmond aside, fiercely reiterating their intention to "fihish the bloody Captain".

It was then that Mrs. McDougall, still with the baby in her arms, came rushing into the furious fight. "Don't kill my husband! Don't kill him!" she implored, pushing her way into the group.

So sudden and disconcerting was her action, that for an instant they hesitated, and no doubt that brief interval was instrumental in saving her husband's life. Somehow, in that short period, she and the Nova Scotian steward, Otto, managed to drag the badly wounded Captain to the pilot house, pushed him inside and shut the door. She and Otto, who had been stabbed in the neck, were shut out.

Balked in their murderous assault upon the Captain, the mutineers turned upon his wife. Shuman, the leader, struck her in the face, knocked her down, with the baby still in her arms, and kicked and trampled on her.

Desmond called; "Dont hurt the woman and child!" At once Goydlewski, the Pole, came to aid the terrified, injured woman. He helped her round the cabin to the after-companion way, picked up the baby, and slipped her in with her mother. The badly wounded Otto was also of that forlorn company in the cabin.

The cabin doors were bolted and barricaded in momentary expectation of an attack, then Mrs. McDougall began to bind up her husband's wounds. The little company in the cabin knew that another assault was imminent. Outside the drunken mutineers had, for the moment, turned their attention to Kelly, gasping, bleeding, and imploring for a doctor.

The flag-locker was broken open, but no one knew the signal for a doctor. Back again to the cabin they raged, demanding that someone come and show them what flag to hoist.

"Get axes and smash in the skylight," shouted one, "then we'll get in and finish the job!"

They rushed off intent on their errand, but on the way fell to disputing and fighting among themselves. They did not know the signal, but why couldn't they take Kelly ashore in a boat? some one suggested. A suggestion immediately acted upon.

The Captain and his wife, barricaded in the cabin, heard with a great and understanding thankfulness the boat splash in the calm water, and the sound of oars. They knew that the mutineers were taking their own hazardous shore leave.

For the prisoners in the cabin there was an interval of peace, and while they waited a well-known cheery voice sounded outside,- that of Captain Hurlbert of the "Bowman B. Law", a very old friend of the McDougalls.

Captain Hurlburt's ship had come in during the rioting on board the Launberga, and had anchored near. At once, this old and tried friend came hurrying to give the aid so badly needed.

The port authorities of Iloilo, also the Spanish gens-d'armes, lent efficient aid and peace was restored. The mutineers were arrested, examined in Manila, and sent on to Hong Kong for trial. Shuman died of sunstroke, Kelly was dead, and the others were sentenced to jail terms of various lengths.

The Captain and officers injured in the mutiny, eventually recovered, though all carried marks of its savagery. A new crew was shipped, and Captain McDougall set out for New York. A return cargo, shipped in New York, was for Saigon, Cochin China, and from Saigon the ship went again to Manila.

Mrs. McDougall, who was ill, did not return in the Launberga. She crossed the Pacific by steamer, and from Vancouver journeyed by rail across the Continent, to the peace and security of her home village of Maitland.

During that harrowing time in the Orient, and the subsequent voyages on the Pacific, Mrs. McDougall was suffering from nervous shock. She could not sleep, her appetite had gone, she was but a shadow of her old bonnie self.

"Through all those harrowing experiences", she told me, "I shed no tears, but I was always alert, listening and waiting for some awful calamity to happen". "Even on the Pacific steamer this haunting fear was with me continually".

"It was not until the steamer was nearing the British Columbia coast,-and I, sitting dull and apathetic, turned and saw great ranks of green trees, the towering Douglas fir trees of British Columbia, banked against a clear blue sky. Instantly they brought the memory picture of the tall green spruce of home, climbing the upland hills beyond the marshes, and the peace and security that enfolded the hills of home. Then suddenly, I, who had shed no tears in all that horror of tragedy, began to cry, and I could not stop. I lay in my berth and wept, until utterly exhausted, I fell asleep. When I awakened the numbing horror in my brain had gone, and though weak and shaken, I felt that I might still be able to do the work that was appointed for me."

Captain Currie McDougall's adventurous voyaging has ended in the "last port of all", the quiet cemetery of Ross Bay, Victoria, B.C.

This peaceful spot is but a few rods from the sea. Great ocean steamers, passenger ferry-boats, ocean tramps and fishing craft are continually passing in and out the Strait. Nearby a great lighthouse sends its powerful beams to guide the mariners' path. Across the blue waters of the Strait mountains lift their snow-crowned peaks into the clouds:- The "everlasting hills" and the unchanging sea--with us from the beginning of time and until Time ends in Eternity.

# GOLDEN YEARS IN ACADIE.

## Chapter XII.

### "The Burning of the Milton".

On a winter evening of the early eighties, I was one of a group of young girls gathered around the fireside, in Kate Stuart McArthur's hospitable home. We were all of youth's "gay morning", and as it was the midwinter holiday season, we were gaily speculating upon what the coming year might hold for us.

Suddenly our hostess, who had been listening to the lively chatter, remarked in a choked voice:- "I hope that no one of you may ever be called upon to endure a Christmas season such as mine was in 1881".

Then we, too, remembered the tragedy of the Milton, and as we sat in the comfort and security of her Maitland home, she told us in detail the story of her harrowing experiences. Fire at sea, long endurance in an open boat on the wide Pacific; trust, mother-love, bravery, suffering, starvation, treachery, consuming thirst, death, harrowing disappointment and rescue. A never-to-be-forgotten recital that has come down with me through the years.

The story, as she told it, was a vital moving picture of a great tragedy. My record is but a brief summary of facts.

In the Autumn of 1879 I witnessed the launching of the "Milton", a fine full-rigged ship, fourteen hundred tons register, built by the firm of Brown and Anthony of Lower Selma. The career of this fine ship was a short one, lasting but little more than two years.

The Captain, Henry McArthur, was a Maitland man, and his wife, Kate Stuart, was also a native of our shipbuilding village. She usually accompanied her husband on his sea-going voyages. On that fateful last voyage of the Milton they had with them their two small sons, Arch, aged four years, and Frankie, aged two.

The Milton's first mate was Charles Carroll, a fine young man who came from our County town of Windsor. The second mate, Edwin Anthony, was a son of the builder, active and resourceful, and though only eighteen had been five years at sea. There was also another home lad on board the Milton, George Ettinger, from a nearby village.

On August 9th, 1881, the Milton sailed from Shields, England, with a cargo of coal, bound for San Francisco. The voyage from Shields across the Atlantic was a pleasant one with fair winds and sunshine; even that hoodoo of sailing ships, the "Horn", "was rounded" in good weather. Sunshine and

favouring winds followed the Milton on her way north on the Pacific. The Equator was crossed, and the long procession of pleasant busy days remained unbroken until December twenty-second.

On that fateful afternoon someone noticed smoke sifting up around the main hatch. Spontaneous combustion had set the coal cargo on fire. Fire at sea was one of the most dreaded calamities that could befall our wooden sailing ships.

Captain McArthur was ill in bed, suffering from a severe attack of rheumatism. His wife helped him to dress and he hurried out after Carrol, who had brought the terrible news.

The Captain immediately started a fire-fighting campaign; the force pumps were set working and a bucket brigade got busy. All that afternoon and until nearly morning the crew fought the fire; a valorous fight, but a losing one. Every minute the smoke increased, the heat was suffocating, the deck, blistering hot, covered a fiery furnace, and further delay was dangerous.

The fine ship could not be saved, and Captain McArthur, his family and the crew, must face the hazard of fortune in open boats on the wide Pacific.

Early in the morning of the twenty-third of December, the boats were lowered and supplied with everything needed for a long voyage;- water, tinned provisions, biscuit, bedding, medicines, all the helpful aids that the foresight of Captain

McArthur and the quick brain of his wife could suggest were taken with them. Fortunately the sea was calm and the boat-supplies were quickly and safely transferred. The Captain took care to see that the ship's register, the chart of the north Pacific, his sextant, the ship's compass and log, were in the boat. He took with him one flag--the trading-red-ensign so typical of our ship building, sea-trading, community.

The Captain's boat, the largest of the three, was twenty-four feet long and had two masts. It carried the Captain, his wife, the two childred, the boatswain, George Ettinger, the carpenter and two sailors, who were foreigners.

First mate Carroll's boat carried seven men of the crew. The third boat, in charge of Edwin Anthony, the young second mate, was the smallest of the three, but was light and swift. All three boats had similar stores of provisions, water, and bedding.

Until the morning of the twenty-fourth, the three boats hovered in the vicinity of the burning ship. They remained with the hope that the great blazing light would serve as a beacon, and attract some passing ship to their rescue.

No help appeared, and when the stately Milton had burned to the water's edge, the three boats started off on their hazardous adventure. The Captain's boat led. At night the port light (red) showed on the stern. The second mate's boat

followed, with a green light hung out as guide for Carroll's boat, which brought up the forlorn procession.

On the morning of the day before Christmas, the three boats started out on their hazardous journey of twelve hundred miles north. They were far out from the coast of South America and north of the Equator. They had ocean currents to reckon with, the north-east trade winds, and all the weather vagaries of the tropics.

Their objective--the nearest land--was Cape San Lucas, the southern point of the peninsula of Lower California, which was twelve hundred miles away. The boats were, but three small black moving dots on a great restless waste of shining water, circled round by blue sky and with a blazing tropical sun overhead.

When daylight broke on Christmas morning, First-mate Carroll's boat had dropped out of the procession, a depressing start. The other two boats cruised back, and around all Christmas day, but there was no clue of any sort found, and the missing boat was never again heard of. This was a disheartening loss, for Carroll was an efficient, experienced seaman.

The weather continued fine, with a tropical sun beating down upon them. An awning was rigged over the stern of the Captain's boat, so as to give Mrs. McArthur and the children some privacy, and protection from the burning sun.

At dawn of the ninth day the two remaining boats had become separated, the Captain's boat having passed Anthony's in the night. As day broke Captain McArthur's boat "lay to" watching and waiting for the smaller boat to come up. Mrs. McArthur was greatly concerned as to the fate of the young home officer who had charge of the missing craft, and when the boat finally came up the Captain requested Anthony to come on board, as his wife and the children wished to see him. At the same time he transferred the steward, an old and experience navigator, to take charge in Anthony's absence.

Anthony's visit on the Captain's boat was prolonged until dusk. Captain McArthur then decided that Anthony's return had better be made in the daylight. When morning dawned there was no sign of the accompanying boat, and another day was spent in a fruitless search. There was no trace to be found, and when night shut in the search was abandoned.

No accident had befallen the second boat. They were only astray on that waste of waters. Later they were picked up by the British ship "Cochin" and taken into San Francisco. They gave the first news we of Maitland had of the tragic disaster.

Fate had made the decision for Edwin Anthony. A boon indeed, for the hard-worked, harassed Captain. He now had with him two home lads that he could trust--Ettinger and Anthony.

The first week in January, Captain McArthur found that his tinned stores were being tampered with, and day and night from that time food and water had to be watched. On January 4th all were put on short allowance. On the 16th of January they sighted a sail about six miles north. Captain McArthur, to help the boat along, started the men rowing, and to encourage their efforts gave them water from the scanty store.

From the actions of the ship the forlorn boat's crew felt that they had been seen, and redoubled their efforts. Just at that time a squall swept up and the stranger sailed away. In vain the toilers in the lonely boat waved and shouted. It was a cruel trick of fate and a heart-breaking experience.

Harrowing days followed. The children were moaning and begging for water, all, young and old, slowly dying of thirst and starvation, and the sound of water lapping against the boat was maddening.

On my grandfather's property in Maitland there is a spring of water, clear, cool, and ever-flowing. One of Kate McArthur's haunting dreams was that she stood by this clear, cool, spring with a cup in her hand.

There were squalls along the horizon, but no rainfall reached the boat. The only relief, a very slight one, was to wet cloths in sea water and wrap them around head and

throat. The sailors were furtively drinking sea water and that, in the end, meant madness.

It was then, after a great deal of trouble, that the Captain and young Anthony "rigged up" a condenser. True Maitlanders of their generation, with the will to do things, and the ability to find out a way.

The "way" consisted of the cover of a tin trunk for fire-box, a tomato can with a cover as boiler, a tube fitted into it from a second can of cold water as condenser. The tube went through the second can and was of tin, most ingeniously contrived and set up. For fuel all the oars, except two, were whittled, and every bit of wood in the boat that could be taken. From this contrivance, probably unique in sea-going experience, from a pint to nearly a quart of water could be condensed in twenty-four hours, and the drops were watched as they fell. A mouthful in twenty-four hours helped to keep them alive, and all shared alike. The remnant of food had to be constantly guarded.

The long agonizing sunbright days wore on. On the second of February, Frankie, the younger of the two little boys, died in his mother's arms. Sharks were following the boat, and the poor mother could not bear the thought of putting the loved little body over-board. The father sewed it securely in canvas, and it was put into a tin box to await shore burial.

In the last week of January all provisions were gone, but on the twenty-eighth a large flying-fish fell into the boat. It was cooked and eaten, a mouthful for each. Then a week of starvation followed.

Early in the morning of February 6th, their forty-sixth day in the open boat, Captain McArthur sighted land. Great was the joy of the starving company, but there were many hazards yet to be faced. This unfrequented coast of the Peninsula of Lower California was bold and rocky. San Roque Island, the spot sighted, was but a barren rock north of Cape San Lucas, and the boat was turned south in search of a harbour.

Evening fell upon the forlorn company huddled in the boat. All were wasted to skin and bone, and the three sailors were lying in a helpless state. In the gloaming Captain McArthur sighted a schooner about five miles distant, but the January night shut in early and the vessel was lost to sight. This was a last straw.

"Everything seemed against us" breathed Mrs. McArthur, "and I begged Henry to pull the plug from the boat and let us drown--it would be easier--"

Her lips trembled and tears ran down her cheeks as she recalled that agonizing moment; and we, who listened, wept with her.

"That was the darkest night before the dawning" she breathed, as she wiped away her tears, "for Henry refused".

"No, we'll wait a little longer."

The wind had dropped, the boat was becalmed, and in the darkness he waited and watched alone. During those two hours of waiting the schooner had drifted much nearer to the boat. Captain McArthur's eyes, searching vaguely through the gloom, caught the schooner's shape".

The men were aroused and set to work rowing, their last measure of strength going into this heroic effort. Not until they were but a boat's length from the schooner did their wailing calls bring any response, and the exhausted men could pull no more.

A voice from the schooner hailed them in Spanish. Captain McArthur replied: " I have lost my ship. Have been for forty-six days in the boat. We want water and food!"

A line was flung from the schooner and the boat was hauled alongside.

Suddenly the breeze freshened, athe schooner slacked off the line, and the boat began to tow. Then without a word of warning the line was cut, the schooner forged ahead, and the forlorn boat dropped away. To the sufferers in the boat this seemed a superlative act of cruelty.

Darkness settled down upon the ocean, and the despairing crew gave themselves up to die. Great was their surprise when voices rang out from the darkness and two men, in the schooner's skiff, came alongside and hailed them in an unknown language.

They brought with them a keg of water, and their intentions were evidently kindly. Their signs were construed as being an offer of help, and Mrs. McArthur and Arch got into the boat, but before others could follow it was rowed swiftly away. This was a strange and alarming proceeding, that thoroughly mystified both Captain McArthur and his wife, and we listeners gasped as we heard her tell it.

When Mrs. McArthur reached the schooner she begged to be at once taken back to her husband. The Spanish Captain demurred, and from the conversation between him and his crew Mrs. McArthur (who understood Spanish) learned that they were doubtful as to whether the big boat, that had hailed them out of the darkness, might not be that of pirates, on the watch to seize their schooner and murder the crew.

"O, how thankful I was, that I could make him and his men understand, that we were not planning to seize his schooner--but were a shipwrecked British crew dying of starvation and thirst.

When the Spanish Captain understood this he immediately sent back the small boat, and what a blessed relief that return must have been for Captain McArthur and those with him. The Mexicans at once made fast to the Captains boat, and towed it back with them to the schooner, where the exhausted remnant of the Milton's crew was taken on board.

Captain McArthur warned his men to be careful in regard

to eating and drinking in their exhausted state, and then utterly worn out with care and responsibility he fell asleep.

Anthony and Ettinger, the two Nova Scotians, heeded this warning, but Anderson, an able seaman, crawled to a water-butt, drank all he wanted, and in spite of heroic efforts to save his life, died within twenty-four hours.

For three days the forlorn contingent from the Milton remained on the Mexican schooner. They were treated with the greatest kindness, and the Mexicans cheerfully shared with them their scanty store of poor food.

On February 9th they sighted the smoke of a steamer--and notable incident, for the first time in her regular route, this steamer was passing on the side of the Island near to the course taken by the Mexican schooner.

As the steamer drew near Captain McArthur brought out the British red ensign, which was run up, ensign down. A signal of distress known and heeded by English-speaking sailors the world over. At once the steamer's course was changed, and she made for that signal of distress.

The two sick sailors, one of whom was the home lad, Ettinger, were rowed out to the steamer and were carried on board. Ettinger died a few hours later. The rescuing steamer was the "Newburn", Captain Thomas Huntington, bound from San Francisco up the Gulf of California.

The Milton's long boat, still staunch and fine, was presented to the Mexicans--to them a wonderful gift, and the "Newburn" had an equally wonderful story to report when the steamer reached Guymas.

On the sixteenth of February, as the steamer "Newburn" was entering Guymas Harbour, Mrs. McArthur's baby was born. A tiny son, who was named, Newburn Huntingdon, after the steamer and its Captain.

The Milton's fateful story was familiar to our generation. An Epic of sailing-ship tragedy--that science and the march of improvement have now blessedly lessened the chances of ever again happening.

# GOLDEN YEARS IN ACADIE.

## Chapter XIII

### "The Lara, Maitland, N.S."

The burning of the barque Lara in 1882 was a sea tragedy similar to that of the Milton.

In the Autumn of 1881, two Maitland ships, the Lara and the Milton were carrying coal cargoes from Great Britain to San Francisco. Both vessels had crossed the Atlantic safely, had "rounded the Horn", and were in the Pacific north of the Equator, when spontaneous combustion started fire in the cargoes of both ships. The crews of the Lara and of the Milton faced similar hazards of thirst and starvation, in open boats on the wide Pacific.

The Lara was one of the many fine ships built by Joseph Monteith of Maitland, a large and beautifully modelled barque launched in 1872. The Lara's Captain was Neil Currie, of Nova Scotia, and his wife, Lavinia Cochran, was a Maitland beauty of her generation.

Captain Neil Currie had his wife and two children with him in the Autumn of 1881 when the ship, coal-laden, cleared

from Liverpool, England, bound for San Francisco. The first weeks of the voyage were pleasant ones, with no untoward happening, except a brush against submerged wreckage off the coast of Brazil. This encounter caused a very slight leakage that was being watched and attended.

The weather continued fair, there was no delay in rounding the Horn, and the Lara sped north in the Pacific, crossed the Equator, and was in north Latitude 11° and Longitude 122° when on February 3rd fire was discovered. The coal cargo had burst into fierce spontaneous combustion.

All on board, excepting the two little children, knew of the dread hazard of fire, and the danger of explosion. Everyone set to work fighting the fire, and also making preparations to abandon the ship.

Captain Currie and his wife experienced similar sensations of despair and regret at leaving the fine ship, that had been home to them. The three boats were outfitted, laden and ready, but Captain and crew, loth to leave, delayed their going until the third day. On that day the rats began to leave the burning ship. They came racing over the deck and plunged into the sea. This was a gruesome warning to the crew that their farewell must also be taken.

The three boats were launched. In them were Captain and Mrs. Currie, their two children, first and second mates, steward, boatswain, cook and twenty-four sailors. They manned the

three sail boats, and carried everything they could think of as being helpful. There was a large supply of tinned provisions, biscuit, and hard-tack, but unfortunately their supply of drinking water was running low. Provisions and water for the three boats were equally portioned.

On that last afternoon the Lara's deck was so hot that they dared not cross it, and the ship was settling quickly for the final plunge. They made haste in getting away and at ten o'clock that night the three boats were off on their perilous voyage.

They left the lights burning on the Lara, and watched until they disappeared, knowing then that the Lara had made her last port in the depths of the Pacific.

On the evening of the third day in the boats there came up a heavy storm of wind, with rain and a terrific sea. The waves threshed against the boats and into them, and threatened to swamp them. However, they all came safely through, owing to the device of strapping oars together and placing them in front of the boats to break the force of the waves. This storm was the only one experienced in the boats. Following it came long monotonous days of blistering sunshine and tropical heat.

The boats were all so heavily laden that they were barely a foot above the water, and a day or two after the windstorm, while Captain Currie was peering over at the sea, a

great shark lifted his head, and presently began to follow the boat. An ugly menacing monster, that could easily upset the boat by a thresh of his powerful tail.

Captain Currie sought to appease the shark's appetite. A seven pound can of beef, opened that morning, had been found unfit for use and the Captain tossed it to the shark. It swallowed can and contents, and continued to follow. A dress of Mrs. Currie's, a towel and spoon made up the next course, evidently a distasteful one for the shark ceased to follow.

The long days, of grilling heat under the tropical sun, brought terrible torture from burning thirst. The sufferers could swallow but little food, as the parching thirst had affected the flow of saliva, and throats and tongues were so badly swollen that the lips could not be closed.

Day after day Captain Currie sat with a loaded revolver in his hand, guarding the meagre supply of water in the butt. All shared alike, and the Captain threatened that he would shoot anyone who attempted to steal water, a threat that would certainly have been carried out.

After her return to Maitland, Mrs. Currie, in speaking of that terrible experience and the long-drawn-out agony of thirst, said that the most heart-breaking thing was to hear the children begging for water, and the most terrifying was to see her pleasant, kindly husband transformed into a hard glittering-eyed watcher, revolver in hand, ready to shoot anyone who dared

to touch the water-butt. She did not tell her husband that she had seen one of the men steal his neighbour's share. She had felt so sorry for the poor thirst-crazed man that she forebore to tell the Captain.

The broiling days passed slowly in the Captain's boat. The men were utterly spent, and refused to work. Some were delirious, and others lay down to die, while the boat drifted whither it would. They were alone, for the two companion boats had been lost sight of.

Captain Currie had planned that before he became incapable he would shoot his wife, the children, and then himself. More than once he had been on the point of carrying out this desperate program, but his hand had always been stayed.

On their twenty-third day in the boat land was sighted. It proved to be the Mexican Coast village of Siwatanos. The natives scanned the strange craft heading inland and put out in their canoes. When they saw, the emaciated, exhausted state of the boat's crew, they picked them up and carried them ashore. They fed and kindly cared for the unfortunate company, until they were able to go by boat to the seaport town of Acapulco, one hundred and twenty miles to the south, where Panama ships touched, and where Captain Currie heard the good news, of the safety of the two boats that carried the remainder of the Lara's crew.

After this experience Captain Currie, though a comparatively young man, gave up the sea. He did not follow the usual course of the stranded Captain and settle in a home village by the sea. He went far inland to the State of Kansas and made his home there. For him there was to be no more "Lorelei-song" of fine ships, money-making freights, nor any further "calling of the sea".

Thirty years before, Captain Currie had begun his sea career as a cabin boy. During the decades at sea he had crossed the Atlantic Ocean sixty-six times, and had been in all the great sea-ports of the World.

On that fine afternoon, October 11th, 1872, when the Lara had slipped from the ways in the Monteith yard, there had been [illegible], another notable launch in Maitland village, that of the Barque Snow Queen, built by Alexander Roy of Maitland, the combined tonnage of the two vessels adding nearly two thousand tons to the Maitland list.

Two successful Captains sailed the "Snow Queen",- Captain Thomas Roy, and later his nephew, Captain Everett McDougall.

There was tragedy in the disaster-tales of shifting sands, of rockbound coasts, of ships rolling in winter seas, decks slippery with ice and running gear frozen stiff. If this happened in the vicinity of the Gulf stream, an ice-bound ship could be turned into its milder current and freed from ice-encumbrance in a short time.

Winds and waves, rock-bound coasts, and weather vagaries on the deep sea were to sailors legitimate happenings, but it was far otherwise with river accidents.

Our ships nosed themselves into all the great river ports of the World. They took their chances of tortuous channels, of shifting sand-bars, of swift and dangerous currents, of violent winds, and had few, very few of the helpful safe-guards of present day navigation. Two stories of untoward river happenings are recalled, one of an episode in the river St. Lawrence, the other in the Rio de la Plate.

A Maitland ship, a good carrier, and fast sailer, was making her way down the River St. Lawrence in care of a Pilot. For some days there had been delay in the river through fog, but during this night there had come a sudden weather change--rain and wind-squalls,--a typical "dirty night" on the river. By some mischance the ship, still in charge of the pilot, went ashore on a sand-bar near an island in the river. At once there was the swift concern and excitement that such an un-toward accident would bring, and naturally a very angry captain.

There was a life-saving station on the nearby island, and in the grey and gusty dawn one of the ship's boats was launched, and all those not necessary for the handling of the ship were sent ashore.

Along with the boat's company was the Captain's young wife, and his dog "Jule". The dog, a slim black terrier, had been until this voyage the Captain's especial pet. Jule was intensely jealous of the bride, and let no opportunity slip of showing his enmity. He regarded her as an interloper. He would bark savagely and snap at her, would snatch knitting or sewing from her hands, run off with it and destroy it.

The dog watched with intense interest the launching of the boat, and the embarkation. He saw the Captain's wife going on board the boat, and understood that the Captain was remaining on the ship. He was slipping away to hide when the Captain's voice rang out: "Take Jule!"

Jule declined to be taken. He fought and snapped savagely until his master came up, caught him, and tossed him into the boat with the order: "Jule, take care of her!" He pointed towards his wife, and the dog understood the finality of that order. Still whimpering his protests, he scrambled to a place beside her and settled himself in a militant attitude. He would turn and look uncertainly at her, but he understood his duty and his guard did not relax when they reached the island station. He flew savagely at an especially polite official who was hovering near the Captain's wife, fastened his teeth in the man's sleeve and nipped a mouthful. From that time forth Jule included the Captain's wife in his friendship list, a condescending regard, very different from his devotion to the Captain.

A River Incident at Buenos Ayres.

It was summer in the Southern Hemisphere. A summer in the early eighties, and Buenos Ayres, the great river port of the Argentine Republic, hummed with business.

Although one hundred and fifty miles from the Ocean at Buenos Ayres, the vast estuary of the Rio de la Plate was thirty miles wide, and its broad expanse showed a forest of masts. The flags, of all the great nations, were flying from the World-fleet of trading ships anchored in the stream, the Red Ensign of Britain predominating.

The latest arrival was a trim Maitland barque, that came smartly to anchor in the river near an unwieldy Spanish trading ship, that was busily engaged discharging her cargo into scows.

In these early years of the great South American trade, the Rio de la Plate had not been dredged, nor were there any convenient docking facilities for sailing ships at Buenos Ayres. It was later that the small tributary river, the Bora, was dredged and turned into a commodious five mile dock.

World trade for Buenos Ayres, was beginning to stir the imagination of the inhabitants of the great Republic of the River and the Plains. The Captain of the Maitland barque was familiar with the port, and its regulations in regard to entry, and the discharge of cargo. He was also well aware of the leisurely way in which business was conducted in this southern port.

He hurried ashore to attend to the official business of port entry, leaving his wife and children on the ship. There was the usual bustle of arrival-in-port work going on in the ship. Everything was being put ship-shape, and preparations being made for the discharge of cargo. It was while this work was proceeding that the strong sweet odor of tube-rose came floating over the river. The Captain's wife and the children were sniffing this strong and unfamiliar perfume in the air, and remarking on its strangeness in this wide expanse of water, when one of the ship's officers came up. He was familiar with Argentine weather vagaries and briskly announced: "A pampero is coming! We'll have to look sharp and be ready for it! That scent coming from the tube-roses on the pampas, acres and acres of them, is the first sign. The next will be flies. After will come the blast!"

"Here are the flies!" shouted the children as an immense cloud of frail insects, similar to the daddy-long-legs of the North settled upon the deck. Then followed a wild fury of wind that lashed the Rio de la Plate into a raging sea.

Immediately, there was danger and trouble for the trading fleet, anchored in the river.

The first officer, who was in charge of the Maitland ship, in the Captain's absence, was a cool and experienced seaman, and the staunch ship did her part in providing security by holding firmly to her anchors.

Others were not so fortunate, anchors were dragging and ships were drifting helplessly in imminent danger of collision. No boat could put out from shore in such a wind and sea, and the anxious Maitland Captain spent the waiting hours on the roof of an hotel, with spy-glass in hand, watching his ship and the dangers threatening her.

There was one breathless interval when the unwieldy Spanish trader dragged her anchors, and drifted toward the Maitland barque--so near and so straight the course, that it seemed to the harassed watcher that nothing could avert the inevitable crash. The spy-glass swayed in his hands, and when he looked again the Maitland ship was still holding fast, and the Spanish drifter was far out of the collision zone.

Delightful weather followed, and the Maitland ship's cargo was discharged, and in a short time she had cleared for another southern voyage.

Within a decade commodious docks and wharves were built at Buenos Ayres, and all the up-to-date facilities for trade set in motion. These advantages are being enjoyed by the great Ocean liners, the steam freighters, the ocean tramps of the twentieth century; and the days of sailing ships and their tempestuous river adventures have been relegated to a past, almost as hazy as that of Americus Vespucius.

# GOLDEN YEARS IN ACADIE

## Chapter XIV

### "The Wreck of the Thomas E. Kenny."

A path of sunset gold rippled across Victoria Harbour, twilight shadows settled over the snow-capped Olympics, and in the quiet garden a vesper sparrow sang. As we sat in the peace and security of the summer twilight, Mrs. Grant told me this story of the savagery of the sea, and of those terrible days on the last voyage of the sailing ship Thomas E. Kenny.

In the summer of 1873, Helen Smith of Maitland married Captain William Grant, and started out on a voyage that took her from Montreal to Monte Video, then around Cape Horn to Valparaiso and Conception Bay, back around "The Horn", and across the Atlantic to Antwerp.

As a student, Mrs. Grant had been especially fond of mathematics, and during the long months at sea, with her husband as teacher, she learned navigation. He taught her how to take observations and to work them up. She studied the charts, learned of ocean currents and trade winds, and took a keen interest in freights, charters and contracts.

Her father was a Selma-Maitland shipbuilder and owner, George Oxley Smith, and her maternal uncles, Judge Jonathan McCully and Robert McCully, were well-known lawyers of the time.

The tragedy of the Kenny's loss in 1879 marked the first half of Mrs. Grant's adventurous thirteen years at sea.

The very beautiful full-rigged ship, Thomas E. Kenny, 1558 tons, was launched at Maitland in 1877. The ship was owned by the builder, Alfred Putnam, M.P. of Maitland, Captain William Grant, and Thomas E. Kenny of Halifax, who was the first President of the Royal Bank of Canada.

The ship, a typical Maitland one of fine model and well-built, was especially fitted to be the home of the Captain's wife and their two small sons, aged four and two years.

On January 6th, 1879, the Thomas E. Kenny sailed out of New York Harbour on what proved to be her last voyage. "The vessel being then staunch, tight, strong, well-manned, victualled, and found in every respect fitted to perform her said intended voyage".

January is not a desirable month for a sailing trip on the North Atlantic, and Mrs. Grant remembers that there was ice floating in New York Harbour, and a strong, bitter wind blowing when they left port. The Thomas E. Kenny was bound for London with a cargo of grain in bulk, a heavy and difficult cargo to handle on account of its tendency to shift.

Almost immediately the ship ran into a series of furious icy gales that veered from north to north-west, and were accompanied by very heavy seas. The gales and smashing seas continued on the 7th, 8th, 9th and 10th, and at 3 a.m. on the 11th the gale increased to a hurricane, with tremendous seas that swept the main decks of water-tanks and ripped the tarpaulins off the main hatch. On the 12th the gale continued, the vessel labouring heavily, but on the 13th, the gale abating, somewhat, the sails were set to catch the baffling airs from the north and north-west. On the 14th there was a strong gale from the south-west, heavy flashes of lightning, and a very low barometer, the forerunner of a hurricane of wind, hail and rain from the north-west. Wind and labouring seas started trouble with the cargo. The terrific gale continued. On the 17th of January very high seas swept the decks. At 3 p.m. two seamen were washed overboard and drowned. There was further shifting of the cargo, and the vessel listed heavily to port.

During one of the heavy seas shipped, the galley and store-room were swept of all contents. However, in the big well-found ship there were food supplies in the cabin store-room, and during those days of storm and continual heavy work no regular meals were served.

At eight o'clock that evening the gale was terrific, with great seas breaking on board both fore and aft. The fine,

capable second mate was drowned, a sailor had a leg broken, and the first mate was disabled.

The smashing seas started the port waterways and rail, washed two boats away, and completely disabled two others. The vessel listed still further to port and owing to the great quantity of water coming on board it was impossible to get at the pumps to work them. The terrific seas continued until noon on the 18th, when weather conditions permitted them to bring the ship to the wind on the port tack, to pump and to make efforts to trim the cargo.

The pumps were kept going constantly, there being three feet three inches of water in the hold. It was decided, weather permitting, that they would lay the vessel to, and if possible pump the hold dry.

The barometer had again begun to fall, and at eight-thirty that evening the ship was struck by a hurricane from the south-west. It blew the ship on her beam ends, parted the topsail sheets, blew the furled sails from the gaskets, carried away the bumpkin and topsail yards, leaving the vessel in a disabled condition, with her pumps, lee rail, and houses under water.

On the 19th, at 8 a.m., the jibs were set in an endeavour to get the vessel before the wind, which they failed to do. The ship was lying in the trough of the sea, rolling heavily, yard arms and houses in the water. At 9 a.m. the vessel was

on her beam ends, and every surge of the sea caused her to go over farther.

In an endeavour to save life, the main and mizzen masts were cut away. This enabled the vessel to right herself a little. In falling, the main mast broke the top-gallant mast and topsail yards, leaving nothing but the fore-yard whole.

"Got the ship before the wind and sea, and kept her running with clew of the fore-sail. Cleared away the wreck, and after the vessel had freed herself somewhat, commenced working at the pumps. At noon on the 19th found that the vessel had five feet of water in the well, kept pumps going constantly through the night. At 10 a.m. January 20th, sighted a vessel. She ran down, and at noon spoke to her. She proved to be the Brig Brunette, Captain Windsor, from St. Johns, Newfoundland."

"As the crew of the disabled Kenny were in a weak and exhausted condition, water in the hold gaining rapidly, and the vessel unmanageable on account of the shifting grain cargo, they requested the Captain to abandon her. This he refused to do; but ultimately seeing that nothing could be done by remaining longer by the ship, and by so doing their lives would be endangered, he decided to abandon her. This they did accordingly on the 29th of January, 1879, at 4 p.m., in Latitude 44.30 N., Longitude 30.10 W. "

"All hands went on board the Brunette and were conveyed

to Lisbon. Subsequently they were sent by Her Britannic Majesty's Consul to Liverpool, where they arrived on the 24th of February."

The foregoing data is from the official record of the Board of Trade at Liverpool. The Board exonerated Captain Grant of all blame in regard to the disaster, and personally commended him in regard to the measures taken for the safety of his crew.

Captain'Grant's financial loss was a very heavy one, for his share of the Kenny was not insured.

The old Liverpool Document, of more than half a century ago, is beautifully written on light blue paper and the official seal of the Liverpool Notary, a great scarlet disk, would cover a small teacup.

This twentieth century has rung the knell for sailing ships. Steam, electricity, and wireless further our demands for speed and safety, but the savagery of January storms on the North Atlantic will persist until "there shall be no more sea".

Those terrible days of gales and smashing seas, of keen anxiety and sad loss of lives, still remain vivid memories for Mrs. Grant. Especially the tragic afternoon of January 17th when the ship was thrown on her beam ends.

When this happened Mrs. Grant was sitting upon a built-in davenport on the port side of the cabin, the younger boy beside

her and the other little fellow standing at her knee. As she was thrown backward, with quick presence of mind she snatched him up into her arms and carried him with her. At the same instant a heavy letter-press from the Captain's chart room was hurled across the cabin, smashing through the front of the davenport just where the child had been standing.

This is her story.

"O, what a thankful mother I was, for that driving weight would certainly have broken his legs. Through the long hours alone with the children I was haunted by a terrible dread, not of death, but an obsessing fear that all on deck would be washed away and the children and I left alone, helplessly drifting on a derelict."

"During one of the brief intervals when my husband ran down to see if we were all right I told him of this haunting fear. He promised that if the ship was going down and he was still alive, he would come for the children and me and that we would all go together."

"That tempestuous afternoon was followed by a terrible night. Within a few hours we lost our fine young second mate and two seamen, all washed over-board, another sailor had his leg broken and the first mate was disabled. Our boats, too, had gone. So far and so heavily did the ship surge downward that I felt any minute might be our last."

"I well remember how thankful we were for a short respite the next day and how busily all set to work making repairs,

but a heavy cargo of shifting grain in bulk is almost impossible to handle. Our hope for fair weather was a short-lived one for the barometer was falling. I watched it going lower and lower until it dropped to 28.30. Another hurricane of wind and smashing seas was upon us. All that night it raged, so far over and so far down did we plunge that it seemed as if the ship could never right herself."

"In the grey morning I crept up the companionway and looked out. I can still see that picture of savage ruin. Mainmast and mizzen mast were gone, and only a portion of the foremast remained. The deck was covered with wreckage; wood, iron, cordage, wire and slit canvas. The heavy wreckage of the mainmast held by wire rigging was pounding against the side of the ship, and if not cut away would further endanger the lives of those on board. The men were disheartened and fearful of going over, and all that day of heavy wind and threshing seas Captain Grant worked over the side of the ship cutting wreckage away. He was safe-guarded by a rope tied around him. The rope was tended by the ship's carpenter, Alexander Santores, of Maitland."

"It was a disheartening day of toil, for when the wreckage was cleared and the pumps started it was found that the water in the hold was gaining rapidly. On the morning of January 20th, a sail was sighted and at noon the Brig "Brunette", Captain Windsor of St. Johns, Newfoundland, came up and spoke to us."

"That morning for the first time in several days, observations could be taken. The Captain had brought them to me to work up. I was just finishing when the call came that a rescuing boat was nearing us, and that the children and I were to go first. In vain I begged for others to be taken, there were so many things I wanted to do."

"A heavy sea was running so it was impossible for the two men to bring the boat alongside. They watched for a chance to back up. When they did so I jumped. There had been no time for preparation and I feel sorry for myself when I recall the way in which I was dressed; a heavy cashmere with train and pleated frills--wet to the knees and clinging like a leaden weight, but I was young and quick on my feet, and when the dory backed up I jumped safely from the ship to it. The older boy came next. He was only four, too young to risk that perilous jump. I heard his father calling for a loose rope, one end of which was tied around the child, who was tossed into the outstretched arms of the sailor in the boat. To our horror it was seen that the rope was fast on the ship. I heard his father calling frantically for a knife, and how in those few seconds I got to the sailor and child I do not know, only that I was there working with lightning speed to untie the knot before he could be dragged from the sailor's arms and dashed against the ship. Then my baby was thrown. The sailor caught him and we were rowed off. Back and forth the dory went and came until the last remaining one--the Captain--came on

board the brig. The lowering twilight shut down, and very deep and poignant was our sorrow as we looked our last upon the wreck of our beautiful ship, that had meant home to us".

"The Brig Brunette was one of a fleet of Newfoundland vessels engaged in carrying dried fish to Portugal for the Lenten market. Time was an important factor in this trade, and it was the custom of owners to give a substantial money prize to the vessel arriving with the first fish for Lent. For eight years Captain Windsor had won this prize. That evening he told my husband and me this strange story of our rescue."

"The Brunette's cargo being a comparatively light one, he had been able to weather safely the succession of bitter gales, and was in a fair way to be again a prize winner; but the previous night, though the wind was favourable for him to have kept on his course, he lay to, not knowing why he did so. Some compelling force, stronger than his own will, prevented him from going ahead. Many times during the night he went on deck determined to make sail, but something always held him back. At daybreak he made sail and it was then that the Kenny was sighted, and the Brunette at once came to our rescue. If Captain Windsor had made sail that night and had kept on his course the ship, Thomas E. Kenny, and her crew would doubtless have been listed in our long, sad record of "Missing ships". I have always felt that it was the direct guidance

of a Divine Providence that brought the Newfoundland Captain and his ship to our rescue."

This story of the waiting ship is one of the many incidents, of occult-leading, recorded in the sea-faring annals of our Maitland fleet.

# GOLDEN YEARS IN ACADIE.

## Chapter XV.

### "Captain William Grant"

Maitland sea-captains were not "slow in stays", a familiar expression of sailing-ship years. Many of them might worthily have adventured with Elizabethan mariners, and the master of the Thomas E. Kenny was one.

He began his sea career by running away from his home in Grantville, Cape Breton, to join a ship of the "deepwater fleet". This was not the life-work planned for him by his father; but "running away to sea" was an orthodox happening in the time of the clipper ships.

Possessed of a clever brain, fine physique, courteous manner, and adventurous spirit the lad of sixteen, in a very few years, had worked his way to a Master's position.

His first promotion was that of Junior Officer on board an American packet-line ship. A few years later he held the position of first mate on the fine full-rigged ship "Oliver Jordan", which carried a crew of thirty-six all told.

The Oliver Jordan had loaded a cargo of copper ore at a port in Chile, and was on her way home when the Captain became ill. The ship was put into the nearest port and the sick Captain was left there. To the young first officer, William Grant, fell the responsibility of navigating the ship around Cape Horn and north to her destination at Philadelphia.

The following voyage, also a South American one, held further adventures for William Grant. The return trip, south from Philadelphia, proceeded pleasantly until near Cape Horn, when a series of heavy baffling gales pounded the ship. Ice was also encountered and, final calamity, the ship, strained by the rough weather and the previous heavy ore-cargo, began to leak.

It was decided that the Oliver Jordan must be turned back to the River Plate for repairs. Off the Argentine coast a violent pampero caught them. It drove the ship many miles north off her course. This furious wind continued for several days, and when it subsided, they were many miles north of the latitude of the Rio de la Plata.

Meanwhile the water in the hold had been steadily increasing, although pumps were going continually there was no perceptible decrease and the ship was settling.

Off the coast of Uruguay the ship began to sink so rapidly that it was decided to abandon her, and to take to the boats.

Three boats were provisioned and launched. One of the boats capsized as it was leaving the ship, and with the exception of the first officer, William Grant, all on board were drowned. He was a very strong swimmer and able to reach the second mate's boat. For days this boat cruised along the surf-battered shore of Uruguay, seeking in vain for a safe landing spot.

Provisions and water were almost gone, and the hazard of a shore-landing had to be undertaken. Finally the die was cast and they took chances in the smashing treacherous surf. The sea was watched for the right instant, and the boat was driven ashore. Immediately it capsized and all were caught in the furious undertow. Only four of the fourteen survived. William Grant was one of that forlorn quartette.

Day after day the four wretched survivors wandered along the surf-beaten beach, scantily clothed and half-starved, subsisting upon mussels found on the beach and water from springs.

Above the steep cliffs the land stretched level to the horizon-line, a brown barren plain rimmed by a pale blue sky. Sun-baked desert stretched north, south, and west, and on the east the smashing surf of the South Atlantic. They finally became too weak and famished for further exertion, and in a despairing group lay down to die.

It was in the high, strong sunlight of noon on this dismal day that black moving specks were noticed on the horizon's rim. The moving specks were bearing in their direction. The forlorn

four, stirred by the hope of rescue, roused themselves to meet the men on horseback, who proved to be gauchos, native cowboys, from a distant cattle station, searching the plains for strayed stock.

Fortunately one of the distressed seamen could speak Spanish, and when the cowboys heard of the harrowing adventures of the four foreign seamen, they gathered them up and carried them to the ranch outpost. They were treated with great kindness, and when sufficiently recovered were moved in bullock carts across the plain to a part of the country, from which it was possible to reach Monte Video, where an American Consul was located. Through the aid of the Consul the "four distressed seamen" were able to secure their home passage.

Shortly after this untoward trip, young Captain Grant had the good fortune to secure a position in the employ of McClune of Rockland, Maine, a well-known ship-builder and ship-owner of the time. He became Captain of the fine full-rigged ship "Louisa Hatch" of the McClune fleet.

The blasts of Boreas, and the various mischances of tide, sand, and rockbound coast, were not the only trouble-makers for sailing ships of that date. There was war between the North and South in the United States, and the dreaded privateer "Alabama" was busy burning and harrying northern shipping.

The Louisa Hatch, Captain William Grant, on her way to South America with a cargo of coal, was "over-hauled" by the

ruthless Alabama. The ship was seized, and Captain and crew were hurried on board the privateer. The cargo of coal and the ship's supplies were transferred to the Alabama, and when this was accomplished the fine ship Louisa Hatch was set on fire and burned at sea, a lurid warning to ships below the horizon line.

On board the Alabama Captain Grant and crew met many other unfortunate prisoners of war. Among the number, the Captains and crews of eight whaling vessels, whose drastic treatment had been similar to their own.

Captain Semmes of the Alabama carried all his prisoners south, and landed them on an island off the South American coast. This island was at that time a convict station for Brazil. Fierce heat, flies, and unpalatable food troubled the unfortunate prisoners brought by the Alabama. Greatly to their relief, they were at length transferred to Pernambuco. At this port there was an American Consul, who took charge of the prisoners of war and sent them home.

Unfortunately young Captain Grant came down with yellow fever in Pernambuco, a very severe attack and a slow recovery. He always declared that he owed his life to the care and careful nursing of one of the whaling-Captains, who was a prisoner with him.

In the years following this unusual sea episode Captain Grant continued to sail in ships of the McClune fleet. He

was Captain of the "Juliet Trundy", a well-known McClune ship, and later he commanded the fine clipper ship "Young Mechanic". The Young Mechanic was a superfine ship, staunch, fast, and a good cargo carrier, qualities that gladden the hearts of Captain and crew.

The last clearance of the 'Young Mechanic' was for Calcutta with a very inflammable cargo. When near the equator, in the Indian Ocean, the ship suddenly burst into flames. So fierce and sudden was the outbreak that the crew were obliged to take to the boats in great haste. Fortunately within a short time they were picked up by a French vessel. They were very kindly treated by their rescuers and taken to port.

Captain Grant also acted as port Captain for the wide and varied McClune shipping business. After the war between North and South in the United States was over and reconstruction had begun, Captain Grant was sent to Savannah, Georgia, to oversee the McClune business in that port. While there he was introduced to a Miss Semmes, a daughter of the Captain of the Alabama.

"I knew your father", observed Captain Grant, "and at one time was a boarder of his."

"I think you are mistaken," objected the young lady, "my father never kept boarders."

"No mistake", declared Captain Grant, "for my crew and I were his unwilling boarders for several weeks on the Privateer 'Alabama'".

Civil war in the United States ended in 1864, but in South America various troubles in regard to boundaries were still unsettled. The dispute between Brazil and Paraguay over their boundary line ended in war between the two countries. Later Uruguay and the Argentine joined with Brazil, and the war went on for five years (1865 - 1870).

This was a trading opportunity that Captain William Grant did not let slip. He purchased a vessel, found no difficulty in obtaining a crew, and during the war traded busily up and down the long stretch of the river Plate.

This business was both adventurous and remunerative, and not devoid of the element of danger. While this internecine strife lasted he traded busily, and when peace came he took his money-making ship to Europe and sold it.

One of Captain Grant's marked characteristics was that of instant decision, and more than once he saved his life, and the lives of others, by quick thought and swift action. On a rough winter's day in New York, where his ship was in port, a washer-woman, going down the gang-plank with her heavy bundle, fell into the deep icy water between the ship and the wharf. In an instant William Grant had flung off his coat and had leaped to her rescue. He managed to keep the woman from drowning until further help came.

On another occasion, when he was mate, the cry was raised: "Man overboard!" Young Grant, as he ran, snatched at the end

of a brace-rope and leaped over-board with it. He caught the drowning man and both held to the rope until rescued.

He had a keen and very correct eye for distance. In heavy weather off Cape Horn a man fell from the bowsprit. As the ship forged ahead Captain Grant's keen eyes located the man, and snatching the coil of rope at the end of a brace he threw it. So accurate was his aim that the coil slipped over the man's head. He grasped the rope, was drawn alongside and helped on board.

The Geneva Commission settled the Alabama claims. His claim was of keen importance to Captain Grant, and after its satisfactory settlement he paid a visit to his old home in Nova Scotia.

His brother, Captain Francis Grant, was in Maitland waiting for the launching of the barque "Cupid", in which he was a shareholder. Captain William Grant also visited Maitland and became interested in its humming industry. He purchased a share in the barque "George", then building in the yard of Alfred Putnam.

After the loss of the ship "Thomas E. Kenny" in 1879, Captain William Grant bought out other shareholders in the "George", thus obtaining a controlling interest in the barque.

It was in the barque "George" in the spring of 1882 that Captain William Grant sailed up the Strait of Juan de Fuca on

the way to load lumber at Moodyville, British Columbia. This was the Grants first visit to the Pacific Province. Captain Grant was greatly pleased with the town of Victoria, at that date with a population of about five thousand. The beauty of its situation, with snow-capped mountains in view, the surrounding sea, the grassy park-like stretches shaded by giant oak trees, and the crowning beauty spot of Selkirk Arm, now known as the Gorge, appealed strongly to the Captain and his wife.

"We're coming back to make our home here!" he announced, and before he sailed away had purchased his home-site on the Gorge. Four years later, in 1886, the family arrived in their ship, the "George".

Their home "Point Ellice" was built and from the beginning of their residence in Victoria the Grants interested themselves in Victoria and its affairs.

The handling of the barque "George" in the time that elapsed from the Grants first visit, in 1882, until they returned in 1886 is given as illustrative of the diversity in cargo-business, and the driving ability of the masters of sailing ships; their business acumen also, and their money-making instincts.

The "George" had come from Valparaiso, Chile, to Moodyville, British Columbia, in ballast, and after loading her

cargo of lumber at Moodyville returned to Valparaiso and disposed of it. From Valparaiso the barque sailed to Iquique, Chile, to load nitre for San Francisco. From San Francisco she came in ballast to load lumber at the Hastings Mill, Vancouver, British Columbia, for Shanghai, China. From Shanghai the barque went on to Formosa, and took in a cargo of raw sugar for Montreal. From Montreal lumber was carried to Buenos Ayres. At Buenos Ayres Captain Grant bought a cargo of horses and mules, crossed the South Atlantic, rounded the Cape of Good Hope into the Indian Ocean, and anchored at the Island of Mauritius.

There was no market for the cargo of horses and mules in the British island, and Captain Grant carried them to the French island of Reunion and disposed of them there.

From Mauritius and Reunion Captain Grant took the George in ballast to Newcastle, Australia, bought a cargo of coal, carried it to Hong Kong, sold it there, and in the nautical language of the time "laid on a berth" for a general cargo, and arrived in Victoria on the last day of May, 1886.

Later the George went on to Vancouver to load lumber and found the new city in ashes. The vessel sailed to Moodyville and loaded lumber for Tien Sien, China, Captain Grant leaving the first mate, who held a Captain's Certificate, in charge.

In 1886 the promise of a home in Victoria was made good.

Naturally, a man possessed of the business ability of Captain Grant did not long remain content with a life devoid of stirring activities. He interested himself in the sealing business in British Columbia, and eventually became one of the largest owners of sealing vessels in the Province.

In the late eighties times were good in Victoria, but on the Atlantic coast the great shipbuilding industry of the Maritime provinces was lagging sadly.

Stories of sealing affairs in Victoria, and of the golden harvests being garnered, stirred our sea-going village of Maitland. Many of the young sea-captains and sons of ship-builders hied to Victoria to engage in the sealing business, and there were flourishing years in this industry before the extinguisher came in 1912.

Later a whaling industry was established in Victoria,with headquarters at Point Ellice. The fleet, engaged in this business, consists of small powerful steamships, the white-winged sealing schooners, like the square-riggers, are now no more in the offing.

For old-timers in Victoria there is a more poignant memory than that of business ventures associated with the names of Captain Grant and his wife. The sorrowful memory of the great tragedy of the Point Ellice bridge accident, and of the efficient help given by the Grant household in that time of sore need.

The Grant property at "Point Ellice" still adjoins the bridge across the harbour inlet known as "The Gorge". In 1886 the bridge at Point Ellice, an old wooden structure, was a link in the only direct highway between Victoria and the Imperial Military and Naval Stations at Esquimalt, four miles distant.

Victoria is named for the great Queen, and her birthday, May 24th, is always a holiday in Victoria. In 1896 the public celebrations were to end in a sham fight between the Army and Navy. A sham fight is always a drawing attraction for British born citizens, and many excursionists had come from the mainland and from the nearby State of Washington for the celebration.

Noon hour had passed and the traffic from the city was rolling along in a steady stream across Point Ellice bridge, on the way to Macauley Point battle ground.

Captain Grant was at his wharf, near the city end of the bridge, superintending the removal of a sealing schooner, and directing the men in boats who were engaged in this work. He was keenly anxious as he watched the heavy traffic on the bridge, and noted the increasing vibration of the wooden structure.

An over-laden tram, with a trailer attached, was nearing the western end of the bridge. Approaching the centre was another heavy tram--its incomplete register showing that nearly one hundred fares had been rung in. There was a vehicle

drawn by two horses, two one-horse carriages, a bicyclist, and both sidewalks of the bridge were crowded with foot passengers. The car, with the trailer, had barely reached safety on the western end, when with a deafening crash the whole central span of the high bridge dropped into the sea; carrying with it the second tram-car, vehicles, and foot passengers.

Instantly Captain Grant's boats from wharf and boat-house were at the scene, also boats from nearby homes. Fortunately a telephone had been installed at "Point Ellice", and calls were put in for every doctor in the city, for the police, and the trained men of the fire department.

At once Mrs. Grant, her sister and guests, Dr. and Mrs. Foote, cleared drawing-rooms and dining-table, built up fires, brought out blankets and woollen garments, and made ready for the heart-breaking aftermath of the accident. Their terrified Chinese help had fled the scene.

Very soon began that steady mournful procession from the Gorge to Point Ellice. Helpers who bore the unconscious forms of men, women, and little children. The street was blocked with anxious relatives looking for loved ones, and the police had difficulty in keeping back the excited crowd from hampering the workers.

Every unconscious form was carefully examined. Those that showed the faintest spark of life were taken into the house, those already dead were covered and laid in rows on the lawn.

All that long May afternoon Victoria doctors, aided by nurses and helpers, worked unceasingly over unconscious men, women, and children in the Grant home. There are many thrilling incidents still told in regard to that work of resuscitation.

The harrowing afternoon wore into dusk. The forty-eight bodies on the lawn had been removed to undertaking rooms, and to the temporary morgue. With one exception those cared for in the house had been taken away, and the long (harrowing) afternoon had settled into the dusk of evening; but there were still telephone calls and anxious enquiries from relatives and friends of those missing. Two of the helpers, Captain Gould and his wife, who had Maitland affiliations, returned with a supply of dry blankets for the family, and took away with them a distracted young man whose honeymoon trip had been turned into sore tragedy.

Divers were at work on the Gorge and lights moved to and fro--the gay holiday had faded out in over-whelming sorrow.

Many years have rolled away since that mournful holiday, the acute sorrows have faded into memories and the bridge accident is now but "a tale that is told".

In May of the poignant war year of 1916, Captain William Grant put out on the great uncharted sea, for that unreturning voyage that awaits each one of us.

He had been keenly anxious over the ruthless destruction of merchant shipping by German submarines, but was confident

that a way would be found for effectively dealing with the submarine menace, and his faith as to the ultimate outcome of the war was an abiding one.

His last resting place in the seaside cemetery is akin to that of Charles Kingsley's great sailor in "Westward Ho".

"For here can be seen the ships passing in and out", and the long foam-crested waves breaking upon the beach. At sunset the nearby lighthouse catches up the last dying rays and flashes them forth in messages of hope and cheer.

"Then are they glad because they be quiet; So he bringeth them unto their desired haven".

# GOLDEN YEARS IN ACADIE.

## Chapter XVI.

### "Missing Ships -- Lloyds--Fishing Activities"

There were many thrilling tales of the doings of our Maitland ships, many record fast passages, and money-making ventures to the credit of our Maitland Captains.

These were crest-of-the-wave stories. There were other haunting tales of the sea, but the saddest of all our sea-records were those of the ships that left port and were never again heard of. There were new ships as well as old, in that sad "Missing" list; crews, Captains, their wives and little children all swallowed up in oblivion.

As a child the "missing ship" phase of sea tragedy was deeply impressed upon my mind. We had neighbours, who hoped and watched and waited through long years, for some word of missing husbands and sons.

In those ~~long gone~~ remote years the world was not so closely linked together by space and time-saving inventions, as it is today. Those were years in which Tennyson's "Enoch Arden"

might easily have been a true record.

Long continued adverse winds often carried the sailing ship far out of its course. There were lonely islands in the South Pacific and South Atlantic, also in the Indian Ocean, and our sailing ships traversed all the oceans.

On some lonely isle of the southern seas, far from the trading routes followed by our sailing ships, there might be some home lad, a cast-away like Enoch, watching for a sail. Even after the lapse of long years I have seen bereaved wives and mothers rush out, in trembling excitement at the ring of swift steps on the walk, or at the sound of specially joyous greetings at the door. There is no doubt that "hope deferred maketh the heart sick", but in one of those bereft neighbours it also bred a wide and helpful understanding for the sorrows of others, and a keen interest in the neighbourhood children, for whom her thoughtful kindness provided many happy hours.

Lloyds was a familiar name in our ship-building village. Our ships were classed A1. in Lloyds. Lloyds surveyor inspected them, and later Lloyds reported them, reports that could be depended upon.

Many years after our golden harvest time I was in London, and chanced upon an unforgettable incident at Lloyds.

Early associations with the name still cast its glamour and I set out to visit Lloyds. Fortune smiled at the thres-

hold, and I slipped inside with a New Zealand lady and her husband. The latter found a seat for us on a bench near the door, and then hurried away intent upon shipping interests. The colonial ladies sat and watched the extraordinary "goings on" at Lloyds. The great room was densely packed with men, shouting and waving their arms in a violent commotion. Messenger boys were darting in and out with telegrams. Announcements were being made in penetrating tones, and the surging racket of sound would increase and die away in breathless intervals.

Suddenly a great bell, that hung near the entrance to an inner room, boomed out loud and sonorous. It was a magic silencer, for instantly "the shouting and the tumult" ceased. That great bell has a history. It belonged to a ship of the British Navy, wrecked on a voyage between England and Holland. This disaster happened during one of Britain's long-gone "little difficulties" with the Dutch. The ship was carrying a large amount of specie, and was insured at Lloyds. This booming bell was part of the salvage.

The bell stopped clanging, and in a hushed expectant silence the crier stepped into a sort of pulpit, and announced in a clear ringing voice that a long over-due ship had reached its desired haven. The bell boomed its final high arresting notes, and one thought of the joy and relief that the message it carried would bring; as Lloyds news was flashed around the

globe.

My visit, to that greatest shipping Exchange of the World, was in the first year of this twentieth century. Since that date there have been marvellous improvements in shipping, and many scientific safeguards added for those who go down to the sea in ships, but one hopes that the great bell at Lloyds still booms its messages, and that its rich clanging notes have not been replaced by some shrill modern electrical device.

The Maitland ship builder was usually a part owner in his ship, beginning with a sixteenth, increasing his shares with his growing capital until he was able to secure a controlling interest, and thus become his own "ship's husband". "Ship's husband", a term common in my youth, is now rarely heard--it too has followed the sailing ships into oblivion.

Halifax merchants were largely interested in Maitland ships; Stair's son and Morrow, Troop, Bayne, A.E. Jones & Co., John Stairs, Boak, Eliot, Kenny and Northrup are names that I remember. The firm of Brown and Watson, Glasgow, Scotland, owned largely in the ships built by A.A. McDougall of Selma, who was one of the most enterprising of builders. There were other "Old Country" owners besides the Glasgow firm. These owners occasionally sent out a Captain or some interested share-holder to overlook the building work; a superfluous gesture so far as Maitland ships were concerned.

The beautiful barque "Silas Curtis" built by George Smith and Son, Selma, was largely owned by an Old Country firm whose Captain, a Naval Reserve Officer, spent the summer in Selma and enjoyed his sojourn with colonials. There were others from the United Kingdom, whose pronunciation and idioms were as interestingly strange to us as, no doubt, our peculiarities of diction were to them.

It was noon hour, and a fussy Old Country Captain hurried past our gate on his way to the shipyard. He waved his hand toward my father and called: "Hime hin a 'urry! We're going to hoyle!"

"Hoyle" was a new shipyard occupation for me, and I thought I knew them all.

"What kind of shipwork is 'hoyle'?" I inquired of a boy standing near.

"Huh", he sniffed, "putting on airs are you? Pretending you don't know about oiling the masts! You've seen it done often enough, and have smelt it too!"

I certainly had.

The Hon. William Stairs was a frequent visitor to Selma, where his youngest son, Gavin Lang, was a resident. Both father and son were keenly interested in our local affairs, especially so in those pertaining to shipping and the sea.

It was from Mr. Stairs, senior, and also from a daughter of Captain John Stairs that I heard the story of the then

long-gone "Three Brothers Mutiny" and the thrilling adventure of Captain John Stairs.

Captain John Stairs, wounded by a mutineer's bullet, leaped into the Atlantic from the deck of the brig "Three Brothers". All the long June day he tossed to and fro on the wide Atlantic, clinging to a hen-coop that he had snatched as he jumped overboard. While clinging to that frail support Captain Stairs was the target for the bullets of the mutiny leader. The hot sun beat down relentlessly upon his head as he swayed back and forth, encumbered by heavy clothing and fearful of sharks; tortured by thirst, an atom left to its own destruction on the mighty deep.

Just before sunset heavy clouds overspread the western sky, and the wind wailed dolefully of coming change. Fortunately before the sun set the heavy clouds parted, leaving a long, broad track of golden light on the grey sea. Into this golden track Captain Stairs and the hen-coop drifted. The keen eyes of the lookout on an American brig spied the black speck in the sunset track, and his Captain's spy-glass showed that it was a man clinging to a hen-coop. Hastily a boat was lowered and rowed to the tossing speck.

So quite exhausted had Captain Stairs become that he was slipping into unconsciousness when their joyful halloos reached his ear. So sudden was the revulsion from despair that the exhausted man almost lost his grip. The rescuers reached him just in time to save his life.

The mutiny on the "Three Brothers" and the trial and punishment of the mutineers is one of Nova Scotia's thrilling epics of the sea.

Drifting down through the years come memories of special activities connected with shipbuilding days. An old country Captain, waiting for his ship, contracted with several Selma boys to provide a half barrel of eels which he pickled. He paid well for the eel-fishing. This was a joyous enterprise from which girls were debarred.

Girls were debarred from so many worthwhile doings--because they were "unladylike" (hated combination of words). I can recall a neighbour's caustic criticism of my "chaunteysinging", which brought to an end that lung-developing joy.

Spring trout came into the creeks with the tide, the creeks meandered through the marshes, and there was no ban upon girls creek-fishing, and if the fisher were patient and wily, the reward was a fine sea trout. There were woodland brooks that were trout haunts and that we diligently fished, but the brooks on the south side of the Bay are not in the same prolific class, with the mountain brooks and lakes on the north side of Cobequid Bay.

During the shipbuilding decades, Cobequid Bay teemed with shad. June brought them to the Bay in millions. When our shipbuilding industry faded away the shad went also. Why, or where, or whence, no one could tell.

There is an early spring run of larger shad that still comes into Cobequid Bay, and up the river Shubenacadie. This variety was known to the early settlers. The delicious hard, white fish of the golden years, a different variety of shad, suddenly appeared in great numbers in the Bay many years later. They remained for a few decades and then as suddenly disappeared.

The iniquitous fish-weirs of the time may have had something to do with the changing of their haunts, and perhaps on some warm June day of the future, they will return in the same mysterious manner of their first visitation.

It was esteemed a great privilege for girls to be taken for a day's trip in a shad-fisher's boat. The shad boats ran out with the ebb-tide, trailing their long wavy lines of brown nets after them. At intervals the nets were lifted and looked. It was then that the brown meshes shot gleams as swift and bright as mercury, and unfortunate, gasping shad rapidly increased the growing heap. With the shad there would usually be a few of the small fine-flavoured Bay salmon.

Besides the fishing interest of such a trip, there was the satisfaction of seeing our Bay villages from a new viewpoint, and also the historical interest of travelling by boat and tide in the manner of La Loutre, Coulon de Villier, and other history makers of Acadie.

The usual shad-fishing program was to go down the Bay with the ebb-tide, fishing steadily. Then to run under the convenient shelter of Five Islands until the commotion of

tide-turning was over. Afterwards to be carried back, on the fierce rush of the in-going tide, to Selma creek, or Maitland landings.

There was one nasty spot--no doubt still there--known as the "Rips", when the heavy boat was minded to rise and dance jigs, and there was, of course, much pitching and tossing after the "bore" had passed.

No inexperienced fishing-boat guest is likely to go through the pitching and tossing of tide-turning in Cobequid Bay without uncomfortable qualms of stomach; especially if the invigorating salty air has induced the indiscretion of an over-hearty lunch, plus noon-day sun and over-powering fishy smells.

We, the pleasure-seekers, dozed in a madly rocking boat, taking no interest in net-lookings, and not even inquiring as to "Dipper". A marvellous experience our skipper was relating of a coasting schooner:- "When the storm began to leeward, and backed up against the wind, and we stuck her into Dipper!" "Yes, We stuck her into Dipper!"

Many years afterwards I learned that "Dipper" was a sheltering harbour, frequented by coasting vessels, and not a bailing operation as I then supposed.

"You'll be all right now that the tide has turned", encouraged the skipper's helper. "A breeze always comes up with the tide and we're on the home stretch now! Hi, there,

look out for the boom when she gibes!"

Just as Burntcoat Head and Spencer's Point sent out their twinkling lights over the heaving brown waters, the boat swept into Selma creek, lifted as if on wings by the swift, steady rush of the tide.

Each one of the guests carried a shad or salmon as she took her way along the marsh road. The "shad-bugs" (fire-flies) were lighting their lamps. It had been a hot day and a heavy dew was falling. The June twilight was perfumed by hedges of wild rose and meadow-sweet, that edged the ditch banks, and by the clean, strong scent of "sweet grass" growing in great patches and used by the Micmacs in basket weaving.

Night-hawks, swooping after insects, cut the air with thunderous wing, the tide lapped softly against the dyke, and "round the turn" twinkled the lights of home.

# GOLDEN YEARS IN ACADIE

## Chapter XVII

### "Our Ships and the Savagery of the Sea"

A new and arresting word is apt to be treaured in a child's memory. The name "Fundy" was for me a word of that sort, and the two stories, told of long-gone disasters in and near the Bay of Fundy, have come down with me through life's journey.

One was a harrowing tale of the wreck of the British steamship "Hungarian" off the south coast of Nova Scotia. The disaster happened long before my time, but there was a personal memory-tag in our family connected with that wreck.

Among the wreckage washed ashore was a small mahogany writing desk with key in the lock. The contents were unhurt, and among the papers was an unfinished letter that the owner had been writing to his parents in Scotland. A younger brother of my father's had been teaching school in a coast village not far from the scene of the wreck. He was leaving to attend the University at Edinburgh, and carried with him the writing desk, which he returned to the sorrowing mother and father.

That unfinished, cheery letter was for them a very precious possession. Through the introduction of that "flotsam" of the sea the young Nova Scotian made a helpful and lasting friendship.

The second of those old disaster stories was that of the mysterious disappearance of the brig "Enterprise". Warmth, sunshine, favouring wind and a calm tide made ideal weather conditions for the Enterprise to begin her sea career. This vessel was built in the Loughead's yard on the Colchester side of Cobequid Bay. The new brig loaded gypsum at Pitch Brook on the Shubenacadie river, sailed out of the river on a sunny spring day, passing Maitland at the river's mouth, and down the Cobequid Bay, all "set fair" for a favourable voyage.

There were twenty persons on board including crew and passengers. Among the latter were five young men belonging to well-known Colchester families, also several members of the builder's family connection. The Captain, whose home was in Maitland, was an English shipmaster, well trained in mercantile marine work.

The new ship sailed down the Bay and through our sunset gate, the narrow sea-space between Noel Head and Economy Point, and out into Minas Basin, and was never again seen or heard of. No Fundy gale, no unusual tide tumult, no wreckage, nor bodies tossed upon the beaches, no sign of disaster. The fine new brig, crew and passengers, had all sailed straight out into

oblivion, their disaster story one of Fundy's doleful mysteries.

## THE SYLVAN

Two Bay of Fundy shipwrecks that held keen interest for our sea-faring villages were those of the barque Sylvan, Captain Herbert McDougall of Maitland, and that of the brig Wild Horse, also of our village, owner and Captain, John Macomber.

The weather conditions were similar in both disasters, tempestuous hard-running Fundy tide, blinding snow and icy gale.

During a furious equinoctial tempest March 20th, 1892, the barque Sylvan, 1080 tons, bound from Barbadoes for St. John, New Brunswick, in ballast, drove ashore on the dreaded Trinity Ledge. This reef, off the coast of Yarmouth, near the Fundy entrance, is a heavily marked spot in the mariners' black list. Furious wind and smashing seas at once began their work of destruction, while blinding snow added further misery.

The Sylvan struck Trinity Ledge about eight o'clock in the evening. It was a Sunday evening and, without doubt, the congregations gathered in our Bayside churches on that wild March evening, did not forget "Those in peril on the sea". The heart-felt singing of that hymn-prayer, by a congregation whose nearest and dearest were out on the great seas, is an unforgetable memory.

When the Sylvan grounded, the smashing tide-waves aided by the furious wind at once began their work of destruction, while blinding snow added further misery for those on board, all of whom were putting up a brave fight against fate.

Immediately the Sylvan began to break up. She pounded heavily for a time and then slid off into deep water. With great difficulty the largest boat was launched and all managed to get into it. There were sixteen in the boat, and all worked for dear life in the strenuous fight to keep the boat head on to the sea.

At midnight they were close to Cranberry Head, where a tremendous sea was breaking. Owing to their untiring vigilance, the boat's crew kept clear of the surf that roared over this dangerous spot. In the chill dawn amid a smother of foaming seas and drifting snow, Captain and crew took their lives in their hands, let the boat drift to the beach, and either jumped or were hurled into the icy surf. Five of the crew perished, the remainder with their Captain reached the beach. Chilled, exhausted, frost-bitten, they managed to cling to the cliffs until help came.

Those who have personal knowledge of Fundy's ice-piled sea-wall, and of the great floes that come grinding and pitching with the tide, can well understand how desperate were the circumstances in connection with the loss of the barque Sylvan.

## THE SAVONA

An earthquake on land is a terrifying experience, but far more fearsome and uncanny is an earthquake at sea.

Early in March, 1901, the Maitland ship Savona, one of the superfine vessels launched from the W.P. Cameron yard, cleared from Sydney, Australia, with a cargo for Rotterdam. The weather was fine and the South Pacific crossing a pleasant one. Cape Horn, where "dirty weather" was the usual portion meted out to sailing ships, was on this last voyage of Captain Hedley McDougall, rounded easily and pleasantly. Fair weather was still holding when the Savona turned north in the Atlantic, and blue sky and favouring gales continued until the Savona was off the Falkland Islands.

Captain Hedley McDougall had his wife with him, a brave and charming young woman. The two were together on deck on the evening of April 20th, watching a strange and menacing sunset. The western sky was a glare of brassy yellow, mingled with livid green, a portent of disturbances to follow. During the night there was a series of sudden fierce squalls, and at six in the morning the sea became furiously agitated. The big ship of 1649 tons with her heavy cargo, shivered and rocked in a fearsome agitation.

This pitching and tossing was followed by terrific squalls, one of which carried away the fore-topmast. It crashed down and with it came yards and sails, jibs and staysails, making

a confusion of wreckage on deck and over the ship's side, against which it pounded heavily.

Then followed the devastating earthquake wave. A wave that swept up from the deep sea to a towering height and crashed down upon the ship. It swept the Savona from stern to bow and no living thing was left in its path. Steersmen and sailors were gone in the twinkling of an eye. Nothing but a tangled mass of wreckage remained.

The Captain, who had been on deck all night, was last seen standing with folded arms gazing out at the inevitable destruction, that was coming with that engulfing wave. The Captain's wife, swept out of her berth along with the mattress, had by a miracle found safety under an upturned cabin-davenport. Those of the crew, who had last seen the Captain, were convinced that he had been carried overboard with others who were missing.

All his life Captain Hedley McDougall had been a lover of animals. The Savona's cat had been an especial pet of his, and in the busy time that followed the earthquake wave, when wreckage was being cleared and repairs were being made, little attention was paid to the strange behaviour of the ship's cat. The cat had been running back and forth from a heaped pile of wreckage, vainly trying to attract the attention of the workers. So piteous had the mewing become that finally one of the men followed her to an untouched heap of debris. The doleful mewings continued, and the man set to

work moving the wreckage. Lying there with folded arms, and no disfiguring marks except a bruise on the temple, that showed how swift and sure had been the death-dealing blow, was the body of Captain Hedley McDougall, one of the first of the joyous company of my schoolmates, to set out on the great unreturning voyage.

## THE STRATHMUIR.

The New York Herald of September 24th, 1900, had in its shipping news of that date the following paragraph:-

"New York, September 24th, 1900.

The Bristol City liner, Exeter City, Captain Watkins from Bristol and Swansea, passed on September 19th in lat. 46.08 and lon. 46.19, at five o'clock in the afternoon, the British Barque Strathmuir, from St. John, New Brunswick, September 8th for Bristol, badly damaged by the recent hurricane. The Strathmuir had lost fore-topmast head, fore lower topsail yard; main royal mast and jib-boom, also a number of sails. Her deck load of deals was intact and the ship was upright.

The Exeter City passed close to the disabled vessel, but her Captain signified no desire for assistance. Repairs were being effected, and the vessel was heading northwest and north under main topsail; apparently bearing up for St. Johns, Nfld."

The Captain who signified no desire for assistance was Captain Everett McDougall of Maitland. His comment to me in regard to that fierce "brush" with a North Atlantic hurricane, was characteristic of the terse summing-up of such happenings by our 'deep-water' Captains.

"The Strathmuir sprang a leak and we had seven feet of water

in the hold; still we got to Bristol in thirty days from St. John, New Brunswick."

## THE SOVEREIGN.

Stories of fog encounters, between our sailing ships and steamers, usually brought mourning to our ship-building villages. The sailing ship had less than half a chance in such a perilous meeting, no matter how clear-brained and resourceful the officers, nor how fine and efficient the crew.

The story of the loss of the ship Sovereign, Captain William Putnam, bound from Cardiff, Wales, and coal laden, was a marked exception in our collision records, for with everything "set fair" for a horror of the sea, not one life was lost.

The meeting between the iron steamer and the wooden ship occurred just outside the Channel, and in the dense fog of a black night. So fierce was the impact that the coal laden "Sovereign" foundered in a very few minutes.

Naturally there was confusion in such swift calamity. Instantly the Sovereign began to settle, and there was not time to lower the boats. High above the racket of sounds a clear order rang out in the darkness. An order for all hands to get into the two after boats, on the boat skids, and to cut the boat-tackle falls. This was done and as the Sovereign went down the boats floated clear. Fortunately they did not

get entangled in any of the gear, and the Sovereign remains a shining exception in our annals of the sea.

There were often bad accidents on our sailing ships--broken limbs that had to be set, wounds from falls dressed, and the Captain was called upon to do the doctoring.

All the young people of my generation knew Captain William (Curlyhead) McDougall, so called to distinguish him from the many Captains of his name in the Maitland district. The Captain, with his crutches and a big Newfoundland dog at his heels, was well and favorably known to all the school children.

The Captain was crippled for life from a very simple nail accident, a mere scratch that he had thought nothing of at the time. However, the nail had been rusty--blood-poisoning set in, and the Captain of the "Fresh Breeze" stared death in the face. His vessel, a few days out on her westward passage, put back to Queenstown, Ireland, and the Captain was taken to hospital.

Captain A.A. McDougall, who had many business interests in the Old Country, crossed the Atlantic and returned with his relative, Captain William. The injured Captain had to settle down as a landsman, no easy task for an active, successful Captain in the prime of life. All over the globe there are Maitland men and women who can recall the orchard, the garden and the trim well-kept surroundings of Captain Curlyhead McDougall's pleasant home.

Another memory picture holds Captain Joe Blois of Selma, officer on the Canadian Government steamer, Lady Laurier. Captain Joe, tall and imposing in his naval uniform, happily recalling stories of adventurous trips to Sable Island. This was before the time of wireless, now so helpful in regard to forecasting weather conditions, at the danger spots along the Atlantic coast Provinces and the Gulf of St. Lawrence.

Sable Island was always "chancy" for landing lighthouse supplies. There were also other difficult landings for lighthouses on the Cape Breton, Bay of Fundy, and St. Lawrence coasts. Captain Joe had also intimate knowledge of the idiosyncrasies of "groaners", the great gas buoys along our Dominion coasts, and the difficulties in getting them placed.

It was Captain Joe, when serving on one of our home ships, who stripped, went down under water, and repaired a damaged rudder, no easy task that.

There were many fine models of swift ships and good carriers in our Maitland fleet. Ships that made record passages both on Atlantic and Pacific. The barque Francis Herbert, largely owned by Captain Francis Grant, made the run from River John, Nova Scotia, to Liverpool, England, in sixteen days.

Another Maitland ship made the passage from New York to Bristol in seventeen days and the barque Maggie Elliott, built by Alexander Ross of Maitland, made the much longer Atlantic crossing to Alicante, Spain, in twenty-five days.

Captain Albert Crowe of Maitland was a shining light among his contemporaries for fast voyages on Pacific and Atlantic, and also for his unerring judgment in carrying sail.

The young sea-captains of my generation were the last of that wonderful period of world business for Maitland village--our generation has seen the end of it all.

Names of my contemporaries, or those a few years older or younger, who went down to the sea in ships in those golden years were Captain Everett McDougall, Captain Herbert McDougall, Captain W.D. McDougall, Captain J.C. McDougall, Captain Hedley McDougall, Captain Fred McDougall, (these were all relatives), Captain Will Graham, Captains Will and Loran Caddell, Captain W.D. Lawrence and his brother, Captain Thomas Lawrence, and their nephew Captain Harry Ellis, Captain Albert Crowe, famed for record fast passages, Captain James Crowe, Captain Robert E. McKeil, Captains Will and Clarence Cox and their cousin Captain Alex Cox, Captains David Douglas, Alex Douglas, and Jock Douglas, Captain Joe Howe and his brother Captain John Howe, Captain Stillman McNutt, Captain Joe Blois, Capt. S. Bradley Captain Dick Sterling, Captain John Pratt and Captain J. Whidden.

The young men in this list were mostly sons of captains, or relatives of builders, and could trace their ancestry back to the very early days of adventurous sea-faring in Nova Scotia.

# GOLDEN YEARS IN ACADIE.

## Chapter XVIII

### "The Lure of the Sea"

The Golden Years held a tremendous lure for those who "went down to the sea in ships".

Rising markets and good freights meant fat pocket books, large wage and home drafts; an allure more potent than any mermaid's song.

Our Bay Captains took especial pride in keeping their fine ships trim, polished and up to the mark in every detail. During the long months at sea they lived near to Nature's heart, while in port they drove shrewd bargains, were careful not to exceed "lay days", and sent home fat drafts for the retiring fund in the village bank.

In our district the sea-farers followed an unchanging program in their method of settling down to become landsmen. The village would hear that some well-known Captain was coming home to remain. The news would be talked over and everyone would be ready to give him welcome. The Captain would

arrive--have a fine house built, set out ornamental trees and an orchard, buy a fast horse, mainly for the purpose of having a "lively brush" with some other retired Captain on the way home from church.

Before many moons the Captain would be discoursing learnedly in regard to rotation of crops, arguing upon the topic of orchard location with the fruit-growers, setting himself up as an authority upon potato raising, and leading "hot-foot" in the winter procession of sleds, drawing marsh-mud fertilizer from the beach.

Outwardly everything pointed to land permanence for the Captain, but even the village children were aware that it was but the first act. On some fine morning, when things bucolic were marching steadily along, the Captain would read in the shipping news of his Halifax paper of rising markets and good freights. Immediately he was off in a rush to join a ship.

There would be repetitions of this "settling-down act", for the habits of a life-time are hard to break, but when the Captain finally turned a deaf ear to the "calling of the sea", he became a bulwark of strength in our Maritime communities.

The wives, who so often accompanied their husbands on the long deep-sea voyages, would, when in port, travel around to see what was worth-while. Parks, palaces, cathedrals, museums and picture-galleries were made familiar to those at home by their graphic descriptions, and the photographs brought back. There were treasures garnered in carved ivory, sandal

wood and teak, jade and fine China, gloves and fans, laces and silks, all of which held keen allure for stay-at-home youth. Shells, the tribute of the sea, were in every home. There was one small and very beautiful shell with a history, ~~a shell that is a world treasure.~~

This shell was brought home by Captain James Ellis, the money-making master of the "Pegasus" and later of the premier Canadian sailing ship, the W.D. Lawrence. At the time of the shell incident Captain Ellis was master of a large iron sailing ship, the Ancona, British registration.

The Ellis home in Maitland was a treasure house of beautiful and interesting gleanings from all over the world. I well remember holding that exquisite shell and listening to the story connected with it. The rare shell, conical in shape, was about five inches long and in colour a deep cream with a lace-like pattern of tiny triangles of brown and yellow covering it--and there were bands of orange and a soft pink lustre.

This rare and exquisite shell, "[illegible]", was a world treasure, there being less than half a dozen specimens known in the World museums.

The story of its presentation to Captain Ellis is of ethical significance, for back of the spontaneous gift, is the effect upon the savage mind of the earnest teaching of a missionary, whose precepts and example followed closely those of the Good Shepherd.

Early in May, 1892, the "Ancona" was in the Pacific Ocean off Bouganville, the largest of the Solomon Islands. These islands had, in sailing ship years, a very bad reputation. The inhabitants were cannibals, head-hunters,-vilely treacherous, with murders of boats' crews,and other atrocities listed against them.

The Ancona was out of luck that May night off Bouganville, for the wind had dropped and the ship, rolling heavily in the tropical swell, was completely becalmed.

In the grey dawn a fleet of canoes put out from shore headed for the Ancona. The canoes were expertly paddled and very soon were alongside the big ship. Naturally there was apprehension on the Ancona, as the lithe brown natives swarmed aboard, every man carrying a weapon, club or spear, or bow with poisoned arrows.

The crew of the Ancona had no defensive weapons on board. Neither Captain nor officers had a revolver and against this confident, invading swarm, they were utterly unable to offer resistance. The inquisitive invaders ran about the deck examining everything, climbing the rigging, peering into the galley, and busily appropriating odds and ends that caught their fancy, and no one dared object for fear of arousing their anger.

Captain Ellis, with the understanding knowledge that a full stomach makes for contentment, decided to feed his visitors, and in no small way. Ships biscuit, molasses, tins

of jam, meat, and other eatables were dealt out without stint. It was a first-class gala occasion for the head-hunters.

The Chief attached himself to Captain Ellis. He was not so fearful of doors and narrow passages as his followers were. He trotted after the Captain to the pilot-house and with him explored the wonders of the saloon. He showed his caution by always having the Captain precede him. They finally reached the Captain's stateroom, where an open Bible caught the Chief's eye. Instantly he began gesticulating and pointing at the Bible in great excitement. It was evidently a familiar object. He explained, by pantomine, that an old man, who was good, had a similar Book. Then in sudden haste he turned and rushed out, interviewed his followers, who were still on deck, hurried into his canoe and paddled swiftly ashore. To the Captain and crew of the Ancona it was a movement of mysterious significance, and they wondered as to what was in the wind now, a peace pact, or war reinforcements.

In a short time the Chief came paddling back, bringing with him a small canvas-wrapped parcel, evidently a gift and precious. This he put into Captain Ellis' hand, his companions showing their approval by nods and chuckles.

The bit of dirty canvas was rolled back revealing a cushion of dried grass, upon which rested a wonderful specimen of Nature's perfect work, the exquisite shell.

Captain Ellis had a keen sense of the ridiculous and for a second he had a shivering desire to laugh, but only for an instant. The shell was accepted with most gracious formality.

Savages and the Ancona's crew were all grouped on deck when there came a sudden humming murmur of wind stirring in the rigging. The sound set the little brown men off instantly for their canoes,--all with full stomachs, gift laden and happy. Here was indeed indubitable proof of the truth of the white man's words from the Book, a striking object lesson upon the working of the Golden Rule.

Books were, for me, the most entrancing of all our home-brought treasures. Books that even after the lapse of long, long years still tingle the strings of memory.

The books that came by mail to our village in those busy years were from London, Liverpool, Glasgow and New York, and they went the village rounds. There was an exchange magazine club that took in four of the English Reviews and Blackwood's magazine. Another reading club that exchanged Harper's, The Century, Good Words, and Chambers' Journal, and in this way our isolated community kept abreast in the current literature of the time, while the great leathern sacks of newspapers dumped from the stage into Maitland post-office, bore witness to the keen daily interest in the busy world, so far beyond our doors.

Halifax papers were opened at once at the "shipping page", all other news was at a minimum until this was scanned.

What a boon "wireless" would have been to us in days torn by anxiety, when we waited for fuller reports of wreck and disaster.

We skated on the flooded frozen marshes, drove, rode, danced with zest, and played whist, euchre, tennis and croquet. Twenty-one miles from a railroad in those years put Maitland out of the track of popular lectures. There was, however, one memorable winter when Dr. John Allison gave us a red-letter week of lectures every night, and another remembered joy akin to the lectures was a week of recitations; "The Lady of Lyons", "The Prisoner of Chillon", "Enoch Arden", and others, a pleasure given by a Mr. Mills, and long remembered by his audiences.

No railway, no telephones, no gramaphones, no radios, no automobiles, no wireless, and yet we found life abundantly worth living in that charming village of the golden years.

It may have been the sharp contrast, between our busy summers and the quiet winters, that gave our lives so serene a balance. However, there was one sure and rampant disturber of village peace--a political campaign.

We took our politics seriously, and warily side-stepped in regard to friends' political affinities when they did not co-incide with our own.

Women's suffrage was not even dreamed of in Canada in those days, never-the-less, women were important factors in political affairs.

When my father was running elections in Hants, my mother's sisters always came immediately after nomination day to pay a farewell visit until election was over. Their husbands' political opinions differed from my father's and no chances were taken, consequently no family quarrels. I well remember the twinkle in my Aunt McDougall's eyes when at the beginning of a very hot campaign she said: "Good-bye", and hoped that "we would all come through this fuss sound in body and sane in mind!"

The old-time election experiences of a candidates daughter would make racy reading. We had some very notable men for our representatives, both in Provincial and Federal Legislatures.

Both political parties in our county of Hants were kindly disposed toward a gentlemen, whose name is indelibly written on the pages of Nova Scotia's history, and also that of the Dominion of Canada;- The Honourable William S. Fielding.

My first memory of Mr. Fielding is connected with the sad drowning accident of his two half-sisters, bright young girls in their early teens. They were caught by the swift incoming tide on Noel beach, and both were drowned. It was a very hot day, and the last thirty miles of Mr. Fielding's journey from Halifax to Noel had to be made by horse and carriage over a country road. He made a brief stop to inquire of my father the further particulars of that sad accident. His sympathy, his sincerety, his helpful kindness, made for

me an unforgettable impression.

For many years my work, at the Halifax School for the Blind, brought me into contact with Mr. Fielding. As Premier of the Province of Nova Scotia he was a member of the Board of Directors of the School for the Blind, and also of the School for the Deaf, and both Institutions owe much to his wise help in legislation.

Not only the blind of the Maritime Provinces, but the blind of the World owe much to Mr. Fielding, Finance Minister of Canada, and to his colleague the Postmaster General of that time--Sir William Mulock. It was through their help and interest, along with the importunities of officials of the Halifax School for the Blind, that Canadian blind readers were first in the world, to receive the bulky Braille books through the Canadian post offices free of charge. Canada led the world in that altruistic movement and other nations have followed.

Mr. Fielding had a very warm personal interest in handicapped children, and I note one of many incidents that I remember. I was librarian as well as teacher at the Halifax School for the Blind and if Mr. Fielding happened to be early for a Board meeting, he usually came into the library to inquire about the Braille books that pupils were reading. He came in one afternoon when I was locking up the bookcases. The pupils had exchanged their books, even the last persistent

dawdlers who always waited to discuss with the Librarian what they had been reading had gone, and the heavy doors of that time were locked.

Just after Mr. Fielding's entrance, a pretty little red-haired girl with bandaged eyes came hurrying in. She had one of the large Braille volumes of "Little Women" clasped in her arms, that dear book beloved by girls the World over. (Our Braille copy was hand-written and cost twelve dollars).

"Oh," she gasped, "I'm so glad you haven't gone! I heard the clock strike and I knew that I was late, but there was only a page or two to finish, and I do want the next volume so much! Isn't it the loveliest story!"

While I exchanged the volume we discussed Jo, joyously, and then with the knowledge of the patient little soul's sufferings, I made enquiry as to how the bandaged eyes were doing.

Suddenly she caught my arm, laid her bandaged head upon it, and began to sob. "Oh, they're hurting me terribly! They pain all the time. They're such cruel, cruel eyes! "

The work-class bell tingled and the poor little burden-bearer hurried off with her book, unaware that there had been anyone in the room beside ourselves. When I turned to speak to Mr. Fielding, his kind eyes were full of tears and he said in a choked voice: "It always hurts me to see a little child suffer!"

This was the tender heart of Canada's great Finance Minister, the man whose masterly management, for fifteen years of the finances of Canada, lifted our new Dominion to a proud place among the nations.

The Seventh Day was pre-eminently one of rest in our ship-building village. Summer week-days were filled with ten hours incessant racket. Maitland village fairly hummed with noisy industry, and no dawdling was tolerated. No short hours, no half-holidays, for week days, but on the Seventh day "no sounds of labour vexed the quiet air". There were no ship launches on Sunday, and the only noisy activity was that of the racing, roaring tide.

We had a resident barrister during the golden years, H.T. Harding, who was an official in the Maitland Marine Insurance Company of large dividends. When ship-building began to decline and our ships were getting old, and the shrewd Maitland shipowners saw bad times for sailing ships looming ahead, they promptly wound up the affairs of the Maitland Marine Insurance Company.

George Oxley Smith, David Frieze, Archibald Frame, Robert Barrie Eaton, William Currie, David Crowe, were Justices of the Peace, and sat in judgment upon ship-yard and other disturbances. Timber contracts were the most fruitful sources of dispute, and illustrative of the village spirit, ~~the majority of~~ these difficulties were usually settled by arbitration.

On one of these lively occasions, witnesses were inadvertently sworn upon a small leather-bound copy of "Peter Simple", that had been hastily slipped by its reader into the book-case corner occupied by the similarly bound "Oath-Bible". The disputants aired their grievances and departed, and the discoverer of the mistake kept discreet silence in regard to the part "Peter Simple's" leather bound back had played.

There were a few notable clashes between neighbours that were celebrated in local ballads. Succinct and sparkling gems in the way of vituperation, that we children were forbidden to sing. However, there was no veto on our singing--"Bound down for Newfoundland". We learned that sad, true, sea-song from a neatly written copy that was framed and hung in a village home. We swung on apple-tree boughs and lifted high our young voices in that doleful story of the sea, told by Caleb White, one of the crew, and a near relative of the young Captain.

"St. Patrick's day in 65 from New York we set sail,
Kind Prov-i-dence did favour us with a sweet and
pleasant gale.
We bore away from Amer-i-kay as you shall understand,
With courage brave we ploughed the wave,
Bound down for Newfoundland.

For Nelson was our Captain's name, just twenty years
of age,
A bolder or a better seaman has never ploughed the waves.
When two days out, to our distress, our Captain he
fell sick,
And scarcely was en-able-ed,
To show himself on deck.

This true chronicle of the ravages of small-pox on a sailing ship goes on to relate the trials that befell the crew, and the death of the young Captain--"All bound down for Newfoundland". There was difficulty in navigating the brig. They tried, and were not able to make Halifax, so "squared away" for Cape Causo.

"We'll square away for Cape Canso,
My boys now bear a hand.
In Arichat that afternoon we anchored safe,
Bound down for Newfoundland.

Unto the board of health we then
For medical aid did go.
Our Captain near the point of death
That symptoms it did show.

The small-pox now was breaking out,
For that it proved to be,
And eight days after we arrived
At God's just command,
He breathed his last in Arichat
Bound down to Newfoundland.

Both day and night may we lament
For our departed friend,
And pray to be protected
From what has been his end.

Be with us and protect us, God,
By Thy Almighty hand.
And guide us safe while on the seas
Bound down to Newfoundland. "

The decades following "65" saw effective measures taken for the enforcement of vaccination and other quarantine laws. Small-pox, which had been a lurking menace for generations in all the great world ports, rapidly decreased under the treatment that followed Dr. Jenner's discovery.

Yellow fever was a dread and deadly disease that we heard much about, and that brought sorrow to our sea-faring village. It stalked unchecked in Southern ports, and took a heavy toll of our strong young men,--an ever-haunting menace for those who "went down to the sea in ships" and for those who waited at home.

In this twentieth century, through the patient, untiring work of scientists, pre-eminent among whom was Sir Donald Ross, the way has been found for effectively dealing with the deadly disease-carrying mosquito, consequently, yellow fever and malaria do not now hold the menace they had for previous generations.

The year 1873, known by two generations in Maitland as "Scarlet Fever Year", has been sadly remembered. The disease was of a most virulent type. Older persons as well as children suffered and died, and hardly a home in the district escaped the "Grim Reaper's" visit. Very few of those who recovered but carried through life some mark of scarlet fever savagery; in ear, eye, throat, heart and other troubles.

Since the seventies there has been a great forward movement in the treatment and prevention of infectious diseases. Scarlet fever, small-pox and diphtheria have been robbed of the horrible dread they held for the children who were my contemporaries.

# GOLDEN YEARS IN ACADIE

## Chapter XIX

## "The Passing of the Golden Years"

Our village doctors, S.D. Brown and F.S. Creelman, were busy, helpful members of the community.

Dr. Brown, the old doctor, was a Canadian type of Ian Maclaren's Dr. McLure; clever, kind, brusque and unconventional. He drove in a very high, light, two-wheeled gig, so small that it barely seated the tall spare doctor. There was only a low iron-rod rail around the back of the seat, not high enough for back support, and his medicine chest reposed beside his feet. Anything extra to be carried was either tied to the back rail, or fastened underneath to the axle.

The doctor's specialty on the road was his habit of driving furiously down steep hills and thundering across bridges. With arms extended, coat tails flying, horse and high gig going like the wind, he came with reckless, breath-taking dash, and, strange to say, met with few accidents.

One Spring morning when frost was coming out of the ground, and our roads were hub-deep in red Cobequid mud, the doctor drew up at our door with a book. He was a reader and a fine mathematician. As he turned to drive away, his attention was called to a huge bundle in a sack, which was tied underneath to the axle. The bundle had sagged and was in danger of dragging in the mud.

"I'll have to tie it to the back rail", he cheerfully announced, as he got out to make the exchange. "I'm on my way down shore eighteen miles to see a sick boy. Mother is a widow and poor. Sent for medicine, have it in my pocket! Bad road--yes! Eh what, leave that bundle behind? No indeed, that's the real medicine the boy needs! Whirrup!"

The doctor tore off, mud flying in every direction and twenty pounds of fresh beef bobbing frantically at his back.

Dr. Brown's father-in-law, Mr. Adam Dickie, owned the first saw and grist mill in Maitland. (The mill-pond has been drained and is now a village hayfield). There were two tanneries in Maitland in the golden years, and the first steam saw mill in the district was set up in the shipyard of A.A. McDougall of Selma.

This mill was burned early in May, 1873, and I have a memory picture of the energetic owner driving by in great haste, while the embers were still smoking, on his way to telegraph his order for another mill. The new mill, from Brantford, Ontario, arrived promptly, was speedily set up, and

very little delay resulted for the busy builders, who had become used to this helpful agent.

Before the days of Captain Alex's steam mill the ship-building timber was prepared in saw-pits; hand-work, that was slow and exacting. Peter Stewart was the master-sawyer for pit work in the Selma yards. Peter was a "son of the heather", and when arrayed in Sunday garb of homespun, gay Stewart plaid and Glengarry bonnet, was a sight to gladden the heart of youth.

We were a prayerful community, as befitted those whose near and dear ones were sailing on tempest-tossed oceans--trading in the great markets of the World, hustling cargoes from New York or Liverpool or from some lone outpost such as Christobal-Colon. All ears, even those of restless childhood, were alert for the special prayer-reference for those at sea, a reference never omitted by our resident clergyman, and we fore-bore to praise the fine sermons of any supply who omitted the sea-farers petition.

There was one petition that has come down through the years. It was given in a great booming voice that filled the church: "We pray thee, O Lord, to give them blue skies, favouring gales and a rolling sea behind the ship".

The Honourable Arthur McNutt Cochran, clever, courteous and kind, was the Anglican "Father" of the village. The Rectory grounds adjoined "Elmhurst", the Cochran home.

David Frieze, tall, spare, wrapped in an Inverness cape, stood in similar relation to the Presbyterian communion. He had many characteristics of his New England ancestors, and was a keen business man. In Selma the descendants of the original Smith settlers exercised a wide and helpful influence in church work.

In June, 1903, the Presbyterian congregation of Maitland celebrated its one-hundredth anniversary. The first five ministers were Rev. Alexander Dick, Rev. Thomas Crowe, Rev. Dr. John Currie, Rev. L.G. MacNeill and Rev. T. Chalmers Jack, pastor from 1879 to 1896.

Mr. MacNeill and Mr. Jack were residents during the seventies and eighties. Their contemporaries in the Anglican church were the Revd. Mr. Jamieson and the Revd. George R. Martell.

The method by which Mr. MacNeill's salary was contributed illustrates the village spirit of the time.

Two plates were fastened ~~to~~ beside the vestibule doors that entered the Presbyterian church. Those who went into the church contributed or not, as they pleased. There were no collections taken during services, no envelope system, no subscription list, and always a surplus.

The Presbyterian church records of that great sea-faring period are full of pathos. The proportion of its sons who

perished at sea, died of accident, or of yellow fever in foreign ports was very great. The cablegram that brought such sorrowful word was always delivered to the Minister. A hard, hard task was that of "breaking the news".

In the busy shipbuilding years, summer meant rush, work and bustle in Maitland, but winter brought ample time for social life. We were doubly isolated in winter when the raging tide piled up an ice barrier of sea-wall, and swirling floes stopped the ferries. We were a shut-in village, but not a narrow one. There was always something of interest going on in that community of alert, intelligent, travelled men and women.

There were church and other societies, one with a fortnightly paper called "The Budget" that was of intense local interest to the young people. Marking eyes kept watch upon the behaviour of village youth in regard to home, church and social affairs.

One retired sea-captain kept notes of the village love affairs and flirtations. These were jotted down in a pocket book which he called "The case-log". At most inopportune times he would produce this "log" and read the "reckonings" aloud, or threaten to do so, much to the discomfort of "logged ones". Those who squirmed under its illuminations did not, at the time, consider it an uplift, but no doubt it did its bit in establishing the decorous behaviour of our village youth in the golden years.

We rode, drove, skated on the frozen marshes, picnicked in summer, danced joyously through the long winter evenings, and were adepts at coming in quietly so as not to disturb time-enquiring seniors. We played whist and "nations", euchre occasionally, and in summer and Autumn there were the thrilling ship launches.

Our little World "was so full of a number of things" all demanding attention. The ship launches were frequently accompanied by a Church tea-meeting, usually held in the shipyard. There was for the nature lover the abiding joy of cutting marsh-greens on the wide expanse of the dyke-land, with the wind rippling the sedge-grasses, and the brown waters of the tidal creek foaming along its glossy chocolate banks.

There were berry-picking expeditions, strawberries in the sunny pastures, raspberries at the French shore-field and at the Quarry.

We walked the dyke to reach the French field. There was romance in walking the dyke to the site of what had once been an Acadian homestead, always to our imagination the home of an owner of high degree. The French homestead field, with its encircling trees and grassy cleared spaces, was a beautiful spot with a wealth of wild flowers, and great bushes of sweet-briar roses, a variety differing from those in the

district gardens. The encroaching forest has now swallowed this beauty spot.

There was no romance in connection with the abandoned gypsum quarry. It was a strange and wierdly beautiful spot, in the deep wood, where raspberry bushes flourished luxuriantly on the white side of the steep cliff, and among the gypsum debris at its foot. There was a chance of raspberry pickers meeting a bear intent upon the same quest, and there was a ghost tradition for the uncanny, deserted quarry, similar to that of the loup-garou of the Acadians.

There was a very real danger of getting lost in the dense forest, that surrounded the gypsum rock and that stretched away for miles. There were uncanny sink holes to trap the unwary, and light green swampy spots not safe for the investigator.

In my many rambles in Nova Scotian woods and pastures, I have met no wild animals more fearsome than a porcupine, that hastily scuttled to cover, and an occasional skunk that I ~~have~~ lost no time in giving the right of way.

One snowy winter day I chanced upon a most interesting sight. Hidden by the spruce thicket, I watched a company of rabbits, on an open snowy space encircled by thick spruce bushes, engrossed in a rabbit game. There were a dozen of them in their snowy winter coats, dancing, bowing, capering, a delightful moving picture that was a privilege to witness and a joy to remember.

The busy decade of the seventies ended in Maitland with the outlook for our golden ship-building industry set "bright and fair". There were contracts for ships to be built, good freights, and world business in the ocean carrying trade.

Occasionally a far-seeing quiet observer of world conditions, would voice an opinion in regard to the steam-driven, iron menace that was following so closely upon our track--a determined hoodoo that was destined to take the wind from the sails of the world. The youth, of those golden years, did not trouble their heads over economic changes looming darkly in the future. They had no haunting fear of the dark morrow gathering upon our industrial horizon, the way of youth from generation unto generation.

Our great ship-building industry began to lag in the eighties. In the first three years of the nineties only eight ships, but all of large tonnage, were launched. The year 1893 saw the last of our great freighting fleet of deep-water ships sail out of Cobequid Bay,--a fleet of over two hundred ships and with carrying capacity of many thousands of tons. Since that date, with the exception of the barquentine "Ressie", the only white sails spread to the breeze, have been those of the goodly fleet of schooners engaged in trading and lumber-carrying.

Many of our big ships were sold to foreigners, Norwegians mostly, others met disaster at sea, a few were burned in port, others were cut down and used as "lighters",--the glory had indeed departed.

The Calburga, 1350 tons, built in 1890 by Adams McDougall, South Maitland, was the last of our home ships on active service. During the Great War the Calburga was a busy, adroit, and fast moving carrier. She evaded the black activities of the German submarines, and foundered in a storm off the coast of Ireland.

Improvement and invention have laid their compelling hold upon the ages-old "way of a ship", and we who gloried in the "white sails shaking", have lived to see "finis" written upon an industry that flourished in the time of Solomon and Hiram of Tyre.

Down through the long procession of centuries from early Britons to Elizabethan explorers, right to the end of the nineteenth century, the sailing ship held command of the seas, and without any startlingly great changes in "the way of the ship"

Then behold--the Twentieth Century--and Finis written.

Maitland, Hants County, Nova Scotia, is today a very quiet, pretty village surrounded by a farming community. The Captain's road-side elms have grown into giant trees, hedges have run wild, the well-trodden short-cut paths through fields

to the ship-yards, of the golden years, have been ploughed and all traces of paths obliterated. The shipyards have reverted to hayfields, even their sites now hard to locate. All the reminders of the stirring activities of mutable man, have crumbled into dust. Silence reigns, save for the lapping of tide waves on the beach, and the melancholy call of the sand-birds.

The young men have gone West or to the United States, and are putting forth their pluck and energy, in new activities in new lands.

"Like an insubstantial pageant faded", this great source of prosperity passed. Our Bay shipbuilding village went down, overwhelmed by the march of progress. Iron steamships took the place of wooden sailing ships in the Atlantic trade. The Suez canal, with its shorter voyage and convenient coaling stations, gave steamships the monopoly of the East India trade. The Panama Canal has opened an easy way to and from the Pacific, and has largely eliminated the hazardous voyage around Cape Horn.

The Maitland builders and Captains have, for the most part, made port with the great silent majority. There are few that remain of the men and women, who worked so faithfully and well in those golden years.

New monuments in the village churchyards do not now bear the pathetic inscription: "Lost at sea"; and no yellow fever cablegrams bring sorrow to the community.

The tree-shaded burial grounds of Maitland village and district overlook Cobequid Bay. Our mysterious tide-swept Bay, that opened the way for so many fine and gallant souls to set forth, and when the end of life's long voyage drew near, crooned them home to meet their Pilot for the last Great Adventure.

# List of Ships built in Maitland and Vicinity in the Forties and Fifties.

| Name | Builder |
|---|---|
| Zephyr | George McCulloch |
| Hemisphere | David Crowe |
| Rainbow | Arch$^{d}$. McCallum |
| Douglas | Adam Douglas |
| Fowler | Charles Cox |
| Noel | |
| Argo | Wm. McDougall |
| Nautilus | David Frieze |
| St. Lawrence | W.D. Lawrence |
| Time | |
| Architect | W.D. Lawrence |
| Defiance | Robert Esdale |
| Charles Adams | Arch$^{d}$. McCallum |
| Aleppo | Alexander Roy |
| Hedley Vicars | |
| Persia | W.D. Lawrence |

Vessels built in Maitland and Vicinity in the Sixties. These vessels were registered in Halifax or Windsor, N.S., and were mostly barques, brigs, brigantines and schooners. There were many vessels of large tonnage, barque-rigged, built in the last years of the sixty decade.

| Date | Name | Tonnage | Builder |
|---|---|---|---|
| 1860 | Wave | | A.G. O'Brien |
| " | Clyde | | Charles Cox |
| 1861 | Jane | | G.B. McLellan |
| " | Autumn | | John Neil |
| " | Agile | | George Dart |
| " | Alice | | Sydney Smith |
| " | Cyprus | | Alexander Roy |
| 1862 | Advent | | John R. Crowe |
| " | Aurora | | John McDougall |
| " | Breeze | | William McDougall |
| " | J.B. Elliot | | Alexander Ross |
| " | W.G. Putnam | | W.D. Lawrence |
| " | Adelaide | | James Douglas |
| " | Lily | | George O Smith & others |
| " | Craigrownie | | A.A. McDougall |
| 1863 | Ann | | Arch$^{d}$. McCallum |
| " | Ariomede | | David Crowe |
| " | Cyrene | | Alexander Roy |
| " | Emily | | J. Northrup (owner) |
| " | Jessie | | A.A. McDougall |
| " | Mary | | W.D. Lawrence |
| " | Mozart | | Sydney Smith |
| " | Stranger | | Joseph Monteith |
| " | Asia | | Faulkener & Bowden Smith |
| " | Amanda Jane | | Osmond O'Brien |
| " | Eureka | | Levi Densmore |
| " | Tweed | | William McDougall |
| 1864 | Agnes | | Arch$^{d}$. McCallum |
| " | Blonde | | Alexander Roy |
| " | Horton | | Fred Brown |
| " | The Wanderer | | George Oxley Smith |
| " | Zephyr | | Alexander Roy |
| " | Naiad | | J.E. O'Brien |
| " | The Petrel | | S.D. Brown |
| " | Dayspring | | J.E. O'Brien |
| " | D.B.R. | | A.A. McDougall |
| " | Hunter | | Wm.Hunter & others |
| " | Minnehaha | | Joseph Wier |

| Date | Name | Tonnage | Builder |
|---|---|---|---|
| 1865 | Medora | | John Neil |
| " | Mary | | A.A. McDougall |
| " | Aspen | | Joseph Miller |
| " | Brenda | | Charles Cox |
| " | Duncan | | James McDougall |
| " | Wild Horse | | John Macomber |
| 1866 | John Geddie | | Wm. McDougall |
| " | Nancy | | John Trahey |
| " | Nazarene | | M.Murphy & others |
| " | Northern Light | | Wm.Hamilton & D.R.Smith |
| " | Alice Roy | | Alexander Roy |
| " | Jane Ure Seaforth | | A.A. McDougall Charles Cox |
| 1867 | Scotia Queen | | George O. Smith |
| " | Annie | | Alfred Putnam |
| " | Bluenose | | J. Sanderson |
| " | Salus | | Charles Cox |
| " | Maggie | | David Dart |
| " | Pegasus | | W.D. Lawrence |
| 1868 | Lavinia | | David Dart |
| " | Bina | | A.A. McDougall |
| " | Royal Sovereign | | Charles Cox |
| " | Ella | | Joseph Monteith |
| " | Mary A. Nelson | | John Trahey |
| " | Brimega | | S.D. Brown |
| 1869 | Stella Lodge | | Donald McDougall |
| " | Fresh Breeze | | Wm. McDougall |
| " | Era | | John Trahey |
| " | Armanilla | | David Dart |
| " | Maggie Brown | | A.A. McDougall |
| " | M. and E. Cox | | Charles Cox |
| " | Medusa | | A. McCallum |
| " | Indus | | Joseph Monteith |
| " | Scotland | | James McDougall |

Ships built in Maitland District and Vicinity in the Seventies.
A Registration Office was opened at Maitland in 1874. Before that date Maitland ships were registered at Halifax, Windsor and in Great Britain. The vessels built at Maitland in the Seventies were of large tonnage, barques and full-rigged ships.

| Date | Name | Tonnage | Builder |
|---|---|---|---|
| 1870 | Algonquin | 1254 tons | Charles Cox |
| " | Minnie Graham | | A.A. McDougall |
| " | Midas | 889 tons | Archibald McCallum |
| " | Huron | | Alexander Roy |
| " | Edward | | Alfred Putnam |
| " | Peerless | | Sydney Smith |
| " | Nancy Ross | | Alexander Ross |
| " | Elizabeth Ann | | James Moore |
| " | Forest Chief | | John Sanderson |
| " | Reasylvius | | Brown & Amthony |
| " | Pactolus | | Osmond O'Brien |
| 1871 | Maitland | | George O. Smith |
| " | Eliza Campbell | | A.A. McDougall |
| " | Amelia Ann | | John Clark |
| " | Edward Barrow | | John Trahey |
| " | Mary Jane | | L. Lawrence |
| 1872 | Harold | | John Sanderson |
| " | Maggie Elliot | | Alexander Ross |
| " | Disco | | A.A. McDougall |
| " | Lillian M. Vigus | | John Trahey |
| " | Algoma | | Archd. McCallum |
| " | Jane Campbell | | A.A. McDougall |
| " | Piskatqua | | Osmond O'Brien |
| " | Cupid | | Bowden Smith & D.Pratt |
| " | Snow Queen | | Alexander Roy |
| " | Tranmere | | George O.Smith & Son |
| " | Lotus | | Pratt & Cox |
| " | Lara | 958 tons | Joseph Monteith |
| 1873 | George | | Alfred Putnam |
| " | Truro | | John Sanderson |
| " | Lady Vere de Vere | | George O.Smith & Son |
| " | Edith | | James Douglas |
| " | MacDougall | | William McDougall |
| " | Eva | | James McDougall |
| " | Umavar | | L. O'Brien |
| " | Lottie | | W.P. Cameron |

(In 1872 Thomas Bayne (ship "go also built by John Trahey launched late in Autumn.
John Trahey also built the barques Inverness and Annie Laurie

## 1874 - Maitland Register

| Date | Name | Rig | Tonnage | Builder |
|---|---|---|---|---|
| 1874 | Sara Ellen | Barque | 745 | Osmond O'Brien |
| " | Maggie E. Seed | Ship | 1564 | Alfred Putnam |
| " | Princeport | " | 1250 | Matthew Norris |
| " | W.H. Corsair | " | 1410 | S.D. Brown |
| " | Isabella Ure | Barque | 554 | A.A. McDougall |
| " | W.D. Lawrence | Ship | 2459 | W.D. Lawrence |
| " | Hannah D. | Brig | 310 | Robert Dinsmore |
| " | Francis Herbert | Barque | 805 | Pratt & Cox |
| " | Silas Curtis | " | 899 | George O.Smith & Son |
| " | | | | |
| 1875 | Charles Cox | Barque | 677 | Charles Cox |
| " | G.A. Good | Steamer | 65 | John Dart |
| " | Colchester | Ship | 1425 | John Sanderson |
| " | Cromarty | Brig$^{t}$ | 277 | James Ross |
| " | Emeline | " | 304 | Joseph Monteith |
| " | Dunselaw | Ship | 1279 | H.D.McArthur |
| " | Laura Emily | Barque | 768 | W.Bowden Smith |
| " | William Douglas | Ship | 1263 | Alexander Roy |
| " | Margaret Mitchell | Barque | 650 | A.A. McDougall |
| " | Noel | " | 812 | Osmond O'Brien |
| " | Maggie O'Brien | " | 671 | Lorenzo O'Brien |
| " | Hecla | " | 872 | Adams McDougall |
| " | Annie Putnam | " | 778 | Alfred Putnam |
| " | Capri | " | 896 | Joseph Monteith |
| " | John Lorway | " | 1111 | John Trahey |
| | | | | |
| 1876 | Numa | Barque | 821 | George Douglas |
| " | Annie | " | 293 | Lockhart Lawrence |
| " | Minnie Swift | Ship | 1150 | Charles Cox |
| " | Bessie | Barque | 566 | A.T. Dalrymple |
| " | John Trahey | " | 1148 | John Trahey |
| " | Trust | Brig$^{t}$. | 522 | Frieze & Roy |
| " | Joseph | Ship | 1542 | Arch$^{d}$. McCallum |
| " | Laura | Brig | 457 | R.F. Densmore |
| | | | | |
| 1877 | Norman | Barque | 870 | A.A. McDougall |
| " | Osmond O'Brien | " | 878 | O. O'Brien |
| " | Florence Abbott | Schooner | 121 | James Moore |
| " | Thomas E. Kenny | Ship | 1559 | Alfred Putnam |
| " | Esther Roy | " | 1569 | Alexander Roy |
| " | Erinna | Barque | 1130 | S.D. Brown |

| Date | Name | Rig | Tonnage | Builder |
|---|---|---|---|---|
| 1878 | Senator | Ship | 1474 | Joseph Monteith |
| " | Margaret Craig | Barque | 869 | A.A. McDougall |
| " | Sherwood | " | 998 | Alfred Putnam |
| " | Mavis | " | 869 | Osmond O'Brien |
| Earlier date in year of ~~Scotland~~ | | ~~Barque~~ | ~~513~~ | ~~James McDougall~~ ) |
| " | Ada Brown | " | 999 | A.A. McDougall |
| " | Gloaming | Ship | 1499 | Joseph Monteith |
| " | Zulu | Barque | 888 | Alfred Putnam |
| " | W.J. Stairs | Ship | 1062 | Alexander Roy |
| " | Sylvan | " | 1046 | Adams McDougall |
| " | Milton | " | 1182 | Brown & Anthony. |
| " | Adele | barque also built by | | Joseph Monteith |

## Vessels built in Maitland and Vicinity in Eighties.

| | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|
| 1880 | Delhana | Barque | 972 | A.A. McDougall |
| " | Adela | " | 664 | Jos. Monteith |
| " | A. J. | Schooner | 57 | A.J. O'Brien |
| " | Evivia | Brig$^{t}$. | | William Ross |
| " | Isabel | Barque | 1178 | W.P. Cameron |
| 1881 | Minnie Brown | Barque | 1022 | A.A. McDougall |
| " | Mauna Loa | " | 1071 | Charles Putnam |
| " | M. & S.Cox | " | 1145 | Charles Cox & Son |
| " | Paragon | " | 820 | S.D. Brown |
| " | Alfred | " | 1027 | Osmond O'Brien |
| " | Strathay | " | 1272 | Alfred Putnam |
| 1882 | Christina | Barque | 1056 | A.A. McDougall |
| " | Maggie Dart | " | 584 | Robert Dart |
| " | Melinda | Schooner | 88 | A.G. O'Brien |
| 1883 | Strathome | Barque | 1099 | Alfred Putnam |
| " | Amanda | " | 1075 | Osmond O'Brien |
| 1884 | R. Morrow | Barque | 1156 | Alexander Roy |
| " | Osberga | " | 1158 | Adams McDougall |
| " | Linnet | Barq$^{t}$ | 928 | W.P. Cameron |
| " | Grandee | Ship | 1574 | Joseph Monteith |
| " | Princeport | Schooner | 99 | Matthew Norris |
| " | A. Anthony | " | 81 | A. Anthony |
| " | Advance | " | 234 | E. Dinsmore |

| Date | Name | Rig | Tonnage | Builder |
|---|---|---|---|---|
| 1885 | Craigie Burn | Barque | 1121 | A.A. McDougall |
| " | Lizzie | Barq$^{t}$. | 352 | Charles Putnam |
| " | Strathmuir | " | 1175 | Alfred Putnam |
| " | Man Zu | " | 244 | Charles Putnam |
| " | New Pactolus | Barque | 1035 | Osmond O'Brien |
| " | Salmon | " | 1163 | Adams McDougall |
| 1886 | Selkirk | Ship | 1757 | W.P. Cameron |
| 1887 | Linwood | Barque | 1233 | Alexander Roy |
| 1888 | Seagull | Schooner | 26 | R.S. Watson |
| 1888 | Maggie | " | 35 | Charles Hines |
| 1889 | White Wings | Barq$^{t}$. | 510 | Thomas Lawrence |
| 1889 | Ensenada | " | 1072(4 masts) | W.P. Cameron |
| 1890 | Strathiola | Barque | 1280 | Alfred Putnam |
| 1890 | Calburga | " | 1350 | Adams McDougall |
| 1891 | E.A. O'Brien | Barque | 1088 | Osmond O'Brien |
| " | Savona | Ship | 1649 | Wm. P. Cameron |
| " | Earnscliffe | " | 1874 | Joseph Monteith |
| " | Norwood | " | 1727 | Alexander Roy |
| " | Kathleen Hilda | Barque | 552 | W.P. Cameron |
| 1893 | Launberga | Barque | 1215 | Adams McDougall |
| " | Strathern | " | 1271 | Alfred Putnam |

Seven miles across Cobequid Bay from Maitland were the shipbuilding villages of De Bert and Great Village, and near the head of the Bay were the yards of the Crowes, John Alexander, and Matthew Norris from which many fine ships were added to the Colchester Register. One Colchester builder, John Sanderson, had Maitland affinities and added his ships to the Maitland Register. The Sanderson yard was on the Shubenacadie river, near Pitch Brook, nearly opposite the Monteith yard in Maitland.

There were freighting schooners that figured largely in the industrial life of our shipbuilding village. The Orkney owned by Crowes of Lower Selma, The Industry sailed by Captain Ezra McDougall, The Buffalo by Captain Nelson, a schooner sailed by Captain C.S. Stuart, Captain Campbell and his schooner that saw the curtain rung down, and finis written for the Golden Years.