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George MacKay's Ross Ferry Song It was on a Thursday morning In the year of '46  
Captain Arsenault gave his orders Pushed his boat from Burchell's slip. It was by  
their faithful soundings That they followed that rugged shore And when they ran on  
Urquhart's lobster crates They knew it was North Shore, Boston had her engines  
running smoothly The captain says, "It is a pity As they headed out for sea That  
Buchanan is not on board All the boys were on the lookout For he'd know this  
northern country Henry Matheson at the wheel. It was here where he was born," As  
they rounded Point Aconi And the fog it did increase And the bouys they were  
following In the fog they disappeared. So they set her chart and compass On a  
course they thought for sure That would take them to safety In the waters near Bras  
D'Or, After many hours of sailing Farther from their port of call "Holy Gripes," says  
Murdoch "That's the foghorn at St. Paul." So they set a course to westward As her  
mighty engines roared And how they missed Cape Smokey No one else will ever  
know. Boston was so hungry And in tones so loud and sure "I'll arrest you Captain  
Arsenault If we ever reach the shore," Henry said, "You need not worry We have  
food enough and more When I'll cook up the herring That we bought down at  
LeMoine's." Murdoch says, "It's time to swap her Beach her somewhere near Big  
Bill's Give her back to Angus Louie In remembrance of her thrills," It was some time  
in the morning That they finally reached the dock It'll go down in naval history Of  
the trip they took up north. It was only 5/8ths of a mile but as Tina Morrison told us,  
it was the doorway to all of North America, It was the road through to Sydney and  
North Sydney (and from there to the rest of the world) for the people of Margaree  
and Baddeck, The people down north usually came via Englishtown and over the  
old rough road on Kelly's Mountain and crossed on the sister ferry from New  
Campbellton to Big Bras D'Or, Both ferries ended with the opening of the Seal Island  
Bridge, Roddy MacMillan told us: "I don't know how long they've been ferrying there  
• as long as anyone living can remember, I remember Angus Ross on the  
Boulardarie side. They called him The Admiral, Philip Fraser was another one on this  
side who ferried. He was doing that when I was a child. The last ferry just before the  
motor ferries was run by Mr, Matheson, He had a scow that carried horses and  
passengers, operated by a sail and oars. Not a regular schedule • just when  
people came along, any hour of the day and night. Then the government decided  
they wanted to ferry some cars there and they got him to put a device on the scow  
that a car could drive aboard • sort of troughs, you know, over the stern • it was a  
square-stern boat," (Jess Matheson told us that up to that time his mother and  
father ran the ferry together, the both of them at the oars. The device used to  
ferry cars was troughs made of logs, burnt and then dug hollow. According to the  
Post-Record the first car officially to cross was owned and operated by Charles E,  
Coleman, Queen Street, North Sydney • the last Sunday in August, 1917, But Jess  
told us the first car ever to cross was ferried on August 17, 1910; it was driven by a  
MacDonald fellow running away with his bride,) Roddy MacMillan: "Mr, Traditional  
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