

[Page 24 - Wrecked on the Cheticamp Coast, 1823](#)

ISSUE : [Issue 26](#)

Published by Ronald Caplan on 1980/8/1

No matter where you stay in the county of Inverness you will enjoy spectacularly beautiful countryside complemented by a rugged dramatic coastline. THE A THE Ceilidh XL Cabot Trail W'Trail WILL YE NO COIME BACK AGAINI There are countless little coves to explore, the warmest beaches in the Maritimes, hiking trails up to rocky mountain glens. Ask for the day trip brochures at any provincial tourist booth. For further information please write THE INVERNESS COUNTY MUNICIPAL TOURIST COMMITTEE BOX 179 PORT HOOD, NOVA SCOTIA BOE 2W0 or call (902) 787-2274 ly see the master can get no further. Oh my good man, for God's sake, don't leave US; you may as well stop with us here for the present, as you must perceive we can? not proceed any further." Mr. Collinson said, "You know that I and the mate were worn out before the ship came on shore." We sat down together; Mr. M'Cullum went to cut down branches from the trees to make our bed, it being a very wet and snowy night. Sometimes the pilot walked up and down, and at other times lay down beside us. So extreme were our sufferings, that the night was spent by us with very little conversation. There fell so much snow upon us from the trees, that we were wet to the skin, which caused us to tremble and shake all night long. Towards day-light, we heard the rest of our companions, and we thought we were not far from them. Thursday being the 27th, the fourth day from our having left the wreck, we got up, but were very ill able to stand, and got a drink of water. Mr. M'Cullum said, "Come, let us try to get to the rest of our com? panions." The master replied, "I know I cannot get much further, and I am sure I shall never live to reach the wreck." He spoke this in a very faint low tone of voice; he looked most shockingly in the face, and likewise, to all appearance, failed, and was shrunk very much in the body. How I looked I know not, but I did not find myself so very bad in the body; yet what is the use of the body, abstract? edly considered, when the feet and hands are useless? Mr. M'Cullum was always very nimble and quick in walking. We got to the rest of our comrades, and partook of a little of the pork*, but the master was not able to eat any. We went to a stream and kneeled down, and all drank heartily of the water, and then began to go forward as well as could be expected in the state we were all in. Shortly after this, we reached the stream where we left the keg which held our small stock of spirits; we put water into it, and drank thereof for the sake of the spirit that was in it. We went on with heavy hearts and trembling limbs the greatest part of this day, the master and myself making several stoppages to rest ourselves, not being able to keep up with the rest of our companions; at length the master became so very bad, he said, in a voice that was scarcely audible, "I can proceed no further." Mr. M'Cullum said, "The Lord have mercy upon you, poor man! If we cannot get on, we must all very soon perish and die; I fear we shall be obliged to leave you;" this was repeated several times. One of the men also said, "Capt. Collinson, we cannot stop any lon? ger here, we shall all be starved to death." He answered, "My good friend, you should recollect and not so soon forget what I have done for you," (alluding to the circumstance of attending him and low? ering him from the top, and cherishing him on the day of the wreck) "I can clap my hand upon



my heart and say, I never hurt a man in my life." Mr. Collinson got but