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through. Next day when I asked to be paid off, he said he never remembered a word he said, and not to leave the ship. But I left and always regretted doing so. I was young and foolish then, and did not know when I was well off. Struck by an Iceberg In April 1876, I shipped on board the ship America loaded with pig iron bound for New York. She was ready for sea. I went on board of her in the Dock Gates. She was an old ship and was as deep in the water as a sand barge. We ran into heavy weather in the channel, stowing the foresail, after reefing it twice in the one watch. The stirrup on the foot rope carried away. We were picking up one yardarm at a time. I had ahold of the jackstays • 19" What, you've never been to a Ceilidh? what, you've never been to a what? A Ceilidh • just pronounce it kay-lee and it's all the Gaelic you'll ever need to know! While our Scottish ancestors may have had something of a tongue-twisting language, when it came to parties and generally having a good time, they made it all very simple. And the more the merrier. Wherever you go in Nova Scotia you'll find the good times in full swing and you don't need a special invitation to join in the fun. There's singing and dancing. Good country food. And the world's friendliest hospitality. You'll hear fiddlers and pipers. You can watch the dancing of jigs and reels (very tricky footwork, and not to be tried by the faint at heart). Highland Games, with such unique pleasures as caber tossing and hammer throwings, are an integral part of Ceilidhs and festivals. Obviously, you don't need to be Scottish or to speak Gaelic to have fun at a Ceilidh. And indeed, our Ceilidh is a celebration for everyone who lives here, and everyone who visits with us. If you like, you can say that the Nova Scotia Ceilidh 1985 is an umbrella, and under which you'll find all manner of pleasures and pastimes. You know, we're all very glad you decided to come to Nova Scotia this year. Whether you head for the glories of Cape Breton, the wilderness solitudes of the Eastern shore, the warm sea-waters of the Northumberland Shore, the incredible tides of the Fundy and the country pleasures of the Annapolis Valley, the endless beaches of the South shore, or the special pleasures of Halifax- Dartmouth • we know you'll be glad to be here. Something else. We know you'll come back again. Always, you'll be more than welcome. For more information call Ceilidh locations throughout the province: Musquodoboit Valley, Bicentennial Theatre and Cultural Centre, Vo Mr. John TiUey, Middle Musquodoboit, Halifax County, N.S., B0N 1X0 Port Hawkesbury Recreation Department, Vo Ms. Paula Davis, P.O. Box 10, Port Hawkesbury, Nova Scotia, B0E2V0 Savoy Theatre, Vo Ms. Shiriey Barrett, 19 Union Street, Glace Bay, Nova Scotia, B1A2P6 de Coste, Vo Mr. John Meir, P.O. Box 39, Pictou, Nova Scotia, B0K1H0 Yarmouth Arts Regional Council, Vo Ms. Jeannine Comeau, P.O. Box 511, Viarmouth, Nova Scotia, B5A4B5 The Astor, Vo Mr. John Bird, P.O. Box 1248, Liverpool, Nova Scotia, B0T1K0 Annapolis Royal Development Commission, Vo Mr. Paul Buxton, PO. Box 278, Annapolis Royal, Nova Scotia, B0S1A0 or contact the tourist bureaus. had one foot on the foot rope • when I felt it drop. I pulled myself up and went in on the fore top. Everyone went off the yard. Some fell



overboard (7). I think some on deck were killed (2). One Liverpool Irishman, badly hurt, was yelling all kinds of profanity at the Captain and the mates and the cursed ship gear. We did not try to stow the sail for it slatted to pieces. We had a poor crowd from first, but now are very short handed. One sailor called Liverpool Mike went aft and refused to go to sea. Further, being so short handed, as he was not supported, he came forward cursing all hands for not standing by him. There was a George Simpson belonging to Parrsboro, Nova Scotia, a chum of mine, asked me to come. I said, "Let all the old sailors go first." Neither of us were 20 years of age then. We will see she was a poor ship', and it was nothing but one trouble after another. On the night of the 29th of April, I being in the mate's watch, from 12 to 4 morning watch, was a- sleep when I heard the 2nd mate sing out, "Keep him off. Hard up," and in an instant afterwards sing out, "Hard down, hard down." I at once sprung out, just as I was on my watch below, a- sleep as I came out on the deck. She hit an iceberg, bow on, driving in her bow? sprit and flying jib boom. The foretopmast went over the side carrying with it the maintop- gallant mast and royal mast. The mate, a young smart man, belonging to the Bay of Fundy, said to me, "Dave, run down in the lazaretto, or half deck, and get a watch tackle to get the long boat over the side. The ship is sinking under us." I got the block and tackle and strap and was racing up the main rigging. A Murphy belonging to St. John, N. B., helped me lift it up. I heard the mate, Mr. Porter, singing out, "Come down from aloft, Dave, come on." I looked down. The jolly boat was going over the lee rail. I at once swung down on the lee main rigging and sprung for the boat. I on the port side, landed in the stern sheets on top of a big Dane driving him forward breaking a thole pin, cutting my tongue in two, and skin- (68)