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ning my nose and face. I had only my pants and shirt, no boots or cap. It was very cold and we had no grub or water, but had oars and a bucket. We got clear of the suction as the ship went under. The Captain, Mr. Maxwell, was standing on the poop alone. Some men racing around him; some jumped over the side; our mate pushed them clear, for we had only the jolley boat, did not get the long boat off the forward house. The mate, Mr. Porter, who belonged up the Bay of Fundy somewhere, said, "No more in here. Now, you hear me." I went forward and caught George Simpson with my left hand and pulling him in, pushed Antony Adago over the side. The 2nd mate did not get clear as far as I know. It was pitch dark and snow squalls. We took turns rowing to keep warm. The mate says, "We will be picked up today, as we are on the Bank of Newfoundland in the direct track of ships." We sighted several that day, but we were so low in the water they did not see us, although we had a shirt tied to a sprit flying all the time. Night came on, and a gale of Easterly wind and rain. It kept George Simpson and I bailing all the time. There were now in the boat eight of us. Eight of us shivering and staring at one another without a bite to eat. Tuesday morning dawned at long last. No sail. Simpson used to say to me, "Come, Dave, to the fire place, and get warmed." We would sit in the water in the bottom of the boat. You would be out of the wind. Wednesday passed cold with snow squalls. Inghrams United Ltd. 213 Commercial St., North Sydney. N. S. B2A 1R5 Telephone 794-4536 GENERAL DEMERS Clothing for the Whole Family Mabou Gardens You Pick ' Bedding Plants Vegetable Transplants Full Line of Landscape ' Supplies ' You-Pick Strawberries from July 1 945-2105 Thursday, sighted a sail, but far off. Friday, a cold day. Easterly wind and fog. Saturday, cold with rain squalls. No one saying a word. Sunday, North West Wind and clear. Strange to say, I did not suffer like the rest in the boat. I cut the three buttons off my clothes and kept them in my mouth all the time. They created a kind of saliva in my mouth for my tongue did not get thick and stick out of my mouth like the rest. The Norwegian boy went first, and in a rage about something. The mate said, "Boys, had we better put him over the side?" Kelly said, "What the H... is the difference, we are all in the same grave with him." I said, "No, leave him in the boat, for we will be picked up." The next was the big Dane, Fritz. We took some of the clothes off Fritz and Hance and made a sail, helped by Simpson and encouraged by the mate. And on the morning of the 6th of May, it was fine and calm and quite foggy. I was sitting in the bottom of the boat in a kind of a doze when Simpson who was alongside of me, said, "My Heavens, Dave, I hear a bell. What is that? By Heavens, it's a ship bell • four bells, it's six o'clock." Just then the sun came out, and they saw us in the boat. The mate tried to stand up, but his legs were too weak. Simpson could not stand. I did not try to stand, but said out loud, "Thank the Almighty God, my mother and father's prayers were heard, and we are saved." They launched a boat and towed us alongside; then hoisted us aboard. There was not one of us but was too stiff to climb up the Jacob's ladder. They took up the two bodies of our shipmates and hoisted in our boat. She was the ship Hendrick Fish of Thomastown



Main from New York for Hamburg with oil. The Captain read a funeral service over our shipmates, sewed up their remains, and buried Phone (902) 794-7251 Cable BRENNANS Telex 019-35149 Night & Holiday 736-8479 794-3178 /O' Brennans "??SS'j Travel Agency '-f'ssoo' -j'5g QyE??jj STREET, NORTH SYDNEY STEAMSHIP -- AIRLINE • RAIL AND HOTEL ACCOI'IMODATIONS Overlooking the Margaree Valley at the Junction of Route 19 and the Cabot Trail k full-accommodation Lodge featuring spapious rooms, dining'room and lounge, swimming pool. Nearby.are golf fairways, beaches, fresh and salt water-fishing, camping, hiking. The best of Nova Scotian musicians en? certain in our- lounge every weekend. Check with us to see who's playing, and drop in for an enjoyable evening. P. O. Box 550, MARGAREE FORKS, Nova Scotia BOE 2A0 Phone (902) 248-2193, William F. MacIsaac, mgr. RELAX IN THE BEAUTIFUL MARGAREE VALLEY (69)