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Numb with cold, wet to the knees and feeling the pangs of hunger, we had to return, this time towards the west, for the floes were moving out rapidly to the north, towards the Gulf of St. Lawrence. Night descended again, forcing us to discontinue our walking. Once again, hollows between blocks of ice served as our bed. We tried to warm ourselves by pressing against each other, while over there in the distance, our church bell slowly sounded. (This was the sound of the bells ringing for them. They were believed dead.) With the appearance of daylight, we continued our walk, legs heavy by this time, stomach empty, chewing the bark of our clubs so as not to think of our hunger. Near noon the solid ice was about fifty fathoms from land. But the ice-field ended there. In front of us were only some floes covered with melting snow, which floated here and there. It was high time to try the impossible, to gain land before arriving at Cape St. Lawrence. Our ropes tied together, we went in single file from one floe to another, afraid to see them sink or turn over under our weight. You can imagine the feeling and joy we experienced when we found ourselves on firm ground. But, where were we? (They were in the Lowland, beyond Grand Anse.) Over there in the distance there was a cabin, from Suppliers of Commercial Recreational Fencing P. O. Box 98, King St., North Sydney, N. S. B2A 3M1 794-4773 "Have our auger truck dig your holes." JPuarir ' ' -' "' "'o>'!.