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meets land a mere three miles north of the point where the Chameau struck the reef. The Chameau's officers had remained on course during the crossing. Compounding the uncertainties about longitude were unreliable charts. The pilots of the Chameau and other ships were unaware that Nova Scotia was located too far west on the English and Dutch charts then in common use aboard French ships. It was not until the findings by Chabert de Cogolin in the 1750's that this inaccuracy became known. Chabert found the coastline to be 9 degrees or 120 leagues closer to Europe. Had this been known three decades earlier, the Chameau might never have been wrecked.... Little is known about the voyage itself for the ship's logbook has not survived. Information from contemporary testimony.

RENTERTAJN" OF CAPE BRETOIT) Joe's Warehouse The Food Emporium Cape Breton's Largest and Finest Restaurant Specializing in Aged Prime Cuts of Roast Beef and Steaks and One of the Most Unique Salad Bars in the Maritimes ICABARETII Live Entertainment Niglitly! 424 Charlotte Street 539-6686 539-0408 RESTAURANT LOUNGE D BANQUET FACILITIES AVAILABLE D however, combined with a modern marine chart, provided an approximate fix on the Chameau's position around noon, 26 August 1725. The estimate places the Chameau at latitude 46 degrees 30 minutes North, and longitude 57 degrees West when a freshening wind from the southeast alerted the ship's pilot that heavy weather was on the way. Commander St. James, sharing pilot Chaviteau's assessment of heavy weather, doubtless ordered the second captain and boatswain to survey the ship for all gear not properly secured. A dismounted cannon or even a cannonball, hurtling loose over a heaving deck, could become a lethal object during a tempest. Falling down a hatchway, it could hole a ship. Towards evening the wind veered to east - southeast, getting stronger. Soon a fine mist began to form and windstreaks on the water grew more pronounced. By their last reckoning, the crew of the Chameau believed themselves to be at least 300 miles to the east of the nearest land. Sails were left as they were, on a port tack, with the probable exception of the top gallants which should have been taken in for fear of something carrying away during the night. When darkness set in, most aboard must have found it difficult to sleep as the wind shrieked through the rigging and the hull groaned like a living thing. Some strains bent the ship lengthwise, other forces twisted her beam ends. A fine spray, whipped into the air by the howling wind from the wave crests, made the men on deck squint their eyes while Commander St. James and fellow officers clung to the weather rail on the aftercastle. He must have watched the behaviour of his ship as it attained speeds close to 13 knots racing through the darkness. Built of strong timber and capable of riding out almost anything at sea, the storm-tossed Chameau may have seemed frail to the passengers huddled in among the lashed cannons and cargo. No one aboard could have known that the hull, extending 16 feet below the surface, was being subjected to the steady pressure of a powerful current that pushed the ship silently in a west-northwesterly direction. The darkness of the night hid the low headland from

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