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ered their clothes with sand. Thus, gentlemen, we shall be quickly at the devil; in less than an hour we shall all drink of the same cup." It is singular that there are characters capable of pleasantry even to the last moment of life; while there are other persons whom the sight of danger deprives of all sensibility, and who are dead a long time before it comes to pass. The depression and weariness of my spirits, absorbed all the day in reflections the most serious, made me assume a drowsiness which I wished greatly to encourage. My conscience • as a Chinese author defines it, that internal and concealed light, page 34, &c., Ext • not reproaching me with enormous crimes, but only such as the heat and giddiness of youth would occasion, through thoughtlessness, I said to the Chevalier Trion that I should be most happy if I could make the passage to the other world sleeping; that I wished to try it. I took leave of him, embraced him, and having turned my face to the partition wall, I fell immediately into the most profound sleep, without being interrupted by the frequent comings and goings out of my cabin which the Chevalier Trion occasioned in order to animate and make our soldiers work; and I continued in one sound sleep from half-past six o'clock at night, till seven o'clock the next day in the morning. On my awakening I believed myself more in the other world than in this. The Chevalier immediately said to me, how happy I was; that through the whole night they expected the moment when the vessel would sink to the bottom; and that I had escaped greatly the cruel sufferings which I would have experienced had I been awake; that they had bound the ship round with cables to prevent her from breaking asunder altogether; that as soon as the carpenter had repaired the pump, the soldiers, who had wrought all the night like madmen, had come in the end to free her; that the wind and the sea had much abated; and for once they believed us out of danger. There is only but a very short space between pain and pleasure. Fine weather, with a favourable wind, which at ten o'clock in the morning succeeded the tempest, revived our spirits immediately, fatigued by their sufferings, which they forgot more easily than these enjoyments. We had often doubted whether Fremont was an ignorant or a bad sailor; but in the end we were convinced that his ignorance would have cost us dear. M. Lion, who was second in command of the "Iphigenie," told us that by his journal we were very near to the land of the Royal Island, though by the journal of Fremont we were yet distant from it two hundred leagues. This gave us uneasiness; but in reality it would have been a very melancholy fate to perish among the rocks, with which all this coast is surrounded, at the moment when we had been saved from the tempest. I determined to pass the whole night on deck; and I said to my companions, that as they had watched for my safety during the time that I had enjoyed a profound sleep the past night, I, in my turn, would do the same for them. We were all much more inclined to believe M. Lion than the other; and we begged him to remain on deck with me till the break of day. It was a very fine starlight night, without the moon; but there was a clearness all the night in the heavens like a twilight, to make it possible to distinguish at a considerable distance. M. Lion, having placed a



seaman on the poop of the ship to look out continually a-head, oh, heavens! what was our joy when this sailor, towards two o'clock in the morning of the 12th of September, cried to us that he saw land. I ran there with M. Lion, and in less than ten minutes we saw it very distinctly at a distance of about three hundred toises. They immediately tacked about to port the helm, and I descended quickly into the saloon to convey the good news to my comrades, awakening them as agreeably as they had done me the night before. When it was great daylight, Fremont, who had already made one voyage to Louisbourg, pretended to recognise this land perfectly as Indienne (Editor's Note: present-day Lincoln), a settlement of the Royal Isle, about six leagues north of Louisbourg; and he bore towards the south. Having all reason to believe that we should easily reach Louisbourg, in the course of the day, we got on our things, holding ourselves quite ready to land; but at three o'clock in the afternoon, being at the entry of a port which Fremont took for the port, so long time ardently desired, he cried to a boat which passed near to us, if this was not the port of Louisbourg? They answered by demanding the name of the ignorant sot who commanded the ship who mistook Louisbourg for the port of Toulouse (Editor's Note: present-day St. Peter's), a settlement about twenty leagues to the south of Louisbourg. Thus they knew but too late, that it was the port of Louisbourg, which we saw in the morning, but which a fatal destiny had put a blind before Fremont's eyes, and which drove us to despair. I insisted much with

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