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the tom part sewed up. One of the staysail sheets gave way and also one of the spencer bangs but they were secured in a short time. About noon shortened sail, mnning under double reef top? sails, fore course main spencer and mizzen. About 2 P.M. we had a regular gale, close reef topsails foresail and fore top mast. staysail, was all the sail we car- I ried. By this time the sea was very heavy. In the twinkling of an eye, the sea to the SW of us was seen like enormous break? ers, plunging careering and wheeling Uke an immense whirl? pool. In an instant, our Captain grasped the wheel, and gave or? ders to the seamen to take the yards round, but scarcely were they at their respective posts, when the heavy canvas began to flap wildly against the spars, but suddenly they were filled again with an awful jerk, which sent our ship flying over the mad waves, like a thing of life. It continued blowing from the south W in the same manner un? til 10.30 P.M., the sea all tile time boiling like a stupendous cauldron. About the time before specified, the passengers were all below, and the most of them, reclining in the downy arms of 233 Esplanade • 562-7646 An Historic Setting Overlooking the Harbour Morpheus, little dreaming of what was to come. I was in bed at the same time but wide awake, when suddenly I was almost jerked out of my bed and hearing at the same time a most fear? ful noise on deck. The Captain's clear and ringing voice, was easily heard above the sound of this horrid uproar, giving or? ders to the manly and bravehearted seamen, who never left their respective posts during this awfuU contention of the ele? ments. The utmost constemation prevailed among some of the passengers, but none of them dared move from their beds while the hurricane lasted, except a few of the hardiest and curious. The hatches were all battened down, but not before a considera? ble lot of water went down in the hold, which nearly drowned those who were standing below near the hatches. I instantly jumped out of bed, and stood in the door (the steerage door was not closed), but almost instantly I withdrew my gaze from the awful scene before me. All around appeared as if it was one mass of fire, our noble ship burying herself to the foremost in every wave, the sailors standing to their waist in water • the dark spars were seen in bold relief against the phosphorous waves • and our brave bark speeding onwards, ploughing through the tremendous waves, as if a thousand furies had been pursuing her. At the outset of the gale the light in the binnacle went out, but with great difficulty it was Ughted again. Heading North, running before the wind carrying still closereefed top sails, going (by guess) no less than 14 knots pr hour, the sky was dark and cloudy, which made the scene look tmly awful. About a long hour was passed in this manner when our Capt's cheering voice was heard at the steerage scuttle, crying out "All well," which word went through the whole ship like an electric message. The storm abated a little and got a chance to heave to but the wind being from all points of the compass we did not heave her as close as she would go. She rolled awfully, dipping UCCB Press presents '% I f • ?itewi 'iuf'lmmlkj?> fci4l '''' • ''''L7Mm/M'~i. Releasing this fall Regions at the Crossroads: Strategic Development Case Studies for the New Economy Editors: Michael Foster,



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