

[Page 48 - Voyage of the Vandora to St. Pierre in Gaelic from MacTalla 1900.
translated into English by Kay MacDonald](#)

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aiteachan 's nach faigheadh iad troimhe idir. Bha triubhas Hr chid air Iain Moi? reastan, ach cha b' fhada gus an do tholl i air na gluinean, is cha robh e furasda dha aghartas sam bith a dheanamh 'san droineach. Bha triubhas aig Ruairidh Ros air nach robh e cuir feum, is shrac iad i, 'us chuir iad tubhagan air gluinean Iain dhith, gam fuaigheal le freumhan. Cho fad 'sa mhair an fheoil bha chuis gu math, ach theirig i, 'us cha robh taigh no aiteach ri fhaicinn. 'Nuair a bha iad gu toirt suas leis an acras, thainig iad gu abhuinn agus lean iad i an dochas gu 'n toireadh i iad gu cladach. Cha b' fhada gus am fac iad r6n a' measg nan clach 'san abhuinn, agus ma chunnaic cha b' ann air mhi-thapadh a chaidh iad. Ghabh iad dha le clachan 'us le maidean gus na mharbh iad e. Chaithris iad an oidhche sin a r6sdadh agus ag ithe an r6in.... Lean iad an abhuinn agus fhuair iad gus a chladach, am measg nam Frangach. Rinn iad gle mhath reir sin. Chuir iad soitheach beag leotha gu ruige St. Pierre; agus chur iad soitheach eile gu ruige an t-aite an robh iad air tir, feuch am faigheadh iad lorg air an t-soitheach, gun fhios nach robh i air a bristeadh air a chladach. Fhuair iad gus a Vandora mu dheireadh. Bha soitheachan beag eile bho St. Ann's ann an St. Pierre aig an 'm, agus on bha, cha rachadh a h-aon aca air bord na Vandora air son tighinn air ais; b' eiginn do Dhomhnull 'us do Aonghas teachd leotha fein. Air an t-slighe dhachaidh thainig stoirm, agus thoisich an soitheach air deanamh ao-dion. Bha fear mu seach aca aig an stiiir agus aig a phump--tri cheud strac 'san uair--gus na rainig iad St. Ann's, agus na ruith iad air tir i. Thainig each an ceann latha no dha ann an soitheach mac a Mhinisteir 'Ic Le6id, agus tha mi creidsinn nach deach iad a ris do St. Pierre. Cha 'n 'eil a h-aon do 'n t-siathnar be6 an diugh ach Domhnull. Tha e fathast gu math calma, na dhuine coir, feumail, agus na eildeir 'san Eaglais Chleirich. Tha e leughadh Mhic-Talla gu math bitheanta; agus tlachd mor aige do litrichean "Boda- chan a' Gh'raidh." through rocks and stony ground, sometimes on their feet, sometimes on their hands, and at times on their knees; the spruce was so thick in places that they could not get through it at all. John Morrison had on new homespun trousers, but it was not long until there were holes in the knees, and it was not easy for him to make head? way through the brambles. Rory Ross had trousers which he did not need, and they tore them and put patches on John's knees, sewing them with roots. As long as the meat lasted, things were all right, but it gave out, and there was not a house to be seen. When they were about to give up with hunger, they came to a river and followed it in hopes that it would lead them to the shore. It was not long until they saw a seal among the rocks in the river, and if they did, they were not slow to act. They went after it with rocks and sticks and killed it. They spent the night cooking and eating the seal.... They followed the river and reached the shore among the French people. They did very well after that. They sent them in a little boat to St. Pierre; and they sent another boat to the place where they had been on land to see if they would find a trace of the vessel, not knowing if it was broken up on the beach. Finally they reached the "Vandora." There were other little vessels from St. Ann's in



St. Pierre at the time and (since) there were, not one of the men would go on board the "Vandora" to come back. Angus and Donald had to come by themselves. On the way home a storm came up and the vessel started to leak. They were each alternately at the helm and at the pump--300 strokes an hour--until they reached St. Ann's and landed. The rest came home after a day or two on Minister MacLeod's son's boat, and I don't believe they ever went back to St. Pierre. Donald is the only one of the six still alive today. He is still pretty strong, a kind, helpful man and an Elder in the Presbyterian church. He reads MacTalla all the time and enjoys the letters of "The Little Old Man of the Garden." {signed) le Calum {signed) by Malcolm Our thanks to Kay MacDonald for permission to offer tier translation from Jonathan G. MacKinnon's splendid Gaelic newspaper, MacTalla. MacTalla was published in Cape Breton from 1892 until 1904. Our thani(S as well to Kate Currie for her help in putting this article together, and to the staff of the Beaton institute, where a rare set of MacTalla is preserved. BATTERED WOMEN and your children If you need help: 539-2945 TRANSITION HOUSE 48