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everything he could to persuade me to do so. He pointed out the difficulty of reaching Canada in such a hard season. But his arguments fell on deaf ears; my mind was made up. I had undergone too much suffering to expose myself to new tribulation. I shared with him the nine guineas I had left, and he seemed to appreciate my thoughtfulness. But I was just as glad to render service to him as he was to receive it. My intention of crossing to the mainland frightened the Acadians, and I succeeded in persuading them to take me over only by offering them money. I acquired a small birch bark canoe, the lure of 25 louis persuaded two young men, and we set off. There were four of us in the canoe counting Pierre, like myself a survivor of the shipwreck. On the 12th we slept at the home of a man called Abraham on the far side of St. Peter's portage (alongside where the canal now runs). On the night of the 13th of December the weather became calm, so we embarked for the crossing and arrived safely at Chedabouctou (crossing the Strait of Canso). We stayed with a man called Joseph Maurice in a settlement of nine Acadian cabins. I then took myself as soon as I could to the head of the bay, where I engaged some Indians to make snowshoes for us. We set off again on the 15th and travelled three days to reach the home of Jacques Cote at Pommiquet, a settlement containing five Acadian households. Here I was obliged to leave Pierre, who could go no further on snowshoes. We arrived on the 18th at Artigongne where we found five huts of Indians literally dying of hunger • and we had no supplies to spare. Here I engaged two guides to take me to Pictou. The cold was so severe that we got there only after three days travelling, though the distance was not great. We found no better hosts here, for the Indians here were also starving. We set off again on the 21st and followed along the sea to Tectemigouche where we arrived much exhausted on the 24th. I stayed in this place to get my strength back. On the 5th of January, 1762, I sent off two couriers to the commandant at Fort Cumberland. I reported to him of the dire straits to which I was reduced by shipwreck and by the hard travelling I had done in such severe weather. I asked him to send me some food supplies to enable me to reach the fort. We were on our last legs from exhaustion and lack of food. Our hungry stomachs easily digested the disgusting flesh of a skinned fox that we killed on the 6th; only its

Encounters with History
The Federation of Museums, Heritage and Historical Societies of Nova Scotia is a non-government agency established to provide services to those interested in the study and preservation of provincial history. The federation's office is located on the FOURTH FLOOR of the STUDENT UNION BUILDING, Saint Marys University, Halifax and provides information plus administrative and promotional services to its members. For further details, contact: Elizabeth Ross, executive director, (902) 423-4677.

Left: masts and rigging of the saltbanks schooner, Theresa E. Connor, anchored in Lunenburg Harbour. Top centre: Christ Church, Karsdale, Annapolis County, built in 1791. Top right: a quarry museum located at Marble Mountain, Inverness County, Cape Breton. Bottom right: a Samson 1838 locomotive located on Archimedes Street, This space has been provided through the courtesy of the Nova



Scotia Department of Recreation.