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storm. And did she conceal her identity because she feared for her life? (Do we know where she's buried?) No. I'm probably the only one still living who knows anything about her. She may have been buried in that cellar, for all I know. It's in the middle of the forest now. I planted potatoes there one time. But she didn't have the habits of the local people, and they took a rather dim view of some of hers. The people there were Scotch Presbyterians with ideals carried on from John Knox. They didn't approve of Peggy Doggy's behaviour. She could see the need of clothing in wintertime and even in summer when the black flies were bad outdoors, but indoors she had no need of such at all. So she went around in a ragged and half-naked condition. If a woman had a teenage daughter, dressed in a slovenly fashion, she was always accused of being as bad as Peggy Doggy. The August Gale, 1873 I've written up one on my uncle, who was the only survivor of the August Gale (1873) in the Gulf of St. Lawrence. Lauchie was a young man in his early thirties when he returned from the American Civil War. He took his place in his father's shipyard at Big Bras d'Or. That was my grandfather, Sandy Livingston. Lauchie was the younger son of Sandy, the shipbuilder, and he had helped to build a ship called the "John Lauchlin." This was the last one, I think, they built in the shipyard at Big Bras d'Or. And she was possibly a double-ender. I'm not sure of that • but she was very broad in the beam and very high in the bow and stern. That impeded her speed but made her very seaworthy. You've heard about the August Gale, Nova Scotia's biggest storm. Well Lauchie was coming down from the west coast of Newfoundland with a cargo of dried fish from Bonne Bay and Bay of Islands • and the hurricane hit when he was somewhere near St. Paul's, just north of St. Paul's. He tried to tack into Sydney under a reefed foresail • but about 11 o'clock in the morning the foresail blew away • a new sail just put on the ship • the foresail blew away. And then they put out a sea anchor. The wind was so strong and the sea so high that the rope kept breaking on the sea anchor. And, afraid that he would lose members of the crew overboard, he stopped it and raced before the hurricane. Well, he began to think seriously about what would happen. Because here he was in the Gulf of St. Lawrence without sea room • the worst position that a sailor can find himself in. If he has a good ship, the only thing a sailor fears in a hurricane is land. He knew if the storm lasted all night he would be driven ashore on the coast of New Brunswick or on the north side of Prince Edward Island, because he was racing northwestward, right in the Gulf. So about noon he went on deck. He had gone below when the sea anchor was carried away. He went on deck, he ordered all hands below, battened down the hatches, lashed himself to the wheel, and he deliberately Excellent Accommodations the MARKLAND Dingwall, Victoria County (902) 383-2246 Windowst Doors, Aumings, Railings?? Siding Modern Aluminum Products ?elton Street, Sydner 562-1104 / 562-1105 Rt. 19, near Inverness mmfom Hottii