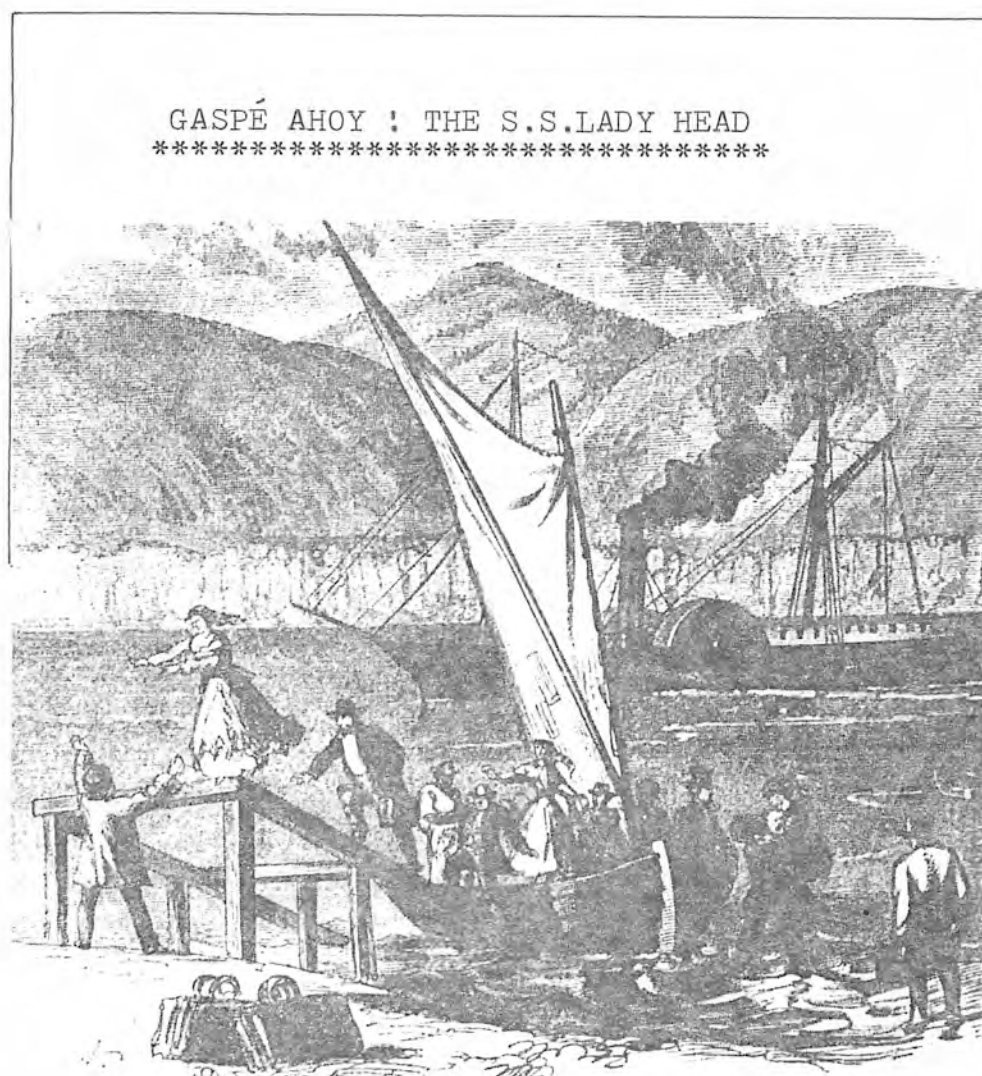


GASPÉ OF YESTERDAY



—Ganong Collection, N. B. Museum

LANDING AT DALHOUSIE, 1868

The Steamer LADY HEAD is seen in the background. Lugger in the foreground was the type used as a lighter between the steamer and the landing stage.

KEN ANNETT

GASPE AHOY ! THE "S.S.LADY HEAD"FOREWORD

Before the building of the railway from Matapedia to Gaspé and the improvement of Gaspesian roads for travel by motor vehicles, the best route for travel to Quebec, Montreal and Upper Canada was by sea via the Gulf and River St. Lawrence. Indeed it is well within the memory of living Gaspesians that ships of the Clarke Steamship Co., such as the "GASPESIA" and "NORTHLAND" maintained regular passenger and freight service from Gaspé Basin to Quebec, Montreal and the Maritimes. When such service ceased, Gaspesians lost a long-established and convenient way of travel along the scenic seaway of the St. Lawrence.

In recall of such travel by sea in an earlier age "GASPÉ OF YESTERDAY" presents herewith an account of a voyage on the "S.S.LADY HEAD" in 1862. Writing under the pseudonym of "TOURIST", James McPherson LeMoyne embellishes his story with the insight and literary ability acquired from long experience along the St. Lawrence and in Gaspesia.

The extracts that follow, relating particularly to Gaspesia, are but a part of the record of travel from Quebec to Halifax and return.

ROYAL MAIL LINE

QUEBEC TO Gaspé, Paspébiac, Dalhousie, Mira- michi, Shediac and Pictou.

THE POWERFUL FIRST CLASS NEW Iron Screw Steamer "LADY HEAD," W. DAVIDSON, Master, will leave ATKINSON'S WHARF, on TUESDAY, 15th of June, and EVERY SECOND TUESDAY thereafter, at FOUR o'clock, P. M., touching at the above places going and returning.

RATES OF PASSAGE AND FREIGHT.

	1st class.	2nd class.	Freight per bbl.
Quebec to Gaspé,	\$12.00	\$4.00	50 cents.
do. to Paspébiac,	13.00	5.00	50 "
do. to Dalhousie,	15.00	6.00	50 "
do. to Miramichi,	18.00	7.00	50 "
do. to Pictou,	20.00	8.00	50 "

Same charges from above ports to Quebec.

All baggage at the risk of owners thereof.

Berths not secured until paid for at the Office.

Shippers are requested to have their freight at 6, A.M., on the wharf, and their entries passed at the Custom House before noon on the day of sailing.

For further particulars apply to

F. BUTEAU, Manager,
Atkinson's Wharf, St. James Street.

THE
Lower St. Lawrence,
OR
Quebec to Halifax,
VIA
GASPÉ AND PICTOU.

To which is appended Mr. Wood's description of

THE RIVER SAGUENAY

ALSO,

LEGENDS OF THE ST. LAWRENCE,

AND

ALL ABOUT FISHING,

&c., &c.

QUEBEC :

PRINTED AT THE "MERCURY" OFFICE.

1862.

PLEASURE TRIP TO THE GULF OF ST. LAWRENCE.

*The Bathing Places—Fine Scenery—Cape Chat
—Prince Alfred aboard—The Pierced Rock—
Fishing Bays—Coast towns—Charlottetown—
The Prince returns to his Ship—Pictou—Down
in the Coal Mines—Stage Coach over Mount
Tom to Truro—Railway jaunt to Halifax—
The Return.*

{ Steamship "Lady Head,"
{ Off Anticosti, 17th July, 1861.

MR. EDITOR,—For a delightful and invigorating trip let me commend to your readers the eastward tour by the Lady Head or the Arabian, both vessels sailing from Quebec on the alternate Tuesdays for the lower ports, touching first at Gaspé and lastly at Shediac, and the former going to Pictou, and reaching the latter point on Saturday, after due allowance for ordinary detentions on the way, and returning to the city on the following Saturday in time to deliver mails on board of the outward going steamship for England.

Those persons who do not care to return by the same route, or whose business or pleasure fix their destination elsewhere, can take the "European and North American Railway" cars at Shediac for St. John, New Brunswick—trains running both ways twice a day and getting through in five or six hours, the length of the road being 108 miles. This line comes down to the end of the wharf, for the convenience of the shipping which furnish its chief traffic. Passengers have therefore but one

step to make and they are on as excellent a line as is to be met with on the continent.

At Pictou again a regular, comfortable and speedy communication is kept up by mail coaches to Truro, distant 40 miles, and thence to Halifax by the "Nova Scotia Railroad," which connects Halifax with the northern coast by the main line to Truro, distant 61 miles, and with the Bay of Fundy by the Windsor Branch leading to Windsor, distant 45 miles. The time occupied in the overland transit from Pictou to Halifax is less than twelve hours, of which one hour is spent at Truro, an exceedingly pretty location, where the change from stage to rail, or vice versa, takes place, and a good meal may be had. The fare between the extreme points, four dollars, is certainly reasonable.

Bidding adieu to Quebec on Tuesday at four p.m., (after having taken the precaution to call at Mr. Buteau's office, near the wharf at the foot of St. James street, and secure our berths several days in advance,) we were agreeably surprised to find among the passengers a large proportion of townspeople, including a sprinkling of fair ladies destined for the bathing resorts below Riviere du Loup. There were three or four priests going to the country missions, and two nuns on their way to Charlottetown. The presence of agreeable friends adds to the enjoyment and benefit of a trip of this duration, whether the voyage be made for health or for pleasure, or business alone.

As soon as the last bell had sounded and friendly escorts had got off the steamer, we found those ladies and gentlemen remaining

aboard were numerous enough to occupy almost every available berth in both cabins. It is but right to say the first movement of the vessel entirely dispelled our prejudice against the screw, the engines driving her steadily through the water at the rate of twelve to thirteen miles an hour. In a short while the prepossessing face of the engineer, Mr. Barbour, who with Captain Davison the present Master of the steamer, superintended her construction in the celebrated yard of Napier at Glasgow, induced us to descend to the engine room. Like the rest of the ship, everything around and about the furnaces and boilers is constructed of iron, and iron galleries and stairs enable the visitor to inspect the works with perfect safety at all hours of night or day, during the progress of the vessel. The engines are different from those of our other river or lake steamers, being on the oscillating principle, so called from the cylinders rocking to and fro, so as to accommodate themselves to the motion of the crank by which the shaft or axis of the screw is made to revolve. This peculiarity is discernible even looking from the main deck, but the high finish of the whole machinery, which has never needed repair since it was first made, entitles it to a closer inspection, and gives full confidence in the safety of the vessel. A friend of ours, experienced in such matters, pronounces the Lady Head decidedly stronger in construction and a superior sea-going steamer to either of her larger companions, the "Queen Victoria" or the "Napoleon." Captain Davison brought

her across the Atlantic, in seven days and six hours from land to land, and his qualification for her command may be inferred when we state that he has spent his days on the water for the last five and twenty years. He is, further, a native of Pictou.

We had a full complement of steerage passengers on the forward deck, between thirty and forty. Several were ship-carpenters, sent down with materials to Gaspé Basin, to aid in putting in order a ship there that had suffered damage. Others were Norwegians, to be followed next trip by more, arrived out in the same vessel from Europe, but too numerous to be taken all at once, more especially as "the sailor prince" was to join our passengers at Gaspé, on his way to Prince Edward's Island,—a slight deviation from the usual course before making the last port, Pictou. The next of the notable forward passengers was a venerable warrior in the person of a color-sergeant of the Royal Canadian Rifles, destined with his family to land at Charlottetown, where the rumor runs that the barracks hitherto vacant are about to be occupied by two companies of troops.

Forgetting till under weigh, that several of our party, as Canadian citizens, were stockholders in the ship, we soon had the pleasure of cracking a bottle of claret to the success of the trip, and to our noble selves in particular.

I note this to indicate that due provision is made for the comfort of "the inner man," and a want expressed is at once supplied.

The oft described scenery in the vicinity of Quebec may be safely omitted here, considering the extent of the map we have yet to pass over. Montmorenci was glanced at, the city soon lost to view, the channel south of Orleans passed by, the islands below it to "the Pillars," the revolving light on that rock; and finally the double light off St. Paul's Bay, closed the first day's observations.

The second day, we passed Bic, and Rimouski, then Father Point, Metis and Matane. About sunset Pointe des Monts, the last head land visible on the north, was seen fading away in the distance amid beautiful white rolling clouds, which feathered the northern horizon. The lofty cliffs of the south coast line are hereabouts the chief object of attention. Several beautiful sketches might be made, as bay after bay is disclosed to view, though the speed of the steamer changes the outlines of the picture as fast as they can be drawn. With but few exceptions the hills are everywhere clad in green from base to summit, and though presenting no striking feature, the diversity of their positions and elevations at many points especially near the mouths of the various little rivers, is remarkable. At one place, off the Gaspé coast, a range of lofty hills or mountains runs in line with the shore, a second range considerably higher and more distant than that outside, while away inland, rises a still loftier range overtopping both the others. On a rather rugged portion of the face of the highest and furthest of this triple row, a narrow cataract of foaming water resembling a monument of snow, capping the intervening fir

topped hills, puzzled us to decide its real character. Again and again it was hid as we moved, till at the last glance with a good glass, it was decided to be a perpendicular thick vein of quartz, of which numerous horizontal thin veins were observed on each side. The effect of this extraordinary natural phenomenon was very beautiful amid the surrounding scenery, though it would require very clear weather as on this occasion to attract special attention.

The first landing place, Gaspé, or rather the entry thereto was reached on Thursday the 11th, at 3 a. m. The firing of the steamer's gun and the bustle and noise of preparing to land roused most of the passengers, many of whom were anxious to see the Basin.

The extent of the fishing trade in this neighborhood alone may be imagined when we state that Messrs. Robin & Co., of Gaspé Bay Chaleur, have 17 schooners and 154 fishing-boats afloat, and employ 3,500 men in their fishing operations. Another firm, Messrs. Bouthillier Bros., have 12 vessels, and 169 boats, and employ 2,500 men.

Within the last three months, something over 500 vessels have visited Gaspé Basin, while 44,676 acres of land have been sold in that district, since the establishment of the Free Port. Over 400 Norwegian emigrants have arrived in the course of the season, direct from Norway, and have settled in different localities throughout the county. Another vessel is expected to arrive this autumn with two hundred settlers. Several new and ex-

tensive wharves are in course of construction at the Basin, while a number of others have been projected. Houses and stores are being erected everywhere, thus giving the most satisfactory and convincing evidences of progress and prosperity. The lead mine, in the county, has become the property of a number of Norwegians, one of whom was formerly employed in the silver-mines of Konsberg. Their researches have been extremely successful; quite a number of rich veins of lead ore have been discovered; and there is every indication of a valuable deposit of the metal. Traces of copper are numerous and seem to indicate that it may be found in considerable quantities. The oil wells are the scene of active operations, and works of considerable magnitude are now progressing with a view to facilitate the working of this great natural wealth.

Prince Alfred's ship, the provincial steamer "Queen Victoria," hove in sight before 5 o'clock, proving that the example of his his royal mother's noted punctuality to time in observing engagements, has not been lost on her children. The "Queen Victoria" steamed steadily along the bay, giving us time to land and receive passengers and freight, before she got fairly in. She then came alongside of us, and the Prince and his governor, Major Cowell, with the Governor General, Col. Byng, &c., were seen on deck.

We learned that the fishing excursion of the distinguished party to the Mingan had been highly successful, and that the sailor prince caught both the first and last of the piscatory "kings" taken during the sojourn. They en-

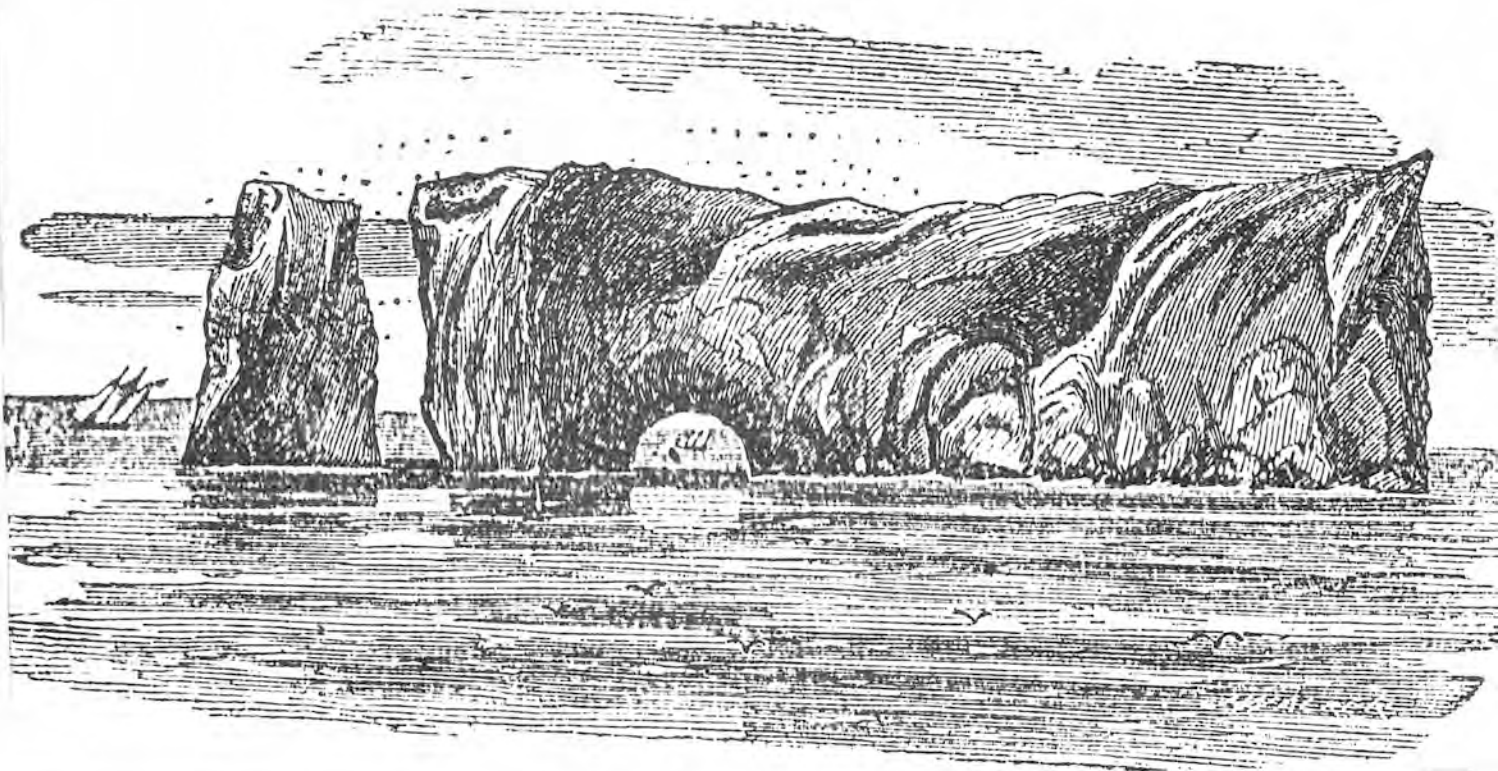
camped in the woods with but two attendants, and went to the boats early every morning for five or six days, taking trout, salmon trout and salmon, in fair quantities. The Governor caught thirteen in all; and, that being the largest number taken by any one of the party, the Prince persevered till his take approached within two of the number, and on the day of departure, he squared the account by capturing the other two. The party suffered much from fly bites, but the weather throughout their stay was, with a few hours' exception, magnificent. On leaving the Mingan river and Islands, the Queen Victoria steamed directly south, rounding Anticosti, and at West Point, *en passant*, the party dropped lines with pork bait to attract the attention of the cod fish that abound in this region. A quarter of an hour or thereabouts was thus spent in vain, and, darkness coming on, the steamer was ordered to proceed. His Royal Highness looked the picture of health as he came aboard the Lady Head; on shaking hands with the Governor to bid him farewell, tears were observed to come into the boy's eyes, showing his kindly disposition.

En route from Gaspé to the Baie de Chaleurs, the coast presents numerous interesting features, the first and most prominent of which is the headland west of Gaspé Bay, which terminates in a perpendicular cliff overhanging a lofty column of rock, styled "The Old Woman." Its outlines are more distinguishable on coming out of the bay than on entering it.

Proceeding eastward and keeping close to the shore, the steamer passes a long low line of shore, faced with red sandstone, indented in various ways by the sea. And outside of the channel, we moved by a beautiful little island, formed entirely of the same material, and worn by the water into the shape of urns or sarcophagi; in some parts the superincumbent masses being upheld by but a narrow neck that must soon yield to the friction of the angry waves. The variously marked shores thus give a slight indication of the remarkable formation next about to be witnessed.

Two sketches accompany this letter. The first was taken off Cape Chat, which we thought of sufficiently striking a character to put on paper; it also serves as a kind of half-way mark between the familiar resort, River du Loup, and the next stopping place Gaspé, and is, besides, right opposite Pointe des Monts, the last north land seen, where the river widens into the Gulf. The second represents the Percé Rock, which is a curiosity of itself worth making the trip down from Quebec to see.

Percé is so named from the pierced rock in front of it. Just before the steamer's gun fires to warn the inhabitants of our approach, the traveller's attention is attracted to the numerous caves in the sandy cliff lining the shore, and soon after there stands right across the vessel's path a massive, upright, square looking rock, some five hundred feet in length and probably half as high, with a natural open archway leading clear through its outer extremity and showing the water's surface for half-a-mile on the other side! This is called Percé rock,



and it was formerly pierced in a second place, but the upper part of the arch gave way, and fell with a tremendous noise, about seven or eight years since, leaving a great gap by which the outer extremity of the island was severed from the rest, and now stands shielding its parent from the force of the breakers.

Bonaventure Island, about five miles in length, is a large and well settled island, facing the village of Percé. The channel between it and the main land is apparently not much over a couple of miles in width. The steamer, after rounding the Percé rock, kept inside of Bonaventure Island and followed the line of shore southward to the next landing place. After leaving Percé the land lies low, and no mountains skirt the river till the Bay de Chaleurs is fairly entered.

Paspebiac is reached in a short time after leaving Percé, and, judging by the prospect afforded from the steamer's deck, it is undoubtedly a most agreeable spot to choose for a summer stay. The land rises from the Bay, and the habitations form a continuous line for several miles, all equally distant from the shore and all commanding a cheerful view of the doings along the bay and its margin. Its harbour is formed by a long spit running out into the Bay, and making a natural breakwater. Three or four vessels were at anchor here—one of them an American.

The weather was fine and we saw both shores as we steered westward up the Bay, towards Dalhousie, at the mouth of the Restigouche River, where a considerable lumber trade is carried on. About a dozen ships were anchored here, taking in timber for the European markets, and we met three going out and two coming in, one of them a Norwegian ship waterlogged.

THE LEGENDARY LORE OF THE
ST. LAWRENCE,

BY
J. M. LEMOINE.

Methinks the spirits of the brave,
Who on thy banks have found a grave,
Still linger loath to fly ;
And on the moanings of the gale,
Strange shapes ride forth all cold and pale,
Unseen by heedless eye.

Oft in mine ears hath darkly rung,
Their solemn requiem softly sung,
Mysterious, deep and chill ;
And dying oft, come back again
In sweet, unearthly, ghostly strain,
The mournful night winds o'er the hill.
K. K. K.

The shores and islands of our mighty river, in addition to the interest they awaken as important sources of commercial and agricultural wealth, are invested with no ordinary attraction for the naturalist, the antiquarian, the historian and even the tourist in quest of pleasure or of health.

THE GENIUS OF PERCÉ' ROCK.

In the distance one discerns the fanciful rock called Percé Rock, & so often described. At present it is chiefly remarkable as being the breeding place of the gannet, the gull and the cormorant: the white plumage of the gull contrasts agreeably with the verdure which clothes its summit, inaccessible to man.

A romantic story is told by the fishermen residing at Percé, about a phantom having been seen during a storm on the Percé Rock. It is known as "Le Genie de l'Ile Percé," the date of its existence runs beyond the memory of man. It seems difficult to imagine that any living thing, save the snowy gannet, the

black cormorant or the silvery gull, should ever have sought a footing on this lofty rock. A German novelist might have considered it a fitting throne for the storm-king, wherefrom rejoicing, he might look defiance at the northern blast. It is likely that the foundation for this legend is about as substantial as, but no more so than, the one which attaches to a point near La Magdeleine, and known to the Canadian *navigateurs* as "Le Brillard de la Magdeleine." It refers, I believe, to some awful shipwreck, which took place, *before the St.*

Lawrence was lit and buoyed. A father and mother, amongst crowds of others, here found a watery grave. Their infant son, by some miraculous interposition of his guardian angel, (as a pious old resident informed me,) was safely washed ashore. Whether in this case the guardian angel assumed the form of a Newfoundland dog, or the more orthodox appearance of a winged cherub, tradition has failed to say; the darling boy was safely landed on the pebbly beach, and soon made it vocal with his grief and moans for the loss of his best friends. His infant wailings, blended with the swelling storm, struck the ear of some belated fisherman whose boat was passing the entrance of the river. Hence the name "Le Brillard de la Magdeleine;" the noise is still heard in stormy weather, and may be very naturally explained, either by the action of the surf rolling into hollow caverns along the Gaspé coast, and which has astonished all observers, or by shelving rocks over which the waves moan like an unquiet spirit. It would be doing an injustice to my venerable and pious *cicerone*, were I to conceal the fact that she admitted, albeit hesitatingly, that the moanings of the "Brillard" might be caused by the action of high winds on two large pines which overhang a neighboring cape, and whose trunks grate ominously on one another.

Alas! alas! for the marvellous! Gentle reader, you have your choice of these explanations. When our Canadian Monteil, L'Abbé Ferland,* shall have completed his patient and laborious researches about the primitive times of Canada, one will be able to determine the exact amount of truth and fiction which form the component elements of the legends of the St. Lawrence.*

*The *Soirées Canadiennes* for October, 1861, contain the following passage:—

“We are, says l'abbé Ferland, opposite the River Magdeleine, famous in the chronicles of the country, for ghost stories connected with it.

Where is the Canadian sailor, familiar with this coast, who has not heard of the plaintive sounds and doleful cries uttered by the *Brillard de la Magdeleine*? Where would you find a native seaman who would consent to spend a few days, by himself in this locality, wherein a troubled spirit seeks to make known the torments it endures? Is it the soul of a shipwrecked mariner asking for christian burial for its bones, or imploring the prayers of the church for its repose? Is it the voice of the murderer condemned to expiate his crime on the very spot which witnessed its commission? . . . For it is well known that Gaspé wreckers have not always contented themselves with robbery and pillage, but have sometimes sought concealment and impunity by making away with victims,—convinced, that the tomb is silent and reveals not its secrets. Or else, is this the celebrated Devil's Land mentioned by the cosmographer

Thevet, where according to him, Roberval (in 1542) abandoned his niece la Demoysele Marguerite with her lover and with her old Norman Duenna. The ancient chronicler places this land somewhere, in the Gulf of the St. Lawrence, and relates that after the death of her two companions the Lady Marguerite, had

to contend with devils, who under the disguise of white bears, tried to frighten her with their claws and their growls. On this legendary topic, Thevet might have found a match in one of our sailors, who certainly knew naught of the Lady Marguerite, but was particularly well posted in all matters referring to the *Braillard de la Magdeleine*. He felt ill at ease in this neighborhood and whistled for wind, were it even contrary : anything to him seemed preferable to remaining in the vicinity of the *Braillard*. (Log of the schooner Sarah, during her trip from Quebec to Gaspé in 1836.)

CAPE D'ESPOIR.

Cape D'Espoir, where English vessels met with an awful fate, would also furnish a most harrowing tale, wherein truth would appear still more strange than fiction. It is said that fragments of the vessels were driven by the surf on rocks, several feet over the level of the sea : so violent was the storm. The spirits of the departed are said to be still seen by the mariners at dusk, flitting about the shores ; likely, some of those *ignes fatui*, which in former days led to the inhabitants of the Island of Orleans receiving from the farmers of the south shore of the St. Lawrence, the unenviable name of " Sorciers de l'île d'Orleans," which they retain to this day, says Professor La Rue, of the Laval University.

RED ISLAND REEF—CAPT. BRULOTTE.

The tourist is requested to cast a glance, as he passes, on that treacherous ledge, called Red Island Reef, so dreaded by inward bound vessels. One of the first who suffered from it was Emery De Caen, who in 1629 on his way to Quebec, then in possession of the English, got his vessel aground on it, in attempting to weather Pointe aux Alouettes. Amongst many memorable disasters, a singular shipwreck occurred there in September, 1846, that of the brigantine Gaspé Packet, owned and commanded by Capt. Brulotte, of Pointe Levi.

WRECK OF THE GASPE' PACKET.

The Gaspé Packet had left Percé, with a full cargo ; a brisk easterly wind, gradually freshening into a gale, made the old brigantine fly over the billows like a sea bird. The wind was increasing fast, and as it was the 20th September, the autumnal equinox could not be far off. The mate, on passing Percé Rock had noted the sea fowl clustering in crowds and uttering their loud and discordant clamour on the lofty ledge, as the brigantine scudded by : a sure presage of an impending storm as he had observed to the captain. Onward came the good ship, until the roaring of the tempest in the rigging, made it necessary to shorten sail ; the main sail and the fore topsail were double reefed accordingly, and every thing was going on smoothly ; the night was dark, it was true, but the wind being fair it was merely necessary to head the ship for Quebec, and forty-eight hours more would see the Gaspé Packet, in its snug harbor. Early next morning the unmistakable tokens of the coming storm were observed. A drizzly rain drenched every one to the skin ; drifting clouds and the piercing cry of the petrel bade the old mariner to prepare : it was the equinoctial gale, which came howling over the great deep.

Presently the sharp voice of the commander was heard, ordering a sailor to go on the bowsprit and clue down some of the tackle which had got loose ; after some fruitless efforts, he informed the master, he could not perform his task on account of the violence of the wind : the captain, with an oath, ordered him to come and take the helm, and sprang forward to secure the tackle. While so engaged and whilst bending over the bowsprit, he was struck by a huge wave which submerged the bow of the Brigantine and the next minute he was seen on the crest of a billow, uttering loud cries for help. The Gaspé Packet was immediately hove to ; an attempt made to lower a boat, but it was swamped and broke adrift. Carried onward by the relentless storm on went the old Brigantine leaving her trusty commander to his awful fate. After a few struggles, he sank to his long rest ; despair seems to have taken possession of the minds of all on board. Old Brulotte had ever been the soul and leading spirit of the Gaspé Packet ; as ill luck would have it, he had shipped a new crew of very incompetent hands. The shades of evening were closing in ; the weather, hazy and wet, but the wind was still fair ; alas ! for a stout heart and careful eye to pilot the forlorn bark, on her homeward course ! The mate was so awe-struck by the suddenness of the catastrophe, that he very nigh lost his reason : he retired helplessly to the cabin, to pray ; a sailor was placed at the wheel and onward sped the brave vessel. Old Brulotte seems to have had a crew, however well grounded in temperance principles, very superstitious and totally devoid of that self reliance and nautical knowledge for which Canadian *Caboteurs* are so conspicuous. Terror is contagious, and as soon as darkness descended on the troubled waters, down came the steersman and at his heels the *coole*, rowing that a black object, (probably a petrel or cormorant) which they were certain was the captain's ghost, had passed over the brig. One sailor alone seems to have

been free from these vain fears, but not being familiar with the coast, he found he was quite bewildered by the rain and darkness and allowed the Gaspé Packet to take her own course, merely keeping her head straight. A few hours had thus passed, during which some heavy seas struck the vessel, drenching and sweeping her deck and flowing profusely in the cabin, where the mate and rest of the crew were engaged in prayer, when, without a moment's warning a terrific crash was heard and the foremast went overboard: the vessel had struck on Red Island reef: the roar of the surf and the dim outline of the land soon revealed the awful fact. From that moment hope seems to have fled from the breasts of all the crew, except from the sailor who had charge of the wheel. The brigantine had not been stranded many minutes, when a huge wave washed over the deck, inundating the cabin which was rapidly filling. The intrepid steersman rushed below and heard the voices of his fellow men requesting him to join in a vow to *La Bonne Ste. Anne*, the patron-saint of mariners, for their deliverance from immediate death. Whatever may have been his faith in that supreme moment, the brave seaman, considered it as a part of his duty to do his utmost to *help* himself and knowing that the vessel would go to pieces in a very few minutes, he seized hold of one of the hatches, tied himself to it and watching for a coming wave, he allowed himself to float over the side of the ship. Awful must have been his sufferings during that dreadful night. The ebbing tide, in spite of the wind, floated his frail raft towards the north shore of the St. Lawrence and the returning flood then drifted it to the opposite side of the river, where he was discovered the ensuing morning. Life seemed extinct but some kind-hearted Canadians, after a great deal of exertion, restored the sufferer to consciousness: he was delirious for several days and much emaciated and weak with suffering; he

lingered until the following spring, when he died. He alone of all the crew of the Gaspé Packet escaped to relate the details of one of the many shipwrecks which have rendered Red Island reef an object of terror to seafaring men.

MODEL OF THE S.S.QUEEN VICTORIA
IN THE CONFEDERATION CENTER,
PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND.



STEAMERS

SKETCH OF A SMALL PASSENGER
STEAMER OF APPROXIMATELY THE
SAME ERA OF THE S.S. LADY HEAD.

