

GASPÉ OF YESTERDAY

SEASIDE STORIES

PART II

Continuing extracts from "CHRONICLES
OF THE ST.LAWRENCE" by James McPherson
Le Moine, published in 1878.

KEN ANNETT

SEASIDE STORIES-PART II

FOREWORD

The INTRODUCTION to Part 1 of SEASIDE STORIES recalled the aim of GASPÉ OF YESTERDAY to present the writings of various authors on Gaspesian themes. Though such presentations form only a part of the series of articles, they reflect the interest, variety and scope of available literature relating to the District of Gaspé.

Volume 2 continued the practice. Typical of the authors relected in its pages are the following:

<u>AUTHOR</u>	<u>TOPIC</u>
BONNYCASTLE, Sir Richard Lieut.-Col. R.E.	BONNYCASTLE VISITS GASPÉ.
McGREGOR, John	VISIT TO GASPEZIA from his two volume work "BRITISH AMERICA"
MILNE, Rev.George Anglican Rector of New Carlisle.	HIS JOURNAL FOR 1847
VIGNEAU, Placide	GASPESIAN REFERENCES IN HIS "JOURNAL"
DUFFERIN, Countess Harriet	HER RECOLLECTIONS OF VISITS TO GASPÉ.

The author of SEASIDE STORIES, James McPherson LeMoine received his primary education at Montmagny and his secondary schooling at the noted, Seminaire de Québec. In 1845 he had a first and short-lived post as a Clerk at the Québec Legislative Assembly prior to appointment as Inspector of Revenue for the City and District of Quebec.

Having read Law he was admitted to the Québec Bar in 1850 and established his practice in Québec City.

Following his marriage in 1856 to Harriet Atkinson the couple took up residence in SPENCER GRANGE with its grounds of some 40 acres overlooking the St. Lawrence. There over a half century until his death in 1912, Sir James McPherson LeMoine was host to many of the prominent and distinguished personages of his time.

Societies of which Sir James was Member and/or Officer were:

- * L'Institut canadien
- * Club du quadrille canadien-français.
- * The Québec Bar.
- * Montreal Historical Society
- * Quebec Literary and Historical Society
- * Historical Society of Pennsylvania
- * State Historical Society of Wisconsin
- * Massachusetts Historical Society
- * New Brunswick Historical Society
- * Société américaine de France
- * Royal Society of Canada
- * American Historical Association
- * Quebec Horticultural Society
- * The Audubon Society
- * Société d'histoire diplomatique de France
- * L'Institut canadien-français de New York
- * American Philosophical Society of Philadelphia
- * Society of Canadian Literature.
- * Natural Historical Society
- * New England Genealogical Society.
- * Trinity Historical Society of Dallas
- * New York Genealogical and Biographical Society
- * American Academy of Political and Social Sciences

- * American Folklore Society
- * Lincoln County Historical Society
- * Nuttall Ornithological Club
- * Quebec Garrison Club
- * Quebec Studio Club
- * Société d'ethnographie de France
- * D.C.L. Bishop's University



Sir James Macpherson Le Moine.

CHAPTER III.

The road, on leaving Paspébiac beach, reaches the heights—some nicely-wooded lands, formerly the property of Messrs. Robin & Co., now called Hopetown, a thriving settlement of industrious and economical Scotchmen. Handsome cottages are rapidly taking here the place of the forest. The village of Nouvelle comes next; then a settlement called Chigouac, with a good mill stream, and two grist mills erected on it.

When being jolted in a two-wheeled post stage, without springs, over these villainous roads, the traveller will do well to fix before hand the stopping places (for meals), as hostelries are few and far between. Don't buoy yourself up with the hallucination that on the Gaspé coast, at least, you will have the most savory of its products—fresh fish—always at command. Such would be “a delusion and a snare.” On my complaining once of this deprivation, my thoughtful landlady whispered in my ear that she had refrained from giving me, two days in succession, fresh mackerel from fear of hurting my feelings, and lest I should go away with the idea that no other fare could be had but a fish diet. As a rule, you can count on the perpetual “ham and eggs” for breakfast, dinner and supper; but in some portions of these latitudes, the hens, it appears, on strike either for less work or better food, had decided not to lay, and I had to make the most of “ham” *solus*. This ham regime, when protracted, gets irksome; you long for the egg country, where hens are not on strike. Omelettes, let me tell you, are not a thing to be lightly talked of or despised, my sherry-sipping and plum-pudding eating travelling friend. An epicure of my acquaintance holds as an axiom that it requires three persons to serve up an omelette properly; one to mix—another to fry—a third to turn it in the pan, without lodging it in the fire.

But on this point I found nothing in Hackluyt, nor in Purchas, great travellers though they be.

An hour's drive from Chigouac brings you to a beautiful farming country, a deep, picturesque bay—called Port Daniel—in the Township of Port Daniel, which begins at Pointe-au-Maquereau, a rocky point jutting in the sea. When you reach the summit of the range of Cap au Diable, the beautiful Bay of Port Daniel suddenly meets the eye; a splendid and varied panorama lies before you. As you descend the mountain on a bright summer afternoon, an interesting, an amusing scene often awaits you. The innumerable fishing boats having returned, men, women and children are busily engaged in landing, splitting and conveying the fish to the stages. At the mouth of Port Daniel River, we have again the usual lagoon, and *bar* which prevents the entrance of vessels of any large size; there is, however, good anchorage under the Cape. On this, the east side of the river, just at the harbor's mouth, snugly ensconced under the hill, stands the Roman Catholic church.

“The ‘Gaspé Fishery and Coal Mining Company’ commenced an establishment, and built a couple of small vessels on this river—and their so-called coal-field, a *bed of shale*, is about three miles up the stream. Crossing the ferry about a quarter of a mile further, is another river, on which there is a small saw-mill.”—*Pye's Gaspé Scenery*.

I must confess, this picturesque sunlit landscape will dwell long in my memory.

Possibly, some spots visited for the first time seem to your enchanted eye still more lovely, from the pleasant associations which linger around them. A slight act of kindness where you expected but the cold indifference of the world; a hospitable welcome; the hand of good fellowship, cordially extended by an utter stranger; the exchange of cultivated ideas, and intellectual converse, where, at best, you counted merely on the rude and unsympathizing gaze of the boor or the stranger: such incidents, no doubt, contribute to create vivid, lasting and pleasureable emotions, which, being identified with the landscape itself, leave a delightful record in the haunted halls of memory. It was my good fortune to experience this welcome at Port Daniel. The Chief Magistrate of Port Daniel, William Macpherson, Esq., is a well-informed and warm-hearted Worshipful Mayor, I should say the Prince and Nestor of Mayors on the Gaspé coast; I learn he has graced the civic chair twenty-six years.* He is a Scot, a true Scot. Under what portion of the vault of Heaven will you not find a canny Scot, prosperous, high in place, well to do? The great tea-merchants in China are Scotch; the greatest philosophers in the United Kingdom of Great Britain are Scotch; the wealthiest companies in Canada are Scotch—Allan, etc. At the Council Board in the Dominion Government; in Ontario; Quebec—McDonalds, Macdonalds, Robertsons, McKenzies, all Scots. Am I not then justified in quoting from the prize poem read at the St. Andrew's meeting in Montreal, Halloween, 1866:

An' sae it is the wide worl' o'er,
On fair or barren spot,
Frae Tropic isles to Arctic shore,
Ye'll fin' the canny Scot.
All posts o' honor weel he fills,
Leal subject o' his Queen;
For loyalty, an' honesty
Claim kin wi' Halloween."

Long life then to His Worship of Port Daniel!
Spencer Grange, *Halloween*, 1871.

* On reviewing these pages after a lapse of several years, our venerable friend, we find, has added seven more years to his tenure of office.

CHAPTER IV.

HARRINGTON COVE—POINTE-AU-MAQUEREAU—THE LOSS OF THE COLBORNE IN 1838—AN UNEXPECTED RENCONTRE WITH ONE OF THE FEW SURVIVORS OF THE SHIPWRECK—HIS OWN VERSION OF THE DISASTER.

“ Two voices are there—one is of the sea,
One, of the mountains—each a mighty voice.”

—Wordsworth.

THE 21st September, 1871, was indeed for me a bleak, gloomy day on the sea coast; the autumnal equinox was raging. Scrambling over mountain gorges and dark gullies in a springless, two-wheeled post stage is not cheering at any time; still less with a raw easterly wind and drizzling rain switching your face. One feature of the landscape was in marvellous keeping with the surrounding gloom—the ceaseless roar of the surf on the iron-bound coast I was skirting.

“ A hollow, hollow, hollow sound,
As is that dreamy roar
When distant billows boil and bound
Along a shingly shore.”

—Hood.

Never had I heard old Ocean's voice in grander tones—never, in more impressive majesty. I cannot say it had exactly a depressing influence; though it certainly made one thoughtful. Closing in with the dark rocks of Pointe-au-Maquereau, bristling with their silvery crest of foam, I thought of the horrors of that awful night of October, 1838, which, at this very spot, consigned to the “chambers of the deep” so many brave men, so many loving young hearts. On my way down I had been shown, in the church-yards at Paspebiac and Port Daniel, the graves of the Hudsons, of Capt. Kent, and of several other victims of that shipwreck.

Before the era of light-houses, fog-whistles, beacons, etc., the coast of Gaspé was particularly dreaded by English mariners bound for Montreal or Quebec. Many and heart-rending were the tales of marine disaster, starvation and death, in these localities; few left a deeper impression than the loss of the ill-fated barque “Colborne,” stranded at Pointe-au-Maquereau on the 16th October, 1838.

The extraordinary value of her cargo,—some \$400,000 worth of silks, wines, hardware, silver plate, specie, drifting ashore at Harrington's Cove and Port Daniel,—a vast heap of confusion; the spoils picked up by wreckers; the sale by auction of such untold wealth, which built up the fortunes of many a nobby family; the appalling loss of life, exposure and sufferings of the few survivors, all conspired to render the shipwreck of the Montreal trader, a harrowing, a most memorable occurrence. This shipwreck now commemorates an era on the Gaspé coast.

After crossing by the ford at Port Daniel the path winds round a cape of a very rugged aspect. By some it is called *Cap d'Enfer*, by others *Cap au Diable*, and to one ascending these

dreary heights, at the gloaming, on a bleak autumn evening, it does seem a haunt not uncongenial to his satanic majesty. An artist might fittingly select Pointe-au-Maquereau to depict the Spirit of Evil hovering over, under the guise of the "Flying Dutchman," looking out for some storm-tossed bark to revel in the death-groans of the drowning mariners.

On we jogged, over rough roads and rougher bridges, until the sombre outlines of the trees in the valley beneath were scarcely visible at all. Evening had fairly set in; the rain, wind, and moaning of the sea increased. Seeing no dwelling, I at last asked the jehu, who was rather of a bibulous turn, "Where are we then to stop to-night?" In reply, I was told that we were rapidly nearing l'Anse-au-Gascon; that the hospitable roof of Joseph Jones Acteson, Esq., J.P., would soon shelter us.

"Are there, then, no regular hotels on this coast?" I enquired.

"None, sir, I am sorry to say. Travellers have to trust to the good-will of inhabitants for food,—and shelter. However, you are, I consider," he added, "rather in luck's way, you, who appear so keen after local traditions, local history, and general information. Soon you will have an opportunity of conversing with a thorough-going Englishman—the father of a numerous family—probably the sole survivor on this side of the Atlantic of the fifty-four human beings who, in 1838, constituted the crew and passengers of the British bark 'Colborne,' stranded close by. Mr. Acteson will, I am certain, take pleasure in relating to you all that took place before and after the loss of this ill-starred ship." I was accordingly introduced to Squire Acteson, J.P., and though he suffered at the time from the effects of a kick from a horse, he turned out so communicative that, tea being dispatched, I asked him for full particulars of the shipwreck, and with his consent, committed them in his presence to paper, as follows:—

THE LOSS OF THE "COLBORNE" AT MAKEREL POINT,

16th October, 1838, as described by Mr. Acteson.

"O! never may the moon again disclose me such a sight
As met my gaze when first I looked on that accursed night.
I've seen a thousand horrid shapes begot of fierce extremes
Of fever, and most frightful things have haunted in my dreams."

The Demon Ship—Hood.

"The 'Colborne' was a bark of about 350 tons, owned by parties in Hull, and commanded by Captain Kent, an experienced seaman. We sailed from London, for Quebec and Montreal, on the 30th August, with an unusually rich cargo of British merchandise, wines, spirits, sperm oil, spices. There was also on board valuable silver plate for Sir John Colborne; ornaments for R. C. churches, and a number of boxes of specie for the banks, each box containing about £1,000. Our crew consisted of seventeen men and some thirty-eight passengers, amongst whom I can remember Capt. James Elliott Hudson of the British Army, his lady, five daughters and six sons;

Mr. Wm. Walker, of the Royal Navy, brother-in-law to Capt. Hudson; Mr. W. Scobell, of Hamilton, Ont.; Mr. J. Scobell, of Devonshire, wife and six children, and four children of his sister's, a Devonshire widow; Capt. Bucket, wife and child; Mr. Gilbert, father of a person of that name in Hamilton; Mrs. Wilson, wife of— Wilson, Esq., Hamilton; Mrs. Keast, mother of Mr. Hawkins, of Toronto; Mr. Barrows, of Devonshire, and Mr. George Manly, of Quebec, Deputy Sheriff. The day had been overcast, the weather, foggy; a catch of delicious codfish served up for dinner had put us all in prime humor. Our captain had sighted, as he thought, a light on Anticosti, though I strongly maintained to him that at that time no such light was kept up. The light seen was probably on Mount Anne, at Percé. Therein lay our trouble.

“Close to twelve o'clock at midnight of the 15th Oct., whilst Capt. Kent and Capt. Hudson were taking a glass of wine together in the cabin, the watch was called; while aloft reefing topsails, one of the hands sung out, 'Breakers ahead;' before the ship could be put about, she struck heavily, starting stern post and unshipping rudder.

“Everything was tumult in an instant. The ladies rushed about frantic, in their night-dresses, seizing on all the wearing apparel they could, to clothe themselves and their little children—every one of them indeed sobbing and shedding tears. We tried the pumps; eight feet of water in the hold. The chief mate asked the Captain for leave to cut away the masts, and get the boats ready, but Captain Kent replied: 'there is no danger, that he was master, and that the masts would not be cut.' Our ship lost her rudder at the first stroke, but the Captain, by shifting the sails, got the vessel in deep water. Finding her fast filling, he attempted (though she was but a stone's throw from the shore when the ship first struck) to reach the rocks; she failed, having no helm. In about half an hour, it blowing very fresh, the ship again struck and fell over. In an instant all were in the sea; the women wild with terror, the poor dear children, whom we, rough sailors, used to play with on deck, uttering piercing cries. When I now recollect the scene I subsequently witnessed on the wreck floating ashore, when we grappled with boat-hooks for their little bodies, and fished them up between the hatches, I could shed tears as if the whole thing had happened but yesterday. I was then young and active and an excellent swimmer; five seamen and myself had managed to get in the jolly-boat, which was amidships and had served as a roof to protect some live stock deposited in the long-boat. A huge green billow struck her, and making her turn over a somersault, I felt myself sinking to a great depth. At that moment I thought it was all up. I fancied I could see myriads of stars high above my head, shining through the waters—the most secret thoughts of my whole life crowded before my mind, as if I were looking in a mirror. Possibly the stars seen might have been the phosphorus emitted by the waves during the storm; the whole sea seemed on fire that night. I gradually rose to the surface; my first thought was to rid myself of my coat; it was no use trying. I made for the ship's yard, as she was on her beam ends, and with three others who had previously been with me in the jolly-boat when she capsized, I got into the long-boat, which was between

the masts in the water. After clearing her from the rigging, we tried to reach the wreck to pick up some of the crew or passengers; but, having lost our oars, we had to drift at the mercy of the waves. With some boards found in her, we rigged a kind of aft-sail by sitting with our backs to them; this kept the boat's head to the sea. Thus, we drifted about all night, which was intensely cold. Two of Capt. Hudson's sons who were on board would likely have perished from cold, wet and exhaustion, had we not protected them, by sitting down on them. We were in the neighborhood of the ship, and could hear all night particularly loud and melancholy cries on board; this was a powerful young sailor, who never ceased moaning until he sank exhausted about dawn, uttering even from under the waves a loud scream for help; none ever was to come to him. This strong fellow had shipped just as we started from London, instead of two lads from Hull, who had deserted. Thus had they escaped the fate of the majority of us; the lad had had just time to jump on board, as we left the London docks. It is now thirty-three years ago since I heard his cries of despair, and many a time have I woken in my sleep, horrified, fancying I heard the same awful screams. At five o'clock next morning our long-boat was towed by the natives into Anse-au-Gascon. Some of us were quite insensible; the unremitting attention shown to us by the French and English fishermen, after some hours, brought us all round. The 'Colborne' drifted about, water-logged, from Monday night to the following Saturday, when the numerous boats which the news of her shipwreck had attracted, succeeded in towing her ashore in Harrington Cove, a mile and three-quarters distant from Port Daniel harbor. Some of the crew were found in the rigging, dead; some, quite exhausted. Capt. Hudson was fished up with a boat-hook from the wreck, also two children and Mr. Walker; one sailor, the body of Capt. Kent, and another were picked up amongst the rigging—all were taken on shore at Port Daniel, to the store of Wm. Carter, Esq., where the inquest was held. Of the fifty-four souls on board, the second mate, eight seamen, two sons of Capt. Hudson, and one steerage passenger were alone saved. I am now fifty-seven years of age, and have resided on the coast ever since, having married Isabella Chedor, the daughter of the man who rescued me the morning after the shipwreck.

"Several bodies were picked up. It was reported that the body of Mrs. Hudson, on whom was found £600 in bank bills, had been found, the same having drifted across the Bay, and a number of vessels had been seen picking up the goods floating in the Bay and Gulf. I could mention to you many other details, but it is getting late."

"I dropp'd my pen, and listen'd to the wind
That sang of trees uptorn and vessels toss'd."

It was indeed, as Squire Acteson well observed, getting late, and I retired to my sleeping-quarters facing the beach, from which broke forth, like a mournful dirge, the ceaseless roar of the sea; that relentless sea whose foam, like a shroud, had closed over poor Captain Kent and his luckless passengers. It moaned as of yore, and

"What were the wild waves saying?"

Next morning my host told me all about the extraordinary appearance of the bay and beach, strewn with the valuable merchandise of the stranded ship when she broke up; silver plate put up to auction, and knocked down for a few shillings; church ornaments of great value used by the natives as wearing apparel; costly wines and silk dresses sold for a trifle. Five boxes of specie of £1,000 each were saved. In spite of the efforts of the auctioneer and authorities, valuable lots disappeared as if by magic.

The \$400,000 of the "Colborne" did indeed enrich many wreckers, and some that were not wreckers.

CHAPTER V.

NEW PORT COVE—PABOS—GRAND RIVER—ITS RICKETTY OLD BRIDGE—CAPE COVE—CAP D'ESPOIR—CURIOUS TRANSFORMATIONS OF NAMES—STILL MORE CURIOUS LEGENDS.

THE reader has no doubt been interested as much as I was at the time by the graphic description of the loss of the "Colborne," as it fell from the lips of my hospitable host, Squire Acteson. This left us at Anse-au-Gascon, not very far distant from Pointe-au-Maquereau, the western boundary of the County of Gaspé. Pointe-au-Maquereau marks the entrance to the Bay des Chaleurs, the Island of Miscou, distant about fifteen miles, being the boundary of the bay, on the New Brunswick side. From L'Anse-au-Gascon to Newport Islands, a distance of about five miles, the road leaves the shore, and runs through the woods. These Islands are two patches of rock where, we were told, "Captain Philip Dean, of Jersey, once had a fishing stand." Pointe-au-Maquereau is not visible from the road, so that the traveller passes the boundary between the two counties without being aware of it. The land through this portage is rocky and scarcely fit for settlement.

"The seigniorship of Pabos joins that of Grand River, to the east. Next comes Great Pabos, where a chartered English company, under the name of the 'Gaspé Fishery and Coal Mining Company,' formerly established their headquarters, and squandered the moneys entrusted to them by the duped shareholders. Under the French rule this appears to have been a well-settled locality.

"On a small island, in the middle of the lagoon, traces could

be lately seen of what once constituted the foundations and cellar of a large house, said to be that of the Governor or Intendant. The remains of three mill dams on the north side of the river were also visible, and the various articles found from time to time prove that a considerable number of families must have once occupied the front.

“Pabos is a bar harbor and very difficult of access. There are two rivers which empty themselves into the lagoon, at a short distance from each other. A large portion of the land in Great Pabos is unfit for culture.

“Next to Great Pabos is Little Pabos with a river of the same name, which was bridged by the Government in 1844. The river Pabos as well as Grand River, are the resorts of large flocks of wild fowl in the spring and fall. The inhabitants are all sportsmen. Distance from Pabos to Grand River about eight miles ; from Newport to Pabos, three.”

Pabos the Great, seemed to me an ordinary French-Canadian parish, with a respectable-looking church. A telegraph office has recently been opened here, in the house of a Scotchman, by the name of Archibald Kerr. From this house, on the heights, where I stopped for dinner, I could notice a point below, where the sea fowl (the *Mouniacs*, I fancied) seemed to congregate and feed in countless numbers. I was told that they never left the spot from May till November, and slept at night on the waters.

Grand River will be remembered by me on account of its long and rickety old bridge. “It was built out of a loan from the ‘Municipal Loan Fund,’ and is a standing monument of what local dissension can do. Grand River was conceded, on the 31st May, 1697, by Louis de Buade, Count de Frontenac, (Governor), and John Bochart (Intendant), to Mr. James Cochu, of Grand River,—commencing from the Seigniorship of Great Pabos, belonging to Mr. René Hubert, extending towards Cape Hope, near the Island of Percé.

“This Seigniorship was purchased by the late Mr. Charles Robin, from Mr. Duncan Anderson, on the 18th June, 1793. The Cape mentioned in the concession as Cape Hope is the Cape Despair of our day.”

Abbé Ferland, in his journal, speaks very highly of Grand River, not only as a valuable fishing station, but as regards its soil and agricultural capabilities. He also states “that in consequence of the immense quantity of wild fowl resorting to this vicinity every spring and fall, all the men are sportsmen ; that if shooting has its delights, it has also its dangers, as many hands are seen minus a finger or thumb ; and that, by a remarkable coincidence, accidents of this kind have universally happened on a Sabbath or other holy day.”

The Messrs. Robin are still the owners of the soil. Very few of the settlers on their estate have paid for the land, and the majority can only be viewed in the light of tenants. The land is good, for the most part level, and well-adapted for agricultural purposes. But here, as along the whole coast from New Richmond to Cap Chatte agriculture is a mere secondary consideration when compared with the fisheries. The owners have, nevertheless, set the inhabitants a good example, having a fine farm which is well cultivated and yields abundant crops ; next to Percé, Grand River is Messrs. Charles Robin & Co.’s best fishing stand.

They generally have about thirty-two boats every season fishing on this establishment. . . Besides this firm, there are three other mercantile establishments in Grand River, namely Messrs. J. O. Sirois, Thomas Tremblay, and Thomas Carbery.

This, like all the rivers on the coast, has a bar which makes it both difficult and dangerous of access in bad weather. Small schooners can enter the harbor at high water and remain in perfect security. The population of the seigniorship and township of Grand River, which, by the last census (of 1861) was 879 souls, is rapidly increasing, and a perceptible improvement has taken place in the appearance of the buildings within the last few years.*

◦ Pye's Gaspé Scenery.

"The distance from Grand River to Cape Cove, a large settlement, is ten miles, and eight from thence to Percé; it forms part of the township of that name, which extends about eighteen miles along the sea coast.

"Population of this settlement chiefly Protestant, the church forming a prominent object in the view. There is also a large Roman Catholic church at Cape Despair to the west of Cape Cove.

"Cape Cove, like Percé, is an important fishing station. There are three commercial houses, Messrs. De la Parrelle Brothers, Thos. Savage, and Anice Payne. The two first-named firms are also ship-owners, and all are natives of Jersey. There is excellent land and some good farms in the vicinity. Mr. Savage has an extensive farm, and a very fine grist-mill, which is in a hollow half a mile beyond his barn. The mill is by far the best of its kind in the district; but, unfortunately, the supply of water is not sufficient for such a combination of machinery, which includes all the latest improvements.

"Cape Despair, which shelters the Cove to the westward, is a comparatively low head land, and is said to have been originally called *Cap d'Espoir*, or Cape Hope. The lugubrious change of name is reported to have been caused by the total loss thereon of an English man-of-war, or transport, carrying troops, forming portions of Sir Hovenden Walker's squadron."*

Shortly after the repulse before Quebec, in 1690, of Sir William Phipps (whose expedition had cost the British £100,000), the Earl of Sunderland, then Secretary of State, determined to make another attempt to dislodge the French from their strong position at Quebec. The armament intended for this object, in 1707, was entrusted to General Macartney; but the defeat of the allied forces at Alamanza compelled Queen Anne to help her ally, Charles III. King of Spain, and General Macartney, instead of sailing for Quebec, was sent to Portugal.

* Pye's Gaspé Scenery.

Four years after (1711) General Nicholson, a provincial officer, who had just taken possession of Nova Scotia, having suggested the plan of the campaign, five thousand troops from England and two thousand Provincials were placed under the command of General Hill, brother to the Queen's favorite, Mrs. Masham; the naval force being commanded by Admiral Walker, a dash was made for old Quebec; the great disaster which befell on the 22nd August, 1711, was caused chiefly by fog.

Let us say a word of this famous spot:—Our readers are, no doubt, aware that this stormy cape has furnished food for many antiquarian disquisitions. On some old maps, it is marked as Cape Hope, *Spei*; on more recent ones as Cape Despair. It certainly turned out as the latter to Admiral Hovenden Walker's distracted fleet, in 1711. The English Armada, which that year was going to annihilate French power in Canada, came to grief, like the Spanish Armada, destined to invade the British soil. I have already noticed the curious mutations which many names have experienced on the Gaspé coast. Free translations have played the de-il with more than one. We may add to Pointe de Monts, Cape Chatte; l'Anse au Gris Fonds—the Cove with the grey bottom, made into Griffin's Cove; Mille Roches, converted into Mill Rush, &c. A most curious instance of free translation was recently mentioned by the Burlington *Free Press*. That journal, alluding to the murder lately committed at St. Albans, by John Bishop, says:—

“The French-Canadian papers made bad work of the late Bishop tragedy in St. Albans. Finding the announcement in English that ‘John Bishop, of St. Albans, in a fit of jealousy, shot his wife and himself,’ one of the French papers translated it for its own columns as follows: ‘*Jean, Evêque de St. Albans, dans un accès de jalousie, a tué sa femme!*’ The *Franco-Canadien* took this up, and, as it would never do to have it supposed for an instant that a bishop of the Church of Rome was married, made all plain by making it read, ‘The Protestant Bishop of St. Albans,’ etc. The *Minerve* next gave this news as direct from St. Albans, as follows: ‘The Protestant Bishop of this city shot his wife and himself. He was killed, and his wife is not expected to recover.’ And the *Daily News* brought up the rear with the curious version that ‘a murder and suicide took place yesterday at St. Albans. In a fit of jealousy, a man killed himself and afterwards killed his wife.’”

Legendary as well as antiquarian lore surrounds the hoary and frowning Cape with a maze of romance.

Queen Anne sent in 1711, as aforesaid, a powerful fleet, with seven or eight thousand troops, to kill off forever French power in Canada. A most violent storm arose, dispersed the Armada, and eight of the vessels were lost, with every soul on board, in the Gulf of St Lawrence, chiefly on Egg Island. It is supposed that the fragments of the wreck, generally known as *Le Naufrage Anglais*, seen until of late years on Cap d'Espoir, as related by the Abbé Ferland, belonged to one of these ships. Mr. Pye*

sums up this incident as follows: "To this tradition of the sad disaster which probably is substantially correct, superstition has added wild and supernatural visions, which haunted the imaginations of the fishermen of the last, and of the early part of the present century. Something after this style:—When the surface of the treacherous deep was smooth as a mirror, mountain waves would suddenly appear, bearing on their foaming crest a phantom ship crowded with human beings, whose antique military dress denoted that they belonged to a by-gone age. On her bow is seen the tall figure of one whose mien and dress denote that he is a superior officer. One foot resting on the bowsprit, in an attitude as though he were prepared to spring ashore, with his right hand he appears to point out the dark cape to the helmsman, whilst on his left arm he supports a female figure clad in white flowing robes. With wild and light-

• Pye's Gaspé Scenery.

ning speed the doomed bark rushes to destruction, as though urged on by some invisible and supernatural agency. One mighty crash—a wild cry of despair in which is plainly distinguished the voice of a woman—and all is over. The phantom ship with her living freight has disappeared beneath the roaring surge."