THE FISHERMEN'S
Memorial & Record Book.

UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
AT LOS ANGELES

ROBERT ERNEST COWAN

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THE FISHERMEN'S

Memorial and Record Book,

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GEORGE H. PROCTER,

CONTAINING

A LIST OF VESSELS AND THEIR CREWS, LOST FROM
THE PORT OF GLOUCESTER FROM THE YEAR
1830 TO OCTOBER 1, 1873,

EMBRACING

A PERIOD OF NEARLY HALF A CENTURY;

COMPRISING

FOURTEEN HUNDRED AND THIRTY-SEVEN NAMES, AND TWO HUNDRED
AND NINETY-SIX VESSELS, INCLUDING THOSE LOST IN THE
GALE OF AUGUST 24, 1873.

IT ALSO CONTAINS

VALUABLE STATISTICS OF THE FISHING BUSINESS, OFF-HAND SKETCHES,
BIG TRIPS, TALES OF NARROW ESCAPES, MARITIME POETRY, AND
OTHER MATTERS OF INTEREST TO THESE TOILERS OF THE SEA.

DEPT. OF CALIFORNIA
AND OF THE STATE OF CALIFORNIA

GLOUCESTER :

PROCTER BROTHERS, Publishers,

CAPE ANN ADVERTISER OFFICE.

1873.

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PREFACE.

For some time past it has been my desire to prepare a **MEMORIAL VOLUME**, which would contain, among other matters of interest to the fishermen, as well as to the large number of vessel owners and fitters, a record which should be as complete as could possibly be gathered, of that vast number who have been lost from the port of Gloucester, while toiling on the fishing-grounds, in the arduous avocation of wrestling from old ocean her finny treasures.

Here in this volume are the names of these men recorded, and here will their memories be perpetuated among their shipmates and relatives, and handed down to those who in the years to come shall sail the vessels, haul the lines and nets, in the prosecution of a business which has given to Gloucester a goodly portion of her wealth, and placed her in the position of the largest fishing port in the world.

To the fishermen, the workers — those who have fought the elements at inclement seasons — much of this prosperity is due, and it has been my aim to render the volume of special interest to them and theirs.

To those who have been so kind in furnishing information and incidents during the canvassing of the past six months, and who by their words of appreciation of the work have so efficiently aided its progress, I return my warmest thanks, as without their hearty co-operation its pages would not contain such a large array of facts and incidents. Those who have ever undertaken anything of a similar nature, requiring such persistent labor, know full well how much their success depends upon this “interviewing” process, which is, when courteously conducted, the surest means of obtaining information.

Most especially would I return thanks to JOHN S. E. ROGERS, of the Gloucester *Telegraph*, and to JOHN W. WOXSON, for their courtesy in furnishing the means of obtaining information relative to some of the crew lists of vessels lost previous to 1850. I am also under obligations to JOHN L. SHOREY, Esq., editor of the *Nur-*

sery, Boston, for facilities in obtaining some of the fine engravings which adorn the volume.

And now, sending this, my first-born literary venture in book form into the world, I have in my heart a hope that the fishermen and their families may find it of sufficient interest to insure for this **MEMORIAL AND RECORD BOOK** a welcome place on the home book-shelf, or a snug position among the reading matter on board the vessel.

GEORGE H. PROCTER.

Perils Attending the Fisheries.

There is scarcely a branch of business in the known world which is pursued with such a fearful loss of life and property as that which attends the fisheries. To watch the pretty crafts when they sail away on their summer cruises for mackerel, gives one an idea that such an avocation is replete with enjoyment. These trips are in reality very pleasant, affording considerable excitement, much jollity, and agreeable labor, which yield good returns; this may well be called the sunny side of the picture, for such it really is, although during the latter portion of them, in the autumn months, rough weather is often encountered with its accompanying dangers.

When, however, winter comes, and the necessities of the fishermen, many of whom have large families, render it imperative that they must follow winter fishing on Georges or to the Banks, then is presented a far different aspect. The summer with its balmy breezes, pleasant weather, clear skies and placid waters, gives place to the keen blasts, piercing cold, boisterous winds, murky sky and raging waters. Then the thick driving snow-storm, the terrible gales with

all their accompaniments of disaster and discomfort, requiring the steady hand at the wheel, the firm purpose to meet and overcome obstacles, the determination on the part of these bread-winners to meet the perils which encompass their pathway over the trackless waters, to ride out the storm, if possible, or, under canvas, to keep their little craft safely afloat, until the danger is past and they can once more resume fishing. Danger lurks in the track of the fishermen during the inclement season, and they literally take their lives in their hands when they sail away on their winter trips.

Since the introduction of trawl fishing, some twelve years since, another peril has been added to the fisheries, viz.: that of being lost from the dories while visiting trawls, or estrayed during the fog which oftentimes shuts in on the fishing grounds, enveloping them like a pall. Then the dorymen find it extremely difficult to discover their vessel. A fresh breeze springing up renders the situation still more dangerous, and notwithstanding the efforts made on board, by the firing of guns, blowing of horns, ringing of bells, and the continued cruising about in search of the missing men, the fact of not being enabled to find them, and being obliged to give up the search and return home, is too often the case. There are chances of being picked up by some other vessels of the fleet, or by some merchantman; and there are instances on record where these trawlers, after having given up all hope of finding their vessel, with a perseverance which is characteristic of the fishermen, have been fortunate in shaping their course for land, and succeeded, after a wearisome row of two or three hundred miles, exposed to constant dangers, and suffering for food, in reaching the shore in safety. Such instances, however, are rare. The majority of those who thus get estrayed from their vessel, pay the penalty with their lives; and it does not require a very vivid imagination to portray the sufferings these men must endure, adrift as they are in a dory, on the vast expanse of water, with death by starvation, or to be swallowed up by the waves, constantly staring them in the face, each hour rendering their hope of escape less encouraging, adding to their discomforts and decreasing their powers of endurance. Many a bold-hearted fisherman, with the love of life strong within him, with youth and hope and bright prospects, ere he left his vessel in those fog-benighted regions, has had all these hopes and aspirations suddenly quenched, upon finding himself either alone, as is sometimes the case, but most generally with one companion, adrift on the Banks, and nearly exhausted in their efforts to find the vessel, which to them is the ark of safety.

To lessen these dangers, each dory should be provided with sufficient food and water to sustain life for several days; but the chances even then are against the fishermen, and every year adds to the list of those lost while engaged in setting or picking their trawls.

The losses while engaged in trawl fishing as well as the cases of drowning from the vessels, are among the saddest incidents connected with the business, and the coming into the harbor of a vessel with her flag floating at half-mast, is an occasion of mournful interest. JAMES DAVIS, Esq., has expressed the feeling awakened by such occurrences in the following beautiful poem, which was originally published in the columns of the *Cape Ann Advertiser*, and which we deem exceedingly appropriate to introduce into this chapter: —

HALF-MAST HIGH.

Half-mast high the signal floats!
 She's coming in from sea,
 Some sailor of her crew is gone,
 Who may the lost one be?
 The landmen gaze as she draws nigh,
 With trembling, sad concern,
 The vessel's name to learn,
 That comes with colors half-mast high.

Half-mast high the signal floats!
 Who shall the mourners be,
 That soon must weep sad tears for him
 They never more shall see?
 Ah! many may heave the anxious sigh,
 For fear that it may prove
 To be the one they love,
 For whom the flag floats half-mast high.

Half-mast high the signal floats!
 Oh! can it be 'tis he?
 It speaks relief to other hearts,
 But is a knell to me.
 The word that names him who doth lie
 Low in his watery urn,
 And never shall return;
 For mine the flag floats half-mast high.

Half-mast high the signal floats!
 Thus honored let them be,
 Who perish thus that we may live
 On treasures of the sea.
 For them, the hardy brave who die,
 And find no other grave
 But the deep ocean wave,
 We'll raise the colors half-mast high.

If the hair-breadth escapes which every Georgesman or Banker has met with at one time or another could be gathered from the lips of those who encountered them and saw death so very near, — scarcely a hope of escape, — what a volume it would make, and how its perusal would thrill the heart of the reader! We could hardly believe these tales which the fishermen relate, unless they were authenticated by the most truthful circumstances, and the facts corroborated by their companions who were equally exposed to the threatening dangers, and with their shipmates stood face to face with death. Such tales are replete with the most thrilling incidents, and in other chapters of this book we publish several such, almost verbatim, as received from the persons who passed through the dangers and returned to port, scarcely knowing how they escaped, except as some of them solemnly

affirmed, the good God lent his powerful aid in the midst of their dire extremity, and held them in the hollow of his mighty hand.

Notwithstanding the large number of men, from this town, who served in the army and navy during the rebellion, the loss of life from the casualties of war was far less than the losses at sea for the same period of time. There were two hundred and eighty-two lives lost in the fishing business from this port during the four years of the war, while the record of those who have been killed, or died in the service, is less than half that number. It thus appears that our town suffered more from the perils of the ocean than the ravages of war — a fact which would hardly be credited, did not the statistics prove it.

Ay, these perils attending the fisheries! These it is which cause the heart of the young maiden or wife to quake with fear every time her lover or husband leaves port; these it is which disturb the slumbers of wife, sweetheart, mother and sister, which haunts them when they press their pillows at night, causing those fearful dreams of storm, shipwreck and disaster, which seem so much like reality that the dreamers start in their slumbers, feeling that awful dread which accompanies suspense, and which is so extremely difficult to banish from the mind, even when one is convinced that these phantoms are merely the illusions of a dream.

The wearisome and anxious watching for the return of the vessel which never again comes back to port! That "looking out over the sea," with longing eyes, which is so often done by those having friends absent on the water, and which has been so well described by H. C. L. Haskell in one of his poems, which was also published in the *Advertiser*, and so appropriate, that we take the liberty to transfer it:—

LOOKING OUT OVER THE SEA.

HERE.

Looking out over the sea,
From a granite rim of shore,
Looking out longingly, wearily,
Over a turbulent, pitiless sea,
For the sails that come no more;
Waiting and watching with tear-wet eyes,
Till the last faint hope in the bosom dies;
While the waves crawl up o'er the chill, white
sand,
Those watchers long for a clasping hand,
And turn away with a thrill of pain,
But often pause to look again
From the rough, dark rocks of the sea-beat
shore,
For the gleam of snowy sails once more.
Sadly, longingly, wearily,
Looking out over the sea.

THERE.

Looking out over the sea,
From the beautiful, golden strand,
Looking out gladly, rejoicingly,
Over the waves of a tranquil sea,
From the shores of a summer land;
Waiting for comings that once shall be,
And then each voyager from earth set free,
Free from sorrow and care and pain,
Shall leave the Haven never again.
There they are watching whose spirits fled
And journeyed on to the Port ahead;
Happily, gladly, rejoicingly,
Looking out over the sea.

These perils have made of Georges a vast burial ground, where the bones of the fishermen are moved with the changing tide, or lie buried far beneath the sands of her treacherous shoals. A vast sepulchre, swallowing up many a young man in the pride of his youth, many a middle-aged toiler upon whose earnings a loving family were dependent, and many an aged one whose voyage of life, at best, would not have continued but a few years longer. What a throng have thus heard the summons, and amid the shriek of the gale, the crashing of timbers, met the "boatman pale," and been transferred from the storms of mortal life safely into the calm and peacefulness of the immortal! The fearful record which follows this chapter tells its own story of woe and bereavement, and is published in this volume as a memorial of the brave men who thus went out from among us, and over whose resting-places no monumental stone can ever be placed as a tribute to their many virtues.

As their former comrades read the names of these lost fishermen, many pleasant recollections of the old days, when they sailed with them in some of the crafts, will be revived, and we doubt not that these recollections will cause the tears to course down many a weather-beaten face, as he softly repeats a prayer for peace to the souls of those who have thus entered the beyond.

List of the Names of Twelve Hundred and Fifty-two Men and Two Hundred and Eighty-one Vessels Lost in the Fisheries and other Maritime Branches, from the Port of Gloucester, from the Year 1830, to July 1st, 1873, Embracing a Period of Nearly Half a Century. Also, the Valuation of the Vessel Property, and Insurance thereon.

The following list of lives and vessels lost from this port commences with the year 1830, that being the period which marked the commencement of the Georges winter fishery, in the pursuit of which the great proportion of the losses have occurred. It has been found impossible to obtain the name of every one of these lost fishermen, as it has sometimes occurred that men have been shipped just as the vessel was about sailing, and in the hurry of the moment their names were not added to the crew list. Consequently the reader will occasionally read the sad word, *unknown*. We have used every effort within our power to obtain the names of the unknown, as we wished, if possible, to have the record complete; but were compelled to give up further inquiry, as there was not the slightest possibility of gaining the required information. We are pleased to state that in these latter years the fishing firms are much more particular in obtaining correct crew lists of their vessels, ere they sail on their trips, and it is to be hoped that in the future this will be attended to in every instance.

1830.

There were three vessels lost from the fleet this year in the mackerel fishery, with seven men.

Schooner OLIVE was lost in the month of August, with seven men, as follows: Samuel Dowle, Master; James Millett, Richard Dexter, Stephen Adams, William Adams, James Tucker, George Emmons. Owned by Messrs. Brown, Woodbury & Co. Valued at \$1,600, and insured.

Schooner HERALD went ashore on Eastern Point, October 20th, and became a total loss. Crew saved. Owned by William Parsons, Jr., and others, and uninsured.

Schooner AMAZON, lost in the Bay of Chaleur. Crew saved. Owned by Daniel Gaffney. Valued at \$2,000; insured for \$1,500.

1832.

Schooner FRIENDSHIP, Capt. Kenney, lost off Cape Sable. Crew saved. Owned by James Mansfield & Sons.

1833.

Schooner AMERICA, wrecked on George's Island, Boston Harbor, April 23d. Crew saved.

1834.

• Schooner ESSEX, freighter, Capt. Underwood, was lost, with her crew of four men, on the passage from New York to Port Cabello. Valued at \$1,500; no insurance.

1836.

Schooner GOVERNOR EUSTIS, lost on Rainsford Island, Boston Harbor, Feb. 17th. Crew saved.

1837.

During the month of April a severe gale swept over Georges, where the fleet were engaged in fishing. Three of their number, with their crews, comprising about twenty-four men, sank beneath the billows. This was the first serious loss on Georges of which we have the particulars, and those who remember the event, inform us that it spread a deep gloom over the town, and the widows and fatherless children had the heartfelt sympathies of the entire community. These vessels were as follows:

Schooner FAIR AMERICA, John Wonson, Master, and six oth-

ers, viz.: Jabez Wonson, the master's brother, William Prindall, ——— Andrews, ——— Stapleton, ——— Trask, ——— Andrews. She was owned by William Parkhurst, and valued at \$1,600, and uninsured.

Schooner BENJAMIN FRANKLIN, Benjamin P. Norwood, Master, and six others, viz.: William Hinckley, Abraham Tarr, Jr., William S. Lane, Fitz Norwood, John R. Mitchell, Meshach Lane. Owned by Samuel W. Brown. Valued at \$4,000; insured for \$3,300.

Schooner VESTA, Josiah H. Fears, Master, and crew of six men, viz.: George Goodrich, Edward Prindall, David Butler, William Mason, Edward Bell, and one other whose name we could not learn. Valued at \$2,000; insured for \$1,000.

Schooner RISING EMPIRE, Capt. Lane, was run down and sunk while mackereling, July 14th. Crew saved. Owned by Messrs. Daniel and Michael Gaffney. Valued at \$1,000; uninsured.

Schooner ADRIAN, lost on St. John's Island, August 10th. Crew saved. Valued at \$1,500.

1838.

There were four vessels lost this year, and four men, as follows:

Schooner MARTHA, a new vessel coming around from Essex, was capsized off Brace's Cove in a violent squall. Adoniram Boyd, her owner, and Obed Pulcifer, with two others, whose names we could not ascertain, were lost. Valued at \$2,000; uninsured.

Schooner GENTILE, Gorham Riggs, Master; lost on Margaree Island, Bay of St. Lawrence, October 29th. Crew saved. Valued at \$3,000; insurance of \$2,000. Owned by the master and others.

Schooner MONTICELLO, Burnham, Master; lost in the mackerel fishery. Crew saved. Owned by Richard Friend & Sons. Valued at \$1,500; insured for \$1,000.

Schooner MAID OF THE MILL, lost off the coast of Maine. Crew saved. Owned by Tristram Griffin. Valued at \$600; uninsured.

1839.

Two vessels and four lives were lost this year, as follows:

Schooner SEVO was run down in the night, by steamer Huntress, off Thatcher's Island, and sank almost immediately. Capt. Peletiah Barker, Jr., of Portland, succeeded in climbing on board the steamer. Winthrop Sargent, a lad of twelve years, crawled out to the end of the bowsprit, and as the vessel was going down, grasped a splitting table which floated by, and by his cries attracted the attention of those on board the steamer, who rescued him with much difficulty.

The steamer pursued her course, and the sails of the vessel drifting ashore near Brace's Cove, it was thought all hands were lost. On the return trip of the steamer, young Sargent was brought home, and at two o'clock in the morning, was landed at Eastern Point, and, lad though he was, commenced his lonely journey of walking to town. He reached his father's house at about four o'clock, and knowing that he slept in a bed-room on the lower floor, tapped on the window. His father immediately awoke and exclaimed, "Who is there?" "It's your boy Winthrop," was the reply. Mr. Sargent at first thought it must be the ghost of the lad, as he had given him up as drowned; but young Winthrop had no idea of being taken for a ghost, and soon gave evidence that he was alive and well, which caused great rejoicing in the family. There were four men lost in this vessel, viz.: Richard Triton, Nathaniel Remby, Jonathan Osgood, James McDonald. Owned by Messrs. Ellery & Gaffney. Valued at \$1,300; insured for \$1,150.

Schooner TRANSPORT, Poole, Master, was capsized December 28th. Crew saved. Valued at \$2,500; insured for \$2,000.

1840.

Two vessels and six lives were lost this year, as follows:

Schooner IDA, was lost on Georges in the month of March. Had six men, viz.: Job Rowe, Master; Albert Oakes, Francis Colbach, Samuel Lloyd, Joshua Clark, Andrew Johnson. Valued at \$1,800; uninsured.

Schooner MARY & ELIZABETH, Capt. Friend; lost at St. Peters, Bay of St. Lawrence, in October. Crew saved. Valued at \$2,000; insured for \$1,400.

1841.

There were two vessels and eight lives lost this year, as follows:

Schooner FOREST, mackereling, was lost on Cape Cod, Oct. 4th, with eight men: Stephen Rich, Master; Robert S. Sawyer, Asa L. Collins, Benjamin Robinson, Joseph Gerring, Francis Williams, John Quincy Adams, Abraham Ober. Owned by the master and Messrs. Giles & Wonson. Valued at \$2,500, and uninsured.

Boat JACK DOWNING, lost at Annisquam. Crew saved. Owned by Daniel Robinson. Valued at \$225; insured for \$150.

1842.

Three vessels were lost this year, viz.:

Schooner REINDEER, mackereling, lost in Newport Harbor, June

13th. Crew saved. Owned by James Mansfield & Sons. Valued at \$1,000, and uninsured.

Schooner LIVELY, shore cod fishery, lost on Cape Cod in May. Crew saved. Owned by Joseph Friend & Co. Valued at \$800; uninsured.

Schooner MILO, lost on Isle of Shoals, November 15th. Crew saved. Valued at \$200; insured for \$150.

1843.

There were three vessels and ten lives lost this year in the mackerel fishery, as follows:

Schooner BYRON, George Watson, Master; was in the mackerel fishery, and was lost in the South Channel in the month of August. The following is a part of her crew list: Benjamin Watson, brother to the master; John R. Curtis, Hosea Nelson, Aaron Perkins, Frederick Parsons, Isaac Fears, Joseph Fears, Jr., Joseph Stevens. Owned by Messrs. Joseph Friend & Co. Valued at \$3,500; uninsured.

Schooner HENRIETTA, lost in the Bay of St. Lawrence in September. Crew saved. Owned by Gaffney & Davis. Valued at \$1,000; insured for \$800.

Schooner BRANCH, also lost in Bay of St. Lawrence. Crew saved. Owned by Richard Friend & Sons. Valued at \$1,500; insured for \$1,200.

1844.

There were three vessels and seven lives lost this year, viz.:

Schooner CONFIDENCE, lost on Georges in the month of February (the 28th, it is supposed). Had seven men on board, as follows: David Parsons, Master; Epes Norwood, Epes Norwood, Jr., Israel M. Wonson, Samuel Martin, Jeffrey Parsons, Moses Hodgkins. Owned by John Wonson, East Gloucester. Valued at \$1,500, and uninsured.

Schooner ABIGAIL & ELIZA, Charles Sutton, Master, lost in the coasting business at St. Thomas. Crew saved. Valued at \$3,000; insured for \$1,500.

Boat FAWN, lost on Rocky Neck in December.

1845.

There were four vessels and seven lives lost this year, as follows:

Schooner PARIS, lost on Georges in March, with eight men. Hugh Parkhurst, Master; Fitz E. Oakes, Moses Parsons, 4th, Sim-

eon Coffin, James Low, Jacob Knights, Daniel Davis, John Wonson, Jr. Owned by the master and William Parkhurst & Bro. Valued at \$1,600; insured for \$800.

Schooner REFORM, lost on Sandy Hook, May 15th. Crew saved. Owned by Samuel W. Brown. Valued at \$900; insured for \$750.

Schooner ONLY DAUGHTER, was run down and sunk off Cape Canso, July 18th. Crew saved.

Schooner EAGLE, Levi Robinson, Master; lost near Wood Island, November 7th. Crew saved. Owned by George N. Davis. Valued at \$1,000; insured for \$800.

1846.

There were three vessels and fifteen lives lost this year, as follows:

Schooner GENERAL SCOTT, lost on Georges in November. James Bowdoin, Master, and a crew of seven men: Anthony Wise, Noah Quiner, Seth Foster, John Hawley, Joseph Gerring, Benjamin Millett, George Millett. Owned by David Parkhurst. Valued at \$2,400; insured for \$1,600.

Schooner CANTON, lost on Georges in November. Had seven men, as follows: James Norwood, Jr., Master; John Saunders, Jr., Elisha Lufkin, Samuel Parsons, Ephraim Tibbetts, Isaac Poole, John Woodbury. Owned by Samuel W. Brown. Valued at \$1,500; insured for \$1,200.

Schooner FRANCES ELIZABETH, lost near Sparling's Point, Me., November 25th. Crew saved. Valued at \$1,000; insured for \$800.

1847.

There were three vessels lost this year, but fortunately no lives.

Schooner DELEGATE, Montgomery, Master; sunk on Georges, April 29th. Crew saved by schooner Talisman. Owned by Epes Sayward & Co. Valued at \$1,500; insured for \$1,100.

Schooner RIO GRANDE, cod fishing, lost on Eastern Point, June 11th. Crew saved. Owned by Addison Gilbert, George Garland, and others. Valued at \$3,500; insured for \$3,200.

Schooner BALANCE, Francis Bennett, Master; in the freighting business, lost near Cape May, January 23d. Crew saved. Valued at \$1,200; one-eighth insured for \$150. Owned by the master, and others.

1849.

There were two vessels and ten lives lost this year, as follows:

Schooner LEVI WOODBURY, lost in October, near Boon Island.

Engaged in the shore mackerel fishery. Had ten men on board. William Fears, Master; Josiah Bradstreet, Jr., John J. Parsons, Joseph W. Babson, Augustus Burnham, Theodore Andrews, Benjamin H. Glover, Charles Ward, Thomas Roberts, Thomas Lane. Owned by the master and Robert Fears. Valued at \$2,500; insured for \$2,000.

Schooner ENCHANTRESS, Enoch Snow, Master, lost on Cape Sable, June 4th. Crew saved. Owned by Joseph O. Procter. Valued at \$1,000; one quarter insured for \$200.

1850.

This proved a most disastrous year to the Georges fishery, resulting in the loss of four vessels and *thirty-nine* lives, as follows:

Schooner WILLIAM WALLACE, lost in February, with eight men: Stephen Decatur Griffin, of Annisquam, Master; Daniel Adams, George Brown, 3d, Frederick A. Lewis, William Grant, John Linedall, William Mansfield, Thomas Ingalls. Owned by Fitz E. Riggs & Bro. Valued at \$3,000; insured for \$2,600.

Schooner TUSCANY, lost in March, with eight men. Charles H. Pew, Master; James Shackelford, John J. Barrett, Rufus Parsons, Aaron Hodgkins, Nathaniel S. Lufkin, Benjamin H. Brown, Jr., Spencer T. Jackson. Owned by the master and John Pew. Valued at \$3,500; insured for \$2,800.

Schooner WALTER SCOTT, lost in April, with eight men. Jas. Hibbert, Master; Noah Hibbert, William Dexter, Israel Dodge, William A. Gahan, Thomas Wilson, Mark Lewis, Charles Gahan. Owned by James Hibbert and George Parkhurst. Valued at \$3,000; insured for \$2,400.

Schooner SPECIE, lost the same month, with seven men. Benjamin Tarr, Master; Charles Witham, Jr., Charles Lufkin, Augustus Anderson, Peter Anderson, Lewis Rice, Charles Tarr. Owned by David Parkhurst. Valued at \$3,000; insured for \$2,500.

1851.

Another disastrous year to the Gloucester fishing fleet, resulting in the loss of nine vessels and *thirty-two* lives, all in the mackerel fishery, but one, and she was on Georges.

Schooner OCEAN QUEEN was lost on Georges the 27th of November. There were eight men on board, as follows: Josiah Spinney, Master; George Horn, George Wolf, Stephen Snyder, William G. Nickerson, Thomas Henderson, Edward Armstrong, Amos Stuart.

Owned by George Friend & Co. Valued at \$3,000; insured for \$2,500.

Schooner FLIRT sank at her anchors in the Bay of St. Lawrence, during the terrible gale of October 3d. Had fourteen men on board. Aaron Stubbs, Master; Joseph Chandler, John Stubbs, Hugh Harneden, Edward Monsen, William Dauphney, George Fenley, Stephen Nickerson, William Forbes, Dean W. Woodbury, James Smith, John Shaw, and two others whose names are unknown. Owned by the master and Samuel Wonson & Sons. Valued at \$4,000; insured for \$3,500.

Schooner PRINCETON, lost in the Bay of St. Lawrence, in October. Had ten men, viz.: Thomas Guard, Master; Charles Wonson, Jr., John Gerring, Jr., Peter Shean, William W. Shean, Solomon Mehlman, Arnold Mason, Warren Pinkham, John Morrissey, Wm. Duffey. Owned by Benjamin Parsons & Sons. Valued at \$3,000; insured for \$2,600.

Schooner JUBILEE, run down in Bay of St. Lawrence, by schooner Summit. Crew saved. Owned by Daniel B. Hodgkins. Valued at \$900; insured for \$800.

Schooner DANIEL P. KING, Harty, Master; lost at Cape Breton, October 12th. Crew saved. Owned by Moses Tarr. Valued at \$3,500; insured for \$3,000.

Schooner REDWING, lost at Chetticamp, October 12th. Crew saved. Owned by James Mansfield & Sons. Valued at \$1,400; insured for \$1,200.

Schooner GARLAND, James McIntire, Master; lost at Malpec, in October. Crew saved. Owned by the master and Messrs. Garland & Cunningham, of Baltimore. Valued \$4,000; insured for \$3,500.

Schooner POWHATTEN, lost in the Bay of St. Lawrence, in October. Crew saved. Owned at Annisquam. Valued at \$1,500; insured for \$1,200.

Schooner ELEANOR, lost at Malpec, in October. Crew saved. Owned by Robert Fears and others. Valued at \$4,000; insured for \$3,500.

1852.

This proved a still more disastrous year for the fishing business; thirteen vessels and thirty-two lives being lost. Five of these vessels were lost on Georges, and eight in the Bay of St. Lawrence, as follows:

Schooner **GOLDEN FLEECE**, lost on Georges, in March, nine men: Sylvester Rust, Master; Samuel Rust, brother of the master; Edmund Cook, James S. Norwood, Henry Robinson, Samuel Jackman, George Blaisdell, Samuel Atwood, and one man name unknown. Owned by W. H. Steele and Daniel Gaffney. Valued at \$4,000; insured for \$3,500.

Schooner **C. E. PARKHURST**, lost on Georges in March. She had a crew of eight men, viz.: John B. Turner, Master; William Dexter, Henry Holley, Philip Pico, John King, John Colney, William Riddel, John Nelson. Owned by Charles Parkhurst. Valued at \$4,000; insured for \$3,500.

Schooner **BENJAMIN PARSONS**, lost on Georges in April. Seven men, as follows: William Tibbets, Master; William G. Palmer, Charles J. Gilbert, John Guiro, David Aspee, James Mars, Dennis Phenelon. Owned by William Parsons, 2d, & Co. Valued at \$4,000; insured for \$3,500.

Schooner **NAPOLEON**, lost on Georges in the same gale. Had a crew of eight men, viz.: Addison Parsons, Master; William Dunmore, Benjamin Rowe, Edward Everly, Frank McCloud, Antone Cora, John Poland, and one man name unknown. Owned by Moses Tarr. Valued at \$1,600; insured for \$1,400.

Schooner **HENRY A. HOLBROOK**, lost on Georges in November. Crew eight in number: William Remby, Master; Obed A. Andrews, James Reed, Henry Green, John McKinnon, William Potton, Osborne S. Lawrence, William Hayden. Owned by George Friend & Co. Valued at \$2,600; insured for \$2,300.

Schooner **CYRENA S. COLBY**, Colby, Master; lost at Cascumpec, in September. Crew saved. Owned by Addison Merchant & Co., and others. Valued at \$5,000; insured for \$4,700.

Schooner **JOHN GERARD**, lost in the Bay of St. Lawrence, in October. Crew saved. Owned by John F. Wonson & Co. Valued at \$4,000; insured for \$3,500.

Schooner **ATLANTA**, lost at Souris, Bay of St. Lawrence, October 15th. Crew saved. Owned by George Friend & Co. Valued at \$3,400; insured for \$3,000.

Schooner **OCEAN STAR**, lost at Souris, October 15th. Crew saved. Owned by George Garland and Theodore Parsons. Valued at \$4,000; insured for \$3,500.

Schooner **HANNIBAL**, lost at Souris, October 15th. Crew saved. Owned by E. & Epes W. Merchant & Co. Valued at \$2,600; insured for \$2,200.

Schooner **AUGUSTA PARKER**, lost at Souris in the same gale. Crew saved. Owned by Epes W. Merchant, and others. Valued at \$2,800; insured for \$2,400.

Schooner **RIO DEL NORTE**, lost at Souris, October 15th. Crew saved. Owned by Messrs. Moses Tarr and Andrew Leighton. Valued at \$2,800; insured for \$2,400.

Schooner **LEADER**, lost at Souris, October 15th. Crew saved. Owned by Messrs. James Mansfield & Sons. Valued at \$1,000; insured for \$800.

1853.

Three vessels were lost this year, one in the Bay of St. Lawrence, and two in the shore fishery, as follows:

Schooner **CHAMPION**, Webb, Master; lost in the Bay of St. Lawrence, in October. Crew saved. Owned by James Mansfield & Sons and others. Valued at \$1,800; insured for \$1,500.

Schooner **OCEAN NYMPH**, Capt. Samuel Elwell, Jr., run down by ship Sarah Jane, off Cape Cod, May 2d. Crew saved. Owned by master and others. Valued at \$4,000; insured for \$3,500.

Schooner **MARY A. TAYLOR**, Benjamin Taylor, Master; cod fishery, lost in Chatham Harbor, April 19th. Owned by Messrs. Grover & Steele. Valued at \$4,200; insured for \$3,800.

1854.

There were four vessels and twenty-six lives lost this year. Two vessels and twenty-one lives were lost on Georges, and two vessels in the trading business, viz.:

Schooner **FLIGHT**, lost on Georges, in February. She had a crew of twelve men, as follows: Elias H. Willis, Master; Mark Webber, John Littlefield, Charles Stearns, Thomas Frederickson, Frank McKenney, Thomas Furguson, Richard McCrate, and four men, names unknown. Owned by E. W. Merchant, and others. Valued at \$4,000; insured for \$3,500.

Schooner **LUCY PULCIFER**, lost on Georges, in March, with nine men, viz.: Peter McDonald, Master; Ronald McDonald, John May, John Myers, Spencer A. Tyron, George McIntire, George Brooks, Charles Hardison, Thomas Murphy. Owned by David Parkhurst, and others. Valued at \$3,600; insured for \$3,150.

Schooner **GOLD HUNTER**, in the coasting trade, sailed for Virginia on the night of February 17th, and was never afterward heard from. She had a crew of five men, viz.: Timothy McIntire, Mas-

ter; Murdoch McLane, Mate; Sylvester LeBarron, Samuel Miller, Charles H. Rowe. Owned by the master and others. Valued at \$4,500; insured for \$4,000.

Schooner SUSAN, in the coasting trade, lost December 1st, near Old House Cove, in this harbor. Crew saved. Owned by Moses Tarr. Valued at \$2,500; insured for \$2,000.

1855.

Seven vessels and twenty-one lives were lost this year, viz.: Two vessels and sixteen lives on Georges; two vessels and five lives in the coasting trade; one schooner in Bay mackerel fishing, and two in the shore fishery, as follows:

Schooner REPORTER, lost on Georges, in March. She had a crew of eight men, viz.: John Bearse, Master; Samuel Bearse, Edward Stuart, Joseph Sexton, James Rich, Nicholas Gifford, Charles Wooden, Michael Clary. Owned by Joseph O. Procter, and others. Valued at \$4,500; insured for \$3,500.

Schooner ABNER L. COLBY, lost on Georges, in March, eight men: James Brown, Master; John J. Hutt, Was. McCaleb, John Pyne, James Sullivan, James Marr, James Flarhety, John Powers. Owned by Addison Merchant & Co. Valued at \$4,000; insured for \$3,500.

Schooner BESSIE NEAL, in the trading business, lost on the passage from Prince Edward's Island to this port. Had a crew of five men, viz.: Joseph Herrick, Jr., Master; John McDonald, Mate; Duncan Hay, Isaac Hyde, James Roderick. Owned by C. E. & E. Grover, and others. Valued at \$5,000; insured for \$3,000.

Schooner MARY JONES, Friend, Master; mackereling, lost on Prince Edward's Island, in September. Crew saved. Owned by George Friend, Jr., and others. Valued at \$2,500; insured for \$2,200.

Schooner SOMERVILLE, George Adams, Master; bound for Wilmington, N. C., sunk July 18th. Crew saved. Owned by David Babson, and others, and insured.

Schooner PHILANTHROPIST, Tristram Griffin, Master; lost at mouth of Annisquam Harbor, December 24th. Crew saved. Owned by master. Valued at \$1,500; insured for \$1,200.

Schooner VAN, lost on Folly Island, Me. Crew saved. Owned by Daniel Robinson. Valued at \$1,400; insured for \$1,200.

1856.

Five schooners were lost in the Bay of St. Lawrence, this year, and one vessel and two lives off this shore, as follows:

Schooner ALPHA, lost in the Gut of Canso. Crew saved. Owned by Moses Burnham, and others. Valued at \$700; insured for \$500.

Schooner LIONESS, Nathaniel Watson, Master; burnt at Cambelton, Bay Chaleur, June 30th. Partially insured.

Schooner ITASKA, lost in the Bay of St. Lawrence, in October. Crew saved. Owned by Samuel Irwin, and others. Valued at \$3,800; insured for \$3,325.

Schooner SAMUEL JONES, lost in the Bay of St. Lawrence. Crew saved. Owned by Charles Friend & Co. Valued at \$3,800; insured for \$3,325.

Schooner ARBUTUS, lost in the Bay of St. Lawrence, in October. Crew saved. Owned by Joseph O. Procter. Valued at \$3,800; insured for \$3,325.

Boat KOSSUTH, was probably run down during the latter part of August, as she was never heard from after leaving port. Two men lost, Aaron Babcock and Daniel Marshall.

1857.

Five vessels and nine men were lost this year, one on Georges, three in the Bay mackerel fishing, and one in the coasting trade, viz.:

Schooner OOLONG, lost on Georges, in February. She had a crew of nine men, as follows: James M. Kendall, Master; George Juliar, Daniel Sullivan, Thomas A. Sinclair, James Hunter, John Williams, William Olson, John Anderson, John Graham. Owned by Aaron D. Wells, and others. Valued at \$4,000; insured for \$2,000.

Schooner HOSEA BALLOU, lost in the Bay of St. Lawrence, in October. Crew saved. Owned by John Parker. Valued at \$1,200. insured for \$1,050.

Schooner MARY HART, lost at Cape Breton, in October. Crew saved. Owned by James S. Ayer, and others. Valued at \$3,000; insured for \$2,700.

Schooner MONTEZUMA, lost at Cape Breton, in October. Owned by Andrew Leighton. Valued at \$2,300; insured for \$2,000.

Schooner PRISCILLA, in the trading business, lost on Norman's Woe, Gloucester Harbor, in July. Owned by James Mansfield & Sons. Valued at \$1,000, and uninsured.

1858.

There were seven vessels and forty-two lives lost this year, as

follows: four in the Bay of St. Lawrence, one in the P. E. Island trading; and two in the Newfoundland herring fishery.

Schooner **VILLAGE BELLE**, Angus Harvey, Master; with a crew of twelve men, whose names we were unable to obtain, as they were shipped in the Gut of Canso. The captain's wife and child, and a young lady passenger, were also on board, making in all sixteen lives lost in this vessel. Lost while coming from the Bay, in October. Owned by George F. Wonson & Brother. Valued at \$3,700; insured for \$3,237.

Schooner **THREE SISTERS**, lost in the Bay of St. Lawrence, in November. Crew saved. Owned by Addison Merchant, and others. Valued at \$500; insured for \$400

Schooner **PREMIUM**, lost in the Bay of St. Lawrence, in October. Crew saved. Owned by David Low & Co. Valued at \$800; insured for \$700.

Schooner **GERANIUM**, lost in the Bay of St. Lawrence, in October. Crew saved. Owned by Joseph O. Procter. Valued at \$800; insured for \$700.

Schooner **JOHN FRANKLIN**, was lost while coming from Prince Edward Island, in the winter of 1858-59. Had several passengers on board, and it is supposed fourteen persons went down in this vessel. Her crew list was as follows: John McDonald, Master; Denis Murphy, Mate; John Cogle, Neil McNeil, Angus Chisholm, Edward Malady. The family of Cogle were among the passengers. Valued at \$4,500, and uninsured.

Schooner **ALEXANDRIA** sailed from Newfoundland for New York, Feb. 2d, with a cargo of herring, and was never afterwards heard from. She had a crew of six men, as follows: Samuel A. Miller, Master; Samuel S. Taylor, Mate; William G. Taylor, William E. Stevens, James Stevens, Zenas Doane. Owned by Dolliver & Stacy. Valued at \$4,000, and uninsured.

Schooner **QUEEN OF CLIPPERS**, in the Newfoundland herring fishery, was lost with six men in the winter of 1858-59. George Stoddard, Master; Daniel Grant, Mate; William Powell, Hugh Cameron, Alex. Cameron, Thomas Donny. Owned by Andrew Leighton. Valued at \$4,400; insured for \$3,500.

1859.

There were six vessels and thirty-six lives lost this year, as follows: three on Georges, two in the Newfoundland fishery, and one freighter

Schooner **YOUNG AMERICA**, lost on Georges, in March, with eight men. Charles Lord, Master; Sewall H. Merrifield, William B. Haskins, William Gamage, Jason Davis, John Thurston, Nathaniel Lavelett, John A. Martin, mostly belonging in Rockport. Owned by David Low & Co. Valued at \$4,000; insured for \$3,500.

Schooner **GRACE T. POWERS**, lost on Georges, in the terrible gale of April 1st, with eight men, viz.: John W. Powers, Master; Stephen Powers, brother of the master; John T. Stutton, Benjamin Munroe, George Potter, Eleazer G. Noble, David Murray, James Lucas. Valued at \$4,000; insured for \$3,500.

Schooner **CHARLES E. GROVER** was probably lost the same day, with nine men, viz.: William Gould, Master; Thomas Walen, Elisha Hall, Stillman Hipson, Thomas Rolles, James Gray, James Parrington, Andrew Ness, Dexter Hall. Owned by George Friend & Co. Valued at \$3,400; insured for \$2,975.

Schooner **ETHERLINDE**, Capt. Dix, in the Newfoundland fishery, lost on Ragged Island, in March. Crew saved. Owned by David Parkhurst, and the master. Valued at \$4,500; insured for \$3,000.

Schooner **HENRIETTA**, in the Newfoundland herring fishery, lost on Miquelon Island, in January. Crew saved. Owned by James S. Ayer. Valued at \$4,000; insured for \$3,500.

Schooner **START**, in the freighting business, lost on Narragansett Beach, Feb. 26th. Crew saved. Owned by John W. Lowe.

ASA WEST, of Belfast, Me., was lost overboard, on the night of March 1st, from schooner *Ocean Ranger*, on Georges.

GEORGE GRAY, of Boston, was lost overboard from schooner *Grapeshot*, in the same gale.

WILLIAM THOMPSON, alias **THOMAS SHIEL LACOUNT**, of Mt. Desert, Me., was lost from schooner *Little Lizzie*, in the same gale.

ANDREW FREEMAN, one of the crew of schooner *Lilly Dale*, was lost overboard off Mt. Desert, April 1st.

ALEXANDER FRAZIER, of Cape Breton, N. S., of schooner *Rover*, was lost on Georges, April 5th.

JAMES McDONALD, one of the crew of schooner *Christie Campbell*, died in the Bay, from the effects of swallowing a match.

PETER WILLIAMSON, one of the crew of schooner *St. Louis*, fell overboard in October, while the vessel was in the Bay, and was drowned.

CALEB GOODWIN, one of the crew of schooner *Nourmahal*, died on Georges, quite suddenly, of heart disease, April 10th.

DANIEL S. HOLLY, one of the crew of schooner Sabine, was knocked overboard by the boom, while the vessel was jibbing over in the Bay of St. Lawrence, September 2d, and was drowned.

FRANKLIN AMERMAN was knocked overboard by the main boom of schooner Flora Temple, in the Bay of St. Lawrence, Sept. 14th, and drowned.

DANIEL H. BROWN, of schooner Montebello, was knocked overboard and drowned off Cape Sable, October 6th, while on the passage home from the Bay.

1860.

The Georges fishery was quite disastrous this year, there having been five vessels and forty-eight lives lost in its pursuit; one vessel was lost in the mackerel fishery, with eleven men; thirteen men were lost from vessels other than Georgesmen, making a total of seventy-three lives. One vessel was lost in the Prince Edward Island trade.

Schooner GEORGE WASHINGTON was lost in the February gale, with nine men: John McDonald, Master; John McGrath, John McPhee, Sewell King, Joseph Williams, Ronald McEacheron, Rora McPhee, Peter McNeil, Joseph King. Owned by Pettingill & Cunningham. Valued at \$4,000; insured for \$3,500.

Schooner ADVANCE was lost in the same gale with eight men, as follows: John Thompson, Master; Benjamin F. Hamlin, Michael F. Morey, Edwin F. Hall, James Nolan, Charles Seymour, Joseph Sellers, Augustus McGrath, Thomas Nolan. Owned by William Parsons, 2d & Co. Valued at \$3,650; insured for \$3,200.

Schooner WILLIAM S. WONSON, lost in the same gale, with nine men, viz.: William H. Lunt, Master; Joseph W. Douglass, George Parsons, Gilbert Perry, Lawrence Cook, John Wilson, Wm. Carter, A. J. Knowlton, George Wainwright. Owned by George F. Wonson & Brother. Valued at \$4,500; insured for \$3,500.

Schooner RELIEF, Elisha Newcombe, Master; with eight others, as follows: William Smith, Thomas Riley, Alex. McEacheron, Sam'l R. Spinney, Perez Butler, Charles Bearse, Jacob Vanamburg, Albert McIntire. Owned by John Pew & Son. Valued at \$3,800; insured for \$2,494.

Schooner PLEASANT BAY was lost in April. Fitted by Messrs. Pettingill & Cunningham, and owned in Essex and Beverly. William H. Gage, Master. Of the crew of eight men, the name of Wm. Hodgkins, of this town, is the only one known; four of the others hailed from Beverly. Valued at \$3,800; insured for \$3,300.

Schooner NEPTUNE'S BRIDE, lost on Malcomb's Ledge, Me., with eleven men, in the shore mackerel fishery. Jacob Olsen, Master; George Norwood, Manuel Silva, J. Enos Silva, William Johnson, James H. Bird, Tolef Anderson, William Haley, J. Antoine Silva, Peter Johnson, and a young man whose name could not be ascertained. Owned by Charles Parkhurst. Valued at \$5,000; insured for \$3,500. [JOSEPH MARSH was taken from the mast-head in an almost dying condition, and HENRY JOHNSON clung to the boat and was rescued.] See page 153 for the thrilling narrative of that fearful night.

Schooner PILOT, in the P. E. Island trade, went ashore near Chatham Camp, N. S., Dec. 20th, and became a total loss. No lives lost. Owned by H. Babson & Co. Valued at \$1,600; insured for \$1,000.

WILLIAM FOWLER was lost overboard from schooner Rattler, in the Bay of St. Lawrence, June 13th.

HENRY HILL, of Winterport, Me., died on board schooner Romp, March 18th.

FRANCIS WYMAN and GEORGE GRANSON, two of the crew of schooner Fearless, left their vessel on the Bank, March 30th, to set their trawls, and were never heard of afterwards.

WILLIAM POTTER, of Providence, fell between the wharf and vessel, at Charles Parkhurst's wharf, on the night of November 5th, and was so badly injured that he died.

Lost overboard, on her passage to Newfoundland, from schooner Sarah E. Smith, a man named MYERS.

Lost overboard, on Georges, from schooner Typhoon, SAMUEL P. HUSE.

Lost overboard, from schooner Sarah B. Harris, HAYNES LOW, of Rockport.

CAPT. BENTON STORY, of Rockport, was lost overboard from schooner We're Here, May 8th, off this harbor.

WILLIAM F. BOWEN, a lad of fifteen years, son of John D. Bowen, was lost overboard from schooner Rescue, Sept. 20th, on the passage from the Bay of St. Lawrence.

ORRICH H. WIXON was lost overboard from schooner John Pew, on the passage from the Bay, in September.

CHARLES F. ANDERSON, of the schooner Traverse, was lost overboard in July, on Georges.

JOHN J. ALLEN, son of James D. Allen, was lost from schooner Brant, Oct. 7th.

JOSEPH PARSONS was lost overboard from schooner S. E. Smith, in the Bay of St. Lawrence, Sept. 18th.

WILLIAM HART was lost from schooner Coquette, on the passage from the Bay of St. Lawrence, October 20th.

CAPT. JOSEPH GREENLEAF, was lost overboard from schooner Nile, on the passage from Boston, November 23d.

JOHN MARSTONS was found drowned in the dock of the wharf of A. Merchant & Co.

1861.

The number of vessels lost this year is the largest of any one year thus far from this port, being fifteen. Number of lives, forty-four. There were four vessels lost on Georges, three in the Bay of St. Lawrence, three Georgesmen in the harbor, one on Cape Cod, one at St. Mary's, one at Ragged Island, one at Louisburg bar, and one at Cole Bay.

Schooner SWEEPSTAKES, lost on Georges, in February. Jas. Scearth, Master; crew of eight men as follows: Neal Walker, Chas. Bixzett, Augustus McDonald, James Barkley, John Stewart, Matthew West, Thomas Jackman, James McCullough. Owned by Clark & Rust. Valued at \$4,000; insured for \$3,325.

Schooner SUSAN YOUNG was lost the same time. Nine men. Anthony Medeors, Master; George McDonald, Otis R. Swain, Manuel Francis, Antoine Gormez, Joseph Antoine, William Dennison, Edwin Nealy, Joseph Carter. Owned by Wm. H. Friend & Co. Valued at \$3,000; insured for \$2,275.

Schooner H. M. STANWOOD was probably lost in the same gale. Patrick Gorman, Master; and seven men: viz., Benjamin E. Owen, George Ash, James Warren, Joseph Minor, Henry Laroque, Joseph Parker, Gamaliel Stewart. Owned by Hardy & McKenzie. Valued at \$4,000; insured for \$3,500.

Schooner WHITE SWALLOW lost at the same time, with nine men. Peter Nelson, Master; Charles H. Booman, Stephen Barnard, John Botherton, James McDonald, John Herman, John Johnson, Peter Lawson, and Henry Bertram were lost in her. Owned by Davis & Maddox. Valued at \$3,400; insured for \$2,975.

Schooner TELEGRAPH, while returning from Georges on the night of Feb. 16th, came into collision with the schooner M. C. Rowe, off Eastern Point, and, becoming unmanageable, went ashore near Norman's Woe, and became a total loss. One of the crew, Emanuel

Ferdinand, was drowned; the remainder were saved. Owned by Charles Parkhurst. Valued at \$3,200; insured for \$2,800.

Schooners MARY D. BABSON and D. P. GALE drove out of the harbor in the severe gale of March 21st, and went ashore near "Old House Cove," where they became a total loss. The former was owned by H. Babson & Co., valued at \$4,500; insured for \$3,775, and the latter by David Parkhurst & Co. Valued at \$4,600; insured for \$4,000. Crews saved.

Schooner MOHENIE, while returning from the Bay, in August, went ashore at Cape Sable, and became a total loss. Crew saved. Owned by David Parkhurst & Co. Valued at \$3,450; insured for \$3,150.

Schooner COQUETTE went ashore on the bar at Port Hood, in September, and became a total wreck. Crew saved. Owned by George F. Wonson and Bros. Valued at \$3,200; insured for \$2,800.

Schooner E. K. KANE went ashore at Liverpool, N. S., on her return trip from the Bay, and became a total loss. Crew saved. Owned by Pettingill & Cunningham. Valued at \$3,400; insured for \$2,800.

Schooner REPUBLIC, while returning from a trading voyage, went ashore at Ragged Island, and became a total loss. Crew saved. Owned by Charles Friend & Co. Valued at \$2,500; insured for \$2,000.

Schooner NARRAGAUGUS, from St. Pierre, Miquelon, went ashore at St. Mary's, near Guysboro', Feb. 12th, and was lost. Crew saved. Owned by George Hughes.

Schooner R. H. OAKES went ashore on Louisburg Bar, December 24th, and became a total loss. Crew saved. Owned by Sinclair & Low. Valued at \$6,000; insured for \$5,000.

Schooner ELLA OSBORNE went ashore at Cole Bay, in December, and became a total loss. Crew saved. Owned by Capt. John McMullen. Valued at \$3,200; insured for \$2,500.

Schooner ST. CLOUD, lost in March, on Cape Cod, while on a voyage from New York to Boston. Crew saved. Owned by George Steele. Valued at \$3,800; insured for \$3,000.

FRANK WILLIAMS was lost overboard from schooner Daniel McPhee, on a trip to Western Banks, in February.

JOHN WITHAM was lost about twenty-five miles off Eastern Point, from schooner Sparkling Wave, on a return trip from Georges, in March.

WILLIAM L. ELMORE was lost on Georges, in March, from schooner Rival.

ALFRED ADAMS, lost overboard in March, from schooner Lucille Curtis, on Georges.

JAMES CLAREY was lost from schooner General Butler, in the Gut of Canso.

JOSEPH SHANKLING, lost in the Bay from schooner Lodi, in November.

DUNCAN McMULLEN and WILLIAM FRENCH, left schooner Cynisca on the Banks, October 12th, to examine their trawls, and were never seen again.

1862.

LOST IN THE FEBRUARY GALE.

On Monday evening, February 24th, a terrible gale from the northwest suddenly burst upon the fishing fleet on Georges, where there were about seventy sail at anchor very near to each other. Not having sufficient warning of the blow, they were unable to heave up, and the fact of there being thirteen vessels lost with their entire crews, and two abandoned, and their crews rescued by inward-bound vessels, will give some idea of the fearful collisions which occurred, and the terrible violence of the storm. The anxiety of those having friends thus exposed was terrible to witness, and, as each vessel rounded Eastern Point, there was the most intense desire to learn her name, and to ascertain if those on board had seen anything of other vessels since the blow. Nearly every vessel met with more or less disaster, losing cable and anchors, booms, masts, or were so badly stove up as hardly to be able to get back to port. One by one they came along until the number narrowed down to thirteen, who with their crews had left port for their last fishing trip.

Two of the vessels were abandoned, the crews having narrow escapes. There was general sorrow throughout the community. Many of the best skippers of the town were lost in this gale, as several of them were on board some of the vessels lost, having taken this trip as their own vessels were not quite ready to start. There were lost in this gale *one hundred and twenty men and fifteen vessels, leaving seventy widows and one hundred and forty fatherless children.* In addition to this terrible disaster, there were lost, previous to this gale, thirty-eight men and four vessels. One each in the Georges, Bank, Newfoundland and shore winter fisheries, making an aggregate of nineteen vessels in all, and *one hundred and sixty-two men.*

The losses in the February gale were as follows :

Schooner ENTERPRISE, nine men, viz. : Henry Peterson, Master ;

John Foster, Charles Brown, Hervey Peterson (son of master), Erastus Rackliffe, A. E. Benson, Wm. Baryson, F. H. Quimby, and one man, name unknown. Owned by Geo. F. Wonson & Bros. Valued at \$4,000; insured for \$3,500.

Schooner **GEORGE F. WONSON**, nine men, viz.: Artemas Cameron, Master; Gorham Clark, Jr., Elijah Gardner, Wm. Dingle, Murdock McNeil, Thomas W. Firth, John Lind, Joseph Atwater, Wm. Strand. Owned by Capt. Artemas Cameron. Valued at \$3,500; insured for \$3,000.

Schooner **MAY QUEEN**, nine men, viz.: George Brant, Master; John Smith, Alex. Hutchins, Matthew Olson, Samuel Parsons, James Webb, Benj. F. Parsons, John W. Johnson, James Hudson. Owned by Wm. Parsons, 2d, & Co. Valued at \$3,800; insured for \$3,325.

Schooner **OCEAN FLOWER**, nine men, viz.: John Carney, Master; James Fitzpatrick, James Brady, Dennis Olcutt, James Breman, Daniel Conway, Cornelius Fluén, Daniel Long, John Griffin. Owned by Charles Parkhurst. Valued at \$3,600; insured for \$3,150.

Schooner **OCONOMOWOC**, ten men, viz.: Dennis S. Kelly, Master; John Henderson, John P. Parsons, John McNash, John Murphy, James Parsons, Michael Murphy, Dennis Kelly (master's son), Joseph Brown, John Jerret. Owned by Charles Parkhurst. Valued at \$3,200; insured for \$2,800.

Schooner **NORTH STAR**, nine men, viz.: James Roach, Master; Thomas Foley, James Donnelly, Joseph Brown, Thomas Jones, Otis Scarborough, Thomas Tobin, James Henderhan, Richard Harris. Owned by Charles Parkhurst. Valued at \$2,800; insured for \$2,450.

Schooner **CONTEST**, nine men, viz.: John Crawley, Master; Peter Lunderkin, John Sterling, Robert Corcoran, Robert Hambleton, Michael Wallis, James Foley, Michael Welsh, James Corwin. Owned by George Friend & Co. Valued at \$4,200; insured for \$3,675.

Schooner **NEBRASKA**, nine men, viz.: Spencer Olmore, Master; Manuel Williams, Samuel Blatchford, Jr., Levi Gove, Manuel Joseph, John Yeaton, Manuel Silva, Frank Perry, Joseph Silva. Owned by George Friend & Co. Valued at \$3,200; insured for \$2,800.

Schooner **CLARA EVA**, nine men, viz.: Wm. T. Rogers, Master; Manuel Zuza, Manuel Innis, Daniel G. Grindle, Richard Carter, Wm. T. Young, Joseph Silva, John Dickson, Manuel Peter. Owned by Charles Friend & Co. Valued at \$3,000; insured for \$2,625.

Schooner **ANNIE LAURIE**, nine men, viz.: Charles Dunnells, Master; Henry Carter, Peter Brant, George Walker, John O'Neil,

Joseph Lawrence, John Jenkins, George Folger, Andrew Fults. Owned by John Pew. Valued at \$3,600; insured for \$3,150.

Schooner JOHN J. CRITTENDEN, ten men: Joseph McCarty, Master; Joseph McCallbeck, Samuel Colby, Frederick Scott, Timothy Currier, William Kiley, Michael Stapleton, Michael Daniels, Daniel McAdams, David Bankham. Owned by Pettingill & Cunningham. Valued at \$4,200; insured for \$3,675.

Schooner ANGLO SAXON, ten men, viz.: George W. Barbour, Master; Michael Hogan, Wm. Low, King Crine, Frank Veader, Joseph Carry, Henly Hall, Manuel Silva, John Williams, James A. McKay. Owned by Fitz E. Riggs & Brother. Valued at \$4,000; insured for \$3,500.

Schooner DREADNAUGHT, nine men, viz.: George F. Dannels, Master; Manuel Silver, David Lurvey, William T. McCrate, John Silver, Josiah Scott, Charles N. Baker, Jacob Hopster, Reuben Walker. Owned by Pettingill & Cunningham. Valued at \$3,600; insured for \$3,150.

Schooner BORODINO, Knight, Master; was disabled and abandoned on Georges. Crew taken off by schooner Peerless, and brought to this port. Owned by George Steele. Valued at \$3,000; insured for \$2,625.

Schooner QUICKSTEP, Brewer, Master; was also disabled at the same time. Crew taken off by schooner Northern Chief, and brought to port. Owned by George F. Wonson & Bros. Valued at \$3,200; insured for \$2,800.

LOSSES PRIOR TO THE FEBRUARY GALE.

Schooner CYNISCA was lost on Western Bank, January 1st, with nine men, viz.: Adam Hunter, Master; Daniel Smith, Fletcher McPherson, Frederick Warren, Lawrence Hunter, Murdock Matthewson, David Martin, Archibald Black, Calvin C. Campbell. Three-quarters of her were owned by Capt. Hunter & Bro., and the balance by David W. Low. Valued at \$3,600; insured for \$3,000.

Schooner LIFE BOAT was lost in the gale of January 1st, with nine men, viz.: Curtis Hodgkins, Master; Duncan M. Cunningham, Angus Grant, John Skillan, John Haines, Charles Kempton, Solomon Conard, John Chisholm, John T. Shrider. Owned by David C. Babson & Co. Valued at \$4,000; uninsured.

Schooner OCEAN TRAVELLER was lost on her passage to Newfoundland, in the gale of January 1st, with her crew of ten men, viz.: John F. Smith, Master; John R. Johnson, John Gardner, John McKinnon, Samuel Durgin, Richard Anderson, Patrick Parsons,

John Roach, B. Hill, George Ebenezer. Three-quarters owned by the master, and the remainder by Samuel W. Brown. Valued at \$4,000; insured for \$2,500.

Schooner OREGON, lost January 20th, on Quaddy Head, with eight men, viz.: S. Guptil, Master; J. Ingersoll, John O'Brien, Wm. McDonald, Eben Wormell, M. Handlan, Henry Moffitt, Simon Hanley. Owned by George F. Wonson, and others. Valued at \$2,000; insured for \$1,500.

RICHARD WHEATON, lost overboard from schooner Kit Carson, on her homeward passage from Newfoundland, January 10th.

WILLIAM CAMPBELL, lost overboard on Georges, from schooner Sea Foam, in March.

DANIEL DESMOND, of schooner A. R. Andrews, lost overboard Oct. 12th, off Thacher's Island.

JAMES L. BUCK, of schooner Wild Rover, lost overboard on the passage home from the Bay of St. Lawrence, in October.

JOHN McDONALD, of schooner Flying Fish, was drowned April 20th, by falling between the vessel and wharf.

GEORGE E. WEBBER, of this town, one of the crew of schooner Glad Tidings, died at Prince Edward's Island, August 10th, of typhoid fever.

1863.

There were nine vessels and six lives lost in the fishing business this year: two vessels in the Newfoundland, and one in the Bank fishery. The pirate Tacony made a raid on the fishing fleet at anchor in the South Channel, June 22d, burning six of the vessels.

Schooner WILLIAM PARKMAN was dismasted off Beaver Island, in a gale, and was subsequently towed into Beaver Harbor, and sold. One of the crew, named PHILIP CAREY, was drowned. Owned by George Steele. Valued at \$3,200; insured for \$2,800.

Schooner ALFALFA was lost at English Harbor, Newfoundland, in January. Crew saved. Owned by Charles Parkhurst. Valued at \$2,500; insured for \$2,000.

Schooner MARY E. HILTZ, John Hiltz, Master; was lost off Marblehead, on her homeward passage from Newfoundland, February 26th, during a violent snow storm. One of her crew, named THOMAS CHRISTOPHER, was drowned. Owned by the master and George P. Rust. Valued at \$7,500; insured for \$3,500.

The following are the names of the vessels burned by the Tacony. They were valued at \$25,000, and insured, but the manner of their being destroyed rendered the insurance invalid. Claims have been

made upon the Government for indemnification, and it is presumed that the insurance money will be paid by the United States.

Schooner MARENGO, owned by George Steele.

Schooner RIPPLE, owned by Wm. A. Pew.

Schooner ELIZABETH ANN, owned by Fitz E. Riggs.

Schooner RUFUS CHOATE, owned by Pettingill & Cunningham.

Schooner WANDERER, owned by George Perkins & Co., and her master, Capt. Charles H. Pierce.

Schooner ADA, owned by James Power and James Tobin.

JAMES MURPHY and DANIEL BUCKLEY, were lost overboard from schooner Horatio Babson, Jr., on Georges, in February.

ROBERT MITCHELL, of Kittery, Me., lost overboard from schooner Oliver Burnham, Feb. 16th, on passage to Georges.

BENTON LEWIS, of Boothbay, Me., lost in the Bay of St. Lawrence, Nov. 9th, from schooner Charlotte Brown.

1864.

This was another disastrous year to the fishermen, proving with the exception of 1862, the most unfortunate since the Georges fishery commenced. By these sad disasters to the fishing fleet, *eighty-five* men found a watery grave, and thirteen vessels were lost, viz.: eight on Georges, two in the Bay of St. Lawrence, two in the Newfoundland fishing, and one in the freighting business.

The night of March 22d will long be remembered as the commencement of a severe northeaster. There were at this time about one hundred sail on Georges, and the howling of the wind carried sad forebodings to many anxious wives, mothers, and other near and dear friends of the Georgesmen. They knew full well that nothing short of a miracle would bring all of that fleet back to port, and the dread question, who will be lost? repeated itself over and over again in the minds of the anxious watchers here at home. It was a solemn time, and all hearts felt that again there were to be lamentations for those who would never return; and finally, when one by one these Georgesmen came creeping back to port, and days and weeks passed in anxious hope that others would follow, it was found that six were missing, as follows:

Schooner JOHN G. DENNIS, with ten men, viz.: Andrew D. Bartlett, of Southport, Me., Master; Joel W. Bartlett, (his brother,) Wm. F. Dunton, Franklin Towle, both of Southport; Amos Stinson, Deer Isle, Me.; Stillman Spinney, Thomas McDonald, An-

drew Snyder, Daniel Holly, James Rogers, of this town. Owned by Shute & Merchant. Valued at \$5,500; insured for \$4,500.

Schooner **LIGHT OF HOME**, nine men: Thomas J. Moody, Master; Simeon Moody (his brother), John Buote, William Frazier, James Quirk, Francis Dousett, George Barbour, James Dyer, John Smith, all of this town. Owned by Epes Sayward & Co. Valued at \$6,000; insured for \$4,375.

Schooner **OLIVER BURNHAM**, nine men: Paul Bushy, Master; Isaac Bushy (his brother), Charles Mace, Samuel C. Mace (his brother), Newburyport; Ephraim T. Briggs, Charles King, Charles B. Marshall, Michael Doursey, Charles Clark. Owned by Charles Friend & Co. Valued at \$3,800; insured for \$2,450.

Schooner **NAWADAHIA**, ten men: James Power, Master; Edward Power (his brother), Michael Maddix (nephew to master), William Murphy, Alex. Maney, David Cushman, all of this town; John Handrahan and Peter Giddings, of Newburyport; one man, name unknown. Owned by H. C. Knapp & Co. Valued at \$7,000; insured for \$6,500.

Schooner **EMMA FRANCES**, nine men: John C. Mellows, of Chatham, Master; Manuel Rose, Joseph Wood, Joseph Silva, Jr., Geo. Williams, Andrew Francis, John Williams, Charles Silva, C. H. Orr (a stranger, and it is not known where he belonged). Owned by David Parkhurst and Edward & William Babson. Valued at \$5,000; insured for \$3,150.

Schooner **R. E. SPOFFORD**, ten men; James Smith, Master; Louis Graves, James McKellan, Martin Parker, Benjamin Low, Charles Dahl, Augustus Swinson, John Carly, Augustus Collins, Stephen McGrath. Owned by Clark, Rust & Co. Valued at \$8,000; insured for \$4,000.

To many families the losses in the above gale came with double severity, as four of the vessels had brothers on board, viz.: the Bartletts, of Westport, Me.; the Maces of Newburyport, and the brothers Powers and Moody of this town. Amos Stinson, lost in the *J. G. Dennis*, was a brother to Ira, lost from the schooner *Emma Frances*, in the same gale. Capt. Powers, of the *Nawadaha*, was formerly master of the *Ada*, which was burned by the pirate Tacony, in 1863.

In addition to the above, there were two vessels and their crews lost on Georges, in the February gale, as follows:

Schooner **RAVEN**, nine men: John Kennedy, Master; John Shuttleworth, Charles McLillan, Benjamin Crittenden, Nicholas Foley, William Wallace, Manuel Rogers, George L. Dresser, Alex.

Terry. Owned by Pettingill & Cunningham. Valued at \$3,600; insured for \$3,150.

Schooner GORHAM BABSON, nine men: Daniel McPhee, Master; James Greenleaf, William Swin, Thomas Spring, John Murphy, Angus Sutherland, Daniel Ready, Archibald McDonald, Elijah Demings. Owned by H. C. Knapp & Co. Valued at \$7,000; insured for \$5,500.

Schooner KOSSUTH was lost in the Newfoundland fishery, at Owl's Harbor, Halifax, Feb. 15th. Crew saved. Owned by H. C. Knapp & Co. Vessel and cargo valued at \$12,000; mostly insured.

Schooner FEARLESS, in the Newfoundland fishery, lost on Miquelon Island. Crew saved. Owned by Robert Fears. Valued at \$5,500; insured for \$3,500.

Schooner FLEETWING was lost in the Bay of St. Lawrence, on the 20th of August. Crew saved. Owned by Capt. Peter Sinclair and Capt. James Ayer. Valued at \$6,500; insured for \$4,500.

Schooner OROZIMBO, went ashore at Cheticamp, on the 18th of October, and became a total loss. Crew saved. Owned by Benjamin Haskell. Valued at \$8,000; insured for \$4,000.

Schooner TRIUMPH, Capt. Campbell; was run down and sunk on her passage to New York, March 17th, by steamer Western Metropolis. The captain and three of her crew were saved by a boat from the steamer, but two of the crew, JOHN MILLER, of Kittery, Me., and LIGHTHILL PEARCE, of Bristol, Me., were drowned. Owned by John Low, Jr. Valued at \$9,000; insured for \$2,000; cargo valued at \$12,000, and insured for \$2,000.

JOHN DEVINE, lost overboard and drowned on Georges, in February, while furling jib. Body recovered and brought home.

HERMAN LANE, of schooner Sea Foam, son of Theodore Lane, was knocked overboard and drowned off Block Island, in June.

FRANCIS AUGUSTUS, a Frenchman, was lost overboard from schooner Emma Parsons, off Noman's Land, in June.

IRA STINSON, of Deer Isle, Me., was washed overboard and drowned on Georges, March 23d, from schooner Ellen Frances.

WILLIAM GRANT was lost overboard and drowned in the Bay of St. Lawrence, in June.

JOSEPH O'BRIEN, of schooner Joseph Story, was washed overboard and drowned off Cape Sable, April 23d, while returning from Western Bank.

WARREN RICHARDSON was lost overboard and drowned on Georges, March 29th.

WILLIAM FISHER, son of Jacob F. Fisher, lost overboard from schooner Boston Light, on passage to Boston, April 26th.

1865.

There were eleven lives and eight vessels lost this year, as follows: two vessels in the porgie oil business, two trading vessels, one in the Bay of St. Lawrence fishery, one in the Newfoundland trade, one Western Banker, and one in the Prince Edward Island trade.

Schooner J. L. GERRITY, Knapp, Master; was wrecked on Stirrup Key, in April, while on her passage to New Orleans, with a cargo of mackerel. Crew saved. Owned by H. C. Knapp. Valued at \$6,500; insured for \$6,000.

Schooner NORTHERN CHIEF was run down and sunk by the English steamer Bosphorus, off Cape Sable, May 31st, while on her return from Western Bank. She had a crew of eleven men, five of whom were in the cabin, and rushing on deck, succeeded in scrambling up the rigging and getting on board the steamer, just as the schooner was going down. The other six were drowned, viz.: Winslow R. Hopkins, of Vinalhaven, Me., Master; John Lindsey, James Colby, Peter Welch, William Parkhurst, John Kent. The disaster was attributed to carelessness on the part of those keeping watch on board the steamer. Owned by John Low & Son. Valued at \$9,000; insured for \$6,000.

Schooner SWAN, of Annisquam, porgie oil business, was lost near Madison Point, Conn., July 20th. Crew saved. Owned by George Butler and Epes Davis, Jr. Valued at \$1,800; insured for \$1,400.

Schooner EDWIN, loaded with bricks and lumber, sank on the night of July 31st, about ten miles N. E. of the Isle of Shoals. Crew saved. Owned by William P. Dolliver. Valued at \$1,500; insured for \$1,000.

Schooner SEA FAN, in the porgie oil business, was lost on York Ledges, October 14th. Crew saved. Owned by Wm. P. Dolliver and Addison Procter. Valued with her outfits at \$2,500; insured for \$2,000.

Schooner ST. LAWRENCE, engaged in the Bay mackerel fishery, was lost near Ragged Island, on her passage home, early in November. Crew saved. Owned by George Brown. Valued at \$3,500; insured for \$3,000.

Schooner MINERVA was lost near Pictou, N. S., on the 24th of November, while on her homeward passage from Prince Edward

Island, with a load of produce. Crew saved. Owned by C. C. Pettingill and Capt. Robert Allen. Valued at \$3,500; insured for \$3,000.

Schooner **COL. ALLEN** was lost near Louisburg Harbor, C. B., December 10th, while on her passage to Newfoundland. Crew saved. Owned by Daniel Sayward. Valued at \$12,000; insured for \$10,000.

CHRISTOPHER CROUSE, a native of Liverpool, N. S., was lost overboard from schooner **Carrie E. Crouse**, on the passage from Newfoundland, February 3d.

HORATIO BARTLETT, of Camden, Me., one of the crew of schooner **William Babson**, was washed overboard on Georges, April 30th, and drowned.

CAPT. JOHN McLELLAN, master of schooner **Sabine**, was lost overboard on Georges, while at the wheel, February 12th.

ANGUS E. GILLIS and **THOMAS E. LADD**, two of the crew of schooner **Prince of Wales**, were lost overboard and drowned, May 17th, while on the passage from Surinam.

1866.

Twenty-six lives and fifteen vessels were lost this year, as follows: three vessels in the Georges fishery, three in the Bay of St. Lawrence, three in the shore, two in the Newfoundland, and four in the freighting business.

Schooner **JAMES SEWARD**, lost off Rockland, Me., November 14th, while on her passage home from the Bay. Crew saved. Owned by David Parkhurst. Valued with her cargo at \$8,000; insured for \$6,820.

Boat **MARY**, sank while coming from Boston, May 1st. Crew saved. Owned by John Clark, 3d. Valued at \$700; no insurance.

Schooner **CLARION**, lost off Newport, R. I., in May. Crew saved. Owned by Addison Procter, and others. Valued at \$2,550; insured for \$2,250.

Schooner **BOXER** sprung aleak and sank off Eastern Point, on the night of Nov. 17th. Crew saved. Valued at \$800; insured for \$700.

Schooner **DWIGHT**, in the freighting business, lost near Key West, in January. Crew saved. Owned by Capt. Oliver G. Lane, Annisquam. Valued at \$11,000; insured for \$9,000.

Schooner **CARRIE E. CROUSE**, lost on the passage to Baltimore, in February, with her crew of six men, as follows: William L. Crouse, Master; George Gerring, Hugh McLain, Wm. Howlett,

John McLain, Robert Swallow. Owned by John Perkins & Co. Valued at \$12,000; insured for \$10,000.

Schooner D. L. STURGIS was disabled while on her passage to Rochelle, and put into Bermuda, where she was condemned. Owned by Francis W. Homans, and others. Valued at \$11,000; insured for \$9,000.

Schooner GEORGE J. MARSH was lost off Magdalene Islands, in September, while on the passage from Ivitgut, Greenland. Crew saved. Owned by Capt. Samuel Irwin, George J. Marsh, and others. Valued at \$31,000; insured for \$14,000.

Schooner M. C. ROWE, lost in January, while on the passage from Newfoundland. Crew saved. Owned by David Low & Co. Valued at \$10,500; insured for \$8,000.

Schooner GEN. SHERIDAN, lost off Cape Canso, January 14th, on the passage home from Newfoundland. Four of the crew were lost, viz.: James Pringle, Robert Dahl, George Howard, Thomas Harris. Owned by Walen & Co. Valued at \$12,000; insured for \$10,000.

Schooner ARCTURUS, in the Georges fishery, struck on L'Honmadieu Shoal, May 3d, and was sunk. Crew saved. She was abandoned to the underwriters, and subsequently raised and sold. Owned by James Mansfield & Co. and Capt. Eben Davis. Valued at \$2,400; insured for \$2,250.

Schooner SARAH sprung a leak and sank on Georges, July 16th. Crew saved. Owned by William H. Oakes and George H. Smith. Valued at \$2,800; insured for \$1,700.

Schooner CLARA DAVIS, lost on Georges in the gale of October 18th, with all her crew of eight men, viz.: Matthew Caig, Master; George Zwicker, Edward Marshall, Richard Troy, Charles Lunt, John Wade, Peter Burke, Joseph Silva. Owned by James Mansfield & Sons. Valued at \$3,000; insured for \$2,675.

Schooner MARTHA & ELIZA was run down and sunk by schooner Northerner, on the 30th of August, near Magdalene Islands. Crew saved. Owned by Joseph O. Procter. Valued at \$4,200; insured for \$3,675.

Schooner ARCOLA, drove ashore at Port Hood, on the 4th of October, and became a total loss. Crew saved. Owned by Gustavus Griffin & Son, of Annisquam. Valued at \$2,300; insured for \$2,025.

Four men were lost from the wreck of schooner Maggie McLane, which was being towed in by the schooner Lady Franklin, on the

night of March 20th. Their names were JOHN THIS, of Norway; MURDOCK FINLAYSON, of Guysboro', N. S.; RHODERICK McDONALD, of Straits of Canso; ANDREW PERKINS, of York, Me.

DANIEL FARDY was lost overboard from schooner Arizona, bound for Georges, on the night of September 21st.

LEWIS A. McDONALD was lost overboard from schooner E. R. Nickerson, on the 20th of August, off Magdalene Islands.

WILLIAM MILLER, of Lanesville, was lost overboard from schooner Emporia, Aug. 27th.

WILLIAM DAVIS was lost overboard from schooner Carrie S. Dagle, January 10th, on her passage from Newfoundland.

1867.

There were sixty-six lives and eleven vessels lost this year, as follows: three on Georges, one in the Newfoundland trade, three in the Bay of St. Lawrence, two in the shore fishery, and two freighters.

Schooner JOHN W. LOWE, probably lost in the gale of January 17th, while on the passage from Newfoundland. Crew of nine men, viz.: Manly Grimes, Master; Gustave Witer, Raymond White, George H. Griffin, James Hanler, Oliver Norton, Augustus Dagle, Henry Kappin, Neal McKinnon. Owned by John Low, Jr., & Son. Valued with cargo, at \$15,000; insured for \$12,000.

Schooner FRANK HERBERT, lost on Georges, in August. Crew of eight men, viz.: Patrick Flaherty, Master; Hugh McDonnough, Michael McDonnough, James King, Thomas Mullen, Michael Flaherty, Martin Foley, Mark McLaughlin. Owned by Hugh McDonnough and Samuel Lane & Bro. Valued at \$4,500; insured for \$2,200.

Schooner SUNNY SIDE, lost on Georges, same month. Crew of nine men, viz.: John Grant, Master; Henry Beckman, John Myers, Peter Frederickson, Peter Peterson, Hans Anderson, Alexander Colson, William Wilson, James Kirby. Owned by Walen & Co. Valued at \$7,000; insured for \$5,500.

Schooner ONWARD had a narrow escape on Georges in the gale of August 2d. She was boarded by a heavy sea, which swept away bowsprit, masts, bulwarks, &c., making a complete wreck of the vessel above her deck. Fortunately no lives were lost. Owned by Wm. Parsons, 2d, & Co. Abandoned to the underwriters and sold at auction for \$1,000. Valued at \$3,500; insured for \$3,062.

Schooner FASHION, lost in the Bay of St. Lawrence, in the September gale. Crew of thirteen men, viz.: John Peterson, Master;

Parker Moody, John Williams, James Montgomery, John Cadeel, Antone Prater, Frank Prater, Antone Silva, Allen O'Brien, Thomas Thomas, and three others, names unknown. Owned by Samuel Haskell. Valued at \$4,500; insured for \$3,557.

Schooner WATER SPIRIT went ashore at Chetticamp, in the gale of September 30th. Crew saved. Abandoned to the underwriters. Owned by George Garland. Valued at \$9,075; insured for \$7,525.

Schooner LADY FRANKLIN went ashore in the same gale, at Malpec. Abandoned to the underwriters. Owned by William Parsons, 2d, & Co. Valued at \$5,600; insured for \$4,900.

Schooner STAR OF THE EAST, in the shore mackerel fishery, sank on a ledge off Wood Island, September 29th. Crew saved. Owned by Capt. Charles M. Curtis and Joseph Friend & Co. Valued at \$9,000; insured for \$7,525.

Schooner WATER WITCH, in the seining business, lost off Martinicus Island, Me., Aug. 3d. Crew saved. Owned by Capt. Addison Wonson, and others. Valued at \$2,000; no insurance.

Schooner COL. ORNE was run down and sunk while on her homeward passage from New York, May 14th. Crew saved. Owned by Capt. Samuel Elwell, Jr. Valued at \$2,500; insured for \$1,800.

Schooner JENNIE TYLER, lost in August, on her passage from Para to New York. Eight men, viz.: Solomon Frellick, Master; E. King Coas, mate; David Smith, Henry Robinson, Louis Dyer, James Hamilton, and two Swedes, names unknown. Owned by William Parsons, 2d, & Co., and others. Valued at \$20,000; insured for \$11,000.

ISAAC BAKER, of Manchester, was drowned from schooner Belle Brandon, May 12th, while lying in Newport Harbor.

WILLIAM BLAIR, one of the crew of schooner Theron J. Dale, was lost overboard on the passage to Demarara, on the 30th of April.

MICHAEL MALCHY, mate of schooner Rattler, was lost overboard in the gale of January 17th, while on the passage from Newfoundland.

JAMES F. SOUTHERLAND, mate of schooner Setagawa, and JOHN TUFTS, mate of schooner George O. Hovey, were drowned on the homeward passage from Newfoundland.

DANIEL BURNHAM was lost overboard from schooner Arequipa, on the 23d of November, while on the passage to Newfoundland.

SAMUEL ROBERTS was lost overboard on Georges from schooner Lookout; GEORGE SCEALES, from the Samuel Wonson; J. A.

HAVERNER, from the Northerner; JAMES McDONALD, from the Barbara Frietchie, on her homeward passage from Western Bank.

EDWARD MITCHELL, THOMAS HERRING, MATTHEW SILVER, and ALBERT BIGELOW, were lost overboard, on the 2d of June, from schooner Hattie M. Lyons; WILLIAM L. NICKERSON, and LEWIS DOANE, from schooner J. H. Nickerson, on the 1st of June. These crews were in the Grand Bank fishery.

HENRY SINOTT was lost overboard from schooner Roger Williams, October 23d, while on the homeward passage from the Bay of St. Lawrence.

BRADFORD THOMAS, lost from schooner C. C. Pettingill, in the gale of September 30th.

CAPT. ALEXANDER BENSON, of schooner Montrose, died quite suddenly on the 24th of October, of hemorrhage, while engaged in fishing on Georges.

1868.

There were thirty-nine men and four vessels lost this year, as follows: two in the Bank fishery, one on Georges, and one freighter.

Schooner IDAHO, was probably lost in January; she was engaged in the Grand Bank fishery, and had a crew of eight men, as follows: Samuel F. Wennerberg, Master; Charles Anderson, Charles Benson, John Rutledge, Thomas Dunn, John Parker, Henry Rutherman, Charles Hayden. Owned by George Garland. Valued at \$9,000; insured for \$7,000.

Schooner GENERAL BUTLER was lost in the Georges fishery, in June. Supposed to have been run down. Had a crew of ten men, as follows: Sereno W. Campbell, Master; Frank Brown, James Sherman, David Lane, Jr., Edward Duncan, Joseph Hobbs, Waitsell Nickerson, George Oram, and two others, names unknown. Owned by D. C. & H. Babson, Jr. Valued at \$6,000; insured for \$5,250.

Schooner JAMES S. AYER was lost in December, in the Grand Bank fishery. Had twelve men, viz.: John R. McDonald, Master; Colin McDonald (brother of master), Murdock McDonald, Stephen McDonald, Philip Riley, Whitfield Spinney, John W. Brown, Daniel Kennedy, Michael McCormick, Angus McPhee, Daniel McIntire, J. E. Osier. Owned by Dennis & Ayer. Valued at \$8,000; insured for \$6,900.

Schooner LIZZIE F. CHOATE, in the freighting business, lost in the gulf stream, Feb. 7th, while on the passage from New York to Antigua. Three of her men were lost, viz.: David Gaffney, Master;

Henry Gaffney (brother of the master), Benjamin Marston. The remainder of the crew, Reuben McKenney, Hugh McKinnon, Charles Nelson, remained on the wreck five days, when they were taken off by the British brig J. S. Wright. Owned by Walen & Co. Valued at \$12,000; insured for \$9,000.

FRANK CAMPBELL was lost overboard from schooner Franklin Snow, on the 21st of February, while furling the jib.

DAVID HINCKLEY, of Cape Breton, was lost overboard from schooner Isaac Somes, on the 27th of April, while reefing the mainsail.

CHARLES DEITRICH, of Newburyport, and JAMES LEARY, of Rockport, were lost from schooner Abby Dodge, in May, while visiting their trawl.

THOMAS EARLE was lost overboard from schooner Farragut, Feb. 14th, shortly after leaving port, bound for Georges. He was a native of Gosport, England.

MARTIN HENDERSON, of Beverly, was lost overboard from schooner Rambler, April 15th, while reefing mainsail.

CHARLES FOSTER of Guysboro', N. S., was lost from schooner Florence Reed, Nov. 10th, while on the passage from the Bay.

1869.

Sixty-six lives and sixteen vessels were lost this year, as follows: five in the Georges fishery, two in the Bank fishery, four in the shore mackereling, three freighters, one in the oyster business, and one pilot boat.

Schooner AUGUSTUS E. PRICE was lost on Georges in the gale of March 6th. Crew of eleven men, viz.: Barnabas Horton, Master; Henry Williams, Charles Hicks, William Kelley, Isaac Austin, John W. Rowe, Thomas Cameron, Levi W. Cole, Charles Swim, Frank Hedman, Freeman Goodwin. Owned by McKenzie, Knowlton & Co. Valued at \$9,000; insured for \$7,000.

Schooner MARTHA A. PORTER was lost in the same gale, with nine men, viz.: Joseph O. Shackelford, Master; Henry F. Wonson, James Cam, William J. Ripley, George Campion, Robert Johnson, Charles Cunningham, Richard Morris, John Crockett. Owned by Clark & Somes. Valued at \$5,600; insured for \$4,762.

Schooner ABIGAIL C. WOODBURY, lost in the gale of March 7th. Crew of eleven men, viz.: Edward Welch, Master; James Ryan, James Mannering, Joseph Francis, Matthew Murray, Michael Finley, Mark Lyons, Michael Carroll, Charles Campbell, Archibald Campbell, and one man, name unknown. Owned by D. C. & H. Babson, Jr. Valued at \$9,600; insured for \$7,000.

Schooner **A. R. ANDREWS**, lost in the same gale. Crew saved. Owned by Charles Parkhurst. Valued at \$3,400; insured for \$2,975.

Schooner **IZAAK WALTON** came into collision with schooner William Babson, while returning from Georges, Sept. 26th, and sank shortly afterward. Crew saved. Owned by D. C. & H. Babson, Jr. Valued at \$5,500; insured for \$3,500.

Schooner **FOREST BELLE** was lost in the Grand Bank fishery, probably early in January. She was a new vessel and on her first trip. Had a crew of twelve men, viz.: Moses M. Welch, Master; Robert M. Collins, Daniel Lufkin, Randall McLellen, Arthur Ulmer, Sylvanus Gott, George Bartlett, George Kane, John A. Kelley, James McDonald, William Hickman, William B. Rowe. Owned by Rowe & Jordan. Valued at \$10,300; insured for \$5,000.

Schooner **ABBY H. SWASEY** was lost on Half Moon Beach, off Cape Negro, July 12th, on her homeward trip from the Grand Banks. Crew saved. Owned by George Dennis & Co. Valued at \$6,000; insured for \$4,500.

Schooner **POTOMAC**, in the mackerel fishery, went ashore at Orr's Island, Me., Sept. 8th, and was a total loss. Crew saved. Owned by Brown Brothers. Valued at \$2,500; insured for \$1,950.

Schooner **ALABAMA**, in the mackerel fishery, went ashore at Kennebunk in the same gale, and proved a total loss. Crew saved. Owned by George Dennis & Co. Valued at \$2,000; insured for \$1,350.

Schooner **ANDES** was totally wrecked at Boothbay, Me., in the same gale. Crew saved. Owned by Joseph Andrews & Son, Lanesville. Valued at \$500; no insurance.

Boat **RAMBLER** was lost off Portland at the same time. Owned by Joseph Andrews & Son. Valued at \$250; no insurance.

Schooner **THERON J. DALE**, in the freighting business, lost at Baracoa, April 24th. Crew saved. Owned by Capt. Jesse Lewis. Valued at \$10,000; insured for \$7,500.

Schooner **A. D. RICE**, in the oyster business, lost in March, Alexander McLane, of East Boston, Master. Crew of five men, names unknown. Owned by Gustavus Griffin & Son, of Annisquam. Valued at \$9,000; insured for \$5,000.

Schooner **CHARLES A. STETSON** went ashore on the bar at Indian River, March 22d, and proved a total loss. Owned by Capt. Abraham Babson. Crew saved. Valued at \$5,000; no insurance.

Schooner **TWILIGHT**, sunk off Beaver Island, January 29th, while on her passage home from Guysboro', N. S., with a cargo of frozen

eels. Crew saved. Owned by George Garland. It was subsequently ascertained that the vessel was scuttled by the captain. Valued at \$4,000; insured for \$3,000.

Pilot boat YOUNG RAVEN was driven ashore on Pavillon Beach, in this harbor, in the gale of Sept. 8th, and became a total loss. Owned by David H. Ellery and Robert Callahan. Valued at \$800; insured for \$600.

CAPT. JOSEPH MARTIN was lost overboard from schooner Emporia, in the gale of Sept. 8th.

GEORGE BOWDEN was lost overboard from schooner Belvidere, October 10th.

SAMUEL SWAINSON was lost overboard from schooner Sabine, March 2d.

MANUEL ROGERS was lost overboard from Schooner Marion Grimes, March 6th.

WILLIAM GARDNER, of Southport, Me., was lost overboard from schooner Sophronia, February 28th.

JOHN SMITH was lost overboard from Schooner Henry Ellsworth, March 7th.

SAMUEL SMITH was lost overboard from schooner Veteran, March 7th.

JOHN WELCH and ANTHONY WHITE were lost overboard from schooner Mary Anna, October 2d.

PHILIP PERRIWAY was lost overboard June 27th, from schooner Enola C., while returning from the Grand Banks.

JOHN MCQUARRIE and FINLEY McMILLEN, of schooner Harvey C. Mackay, were lost Feb. 23d, while visiting their trawls.

CAPT. JOHN B. WOODBURY, of schooner James A. Stetson, and ROBERT STAMPS, one of the crew, were lost April 23d, in a similar manner.

T. FRANK WINCHENBAUCH and SYLVESTER RILEY were lost from schooner Glenwood, April 22d.

MARTIN DONALTRY was lost overboard from schooner Catalina, in the shore mackerel fishery, in June.

1870.

Thirteen vessels and ninety-seven lives were lost this year, as follows: four vessels on Georges, two in the Bank fishery, two in the Bay of St. Lawrence, one in the shore mackerel fishery, two in the herring fishery, and two in the coasting business.

Schooner POCUMTUCK, engaged in the Western Bank fishery,

was run ashore near Ship Harbor, N. S. Condemned and sold, the master pocketing the receipts. Owned by Capt. Sargent S. Day. Valued at \$3,000 ; insured for \$2,652.

Schooner **GEORGE R. BRADFORD** was lost in February, on the homeward passage from Newfoundland. Crew of six men, viz.: John Wolfe, Master ; Thomas Tobin, John Herring, Alexander Grant, Samuel Steele, William Appleton. Owned by Leighton & Co. Valued at \$7,500 ; insured for \$6,500.

Schooner **BELLE BRANDON** was wrecked on Long Island, near Mount Desert, Me., while on the passage to Grand Menan, N. B. Crew saved. Owned by Capt. Wm. H. Mackay. Valued at \$3,800 ; insured for \$3,325.

Schooner **DAY STAR**, in the shore mackerel fishery, was lost in the gale of September 18th, with her crew of twelve men, viz.: Simon McKie, Master ; James R. Clarke, Charles Thompson, John McDonald, Harraden Reed, Andrew Ryan, Frank Anderson, Francisco Constanta Scurpa, Francisco Joseph, William Thompson, Thomas Power, and a boy whose name is unknown. Owned by James Mansfield & Sons. Valued at \$4,000 ; insured for \$2,750.

Schooner **DAUNTLESS** was lost on her passage to the Bay of St. Lawrence, in September, with her crew of twelve men, viz.: Jas. G. Craig, Master ; John La Pierre, Martin Costello, John Todd, Jr., George Todd, Daniel Herrick, Edward Smith, James Smith, James Welch, George Goodwin, and two others, names unknown. Owned by Sidney Friend & Bro. Valued at \$8,000 ; insured for \$7,000.

Boat **EQUITY**, in the mackerel fishery, was wrecked at Spectacle Island, October 25th. Crew saved. Owned by Capt. Abraham Babson. Valued at \$400 ; insured for \$362.

Schooner **WEATHER GAGE** was lost on Georges, January 25th, with a crew of ten men, viz.: Mark Sweeney, Master ; Abraham Bushy, Stephen Chisholm, William Powers, John Pitman, John McKenzie, Archie McNeil, Archibald McAlliston, Neil Macauley, John A. McKenzie. Owned by Maddocks & Co. Valued at \$5,000 ; insured for \$4,375.

Schooner **AUSTERLITZ** was boarded by a heavy sea in the gale of March 13th, which left her in a sinking condition. Crew taken off by schooner Riverdale. Owned by McKenzie & Knowlton. Valued at \$3,700 ; insured for \$3,275.

Schooner **WILLIAM F. POOL**, lost on Georges, in March, with her crew of ten men, viz.: James Lunderkin, Master ; William Troy, Henry Raymond, John Sullivan, James McLaughlin, Henry Peterson,

Alexander McDonald, Peter Vaughn, and two others, names unknown. Owned by Sidney Friend & Bro. Valued at \$9,000; insured for \$7,913.

Schooner ALATAMAHA, lost on Georges, in October, with her crew of ten men, viz.: William Brown, Master; Henry Grier, Jas. Revilee, Benjamin Powers, William Geyer, Antone Norbury, Charles Terry, Charles Hamlin, and two others, names unknown. Owned by Capt. William Brown, and others. Valued at \$6,000; insured for \$4,930.

Schooner VIKING was lost in January, on her way to the Grand Banks. Had a crew of eleven men, viz.: William I. Rogers, Master; Edward Callahan, Patrick Frazier, Larry Frazier, August Frazier, Henry Hartford, William Parker, John E. Reed, Lemuel S. Rogers, Dennis Sullivan, John Burke. Owned by Lemuel Friend & Co. Valued at \$7,800; insured for \$6,825.

Schooner NOR'WESTER, of this port, sailed from New York for Para, in October, 1869, and was never heard from again. Commanded by Capt. John S. Foster, of this town, and had a crew of five men, shipped in New York, whose names are unknown. Owned by John Pew & Son. Valued at \$9,000; insured for \$3,500.

Schooner JULIA PARSONS, Capt. Sturgis Center, was abandoned at sea, November 20th, while on her passage from Surinam. Crew saved. Owned by Frank W. Homans. Valued at \$8,000; insured for \$6,500.

The following persons were lost in the Georges fishery during the year:

ANTONE ENOS was lost overboard from schooner Peerless, February 24th.

ALVIN NICKERSON was lost overboard from schooner Rival, March 9th.

MATTHEW GRACIA was lost overboard from schooner Eastern Queen, March 18th.

FRANK FRAZIER was lost overboard from schooner Bridget Ann, March 19th.

TAYLOR J. V. ALLEN was lost overboard from schooner Highflyer, September 10th.

WILLIAM R. HARDY and CHRISTIAN CASS were lost overboard from schooner Banvard, September 4th.

One of the crew of the Elisha Holines, whose name is unknown, was lost overboard March 23d, while the vessel was leaving the harbor.

JOHN CARLISLE, of schooner Peter D. Smith, died on Georges, May 4th, of heart disease.

The following is a list of those lost on the Banks :

JOSEPH WARD and FRANCIS LEE, of schooner John S. Tyler, were lost while visiting their trawls, May 15th.

SIMEON CLIFFORD and WILLIAM BRYANT, of schooner Etta Gott, were lost in the same manner, in May.

JAMES SCANLAN and J. H. AMES, of schooner Mary G. Dennis, were upset in their dory and drowned while visiting their trawls, Oct. 12th.

ALBERT FAULK was lost overboard from schooner M. L. Wetherell, in October.

MICHAEL NOLAN was lost overboard from schooner George O. Hovey, October 18th.

MARTIN QUIGLY and JOHN KELLY were run down in a fishing boat and drowned, off Eastern Point, May 26th.

JOHN RAKE was lost overboard from schooner Wildfire, October 19th.

1871.

This was another terrible disastrous year to the fisheries, *one hundred and forty lives* and *nineteen* vessels being lost, and with the exception of 1862, it resulted in the greatest sacrifice of life and property since the commencement of the business. Of the vessels, ten were lost on Georges, four in the Bank fishery, two in the shore fishery, one each in the herring fishery, Greenland halibut fishery, and freighting business.

Schooner HIAWATHA was lost on Georges, in February, with ten men, viz.: Byron Murphy, Master; John Glenn, William F. Powers, John McGrath, John Callahan, Michael Furlong, Martin Cowrey, James Goodwin, Stephen Green, Edward McRae. Owned by D. C. & Horatio Babson. Valued at \$7,800; insured for \$6,825.

Schooner E. L. COOK was probably lost in the same gale with eleven men, viz.: Samuel H. Killham, Master; William H. Killham, John Cole, Lucius H. Cavis, Aaron Baker, Angus McLeod, Martin Bakeman, Frank C. Welch, George Hall, Joseph Francis, Elisha Roberts. Owned by Perkins Brothers. Valued at 6,900; insured for \$6,038.

Schooner A. F. LINDBERG was lost in the gale of April 2d, with eleven men, viz.: Charles Boyson, Master; George Williams, Peter S. Miller, Henry Tweedy, Charles Simpson, Frederick Handman, John Swinson, Alexander Ruden, Andrew Henderson, Andrew Christenton,

Andrew Peterson. Owned by Daniel Sayward. Valued at \$7,000; insured for \$6,125.

Schooner SEAMAN'S PRIDE was lost April 2d, with ten men, viz.: William H. Thurston, Master; Joseph K. Balcim, Charles Joseph, John Graves, Charles Anderson, Alvah W. Turner, James Hanlon, Joshua Allen, Elbridge Goodwin, Gerthro Goodwin. Owned by Daniel Sayward. Valued at \$4,000; insured for \$2,625.

Schooner WILLIAM MURRAY was lost April 2d, with eleven men, viz.: Ezekiel S. Call, Master; Frank E. Call (son of the Master), Richard Carroll, Edward Hillier, Thomas Hasey, James Shehan, Mark Bray, William O'Brien, Samuel Stanley, Edward B. Curl, Alexander McConnell. Owned by Tarr Bros. Valued at \$5,800; insured for \$5,075.

Schooner B. K. HOUGH was lost April 2d, with ten men, viz.: Daniel Hillier, Master; Rufus Crosby, Alexander Carter, Michael McGraw, William Hopkins, Patrick Gray, John Swinson, Dennis Jewett, George Russell, John Merton. Owned by John Pew & Son. Valued at \$4,800; insured for \$4,200.

Schooner SACHEM sank on Georges, in September. Crew saved. Owned by Capt. Martin Nelson. Valued at \$600; insured for \$525.

Schooner MONTROSE was lost September 2d, with eight men, viz.: Alonzo Alley, Master; William Peterson, H. Steward, Alden Harris, Andrew Johnson, Charles Peterson, and two others, names unknown. Owned by Epes Sayward, Jr. Valued at \$2,500; insured for \$2,100.

Schooner EMPORIA was lost Sept. 2d, with nine men, viz.: Patrick Box, Master; Martin Whalen, Thomas Christopher, Michael Morrissey, Louis Turtua, Benjamin Hand, John Hand, John Powers, Charles Frazier. Owned by Joseph O. Procter. Valued at \$4,700; insured for \$4,150.

Schooner FITZ E. RIGGS was lost October 12th, with nine men, viz.: Laban E. Hiland, Master; Thomas Leary, Michael Fitzgerald, Alexander McKenzie, Robert Christopher, Charles Anson, John Welsh, Patrick Flynn, Thomas Foley. Owned by Maddocks & Co. Valued at \$3,800; insured for \$3,325.

The following persons were lost overboard from the Georges fleet during the year:—

JOHN TUCKER was lost overboard from schooner J. J. Burns, February 11th.

GEORGE RACKHAM was lost overboard from Schooner Rebecca Bartlett, Feb. 25th.

WILLIAM MCGUIRE was lost overboard from schooner William H. Thurston, March 24th.

JAMES HUNT was lost overboard from schooner Amos Cutter, April 2d.

JOHN J. COLLINS was lost overboard from schooner George O. Hovey, April 2d.

JAMES MANNING was lost overboard from schooner Adelia Hartwell, April 2d.

Schooner EXCHANGE, lost at Cow Bay, in August, while on a trip to the Western Bank. Crew saved. Owned by Walen & Allen. Valued at \$1,300; insured with outfit for \$1,138.

Schooner LIZZIE A. TARR, lost off Manituau, on the Labrador shore, October 15th. Crew saved. Owned by William C. Wonson. Valued at \$7,300; insured with outfit for \$6,800.

Schooner ELSINEUR, engaged in mackerel fishing in the Bay of St. Lawrence, went ashore at Argyle, in September, but was got off and afterwards burned on her passage home. Owned by Solomon Poole. Crew saved. Valued at \$1,700; insured for \$1,487.

Schooner RIVER QUEEN was lost with twelve men, while returning from a Greenland halibut trip, viz.: George Robinson, Master; Albert P. Gove, John Everson, Mark Shears, James Leavenson, Charles Brien, William McKenzie, and five others shipped at Halifax, names unknown. Owned by Rowe & Jordan. Valued at \$7,900; insured for \$6,912.

Schooner SAMUEL E. SAWYER was lost April 21st, while on a herring voyage to the Magdalene Islands. Crew saved. Owned by Capt. James Cushing. Valued at \$6,760; insured for \$5,915.

Schooner OCEAN BRIDE, lost off Brace's Cove, Feb. 8th. Crew saved. Owned by John and Jesse McCloud. Valued at \$1,800; insured for \$1,500.

Boat ONWARD, of Lanesville, was burned on a shore fishing trip. Crew saved. Valued at \$200; uninsured.

Schooner ARAB, in the freighting business, was lost off Cape Cod, in April. Crew saved. Owned by Dodd, Tarr & Co. Valued at \$700; insured for \$550, with an additional insurance of \$1,000, on cargo.

Schooner TWO-FORTY, lost in January, while on her homeward passage from the Grand Banks. Crew saved. Owned by Walen & Allen. Valued at \$5,000; insured for \$4,200.

Schooner EDITH WONSON, lost on Western Bank, January 9th, with twelve men, viz.: Thomas Harvey, Master; Charles Forbes, Henry Walton, John F. Bennett, Robert Fardy, Llewellyn Walsh,

Henry Leslie, James Ham, Frederic Newell, John Smith, William Atkins, William Hilerdsch. Owned by William C. Wonson. Valued at \$8,500; insured with outfit for \$7,763.

The following persons were lost in the Bank fisheries, most of them while visiting their trawls:

JOHN PETERSON was lost overboard from schooner Tivano, in January; CAPT. JOHN POWERS, from the Yo Semite, in January; CAPT. WM. JEFFREY and JOHN PHALEN, from the Henry A. Johnson, in January; STEPHEN NELSON and CHARLES ANDERSON, from the Mary Carlisle, March 25th, and LAERS PETERSON from the same vessel in November; GEORGE SEARLE and NICHOLAS WILSON, from the B. F. Somes, in May; MICHAEL KEY and THOMAS MCKAY, from the M. L. Wetherell, in May; FINLEY MCFADDEN, from the same in November; HENRY BEATON and JOHN STEWART, from the Laura A. Burnham, in May; REUBEN MAYO, from the Alaska, in May; THOMAS HAMILTON, from the George H. Pierson, Dec. 5th.

PATRICK MCGINNIS and JASPER QUINN in the Bay of St. Lawrence, from schooner Glenwood, in July.

EDDIE WHARF, son of Capt. Eliphalet Wharf, was lost from schooner Sarah C. Wharf, in the Bay of St. Lawrence, in September.

JOSEPH PLAIMENTA, was lost from schooner E. L. Rowe, off Dennisport, June 5th.

JOHN LOGUE was drowned in the cabin of the Angie S. Friend, which was capsized in Boston Harbor, Feb. 5th. The vessel was afterwards raised and repaired.

1872.

Sixty-three lives and twelve vessels were lost this year, as follows: four vessels in the Bank fishery, seven in the shore, and one Georgsman.

Schooner MESSENGER was lost on Western Bank, in January, with twelve men, viz.: Timothy Osier, Master; Thomas W. Gray, Peter Singer, John Flaherty, George Robinson, Levi Clark, William L. King, William C. Goodenow, Henry G. Blanchard, Albion P. Blake, Thomas Clark, Albert Hall. Owned by J. F. Wonson & Co. Valued at \$7,000; insured for \$6,625.

Schooner SOUTHERN CROSS, engaged in the Grand Bank fishery, lost in the ice off Newfoundland, March 12th. Crew saved. Owned by Rowe & Jordan. Valued at \$7,000; insured for \$6,125.

Schooner FRANKLIN SNOW, lost on Grand Banks, with twelve men, in March, viz.: Charles P. Jewett, Master; Benjamin S. Jewett (his brother), Walter G. Jewett (their cousin) Horace P.

Moore, Moses J. Moore, all of Westport, Me.; William Bushy, Alfred Lawson, Henry Olsen, George Jewers, Henry Lambert, Peter Conway, James G. Anderson. Owned by George Steele. Valued at \$6,700; insured for \$5,926.

Schooner **WHITE EAGLE**, lost on Grand Banks, in April, with twelve men, viz.: Nelson Goodwin, Master; Warren Goodwin and James Goodwin (brothers to the master), Samuel Goodwin and Asa Goodwin (brothers), Jedediah Goodwin, Simeon Goodwin, David Hines, all of Argyle, N. S.; Thomas Parsons, Leander M. Cook, of Rockport; James D. Burnham, Joseph Bowden. Owned by Rowe & Jordan. Valued at \$8,000; insured for \$7,125.

The following persons were also lost in the Bank fisheries, the greater portion while visiting their trawls:

JAMES DOWNY and **RICHARD KELLY**, of Guysboro', N. S., were lost from schooner **Mary Low**, on Western Bank, in March.

WILLIAM J. MCKAY, of this town, and **PATRICK O'BRIEN**, of Newfoundland, from the **George O. Hovey**, March 12th.

STEPHEN MCCOBB, of Friendship, Me., and **PIERCE WOTTON**, of this town, on Western Bank, April 3d, from the **Ocean Belle**.

THOMAS MCGOWAN, of Boston, and **WILLIAM CUICK**, of La Have, N. S., on Grand Banks, March 21st, from the **John Smith**.

GEORGE T. SANFORD, of Deer Isle, Me., and **ALEX. McDONALD**, of Prince Edward Island, on Grand Banks, April 11th, from the **M. L. Wetherell**.

OLIVER JOHNSON, of this town, of the **Mary Carlisle**, from a dory in Belle Harbor, N. F., June 3d.

WILLIAM SAFFORD, of St. John's, N. B., from the **William Parsons**, 2d, on St. Peter's Bank, July 27th.

REUBEN PIERCE, of Boothbay, Me., from the **Annie Linwood**, on Western Bank, December 13th.

Schooner **MATCHLESS**, lost on Georges, in March, with ten men, viz.: Abraham Gilware, Master; David Goodro, John White, John Laseur, Frank Smith, Thomas Sampson, Alphonso Edwards, Thomas Anderson, Jaffrey White, James Tarr. Owned by Sidney Friend & Bro. Valued at \$7,200; insured for \$6,350.

Schooner **HERMAN E. POOL** broke from her moorings and drifted out of the harbor, and was lost in a violent snow-storm, Feb. 3d. Owned by Capt. Samuel G. Pool and Joseph Friend. Valued at \$5,700; insured for \$4,988.

Schooner **JOSEPHINE** sprang a leak and sank off Portland, May

25th. Crew saved. Owned by Peter Hanson. Valued at \$2,000; insured for \$1,500.

Schooner **GEORGE W. CLIFFORD**, sunk off Harpswell, Me., July 2d. Crew saved. Owned by Jeremiah R. Cook. Valued at \$1,200; insured for \$1,000.

Schooner **TIVANO**, lost on Green Island Ledge, off Portland, July 17th. Crew saved. Owned by John F. Wonson & Co. Valued at \$1,500; insured for \$1,394.

Schooner **SIGNAL**, run down and sunk off Matinicus, Aug. 30th. Crew saved. Owned by George Brown & Co. Valued at \$900; insured for \$813.

Schooner **WILLIAM WALWORTH**, lost on 'Squam Bar, October 23d. Crew saved. Owned by the master, Capt. Owen Jones, and William Parsons, 2d & Co. Valued at \$5,500; insured for \$4,875.

Schooner **ADA L. HARRIS**, lost on Nantucket Shoals, November 1st. Crew saved. Owned by Capt. John Blatchford. Valued at \$2,700; insured for \$2,400.

CALEB COOPS, of this town, was lost on Georges, from the *Edward Everett*, March 2d.

JAMES MCINTOSH, of this town, and **CHARLES WELLS**, of Manchester, were lost from the *Oceanus*, in the shore winter fishery, March 15th.

JAMES S. HUTCHINS, of Edgecomb, Me., lost from the *General Grant*, on the homeward passage from Newfoundland, January 17th.

1873, TO JULY 1.

Up to the above date, comprising the first six months of the year, there have been twelve vessels and forty-one lives lost. Six vessels were lost in the shore fishery, two in the Newfoundland herring business, one in the *Grand Manan*, one *Western Banker*, one *Georgesman*, and one in the fruiting business.

Schooner **ADDISON GILBERT**, Capt. Jameson, engaged in the shore winter fishery, was run into while on her way out of Portsmouth Harbor, January 6th, by sloop *M. M. Hamilton*, of Portland, and sunk. The crew had barely time to get on board the sloop, saving only what they had on. The vessel was a total loss. Owned by *David Low & Co.* Valued at \$2,600; insured for \$2,275.

Schooner **FRANKLIN A.**, Capt. David Melanson, was run down by schooner *E. B. Phillips*, on the evening of January 17th, off Falkland Island, Long Island Sound. The *Phillips* struck the *Franklin A.* nearly amidships, carrying away both masts, and cutting through

the hull, and she sank almost immediately. Capt. Melanson, and the mate, Roderick Dyer, were knocked overboard by the shock of the colliding vessels, and were in the water some time before they were rescued, narrowly escaping a watery grave. Owned by John F. Wonsen & Co., and the captain. Valued at \$6,000; insured for \$5,500.

Schooner **GEORGE STEELE**, in the fruiting business, was lost in the gale of January 13th, sixty miles from Baracoa. Crew saved. Owned by George Steele. Valued at \$7,300; insured for \$6,300.

Schooner **MARY T. YOUNG**, in the shore winter fishery, went ashore February 1st, three miles below Race Point, and became a total loss. Crew saved. Valued at \$1,200; insured for \$1,000.

Schooner **THORWALDSEN** left Newfoundland for Gloucester, Feb. 18th, with a cargo of frozen herring, and never reached port. Had a crew of seven men, as follows: George W. Phillips, Master; William S. Callahan, mate; John Gorratt, Ronald McEachren, John Crittenden, Donald McDonald, William Smith. Owned by Capt. James R. Hamilton and others. Valued at \$7,800; insured for \$6,825.

Boat **GARIBALDI** was lost in Ipswich Bay, March 11th. Crew saved. Owned by George W. Morgan and Levi Lane, of Lanesville. Valued at \$300; no insurance.

Schooner **J. H. ORNE** was lost on Georges, in March. Crew of eleven men, viz.: Matthew A. Nickerson, Master; Frank Rose, John Berry, Frank M. Silva, Manuel Rogers, John Williams, Manuel Roberts, E. F. Terry, Manuel T. Morris, Joseph Morris, Manuel Veader. Owned by Samuel Lane & Brother. Valued at \$6,500; insured for \$5,500.

Boat **O'CONNELL**, engaged in the shore fishery, was lost near the Powder Hole, Cape Cod, May 14th. Crew saved. Owned and commanded by Capt. Thomas Sullivan. Valued at \$800; no insurance.

Schooner **WILLIAM J. DALE** sailed for the Bay of Islands, Newfoundland, in November, and started for home, but never reached port. Had a crew of nine men, viz.: Murdock McNeil, Master; Peter Flynn, James Scott, John Conway, Adalbert Gilley, James Cook, James Lawler, and two men, names unknown. Valued at \$5,800, on which is claimed an insurance of \$5,500.

Schooner **LAURA A. BURNHAM**, in the Western Bank fishery, was lost on Sable Island, May 27th. Crew saved. Owned by James Mansfield & Son. Valued with her outfit at \$7,500; insured for \$6,488.

Schooner **BELVIDERE**, shore mackercling, lost on Benton's reef

near Newport, R. I., June 4th. Crew saved. Owned by Daniel Sayward. Valued with outfit at \$2,300; insured for \$2,075.

Schooner **EMPIRE STATE**, Capt. Stephen Smith, in the shore mackerel fishery, went ashore at Cape Porpoise, June 30th, and became a total loss. Crew saved. Owned by the master, and others. Valued with her outfit at \$4,000; insured for \$3,563.

The following persons were lost in the Bank fisheries, the greater portion of them meeting their death while visiting their trawls:

ANTHONY AMROE was lost from schooner **Elisha Crowell**, on Western Bank, January 22d; **MICHAEL CARLTON**, from the **Aaron Burnham**, 2d, March 22d, while on the passage to Grand Banks; **ARCHIBALD BEATON** and **BENJ. CARPENTER**, from the **Sarah P. Ayer**, March 14th; **LEVERETT LELAND** and **CHARLES O. DALE**, from the **Tragabigzanda**, March 24th; **EDWARD WHITE**, from the **Hattie S. Clark**, May 18th; **PATRICK MURPHY** and **CHARLES MCPHERSON**, from the **Ruth Groves**, May 2d; **WM. W. COLBY** and **CHARLES M. GREENLEAF**, from the **Peter D. Smith**, June 11th.

THOMAS OLEVRSON, one of the crew of the **Esther Ward**, died very suddenly, of heart complaint, on **Georges**, June 13th. He was baiting his hook at the time, when he dropped on deck and almost immediately expired.

JAMES FORAN, of the **Water Spirit**, was drowned at **Port Dover**, N. S., May 28th, by the capsizing of a boat.

CAPT. DUNCAN GRANT, of the **Finance**, was lost on **Georges**, February 18th.

The foregoing losses show an aggregate of 1265 lives and 280 vessels lost during the past 42 1-2 years. Of this number, 93 vessels and 708 lives were lost in the **Georges** fishery; 19 vessels and 209 lives in the **Grand and Western Bank** fisheries; 56 vessels and 107 lives in the **shore cod and mackerel** fisheries; 48 vessels and 93 lives in the **Bay of St. Lawrence mackerel** fishery; 19 vessels and 68 lives in the **Newfoundland herring** fishery; 34 vessels and 65 lives in the **freighting business**; 2 vessels in the **Grand Manan herring** fishery; 1 vessel and 12 lives in the **Greenland halibut** fishery; 6 vessels burnt by pirate **Tacony**; 1 pilot boat lost in the harbor. Of the 280 vessels lost, the crews of 147 (a little more than half) were saved. The loss of life and property on **Georges** is upwards of one half the entire loss. The total value of the vessels lost is \$1,145,500, on which there was an insurance of \$839,525, mostly in the local offices.

In addition to the above are the partial losses, losses of cables, anchors, etc., which cannot be reckoned less than \$150,000, making the total loss, \$1,295,500.

As no record of the number of widows and orphans made by these losses was kept previous to 1858, it is impossible to get at the correct number, but taking an average of the past twelve years, it would give ten widows and twenty fatherless children yearly, or a total of 422 widows and 844 children. The losses average 28 lives and 6 vessels yearly.

ERRATA. — In the heading of this chapter, the number of lives lost is stated 1251 — number of vessels, 231. After the first pages were printed, additional losses of life were ascertained, which increased the total number to 1265, as shown by the table on the next page. One schooner, not owned here, has also been taken from the list, making the correct number of vessels lost, 230, as per table.

TABLE OF RECAPITULATION.

Year.	Men.	Vessels.	Valuation.	Insurance.
1830	7	3	\$5,600	\$3,100
1832		1	1,000	
1833		1	1,000	
1834	4	1	1,500	
1836		1	1,000	
1837	24	5	10,100	5,300
1838	4	4	7,100	3,000
1839	4	2	3,800	3,150
1840	6	2	3,800	1,400
1841	8	2	2,725	150
1842		3	2,000	150
1843	10	3	6,000	2,000
1844	7	3	4,800	1,500
1845	7	4	4,500	2,350
1846	15	3	4,900	3,600
1847		3	6,200	4,450
1849	10	2	3,500	2,200
1850	39	4	12,500	10,300
1851	32	9	17,300	14,800
1852	32	13	41,800	36,700
1853		3	10,000	8,800
1854	26	4	14,600	12,650
1855	21	7	20,900	16,100
1856	2	6	14,400	11,475
1857	9	5	11,500	7,750
1858	42	7	18,700	8,537
1859	36	6	21,900	16,475
1860	73	7	26,350	20,494
1861	44	15	54,250	43,880
1862	162	19	66,500	53,225
1863	6	9	38,000	8,300
1864	85	13	79,900	50,525
1865	11	8	40,300	32,400
1866	26	15	114,250	82,095
1867	66	11	82,675	59,069
1868	40	4	35,000	28,150
1869	66	16	83,450	54,137
1870	97	13	75,200	59,907
1871	140	19	89,000	77,259
1872	63	12	55,400	49,121
1873	41	12	52,100	45,026
Total,	1,265	280	\$1,145,500	\$839,525

On Georges in the Terrible Gale of February 24th, 1862. The experience of one who was there for the first and the last time.

[Among the crew of one of the Georgesmen which escaped the terrible perils of the gale of February 24th, 1862, was a young man from one of our inland cities, who had made several trips mackereling, in the summer months, where he had heard the "veterans" talk of the perils of the Georges fishery. These stories, told with the gusto of first-class yarn spinners, kindled within him a strong desire to go on one of these trips, which he did, and as it happened, he got an experience which will last him a life-time. We gleaned from him the following narrative of that terrible event, which we publish almost verbatim.]

The winter of 1862 found me out of employment, and I determined to gratify my long pent-up inclination of going to Georges. It was early in February. The weather had been extremely mild for the season, and there were busy times at the wharves in Gloucester, fitting away the vessels, some of which had already sailed, and many were nearly ready.

Upon going to the fitting-out store of Messrs. —, I was cordially received. They were surprised to learn that I wanted to go to Georges, and endeavored to dissuade me from my purpose; but all of no avail, and as they had a vessel which would be ready to sail in a day or two, told me I could have a chance in her. Procuring the necessary additions to my outfit, I entered heartily into the work of getting our craft in readiness. The ice-house in the hold was filled with the crystal blocks, the cable and anchors overhauled, gurry-pens placed in position, bate of fresh herring packed in the ice, provisions taken care of, and the vessel put in a taut and strong condition.

On the morning of February 14th, we started, and, in a glorious run of twenty-four hours, sighted the fleet on the Banks — nearly a hundred sail, riding at their anchors, half a mile, and in some instances, a mile apart. It was a pretty sight, and the fine, clear weather, rendered it highly enjoyable. We could distinctly see the men at

the rail pulling in fish, rapidly as hands and arms could move. Soon our position was selected, anchor down, and the crew busy getting ready to try their luck.

The cold, to one of my constitution, was intense, and pierced into the very marrow of my bones, although thickly clothed. But this deep sea fishing was so exciting that I stood at the rail sometimes a full hour, without changing my position, pulling in the big codfish, and occasionally a halibut. It was a moment of supreme gratification when I hauled in my first fish of the latter species, and saw him floating alongside with the hook securely fastened in his mouth. One of the crew helped me to gaff him over the rail, and I felt myself master of the situation. Our steward, a Portuguese, was a clever fellow, and, in honor of my first halibut, brought me a mugful of hot coffee, and a pancake with plums in it, called by the fishermen a "joe-flogger." Pulling in these big fish from so many fathoms down, against a strong tide, was work I was not accustomed to, and glad enough was I, after partaking of a hearty supper, to turn into my bunk, and be lulled to sleep by the tossing of the billows.

The crew were a jolly set, and for several days the weather was fine, the fish abundant, and the fun immense. We had changed our berth twice, each time drawing nearer to the body of the fleet, and each time found the fish more plentiful. I began to think that the Georges fishery, after all, was not so bad as it had been represented, although it used to fret me exceedingly to see so many of the vessels lying so near together, knowing full well that, in case of a sudden storm and they dragged their anchors, chafed off their cables and went adrift, collision would be inevitable. But there being no apparent danger, I dismissed the thought in keeping busy.

We now had more than half a fare, and the skipper remarked, one afternoon, as he lit his pipe:—

"Boys, if our luck holds on, by another week we'll think of putting our craft on the homeward track."

This was cheering, and we finished up the day with a good catch. At sundown, there was quite a sudden change in the weather. The clouds massed, and the rising wind made the sea rough. All signs indicated an approaching storm. It was a wild-looking night; the vessels tossed up and down like cockle-shells. At eight o'clock the skipper began to get uneasy. He kept looking up at the sky, and then glanced along the horizon. Ben, my chum, whispered to me:—

"Depend on it, we're going to have a tough one out of this, and I shouldn't wonder if you had a chance to see more o' Georges than

you'll ever want to see ag'in. I've been with the old man half-a-dozen years, and when I see him walkin' and lookin' that way, I make up my mind that som'thin's goin' to happen."

By this time, the sky had grown inky-black, the wind had veered to the northeast, and was increasing in violence. It began to snow — moderately at first, then more fiercely fell the white flakes. The skipper went forward and examined the cable, then gave orders to pay out some ten fathoms or more, which was done. Our lights in the rigging had been lit since sundown, and all about us were the lights of the fleet, looking so prettily, as they danced up and down with the motion of the vessel. The skipper, upon being asked what he thought, replied: —

"We'll have a tough time 'tween now and morning, and the watch must keep a sharp look-out for drifting vessels. If the rest of you want to take a nap, do it now, as there won't be much sleeping a couple of hours from now."

All hands except the watch, went below at about half-past eight o'clock. I could not remain there, but kept going on deck. It was something new and terrible to me, and as I was well wrapped, I did not suffer much from the wet and cold. But I did feel anxious, and I would have given all I possessed, were I safely at home. But wishing was of no avail — here I was, and I must take my chance with the rest. We can die but once, thought I, and I began to have serious thoughts. Not that I was afraid of death — no, that was not the feeling — but there was *one* at home whom I wanted to see, and, holding her hand in mine, I should have been better reconciled. But perhaps it is as well not to tell all my thoughts at that fearful time. We have singular fancies in hours of danger.

It was now about eleven o'clock. The wind had risen fearfully, the snow came down spitefully, and the sea rose higher than I had ever supposed it possible for it to rise, and was covered with snowy caps of foam. The sensation of being tossed up and down so violently, together with the darkness and the storm, were not pleasing, and it seemed to me, that every plunge the vessel made would be her last.

As midnight drew near the gale increased fearfully. I had never experienced anything so terrific before, and the stories which were told on board the mackerel-catcher now assumed a more truthful aspect. How the winds shrieked through the cordage, and the waves leaped, seemingly impatient to add us to the many victims which have been swallowed up on this treacherous spot! My shipmates

showed no signs of fear ; they were now all on deck, and the skipper was keeping a sharp lookout. Ben was also on the alert, and had placed a hatchet near the windlass, to be in readiness should it be deemed necessary to cut our cable. As he came near where I was standing, he very coolly remarked "that if we did not break adrift ourselves, or some other vessel didn't run into us, he thought we might ride it out." To me it seemed an utter impossibility for any vessel to stand such a gale, but I said nothing. The great danger to be apprehended was from collision, as in case that either ourselves or some other of the fleet lost their anchor or parted their cable, away they would go with fearful speed ; then if they struck another craft, good-bye to both of them — there was not the slightest hope for either.

• The darkness was impenetrable, and a more dismal night I never passed. How I longed for morning to dawn. Once in a while the storm would lull for a little time, and the snow did not fall so thickly ; then we could see some of the lights of the fleet ; but this was not often. We knew the situation ere the storm came on, but now we must wait till daylight. The hours dragged heavily along — anxious hours they were. They are indelibly impressed on my memory, and will not be effaced until death claims me. During the night, a large vessel passed quite near us. We could see her lights, also her spars and sails, as she sped swiftly along on the wings of the storm. Glad enough were we, to have her pass us, and I trembled at the thought of our fate, had she struck our little craft. When I learned of the terrible disaster of the gale, I came to the conclusion that this vessel was the cause of some portion of it.

At length the east began to lighten ; morning was coming. What a relief it was when the day dawned ! Our danger was not over, for the gale still continued, but there was a comfort which the light brought, that did me good. The fearful darkness of the night, and that terrible uncertainty was relieved, as we could now see our position, and could now the better guard against the threatening dangers. Our vigilance was not relaxed. We had something to eat, and then kept up our watching, for the storm still continued its fury. Somewhere about nine o'clock, the skipper sang out, "There's a vessel adrift right ahead of us ! stand by with your hatchet, but don't cut till you hear the word !"

Ben was there at his post. He could be trusted at such a time, and would await orders — this all on board knew full well. All eyes were

now bent on the drifting craft. On she came! It was a fearful moment to me, and it was evident that the men — some of whom had followed Georges fishing for ten seasons, thought there was danger now — but they were not afraid. There they stood, determined to do their best for their lives. I knew I should share the same fate with them, and there was some consolation even in this. The drifting vessel was coming directly for us; a moment more, and the signal to cut must be given! With the swiftness of a gull she passed by, so near that I could have leaped aboard, just clearing us, and we were saved from that danger, thank God! The hopeless, terror-stricken faces of the crew we saw but a moment, as they went on to certain death. We watched the doomed craft, as she sped on her course. She struck one of the fleet, a short distance astern, and we saw the waters close over both vessels, almost instantly, and as we gazed, they both disappeared. Then we knew that two vessels of the fleet would never again return to port.

We had little time to think of others, as we began to drag our anchors, and yaw about too much for safety. This was dangerous in the extreme, for if the anchors did not take hold again, we must cut the cables, and, once adrift, we knew our fate. Fortunately, the anchors found holding ground, and we rode again in safety.

All through the day we watched. Twice was our safety endangered by vessels adrift, but they went clear. We were saved! At sundown the gale moderated, but we knew that many a poor fellow who had left Gloucester full of hope, would never more return; that many a wife would never again see her husband, and mothers and brothers and sisters would have cause to remember the terrible gale which had swept so fearfully over the Georges.

I was on nettles all next day, as I thought the skipper would immediately start for home. But judge of my surprise to see the men coolly get their lines in readiness for fishing, just as though there had been no storm, no danger or peril but a few hours ago. This was indeed intensely practical. They smoked and talked of getting a fare with so much coolness, that it really seemed terrible to me. "Supposing we should catch another gale — what then?" I received for a reply, that "they had come to get a trip of fish; I, to see how I liked Georges." We fished through the week, had good luck, and it was a happy moment when the skipper said, "Get the anchor; we'll turn her nose homeward." Eastern Point Light, when first sighted, looked cheering and friendly. As we passed in by the Fort, there was a crowd of people, and as they saw our vessel's name, there

was rejoicing. Several came on board asking if we had seen such a vessel since the gale. The town was in commotion. Such anxiety I hope never again to witness.

When the vessel came alongside the wharf, I put my luggage out, and concluded not to repeat the experiment of making a trip to Georges in midwinter. When I got home, they told me I had grown much older in the few weeks of my absence. What I experienced during that night and day of storm was enough to make any one, especially a green hand, grow old. I have no wish to try it again. If the reader wishes a similar experience, perhaps it would be well for him to take a trip, but I advise all such to make their wills ere they leave port.

The Mackerel Fishery — Giving an Account of its Commencement and Progress, with Statistics of the Catch for the past Thirteen Years.

This branch of the fisheries, which has now assumed such magnitude, has quite an interesting history, which we have gleaned from parties who were directly interested, and know whereof they affirm.

It was first prosecuted by the small boats, about the year 1800. The mackerel were caught mostly on the inner Bank, and carried fresh to Boston market through the summer. Only the largest were saved, and these were sold for five or six cents apiece, and sometimes as high as ten cents. Each boat was ballasted with pebbles; on this were placed hogshead tubs, each having a hole with a plug in it. These tubs were filled with salt water, and as soon as the mackerel were dressed, they were put into the tubs, and the water changed every hour by drawing the plugs and allowing it to run off, until sufficient were caught to start for market, the changing of the water continuing, until the boat arrived above the Castle, where it is said the water loses its coolness. The great object after catching the mackerel was to get them to market before daylight, in order to have the cool of the morning to sell them in. If a boat with three men and two boys stocked fifty dollars a week, it was considered satisfactory.

Trailing was one of the means used to catch mackerel in the olden time, and one of our old fishermen informs us that when a lad, he distinctly remembers of being out in Boston Bay, one day, in a boat with his father, when he saw a vessel which looked very strangely to his young eyes, and, boy-like, he asked his father what sort of craft it was.

"That's a trailer, my boy, and we'll speak with him," was the reply.

They sailed quite near, and they observed that the vessel had outriggers of long poles on each side, commencing forward at about seventeen feet, and tapering off to five feet aft. At the ends, lines were fastened, about twenty fathoms long, with a sinker of four pounds, and hook below. To each of these lines were attached a bridle, reaching to the side of the vessel, where the fishermen stood to feel the bites. This particular vessel was from Hingham, and had been out four weeks without receiving even a bite, and the skipper said he was going to give it up and go home.

In 1812 a large school of Spanish mackerel visited this Bay, and so plenty and numerous were they, that they would bite readily at the bare hook, and seize upon small bits of line hanging from the vessel. Standing-room boats were then mostly in use, of from fifteen to twenty tons. These rooms held from fifteen to twenty barrels, and the crews would catch them full in a few hours. Mr. Timothy Rogers, at Rowe's Bank, bought most of these mackerel, fresh, after being dressed, at two cents per pound, salting them in his buildings, and the business, which lasted two months, was a lively one. These mackerel did not continue on this coast but a few years, and have now almost entirely disappeared. There were a few caught, with the other mackerel, as late as 1825, since which time it is very rare to see one during the entire season.

The present mode of catching mackerel by drifting and tolling with bait, did not come into general use until after 1812. The gear for catching, previous to that, was a white hempen bob line, as it was called, and the style of fishing was termed "bobbing" mackerel. These lines were some seven fathoms in length, with a leaden sinker two inches long, and shaped like a thin pea-pod. At one end was a ganging about a foot long, for the hook. Every few minutes off would go the hook, and extra hooks were always in readiness to replace those lost. This mode continued until the year 1816, when Abraham Lurvey, of Pigeon Cove, discovered a method of running lead around the hooks, and which were afterward called jigs. This

he kept secret for many months. The hooks then in use were nearly as large as the haddock hooks of to-day. The small lines and fly lines, did not come into use until about 1823. About this time the gaff was introduced, and was abandoned after being used some ten years.

In the commencement of the mackerel fishery, the crews, with some few exceptions, continued through the entire season. But one settlement was made, the men, who were classed as sharesman, all sharing equal, the mackerel being put together in common stock.

Bait mills were not used until the year 1820, or thereabouts. Previous to this, the bait was ground up by the fishermen under the heels of their heavy boots; subsequently it was pounded with mallets, then came the chopping on a block with hatchets, which was considered quite an improvement, and was done during the watch at night. The bait mill, however, proved *the* thing, and came into general use soon after its introduction.

In the summer of 1818, Capt. Simeon Burnham made a trip in the schooner *President*, to Cashe's, for the purpose of catching mackerel to salt. This, so far as we can learn, was the first trip for the purpose of catching mackerel to salt, ever made from this port; consequently to Capt. Burnham belongs the honor of being the pioneer in this branch of the fisheries. It was considered quite an important event at the time, so much so that Capt. Benjamin Tarr was hired to go as navigator. Seventy barrels were caught on this trip, and they were packed in Boston. Two years after, this branch began to increase, and in 1821, several other jiggers were added to the fleet. They carried six hands and were absent about a week. The jiggers were stowed with butts and wash-barrels, and no mackerel were headed up on board, until about 1820. In 1821, Samuel Wonson, Elisha M. Oakes, Robert Marston, Simeon Burnham, Samuel Brown, Nathaniel Blatchford, John Wonson, George Wonson, James Merchant, Epes Merchant, were the skippers of the jiggers, which comprised the chief part of the mackerel fleet. These jiggers ranged in tonnage from twenty-seven to forty-five tons. Prior to 1818, there were but few mackerel packed in Gloucester, that part of the business being mostly done in Boston. Moses Gilbert was the only inspector in town until 1828, and his accommodations were quite limited. At this date several other inspectors were appointed, and the mackerel fishery began to assume quite a business importance.

In the year 1822, Capt. William Marshall caught a few mackerel on Georges, which were the first, so far as we can ascertain, ever caught

there by a Cape Ann skipper. Mackerel have been caught there every year since, more or less, and rank in quality among the best.

The first trip to the Bay of St. Lawrence for mackerel, from this port, was made in 1830, by Capt. Charles P. Wood, in the *Mariner*. She was absent but four weeks, and came in full of large fat mackerel. This created quite an excitement among the fishermen, and the next season the Bay fishing commenced in good earnest. The vessels at first made but one trip, and finished up their season's work on this shore. Two hundred and fifty barrels was considered a good trip for a vessel of forty or fifty tons. As soon as the business was found to be profitable, vessels of a larger class were added to the fleet, and it has gradually increased from year to year, until the present time.

The seasons of 1825 and 1831 were the greatest known for mackerel, up to this date. Vessels not over fifty tons, landed upwards of thirteen hundred barrels, averaging through the fleet about eight hundred. Mackerel continued in Boston Bay, near the land, in the year 1825, until the fourth day of December, the crew of schooner Frances Elizabeth having caught twelve wash-barrels on that day. The catch was not so large as in '31, to each vessel, but the aggregate was much larger, and the mackerel of a better quality. These fish were so plenty that the fishermen devoted the day to catching, and the greater portion of the night to landing and dressing, and were completely worn out with their arduous labors. One morning during the first week in December, while the fleet were some ten miles off Eastern Point, the mackerel failed to come to the surface, after the usual throwing of bait. This was a pretty sure sign that they had gone, and the fishermen, whose sore hands and tired bodies bore evidence of the work they had accomplished in mackerel catching, were heartily glad, that at last the fish had taken themselves off, and many of the fleet hoisted their flags as a token of their rejoicing over the event of the mackerels' departure. The price of mackerel this year was \$5.50 for 1's; \$3.50 for 2's; \$2.50 for 3's, and out of this, \$1.25 was paid for packing.

From the dozen jiggers which composed the greater portion of the mackerel fleet of 1821, we have to-day, fifty-two years later, a fleet of some two hundred clipper schooners, perfect in all their appointments, engaged in this branch of the fisheries. The hook and line has given place, to a great extent, to seines, and the rapidity which a seiner's crew will surround a school and make a haul forms a scene of the most intense excitement. It oftentimes happens that they are unable

to take care of their haul, and in order to make the most of the catch, some other vessel is signalized, and in consideration of giving a certain percentage of what they may get from the nets, are allowed to help themselves.

Mackerel catching by the hook is lively sport. The school is seen a short distance ahead, bait is thrown to toll them alongside, then over go the lines, and hands and arms are busy in pulling them in and slatting them off—their jaws being so tender that it is not necessary to unfasten the hook. A peculiar sort of a jerk, soon acquired, does this, and then up with another, and so on, as long as the school can be kept alongside. Then follows the dressing, and by the time this is accomplished, one is tired enough to turn in and enjoy a good solid dose of “tired nature’s sweet restorer, balmy sleep.”

Below is given the statistics of the catch of mackerel from the port of Gloucester for the past thirteen years:

1860.—37,407 1-2 No. 1’s; 42,659 7-8 No. 2’s; 17,108 No. 3’s; 816 5-8 No. 4’s; making a total of 97,992 barrels, for the year.

1861.—37,995 3-8 No. 1’s; 45,533 1-2 No. 2’s; 6,707 1-4 No. 5’s; 279 3-4 No. 4’s; making a total of 90,515 7-8 barrels.

1862.—53,569 7-8 No. 1’s; 33,115 3-8 No. 2’s; 29,364 3-8 No. 3’s; 188 1-4 No. 4’s; making a total of 116,237 7-8 barrels.

1863.—54,855 5-8 No. 1’s; 71,983 5-8 No. 2’s; 26,921 1-4 No. 3’s; 132 No. 4’s; making a total of 153,892 1-2 barrels.

1864.—68,061 1-2 No. 1’s; 73,002 No. 2’s; 13,866 3-4 No. 3’s; 8 1-2 No. 4’s; making a total of 154,938 3-8 barrels.

1865.—99,174 3-8 No. 1’s; 28,378 1-2 No. 2’s; 13,995 1-2 No. 3’s; 28 No. 4’s; making a total of 141,575 3-4 barrels.

1866.—86,245 No. 1’s; 13,630 7-8 No. 2’s; 12,978 No. 3’s; 2 1-2 No. 4’s; making a total of 112,856 3-8 barrels.

1867.—78,062 1-8 No. 1’s; 17,328 1-8 No. 2’s; 8,507 1-8 No. 3’s; 20 1-2 No. 4’s; making a total of 103,917 1-2 barrels.

1868.—50,652 1-2 No. 1’s; 14,209 1-8 No. 2’s; 10,495 1-2 No. 3’s; 160 No. 4’s; making a total of 75,517 1-8 barrels.

1869.—37,123 1-4 No. 1’s; 36,595 1-2 No. 2’s; 18,495 2-3 No. 3’s; making a total of 92,214 5-8 barrels.

1870.—32,089 3-4 No. 1’s; 82,935 3-4 No. 2’s; 14,564 5-8 No. 3’s; 5 No. 4’s; making a total of 129,595 1-4 barrels.

1871.—49,144 5-8 No. 1’s; 36,880 7-8 No. 2’s; 20,592 3-4 No. 3’s; 30 1-2 No. 4’s; making a total of 107,008 3-4 barrels.

1872.—34,013 3-4 No. 1’s; 20,403 No. 2’s; 12,959 No. 3’s; 23 No. 4’s; making a total of 67,395 7-8 barrels.

The Haddock, Pollock, Cod and Halibut Fisheries, giving an account of the First Trips to Georges for Codfish.

An important feature in the Spring fishing, from 1812 to 1817, was the haddock market fishery, which was pursued by the fishing boats. The fish were very abundant in the vicinity of Nahant, and were marketed at Charlestown, where the alewives used for bait could be obtained. These were caught at Medford. The fishery commenced from the first of March and continued until the latter part of April. At this date herring came into the bay, and the Spring codfishing began.

Two-thirds of the boats engaged in the fisheries at this time belonged to Sandy Bay, (now Rockport,) and at the approach of storms would come round into this harbor for shelter, mooring in fleets, fastened together, and in numbers not less than from thirty to forty sail. The skippers and crews would walk home, leaving the boats in the care of a sufficient number to look out for them until the storm was over.

During the month of May, 1821, Capts. Simeon Burnham, in the President, George Friend, in the Columbus, Elisha Brown, in the Independence, and Samuel Brown, in the Volant, sailed for the Bay of St. Lawrence, on the first codfishing voyage to that locality from this port, arriving home on the third of July, with full fares. At that time nothing was known of keeping fish salted in butts through the summer, and the facilities for curing were very poor, consequently they

were badly burned in drying, and did not bring in the New York market hardly two dollars a quintal.

During the month of June, while the four above mentioned were in the Bay of St. Lawrence for codfish, and there being a scarcity of fish in Boston Bay, the other three, viz.: Capts. Samuel Wonsen, of the Three Sisters, Elisha M. Oakes, of the Eight Brothers, and Robert Marston, of the Two Friends, held a consultation, and resolved to run the risk of making a trip to Georges Bank. At this time, (1821,) it was related as a positive fact, that if vessels anchored on Georges, the current would surely run them under. The three vessels sailed, keeping close company. They did not dare to anchor at first, but drifted about and caught a few fish. Finally one of the skippers proposed to run the risk and anchor one of the vessels. This, after some discussion on the part of all hands, was agreed upon, and two extra men were put on board the vessel, as a reinforcement, to assist in getting the anchor quickly in case of any difficulty. All preparations being completed, the anchor was let go, and shortly catches the bottom, then spin goes the cable around the windlass. "Now, check her a little," was the order. Soon it got a good hold, and the vessel started in apparent motion through the water, at about three knots an hour. In the mean time the other two vessels, having taken the current, are fast leaving the anchored craft, and those on board began to get alarmed. The order to heave up anchor was soon given, and after an hour-and-a-half's work this feat was accomplished. Before dark a little breeze sprang up, and the vessels all met again and started for home. Thus ended the first codfishing trip to Georges. These facts were obtained from parties who heard the men tell their story on their arrival home, and may be relied upon as a correct account of the first codfishing trip to Georges by Gloucester vessels; as we fail to find that any other vessels were there previous for this purpose, these three must have the credit of being the pioneers of the business.

From 1812 to 1820 the boats were mostly employed in Spring, in shore fishing, bringing in the fish fresh and dressing them from the boats on the beach. After the Spring fishing, the vessels would go on the coast of Maine, haking. This fishery lasted only a few weeks. In Summer, tending Boston market with mackerel caught in Boston Bay, and in the Fall months in the pollock fishery, catching their bait in seines at Little Good Harbor Beach. This pollock school was a great feature in the fishing business, proving the turning point in the year, and their appearance was looked forward to by the fish-

ermen with considerable anxiety. Their scarcity or abundance decided the purchasing of many articles of comfort in the fisherman's family, and therefore all were interested in having a good pollock catch to wind up with.

Mention has been made that the fish were landed on the beaches to be dressed. This was done from necessity, as there were no wharves then in town, from 1812 to 1820, below William Pearce & Son's wharf, except the remains of Rogers', at Rowe's bank, which had only one side at which a small vessel could lie, and Friend's wharf, a cob of about 50 x 20 feet, the remains of a pier of about 30 x 15 feet, at what is now Deacon Parker's wharf, and a small landing place at Capt. Daniel Sayward's. Beyond, on the Point side, not a landing place of any description was to be seen. In the Harbor Cove, at the Fort, was the Parsons wharf, now Poole's. On the beach there was only Moses Gilbert's. No additional wharves were built on the beach until after 1820. There were the remains of a few cobs left of the early fishermen before the Revolution.

The Georges halibut and cod fishery is of more recent date. It became a permanent business enterprise in the years of 1835 and '36, although vessels commenced going there for halibut some five years previous, in 1830. In the first years of the business the catch was almost entirely of halibut. In a full fare there would not be more than from six to ten quintals of codfish caught. Halibut were so plenty in these early years of the Georges fishery, and for some years after, that trips were got without anchoring the vessel at all. Several vessels went with their chain cable only. These trips of halibut were marketed mostly in Boston. In 1848 this school of halibut culminated. This, also, was the season of the Gloucester Halibut Company. The wonderful catch that Spring greatly overstocked the market; so much so, that under the stated price agreed upon, the company could not continue through the month of April, and had to stop fulfilling their contracts, and wind up. As an evidence of the abundance of these fish this season, we have only to mention that at one time in April nearly half a million pounds of halibut were afloat in this harbor.

About this time codfish were first sold fresh, after being dressed, from the vessel, thus commencing the marketing of all kinds of fish on their arrival in port. Heretofore the fish were landed and salted and put into the shoresman's hands for drying, the allowance to him being one fourteenth part of the net proceeds for his services, to be

deducted from the gross stock, the balance to be divided equally between the owners and crew.

During the month of September, 1819, as the boat Madison was at anchor on Middle Bank, codfishing, a large school of halibut were struck. One hundred and forty were caught, and the vessel immediately got underweigh for Boston, where the halibut were sold for one dollar each. The boat was owned and commanded by Capt. George Wonson. He had with him, as crew, Moses Parsons and Benjamin Robinson.

In the year 1840 the schooner Nautilus, (heretofore spoken of as making the first trip to Georges for halibut,) Frederick Gerring, master, and the schooner Phœnix, William H. Rowe, master, made a trip to Georges, bringing in full fares, and were absent from port but *seventy-two* hours. We fail to learn of any quicker time than this, and think it would be hard to beat it. They had good runs both ways, and began catching halibut as soon as their anchors were down.

The Commerce of Gloucester and the Fisheries.

The commercial interests of Gloucester were at one time quite extensive, and aided greatly in building up and adding to the wealth and prosperity of the place. An antiquarian friend has recently been poring over some old account books, and informs us that he finds, during the time between 1795 and 1810, the names of eight ships and twenty-five brigs, which were then owned and fitted at this port. The West India trade was a source of profit for many years, especially that of the Surinam branch; but now its glory has departed, and there is not a vessel from this port engaged in it. Occasionally a craft is fitted from Boston, in which a Gloucester merchant is interested; but aside from this, the trade has passed into other hands. All the energies of our people are concentrated in the fisheries, and in this branch we beat the world. From present indications there is much to encourage the pursuit, and old Gloucester has tacitly consented to let other ports have the swing of commerce, while she looks sharp after the interests connected with the hook, line and net. New firms are constantly engaging in the business, and if energy, tact and pluck avail anything, there is no fear for the future prosperity of our city.

The Winter Fishery of 1846—A Comparison between Then and Now.

We have succeeded in obtaining a carefully compiled statement of the doings of the winter fishing fleet on Georges, during the season of 1846. There is such a contrast between the business then and now, that we feel assured the details will be of interest to the reader.

The entire fleet which followed winter fishing at that time comprised twenty-nine vessels, as follows:—Schooners Mount Vernon, Clarissa Story, Oregon, Hosea Ballou, Huntress, Columbia, Adeline, Champion, Union, William Wallace, Hannibal, Clarion, Alabama, Concordia, H. A. Holbrook, Canton, Centurion, Constitution, Clinton, Pilot, Richmond, Sarah, Napoleon, Zanoni, William Penn, Emerald, Revenue, Cinderella, and Science. Their average measurement was sixty-two tons; average value \$2,800, and were considered the staunchest vessels belonging to the port. The greater number of these vessels have either been lost or sold from this district. The first ten of the above list left for Georges, January 5th, and averaged five trips each, during the season. Their net stock amounted to \$11,870, and the average net earnings of the vessels were \$151.50. The largest fares brought in, were the first two trips of the William Wallace, Captain James Pattillo, amounting respectively to \$500 and \$610. The arrival of these trips produced quite a sensation, and was the theme of conversation in the stores, on the wharves, and on the street. The William Wallace was the lucky craft, and to her captain and crew was accorded the honor of being "high liners" of the Georgesmen. She stocked \$2,135 for her season's work.

The next eleven vessels of the list did not go so early in the season, but deferred their departure till February 6th. Their stock was \$8,844, and each vessel averaged \$128.36 net earnings. The remaining eight started March 2d, and netted \$110 each. The total stock of the fleet to April 15th, amounted to \$25,106, and the average share of each man was \$62.16.

In those days halibut comprised the principal fish caught on Georges, and the amount of codfish caught was small. Now it is reversed, and codfish are the most plentiful. What a contrast—then and now! Instead of the fleet of twenty-nine, of twenty-seven years ago, there

are now two hundred and fifty sail engaged in the business, whose average valuation is \$6,000. The trips brought in during the best part of the season will average \$700, and stocks of from \$1,500 to \$2,000 are not unfrequent; while the Grand Bank fishery, comparatively a new branch of the business, often discounts from \$3,000 to \$4,000 on a single trip; the result of the energy and pluck of our fishermen.

Previous to 1846 the vessels did not carry ice, but many of them were made into "smacks," so called, which was done by building a water-tight compartment amidships, and boring holes in the bottom to admit the salt water, and thus the halibut were kept alive. The other vessels were obliged to risk the keeping of their fish, and made trips as speedily as possible. The "smacks" did not give much satisfaction, as oftentimes the wells would leak, which made considerable work for the pumps, and such work is not relished by either sailors or fishermen. Then again, when in Boston harbor, the water being so different from that outside, would often have a bad effect on the halibut. In 1848, when the Halibut Company was formed in town, ice was introduced, and "smacks" were no longer necessary.

"Uncle Charlie's" Recollections of the Old Pinkey
and Jigger Fleets. Also, of the Square
Sterners, Half Clipper, and Clipper
Model Fishing Vessels.

Cruising along the wharves one afternoon in June in search of information relative to the crews of some of the lost fishing vessels, we came across Uncle Charlie, the veteran fisherman, who was cosily seated on a barrel smoking his pipe and gazing off in the harbor, watching the vessels coming in and out. Now Uncle Charlie is a character well worth knowing, one of that class of fishermen of whom there are but few left, who has followed the business for threescore years, commencing when a lad of eight, and in his day has taken an active part in all the branches of the business, thoroughly understanding the details of each, and, when in his prime, there were but few men in the fleet who could catch more fish or do a better day's work on board the vessel than he could.

When we first saw the veteran sitting so comfortably on his barrel, the thought of "interviewing" him and thereby obtaining a chapter for our Memorial Book, at once came into mind, and seeing that the old man was in good trim, we took a seat near him, on the capstan of the wharf, and were soon engaged in conversation.

How quickly did the old man's thoughts go backwards over the past, as we put a few leading questions! How vivid was his memory of the old-time fishing fleet, and how his eyes sparkled and how brightly his face shone with pleasure as he related, one after the other, facts and incidents of the "pinkey" and "jigger" fleets, recalling the names of some who then took active part, with hook and line, but who many years ago sailed for the port beyond, leaving their boats and all things pertaining thereto! Uncle Charlie will, one day, not very far ahead, sail over the same waters, reach the same port, and is there any doubt but that he will meet with those gone on before, and be known and recognized as of old? We believe that he will.

This is a digression. We were seated on the capstan of the wharf, the veteran on his barrel, a cool breeze blowing, and perfect harmony abroad that bright summer afternoon.

"Now, Uncle Charlie, we want you to talk to us about old times, tell us about the old fishing fleet, as we are going to get up a book for the fishermen of to-day, who will want to know all about the past, and how the old fishermen used to manage, and what kind of crafts they sailed in."

"Well, let me see. I'll spin off the yarns, and you can put 'em together to suit yourself. I don't know anything about your printing, never had but precious little book larnin', any way. At the age of eight I began to get my own livin', and what little I do know, I picked up winter evenings."

"That don't matter, Uncle Charlie. Spin off the yarns, and we'll endeavor to put them in shape."

Would that we could report that afternoon's interviewing, verbatim, giving the exact language, the style, the gestures, etc.; but we cannot do that, and must rest content by giving a general summary thereof.

Uncle Charlie's first remembrance was of the pinkey fleet. Sixty years ago, he tells us, the whole of the fishing business of Gloucester was, with the exception of the Grand Bank fishing, carried on by means of these small and light craft. Their trips were seldom extended to more than two or three days or a week, according to the success they might meet with. They were mostly occupied upon the fishing grounds in the vicinity of the Cape, sometimes running down along the coast of Maine, and occasionally dropping their lines upon Georges. These boats were from ten to twenty tons, with standing rooms or berths, for they had no rail or bulwarks above the deck, the only protection being a narrow waist about eight inches in height. They carried foresail and mainsail only, and were good sailers. The "cuddy," a small apartment forward, contained two berths, and a fireplace built of brick, just abaft the foremast. The chimney was made of wood and plastered on the inside to prevent its taking fire. Cooking-stoves were then unknown.

Uncle Charlie recalled among the names of the Pinkey fleet, the following: "Lion," Capt. Simeon Burnham; "Mary," Capt. James Marchant; "Nabby," Capt. Epes Merchant; "Heart of Oak," Capt. William Parkhurst; "America," Capt. Nathaniel Merchant; "Fin Back," Capt. Samuel Norwood; "Sukey," Capt. Benjamin Parsons. There were also some three or four owned by the Wonsons, at Eastern Point, whose names he did not remember. These comprised the fleet from Pearce's wharf round to Rocky Neck. In addition to the above was the Harbor Cove fleet.

The fitting-out of the fleet for the haddock fishery commenced about the first of April. The first move was to run the boats on the beach, or landing as it was then called, and have them calked and graved. The latter process consisted in applying a coat of pitch to the bottom and burning it down with a tar-barrel, which gave a smooth and glossy surface. Painted bottoms in those days were very rare. After this process had been gone through with the sails were bent, and then a supply of stores was taken on board, comprising the following articles: Two quarts of molasses, five pounds of fat pork, four pounds of flour, seven pounds of hard crackers, (baked by Capt. Currier, or "Capt. Kier," as he was familiarly called,) half a barrel of water, and a little New England rum, which in those days was considered both victuals and drink. This stock would last about a week. Some of the fishermen of the present day would rather grumble at such a bill of fare, but it answered the purpose very well, and they were perfectly contented with it. Another essential article on board was a box of tinder and a supply of home-made matches dipped in brimstone. The tinder was ignited by means of flint and steel, and by this they lighted the matches, — not a very agreeable job to perform when it was rough, especially if one was a little "squeamish," as the smell of brimstone was almost sure to make a person "heave up."

The time occupied in making a haddock trip was from two days to a week, the fish being mostly taken on Old Man's Pasture, Heart's Ground and Inner Bank, about twelve miles off of Eastern Point. The fish were taken to Charlestown for a market, and purchased by the hawkers — among whom were Johnny Harriden, Joe Smith, Isaac Rich and others, who took them over to Boston in hand-carts and retailed them at a good profit. The codfish were generally salted. The smallest were cured for the Bilboa market, and the largest were made into dun fish, as they were called, for home consumption. They were kept on the flakes several weeks, and thoroughly dried until they became of a reddish color, and were highly esteemed as an article of food. The haking season commenced in July, and the pollock fishery was prosecuted from September to the middle of November. Each boat carried three men — skipper, forward hand and cook, who went at the halves, as it was called, the crew receiving one-half the gross stock, and the owners the balance.

The full rig costume of "ye ancient fishermen" would be regarded at the present day as something of a curiosity. It consisted generally of the tarpaulin hat and monkey jacket, or guernsey frock; the

barvel — a stout apron of leather, and the ponderous fishing boots, of astonishing breadth of beam, made of the thickest of russet cowhide, with tops made to turn up high over the knees, and though cumbrous and heavy, constituted an efficient protection against cold and wet. Uncle Charlie recalled to mind the familiar forms and weather browned faces of many of these veteran sons of old ocean "whose march was on the mountain wave, whose home was on the deep." There were the Marshall Brothers, familiarly known as Tim and Bill; Atkinson and Millett; Abraham Wharf, Isaac Jeffs, Philip Priestly, John Truebody, and many others.

Following the pinky fleet, came a larger class of boats, of thirty tons and upwards. These boats at first were the same rig as the smaller class, and had no bulwarks or bowsprit. They had stanchions, rail, and a narrow strip above the waist about six inches wide, the rest of the space being left open, as it was then deemed unsafe to have bulwarks, the plan of having scuppers to let out the water not being adopted until several years afterwards. These boats subsequently had their stems sawed off and were rigged with bowsprits, carrying foresail, mainsail and jib, and known as "jiggers." They were considered very large vessels at that time, and competent to make a voyage to any part of the world.

The first of the fleet of this class was the "President," twenty-eight tons, commanded by Capt. Simeon Burnham, and the "Union," twenty-four tons, Capt. Epes Merchant, which was subsequently taken by the privateer Rolla, but afterwards liberated. Then came the "Constitution," thirty-two tons, Capt. William Parsons, which was the largest jigger of the fleet, — so large that it was feared she could not be worked out and in from the upper harbor cove, consequently she had to be moored off the harbor rock. The "Madison," twenty-seven tons, was commanded by Capt. William Parkhurst. She was a very fast sailer, and during war-time was purchased for a privateer, bringing in two prizes in one week. There were also several others, and it may be a matter of interest to state that the cost of building these boats was from sixteen to eighteen dollars per ton. Quite a difference between then and now. These jiggers were furnished with a small fireplace and chimney, built of brick, in the cabin or "cuddy." The chimney came out flush with the deck, and upon that a square wooden box or funnel, which could be removed as occasion required. These little chimneys had a merit peculiarly their own. They were sure to carry smoke at all times, one way or the other — either upward or downward — and it was to this "habit of smoking," as Uncle Char-

lie affirmed, especially of the Grand Bankers, that they were indebted in those days for an occasional taste of the most delicious smoked halibut. The curing of halibut was not then, as now, a branch of the fishing business. Occasionally one would take the hook, and if it proved a particularly fine fish, the best cuts were taken off and suspended to the beams in the cabin, and by the end of the voyage would become thoroughly cured by the smoke, and being divided among the crew, were taken home to their families, for their own use, and given as very acceptable presents to friends.

These little vessels from their extreme buoyancy and their offering so little resistance to the power of the ocean waves, would make comparatively good weather at times when large ships would be laboring, plunging, and straining every plank and timber to its utmost capacity of endurance. They would mount almost upon even keel, upon the crest of the highest seas, and settle into the hollows with the ease and grace of a wild duck, and such a thing as "shipping a sea" was not thought of.

The manner of mooring the boats in those days was peculiar. As there were but few wharves, the fleet were kept moored in the harbor. The mooring consisted of a large flat stone, weighing from three to four tons, with a hole in the centre about eight inches in diameter, into which a straight white-oak butt, about seventeen feet long, was inserted, so that at high tide some three or four feet of the stump was visible above the water. Upon the stump was a "crab," made of a large log eighteen inches long, with a hole in the centre large enough for the stump to go through; this played up and down, and was prevented from slipping off by means of a strong "fid." A piece of six-inch cable, about five fathoms long, was attached to the "crab," and on the other end an eye was spliced large enough to slip over the stem of the pinkey. This was kept afloat by means of a small buoy, so that when a boat was running in she would make for her mooring, and a man gaffed the buoy, slipped the collar over the stem, and the boat was safely moored. A few of these old mooring-stumps are now visible at low water in some of the coves, but most of them have disappeared.

Of the square stern fleet he remembered the Accumulator, Delegate, Helen Marr, Forest, and Mount Vernon. They were full, square-bowed vessels, with short, chunky cutwaters, the head and trail boards being painted in bright chrome yellow, and occasionally one would secure an extra touch of gold leaf. The bottom was painted green up to the bends, and the upper-works black, with a broad

white streak on the waist, and some would have a yellow bead on the lower edge of the bends. This was considered rather an expensive luxury, and was rarely indulged in, as the fishermen of those days did not pay so much attention to ornamenting their vessels as do those of modern times.

Next to this class of vessels came the half-clipper models, which were considered something extra, and the old fishermen wondered how people could be so foolish as to risk their lives in such vessels. There was the Hosea Ballou, Daniel D. Smith, Henry Holbrook, and others which represented this class. They were very pretty looking crafts for those times, but at the present look almost as old style as those first mentioned.

The first regular clipper craft owned here was the Romp. She was built in Essex, about the year 1850, as near as Uncle Charlie could remember, and purchased by Capt. Samuel Giles. On her arrival in this port she formed the general topic of conversation among the fishermen, some declaring that a crew could not be obtained to go in such a sea-coffin, and the man who built her must be insane. She would never come back to port if she went out, said some of the old veterans, as they went on board and gave her a thorough examination. Notwithstanding all this croaking, the vessel was fitted and sailed for the Georges, proving not only an excellent sea-boat, but one of the fastest vessels in the fleet. The Romp proving such a superior craft, others were built on her model, which was improved upon, and we now have a fleet of fishing vessels which are the very pictures of neatness and beauty, so closely resembling yachts that some of the latest build are often taken for such, when they are skimming so gracefully over the water.

Very pleasantly passed that summer afternoon, and we have endeavored to tell what Uncle Charlie related; but it lacks that peculiar spirit and zest which an old salt alone can impart, and which rendered the interview so very interesting to us.

Account of the First Trips to Georges after Halibut.

It is claimed by a large majority of those interested in the fisheries, that the schooner *Nautilus* was the first vessel which ever ventured to Georges on a halibut trip. There are others who assert that the schooner *Romeo* is entitled to the claim of being the pioneer schooner in this branch of the fisheries. We have made the most careful inquiries, and from one of the crew of the *Nautilus* we obtain the date of her sailing, and several interesting particulars of the trip. We could not obtain any date of the sailing of the *Romeo*, although we interviewed one of her crew. He felt confident that there was not many days' difference in their time of sailing, and was rather inclined to the opinion that the *Nautilus* was the first. Our informant is positive that he is correct in his dates, and as he is a man of undoubted veracity, and in the absence of any contradictory statements, we publish his narrative. The vessel was commanded by Capt. John Fletcher Wonson, recently deceased; one of the most able and careful skippers among those of the olden time.

In 1828, while coming home in the *Nautilus*, from Wilmington, N. C., he noticed on the chart used on board the vessel, a picture of a halibut, under which was printed the words, "Good halibut grounds here." This he remembered, and, two years after, concluded to give halibut catching a trial. On the fifth of March, 1830, the vessel started out of the harbor on her trip for halibut. Among her crew was the following persons, all of whom but the last named are now living: John W. Wonson, Nathan F. Wonson, Samuel G. Wonson, Daniel Douglass and Benjamin Marble. The result of this trip was twenty halibut, which were landed, but met with a dull sale. The schooner *Romeo*, Capt. Henry Pew, sailed soon after, and brought in a trip of upwards of three thousand pounds, which were sold for three cents per pound. Other vessels soon followed, but the business did not amount to much until it had been prosecuted five or six years, when it began to assume considerable importance, and became established as a regular branch of the fisheries.

This first trip of the *Nautilus* came very near being the last to one

of her crew, Mr. Marble, and gave a little foretaste of the dangers accompanying the vocation. The vessel was lying to, the crew having succeeded in finding some halibut, when Mr. Marble launched the dory, and throwing over his anchor, commenced fishing by himself. It was quite moderate, and the vessel, drifting with the current, was soon some distance off. This was thought nothing of in the excitement attending fishing, until one of the crew remarked that Marble was about out of sight, and he thought it queer that he didn't row for the vessel, especially as night was coming on and there were indications of a storm. All hands then began to talk it over, and thought that something must have happened to him. A man was sent aloft to keep the dory in sight, and a little breeze springing up, the vessel was got underway and they succeeded in reaching him, just before the darkness and the storm came on. It seems that in the hurry of launching the dory he forgot the oars, and this accounted for his not attempting to regain the vessel. There lay the oars on the vessel's deck, and not one on board had observed them. If they had, the mystery of Marble's not attempting to regain the vessel would soon have been solved. Soon after he had been picked up, the storm came on in all its fury, a regular Georges blow, with all the accompaniments, which would have proved certain death to any one exposed to its fury in a dory.

There was quite a difference in the style of living on board the vessels in those days in comparison with that of to-day. Fish formed seventy-five per cent. of the food. Twenty-eight pounds of flour was the allowance for a trip, and twenty-five pounds of beef and pork, with plenty of hard bread. A favorite dish was the "Dundee Pudding," made of hard bread, pounded up, sweetened with molasses, with some flour stirred in to give it a little of the adhesive quality. A very palatable dish it was when properly concocted. Hard bread, fried in pork fat, was another standing dish on the bill of fare. What would the fishermen of to-day say to this style of living, and how would they like to return to the days of 1830, when the first Georgesman passed out by Eastern Point, and returned with her fare of twenty halibut?

Incidents of the Gale of September 8th, 1869.

On the evening of September 8th, a most terrific gale sprang up, which, for a short time, was the most severe, on the Eastern coast, within the memory of some of our oldest fishermen. The weather in the early part of the afternoon was quite warm and pleasant, and no one ever dreamed of such a sudden change. At about half-past three o'clock the wind began to breeze up from the south-east, accompanied with rain, and, at half-past five, it had increased to a perfect hurricane, which for two hours raged fearfully. Vessels dragged their anchors and were driven ashore, trees and chimnies were blown down, awnings ripped from their fastenings, windows blown in, and general destruction prevailed. Fortunately there were but few vessels at anchor in the harbor at the time. In addition to the pilot-boat *Young Raven*, mentioned among the lost vessels, two Cape Cod fishing vessels, the *Winslow*, of Plymouth, and the *Richard P. Higgins*, of Wellfleet, also an Eastern coaster, came ashore on the beach, and were got off next day, having received but little damage. The life-boat was launched and did much service in saving the crews of the wrecked vessels. Several unsuccessful attempts were made to reach them, and it was finally deemed an utter impossibility, such was the fearful power of the sea. But just at this moment, Mr. *Sylvanus*

HARDY volunteered to take charge of her, and called for a crew. EDWARD S. JONES, WILLIAM YATES, WILLIAM J. FISHER, PETER EAGAN, PETER H. EATON and WILLIAM CONNERS, promptly responded. They succeeded in reaching the vessels and saving several of the men, which deed justly entitles them to honorable mention.

During the delay attendant upon the successful launching of the life-boat, it was evident by those on the beach that the men on board one of the vessels might be saved if a rope was got on board. But who would risk his life to carry the line? There was danger in performing such a feat, especially if the person was not an expert swimmer and possessed of strong powers of endurance. There was a pause for a moment among the men on the beach, when a voice rang out clearly, speaking the cheering words, "I will try it!" It was MR. MOSES MERLETT who uttered these inspiring words, and his appearance betokened that he was in earnest and ready to risk his life to aid those on board the wrecked vessel. He was soon prepared for the perilous task, and plunged into the seething waters. The feat was attended with much danger; but the noble fellow swam vigorously and persevered until he reached the vessel, and succeeded in rescuing three of the crew, who saved themselves by dropping into the life-boat from the rope. Such deeds are truly heroic — when men risk their lives in order to succor those in distress.

Yacht EDITH, owned by Mr. George O. Hovey, was caught out in this gale with a party on board, among whom were Mr. Hovey, Rev. Dr. S. K. Lothrop, and the Messrs. Appleton and Dale. Capt. George Sawyer, the pilot, was in command, and brought her to under Ten Pound Island, but subsequently concluded it best to run for her moorings at Fresh Water Cove, which were safely reached after much difficulty. The party had two alternatives before them, — to remain on board the yacht and run the risk of her going ashore, or to endeavor to effect a landing in the boat. They concluded to accept the latter, and after considerable exertion were safely landed. Shortly after, the yacht dragged her anchors and went ashore on Rattlesnake Head, and such was the force of the waves, that it was impossible to make any attempt to rescue Capt. Sawyer and his crew from their perilous situation until about nine o'clock in the evening, when Messrs. ISAAC MORSE, DANIEL S. PARSONS, JOSEPH W. B. HILLIER and AMBROSE WISE succeeded in reaching the wreck, and brought the men on shore. They were very nearly exhausted, and could not have survived but a short time longer. These men performed an heroic act, attended with great danger; but they conquered every obstacle, displaying

great bravery and coolness. The Mass. Humane Society remembered them with suitable testimonials of their appreciation of the gallant deed they had accomplished. The yacht was subsequently got off and repaired.

During the gale ten of our fishing fleet were driven ashore along the coast, three of which proved total wrecks, and are enumerated in the list of that year's losses. Most of the others required large outlays for repairs.

Sea Fish and Fisheries.

If the sea is prodigal of life to a degree that baffles our powers of conception and calculation, it is no less a scene of boundless destruction. The life of all fishes is one of perpetual warfare, and the only law that pervades the great world of waters is that of the strongest, the swiftest and the most voracious. The carnage of the sea immeasurably exceeds even that which is permitted to perplex our reason on the earth. We know, however, that without it the population of the ocean would soon become so immense that, vast as it is, it would not suffice for its multitudinous inhabitants. Few fishes probably die a natural death, and some seem to have been created solely to devour others. There is probably none which does not feed on some other species or its own. Many of the monsters that roam the watery plains are provided with maws capable of engulfing thousands of their kind in a day. A hogshead of herrings has been taken out of the belly of a whale. A shark probably destroys tens of thousands in a year. Fifteen full sized herrings have been found in the stomach of a cod. If we allow a codfish only two herrings per day for only seven months in the year, we have 420 as his allowance during that period, and fifty codfish equal one fisherman in destructive power. But the quantity of cod and of ling, which are as destructive as cod, taken in 1861, and registered by the Scotch fishery board was, say the commissioners, over 81,000 cwts. On an average thirty codfish make one hundred weight of dried fish, and 2,400,000 will equal 48,000 fishermen. In other words, the cod and ling caught on the Scotch coast in 1861, if they had been left in the water would have devoured as many herrings as were caught by all the fishermen of Scotland, and 6,000 more in the same year. Compared with the enormous consumption of fish by birds and by each other, the draughts made upon the population of the sea by man, with all his ingenious fishing devices seem to dwindle into absolute insignificance.

Big Trips in the Bank, Georges, Mackerel and Haddock Fisheries.

As a matter of interest and for general reference, we publish below some of the largest stocks made in the Grand Bank, Georges, Mackerel and Haddock fisheries, during the past ten years. These stocks, however, are exceptional, and not the rule. Fifteen hundred to two thousand dollars is considered a very good amount for a fresh halibut Bank trip, although stocks from two to three thousand dollars are not uncommon. Stocks from three to four thousand dollars are rare, and in but very few instances has a vessel exceeded \$4,000. One vessel, only, has stocked rising \$5,000.

A Grand Banker averages about nine trips a year, and the trips vary from \$8,000 to \$17,000; \$12,000 being about the average. It is not always the vessel which gets the largest number of halibut that makes the biggest stock. It all depends upon hitting the market right. The highest stocks realized have been on fares of from forty to fifty thousand pounds, while it is frequently the case that fares of from seventy-five to one hundred thousand, arriving when the market is a little glutted, realize less than \$2,000 stock.

The Grand Bank halibut fishery is of comparatively recent date. The first vessel from this port that went there for halibut, was the *Hattie M. Lyons*, Capt. George W. Miner, owned by Messrs. D. C. & H. Babson. She left here in May, 1865, and made her trip in four

weeks, bringing in 75,000 pounds of halibut and 6,000 pounds of codfish; her net stock amounting to \$3,468, which was the largest stock up to that time ever made in a halibut trip. The following year several other vessels engaged in the business, and it soon became a prominent branch of the fisheries.

BIG TRIPS IN THE BANK FISHERY.

The largest stock made in a season's fishing to the Banks was that of schooner *Racer*, Capt. Walter Falt, in 1866, amounting to \$22,000. Capt. Wm. Thompson, now master of schooner *Alfred Walen*, was one of the *Racer's* crew that year, and was "high line," realizing \$1,300 as his share of the stock, — a pretty good year's work.

Schooner *Mary Carlisle*, Capt. William Thompson, comes next on the list, having made nine trips to the Banks in 1871, and landed 350,188 pounds of halibut, and 58,759 pounds of codfish, her net stock amounting to \$17,275.53. She commenced the season Dec. 27th, 1870, and arrived from her last trip Nov. 21st, '71, having been employed about eleven months. Her crew numbered ten men, who shared \$858.62 each. The *Mary Carlisle* has been an unusually lucky vessel, Capt. Thompson having stocked in 1869, \$17,549; in 1870, \$12,047; in 1871, \$17,275.53; a total of \$46,871 in three years. Owned by the master, and Leighton & Co.

Schooner *Oliver Eldridge*, Capt. Michael McDonald, in 1872, stocked \$16,097.40 in eight trips to the Grand Banks. Owned by George Steele.

Schooner *Frank A. Williams*, Capt. Dennis C. Murphey, the same year stocked \$15,855.43. Owned by William C. Wonson and the master.

The highest stock ever made in a single fresh halibut Bank trip was that of schooner *N. H. Phillips*, Capt. William McDonald, in 1871. She weighed off 47,650 pounds of halibut, which brought \$5,105, and 9,390 pounds codfish, which brought \$256, making the total stock \$5,361. Crew shared \$213.42 each. Time occupied in making the trip, five weeks. On her former trip she stocked \$3,781, the crew sharing \$150 each, making a total of \$9,142 for both trips, made within nine weeks. Owned by Walen & Allen.

Schooner *Mary Carlisle*, Capt. William Thompson, in 1871, brought in 58,553 pounds halibut, and 6,900 pounds codfish, her net stock amounting to \$4,738.75. Crew shared \$236.25 each. Time occupied in making the trip, thirty-four days.

Schooner *Sarah P. Ayer*, Capt. J. Marsh Thurlow, in 1869, in a

thirty-days' trip to the Grand Banks, stocked \$4,251, the crew sharing \$670 each. Capt. Thurlow was very lucky that year, having stocked in five trips upwards of \$12,000. Owned by Dennis & Ayer.

Schooner Aphrodite, Capt. Randall McDonald, in 1867, stocked \$4,126.72, having been absent only twenty days. Crew shared \$171.51 each. Owned by Dennis & Ayer.

Schooner William T. Merchant, Capt. Nelson McKenney, in 1868, stocked \$4,200 on a fare of 48,310 pounds of halibut, the trip occupying twenty-six days. Owned by Shute & Merchant.

Schooner C. B. Manning, Capt. Charles H. Nute, in 1869, stocked \$4,033 on a fare of 40,000 pounds of halibut, and 14,000 pounds codfish. The trip was made in four weeks, the crew sharing \$161.06 each. Owned by Peter Sinclair.

Schooner Elisha Crowell, Capt. Thompson, in 1870, brought in 60,260 pounds halibut, having been absent less than four weeks, and stocked \$4,000. Crew shared \$162.04 each. Owned by Walen & Allen.

Schooner Peter D. Smith, Capt. Burnham, in 1871, stocked \$3,928.84 on a fare of 45,638 pounds halibut, the crew sharing \$160.55 each. Cook, \$191.03. Time absent, five weeks. Owned by Smith & Oakes.

Schooner Mary G. Dennis, Capt. Randall McDonald, in 1868, brought in 75,395 pounds halibut, and 9,950 pounds codfish, and stocked \$3,604.85. Crew shared \$143.85 each. Time absent, four weeks. This same schooner in 1872, weighed off 105,000 pounds halibut, the largest fare of fresh halibut ever landed at this port. Prices ruled low at the time, and she realized but \$2,000 stock. Owned by Dennis & Ayer.

The second largest fare of fresh halibut was brought in by schooner Montana, Capt. Moses Welch, in 1868, who landed 95,773 pounds halibut, and 2,250 pounds codfish, her stock amounting to \$3,265. Owned by Rowe & Jordan.

LARGEST SALT FARES.

The largest fare of fletched halibut ever landed at this port was that of schooner Caleb Eaton, Capt. John McQuinn, in the Greenland fishery, in 1870. She brought in 177,300 pounds of fletched halibut and 183 barrels of fins, which were purchased by Dodd, Tarr & Co., for nine and ten cents per pound, the fare amounting to \$17,811. In addition to the above were several barrels of salmon, which were sold at a good price, and her entire stock amounted to about \$20,000. Time occupied in making the trip, about four months. The Caleb Eaton is owned by Messrs. Brown & Seavy, of Boston.

The largest salt fare from the Grand Banks was brought in by schooner Reunion, Capt. Belcher Torrey, in 1868. She weighed off 153,044 pounds halibut, and 23,875 pounds codfish, her net stock amounting to \$8,354. The crew shared \$286.63 each. Time absent, twelve weeks. Chartered by D. C. & H. Babson.

Schooner Carrie P. Merton, Capt. Charles A. Keene, in the season of 1873, weighed off 192,000 pounds codfish, and 28,050 pounds halibut, her net stock amounting to \$7,888. Crew shared \$326.16 each. Time absent, five months. Owned by Walen & Allen.

Schooner Knight Templar, Capt. Michael McDonald, the present year, weighed off 85,000 pounds halibut, and 73,938 pounds codfish, her net stock amounting to \$7,681.25. Considering the time occupied in making the trip, which was but two and a half months, this is the best Bank stock made. Owned by George Steele.

Schooner Ben: Perley Poore, Capt. Charles H. Nute, in 1872, brought in 180,695 pounds codfish, and 10,597 pounds halibut, her stock amounting to \$6,345.69. Crew shared \$257.29 each. Time absent, fourteen weeks. Owned by Peter Sinclair.

LARGEST GEORGES TRIPS.

In 1865, schooner Everett Steele, Capt. Cash, brought in 75,769 pounds codfish, and stocked \$2,824.55, the largest stock ever made in a single trip to Georges. The cook realized \$184.04 as his share. A pretty good fortnight's work. Average share of crew \$120. The following year, under command of Capt. Jas. Lunderkin, she brought in 99,338 pounds fish, and stocked \$2,738.95; and in 1869, under command of Capt. Jos. Goslin, weighed off 102,075 pounds (the largest amount ever landed in one Georges trip), and stocked \$2,760.69, the cook realizing \$160 as his share; average share, \$125. The several trips occupied about a fortnight each. Owned by George Steele.

Schooner Madame Roland, Capt. Lunderkin, in 1865, stocked \$2,217.76 on her first trip to Georges, and \$2,833.29 on her second, a total of \$5,050.75 in two trips. Owned by George Steele.

The same year, schooner Abby M. Heath, Capt. Lee, stocked \$2,625 in a Georges trip, and schooner Witchcraft, \$2,535. George H. Wixon, the steward of the latter, receiving \$243.32 as his share of the trip; the largest amount ever realized by one man in a single trip. Owned by the master and others.

Schooner Morning Star, Capt. Hiltz, in 1866, stocked \$2,400 on a Georges trip, and schooner William J. Raymond, Capt. Getchell, in 1873, stocked \$2,347.12. Owned by Dennis & Ayer.

Schooner William J. Dale, Capt. David A. Osier, in 1868, brought in 99,740 pounds codfish, and 2,512 pounds halibut. Her net stock amounting to \$2,073, fish being low in price at that time. Owned by Dodd, Tarr & Co.

The largest season's stock in the Georges fishery was made by schooner Laughing Water, Capt. Jos. Goslin, in 1865, her net stock in eleven trips amounting to \$14,843.84. She also made one trip to the Bay the same season, her net stock for the year amounting to \$17,954.30. The high line made \$1,105.37, and the cook, \$1,402.93. Owned by John Pew & Son.

LARGEST MACKEREL STOCKS.

The largest stock made in the Bay of St. Lawrence mackerel fishery, was that of schooner Col. Ellsworth, Capt. George Robinson, in 1865. She was absent about five months, her net stock amounting to \$13,728. The high liner's share was \$558; cook's, \$582. Louis Wagner, the murderer, was one of the Ellsworth's crew that year. His share amounted to \$307. Owned by Rowe & Jordan.

Schooner Gen. Grant, Capt. Coas, in 1864, stocked, in two trips to the Bay of St. Lawrence, \$11,254.94 clear of all expenses. The high line made \$502.24; cook's share, \$638.17.

Schooner Nor'wester, Capt. Daniel Hillier, the same year, stocked \$9,721.74, net, in one Bay trip; the high liner making \$308.60, and the cook, \$486.61. Both vessels owned by John Pew & Son.

Schooner General Sherman, Capt. George W. Miner, in 1864, in a three months' trip to the Bay, packed 612 barrels of mackerel, her net stock amounting to \$9,696. High liner's share, \$575.06. Owned by D. C. & H. Babson.

Schooner Kit Carson, Capt. Horace Merry, in 1865, brought in 591 barrels of mackerel, having been absent about ten weeks. Her net stock amounted to \$6,542. High liner's share, \$260. Owned by Rowe & Jordan.

Schooner James G. Tarr, Capt. Robert Reeves, in 1866, stocked \$5,824 in a nine weeks' trip to the Bay. Cook's share, \$331.76. Owned by Dodd, Tarr & Co.

Schooner Seddie C. Pyle, Capt. Richard Warren, in 1871, packed 1,070 barrels mackerel caught off this shore, in addition to 18,000 southern mackerel sold fresh in New York, in the spring. Her net stock for the year was \$10,561.66. High liner's share, \$491.38; cook's share, \$708.52. Owned by George Friend & Co.

Schooner Eureka, Capt. Rowe, in 1868, in six months mackereling

off this shore, packed 935 barrels, her stock amounting to \$10,748.33. High liner's share, \$440.82; cook's share, \$473.70. Owned by Smith & Gott, and the master.

LARGEST HADDOCK STOCKS.

The largest stock made in one day's fishing in the shore winter fishery, was that of schooner *Eastern Queen*, Capt. William Corliss, who carried into Boston, March 3d, 1873, 25,000 pounds of haddock, and stocked \$1,100. The *Queen* also made the largest stock of the season, having realized in five months' fishing \$10,250 clear of all expenses. Crew shared \$560 each. Owned by the master, and John Pew & Son.

Schooner *Jennie B. Thomas*, Capt. Henry B. Thomas, is second highest of the fleet, having stocked in the season of 1872-3, \$8,000 in five and a-half months' fishing. Crew shared \$377 each. Owned by the master, and Joseph Friend.

Schooner *Angie S. Friend*, Capt. McLain, in 1870-71, stocked \$7,700 in five months' fishing. Owned by the master and Joseph Friend.

Schooner *Maud Muller*, Capt. Nathaniel Smith, in 1871-2, stocked \$6,600 in four months' fishing. Owned by Smith & Gott.

Schooner *Mary Odell*, Capt. McLain, in November, 1872, stocked \$1,260 on a haddock trip; the result of three days' fishing.

How the "Pinkey" Charles Weathered It.

In the month of October, 1810, a tremendous gale and snow-storm was experienced along the Atlantic coast. It was remembered for years afterwards as the "October gale." At this time the fishermen who had been out were fortunate enough to make the harbor in good time, with the exception of one, the boat *Charles*, of about ten tons, manned by John Atkinson and Nathaniel Millet, which was missing, and given over by many as inevitably lost. A week or more afterward one day, when "the south wind blew softly," "pinkey" made her appearance, and ran into the harbor all right. The terrible northeaster was down upon them with its blinding snow; they could not make Cape Ann, so they up helm and "let 'er rip" across the Bay, and after a pretty severe thrashing, made a harbor at Chatham.

Loss of Two Rockport Schooners.

Thrilling Narrative of Mr. Charles Jordan, Sole Survivor of the Crew of the Schooner Helen Eliza — His Perilous Position and Wonderful Escape.

The saddest disasters of the gale of September 8th, 1869, were the loss of schooners *Helen Eliza* and *Yankee Girl*, of Rockport, with all on board—twenty-three men, with one exception, Mr. Charles Jordan, whose narrow escape we publish in this connection.

Schooner *Helen Eliza* went ashore at the south end of Peak's Island, Portland Harbor, and went to pieces in a short time. Had a crew of twelve men, as follows: Edward J. Millett, master; Emerson Colby, David B. Harris, Frederic T. Lane, George Wood, Albert Tarr, Charles H. Clark, Benjamin Lurvey, Joel Fairbanks, James Bray, George W. Clark. Owned by Capt. Millett, and others, of Rockport. Frederic T. Lane belonged in Gloucester; the remainder in Rockport.

Schooner *Yankee Girl* was probably sunk in this gale, as she was never heard of afterward. Had a crew of eleven men, as follows: Clifton Atwood, master; Horace Atwood (son of master), Freeman and Henry Abbott (brothers), Alfred Giles, Thomas Williams, David H. Elwell, all of Rockport; James Cann and James Kellogg, of Rockland, Me; Isaac Forrester, of East Boston, and one eastern man, name unknown. Owned by Capt. Atwood, William H. Bradley, Jr., and others.

The fact that out of a crew of twelve men belonging to the schooner Helen Eliza, of Rockport, but one man was saved, awakened a feeling of intense interest in this vicinity to learn the full particulars. In an interview with Mr. Jordan, the survivor, we obtained the following thrilling incidents:—

During the latter part of the forenoon of the 8th inst., the weather looked threatening, and Capt. Millett concluded to run into Portland harbor. The first land made was Ram Island, about a mile outside of White Head. During the latter part of the afternoon a thick fog set in, which was followed by a perfect deluge of rain, and the wind increased until it blew a regular hurricane. Both anchors were let go, but the cables parted, and the vessel was put under short sail. The gale increased fearfully, and the jib was blown clean out of the bolt-ropes. Saw Portland Light, which they undertook to run for, but were too far to the eastward to strike the channel. There was no earthly help for them now; with both anchors gone, the wind blowing a hurricane, and a tremendous sea running, there was but little doubt that the vessel would go ashore at Peak's Island, and, in that event, the chances of being saved, in such a dangerous locality, were slim indeed. The prospect was a gloomy one, but the crew were undaunted, and resolved to do their best. Capt. Millett stood at his post of duty at the helm, to the very last moment, and in all probability received his death-blow from the main boom.

After running some twenty minutes, the thumping of the vessel's bottom gave evidence that the critical time was near at hand. She did not stop in her course, but kept moving. Jordan went into the forecabin and stripped himself of everything but his shirt and pants for the coming trial. He had hardly done so when the vessel struck heavily, smashing in the bow, instantly killing five persons who were with him. He immediately ran into the hold, when a tremendous sea knocked off the deck and he was swept into the raging waters. With a coolness and presence of mind hardly creditable, he seemed, as if by intuition, to at once realize his position, and, being an expert swimmer, made for the wreck, which he reached, and clinging to it regained his breath and got rested. Seeing an empty barrel floating near, he let go his hold of the wreck, and was fortunate enough to secure it. Placing his breast upon the head, he forced the empty portion under water. This served as a great support, and with it he attempted to effect a landing.

The waves ran fearfully high, and as he was borne along he passed Geo. W. Clark and Benjamin Lurvey, two of his shipmates, who were

clinging to a plank. If ever in his life he desired company, it was at this critical time; but prudence whispered that he must not make himself known, for if he did the chances of escape of all three would be rendered far more hazardous. He heard them each speak of their fearful position, and doubting whether they should be able to hold on; and the last words he heard them utter was a promise that if either was saved, they would tell the folks at home the full particulars. It now required his utmost efforts to keep the barrel in position, as the undertow was very powerful; but he managed to do so, and soon saw a ledge of rocks. To effect a landing amid the surf as it beat against its sides, without being injured, was a dangerous task; the waves at one time heaving him toward the ledge, then retreating, would engulf him in their treacherous grasp, threatening every moment to bury him beneath the water. But by the help of his barrel he succeeded, and inserting his fingers in the crevices of the rocks, commenced the toilsome passage up their jagged sides, reaching the top completely exhausted. While resting, he heard the voice of Clark, who was hailing some one. He answered the call, telling him where he was, and enjoining upon him to hold on and try to get upon the ledge. He did not hear him again, and probably the two men were instantly swallowed up in the undertow. He soon found that the ledge did not form a part of the island, but was covered at high water, and, as the tide was coming in, he knew that he was not yet out of danger. After a little time he again plunged into the seething waters; another terrible conflict with the surf followed, in which it seemed impossible for him to make any headway, as his strength was fast failing. Words are inadequate to describe such a situation; moments seemed like hours, and the sullen roar of the waters as they beat upon the rocks was an awful accompaniment. He neared the shore, the dim outline of which he saw, and making one desperate effort, was fortunate in effecting a landing and in getting himself out of reach of the breakers. It was now about nine o'clock in the evening, and the exertions of the past two hours began to tell upon him fearfully, and he could scarcely lift one foot before the other; but he persevered, and emerged into a pathway which led him to a house. It proved to be the residence of Mr. Smith Hadlock. The inmates were at once aroused, and were unremitting in their attentions, furnishing him with a suit of clothing, and doing everything in their power for his comfort.

As soon as he had partaken of refreshments and got rested, he accompanied a party of men belonging on the island, in search for the

bodies of his shipmates. Mr. Jones, landlord of the hotel on the island, was unremitting in his attentions, and secured for him a free passage home. The inhabitants of the island, mostly poor fishermen, made him up a purse of \$18, and, while in the depot at Portland, \$11 was raised in his behalf. The Mayor of the city sought him out, and was also very kind.

This was the third time that Mr. Jordan had been the sole survivor of disaster. Out of a company of eighty, confined in Libby prison during the war, he was the only one who lived to return home; and out of a ship's crew of thirty men, wrecked on Cape Cod, he was the only one saved.

It may be well to state in this connection that, after these remarkable escapes, his death was finally caused by accident. While engaged as a draw-tender on the Boston & Maine Railroad, he fell from the bridge (during the early part of April, 1873), a distance of fifteen feet, to the platform below, and was so seriously injured that death ensued on Monday, April 21st.

Fishermen's Superstitions — Remarkable Verification of Dreams — Presentiments.

Fishermen, like seamen, are quite apt to be a little superstitious, as the very nature of a seafaring life engenders this, and nearly every man who follows the avocation has some pet ideas of this nature, which he cherishes with a sort of sacredness, which possesses to him a sense of reality, and becomes as it were a part of his life. Some are so superstitious, in regard to sailing on Friday, that it would be next to an impossibility to get them to leave port on that day; others have a favorite notion of pitching coppers and nickel coins on Half-Way Rock, whenever the vessel sails near enough to it, for this purpose, and entertain an idea that this will bring them good luck on the trip. Then again there is an idea quite prevalent that, if a single bird should alight on board of a vessel, as they sometimes will, when blown far away from land, no good luck will come from the trip. So earnest are some in this respect that they have actually put back and changed the voyage. It would indeed be very singular if there were not instances where the change of programme has not resulted satisfactorily, and these instances have strengthened the belief in the omen. Some believe in dreams, and are quite tenacious on the subject, and are never so happy as when they have a good dream of their own to relate, or some marvellous tale of the verification of dreams which they have read or heard tell of. Two instances of the remarkable verification of dreams on board vessels of the fleet have come under our notice, as follows:—

THE SINKING OF SCHOONER SACHEM.

The springing aleak and loss of schooner Sachem, of this port, occasioned by her sinking on Georges, September 8th, 1871, was attended by a singular circumstance, which is fully substantiated by the master of the vessel, Capt. J. Weuzell, from whose log-book we gleaned the particulars:

The vessel left Brown's Bank on the 7th of September, at nine o'clock P.M., for Georges, with a fresh N. W. breeze. At midnight, the steward, John Nelson, arose from his berth, and going aft, where the skipper was, remarked, in an agitated voice, his whole appearance indicating great fear:—

"Skipper, we are to have a severe gale of wind, or something else of a dangerous nature is going to overtake the vessel, and we had better make land if we can, or at least keep clear of Georges, so as not to have it so rough when the danger comes."

Capt. W. asked him what made him think so, as everything was clear at the time, and there were no apprehensions of trouble or danger.

Nelson replied, "I have been dreaming, and twice before I have had the same kind of dreams when at sea, and both times have had narrow chances of being saved. The first time we were run into, the day following the dream, and left in a sinking condition. With great efforts in bailing and pumping, we reached the coast of Norway. The other time we experienced a terrible gale, had our sails blown away, and the vessel half full of water; run before it under bare poles, until we met the northeast trade winds, when we patched her up and made out to get into Havana."

He then told the purport of the dreams, which were of females dressed in white, either standing in the rain, or near a waterfall, or attempting to cross a brook. The figures in each dream were the same, but the surroundings somewhat different.

The steward is a reliable man, and was so much in earnest that the captain, although seeing no signs of a gale of wind, and not inclined to be superstitious, concluded it best to be on his guard, and charged the man forward to keep a strict watch.

The wind was now increasing, with a heavy sea rising, and at half past one A. M., the vessel was about five miles from Georges Banks. She was hove to under a close-reefed foresail, and they were furling the balance reef, when a white light was observed to leeward, supposed to be on board a fisherman lying at anchor. Suddenly one of the crew sang out from the forecastle, "The vessel is filling with water!" Telling him not to alarm the men, the captain went down and found six inches of water on top the floor. The pumps were immediately manned, and bailing with buckets commenced, after which the captain went sounding around in the hold to find the leak, but the vessel was rolling so hard and the water made so much noise among the barrels and in the ice house, that it was impossible to hear anything else. It was thought the leak was under the port bow, and the vessel was wore round and hove to on the other tack, in hopes to bring the leak out of water. The steward was told to get some provisions and see that the boat was ready to launch at a moment's notice. It was now blowing a strong breeze from the northward, with

a heavy sea. They spoke schooner Pescador, and told them their condition. With all their pumping and bailing, they could not gain on the leak, and the crew were determined not to remain on board another night. The tide swept them down to leeward of the Pescador, and efforts were made to speak her again, but they could not reach her. Their movements were seen on board the Pescador, and upon asking them to send their boat to take them off, they did so at once. When they left the Sachem the water was eighteen inches above the forecastle floor. At 2 P. M., she rolled over on her side, raised herself once, then plunged under, head foremost, the master and crew feeling thankful to God that they had escaped and were safely on board the good schooner Pescador.

A LITTLE CHILD FOUND FLOATING IN A BOX.

From Capt. Samuel Elwell, master of the schooner Belvidere, we learned the particulars of one of the most singular verifications of a dream which has ever come under our notice.

On Sunday morning, July 21st, 1872, soon after breakfast, while the vessel was crossing Georges, Capt. Elwell, not feeling very well, concluded he would go down below and "turn in." This he did, and, after getting asleep, dreamed that he saw a dead body afloat on the water. All his efforts to secure it proved unavailing, and it finally passed under the counter of the vessel. His dream seemed so much like reality, and his efforts to secure the body, and disappointment in not being enabled to do so, caused him to awake, and, upon going on deck, found it impossible to convince himself that he had not actually witnessed the scene so vividly portrayed in the dream. It made such an impression upon him that he felt intuitively that something out of the common course would soon occur. The crew, noticing his great uneasiness, asked the cause, and he told them of the dream, and they endeavored to convince him that dreams were nothing but fancies of the tired brain, and tried to withdraw his mind from the subject; but all of no avail.

About half an hour after the captain had come on deck, he noticed a box some distance ahead, floating upon the water. Upon sailing up to it he made endeavors to get it on board, but it eluded his grasp, and went under the counter of the vessel. They sailed on, but the captain was uneasy, and finally gave orders to put about, and secure the box. This was done, and, upon opening it, there was found the body of a little girl, about four years of age, who had apparently been dead some ten days. It was lying upon seaweed,

with which the box was packed, and there were holes bored in the sides, which indicated that it was the purpose of the perpetrator of the deed, to have it sink. The box was of coarse hard wood, nailed securely, and it was evidently made for the purpose. As decomposition of the body had commenced, and the vessel was not to return for several days, it was nailed up and sunk.

SINGULAR PRESENTIMENT.

Leonard Mailman, one of the crew of schooner Vivace, of this port, died very suddenly, Aug. 31st, 1868, while the vessel was on Georges, from an attack of bleeding at the lungs, and while attempting to get into his berth, fell back into the arms of one of his shipmates, and expired immediately. Previous to his making the trip he had strong presentiments that he never should return alive. This he communicated to several of his friends, who endeavored to laugh the matter off and get it out of his mind ; but it was of no avail. So strongly impressed was he of his approaching dissolution, that, just before leaving for Georges, he wrote a letter to his brother's wife, with imperative orders that it should not be opened until she saw him again. He was brought back a corpse, and, on opening the letter, it was found to contain full directions in reference to the disposal of his effects, and other matters connected therewith, all of which were faithfully complied with.

Greenland and Iceland Halibut Fisheries.

This branch of the fisheries was commenced, in 1870, by Capt. John S. McQuinn, of East Gloucester, who fitted schooner Caleb Eaton, of Boston, for a summer trip upon the coast of Greenland, in pursuit of halibut. Capt. McQuinn made a successful voyage, and arrived home in October, after about four months' absence, the vessel making a stock of about \$20,000. The success of the Eaton induced the fitting out of a fleet of six vessels in the business the next season (summer of 1871), but the vessels met with a small catch, 5,500 quintals in all, and one vessel, the River Queen, was lost on the return trip with her crew of twelve men. Last year there were six vessels engaged in the business, meeting with excellent weather and a very fair catch, over 7,000 quintals in the aggregate, which brought good prices. This year four vessels are engaged in the Greenland fishery, schooners Aaron Burnham, 2d, William S. Baker, Caleb Eaton and Albert Clarence.

This season, 1873, has witnessed the inauguration of another new branch, that of halibut-catching on the coast of Iceland. Capt. McQuinn, who had been so successful in the Greenland fishery, considered the chances on the coast of Iceland equally as good. The schooner Membrino Chief was fitted out for this business, and sailed from this port the 23d of May. They arrived on the fishing grounds on the 9th of June, but the weather was so unfavorable that they could not catch but six halibut and a few codfish. The vessel remained in Iceland waters five weeks, visiting various harbors and cruising on the fishing grounds whenever the weather would permit, but catching very few fish. Among the points visited on the coast were Underfiord, Patrickfsford, and Allevick, fishing villages, but Capt. McQuinn did not cruise as far east as Reikiavik, the capital, where the governor resides. The weather proving so stormy through the early part of July, affording such limited opportunities for fishing, that Capt. McQuinn determined to abandon the enterprise, and on July 11th set sail for home, which he safely reached on the 13th of August. The schooner William S. Baker, Capt. Albion Pearce, who sailed in company with the Membrino Chief, proceeded to Greenland, to make up a fare.

From what we can learn respecting the Iceland fishery, the trip of the *Membrino Chief* was made in the wrong season. It is said that two schools of fish, which afford the best fishing, frequent the coast each year, one arriving in April, and the other in September; therefore this trip was too late for one, and too early for the other.

France employs quite a fleet in the cod-fishery on this coast, which usually make two trips in a season. The English, also, have a few vessels engaged in it, and the Danes, to whom the island belongs, prosecute a large and profitable fishing business. It only requires another trial on the part of the Yankee fishermen to learn the *modus operandi*, and we should not be at all surprised if some of our skip-pers yet make successful trips to Iceland. Why not?

Estimated Product of the Fisheries of Gloucester for the Year 1872.

384,000 quintals codfish, - - - - -	\$2,016,000
67,395 barrels mackerel, - - - - -	781,825
10,000 " herring, - - - - -	45,000
Other fish, 25,000 qtls., - - - - -	37,500
Shell fish, - - - - -	20,000
Fresh fish, 8,000,000 pounds, - - - - -	250,000
Oil, 225,000 gallons, - - - - -	129,000
Fresh herring, 2,540,000 pounds, - - - - -	125,000
All others, - - - - -	10,000
Total,	\$3,414,325

TONNAGE.—The total tonnage of the District of Gloucester for the year ending June 30th, 1873, is 28,565.66 tons, an increase of 16,982 tons over the previous year. The whole number of vessels is 517, employed as follows: six in the foreign trade; ninety in coasting; four hundred and twenty in fishing; and one yacht.

Remarkable Escapes of Schooners Onward and Seddie C. Pyle, on Georges — Loss of Schooners A. R. Andrews and Rescue of her Crew — Lost in the Fog — Rescued from the Jaws of Death.

On the night of August 2d, 1867, while the schooner Onward, Capt. Wilkes, was lying to on the western part of the bank, she shipped a heavy sea, which capsized her and carried away both masts, bowsprit and the upper-works, even with the deck. The man who was keeping watch stood in the companion-way, and, seeing the sea coming, jumped below, pulling over the slide in season to keep the water from pouring into the cabin. It is supposed that she rolled completely over, as, when she righted, part of the shrouds were under the keel, and floated on the opposite side. Some of the ballast also got shifted, and the fish were thrown underneath. Everything movable in the cabin and forecastle was thrown about in the greatest confusion. The stove was pitched into the cook's berth, and he narrowly escaped

being crushed. A barrel of flour in the hold was tossed into the middle of the fore-castle, and there was a general stirring up. Luckily the vessel shipped but little water, and, the ballast being pretty thoroughly stanchioned down, she soon righted again.

As soon as the gale had abated, the men proceeded to clear the wreck. The only articles left with which they could rig jury-masts, were the traveller, part of the topmast, and a small pole which had become entangled in the rigging alongside. These they soon rigged, and, taking their bed-clothing, improvised a suit of sails. Unfortunately the compass was found to be broken and useless; but Capt. Wilkes contrived to repair it so as to make it answer the purpose, and with these rude facilities they shaped their course for home, the wind being fair. On the passage they were fallen in with by schooner Matchless, of Boston, who offered to take off the men, but they determined to stick by the vessel, as there was plenty of provisions on board, and they were getting along very comfortably. On Saturday morning, after a week's passage, they found themselves off Straitsmouth Island, where they spoke the Boston pilot boat No. 9, Capt. John Bruce, who kindly offered to tow them into Rockport, which offer they thankfully accepted. She was subsequently towed to this port by the steamer Charles Houghton. Hundreds of people visited her, and she was pronounced by all the most complete wreck that ever arrived at this port.

Schooner Seddie C. Pyle, Capt. Richard Warren, was capsized in the gale of January 30th, 1870. She rode out the south-east gale handsomely, when the wind suddenly changed to the north-west, causing a heavy cross sea, one of which struck the schooner under the quarter, and, breaking against the mainsail, threw the vessel on her beam-ends. The crew saved themselves by clinging to the side of the vessel. Fortunately one of their number had a large jack-knife in his possession, by which the main shrouds were cut, when the mainmast broke off and she righted nearly full of water. The foremast was subsequently cut away, it having previously been broken off at the step, and did considerable damage to the fore-castle and deck, before it could be cleared. The cable was then cut, and the crew proceeded to pump out the vessel, after which they rigged a jury-mast with the fore-boom, and, setting the jib and part of the foresail, steered to the westward. Having lost their fresh water, they were obliged to melt ice for a supply to drink, cooking their provisions in salt water. During the next eight days they encountered several vessels at different times, and set signals of distress to each,

some of which were so near that their names were almost visible to those on the wreck; but all passed without offering any assistance, until they fell in with the brig Almon Rowell, Capt. Atherton, who supplied the schooner with water, also quadrant, chart and epitome, and at the request of her master, took off five men of her crew, leaving five on board the vessel. The men taken off were landed at Holmes' Hole.

After parting with the brig on the 7th inst., all hands were busily engaged in getting the vessel in the best running order possible under the circumstances. A jury-mast was made by tree-nailing some plank together, and part of the foresail taken for a mainsail, which put the vessel in better sailing condition. They then run until eleven o'clock, with the wind N. W. by N., and it was judged they were twenty miles off Sandy Hook, which would have been reached if the wind had held, but a sudden change took place, the wind veering round W. N. W., and at sundown it blew a terrific gale, accompanied with heavy snow squalls. The vessel was hove to and the gale continued three days, blowing them off two hundred and forty-five miles S. S. E. from Sandy Hook. Barque Acacia was spoken on Friday, and assistance was declined. Had light wind from the south-east until five P. M., when it breezed up strong, and continued blowing until Sunday morning, February 13th. At noon they found by observation that they were in latitude 38.09, with fourteen fathoms of water. At one P. M. schooner Emily A. Bartle, of Philadelphia, was spoken with, and, not wishing to be blown off again, signals of distress were set, which were promptly recognized, and they were towed into Maurice River, N. J. The names of the men who stood by the vessel and brought her safely to port, were Richard Warren (master), George W. Dexter, William Martin, Joseph Carter and John Shrader. They are well deserving of credit in thus risking their lives to save property.

Schooner A. R. Andrews, Capt. Maker, broke adrift on Georges, during the gale on Saturday night, March 6th, 1869, and was knocked down by a heavy sea. Her masts breaking off, she subsequently righted, and fortunately none of the crew were lost. Without any sail to steady her, she was driven before the tempest, the sea often making a clean breach over her, while the crew had to lash themselves in the most sheltered portions of the wreck to avoid being washed away. In this deplorable condition, the brig Como, Capt. Williams, from Messina for New York, fell in with them, and, after great exertions on the part of her crew, succeeded in saving the

sufferers. They were blanched and frozen, with barely vitality enough to revive.

Schooner Charles Haskell had a very narrow escape from foundering. On Saturday night, during the same gale, dragged her anchors and was obliged to cut. While under sail, endeavoring to get clear of the fleet, came into collision with another vessel, staving her bowsprit completely through her, breaking it off, carrying away her head gear; then rising on a wave, struck her again, and it is supposed that she foundered, and all on board perished. The Haskell returned to port, and her disabled condition gave some idea of the violence of the shock. This is the only instance known where two vessels have collided on Georges and one has escaped foundering.

The gale of March 13th, 1870, proved quite severe on Georges, and the schooner Austerlitz, of this port, was so badly disabled that it became necessary to abandon her on the Banks. On Sunday night, about eleven o'clock, she was boarded by a heavy sea, when the cable parted, and the schooner falling suddenly astern, brought so great a strain on the rudder as to break the braces, and it was forced up through the arch-board, badly damaging the stern, and causing the water to pour in rapidly, when the vessel settled into the sea. No time was to be lost, as the schooner was fast filling, and the crew went speedily to work and shifted the fish forward to lighten her aft as much as possible. The bulk-head in the cabin was then cut away to get at the leak, and all the bed-clothing stuffed into the apertures, which checked the flow of water considerably. By active work at the pumps the vessel was kept afloat until morning, when the schooner Riverdale was spoken, and, on learning their condition, took off the crew.

John Maynard, of New London, and William Corthell, of Lyme, Conn., of schooner Gilson Carman, left that vessel on Georges, March 17th, 1869, in a dory, to haul their trawls, and, while doing so, a very heavy thunder squall sprang up, driving them from the Banks. They had at the time several halibut, and from sixty to seventy codfish, which they had to throw overboard, with the exception of one, which they retained to eat. After eating a little, it made them sick, and they were obliged to throw it away. On Thursday night they saw a vessel, but were unable to attract her attention; were drifting about all day Friday and Friday night, without anything to eat. On Saturday morning a duck lit in the vicinity of the boat, which they managed to kill, and ate it raw. On Saturday night, when they had nearly given up the idea of being saved, they made a light a few miles

ahead. They immediately pulled for it, when it proved to be the schooner Henry Clay, of this port. During the time they were in the boat they had a steady storm of rain and snow, and were frequently capsized, but with the aid of a bucket they managed to keep the boat clear of water. Corthell had his feet badly frozen. Mr. Maynard's arm was badly chafed and swollen, and both suffered greatly.

Lewis and Thomas Suratt, two of the crew of schooner Joseph Chandler, of this port, left the vessel February 27th, 1870, to visit their trawls, when, a heavy breeze springing up, they were unable to return. The wind increased to a gale, and for twenty-four hours they were exposed to its full fury, narrowly escaping a watery grave. Thomas was once washed overboard, but his brother succeeded in getting him into the dory again, and they had about given up all hopes of being rescued, when they fortunately fell in with schooner M. L. Wetherell, of this port, Capt. Norwood, who took them on board and kindly cared for them. They were well-nigh exhausted, and could have survived but a short time longer.

Two of the crew of schooner Robert Bruce, of this port, E. S. Johnson and Thomas Anderson, left the vessel on the Banks in a dory, May 3d, 1872, to attend their trawls. A thick fog set in shortly afterwards, and, losing sight of the vessel, they anchored their dory, in hopes of regaining the schooner the following day. The wind continued to increase, and about midnight the anchor line parted, when they determined to run to Seal Island, about fifty miles distant, it being the nearest land. Fortunately they had a small pocket compass, by the use of which they were able to keep the right course, and on Sunday morning they reached Seal Island, after forty-eight hours' exertion at the oars, without any kind of nourishment, having tasted neither food nor water since they left the schooner. When they landed they were nearly exhausted, but were kindly and hospitably treated by Mr. Benjamin R. Hitchens, a resident of the island, of whom they spoke in terms of warmest gratitude. After resting for twenty-four hours, they started in their dory for Yarmouth, N. S., about thirty miles distant, where they arrived at noon. They had a very hard time of it, and, had they not been pretty plucky fellows, never would have reached home again.

Mr. James Dann, one of the crew of schooner Lottie F. Babson, had a very narrow escape from being lost overboard during the gale of March, 1870, while returning from Georges. He was on the boom, engaged in reefing the mainsail, when he lost his foothold, but fortunately in falling managed to grasp one of the reef-points, to which

he held on until rescued from his perilous position by those on board. Had he fallen overboard, no earthly power could have saved him from drowning, as it was blowing a living gale at the time.

Richard Powers and George Welch, two of the crew of schooner J. S. Sanborn, of this port, left the vessel in a dory, June 16th, 1865, to visit their trawls, and, a thick fog coming on, they were unable to find the vessel. Every exertion was made by those on board to find the missing men, but all to no purpose, and she returned to port without them. They were subsequently picked up by an English vessel, bound to Pictou, from which port they arrived home in due season.

The fishing boat Garibaldi, Capt. George W. Morgan, of Lanesville, engaged in the shore fishery, was caught in the gale of Tuesday, March 11th, 1872, off Ipswich, while attending to the trawls, and, being unable to carry sail, was soon driven ashore on Ipswich Bar, and sunk within two minutes after striking. Capt. Morgan had with him his partner, Mr. Levi Lane, and their only hope of escape was by clinging to the mast until assistance came. Here they succeeded, after much effort, in lashing themselves for their long and perilous watch through the night that was coming on, if indeed they should live to pass that watch. Cold, benumbed and wet, with only a faint hope of holding out, the long hours of the night passed wearily. At midnight they saw the keeper of the Ipswich light go and return from his duties; yet no help came. It now became a question of endurance. Capt. Morgan, becoming so thoroughly wet and benumbed, began to show signs of exhaustion, and must soon have perished. At length morning dawned, when the daughter of the lighthouse-keeper, Miss Susie Ellsworth, having, as it were providentially, risen earlier than usual that morning, saw the men clinging to the mast of their sunken boat. She immediately informed her father, who mustered a crew and went to their rescue in the life-boat. The men were taken to the house of Mr. Ellsworth, where they were very kindly cared for.

Two of the crew of schooner Lewis, of Marblehead, William Ward and Lawrence Mulcahy, left their vessels on the third of July, 1873, to visit their trawl, and, a thick fog setting in, they were unable to regain her. The schooner subsequently returned to port, and the men were given up as lost. The men stated that for five days the fog was so dense it was impossible to see but a very small distance around them. They made every effort to regain the vessel, but without success. They frequently heard the whistles of steamers, but never saw one; and their sufferings for the want of food and drink were most

excruciating. On the fifth day they were about to give up in despair, when the fog lifted, and, to their joy, they descried a vessel in the distance. This gave them new courage, and, determining to make one more effort for their life, they rowed for the schooner and soon succeeded in making themselves seen. The schooner proved to be the William A. Pew, of this port, and a boat was soon sent to their assistance. They were taken on board in a very exhausted condition, but, with careful nursing and kind attention from the captain and crew, they were soon on the mending hand. When they arrived at Marblehead they were welcomed by their friends as those only could be who had been given up for dead.

The Pinkey Nautilus, of Rockport, was about thirty miles above East Point during the afternoon of October 3d, 1851, on which the terrible gale occurred in the Bay of St. Lawrence, and skipper Pool, not liking the looks of the horizon, told his men a tornado or hurricane was near at hand, and he determined to get the vessel into East Point, if possible. Shortly after starting, the blow came on, and it was indeed terrible. The wind fairly howled, so that it was almost impossible to stand on deck, or to hear a person next to you, let him scream at the top of his voice. The sails were close-reefed, and on the gallant little pinkey sped, like a racer over the course. She reached the bar, and it was feared there was not water enough for her to go over. To remain where they were was certain destruction, and the angry roar of the breakers, as they broke mast-high, was enough to appall the stoutest heart. Only one thing was now left for them, and that was to drive the vessel over the bar. It was a dangerous experiment, and the chances were as ten to one of its proving successful. The old skipper gave the order to let out the reefs, which was done; then right before it she drove, among the swirling, yeasty waters. Sometimes the craft was almost perpendicular, then she would thump, and touch; but still she kept moving, and those on board watched with bated breath, expecting every moment would witness the destruction of their vessel. It was a trying time; indeed, but imagine their delight, when the bar was passed, and the Nautilus was brought safely to anchor, her danger over, and her crew saved! Mr. James G. Tarr was one of her crew, and to him are we indebted for the incident.

The Pirate Tacony's Raid upon the Fishermen.

The town was thrown into a most intense excitement on the morning of Wednesday, June 24th, 1863, by the announcement that several of the fishing fleet had been burned by a rebel pirate. The news was brought by the schooner Cadet, Capt. Williams, who arrived Tuesday night, having narrowly escaped being captured. He reported that on Monday, while at anchor in the South Channel, he saw a barque bearing down toward them. Having suspicions that she was one of the rebel piratical crafts which had been reported as cruising along the coast, he immediately hove up anchor, and there being a light wind, got his boats out and commenced towing her. While engaged in this, they saw several boats put off from the barque and board four other fishing vessels which were at anchor. A thick fog then shut them from sight, which gave Capt. Williams an opportunity to escape; a good breeze also sprang up, which greatly favored him, and he made the best use of these favorable auspices. That night he saw the light of four burning vessels, and while rejoicing at his own escape, his heart was full of sympathy for those of his comrades who had thus lost their vessels.

A director's meeting of the Cape Ann Mutual Fishing Insurance Company was called Wednesday morning, for the purpose of devising some means for the protection of the fishing fleet. A committee of three, consisting of Messrs. Joseph O. Procter, Capt. Sylvester Cunningham and Epes W. Merchant, were chosen to visit Boston and have an interview with Governor Andrew, who advised them to telegraph to Washington, which they did. Subsequently they visited the Navy Yard at Charlestown, and were informed by the Commodore that all the available vessels were on duty; but he would do all in his power to secure suitable vessels to be sent in search of the Tacony, and for the protection of the fishing fleet. Another spirited meeting was held in the evening, and a committee comprising Capt. Gorham P. Low, Joseph O. Procter and Benjamin H. Corliss, were appointed to serve as a committee to visit Washington and present a memorial asking for two small steamers to be commissioned for special service; one to cruise from Cape Sable to Cape Canso, and the other in the Gulf of St. Lawrence, for the protection of the fishing fleet during the season.

The statement of Capt. Henderson, of schooner Marengo, is a fair example of how the fishermen were treated, which is, in substance, as follows :

On Monday morning at 7 o'clock, while all hands were engaged in fishing, saw a barque standing to the northwest ; when she bore southwest from us she wore ship. A thick fog setting in caused us to lose sight of her, and we thought she was a merchantman bound in. Soon after, we were boarded by a boat's crew consisting of a lieutenant and nine men. Capt. H. went to the leeward to take the painter, and while making the boat fast the lieutenant jumped on board and grasping him by the back, exclaimed, " You are all prisoners to the Southern Confederacy !" and, drawing his revolver, shouted loudly, " that if any resistance was made, he would shoot them on the spot." Ten minutes was allowed the crew to pick up their clothing, then they were conveyed on board the barque, when the Marengo was set on fire, and the fishermen gave a last look at the craft which had carried them safely through the summer's breezes in the mackerel fishery, and winter's gales on Georges. But there was no remedy, they were at the mercy of their captors, and any show of feeling on their part would have only resulted in making their situation the more unpleasant.

While on board the Tacony three others of the fishermen were burnt and their crews brought on board the barque, where they were all uniformly well treated. Capt. Henderson was invited into the cabin to supper, and the captain of the barque used him very kindly, offering him a lieutenant's commission if he would join the Confederate service. This of course was refused, as the patriotism of the New England fishermen during all the trying days of the rebellion was as firm as the rocks which form their rugged coast, and true to country were the hearts which beat in their manly bosoms.

On board the barque there were in addition to the crews of the fishermen, those of four ships which the Tacony had burned during the preceding fortnight, and as they were cramped for accommodations, the captain concluded to liberate the schooner Florence under bond, and send her to New York with the captured men. They were all put under oath not to fight against the Southern Confederacy, and with this parol were allowed to embark. The Florence spoke with the schooner Western Light, of Wellfleet, off Gayhead, and she took all the Gloucester men, landing them at Hyannis, where they were kindly received and forwarded home.

Schooners Thos. Woodward, commanded by Capt. John H. Welch ;

J. G. Curtis, by Capt. Thomas E. Newcombe, and William S. Baker, by Capt. Albion K. Pearce, manned by our hardy fishermen, were at once fitted out and put into commission, to cruise in search of rebel pirates on our coast; but they had taken the alarm, and six vessels, as recorded in the year's losses, was the extent of the depredations upon the fishing fleet.

A Valuable Branch of Industry.

The fisheries have always been regarded as a valuable branch of the industry of New England. From the early records of the Company of Massachusetts Bay, we learn that our fishermen were among the few classes of persons who were exempted from the performance of military duty. So important were the fisheries considered in old colonial times, that, in negotiating for peace with the mother country, Massachusetts desired no peace unless it secured to the United States the freedom of the fishing grounds.

As an evidence of this sentiment, the carved codfish was conspicuously placed on the walls of the State House; which remained there until a very recent period, and may still, for aught we know, adorn the Capitol at Boston; not, perhaps, so much as a work of art, simply, but as a revolutionary memento, serving to remind the assembled wisdom of the Commonwealth, annually, of the self-sacrificing and determined spirit of their predecessors.

Recapture of Schooner E. A. Horton from the Custody of the Dominion Government — A Daring Act by a Yankee Skipper and his Crew.

The seizure of American fishing vessels by the officers of the Dominion Government, for alleged violation of the old treaty which restricted our fishermen from pursuing their calling within an imaginary three-mile line from the Canadian shores, caused a vast amount of ill-feeling during the seasons of 1870-'71, and '72, as well as in previous years, when attempts were made to enforce it. The annoyances which the officers of the Dominion cutters heaped upon unarmed fishermen, and the flimsy pretexts under cloak of which they would seize the vessels, was a disgrace to any nation making any pretensions to civilization, and the apathy with which our government witnessed these dastardly insults to loyal subjects, was equally disgraceful on the part of those in authority.

Schooner E. A. Horton was seized about the first of September, 1871, and taken into Guysboro', there to await the decision of the Court. Her owners, Messrs. McKenzie, Knowlton & Co., had been subjected to great inconvenience and expense by the unfriendly Canadians, who captured one of their vessels the year previous, and finding that there was no chance for redress before the Dominion courts, they determined to depend upon themselves and take possession of their property wherever found. To this end Capt. Harvey Knowlton, Jr., one of her owners, left town Sept. 20th, and arrived at Manchester, four miles below Guysboro', Sept. 27th, and in order to get an opportunity to fully develop his plans, and to disarm suspicion, went to mining, and obtained several specimens of gold quartz. After four days at this occupation, he took his specimens and went to Canso. Here he worked very quietly and secured the services of six American fishermen, viz.: Daniel Richards, John Penney, Charles Webber, D. Isaac, Malcom McCloud, and Peter Gillis, who cheerfully volunteered in the enterprise. October 3d, Capt. Knowlton and his men left Canso and travelled through the woods, a distance of eighteen miles, to Guysboro'. This occupied the entire day, as they were often obliged to hide themselves in order to escape observation. Arriving

in Guysboro' after dark, they concealed themselves in a barn, having taken the precaution to procure a good stock of provisions. Capt. Knowlton kept himself constantly disguised, and employed his time in reconnoitering around the town, visiting the wharf where the vessel was moored, sounding the channel, and in obtaining such other information as he would require when the moment for action arrived. He found that the officials were so sure of their prey that they had no keepers on board of the vessel; but she was stripped of sails, rigging, etc. The captain made good use of his eyes and ears during his stay in town, and found where these appurtenances were stored. His men kept very quiet in the barn and were not observed by any one. They were, however, as might be expected, impatient for action.

Sunday, October 8th, was the time set for the recapture of the vessel. At half-past nine o'clock it was bright starlight, with a favorable northwest breeze blowing. The captain and his men left their hiding place and boldly walked into Guysboro', a distance of six miles, and were fortunate enough not to meet any person on their way. They arrived at the centre of the town just as the clock on the church steeple pealed forth the hour of eleven. Observing some lights yet burning in the houses, they waited patiently until these were extinguished, and then proceeded to the wharf. They were not long in putting themselves inside of the building which contained the Horton's sails, rigging, etc. These they took charge of and soon had them on board the vessel. Finding they had made some mistake in the sails, having got some belonging to another vessel, they were obliged to return them, which caused a vexatious delay. It could not be helped, however. The vessel was aground, but the tide was coming in; her sails and rigging were quickly bent, and all was ready for starting at one o'clock. The suspense was terrible, as the appearance of any person on the wharf, to raise an alarm, would defeat the entire plan. Fortune favors the brave, however, and it would have been a big fight if the captain and his men had been opposed at this point of their proceedings. All was ready, but it was found that the craft was yet aground. Time was precious now! A warp was got out and the vessel was hove astern. At half-past two the joyful fact that she floated, became apparent. All was still. Not a word had been uttered, nor an unnecessary sound made during all these preparations. Sail was put on her, and with Capt. Knowlton at the helm, the saucy little craft filled away, and showed a "clean pair of heels" as she passed out of the harbor, at liberty, and released from the hands of a government which has made itself particularly obnox-

ious to all civilized communities. The surprise of those having the Horton in charge, as well as the good citizens of Guysboro', when they awoke on that eventful Monday morning and found that Yankee fishermen had been at work while they slept, and had taken possession of this captured fishing vessel, can be imagined better than described.

It was apprehended that pursuit would at once be made, but the captain had made his calculations to elude it. At daylight the vessel was outside of Little Canso, and her course was shaped S. S. W. in order to obtain a good offing. There was a fresh breeze from the N. N. W., and by sundown she was many miles outside of land, with her course shaped for the northern edge of the Gulf Stream. There was plenty of water and provisions on board, as the vessel had been refitted only two days before being taken by the cutter. This was not known for a certainty, but had to be risked, and fortunate indeed was it that the officials had not removed these important sinews of war. The southwesterly course was pursued until the 11th, when a severe easterly gale was encountered, in which the vessel's foresail was badly damaged. Saw one steamer on the third day out, did not speak any vessels, but was continually anxious for fear of being recaptured. The captain had made up his mind that the vessel should not be retaken, and in case an English cruiser molested them, preparations were all ready to burn the Horton. The course was continued across the southeast part of Georges Banks, and then direct for Cape Ann, the vessel arriving Wednesday evening, October 18th.

The passage was made without any charts or nautical instruments, with the exception of the compass, the captain relying entirely on his own judgment in shaping his course.

EXCITEMENT PREVIOUS TO HER ARRIVAL.

The Monday previous to the Horton's arrival, a rumor prevailed here in town that an English war steamer was cruising in the bay, for the purpose of intercepting and capturing the fugitive schooner. But very few credited such a sensational rumor, but as there was a probability that such might be the case, Collector Fitz J. Babson took immediate measures to insure protection to the Horton in case she should be waylaid. He at once corresponded with Collector Russell, of the Boston Custom House, and suggested that an American government vessel be sent to watch the movements of the Englishman, and prevent any outrage in our waters. He also telegraphed to Portland to secure the services of the cutter McCulloch. In the afternoon, during the absence of Collector Babson in Boston, on business

connected with the department, B. H. Smith, Esq., Surveyor of the District, telegraphed to the commandant of the Charlestown Navy Yard, for a gunboat, and received reply that a vessel would at once be sent to the assistance of the Horton. During the evening the supply steamer *Fortune*, armed with two howitzers, arrived here from the Navy Yard, and started in search of the supposed cruiser, taking Mr. Robert McKenzie, one of the owners of the schooner, and Capt. Robert Tarr, who was specially authorized by Collector Babson to take charge of the Horton if they fell in with her, in the name of the United States, and hold her as a derelict vessel, being found without papers, and bring her into port. The *Fortune*, after cruising all night and Tuesday forenoon, returned, having failed to obtain any information in regard to the cruiser. Her place was supplied by the steamer *Leyden*, which cruised in the bay on Wednesday, in search of the Horton.

Early on Tuesday morning, the cutter *Mahoning* arrived here from Boston, accompanied by the revenue tug *Hamlin*, and both vessels proceeded in search of the Horton, with instructions to allow no vessel to interfere with her, but to bring her into port at any hazard. Collector Babson also received a dispatch from the Collector at Portland, stating that the cutter *McCulloch* had sailed in search of the vessel. But nothing was seen of either English steamer or the Yankee fishing schooner, whose arrival was looked forward to with the most intense anxiety, not only by our people, but all along the New England coast.

ARRIVAL OF THE HORTON — HER RECEPTION — DEMONSTRATIONS OF JOY.

On Wednesday evening about half-past seven o'clock, the booming of cannon at Rocky Neck announced that the Horton had arrived. The news quickly spread through the town, and there was general rejoicing. Guns were fired, the bells were rung, and *Young America* paraded the streets with drums, horns and torch-lights, firing pistols, and having a general jollification, which was kept up till midnight. Large crowds of people wended their way to Rocky Neck during the evening, and Capt. Knowlton and his brave crew were heartily congratulated upon the success of their bold undertaking. The fishing owners were joyful over the event, while the fishermen gave vent to their delight in the most enthusiastic manner. Interviewers for the press were numerous, and dispatches, as per agreement, were immediately sent from the *Advertiser* office to the *New York Herald* and *Boston Post*, giving the glad tidings of the safe arrival of the vessel.

All over town the cry was heard that the Horton had arrived, and the event was made the occasion of a general jubilee. The Gloucester Cornet Band was promptly on hand, and after performing several stirring national airs on Front street, proceeded to Rocky Neck, escorted by the torch-light procession and a drum corps, and serenaded the gallant Capt. Knowlton at his residence, who duly acknowledged the compliment. Notwithstanding the blustering, disagreeable weather, crowds of people joined the procession, giving vent to their enthusiasm by hurrahing, firing guns and sending up rockets. It was an evening long to be remembered. Salutes were also fired Thursday morning and evening. There was also a display of fireworks, and the band, accompanied by a large procession, paraded the streets, playing patriotic airs. At eight o'clock a congratulatory meeting was held at the Town Hall, which was filled to its utmost capacity.

Benj. H. Corliss, Esq., was chosen chairman, and made a speech, reviewing the many grievances of our fishermen, and the persistent course of aggravation and aggression maintained by the Dominion Government. He was followed by B. H. Smith, Esq., and others.

Mr. Corliss presented Capt. Knowlton and his crew the sum of \$1,000, which had been subscribed by the citizens of the town as a mark of esteem, and a slight testimonial of the great service they had rendered the fishing interests in thus daring to take possession of the Horton.

The speaking was interspersed with music, and the meeting was a lively one in every particular, and fully demonstrated the sentiment of this community on the fishing question.

THE HORTON WAS NEVER GIVEN UP.

It was supposed that the British government would make active efforts for the return of the Horton, and would petition our government to that effect; but nothing of the kind was done. Collector Babson at once applied to the Secretary of the Treasury for another set of papers, on the grounds that the United States government had no claim upon any vessel coming into port having lost her papers. The vessel he considered in the condition of one served by due process of law, and a keeper placed on board. On the departure of the keeper or guard in the fancied security of insufficient water to float the craft, her owners were at liberty to go on board and assume possession. No violation of law had been committed, as the vessel was virtually abandoned by the officers who had her in charge, and no violence was used in her recapture.

There was some correspondence between the Canadian and British Governments relative to the seizure of the Horton. This was in due season laid before the House at Ottawa. The first paper was a memorandum from the Dominion Council to Earl Kimberly, stating that the prize money should be forfeited on account of the gross carelessness in guarding the vessel. The question of indignity to the flag, it was recommended, should be left to the Home Government, as it more properly came under their jurisdiction. The Committee of Council also reported, that under the circumstances, they did not feel called upon to recommend the reclamation of the vessel by the Dominion Government. Earl Kimberly expressed himself satisfied that such dignified conduct would serve to promote friendliness with the United States, which was the earnest desire of England.

The excitement of the Horton's recapture continued several weeks, as it was rumored that efforts would be made to run her out some night. Every precaution was taken to guard against this, and the plans were so well laid that it was absolutely certain that the vessel could not have been taken out of this harbor. Two of the local poets gave very vivid and interesting descriptions of the Horton affair, and the effect produced upon our people, which are well entitled to a position in this narrative.

"THE HORTON'S IN."

BY "OLD LOCALITY."

The day retired serene and fair,
And lights came glancing here and there,
While gently swung the twilight down
On Rocky Neck and Gloucester Town.

The pulse of business life was still,
From Gardner's Brook to Beacon Hill,
On wharf and fish-yard, beach and bay,
The calmness of the evening lay.

Boom! and a cannon's voice rang out;
Boom! and a mingled cheer and shout,
With drum and trumpet, swelled the din—
"The Horton's in! the Horton's in!"

Safe from the Hou's angry paw,
Safe from the lapdog's snapping jaw,
Hurrah! Cape Ann is bound to win —
"The Horton's in! the Horton's in!"

Hurrah! hurrah! rose loud and shrill,
From Duncan's Point to Banner Hill;
And Front and Park and Middle streets
Passed on the tidings wild and fleet.

Hurrah! burrah! for Yankee wit,
Hurrah! burrah! for Cape Ann grit,
It's pluck and dash that's sure to win —
"The Horton's in! the Horton's in!"

Here's three times three for the Captain, then,
And three times three for his gallant men;
For the strong and daring, free and brave,
The olive-branch and the laurel wave.

ESCAPE OF THE HORTON.

BY "YANKEE NED."

Under the canopy of blue,
Under the starlit sky,
They crept—the daring, manly crew —
To cut her out, or die!

Into the store they climb,
With darkness all around;
Their nimble fingers quickly find
That every sail is sound.

With hank and balyard stout,
Her wings were bent anew —
Those gallant lads they ran her out
Across the waters blue.

Away from Scotia's shadowy shore,
With cruisers on her lee,
She travels o'er the deep once more,
To Cape Ann's port — she's free!

Old Eastern Point is dead ahead,
And the skipper's home in sight,

With flying colors she is sped
Safe into port at night.

The spirit true of 'seventy-six
Lives in the land to-day;
Thank God! — and no Dominion cliques
Shall bar the Yankee's way.

The Severe Storm of 1839.

The most distressing event which ever occurred in our harbor was occasioned by the storm of Sunday, December 15th, 1839. From one of our citizens, who witnessed the fury of the storm and watched the doomed vessels as they dashed on the rocks, we glean the following particulars :—

Saturday, the day previous, was remarkably mild and clear for the season. This induced the masters of many of the Eastern vessels to leave port on their trip to New York, Boston, and further southward. Arriving off Cape Ann, the wind suddenly veered into the south-east, with every indication of a violent storm. Sixty-five of the vessels sought refuge in the harbor, where, in the course of the night and Sunday forenoon, they came to anchor. At noon, the wind blew fearfully, and in the afternoon increased to a terrific gale, with snow and rain, and one of the roughest seas running which had ever been seen on this coast. Its power was indeed terrible ; and the fleet of coasters were watched from the shore by our people with the most intense anxiety, as they knew, if any of the vessels got adrift, there would be need of help to save lives.

The prospect, however, was a cheerless one, as there was but little hope of the lives on board the vessels, if they once got into the terrible breakers of the lee shore. Along about three or four o'clock the vessels began to go adrift, and the scene was one never to be forgotten by the large crowd who had gathered on the beach. Many a silent, heartfelt prayer went up from that throng, in behalf of those whose lives were in such imminent danger, to aid which, human arms were almost powerless. Some of the vessels sunk at their anchors, and all hands perished. Others came upon the rocks, where, with the assistance of the strong arms of men who had baffled with the storms for years—the hardy fishermen and seamen of our town—most of the crews were rescued. All that afternoon the vessels continued to drift ashore. Many were saved from this calamity by cutting away their masts. Darkness came down over the scene, rendering it all the more dismal, the wind howling and the sea raging piteously all through the hours of the night. Twenty wrecks were strewn along the shore ere the night had come on, and the morning's dawn was watched for by men who were determined to do all within their power toward saving the lives of those so terribly exposed. The gale abated somewhat during the night, and the faint streaks of light which glimmered on the eastern horizon that Monday morning revealed to sight thirty dismasted vessels riding at anchor in the harbor. The wind veered round to the north-east the next day, and as it moderated, Capt. William Carter, with a volunteer crew of noble-hearted men, put off in the Custom House boat, and brought the men ashore. They were obliged to jump on board, as it was too rough for the gallant little craft to board the vessels. One of the vessels, just as her crew was taken off, drifted out of the harbor, and was never heard of afterwards. A most miraculous escape, indeed.

Everything that sympathetic men and women could do was done for the comfort of the living and for the recovery of the bodies of the dead. The exact loss of life was never fully ascertained, but including those who perished on the wreck near Pigeon Cove, twenty lives were known to have been lost in this vicinity. Some of the bodies were taken away by friends, and the remainder were buried from the Unitarian Church on the following Sunday afternoon. All the other churches were closed, their pastors taking part in the funeral services. An appropriate sermon was delivered by Rev. Josiah K. Waite.

The storm occurring at a season when the fishing fleet were hauled up, did not cause any loss of lives or property of our people, which was indeed a most fortunate circumstance.

Fishermen's Children Playing on the Beach.

We remember reading somewhere in a book of dreamy fancies that the thoughts of children are long, long thoughts. They reach out a great ways, and full of daring, venture into paths that we older people, made practical by the world, are afraid to tread. A child's thoughts, if we could but know them, would make the prettiest fairy story ever told.

These two fishermen's children playing on the beach of a sunny afternoon have turned their backs to the sea. It looks, one might fancy, as if they had turned their backs to the sunshine of life, and were looking boldly out into the darkness. But their eyes are so bright, being yet unclouded with sorrow, they can well afford to face the shadows for a time; their sight is strong. The boy's face is full of daring; we can see that, with his brown, bare arms crossed, and his hat well pushed back from his forehead, he is telling his playmate a marvellous story. Perhaps he imagines that he is a bold skipper and has gone in his vessel on a perilous voyage.

"The fleet dropped anchor at the Banks," he says, "and the wind blew great guns. You'd ought to seen the snow drift, Matty. But I stood at the rail and hauled in hand over hand. My! didn't we have a splendid catch? An' then we up anchor 'an' drifted — an' drifted out of sight of all the others. Two of the vessels went down, but we got safe into port after a while; and then, *wasn't* there a shouting! You'll never go on such a trip, Matty, for you're only a girl!"

We can imagine how the girl's brown cheek flushes and her bright eye kindles as she answers, after a moment's hesitating thought: —

"Well, if I'm only a girl and can't go to the Banks, I can stay at home and wait and pray for you to come safely back again."

She seems very young to have found out that a woman's destiny is to watch and wait for a loved one's coming.

The scent of a seaport town is in this little picture. The vessels glide away in the distance; the sea and sky are all one, they are so smooth and blue. We get the scent of tar and fish as the wind blows in over the stones and twisted ropes, seaweed and oars. But the children have turned their backs to all this, and are living in a world of their own. The girl's face laughs through its sweet dreaminess. She looks as if she were turning over in her mind something the boy has said. Perhaps, she don't quite believe his story, although

a lassie is mostly quick enough to credit the wonderful things a lad tells her. He is telling her, now, what he shall do when he grows up.

“Most likely I shall go to Greenland, and then to Iceland, and shall own ever so many vessels. Will you stay here an’ watch for me when I’m out, just as we watch for our papas, Matty?”

How her dark eyes glow! How she believes every word that this little adventurous fisher-boy tells her, and how meekly, yet bravely, she accepts her own destiny of watching and waiting at home on the beach!

"You'll be a strong man, won't you, when you grow up?" she says.

"Yes; and I'll buy you a pretty new dress, and ribbons every year," he answers.

After all, it is not much they ask for of life, as they sit dreaming and playing on the beach. He will have his vessel, will make stormy trips to Georges and the Banks; and leave wife and children waiting and praying for him at home. The girl's fancies will always keep bright and warm. She will have a house of her own, with neat, painted floor, and pretty white curtains and quilts, and flowers at the open window in summer. And by and by, when she waits on the beach, her face will be turned toward the sea, not from it as now, and she will be watching for the coming of the loved one's vessel safe home after the storm.

The thoughts of youth are long, long thoughts. They flow out in strange, sweet ways; they tell a thousand different stories, all in different tones; they make a fairy land for children to dwell in. Perhaps we have not guessed this boy and girl's thoughts aright; no doubt they are a great deal brighter than anything we can imagine, and if we follow them very far, we shall be obliged to stop and rest. We know that they are bright and boundless as the sea that lies behind them, for we can see the reflection of them in their happy faces.

The Cape Ann Fishermen of To-day.

Those who man the fishing vessels of to-day represent all nationalities, and present a marked contrast to the fishermen of a quarter century ago, when they were composed mostly of native-born citizens. The business has since that time increased so rapidly that it became necessary to look elsewhere for men. Very naturally the supply has been obtained in great numbers from the Provinces, and Nova Scotians represent a large majority of the men now pursuing the vocation. Among them may be found some of the smartest skippers of the fleet. These have made good use of the opportunities presented, and by their good qualities as seamen, capacity to handle a vessel, and possessed with sufficient daring to run the risks of winter-fishing, they have attained good positions. Many of them, who came here with scarcely a dollar in their pockets, are now owners, or part owners, of vessels, showing an energetic spirit of industry and perse-

verance, which has surmounted difficulties and brought, as a reward of their toil, good returns.

These men, as a class, are naturally fitted for the business. Born and reared by the sea, most of them of poor parents, it became a necessity for them to earn their own living at a very early age. Fishing was about the only occupation in which they could engage in the Provinces, and in this branch they commenced, bringing to it all the energies of youth, and by its pursuit laying the foundation of robust health, which enabled them to bear the toil it demanded, and preparing them for the more advanced positions which were offered on board the American fishing vessels.

The yearly visits of our fishing fleet into the Provincial waters show these men the contrast between the two classes of vessels, Nova Scotian and American; the one, clipper-built and well appointed in every particular, and the other, clumsy and far behind in all the modern improvements and fittings. It is not strange that they had a desire to connect themselves with the better class of vessels, where opportunities for becoming masters and owners were so temptingly held out as the reward of industry, fidelity and daring to venture for a trip of fish at the most dangerous and inclement seasons of the year. They caught the inspiration of the Yankee fishermen, as they associated with them in their summer visits after mackerel, and learned of the winter fishing on Georges and the Banks; of the chances to make profitable trips; the opportunities to get ahead in the States; and the advantages for their children to obtain an education. They also learned how well the vessels were provisioned. All this led them to seek for chances on board our vessels, and we have drawn from the Provinces hundreds of her population, representing all grades, with a good proportion of really valuable men, who to-day are numbered among the energetic and thriving citizens of the town.

In addition to these are the Portuguese, who also form a considerably large percentage of the fishermen of to-day. They make good stewards, being industrious and very fond of the perquisites which fall to the lot of those who hold this position, receiving not only a full share with the men, but additional compensation for their services, and other privileges which they are not slow to take advantage of. As a class they are very industrious, very prudent also, looking sharp after the nickels, fully believing in the adage of taking care of the cents, as the dollars will take care of themselves.

They are mostly natives of the Western Islands, are quite clannish,

ardent Catholics, and very fond of pictures representing their patron saints. There is quite a settlement of them in Gloucester, and, taken as a class, they are industrious and law-abiding citizens. Many of them own houses and are well-to-do in the world.

Then there is quite a sprinkling of Irish, Swedes, Norwegians, and Danes; in fact, every nation on the face of the earth is represented among the fishermen. Among them are men of education, who by their gentlemanly bearing betray their good-breeding, and by the class of reading matter they select, are at once known as men of culture. "How did they become fishermen?" asks the reader. There is but one reply. Something went wrong with them at home; as, for instance, the case of an Englishman, who followed the business for twenty years in succession, as steward,—and a good steward he was. His father was wealthy, had a good position, and this son George had a brilliant future in prospective. He loved a girl moving in his own station in life, and they were betrothed. He staked all on her whom he so fondly loved. She trifled with him, oftentimes cutting him direct, and finally encouraged another suitor, a man of the world, who seduced her. The rest is soon told. George lost all faith in humanity—the world looked dark to him. He left England as a common sailor, came to Boston, and from thence drifted down to Gloucester, where he followed fishing. He never returned home. One winter evening, as he sat with us in our sanctum, he told us the story of his life, and as he related it the tears rolled down his cheeks, at the contrast from what he was, and what he might have been, perhaps, with a family around him, if the girl of his heart had only proved true and returned the love which he had so freely bestowed.

He has a snug competence, and the evening of his life is passed in quiet contentment. No more he follows fishing, or ventures on Georges in midwinter; but amid the quiet of a family boarding-house, he is awaiting the summons which shall call him to that home beyond, where there is no more sorrow.

Another we call to mind, a Swede; a man of commanding presence, bold as a lion, a good navigator, and, if he had let rum alone, would have made his mark in the world. But, alas! he was a slave to appetite, and the noble attributes which God had given him were prostituted. None knew this any better than he, and yet he would drink, and one night his body was found in the harbor. Many a tear was dropped as his remains were prepared for burial, and then we knew that the bottle had obtained one more victory—had secured one more victim.

The old-time skippers are fast disappearing from the decks of the fishermen. You will find them engaged as fitters-out and owners. Knowing the business in all its branches, it is not to be supposed that they are to follow the hook and line all their lives. No, indeed! They place their son or some other competent person in command of the craft, and, becoming owners or part owners of other vessels, launch out into the business, and become the solid men of the town, who may be seen at the meetings of the Gloucester Fishermen's Insurance Company, or gathered each evening in the reading-room, discussing the fishing news, and giving their opinion of the market and the prospect of a good year's work. Right well are they deserving of their positions, as they have earned them by continued toil, when with their lives in their hands they left the home-port behind and sought for a trip of fish, when the winds howled and the sea beat with its fury against their craft, threatening to swallow it up and bury them far down in ocean depths, where so many of the brave fishermen have found a grave, and the loved ones on shore have waited so patiently for their return.

The fishermen, God bless them, whether on the land or sea! Theirs is a life of toil; and although fortune smiles upon them occasionally and sends a good school of fish, yet they spend hours and hours at the rail, in the bitter cold of winter, waiting for a bite; — "grubbing," as it is termed, — with a family at home, whom they love as well as any one loves their own; and the bread of this family depending upon the catch of fish. Oftentimes these fathers will lie awake at night in their berths, tossed up and down by the waves of Georges, hoping that he may do well this trip for the sake of his loved ones who are in need of many things for their comfort. This is no fancy picture, but the earnest facts in the lives of the married fishermen, who cannot stay at home in winter, because there is bread to win; and they must win it. All honor to them. Theirs is no holiday existence, but a continued grappling with the elements, a struggle for life, with storm and old ocean in its anger to meet, and with pluck and daring, they wring success from the very verge of the grave.

How Harry G. came to Sign the Pledge.

Harry G., or "Jolly" Harry, as he was sometimes called, was a noble specimen of a fisherman, being active to duty when on board the vessel, of good disposition, possessed of a fair education, and had very many noble traits in his character which endeared him to his shipmates.

He had one fault, and that was a bad one, — he would drink liquor and oftentimes get intoxicated; and when in this state he was fleeced of his hard earnings. Consequently he was always poor and behind-hand. Rum so got the better of him at last that it was evident that he was fast going under.

One night in February, Harry was ashore. He had come in that day from Georges with a good trip, and having got a little money on account, he drank it all up and was very nearly intoxicated, when in the midst of a driving snow-storm he started from the old Fort Wharf, to go on board the vessel which was lying in the stream. The liquor had begun to work, and as Harry was sculling his boat, he fell overboard. He was a good swimmer, and the cold bath sobered him. Now, thought Harry, as he told us afterwards, it's life or death with me. If it had not been for rum, I should not have been in such a predicament.

The cold water struck to his very vitals, and with great difficulty he kept afloat. Finally, by the merest chance in the world, he got hold of the rudder of his vessel and held on for dear life. Then he began to shout for help; but the wind drowned his voice and the cold made him shiver. He heard the old town clock strike twelve, and then he began to fully realize his situation and the danger he was in. There came up before his vision the sainted face of his mother, who had, years ago, gone on to the better land. She seemed very near to him that night, and we may call it fancy or not, his dear mother actually seemed to be with him, and called him her darling Harry, as she was wont to when he was a lad. He saw that dear face, which he remembered as last having gazed upon in the coffin; he saw the smile which was so dear to him all along his youthful journey, and then he heard her speak. This was what she said: —

"My darling Harry, your mother from her home on high comes to you this night in your perilous position, and asks, if she will get you safe from the danger which threatens, that you will quit drinking liquor and never touch it again."

All this did not take but a moment, so Harry said ; and he told his mother, or what he solemnly declares was his mother's spirit, that if he escaped that night, he would sign the pledge and keep it.

The next thing he recollects, was the skipper, leaning over the vessel's stern and asking who it was that hallooed? Harry explained the situation, and was drawn on board more dead than alive. He went into his berth and all night long dreamed of his mother. Up before his vision there came the days of his happy childhood, and then gradually came the changes, and the word LIQUOR seemed posted up all about his berth, and then came the word RUIN. THE PLEDGE IS YOUR ONLY SAFETY then appeared in letters of gold. When he awoke in the morning it all came back to him : the fearful position, clinging to the rudder ; his mother's voice and presence. He dwelt upon it all day long as he walked up and down the streets. His companions often invited him to drink ; but he steadily refused, although his appetite craved it in a most violent manner. He kept his thoughts on his last night's peril, and did not enter a rum-shop for the day. After supper he tidied himself up as well as he could and called upon a good-hearted deacon, who had at one time talked to him and entreated him to leave off drinking. He met with a most cordial reception, the good old deacon at once giving the poor fellow his sympathy and support. Ere Harry left the house he had signed the pledge, and by the memory of his mother's words that night he was enabled to keep it. They acted as a talisman whenever he was tempted.

Life was far different to Harry after signing the pledge. In two years' time he was skipper of a vessel ; then he became part owner ; then he married a woman every way worthy of him. He is in the better land now, and his last days were happy ones. A few hours ere his spirit took its flight, he told a comrade who was watching by his bedside, " that the happiest memory of his life was, that he had never broken his pledge. Soon I shall be with my dear mother, and as I grasp her hand in the other world, as I firmly believe that I shall, how pleased I will be to tell her, ' Mother, dear mother ! your boy Harry kept his pledge ! ' " His was a happy death ; and no doubt he soon joined the mother he so dearly loved.

Picking the Nets and Trawls, in which we find a Good Haul of Sketches, Incidents and Facts, relative to the Fisherman and his Occupation.

GETTING A FARE UNDER DIFFICULTIES. — Schooner Elisha Crowell Capt. Thompson, of this port, which was out in the gale of January, 1871, Western Banks, was boarded by a sea on the night of the 9th, which caused her to part her cable, stove dories, and the men on deck at the time narrowly escaped being washed overboard. The weather moderating on the following day they again shaped their course for the Banks, the vessel having been blown off some distance by the gale. With commendable perseverance they set to work patching up the disabled dories, and succeeded in getting three of them in serviceable condition. A few odds and ends of trawl gear, which they fortunately had on board, were made to supply the place of those lost in the gale, and having two or three days of fine weather they succeeded in taking 15,000 pounds of halibut and 6,000 pounds of codfish, arriving home on Saturday, making a very profitable trip. The perseverance of Capt. Thompson in thus finishing up his voyage under such difficulties is certainly worthy of commendation.

A MERITORIOUS ACT. — Capt. Ezekiel Call, who was lost in the schooner William Murray, during the severe gale of April 2d, 1871, left a widow and five small children. Soon after his loss she was presented with a house-lot at Riverdale, and her relatives and friends signified their intention of building a house thereon and making her a present of it. The money for the lumber was raised by subscription, the cellar stoned and dug by willing hands; then followed the carpentry work, painting, etc., all done by volunteers. The house was ready for occupancy in the spring of 1873, and the thanks of the widow and the fatherless will descend as a benediction upon the hearts of those who assisted in its erection either by money or labor.

GOOD PLUCK. — Skipper John Hamilton and crew of schooner Robert Emmett, of this port, carried away her foremast on Georges, during the gale of March, 1873. They did not allow this mishap to break up their trip; neither did they get another vessel to tow them into port, thereby running up a big bill for the owners and insurance company to pay. No, indeed; nothing of the sort. But after clear

ing away the wreck, they very ingeniously rigged up some temporary sails which would answer the purpose of reaching port; then they continued their fishing, arriving home April 11th, with a trip of thirty thousand. Such pluck is well deserving of honorable mention, and the Captain and his men proved themselves masters of the situation.

A MAMMOTH COD.—On Tuesday, July 22d, 1873, Miss Fannie Bemis, of St. Louis, while on a fishing excursion, off Eastern Point, on board the yacht *United States*, caught a codfish which weighed one hundred and thirty pounds. Can any of our Gloucester girls beat this? If not, St. Louis has something to boast of.

NUMBER OF GLOUCESTER FIRMS ENGAGED IN THE FISHING BUSINESS.—There are forty-three firms engaged in the fishing and fitting-out business in what is termed Gloucester Harbor. Messrs. John Pew & Son fit the largest number, 20; Messrs. Leighton & Co. come next, having 19 vessels; Messrs. Smith & Gott follow with 16; Messrs. John F. Wonson & Co. have 14; James Mansfield & Sons, 13; while several have 12, 11, 10, and so on.

A GOOD DAY'S FISHING.—On Friday, June 13th, 1873, Mr Abraham Geering, of East Gloucester, caught, on the "Old Man's Pasture," two halibut whose aggregate weight was 377 pounds. He obtained \$21.34 for them, which was not a bad day's work. It is very seldom that so large halibut are caught off this shore.

A HEAVY HAUL.—During the month of May, 1873, schooner J. W. Bradley, Captain Griffin, of Rockport, while weighing anchor on Cashe's Bank, found that it came up terribly hard. They hove away for a long time, and on bringing it to the surface, found that they had hauled up an ocean telegraph cable. On coming up out of the water it parted and at once sank. It proved to be the French Atlantic cable, and word was immediately despatched to Boston, and the cable was fished up and spliced in due season.

BEGUN TO CROW TOO SOON.—Old Bill P., of East Gloucester, was a queer specimen of the old style of fishermen. He was at one time skipper of a small fishing-boat, and had made a poor year's work. Late in the fall, while lying in Salem harbor, he determined to see if he couldn't get a couple barrels of flour on tick, knowing that

if he could do so he would be pretty well supplied for the winter. Going up the wharf, he espied a provision store, and, stepping in, told a plausible story, and bargained for the flour. The store-keeper, supposing him the owner as well as skipper of the craft, concluded to let him have it on a short credit. Bill was delighted, and while rolling the second barrel down the wharf met one of the crew, and in a self-satisfied tone exclaimed: "See here, Tom, I can get trusted in Salem for two barrels of flour, while in Cape Ann no one would let me have seven pounds!" It so happened that the trader overheard this, and, tapping Bill on the shoulder, ordered him to return them forthwith. The old fellow felt extremely chopfallen at this turn of affairs; but there was no help for it, and, amid the laughter of the crowd, returned the flour, muttering to himself as he went along, "*What a fool I was to let the cat out of the bag before we got under-way for Cape Ann!*"

A REMARKABLE INCIDENT OF SEAFARING LIFE. — Many years ago, two brothers, Capt. Nathaniel Smith, of Gloucester, and Capt. Ammi R. Smith, of Ipswich, made many voyages in the European trade. It so happened that while the one was at home the other would be abroad, and they had not seen each other for several years. One morning, on the broad Atlantic, two ships sighted each other, the one steering east and the other west, with a strong breeze. The usual preparations were made for "speaking;" and upon ranging within hailing distances, the sails were thrown back, and there, trumpet in hand, stood the two brothers face to face, each on his own quarter-deck. Affectionate greetings, with the tidings from abroad, and the thrice welcome news from home were exchanged, and after cordial wishes for each other's prosperity, the vessels filled away on their course. They did not meet again on shore or at sea for some years afterwards.

DIDN'T PAY. — Upon the return home of one of our vessels from Georges, the master and owner were extremely loth to settle with the crew immediately after selling the trip, and some of the men were afraid they would not get their money very soon. Among them was an Irishman, who seemed bent on securing money or its equivalent. Finding his efforts failed to bring the "cash" he fell back on the "equivalent," and proposed to take a portion of the schooner's cable in lieu of the greenbacks.

"I should be most happy to accommodate you, Mike," replied the skipper, "but I never 'pay out' my cable when lying in port."

Mike saw the joke, smiled, and walked off, and in a few days a satisfactory settlement was made.

A SINGULAR CIRCUMSTANCE.—During the spring of 1867, schooner Live Yankee of this port, while on Georges, lost her bowsprit and shroud. A year after, while the crew were busy with their lines, one of them hooked on to something which came up mighty hard. Finally, it was made fast until the tide turned, when it was hauled up and found to be the identical shroud which had been lost twelve months before. There is not the least doubt in regard to its identity, and it is remarkable, that after such a length of time the shroud should be recovered by the same vessel, when there is such a large fleet constantly fishing on the Banks.

KEPT HIS NINEPENCE.—Twenty-five years ago a fisherman at Riverdale made a trip to the Grand Banks. He was absent three weeks, and encountered a severe gale, which knocked the vessel down and nearly swamped her. Finally, after great difficulty, he succeeded in reaching port in safety; when, upon settling up, he received as balance due a *silver ninepence*, after deducting his store-bill. He took it home, and, stringing it on a bit of ribbon, wore it around his neck, making a solemn vow never again to go to winter fishing, so long as he was not obliged to spend that ninepence. He wore it for a long time, and finally hung it up alongside the kitchen clock, where it may be seen to-day, and consequently he has never ventured on another trip.

A CENT FOUND IN A POLLOCK'S PAUNCH.—Mr. William Thurston, of this town, while dressing a pollock in the spring of 1868, found a nickel cent bearing the date 1867. The question is, how came it there?

"TRUTH STRANGER THAN FICTION."—There formerly resided here in town a widow woman who, in her younger days, resided in Nova Scotia, where her father kept a lighthouse. One day, during a violent gale, a vessel was driven on shore, and out of the entire crew a young lad alone was saved. Her father took charge of and adopted him as his son, and in due course of time he fell in love

with the daughter. A lover's quarrel occurred, as they oftentimes will during courtships, and he, feeling considerably vexed, went away to sea. The family moved to Gloucester, and the daughter married one of the fishermen who was lost on Georges. Two years after this event, who should arrive in town but the first lover, whom she had not heard of since he went away. He learned she was in town, and after renewing the acquaintance they were married. Being tired of going to sea, he followed fishing, and last season was lost among those who lost their lives on these treacherous fishing-grounds.

A PLUCKY FISHERMAN. — During the extreme cold and boisterous weather of March, 1872, the vessels on Georges had a rough time of it, and the men were glad to take refuge below, where they could keep comfortable. On board the Frederick Gerring, Jr., there was a plucky fellow named Alexander Anderson, who had not caught quite his share, and he was determined to make up the number. Donning an extra suit, over which he put on his rubber clothes, and tying his sou'wester firmly on his head, he lashed himself securely, and there he stood, with the spray flying over him and freezing as it struck. He, however, stuck to his lines and caught fifty-three fish, the number required, and then, being satisfied, left the deck for more comfortable quarters.

LIFE FOR ONE, DEATH FOR THE OTHER. — Just before the ill-fated schooner Messenger left port, Mr. George A. Babcock, one of the crew, was induced to leave the vessel, at the solicitation of Capt. Hopkins, of schooner Caleb Eaton, and go as mate on a herring voyage. Capt. Osier afterwards shipped Mr. Thomas W. Gray, former master of schooner Wm. V. Hutchings, and the vessel left port never more to return. It proved a fortunate change for Mr. Babcock, as he had not the slightest idea of leaving the vessel until a few hours before he consented to the change. Mr. Gray intended to have shipped in another schooner, but, at the solicitation of Capt. Osier, who was ready to sail and anxious to make his complement of men, concluded to go with him. The chances of life and death are indeed very narrow at times, and every one is more or less exposed thereto. But we never fully realize it until instances like the above occur, and then we are impressed with the fact, that oftentimes a slight incident may result in an entire change of our material prospects, and perhaps, as in this case, remove us from the shores of time into the land of the hereafter.

STILL IN EXISTENCE. — The fishing schooner *Manchester*, which was quite an old vessel when sold from this port thirty years ago, is still in existence, and was sold at auction in Plymouth, May, 1872, for \$662. She is still good for a fare of fish, notwithstanding her old age. The painting of the late Fitz H. Lane, which was destroyed in the conflagration of the former town-house, had a very life-like sketch of this famous old banker, lying in the harbor cove, washing out a fare of fish. She must be about seventy years old.

A NEW FISHING GROUND. — Country fish-dealer (not posted in geography).

"Here's fresh cod 'n haddock 'n halib-o-a-t."

"What is the price of halibut, Mr. Napes?"

"Twenty cents a pound, ma'am."

"Why! that is a monstrous price; what makes it so dear?"

"It is a very nice article, ma'am, the real *Georgias* halibut; comes all the way from Georgia, packed in ice; makes it come high."

Economical housekeeper concluded that she would not invest.

Dashings of Spray from Wavelets of Maritime Poetry by Home Authors.

THE SKIPPER-HERMIT.

BY HIRAM RICH.

For thirty year, come herrin'-time,
Through many kind o' weather,
The "Wren" an' me have come an' gone,
An' held our own together.
Do' know as she is good as new,
Do' know as I am, nuther;
But she is truer'n kilt' an' kin,
Or any but a mother.
They're at me now to stay ashore,
But whille we've hand an' tiller,
She'll stick to me an' I to her, —
To leave the "Wren" would kill her.

My feet have worn the deck; ye see
How watches leave their traces,
An' write on oak an' pine as plain
As winters on our faces!

But arter all is said an' done,
There's somethin' sort o' human
About a boat that takes at last
The place o' child and woman;
An' yet when I have seen some things —
Their mothers let me toss 'em —
My boat, she seemed a barnacle
'Longside a bran-new blossom

Sometimes to me the breeze off-shore
 Comes out upon the water,
 As if it left the grave of her —
 No wife to me nor daughter.
 Lor! if I knowed where green or no
 The turf is sweet above her,
 I'd buy a bit o' ground there, — wide
 As a gull's wings would cover.

We know the tricks of wind an' tide
 That mean an' make disaster,
 An' balk 'em, too — the "Wren" an' me —
 Off on the Ol' Man's Pastur'.
 Day out an' in the blackfish there
 Go wabblin' out an' under,
 An' nights we watch the coasters creep
 From light to light in yonder.

An' then ag'in we lay an' lay
 Off Wonson's Cove or Oakses —
 None go by our compass-light,
 Nor we by other folk'ses.
 Ashore, the ball-room winders shine
 Till weary feet are warnin',
 But here an' there's a sick-room light
 That winks away till mornin'.

An' Sundays we go nigher in,
 To hear the bells a-ringin', —
 I aint no hand for sermons, yon,
 But singin's allers singin'.
 The weathercocks — no two agree —
 Like men they arg' an' differ,
 Whille in the cnddy-way I set
 An' take my pipe, an' whiff her.

My pipe — ch! p'ison? mighty s-l-o-w;
 It makes my dreamin' clearer;
 Though what I fill it with now-days
 Is growin' dearer 'n' dearer.
 I takes my comfort when it comes,
 Then no lee-lurch can spill it,
 An' if my net is empty, Lor! I
 Why, how can growlin' fill it?

An' so we jog the hours away,
 The gulls they coo an' tattle,
 'Till on the hill the sundown red
 Starts up the drowsin' cattle.
 The seiners row their jiggers by;
 I pull the slide half over,
 An' shet the shore out, an' the smell
 Of sea-weed sweeter'n clover.

Scribner's Monthly.

THE TIDE.

BY HENRY A. KENDALL.

The tide is in, anon is out,
 Nor lingers at the turning;
 And man, as restless as the sea,
 Its thriftlessness is learning;
 Two busy brothers gathering in,
 And having gathered, spurning.

The waves bring pearls upon the shore,
 Yet on the shore no pearls there be:
 For fortune varies ebb and flow,
 And with the waves' monotony;
 For hopes, like pearls and shells, come in,
 But with the tide go out to sea.

THE BARK COMES BACK NO MORE.

BY JAMES DAVIS.

Never more, never more,
Cometh back to the shore,
The fishermen's bark that so gaily departed!
And never a word
Of tidings is heard,
To tell of her fate to the desolate-hearted.

With full, swelling sail,
Before the fair gale,
The home-port she left with her flag gaily
streaming;
And not one brave heart
That in her did depart,
Of her perilous voyage on the ocean was dream-
ing.

Far out on the tide
Awhile they did ride,
And the sea's finny treasures their labor re-
warded;
While thoughts of their cheer,
As home they should steer,
A comfort mid toil and privation afforded.

But never again
Shall come back those brave men,
Their forms 'neath the dark waves of ocean are
sleeping;
And loved ones on shore
Their sad fate deplore,
And eyes have grown weary with watching
and weeping.

Weep no more! weep no more!
Ye mourners on shore,
For the lost ones whom fate from your bosoms
hath riven;
For though their frail bark
Went down in the dark,
The crew have arrived safe in Love's blessed
haven.

And though to the shore
Shall come back never more
The fishermen's bark that so gaily departed,
In that haven above
You will meet them, where Love
All sorrow shall chase from the desolate-
hearted.

ASLEEP ON THE BEACH.

BY GEORGE H. PROCTER.

There's a dear little child at play
On the beach, with its pebbly shore;
Bright and joyous the summer's day,
And hushed the sound of ocean's roar.

The tiny waves dance up and down,
Sparkling and rippling merrily;
The child with play hath tired grown,
And lain him down quite wearily.

Higher and higher up they creep,
Those rippling wavelets tipped with white,
Off from the bosom of the deep,
Along the sand they take their flight.

In they keep rolling with the tide;
The boy sleeps on — so free from care;
O'er the waters the light winds glide,
And sunbeams kiss his golden hair.

Old grandpa, who can scarcely creep,
With palsied limbs — voice feeble, too, —
Sees from his door the child asleep;
Great God! what is there he can do?

With quivering lips, uplifted hand,
He prays, midst sighs and weeping,
That the good Lord from off the sand
Would save the child there sleeping.

"Descend, O Father, from the skies,
And touch with spirit of light
My little grandchild's sleeping eyes,
Or stay the proud waves' might!"

His prayer is ended; he has done
All that he can to save the boy,

And left him in the care of One
Mighty to save or to destroy.

Hush! what does the old man see
Skipping along o'er the pebbly ground?
Bruno, his dog, who, leaping free,
His master joins with a joyous bound.

"Bruno, good dog! there's Charlie dear,
Your playmate, lying on the shore;
Go quickly, now, and bring him here,
Ere rising waters sweep him o'er!"

Showing the dog an old toy gun,
Which oft he'd seen in Charlie's hands, —
He knew at once, and off he run,
Bounding across the glistening sands.

The child is reached. Haste, Bruno, haste!
There may not need another wave;
The waters rise — Oh, do not waste
A moment more if life you'd save!

Brave dog! gifted with instincts rare,
How gently you lift that little walf
Out from the surf, and with such care
Place him above where all is safe!

The mother came with bated breath;
How she had run from grandpa's side!
She feared her boy had met his death,
There on the sand amid the tide.

But when she saw his opening eyes,
And watched his tiny, heaving chest,
Oh, joy untold! what glad surprise!
Ecstatic rapture filled her breast.

Phrenological Journal.

LOST AT SEA.

BY SARAH G. DULEY.

Lost!

Weary and tempest-tossed,

Lost at sea!

The ship went down in the foam,

And found a watery home,

While the waves resistless roam

Wild and free.

Lost!

Flats of fate were crossed,

Lost at sea!

With seaweed and coral dressed,

And hand crossed o'er his breast,

In a wakeless, dreamless rest,

Sleepeth he.

Lost!

In ocean's foam and frost,

Lost at sea!

And no tear falls o'er their grave,

But the restless ocean wave

Roams o'er monarch and o'er slave

In its glee.

Lost!

The ones we have loved most,

Lost at sea!

For they may not walk the shore,

When some long, long voyage is o'er,

And they, with us no more

Bend the knee.

Lost!

And pallid hands are crossed,

Lost at sea!

And maidens' eyes are dim,

And mothers' eyes o'erbrim

As they sadly think of him

In the sea.

Lost!

They are a mighty host,

Lost at sea!

And the waves say with their moan,

I am monarch — all I own —

'Tis to me they all have gone, —

Gone to me.

AFTER THE STORM.

BY HENRY C. L. HASKELL.

I would I could paint the picture —

I have only to shut my eyes
And a long white reach of sandy beach
Will straight before me rise.

And a mass of dusky billows
White-maned and tumbling in
With a crash and roar to the sandy shore,
And a wild and ceaseless din.

Behind in the west, a rampart
Of clouds that are dun and wild,
And the sun just dips to their crimson tips
Where the darkest mass is piled.

There where the waves seem fiercest,
In their maddened rush and roar —
With her starboard side to the tossing tide
Lies a fated bark, ashore.

Her tall masts bend as the billows,
Rising in stormy might,

Are a moment seen of a dusky green,
Ere falling broken and white.

I can see her mainmast totter,
Then plunge in the seething tide;
While toward the strand of damp white sand
The shattered fragments glide.

There goes the foremast over,
Whiter the great waves curl;
And over her pour with their sullen roar,
And a madder rush and whirl.

We turn from the white beach homeward,
But pause to glance once more;
The moonbeams shine in a silver line
O'er the waves to the sandy shore.

For the purple of eve has gathered
And spread from the eastern skies;
And the billows moan where shattered and
lone

A dreary wreck she lies.

THAT SUMMER DAY AT NORMAN'S WOE.

BY GEORGE H. PROCTER.

Mem'ry, lend your magic powers,
Retrace the pictures one by one;
Roll back the years, recall the hours —
That summer day in 'fifty-one.

Turn back the pages in life's book,
Oh, faithful mem'ry, fond and true;
Once more reveal the cozy nook
At Norman's Woe — the scene renew.

Old ocean in its calmest mood
The boats awayed gently by the tide;
While o'er across, the light-house stood,
Which winter's storms had long defied.

That day so fragrant with its joy,
Her whom I loved — that pleasant stroll;

Pure happiness without alloy —
Heart answered heart and soul met soul.

She gave the promise — untold bliss!
Through all our lives our love should flow;
We sealed the promise with a kiss,
That summer day at Norman's Woe.

We've walked together twenty years —
 Oft-times the path has not been smooth,
 But e'en these varied hopes and fears
 Have served as tests our love to prove.

I ne'er regret her saying yes,
And giving me her heart so true;
Life's cup is full, for mine's the bliss
Of being loved, and loving too.

SKIPPER JACK.

BY OLD LOCALITY.

With hair white as the sea-gull's plume
All bleached on the stormy sea,
With features bland, and large of heart,
A kind old man was he.

The battling storms of eighty years
On life's long ocean roll,
Had left no spray in his eagle eye,
Nor ice on his noble soul.

His smile came out with a sunny gleam,
 As it came in the days of yore;
 And his voice had a soothing charm like the
 waves
 When they sing on a shelving shore.

The young folks gathered at eventide,
 With a bright, expectant eye,
 For a ballad tune of the olden time,
 Or a tale of the days gone by.

He sung of the fight on Bunker's Height,
 And how the red-coats ran;
 How Lawrence brought his noble ship
 In sight of old Cape Ann.

He told that far, far back in the past,
 Full sixty years and more,
 The old ship "Howard" stranded, lay
 A wreck on our rocky shore.

He sung of the deeds of Captain Kidd, —
 How the pirate loved to rove;
 Of the shining gold that he had buried deep
 In the dingle at Grapevine Cove.

He told of his childish sports, and how
 Full seventy summers back,
 The glow on his cheeks was the bloom of health,
 And the curls on his brow were black.

And he fondly smiled on the gentle Sue
 Who sat near his aged knee;
 And pressed his lip to her shining brow,
 For a kind old man was he.

Then drop a tear for Skipper Jack,
 The best of the brothers seven;
 We would not call his spirit back
 From its anchor-hold in Heaven.

JERRY AND ME.

BY HIRAM RICH.

No matter how the chances are,
 Nor when the winds may blow,
 My Jerry there has left the sea
 With all its luck an' woe;
 For who would try the sea at all,
 Must try it, luck or no.

They told him — Lor', men take no care
 How words they speak may fall —
 They told him, blunt, he was too old,
 Too slow at oar and trawl;
 An' this is how he left the sea,
 An' luck an' woe an' all.

Take any man on sea or land,
 Out of his beaten way,
 If he is young 'twill do, but then,
 If he is grieved or gray,
 A month will be a year to him,
 Be all to him you may.

He sits by me, but most he walks
 The dooryard for a deck,
 An' scans the boat a-going out,
 Till she becomes a speck.
 Then turns away, his face as wet
 As if she were a wreck.

The men who haul the net an' line
 Are never rich; an' you
 My Johnny here — a grown-up man —
 Is man an' baby too.
 An' we have naught for rainy days,
 An' rainy days are due.

My Jerry, diffident, abroad
 As restless as a brook,
 An' when he left the boat an' all,
 Home had an empty look;
 But I will win him by an' by
 To like the window nook.

I cannot bring him back again
 The days when we were wed;
 But he shall never know — my man —
 The lack o' love or bread,
 While I can cast a stitch, or fill
 A needleful of thread.

God pity me, I'd most forgot
 How many yet there be,
 Whose good men, full as dear as mine,
 Are somewhere on the sea;
 Who hear the breakin' bar, an' think
 Of Jerry home an' me.

Atlantic Monthly.

THE FISHER'S WIDOW.

BY GEORGE H. PROCTER.

Fair was that morning in winter,
When he kissed her good-by. Fair was the
breeze
Which filled the sails of his schooner,
As gayly she sped out of the harbor for Georges.
Fondly she gazed after him,
Watching the white foam which feathered the
track
Of the "Margery"—her name, and that of
the trim

Little craft he commanded.

Her prayers followed him,
And each night as her head pressed the pillow,
Her God was entreated to care for all
On the watery depths; then one
Earnest plea for Roger,—whose heart was
hers,—
Would fall sweetly asleep, with
Dreams full of bright pictures and fancies.

Three weeks passed away,
Bringing around the time for his return;
How anxious now the hours! For those com-
ing in
From the treacherous Banks, brought fearful
tidings
Of a sudden gale! Terrible the tales
Of drifting vessels, of collisions and founde-
rings,
Of hair-breadth escapes, broken spars,
And parted cables.

One after another, the fleet slowly rounded the
Point,
For the wind had spent itself, and was gentle
now;
But nearly all had torn sails, damaged spars or
hulls.
As their names were repeated, many a heavy
heart
In Gloucester town grew light; wives and chil-
dren
Were happy as they greeted husbands and
fathers
Whom they feared would nevermore return.

"Where's the 'Margery'? Have you seen
her?
Tell me true! Have you not spoken the
'Margery,'
Or seen her since the gale?"
These were the queries which the young wife
made.

One skipper said, "The 'Margery'
Lay right 'longside his vessel—the 'Union,'
Two days afore the blow, and had shifted
berths
Early in the mornin' in hopes to finish their
catch,
Then homeward go." Another said, "that a
vessel,
Which he took to be her, had started for home

The very mornin' of the gale;" while yet
another
Thought he "saw her adrift, drivin' down to
lu'ard;

Where the heft of the fleet were layin'."

The young wife hoped against hope,
Thinking that the "Margery" had been blown
off,
And gone into some distant port
Where tidings were long in coming;
Or that her husband and his men
Had been taken off by some vessel bound afar,
And they would come back again.

But the "Margery" never more returned to
port!

She sank 'neath the waters, in that fearful
storm:

Three other vessels went with her, and forty
souls

Winged their way upward,—

With them, the skipper of the "Margery."

The fisher's widow has taken up her cross,
And carries it with a firm hope
Of again meeting her loved one
In that land beyond, where those who sail
The sea of life are sure to meet at last.
This hope brings comfort,
And to-day, with hectic flush and feeble breath,
She's drawing near her home, having a hold on
God

Strong as the everlasting hills.

LOOKED FOR.

BY HIRAM RICH.

"All the apple blooms are open and the bees
are in a flurry

While I walk the headland orchard, by the
sail-beclouded sea,—

The single sail I look for's a long time a-com-
ing,

And a day is longer now than a summer used
to be.

"Every night I make a beacon of my little
chamber window;

Often at the door I listen, with my hand upon
the key;

The single sail I look for's a long time a-com-
ing;

But the sudden footstep in it hath no echo
of the sea.

"All my baby-sewing finished, I am knitting,
only knitting,
For he loves to find me idle-like when com-
ing home from sea;
The single sail I look for's a long time a-com-
ing;
But a day without my needle is a weary one
to me."

All the apple blooms are fallen and the idle
bees are dreaming,
And deserted is the orchard by the sail-for-
saken sea;
The only ship she looked for is anchored in the
harbor,
And a sailor sits at supper with a happy
vis-a-vis.

The Independent.

SKIPPER CHARLEY OF GLOUCESTER TOWN.

BY GEORGE H. PROCTER.

Don't you know skipper Charley, of Gloucester town,

A jolly old fellow of upwards fourscore,
Whose snug little cot, weather-beaten and brown,
Stands at Eastern Point, close down by the shore?

Skipper Charley's first trip was in eighteen two,

In the jigger "Iantha," which for those times
Was a crack little craft; and he will tell you,
He was ten years old when he first pulled the lines.

For sixty odd years, through all kinds of
weather,
He sailed the salt water in sunshine and
storm,
Sharing the comforts and dangers together
With shipmates many — but now they're all
gone.

'Tis thrilling, I tell you, to hear him repeat
The narrow escapes he has had in his day;
And many's the evening I've taken my seat
In his chimney-corner so cozy and gay.

"Wa'al, 'bout as nigh as I can remember,"
(The skipper most always commences this
way.)

"'Twas eighteen forty-two, the first of Novem-
ber,
Comin' from mackrellin' in Penobscot Bay.

"Thatcher's Light we saw just 'afore the day
broke,—
Didn't the wind howl? what a wild-lookin'
sky! —

When out from the for'castle curled up a
smoke,
An' then follored a blaze most half-mast
high!

"We did all we could to smother the fire.
'Twasn't any use tryin' to stop its fierce
glow;
It kep' on a blazin' higher an' higher;
'Twas soon quite sartin the old Betsey must
go.

"We jumped in the boat as soon as we could;
I shiver to think of that mornin's cruise;
Obleeged to take passage in just what we
stood,
Life was dear to us then — fault-finder's no
use.

"We contrived to keep the old boat alive,
'Twas 'nip and tuck' in that heavy sea;
But the good Lord helpeth those who strive,
An' he sent a vessel — that's my idee.

"For nineteen seasons, one arter the other,
I went to Georges — an' that's no boys' play!
'Twas there the sea washed off deck my young
brother,
An' afore my own eyes he drifted away.

"We couldn't save him, I knew that full well;
But I heard him shout, and my name loudly
call;
Then I saw his dear face as he rose and fell
On a white-capped billow — and that was all

"Many a night arter, I've waked up from sleep
At hearin' that call, and my dead brother's
form
Has appeared, as if comin' up from the deep;
I saw him so plainly — and then he was gone.

"I went one season more, that of 'sixty-two;
Time of the big blow — you remember it
well:
What destruction and sorrow then did accrue
From that storm on Georges, words fail me
to tell!

"Such a terrible night! Oh! didn't it blow!
An' over a hundred vessels were there;
When one parted her cable, away she'd go
Right into another, and down went the pair.

"We rode it out, safely, but how, I can't tell;
Fifteen of the fleet ne'er again h'lsted sail;
An' a hundred and thirty-eight lives went to
swell
The losses on Georges, in that dreadful
gale."

YACHTING.

BY HENRY A. KENDALL.

Fill, snowy sails, until our rails
 Careening kiss the sea;
 White crests of foam abandon home
 To bear us company!

And, brave topmast, defy the blast,
 Clear whistle in the wind;
 These bright green waves were never graves,
 Till hope was left behind.

Nor hopeful decks can turn to wrecks
 While water washes keel—
 "So bind the sheets to weather-cleats,"
 Loud sings the pilot at the wheel.

These clouds, storm-gray, will burn away,
 The wind go down with the sun;
 And Dian bright, with her silver light,
 Will gild our sails as we onward run.

Already in lulls we hear the gulls,
 And see the petrels flitting by;
 And He whose might notes swallows' flight,
 Will give us at length a tranquil sky,

And wind as fair as stirred the air,
 With waves that dance, as when
 Columbus left the Indian isles,
 And steered his shallop back to Spain!

THE TWO TRYSTS.

BY L. L.

A hillside stretching seaward, ripples of shining blue,
 And tide-waifed strand of rifted sand inclined
 between the two.
 On ebb of the waves, slow rocking, impatient
 at long delay,
 The white-winged boat, with pennon afloat,
 tosses her shadow in play.
 A cot with its blossoming tree; lover and fair-
 haired maid,
 Standing alone by the threshold stone, holding
 their tryst in the shade.
 Hope and joy, with a twofold power,
 Bind heart to heart in the twilight hour.

A hillside stretching seaward, and tide-waifed
 sanded shore,
 But white-winged boat with pennon afloat
 plays with its shadow no more.
 Feet grown weary with waiting, eyes watch-
 ing over the sea,
 And life's sweet dream of golden and sheen
 rest 'neath the blossoming tree.
 A dirge from the moaning waves, tears from
 the twilight dew,
 And hands of love, beyond and above, are
 pledging their tryst anew.
 Hope and joy, no longer at strife,
 Bind soul to soul in that better life.

THE LOSS OF THE SCH. JAMES S. AYER.

BY HENRY A. KENDALL.

I see her mainsail in the sun
 Gleam bright as any swallow's wing,
 As ready to fly when all is done —
 I hear the hardy fishers sing;
 Out round the Point, and past the light
 That guards the ramparts of the Bay;
 Still sailing on through all the night,
 And on and on from day to day;
 But never to return, O ship!
 Thou bearest a dead crew,
 With faces white and drowning lip,
 And eyes upstaring to the blue;

And costly freight of mothers' tears,
 But, more than all, those dead men's lives,
 With all the promise of long years,
 And prayers of widowed wives.
 Yet know we not; white sails she spread,
 Was spoken once, and evermore
 Their children listened for the tread
 Of those who kissed them at the door.
 And bade them watch their coming back,
 And kissed them sweetly, one by one,
 Then sailed away to death and wrack, —
 Thy will, O God, thy waves have done!

A WAIF.

BY H. C. L. HASKELL.

The autumn day
 Rich in its regal beauty lay
 Over headland and beach and sea.
 And the voice of the waves sang dreamily
 A sweet, low tale to the listening ear;
 A tale, as if never a breath of fear,
 Or shadow of sorrow, could cloud the blue,
 Or darken the sunlight glinting through
 The mellow air. It was fair, I ween,
 That autumn sunlight, that harbor scene,
 As over the waves, that golden day,
 A trim bark sailed on its voyage away.

Gloucester town
 Lies where the winter sunbeams down
 On its roofs and spires are shining bright,
 On the tall masts showing slim and bare,

On Stage Head Battery, and where
 Gleams the tower of Ten Pound Island light:
 But never again to Gloucester town,
 Around the Point and up to the town
 Will the good bark glide, that sailed away
 In the dreamy hush of that autumn day.
 There're those who'll wait and watch and weep,
 And gaze afar o'er the heaving deep,
 And wish for the loved to come once more —
 For the bark to sail for Cape Ann's shore.

Ah! none may know in the sea-girt town
 How or when that staunch bark went down
 For those who within her sailed the main
 Never will come to port again.
 Father of goodness and mercy be
 With those who mourn for the lost at sea!

NOT LOST, BUT GONE BEFORE.

BY MRS. MARY A. SHELTON.

Respectfully inscribed to the friends of the lost fishermen.

Not lost, ah! no; only gone on before,
They are anchored safe on the shining shore;
The souls ye loved left the vessel's deck,
As ocean folded the sinking wreck,
And white-robed angels led the way
To the fadeless realms of eternal day.

In lonely caves, 'neath the surging deep,
The forms ye loved lie in dreamless sleep,
The ocean waves chanting as they flow,
A mournful requiem soft and low,
Seeming to say, "O fishers, for thee
Do we chant this solemn melody."

There's a sable cloud o'er the fisher's home,
A longing for those that can never come;
Watching and waiting, alas, how vain,
For steps they never will hear again!
O God! thou alone canst give relief
To these stricken souls in their bitter grief.

Fold them, O God, in thine arms of love;
Point them to that beautiful world above,
Where 'mid a bright-robed angel band,
Their loved, *not* lost, in glory stand;
May they mourn no more for the souls at rest,
For their Father called, and *he* knew best.

WAITING, ANXIOUS WAITING!

BY R. C. CALDER.

There is waiting, anxious waiting, for the
fisherman's returning,
And the angry winds are blowing, as the
billows loudly roar;
There's a beacon in the window, and a cheerful
fire is burning,
To guide the storm-tossed mariner in safety
to the shore.

There is waiting, on the deck, where the
fishermen are standing,
And fervent prayers are offered that the
storm may soon be o'er;
All the sails are torn to ribands, and the
cables now are stranding,—
O God! have mercy on them! they are
drifting on the shore!

There is waiting, anxious waiting, for the tid-
dings of the missing—
And tearful eyes are looking in sadness to
the shore;
And the mother's heart is aching, as the child
she's fondly kissing,
Whispers softly from its cradle, "Will
papa come no more?"

There is waiting, anxious waiting, and the
days and weeks are flying,
Yet no coming of the missing ever glads the
watcher's eyes;
And the waves for aye are surging, with a
wild and mournful sighing,
Where in dreamless rest, the fisher with
his shattered vessel lies.

AFTER THE CALE OF 1862.

BY G. B.

[The following lines were suggested upon hearing the wives and relatives of those on board the missing vessels of the Georges fleet making inquiries of a returned Georgesman.]

"Seaman! where art thou from?
Art thou from Georges' tide?
And will those others come?
Do they in safety ride?

"Didst thou my husband see?
And was my brother there?
And my son, will he come back to me,
With his locks of shining hair?

"At home my children weep;
Now tell me, seaman true,
Oh, doth their father sleep
Beneath the waters blue?"

"Woman, the night was dark,
The sea too much to brave;
I fear thy husband's bark
Hath sunk beneath the wave.

"And your brother, too, was there,
Tossed by the treacherous main;
And he with the shining hair
Shall ne'er return again.

"Children, your father sleeps,
Beneath the waters blue;
But God his promise keeps,—
He will take care of you.

"Of children once he said,
'Suffer them to come to me;'
Is not the raven fed
By his boundless charity?

"I'll tell thee more to-morrow;
The tears come to my eyes.
Go home and calm your sorrow
By prayers to Him on high.

"Hath not the Saviour told thee
To come in thy distress?
In his arms he will enfold ye,
The 'widow and fatherless.

"And all with sorrow laden,
May come to him in prayer,
And joys that are unfading
With them from heaven he'll share."

GOD BLESS THE FISHERMEN.

BY CELIS.

God bless the fishermen! God be their guide,
And pilot them safely o'er the dark rolling tide;
Calm the fierce winds and still the deep sea;
Watch them and guard them where'er they
may be;

For their life is at best a perilous one
And the little they gain, how dearly 'tis won!

Around them wild dashes the white seething
foam;

Yet they cheerfully toil for the dear ones at
home.

Oh, scorn not the fishermen, greet them with
love,

And ask for their welfare a boon from above.
Their lot is a hard one; their home's on the
wave,

And oft 'neath the sea they find a grave.

Love them sincerely, be to them kind;
Their friendship's the truest you ever can find.
Oh, once the sad heart, now a desolate fane,
Was written all over with a fisherman's name.

You ask why I love them; — I'll tell you why,
Although it shall wring from me many a sigh.

Alas, it gives me a keen, bitter pain
To speak of the lost one I'll ne'er meet again;
Oh! the loved one, the lost one, where is he
now?

The cold sea is laving his manly brow;
For he sleeps in old ocean, his grave's in the
tide;

He went to his death in the lost "Neptune's
Bride."

And since that sad night, my heart's fervent
prayer

Goes up for the fishermen everywhere.

God save the fishermen! may he be their guide,
And pilot them safely o'er the dark rolling
tide.

Oh! calm the fierce winds, and still the deep
sea;

Watch them and guard them, where'er they
may be.

IN SIGHT OF HOME.

BY MRS. SUSIE MERCHANT.

Roll on, O ocean! tell the same sad story
Of fond hearts crushed by thy resistless flow;
Of all the hopes deep buried 'neath thy waters
We ne'er in time, can ever, ever know.

Tell of the night, when dark and dreary,
And tempests raged upon the waters deep;
Tell to the loved one sadly waiting —
And having lost all hope, can only weep.

Tell, when the tempest at its highest,
"With no eye to pity and no arm to save,"
The one her heart has ever held as dearest,
Found 'neath thy troubled waves his ocean
grave.

Tell how the last prayer that he offered
Was, "Father, keep my wife and little one;
Oh, may she know how tenderly I loved her
And that I died when just in sight of home!"

A Musical Fisherman.—His First Violin.—Early Struggles.—His Cruise in the "Rival."—Shipwrecked Yankee Fishermen Giving Concerts in the Provinces.

PROFESSOR JOHN JAY WATSON, now President of the *National American University of Music, and other Liberal Arts*, in New York City, began life as a fisher-lad, and followed the business several years. He commenced fishing at the early age of eight, and at fourteen his brother Robert offered him a full share if he would go with

him in the schooner *Garland*. From his early youth he was passionately fond of music, and was never so happy as when listening to the songs which flowed so sweetly from the lips of his mother, who possessed a voice of great purity. His father was also a good singer; and it may be safely asserted that John inherited his rare musical talents from both parents. Another great pleasure was afforded the lad, in listening to the impromptu playing upon the violin by the fishermen. He would stand spell-bound as it were, completely oblivious to all surroundings; his soul revelling in the enjoyments which the merry strains afforded, and his face all aglow with enthusiastic admiration; his feet and hands keeping time, and his body swinging to and fro in the ecstasy of boyish delight.

On board the *Garland* was a very kind-hearted fisherman, Mr. Joseph Wonson, of East Gloucester. He possessed a violin — fiddle, the fisherman called it; and during the evening hours, after the day's catch were dressed and taken care of, he would play a few simple airs. This was heaven itself to the music-loving John, and that was a happy moment, indeed, when Mr. Wonson told him that he might try and see if he could play. How the lad labored, and, with trifling assistance from Mr. Wonson, he soon learned the simple tune of "Auld Lang Syne;" then followed, "Haste thee Winter, Haste Away." Mr. Watson informs us that among the many successes of his musical career, none ever afforded him so much real, unalloyed pleasure, as the fact that he could really play these tunes.

During the trip John improved every opportunity for playing; and the owner of the fiddle agreed to sell it to him, bow and all, for *one dollar*. The trip turned out poorly, and John, whose finances were low, could not purchase the much-coveted instrument. When returning to port he left the *Garland*, and shipped in the *Helen*, which was owned and commanded by his father. The first day out they came across a large school of haddock, and John hauled them in so fast and worked so perseveringly as to win frequent encomiums from his father, who predicted that the boy would make one of the smartest skippers in the fleet. The veteran, however, was not aware of the cause of John's applying himself so energetically. The boy did, however, for there was constantly appearing before his eyes that violin. The sales of his fish would give him money to purchase it. They got a good trip, and his father very willingly advanced his son some money on account. With nimble feet he made his way to East Gloucester, found Mr. Wonson, and came back with the violin under his arm.

Then commenced the trials and vexations which always accompany the struggles of genius. An old fiddler, named John Chandler, gave him lessons, and every spare moment was devoted to practice. He got consent to stay at home one trip, and his time was mostly spent sawing away with his bow in his father's barn; and on Wednesday and Saturday afternoons, followed by a score or more of admiring companions, he would stroll up into "Judy Millet's parlor," or in "Stacy's Pines," where he would give free concerts. When he went on his next fishing-trip, it was with the express understanding that he should carry his violin and play when there was no work to do. Many a fisherman who reads this will well remember how nicely Watson could play those popular airs, "Roll on, Silver Moon," "Dearest May," and "O Susannah." Then those charming little waltzes which followed. We've heard them all, time and again, and can very readily recall the peculiar flourish with which John, even in those days, handled his bow.

In 1850, his health, which had been impaired by a long fit of sickness, rendered it necessary for him to take a fishing cruise. He shipped with Captain David Brown, and, while lying in N. E. Harbor, Mt. Desert, during a storm, availed himself of a few hours of fair weather to give the fishermen, who were lying there together, a little music. He had, during the previous winter, taken lessons of Prof. Fenollossa, at Salem, and made the most rapid progress. He now played some of the most difficult airs, and gave his listeners a touch of all kinds, from the simple to the more artistic productions.

After he had concluded his playing, a boat put off from one of the vessels, and there came on board Capt. O. R. Gross, master and owner of schooner *Rival*, of Truro. He introduced himself to Capt. Brown, and inquired who it was who had shown such proficiency in playing on the violin.

"There's the young man," replied Capt. B.

We will give the account of this first interview in Capt. Gross's own language:—

"I looked toward the companion-way, and there sat a young man, as pale as a ghost, his form emaciated to a painful degree, the results, as I afterwards learned, of his sickness. On his head was an old tarpaulin hat, and his whole make-up was rather unattractive. As soon as I shook his hand and heard him talk about music, his appearance was forgotten. All that I knew, saw or cared for was the man, and not his apparel. We talked of music, and Watson charmed me with his enthusiasm. At my request, he took up his

violin and repeated some of the airs which had before impressed me, and I knew at once that he was a born musician. I made him promise that he would come on board my vessel, and stay there until the storm was over. It lasted several days, and proved a season of exquisite enjoyment to us both. I also made him promise to go with me in the *Rival*, the next year, as first hand."

The season of 1851 found Watson on board the *Rival*. They made successful trips off shore, and in September went to the Bay of St. Lawrence. They had a musical crew throughout, consisting of Capt. O. R. Gross, violinist, tamborinist, violincellist, flutist, singist and pianist; John Jay Watson, violinist, guitarist, pianist, singist, etc.; Hiram S. Buffington, violincellist and dancist; Adrian Lufkin, violinist and singist; George Urquhart, violinist; the black cook also manifested a musical taste, but as some one greased his fiddle-bow, the first night out, it was never known what his special acquirements were. He took the insult so much to heart that he left the vessel the first opportunity which presented itself.

All went well with the *Rival*, and her merry-hearted crew. They had obtained almost a fare of mackerel, when the fearful gale of Oct. 3d came on, and, after a very narrow escape from foundering, in which all hands would have found a watery grave, she was driven ashore at Cascumpec, Prince Edward Island, where they landed, taking the precaution to save their instruments. Here they were received by Patrick Cahill, a kind-hearted farmer, and that evening they gave a musical entertainment at his residence, the like of which had never before occurred in that locality. All but Watson and Gross took passage home in other vessels. These two, however, had conceived the idea of bettering their financial condition by a concert tour. Capt. Gross was engaged to play the organ one Sunday in one of the little towns, and Watson pushed on to Charlottetown, where he scattered the programmes and put up posters, announcing that Professors Gross and Watson, the celebrated violinists and vocalists, would give one of their unique entertainments, etc. When Gross came up on Monday morning, he was astonished to see the barns and fences for miles outside the town covered with these posters. He concluded that Watson had some business tact in him, and was not mistaken. The concert passed off most successfully. There was a crowded house, comprising the élite of the town, and the audience were delighted.

The programme was a most varied one, comprising gems from Mozart and Beethoven, together with Yankee Doodle, Hail Columbia,

and comic songs, *ad libitum*. It was repeated with like success. Then they pushed on to St. John, thence to Portland, where crowded houses greeted them. The last concert was given in Gloucester, Watson's birthplace. It was a bumper, and the towns-people knew and recognized the talent which he manifested.

Since then Prof. Watson has passed three seasons in Europe, where he has had the benefit of the best masters. Ole Bull sought him out, and he accepted an invitation to spend the summer at his home in Norway. This distinguished violinist testified his appreciation of Watson's talents, by presenting him with one of his most valued instruments. The boy who gained his first instruction on board a fishing-schooner, and rejoiced in the possession of a *one-dollar* violin, has risen, step by step, until to-day he occupies a prominent position among the musical celebrities of the country. May he continue to prosper is our wish, as well as that of the fishermen from whose rank he is proud to state he sprang, and among whom he acknowledges to-day some of his most steadfast friends.

Loss of the Schooner "Neptune's Bride."—Two of the Crew saved.—Eighteen hours on the Mast-Head.—A Perilous Passage.

Schooner "Neptune's Bride," as will be seen by the record, went ashore at Malcomb's Ledge, Me., on the evening of September 22d, 1860. Twelve out of the fourteen of her crew met a watery grave. The following are the full particulars of that night of peril:—

The vessel struck the ledge at a little past nine o'clock in the evening. It was quite foggy, accompanied with rain, and the men had all turned in except the watch on deck. She was jogging under a foresail, and, as soon as she struck, the men below rushed on deck, and made for the boat. Mr. Marsh, and George Norwood, seeing that the boat was full, concluded to take their chances on the vessel. The boat was soon swamped by the heavy sea, and the men took refuge on the ledge. The two on the vessel could distinctly hear them conversing, and they asked for a rope, as the ledge was a sunken one, over which the tide rose, and they wished to regain the vessel. Two attempts were made to get a rope to them, both proving unsuccessful.

They then asked for some clothing ; but the vessel was full of water, and none could be obtained. The schooner had now heeled over, and it was feared that she would capsize ; but she remained in position. The tide was rising, with a heavy sea running, rendering it imperative for the men on board to go aloft, if they wished to save their lives. They crawled out on the bowsprit, and, while attempting to climb up the jib-stay, were washed off three times ; but finally, after much toil, climbed up to the foremast-head, nearly exhausted with their struggle with the breakers. Here they clung, and while holding on in the darkness, heard the men on the ledge talking of their chances for life, and earnestly wishing that they could only get on board the vessel.

Slowly crept the moments, and the tide rolling in with each heaving billow. They heard their shipmates, as they moved as far up out of the reach of the greedy waters as possible, and, during the next hour, could not avoid hearing their struggles, as the sea rose, crested with raging foam, and claimed one after the other as its victim. Then the vessel's bow settled, bringing the two men up to their chins in water, as they stood on the foremast cross-trees. Norwood was discouraged at the cheerless prospect, and determined to swim for it, and left his position, hoping to gain the shore ; but the sea was too much for him, and bidding his companion farewell, with the words, " O my God ! " upon his lips, sank beneath the waters.

As soon as Norwood left, Marsh determined on one more struggle for life, and, climbing up the foremast head, grasped the top-mast-stay and walking as far as he could on the spring-stay, pulled himself up, hand over hand, to the top-mast head, where he sat down and rested himself. His thoughts were of home, of his wife and child. An ardent desire to see them once more seemed to thrill his whole being, inspiring him with fresh courage. For their sake he determined not to succumb. The tide followed him and had now reached his feet, then up to his waist the waters came. There was so much comfort in sitting down, and he was so fatigued ! But no ! he must stand up if he wished to save his life, and so once more he stood up. To add to his discomfort, the rain came down, accompanied with thunder and lightning, and there, amid the darkness and the storm, he clung to the top-mast, hoping and praying for the dawn, and for the turning of the tide. He had suffered much from thirst ; this he quenched from the rain-drops which wet his hair. He was in his stocking-feet, and suffered much from the cramped position in which

he stood. One foot was raw where it had chafed against the spring-stay, and pained him severely.

It was now, as near as he could judge, about three o'clock in the morning, and he was in hopes that the tide was at the flood. He drew himself up, resting his chin on the color-truck. This was all he could do, and he patiently waited. The love of life was strong in the young man's heart, and he prayed that God would save him. Then he clung hold of the top-mast, and for a little time lost consciousness. When he came to, the dawn was breaking through the fog, and with joy unspeakable he saw that the water had gone down. He could see the top of the ledge peep out, from which his companions had met their death; and now, so far as he knew, he was the only survivor of them all. All day long he remained on the top-mast. The hours dragged, — oh, so slowly! — filled with suspense, hope, doubt, and sometimes despair. The tide turned, and slowly it crept toward him. The minutes now seemed hours; and yet no succor came. The water had crept up to his knees, and the prospect of another night on the wreck, together with the terrible experience and exposure of the past eighteen hours, were too much. He became delirious, and imagined that he was on board the schooner, beating up Portland harbor.

He was saved by the merest accident, if we may call such events accidents. Two fishermen were mending their nets on Seal Island. It had been foggy all day, and at five in the afternoon, when it cleared up, they saw the wreck, and one insisted that there was a man on the top-mast. His companion endeavored to persuade him that it was all imagination, and said it was of no use to go. But the other, convinced that he was right, replied that he would go alone if his companion would not accompany him. Both started, and what was their surprise, upon drawing near, to see this poor fellow clinging to the top-mast, but utterly unconscious, raving with delirium, and yet holding on, his body submerged in water.

They rowed their boat alongside, then lifted him tenderly, and laid him down, putting their clothing over him; then he fainted. Carrying him ashore, to their little fishing-hut, they put him to bed with hot stones at his feet and back, and gave him strong herb drink dashed with a little liquor, which they happened to have. In the morning he was better, and as soon as he could be moved he was conveyed to Carver's Harbor, where he was taken to the hotel, and received the best attention; and from thence came home, and is alive to-day to tell of his peril that night, and of his wonderful escape.

Henry Johnson, one of the crew who took to the boat, was also saved, after a night of struggle and hardship. While his shipmates sought refuge on the ledge, after the boat was swamped, he found himself alongside of her and crawled in over the stern-sheets. She was full of water, but fortunately there was a bucket in her, and a coil of rope. With the former he commenced bailing, and by dint of hard labor managed to free her, although she was continually taking in water. A hogshead tub from the vessel had drifted across the boat amidships. This he secured with his rope, and that made the boat ride more easily. When he got tired of bailing the boat he would crawl into the tub, and when that got full of water he would commence bailing the boat again. Two jibbing-tubs drifted near him. These he secured also, and making them fast on the other side of the boat, they helped to keep her afloat. He knew not whither he was drifting; but was thankful that he was going away from the ledge, and so utterly exhausted was the poor fellow that, long ere daylight dawned, he fell asleep. He could not keep awake, though his life might depend upon it. On the boat drifted, being kept afloat by her tubs, and Johnson slept, perfectly oblivious to the seas which threatened to engulf him. "Tired nature's sweet restorer, balmy sleep," had possession of him, and on the boat drifted. At noon-time, a Belfast schooner sighted the craft, bore down to her, and her single passenger was received on board and kindly cared for. Thus, out of a crew of fourteen two alone were saved, after passing through hardships which makes one shudder to contemplate.

Leaves from the Log-Book of Capt. James Pattillo.

HOW HE SERVED A DOMINION OFFICER, WHO BOARDED THE SCHOONER ABIGAIL.—PUTS TO SEA IN THE TEETH OF A GALE, AND OUTSAILS THE CUTTER.—HOW HE GOT A LOAD OF HERRING FOR SCHOONER TIGER.—A FEARFUL TIME ON GEORGES, IN SCHOONER ALEXANDER.

Capt. James Pattillo, in his palmy days, was considered one of the smartest skippers that ever sailed from the port of Gloucester. When he was on board his vessel, he was the master, in every sense of that term; and if there were any fish to be got, he was the man to get them. For several years he has retired from the water, and on his snug farm, at North Stoughton, is passing the evening of his life in a

quiet manner, enjoying himself, after his many years of battling the elements on the deck of a fishing craft. Now and then the captain comes to Gloucester. He must have a look at the harbor, and a snuff of the sea-breeze, enjoy a cruise around the wharves, and a talk with his old companions. It was on one of these recent visits that we had an opportunity of interviewing him, and obtained the following spicy incidents, which form an interesting chapter in the "Memorial and Record Book":—

In the year 1841, he made three trips to the bay, one for herring, and two for mackerel. It was the law then to pay fourpence a ton, light-money, each trip. On the third trip, a daughter of Dr. Cantrell, of Guysboro', N. S., who had been working in Lowell, wished to take passage. Her father had recently died, and the girl, in response to the urgent call of her mother, was extremely desirous of getting home, where she could comfort her widowed parent, and do what lay within her power for the benefit of the family. Now it was against the law, in those times, for a fishing vessel to carry passengers; but the kind-hearted captain could not resist the appeal of the daughter, who wished to get home that she might assist her afflicted relatives; so he consented to take her home. This he did on his own responsibility, without any compensation, save the satisfaction which the performance of a good deed, in this world of ours, affords. Accordingly, she came on board; and upon the vessel's arriving at Canso, he carried her ashore in the boat. The vessel did not come to anchor, and while he was landing the girl, a custom-house officer, named Bigelow, came on board, and put the king's broad "R" on the mainmast, which proclaimed her a prize.

When Capt. Pattillo returned on board, the officer informed him that he had seized the vessel, for landing a passenger and her effects, contrary to law.

"Now, then," he says, "I want to see your papers."

The vessel's boat was hoisted in, and Capt. Pattillo went below to get his papers, and returning on deck with the documents, asked the officer if he thought himself the master of the schooner.

"Yes," was the reply.

Shortly after, he demanded of Capt. Pattillo the light-money; but he thought if the officer was really in command, he should pay the light-money himself, and so informed him.

Then a lucky thought struck the captain, and he asks, in a stentorian voice, "By what authority he was on board the schooner, and where were his documents to prove that he was a revenue officer?"

"I came off in such a hurry that I left them ashore," was the reply; and this was true, as he had nothing to show.

"You base impostor!" roars the captain; "go ashore, you vagabond, as quick as possible."

But the officer was not going to give it up so quickly; so he ordered the helm hard down.

Old John Parsons had the tiller, and he was so excited that he obeyed the order. Then Capt. Pattillo began to bristle up and sang out, "So long as I am on board this craft, Uncle John, I am master; now, then, hard up the helm!" This order was obeyed just in time to save the vessel from going ashore on Paint's Island.

Then followed a war of words between the pair, in which skipper Pattillo was called a smuggler and other hard names; to which he replied, that all the crime he was guilty of, if crime it was, was bringing home a poor, fatherless girl, for which he asked no compensation; but right or wrong she was safe at home. Just then a little cutter made her appearance, and the exultant Bigelow said, "I have you now, anyhow, and will take the vessel into Great Canso Harbor."

"You can go where you like, cutter or no cutter, but the vessel will not carry the pair of us," was Capt. Pattillo's reply. "I'll heave to until you go ashore for your documents, and if you are the right man to receive the light-money, I will pay it; otherwise not." Thus they disagreed until "forbearance ceased to be a virtue," when Capt. Pattillo made a spring at the stout official, and seizing him by the throat with one hand, and taking him by the slack of his trowsers with the other, lifted him over his head as though he was an infant, and threw him into the boat so violently that he broke the thwart when he struck; then, casting off the boat's painter, let him find his way ashore as best he might.

But the end was not yet. He made complaint against the master of the *Abigail* for smuggling; and three cutters, commanded respectively by Capts. Darby, Marshall and Stevens, were sent in pursuit, with orders to take Pattillo, *dead or alive!*

Meantime skipper Pattillo pursued the even tenor of his way, and caught seventy barrels of mackerel. He had heard that they were after him, and had armed himself with two great rocks, weighing one hundred and fifty pounds each, to throw into and sink any boats which should attempt to board his vessel. •

On the third of October there arose a fearful gale, and in the afternoon Capt. Pattillo run into Port Hood, and came to anchor

with the rest of the fleet. Soon after, the cutter under the command of Capt. Marshall came in, and a boat containing eight men, fully armed and equipped, was sent to search among the vessels, to see if the *Abigail* and the big "Pattillo" was among them. Capt. Pattillo saw the movements, and stood by his large rocks, fully determined to drive them through any boat who dared to board his schooner. They saw him, and, considering "discretion to be the better part of valor," did not come alongside.

There was but one way to get out of this difficulty, and that was to go to sea in the teeth of the gale. To remain where he was would result in his being captured; and to go outside was running the risk of getting ashore. But the plucky captain was not long in making up his mind. He gave orders to get under way.

Up went the sails. Skipper John Bayley, who was anchored near, hove his vessel ahead as far as he could; and Ben. Laroque paid out his cable so as to give Pattillo all the advantages he could in getting out. All was excitement, and the rigging of the fishing vessels and all along the shore was lined with spectators, anxious to witness the result.

The cutter now commenced getting under way; but the Yankee fishing-craft had the lead, and passed within fifty feet of the cutter. A ball was fired, which went through the mainsail. The men were ordered below, and the spunky skipper laid down flat on the deck and steered his craft. The next ball went through her side and lodged in the main-beam, where it may be seen to-day. Eleven shots were fired in all, five of which struck the vessel, and six came short. One struck the mainmast, taking off a glancing piece some four feet above deck. The cutter chased her six miles; but the fishing-craft was much the best sailer, and the gale increasing every moment, the cutter gave it up and went back, feeling rather chopfallen.

There was a gay time that night in the harbor; all the American fishermen took their boats, and improvising a band, with drum and fife, and other musical instruments, played "Yankee Doodle," rowing around the cutter.

The *Abigail* lay to all night, right in the very worst of the gale, under balance-reefed mainsail and two-reefed foresail, and in due course of time arrived safely home. Among her crew now alive were Mr. Daniel Brown and Henry Smith.

In the year 1837 or '38, (the skipper could not exactly recollect which,) it was decided by Capt. Giles, who owned the pinkey *Tiger*, to send her to Fortune's Bay, Newfoundland, for a load of herring.

This was an entirely new voyage, and skipper Pattillo, just the man to undertake it. He took with him five men and a black boy, and thinking there would be some nice game in those regions, carried five muskets and two kegs of powder. They started on the 28th of November, and after arriving were frozen up. Nothing daunted at this, they cut holes in the ice and succeeded in getting a load of herring, but they could not get out. There they were, hard and fast, with miles of ice between them and the clear water.

According to the old treaty, American vessels had no right to catch herring, or any other fish, within an imaginary three-mile line from the shore; and some one informed a Custom House officer named Gayden, that a Yankee vessel was getting herring, and he determined to seize and make a prize of her. Now it so happened that the Tiger was out of provisions, and the Captain sent some of the crew a long distance ashore, where they purchased some flour and molasses. Some good friend of the Captain wrote him a letter and despatched it by one of the crew, in which he stated that Gayden intended to take the vessel, and was soon coming with a large force.

The Captain read the letter and then informed his crew. "Now, boys, we'll see about this. The thing can't be done! What, take the Tiger? Not by a long shot. We'll put her in such good fighting trim that all Newfoundland couldn't take her!"

Then they went to work and built four barricades of double logs, in such a manner that they swung at an angle of forty-five, commanding a complete sweep of the vessel, bullet-proof, and affording perfect shelter. When these were completed he swore his men on the Bible, that they would stick to him until the end, and so long as life lasted, they would obey his orders and fight for the old Tiger.

On the morning of March 11th, five boats were seen coming outside the ice, between Young's Point and Folly Cove Head. A clear place in the ice had been cut around the Tiger, in order to keep the foe at a respectful distance and give those on board a better opportunity to fire.

The Captain was right on his muscle that morning, and gave orders to load the muskets. They had been busy the day previously in running balls in a pistol-ball mould, and fifteen of these balls were placed in each cartridge. One keg of powder was placed in the hold, with a train attached, and the black boy had instructions that, at a given signal, he was to set fire to it and blow the vessel and all on board into atoms. The Tiger was not to be given up under any circumstances. They were all to share the same fate, and they knew

the Captain was just the man to carry out his plans. He would not flinch when the pinch came.

The boats landed on the borders of the ice, some distance away. Captain Pattillo watched them through his glass, and counted thirty men, all armed to the teeth. Along the ice they marched, and reaching the clear place where the vessel was anchored, hailed her, wishing to see the master, and have him come ashore on the ice with his papers. It so happened that Captain Pattillo was not naturalized, and had used the name of Joseph Cain, as master, giving Cain his name for the time being.

After some little parleying Captain Pattillo informed them that his vessel was fully armed and provisioned to stand a siege. There were five muskets now covering them, containing in all seventy-five balls. "Now, you can't take this vessel; and I propose to come ashore and decide this thing by a fair fight. Pick out three of your best men, and I'll take care of them; but mind, if ye play me foul, there won't be one of ye who will ever see home again, as my men will fire when they get the signal from me."

The boat was got ready, and the captain, dressed in nothing but a pair of duck pants and slippers, with a handspike in one hand, and the vessel's papers in the other, got into her. John Gorman, one of the crew, rowed him ashore, and immediately returned to the vessel. The captain marched boldly up to Gayden; then the men gathered around. One fellow stood with pistol cocked over Gayden's shoulder, and two others with muskets drawn on the captain, all ready to fire. The papers were asked for, and handed over; then Gayden showed his credentials on parchment, also the silver oar, which gave him authority to board vessels. A council was then held, and under the circumstances, (those formidable batteries, and the loaded muskets behind them,) it was decided not to attempt to take the vessel, or capture her captain. But the officer would not give the papers up, and marched off with them.

April 17th, the Tiger was released from the ice, and went to Brunet, and on Sunday, the captain, taking one of the crew, Ned Caverder, rowed in an open boat fifteen miles to Harbor Briton, for the purpose of calling on Gayden and getting his papers, as he did not like the idea of starting for home without them.

His arrival created a great excitement in the village, and men and boys from far and near gathered in squads to see the Yankee Captain, whose fame in arming his vessel had been wafted far and near. Knocking at the door of Gayden's house, a servant girl came, and he

asked to see Mr. Gayden, who she said was at home. Then a little daughter came, and finally his wife, who wished to know if she could not attend to his demands.

"No, marm," said the skipper, "I want to see Gayden himself."

Finally he appeared, with a cocked pistol in his hand, trembling like an aspen leaf. He was so much agitated that he could not have held his hand steady enough to have hit the captain, even so close as they stood together, if he had tried his best.

"What do you want?" he sullenly muttered.

"I've come for my papers, sir," was the reply.

"They have been sent to St. John, and I cannot give them to you," was the next response.

"Then give me something to show that you took them." But he would not give him any writings to that effect. Quite a crowd had now gathered, among them an old magistrate and a policeman. The latter began to abuse the captain by insulting language, which he bore as long as he could, and then gave him a broadside clip under the ear, which landed him ten feet off, where he lay quiet, not caring much about getting up.

"If there are any more of ye who want anything of me come right along," said Pattillo; "I'm not to be abused by any man living."

Nobody wanted anything; but the crowd cheered lustily, and he received an invite to go to the Jersey House to supper, which he promptly accepted, after which a vessel bound to Brunet, took their boat in tow and he rejoined his vessel.

In the mean time Gayden had got a cutter under way, manned with sixty-five men; but they were not smart enough to catch Pattillo. He was too wide-awake for them altogether, and he made a good run for Cape Ann, arriving May 14th. He had been absent so long that the vessel had been given up as lost, and when he went ashore they thought it was his apparition. But no, it was solid flesh and blood; and for many a day he was kept busy relating his adventures.

The herring met with a ready sale at \$7.50 per barrel, and were the first lot ever imported from Newfoundland into the United States.

On the 19th of February, 1841, Captain Pattillo sailed for Georges in the good schooner Alexander. On the 26th anchored at dark in thirty fathoms of water, twenty miles to the eastward of North Shoals. At midnight broke adrift, with the wind blowing a gale from the south-east. Got the anchor and set a double-reefed foresail and balance-reefed mainsail, and let her jog,

with head to eastward. Told the watch to call him if the wind hauled. The wind shifted into the north-east with a tremendous gale and heavy sea. Tried to carry sail so as to clear the north shoal, but could not. Was soon off soundings and could not get bottom with a hundred fathoms. All through the forenoon the gale increased fearfully, the wind canting a little more to the northward. Had the lee rail under water, when all at once a tremendous sea raised the vessel perpendicularly in the air, and it seemed as if it would throw her end over end. He was standing in the companion-way, and states that the vessel was completely enveloped in a sheet of water. He could look up under it, the same as one can gaze under the Falls of Niagara. Such a sight he never before witnessed, nor did it ever occur before or since, to his knowledge, on Georges. Not a drop of water had touched the deck. William Blatchford, one of the crew, had his arm in the pump drawing the box, and never got wet a particle.

Soon this immense volume of water broke. The arch separated, and down it came, striking on the end of the bowsprit, breaking off both shrouds as clean as they could have been cut with a knife, severing the life-lines, splitting the end of the bowsprit from the pall-bits into the knight-heads, seventeen inches through. The sea went over the mast-heads, carrying away the main-topmast, end of the main boom, broke davits and boat, *yet not a hoghead of water came on deck.* The vessel was worked into port, and, after being repaired, continued her season's work.

“Here Comes Father's Vessel.”

“Here comes father's vessel!” How the picture leaps into life as we look at it! The colors grow rich and deep. We can see the blue sky overhead with golden clouds like fleets of bright ships sailing with the wind. The sea widens and lies flashing and heaving before us; and we hear the sound of the water as it rolls and rolls away.

“Father's vessel's coming!” How the children's faces laugh! What rejoicing is in their expression, in their very attitude! You can imagine that pretty soon, as the schooner sweeps nearer and nearer over the waves, the boy in the old fishing-boat will swing his cap and shout; that the girl will clap her hands and dance, and wave her apron with joy; while the lad sitting on the beach will lend his voice to the happy chorus, “Here comes father's vessel!”

There is a back-ground to this picture which we cannot see, but we can imagine it. It is in the town, now the city of Gloucester,

with streets lying quiet in the summer sunshine. The leaves on the trees rustle, the windows of the houses are open, and green vines are planted, and gay flowers blossom. Sometimes, now and then, a face comes to the window or the door, and looks out seaward; while a prayer is breathed for the safety of "father's vessel."

Perhaps, in one of the houses, there is a woman walking up and down the room getting dinner ready, and a baby lies sleeping in the cradle, which she stirs now and then with her foot as she passes. She is singing a fisherman's ballad; but there is a little shadow on her face, for she is thinking of "father's vessel." It has been gone but a few days, perhaps, on Georges Bank; or it has been several weeks in the Bay, and there has been a violent storm; consequently the loved ones at home are waiting anxiously for tidings of it. And now she hears a joyful ring of voices, and her face grows radiant as the children come bursting into the house, bringing the glad news, "Here comes father's vessel!"

In the great journey of life we are all of us going our different ways, doing our own work, of which others perhaps get the sweetness, while we only have the pain of toil. The spinner spins his bright threads into soft cloths, which others will make up into beautiful garments; the writer plans in trouble and weariness the tender story which others will read in the sunshine of happy homes; and the fisherman braves the hardships and perils of a trip off on Georges, or the treacherous Banks, in order to secure a choice luxury for another man's table. We all of us go our own way, and are not apt to give much time thinking of the toil and trials of others.

Yet sometimes, when we trifle with a delicious bit of fish at dinner, a thought comes to us of the great sea out of which it was caught. Perhaps a life was given for this same dainty morsel we are eating. Perchance the vessel was wrecked, and, drifting with torn sails and broken spars, had a terrible hard time of it. It is not a pleasant picture. We like better to think of the schooner slowly rounding the Point. We like to think of the water flashing and heaving in the sunlight; of little children clapping their hands, dancing and shouting; and waiting wives and mothers thanking God with happy tears in their eyes, as the joyful cry rings out over the beach, "Here comes father's vessel!"

APPENDIX.

It was the intention of the author to have had this "Memorial and Record Book" published on the 20th of September, and it would, undoubtedly, have made its appearance promptly, but for the fire of August 27th, which commenced in Bergengren's Block, and extended its ravages to the "Old Corner" building, destroying all the type, injuring the presses, and completely disarranging the business of the establishment. The sheets of the book, comprising one hundred and twelve pages, together with the advertising department, were badly injured by fire and water. Such of them as were in suitable condition were saved, and the balance has been re-printed. There were also twenty-four pages in type, which were to have been put to press immediately. These were lost, manuscript and all. The labor of re-writing these pages, mostly from memory, together with procuring electrotypes, as all of the original number were destroyed, can be understood only by those who have had a similar experience. It has been pursued indefatigably, in addition to other extra duties which the fire brought in its train, and it is with extreme gratification that we put these last sheets of manuscript, representing the conclusion of the Memorial Book, into the hands of the printer, feeling that the delay has been no fault of ours, and that we have been very fortunate, indeed, in being enabled to publish the book so quickly after the occurrence of such disastrous circumstances.

By the delay, we have had opportunity of adding a sad chapter containing the terrible disasters caused by that fearful storm of Sunday, August 24th, in the Provincial waters, in which so many of our fishermen were lost, and so much property destroyed. The record is, indeed, a fearful one, and the loss of life terrible to contemplate. It has sent a gloom over this community, completely changing the prospects of the Bay fleet, which had looked so bright and promising. Fire and flood held high carnival during that last week in August, and it only remains for our people to look forward, and not back upon the past, doing all within their power to retrieve their losses,

keeping up that courage which has sustained them so often in adversity, and firmly believing that the tide which has set so strongly against them will soon turn, and bear them on to a greater degree of prosperity than ever before experienced.

THE TERRIBLE GALE OF SUNDAY, AUGUST 24, 1873. ITS FEARFUL CONSEQUENCES!

Like a clap of thunder from a cloudless sky came the rumor into town, on Tuesday, August 26th, that there had been a terrible gale to the eastward, extending all along the Canadian shores, carrying destruction in its pathway by sea and land, sweeping, with sad havoc, among the fishing-fleet in the Bay of St. Lawrence and around Prince Edward's Island. Gloucester had one hundred and thirty-eight of her vessels in those waters, and the anxiety to hear from them was most intense. It was also feared, and it has proved too true, that the gale had extended to Georges Banks, where there was quite a fleet. The news came slowly, and the reports at first were somewhat contradictory. But sufficient was received, during the next day and evening, to convince our people that it had proved one of the most terribly disastrous storms that ever occurred in those waters; and those having friends there began, as best they could, to prepare their minds for intelligence of another large loss of life. It was painful to witness the anxiety which pervaded this community, and to notice the attendance at the Gloucester Fishing Insurance Company's Reading Room, as the bulletins were displayed from time to time. The newspapers were full of the disasters which the storm had occasioned, the reading of which was most appalling. Houses were blown down, trees torn up from their roots, and the tidal wave which accompanied the storm, carried the wrecked vessels far above high-water mark, and left them stranded on the shore. Wharves were destroyed, and desolation and ruin followed in the track of the storm. Day by day the sad news came, and there is mourning throughout the town as we pen this article. Wives are weeping for their husbands, who will never again bless them with their earthly presence; sisters are mourning for brothers, and little children ask, in plaintive voices, "Why does not father come home?" It is, indeed, terrible, this news from the fishing-fleet; and the loss of life, before which all other losses sink into utter insignificance, is greater than by any other one gale since the fishing business commenced.

The nearest approximation to it was the gale of Feb. 24th, 1862, when, fifteen vessels were lost with all hands, on Georges, numbering one hundred and twenty men. In this gale there were nine vessels lost, with all hands, which, together with those swept overboard from other vessels, number *one hundred and twenty-eight* men. Many of these were among the very best skippers and smartest fishermen of the port, whose loss will be felt for a long time by the entire community. Here is the record:—

VESSELS LOST IN THE BAY, WITH ALL THEIR CREWS.

Schooner CHARLES C. DAME, wrecked off North Cape. Had a crew of eighteen men, as follows: William V. Beverage, master; Walter Hubbard, Lewis Thompson, Charles D. Perkins, George Hinckley, James Yoe, Charles Brown, Charles F. Payne, John McDonald, George W. Flowers, Stephen Morrison, Daniel McEachren, J. S. Emmons, Lemuel Emmons, R. A. Douglass, John Edgerly, Oakley Dodge and Henry Stebbins. Owned by Daniel Sayward. Valued at \$7,000; insured for \$6,325.

Schooner ANGIE S. FRIEND, probably foundered at her anchors, as portions of the wreck were washed ashore at Port Hood. She had a crew of fourteen men when she left port, two of whom left the vessel in the Bay and returned home, and their places were probably supplied by others from the Provinces. The following are the names of the crew: Adolphus Emery, master; Robert Rowe, George Hunson, Joseph A. Hunson, his son, Augustus Cromwell, James Rien, Eugene M. Cromwell, Jacob H. Emery, Thomas Wilson, Charles Hustins, Joseph Small and James Robinson. Owned by Joseph Friend. Valued at \$4,700, and insured for \$4,113.

Schooner JAMES G. TARR had a crew of eighteen men, viz.: James Cushing, master; James Hunson, father-in-law of Capt. Cushing, who had his son with him; George Gould, brother-in-law of Cushing; Edward Gould and Abraham Gould, brothers of George; Daniel Chisholm, Stephen Ryan, married Chisholm's sister; Zimri Carter, Robert Carter, John McIntire, William H. Crittenden, D. J. McKennon, Joseph King, Angus McCormack, William Jackman, R. J. Hendricks and John McPhee. Owned by Leighton & Co. and the master. Valued at \$6,400; insurance on vessel and outfits, \$6,100.

Schooner ROYAL ARCH, lost at White Head, N. S., on her passage home. Her crew numbered fourteen men, as follows: William

C. Day, master ; Patrick Glenn, Nicholas Joy and his two sons, Patrick Ruxton, Charles H. Day, Elias Day, his son ; Thomas Younger, William H. Morey, Everett Tillson, Joseph Boker, Daniel McDonald and Alfred Hill. It is supposed that Mrs. Dougal McIsaac and four children took passage in this schooner for Gloucester, and were lost. Vessel owned by D. C. and H. Babson. Valued at \$6,500 ; insured for \$5,600.

Schooner SAMUEL CROWELL left the Bay the day before the gale for home, and probably foundered at sea. She had a crew of fifteen men, viz., James W. Hamilton, master ; George Barrett, John Jeffrey, Jonathan Taylor, Samuel Taylor, son of Jonathan ; Albert Barber, Robert Grant, Alexander McDonald, Andy Paul, John Russell, John B. Marshall, David Martin, Charles P. Verrill, George Melvin and William Norris. Owned by William Parsons, 2d & Co. Valued at \$6,000 ; insured for \$5,250.

Schooner EL DORADO was probably lost upon White Head. She had a crew of seven men, all belonging in Kittery, Maine, as follows : Abraham S. Deering, master ; Edward Deering, his son ; Furber Fletcher, Clarence Fernald, Josiah Patch, Augustus Tobey, Jr., and Erastus Locke. Owned by James Mansfield & Son. Valued at \$1,300 ; insured for \$1,137.

LOST ON GEORGES.

Schooner CENTRE POINT was probably lost in the gale of August 24th, as she was last seen adrift on the Bank that day. Her crew comprised eleven persons, viz., James Hastings, master ; had his son with him ; William O'Brien, James Carsons, Antone Rose, Hugh McEachren, Peter Peterson, Thomas Keefe, Frederic Wilson, Charles Erickson, Edward Burns supposed to have been on board. Owned by Dodd, Tarr & Co. Valued at \$3,500 ; and insured for \$3,063.

Schooner A. H. WONSON was probably lost in the same gale. She had a crew of ten men, as follows : Harvey Crowell, master ; John Hanson, Simon Smith, Archie Rankin, Edward Spinney, Solomon Ryder, Peter Anderson, Thomas Cook, Thomas Blake and Charles T. Patterson. Owned by Leighton & Co. Valued at \$6,000 ; and insured for \$5,250.

IN THE BANK FISHERY.

Schooner HENRY CLAY left the Grand Banks three days before the gale, and was lost on the passage home. She had a crew of ten men, as follows: Neil McFadden, master; Daniel McFadden and Alexander McFadden, brothers of the master; John McFadden, William Tucker, Daniel McKeever, Matthew Rice, William Dumphy, Angus McPhee. Owned by Solomon Pool. Valued at \$4,200; and insured for \$3,675.

LIST OF STRANDED VESSELS.

The number of vessels stranded in Provincial waters, in this gale, was thirty-two, as follows: — Addie M. Story, Amos Cutter, Arizona, Annie C. Norwood, Belle Gilmore, Charles P. Barrett, C. P. Thompson, Catalina, Charlotte Augusta, Clytie, Constitution, D. H. Mansfield, Evangeline, Electric Flash, Enola C., E. L. Rowe, Elihu Burritt, Freedom, Highflyer, J. J. Clark, Knight Templar, Lydia A. Harvey, Morning Star, Marion Grimes, Oliver Eldredge, Typhoon, Tally Ho, Wm. H. Raymond, Wm. A. Pew, Mary S. Hurd, Far West and Centurion.

Five of the above have proved total losses. Twenty-four have been got off, leaving three ashore at the present writing, which it is expected will be saved.

VESSELS STRANDED AND CONDEMNED.

Schooner MARY S. HURD, wrecked at Cape Canso, owned by James A. Stetson; valued at \$3,000, insured for \$2,700. Crew saved.

Schooner FAR WEST, wrecked at Port Mulgrave, owned by Dodd, Tarr & Co. Valued at \$2,200, insured for \$1,400. Crew saved.

Schooner CENTURION, wrecked at Ship Harbor, owned by Samuel Haskell, Jr. Valued at \$1,000, insured for \$825. Crew saved.

Schooner TYPHOON, wrecked at Harbor Le Bar, crew saved. Owned by D. C. & H. Babson. Valued, with outfit, at \$3,700; insured for \$3,000.

Schooner D. H. MANSFIELD, wrecked at Magdalene Islands; crew saved. Owned by George W. Plumer. Valued, with outfit, at \$2,100; insured for \$1,888.

Schooner WEST POINT was lost at Magdalene Islands, September 20th; crew saved. Owned by Perkins Brothers. Valued, with outfit, at \$3,800; insured for \$3,300.

LOST OVERBOARD.

CHARLES ROSE and WILLIAM WILSON, from schooner Fannie R., in the Bay.

ANTONE LEWIS, from schooner Helen M. Crosby, on passage to the Bay.

JOSEPH CHRISTEN, from schooner Dictator, on Georges.

HENRY JOHNSON, from schooner Sultana, on Grand Bank.

FREDERIC CARMAN, from schooner Abigail, on passage from the Bay.

OTHER LOSSES SINCE JULY.

Schooner WILLIAM BAILIES, ballast lighter, was totally lost at Cape Hedge, near Milk Island, on the 6th of August. Crew saved. Valued at \$800, and uninsured. Owned by George M. Wonsen of East Gloucester.

FRANK ANDERSON, of Schooner Dictator, was lost overboard on Georges, September 1st.

BRUMLEY LARKIN, of Schooner Fitz J. Babson, was washed from the jib-boom and drowned, September 2d, while coming from the Banks.

EDWARD DAY, of Schooner Alfarata, was killed in the Bay of St. Lawrence, July 18th, in consequence of being struck on the head by the main boom.

VALUATION, INSURANCE, ETC.

The total value of the vessels lost in this gale is \$62,500; their insurance \$53,914, which, with but two exceptions, is in the Gloucester Mutual Fishing Insurance Office. In addition to the insurance on the vessels totally lost, there will be quite a large amount to pay out on partial losses, expense of getting off the stranded vessels, etc.; probably not less than \$40,000.

The total number of vessels lost the present year, up to October 1st (nine months), is twenty-eight, valued at \$114,600. Total amount of insurance, \$98,940. Total loss of life, *one hundred and seventy-two*,

the largest number ever lost in one season, since the fishing business has been prosecuted from this port.

SUM TOTAL OF LOSSES FOR THE PAST FORTY-THREE YEARS.

Our table of losses, on page 53, included the number of men and vessels lost from 1830 up to the middle of July, 1873. The disasters and loss of life since, as given in the foregoing appendix, show a loss of *one hundred and thirty-one* men, and sixteen vessels; which, added to the previous list, swells the total loss of life, for the past forty-three years, to *fourteen hundred and thirty-seven*, and the total number of vessels to *two hundred and ninety-six*; an average of thirty-four lives, and seven vessels yearly. Total value of vessels lost, \$1,208,000. Total amount of insurance, \$893,439.

NOTE. — On page 169 mention is made of the supposed loss of Mrs. Dougal McIsaac and four children in schooner Royal Arch. After the first edition was printed, and too late to correct the statement, it was ascertained that they were not on board. They subsequently arrived home at Gloucester.

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