

THE CRUISE of the YACHT HIRONDELLE.

(By J. M. LeMOINE, F.R.S.C.)

Off Murray Bay, Sept., 1886.

"A gallant fleet sailed out to sea
With the pennons streaming merrily.
On the hills, the tempest lit
And the great ships split
In the gale.

And the foaming fierce sea-horses,
Hurled the fragments in their forces
To the ocean deeps,
Where the Kraken sleeps,
And the whale."

—Song of the Mermaids in "De Roberval."
HUNTER DUVAL.

XIV.

Scarcely had the Squire of Hernewood had time to draw breath, after delivering to his appreciative audience, his weird, martial Prince Edward Island legend, when a pathetic appeal was made to him by the whole party, for its twin sister, the *Spectral Ship of Tryon Bar*, previously mentioned.

Laying aside his cigar and raising to its full extent the collar of his cape to effectually exclude the drenching spray, caused the plunging by the swift *Hirondelle*, the Squire proceeded as follows:—

"Instead of a pleasant summer cruise in a snug commodious yacht, over St. Lawrence's sparkling tide, just imagine yourselves—as more than once was my fate—swiftly skimming in a well equipped ice-boat over the frozen surface and icy hummocks rushing wildly, between our island and *terra firma*, on a bleak winter day, and I shall try and repeat a tale I once heard, though it may be out of my power to retrace the rollicking, cheery ways of the narrator."

THE LIGHT ON TRYON BAR.

SCENE: The iceboat between Cape Traverse, P.E.I., and Cape Tormentine, N.B., going smoothly along over a field of glib ice, so as to admit of conversation among the passengers, who are harnessed to the boat and pulling it along as captives might a Roman chariot. A middle-aged man with a far-away look in his eyes as if he wrote editorials for a newspaper, takes the parole. To a fellow-dragsman:

—Pass: "I think, sir, you belong to this coast. Can you give me any information respecting a strange light that is sometimes seen on Tryon Bar?"

—J.B.: "My name's Bouncer, Jim Bouncer."

—Pass: Pardon me, Mr. Bouncer, I am really much interested in the matter from a scientific point of view. Have you ever seen the light yourself?"

—J.B.: "Maybe I have, and maybe I haven't. It ain't a thing to speak of."

—Pass: "Do oblige me. You have yourself seen it?"

—J.B.: "Well (seeing it's you) I have seen it. And don't you go for to see it if you can help it. That light never shows excepting for mischief, some widow woman's cow slips her calf, or the mackerel won't school, or something."

First time I see that there light my red mare took the strangles, and the next time a sow that I was raising—a Berkshire she was, and nigh on two hundred—choked on a potato. Sam Sinker blames that on-lucky light for his wife having twins, and him a poor man. Don't you ask to see it mister."

—Pass: "Really you excite my curiosity. Pray tell me all about it and when we reach Tom Allan's I will stand something short. What is the light like?"

—J.B.: "Like! Like a ship on the shoals, only her lights burn a kind of blue. A big ship at that, for her ports are open and you see the lights shining through, kind of misty like. After dark is her time. Warm, muggy weather, when the bar looks twice as far off the land."

You know the kind o' weather, Pilot?"

—Pilot: "I knows 'um."

—2nd Pass: "May I be blizzard, but this is a tough yarn."

—J.B.: "Seems to be lying broadside on. Can't quite make out her build or rig, but can kind of see her sheets shivering—dim like—none of them taut, and her t' gallowsails and skyscrapers lost in the fog. Tell you what, that there ship

is not navigated by no mortal crew. She never cleared from no custom house, and hasn't no port of entry, 'cept it be Tryon Bar. Lubbers is aboard that ship."

A.B. seamen wouldn't lay her on that there shoal. Some says they have heard men shouting aboard, but I never did. Bob Quittles him as calls out of St. John—tells me has heard them yell often, and Bob is a sponsonable man that could not be hired to tell a lie, except about a matter of smuggling or such. You have heard of Capt. Kidd's ship, the Flying Dutchman, mister? That's her. If it's not her, it's Dave Jones's own tender."

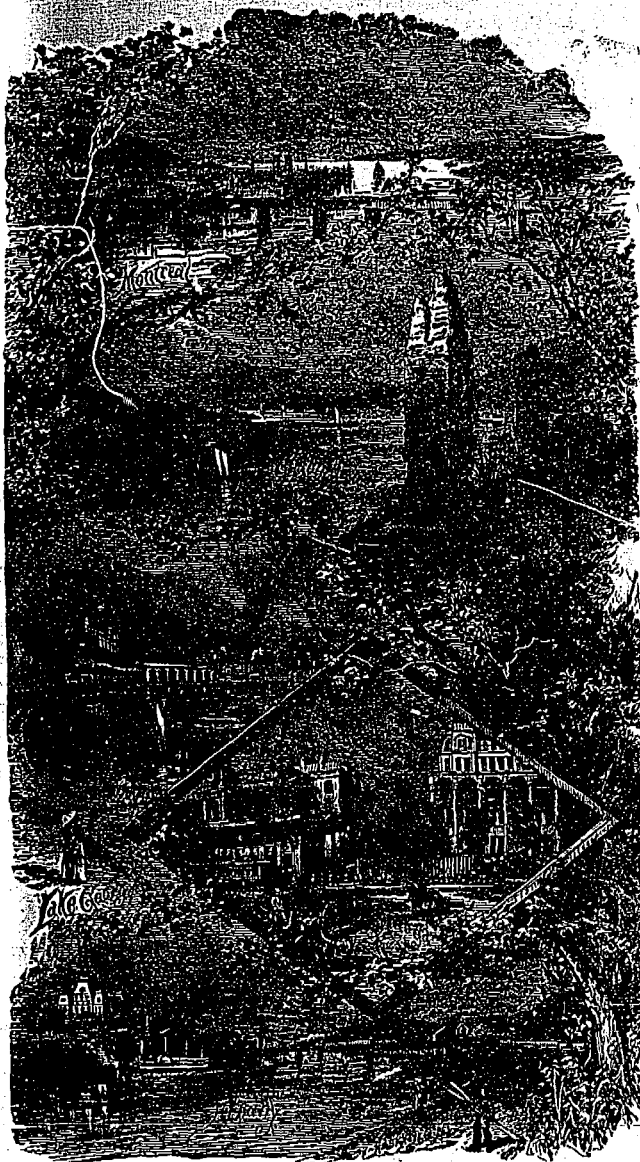
—Pass: "Why don't some of you fishermen put off and see what it really is?"

Here the ice boat came bump against a floating hummock, and the voyagers scrambled on board and took to the oars: "Superb! Hip! Hip!! Hurrah!!! was the enthusiastic exclamations of all on board."

"Commodore! added the Squire of Hernewood," I presume you or some of your friends, might like to hear how Mr. Jim Bouncer's narrative of the *Spectral Ship* might look in verse; here goes the legend with some variations, as versified by a Prince Edward Island poet:—

A North Bay Legend.

In the annals of the North Bay coast
There is a legend strange and old,



Montreal to New York via Delaware & Hudson Route.

—J.B.: "Not any for me, thank ye, squire. That has been done once too often already. I've heard my father say that Joey Smiff—you didn't know Joey, he was afore your time—but a catwampus was Joey, and he swore he would go off to the light ship and sample her purser's rum. He had about three caulks in him when he said it. Men tried to hold him and asked him not, but he said he would. And he did. Shot his dory clean through the breakers like a currumuree, about twenty minutes after an awful yell came ashore, and whether Joey was drowned or the ghostesses had keeled-hauled him, can't say. But Joey never came back. Neither his boat. She was a 14 feet keel, spruce, and carried a kedge. Anyhow it was all up with Joey, and you could not buy no Tryon man to go out there no more."

—Divinity Student: (who was hauling very feebly) "Really this is a singular aberration. Suetonius remarks . . ."

How once on a time a ship was lost,
Cut by the ice from stem to hold.
From out the north the wind it blew:
There was no time to make a landing;
And the fated ship, with all her crew
And spare, went down all standing.

A ten-gun brig as I've heard tell;
But whose she was, or whence she came,
Men know not now, nor what befel
The crew of this ship without a name,
Rovers to her, mayhap, in boats
From some sea-hell came steaming,
And stole her men, or cut their throats,
And went a-buccanering.

Her cruising ground, St. Lawrence Gull,
From Entry Isle to Gabarus Bay;
And she burned, and plundered from Cape Wolfe
On both sides up to the Saguenay.
Till she sunk; but in judgment, it may be,
And without the power of choosing
Between the devil and the deep sea,
Was sent again a-cruising.

Sometimes when fishermen from the shore
On stormy nights look out to sea,
To guess if a day to ply the oar
And cast the net to-morrow will be—
(For well he knows will he weep and wail
Should hunger be in his bliggin),
He suddenly sees a ship full-sail,
And men up in the rigging.

When weird gray clouds drift o'er the moon,
And ground-swell breaks with sullen roar,
And fitfully, in mournful tune,
The wind pipes from the Labrador,
Some home-returning chaloupe trig
Or mackerel-boat or tanker
Reports a spectral ten-gun brig
Seen riding at an anchor.

When great black rocks heave up their backs,
And shake their flowing manes of kelp,
The Lighthouse keepers on the stacks
Have heard a far, weird cry for "Help!"
And seen upon the Deadman's Lodge,
Where lines of surf were breaking,
A large ship lying on its edge,
With all her canvas shaking.

Some of the oldest sailor's sons
Have seen her lit in the offing,
And heard dull sounds of minute-guns
From out that floating coffin.
With all sail set aloft and slow
She comes and goes like a vision,
And still pursues (for aught I know),
Her diabolical mission.

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