

from the time I went on board the Abigail Gold at North Lake till I got back home.

About a week before the storm I went on board the little schooner as she lay at anchor off North Lake in company with the ill-fated "Fairplay" which went ashore at Tracadie Beach, where Capt. Cushing and crew including his three sons and brother-in-law found a watery grave.

William Haskell was master on board the Abigail Gold with ten hands all told. In the evening we set sail for the west and arrived off New London in the morning. We hove to and threw bait for mackerel. We took fifty barrels on board that day, which filled all the barrels we had. Next day we ran into Cascumpec to fit out for home. We stowed the mackerel in hold, bent a new foresail and waited for the day to hoist the flag.

Early on the morning before the storm we started for East Point with a fair wind. In the evening about four o'clock the wind changed to the eastward but, being almost calm, we could get no further. Seeing some vessels catching mackerel, we threw bait and took on board sixteen barrels. The sun was now down and the wind began to blow with all the signs of a storm. The captain said "Boys, we made a great mistake by leaving port to-day; there is going to be a storm, and we are in a bad place, in the bend of the Island; but put the mackerel into barrels and lash them to the rail, and reef down." This done, we jammed our little craft on a wind and stood out to sea.

At ten o'clock our jib gave way and our mainsail split; our boat's keel only remained hanging to the davits, the mackerel were overboard. We ran a life-line fore-and-aft and to it we clung for life while our little craft fought each rolling billow. In the middle of that dreadful night the tiller broke off at the rudder-head, while were lying to with a double-reefed foresail, and the Abigail Gold fell into the trough of the sea. All hope of being saved was gone. Some