

North shore of Sable Island, about day-break on Sunday, the 19th October, 1873. We had previously sighted many lands on several continents (all on the globe, indeed, except Asia), but none with such curiosity as this.

The bugbear of our youth, the death-bed of so many noble ships, and nobler lives, lay before us, with the ocean tamely licking its shores in foam-capped surf, and the low stretch of sandy hillocks without a tree, or even a habitation visible, extending to east and to west of us in the glad horizon glowing now into the Sabbath sun.

But the surf boat from the shore, where the tall signal staff on a mound higher than the others, holds out the "old flag" against the breeze, is seen putting off; it disappears behind the surf, shows a little speck on top of it, grows gradually larger, till it bumps against the steamer's port side, and a species of amphibious creatures, like the numberless curious seals popping up their heads around us, clamber upon deck.

"What news? Any wrecks?"

"Yes, the boat's crew of the Guion steamship 'Wyoming,' and captain and crew of the British bark 'Humbleton,'" and the words were hardly out of the Superintendent's mouth when a number of apparent pigmies were seen dotting the shore. "See, there they are, so anxious to get off."

But we go ashore—over the breakers, the huge boat twisting and turning, and watching a chance with the rest to jump on to the sands; find in doing so the white foam winding round our waist, with a force backward from the shore, which conquering by an effort, we find our pedal extremities, though soaking wet, imbedded ankle deep in the dry, glistening sand.

But luggage, furniture, coal, oil, and what not, are being dumped from other surf boats, some of it carried back again into the voracious ocean. What is saved is hauled beyond the watery grip, and piled upon a primitive cart adapted to the soil, drawn by three native ponies, strong-looking and hardy enough, though never having tasted clover. We follow our trunks up through a winding gorge in the hills of sand, where habitations with a stretch of

harder bottom, green as Ireland in June, appear. A welcome shaking of hands from people we had never seen and did not know—a still more welcome breakfast, hastily, but most kindly prepared, with lighted pipe, we stroll round to look about this, to mariners, dreadful *terra incognita*.

Sable Island is about 27 miles long by an average of one mile broad, its extreme ends pointing east and west; the former in $43^{\circ} 59' N.$ lat. and $59^{\circ} 48' W.$ lon., the latter (or west end) in $43^{\circ} 57' N.$ lat., and $60^{\circ} 14' W.$ lon., situated about 150 miles S.E. of Halifax, and about 85 miles S. $\frac{1}{4}$ E. of White Haven.

The similarity of names often confounds it in many minds with *Cape Sable Island* at the west end of Nova Scotia in lat. $43^{\circ} 27' N.$, lon. $56^{\circ} 36' W.$, near which, in August, 1856, we nearly came to grief in the Cunard steamship "Arabia," by running full split upon the Blonde rock, a short way off.

As to the early history of the Island, there are conflicting accounts, and concluding such discussions immaterial to the present sketch, would refer thereon to a recent work entitled "History of Nova Scotia," by Mr. Duncan Campbell, of Halifax, N.S., published at Montreal by Mr. John Lovell, who states the first attempt at settlement there to have been made by the Baron de Léry, in the year 1518, and about the first authentic account of the commencement of the business of the Island, which principally consists in "hauling up ships," began with the wreck of the English ship "Delight," one of the squadron of Sir Humphrey Gilbert, half brother to Sir Walter Raleigh, which occurred there in the year 1583, with the loss of nearly one hundred lives; and in 1746 several French transports were cast away upon it with sad loss of life.

Rumor on the Island has it that the place was once used as a penal station by the French, when they occupied Cape Breton, and that the breed of wild horses now roaming over it was introduced by them; others say they were brought there by a Catholic priest belonging to Boston, U.S., in gratitude for his preservation after being shipwrecked on Sable Island.

Spots on the Island which bear the im-