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SEVEN WEEKS ON SABLE ISLAND.

BY JAMES WHITMAN, NEW GLASGOW.

We left the flourishing Town of Pictou, N. S., on the morning of October 7th, 1873, in the Dominion steamer "Lady Head," Matson commander, bound for Sable Island with supplies.

On entering the Strait of Canso, the weather looking unfavorable, we came to anchor at Port Hawkesbury, on the eastern or Cape Breton side of the strait, a place which has been made chiefly from the trade of American fishing vessels, which during the season *rendezvous* therein considerable numbers for supplies, and often to tranship their catch of fish to send home by steamers, of which there is a line plying between Boston and Prince Edward Island touching there. Opposite, on the Nova Scotia side, is the small town of Port Mulgrave. But as our destination was changed at Hawkesbury, we defer further description of this magnificent ocean canal, till our return trip is spoken of.

At Port Hawkesbury we met a schooner with supplies for various lighthouses in the Gulf of St. Lawrence, and the captain received orders to tranship her cargo and finish her duty.

So we turned back again for the lighthouse at west side of northern entrance of the strait, usually called Cape Jack, and fortune favoring us with fine weather, landed supplies there, and in succession also at Margarie, or Sea Wolf Island, on the N. W. side of Cape Breton, Port Hood, Cheticamp, St. Paul's Island, Pugwash, Wallace, Pomquet Island, Arnet Island, Pictou Island,

&c., a service requiring some 7 or 8 days, and then back to Pictou for coal.

With the beautiful weather by which we were favored, the picturesque scenery, the novelty of the voyage, and other incidents, there would be sufficient matter for a graphic little pen sketch in this voyage alone; but we remember the heading of our article, and think there may be enough to be said on that subject, without the tedium of digression,—except that we cannot refrain from a notice of the rugged grandeur of St. Paul's Island, lying in Lat. $47^{\circ} 11' 20''$ N., and Long. $60^{\circ} 9' 36''$ W., about 15 miles N. of Cape North—the extreme polar-pointing Cape of the far famed and beautiful Cape Breton Island.

There are two lighthouses on either end of this (St. Paul's) Island; at the N. W. and S. E. extremities, a steam fog whistle, and a humane station, at which a gun is fired in thick weather every four hours.

Seeking shelter to leeward of the Island with a fine fresh breeze, the danger of landing in moderate weather showed what it would be for the poor unfortunates whom the *storm* and *tempest* might drive on its precipitously rocky shores. Indeed, the sad effects of the great August gale were still visible: anchors, chains, rigging, numerous heavy bars of iron were piled up pell-mell, and mixed with the rocks and waters, as a pile of jack-straws might be with the hand on a tea table.

Boldly to the southward, Cape North,