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SEVEN WEEKS ON SABLE ISLAND.

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(Continued from March No.)

After landing us on the Island as previously stated on the 19th October, 1873, the steamer "Lady Head" took her departure for Halifax on the morning of the 20th, carrying with her the captain and crew of the British bark "Humbleton," the third officer and boat's crew of the Guion line of steamships "Wyoming," and a number of the workmen engaged in the construction of the lighthouse at the west end, expecting to return in about three weeks; but several more had passed and the resources of the island pretty nearly exhausted, *ennui* began its work.

The vast solitude of ocean around us, broken only by frightful storms and raging breakers roaring through the livelong day and night, became too monotonous. Of books there were scarcely any. We had been told there was a library—a gift from Miss Dix; but if library it had ever been it had dwindled down to a small heterogeneous mass of broken, disfigured, and discolored books, piled helter-skelter in a corner of the so called dining room.

Paper there was none, and we had to use our own scanty supply to write out the Governor's reports for him. No barometer, not even a thermometer. No records kept of the events of the day, or of the wrecks on the island.

Had the steamship "Wyoming," with her thousand souls on board, been cast upon the island, and any number of them saved, there would have been no clothing for them, other than that they might have

etched along. Indeed, the boat's crew of that ship stranded without anything but that in which they stood, had to borrow shirts from the men whilst their own were getting washed! Tobacco and pipes were at a high premium—indeed, there were none of either—and to most sailors life is torture without tobacco.

But cranberry-picking was now coming on; this crop of berry sometimes exceeds two hundred barrels, and a magnificent species of the berry they are too. The harvesting lasts about a week, and they are gathered by an instrument of Yankee invention, in appearance like a rake with a box around it. Afterwards they are spread out on sails to dry, winnowed, barrelled, and shipped to Halifax, where they are sold at auction, fetching from seven dollars to ten dollars per barrel. This year there were only about fifty or sixty barrels gathered.

We have spoken of the remarkable mildness of the island especially during a southerly wind, which, coming from the direction of the Gulf Stream permeates the air with almost balmy softness.

Science tells us that "the sea has its large rivers like the continents. They are special currents known by their temperature and color; and the Gulf Stream is the most remarkable of these ocean rivers, containing alone a greater volume of water than all the rivers of the globe combined. Its waters do not mix with the ocean waters. It is a salt river, saltier than the