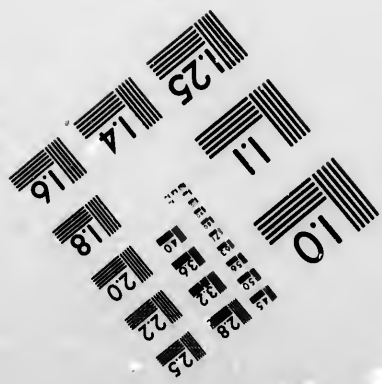
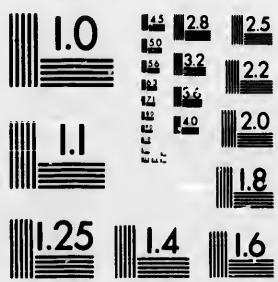


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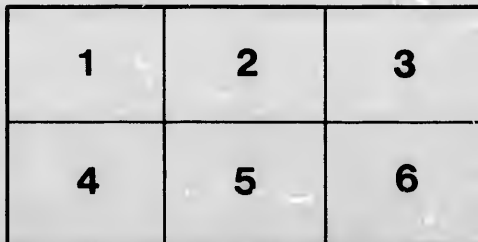
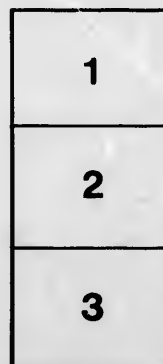
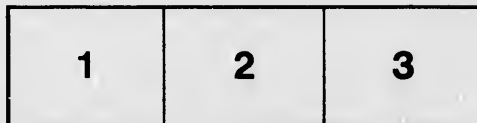
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## Captain James Braund

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Pilot over Bideford Bar  
for over forty years.

---

Who Never Lost a Vessel or a Life.

24988

## NOTE.

Believing that there are many of the Braund connection who would like to have in their possession this little pamphlet, published in Bideford in 1873, the writer had it re-printed (together with "A Recollection" of a later date) and now presents a copy with his compliments, to all the descendants of Captain William Braund, late of Port Hope, Ontario, Canada, and trusts that it may prove of sufficient interest by the Braund posterity to be preserved and handed down to future generations.

S. FRED BAULCH

(Grandson of Captain Wm, Braund)

Sales Manager

GERHARD HEINTZMAN, LIMITED,

Piano Manufacturers,

TORONTO, ONT., CANADA

# A Recollection.

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PREFATORY NOTE.—It is (I suppose) rare for any individual to set himself down deliberately to produce verse, of whatsoever kind, without having some object in view, or being incited thereto by the recollection, at least, of something he has heard, seen, or done. Certainly I am no exception to the rule. Yesterday I happened to make a trip to Bucks Mills, and, after an interval of six years, shook hands once more with the well-nigh king—or patriarch, if you will,—of that place, CAPTAIN JAMES BRAUNE. He is now broken down by age and infirmity, but is not the less interesting on that account. Himself one of the few survivors of a generation of men *n. v.* fast passing away, his simple boast is that he never lost a vessel, nor a single soul, all the years he commanded a vessel, but was actually, in God's providence, the means of saving some twelve lives at sea.

Full many a storm has beaten on thy brow,  
Old sailor, whom we hold converse with now,  
Down-stricken with a weight of years fourscore;  
And gone thy strength to-day, so ready erst  
To help thy shipwrecked comrade, when outburst,  
Sudden and fierce, the tempest's thundering roar.

Faltering thy step, scarce able now to pace  
The humble courtyard of thy fisher's place;  
But still a bright and kindly look is rife  
Upon thy honest countenance; and I  
Desire that, when Heav'n call thee, thou may'st die  
With peace and joy to crown a well-spent life.

—EDWARD HENRY BLAKENEY.

Westward Ho! Aug. 10, 1889.

Pilot over Bideford Bar for forty years, never lost vessel or  
life.



# JAMES BRAUND,

## Fisherman and Pilot,

One of the Fifth Generation :

BORN AND RESIDING ON THE OPEN SHORE AT BUCKS.

A Fishing Hamlet in Barnstaple or Bideford Bay, on the Coast of North Daven,

Aged 65, Mary his wife 62, A.D. 1873.

- ○ ○ ○ ○
- Hannah**, ..... The beloved Daughter of James & Mary Braund, Born at Bucks, January 14th, 1833. She died happy in the Lord, August 2nd, 1852; and for her Piety, as a pattern to Youth, 4,000 copies of a Pamphlet was published, entitled, "The Fishing Hamlet, or a Memorial of Hannah." Printed by John Wright, Steam Press, Bristol, 1852.
- James**, ..... The Son of James and Mary Braund, was Born at Bucks, February 24th, 1834. Killed by a fall from the Cliffs at Lundy Island, June 10, 1869.
- Mary**, ..... The Daughter of James and Mary Braund, was Born at Bucks, February 2nd, 1836.
- William**, ..... The Son of James and Mary Braund, was Born at Bucks, December 2nd, 1837.
- John**, ..... The Son of James and Mary Braund, was Born at Bucks, October 6th, 1839.
- Elizabeth**, ..... The Daughter of James and Mary Braund, was Born at Bucks, April 26th, 1841.
- Frederick**, ..... The Son of James and Mary Braund, was Born at Bucks, April 15th, 1844.
- Christopher**, ..... The Son of James and Mary Braund, was Born at Bucks, March 10th, 1846.
- Ellen**, ..... The Daughter of James and Mary Braund, was Born at Bucks, June 11th, 1848.
- Matilda**, ..... The Daughter of James and Mary Braund, was Born at Bucks, June 19th, 1850.
- Reuben**, ..... The darling Son of James and Mary Braund, was Born at Bucks, January 24th, 1853.

James Braund has within the last 25 years saved 12 Lives, with a little Herring-boat, besides Vessels, and on going off to a Ship in distress, she was driven near Bideford Bar, and his boat forced to follow the vessel's perilous track; miraculously escaping. See Newspapers.

The Braunds of Bucks! the Braunds of Bucks!  
A race of hardy Men!  
So full of courage, that their 'pluck'—  
Eternally remain.

Five Generations of this Race—  
Have not yet passed away;  
All born at Bucks, a rocky place,  
In Bideford's snug Bay.

Renowa'd as Fishermen of old,  
So they continue now,  
And Launch their boats like lions bold,  
To guide each fishing-plough.

No Haven have they! not a Pier!  
Wherein to moor their Craft,  
But up and down the rocks, with care,  
They haul them fore and aft.

The Braunds of Bucks! the Braunds of Bucks!  
Are valorous, 'tis true;  
Real water-dogs, and swim like ducks,  
Soon as from shell got through.

Mountains and rocks surround each home,  
Whereon their Goats do feed,  
Supplying heather for the broom,  
And kids and milk in need.

Advent'rous Braunds! Advent'rous Braunds!  
They launch into the sea;  
They cast their nets, their wives catch prawns,  
Whilst they mesh fish with glee.

Now hauling in their silver prey,  
Perhaps a dozen meas;  
And home they come without delay,  
And shake them out like bees.

Oh! what a gladsome—glorious sight,  
These Mack'rel and the Herring!  
A gift of God!—view'd with delight,—  
By wives and children cheering.

Then, JAMES, among them Captain JOE,  
When ship or life's in danger,  
Have braved the sea, for friend or foe,  
The foreigner or stranger.

No hazard for them is too great,—  
The cry—"DISTRES!" enough:  
They rush unto the Beach, discreet,  
Be weather e'er so rough.

JAMES' life Boat is a Herring Yawl,  
A little open Prow;  
Has weather'd many a storm and squall,  
And SAVED TWELVE LIVES we know.

JAMES in this Boat, to souls forlorn,  
Has gone to Ships in gloom,—  
Driven in the bay—by tempests borne,  
All wanting more sea-room:

And steer'd them into Appledore,  
A welcome port and kind;  
Or shipwreck on the wind-bound shore,  
Poor mariners would find.

A providential rescue hear—  
When Joseph's Boat upset—  
With him and son, and James' son,—  
A scene of deep regret:

Three-quarters of a mile from shore—  
The father back'd his son,  
And buoy'd his nephew up before,  
Whilst waves did heavy run.

JAMES with his glass saw their distress,  
And prompt assistance gave;  
Joe's Boat was sunk, yet Heaven did bless—  
His efforts for to save.

The Lord sustain'd the Captain's strength,  
Three-quarters of an hour,  
To buoy the lads,—rescued at length,  
By His Almighty Power.

This boat, the father and each boy,—  
Brought home to mothers dear,  
Tears flow'd with mingled pain and joy;  
It was a sight severe.

When taken first into the boat,  
They all were cluster'd fast,  
The boys were death-gript to Joe's coat,  
But were unclasp'd at last.

Finger by finger were unclench'd,  
With heartfelt love and care,  
Which must have torn the coat if wrench'd,  
And injur'd suff'ers dear.

When warm'd and rubb'd they came about,  
Their hearts to heaven were rais'd,  
Undaunted Joe, and swimmer stout,  
His Preservator prais'd.

And said it seem'd five minutes all,  
He floated on the deep;  
A vision came unto his soul,  
When happy as asleep.

“Fear not, my son, all's well,” it said,  
(Those solemn words did cherish),  
That “Not one hair of thy just head—  
Shall in the water perish.”

Next Burman's boat and men capsiz'd  
When fishing off the shore;  
James Braund, whose bravery is priz'd,  
Went off and sav'd two more.

A young man beating back from ‘Combe,’  
Capsiz'd in sim'lar way;  
He launched “Grace Darling” through the foam,  
And taught his soul to pray,

That God would well reward those Braunds,—  
So foremost life to save;  
And rescue, where misfortune dawns,  
Lives from a watery grave.

JAMES went on board a foreign Brig,  
So shatter'd scarce could steer;  
She Pilots had, besides a Gig,  
And brought her into Pier.

To cut the cable they resolv'd,  
And let her drift on shore;  
This ruin shall not be involv'd,  
Said JAMES, “I'll clear the Gore.”

Clovelly is the place where I—  
Will guarantee to bear her;  
Unknown to all, some sail let fly,  
And haul'd it aft to steer her.

Succeeded, too, and moor'd her safe—  
Into Clovelly Pier;  
Although his hands did sorely chafe,  
Reward was—all but fair.

Two men called Herbert next they spy,  
Floating upon their nets;  
The sea was running very high,—  
No odds—where there's upset.

Tumbling and rolling o'er and o'er,  
For hours were toss'd about;  
JAMES pull'd his boat across the Gore,  
And two miles off went out.

He haul'd them, caught in their own trap,  
Into his boat with skill;  
Untangled them upon his lap,  
And did their bellies fill.

The Braunds of Bucks! the Braunds of Bucks!  
Industrious men and wives;  
May they have fortune and good luck,  
Who save poor sailors' lives.

Their thrifty women sell the fish,  
And mend the nets with glee;  
And may they never want a dish—  
Fill'd with Prosperity.



From the "Exeter and Plymouth Gazette," December 21st, 1850.

On Monday, about half-past twelve o'clock at noon, a new American brigantine, belonging to Wm. Yeo, Esq., of Appledore, hove in sight, in Bideford bay (being her first voyage from Prince Edward Island). She was observed by Capt. James Braund, of Bucks, apparently in distress, and seeing a Clovelly boat approach her, but, whether from want of courage or practicability, return to the Pier, the undaunted heroism of the renowned fifth generation of Braunds sprung up; Capt. James and his brother launched a herring-boat through the surf, a tremendous sea running, following the boat through the breakers, until they got her clear of the rocks, and succeeded in hoisting the reefed lug sail, made towards the brigantine; but the gale increasing, and the vessel driving towards the bar, the little Grace Darling was left to the mercy of a raging sea, and the Braunds had no alternative but to follow the vessel, then making the best of her way over the bar, as they found it impossible to return. The vessel, however, got into Appledore safe; meanwhile, the brave fellows in the boat had nothing but death before their eyes as a reward for their indefatigable exertions to render assistance to mariners in distress. Previous to taking the bar, they rigged the mizen lug for a fore-sail, threw out half their ballast, and the mate pulled off his boots, expecting to have a swim for it, and when on the bar, the sea broke mountains high, behind and before them, but happily not on them; one sea sent them right on end, and it was wonderful that the boat had not turned over with them. Numbers of people, looking at them on the hill at Appledore, exclaimed that it was impossible she could "live" to come through such a mad sea; yet, as nothing is impossible with Him who rules the storm, the brave fellows got into Appledore in safety, about

three o'clock in the afternoon, after encountering the most miraculous enterprise of piloting on record. The good people of Appledore thronged around them on their arrival, heartily greeting them with expressions of gladness and praise for the skilful manner in which they managed their tiny prow, in the desperate situation in which they were placed. To describe the wailings and screams of the wives and children of the two Braunds is beyond power to express—they watched their progress up the bay, as far as they could, with momentary expectation to see them 'sink to rise no more.' Capt. James has a wife and ten children; and his brother a wife and four children.—There is another brother of these Braunds, Capt. Joseph, who has heretofore, in like manner, gone off to vessels in the bay in distress, from Bucks, and even when his comrades could not get alongside of a stranger, a rope has been thrown to him in the boat, which he has lashed round his middle, jumped into the sea, and been hauled on board by the crew, and succeeded in bringing them into Appledore, for which he has been rewarded. Capt. Joseph was upset in a punt, half a mile from the land, some years ago, when hauling up his lobster pots,—James launched another boat, and put off, and succeeded in rescuing him. Three years ago, Mr. Burman's boat, of Clovelly, capsized three miles off land, when the two Braunds before mentioned put off to their assistance, and rescued the two men who were on the nets. But to conclude the narrative,—a horse was dispatched from Bucks to Appledore to ascertain the result of this last adventure, when, finding they were safe, the messenger returned with glad tidings, which changed the woe-worn countenances of the mothers and children, and numerous relatives and friends, who welcomed the return of the Braunds with joyous congratulations.

From '...oolmer's Exeter and Plymouth Gazette.' October  
29th, 1853.

**Clovelly Herring Fishery.**—On Monday the 17th instant, about five o'clock in the morning, when the fishing boats were beating back with their fish netted during the night the wind being south-east, suddenly chopped round to north-west, blowing a hurricane, and a boat belonging to Mr. Alexander Pidler, of Clovelly, was seen from the pier to capsize, and sink. As the catastrophe occurred two miles from Clovelly, and three quarters of a mile from the land towards Bucks, it was deemed impossible for any assistance to be rendered the unfortunate fisherman from the former place. However, the renowned Braunds of Bucks, perceiving the occurrence, rushed to the beach, launched their boat, stripped for the hazardous occasion, and by great exertion got the boat off the shore and gallantly pulled her through the gore, a ridge of pebbles that extends three miles out at sea, o'er which the sea breaks furiously in bad weather (being the most dangerous navigation in the bay), and succeeded

in reaching and rescuing John and Samuel Herbert, of Bideford, who were providentially entangled in the floating nets. They had the utmost difficulty in getting them clear from their entanglement, but to the great joy of the wives and families, and a large number of spectators, they were safely landed between eight and nine o'clock, in an exhausted state. The Braunds subsequently started off in a six oared gig, and were fortunate enough in recovering the nets and sails of the sunken boat. These brave fishermen, James and Thomas Braund, deserve the highest reward for the imminent risks they have made on so many occasions for the preservation of their fellow-creatures and vessels from shipwreck. The fishermen and inhabitants of Clovelly and neighborhood, we are happy to hear, have commenced a voluntary subscription for these men, and their heroic conduct has been reported to the North Devon Humane Society.

From the "Shipwrecked Mariner," April, 1872.

The Hon. Agent at Appledore writes:—"I think the poor fellows belonging to the "Majestas" suffered great hardship; they were the whole night in the bay, in an open boat without oars, and expecting every minute the boat (a frail one) to founder; they were seen in the morning by James and Thomas Braund (a flannel shirt being hoisted for a signal), two veteran boatmen, who immediately launched their small boat (the sea at the time running very high), and at the risk of their lives, succeeded in reaching them, and under Divine providence rescued the crew from a watery grave. I cannot help stating that these two Braunds (commonly called the Braunds of Buck) have been instrumental in saving a great many lives, at the risk of their own, and would kindly suggest that if the good actions of these men were brought before the Committee or the Humane Society, a testimonial might be awarded them."

From the "North Devon Journal," October 24th, 1872.

**Narrow Escape.**—John Braund, a well known fisherman of this place, was making his way home in his boat a few nights ago, when he encountered a gale of wind which capsized him. The night was very dark and the weather boisterous. He managed to get a firm hold on the boat after it had turned over, but it was soon drifted from him, and he then endeavored to swim ashore. His strength, however, was unequal to the emergency, and he was obliged to give up the attempt. He succeeded in finding his boat again, and then raised a cry and waited for the other craft that were out in the bay. Two boats, one containing James and Christopher Braund, and the other Thomas Braund and his two sons, eventually came to his assistance, and he was conveyed safely home. His cries for help were heard ashore, but the night was so dark that it was impossible to ascertain the spot from which they came.

