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LECTURE ON SABLE ISLAND,

BY J. BERNARD GILPIN, B.A., M.D., M.R.C.S.

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS.

WRECK OF THE "ARNO,"

BY JOSEPH DARBY, ESQ.

—AND—

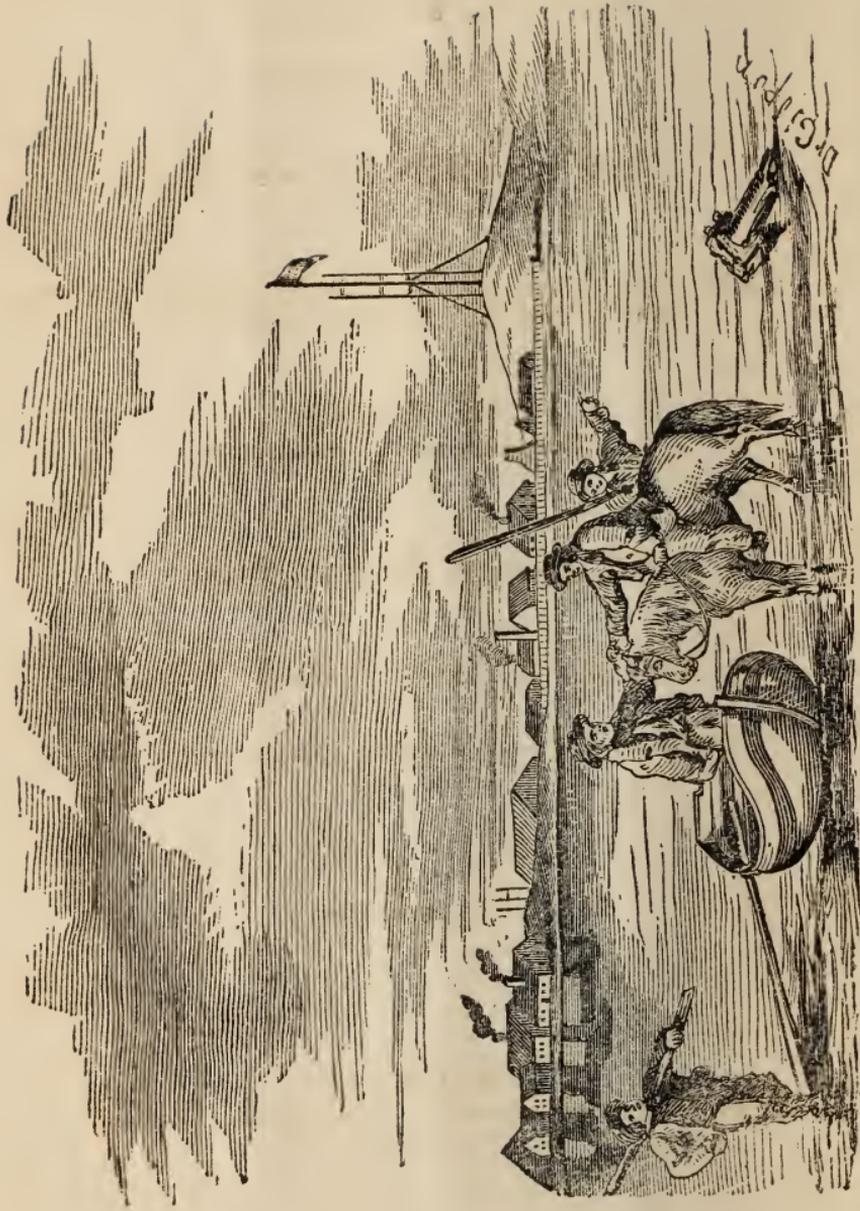
A Poem, by Hon. Joseph Howe.

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HEAD QUARTERS.

SABLE ISLAND:

ITS PAST HISTORY, PRESENT APPEARANCE,
NATURAL HISTORY, &c., &c.,

A LECTURE,

BY

J. BERNARD GILPIN, B.A., M.D., M.R.C.S.

ALSO,

A DESCRIPTION OF THE SHIPWRECK OF THE AMERICAN SCHOONER
ARNO, LOST ON THE ISLAND SEPTEMBER 19, 1846.

BY

JOSEPH DARBY, Esq.,
SUPERINTENDENT OF THE ISLAND.

AND

A Poem on the same Subject,

BY

THE HONORABLE JOSEPH HOWE, M.P.P.

All Delivered before the Athenæum Society, February, 1858.



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SABLE ISLAND.

A Lecture.

H. M. J. Hurst

A ROMANTIC interest has always invested the subject of this evening's lecture,—SABLE ISLAND. Its position, jutting far out into the Western Atlantic,—its wind-swept desolate sand-hills,—its perpetual fringe of everlasting surf,—with its sad story of many a drowned man or sea-wrecked ship, mingled with ghostly fable or truer tale of murderous plunder,—are full warrant for the deepest interest. Let the interest of the story, then, bespeak your attention for an hour, whilst I endeavour to give,—I. Its Early History; II. Its Present Appearance; III. Its Natural History: being a description of the various quadrupeds, birds and fish found about it, with the vegetable productions affording them food; IV. Some Interesting Particulars of Ancient Shipwrecks and their Relics; and to conclude with a General Summary of the whole.

Eng/EP

I. ITS EARLY HISTORY.—We read in those wondrous stories of Northern adventure which the Sagas of Iceland have handed down from the 9th century, that the bold BIOM HERIARFSON, after making the coast of Newfoundland and sailing towards the setting Sun, came upon a sandy land, which, from its position, must have been Sable Island. In his meagre chart of a new world its sands have but scant mention; but it must have been that this hardy Dane from the undecked poop of his miserable shallop was the first European that sighted this terror of all future navigators. That when

the rest of the world scarce dared to creep out of sight of land, these bold men, without compass, or chart, or reckoning, looking only to the stars, ventured the great Atlantic, and in undecked vessels wrote records that have survived them a thousand years, is perhaps a greater triumph in nautical adventure than the huge *Leviathan* of the 19th century.

Our next mention of the Island is connected with Sir HUMPHRY GILBERT. This pious and accomplished gallant of the court of the virgin Queen Elizabeth, and a half-brother to Sir Walter Raleigh, hearing when in Newfoundland of cattle being on the island, sailed thither to victual. Confused in a thick fog, and pressed by a south-east storm, he lost his second in command on the North-east Bar, and barely escaped with his remaining two vessels, soon after to founder himself in a terrible gale on the Great Banks. His sole remaining consort carried home the unwelcome news that the heroic Admiral hailed them during the raging storm, "That heaven was as near by sea as by land," and shortly, standing at the helm, sorely wounded in his foot, and Bible in hand, went down.

By the kindness of my friend, Thos. B. Akins, Esq., I am enabled to quote a graphic description of this untoward event, clothed in that quaint picy and racy style so peculiar to the time:—"Sabla lieth to the sea-ward of Cape Britton," (I quote from a black-letter edition of Hackluyt's *Voyages* 1583, taken from the above gentleman's library) "about 45 leagues, whither we were determined to go upon intelligence we had of a Portingall, during our abode in St. John's, who was himself present when the Portingals about 30 years past did put into the same island both neat and swine to breed, which were since exceedingly multiplied. The distance between Cape Race and Cape Britton is 100 leagues, in which navigation we spent 8 days, having the wind many times indifferent good, but could never attain sight of any land all that time, seeing we were hindered by the current. At last we

fell into such flats and dangers that hardly any of us escaped, where nevertheless we lost the Admiral with all the men and provision, not knowing certainly the place. Yet for inducing men of skill to make conjecture by our course and way from Cape Race thither, and thereby the flats and dangers may be inserted in sea charts for warning to others, I have set down the best reckonings that were kept by expert men, William Coxe, master of the *Hind*, and John Paul, his mate, both of Limehouse." Here follow the courses and reckonings of each day, starting from Cape Race and ending sadly, "Here we lost our Admiral." It is worth mention that these courses were marked out by my friend JAMES DALY, Esq. (whose practical knowledge of these coasts is exceeded only by his personal worth,) on his own chart, and that where they lost their Admiral coincides exactly with the N. E. dry bar,—so true, as judged by modern art, was the reckoning of these thoughtful and ancient mariners.

I cannot forbear from quoting more from this ancient volume. "Contrary to the mind of the expert Master Coxe, on Wednesday the 27th August they bore up towards the land, those in the doomed ship, the Admiral, continually sounding trumpets and drums, whilst strange voices from the deep scared the helmsman from his post on board the frigate. Thursday the 28th the wind arose and blew vehemently from the south and east, bringing withal rain and thick mist, that we could not see a cable length before us, and betimes in the morning we were altogether run and folded in amongst flats and sands, amongst which we found flats and deeps every three or four ship's length. Immediately tokens were given to the Admiral to cast about to seaward, which, being the greater ship and of burden 120 tons, was performost upon the beach, keeping so ill watch that they knew not the danger before they felt the same too late to recover it, for presently the Admiral struck a-ground, and had soon after her stern and hinder

parts beaten in pieces. The remaining two ships escaped by casting about east-south-east, bearing to the south for their lives even into the wind's-eye, sounding one while seven fathoms, then five, then four fathoms and less—again deeper, then immediately four, then three fathoms—the sea going mightily and high,”—as accurate a description of beating over the N. E. Bar as if it was done yesterday.

Here perished to the number of almost one hundred souls, among whom was drowned a learned man, an Hungarian, born in the city of Buda, called therefor Budœus, who, for piety and zeal for good attempts, adventured in this action ; minding to record in the Latin tongue the things worthy of remembrance, to the honor of our nation, the same being adorned with the eloquent style of this orator and rare poet of our time. Here also perished our Saxon refiner and discoverer of inestimable riches ; and no less heavy was the loss of Captain Richard Brown, a virtuous, honest and discreet gentleman, and never unprepared for death, as by his last act of this tragedy appeared. Refusing to leave his ship “ he mounted upon the highest deck, where he attended imminent death and unavoidable, how long I leave to God, who withdrew not His comfort from His servants at such times.”

Twelve men escaped in a boat from this disastrous scene to the Nova Scotia shores, and were carried by some Frenchmen to England. Thus our first acquaintance with the Island is a holocaust of one hundred strong men to this insatiable shoal, with whom went down the man of science, the man of letters and most rare poet of our time—the man of honor daring death, rather than desert his shattered post, and all told with that racy style that only an eye-witness can use, and with an unaffected strain of old fashioned piety which comes back to us men of the 19th century like the flavor of some rare old wine.

Fifteen years later, in 1598, another tragedy was done on

this Island. The Marquis De la Roche landed forty French convicts there and left them to their fate. Seven long years afterwards, brought back to France by royal command, the twelve survivors, clad in seal skins, with haggard faces and shaggy beards, told their piteous tale to the great King Henry, surrounded by his splendid court, of their dreadful exposure till a French wreck afforded them some timber for shelter, of a few sheep soon eaten, and of their conflicts with the huge seals and sea lions, whose skins their only covering, whose flesh their only food, and whose savageness their well scarred limbs amply proved. A free pardon and fifty golden crowns apiece attested the depth of the Royal interest.—Nor is the moral wanting in this quaint tale of adventure and crime, for all must be pleased to learn that these galley slaves of France accepted the terrible expiation of their crime in a right sense, and, enriched both by the Royal bounty and their hard won experience, returned to the scene of their suffering to ply a prosperous trade in fur.

Afterward the Island is frequently mentioned as being the resort of fishermen, and in the year 1635 eight hundred head of cattle roamed its hills, and it abounded in black foxes and seals. About one hundred years later an American clergyman, Mr. LeMercier, put cattle upon the Island and intended to remove his family there, but disagreeing with Government about the terms, his project fell through. From that date till the beginning of the nineteenth century, but little more is known. The increasing commerce added to the frequency of wrecks, and it seems to have become the abode of men of infamous character and desperate fortunes. Articles of rare and foreign workmanship, from time to time were exhibited as coming from there, and stories of murder and piracy got whispered about. Several wrecks perishing with all hands, and the Princess Amelia Transport following in quick succession, induced the Government of that day to issue

a commission to visit the Island, and to concert measures to settle some families upon it. It is said that children, as well as the dead, bore testimony to the urgent need for such a step. The infant children of the wreckers, on seeing those sent to investigate the Princess Amelia wreck pull out a watch, gave unmistakable signs that a lady had come ashore with one of those tickers about her neck. This watch was never seen; and one taking refuge in a solitary hut during a rough night either saw or fancied he saw the shadowy form of its owner pacing the wild beach, and passing through doors, where doors there were none.

The historian of Nova Scotia has seized upon these incidents as the foundation of a ghost story, to which is added a foot note with the names of the parties, who must have been known to parties still alive in this city—Mrs. COPELAND and Lieut. TORRENS. Many and many a winter's storm has swept the sand over the hut where the pale lady with her bloody fingers walked, but tradition still marks the spot, and Smoky Hut Gang is the name of a herd of wild ponies who toss their savage manes and crop the wild beach grass now mantling the pale ghost's walk. For this story I refer you to Mr. Haliburton's book entitled, "Wise saws and Modern Instances."

The shadows of half a century have already darkened the tale, yet these facts remain. He who told it never recurred to it voluntarily, and was a man of the world and of high reckless spirit, and an antique family ring was obtained in a shop in Water Street, and returned, not to the poor lady's severed finger, but to her friends at home. Suffice it to say the wreckers were deported from the Island, and the first humane establishment formed about the year 1802; and this brings us to the second part of our lecture,—ITS PRESENT APPEARANCE.

Should any one be visiting the Island now, he might see about ten miles distance, looking seaward, half a dozen low

dark hummocks on the horizon. As he approaches they gradually resolve themselves into hills fringed by breakers, and by and by the white sea beach with its continued surf—the sand hills part naked, part waving in grass of the deepest green, unfold themselves,—a house and a barn dot the Western extremity—here and there along the wild beach lie the ribs of unlucky traders half buried in the shifting sand. By this time a Red Ensign is waving at his peak, and from a tall flag-staff and crow's nest erected upon the highest hill midway of the Island, an answering flag is waving to the wind. Before the anchor is let go, and the cutter is rounding to in five fathoms of water, men and horses begin to dot the beach, a life-boat is drawn rapidly on a boat cart to the beach, manned, and fairly breasting the breakers upon the bar. It may have been three long winter's months that this boat's crew have had no tidings of the world, or they may have three hundred emigrants and wrecked crews, waiting to be carried off. The hurried greetings over, news told and newspapers and letters given, the visitor prepares to return with them to the Island. Should it be evening he will see the cutter already under weigh and standing seaward, but should it be fine weather, plenty of day, and wind right off the shore, even then she lies to the wind anchor apeak, and mainsail hoisted, ready to run at a moment's notice, so sudden are the shifts of wind, and so hard to claw off from those treacherous shores. But the life boat is now entering the perpetual fringe of surf,—a few seals tumble and play in the broken waters, and the stranger draws his breath hard, as the crew bend to their oars, the helmsman standing high in the pointed stern with loud command and powerful arm keeping her true, the great boat goes riding on the back of a huge wave and is carried high up on the beach in a mass of struggling water. To spring from their seats into the water, and hold hard the boat, now on the point of being swept back by the receding

wave, is the work of an instant. Another moment they are left high and dry on the beach, another, and the returning wave and a vigorous run of the crew has borne her out of all harm's way.

Such is the ceremony of landing at Sable Island nine or ten months out of the year: though there are at times some sweet halcyon day when a lad might land in a flat. Dry-shod the visitor picks his way between the thoroughly drenched crew, picks up a huge scallop or two, admires the tumbling play of the round headed seals, and plods his way through the deep sand of an opening between the hills, or gulch (so called) to the Head-quarters establishment.—And here, for the last fifty years, a kind welcome has awaited all, be they voluntary idlers or sea-wrecked men. Skreened by the sand hills, here is a well stocked barn and barn yard, filled with its ordinary inhabitants, sleek milch cows and heady bulls, lazy swine, a horse grazing at a tether, with geese and ducks and fowls around. Two or three large stores and boat houses, quarters for the men, the Superintendent's house, blacksmith shop, sailor's home, for sea-wrecked men, and oil house, stand around an irregular square, and surmounted by the tall flag-staff and crow's nest on the neighbouring hill. So abrupt the contrast, so snug the scene, if the roar of the ocean were out of his ears, one might fancy himself twenty miles inland.

Nearly the first thing the visitor does is to mount the flag-staff, and climbing into the crow's nest scan the scene. The ocean bounds him everywhere. Spread East and West he views the narrow Island in form of a bow, as if the great Atlantic waves had beat it around, no where much above a mile wide, twenty-six miles long including the dry bars, and holding a shallow lake thirteen miles long in its centre.

There it all lies spread like a map at his feet,—grassy hill and sandy valley fading away into the distance. On the foreground the outpost men galloping their rough ponies into

head-quarters, recalled by the flag flying above his head ; the West-end house of refuge, with bread and matches, firewood, and kettle, and directions to find water, and head-quarters with flag-staff on the adjoining hill. Every sandy peak or grassy knoll with a dead man's name or old ship's tradition—Baker's Hill, Trott's Cove, Scotchman's Head, French Gardens—traditionary spot where the poor convicts expiated their social crimes—the little Burial-ground nestling in the long grass of a high hill, and consecrated to the repose of many a sea-tossed limb ; and two or three miles down the shallow lake, the South side house and barn, and staff and boats lying on the lake beside the door. Nine miles further down, by the help of a glass, he may view the flag-staff at the foot of the lake, and five miles further the East-end look-out, with its staff and watch-house. Herds of wild ponies dot the hills, and black duck and shell-drakes are heading their young broods on the mirror-like ponds. Seals innumerable are basking on the warm sands, or piled like ledges of rock along the shores. The *Glascow's* bow, the *Maskonemet's* stern, the *East Boston's* hulk, and the grinning ribs of the well-fastened *Guide* are spotting the sands, each with its tale of last adventure, hardships passed, and toil endured. The whole picture is set in a silver frosted frame of rolling surf and sea-ribbed sand.

Far different a scene awaits him in heavy weather. From his tottering perch, rocking to the blast, he sees nothing seaward but white and broken waters, and nothing inland but drifting sand and mist closing in his narrow horizon of long grass, wildly tossed on one or two wind-swept hills.

The establishment as now constituted consists of a Superintendent and family at head-quarters, with a boat's-crew, cow-herd, and teamster and cook for the men's mess ; an outpost man and family at the South side ; another family at the foot of the lake, nine miles distant ; and another at the Eastern

extremity of the Island,—all told, with women and children, thirty-five or forty souls. Their duty is to be perpetually on the look out for wrecks, and to render them every assistance in saving life and property. In fine weather the look-out men from the various stations can see the entire circuit of the island. After storms, and during thick weather they are supposed to patrol the entire island once a day. Mounted upon his hardy poney, the solitary patrol starts upon his lonely way. He rides up the centre vallies, ever and anon mounting a grassy hill to look sea-ward, reaches the West-end bar, speculates upon perchance a broken spar, an empty bottle, or a cask of beef struggling in the land-wash,—now fords the shallow lake, looking well for his land-range, to escape the hole where Baker was drowned; and coming on the breeding ground of the countless birds, his poney's hoof with a reckless smash goes crunching through a dozen eggs or callow young. He fairly puts his poney to her mettle to escape the cloud of angry birds which, arising in countless numbers, dent his weather-beaten tarpaulin with their sharp bills, and snap his poney's ears, and confuse him with their sharp shrill cries. Ten minutes more, and he is holding hard to count the seals. There they lie, old ocean flocks, resting their wave-tossed limbs,—great ocean bulls, and cows, and calves. He marks them all. The wary old male turns his broad moustached nostrils to the tainted gale of man and horse sweeping down upon them, and the whole herd are simultaneously lumbering a retreat. And now he goes, plying his little short whip, charging the whole herd to cut off their retreat for the pleasure and fun of galloping in and over and amongst fifty great bodies, rolling and tumbling and tossing, and splashing the surf in their awkward endeavours to escape. Let no man envy his fun, bred of well-fed man and high-conditioned nag; many and many a bitter ride amply atones for it. His well-practised eye now discerns in the spot on the



on the horizon the South-side patrol advancing. The two solitary figures draw bit, chat a while, and slowly turn tail homewards, and an hour afterwards he makes his report: "An empty bottle—old spar covered with barnacles—20 head of seal—met Solomon on the South side"—(generally received by the worthy Superintendent with the usual grumble, "When he first came on the Island he did not know a horse, and now he rides as if they were steam-engines. I did not expect him for an hour. He shan't have old Smiler again in a hurry.") Perchance at this very moment the look-out man at the East end is straining his very eyes to pierce the thick fog of the N. E. Bar, stretching away with its high narrow back, bristling with ancient wrecks for five miles sea-ward, the sea breaking across it, forming little ponds in the centre with their miniature rivulets rolling back into the ocean. As the blasts come down from the broad Atlantic he scarce keeps his saddle or the poney her feet on the drifting sand and plashing pools. Perchance a gun comes down heavily from windward or the rack lifts, and he sees the high black hull and flapping sails of some mistaken trader grinding on the outer bar. An hour or so afterward the look out at head quarters descries a boy at the top of speed galloping along the sandy ridge of the nearest hill. Before he has dismounted from his blown pony to hand his report, "a wreck! a wreck!" resounds all around, up goes the flag, the horse, always in stall or feeding at tether, is mounted, and the working horses driven in boats mounted in their carts, and all in eager haste seek the scene. Here is work for man and horse for a month,—to rescue the crew, strip the wreck, land and store the cargo, and haul it for re-shipment will cost many an hour of toil.

The ordinary work of the Island is to cut and haul firewood, cure hay for the stock, to repair or rebuild the main buildings, attend to the monthly visits of the cutter, and land supplies; and to gather in the season the annual crop of cranberries.

At either extremity of the Island are houses of refuge, where shelter and fire-wood, match-box and bread, and directions to find water and houses are always awaiting the sea-wrecked man. Again and again have they sought this refuge, and on the morrow with renewed hearts found that assistance which but for it would have been of no avail.

The boats built upon the Island have always been admired for their fine beam, great floor, and picturesque high stem and stern, and have weathered many rolling seas; but, owing to the philanthropic Miss DIX, who visited the Island in person, they have now at the three stations a life-boat with all the lines and proper appurtenances which the most modern skill has added to those praiseworthy inventions. The worthy lady, who left behind her the character of an intrepid horseman, must have been amply repaid by Mr. Superintendant McKENNA's Report, which reached her in her retreat in Switzerland, in which he attributes the safety of several hundred souls entirely to a Francis' Metallic Life-boat of her gift, which boarded a ship through a sea no Island boat could stand, and endured shocks when flung upon the beach that would have rent in pieces any wood-built boat. Such is the life of this little self-exiled brotherhood in the great cause of benevolence; and how worthily they have been ruled over by the various Superintendents, who are both Notaries and Magistrates of the County of Halifax; and how kindly each sea-wrecked man has been received and fostered, the many complements and presents of all nations received by the Province in their honor is the best proof. The royal gift of a silver cup filled with golden crowns and a medal struck for the occasion attested the gratitude of Louis XVIII. to the late Mr. Superintendant DARBY for saving the crew of *Le Africane* frigate, and silver medals for the boat's crew, with a golden one for Mr. Superintendant McKENNA, attest how the British public viewed their exertions in rescuing the passengers and crew of the *Arcadia*.

We take next THE NATURAL HISTORY of the Island. For various reasons this narrow strip of sand, guarded by ever-rolling surf, has been a favourite resort for various of the animal kingdom. Formerly the walrus, or sea lion, repaired to it in numbers. We read of as many as three hundred pairs of teeth collected. They have long ago all disappeared, yet even now the waves wash out from the sand the massive skull and long teeth of some old frequenter of the bars.

It is said, black foxes once abounded upon the Island, and so many accounts concurring we must credit it. It is difficult to imagine how they lived in winter, but when we consider that in the various changes wrought by time or circumstances, horses, the natives of sultry Arabia, and rabbits from sunny Spain have taken their places, we may well make some allowance for the change of food in two hundred years.

During January the great Greenland seal (*Phoca Barbata*) leaves his frozen seas and seeks the more genial temperature of the N. E. Bar to rear his little ones. As early as January their whelps are found upon the sand. If undisturbed, they remain till Spring; but if molested they seek the farther extremity of the Island and soon disappear. The old males are frequently eight or nine hundred weight, and readily recognized by their bristling moustache. Many are the stories told of conflicts waged with the old ocean bulls, as they not inaptly call them.

The common Harbour Seal (*Phoca Vitulina* of Godman) is an inhabitant of the Island the whole year round. Though sporting in the rough sea, he loves the retirement of the tranquil lake, and quickly avails himself of any opening by the storms into its shallow bars. About the middle of May the new-born whelps are found sleeping on the sand,—lumps of helpless fat in the smoothest velvet coats, with large black plaintive eyes. These little sea-babes do little upon land but squal and flap from side to side, but the moment they reach

the water they dive and directly re-appear, holding hard with their tiny flippers upon their mother's back, who goes off rejoicing in her load after swimming up and down in restless circles, whilst you tease her baby on the beach. In two or three months they have attained to three or four feet and fifty or sixty pounds weight, and now frequent the dry Bar, and sleep and snore the live-long day, and are overtaken and mercilessly clubbed for their skins and oil. These animals remain the whole year about the Island, often roaming solitary, and more frequently in herds sporting in the roughest weather and angriest seas.

When the present breed of wild Ponies was introduced, there is no record. In an old print seemingly a hundred years old they are depicted as being lassoed by men in cocked hats and antique habiliments. At present three or four hundred are their utmost numbers, and it is curious to observe how in their figures and habits they approach the wild races of Mexico or the Ukraine. They are divided into herds or gangs, each having a separate pasture, and each presided over by an old male, conspicuous by the length of his mane rolling in tangled masses over eye and ear down to his fore arm. Half his time seems taken up in tossing it from his eyes as he collects his out-lying mares and foals on the approach of strangers, and keeping them well up in a pack boldly faces the enemy whilst they retreat at a gallop. If pressed, however, he too retreats on their rear. He brooks no undivided allegiance, and many a fierce battle is waged by the contending chieftains for the honor of the herd. In form they resemble the wild horses of all lands: the large head, thick shaggy neck of the male, low withers, paddling gait, and sloping quarters, have all their counterparts in the Mustang and the horse of the Ukraine. There seems a remarkable tendency in these horses to assume the Isabella colours, the light chestnuts, and even the pie-balds or paint horses of the Indian

Prairies or the Mexican Savannah. The annual drive or herding usually resulting in the whole island being swept from end to end, and a kicking, snorting, half-terrified mass driven into a large pound, from which two or three dozen are selected, lassoed, and exported to town, affords fine sport, wild riding, and plenty of falls.

The Brown or Norway rat has become very prolific on the Island, as this traditionary deserter of sinking ships, doubtless finds many opportunities for his acute instincts.

A few of the old Black rats were seen making their escape from the *Bella Maria*, Spanish brig, but were soon lost sight of; probably devoured by their brown inveterate foes.

The Island owes the introduction of the common or Spanish rabbit, to the Hon. Michael Wallace. He finds the loose sands very fit for his long burrows, and rears his prolific brood and frisks among the high grass, and affords many a fresh dinner when salt junk is plenty and fresh beef scarce, as well as exciting that love for sport natural to all: for I have known sailors just landing with their lives, and hardly dry, yet unable to resist the running down a rabbit!

They seem to be losing their spotted colors, and becoming silver grey or black, with a white collar; thus approximating to the wild, grey species of New England.

It is probable all the sea duck of the American coast visit the Island during their semi-annual flight, but the only species I found breeding were the Black Duck (*Anas obscuro*), and the Shell Drake, (*Merganser*.) Both these breed in numbers; the Black Duck on the grassy tufts about the ponds, and the Shell Drake on the high sand cliffs or about old wrecks.

Ring Neck (*Charadrius Torticollis*), and Peeps (*Tringa minuta*) were breeding in numbers, and towards the end of May the Terns or mackerel Gulls of several species arrived and the bars were soon covered by their eggs, and presently by their creeping young. Their eggs were collected by the bucket

full, and though small were well-flavored. A little brown Sparrow, (*Fringilla*), also summered and wintered there. These are the constant inhabitants. About the year 1827 the White Owl, (*Strix nictea*), by Mr. Superintendent DARBY'S JOURNAL, was first seen on the Island, and, since that period visits the Island periodically, and it is curious to watch this powerful bird, furred and feathered for a polar campaign, yet standing the sultry heat and blinding glare of an August sun, as he watches by the side of a rabbit burrow : his fondness for game being too strong for his northern instinct. A few Hawks, a Robin or two, a wild Pidgeon Plover, and some large, black-backed Gulls, make up the scanty list. Shear-Waters and Mother Carey's Chickens are flung ashore in dozens after every gale. The usual varieties of the Cod species are found about the soundings, and the enormous shore Mackerel, or double No. 1's, are plentiful in their season. A species of Flat Fish and Eels are found in the lake, and the remains of monstrous Skate, destroyed by the Seal, prove its abundance around.

I am not Conchologist enough to classify the various Shells and Shell Fish. The large Scallop, beach Clam, and Razor-shells thrown up after storms, are the most striking varieties. Lobsters and Crabs abound, and some parts of the lake are almost floored by large and pleasant flavored clams.

A Botanist would give a scientific list of thirty or forty varieties of shrubs and plants. Trees there are none, and the usual shrubs are dwarf to a few inches ; a little ground juniper and low with-wood would not afford a riding-cane. Tall coarse grasses cover the surface of the ground, alternating with sandy barrens and snowy peaks of blown sand. The wild rose, blue lily, and wild pea enamel the valleys. Strawberries, blueberries and cranberries are in abundance. They are measured by bucket-fulls ; and as Autumn heats yellow

the luxuriant green, the tall, mallow, gay golden rods and wild China-asters are swept by the heaving gales.

The Island, by Capt. BAYFIELD's Report in lat. $43^{\circ} 59' N.$, lon. $59^{\circ} 45' W.$, at the East end by some is said to be wearing away. More exactly, it is changing its form, for it is hardly probable that an atom of sand, once heaved up from the ocean's bed, is ever swept away. The causes that have formed it still exist; yet it is true that there are those still alive who once filled a happy home where now the sea breaks five miles from dry land. The abrupt sand-cliff rocks to a fall from the unceasing beat of the waves at its feet till a more than ordinary hurricane sweeps it into the lake or spreads it into a shallow bar. By this process five or six miles have gone at the West end, and changes the same are still going on. The winds, too, are perpetually sweeping the naked sand-hills into the lake, or forming fantastic cones from the loose and shifting sand. Some fences about the houses are covered up, others blown out of the sand.

Thus many a sad relic of ancient ship-wreck is to living men disclosed. Old timber, carved stern ways, mixed with a skull or an arm bone,—sad alphabet to read many an untold tale,—intermixed with coins of gold. Mr. MILLER, Inspector of Lighthouses, discovered at the West end after a hard gale spars and canvass huts, and all the marks of an old encampment, on which record and tradition are both silent. The sea now breaks in five fathoms over this spot, and about fifteen or twenty years ago at the N. E. end, called ever after "old houses," were discovered marks of a permanent encampment,—ammunition, shoes, Gorget's arms, dog-collars, and many bones of cattle, as if many men had there long remained. An interesting account was published by Mr. Superintendent Darby, and the collar, which had "43d" marked upon it, forwarded to the head-quarters of that Regiment. Referring

to the records of the Regiment, it was found that the right wing of that Regiment, returning to Halifax after the siege of Quebec, was there wrecked, but was successfully assisted and brought with no loss of life to town. The winds which thus opened for a while to living man the scene and the strange-formed relics of men long passed from among them, soon restored them, perhaps for ever, to the Island's sandy bosom.

Not long ago, the East-end look-out, returning from the Bar, saw half-way up a sand-cliff whose steep side the wintry gales were cutting, long dark lines drawn along the white sand. Climbing to the spot, to his amazement he found marks of a long and permanent abode. The dark lines were a hardened surface beat by men passing in and out over ashes, charcoal and all the usual accompaniments of a lengthy bivouac. Strong men had here held stout battle with famine and cold. Here lay bayonets rusting beside useless guns,—rough bullets, moulded in the sand,—knives made of iron hoops,—a tattered ensign, knotted perchance, or seized for its last signal of distress; and broken glass, sleeve buttons, and bits of coin lay strewed with bones of cattle, of seals, and alas! too, of men.

I hold in my hand keys of perhaps unknown treasure,—antique ink-horn from which the last dregs of ink may have been drained to pen a useless tale,—sleeve buttons that perchance adorned a strong right arm,—bits of silver, valueless coin,—shoes worn by many a fruitless step to where these tattered rags waved long in vain for the rescue which never came. Beside all these were rotting these bones of men. Certainly fifty and more—probably one hundred—wintry storms had swept thirty feet of sand over the scene of this dismal tale. To add a name or affix a date adds really nothing; yet it seems incomplete without it; so we gathered bushels of these rusty relics, and toiled amid the loose sand,

till nodding from its shifting summit it threatened to engulf us in its fall.

Trusting to that interest that men at home and at ease have for their fellow-men in wild and perilous scenes abroad,—for men, perchance at this moment walking the wild beach, or stiff with frozen spray,—I have somewhat taxed your patience. You will bear with me a little longer for a short rapid summary of the whole.

We have found this Island, which most of you have considered a miserable strip of sand, to have attracted the Northman's notice; and that it had attractions to lure a gallant from the Court of the Virgin Queen, a French Marquis, and a New England Puritan Divine, who fancied he saw in its green savannahs the site of busy marts or peopled towns. Nor would he think these summer voyagers far from wrong who has witnessed its leap to life in genial spring, or seen how the wild grass sprouted on its bleak hills, or the air ringing with its myriads of tenants,—the sandy bars speckled with the tern's wild egg, and every grassy cliff and sleeping pool thick with the wild duck brooding o'er her ivory treasure or callow young. Doubtless those hardy men, escaping scurvy-rusted from the two or three months voyage and ill-found shallop of the time, revelled in its wavy valleys, then as now enamelled by the rose and wild pea-vine, gathered the luscious strawberry fruit, and held rollic pic-nic on fresh laid egg and juicy clam.

We have seen, too, how the victims of their mistaken calculation carried the piteous story of the relentless storms to their great king,—how the Island was then left to desperate men who alternately dipped their hands in the blood of the sea-lion or seal, and that of defenceless drowning men,—and how this all has passed away, and an Establishment generous and humane has been supported from the then scanty revenues.

of the poorest Province on the main. Changes, too, we have noticed in the animal life. The Morse (another name for walrus,) and black fox have given way to the herds of wild cattle, and the wild horse in his turn has taken the place of the still wilder kine. Tales of sad misfortune, too, have deepened our interest, to which there was neither wanting rusty relic or rotting bones of unknown men.

We need not speculate on what would have been the change if solid rock had anchored this floating island,—how, advanced so far seaward, it would have hung like a curb upon the whole New England coast, and formidable batteries bristling with cannon would have made secure retreat for king's ships, prizes, and privateers.

Nor need we lose ourselves in vain speculations how it would have been if held in the old world's hand. How some old midæval pile would have held a Governor, with barracks for a regiment, and surgeon to cure the bodies so often risked; and chaplain with church and bell for the souls at a moment's warning held; or how some old grey brotherhood like the venerated monks of St. Bernard would have held it for their souls, doing in grey hood and cowl on the N. E. bar, in penance for their sins, what now is done in tarpaulin hat and pea-coat for £40 a year.

I say we need not dress our story, for should any one imagine that from the hurried life we live, which steam-boat, rail-car and telegraph both shorten and frightfully hurry incident upon that hard man in ceaseless contention with his harder fellow-man, has wasted all the precious oil of romance or that its flickering flame lies dry rotted in its empty scone, we can assure him that there is some of the precious ointment yet, and distant not twenty hour's sail. Let him give his poney her stride along that desolate shore and ever-heaving wreck-floored yeasty main; or, if he have nerve, let him give her her rein on the wind-swept height of Rigging Hill, with her

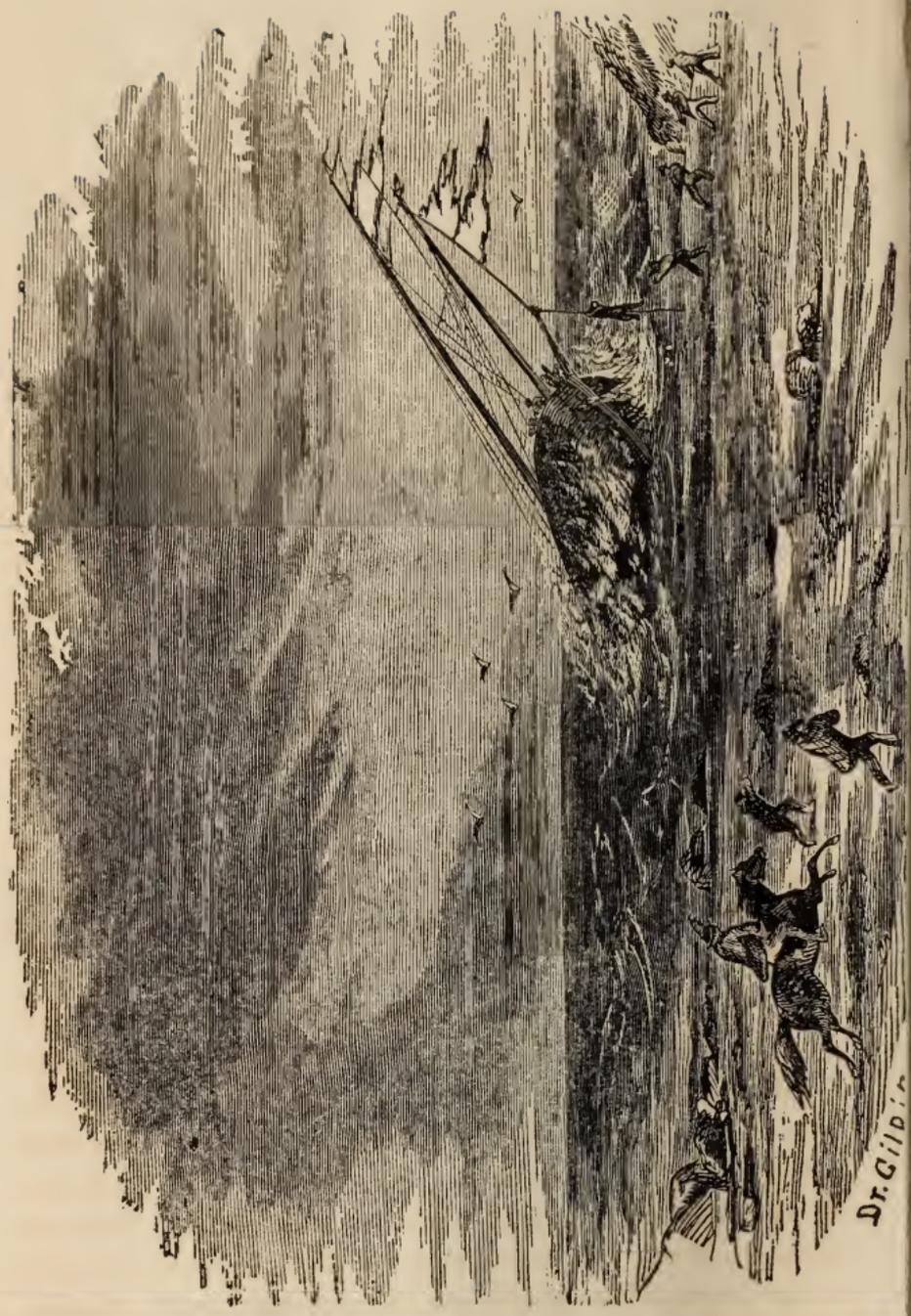
sure gallop breasting the ridge, the tall grass sweeping his right hand pommel, whilst his left stirrup goes dangling over the sandy precipice where the ocean roars some seventy feet below. Now let him seek shelter where nestling beneath these hills that advanced-guard of man the East-end look-out has secured his low-roofed home, whose every low porch and narrow gable is hung with carved sternway, gilt head-board, or sea-beaten image waifs of sea-wrecked men. Here reposing on sealskin-cushioned chairs before a hearth of glittering copper torn from a ship-wrecked keel, and where billets of old English oak, with many a tree-nailed hole, or Spanish mahogany are flickering over carved locker and binnacle, let him listen to the sad stories, rare and strange medley of odd assorted things gathered along the bar, or narrow escapes which flow out in so pleasant accents from this self-exiled man,—how he watched the long long night the alternate windward and leeward guns to find no vessel in the morning; or how he found a ship's bell ringing its own dirge as it was tossed in the land-wash; or how he pulled the Frenchman with his shattered knee through the ground-swell; or how he picked a Church Bible from a wreck, and then anon the sands were spread with carved crucifix and volumes of St. Alphonso de Liguorio.

Thus, warmed by the flickering brands of one wreck,—soothed by a cigar from another,—and steeped as it were in the briny dew of tempest-tost ship and rolling billow he is lighted to his repose by the remnant of a holy taper made by pious hand for some far-off shrine; and seeing that all this is the result of long and far-seeing benevolence, he thanks God that man still remembers his fellow-man; and, attended by great ocean's roar to dream-land, there is awaiting him in shadowy line the peopled past,—grim Vi-king and courtly gallant,—base galley-slave or rare Permanius, in classic Latin

mutely eloquent,—or drenched in shadowy brine, there flits
the poet's high conception,—

—“That ancient man,
The bright-eyed mariner”;

or sweeping over that desolate sand,—each shifting hillock a
dead man's grave,—THE PALE LADY seeks to fit her bloody
finger to the severed ring.



Dr. Gild...

Wreck of the Schooner Arno.

BY JOSEPH DARBY, ESQ.

MR. PRESIDENT, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN,—Having been invited here this evening to give some explanatory statements of particular events that occurred on Sable Island during my Superintendence of that Establishment, and not previously having had sufficient notice to refresh my memory by reflecting back to the occurrences as they happened, I fear that my statements, although substantially correct in the outline, may have lost through failure of memory a great many incidents worthy of notice, and fully and legitimately connected with them. Hoping that you will make allowance for the lapse of time and the omissions that may have thus occurred, I will, at the request of the President, make some comments on the circumstances that occurred on the 19th and 20th of September, 1846, as in their nature they are partly mixed and blended together.

On the 19th of September, 1846, the Government Schr. *Daring*, commanded by my oldest son, came to the Island for the purpose of conveying to Halifax the crew and materials of the wreck of the ship *Detroit*, lately stranded there with her crew and passengers; also, the crew of the schooner *Lady Echo* lately stranded there. We got the Schooner down the North side to the wreck of *Detroit*, about ten miles to the Eastward of Head-quarters, and commenced shipping her materials, and the work went on with vigour and alacrity. The day was moderate, with light airs of wind from the East-

ward. It was a clear and cloudless day, but it had a certain dull and leaden appearance about it, that seemed to portend a gathering of the elements together, as if for strife. The sea ran high although there was no wind, and gave us a good deal of trouble, by often filling our loaded boats in crossing the bars, where it often broke very bad, and rolled along the shore with a groaning, uneasy and very troubled sound. After the sun passed the Meridian, the gloom and dulness seemed to increase, the sea rose higher although but little wind, and the moaning sound of the waters as they broke along the strand seemed to give strong indications of a coming storm. Our work proceeded successfully, notwithstanding the difficulties we had to contend with;—the property was all shipped, the vessel loaded and ready for sea, and at half an hour after sunset she got under weigh, with our boat and boat's crew to be towed up to head quarters and landed there. The wind was now a fresh breeze from East. I got on my horse to keep abreast of the vessel, which I did until dark. I had ten miles to go to the landing place, I drove to that point as fast as I could, and then rushed on to the beach to watch the arrival of my boat. It was now very dark, with a fresh breeze, and the sea rising very fast. The whole ocean appeared to be in a phosphoretic blaze of light; and the very minute marine animalculæ seemed each one to have its own light, and to increase the natural phenomena. I soon observed our boat coming directly towards me: I jumped off my horse, and as I always rode with six fathoms of light line on my horse's neck, one end I fastened there, and the other end I tied to my leg. I was then able to assist my people in the boat without losing my horse, as she filled and turned over just as she got within my reach. The people reported that the schooner hauled off to sea the moment that the boat left her. We hauled up and secured our boat for an approaching gale, then went to the house, changed our wet clothes, got

supper, and set a watch. At midnight the watch reported heavy gale of wind from E.N.E. ; at four o'clock the morning of the 20th, a most terrific gale of wind with rain from the N.E. ; and at daylight the gale to be still increasing, and the wind veering to the N.N.E. All hands out. The hull of the schooner *Lady Echo*, that had been wrecked near the landing, could be seen from the look-out house to be floating and knocking about on the beach, and we had to crawl on our hands and knees across the Island to where her cargo of barrels of mackerel was piled up,—the wind being so violent we could not proceed against it in an upright position. We found the cargo in danger of being smashed to pieces by the sea, and we commenced parbuckling it up the bank to a place of comparative safety, and were so occupied until about noon ; and it was this circumstance that brought us all out there in that terrific gale, as if Providence directed that we should all be out and all together so as to be the better prepared for what was going to follow. All of a sudden, we saw an object off the North side dead to windward which we first thought was a large bird, but shortly after discovered that it was a sail distant five or six miles, and that she was running down right before this tremendous gale dead on a lee-shore. We could work no more at the barrels. Our eyes were strained in the direction of the object that appeared to be running to inevitable destruction. My first impression was that it was the schooner *Daring* which had left the Island the evening before, and that they had met with some disaster so as to disable the vessel in the gale, and were going to run her on shore before night to save their lives.

We could now see that she was a schooner with a close-reefed mainsail set, steering directly for our flag-staff. I was convinced that it was my son, who with two of his sisters on board, and a great number of other passengers, were taking this method to preserve their lives. I fell on my knees and

prayed most earnestly and devoutly to the Almighty to have mercy on them, as I did not doubt but they were praying too, and that to a God who they were taught to believe was a hearer of prayer. The sea was breaking everywhere off the North side as far as the eye could see, and it appeared almost incredible that any vessel could live to come so great a distance through such mountains of broken water. I got a rope prepared, to assist in preserving the people's lives should the vessel be able to reach the beach through the roaring and boiling mountains of water that surrounded her. When she approached within three miles of the land she appeared to be in the heaviest breakers, and we could plainly perceive mountain waves on each side of her that would raise their curled heads as high as the tops of her masts and pitch over and fall with the weight of hundreds of tons, either of which would have been sufficient to have smashed that frail bark to atoms; but, miraculous as it may appear, not one of them touched her. No—that heaven-favored vessel was under the protection of an Omnipotent God, and guided by a Master-hand, and neither winds nor waves were permitted to destroy the souls on board. At one moment you could just perceive the heads of her masts between the mountains of waters that were smashing and breaking to pieces all around, but not permitted to hurt her; at the next moment you would see her on the top of a tremendous wave which appeared like certain destruction to her; at another, you would see a mountainous sea rising up before her and breaking all to fragments in her path, but when she arrived at the spot the surface was smooth as glass. When she arrived within one mile of the shore she had to pass over what we call the Outer Bar, where every sea broke from the bottom, and our greatest anxiety for the safety of the vessel was at this point. The sea was there breaking with tremendous violence, but that heaven-favored bark passed through untouched,—the sea became smooth

before her, and she left a shining track behind. Now, here was the miracle. I looked on this with wonder, awe and admiration, and not without hope. When she approached a little nearer, I could see one man lashed at the helm and two men forward lashed by each of the fore-shrouds, and by each man a large cask standing on end. We could also see that the two men were making great exertions with their arms, as if throwing something up in the wind. The vessel had now passed the most dangerous place, and her safety seemed certain,—I could breathe much freer than I had done for some minutes. Another half-mile brought her to the beach, and her bow struck the sand. From this spot to the high bank was about fifty or sixty yards over a flat beach, which was always dry except in heavy gales, but was now covered over with water. A number of heavy seas would roll together over the beach, and then recede, leaving it dry. Over this space myself and the men were extended with a rope leading from the bank down to the vessel's bow, on which we held to keep the sea from washing us away; and when the great body of water receded, we could approach as near as the jib-boom end, from which, one by one, the crew lowered themselves by a rope into our arms, and we passed them in safety to the bank. They were all entire strangers. The captain was a praying man, and indeed a clever man; his first act after getting on shore was to go aside with me and return thanks to his Maker for their miraculous preservation.

He then told me his story. The Schooner was the *Arno*, Capt. HIGGINS, with twelve men, from the Quero Bank, where they had been fishing. They left the Bank at the commencement of the gale. He had lost all his head sails when at daylight this morning he made the land dead under his lee, with the gale blowing right on shore. The vessel having no head-sail, he could do nothing with her on a wind.

He let go his anchor in twenty fathoms of water, payed out three hundred fathoms of hemp cable, and brought the vessel head to wind. In that tremendous sea he held on until noon, when, seeing no prospect of the gale abating, he cut his cable and put the vessel before the wind, preferring to run her on shore before night to riding there and foundering at her anchor. He lashed himself to the helm, sent all his men below but two, and nailed up the cabin-doors. He had two large casks placed near the fore-shrouds and lashed there. He then directed his two best men to station themselves there and lash themselves firmly to the casks, which were partly filled with blubber and oil from the fish. They had each a wooden ladle of about two feet long, and with those ladles they dipped up the blubber and oil and threw it up in the air as high as they could. The great violence of the wind carried it far to leeward, and, spreading over the water, made its surface smooth before her and left a shining path behind; and although the sea would rise very high, yet the top of it was smooth, and never broke where the oil was. It was raging, pitching and breaking close to her on each side, but not a barrel of water fell upon her deck the whole distance. The vessel was so old and tender that she went all to pieces in a very short time after the crew, with their clothing and provisions, were saved.

Thus was preserved in a most miraculous manner this crew of good men; and although the finger of God was seen and felt in this circumstance, yet it was brought about by natural means. I had often heard of oil smoothing the face of turbid waters, but I could hardly have believed that under the present circumstances,—even had I known that the oil was used as the means to produce such an effect,—that it would have been possible to subdue and smoothen so very rough and boisterous a surface.

SABLE ISLAND.

A Poem.

BY THE HONORABLE JOSEPH HOWE.

DARK Isle of mourning!—aptly art thou named,
For thou hast been the cause of many a tear;
For deeds of treacherous strife too justly famed,
The Atlantic's charnel—desolate and drear;
A thing none love, though wand'ring thousands fear,—
If for a moment rests the Muse's wing
Where through the waves thy sandy wastes appear,
'Tis that she may one strain of horror sing,
Wild as the dashing waves that tempests o'er thee fling.

The winds have been thy minstrels—the rent shrouds
Of hapless barks, twanging at dead of night,
Thy favorite harp-strings—the shriek of crowds,
Clinging around them fiercely in their fright,
The song in which thou long hast had delight,
Dark child of ocean, at thy feasts of blood;
When mangled forms, shown by heaven's lurid light,
Rose to thy lip upon the swelling flood,
While Death, with horrid front, beside thee smiling stood.

As lurks the hungry tiger for his prey,
 Low crouch'd to earth, with well-dissembled mien,
 Peace in his eye—the savage wish to slay
 Rankling around his heart—so thou art seen
 Stretch'd harmlessly on ocean's breast of green,
 When winds are hush'd, and sleeps the placid wave
 Beneath the evening ray, whose glittering sheen
 Gilds the soft swells thy arid folds that lave,
 Unconscious that they cling around a yawning grave.

The fascination of the syren's song,
 The shadow of the fatal Upas-tree ;
 The serpent's eye that lures the bird along
 To certain doom,—less deadly are than thee,
 Even in thy hours of calm serenity,
 When on thy sands the lazy seals repose,
 And steeds, unbridled, sporting carelessly,
 Crop the rank grass that on thy bosom grows,
 While round the timid hare his glance of caution throws.

But when thy aspect changes,—when the storm
 Sweeps o'er the wide Atlantic's heaving breast ;
 When, hurrying on in many a giant form,
 The broken waters by the winds are pressed,—
 Roaring like fiends of hell which know no rest,
 And guided by the lightning's fitful flash ;
 Who dares look on thee then, in terror drest,
 As on thy length'ning beach the billows dash,
 Shaking the heavens themselves with one long deafening crash ?

The winds are but thy blood-hounds, that do force
 The prey into thy toils,—the insidious stream,
 That steadily pursues its noiseless course,
 Warmed by the glow of many a tropic beam,
 To seas where northern blasts more rudely scream,
 Is thy perpetual Almoner ; and brings
 All that to man doth rich and lovely seem,—
 Earth's glorious gifts—its fair and holy things,
 And round thy dreary shores its spoil profusely flings.

The stateliest stems the Northern forest yields,
 The richest produce of each Southern shore,
 The gather'd harvests of a thousand fields,
 Earn'd by man's sweat or paid for by his gore,—
 The splendid robes the cavern'd monsters wore,
 The gold that sparkled in Potosi's mine,
 The perfumed spice the Eastern Islands bore,
 The gems whose rays like morning's sunbeams shine,—
 All, all—insatiate Isle—these treasures all are thine.

But what are these, compared with the rich spoils
 Of human hearts with fond affections stored,—
 Of manly forms o'ertaken by thy toils,—
 Of glorious spirits, 'mid thy sands outpoured.
 Thousands who 've braved war's desolating sword,
 Who 've walked through earth's worst perils undismayed,
 Now swell the treasures of thy ample hoard,—
 Deep in thy vaults their whit'ning bones are laid,
 While many a burning tear is to their mem'ries paid.

And oft, as though you sought to mock man's eye,
 Thy shifting sands their treasured spoils disclose :
 Then may we some long-missing wreck descry,—
 Some broken mast, that once so proudly rose
 Above the peopled deck,—some toy, that shows
 The fate of her upon whose breast it hung,
 But who now sleeps in undisturbed repose,
 Where by the waves her beauteous form was flung,—
 May peace be with her manes, the lovely and the young !

Why does the Father, at the dawn of day,
 Fly from his feverish couch and horrid dreams,
 And up the mountain-side pursue his way,
 And turn to gaze upon the sea, which seems
 Blent with the heavens, until the gorgeous beams
 Of the bright sun each cloud and wave reveal ?
 Whence comes the tear that o'er that pale cheek streams,
 As, tired with gazing, to the earth he kneels,
 And pours in prayer to GOD the anguish that he feels ?

Why does the matron heave that constant sigh ?
 Why does she start at every distant sound ?
 Her cheerful fire is blazing 'neath her eye,—
 Her fair and happy children sporting round,
 Appealing to her heart at every bound,—
 While on her lap one rose-lipped babe reclines,
 And looks into her face with joy profound ;
 But yet the mother secretly repines,
 And through a tearful eye her spirit dimly shines.

Why does the Maiden shun the giddy throng,
 And find no pleasure in the festive hour ?
 Strange that the mazy dance and choral song
 O'er one so young should hold no spell of power !
 Why droops her head, as in her fairy bower
 Her lute is only tuned to sorrow's strain !
 Is there no magic in the perfumed flower,
 To lure her thoughts from off the bounding main ?
 Oh ! when shall joy return to that pure breast again ?

Canst thou not read these riddles, gloomy Isle ?
 Say, when shall that old man behold his boy ?
 When shall a father's voice, a father's smile,
 Wake in that mother's heart the throb of joy ?
 When shall glad thoughts that maiden's hours employ ?
 When shall her lover spring to her embrace ?
 —'Ask of the winds, accustomed to destroy,—
 Ask of the waves, which know their resting-place,—
 And they in my deep caves their early graves may trace.'

Farewell, dark Isle ! The muse must spread her wing
 To seek for brighter themes in scenes more fair ;
 Too happy if the strain she strove to sing
 Shall warn the sailor of thy deadly snare.
 Oh ! would the gods but hear her fervent prayer,
 The fate of famed ATLANTIS should be thine,—
 No longer crouching in thy dangerous lair,
 But sunk far down beneath the 'whelming brine,
 Known but to History's page, or in the Poet's line.

MOLLUSCA OF SABLE ISLAND,

SO FAR AS ASCERTAINED UP TO 1858.

FROM MR. J. WILLIS, NATIONAL SCHOOL, HALIFAX.

Anomia Ehippium,
" Squamula,
Astarte Sulcata,
" Castanea,
Anatina Leana,
Buccinum Undatum,
" Trivittatum,
Crepidula Convexa,
" Fornicata,
Cardium Edule,
Coronula Balænaris,
" Diadema,
Cyprinus Islandicus,
Cytheria Convexa,
Echinus Granulatus,
Echinarachnius Parma,
Fusus Decemcostatus,
" Ventricosus,
Glycimeris Siliqua,
Helix Subglobosa,
Mytilus Borealis,
Modiola Americana,
" Plicatula,
Mactra Gigantea,
Mya Arcnaria,
Natica Clausa,
" Heros,
Phoals Dactylus,
Pecten Magellanicus,
" Islandicus,
" Concentricus,

Rostellaria Occidentalis,
Solen Ensis,
Saxicava Rugosa,
Spirula Peronii,
" Sperellum,
Serpula —,
Venus Mercenaria.

DRIFT-SHELLS.

Ostrea Borealis,
Cardium Virgmana, *W. Indies*
and S. States.
Strombus Pugilis, *W. Indies.*
Columbella Mercatoria, *W.*
Indies.
Oliva Porphyria Panama.

CRUSTACEA.

There are three varieties of Crab, and the common Lobster, which often attains an immense size; a claw in my possession measuring fifteen inches in length, and five inches across the broadest part.

Besides the above, there are a number of minute species, as the Shrimp, Sand-hoppers, &c., some of which are so minute as to be scarcely visible to the naked eye.

