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the roar of the breaking wave and the swish of deep water across the deck. I sprang up to the deck. More than a thousand feet astern and drifting with the current every minute farther away I saw the poor fellow rise to the surface, struggle a moment, and then, buried beneath a huge wave, disappear forever, while the squall seemed to shriek with delight as with redoubled fury it pressed down on the staunch little schooner.

"Soon after this came a succession of tremendously heavy snow squalls, which blew with a fury I never saw equalled during an experience of over thirty years battling with Atlantic storms, while the snow was so dense that while we were in the hollow of a sea the top of it could hardly be seen. The Howard quivered like a stricken dolphin, trembling as she struggled with great apparent effort up the mighty waves that threatened to overwhelm her. We had reset a smaller riding sail, a mere rag in size, but riding almost head to the wind as she did under this

she buried her lee side nearly to the hatches. To walk against the blast was out of the question and it was all we could do to haul ourselves along with life-lines or cling to the rigging. She plunged so heavily into the waves that the jib was soon washed loose from the bowsprit. While I was in the cabin after a rope to secure it a second heavy sea boarded us, breaking over the port bow, burying the little vessel almost completely out of sight. The men on deck saw it coming and sprang for the rigging. Two of them who got on the fore gaff held on the peak halliards, clinging with arms and legs. The sea broke so high that both these men were covered and nearly washed from their hold, though they were at

least ten feet above the deck. The deck was filled with water to the tops of the rails, compelling us to knock off some waist-boards so that the vessel could clear herself.

"Between the squalls we managed to secure the jib, though it was tremendously hazardous going out on the bowsprit in such a gale. The squalls had the most terrifying appearance I have ever witnessed, as they came

tearing down from the windward. Black as night and driving the white foam before them, they were an awful sight, and enough to strike terror to the hearts of those who had never felt fear and who, even then, disdained to flinch from the peril which confronted them. Fearing the cable would part, and knowing that

the vessel would be knocked down on her beam ends if she fell off even with the little riding sail set, I stationed myself at the mainmast as the squalls came along, ready to let the riding sail run down if necessary. It was the fourth squall and I was standing there with my right foot on the bit head of the fife rail and the riding sail halliards in my right hand. There came a wild flurry of flying snow and out of it a ball of fire, bursting like a bombshell between the masts and knocking me senseless to the deck, where I lay apparently dead. Many others of the crew received a slight shock. The ship had been struck by lightning!

"I would not speak of the intense suffering which I endured for four hours—hours of dreadful agony—while I was being resuscitated, were I not to mention the conduct of my men, all of whom showed a hardy courage and devotion, a kindness and nobility of spirit such as I have never seen excelled by any class of men. Though momentarily expecting death themselves they worked for my relief with a steady zeal and coolness. Fortunately I could speak soon after being taken below and was thus able to direct what should be done for myself and the vessel.

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"But three more squalls came after the lightning stroke and the gale soon subsided to ordinary proportions. I found that the lightning had ploughed my right arm from the wrist to the elbow, injuring it severely, while five smaller burns were on my right leg below the knee. My right side was paralyzed and I could not stand on my feet for several days."

Such was the captain's story of that wild midwinter gale of the year 1876. Not always was the struggle so fierce or the results so disastrous, yet as Captain Collins used to say, "Eternal vigilance is the price of successful winter fishing," and the way the Howard was knocked down twice while on the way home from the banks that very next spring seems to prove it.

"We had been running for home before a northeast gale," said the captain, "and below the latitude of Sable island had to bear up toward the west north-west, which brought us almost in the trough of the sea. I was below and had turned in when a little after daybreak a tremendous sea tripped us up and knocked the vessel about flat. The main boom went under nearly to the mast, parting the boom tackle; one man in the forecabin was thrown from the weather into the lee bunk, and another who was in his berth in the lee side was scalded by the contents of the coffee pot which came flying off the stove on top of him. Altogether there was quite a mixup, but before we could do much of anything the nimble little vessel was back on her bottom and tearing along again. No homebound fisherman shortens sail even in the worst of gales if he can help it, but this seemed to be one of the necessary times. We double reefed the foresail and set a riding sail in place of the mainsail. Even thus there was a great danger of being sprawled out again and I stayed on deck all day directing the man at the wheel how to steer to escape the ugly cross seas.

"So we kept her going, swinging off almost before it sometimes and hauling back on our course again when the chance came. In this way we went along safely till about sundown when, being pretty hungry, I went below for lunch. I had scarcely seated myself when the vessel went flat on her beam ends. Dropping the mug and the bread I sprang for the companion-way the moment I felt her going over. The sea was there ahead of me, however, rushing over the top of the companion doors and deluging everything as I gained the top of the steps. The vessel was flat on her side, buried from the mainmast aft and it seemed as if she would stay there.

"It was probable that the man at the wheel was washed overboard and (in case the vessel did right) she would surely broach to and be swamped the moment the wind again struck her sails. I started aft for the wheel, but by the time I had reached the main hatch the wind again got into the sails and the old boat, starting ahead with a rush, drew herself out from beneath the water in which she was buried and which went roaring and splashing over the stern as we rose once more buoyant on the foam of the waves. So far under water had the stern been that the man at the wheel (although a six footer, was entirely submerged even when the vessel righted, though he stood on his feet and kept his grip on the wheel. The men in the cabin were nearly smothered by steam and gas which was driven from the cabin stove by a stream of water which ran down the stovepipe onto the burning coal. Barefooted and bareheaded and panting for breath they were glad enough to get out on top of the house where they could breathe fresh air.

"Although we had met with little or no damage from being thus sprawled out twice, it was, nevertheless a little more than we had signed for and we have to after the second experience waiting a few hours till the moon rose and the sea went down a little and we

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again filed away on the home steerway."

There are a hundred others of the captain's stories which might be told, each more fascinating than the last, but those given will no doubt be enough to prove that while he was exceptionally clear-headed, a stout, ambitious always to make the most of his advantages, yet he had all of the spirit of blithe daring, of dash and recklessness and of defiance of death and danger, which has made the fishermen who sail out of Gloucester the pride and wonder of the seafaring world.—Boston Transcript.

Dec. 16

OUR LOUISBURG LETTER.

One of Crew of Sch. Gladiator Landed Very Sick.

Interesting News Items from Our Regular Correspondent.

Our Lunenburg, C. B., correspondent under date of Monday, sends us the following:

Sch. Gladiator of Gloucester, Capt. John McKay, put in here Saturday to land one of her crew, Moses Riley, who is seriously ill with inflammation of the lungs and heart trouble. The man is very weak and his condition is considered critical. The Gladiator is on a fresh halibut trip and came here from Quero Bank. Capt. McKay reports having two sets only before having to come to land with the sick man and secured about 1500 lbs. halibut. He reports quite a number of other Gloucester halibut fishers about the bank. The schooner will have some repairs made to her windlass before sailing for the fishing grounds.

Schs. Lizzie Griffin of Provincetown and Senator, Capt. Nathaniel Greenleaf, sailed from here yesterday. Both vessels are from Bay of Islands, N. F. The Griffin is loaded with salt herring, and the Senator is partly loaded with codfish. Capt. Greenleaf reports codfishing fairly good at Bay of Islands. The Senator had only halibut gear, but had she been fitted up with codfish gear, they would have secured a load of codfish. The fish are caught on trawl right near the shore at Bay of Islands, and are of a large size. Capt. Greenleaf says some Newfoundland vessels and a French vessel secured full cargoes of codfish while the Senator was there.

Schs. Arbitrator, Faustina and Ralph L. Hall were in port several days last week awaiting a chance for Bay of Islands. These vessels are bound for cargoes of frozen herring. Schs. Faustina and Ralph L. Hall sailed Thursday and sch. Arbitrator sailed Friday.

But few of the Newfoundland herring fleet have harbored here this fall, and with the exception of the vessels above named none have been here within the last month.

The fishing season has finished here and all the fishing boats have been hauled ashore, and the small fishing vessels have been laid up.

The weather has assumed a wintery aspect within the last few days. Yesterday it blew strong from the northeast, and quite a snow storm accompanied the wind, last night it veered around to north west, and became quite cold, today there is a strong gale blowing from the west north west and the frost is intense.

Nine More To Arrive.

But nine of the Newfoundland salt herring fleet are yet to arrive, the crafts being schs. Monitor of Provincetown, Willie Swift and M. B. Stetson of Bucksport, Lizzie Griffin of Orland, and Judique, Dantless, Valkyrie, Essex and Henry M. Stanley of this port.

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DAILY TIMES FISH BUREAU.

To-day's Arrivals and Receipts.

Sch. Niagara, La Have Bank, 7000 lbs. cod. 1000 lbs. halibut.
Sch. Appomattox, shore, 1000 lbs. pollock.
Sch. Senator, Bay of Islands, N. F., 50,000 lbs. cod.
Sch. Judique, Bay of Islands, N. F., 1500 bbls. salt herring.
Sch. Mattie Brundage, shore.
Sch. Mary E. Silveria, shore.
Sch. Kernwood, shore.
Sch. Sylvia M. Nunan, shore.
Sch. Livonia, shore.
Sch. Two Forty, shore.
Sch. Rita A. Viator, shore.
Sch. Mary E. Cooney, shore.

Today's Fish Market.

Board of Trade prices for salt and fresh fish:

Salt fish, handline Georges cod, \$4.90 per cwt. for large, \$4.00 for medium; trawl Georges cod, \$4.25 for large, \$3.25 for medium; trawl Bank cod, \$4.00 for large, \$3.50 for medium; hake, \$1.25; pollock, \$1.25; haddock, \$1.75; large cusk, \$2.50.
Fresh fish, large cod, \$2.15; medium cod, \$1.75; all cod caught to the eastward of La-Have bank, \$2.15, medium \$1.75; cusk, \$1.50; Eastern haddock, \$1; Western haddock, \$1.15; hake, 90 cts.; Eastern hake, 90 cts.; Western hake, 95 cts.; pollock, 70c; snap per codfish, 60 cts.; snapper cusk, 40 cts.
Outside sales salt Georges cod, \$5.50 per cwt. for large and \$5.00 for mediums.
Outside sales fresh hake, \$1.00.
Bank halibut, 14 cts. per lb. for white and 10 cts. per lb. for gray.

Boston.

Sch. Genesta, 4000 haddock, 1000 cusk.
Sch. Mary Cabral, 3000 haddock, 5000 cod, 100 pollock.
Sch. Belbina P. Domingoes, 3000 haddock, 1000 cod, 4000 hake, 100 pollock.
Sch. Maude F. Silva, 4000 haddock, 500 cod, 300 pollock.
Sch. Etta Mildred, 2000 haddock, 700 cod.
Sch. Helen B. Thomas, 5000 haddock, 1400 cod, 100 hake, 1500 pollock.
Sch. Ida S. Brooks, 5000 haddock, 300 cod, 200 pollock.
Sch. Walter P. Goulart, 4000 haddock, 2000 cod, 5500 hake, 1000 pollock.
Sch. Viking, 5000 haddock, 6000 hake.
Sch. Flora Sears, 3000 haddock, 100 cod, 100 hake.
Sch. Catherine D. Enos, 2000 haddock, 100 cod.
Sch. Emily Cooney, 6000 haddock, 600 cod, 10,000 hake, 200 pollock.
Sch. Juniata, 4000 haddock, 500 cod.
Sch. Tecumseh.
Sch. Selma, 3000 haddock, 13,000 cod, 1000 hake.
Sch. Pythian, 4000 haddock, 500 cod, 300 hake, 1000 pollock.
Sch. Evelyn L. Smith, 3000 haddock, 500 hake.
Sch. Minerva, 3000 haddock, 2000 hake.
Sch. Seacornett, 3000 haddock, 600 cod, 1200 hake, 400 pollock.
Sch. Yankee, 500 haddock, 7500 cod.
Sch. Mertis H. Perry, 1500 haddock, 400 cod, 100 hake.
Sch. Rapidan, 1200 haddock, 400 cod, 5000 hake.
Sch. Mary Edith, 4500 haddock.
Sch. Teresa and Alice, 3000 haddock, 1500 cod.
Sch. Carrie F. Roberts.
Sch. Fitz A. Oakes, 2000 cod, 2000 hake.
Sch. Galatea, 4000 haddock, 200 cod, 300 hake.
Haddock, \$3.50 to \$4; large cod, \$3.50 to \$4; market cod, \$3; hake, \$1.50 to \$3; pollock, \$2.50.

Fishing Fleet Movements.

Sch. Millville, from Lanesville, arrived at Philadelphia, yesterday.

Frozen Herring at Boston.

The old sch. Smith Tuttle arrived at Boston yesterday from Boothbay with 700 barrels of frozen herring.

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DAILY TIMES FISH BUREAU.

To-day's Arrivals and Receipts.

Sch. Lizzie Griffin, Bay of Islands, N. F., 1100 bbls. salt herring.
Sch. Mary G. Powers, shore.
Sch. Reliance, shore.
Sch. Catherine D. Enos, shore.

Today's Fish Market.

Board of Trade prices for salt and fresh fish:

Salt fish, handline Georges cod, \$4.90 per cwt. for large, \$4.00 for medium; trawl Georges cod, \$4.25 for large, \$3.25 for medium; trawl Bank cod, \$4.00 for large, \$3.50 for medium; hake, \$1.25; pollock, \$1.25; haddock, \$1.75; large cusk, \$2.50.
Fresh fish, large cod, \$2.15; medium cod, \$1.75; all cod caught to the eastward of La-Have bank, \$2.15, medium \$1.75; cusk, \$1.50; Eastern haddock, \$1; Western haddock, \$1.15; hake, 90 cts.; Eastern hake, 90 cts.; Western hake, 95 cts.; pollock, 70c; snap per codfish, 60 cts.; snapper cusk, 40 cts.
Outside sales salt Georges cod, \$5.50 per cwt. for large and \$5.00 for mediums.
Outside sales fresh hake, \$1.00.
Bank halibut, 14 cts. per lb. for white and 10 cts. per lb. for gray.

Boston.

No arrivals.

Fishing Fleet Movements.

Sch. Columbia arrived at Halifax on Monday.

Provincetown Notes.

Sch. Mary A. Gleason landed a small trip of fresh fish at this port Thursday morning, the trip being purchased by Mr. W. J. Cook.
Capt. William J. Corey has purchased an entire interest in the sloop Lear C.
Sloop Bessie will be commanded by Capt. Joseph Davis, Capt. Merchaud selling out his interest.

SCH. SENATOR'S COD.

These Fancy Fish Sell at a Fancy Figure.

Slade Gorton & Co. Pay \$5.12 1-2 Per Hundred Weight.

The fare of salt cod of sch. Senator sold to Slade Gorton & Co. at \$5 12 1-2 per hundred weight. The price is believed to be nearly if not the highest ever paid for salt cod other than Georges or shore fish.

The trip is certainly an exceptional one. It was caught at the Bay of Islands, N. F., being taken in the arms and in other parts of the bay, inside of Weebald. Only the lack of salt prevented Capt. Greenleaf from having a larger fare, he not having a very large supply, as the vessel was really on a halibut trip.

Knowing that the fleet was finding halibut scarce, and finding codfish plentiful there, he decided to get a trip, knowing that they would bring a good price. The fish are all large and and white and the napes are all scraped. The men of the Senator say that the fish are among the largest ever caught.

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WEEKLY FISH MARKET.

Trade the past week has been quiet, as is expected at this time of the year. The demand for smoked bloaters has fallen off, although trade in them is still fair.

Fish of all kinds are in lighter receipts.

The receipts at this port for the week ending Dec. 17 are

120,000 lbs. salt cod.
29,000 lbs. fresh cod.
34,000 lbs. hake.
23,000 lbs. cusk.
9000 lbs. haddock.
140 bbls. frozen herring.
7400 bbls. salt herring.
2400 lbs. halibut.

Salt Fish from Vessel.

	Board of Trade Prices	Outside Sales
Large Georges cod (handline)	4.90	5.50
Medium Georges cod (handline)	4.00	5.00
Large Georges cod (trawl)	4.25	4.75
Medium Georges cod (trawl)	3.25	4.00
Large handline cod from deck caught east of Cape Sable		
Medium do.		
Large trawl bank cod	4.00	4.75
Medium trawl bank cod	3.50	4.25
Large dory handline cod		4.75
Medium do.		4.25

Fresh Fish from Vessel (To Split.)

All large cod caught on La Have bank and to the westward	2.15	2.45
Medium do.	1.75	2.00
All large cod caught to the eastward of La Have Bank	2.15	2.45
Medium do.	1.75	2.00
Cusk	1.50	2.00
Eastern Haddock	1.00	1.15
Western Haddock	1.15	1.20
Eastern Hake	.90	1.00
Western hake,	.95	1.00
Pollock	.70	.70

Other Prices from Vessel.

Hake sounds, 6 1-2 cts. per lb.
Livers, soft 30 cts. per bucket; hard, 30 cts. per bucket.
Fresh Bank halibut (white) 14 cts. per lb.
Fresh Bank halibut (gray) 10 cts. per lb.
Georges halibut, 14 cts and 10 cts. per lb. for white and gray.
Newfoundland salt herring \$3.50 per bbl.
Bay of Islands, N. F., trawl salt cod, \$5 1-8 per cwt.

Local Quotations of Cured Fish.

Cured Large Georges cod \$7.50 to 8.00 per qtl.
Cured Medium Georges cod 6.50

Cured large Bank cod	6.50
Cured Medium Bank cod	6.00
Kench cured large Bank cod	6.50
Kench cured medium Bank cod	6.00
Cured large shore cod	6.50
Cured medium shore cod	5.75
Cured cusk	5.00
Cured hake	2.25
Cured haddock	4.00
Heavy salted pollock	2.75
English cured pollock	3.75
Large handline bank	6.25
Medium handline bank	5.75

Mackerel.

Shore 1s	\$18	per bbl.
Shore extra 1s	20	per bbl.
Shore bloaters	22	per bbl.
Nova Scotia	13.50	per bbl.
Prince Edward Island	15	per bbl.
Norway bloaters	34	per bbl.
Norway 1s	27	per bbl.
Norway 2s	19	per bbl.
New Irish	12.50 to 13	per bbl.