

*Dear Canada*

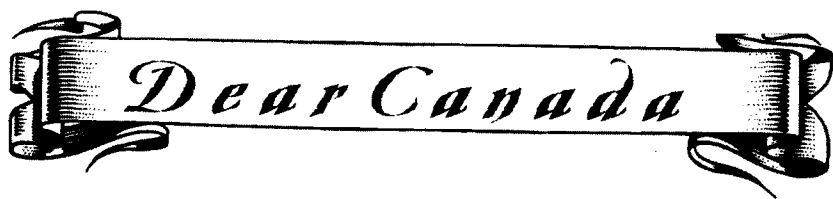
# Winter of Peril



The Newfoundland Diary  
of Sophie Loveridge



Mairie's Cove, New-Found-Land, 1721



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江苏工业学院图书馆  
藏

BY JAN ANDREWS

Scholastic Canada Ltd.

*Deer Park, near Poole,  
Dorset, England  
March, 1721*



## *Monday, March 6, 1721*

I have hated writing these daily pages which Uncle Thaddeus has insisted upon, because I have never had ANYTHING to say. Now I have SOMETHING to say. But it scares me.

Mama and Papa and I are going away on a ship. It is Papa's idea. Mama is furious. But Papa has persuaded Uncle Thaddeus that it is what we must do.

I would put more but I do not know any more. I wish that someone would EXPLAIN.

## *Tuesday, March 7, 1721*

The house is in an UPROAR. The packing has begun. Mama keeps to her bed.

At least I have found out why we are leaving. It is because Papa is going to be a poet and he believes "it is the work of a poet to chart new deeds." He also believes he will be like a man called Mr. Daniel Defoe, who wrote a book about another man who is called Robinson Crusoe who lived on an island all by himself.

Papa talked to me in the hallway after breakfast. Mostly what he wanted me to know is that by writing his own book he will become famous and make lots of money. I did not have to ask him why we need money. Have I not heard the servants whis-

pering about how it is because he has none that we live here instead of in our own house?

Papa says Uncle Thaddeus has done all that he can “to thwart him in his purpose.” But he has been “determined.” I have known, of course, that something was afoot. I know always. But in this instance NO ONE would speak properly of it. Not even Nanny would do more than clasp me to her. “My poor little Mistress Sophie,” she kept saying. But she did not say anything else.

### *Wednesday, March 8, 1721*

Papa called me into the library. He unrolled a great map. I saw we are going to an island with *NEW FOUND LAND* written upon it.

But Newfoundland is where Uncle Thaddeus sends his fishing ships every summer! It is where he has told me hardly anyone lives.

In the nursery, Nanny started packing my silk gowns and my hooped petticoats into my trunk. Uncle Thaddeus brought other garments he said I would need. There is a common people’s hooded cloak of red. There are bedgowns such as Nanny wears in the daytime and which wrap around. Linen caps and aprons. Wooden pattens to go over leather shoes upon my feet. Warm things to go

under “for the months of winter.” All are rougher than I am used to. I do not understand.

### *Thursday, March 9, 1721*

Something has happened which feels as if it is going to be important.

I was in the schoolroom with Mistress Tyler. She was showing me a picture of Red Indians which she says “on my travels” I perchance may see. She wanted me to be “warned” for she says that the Red Indians are TERRIFYING.

Papa came. He took me in the carriage to the harbour to visit the ship that is called the *Daisy*, on which we will sail.

He said, YES, we are going to Newfoundland, but we are going to a part where “Mayhap no man of England e’er yet has set his foot.” He told me we would not be coming back with the fishermen at the end of the summer.

I would have cried but Uncle Thaddeus appeared. He brought us to where there was an old man working with planks of wood all round him and a lovely round, red face.

Uncle Thaddeus said the man’s name is Old Lige. It is strange to put this but Uncle Thaddeus made me think that with Old Lige I would be safe.

### ***Friday, March 10, 1721***

I have risen early because I HAVE TO get this down. Uncle Thaddeus has arranged that, when the ship comes home and we do not, Old Lige will stay there with us. Papa is angry but Uncle Thaddeus is insistent. He says *Robinson Crusoe* is a story and we are not.

He says that even now he could “return to his better judgment” and command the *Daisy* to sail without us. I wish that he would do this VERY MUCH.

### ***Saturday, March 11, 1721***

Mama has arisen. She is in a frenzy. The trunks have been taken away. Before they went, Uncle Thaddeus had Nanny put some of my clothes into a small bag to keep with me. I know I am supposed to be grown up but I have added my doll, Eliza. She is not very pretty but I have had her a very long time.

### ***Sunday, March 12, 1721***

There were prayers at church for “all the ships preparing to set forth.” I prayed AS HARD AS I COULD. Uncle Thaddeus says we will set out ahead of most of the other shipping. That is because “all will be unfamiliar at the landing” and it may be nec-



essary to search for a place with a good harbour and a beach “appropriate to the work.”

### *Monday, March 13, 1721*

I am on board, in the little cabin that apparently is to be mine. Uncle Thaddeus has introduced me to Captain Jones but we have not yet started on our voyage although the ship does move about.

I am writing because Uncle Thaddeus has given me a leather satchel with quills and ink and a blank book in it. Into the front of the blank book he has fixed all the pages I have written since I first found out Mama and Papa and I were leaving Deer Park.

Uncle Thaddeus says if I have what I have written right from the beginning, I will have the whole story — which he hopes I may find pleasing.

I do not know if I care about the whole story. I just know that using all these things makes Uncle Thaddeus seem a little near.

Saying goodbye to Nanny and to him was the worst thing that has ever happened to me. Even now, as I think about it, I find tears within my eyes.

### *Tuesday, March 14, 1721*

I HATE it here. It is HORRIBLE. When we sailed it was late. No one came to undress me. I had to get

under the covers with my gown still on. I am in it yet. I do not know how to get it off me.

A sailor called Jack visited this morning. He brought me a hard, HARD biscuit to eat with butter but I could not ask HIM. Mama and Papa do not come. Of course, they do not. I am supposed to have servants to look after me. Mama and Papa are supposed to have servants to look after them. Are there no servants here?

I would like to at least find where Mama and Papa are, but since we have been moving the shouting of men is doubled. Everything is creaking and shifting. I am frightened. When I try just to stand up, I cannot find my feet.

### *Later*

Mama is in the cabin which is not next but the next after that. Papa took me to her. Mama has no one to help her either. She bid me tie the bows on the laces of her stays. I did not know how to do it. She became angry at my clumsiness. She sent me away.

I suppose my question about the servants is now answered. But having NO servants makes me feel more frightened still.

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I do not know what day it is. I just know that I have been bringing up so often I think my whole insides of me have come out.

### *Saturday, March 18, 1721*

I am feeling better. But then we are in a harbour once again. Captain Jones says we were “hit by a gale.” We had reached somewhere called The Lizard but were forced back to Plymouth, which is in Devon.

I have solved one of my problems. I tore my gown off me. Then, of course, I was worried. But I thought of Uncle Thaddeus and my small bag. I took one of the bedgowns to wear. I brushed my hair.

I am glad to get all this done because Jack has come to say that Captain Jones would like us to dine with him in his cabin. I am VERY HUNGRY INDEED.

### *Sunday, March 19, 1721*

I have seen OLD LIGE!!! He was at the Sunday service, as Papa and I were. I hope God will not be angry that once I had seen Old Lige it was hard for me to think of anything else.

It was strange to have a service outside but there was a minister to conduct it. His name is Reverend Jacobs. He is the ship's chaplain. I could hardly hear the prayers because although we were going almost smoothly, the sails were flapping and waves were slapping at the sides.

The prayers did remind me it is Lent. They also reminded me I have not been attending to the Bible Nanny put in my small bag. I took my prayer book to the service, of course.

We dined with Captain Jones again. As well as Reverend Jacobs there was Mr. Chivers, who is something called a "boatswain," and Mr. Yonge, who is the surgeon to tend to everyone's health.

It is strange because we have to put the food onto our plates ourselves. Yesterday I did not know how to do this or how to pass the dishes when they came to me. Today I managed much better. And I was careful — just as Mistress Tyler had taught me for when I was dining with grown-up people (which of course I did only on special occasions at Deer Park). Listening to the grown-ups is interesting. Captain Jones told Papa we have to have a chaplain and a surgeon aboard "by law" because there are so many men. Mama asked Captain Jones if she might sit sometimes in his cabin because it is more spacious. He agreed but he said

she must be careful not to touch his charts.

Sunday on the ship is not quiet as it is at home. I suppose that is because the ship cannot be stopped. It must go sailing on.

### *Monday, March 20, 1721*

Captain Jones sent Jack to show me to Old Lige because I asked him. Old Lige was shaping a piece of wood. He told me it was to replace a part of the rigging that got damaged in the gale.

He said, "Begging your pardon, Mistress Sophie, but if ee will keep thy feet apart more, ee will find it better walking."

I was much more steady when I tried. Old Lige has a grandson on the ship. His name is Thomas. He is not the only boy aboard. There are others as well. Thomas has freckles and red hair. He showed me the smaller boats that are piled up wherever there is space. He said those are the boats the men will fish from and there will be five men for each boat. The fishing boats have no seats. The seats will be put in when we get there. Along with oars and other things.

It was strange simply to decide I wanted to see Old Lige and then to set out and do it. At home I would have had to ask permission. Mistress Tyler

or Nanny would have gone with me. I did think about asking Mama or Papa, but then I thought how I have never really asked them about anything.

Being alone made me feel proud of myself.

Tomorrow I will put on the shoes and pattens Uncle Thaddeus gave me because I believe they will be more convenient. My silk shoes only get wet.

### *Tuesday, March 21, 1721*

I went to see Old Lige again. I went everywhere. Whenever I got lost I walked until I was found. I met Peter, the cook, in his galley. I went to the hold where our trunks are. I saw a cow and a calf, some chickens and three small pigs. I also saw a cat but she ran away.

Pattens are not easy to walk in but I managed. I worked out for myself how it is necessary to almost slide my feet along.

I have many things to report. I have seen how the sails may be furled or unfurled depending on how fast we go. And how the steering is done by a wheel. By counting the fishing boats and then doing a sum, I discovered there are at least 100 men.

A SECRET. I have taken off my stays. I had not unloosed them before for fear I would not be able to retie them. I had worn them to bed even — as I did

my gown at first. But I was so tired of their tightness. I undid them a little and then I could not bear to retie them. I do not think that I will put them on again.

### *Friday, March 24, 1721*

I have not written for several days. I have been too busy.

But now we are in another harbour. It is called Waterford. Papa has taken Mama into the town "to view its wonders." We are stopped for provisions. They are being brought onto the ship as I write. One of the provisions is water. Also salt pork and salt beef, and cheese and butter. Everything is in barrels, or hogsheads. Old Lige says we have some things — such as peas and flour and the salt which is needed for the fishing in some way I do not understand yet — loaded already. He says whatever else we do not get, then we will have to go without.

We are also taking on more people. (Perhaps I was not right when I made my reckoning. Perhaps we are only arriving at 100 now.)

The people are Irish. They speak the Irish language — which is called Gaelic — as well as English. Among them there are two women. Old Lige says that is not as unusual as I thought.

## *Saturday, March 25, 1721*

Captain Jones told me a most surprising thing. He said that although January 1 was the start of the “historical New Year” — and the New Year in many other places — in England the first day of the “Civil” or “Legal” year comes now. He called it the “actual year.” This means that some people will have gone on writing 1720 until this very day. I asked him how it could be. He said it all has to do with Popes and history and who made up the calendars. He also told me “a seafaring man” — such as he is — knows there “be many different calendars” and many different times to start years out. Then he explained how he himself has been recording the date as 1720/21. I asked him if I should have done this. He said it is “not usual” when people are merely writing for themselves. I suppose I should also have asked him about that but I forgot.

## *Sunday, March 26, 1721*

Some of the Irish people wanted to go to church instead of to Reverend Jacobs’s service. Captain Jones would not let them. He says it is bad enough we must have PAPISTS aboard. He will not help them in their papish ways. I have never seen a papist so I studied them most particularly. I tried



to see a difference but I could not.

Again Mama did not come to the service but later she did walk a little on the deck. She walked with Papa beside her and then she went in.

I have found out from Old Lige that the Irish women are called Katherine and Peg. Peg is the one who is shorter. Also I have found out that — when the Irish people speak English — it does not sound even like the men from Poole. The Poole speech is rounder and more rolling. The words of the Irish come like a flow.

The service set me to puzzling about how I am supposed to have given up something for Lent but how Lent is for things that are special. Here, we have that biscuit for breakfast and salt beef or pork with peas at midday and at dinner and sometimes pudding with plums. I think they are all what Mistress Tyler would call “staples.” Although I suppose I have actually given up quite a lot just by coming on the *Daisy*. Even if I did not choose it.

I do not have the tea Mama and Papa have in the evenings because I do not like it. Tea is the most expensive of anything. Nanny told me. Captain Jones says the men drink cider with water and beer.

Perhaps it is wrong but at the service I prayed to God about the cat — if it is His will, of course. She rubs around Old Lige’s legs so prettily. I would so