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DIO GREAT STORM OF 1838

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A correspondent sends the follow-
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of 1838:—

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Tifty, was holding an Eel Feast the night
on which the storm began. After sup-
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bee nap and loo and drinking rum
punch, lamenting every now and then
the fact that there had been "nae sna'
this winter."

About the wee short hour the guests
rose to go. When they looked out noth-
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And back they all went.

"I'm thinkin'," said Pratt, when re-
lating the incident long afterwards, "I
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It was, indeed, from all accounts the
greatest snowstorm of last century. Old
people of the present generation recall
the great storms of the winters '78-'79
(the Tay Bridge disaster year) and '80-
'81, but these were a mere trifle when
compared with the mighty snowstorm of
'thirty-eight. Roads, hedges, dykes, and
palings were completely obliterated.
Snow lay feet deep in the level fields.
Crofters' and cottars' houses and all the
low-built farmhouses of these days were
buried to the eaves, and in hundreds of
cases only the chimneys were left stick-
ing out above the snow.

The snow soon froze hard, and in the
woods of Fyvie the last of it did not melt
till Peter Fair in mid-July, while in
more shady places it was the beginning
of August ere the last of it disappeared.

BOILED THEIR WAY OUT

Families thus imprisoned in the gloom
and darkness of their snow-bound
dwellings did not starve for want of
food, as they would do now. If
potatoes could not be got, the meal
bowie stood them in good stead. Peat
fires were kept going, snow from the
door outwards was melted down in huge
potfuls, and gradually the inhabitants
boiled their way outside to byre and
stable. The more fortunate visited their
neighbours over the hardened, frozen
snow, and, where necessary, sent provi-
sions down the chimney.

Old Joseph Craick, Woodhead, then a
young swack chap of twenty-nine, told the
writer of an experience he had. He and a
score of strong men, armed with shovels,
accompanied a funeral from Millbrex to
Fyvie Churchyard. They had 6 miles to
go and they left at 9 a.m., the coffin being
strapped to a sledge drawn by two strong
farm horses. They had to cut their way
the whole distance to Fyvie and did not
arrive till darkness had fallen. Men and
horses were completely exhausted and had
to find lodgings for the night while the
coffin was stored in a shed.

TREES BENT

A grim reminder of the great storm still
exists—or existed when the writer saw it
last—in Fyvie. The Foss Braes had been
planted with trees by William Gordon,
laird of Fyvie, a year or two before the
storm. The saplings at the head of the
Braes got the full force of the north blast,

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Old Sandy Murison, Steinmanhill, told the writer that the menfolk suffered most from the want of tobacco. Everybody's supply went done, and every merchant far and near was sold out.

There was no communication for weeks with the city, and the precious leaf was not to be had for love or money. There was hardly a man in Fyvie but would gladly have given the coat off his back for a pipeful of precious black twist.

The Scarborough lifeboat went in broke assistance of a fishing boat and towed it down on its side.

ammes

Belfast,
London