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Newfoundland Heroes Under Many Flags

(H. F. SHORTIS.)

In giving an account of some Newfoundland heroes it is not my intention to go back to our early days. I have already performed that task upon more than one occasion. I shall refer to our heroes of a more recent date, commencing with the middle part of the past century, about sixty years ago. It will be seen that the spirit of true patriotism, love of adventure, daring and heroism which animated our ancestors as far back as two hundred years ago, is still to be found amongst our people, and long may it continue so. It was this spirit of patriotism that has made the great British Empire what it is to-day. Patriotism, next to religion, is the noblest sentiment planted in the human breast. Ancient Rome attained the meridian of her glory through the patriotism of her sons, and Greece, which in time with Rome, climbed to that enviable distinction by that inborn love of country, which was the birthright of her people. If we go down the corridors of the ages, we shall find this was the stimulating agency—the talisman upon which rested the lever that raised the nations of the earth into prominence and gave to the world its refinement and civilization. It was the same spirit of patriotism that enabled the heroes who commanded, and those who fought under them, to sink, scatter and capture the supposed invincible Armada of the proud Spaniard and gave to Britain the undisputed title of "Mistress of the Seas."

BROKE NAPOLEON.

It was the same spirit that hurled back the legions of Napoleon at Waterloo and consigned him to the island of St. Helena, and it was the same spirit of patriotism that was to be found in Russia, Afghanistan, South Africa and elsewhere in more modern times, and which culminated in the formation of the greatest Empire the world has ever seen, of which Newfoundland forms an important part, and of which we are all so proud to-day. Newfoundlanders are ever ready to give practical proof of their Loyalty and Patriotism. "The Area of Liberty and Equal Rights" taken from the Temples of our Motherland by our ancestors, shine out as brightly and as steadily in the Colonies of the Empire to-day, as they did in England, Ireland and Scotland in the past, and in no country more brilliantly and more steadily than in Britain's oldest colony—Newfoundland, whose sons are ever ready to support Britain's King and Britain's flag. We are proud of our ancestors' "The Area of Liberty and Equal Rights" and when the emblems of their nationality—the Rose, Shamrock and Thistle are united for any one grand object, they can snap their fingers at all competitors, and uphold the honor of King, Country and Union Jack, whether it be amongst the rear and smoke from cannon upon land or sea, or in the more peaceful pursuits of commerce and science.

"England's stalwarts bore it afar,
Scots have raised it high—
Cambria's warriors side by side
With Erin's went to die.
They built the Empire far and wide,
Where Liberty has no lack—
Where Freedom and Truth may safely reside
In the shade of the Union Jack."

THREE CHEERS FOR NEWFOUNDLAND.

To give anything like an extended account of the Newfoundland heroes who have fought for the Empire and distinguished themselves would occupy far more space than is at my disposal in the Evening Telegram, but I must tell your readers about an unpublished story of the siege of Sebastopol in the fifties of the past century. The crisis of the Crimean War came at the siege of this great fortress, and the French and English soldiers had some tremendous fighting. The French upheld the honor of their national flag in the celebrated capture of the Malakoff, the first man to ascend the heights being Lieut. MacMahon, afterwards the Duke of Magenta and President of the French Republic, and

the British after a terribly hard attack, captured the Redan. Many of us can remember when the news of this great success reached our country, and there were jollifications and I know of one man's home that was nearly burned down that night. It was a great success for the British arms, and it is a poor heart that does not rejoice sometimes, but I have your readers asking—"Where does our Newfoundland hero come in at this time?" It will be news to many Newfoundlanders, but I can vouch for the fact, and any doubter needs only to enquire for himself to confirm my statement, that it was a man named Robbins from Lower Island Cove, who was the first man to scale the walls of the Redoubt in this eventful siege. When Robbins reached the top of the wall, the first thing he did was to shout: "Three cheers for Newfoundland," and the British officer who came next shouted: "Three cheers for England."

HISTORY UNWRITTEN.

It is stories of this kind from our kith and kin amongst Newfoundland fishermen that go to make the history of our country, and goes to prove what I have claimed all along, that the real history of our people has yet to be written. I am very glad to put on record this notable occurrence, and I trust that Robbins' name and glorious achievement will be remembered for the future. I need only mention that there are no men in Newfoundland equal to the Lower Island Cove "boys" for climbing cliffs. They have been brought up to it from their earliest years to climb the cliffs of Baccalieu Island in search of bird's eggs. When I recall this fact, your readers can easily understand where Robbins got his training, and the scaling of the walls of Sebastopol was merely child's play to him. If there should be any German castles to be scaled next summer, if they don't pay the indemnity, Marshal Foch should see to it that the Bay de Verde boys are given a chance.

NEWFOUNDLANDERS AT SEBASTOPOL.

James Stanton, son of the well-known Capt. Stanton, of St. John's, and our late respected old citizen, Mr. John Bulley Ayre, baker, were both on H.M.S. "Terrible" during the storming of Sebastopol in the Crimean War, and were also at the bombardment of Odessa. Mr. Ayre was the recipient of a medal for his heroic conduct, which, I presume, is in the possession of his son, Mr. G. W. B. Ayre, lawyer. George Hutchings, uncle of the late genial and popular gentleman, Geo. A. Hutchings, Esq., of Job's, who died in the West Indies, was Post Captain and commanded the first steam warship that crossed the Atlantic.

George Williams, son of Geo. W. and

lands of our hardy countrymen leaving every opportunity and entering the American Navy. They were conspicuous for their daring, contempt of danger, agility and capability, and rose to prominent positions. Very few of them took to the Army—they were sailors and were proud of their noble avocations. They sprung from five generations of heroes who battled with the ice-floes and who knew what danger meant. To give some idea of the number of Newfoundlanders who left our shores at that period in search of adventure, it is reliably computed that there were not less than two thousand in the Federal Navy during the great struggle, which occupied a period of three years.

IN THE U.S. NAVY.

In the year 1866 the United States warships Augusta, Miantonomah, and Cachalot arrived in St. John's, and in the year 1868 the American frigate Congress arrived with over fifty Newfoundlanders on board. The number of three warships was 1,100 men, and there were more Newfoundlanders on the Cumberland frigate, and there were seventeen on board the famous Kearsage, Capt. Winslow, which sunk the "terror of the seas," the Confederate privateer Alabama, Commander Semmes, off Cherbourg, on the coast of France. Amongst those Newfoundland heroes who visited St. John's in the above warships in the sixties were to be found the names of Days, Cleary, and Desmonds of Nunney Hill—the Donohoes, Walshes and Byrnes of Flavin's and Delahanty's Lanes—the Duggans, Walshes and Donnelly's of the "Barking Kettle," West End—the Percys, Lyman's, Barrys and Kerrys of Limekiln Hill and Dammerell's Lane. William Reid (uncle of Mr. John Ryan, shipwright, Theatre Hill) was quarter-master of the Congress, and Pierce Reid, (brother of William) was Lieutenant with Admiral Farragut at the storming of New Orleans from Mobile Bay. Big Jim Sullivan of Harbor Grace fought through the Civil War, and was wounded through the Tea Years Cuban War. I know him intimately and one day he showed us the wounds on his body, arms, and the terrible gash across the side of his neck, and yet he spoke of his adventures and misadventures as cool as if he were describing a fishing excursion to George's Ledge outside the Narrows. Another Newfoundland hero (John Fallon) is, at present, and has been for many years, in receipt of a good pension from the Chilean Government for having saved a flag and a hull during a critical moment, and was wounded in the leg. A few years ago a Newfoundland sailor died in St. John's, who had fought under six flags, a veritable Dugald Dalgetty, the creation of the fertile mind of Sir Walter Scott in one of his Waverley novels. I could go on indefinitely recording the daring, heroism and love of adventure of our fellow countrymen, but lack of space prevents me from doing so.

UNDER OTHER FLAGS.

The early sixties were an epoch-making period in the history of our country, and although I bring my countrymen under another flag besides the one under which they were born and bred in relating their adventures, it will be none the less interesting and show your readers that their daring, heroism and love of adventure brought them to all parts of the world. Those were years of oppression and misfortune, chiefly attributed to the bad fisheries and the small price of fish in the foreign markets, as well as to the large number of square-rigged vessels lost at the sealfishery and on the coast of Labrador. Owing to these events trade became stagnated—the prices of the necessities of life increased—property became a drag on the market and thousands of our people were compelled to sell their homesteads to provide means to emigrate to the United States and Canada. These years may be looked upon as the years of our first great exodus. Of course there were previous years of depression, which occurred periodically, but not to such an extent as in the sixties, more especially in St. John's. At that period commenced the great Civil War in the United States, a war in which in some instances a father was arrayed against his son, and brother against brother. The fame of the Newfoundland "seaman" was well known in every land, and the fighting instinct and love of adventure were strong within them, and appealed to their daring and hardy natures. They were sailors from their boyhood, trained on board their fathers' vessels, or brought up under the eye of the Vikings who prosecuted that great industry—the sealfishery. They were eagerly sought after by the Federal Government, who were anxious to have their Navy manned by the most intrepid, daring and competent sailors to be found. Thus we see thousands of our hardy countrymen leaving every opportunity and entering the American Navy. They were conspicuous for their daring, contempt of danger, agility and capability, and rose to prominent positions. Very few of them took to the Army—they were sailors and were proud of their noble avocations. They sprung from five generations of heroes who battled with the ice-floes and who knew what danger meant. To give some idea of the number of Newfoundlanders who left our shores at that period in search of adventure, it is reliably computed that there were not less than two thousand in the Federal Navy during the great struggle, which occupied a period of three years.

TRIBUTE TO "OURS."

Here is what I wrote about our Royal Newfoundland Regiment in 1916 when everything looked black for the Allies:—"Is it to be wondered at that with such a glorious record bequeathed to them by their forefathers, such a large number of our young men, the best blood of the country, have thrown up remunerative and responsible positions to rally to the Standard in defence of King and Country? Will it not become a matter of future history that Britain's Oldest Colony has sent forth, proportionally, a greater number of her sons to fight the battles of the Empire than has any other colony, or even Great Britain herself? How eagerly we shall watch their movements during the next twelve months, as the Newfoundland Contingent will march across the bridges of the historic River Rhine with the Grand Army of Great Britain, driving the barbaric hordes of the despot of Europe and the self-styled War Lord before them, and when for the first time in the History of the World, the soul-stirring strains of our grand old national melody—"The Banks of Newfoundland"—shall be heard upon the battlefields of the Continent? How our brave boys will rejoice when they chase the Arch Enemy of mankind to one of his numerous castles in Potsdam, or some other dam, and tear from his shoulders that cloak of artificial power and assumed glory with which he has invested himself in his pride and arrogance for the past quarter of a century. As surely as the sun rises in the east and sets in the west, the tyrant shall ride to his fall—a fall as great, that like the fall of Lucifer, he shall rise no more."

Many men of the highest qualifications and experiences are of opinion that in place of guiding the destiny of a great nation, William of Potsdam is a more fitting subject for the pathologist or the alienist, and that the madcap son of his is equally as bad, if not worse. I think it was Juvenal who wrote, "Nemo repente turpissimus fuit"—no one can become extremely wicked all at once—but the Tyrant of the Huns has been wicked, continuously wicked and will continue so to the doom which is awaiting him."

"But to accomplish this great event many sacrifices will have to be made. Millions of pounds will have to be spent, but this is easy to accomplish, because the revenues and national credit of the Empire are inexhaustible. Many lives must be lost, but the vacancies in the ranks will be quickly filled up through the patriotism of Britain's sons. In all these great events the sons of Terra Nova will take a prominent part, and will live in History for all time. The proud boast of the Romans of old, "Eris Romanus Num"—I am a Roman citizen—which acted as a passport in every land on which he trod, did not command more respect in the past, than will the words of the Newfoundland Hero of to-day, when in the future he shall say to his countrymen, "I fought in the Great War." In years to come, sitting round his own fireside, surrounded by his wife, children, grand-children and friends, he will relate the events of the greatest struggle in the History of the World, in which so many of his countrymen took such a prominent part, and covered themselves with glory. He will tell them of their trials and dangers, their sufferings and miraculous escapes, their retreats and victories, until the great object was attained, and power of the Tyrant was forever destroyed and levelled to the dust. How his audience will listen to him with gratitude and admiration, and at the conclusion of his remarks, rise from their seats, salute him with profound respect and admiration, exclaiming, "You are a brave man and our Newfoundland Heroes are a noble race. You have fought and bled in the defence of our King, Country and Empire in their difficulties, and by your heroism, valor and patriotism you have nobly played your part in bringing Peace, Happiness, Freedom and Prosperity to the peoples of the whole world. Ah! what a noble heritage they will hand down to their descendants and posterity for all time! And how could it be otherwise?"

"For Freedom's battle once begun
Bequeathed by bleeding sire to son,
Though baffled oft, 'tis ever won."

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The all-lace frock of beige or brown is worn with a large brown tulle hat. A dance frock of pale yellow chiffon is trimmed with garlands of silver leaves. Dainty blouses have round collars

trimmed with ruffles, which are edged with color. The afternoon dress may be of severe style, or with a draped skirt and fitted bodice. A new frock of serge features a convertible collar, very short sleeves and braid trimming. The vogue for coral jewelry has

shown itself in the beautiful coral headbands for evening. Duvelyn jackets are being worn with tweed skirts. The combination has made quite a "hit." A charming evening gown is made of Harding blue and blond lace, the lace forming a side train.

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