

Under the Distinguished Patronage of His Excellency the Governor of Newfoundland, Sir Walter Edward Davidson, K.C.M.G. and Lady Davidson.

EDWIN BOWER HESSER HAS THE HONOUR TO PRESENT HIS

ROYAL GWENT WELSH SINGERS

GEORGE FRANCE DAVIES, Conductor.
ARTHUR A. SMITH, at the Piano.

PROGRAMME - MONDAY, JUNE 15.
Methodist College Hall, 8.15 p.m.

PART I.

- "Soldiers' Chorus" "Faust" Gounod BY THE ENSEMBLE.
- Basso Solo "Neptune" Pieter GEORGE B. LANE.
- Duetto "Tennor and Baritone" Lane Wilson IKE JONES and W. J. JONES.
- Negro Melody "Old Black Joe" Arrd. Fletcher ENSEMBLE.
- Tenor Group "An Emblem" "Somewhere a Voice is Calling" BEN DAVIS. [Thompson]
- Choral Waltz "The Blue Danube" Strauss ENSEMBLE.

INTERMISSION—TEN MINUTES.

PART II.

- "Invocation of Thor" (Sextette from "Lucia") Douzett ENSEMBLE.
- Solo "I hear You Calling Me" Marshall W. J. JONES.
- Part Songs a. "O Peaceful Night" b. "In Absence" Dudley Buck ENSEMBLE.
- Solos a. "Melisande in The Wood" Goetz b. "The Rosary" Nevin HENRY M. ASTLE.
- Trio "A Little Farm" Hook J. L. BEBB, GEORGE PRICE, IKE JONES.
- "Hallelujah Chorus" "Messiah" Handel ENSEMBLE.

WELSH NATIONAL ANTHEM—GOD SAVE THE KING.

TUESDAY NIGHT.

CHORUSES—"Comrades in Arms," "Welsh Airs in Native Tongue," Part Song "Timbuctoo," "Sailor's Chorus," "Y Delyn Aur," "March of the Men of Harlech."
QUARTETTE—"Little Tommy," will be repeated.
DUET by J. Jones and J. L. Bebb, "The Two Beggars."
SOLOS—"A May Morning," sung by J. P. Smith.
"Will o' The Wisp," sung by Taraullas Hopkins.
"Eleanor," sung by W. J. Jones.
"Asleep in the Deep," by J. Jones.
"Roll On," by George B. Lane.
New Songs by Henry W. Astle.

WEDNESDAY MATINEE—Special Popular Programme at Special Popular Prices—25c., 50c.—Best Seats, 75c.

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MARINE TRAGEDIES OF THE OLD ATLANTIC

Some Stories—Thrilling and Tragical—of Wrecks Which Have Occurred On Its Broad Bosom or On the Rocky Coast That Marks Its Western Shore Line.

TIME AND AGAIN THE TOLL TAKEN OF HUMAN LIVES HAS BEEN A TERRIBLE ONE

In the Case of Almost Every Wreck the Heroic Action of Somebody Has Been As a Beacon of Cheer in the Dark Night of Gloom and Heart-breaking Sorrow.

(Montreal Herald)

The worst wreck which occurred in the waters which wash the shores of Canada, before the fateful news of Father Point was received recently, was that of the White Star liner Atlantic, which for loss of life and property held the record for modern times until another of the same line, the Titanic, went down. There were however, some other remarkable disasters: remarkable for the circumstances under which they happened; remarkable for the heroic incidents connected therewith remarkable for mysteries which even time has never solved.

Among the almost incredible wrecks, although accompanied by no loss of life, was that of the Gloucester, Mass., fishing schooner Codseeker. On her way to the Grand Banks with a crew of 18 men, and the usual salt and provisions for the trip, she was struck amidships by a freight steamer off the south coast of Nova Scotia, and the water rushing in sank her in a few minutes. The hurriedly aroused fishermen escaped to the steamer before she was clear of the wreck, or rather 17 of them did. When they counted on board the steamer, they found that one of the crew, Brown, by name, was missing. His experience has probably never been paralleled.

Marvelous Experience

He was in his berth in the fore-castle when the schooner was struck, and when the others ran on deck the companionway hatch was accidentally closed. Before he could get it open the vessel sank and he went to the bottom of the sea with it, but the fore-castle did not immediately fill, owing to the closed hatch, in a short time the salt in the hatch melted, and, as usual in a salt-laden wooden vessel, the schooner came to the surface again, bottom up. For several days Brown kept alive on a couple of potatoes which he found floating in his water bound prison. Then another Gloucester schooner happened along, and sent a few men in a dory to ascertain the name of the derelict. Brown heard them and attracted their attention by pounding on the wooden walls. An axe was obtained, a hole cut in, he was rescued and landed on the Nova Scotia coast.

The Loss of the Atlantic.

The steamship Atlantic, Capt. Williams, was bound from Liverpool to New York and was lost on Meagher's rock, at Prospect Harbor, west of the entrance to Halifax Harbor, where she was putting in short of coal. The accident occurred on the night of March 31, 1873. The night was clear and the sea nothing rougher than usual in the early spring.

The steamship was run head on, into a fishing cove, known as Prospect harbor. The keel ran upon a smooth, shelving rock, and the steamship settled down there, as though she was still afloat. An officer was sent ashore to walk through the wood road up to Halifax for assistance, but no immediate danger was apprehended, and no effort made to land passengers.

Sea Came Up

In the early morning of April one, however, a sea came up and lifted the steamship from the rock. She slid down into the deep water and sank. Some of the passengers and crew climbed into the rigging, as the upper parts of the masts were above water. The sea was so rough that the fisher who saw the disaster from the shore close by did not believe their boats could live if they attempted a rescue.

The Rev. W. A. Ancient, the Church of England rector of the village, who had at one time been chaplain on a British war-of-war, could not bear to stand on shore and see fellow-beings perish with the cold, or loose their grasp with benumbed hands and be washed off by the sea. He secured a few daring spirits and getting a boat launched, put out and skillfully rescued, numbers of those in the rigging.

This example, and the fact that a boy thirteen years old, left the rigging and succeeded in swimming ashore, led others to get out boats and some 42 were saved, but somewhere about six hundred were drowned below decks, or were washed off by the sea.

The Rev. W. J. Ancient, long afterwards known as "The Hero of the Atlantic," was invited to Halifax and

made rector of Holy Trinity Church which position he occupied for the rest of his life.

An Early Allan Liner.

In the early days of the Allan line their new steamship Hungarian, making a winter trip from Liverpool to Portland, Me., to connect with the Grand Trunk for Montreal in February, 1869, went ashore of the coast of Barrington, southern shore of Nova Scotia. What caused the disaster nobody never knew, but on the morning of February 20 the residents of the coast found the steamer ashore, and every soul on board had perished. The passengers and crew lost numbered 202. A large quantity of the cargo was saved in a damaged condition, and for many a year afterwards there was a certain make of gold-hunting case watches, much esteemed by the maritime province people, known as Hungarian watches, because the cases were among the goods saved from the wreck and sold in St. John and Halifax.

The City of Boston Mystery

The Inman line steamship City of Boston sailed from Halifax in February, 1870, and was never heard from

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TALK IS CHEAP—

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again. It was the custom in those days for a member of the wholesale and retail firms in Halifax each to send one of their number across the Atlantic at this time of the year to buy goods for their spring trade. Thus the City of Boston had a representation of the entire commercial interests of the city as she passed out into the broad Atlantic and gradually faded away in the mists of the horizon. There were weary days of waiting, and the city was plunged into mourning as week followed week and no word was heard of the missing mail steamer. Then one morning came a cable that she was entering Dublin Bay. At once the school children were given a holiday, shops were closed, the church bells rang merry peals, flags were flown from every mast. The long pent up feelings of the citizens burst forth in manifestations of extravagant delight. People who did not know each other shook hands on the street and wept on each other's shoulders.

Alas, the news turned out to be incorrect. The steamer entering the Irish bay was not the long lost Inman liner. The city sank into blacker gloom than ever. Among those lost in the City of Boston was William Jordan, a Halifax merchant, father of the Rev. Dr. Louis Henry Jordan, the noted preacher and author, now of Oxford, Eng., at one time pastor of the Eskine church, and then lecturer in the Montreal Presbyterian College.

Story of the La Tribune

One of the noted old time tragedies of the waters on the coast of what is now Canada, was the wreck of La Tribune, a 36-gun war vessel, which had been captured from the French and was sent to Halifax in the autumn of 1797, with drafts of soldiers for the Halifax garrison, and many had their wives and children with them. It was a fine November afternoon when the vessel entered the outer harbor of Halifax, but misty and went ashore on Meagher's Shoals (often mispronounced and misspelled Major's Shoal). It was a sandy place and as the vessel was not injured the captain ordered a number of the guns to be thrown overboard to lighten her. As she still stuck fast a boat was sent up to Halifax for assistance. It was a long row and before the heavy boats of the dockyard could be manned and sent out, a heavy sea sprang up and beat the warship on the iron breakers made by her own guns thrown over in the sands. That night there was a ball given in the government house in the gay garrison town. Above the music of the band for the dancers could be heard the boom of the minute guns at sea, the call for help from the doomed ship.

Fatal Mistake

Too late the captain saw his mistake in not having landed his living cargo before dark. As the tide came up and great waves from the Atlantic rolled in, the vessel was lifted off the shoal and drifted over toward the opposite shore. The water poured in through the holes made in the vessel's bottom, and when in sight of the lights in the windows of the fishermen's cottages, on the western shore, she went down. Many clung to the masts which remained above water, but there was a boiling sea between them and the shore where great breakers burst on the black jagged rocks. In the morning the fishermen looked out on quivering masts with the few half perished human beings lashed or clinging to them. One man gave away, and those on it went down into the dark and stormy waters. The fishermen looked at their boats drawn up beyond the reach of the sea, and looked at the white breakers and wild waves beyond. They shook their heads. It did not seem possible any craft could live.

Noble Example

Then a little boy came down to the shore with his mother, a widow He was not yet 14 years old, but who knows what blood of old heroes flowed in his veins? He had been born on the rough sea coast, inured to wind and weather, and he had a little boat of his own. In the face of all, he pushed out and with wonderful skill worked his little skiff further and further out, gradually reduced the distance between him and those on the masts, until he finally managed to get two of the half-dead people into the boat. Glad hands helped him and his rescued ones up through the breakers. Nobody cheered, but weather-beaten men launched their boats and succeeded after much difficulty in saving the remaining ones on the mast.

The boy was rewarded by being given a free training as midshipman on board of one of H. M. ships. The confinement and discipline, however, made such a departure from the free open air life he had led on the rugged shores that he was manifestly as out of his element as a caged bird. He was released and returned to his home, where he ended his days in peace and obscurity of a fishing hamlet. But a hero lies in an unknown and unmarked grave where the waves chant a never ending requiem.

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