

Thomas Meighan
in
"The Easy Road"
A Paramount Picture



MAJESTIC

THEATRE TO-DAY

MONDAY: "PAYING THE PIPER," a companion piece to "ON WITH THE DANCE."

— ALSO —
AN OLD RELIABLE
Sunshine Comedy
— ENTITLED —
"PUPPY LOVE"
IT'S A RIOT—SEE IT.

TRINITY

James Pittman of Crewekherne, Somerset, England; and how he got to Trinity and Smith's Sound.

About the year 1845 Robert Slade & Co., of Trinity, sent a vessel to a business firm in Liverpool, England, and one condition of the sale was the delivery of the vessel in good condition at Slade's premises at Poole.

To Captain Hart was entrusted the responsibility of doing this. Two of the crew of seven, were Dougald White, second mate (father of Sergeant White, Catalina) and "Bill" Morris, cook. Every man was paid so much for the run from Trinity to Poole, and then to get back as best he could. The late Dougald White (to whose diary I am indebted for much of the information contained in this article) had £10 for his part of the contract.

The voyage was one of the longest and the stormiest of the many crossings that Captain Hart had made; but the vessel was delivered by him in good condition at Poole, and the crew were paid off there.

Whilst the Captain and five of his crew the trip meant a leaving of their homes in Newfoundland, to Bill Morris, the cook, it was a home coming, for he belonged to Crewekherne in Somerset, only forty miles from Poole. Before returning to Newfoundland again, Bill decided to visit his parents at Crewekherne, and he invited Dougald White to go with him.

The old people were glad to see their son again, and for his sake they were very kind to his friend Dougald. After a day's rest at Bill's home, his father took Dougald out to see the sights of Crewekherne, and amongst the places they visited was a weaving-loom where they made hemp canvass, and in which Dougald became very much interested. Those who were employed there became interested in the visitors too, and every man was glad to explain to them the part of the work assigned to him. Dougald White was attracted by one of the weavers in particular, a young man whose clothing outfit consisted of one calico shirt, a pair of moleskin trousers, and a pair of hob-

nalled shoes. He told Dougald that his name was Jim Pittman, that he was nineteen years of age, that he had not been to school very often, and that he did not like weaving. He asked Dougald where he had come from, and when he found that he had come from Newfoundland, he became more deeply interested, and asked Dougald if he knew his uncle Joseph Pittman over there. Dougald reminded him that Newfoundland was a big country, and that possibly there were several men there by that name; but when Jim described his uncle as a "man with a glass eye," Dougald said, yes, I know him, and I live quite near to him in Trinity.

Jim having obtained permission to go off duty for the afternoon, took down a mohair coat from a peg, and together with Dougald and Morris went to a tavern for a drink of cider, and a quiet talk. They talked a good deal about Jim's uncle, and Jim asked Dougald if he might stow away in his vessel and go to Newfoundland.

Dougald reminded him that his vessel was sold, and that he himself would have to search for a vessel to get back in. Whilst Dougald remained in Crewekherne, Jim seized every opportunity to be in his company; and the one subject he talked about was, how to get to Newfoundland. After spending Christmas in Crewekherne, Dougald went back to Poole, and shipped for six months on a vessel leaving for St. John's, Newfoundland, via Cadiz, and arrived at St. John's with a load of salt the following June. Then he returned to Trinity and went fishing during the summer.

In October he went up to St. John's with skipper Stephen Crocker and his boy John, in his "gang-board fishing skiff," and one day as they were walking up Water Street, they heard some one calling from the other side of the street. They stopped, and as Dougald looked at the young man running towards them, and shouting him, for he had on the same calico shirt, moleskin trousers, and mohair coat that had attracted Dougald's attention in the weaving loom at Crewekherne. Yes, it was Jim Pittman, and his delight at meeting Dougald knew no bounds.

Anxious to find out how he got to St. John's, Dougald invited them all into a public house where they could



talk it over. As soon as they were seated, Dougald said, "Now Pittman, tell me how you got here." And this is the story that Pittman told him:—
"The spring after you parted with me in Crewekherne, I ran away from home; and from Weymouth, in Dorset, I got off to the Island of Jersey. There I shipped in a Jersey vessel to go fishing at Blanc Sablon in the Straits of Bell Isle, and I got there all right.
The Jersey fishermen used to pay their men every Saturday night, according to the amount of fish caught during the week.
I often looked across the Straits where I could see Newfoundland; and I made up my mind that I would get there some day during the summer. After I had been at Blanc Sablon four weeks, and had received three payments for the fish I had caught, I made up my mind to leave for Newfoundland that night.
I had got a good deal of information from the fishermen about the fair wind across. I did not know the compass, so I did not take one. I had my eye on a suitable fishing boat, and I stayed up that night watching my chance to get away. When I knew that the tired fishermen were sound asleep I took the boat, and pushed off for Newfoundland. It was blowing hard from the N.W., so I put up only one sail. Just after daylight on Sunday morning I ran the boat ashore. There were only two families of fishermen living there. I asked a man if this was Newfoundland, and he said yes, and this is Flower Cove. I said, Thank God, I'm in Newfoundland.
My first concern was the Jersey-man's boat that I had taken, and how to get her back to him. I had three weeks pay for fish in my pocket, together with a sovereign that my mother gave me before I left home. I had made the boat leaky when I drove

her on shore, so the man agreed to make her tight again, and to take her to Blanc Sablon for £1. 10. 0. I paid him that amount, and I heard afterwards that he had done all that he promised to do. I said I wanted to get to St. John's, and the man advised me to walk to Brandy Harbor, where I would probably find a trader going there. I went to Brandy Harbor, and got a passage to St. John's with a Mr. Moore who had been trading all the summer; and that's how I got from Crewekherne to St. John's, and I got here last night."
(To be continued next week)

FAITHFUL ENTRIES OF THE PAST.

There are so many things to the credit of the Church Clerks, of a hundred and fifty years ago, who entered the marriages, Baptisms, and Burials in the old St. Paul's Registers, that I would be at a loss to point out any one as being more important than another.

Every effort was made by the scribe (in a crude way sometimes) to embody in the entry, the name of some one else with whom the person had been associated, and thus to make it easier to identify the person in after life, if necessary. This was particularly emphasised in the burial entries of these young men, who, having come out as youngsters, had no relatives living in Trinity; and it was done by associating their names with the names of the masters whose servants they were when they died. This action on the part of the old clerks is more valuable than they anticipated; as in the names of those masters, they have given us the only record of names of some persons who lived in Trinity at the time, as business men, captains, etc.

For example, I give the following copies of entries in the burial register between 1757 and 1766.

"Thomas Foyle, servant to Thomas Lambert; John Welch, servant to Richard Waterman, Jr.; John Malone, servant to Captain Webb; Benjamin Reddel, servant to Captain Lemmy; Thomas Hild, a boy of Capt. Webb; Ann Keel, apprentice to Mr. William Walters; Matthew Keel, servant to Thomas Warren; Thomas Pendergrass, servant to Messrs. Devonshire and Reeves; William Coot, servant to Mr. William Sweet, Sr.; Martin Lawless, servant to John Power; Thomas Hay, servant to Thomas Webb; Joseph Gumm, servant to Mes-

srs. Peckham & Hart; Hugh Groven, servant to Mr. Joseph White, Thomas Linex, apprentice to Mr. Joseph Hiscock; Samuel Satchel, servant to Richard Powell; John Keene, servant to Captain Heron; John Drogge, Moore; James Budge, servant to John Churchill; John Murphy, servant to Mr. Phillip McGrath."

In addition to those names that I have given, there are, on the same pages, the names of a least a dozen men who were servants to Benjamin Lester; and so those entries are continued on every page of the register down to 1819.

THE VALUE OF DIARIES.

Few things in the manuscript history line, are more interesting to those who live in the past, than a well kept diary, and I am always on the lookout for one. The one kept by Mr. S. A. Gent in Trinity a hundred years ago, becomes more interesting as the years go by. It is the only one of its kind in the district, and its contents have given many valuable clues to important events, such as the writer of the diary never thought of when he made the entries. Of course the diary of any one whose work is carried on within a circumscribed area, must deal largely with the daily round and common talk; but, even so, it often reveals a faithfulness to little duties on the part of the writer, such as may be imitated by the reader in after years. Amongst the manuscript books belonging to St. Paul's Church that deal with persons and things of two hundred years ago, and which have given me many inspirations, and taught me many lessons, I have found a small book, decidedly modern, containing a short diary kept by Rev. Henry Dunfield for five months, from January 1881 to May 1881; and also one kept by Rev. Henry Johnson for eight months, from January 1883 to August 1883. These men were in charge of the Parish of Trinity during those months respectively, and hence they deal with the same kind of work, and largely with the same people. In this respect the diaries are commonplace; but running through them is the same evidence of the highest sense of duty, such as those of us who knew them as faithful priests in the discharge of their parish duties, need no diary to remind us.

Rev. Henry Dunfield has gone to his rest, and his works do follow him. Rev. C. H. Johnson, who for parochial work in England, though Newfoundland and Trinity, have a large permanent place in his heart, and supply him with many pleasant memories. He is one of the most interested readers of the Trinity week-end notes in the Evening Telegram, and because of this I am going to incorporate in this week's batch, a few selected incidents from his diary of forty years ago, that will, I know, take him right back to the spot.

1888, Jan 8th—Administered Holy Communion to Mrs. Arthur Collis.
Jan 10th—Memorial Tablet to Rev. C. H. Foster and wife erected in the Church, St. Paul's, sermon by Rev. W. Smith. Formally unveiled by me after the sermon. Sang the anthem "Righteous Souls." Concluded with prayers and Benediction.
Jan. 26th—Two hours and forty minutes from Bonaventure to Trinity on Raquets. (Good time Parson, W. J. L.)
Feb. 2nd—Children's Sunday School Treat in Orange Hall; gave prizes to children. Mr. Beveridge, Dr. White, Mr. Cole, and Rev. W. Smith present and spoke. Entertainment a success. Lanes Deo.
Feb. 8th—I accompanied Rev. W. Smith on skates to North Side; pulling Warwick, assisted by Edwin Grant. (You would find Warwick heavier now, and E. Grant considerably developed.—W. J. L.)
Feb. 6th—Supper at Mrs. Pittman's, after which Kileen drove Mr. Smith home. All thanks to him for kind-

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ness. (It is still a good place for a generous supper.—W. J. L.)

March 7th—To Bonaventure. John Lockyer with Mr. Breunner's horse, drove me to Lobster Cove.

April 10th—With Rev. T. Nurse to Indian Arm. Mr. Collis drove us out of Trinity Pond. Southern Bay to Goose Bay; boiled kettle at half-way.

July 31st—Dunfield fell off horse! Aug. 10th—Capt. S. Blandford celebrated his birthday by steaming "Plover" round the N.W. and S.W. Arms. Bishop MacDonald on board with us.

Aug. 16th—Spent day at Trouty fishing with George and Mr. Collis.

Aug. 17th—Wrote a sermon, and then with George and Collis trouting at S. W. Pond. (You did wise to write the sermon first.—W. J. L.)

HISTORY REPEATING ITSELF.

A friend in St. John's, who is kind enough to read my week-end items in the Evening Telegram, and particularly the item that referred to the staple in the beam of old Mr. Collis' School, and the use he made of it to frighten us into being good—has sent me an illustrated clipping from the Daily Graphic of Feb. 12th, re an old schoolmaster in England long years ago, who utilized a hook of this kind in one of the school beams by attaching a pulley and a cage to it, and then used to put a bad boy (or girl) into the cage, and hold him up to the beam in the cage, where he was left to "view the landscape o'er," especially during recess. When the old schoolmaster died, as many of the boys who had been "caged," and could be got together (now of course

as men and leading men) as his funeral, to pay their last respects to one to whom they were owing very much. They placed wreath on his grave, and ere stone to his memory. I am glad Collis did not think of a cage.

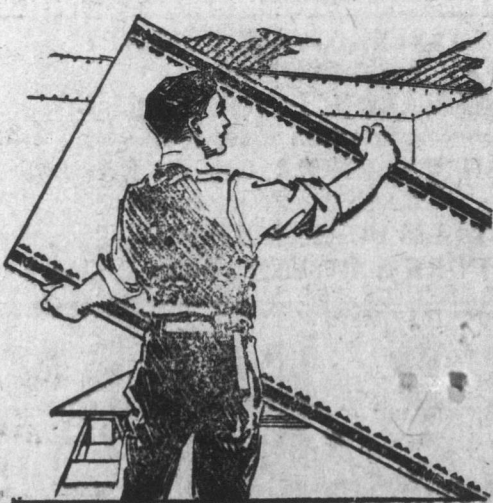
Captain John R.—Thank you English translation of the Portuguese words in George Garland's book: "Compadre" in Lisbon, dwizes reis. Bought in Lisbon two hundred reis.

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April 14th, 1923.

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