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"HOME, SWEET HOME"

NEWFOUNDLAND POEMS

by NICHOLAS PEDDEL

819.1
PAMP.
N2

GOSWICK MEMORIAL

"HOME, SWEET HOME JOHN'S, NFI

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NEWFOUNDLAND

POEMS.

BY N. PEDDEL.

1904

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STANDARD PRESS,
1904

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PREFACE.

In introducing this little Book of Songs to the lovers of poetry and especially to Newfoundlanders, no matter in whatsoever part of the world they may dwell, I trust they will find in almost every line some subject of interest, and probably it will bring to their memory some half-forgotten scene and romantic pleasure of their early childhood.

The various pieces were composed from time to time during the past twenty-five years, the subject of each effort suggests to the reader the time and occasion of its writing.

After deep thought and consideration I decided to bring these poems before the public for its approval. Hoping my humble efforts will be appreciated by those who like to hear the beauties of nature turned into song.

I am, yours respectfully,

NICHOLAS PEDDEL.

April 15th, 1904.



NEWFOUNDLAND SONGS

BY NICHOLAS PEDDEL.

OLD SADDLE HILL.

Oh, scenes of my childhood, why do you still haunt me,
Shoot not thine arrow so close to my heart,
Why should I mourn, for the days that are gone by,
Grieve for those pleasures that none can impart.

Still in my dreams, I imagine the beauty,
That nature sublime in such measure did fill,
When sunrays shone forth on the dazzling rivulets,
That coursed down the slopes of dear Saddle Hill.

As I gazed on those scenes, all their grandeur inhaling,
My young glowing heart, it leaped forth with a will,
While the bleating of lambkins resound through the
valley,
Encircling the borders of Old Saddle Hill.

To stand on its summits, while sunbeams adorning
Those crags that by nature prop out old and quaint,
And breath the pure air, that sweeps past in the
summer,
That's wafted so cooling from grand Lady Lake.

It's there that the landscape its beauties unfolding
Reflect back its shadows o'er valley and rill,
While the thrush chants its lays in melodious sweetness,
Adds lustre superior to Old Saddle Hill.

Unchanged there it lies refulgent in beauty,
And catches the faint rays of each fast waning moon,
Absorbing the dews on its thinly clad foliage,
While lily and daisy shoot forth in full bloom.

To think of the past, when it lay there so lonely,
Buffeting the tempests as long, long ago,
Untrod save by denizens prowling the forest,
In paths where the red man found pleasure to roam.

Ancient bards they may sing of their own dells and their
mountains,
And echo sweet strains over valley and rill,
But to me all is lost in true adoration,
Of thy grandeur, dear Old Saddle Hill.

THE VILLAGE MAID.

One early morn when Venus bright,
 Her brilliant rays displayed,
 And landscape shone with lustre light,
 On hill and flowery mead,
 Almost in stupid reverie,
 In thought I paced the plains,
 Unconscious of romantic scenes,
 And clear terrestrial strains.

One lonely cottage in a wood,
 The dearest scene of all,
 Bedecked with ivy, verdant green,
 And moss-clad quaint old wall,
 Its path was through a sunny glade,
 Beneath a flowery lawn,
 And on it played one lovely maid,
 That could the heart enthral.

I stood in meditation,
 To view that maid so fair,
 Her hair in golden ringlets loose
 Hung o'er her shoulders bare;
 As gracefully she tripped along,
 A beauty most serene,
 My heart she won, although being young,
 Then scarcely in her teens.

Bereft of explanation,
 With faint and flattering tongue,
 I tenderly addressed her,
 She looked so fair and young.
 She turned to me so gracefully,
 With soft melodious speech,
 And gave that touch to nature,
 By blushes on her cheeks.

I said, "Fair maid, this early morn,
 Why do you walk from home?"
 "I do enjoy the cooling breeze,
 And while I am alone,
 The early thrush sings on each bush,
 Their notes so clear and free;
 With strains of love I'll walk those groves,
 And join their melody."

The glances of this comely maid,
 It did my heart beguile;
 And wishing her good morning,
 She said with courteous smile—
 "Are you a stranger in this land?
 You look so blithe and gay,
 At early morn it is no harm,
 To come again this way."

I bowed assent, then on I went,
 My steps for to retrace,
 Hoping once more to reach that shore,
 And see that lovely face;
 Where I could live in harmony,
 And always her adore,
 In tranquil rest I would be blest,
 Beneath that cottage door.

For five long years I ploughed the main,
 Tossed on the billows' crest,
 And still the thought of her I loved
 Would soothe my aching breast.
 I longed sore to be back again,
 Once more with her alone,
 In rural shades and sunny glades,
 With this fair maid to roam.

At length my rambling was o'er,
 Being weary of the sea,
 In hopes to meet that fair one,
 I strolled again that way;
 In her cool shady arbour,
 While small birds sang with glee,
 There I espied that fair one,
 In silent reverie.

Soon as she recognized me,
 She bid me to draw near,
 And down her red and rosy cheek,
 There rolled a welcome tear.
 "It's five long years since you've been here,"
 She modestly did say.
 "Come! tell me true, what cause have you,
 To come again this way?"

"You gave the invitation,
 When we last met alone,
 You lovingly smiled on me;
 And while on the ocean foam,
 That smile was ever dear to me,
 I prized it as my life;
 Submissively I ask of thee,
 Fair maid, to be my wife."

She tenderly looked on me,
 While radiant shone her face,
 It's five long years I've watched for you,
 Since we met in this lone place.
 When fierce winds blew I sighed for you,
 And now you're back to me,
 We'll join our hands in wedlock bands,
 In love and unity.

I fondly carressed her,
 We joined in beauteous song,
 The groves re-echoed back sweet strains,
 From all the feathered throng.
 With sweet content and merriment,
 We'll roam those woodlands o'er,
 By rippling brooks and sunny nooks,
 Beneath that cottage door.

THE GLAD NEW YEAR.

Last night I sat enwrapped in thought,
 O'er scenes of fifty years,
 I wandered back to by-gone days,
 With all their joys and cares.
 While meditating on those scenes,
 I heard the signal gun,
 I started from my reverie,
 It echoed "Ninety-one."

Erect I stood, as oft in youth,
 To hail the glad New Year,
 To think the pleasures it would bring
 To some, and others care.
 In sultry glens, on mountain heights,
 And sunny landscape fair,
 All must proclaim and in one strain,
 We'll hail the glad New Year.

All nature's wonders it will bring,
 Through Him who ruled the past,
 The hills and valleys will be clad,
 With snow from winter's blast.
 Far off, on Greenland's icy mounds,
 Where icebergs rend the air,
 All will agree with unty,
 It is the glad New Year.

Spring will appear with greenly form,
 With nature's bosom bare,
 The tender plants their leaves put forth,
 To catch the balmy air.
 And opening buds their tiny heads,
 Will hail the morning sun,
 As if to say with melody,
 The New Year has begun.

Chant, lovely songster of the grove,
 And hail each summer noon;
 Yon roses, clad in rich array,
 Send forth your sweet perfume.
 O'er flowery meads and rippling brooks,
 And sunny glades so fair,
 All must agree, quite cheerfully,
 It is the glad New Year.

EMIGRATION YEARS AGO.

One summer's evening when rose and daisy,
 Closed in their bosom cold drops of dew,
 The shades of night were softly falling,
 And feathered songsters sang notes so true.
 Their thrilling notes from the groves resounded,
 And lent their sweetness to nature's call,
 While the tinted rays of the fading sunshine,
 Bedecked with grandeur the brooklets all.

I walked from home for recreation,
 In meditation I paced the plain ;
 Near those rural shades that are so fascinating,
 I was captivated there to remain.
 With inspective eye I gazed around me,
 And courted scenes that were passing fair,
 In a sunny glade I heard two discoursing ;
 I stopped to listen in silence there.

He said, " Fair maid, I am going to leave you,
 To seek a home on some distant shore ;
 I will join the fast tide of emigration,
 That our sons and daughters have joined before.
 You know there are thousands of men and maidens
 Who have settled down in other lands,
 Driven from home for self-preservation,
 They have been degraded in Newfoundland.

There is no redress from those gaudy rulers,
 By insinuation they do ensnare,
 While our country's pride must leave by thousands
 For want of labor from year to year.
 Our schools are closed in many a village,
 While we hear the cry of prosperity,
 But our sons must grow up like dusky Zulus
 And be transported far o'er the sea.

Our hearts were full to overflowing,
 When we thought retrenchment would rule the
 day,
 But lazy leaches like swarms of locusts,
 Would take the orphans' small dole away.

Our mineral wealth, it can scarce be equalled,
 Our timber areas have been ignored ;
 But a blooming railway premeditated,
 Could waft us over to other shores.

Our aged parents must stay and ponder,
 Their hoary heads stricken down with grief ;
 For the loss of dear ones in silent anguish,
 A tear rolls over the care-worn cheek.
 The day must come when retribution
 Won't be disputed by foe or friend ;
 The wealth of India if we could command it
 Is not sufficient to make amend."

At length with accents so sweet and softly,
 She said, " Dear brother, if you must go ;
 My fervent prayer shall be always for you,
 That God may bless you wheree'er you go.
 You send for me when the days are brighter,
 I'll wait with patience for your command ;
 Then I'll strike the string and my harp shall
 murmur,
 Farewell forever, dear Newfoundland."

THE TRINITY BAY TRAGEDY.

You sons of Infidelity,
 That tread life's rugged way,
 That know the care of many years
 Which now have passed away !
 Draw near, while I'll relate to you,
 An awful tragedy,
 That did befall our hardy sons,
 Near Northern Trinity.

In Eighteen Hundred and Ninety-two,
 On February twenty-seven,
 The morning broke out with brilliant sky,
 And brightly shone the heaven.
 The sea was bright and tranquil,
 All nature seemed at rest ;
 In search of seals our boats soon sped,
 Upon the billows' crest.

That morning when we left our home,
 And launched out from the land,
 We little apprehended,
 What dangers were at hand,

We bade farewell to those we loved,
 As we often did before,
 Not thinking in our eager chase,
 We'd see those friends no more.

All seemed to go on pleasantly,
 As we skimmed swift o'er the bay,
 Until Boreas rose with frenzy wild,
 And struck us with dismay,
 Our small boats reeled through wind and sleet,
 As each man plied the oar,
 With dying hope at every stroke,
 For to regain the shore.

Though some they had succeeded,
 In reaching of the land,
 The sight was most appalling,
 To see death's icy hand,
 Combined with frozen icicles,
 And gusts of wind and snow,
 Benumbed those hardy stalwart limbs,
 And lay their victims low.

What awful sound is this we hear,
 Comes floating o'er the sea,
 It is no sound of merriment,
 It is no revelry.
 It's born upon the northern blast,
 Across the stormy sea,
 It is a cry for human help;
 It comes from Trinity.

Alas, that help is not at hand,
 There are twelve men doomed to die,
 From that awful death by freezing
 On cold, icy fields to lie.
 No human thought can picture,
 The anguish that they felt;
 Until the vital spark was gone,
 And life became extinct.

Next morning dawned with ghastly form,
 And frowningly looked down,
 On cold death's awful ravages,
 With corpses strewn around.
 And yet there's some with frozen limbs,
 That struggle through the night,
 For their life's sake one effort make
 And land at Heart's Delight.

They lived to tell the doleful tale,
 While kind friends gathered round,
 And many a pitying glance was given,
 And silent tears flowed down,

For those bereft of their dear sons,
 So quickly called away,
 In the ocean deep for their long last sleep,
 In the unconscious sea.

The mother cries in frenzy wild,
 The widow's hopes are o'er,
 The father of her smiling babe,
 On earth she'll see no more.
 Cold death with its untimely grasp,
 Has taken them away,
 Until the sea shall yield her dead,
 On that great judgment day.

And may that God of mercy,
 Who died the lost to save,
 Extend his richest blessing
 To each mother and her babe.
 And may they bow submissively
 Unto His holy will;
 He is the Great Omnipotent,
 That bids the storm be still.

LINES ON THE OLD YEAR.

The old year rolls with fleeting breath,
 Still fainter in the chase,
 The struggle o'er, the victory won,
 It longs for its release.
 Its deeds the human heart have pierced,
 With many a bitter pang,
 And in obscurity 'twill lie,
 While ages roll along.

Like chaff hurled by a mighty wind,
 Its fragments scattered wide,
 It casts at will, that lurid glare,
 On billowed foaming tide.
 The ocean from its slumbering bed,
 Leaps forth with fiendish glee,
 And echoes forth those thrilling scenes,
 The deeds of Ninety-Three.

The year of pestilence and strife,
 That ancients have foretold,
 'Twill fill the page, by seer and sage,
 As in the days of old.
 Earthquakes and storms with frightful forms
 Have crushed down feeble man,
 To depths below the human thought,
 By death's unflinching hand.

Proud ships rocked in their cradle beds
 Like playthings have been tossed,
 Amidst the roar and din of storms,
 And in the ocean lost—
 Sunk in the deep, while stern men meet
 Their God's most just decree;
 None tell the tale of their dying wail,
 To dark eternity.

The sword from scabbard has been drawn,
 Defiantly it wields,
 In southern climes and Indian wilds,
 Beneath their blood-stained hills.
 Statesmen have tried their lands to guide
 By laws of equity,
 From ruthless bands and sordid gangs,
 That prowled in Ninety-Three.

And yet with all those harrowing ills,
 There's pleasure to be found—
 God beautifies our verdant plains,
 And hills to hills resound.
 The babbling brooks in sunny nooks
 Glide on without decline,
 And roses bloom, and sweet perfume,
 Shed forth in summer time,

DEAR OLD NEWFOUNDLAND.

Draw near all you that would be true
 Unto your own dear land;
 You muses nine, with me combine,
 Your aid I do demand.
 Your voices raise loud in its praise,
 And join both heart and hand,
 To soothe the wail that doth prevail,
 O'er dear old Newfoundland.

Arouse, you sons, for liberty—
 Why sleep you in this dearth?
 Try and cast off this foreign yoke,
 That binds you down to earth!
 Your hardy sons demand it,
 But diplomats won't see;
 So we must bear oppression,
 Through foreign tyranny,

Where can our youth find pleasure now,
 His birthright almost gone,
 There is no lord to wield the sword
 In our defence, not one.

While the tide of emigration
Swoops from our island home,
Our comely sons and daughters,
In other lands do roam.

No more to tread those pleasant paths
Where home its lustre spread,
No more to gaze on those dear scenes,
Nor parents holy head.
While mothers beg with anguish,
And make the stern command:
Give back to me my liberty,
In dear old Newfoundland.

We're driven to desperation
By treaties made of yore,
And statesmen's false pretension,
How hard for to endure;
While bounty competition,
In our markets has command,
We're beset with French aggression,
In dear old Newfoundland.

Our minerals lie undeveloped,
Our timber much the same;
None will invest their money,
While a foreign land doth claim.
They will pull down our factories,
Vivendi gives command,
How can we rest without redress
For poor old Newfoundland.

Hail, ardent patriot of our west,
Nor stop thy facile pen;
Proclaim unto all nations
This is our diadem.
Tell them 'tis this we prize the most
And for it we must stand,
Though blood may stain the verdant plain
Of dear old Newfoundland.

Blow, gentle breezes, round our coast,
And lull our hearts to rest;
Appease the indignation,
That's impending in each breast.
For soon the storm with fury
May burst on dale and strand,
And vie in glee for mastery
O'er dear old Newfoundland.

THE SHAMROCK.

Dear Erin, I love thee!
 The home of my childhood!
 Where light-hearted I wandered
 O'er valley and dale,
 And gathered around me
 The dear little shamrock,
 That now to my memory
 Youth's pleasures reveal.

I love thee, I prize thee,
 Dear plant of my country;
 Thy memory still haunts me
 Far over the sea.
 In rapture I found thee
 In youth's glowing season,
 And that's why I'll wear thee
 On St. Patrick's day.

We'll then greet each other
 With pleasure and friendship;
 We'll join with our friends
 In their mirth on that day;
 And the dear little shamrock,
 The pride of old Erin,
 We'll wear on our bosom
 On St. Patrick's day.

I love you, dear shamrock,
 For in thee is union.
 You're found in the valley,
 By streams where they glide;
 In Wexford and Sligo,
 And sweet Tipperary,
 And grace the steep banks
 Of the Blackwater side.

When in distant lands,
 Amongst cold-hearted strangers,
 Or prized by some fair one
 That's dear to my heart—
 There's a place in my bosom
 That throbs with emotion,
 For the thought of the shamrock
 From me can't depart.

The rose and the thistle
 Shoot forth in due season;
 They're prized for their beauty
 Far over the sea;
 But the dear little shamrock,
 The pride of old Erin,
 I'll wear in my bosom
 On St. Patrick's day.

As in youth when I found thee,
 In old age I'll prize thee;
 Until Time gains the victory,
 And I'm laid to rest,
 Kind friends will adorn me,
 For love of their country,
 By planting the shamrock,
 Dear plant, on my breast.

THE LINE TO HALL'S BAY.

Good people, just lend your attention,
 And listen to what I'll say,
 And I'll sing you a quiet, pleasing ditty
 About that great line to Hall's Bay.

The whole scheme is working so clever,
 The Liberals just got it in time;
 For all the newspapers proclaim it,
 There's four thousand men on the line.

One morn as I strayed from the hamlet,
 The land-scape being dreary and cold,
 Unconscious of wild scenes about me,
 In deep meditation I strolled.

Just then came a brawny young fellow,
 I knew he'd be quite up to time,
 I said, "Dick, you're off for a ramble."
 "O, yes, sir, I'm bound for the line."

I said, "Lad, you'll have to be careful,
 For lodgings are not very good,
 The frost often goes below zero,
 They say there's a scarcity of wood."

"What do I care for hard weather—
 Those hardships we'll throw to the wind—
 For, they say, that each day they will pay us
 Five "shiners" in hand on the line."

"Good morning to you, Dick," I faltered,
 He seemed overjoyed with the strain;
 I knew he had something to tell me,
 And then he was in time for the train.

He said, "Sir, and won't I be happy;
 I'll get Kitty over the way,
 And we'll live in our own little homestead,
 Away by the line to Hall's Bay.

And when we are well settled over,
 I'm sure there'll be no lack of bread,
 And God, too, will bless our endeavours,
 With Sally, and Kitty, and Ned.

And when I come home in the evening,
 How joyful, though working all day,
 Two kisses I'll have to give Kitty,
 And one for the big Whiteway.

We'll sit down and talk matters over,
 She'll have the full charge of it all;
 With bleating of lambs all around her,
 And calves fastened up in the stall.

It's then she'll be going to market,
 Dressed up in her own tidy way,
 While I'll use the hatchet and grubber,
 In making the line to Hall's Bay.

'Twill be near the great Gander River,
 Where trout we can get in galore;
 There'll be sawing and making of shingles,
 And pine falling down at the door.

And with all this good honest labour,
 I'm sure that we'll soon bless the day,
 That Kitty and I first got over,
 To live by the line to Hall's Bay."

A NEW YEAR'S GREETING.

Hail tinted morn burst forth from thy embryo state,
 Thy sire is doomed to its eternal fate;
 Lost in those realms so fathomless untold,
 None but the sublime eye of God can it behold.

Wrapt in thy swaddling bands, we greet thee now,
 New-comer, full of wonder and of might;
 Sages may mark the foot-prints of thy sun,
 Before the close of thy eternal night.

Speak, dummy, speak, of wonders you'll perform;
 Myriads in anguish wait to hear you say
 Those words that will enlighten human thought
 And lead them in those obscure wizard ways.

The days of homage will soon pass away,
 Beneath those fast untiring, rolling years,
 And human, fallen, feeble, contrite man,
 Must wander still beneath this vale of tears.

Thy days, though shorter than a span,
 Must blessings bring to all the human race,
 One touch of God's omnipotent, great hand,
 Can bless this scuffle earth with richest grace.

The landscape will be clad with vernal green,
 And opening buds their grandeur will unfold;
 Lily and daisy will bedeck the mead,
 And shed their fragrant essence manifold.

Nature will bloom in all her queenly garb,
 And feathered songsters join in one combine
 To hail the pleasures of this glad New Year,
 And praise the Maker of all things divine.

THE KING'S CORONATION.

Rise, English mother, tune thine harp,
 And waft clear strains across the main;
 Millions do wait to touch the chord,
 And echo sweetly back again.
 One mighty peal of thrilling notes,
 From southern climes to western sun,
 Will burst with sweetest melody,
 And greet Victoria's Royal Son.

Another blossom from the branch of his ancestral
 royalty!
 One tiny rose that nestled there and on its petals
 Liberty!
 That rose we prize the most on earth
 Each loyal heart will homage pay;
 And myriads sing "God bless our King,"
 On this his Coronation Day.

Proud ships rocked in their cradle beds,
 Majestically will cross the sea;
 Their Nation's banners fluttering high—
 A tribute to His Majesty.
 While Britain's flags on stately ships and lordly
 halls—
 A welcome pay,
 A sight sublime, and well-defined,
 On this his Coronation Day.

Great Monarch of our Saxon race,
 We greet thee and thy noble Queen.
 From snowy hilltops we'll rejoice,
 And valleys clad with vernal green.
 We'll hoist on high old England's flag,
 Our emblem; all unite, Hooray;
 In this thine oldest colony,
 On Coronation Day.

COMIC.

The old king whale to his old mate said;
 Things down here are looking dead;
 He tossed his tail in the air with glee
 And said, old mate, we'll have a spree.

Chorus—

Tral lal liddle la, tral lal liddle la,
 Tral lal liddle la, lal a lal a la,
 Tral lal liddle la, tral lal liddle la,
 Tral lal liddle la, la la la.

An invitation then he sent—
 It was for a good intent—
 Fishes all, both old and young,
 Lame and blind, to join the throng.

Chorus.

The flatfish came with his mouth ajar,
 And next to him the fluke on a par;
 The sculpin leaped with his thorny poll,
 And the lobster crawled from his prying-hole.

Chorus.

Salmon with their shiny scales
 Came in company with the whales;
 Codfish and caplin made their way,
 And the next that flapped in was a maiden-ray.

Chorus.

The sunfish played, and the porpoise rolled,
 And the dolphin bared its back of gold;
 All were in right joyful mood,
 When in came sprawling an old dog-hood.

Chorus.

Herring charmingly did glide
 With long snout bill-fish by his side;
 The squid, tall foremost, he darted by,
 And ran his tail in the poor crab's eye.

Chorus.

Sea cats and mackerel jockied along,
 Just in time to join the throng;
 The mussel tugged at his beard half mad,
 He would like to go with the crawling crab.

Chorus.

There were sea-weed banners floating round,
 And ample space for all was found;
 Each one drank, and each was fed,
 And they all reposed on the oyster-bed.

Chorus.

The feast was over, and none was shy,
Tommy cods and other fry
Passed around with real good will
Oze-egg jam in oyster shell.

Chorus.

All were merry and full of glee,
And the sea was smooth as smooth could be.
They thanked king whale and his mate by his side,
And floated away on a full spring tide.

Chorus.

THE BRAVE COLONIAL BOYS.

Away on the veldt in a foreign clime
Where pealling thunders roar,
And the vivid flash of lightning dashed
Its radiance o'er and o'er.
Sleeps many a brave and noble heart
Beneath the burning sun,
From lordly hall and lowly cot,
And many a widow's son.

When Kruger sent the challenge,
Then rose the patriot cry;
In honor of old Britain's flag,
Men sped to dare and die.
The mother folds her darling boy
In one long, loved embrace,
"Go forth," she cried, with frenzy wild,
"Uphold old England's race."

Thy father's sword hangs on the wall—
The emblem of our race,
On many a hard fought battle-field
It never was disgraced.
"Take it," she cried, "the soldier's pride,
For honor it has won,
My fervent prayer for your welfare,
My brave young soldier son."

On the thirteenth of October,
From Quebec we sailed down,
On board the ship *Sardinian*,
We were bound out to Cape Town,
One thousand brave Colonials
Bound for a foreign shore,
To cross our steel on veldt and moor
Against the wily Boer.

At four o'clock that evening,
As we steamed from the pier,
Ten thousand voices echoed,
And cheer rose after cheer.

The waning moon looked down with pride,
 The sun burst forth with joy,
 Its tinted rays the scene portrayed
 For the brave Colonial boy.

When we arrived at Capo 'Town,
 We soon fell into line
 Amongst the British soldiers,
 And with them did combine
 To fight for our Queen and Liberty,
 Our courage soon was tried,
 When cannon roared, and crimson gore
 Flowed down on every side.

We fought like true Canadians,
 While bullets spattered round,
 And many the brave Colonial
 Lay bleeding on the ground.
 While at the Modder river
 Our valor we did display;
 Against that grim old Cronje
 We helped to gain the day.

And now the war is over,
 We'll sail for home once more,
 And leave our gallant comrades—dead,
 To sleep on Afric's shore.
 We'll embrace our wives and sweet-hearts,
 When they meet us with great joy,
 But a silent tear'll roll down our cheek
 For the brave Colonial boy.

THE LION AND THE BOER.

One night as I lay down to slumber,
 Half dreamy and tossing in bed,
 When I thought of the days that passed over,
 No wonder it troubled my head.
 Strange scenes of my youth did compass me,
 I mourned o'er the thoughts of the past,
 When Morpheus, more prudent than Nature,
 My eyes closed in slumber at last.

I dreamed I was roving a forest,
 Through Nature in beauty sublime,
 The scent of the wild rose, and foliage
 Brought sweet scenes and peace to my mind.
 But O how things change in a moment,
 My half-dreamy pleasure was o'er,
 For then, not far off in the jungle,
 An African Lion did roar.

I yawned. I was struck with a panic
 A statue I almost remained.
 Just by my side stood the monster,
 Ferocious, with rough shaggy mane,
 I viewed him with utter amazement,
 The monster looked at me so keen.
 I knew that he'd give me no quarter
 Tho' he the great forest king.

Bewildered, I stooped for a weapon,
 I thought that I would him attack
 But just in those moments of horror
 A wild boar came crossing the track.
 He winced, for he well knew his master,
 It took his attention from me;
 It gave some time to consider,
 So I watched how the two would agree.

With a grunt and a growl they fell fighting,
 With snout, teeth and claws, head and tail;
 The wild fight to me was amusing,
 And then I walked in with my stall.
 The roars that he gave were tremendous;
 I used my strong stick on his head;
 The boar seemed to realize it,
 And soon the rough lion was dead.

It chanced for to be in a valley,
 And being relieved of my fear,
 I reached out my hand for to feel him—
 The monster was covered with hair.
 O what a sensation o'ertook me,
 While touching his long shaggy mane,
 I was quickly aroused from my slumber,
 Not to dream about lions again.

THE S. S. GREENLAND TRAGEDY.

Away, far away, to the home of the seal,
 On the northern frozen pan,
 Where the iceberg rears its lofty head,
 And the storm-king scowls with mighty dread,
 Appalling feeble man.

The ocean leaped from its slumbering bed,
 And crashed with a mighty surge;
 The awful tempest sweeps along
 With unhallowed sound from its threatening gon,
 And proclaimed a funeral dirge.

The strong man faltered in his steps,
 As the blinding storm passed by,
 As one by one his comrades fall,
 And shroud themselves in their icy pall,
 There to succumb and die.

Like a lamb that wandered from the fold,
 Away in the dreary wild;
 Feeble and faint he tottered on
 Till grim death claimed him for his own,
 And he pillowed his head and died.

No loving wife with fond caress,
 Nor a tender mother's care,
 Was near to sooth his aching breast,
 As helpless he tossed on the billow's crest,
 Nor wipe the frozen tear.

He lies a helpless heap of clay,
 And the storm swoops on at will,
 Until we hear the Master's voice,
 At that sound both earth and sea rejoice,
 For He bids the storm be still.

And now beneath the churchyard mound,
 His long last tribute paid,
 We leave him in his earthly mound,
 Until the angel's trump shall sound,
 On the Great Judgment Day.

THE BLUE AND WHITE.

[Dedicated to Messrs. Job Bros. & Co., St. John's.]

One evening as I walked abroad,
 With clear and tranquil mind,
 All nature seemed to leap for joy,
 With beauties most sublime.
 My eye had caught one dear old scene,
 That filled me with delight,
 Proud fluttering in the evening breeze,
 That grand old Blue and White.

My thoughts ran off to distant lands;
 Across the briny main,
 Away to Africa's burning strands,
 And balmy air of Spain.
 I thought how proudly there it flew,
 Amidst its chequered life,
 I could not yield but onward reel,
 To master in the strife.

How oft at bold Gibraltar,
 Where many flags do whirl,
 On many the tall and stately ship,
 That dear old flag unfurl.
 Graceful it lifts its lofty head,
 Across the briny main,
 When fierce winds howl and dark night scowl,
 It still protects its name.

It's hailed by many a swarthy Moor,
 On Portugal's fair land,
 Chinese, Malays, Italians,
 And many the Spanish Don.
 They say it brings us food supply,
 Come! hail it with delight,
 On this far shore, as oft of yore,
 We'll bless the Blue and White.

Ah! dear old sunny Italy,
 How often hast thou smiled,
 On cargoes of our staple,
 Sent on from White Bear Isle,
 Under the great Vesuvius,
 To Naples fair and bright,
 From Labrador, as oft before,
 We'll send the Blue and White.

Away down to Barbados,
 Where spicy breezes blow,
 It there inhales the balmy breath,
 Of fragrant orange groves.
 Majestically it floats aloft,
 It's viewed from distant plains,
 By black and white it's prized alike,
 Beneath the sugar canes.

To Brazil in the sunny south,
 It often takes its flight,
 Where the milky cocoonut is found,
 And coffee rich and bright.
 Protected by our hardy tars,
 It still floats on for gain,
 In wind and storm it fears no harm,
 Upon the raging main.

It floats around our marine banks,
 Where stormy winds do blow;
 Through fogs and sleet to oft-times meet,
 That deadly ocean foe.
 A man upon the look-out cries,
 A steamer in her flight,
 Quick! sound the horn, she'll do no harm,
 Show her the Blue and White.

It's an emblem of the homestead,
 Flown from many a cottage door;
 It's the signal of the fisherman,
 On dreary Labrador.
 It flies on many a hill and dale,
 And many ships with glee,
 Amongst the seals on broad ice-fields,
 Far off to Cape Chidley.

Now let me say in parting,
 With prayerful thoughts benign,
 May the old flag in honor fly
 O'er its ancestral line;
 May God protect its owners,
 And guide them on aright,
 Give honor where honor is due,
 And bless the Blue and White.

HALL'S BAY LINE.

You rambling boys of pleasure,
 Come join me in my song,
 With me combine, your muses nine,
 It won't detain you long.
 In vocal strains your voices raise,
 Like birds in summer time,
 That sing their songs with liberty,
 Away by Hall's Bay Line.

One morning as I walked abroad,
 Just at the break of day,
 The early thrush perched on each bush,
 Melodious sung its lay.
 The sun sent forth its tinted rays,
 With grandeur most sublime,
 To sip the dew, where lilies grew,
 Away by Hall's Bay Line.

The verdant leaves bedecked the trees,
 Beneath the sunny glade;
 And opening buds, their tiny heads,
 Submissive homage paid.
 While twice ten thousand humming birds,
 Their notes so clear define,
 In raptures swell, o'er brook and dell,
 Away by Hall's Bay Line.

The angler with his hook and line,
 Glides through the sunny nooks,
 Enamored with those dazzling scenes,
 By babbling, purling brooks.
 To catch the trout that bask and play,
 In Indian Summer time,
 In placid streams, there most serene,
 Away by Hall's Bay Line.

The sportsman with his dog and gun,
 Joins in the eager chase,
 To hunt the deer that frolic there,
 Beneath that moss-clad waste.
 Or roving through some lovely copse,
 Or down some deep ravine,
 They are trapped by wily man,
 Away by Hall's Bay Line.

When we arrive at Gander Lake,
 Amidst that fertile plain,
 And gaze with an inspective eye
 On that clear tranquil stream.
 Or stand beneath those rural shades,
 That nature has combined,
 We'll bless the day, we chanced to stray,
 Away by Hall's Bay Line.

Progress at length has marked the path,
 That howling iron-horse,
 Will make its whistle sound be heard
 Far off to Port-aux-Basques;
 While thousands of those bleating lambs,
 Will gamble in their kind,
 And man, and maid, their homestead make,
 Away by Hall's Bay Line.

Success attend our fisheries,
 May they continue long.
 With enterprising statesmen,
 Say Whitoway and Bond.
 Prosperity will on us smile,
 As in the good old time,
 We'll plough, and sow, and reap and mow,
 Away by Hall's Bay Line.

PATRIOT.

We love to roam, from our dear old home,
 Up the sublime mountain side,
 And watch the spray, with its silvery ray,
 O'er the babbling, seething tide.
 We love to linger near those crags,
 And nature's wonders view,
 And watch the shore, with its distant roar,
 And tinted hues of blue.

'Tis the home of the Newfoundlander brave,
 'Tis the land that gave him birth,
 'Tis the home, 'tis the home of our childhood days,
 'Tis the dearest land on earth.

We love to gaze on those snow-clad hills,
 Dressed in their robes of white,
 And Aurora borealis' dazzling shades,
 That illuminate the night.
 We love thee, O we love thee still,
 Where o'er our lot may be,
 Our hearts you beguile, dear sea girt isle,
 With your grand old scenery.

'Tis the home, &c.

We love thee for those sunny smiles,
 When springtime doth appear,
 When the robin chants its welcome song,
 With strains so sweet and clear.
 We love thee when those tiny buds,
 With beauty most serene,
 Bedeck the trees and sunny meads,
 With vernal living green.

'Tis the home, &c.

We love thee, when the soft winds blow,
 Around those rural shades,
 And evening songsters chant their notes
 Beneath those sunny glades.
 We love thee when the wild red rose
 Sheds forth its essence sweet,
 And lilies bloom, with sweet perfume,
 As the lass with the rosy cheek.

'Tis the home, &c.

THE WANDERER FROM HOME.

You sons of Terra Nova,
 That bask on fortune's tide,
 While perhaps some loving comrades,
 Languish in a foreign clime.
 With a yearning for his country,
 No matter where he roams,
 He can only then find pleasure,
 In the thoughts of rolling home.

CHORUS.—Rolling home, to Terra Nova,
 Rolling home, dear land to thee;
 Rolling home to Terra Nova,
 Rolling home across the sea.

In the ball-room or the theatre,
 In the throng of revelry,
 Or in league with distant strangers,
 Or where e'er his lot may be;
 There's a longing for the homestead,
 Where his willing thoughts had flown,
 To recall those scenes of childhood,
 When so light he was rolling home.

Rolling home to Terra Nova, &c.

When slumbering on his pillow,
 Or in visions of the night,
 Or laid low with burning fever,
 In some sunny southern clime.

No fair sister waits upon him,
 To soothe his fainting moan,
 But his heart leaps forth with gladness,
 When he dreams of rolling home.

Rolling home to Terra Nova, &c.

When cast on the raging billows,
 Where pealing thunders roar;
 And vivid flash the lightnings
 On some rock-bound distant shore;
 Though the night is dark and dreary,
 On that ceaseless ocean foam,
 There's one hope that ever cheers him,
 'Tis the hope of rolling home.

Rolling home to Terra Nova, &c.

When the balmy winds of summer,
 Where the date and chestnut grow,
 And the path is strewn with roses,
 Or where e'er he chance to roam.
 When romantic scenes surround him,
 His heart pants while alone,
 Faintly sighing with emotion,
 For those friends he left at home.

Rolling home to Terra Nova, &c.

When the falling shades of evening,
 In that spicy land so fair,
 And the star-bespangled heavens,
 Most refulgent do appear.
 Yet one soft, salt tear will gather—
 No fresh beauties can atone,
 To relieve that heart-felt passion,
 From the thought of rolling home.

Rolling home to Terra Nova, &c.

A POEM TO SISTER WILLIAMS,
 OF THE DEEP SEA MISSION.

Fair maid from a far-off distant land,
 What inspiration fired thine ardent brain,
 To leave the home where rose and lily grew.
 And venture far across the billowed main.

Has the Omnipotent thy tender bosom swelled,
 To use thy talent on this rock-bound shore,
 A ministering angel to the weary ones,
 That sicken on this dreary Labrador.

Or has thy youthful love been ever marred,
 By some unworthy suiter in his pride,
 That caused thee thus to seek this solitude,
 From busy life, to fill that aching void.

No charms attract that clear inspective eye,
 Save sublime mountains toppling almost o'er;
 Or raging billows from their oozy beds,
 Lash spray along this rock-bound shore.

No flowery meads adorns the sunny glebe,
 Nor feathered songsters hail the tinted morn,
 To cheer the weary fishers on their way,
 While their frail barks each harbor do adorn.

And yet the Great Creator of mankind,
 Through you sent blessings to this sterile land,
 As on the night at Geneserat,
 When Jesus choose the humble fisherman.

A WAIL FOR NEWFOUNDLAND.

What awful vial of wrath is thundered forth?
 Has the Omnipotent sent forth this stern decree,
 To crush down feeble, fallen, contrite man,
 To depths of untold want and misery?

Why have those gathering clouds burst on this land,
 That once appeared so grateful to the view,
 When dotted by creations mighty hand,
 With radiant skies bedecked with azure blue?

Alas! those tranquil hours are past and gone,
 While man with man contend to master in the
 strife,
 And moments that once appeared to swell,
 Is hewn asunder with the pruning knife.

The rose that once adorned the lovely cheek
 Appears to fade, as by the wintery blast,
 Crushed down beneath this dire catastrophe,
 While stern men sullen stand and look aghast.

The loving mother watch with dire simplicity,
 Those jewels that she prized the most on earth,
 While from her inmost soul she prayed most fervently
 To God to shield them in this hour of dearth.

The year of Ninety-four is past and gone,
 And while remorseless and obscure 'twill lie,
 Like thistles that are crushed beneath the foot,
 Send forth their thorns to wound the passer by.

Nature appears to doff her queenly garb,
 And murmuring billows mock defiance on each
 strand,
 While every aspect seems for to invoke;
 Some timely aid, for dear old Newfoundland.

But as the shades of evening pass away,
 And darker shadows seem to overspread,
 One cheering voice within us seems to say.
 Be still, that promise old, will bruise the Ser-
 pent's head.

LINES ON THE OLD YEAR.

The year '96 it is now past and gone,
 Sunk low in the abyss of time.
 While many a pleasure, and many a woe,
 Still lurk in her foot-prints, from which she has flown,
 To eternity's endless shrine.

It is gone with the thousands that passed on before,
 Unshrouded in mystery's ways,
 Its birthright it gave in a moment of time,
 And passed like a phantom no more to entwine
 Earth with all its unhallowed days.

No poet can picture, his poor feeble brain,
 Is too frail its duration to know,
 None save the hand of Omnipotent God;
 All sublime in beauty, its ways can record
 In that fathomless valley below.

And yet its brief stay on this quaint senile earth,
 Has awakened new visions of life;
 The seasons did roll, and their beauties unfold,
 Through the days of contention and strife.

The joy bells have pealed forth to welcome the
 bride
 Adorned in the sunshine of life;
 While the death-knell has sounded its most solemn
 notes
 To warn us another has now been evoked;
 Death has mastered and won in the strife.

The wise ways of nature, do quickly move on,
 And the dew-drops bespangle the mead,
 The feathered songster, his notes will prolong,
 While ten thousand voices will join in the song,
 To praise Him who all things have made.

LINES IN COMMEMORATION OF JOHN CABOT.

Awake, oh, awake, sons of old Terra Nova,
 Why have ye slumbered obscurely so long,
 Call forth the muses in true adoration,
 Join with the harp-strains so sweet in the song.

Echo sweet notes through the valley and hill side,
 Join in the morning the sweet feathered throng,
 Mingle with fragrance of roses and lilies
 Fresh on their petals the tints of the sun.

Call forth his presence with true exultation,
 Rise like the phoenix, his ashes now cold;
 Ask the New World for a true celebration
 In commemoration of "Cabot" of old.

With true inspiration he rode o'er the billows,
 Piercing each moment through mystery's wilds,
 None but the heart of a brave noble sailor,
 Dare to approach on that far-seething tide.

Frail was his bark as she sped o'er the ocean.
 "Onward," his watchword, what o'er might be-
 tide,
 Lonely she rode on the crest like a sea-bird,
 Onward and onward till land he espied.

Oh! with what rapture he proudly looked on it,
 Hopes and ambition were then set at rest,
 How joyful his heart that quick beat with emotion,
 When viewing the new land of "Cape Bonavest."

Build up his statue with true animation,
 High on the hill top to show forth his work;
 Stretch out one arm as a signal for seamen,
 The other extend away to the North.

There let it stand for the world's admiration,
 Bold on the headland beneath the proud waves,
 Just to remind us of him who first found it,
 That bold navigator "John Cabot" the brave.

LINES ON THE OLD YEAR.

The old year is past and its last fleeting breath,
 Is wafted into the unknown;
 It yielded its birthright, like those that are gone,
 While myriads in wonder they gravely looked on,
 Unconscious of where it had flown.

It was borne, like a spectre, away on the wings
 Of Eternity's endless chimes;
 None mark its path but the All-seeing eye,
 Whose wonders sublime, no one can decrie,
 In that fathomless valley of time.

Though brief was its stay on this quaint senile earth,
 Its duties it had to perform;
 It shed forth the light from the bright satellite,
 While the star-spangled heavens adorned the night,
 And scowled in the fierce winter storm.

The vernal green valleys of spring did appear,
 When it breathed its warmth o'er the land;
 The sun's tinted rays their grandeur portrayed,
 While the azure blue heavens their splendour
 displayed,
 Refulgent to weak fallen man.

The young twig and sapling burst forth with a
 bound,
 And all nature with life was aglow,
 The lambkins did sport by the side of their dams,
 While murmuring rivulets unconsciously ran
 From the hill slopes to valleys below.

The landscape appeared in its livery of green,
 And the songster did chant in the glade;
 While ten thousand notes floated out on the air,
 In strains so melodious, so sweet and so clear,
 While the dew drops bespangled the mead.

The rose in its beauty burst forth from the bud,
 Adorning the meadows so rare,
 While lily and daisy in union combined,
 Their fragrance set forth with their petals entwined,
 Floated out on the clear balmy air.

The soft winds of summer swept over the lea,
 And the brooks as they rolled rippling by,
 Proclaimed that the old year was passing away,
 And nature sublime should hold firm the sway,
 And waft it away to the past.

Yet seed time and harvest will quickly move on
 In those paths where the old year has trod,
 Till the new year burst forth at the great trumpet
 sound,
 And mountain to mountain have cause to resound
 By the will of Omnipotent God.

GRANDMA'S TABBY CAT.

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"Twas in a cottage, neat and clean,
 Old grandma lived just like a queen,
 With pretty Betsy, plump and fat,
 And purly busy tabby cat.
 Although miss pussy looked so nice,
 She often strangled rats and mice!
 She played about the house so sprat,
 And wished miss Betsy was a cat.
 She had no one with her to play,
 Nor help her in her frisky way;
 And when purchance she did regale,
 Old grandma stepped upon her tail,
 Which caused poor puss to shed some tears,
 And vow revenge in after years;
 Well, on one day it happened so,
 That grandma would an outing go.
 She said, "Another thing I'll do,
 I'll turn that tabby cat out, too,
 I know for mischief she's inclined—
 I dare not leave that cat behind."
 So then without the faintest doubt
 She quickly turned the tabby out,
 She scarce had time to cross the path,
 Before miss pussy quickly thought—
 She said, "I'll soon be in again,
 Right well I know that broken pane,
 I can get in with all my ease
 And get a nib at grandma's cheese."
 So when old grandma turned the lane
 Her tabby cat was in again.
 She turned around to her delight,
 The cupboard door was open wide.
 So puss she laughed a mocking smile,
 And lapped the milk and cheese meanwhile.
 She eats and laps, her stomach crams,
 And then she thought of grandma's jams.
 She searched each corner round for pelf,
 Some quaint old jars stood on the shelf
 "These must contain the jam, I know,
 So up the shelf I'll quickly go."
 She found the jam, but O, alas!
 An old rat-trap now caught her fast.
 The tabby screamed with might and main,
 As old grandma came in the lane.
 Miss Betsy screamed with all her might,
 And grandma got an awful fright.
 She peeped her head in just so far,
 When down came bottles, cat and jar.
 The whole concern made such a rouse,
 She thought "himself" was in the house.
 But pussy asked to be forgiven;
 "Yes," grandma said, "It's on condition—
 You leave just now, you awful cat,
 And get your living catching rat."

THE SEALERS SONG.

On the stormy coast of Newfoundland,
 In the spring-time of the year,
 When Boreas thunder forth its blast,
 From the Arctic regions drear,
 Where icebergs surge with a dismal crack,
 Through the Northern frozen pans,
 Who braves those dangers without fear,
 The sons of Newfoundland.

They sailed from home in the month of March,
 To the home of the bear and the seal,
 In search for gain on the storm-tossed main,
 Away on the cold ice-fields;
 Where the baby seal in its innocence,
 Send forth a piteous cry,
 But the sealer's knife will end its life,
 In the cradle where it lie.

Ten thousand taken in one day,
 By a hardy fearless crew,
 They will take a trip miles from their ship,
 Those men will dare and do,
 In the dead of night when the storm king rage,
 What heroic deeds are done,
 They will battle for life on pans of ice,
 For the treasure they have won.

Equipped they go o'er the cold ice floe,
 With rope and gaff to guide,
 And always true to a comrade,
 Whatever may betide.
 The storm may beat with snow and sleet,
 But on and on they go,
 To gain the goal, the ship to load,
 From the northern great ice flow,

Success attend those sealhunters,
 May their courage never fall,
 May Providence protect them,
 When on the raging main.
 S. Blandford and A. Jackman,
 H. Dawe and many more,
 And Kneec and Kean and Winsor.
 God send all safe on shore.



THE MOTHERLAND.

Listen, comrades, while I sing you,
 Of the struggle that's begun;
 By our hardy sons of Britain,
 'Neath a foreign burning sun.
 Sandy deserts, mountain kopjes,
 Flowing rivers through the dell,—
 All surmounted by our heroes,
 Forcing on through shot and shell.

CHORUS:

Just keep your hands off mother,
 For all her children love her,
 And tell her we are ready for the fray;
 From Australia's sunny strand
 To the shores of Newfoundland,
 We are all at your command,
 If you say, say, say.

Britain's flags are fast unfurling,
 In the fight for liberty,
 Telegraphing o'er the ocean,
 To her sons where'er they be.
 Saxon blood is at its highest,
 On fair India's coral shore,
 And Canadians are crying,
 "Liberty, and nothing more."

CHORUS:

Just keep your hands off mother,
 We tell the world we love her,
 She has millions yet that fear no foeman's steel;
 For with her great bull-dogs,
 That never yet knew clogs,
 We'll brook no Kruger traitor,
 At her heels, heels, heels.

Though our sons are slain in battle,
 Lying in their cold gory bed,
 There are millions breathing softly,
 Praise and honor for the dead.
 Weep not, mother, for your dear ones,
 Who have died on Afric's shore,
 Fighting for their Queen and country,
 As their fathers did before.

CHORUS:

Just keep your hands off mother,
 We'll show the world we love her,
 You remember it's Old Britain's pride;
 While this warfare is proceeding,
 And Colonies are bleeding,
 With our blood we will cement it,
 Side by side, side, side.

No tyrant's hand has bound them,
 They ever shall be free,
 Both Black and White shall share alike,
 In one great destiny.
 Our people in South Africa
 Will sing that song of yore,
 In vocal strains, "God save the Queen,
 Paul Kruger's reign is o'er."

CHORUS:

Just keep your hands off Mother,
 We tell the world we love her;
 The world remembers Waterloo,
 And then at fame-ed Inkerman,
 Where our soldiers made the stand,
 Showing what the Britons
 Could do, do, do.

CONFEDERATION.

One morning as I walked from home,
 And meditated quite alone,
 This was my cogitation:
 That under this calamity
 We sign the bonds of unity,
 And join Confederation.

Just then I round a corner stepped,
 And there stood two so well equipped
 For any consultation.
 The first I met was Dr. Dan,
 He held the pestle in his hand,
 Determined, if he could, to cram
 Well down the throat of Uncle Sam
 The word—Confederation.

But Samuel thought it was no go,
 That direct tax would hurt us so,
 In claiming they'd make such a show
 Without consideration.
 But when he knew the tariff bill
 Would cure every horrid ill,
 He quickly gobbled up the pill,
 And joined Confederation.

The next stopped up was Mister Tim,
 A rigmarole he did begin,
 About our situation.
 He said, "Our banks are all to smash,
 It's time to leave off talking trash
 And send the delegation;

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For if we wait we'll rue the day
 We didn't send those chaps away
 To join Confederation."

The next came up, you'll understand
 It was a good old fisherman,
 He tucked his pants so snugly round,
 With his south-wester battened down,
 And stood in meditation.
 At length he said, "Why stand you here,
 The invitation is from there,
 It should be our first thought and care
 To join Confederation."

There next appeared upon the scene
 Two six-foot bobbies neat and trim,
 They laughed with exultation.
 They said "My lads, it is no joke,
 We're willing now to doff this coat;
 That's our determination.
 You know we're patriots good and true,
 And now there's not so much to do,
 There will be "specials" quite a few,
 Let's join Confederation."

Just then two more they came along
 Determined for to join the throng,
 Their buttons glittered in the sun
 And shone with lumination.
 They said, "There's no use lurking round,
 The importations are cut down;
 Let's make no hesitation.
 The tariff—it will be so small—
 It's not enough to keep us all,
 So come, my lads, let one and all
 Go join Confederation."

A tinker and a blacksmith, too,
 They thought there would be more to do,
 And for self-preservation,
 They said, "It's no use talking rot,
 Just strike the iron while it's hot,
 And now with acclamation,
 Let's ask the Premier right away,
 Right well we know we'll get fair play,
 And soon our island take the sway
 Under Confederation."

A tailor, in his fly-tail coat,
 A shoe-maker, they quickly spoke
 Without insinuation.
 "We'll make more pants,
 And sell more boots,
 Right well we know none can dispute,
 So we've an inclination."

Home-spun and leather will come free,
 And that's our profits can't you see,
 So one and all they must agree
 'To join Confederation.'

Two farmers then along they came,
 Their sentiments were all the same,
 They thought they'd surely be to blame
 'To shake with dogradation.
 Produce then would to us roll,
 It would be blessings manifold
 In our present situation.
 We'll plough our land so well and neat,
 While good Canadians raise the wheat,
 With heart and hand we'll animate
 Those in Confederation.

SAILOR JACK.

When I was a young lad I lived with my granny,
 My Mamma was dead and my Pa gone to sea,
 And when I was five, like a duck in a puddle,
 I wanted to paddle right up to my knees.

I often came home with my boots full of water,
 And grandma would chide me and send me to bed,
 But in dreams I was rolling about on the ocean,
 Enjoying a slumber on its cradle bed.

At six I would ramble alone by the sea-side,
 And watch the proud waves as they dashed on the
 shore,
 And shout with great glee as I saw each one rolling,
 And join in the din of their most awful roar.

At seven I launched my first boat on the water,
 A frail little barque without rudder or reel,
 My heart gave a bound when I saw her heel over,
 And turn up her bows to the soft summer breeze.

I stopped round the lake my heart light as a feather,
 And watched the dear thing as she came near the
 shore,
 Quite willing to catch her the moment she landed,
 My own darling treasure, what could I do more.

At eight I resolved that I would be a sailor,
 And follow my daddy across the rough main,
 And leave my old granny and all her fine dandies,
 The turkeys and peacocks she kept in the lane.

But granny would chide me, and then try to guide me,
 And put in my hand the old spade from the rack,
 The first thing I'd do, dip it into the water,
 The thing was too dry for her own sailor Jack.

When I was just ten I applied to a captain,
 And asked him to take me a lubber from shore,
 Without hesitation he did quickly enlist me,
 And sent me on board of a "seventy-four."

Our ship she was ordered away to a station,
 I thought rather quickly, I cannot deny,
 Once more I strolled home to see my old granny,
 And found her in tears as she wished me good-by.

Next morning the "boson's" loud whistle was sound-
 ing--
 All hands to quarters—our ship was away—
 I stood like a sailor that waits to be ordered,
 And watched the proud waves as she skimmed o'er
 the bay.

I was soon ordered aft on the "poop" to the captain,
 He measured and viewed me from top to the toe,
 He said with a smile, "Jack, you'll soon be a sailor,
 With tarpaulin jacket you cut a fine show.

That night in my hammock I slept rather soundly,
 And dream'd of old granny away on the shore;
 Soon I was aroused by the "boson's" shrill whistle,
 And all things about us seemed bustle and roar.

I jumped out at once, but my sea-legs forsook me,
 I crawled and I scrambled away to the deck;
 I soon was pitched headlong unto the lee scuppers,
 Our ship she was rolling and almost too wet.

The wind came in gusts and roared through the
 rigging,
 Set tight "lifts" and "braces," leave none of them
 slack,
 Clue up your "top-gallant-sails," man "clinelines" and
 "buntlines,"
 Steady, men, steady, come board the "main tack."

I clung to a "shroud" waist-high in the water,
 My heart seemed to fail, but I couldn't tell why,
 I thought of old granny so snug in the cottage,
 And all things about her so warm and so dry.

I soon learned the "ropes" and became a good sailor,
 My duty I done like the rest of the crew;
 In storms or in battle where cannon did rattle,
 To my king and my country I always proved true.

ON THE BEAUTY OF WOMAN.

When woman was created,
 And taken out of man,
 Out of a long and crooked bone,—
 Deny it if you can.

It appears crooked woman was quickly made straight in those days. She must have appeared most beautiful and serene in Adam's eye, so much so, that he could not withstand the temptation to accept the proffered apple, and in the historical words of Lord Nelson, we pay this tribute:

"England, with all thy faults,
 We love thee still."



Fair flower of earth,
 Descendant of our fallen mother, Eve,
 What thorns and roses often mark thy path,
 And yet how sublime thou dost retrieve.
 The glances of those orbs, that falling tear
 Implant in man the beauties of thine eye:
 While he, through nature, views with hope and fear,
 And prizes the jewel no man can deny.

Old Saddle Hill, which is alluded to in one of the opening pieces, is situated between Harbor Grace and Carbonear, and is noted for its craggy sides and sublime scenery. A clear view of Conception Bay with its placid waters in summer can be had from its summit, and the scene must strike the traveller with admiration and cause him to reflect a moment on the wise ways of nature and the beauties that surround him when standing on any one of the many points of vantage which the old hill affords.

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

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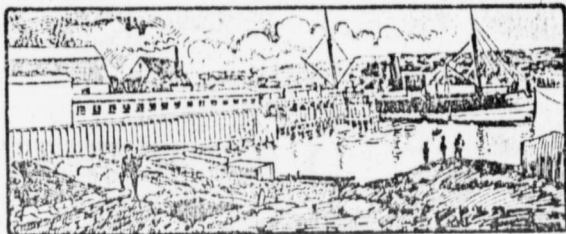
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