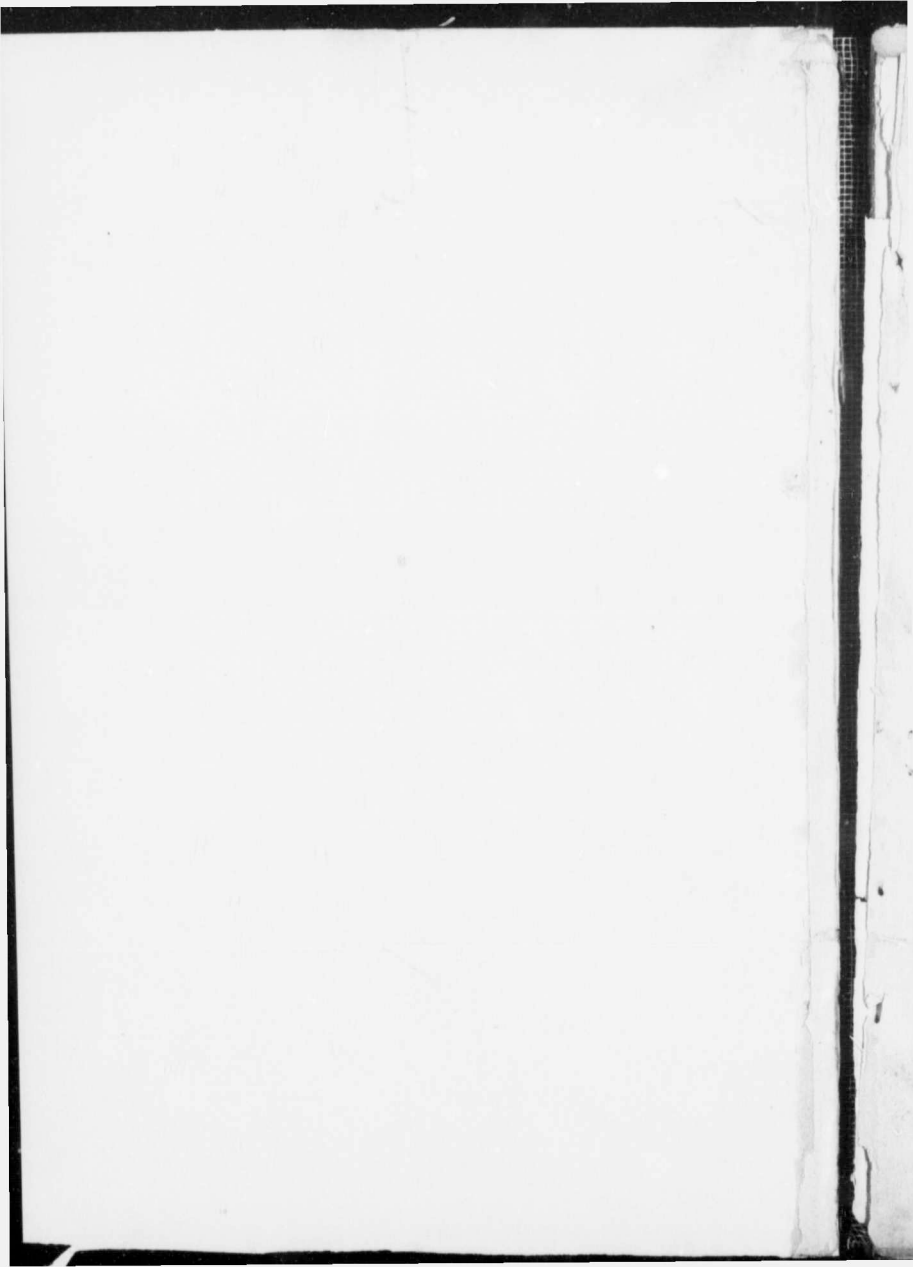


PR5
M1975







DEDICATION.

*To the Hon. E. P. Morris, K.C.,
M.E.C. this little garland of New-
foundland pöesy is dedicated, as a
small recognition of the practical
interest shown by him in the work
of the compiler, in his attempt to
discover and preserve the ballads of
our native land.*

JAMES MURPHY.

St. John's, N.F., July, 1902.



Mary Mellish
Anghibald
Memorial

A 16500
July 21, 1934



KING EDWARD VII.



QUEEN ALEXANDRA.



USE

RENNIES



BISCUITS



NEWFOUNDLAND.

NOTE.—His Excellency, Sir Cavendish Boyle, Governór of England's oldest colony, has kindly granted me permission to publish his beautiful and elegant composition "Newfoundland." Sir Cavendish is an Irishman worthy of the name. He has in him, that poetical talent which marks the sons of Erin, and his poem, "Newfoundland," will live in the hearts of future generations of my countrymen in loving remembrance of the author, one of the most warm-hearted and talented sons of Erin that ever adorned the shores of Terra Nova.—*Compiler.*

When sun-rays crown thy pine-clad hills,
And summer spreads her hand,
When silvern voices tune thy rills,
We love thee, smiling land.

When blinding storm-gusts fret thy shore,
And wild waves lash thy strand ;
Though spindrift swirl and tempest roar
We love thee, wind-swept land.

When spreads thy cloak of shimmering white
At winters stern command,
Through shortened day and star-lit night
We love thee, frozen land.

As loved our fathers, so we love,
Where once they stood, we stand ;
Their prayer we raise to Heaven above,
God guard thee, Newfoundland.

LOSS OF BAIT SKIFF.

NOTE.—I was given the song commonly known (The Petty Harbor Bait Skiff) by a resident of St. John's who lives in our midst to-day. He remembers the full particulars of what is related below. Mr. Jacob Chafe, publican, of St. John's, was a relation of the hero Jacob Chafe which is mentioned in the song. John Grace, who afterwards died in Brazil, was the composer; he was a native of the River-head of St. John's.—*Compiler.*

Good people all both great and small
 I hope you will attend
 To those few simple verses
 That I have lately penned.
 They are concerning dangers
 That we poor seamen stand
 Whilst sailing by the stormy shores
 On the coast of Newfoundland.

It happened to be in the summer time,
 In the lovely month of June,
 When fields were green, fair to be seen,
 And valleys were in bloom.
 When silent fountains do run clear,
 Caressed by Heaven's rain,
 And the dew showers that fall at night
 To fertilize the plain.

We bid adieu unto our friends,
 And those we held most dear,
 Being bound to Petty Harbor
 In the spring-time of the year.

The little birds as we sailed on
 Sung o'er the hills and dales,
 Whilst Flora, from her sportive groves,
 Sent forth her pleasant gales.

On Saturday we sailed away,
 Being in the evening, late ;
 Bound unto Conception Bay,
 All for a load of bait.
 The sea-gulls flying in the air,
 And pitching on the shore,
 But little we thought 'twould be our lot
 To see our friends no more.

The weather being fine, we lost no time,
 Until we were homeward bound ;
 The whales were sporting in the deep,
 And the sword-fish swimming round.
 And Luna, bright, shone forth that night
 To illuminate the "say,"
 And the stars shone bright, to guide us right,
 Upon our rude pathway.

We shook our reefs and trimmed our sails,
 Across the bay did stand ;
 The sun did rise, all circilized,
 Like streamers o'er the land.
 The clouds lay in the atmosphere,
 For our destruction met ;
 Boreas blew a heavy squall,
 Our boat was overset.

When we came to the "Nor'ad" head,
 A rainbow did appear,
 There was every indication
 That a storm was drawing near.
 Old Neptune riding on the waves,
 To windward of us lay,
 You'd think the ocean was on fire
 In Petty Harbor Bay.

John French was our commander,
 Mick Sullivan second-hand,
 And all the rest were brave young men
 Reared up in Newfoundland.
 Six brave youths, to tell the truth,
 Were buried in the sea,
 But the Lord preserved young Menshons life
 For to live a longer day.

Your heart would ache, all for their sake,
 If you were standing by,
 To see them drowning, one by one,
 And no relief drawing nigh.
 Struggling with the boisterous waves,
 All in their youth and bloom,
 But at last they sank, to rise no more,
 All on the eighth of June.

Jacob Chafe, that hero brave,
 And Campion on that day,
 They boldly launched, their boat with speed
 And quickly put to sea.

They saved young Menshon from the wreck
By their united skill,
Their efforts would be all in vain
But for kind Heaven's will.

Out of that fine young crew, you know,
There was one escaped being drowned,
He was brought to Petty Harbor
Where good comforts there be found.
He is now on shore, and safe once more,
With no cause to complain,
He fought Old Neptune up and down
Whilst on the stormy main.

When the sad news arrived next day
In dear old St. John's town,
There was crying and lamenting
On the streets both up and down.
Their mothers were lamenting,
Crying for those they bore,
On the boisterous waves they found their graves
Where they ne'er shall see them more.

Now to conclude and finish
Those few lines I write in pain,
Never depend out off your strength
Whilst sailing on the main ;
But put your trust in Providence,
Observe the Lord's command,
And He'll guard you right, both day and night,
Upon the sea or land.

THE FATE OF REV. DR. O'REGAN.

The "Soggarth Aroon" of Codroy Valley, Newfoundland.

NOTE.—Rev. Father Walker is the author of the following beautiful Memoriam on the sad death of the late Rev. Dr. O'Regan.—*Compiler.*

While joybells loud are ringing
 In Newfoundland's chief town,
 While children glad are singing,
 And men are bowing down.
 Hark ! in a far off village,
 Is heard a mournful strain—
 A wail, a cry of anguish,
 Resounding o'er the plain.

While bells are gladly ringing,
 And strangers throng *the* town,
 The waves loud dirge are singing,
 O'er fisher's brave gone down ;
 And, in answer to the ocean,
 A once glad western vale
 Sends up this cry to Heaven,
 And forth to "Granua Uile :"

Gone from us, gone from us,
 Soggarth Aroon !
 Gone from the ranks of the priesthood at noon !
 From the mother who loved you, no matter who
 frowned—
 Gone from us, gone from us, dead,
 Soggarth ! drowned !

While the *Ophir's* safely bringing
 The heir to England's crown
 "Twixt a Scylla and Charybdis
 A bark with prince goes down—
 Aye, 'prince' you well may call him,
 'Mong us, and o'er his flock,
 True priest of Church long standing—
Her built upon the Rock!

While tongues and pens are singing
 Before *two* of high renown,
 Between Rose Blanche and Channel
 A bark with *six*, goes down—
 With a "soggarth," and poor fishers
 Once glad to let *him* rest
 His weary feet, returning
 From noble mission blest—!

* * * * *

The autumn leaves are falling
 In Codroy's stricken vale,
 And wires and pens are flashing
 Sad news to 'Granua Uile'—
 A tale of woe to hundreds,
 Of well-to-do and poor,
 Who ne'er again shall hear *his* voice,
 Or footstep at their door.

'Tis the wail of the hearts twice laden
 With sorrow and with care—
 The wail of friendship sacred
 That oft laid conscience bare ;

'Tis the wail of widows, orphans,
 Of all who suffered pain—
 The cry of hearts nigh broken,
 Since *he* comes not again—

Gone from us, gone from us,
 Soggarth Aroon !
 Gone from the ranks of the priesthood so soon!—
 From the people who loved you, to whom you were
 bound
 By the ties of Religion, and—friendship all
 'Round !'

Hark ! 'tis a mother weeping,
 Aye, weeping for her boy—
 As child, her dearest treasure,
 As priest, her crown and joy !
Hark ! 'tis poor lambs bleating
 For him who broke them bread,
 Their voices sad repeating—
 'Gone from us, Soggarth, dead !'

May God, in His true wisdom,
 Provide for those *he* left,
 And comfort, in their sorrow,
 The hearts and homes bereft !
 Yea, Lord, extend Thy mercy
 To those, who'er they be,
 Who bore the 'Soggarth' onward
 To—Better Land and Thee !

O dear, departed Soggarth !
 High-versed in things divine !
You need no praise on marble,
 Nor yet on parchment fine :

Pro Christo et pro salu

You lived, Soggarth, yea, died !
Amid a blinding snow-storm,
Sank you, the Valley's Pride !

The fate of Father Whelan,
In Seventeen Ninety-nine,
Was, dear Father O'Regan,
The fate that now is thine !
May he who saved the fishers
On the Lake of Galilee,
Christ, Save us all from drowning,
And—grant sweet rest to *thee* !

One drowned on Mission Northward !

One drowned on mission West !
Both died in the cause full noble—
Quae gregis salus est !
May He holds the ocean
In the hollow of His hand,
Christ, save *you all* from shipwreck,
And—spare *our* little band !

Gone from us, gone from us,
Soggarth Aroon !
Gone from the ranks of the priesthood at noon—
From kindred and people to whom you were
bound !
Grand River flows on, but its Soggarth is
drowned !

LOSS OF ANDREW SHEEHAN.

NOTE.—This song was written by the late John Grace ; another of his songs appears in this booklet. Grace was a seaman by profession he died in Brazil.—*Compiler.*

Come all ye tender mothers sit and condole with me,
Pity my situation and sad extremity,
If its an offence pray stop me and by you I'll be advised,
I mean to state what did take place in the year of 55.

'Twas in the month of April Sunday morning at half-past
four,
An accident took place with us while Neptune loud did
roar,
Running under double reef sails expecting to make the land,
Each eye to see most eagerly next day for a shake hand.

That morning was our thirty first tossed on the raging main,
With a single pound of bread a day each man for to sustain,
Our captain cries my hearty boys since the land is not in
view,
The daylight it's approaching and for it we will heave too.

When daylight broke upon our view the land we then did
spy,
Our Captain cries make sail my boys to get her home we'll
try,
Two youths to loose our forecourse their orders did obey,
When one of them poor fellows fell quite near Cape Spear
that day.

When Sheehan fell eight and a half she was taking from
the reel,

When immediately our helmsman a starbord hove the wheel,
Then nimbly our mainyards we spun our boat we launched
by hand.

Eight minutes passed when she was afloat and brave and
nobly manned.

Our hardy lads to save his life exerted all their skill,
When breakers white around them flew the boat began to fill
Poor fellow to his maker fled which did us all confound,
'Twas every man's opinion that all in the boat would drown.

Good people it was sorrowful on board of us that day,
When Harkins he gave orders our main yards to square
away,

With a desolute mind leaving him behind a chum we held
most dear,

In the ocean deep for his last sleep 'bout four miles from
Cape Spear.

To see his aged father when we hauled into the pier,
The ringing of his feeble hands and tearing of his hair,
He cried quite broken hearted "boys" where did you leave
my child,

And his tender mother I'm told she instantly went wild.

Lament no more aged parents for the loosing of your son,
And sisters three, I beg of ye, a prayer for him that's gone,
Likewise all that's present here, men, women and children,
May the soul of Andrew Sheehan rest in peace.—Amen.

NOTE.—Andrew Sheehan was a native of St. John's, and was a
seaman on board the brig Vestral, was owned by the firm of McBride
& Kerr.

LINES ON THE DEATH OF DR. MULLOCK.

NOTE—The following poem was written by the late Edmund Fitzgibbon, brother of Mr. Thomas Fitzgibbon. Dr. Mullock died on Easter Monday, March 29th, 1869.—*Compiler.*

The requiem Mass is over, the organs pealing slow,
The surging crowd is weeping and heaving to and fro.
The shriek of heartfelt sorrow rings wildly in the air,
And filled with soft emotion, the strong man sheds a tear.

And now the sad procession moves mournfully along,
A host of sorrowing friends comprise that finally ordered
throng,
Its ranks are all men of every class the highest in the land,
Is there among that countless mass to take his honoured
stand.

And creed, caste, and position, are all forgot to-day,
For side by side, like brothers, they march in that array,
In that array of pride and strength, of mourning and of
gloom,
To follow the great prelate, on his journey to the tomb.

The church has lost the brightest star that shone upon this
land.
The poor have lost a loving friend, a free and generous
hand,
The country has sustained a loss, a great and gifted mind.
A man of giant intellect, his like 'twere hard to find.

Thou has raised a mighty building, a beacon and a light,
 To many a weary wonderer, it looks serenely bright,
 It cheers the lonely mariner, Its lofty towers to see,
 The fisher in his little cot, prays silently for thee.

How can we battle onward, our general is gone,
 And like a scattered army we've none to lean upon,
 Our guide, our hope, our beautiful, to-day is lying low,
 O God submissively we bow, beneath the heavy blow,

And we shall not forget him, in every passive knell,
 That falls upon our sorrowing hearts from the Cathedral bell,
 The memory of our Bishop, shall flash across the mind
 Like the yearnings of a mother for a dear departed child.

His deeds will be remembered when kings have passed
 away,
 And earthly powers have vanquished, and crumbled into
 clay,
 While a vestige of the faith remains, by thee, so brightly
 famed,
 Thy name, oh Dr. Mullock, shall be blessed in Newfound-
 land.

LOVELY INDIAN ANNIE O.

NOTE.—This song was written on the 23rd of May, 1829. It first appeared in the Conception Bay Journal of that date. It was written by a native of Newfoundland, on hearing a female emigrant naming the girls of Newfoundland, Indians.—*Compiler.*

Now clouds descend in gathered form,
 To clothe our plains with virgin snow;
 The hoar frost mingles with the storm,
 And nature weeps in silent woe.
 Let nature weep let clouds descend,
 This scene I'll still think cannie O ;
 For here I first beheld a friend,
 In lovely Indian Annie O.

Oft' have I roamed on winding Tay,
 And on the banks of flowing Clyde;
 Light as a bird upon the spray,
 With youth and beauty by my side.
 But ah those nymphs can never charm,
 Tho' dressed like a Sultana O ;
 They never could this bosom warm,
 Like lovely Indian Annie O.

'Tis not her lovely form I prize,
 Nor ringlets waving in the wind;
 Her ruby lips, her sparkling eyes,
 It is her pure, her spotless mind.

She's beauty self, yet void of art.
 She's chaste as a Diana O ;
 How kind how tender is the heart,
 Of lovely Indian Annie O.

TO TERRA NOVA.

NOTE.—The following song was written in the year 1859. The composer was Charles Henry St. John. Mr. St. John and his brother owned a paper which flourished in Harbor Grace over 60 years or more before this little booklet existed.—*Compiler.*

Once more I weave a song for thee,
 My own, my native land !
 And show that change doth not estrange
 The heart that prompts the hand.

Full oft' doth faithful mem'ry bring
 The friends I loved of old ;
 Warm hands are clasped I used to clasp
 And oft' told tales retold.

Oh, for an hour once more to greet
 Each well remembered scene,
 To breathe the air I used to breathe
 And be what I have been.

My childhood days, my school boy days,
 My youthful days are o'er,
 And many an eye that beamed on me
 Shall beam on me no more.

But let me brush this tear away
 'Twere folly to regret,
 Thy cliffs are still the same, the waves
 Dash o'er thy rocks of jet.

Once more before the reaper comes
 I hope to press thy strand,
 Who can forget what e'er betide
 His own—his native land?

AN HEROIC FISHER BOY.

An Incident of the Gale on Labrador, Oct. 9th, 1867.

BY P. J. DYER.

A fierce and awful hurricane swept over the Labrador,
 Dashing the foam-churned waves on high some fifty feet or
 more ;
 Laden with blinding hail and snow the tempest onward
 crashed,
 And boulders huge ; from rough cliffs torn, were far, far in-
 land dashed.

Frail fishing crafts with their gallant crews, seized by the
wind and waves,
Were hurled on the rocks, and scores of men soon sank in
watery graves.
From an ill-starred craft in that doomed fleet, the living
freight she bore,
Thro' the boiling surf strove boldly on and safely reached
the shore.

Where far from human abode they stood in the cold
autumnal gale,
A shivering group with garments drenched, and features
pinched and pale.
Forward, then, towards the distant huts, some five good
miles away,
They struggled 'mid the storm and gloom of the fast depart-
ing day.

Many, alas! ne'er reached the goal, for at morning dawn
were found
Some twenty cold and silent forms, all prone on the frozen
ground.
On that full-oft' remembered night of peril, and pain and
dread,
A hero saved four human lives and gave his own instead.

A simple fisher lad was he, not more than fourteen years ;
Yet who can read of his noble deed with eyes undimmed
by tears.

While plodding along towards the settlement, it was his lot
to find
Four children, who, in the hurried march, had tarried far
behind.

In trembling accents, sad with pain, for their parents they
did cry,
And the fisher lad, with a man's strong heart, resolved they
should not die.
He made them lie on the cold, damp earth, in each other's
arms held fast,
While he gathered moss with his own child's hands to shield
them from the blast.

Layer after layer, he strewed it on, till the children ceased
to weep,
And the fisher lad, by their breathing, knew they had sunk
in a troubled sleep.
Throughout that dreary, dismal night, by their lowly couch
he paced :
And the moss, with the storm-god oft'-disturbed, by his
fingers was replaced.

Out for the distant huts, he set, at the first faint dawn of
day,
And the parents of those whose lives he'd saved, soon met
him on the way.
They found their children warm in life, but as they back-
ward trod,
The heroes corpse lay in their path, his soul was with its
God.

The anguish and pain of that night in which, he'd nobly
 borne his part,
 Had sopped the strength of his youthful frame, chilled his
 heroic heart.
 They buried him on the bleak sea-shore, with a score of
 the other dead,
 And many a manly tear I ween, o'er his early grave was
 shed.
 No marble marks his resting place, and his name e'en is
 unknown
 To us, but not to Him who dwells 'mid the light of the
 Great White Throne.

THE NORTH KING.

NOTE.—The following poem was written by Mr. F. B. Wood.—
Compiler.

A mighty king was he, who came
 From out the frozen North,
 And took possession of our land,
 And drove fair Summer forth.

He stopped the singing of the birds,
 The blooming of the flowers ;
 He soon destroyed the beauty which
 Made glad the by-gone hours.

But, he to-night, has surely formed,
 A closer league with death,
 For ne'er before was there such force
 In his life-blasting breath.

He seizes way-worn travellers,
 Whose limbs are stiff and slow,
 And quickly hides their stiffened forms
 Beneath the drifting snow.

He swiftly enters hovels where
 The sick and famished lie
 'Neath scanty rags, afraid of death,
 Yet hoping soon to die.

And oh with what terrific force
 He sweeps across the sea,
 And with what ease o'er oak-ribbed ships
 He gains the victory.

Oh! haughty, stern, relentless king,
 How awful is thy might!
 Who may depict the misery
 Which thou hast wrought to-night.

'Tho it be true the strength and skill,
 Men gain in fighting thee,
 Were through the past, and are to day,
 Bulwarks of liberty—

Tho it be true that Southern lands,
 Which never felt thy breath,
 Have ever been the conquered lands,
 And slavery's worse than death—

Alas! alas! for lonely hearts
 That oft' will look in vain
 For loving hearts, that thou to-night
 Hast numbered 'mongst thy slain!

To them for all thy cruelty,
 Thou never canst atone;
 Oh, that to-night thou wert away,
 And summer held thy throne.

OUR NATIVE RIGHTS.

Note.—“Our Native Rights” appeared in the Harbor Grace *Herald* in the year 1843. I know the readers of this book will praise it for its patriotic tone.—*Compiler.*

This is our home our native land,
 This little wood crowned Isle,
 Where breathes around on every hand,
 Some charm or friendly smile.

This our home of social bliss,
Surrounds each humble hearth ;
And dear to every bosom—this
The land that gave us birth.

Then shall our prayer unheeded be,
While heart with hand unites,
To claim that free born liberty,
Our own—our native rights.

While wintry clouds chased by the storm,
Shall wreath the hills with snow ;
And the tall cliffs in sullen form,
Frown on the waves below.

Our native land, our bosom pride,
Can boast of beauty rare,
For on Terra Novas shore reside,
The fairest of the fair.

Nor shall a bold imperious hand,
Her hardy sons provoke,
No tyrant from an alien land,
Shall gall them with a yoke.

Firm as their Island rock that wards
The iron rods of the sea
With generous heart that e'er regards
The birthright of the free.

Long be her valleys, hills and plains,
 In natures livery dressed,
 And the tide that flows in Patriot veins
 Glow in each native breast.

Long as her streams the ocean seek
 And mingle with its foam,
 A tongue in every heart shall speak
 This is my native home.

Nor shall our prayer unheeded be
 While heart with hand unites,
 We claim our freedom, liberty,
 Our own—our native rights.

TERRA NOVA.

NOTE.—“ Terra Nova ” was composed by Mr. George Knowing
 of Codroy Valley, Newfoundland. It appeared in the “Western Star,”
 July 2, 1902.—*Compiler.*

O rock bound gem of the northern ocean,
 Round thee the billows their watches keeps ;
 Or rushing shore-ward with reckless motion,
 On thee their surges in thunder beats.
 And on their white crests the good ships taking,
 They bear thy loved ones again t'wards Home ;
 For Terra Nova their hearts are aching,
 They ne'er forget thee, their Island Home.

To friends they love and to home returning,
Their hearts are burning once more to stand ;
On thy brown heather and longing yearning,
They're hastening homeward to Newfoundland.
The wand'ring stranger, adventure seeking,
Sees darkly looming thy mountains grand !
And at their feet sees the white foam breaking,
And stretched to greet him no welcome bland.

But let him seek the good faith intending,
Nor condescending nor filled with pride ;
Then thy stern brow, shall he see unbending,
And home forgetting, with the abide.
Dear land of forest and lake and mountain,
O'er whose green bosom the wild fawns leap,
Within my heart there shall spring a fountain,
Of love for thee that shall never sleep,
'Till thou art decked with a crown of glory.
They who scorn thee thou doth command,
And they who mock thee shall know thy story,
And learn to love thee, dear Newfoundland.

VISIT OF THE DUKE AND DUCHESS

Of Cornwall and York to St. John's, October 23, 1901.

NOTE.—This song was written by a Newfoundland Fisherman.—
Compiler.

The twenty-third of October dawned beautiful and clear,
The watchman at the Blockhouse scanned the signal at
Cape Spear ;
And soon upon the centre staff the red-cross flag was seen—
First token of the *Ophir*, her convoy ships between.

And soon upon our eager gaze, a great white ship appears,
Heading towards the Narrows—while the hills are rent with
cheers,
And as she proudly leads the way 'tween cliffs so bold and
high,
The joy-bells ring their welcome notes out on the morning
sky.

A Royal salute to Edward's son, our future king to be,
Is fired from war ships in the port, and from Townshend
Battery,
And now from every house and street the bunting gaily
float,
And every ship is decked the same, from cruiser to fishing
boat.

But when the night has settled down, upon the sea and
strand,
A glorious scene bursts on the view, the finest of any land,
Ten thousand lamps are sparkling, around the harbor's rim—
And millions more upon the shore shed light for Her and
Him.

The *Niobe* and *Diadem*, the *Chrybdis* and *Crescent*, too,
Are all ablaze with electric lights, their contour you can
view ;
And thousands wander thro' the streets—like fairy land it
seems ;
Is it really old St. John's, or is it only dreams ?

The morning of the twenty-fourth they stepped upon our
shore,
Ten thousand voices hailed them in one long jubilant roar ;
As thro' the streets they drive along, she is hailed by old
and young—
The sweetest lady ever seen ! her praise is on every tongue.

And he, the " Heir Apparent," most noble and most grand—
Is hailed with welcome—loyal and true—by all in New-
foundland.
The twenty-fifth the lines are stepped the *Ophir* is away,
The parting cheers are heard afar, out in Freshwater Bay.

The *Niobe* and *Diadem* now thro' the Narrows steam
And take their post of honor on port and starboard beam.
Good-byes are said to the Royal pair, who now are on the
main,
May Heaven protect and guide them to Home and Kin
again.

DEAR OLD SOUTH-SIDE HILL.

NOTE.—“Dear Old South-side Hill” was written by His Lordship Bishop Howley, the talented R. C. Bishop of St. John’s.—*Compiler.*

The fondest thoughts of childhood’s days
 Twine ’round thee, dear old hill,
 And, as I gaze, thy bare, bleak braes
 With love my bosom thrill.
 For of all the hills that stud Earth’s breast
 And foreign countries fill,
 I love thee more than all the rest ;
 Oh, dear old South-side hill.

CHO.—Oh, dear old South-side hill,
 Old rugged, scraggy hill,
 I look with pride on thy sun-brown side
 Oh, dear old South-side hill !

I love each nook, each darling brook,
 Each copse of russet brown,
 Each gulley, pond and laughing brook,
 That tumbles rattling down.—
 I love thee bathed in summer sun,
 With opal light aglow ;
 Or robed in wintry garment, spun
 From woof of silken snow.

CHO.—Oh, dear old South-side hill, &c.

I've seen the hills that proudly stand
 And stretch from shore to shore,
 In many a bright and favored land
 Far-famed in song and lore ;
 But, oh ! there's none so dear as thou,
 Old Shaggy South-side hill,
 For thy iron front and beetling brow
 My soul with rapture fill.

CHO.—Then, dear old South-side hill, &c.

I've seen Killarney's lofty "Reeks"
 And noble Gailtee Mor,
 Ben Lomond's and Ben Nevis' peaks,
 And Snowdon's Glyder Fawr ;
 The lordly Alp, and Appenine,
 And Hermon's sacred height,
 But with all their charms there's none like thine,
 Can cheer my weary sight.

CHO.—Then, dear old South-side hill, &c.

Thou standest o'er our harbor's mouth,
 Like sentry stern and hoar,
 And shield'st us from the stormy south
 And wild Atlantic's roar ;
 When breakers blanch the ocean's crest
 And surges dash thy side ;
 Within thy shelt'ring arms at rest
 Our ships securely ride.

CHO.—So, dear old South-side hill, &c.

"OUR FISHERMEN."

NOTE.—The following well written poem is the work of Mr. Isaac C. Morris. It deals with the Banking Fishermen. It first appeared in "Sketches of our Western Sea Coast," a book issued by him in 1894.—*Compiler.*

We who live on Terra Firma,
Blest with warmth and rest and home,
Little think upon our fishers
Tossed on ocean's angry foam.

While we sit around our fireside,
Safe and happy, dry and warm,
Ofi' forget our fellow landmen,
Rocked by every passing storm.

We forget to think upon them,
Yea ! forget for them to pray,
While the're toiling, toiling, toiling,
From their loved one's far away.

Do we think how hard they labour,
While we rest at home in ease ;
They are rowing, pulling, trawling,
On the broad and heaving seas.

Oh ! if we could sometimes see them,
In their schooners, skiffs and yawls,
Heaving up their lengthy cables,
Putting out their many trawls.

We would say, "Well done our fishers,
 Worthy of your country's thanks,
 Bringing in to Terra Nova
 Treasures from our stormy banks."

THOSE NIGHTS ON BURTON'S POND.

NOTE.—Mr. M. A. Devine is the writer of this poem, he composed it in November, 1891. I copied it from the "Holy Branch," a Christmas Number of that date.—*Compiler.*

St. John's in Terra Nova,
 Is many leagues away,
 My thoughts are with that dear old Town,
 I sigh to be there to-day.
 I think of its sports and pleasures
 But recollection fond,
 Recalls most vividly of all
 Those nights on Burton's Pond.

I've been to the ball and the play-house,
 I've roamed through the Central Park,
 I've listened to famous singers,
 In this city of New York.
 These pleasures are great, I grant you,
 But something far beyond
 Was the joyous skate, with darling Kate,
 O'er the ice on Burton's Pond.

Ah ! darling pink-cheeked maiden,
 The Ocean rolls between,
 And the years 'twixt twenty and forty
 Will mercilessly intervene.
 But memory brings your bright face back
 Your eyes like the stars beyond,
 The eyes that stole my heart that night
 We met on Burton's Pond.

Boast of your sunny southern lands,
 Your olive groves, your vine,
 What are your "*far niente*" climes
 To this brave home of mine ?
 Sing loud your slaves of fashion,
 The beauties of *Beau Monde*,
 I'd give them all to just recall
 Those nights on Burton's Pond.

My Kate adorns another home,
 A happy honored wife,
 And I—well p'raps for her dear sake
 I lead a lonely life.
 Though she has children almost men,
 I believe in her bosom fond,
 She oft' recalls the moonlit nights
 We spent on Burton's Pond.

TERRA NOVEAN EXILE'S SONG

NOTE.—Since the following poem was written the composer, P. J. Dyer has, himself, become an exile; one of the many that have made a mark for themselves in the land of Uncle Sam.—*Compiler.*

Far, far from Terra Nova's shore
 We meet this Christmas Eve,
 And tho' we ne'er may see it more,
 This is no time to grieve.
 Why meet we here, in Christmas cheer,
 From friends so far away?
 *Newfoundland, boys, hurrah!
 Newfoundland, boys, hurrah!
 Newfoundland, boys, hurrah!
 Here's to our happy childhood's home—
 Newfoundland, boys, hurrah!

We've seen some cheerful Christmas times
 At home, in other days.
 We've listened to the Christmas chimes,
 And Christmas hymns of praise.
 In snow and sleet, o'er road and street,
 We've tramped on Christmas Day,
 To worship in Newfoundland, blest.
 Newfoundland, boys, hurrah!
 Newfoundland, boys, hurrah!
 Newfoundland, boys, hurrah!
 May heaven bless our native land—
 Newfoundland, boys, hurrah!

How oft' some of us here to-night
 Have seen the "mummers out,"
 As thro' the fields by pale moon-light
 They came with merry shout,
 In costumes quaint, with mask or paint,
 What jolly lads were they
 In bright Newfoundland—Isle of mirth !
 Newfoundland, boys, hurrah !
 Newfoundland, boys, hurrah !
 Newfoundland, boys, hurrah !
 Here's to the merry mummers of
 Newfoundland, boys, hurrah !

Upon the ice in days gone by
 We've seen the flash and gleam
 Of burnished skates which seem'd to fly
 O'er harbour, lake and stream.
 The boys so queer, the girls so dear,
 All skimming along, so gay,
 In dear Newfoundland, on the ice.
 Newfoundland, boys, hurrah !
 Newfoundland, boys, hurrah !
 Newfoundland, boys, hurrah !
 We'll toast the land of ice and fun,
 Newfoundland, boys, hurrah !

Dame fortune has not smiled upon
 Our loved Isle for some time ;
 Her noble sons, in crowds have gone
 To many a foreign clime.
 But, boys, fill up another cup,
 We'll drink—" A happier day "

For brave Newfoundland's hardy sons—
 Newfoundland, boys, hurrah !
 Newfoundland, boys, hurrah !
 Newfoundland, boys, hurrah !
 Success attend Newfoundland's sons,
 Newfoundland, boys, hurrah !

*In this ballad the accent must be placed on the second syllable in Newfoundland.

THE GREEN HALF-DOOR.

ANONYMOUS.

NOTE.—A gentleman well known in St. John's—he signs a fictitious name, “Eros Wayback”—but now living in Carbonear, is the writer of the “Green Half-Door”—*Compiler.*

In retrospection, but with affection,
 I often think of the days of yore ;
 When in youth's fair prime, O, bright and rare time !
 I met my Kathleen at the green half-door.

Ah, me ! I'm glancing, in thought entrancing,
 Thro' darkling vistas of that vanished hour ;
 And Kate's soft eyes beaming to me are seeming,
 Still with young love beaming, o'er that green half-door.

One shapely arm, a sculptured charm—
 Like parian polished—supports her brow ;
 A slim, white finger beckons me to linger ;
 With what realism comes the vision now.

With pulses throbbing, one kiss I'm robbing
 From her rippling lips, where was choicest store ;
 What bliss ! what rapture ! in that bright capture,
 That starlit night at that green half-door.

Long,—her fair face blithesome, her form lithesome,—
 Hath ceased to linger and await me there ;
 For a broken column stands, white-like, solemn
 O'er my Kathleen's ashes at Belvidere !

An argand flashes thro' silk-draped sashes,
 Where my love's light twinkled in days before ;
 And a mansard covers where we two lovers,
 Had woe of old by that green half-door.

NEWFOUNDLAND.

NOTE.—The late Barrington Lodge was the author of "Newfoundland." He was the uncle of Mr. William Clouston, tinware merchant, Water Street. Mr. Lodge died in a foreign land some few years ago.—*Compiler.*

Terra Nova ! my country ! my heart to the clings,
 To me thou art more than the ransom of kings,
 For ever in dreamland I see thy blue skies
 And the loved ones of old whose love I still prize.

Thy hills where in childhood I joyfully played,
 Thy valleys and groves where in boyhood I strayed,
 Hath charms for my manhood none else can supply,
 To leave them dear lands was in spirit to die.

On thy dearly loved hills in childhood I grew,
 It was there I last bade my fond mother adieu,
 It was there my aged father his counsel gave me,
 When I left him for ever to cross the dark sea.

There dwelt my dear sister, whose cheek blanched with pain,
 When I kissed her good-bye by the broad frowning main,
 Ah! little we thought as we stood on the strand,
 We ne'er more would meet in our dearly loved land.

There dwelt my companions whose friendship was not,
 An outburst of passions as soon forgot,
 Our trembling lips and tear-dimmed eyes,
 Told the depths of our love we could not disguise.

Since then I have had what prosperity brings,
 I have dined in the halls of Princes and Kings,
 Yet deep in my heart is the quenchless desire,
 For the home of my childhood with its simple attire.

Where the magnolia blossoms in Florida fields,
 Where the fertile Savannah its tropic fruit yields,
 Even there I have feasted on fruit and on flower,
 Yet for me the fierce North hath more wealth and power.

When the North star illumes the bleak Labrador,
 Where the Southern cross lightens Australia's shore,
 Thy children are scattered and yet as they roam,
 They lovingly turn to thee as their home!

Terra Nova ! my country ! my soul to the clings,
 To me thou art more than the ransom of Kings,
 In the dreams of the night I behold thy blue skies,
 And when I awaken my heart in me dies.

PLACENTIA.

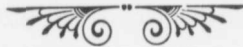
NOTE.—My many readers will be delighted with "Placentia."
 It is a pretty poem. It was written by a Newfoundlander.—*Compiler.*

Hill-encircled, light and airy,
 Picture wrought by hand of fairy,
 Grand and simple—smile and dimple,
 Tree-tops fain to kiss the sky.
 Church-spire, forest, beach and ocean
 All inflame the soul's devotion,
 Brightness flashing—Wavelets plashing,
 Thus Placentia greets mine eye.

Here the "Arm" South-East lies shining
 Sky-reflecting—land entwining,
 There the "North-East" spreads a rare feast,
 Tempting artist's brush and pen,
 Panorama stretched before us,
 Sunshine sparkling brightly o'er us,
 Mount abounding—sea surrounding,
 Home of brave, true-hearted men !

Proud Placentia ! may her story,
 Read alike by Whig or Tory,
 Show that honor, e'er upon her
 Record stands, come weal, come woe.
 For her great historic pages,
 Volume of grand by-gone ages,
 Faith upholding—Truth enfolding,
 Teach a lesson all should know.

Long may sunshine smile upon thee !
 Warding cloud and cyclone from thee ;—
 Linked with beauty—love of duty,
 Mem'ries sweet shall e'er be mine—
 Church-spire, forest, beach and ocean
 Calling forth soul's true devotion,
 Brightness flashing—wavelets plashing,—
 These, Placentia, charms are thine !



CHORUS OF WELCOME.

BY A. J. W. McNEILLY, K.C.

NOTE.—I got permission from Alexander J. W. McNeilly, Esq. to publish the "Chorus of Welcome" sung by 5000 children in the Prince of Wales Rink, St. John's, Newfoundland, on October 24th, 1901. It was sung in honor of their Royal Highness the Duke and Duchess of Cornwall—but now the Prince and Princess of Wales. Mr. McNeilly was the composer, his ability in that line is unquestioned. The mere fact of his being a son of Erin, gives him the privilege of having a poetical nature. It will be highly appreciated by my many readers.—*Compiler.*

Hail to the Prince who, his triumph completing,
 Comes to the shore of our Island to-day :
 Joyful we send him our loyalist greeting ;
 Fervently, proudly our homage we pay.
 Lord, send him length of days,
 Lord, send him strength of grace.
 Be thou his Guardian, His help, and his Guide !
 Scion of Majesty,
 Sire of our Kings to be,
 Loud we acclaim him the Prince of our pide.

Sing, brothers, sing, for the hope of the Nation,
 Welcome with plaudits the Heir to our King,
 Raise all your voices in loud jubilation,
 As the glad chorus of welcome we sing,
 Far may his line decend,
 Never to find its end
 Till the great Angel cries " Time is no more ;"
 So let our Anthem rise,
 God save the Prince we prize,
 Let the song echo from centre to shore.

A NEWFOUNDLAND HEROINE.

NOTE.—“Betsy Mealey,” the heroine of this song was born on what was in the days gone by known as “Meeting House Hill,” she was shipped one summer by a Branch man to go to the Cod Fishery. “Betsy” never saw St. Mary’s Bay, nor yet Branch, as the song denotes. It was composed by John Quill, an “old timer,” a native of St. John’s, and a shoe maker by trade—*Compiler*.

As I roved for recreation in the springtime of the year,
 I met a noble fisherman, the day was fine and clear,
 I met a noble fisherman, those words to me did say :
 Will you come along with me, fair girl, to Branch, in St.
 Mary’s Bay.

Branch is a pretty place, the finest in Newfoundland,
 It far exceeds the Metropolis, the ground on which you Stand,
 You’ll get four pounds ten for four long months, oh, sign
 this very day !
 And in twenty-four hours I will land you in Branch, up in
 St. Mary’s Bay.

Kind Sir she said your offer is fair, if I could please my
 mind,
 But still I do not like to leave my many friends behind ;
 To leave my friends and parents, and to go so far away
 Amongst so many strangers, up in St. Mary’s Bay.

Oh “Betsy,” lovely “Betsy,” I have a lovely boat :
 Indeed she is well fitted with canvas, spars and rope,

And I have some women passengers to accompany you on
the way,
And in twenty-four hours I will land you in Branch, up in
St. Mary's Bay.

I gave consent that moment, I had no more to do,
I went to see his little boat, likewise his jovial crew ;
I thought they were Montgomerys, or some gods that ruled
the "say,"
But it's little I thought, they belonged to Branch, up in St.
Mary's Bay.

'Twas on a Monday morning, from St. John's we set sail ;
When the day was gone, the night came on, we had to
shorten sail—
The wind sprung up most heavily, and drove us far away,
But to my surprise I never saw Branch, up in St. Mary's
Bay.

For three long days we were driven, when a large sail hove
in view,
And she bore down alongside of us, to save our little crew ;
They rushed to save their lives, like mad in cowardly array,
And left my humble self on board, bound for St. Mary's
Bay.

If ever you meet a Branch man, just ask him what's his
name,
And if it's English, Power, or Mooney, treat that man with
shame ;
For their cowardly deed will live unto the judgment day,
To leave me on the ocean wide, far from St. Mary's Bay.

His Lordship he went further and crossed the seas again,
 He travelled through all Europe, Flanders, France and Spain,
 He crossed the Alps to Italy, and unto the See of Rome,
 And from the Pope he took his plans and proudly brought
 them home.

He went to Kelly's Island, material there to find,
 For to complete that building and to satisfy his mind,
 He toiled most unremittingly, and prayed both night and day,
 Clad in the meshes of his God he passed his time away.

So now most worthy citizens I hope you will attend,
 And hail brave Bishop Fleming the pride of Newfoundland,
 God's blessings may attend him, and our most illustrious
 Queen,
 With equal power and glory long may they live and reign.

Adore that God of Glory, for mighty is his ways,
 Who gave him grace and courage most speedily to raise,
 A glorious temple to his name, majestically and grand,
 Success to Bishop Fleming he's the pride of Newfoundland.

TERRA NOVA'S PATRIOT.

NOTE—The following lines were written on the eve of Mr. Bond's departure for the Mother Country to participate in the Coronation ceremonies at Westminster, and to witness the crowning of King Edward, and Queen Alexandra.—*Compiler.*

You are going away, o'er the blue bounding ocean,
 You are going from hearts that are loyal and true,
 That are beating to-day with a tender devotion,
 In deep veneration Sir Robert for you.

You are going to witness the King's Coronation,
 To honour that place with your presence a while
 You are going away, and though high be your station,
 You bear the most love for your own native Isle.

We know it, we feel it, your past is a story,
 Which true Terra Novean's feels proud to display,
 You adorned her fair brow with a robe of bright glory
 When you brought all her traitorous oppressors to bay.

In the year '89 a proud deed you bequeathed,
 And one that's recorded most worthy to note,
 When tyrants tried hard, but failed to defeat it,
 The right to give free men the franchise to vote.

Again when the fetters of want were fast weaving
 Their adamant bonds which he felt to our grief;
 The year '94, when her brave sons were grieving,
 You crossed the broad ocean to seek for relief.

And later when told of that sorrowful story,
 The work of false minions, oh ! what a sad state !
 Oh ! you were the hero that brought back her glory,
 Destroyed by the false ones in dark '98.

Britannia, my boast of her power and her splendour,
 Her soldiers and sailors that's gallant and true ;
 We love her, but yet we don't mean to offend her,
 When we say 'bove them all that bright jewel is you.

TERRA NOVA'S WELCOME.

NOTE.—“Terra Nova's Welcome” to their Royal Highness the Duke and Duchess of Cornwall and York on their landing at St. John's on the 23rd Oct., 1901, was written by Sir Robert Thorburn. Sir Robert kindly granted me permission to publish it in this little book.—
Compiler.

Warm welcome to our Sov'reign's son
 Old Terra Nova gives to-day,
 Her Viking's sons this “Vineland” won
 In days of yore, and come what may
 No alien flag shall o'er us wave ;
 None other than our rightful lord
 Shall claim our love. Our King God save,
 And to his son like grace afford.

Tho' last—not least—we yield to none
 Among the Greater Britons proud

The place of honour, birthright won
 As oldest of that gallant crowd.
 Our sons are ready still to man
 King Edward's ships, as oft' of yore ;
 As " lion's whelps " do all we can
 At duty's call on sea or shore.

We welcome Prince and Princess fair
 With right good will and hearty cheer,
 Tho' fall be come and chill our air,
 No chill within our hearts is here,
 Come, daughters of our sea-girt Isle,
 And with our sons enact your part.
 The Princess comes with gracious smile—
 Waits but to clasp you to her heart.

Hail, consort of our future King !
 God bless and prosper you each day ;
 May passing years fresh blessings bring
 And fortune smile on you alway,
 No Princess of the royal line
 E'er trod before this ancient strand,
 Then let us all and each combine,
 And be our welcome hand in hand.

No golden gifts from Orient mine
 Can Terra Nova offer thee ;
 The tribute of our hearts is thine,
 I trow more value far to be
 Than pearls from out the azure deep,
 Or wealth of India's richest mines ;
 The treasures of the mind will keep
 By years improved, as mellow'd wines.

When homeward turns the "Ophir's" prow
 Mid strains of "Home, Sweet Home" again
 And lusty sailors crowd her bow,
 We from our hearts shall say, Amen—
 God speed your bark across the sea,
 May gentle zephyrs on ye tend ;
 A guard of honour may they be,
 And from all dangers thee defend.

HOMES and GIRLS of NEWFOUNDLAND.

NOTE.—The author of the "Homes and Girls of Newfoundland" was an Irishman who was well known in St. John's in the good old days. He was a carpenter by trade, but was gifted with a musical and poetical nature. Perhaps some of my readers may remember the gifted composer whose name was T. M. Brown.—*Compiler.*

Let others sing of Southern climes,
 Of vine-clad hills and rosy bowers,
 Where nature rings her sweetest chimes,
 'Mid verdant vales and fragrant flowers ;
 My humble lyre more proudly wakes
 To themes that woe a master's hand—
 The dark-brow'd hills, the ruffled lakes,
 The homes and girls of Newfoundland.

What though upon her rugged coast
 The storm-lash'd billows madly foam?

They bear a race, our pride and boast,
 Who love their sea-girt Island Home ;
 And though her hills, rock ribb'd and bare,
 Are seldom kissed by zephyrs bland,
 They shelter homes where beauty rare
 Adorns the girls of Newfoundland.

Within these homes dwell manly worth,
 And generous hearts and friendly hands,
 And simple joys and guileless mirth,
 And children's merry prattling bands ;
 And spirits bold as ever dared
 Old ocean's périls, wild and grand ;
 Her homes and girls they'll proudly guard—
 The hardy sons of Newfoundland.

Her daughters fair, with healthy cheeks
 And buoyant step, I see pass by ;
 Each tender glance the language speaks
 Of love's own thrilling witchery ;
 Their gentle smiles and willing arts,
 What manly bosom can withstand ?
 Supreme they rule o'er willing hearts—
 The maids and wives of Newfoundland.

From iron-bound, stern Labrador,
 To fair Placentia's sunny wave,
 To win a part of Ocean's store,
 Her sons the treacherous billows brave ;
 And when returned with hard won spoil,
 What joy to clasp each loving hand ?—
 Heav'n's choicest blessings on their smile :
 The Homes and Girls of Newfoundland.

THE FLAG OF NEWFOUNDLAND.

NOTE.—His Lordship Bishop Howley, is the author of the
 “Flag of Newfoundland.”—*Compiler.*

The pink the rose
 Of England shows,
 The green, St. Patrick's emblem bright ;
 While in between
 The spotless sheen
 Of Andrews cross displays the white.

Then hail the pink
 The white the green
 Our patriot flag long may it stand *
 Our sirelands twine
 Their emblems trine
 To form the flag of Newfoundland.

CHORUS.—Fling out the flag
 O'er creek and crag,
 Pink, white and green, so fair, so grand,
 Long may it sway
 O'er bight and bay,
 Around the shores of Newfoundland.

What e'er betide
 Our ocean's bride,
 That nestles mid'st Atlantics foam,
 Still far and wide,
 We'll raise with pride,
 Our native flag o'er hearth and home ;
 Fling out the flag, etc.

Should e'er the hand
 Of fate demand,
 Some future change in our career
 We ne're will yield
 On floor or field,
 The flag we honor and revere.
 Fling out the flag, etc.

THE EXILE'S CHRISTMAS.

NOTE.—This poem, "The Exile's Christmas," was written in Boston in the year 1892. The composer deserves more than a passing word of praise for his creditable production.—*Compiler.*

'Tis midnight hour on Christmas Eve,
 And I will let my spirit roam
 O'er weary miles of land and sea,
 To rest within my own loved home.
 In fancy now I see the forms
 Of loved ones waiting at the door,
 With welcome words and outstretched arms
 To greet the wand'rer home once more.

The Christmas fire is blazing high,
 We gather round the hearth, and then
 The grand old bells chime forth the hour
 "Of peace on earth—Good Will to men!"

On bended knee, with head bent low,
 We listen to its joyous strain.
 And sing the old *Adeste* sweet,
 Which now to-night seems new again.

The dream is o'er, that blessed dream,
 Ah ! why to-night does mem'ry roam ?
 To mock me with the forms so dear,
 I've left with thee, my Island home.
 Thoughts crowd upon my weary brain ;
 And scalding tears like rain-drops fall,
 My very heart and pulses throb
 With thoughts of days I'd fain recall.

Those day's at home, at Christmas-tide,
 With parents, brothers, sisters dear—
 Ah ! would I then had prized the love
 I valued not when it was near.
 And now I'm in a foreign land
 Where joys of home can ne'er be mine,
 And voices seem to reach me here
 From dear old home across the brine.

They reach me in my lonely room,
 Loved voices pleading my return ;
 They mingle softly in my dreams,
 And woo me from my long sojourn.
 Oh ! love of home, of country dear,
 What holy thoughts it brings to me !
 What sacred mem'ries stir the heart,
 And bind my soul in faith to thee.

Oh! sweeping winds and rolling seas,
 Bear ye this greeting home for me :—
 “ A happy Christmas, glad New Year ”
 From one whose far across the sea.
 Dear Terra Nova—“ home, sweet home,”
 To see thee soon my heart doth yearn,
 Oh! haste Dame Fortune, smile on me,
 And let me to my home return.

TOPSAIL AT SUNSET.

Beautiful, beautiful village,
 Sitting beside the sea,
 Could I but weave thy glories
 Into a wreath for thee.

The glory of shade on woodland,
 River and creek and bay,
 Beach, where the dreamy wavelets
 Their ceaseless music play.

Meadow and fertile upland,
 Island so rich and bold,
 Changed in the mellow sunset
 To crimson and purple gold!

The hum of the drowsy insect,
That knows no resting place,
And a gleam of the glowing ocean
All add to thy languid grace.

In the slumorous air there's a silence,
On the bay there are wavering wings,
And the dreamer dreams enraptured,
On the picture that sunset flings.

In the woods are the roses flinging
Their scents to the quivering pine,
While mosses and scarlet berries
Lie deep at the brooklet's shrine.

Are we in the gorgeous Southland,
Where the heaven-born poet dreams,
And the inspired artist's pencil
Transmits such pathetic beams?

Has the East with its halysion odours,
Flown here as it were to rest,
To mingle its radiant glory
With the tranquil and serene West?

Beautiful, beautiful hamlet,
What song would I weave for thee
If but the heart's mute eloquence
Could thro' the lips be free.

To me thou art fair as Naples,
That Southern, radiant Queen,
The hues of whose mystic mountain,
Are a crown to that magic scene.

Thou can't boast of no classic mem'ries,
 But a beautiful pebbly strand,
 And a bay whose golden sunsets
 Are a glory to any land.

Thou wert lovely in song and story
 Yet thy beauties remain unsung,
 Tho' afar, over bay and mountain,
 Is God's great picture hung.

Thy vales are no longer voiceless,
 Nor left to the echoes now ;
 For the beautiful seal of Progress*
 Is set upon thy brow.—E. C.

*The Railway.

CONFEDERATION SONG OF 1869.

NOTE.—The following song was composed for and appeared in the *Morning Chronicle* in the year 1869.—*Compiler.*

Cheer up my gallant countrymen,
 The fight is fought and won,
 The Confederates are routed,
 And beaten two to one.
 The people have declared their will,
 The people's voice has spoke,
 They ne'er will bend to alien laws,
 Or to a foreign yoke.

The St. John's men were first to raise
 The flag of liberty,
 And soon the fire of freedom blazed
 Throughout the country.
 And foremost in the front were seen
 The men of Trinity ;
 They rallied all their forces
 To gain their liberty.

But the men of Catalina
 Did shamefully betray
 The cause of native liberty
 To bow to foreign sway.
 They won but half a victory
 For Alsop gained the day,
 And in the House will hold his seat
 In spite of all they say.

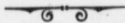
The men of Bonavista Bay
 Right bravely stood the test
 And returned three Anti-Confederates
 They well knew which was best.
 Nor threats nor bribes could turn them
 From the course they did persue,
 But in their country's darkest hour
 They proved most loyal and true.

The electors of Placentia
 Did manfully defeat
 Poor Ambo and his party
 And so they lost their seat.

Poor Freddy too is in a fix
And don't know what to do,
O, such a battle n'er was fought
Since the famous Waterloo.

And brave old Charley Bennett
Has triumphed in the field,
And Wood has won at Brigus
And Pinsent had to yield.
But no one could be found at all
To battle with Tom Glen,
And so it was with Little
And the men of Harbor Main.

So now Confederation
A shameful death has died,
'Tis buried up at Riverhead
Beneath the flowing tide.
O may it never rise again
To bother us I pray,
Hurrah my boy's for liberty
The Antis gained the day.



LOSS OF THE "MAGGIE."

NOTE.—The schooner *Maggie*, Blundon master, was lost Nov., 5 1896. She was cut down in the narrows of St. John's by the s.s. *Tiber* on a passage from Brooklyn, B.B. ; 13 out of 23 souls on board were lost.—*Compiler*.

Ye fishermen who know so well
 The dangers of the deep,
 Come listen to a dreadful tale
 And join your tears to weep
 For the loss of the schooner *Maggie*
 And thirteen precious lives
 Which leaves so many homes bereft
 Of husbands, sons and wives.

At ten forenoon, November five,
 The *Maggie* sailed away
 From happy homes near Brooklyn,
 In Bonavista Bay.
 Light winds did waft her on her course,
 Light hearted was her crew,
 When the shades of e've were falling fast
 The city come in view.

Our hopes ran high, our hearts were glad,
 We soon would tread the shore,
 And turn to cash the fruit of toils
 Upon the Labrador.
 The city lights did seem to greet
 And welcome us to town,
 When Captain Blundon cried, "my boys"
 There's a steamer bearing down.

Like unrelenting monster fierce
 That seeks its prey to get,
 She bore straight on us, but we hoped,
 Her course would alter yet.
 We shouted loud in wild despair,
 Too late, an awful crash ;
 Next moment o'er our shattered craft
 The hungry waves did dash.

The scene that followed then, oh ! God,
 'Tis branded on my brain,
 And rather would I join the drowned
 Than witness it again
 When shrieks heart-rending pierced the air,
 In a desperate fight for life,
 As brother saw a brother sink
 And husband saw a wife.

Of twenty-three who left their homes
 Upon that fatal morn,
 Thirteen, alas, are hushed in death
 And never can return.
 And the name of the steamer *Tiber*
 Will tell in days to come
 On the minds of Brooklyn people
 Like the sound of funeral drum.

A DIALOGUE

Between the Hon. H. W. Hoyles and Sir Francis Brady on
Law and Order in Placentia Bay, During the Year 1864.

AIR :—"The Footman."

BY JOHN FRANCIS O'KEEFE.

Good Morning, said Hoyles to Sir Francis, I sincerely hope
you are well,
I see you have arrived from the Westward, pray what news
have you to tell?
Thank God, I've got safe from the Westward, said Brady,
what I've got to say
Is they are actually up in rebellion around there in Placentia
Bay.

CHORUS:—Fa, lal, ta, lal, o, de, de.

In Lawn things are now quite disgraceful, in Burin they are
about the same,
Mob law rules the country around there, faith, Hoyles, it is
really a shame.
They are cutting up spillars and cod nets, and doing the
same with cod seines,
They say if attempt to stop them, they will certainly dash
out our brains.

—Fa, lal, fa, &c.

At a place people call Isle of Vallen, way down there on
 the Westward shore,
 I suppose you have heard of that outrage, I mean the
 attack on the store,
 Said Hoyles, 'twas with deep indignation I heard, but, pray
 what could I do?
 They must eat just as well as state paupers, as Hogsett calls
 I and you.

—Fa, lal, fa, &c.

And Brennan, that hero of Ship Cove, said Brady, of fame
 and renown,
 Who thought in the Gut of Placentia, that cute lawyer, Tom
 Kough, to drown.
 The law in that place, my dear Hugh Hoyles, quickly re-
 quires we should send aid,
 I forgot until now to remind you, concerning the wreck of
 the *Naaid*.

—Fa, lal, fa, &c.

At Red Island too, said Judge Brady, 'twas there they'd
 the devil to pay,
 When five or six men with a Sheriff, I sent there the other
 day.
 They gave them a warm reception, they *say* they fired at
 them twelve rounds.
 The Constable declared, on oath, he'd not go back for a
 thousand pounds.

—Fa, lal, la, &c.

What Sheriff pray did you send over, said Hoyles, to that
Island of fame?

A cow-boy, said Chief Justice Brady, I'd rather not men-
tion his name.

But a fellow would empty a bottle with any chap ever you
saw,

Stephenson made him Sheriff for Croucher, to deal out the
English law.

—Fa, la, la, &c.

For Croucher, said Hoyles, why that fellow is always en-
gaged in some broil,

I cannot forget how he acted in that famous case of the oil.
But to leave that aside, my dear Brady, you know its quite
against the rule,

To appoint as a Deputy-Sheriff, a man who is a natural
fool.

—Fa, la, la, &c.

If you are looking for fools, said Sir Francis, you will find
some in Magistrates too,

In that, my dear Chief Justice Brady, said Hoyles, I quite
agree with you.

I know when around to the Westward, respectable people
there say,

They wish both himself, law and physic, were sunk fathoms
deep in the bay.

—Fa, la, fa, &c.

Said Brady, while at Great Placentia, I never could say I
felt well,

Or thought myself safe for a moment, while staying at the
Virgin Hotel.

'Twas but twelve miles from the scene of danger, said
Hoyles, that is a mighty short run,

'Pon my word if they shot you, Judge Brady, they'd call it
but a piece of fun.

—Fa, la, fa, &c.

Faith, Hoyles, I know well if they shot me, said Brady it,
would be fun to you,

If I read you aright at this moment, 'tis the thing you would
wish they would do.

I know that to be Lord Chief Justice, you are wishing this
many a day,

The easiest way you would get it, would be if I were in the
clay.

—Fa, la, fa, &c.

Said Hoyles on that point we'll not argue, but about this
story you tell,

I've told you the truth, said Judge Brady, who is to blame
your own conscience can tell.

To speak plainly to you on the subject, and really I mean
what I say,

'Twas yourself at the Burin election to do such things
showed them the way.

—Fa, la, la, &c.

Well, said Hoyles, we'll send round the *Vesuvius*, as Hamilton's idle this time.

Although they are desperate fellows, they'll not take a ship of the line.

I've a person from Pictou, a pilot (one deeply interested too),

Whose conscience, like rubber, bears stretching, and Brady, why that will just do.

—Fa, lal, fa, &c.

Around came the steamer *Vesuvius*, to strike terror in to the bay,

Had she been attacking Fort Sumpter, she'd not have acted the same way.

But the case for the crown fell to pieces, crown lawyers were drove to the wall,

The Sheriff and writ were a humbug, George Hogsett confounded them all.

—Fa, lal, la, &c.

Lawyers, Judges, and Sheriffs in future, I hope, will refrain, From making such comical blunders as those few that I have just named.

You may wish to know who wrote those verses, or who thus your actions have scanned,

The only reply that I make you is, that you may all go and be hanged.

—Fa, lal, la, &c.

LOGY BAY VALLEY.

NOTE.—The poem below was composed by the late Hon. Thomas Talbot, and first appeared in a book of poems edited by him in the year 1879.—*Compiler.*

What a sweet little vale ; how it swells in the sight,
 In greenwood and grove, and soft tremulous light ;
 With visions of peace the rapt bosom it fills
 As it slumbers deep-set in its rim of rude hills.

O'er green sloping ridges white cottages shine
 Amid belts of tall fir and of feathery pine ;
 And here and there swaying by ravine and dell,
 Blue streamers of smoke o'er the waving trees swell.

They swell, and then stooping in graceful mood sail
 O'er the stream that careers in the midst of the vale.
 Sweet Logy Bay Valley—bright jewel thou art,
 I love thee,—yes, *love*—in the depths of this heart.

Ah, talk not to me of bright scenes far away,—
 Of your subjects for art,—the grand, solemn, and gay,
 I Look around at yon vale in its smiling repose,
 And recall, while you dream, all the rapture of those.

Lo ! There ! where the ocean in majesty rolls ;
 And there, where the tall cliff his anger controls.
 Is he lashed by the tempest, his billows arise,
 And dash at the mountains, and rail at the skies.

But goaded no longer he gladdens apace.
 And wears the bright radiance of joy on his face.
 Yet the tempest may snap in its fury along,
 And the billows dash headlong the wild crags among.

But aside from its peace ne'er that vale can be won ;
 In its own native loveliness still smiling on.
 'Tis thus, while the passions lead mortals astray
 Fair wisdom unwavering still keeps on her way.

Her step from truth's pathway no will can entice,
 All tranquil she moves 'mid the tumult of vice.
 Sweet Logy Bay—Valley, how soothing the thrill
 Of my heart when I view thee from Sugar Loaf Hill.

THE STAR OF LOGY BAY.

NOTE.—This song was composed over forty years ago and was a favourite one amongst the generation of that day.—*Compiler.*

Ye gentlemen and ladies all, I pray ye lend an ear,
 'Till I'll detail the residence of a noble charmer fair.
 The curling of her yellow locks, it stole my heart away,
 And her place of habitation, she belonged to Logy Bay.

It was on one summer's evening that little place I found
 When I met with her old father who did me then confound,
 Saying, if you address my daughter I'll send her far away,
 And she'll never return again whilst you're in Logy Bay.

Oh! how can you be so cruel as to part me from my love ;
 Her very heart lies in my breast, as constant as a dove.
 Helena was no fairer, nor the fertile Queen of May,
 I'd give my life to have her my wife, the star of Logy Bay.

It was on the very next evening he went to St. John's town,
 And engaged for her a passage in a ship being outward
 bound.

He robbed me of my true love, and sent her far away,
 And left me here heart broken for the star of Logy Bay.

So now I'll go a roving, I can't rest night or day,
 I'll search the wide-world over, in every country ;
 I'll search in vain, through France and Spain, likewise
 "Americkay,"
 Till I will sight my heart's delight, the star of Logy Bay.

Now, to conclude and finish, the truth to you I'll tell,
 Between Torbay and Outercove 'tis there my love do dwell ;
 She's the fairest maid upon this Isle, so every one do say,
 May Heaven above protect my love, the star of Logy Bay.

A LADY CYCLIST.

AIR :—" Honey Suckle and the Bee."

NOTE.—The poem below was written by an intimate friend of the young lady who met with the mishap recorded in the poem.—*Compiler.*

On a Sunday afternoon, when the flowers were in bloom,
 In a cycling costume dressed
 With a bicycle bran' new,
 Quite a charming one to view,
 For a quiet spot a maiden went in quest.

I will learn the bike she said
 Tho' they pick me up for dead,
 Pa and Ma may do just as they will ;
 For the doctor says I may,
 I'll begin this very day,
 Then she mounted, and she got an awful spill.

CHO.—You are a naughty, naughty cycle, now don't you see,
 I'd like to beat you, beat you badly, for throwing me.
 I love you dearly, dearly, and I want you to love me ;
 Then don't smash me, smash me badly, else papa will
 smash thee.

Once again this maiden fair, braided up her flowing hair,
 And with fire-light in her eye
 The bike again she mounted ;
 But ere ten could be counted
 She felt her head go round, and cried "Oh, my."
 She grew a little dazy,
 Cried out for her aunt Lizzie,
 And quietly she fainted where she lay.
 Her friends came in a flutter,
 'Took her home upon a shutter,
 As they laid her down, they heard her gently say :
 You are a naughty, etc.

FANNY'S HARBOR " BAWN."

NOTE.—Kind reader the facts related below were given me by an old " timer," one well known by the author of this song. The latter is at present living in a hale and hearty condition down in Bonavista Bay. The fight related below happened on the Labrador a good many years ago, probably about forty or fifty years. The " Bawn " means a place to dry fish on, a beach near the sea shore. The song will relate the full particulars of the contest which occurred over the heroine, a beautiful damsel of that day, and a native of St. John's.—*Compiler.*

As I roved out one evening, in the lovely month of May,
 Those euchred hills I rambled, to view the distant bay,
 The crafts were flocking down the shore, and pleasant was
 the day ;
 To my surprise, a pair I spied, which caused me to delay.

'Twas there I saw a young man, embracing fondly,
 The charms of a fair one that once was loved by me.
 My heart with jealous motion felt eagerly the wrong,
 Which caused this fearful contest on Fanny's Harbor "Bawn."

I did address this young man, and unto him did say,
 Are you from Bonavista or are you from the bay ?
 I think you are a Northern man, a bayman I presume,
 I pray be gone, all from the " Bawn," or I'll boot you in
 your bloom.

He quickly made answer, and this to me did say,
 I am not from Bonavista, but I am from the bay ;
 I do reside where storms and tide have swept down build-
 ings strong ;
 Here in full glee from T. and C. to meet you on the
 " Bawn."

He stood no hesitating, but struck immediately ;
 This damsel mild, stood like a child, to witness the fray.
 A pain all in my chest there struck before 'twas very long,
 My person pucked and darling took on Fanny's Harbor
 " Bawn."

I skinned his nose down from his face as he instantly did
 rise,
 And soon unto his beagle brow I joined a pair of fives.
 He lay prostrate and lifeless, stretched upon the " Bawn,"
 And when he came to his senses the bayman he was gone.

Now when you meet with Northern men you'll think they're
 somewhat " green,"
 You'll treat them with a scornful frown as unfit to be seen ;
 You'll scoff them and rebuke them with a scolding tongue,
 Till you'll enrage, and in fight engage, then from baymen
 you will run.

I will not fail to tell the tale, nor yet my true love's name ;
 Her name is Catherine Murphy, and she lives in Rogers
 Lane,
 And I'm a youth from Carbonear, once loved by her I
 know,
 My curse attend this Northern man that proved my over-
 throw.

Now to conclude those painful lines, from courting I'll re-
 frain
 And the rest of my companions, I hope they'll do the same,
 For in courting there's great jealousy, and likewise envy
 strong,
 Which caused my claret blood to flow on Fanny's Harbor
 " Bawn."

OLD TIME SEALER'S SONG.

NOTE.—The “Old Time Sealer’s Song” was written by the late Mr. George Webber at the icefields in the year 1842. It first appeared in a newspaper, *The Conception Bay Man*, edited by Mr. Webber, at Harbor Grace, over sixty years ago.—*Compiler.*

We'll sound the hardy sealer's praise
 A wild and cheerful strain,
 Who coast each creek and shore along
 Or cross the billowy main.

Not winter's storm, or sea alarm,
 Can daunt his daring mind ;
 Unknown to fear away he'll steer
 Old Neptune's place to find.

The merchant men cease voyaging
 When the wint'ry star appear,
 The men-of-war are cruising far,
 Propelled by southern air.

But hardy hands in Newfoundland
 Wait not for season's change ;
 'Mid ice and snow they'll daring go
 Thro' billows boldly range.

The stormy month of March is come,
 Boys ! muster and prepare
 To leave your home o'er seas to roam,
 And take the sealer's fare.

Away! away!! through storm and sea.
A trackless course to trace,
Where sea-dogs lie, and sea gulls fly,
To find your favorite place.

When storms prevail to shorten sail,
Aloft bold sealer go
On slippery shrouds while piping loud,
The stiff north-easter's blow.

While slippery shrouds are piping loud,
They mount the quivering yard,
The canvas roll, the billows foam,
Each wiley lurch regard.

The gale increase take in close reef
Our watchful skipper cries,
Luff, helmsman luff, to give relief,
Whilst mountainous billows rise.

Let all but few descend below,
Lest threat'ning seas o'erwhelm ;
The smartest hands on deck must stand,
The steadiest to the helm.

When night's dread noon with cheerless gloom,
O'ershadow sea and land
And breakers o'er the tempest roar,
Proclaims the ice at hand.

With courage true our sealing crew
For danger then prepare
As they boldly wedge to the water's edge,
Where none but sealers dare.

In yonder skirt begin the sport,
 Where many a white coat lies ;
 With gaff or gun each man has sprung
 To seize his distant prize.

Now here and there old seals appear
 The whitecoats are at hand,
 Your hauling gear and guns prepare,
 And let the punts be manned.

Yon iceberg's wake has formed a lake
 That lees our course along,
 To warp her through our sealing crew
 Round bows and bulwarks strong.

Now the storm has passed we've stowed the last,
 Our hatches battened down,
 'Tis homeward now our bark shall plough,
 The sealers' hopes to crown.

GRANNY BATES' HILL.

NOTE.—This song was composed by Mr. M. A. Devine. Granny Bate's Hill runs north and south, from head of Beck's Cove, connecting with Theatre Hill.—*Compiler.*

I am wandering back to-night,
 To visions calm and bright,
 As I sit alone within the fire-light's glow.
 To the time when boyish dreams,
 Were tinged with rosy beams,
 In the merry, merry days of long ago.

One scene amongst them all,
 With pleasure I recall,
 And memory lingers fondly with it still ;
 Oh ! the pleasure and the joy,
 When I was a laughing boy,
 And went sliding over Granny Bates's Hill.

I see thy berg-lined shore,
 My Island home, once more,
 I tread thy glassy snow slopes once again.
 Tho' I've wandered far away
 Across the rolling sea,
 To find a home beside the hills of Maine.
 Thy cherry-cheeked boys,
 Thy girls with romping noise,
 Far up thro' memory's vale they throng at will ;
 I see the hillside white,
 I see the moonlight bright,
 I see the slides on Granny Bates's Hill.

The snow of sixty year
 Have tinged and streaked my hair,
 I've many brawny sons to manhood grown,
 I see the church-yard still
 Beneath the pine-crowned hill,
 Where after death my body shall be thrown,
 But in the brands to-night,
 I trace a vision bright,
 A scene that makes my inmost spirit thrill,
 I waft a backward sigh
 To youthful days gone by,
 When sliding over Granny Bates's hill.

A SONG OF THE SEA.

NOTE.—Mr. Fred. Wood (Confectioner) kindly wrote the following song by request, for this little booklet, It will be read by those interested in poetry of a nautical nature.—*Compiler.*

There are landsmen, well we know,
 Who are afraid to face a blow,
 And who live a life of langour and of ease ;
 But give me the howling blast,
 And the bending, creaking mast,
 With the heaving, seething, surging of the seas.

'Tis, oh ! to boldly sail
 Before the raging gale,
 While the billows are all crested with foam,
 And to race along with death
 When you scarcely heed your breath,
 Till you safely reach the harbour lights of home.

It may sometime come to pass,
 (As it often has, alas !)
 When you're battling with the wind and the wave,
 That a something will give way,
 And before you've time to pray
 You'll find yourself a-sinking to your grave.

But as death must come to all,
 Whether rich and great or small,
 To a brave man it will matter little where.
 If a man does what is right,
 To the utmost of his might,
 He'll have courage for to meet it, and to spare.

Great Britain of old,
 So strong and so bold,
 Gained her might from her men on the deep,
 And their sons of to-day,
 Must be daring as they,
 If she, all they gave her, would keep.

So I say then, for shame,
 On the life dull and tame ;
 On the indolent life of ease.
 Sing ahoy for the life
 That with danger is rife,—
 The danger which dwells on the seas.

THE LAND OF FISH AND SEALS.

NOTE.--The late Mrs. Peace composed the song, "The Land of Fish and Seals." It was written about forty years ago.—*Compiler.*

Let sunny India her wealth proclaim,
 Her gorgeous glowing sky,
 Her silken stores, her golden veins,
 And flowers of every dye.
 We envy not her gaudy show
 Where death insidious steals,
 For wealth's bright diamond deck our brow
 In the land of Fish and Seals.

Let Italy and France and Spain
 Their vine-clad valleys praise,
 Let Greece and Rome take up the strain
 And sing of bye-gone days.
 Of classic fames and gorgeous names
 Which fames loud trump reveals,
 We boast not of our glory gone
 In the land of Fish and Seals.

No great immortal names are ours,
 Whose deeds our annals trace,
 No sunny skies, no golden mines,
 Nor vines our valleys grace,
 And yet your ice-girt Isle can claim
 The true, the brave the leal ;
 For slave and tyrant we disdain
 In the land of Fish and Seals.

We boast not of our mighty dead
 But of our living brave,
 Who the frozen ocean fearless tread
 Or skim the angry wave.
 Heaven's blessing on their gallant hearts,
 Our country's pride and weal,
 Who brave the perils of the deep
 In quest of Fish and Seals.

May plenty cheer our hardy sons,
 And fortune on them smile,
 If milk and honey are not ours
 May we have lots of oil.

It will make each face shine with joy—
 Each grateful bosom feels,
 And give contentment, joy and peace,
 In the land of Fish and Seals.

THE MAID OF NEWFOUNDLAND.

NOTE.—I have endeavoured to rescue this song from oblivion. The gentleman who supplied me with the words from memory has informed me that it was a favourite in the days of old.—*Compiler.*

You muses nine, with me combine,
 Your aid I do invite,
 To sing the praise of her I love,
 My own sweet heart's delight.
 To sing the praise of her I love
 Your aid I do demand,
 A virgin fair, I do declare,
 And she dwells in Newfoundland.

The wild rose on its native thorn
 Spreads fragrance on the gale,
 The modest lilly sweetly shine
 In every silent vale ;
 The violet on its liquid bed
 Doth silently expand,
 But I know a flower exceeds them all
 That lives in Newfoundland.

It was on the coast of Labrador
 ∴ When first I saw this maid,
 On Batteaux's cold and stormy shore
 Where first my heart had strayed.
 Oh ! were I rich or powerful,
 Her heart I would demand,
 For I would die, without one sigh,
 For the maid of Newfoundland.

I've seen the maids of many lands
 On many a foreign shore,
 The French, the Greek and Portuguese,
 Likewise the swarthy Moor ;
 Chinese, Malays, Australians, Medes,
 Lidewise the Hindustan,
 But for beauty fair, they can't compare,
 To the maid of Newfoundland.

Diana was a virgin fair,
 Both chaste and lovely too ;
 But not one safe kind sentiment
 Of woman's worth she knew.
 Her heart was cold, she did disdain
 Sweet Hymen's guiding band ;
 Ah, love is thine, I wish 'twere mine
 Sweet maid of Newfoundland.

I wish that I could speak her name
 But prudence seals my tongue ;
 Its enought to know she's beautiful,

Both handsome fair and young,
 Her winning smiles, and artless wiles,
 Would soon your love command,
 Oh! yes, I ween, she's natures queen
 The maid of Newfoundland.

Now I will try both day and night
 This fair one's heart to move,
 And I will pray, both night and day,
 For her most beautiful love ;
 And if I cannot win it,
 I'll seek a foreign strand,
 From this world I'll part, with a broken heart,
 For the maid of Newfoundland.

THE NEWFOUNDLAND RAILWAY.

NOTE.—This song was written by the late Andrew O'Keefe. Mr. O'Keefe took a deep interest in everything pertaining to the welfare of Terra Nova. He was the father of the present Mrs. John Rice, of Harvey Road. In this song he evinces a lively wit and lots of wisdom.—*Compiler.*

Our hills and dales we will explore,
 From mountains we'll extract the ore
 And bring wealth and wisdom to our shore,
 When we'll get up the Railway.

Let no man fail or be dismayed,
 Let us march as one brigade,
 Both sire and son with pick and spade
 To open up the Railway.

'Twill bring our farmers joy and peace,
 Our hill's we crowd with snowy fleece,
 Our brooks and ponds with ducks and geese
 Along the line of Railway.

When each market day will come around
 No twenty cents for beef a pound,
 For oxen, took from yoke and plough,
 And kelp-fed pork as we get now,
 We all will bless the happy day
 When we get up the Railway.

FIRST NATIVE R. C. BISHOP.

NOTE.—This song was written on the arrival from Rome, in 1895, of His Lordship Bishop Howley, the first native R. C. Bishop in Newfoundland.—*Compiler.*

Arise, Newfoundlanders awake from your slumber,
 To welcome a true native son of the soil,
 And show your respect to a Newfoundland Bishop—
 Elected at Rome, with his people to toil.

He wants no display or no big demonstration,
 No triumphal arches or anything grand,
 But yet we will show him a true population
 Can welcome their bishop to dear Newfoundland.

All true Terra Novans who love well their country,
 Will hail with delight the appointment that's made,
 They will show their dear bishop by flocking in thousands
 The pluck of the natives are not in the shade.

The land were he first saw the light of the morning,
 On dear Terra Nova his pride and his boast,
 And as bishop his own native town he's adorning,
 He loves every rock on her sea-beaten coast.

Then turn out in thousands and welcome our prelate
 And show him the faith of the true Irish stock
 That's in their descendants in old Terra Nova
 To welcome their bishop to guard o'er his flock.

Then arise Newfoundlanders and welcome your bishop,
 Its an honour conferred on our dear little Isle,
 He wants no grand arches, or high waving banners,
 For he has the good will of the sons of the soil.

Long may he live for to guard o'er his people—
 For to rule o'er the church on the hill-top so grand,
 Is the prayer we bequeath, right justly and meet
 On the talented Bishop of dear Newfoundland.

FRENCH SHORE TREATY.

AIR : Tramp, Tramp, Tramp, the Boys are Marching.

NOTE.—The author of the following song is a gentleman living in St. John's who is engaged in the general trade of this colony. During his spare moments he courts the Muses. The readers of the poem will be able to decide on its merits. It has the right ring about it. That it is time to settle that eye-sore grievance, the French Shore Question, we all must agree.—*Compiler.*

Nigh three hundred years ago, as no doubt you all know,
 The English drove the French from off our shore ;
 But the Frenchman wasn't *full*, when one day he asked
 John Bull,
 To grant him leave to fish again once more.

From Cape John to Cape Anguille, all the fish that they
 may kill,
 With concurrent rights reserved by Newfoundland,
 And upon a longer flake, they might dry what fish they take
 And seek for needful shelter on the strand.

Matters went on very well, till us natives raised up h—
 About the way the Frenchman made his tilt.
 Any lobsters there that hatch, we insist they should not
 catch,
 And that down should come those houses they had built.

But the Frenchmen will not budge, they contend it is all
fudge,

That the Treaty Rights are there to back them well ;
Not a fig for us they care, we may growl or tear our hair,
They swear that right they're never going to sell.

All the codfish that they make, all the lobsters that they take,
This Treaty they contend (cannot prevent).

If a lobster's not a fish, then 'tis nearly time to wish,
That John Bull would tell the Frenchmen what is meant.

Many years we've had a try, of this famous *Modus-Vi*,
We've renewed it one more year, much to our shame ;
Were patient to excess, were expecting nothing less
Than the total wiping out of this French claim.

Should this load keep on our back, we must take another
track,

Unless the Frenchman's manners soon will mend.
Let them quickly then take heed, or our soldier heads will
bleed,
The rights of Terra Nova to defend.



TOPSAIL BEACH.

NOTE.—The following elegant and beautifully composed poem was written by request for the pages of this little booklet by Mr. Robert Gear MacDonald.—*Compiler.*

Soft gleam the lights upon the Bay—
(Bright gifts from a departed sun)
As side by side we walk the beach
And dream of scenes beyond the reach
Of thought, when day is done.

Slow laps the tide to kiss our feet,
And shivers on the pebbles white ;
Far out, Bell Island lifts its head
Like a great cloud of blackness, spread
Against the heavens bright.

Far out, across the unflushing sea
Two fisher-boats are skimming fast
To meet the sunset ; how their sails
Glow 'gainst the orange tint that pales
To sink in gray at last.

Muroza, as I watch thine eyes
Grow brighter as the crimson fades
From sea and sky, their tender dark—
From thy awakened soul a spark—
Repays for gathering shades.

To us the sunset brings a charm
 Of sensuous beauty ;—youth is ours,
 And little reck we of the night
 That follows fast upon the light,
 Or think of darkling hours.

Like those gay boats with gleaming sails
 We two shall sail the sea of life,
 And glide into the rosy West
 Together, evermore to rest
 From all earth's care and strife!

BURIN ELECTION—1859.

NOTE.—Michael Power, a native of St. John's, known as Power the poet, wrote the following song. He has since departed this terrestrial sphere.—*Compiler.*

Ye champions of the Liberal cause come listen unto me
 Whilst I relate those verses concerning liberty.
 By Hoyles & Co. we were opposed but strongly did decline
 To elect two Tory members in the year of fifty-nine.

When their war cry was reported the Liberals blood grew
 warm,

It cheered our noble patriots to make ready for the storm.
 Under our favorite banner we will plainly to them say,
 No Tories or no fanatics shall ever gain the day.

It was in the month of last July our members we did choose,
 For to sustain our sacred rights they could not us refuse ;
 They embarked on board the *Blue Jacket* and boldly
 crossed the main,
 And we sent them back triumphantly the Tories to restrain.

* * * * *

The morning of the polling, just at the break of day,
 The Liberals assembled, their banners to display.
 The green, pink and white, in front most gaily did appear
 And loud cheers for Shea and Rogerson were easy for to
 hear.

When we arrived at the polling-room the wind blew very
 keen,
 The blood coursed warm for victory through every Liberal
 vein.
 The wind blew tidings in our ears as if the fates did say
 Stand firm my noble freemen for we will gain the day.

* * * * *

In the polling booth of Burin they headed us by five
 Which faintly caused their drooping spirits quickly to revive.
 Suspense on both sides was plainly to be seen
 Until we got the polling-books from the town of Lamaline.

When the result was declared, Hoyles turned very pale,
 We had thirty odd majority which caused him for to quail ;
 So he went on board the *Dauntless* and cheerless steamed
 away,
 Whilst we were loudly cheering for Rogerson and Shea.

JAS. J. CHANNING,



DRUGGIST,

150 New Gower Street,

Carries in stock a full line of NEW and up-to-date GOODS, usually found in a FIRST-CLASS DRUG STORE.



SPECIALITIES :

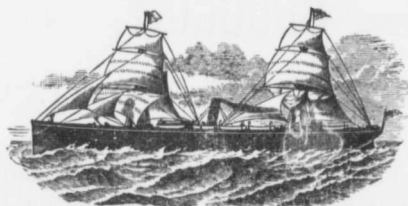
CHANNING'S PULMONIC COUGH CURE, 25cts. Bottle.
CHANNING'S JAMACIA GINGER, 30cts. Bottle.
CHANNING'S WORM SYRUP, 25cts. Bottle.
CHANNING'S EXTRACT WILD STRAWBERRY, 30cts.
CHANNING'S KIDNEY PILLS, 30cts. Box.
CHANNING'S WITCH HAZEL SALVE, 25cts. Box.



Store open till 11 o'clock Every Night throughout the year.

The compounding of Physician's Prescriptions personally attended to at any hour, Day or Night.

SHIP AHOY!



Marine Insurance.



☛ FOREIGN and COASTWISE RISKS
TAKEN at CURRENT RATES by the

Western Assurance Co.,

TORONTO, CANADA.



MONTGOMERY & RENDELL, Agents,

ST. JOHN'S, NEWFOUNDLAND.

Alan Goodridge



& Sons,



325
WATER
STREET,

St. John's, Newfoundland.

General Importers and . .

. . Wholesale and Retail

MERCHANTS.

Exporters of all kinds of Produce.

BRANCH ESTABLISHMENTS :—

Witless Bay, Tor's Cove, Ferryland, Renew's, Nipper's Harbour,
New Perlican, Round Harbour, Hant's Harbour and Caplin Bay,
where FISHERY OUTFITS can at all times be supplied.



TO THOSE SICK,
or those in health,
what is more accept-
able than some nice

FRESH FRUIT,
DAINTY CONFECTIONERY,
OR AN
ICE CREAM?

All of these are to be
had at either of

WOOD'S

THREE CANDY STORES—

City Club Building, Near Post Office and
Duckworth Street.

GENTLEMEN,

When you require a well-
made, neat, and
UP-TO-DATE SUIT,
don't forget to call at the
shop of

H. J. VASEY,

The People's Tailor

Address :

80 COWER STREET.



BEST OF FURNITURE



W. H. HOWLETT

**CABINET-MAKER AND
UPHOLSTERER.**

MANUFACTURER
OF
HOUSEHOLD
AND OFFICE
FURNITURE, etc.

OUTPORT ORDERS strictly attended to.

349 DUCKWORTH STREET,

(NEXT DOOR TO SEAMEN'S HOME.)

St. John's, NEWFOUNDLAND.

NOTE.—FURNITURE of all kinds made and repaired
at the SHORTEST POSSIBLE NOTICE.



J. J. HEALEY,

68 Water Street,

(OPP. DRY DOCK.)

Provisions

and

Groceries

Always on Hand.



JOHN THISTLE,

DEALER IN

Boots and Shoes,

MADE TO ORDER AND -- --
REPAIRS NEATLY EXECUTED.

280 WATER STREET, ST. JOHN'S, N. F.
IN STOCK—Ladies' and Gentlemen's American **BOOTS** and
SHOES selling at **COST TO CLEAR.**

SMOKE ✦ ✦ ✦ ✦

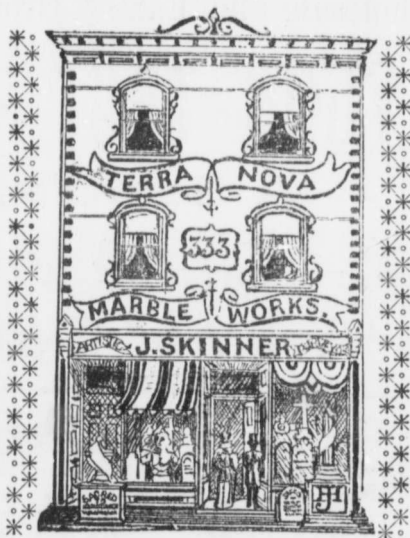
'Peerless.'

BEST BLACK TOBACCO.

5c. per PLUG.

TERRA NOVA

MARBLE



WORKS.

“To live in hearts we leave behind is not to die.”—If you want to buy a HEADSTONE or a MONUMENT of superior finish, buy at the **TERRA NOVA MARBLE WORKS**, head of Becks Cove, Duckworth Street, opposite the Star of the Sea Hall.

Largest and best stock to select from. Call and see for yourself.

JOHN SKINNER

J. D. RYAN

Wholesale and Family Grocer.

CEYLON TEA

- - A Speciality.

Sole Importer of  

 'Perfection' Tobacco.



M. J. McEvoy

GENERAL DRY

And Fancy Goods Store.

Hosiery, Boots and Shoes

   A SPECIALITY.

CALL AND SEE THEM.

LeMerchant Road.

QUEEN

Fire Insurance Company.

INSURANCE POLICIES against loss or damage by FIRE are issued by the above well known office on the most liberal terms.

JOHN CORMACK,

AGENT FOR NEWFOUNDLAND.

Head Quarters for



LUMBER & PRODUCE

Martin Brothers

Carry the Largest Stock of Goods
in the above line in the City.

Lumber, all Grades.

Oats, Hay, Potatoes.

Feeds, Butter, etc., etc.

Roofing Materials.

MARTIN BROTHERS.

DEC 4 1952

GAME LAWS OF NEWFOUNDLAND.

(Under the Department of Marine and Fisheries)

ABSTRACT.

CARIBOU.—Close season is, from 1st February to 31st of July, and from 1st. October, to 31st October, inclusive; that is to say, Caribou or Deers may be hunted upon and after the 31st of July till the 1st of October, and from 30th day of October till 1st February following. Penalty for violation of above, \$500, or imprisonment.

No person not usually resident in the Colony, shall kill or take Caribou without having first procured therefore to himself a license. This license shall entitle the holder to kill and take three stag: the fee therefore being One Hundred Dollars. Provided nevertheless, that no resident or officer of any British war ship, stationed on the coast of this Island for fisheries protection, shall be compelled to pay for such annual license. Guides not domiciled in the Colony are subject to license (50.00).

No Venison allowed to be exported as an article of commerce; and any person exporting, or carrying with him for private use, any venison, or the heads, antlers or skins, must clear the same at the Custom House.

Dogs, pitfalls, snares and traps, or weapons, other than fire-arms, are prohibited.

GROUSE OR PARTRIDGE.—Willow grouse, partridge or ptarmigan, cannot be shot between January 12th and September 15th; curlew, plover, snipe or other wild or migratory bird (except wild geese), cannot be shot between January 12th and August 20th; nor shall any person be allowed to have in his possession, give away, barter or sell, or expose for sale, any willow grouse, partridge or ptarmigan, after the 22nd day of January, under a penalty of \$100.

WILD RABBIT OR HARE between March 1st and September 15th; under a penalty of twenty-five dollars.

OTTER between April 1st and October 1st.

Foxes between March 15 and October 15.

BEAVER Close time to 1st October, 1903.

The carrying or use of fire-arms on Sunday is prohibited.

GAME FISH.—The following is the law for the preservation of game fish: No trout, char, white fish, land-locked salmon, or grilse, or any freshwater or migratory fish, can be caught, taken or killed in any lake, river or stream in this Colony, from the 15th September to January 15th in each year, and only by means of rod, hook and line: under penalties.

(Signed),

T. J. MURPHY,

Minister Marine and Fisheries.

nd
ou
of
g.
i-
is
ee
no
of
ch
to

nd
i-
m

s,
r,
w,
n-
r-
or
he

;

ne
ny
ny
u-
n-

es.