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Freshwater Bay, Showing Fort Amherst at the entrance to St. John's.

Photo by T. B Hayward.

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Our Little Rivers.

CHAPTER 2.—SALMONIER.

By W. J. Browne.

It was early summer the year after the War, when the country was feeling the flush of victory and the word depression was still unknown. There were four students of us on holiday.

"What about going salmon fishing?" said Mike.

"Sure," said I, "Where will we go?"

"Salmonier or Placentia," said he.

"I've never caught a salmon," I said. "What do I have to get in the way of fishing gear?"

"Oh! you don't need much. I've seen the little boys with bamboos hauling the salmon ashore out of the Lily Pool at the South-East Placentia, and they with nothing only worms and big fish hooks." It sounded very easy. These little boys have often been held up to me since as experts in the art of Angling, but I think I've found their secret long ago.

Anyway I went and bought a bamboo rod, a cheap affair. I believe it was 3-jointed, but, still following the example of the boys of the South-East, I was supposed to affix twisted hair pins at intervals along the jointed rod as guides for my line. My reel—I am astonished to think of my daring—was a poor, brass-veneered little thing lashed on with fishing line. I don't remember what sort of a line I had, but it must have been long for I know it got tangled often and I can still remember seeing a salmon resting behind a rock with yards of my line waving in the water behind him.

I think flies are the part of an Angler's outfit it is hardest to make a mistake over, but I also had some good hooks in case of emergency and a beautiful Red Spinner, that looked fascinating enough to my enthusiastic eyes to attract all the Salmon in the ocean. There were little fins to the spinner and each one had two or three cleverly concealed hooks. I've since wondered why the shops sell these spinners without a license for I'm sure now that it was almost as dangerous to let me have one as it would have been to give me a trawl.

My friends had fished for Salmon before. They were much experienced. One had caught Salmon in the Lily Pool and the Beaver Falls at the South

THE FALL'S POOL—PINSENT'S—SALMONIER RIVER

East; one had ascended the remote Cape Roger, and the third, he had even been to Salmonier.

Going to Salmonier twenty years ago had more of the glamour of a voyage of discovery than it has to-day. Since the highroads were constructed, I've often left town by car in the morning and come back to town in the night with a salmon. But then we collected a camp and a stove and all the paraphernalia of house-keeping, a football, a baseball outfit, and a concertina. We put on our best clothes, put our fishing outfit in canvas bags and left the Railway Station on the 9.15 a.m. train. We got off the train at Brien's Stand, and went and found a box-cart to take us to the place where the path goes to Pinsent's Falls.

We spent half of our pocket money in lunch at a fashionable boarding house at Holyrood and after we had engaged the horse, we walked beside it for the greater part of the 18 miles of the car path that wound its way so leisurely over the hills to Salmonier. We put up our camp at the Path End, had a hot cup of tea and I've no doubt we felt so happy, that we probably played a little football or baseball to let the little birds and beasts and the mosquitoes know that we had arrived.

Each morning at dawn we would travel to Pinsent's Falls a distance of two and a half miles along the old trail through the primeval forest. There was a party at the Falls fishing. They occupied one of the Log Cabins built on the hill on the right bank of the river directly above the Falls. They were very comfortable, more comfortable than we were, and they were, of course, near the river. But they had no fish.

I wonder if every fisherman races down the path to Pinsent's like I do; perspiration comes out on my face from the unusual exercise and the pack on my back. The little landmarks—the gully on the left, the bridge halfway, the moss-covered fallen trees where we rest in an artificial green twilight all cheer me on. The sighing of the trees overhead always sounds to me like the distant roar of the Falls, but it is not until we have crossed the last little stream and climbed on to the last plateau overlooking the real valley of the Salmonier that we can actually be sure it is the noise of the river that we hear.

The beautiful hills of green and brown
To laughing river, curtsey down.
Standing on the valley's rim
My lips have shaped a little hymn,
O beautiful hills of home!

There is a feeling of lightness of the spirit in places such as this, far away from business and away from the cares and even comforts of the world. For most there is but one constant care—to catch fish. At Pinsent's Falls the river which has come down a very gradual incline with scarcely a rattle from the Narrows four miles above, here meets a bed of rock through which it has in the course of centuries cut a narrow way to the pool below. In rocky ledges of this kind at Dunphy's and at Governor's, nature has also made a series of pools, and it is in these pools that the salmon rest, in deep, dark, swift water.

MIDDLE POOL—SALMONIER RIVER.

The two salmon fishermen who were at the Falls had combed these pools before we arrived there, and they were despondent. I had heard tales of salmon so plentiful that they literally filled the pool beneath the falls. There was no sign of salmon there this day at all.

Now, it was my first day beside a salmon river. I was so excited that I paid no attention to the other experienced fishermen. I fixed up my bamboo rod, attached my reel and cast, and put on my best fly. I started at the Falls and slowly and carefully covered every bit of water as I went down the stream.

I came to a little sandy beach on the back of the island below Dunphy's Pool, and I had just cast my fly to a big rock about fifteen feet from the shore when something seemed to catch hold of my line and give it a sudden, frightening swift pull. I knew it was a salmon, and not only was it the first I had ever hooked, but I had never even seen one landed.

Nevertheless I had heard people talking of losing fish, and of the titanic struggles that had taken place between the fishermen and the fish, in which the odds always seemed to be so heavily in favour of the fish.

Only one thought filled my mind. Save the fish, don't lose him! He's a fighter, so, get him quick. I pulled steadily and hard, and the salmon, shining like silver, came ashore like a tumbler at a circus. I drew him ten feet in on the sandy beach, dropped the rod, and leaped on his squirming body. Putting my hands around his strong neck I tore at the gills while I leaned over the slapping tail. There was no escape for him now. My first salmon was saved. But to make sure, after the fish had ceased to kick, I took off my sweater, put the fish in it and tied it around my neck. I gathered up my rod and went off downstream calling out " I've got a salmon. I've got a salmon."

SALMONIER RIVER.

The other fishermen having failed to catch anything on their journey down had gone in to an old shack below Governor's Falls for a rest, and a drink perhaps, and to speculate when the fish would run. They heard the shouting and scurried out. I showed my fish. They did not even laugh. " There's sea lice on him. He's a fresh salmon. They've come up."

And off they rushed to the pools—but not to the pool where I had caught my fish. I had come down the wrong way. No one had ever caught a fish there before—or since, as far as I know.

When the Highroad went through in 1925, it was as a result of a need to accommodate motor car owners who in six years had become more numerous. The Monroe Government was pushing its Highroad Policy by which it hoped to induce tourists to come here from the States and bring their cars with them. The road through Salmonier to Placentia from Holyrood was reconditioned and made suitable for cars by the beginning of the fishing season in 1925.

I've never been to the head waters of the Salmonier River, but I understand that if you will take a boat from the Peak House you may travel across the Big Sea at the head of which there is a long narrows that late in summer is filled with salmon. From here the river rises towards the East; on its downward coarse the river crosses ponds and falls. Metcalf's Falls are the first, and then you have Murphy's Fall's and Butler's Pool. Pinsent's Falls are about seven miles lower down the river and Governor's one mile below Pinsent's.

When I was the Member for Harbour Main District my jurisdiction extended to the Salmonier Line. I suppose that is why one of my constituents invited me to Metcalf's Falls some night.

" I'll bring a net," said he, " and we'll get a backload of salmon."

I am sure he did not think he was suggesting anything very wrong. Salmon fishing is not a popular pastime like trouting, and the salt water fishermen just can't be bothered fishing for a salmon with a fly. The river Wardens are very keen on

A TRIO OF SALMON FISHERS.

their jobs, however, so that there is much less poaching now than formerly. It would be a risky business, trying to net the Salmonier River.

I've never gone to Metcalf's Fall's. I don't think it offers much amusement to the angler. Murphy's Falls is about four miles by trail from the Halfway House. You pass Butler's Pool on the way. If the river is in good condition after rain about the beginning of July, Murphy's is the easiest place to take fish, and several rods can fish comfortably there.

A short distance below it is Conroy's Pool which is also an ideal place to hook a fish. The fish lie all the winter, I believe, in Butler's Pool. When the river is low the water is very still and the fish may be seen all over it. On the off bank they rise and splash occasionally.

Below Governor's Falls there are no fishable pools until you reach the Back River, and below that, there are several pools in the two miles of fishing water between this and Hurley's Bridge, but, since the mill was built on the Back River, the lower part of the river has not been the same. The logs and

unusual floods have disturbed the habits of the fish and they seem to go upstream in one swift dash, and linger less in the lower reaches.

The size of the fish varies from about two pounds for the first run near the end of June to four pounds in July, but there have been salmon of a much larger size caught. One year, on the 15th of September, Mr. H. V. Hutchings, the Secretary for Customs, who, by the way, is one of the best fishermen I know, caught a 17½ pound fish at Sandy Point.

The flies I generally use are Silver Grey, Jock Scott, Dusty Miller and a Silver Doctor, and the size No. 8 Hook. The quickest fish I ever landed was with a No. 12 Butcher trout fly. Just a little bit of silver tinsel and red and black silk floss dropped on the water at Murphy's Pool at the head of the flats opposite Hick's and a fish took it at once and went off downstream. He went so fast, he skidded on the turn in shoal water. I led him to the beach where my friend was standing. "Look out," I called.

He turned and seeing the fish near his feet he did what only a football player would have done, he kicked out at the fish, and the next instant the salmon was ashore, still full of fight but too late for him to escape.

When the salmon are running, they go up the Easter' River and they do it in leisurely fashion. It always reminded me of a naval review, as I looked down the river and saw fish after fish leaping into the air regularly, easily and gracefully, as if executing some well practiced manoeuvre. But usually they travel by night, and you can see them and hear them too as they rush the shoal parts of the stream. They always seem nervous at such times and a salmon will often make several attempts before he crosses the bars.

I think that the wood-cutting along the Salmonier River has seriously affected the water supply, with the result that you now get periods of heavy floods and much longer periods when the water is incredibly low. Floating logs, particularly soft wood logs, leave a deposit of rinds that collect in the pools, and the turpentine and sawdust in the water, they say, clog the gills of the fish. All this may be unscientific but the fact remains that the lower reaches of Salmonier River, which were formerly the most frequented portions of that stream are now scarcely visited by the Angler.

Yet, every year that I meet William Hurley, the veteran Warden who retired after many years patrolling this river, to become a Fire Warden, I ask him the same question: "Many fish go up this year?" and immediately he says:

"Begor, I never seen so many go up as went up this year." And I always leave it at that.

Our Queens—1837-1937

By Ethel Weir.

BELOVED by all! Their Jubilee was just
A joyous outburst of the nation's trust,
And faith in him, who always was their pride,
And her, with high ideals, by his side.

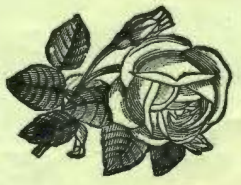
Could she have else, with memories dear of one,
Whose long reign was with high resolve begun;
And through the reign of him for peace renowned,
Sweet friendship with that queen, whom she saw crowned?

Through waters deep she's come. The nation wept.
Now up to her another queen has stepped,
Ready to share the cares that perforce rest,
On him, so like his sire, of memory blest.

A gift from God! They're consecrated now.
While countless throngs looked on, a solemn vow
They took, to guard traditions so well known,
And dignity and honour of the throne.

May blessings crown their home, wherein the two
Princesses pure and lovely, grow, mid true
Ennobling love and care, wisely outpoured,
By queen and mother, honoured and adored.

Example high, like beacon light will guide
To noble aims inspiring empire wide.
That happiness and peace their reign attend
Our prayers to Him enthroned on high ascend.



"THE SEASONS."

By Doris V. Rennie, Ottawa, Ont.

SPRING is the time for youth and love,
When up wakes Mother Earth,
When birds sing in the sky above,
When hope makes known its worth.

Then Summer casts its lovely spell,
Upon the earth and shows
Its beauty, more than I can tell,
Until it fades and goes.

Then Autumn with its coloured leaves
And grey skies has its day,
The Earth is sad and quietly grieves,
No longer is it gay.

Then Winter spreads its mantle white,
A covering soft and clean,
All nature sleeps, gone is its light,
Earth dons another mien.

KING OF THE GIPSIES.

An Apology for the Life of Mr. Bamfylde-Moore Carew, the King of the Beggars, Being an impartial account of his life, from his leaving Tiverton School at the Age of fifteen, and entering into a Society of Gipseys.—The true story of his life as told by himself.—Seventh Edition MDCCLXIII.

By Agnes Marion Ayre.

Early Days.

MR. Bamfylde-Moore Carew was descended from the Ancient Family of the Carews. He was son of the Rev. Mr. Theodore Carew of the Parish of Bickley near Tiverton, in the County of Devon, of which parish he was many years Rector.

Our hero was born in the month of July, 1693, and never was there known a more splendid Appearance of Gentlemen and Ladies of the first Rank and Quality at any Baptism in the West of England than at his. The Hon. Hugh Bamfylde, Esq., (who afterwards died of an unfortunate fall from his horse), and the Hon. Major Moore, were both his illustrious Godfathers, both

AGNES MARION AYRE.

of whose names he bears; who sometime contending whose should be the precedent (doubtless presaging the honour that would redound to them from the future Actions of our Hero), the Affair was determined by throwing up a Piece of Money, which was won by Mr. Bamfylde. He upon this Account presented a large piece of Plate whereon was engraved in large letters:

BAMFYLDE-MOORE CAREW.

At the age of twelve Carew was sent to Tiverton School where "he contracted an intimate Acquaintance with young Gentlemen of the first Rank in Somersetshire, Devonshire, Cornwall and Dorsetshire."

During the first four years of his Continuance at Tiverton School, he was a very earnest Student. His friends were John Martin, Thomas Coleman, John Escott and other young Gentlemen of the best Rank and Fortune. The Tiverton Scholars had the command of a fine Cry of Hounds.

It happened that a Farmer living in the Country adjacent to Tiverton who was a very great Sportsman, and who used to hunt with the Tiverton Scholars, came and acquainted them of a fine Deer which he had seen with a Collar about its Neck in the Fields about his Farm. This he supposed to be the favourite Deer of some Gentlemen not far off.

The scholars turned out in a great Body to hunt it. This happened a short time before Harvest; the Chase was very hot, and lasted several Hours, and they ran the Deer many miles, which did a great deal of Damage to the Fields of Corn, then almost ripe. Upon the Death of the Deer, and Examination of the Collar, it was found to belong to Col. Nutcombe of the Parish of Clayhanger.

Those Farmers and Gentlemen that sustained the greatest Damage came to Tiverton, and complained very heavily to Mr. Rayner, the Schoolmaster, of the Havock made in their Fields, which occasioned strict Enquiry to be made concerning the Ringleaders, who proving to be our Hero and his Companions, they were so severely threatened, that for Fear they absented themselves from School.

The next Day, happening to go in the Evening to Brick-House, an Ale-House about half a mile from Tiverton, they accidentally fell into Company with a Society of Gypsies who were there feasting and carousing. After taking the proper Oaths, etc., Carew and some of the others joined the Band.

Buried Treasure.

Some weeks later, Madam Musgrove, of Munkton near Taunton, hearing of Carew's Fame, sent for him to consult in an Affair of Difficulty. When he was come she informed him, that she suspected a large Quantity of Money was buried some where about her House, and if he would acquaint her with the particular Place, she would handsomely reward him. Our hero consulted the secrets of his Art upon this Occasion, and after long Toil and Study, informed the Lady, that under a Laurel Tree in the Garden lay the Treasure she Sought for, but that the Planet of Good Fortune did not reign till such a Day and Hour, till which Time she would desist from Searching for it. The Good Lady rewarded him very generously with twenty Guineas for the Discovery. We cannot tell whether at this Time our Hero was sufficiently initiated in the Art, or whether the Lady Mistook her lucky Hour, but the strict Regard we pay to Truth obliges us to confess, that the Lady dug below the Roots of the Laurel Tree, without finding the hidden Treasure.

In the meantime his worthy Parents sorrowed for him, as one that was no more, not being able to get the least Tidings of him. However, after a year and a half's absence, he returned. His Father and Mother "did everything possible to render Home

agreeable to him. Every Day he was engaged in some Party of Pleasure or other, and all his Friends strove who should most entertain him, so that there seemed nothing wanting to his Happiness. But the uncommon Pleasure he had enjoyed in the Community he had left, the Freedom of their Government; the Simplicity and Sincerity of their Manners; the frequent Change of their Habitation, the Perpetual Mirth and good Humour that reigned amongst them, and perhaps some secret Presage of that high Honour which he has since arrived at; all these made too deep an impression to be effaced by any other Ideas. His Pleasures therefore grew every Day more and more Tastless."

He returned to the Gipsies and became in turn a Ship-wrecked seaman, a cripple, a madman, a widow with two helpless children strapped to her back; learnt the Art of Rat-catching from the Rat-catcher to the King, and went about the country-side constantly changing his disguise.

He also by indefatigable Study and application, added to his talents a remarkable cheering Halloo to the Dogs, of very great Service to the Exercise, and which we believe is peculiar to himself; and besides this, found out a Secret hitherto unknown but to himself, of enticing any Dog whatever to follow him.

Newfoundland.

Carew next resolved to see other Countries and Manners. He communicated this Design to his School-fellow Escott, one of those who commenced a Gypsey with him (for neither of the four ever wholly quitted that Community). Escott very readily agreed to accompany him in his Travels, there being a ship ready to sail for Newfoundland, lying at Dartmouth.

"This large Island was discovered by Sebastian Cabot, who was sent to America by Henry VII, King of England in the year 1497, to make Discoveries. It is of triangular Figure, as big as Ireland, of about 300 Leagues in Circuit, separated from Canada, or New France on the Continent, to the North and from New Scotland to the South, by a channel of much the same Breadth; as that between Dover and Calais. . . . 'Tis not above 1800 Miles distant from the Land's End of England. It has many commodius Bays along the Coast, some of them running into the Land towards one another 20 Leagues. The Climate is very hot in summer and cold in winter, the Snow lying upon the ground four or five Months in the year. The soil is very barren, bearing little or no Corn, being full of Mountains, and impracticable Forests, Its Meadows are like Heath and covered with a sort of Moss instead of Grass.

Our Hero, nevertheless, did not spend his Time useless, or even without Entertainmen in this uncomfortable Country; for an active and inquisitive Mind will find more Use and Entertainment among barren Rocks and Mountains than the indolent person can among all the Magnificence and Beauties of Versailles. He therefore visited Torbay, Kittawitty, Carbonear, Brigas Bay, Bay of Bulls, Petty Harbour, Cape Broil, Bonavist, and all the other Settlements, both English and French; accurately remarking their Situation and Anchorage and making himself fully acquainted with the Names, Circumstances and Characters of all the Inhabitants of any Note.

He likewise visited the great Bank of Newfoundland, so much talked of, which is a Kind of Mountain of Sand lying under the Sea. . . . The Sea that runs over it, when it is a Flood, is 200 Fathoms deep on all sides, so that at that Time the largest Ships may venture upon it without Fear of striking, (except at a Place called the Virgins), but at Ebb it is dry in some Places. He likewise visited the other lesser Banks, Viz.: Vert lying in the Shape of a Shoe, about the Bigness of the other.

But the greatest Entertainment, and what seemed most worthy of his Observation was, the great Cod-Fishery which is carried on about the Great and other Banks near the Coast, for which Purpose, during his Stay there, he saw several Hundred Ships come in from divers Parts, both of America and Europe, so that he had an Opportunity of gaining some Knowledge of a Considerable Part of the World by his Enquiries, he missing no Opportunity of conversing with the Sailors of different Countries. He was told several of these Ships carried away thirty or thirty-five Thousand Fish a-piece, and though this yearly Consumption has been made for two Centuries past, yet the same Plenty of Fish continues without any Diminuition.

"Besides the Fish itself, there are other Commodities obtained from it, Viz.: the Tripes and Tongues, which are salted at the same Time with the Fish, and put up in barrels. The Roes, or Eggs, after being salted and barreled up, are of Use to Cast into the Sea, to draw Fish together, particularly Pilchards; and the Oil, which is drawn from the Livers, is used in dressing of Leather."

The fishing Season being over, our Hero having made all the Observations that he thought might be nseful to him, returned again in the "Mansail" to Dartmouth from whence he had first sailed, bringing with him a surprising fierce and large Dog which he had enticed to follow him, and made as gentle as a Lamb, by an Art which is peculiar to himself.

King of the Gipseys.

In a few days after his return he went on a Cruise, in the Character of a shipwrecked Seaman, lost in a Vessel homeward-bound from Newfoundland, sometimes belonging to Pool; sometimes to Darthmouth, at other times to other Ports, and under such or such Commander, according as the News Papers gave Account of such melancholy Accidents.

If the Booty he got before under this Charter was considerable, it was much more so now, for being able to give a very exact Account of Newfoundland, the Settlements, Harbours, Fishery and Inhabitants thereof, he applied with great Confidence to Masters of Vessels and Gentlemen well acquainted with those Parts; so that those whom before his Prudence would not permit him to apply to, now became his greatest Benefactors.

He was present at the death of the King of the Mendicants named Clause Patch, who called his eighteen children around him and gave them this advice: "Remember that where one gives out of Pity to you, fifty give out of Kindness to themselves, to rid them of your troublesome application; and for one that gives out of real Compassion, five hundred do it out of Ostentation. On these Principles, trouble people most who are busy, and ask Relief where many see it given, and you'll succeed in your attempt.

However you ramble in the Day, be sure to have some one Street near your Home, where your Chief Residence is, and all your idle Time is spent. Here learn the History of every Family, and whatever has been the latest calamity of that, provide a Brother or a Sister that may pretend the Same. If the Master of one House has lost a Son, let your eldest Brother attach his Compassion on that tender Side, and tell him that he has the Sweetest hopefullest and dutifullest Child that was his only Comfort. What should the Answer be, but 'Aye, Poor Fellow, I know how to Pity thee in that,' and a Shilling will be in as much Haste to flow out of his Pocket as the first Tear from his Eye.

What People seem to want, give it to them largely in your Address to them. Call the Beau, 'Sweet Gentleman.' Bless even his Coat or Peruke, and tell them they are happy Ladies

where he's going. If you meet with a School Boy Captain, such as our Streets are full of, call him 'Noble General.'" . . . The dying leader gave his family much more such Council.

Upon the death of Clause Patch Mr. Carew was elected King.

Son of Trader Cock.

It was not long after this, that being in the City of Bristol he put in Execution a very bold and ingenious Stratagem. Calling to mind one Aaron Cock, a trader of considerable Worth and Note at St. John's in Newfoundland, whom he resembled both in Person and Speech, he was resolved to be the Son of Mr. Aaron Cock for some Time. He therefore goes upon the Tolsey, Places of Public Resort for the Merchants in Bristol, and there modestly acquaints them with his Name and Misfortunes:

That he was born and lived all his life at St. John's in Newfoundland; that he was bound for England in the "Nicholas," Captain Newman, (which Vessel springing a Leak, they were obliged to quit her, and were taken up by an Irishman, Patric Pore, and by him carried into Waterford, from whence he had got Passage, and landed at King-Road); that his Business in England was to buy Provisions and Fishing Craft, and to see his Relations who lived in the Parish of Cockington, near Torbay, where his Father was born.

The Captains Elton, Callaway, Masters, Thomas, Turner, and several other Newfoundland Traders (many of whom personally knew his pretended Father and Mother), asked him Questions concerning the Family, their place of Fishing, etc.: particularly if he remembred how the Qarrel happened at his Father's (when he was but a Boy), which was of so unhappy Consequence to Governor Collins. Mr. Carew very readily replied that though he was then very young, he remembered that the Governor, the Parson and his wife, Madam Short, Madem Bengy, Madam Brown and several other Women of St. John's being met together and feasting at his Father's, a warm Dispute happened . . . the Parson's Wife thinking herself most injured, cut the Hamstring of his (Governor Collins) Leg with a Knife, which rendered him a Cripple his whole Life after.

This circumstantial Account, which was in every Point exactly as the Affair happen'd, and many other Questions concerning the Family, which the Captains ask'd him, and he as readily answered, (having got very Particular Information concerning them when he was in Newfoundland), fully convinced the Captains that he must really be the Son of their good old friend Mr. Aaron Cock. They therefore not only very generously relieved him, but offered to lend him any Moderate Sum to be Paid again in Newfoundland the next fishing Season; but Mr. Carew had too high a Sense of Honour to abuse their Generosity so far; he therefore excused himself from accepting their offer, by saying, He could be furnished with as much as he should have Occasion for, by Merchant Pemm of Exeter.

They then took him with them to the Guildhall, recommending him to the Benevolence of the Mayor and Corporation, testifying that he was a Man of reputable Family in Newfoundland. Here a very Handsome Collection was made for him; and the Circumstances of his Misfortune becoming public, many other Gentlemen and Ladies gave him that Assistance according to their Abilities, which is always due to unfortunate Strangers.

Three days did the Captains detain him by their Civilities in Bristol, shewing him all the Curiosities and Pleasures of that Place to divert his Melancholy.

Carew then set out for Cockington, where his relatives liv'd. Bridgewater (Admiral Blake's town) being in his Road, he had a Letter from one of the Bristol Captains to Captain Drake in that Place.

Merryland.

Going one Day to pay a visit to Mr. Robert Incledon at Barnstaple in Devon, (in an ill Hour, which his Knowledge could not foresee), knocking at the Door softly, it was open'd to him by a Clerk, who accosted him with: "How do you do Mr. Carew? Where have you been?" The Clerk very civilly ask'd him to walk in, but no sooner was he enter'd than the Door was shut upon him by Justice Lethbridge (a very bitter Enemy to the whole Community of Mendicants), who had conceal'd himself behind it, and Mr. Carew was made a Prisoner.

"So sudden are the Vicissitudes of Life! Misfortune springs as it were out of the Earth!"

At his trial Carew, though loaded with Chains, saluted the Court with a Noble Assurance. Being ask'd by the Chairman what Parts of the World he had been in, he answer'd "Denmark, Sweden, Muscovy, France, Spain, Portugal, Newfoundland, Ireland, Wales and some Parts of Scotland."

The Chairman then told him He must proceed to a hotter Country. He enquired into what Climate? Being told Merryland, Carew remarked that it would Save him five Pounds for his Passage, as he was very desirous of seeing that Country.

Sentence of Banishment was passed upon him for seven Years; but his Fate was not singular, for he had the Comfort of having Fellow Companions enough in his Sufferings; as out of thirty-five Prisoners, thirty-two were order'd into the like Banishment.

They cast Anchor in Talbot County. Here the Captain ordered a Gun to be fired as a Signal for the Planters to come down, and then went ashore. He soon after sent on Board a Hogshead of Rum and ordered all the men Prisoners to be close shaved against the next Morning; and the Women to have their best Head Dresses put on, which occasioned no little Hurry on board. For between the trimming of Beards, and putting on of Caps, all Hands were fully employ'd.

In the Morning the Captain order'd Public Notice to be given of a Day of Sale, and the Prisoners who were pretty near a Hundred, were all order'd upon Deck, where a large bowl of Punch was made, and the Planters flock'd on board.

Their first Enquiry was for Letters and News from Old England? What Passage he had? How their Friends did? and the like. The Captain informed them of war being declared against Spain, and that it was expected it would soon be declared against France. That he had been eleven Weeks and four Days in his Passage.

Their next Enquiry was, if the Captain had brought them good store of Joiners, Carpenters, Blacksmiths, Weavers and Taylors. Upon which the Captain call'd out one Griffy Taylor, who had lived in Chumleigh in the County of Devon, and was obliged to take a Voyage to Maryland for making too free with his Neighbour's Sheep. Two Planters, Parson Nichols and Mr. Rolles, purchased him of the Captain.

The poor Taylor cry'd and bellow'd like a Bell Weather. . . .

"Wherefore all these Wailings?" says our Hero. "Have we not a fine glorious Country before us?" pointing to the Shore. .

When all the best Tradesmen were bought up, a Planter came to Mr. Carew and ask'd him what Trade he was of. Mr. Carew, to satisfy him of his Usefulness, told him he was a Rat-Catcher, a Mendicant, and a Dog-Merchant. "What the D—l Trades are those?" replies the Planter, in Astonishment, "for I have never before heard of them." Upon which the Captain, thinking he should lose the Sale of him, takes the Planter a little aside and tells him, He did but jest. . . . He would make an excellent School-master. . . . However, no Purchase was made of him. . . .

The next Day the Captain ask'd him to go on Shore with him to see the Country, but indeed with a view of getting a Purchase for him among the Planters.

They went to a Tavern where Mr. Hextor of Dorset, and a Scotchman seemed to have an Inclination to buy him between them. A Mr. Ashcroft put in for him too, and then the Bowl of Punch went round merrily. In the midst of their Mirth, Mr. Carew slipped quietly away with a Pint of Brandy and some Biscuit Cakes. He immediately betook himself to the Woods as the only Place of Security for him.

Capture.

There was a Reward of £5 for anyone who apprehended a Runaway. Carew was seen one morning soon after, by four Timber Men going to Work. "He would fain have escaped their Observation, but they soon hail'd him, and demanded where he was going, and where his Pass was?"

He was seized and conducted to one Colonel Brown, a Justice of the Peace in Anne Arundel County, who was in the courtyard just mounting his horse to go out. Carew was provided with a Milk-white steed, the Timber-men performing the Cavalcade on Foot.

The Prison at New Town he found well peopled, and his Ears were confused with almost as many Dialects as put a Stop to the Building of Babel. Some were from Kilkenny, some Limerick, some Dublin, others of Dorset, Devon, and Cornwall.

Looking out through the Iron Bars, he espied the Whipping-Post and Gallows.

Captain Froade, (from whom he had run away), received with great Pleasure the News of his being in Custody at New Town, and soon sent round his Long-Boat, paid all Costs and Charges, and brought him once more on board his Ship.

The Captain received him with a great deal of Malicious Satisfaction in his Countenance; bid him strip, calling to the Boatswain to bring up a Cat and Nine Tails, and tie him to the Main Gears.

Accordingly Mr. Carew was obliged to undergo a cruel and shameful Punishment—"Here gentle Reader, if thou hast not a Heart made of Something harder than Adamant thou canst not chuse but melt at the Sufferings of our Hero." . . .

As soon as the Captain had sufficiently satisfied his Revenge, he ordered Mr. Carew on Shore, taking him to a Blacksmith, whom he ordered to make a heavy Iron Collar for him, which in Maryland they call a Pot-Hook, and is usually put about the Necks of the run-away slaves. When it was fastened on, the Captain jeeringly cry'd: "Now run away if you can. I will make you help to load this Vessel, and then I'll take care of you, and send you to the Iron Works of Susky Hallam."

Escape.

One day as Carew was employed in the usual Drudgery, he saw Captains Harvey and Hopkins on the shore. They were two Bideford Captains who had tried to rescue him before.

They said "We have already sounded the Boatswain and Mate, and find we can bring them to wink at your escape, but the greatest Obstacle is, that there is £40 Penalty, and half a year's Imprisonment for anyone that takes off your Iron Collar, so that you must be obliged to travel with it, till you come among the friendly Indians, many Miles distant from hence, who will assist you to take it off, for they are great Friends to the English, and trade with us for Lattens (Traps?), Kettles, Frying Pans, Guns, Powder and Shot, giving us in Exchange Buffalo and Deer Skins, with other sorts of Furs."

The Captains somehow managed Carew's escape. He travelled by Day through the Forests, meeting with great Multitudes of Buffaloes, black Bears, Deer, Wolves and Wild Turkies, None of these creatures offered to attack him. He fell in with Indians who treated him well and filed off his iron collar. He lived with them for a while, then escaped, and reached Philadelphia where he met the Quakers.

Hundreds of people were going to hear Mr. Whitefield preach in an Orchard in Derby. After the service Carew spoke to Mr. Whitefield who told him he was heartily sorry for his Misfortunes, but that we are all liable to them, and that they happened by the Will of God, and therefore it was our Duty to Submit to them with Patience and Resignation. Then pulling out his Pocket Book gave him three or four Pounds of that Country Paper-Money.

Mr. Whitefield went away singing Psalms with those who were about him. And we make no Doubt but Mr. Carew joined with them in the Melody of the Heart for the good Success he had with Mr. Whitefield.

Press Gang.

Carew finally reached New York. He lived by his wits. Told many lies and was given money. He left New London with Captain Rogers and arrived at Lundy Island, where a Pilot of Clovelly agreed for seven Guineas to Pilot the ship to Bristol. The Captain asked: "What News?" "Bad News" the Pilot replied "for your Men." The "Ruby," Man of War, Captain Goodyere lay then in King-Road, and pressed all the Men they could lay hold of.

Upon overhearing this conversation Mr. Carew secretly pricked his Arms and Breast with a Needle, and then rubbed it with Bay-Salt and Gunpowder, which made it appear like the Small Pox coming out. In the Night Time he groaned very dismally, and took quantities of hot water to make him vomit.

At length the Man of War's Boat came along-side the Ship. "Sir, you are welcome on board," says the Captain, or rather that little Part of the Captain called the Tongue, for the Heart, Mind, and every other Particle of the Captain, wished him at the D—l, at the same time.

"How many Hands are there on board?

"I must have them," says the Lieutenant. "Come in Barge-Crew, and do your Duty."

"Gentlemen, sailors," said he, "I make no Doubt but you are willing to enter voluntarily and not as pressed Men. If you go like brave Men, freely, when you come round to Plymouth and Portsmouth, and go on board your respective Ships, you will have your Bounty Money, and Liberty to go on Shore and kiss your Landladies."

"Here Reader if thou hast any Father, Son, Brother, Friend or Relation belonging to the Sea, thou wilt drop a Tear of Indignation, that in the Land of Liberty, Justice and Wisdom no more humane or equitable Method can be thought of to Man our Fleets than to drag unhappy Men like the Ox to the Slaughter, just at that Moment, when after a Tedious Absence, they hail the Sight of their Native Land, and already stretch out their Arms to embrace their long absent and long wished for Friends."

Carew cried "For God's sake, take me on board your ship, noble Captain, for I only want to be blooded."

The Lieutenant whips out his Snuff-Box and claps it to his Nose, swearing, as he hurried off, "he would not take him on board for £500, for he was enough to infect a whole Ship's Crew."

Our Hero had many more Adventures. His book contains a vocabulary of the "thieves' cant."

George Borrow (*Gypseys of Spain*, 1841):

". . . In the robber jargon of Europe, elements of another language are to be discovered. . . . The language which we allude to is the Rommany; this language has been, in general confounded with the vocabulary used among thieves, which, however, is a gross error, so gross indeed that it is almost impossible to conceive the manner in which it originated: the speech of the Gypsies being a genuine language of Oriental origin; and the former little more than a phraseology of convenience founded upon particular European tongues. It will be sufficient here to remark, that the Gypsies do not understand the jargon of the thieves, whilst the latter, with perhaps a few exceptions, are ignorant of the language of the former."

Harbour Grace History.

Chapter Seventeen—The Sixties.

By W. A. Munn.

THE Sixties are still looked upon as the most disastrous decades in the History of Newfoundland. Emigration from the Old Country had swelled the population yearly during the past fifty years, but after that it was very small, and the increase of inhabitants has been almost wholly a natural increase.

For some reasons, never explained, the salt water surrounding our Country became hostile to fish life. The old fishermen still tell us the water was perfectly clear, and you could see objects on the bottom in twenty fathoms of water. The nets moored in the water would become filthy with slime. The codfish could not live in it, and the spawning or reproduction must have been brought to a stand still. The fishermen reported a failure in the catch in all directions, both on the Newfoundland shore and Labrador. It was a time for scientific research, but beyond the necessity for investigation, we have no record of anything being done. This became acute in 1862, and got worse and worse during the next five years. The fishermen have never forgotten the period of corn meal and molasses, which was the relief food given to the destitute by the Government.

It came as a hard blow to Harbour Grace after the prosperous times, and the heroic struggle to improve the town. The fishermen could not pay their accounts, and the merchants were in trouble everywhere.

A remarkable falling off appeared in the seal fishery. The statistics show that during the three years 1851–52–53 that the catch was 1,570,792, over half a million seals yearly, whereas 1863–64–65, while this failure of the codfish was at its worst, that only 655,571 seals were brought in. The whole country was in trouble, and the Merchants of St. John's fared terribly, but my story is about Harbour Grace, and the efforts made there to fight these disasters.

Winter Cod Fishery.

In 1863 Thomas Ridley & Sons started to develop the winter cod fishery at Rose Blanche on an extensive scale. This venture is still remembered in Harbour Grace, and is well known at Rose Blanche. The residence of Mr. Thomas LeSelleurs, the Manager, is still pointed out as the finest house in the place. This effort of Ridley & Sons was talked of at that time a great deal more than the efforts of the Commissioners and the American Seafoods Company are to-day. This Winter Fishery had long been known, but this was the first start on a large scale. It is a risky time of the year to go looking for codfish in this climate, but with the development of motor boats to-day it is child's play compared to early attempts. There is a wonderful fishing bank extending from three miles off Cape Ray to twenty miles off the coast at Rose Blanche, and extending from there to St. Pierre. The twenty thousand quintals of codfish that is looked for annually in that locality can be developed into immense proportions.

The migration of codfish that finds its home during the winter months off these Banks is unique on this side of the Atlantic, and deserves every assistance of the Government in furnishing good lighthouses at every harbour in that vicinity, as the days are short during the winter, and every boat expects to be in harbour during the night. They must always have assistance with a powerful steamer at short notice, when snow storms occur, to help the fishing fleet back to port.

Steamers for the Seal Fishery.

The Seal Fishery has done more to build up this country than any other industry, and it is something of which Newfoundlanders have just cause to be proud. There is no industry throughout the world to compare with it, and the inspiration came from the enthusiasm of Newfoundlanders. They solved the problems that brought prosperity to the country. It was only natural that when sailors saw the advantage of steam power, that they wished to adapt it when hunting seals.

The Scotchmen at Dundee were the first to send steamers in 1861, but they proved a failure.

St. John's made the next attempt in 1863 with the s.s. "Bloodhound" and the s.s. "Wolf," but all they got was 3,000 and 1,340 respectively. In 1865 three steamers from St. John's got 1,059 seals. In spite of these failures Ridley & Sons had the s.s. "Retriever" of 237 tons built at Dundee. In 1866 Captain James Murphy, the father of the well known Hon. J. J. Murphy, brought in 17,450 seals, and on the second trip the same year 5.950 more. Each of the 150 men that composed her crew got their share $305.00 each, which has not been surpassed by any steamer since then. It set the pace for all, and showed what could be done, and within a few years twenty-five (25) steamers composed the Newfoundland fleet. Messrs. Ridley & Sons followed up this success by having the s.s. "Mastiff" built at Dundee the following year.

1861—The records show the following:—

Punton & Munn	24	Sailing	Vessels.
Ridley & Sons	23	"	"
William Donnelly	4	"	"
Rutherford Bros	2	"	"
Carbonear	26	"	"
Trinity Bay, South Side	6	"	"

A total of 85 vessels as compared with Conception Bay fleet in 1833 of 212 sailing vessels.

The stories are still repeated in Harbour Grace how so many of the sealing captains begged John Munn to get a steamer, but his invariable reply was, "It is easy to get a steamer, but where can I get another Murphy?" It proves to all what a wonderful reputation Capt. James Murphy must have had. I must tell you the sequel of this story.

John Munn had been so successful with sailing vessels, and seeing the poor returns of the first steamers, he was in no hurry to disband a good fleet of vessels He knew well the advantages to be gained. He was persuaded at last by his brother-in-law, and they gave the orders to build one at Dundee costing about $60,000 00, and as a compliment to Capt. Azariah Munden, she was called the "Commodore." She proved the luckiest ship that ever came to Harbour Grace. There was rarely anything went wrong with her, and she had her load of seals every spring. Her numerous escapes from disaster, and her luck in getting her

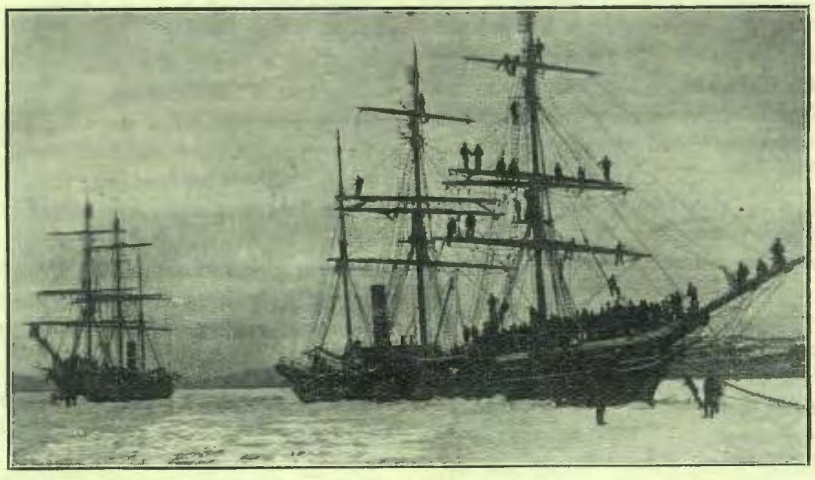
load was phenomenal. It will not be out of place at this season of the year to give a short report of the s.s. "Commodore's" voyage from a Diary that was kept aboard.

1872—The Sealing fleet had no difficulty in starting. The steamers made a dash off North, but Captain Munden had his mind made up that the seals would be found this year in Bonavista Bay. When the winds started to come in Easterly he rushed her into Bonavista Bay until she was jammed. He was right, the main patch of seals were there, and he had them to himself. The seals were numerous, but the ice was wheeling with the Northern current, and the men found it easier to kill new batches each day, and they passed the word along to sailing vessels in the offing to look out for these pans. Munn's brig "Glengarry," their largest sailing vessel brought in 12,000 of these seals, and others were similarly successful. A dangerous iceberg was working its way through the ice floes, and coming straight for the "Commodore," but a fortunate undertow took it clear of her at the last moment. The "Commodore" now had a load of seals, but the pressure of the ice had lifted her right out of the water. The wind was changing and the ice was getting slack, the supreme danger for the "Commodore" was at hand. Every man was ordered on the ice with the exception of the Captain on the bridge, and the Engineer in the engine room. The crew were not far off, and were ready to obey orders promptly.

What Would Happen?

Would the steamer tumble over from the weight of her heavy masts and spars when the ice-pressure was being released? The crew have told me of the anxious look on the Captain's face as he gripped the iron rail of the Bridge, and watched over the edge for any sign or movement. They would end their story—"We had such confidence in him, that it was a pity he ever grew old." To the relief of all, the ice opened gradually, and the "Commodore" slipped into the water as if she was a row boat. Such was her luck on all occasions, and there are a few sailors to say that she hand't a guardian angel protecting her. Now came the completion of the load of seals, and arrival home. The surplus coal was thrown overboard, and every place filled with seals, and still there were more seals. The Captain gave orders, lace five thousand more, that is pass a rope through the skin and we will tow them home on a pan of ice. They were now ready, and she steamed round Cape Bonavista, the wind and weather were favourable. We are going too slow said the Captain, and we must not miss the chance of getting her home in this weather. Pile those seals on her deck as fast as you can, and with 200 men to work it did not take long. The "Commodore" reached Harbour Grace at daylight the following morning, or as they said, she managed somehow to get in with her heavy load, as her deck was level with the water. They counted out 31,214 seals valued at current price $94,927.35. The record catch for any vessel to that date, and for weight of seals compared with tonnage of vessel has never been equalled since.

After the success of the "Commodore" a larger steamer was ordered by John Munn & Co., from Andrew Hall & Co., Aberdeen, with contract to cost $100,000.00. This was the Aberdeen firm who had made such a world-wide fame for their clipper vessels. In a British publication—"Sea Breezes"—giving a list of their famous vessels, they stated the "Vanguard" was always considered the finest production for sealer or whaler built in Aberdeen. The s.s. "Vanguard" was the finest in the fleet of Newfoundland steamers, but she never had the luck like the s.s. "Commodore."



S.S. "GREENLAND." S.S. "VANGUARD."

Agriculture at Harbour Grace.

Many efforts had been made during past years to cultivate farms as will be seen in several localities. Large fields of oats were to be seen. The leading merchants had erected a flour mill. Agricultural societies were formed largely supported by new arrivals from England, Scotland and Ireland. Splendid breeds of cattle, sheep and pigs were imported, but notwithstanding all that could be done the early settlers would not give up their dogs, which helped them in winter time to bring out loads of wood on their slides for fuel; but during summer these dogs were neglected, as a great number of their owners left for Labrador to prosecute the fishery. Men over fifty years of age had told me, that they had helped to dig and set the potatoes before sailing for Labrador, and although it was one of their principal articles of food they had never seen potato stalks growing in their lives.

1865—I take the following from a record in the Harbour Grace paper at this date. There was no other information stated, the facts were too self evident.

"During the past five years there has been killed by dogs in this town, 734 sheep, 37 cows, 202 goats, 3 horses. Such a

record speakes for itself, and shows why agriculture has not prospered."

1861—The British Society is formed :—John J. Roddick, President ; Henry T. Moore, Vice-President ; Geo. Rutherford, Treasurer ; James Hippisley, Secretary. The credit for starting this Society goes to William Squarey and Joseph Godden, who were indefatigable workers. Ninety members were enrolled at the first meeting, and ninety more during the first year.

1862—Edward Oke, the keeper of the Harbour Grace Lighthouse and his assistant Snow, lost their lives falling through the ice when returning to the Island from the Town.

1864—The death of William Donnelly made a blank this year. The Revenue Customs collected this year :—Harbour Grace, $48,000.00 ; St. John's, $81,000.00 ; Carbonear, $2,800.00. These amounts are small to-day, but shows how Harbour Grace compared with the rest of the Country at that time.

1865—Serious Bread Riots ; Volunteer Regiment called out.

1867—November 4th, the Masonic Society was started. Geo. C. Rutherford, Master. Thomas Higgins, John Patterson, Henry T. Moore, John Syme, W. H. Thompson, W. O. Woods, James Warren, Samuel Condon, and Hugh Youdall were the first officers.

1868—July 2nd, the Corner Stone was laid for the Hall, which was a two-story building on Victoria Street. Downstairs was occupied by the British Society. Upstairs, by the Masonic Lodge. This Hall still stands. There are oil paintings of both First Presidents, and numerous other relics. May the future have as many enjoyable times for its members as there have been in the past. It is a wonder how wooden buildings could stand the use these Halls have been put to for so many celebrations and dances. There are records of Masonic Societies in Harbour Grace back to 1785, or over eighty years previous to this organization. They were probably connected with the Military Garrison then stationed here.

October 18th, 1868—In a gale of wind on this day (Sunday), the brig "Adamant," Capt. Mark Alcock was lost at Cat Harbour on a voyage from Labrador to Harbour Grace. There were one hundred and seventy-five persons on board, who were saved, with the exception of Capt. John Munn a passenger, and four others—John Gardner, W. Morton, and two brothers named Coombs. Capt. John Munn, in his efforts to save vessel and passengers, manned a boat to get a line ashore, but they were swamped in the attempt, and these five men were drowned. The vessel was eventually beached, but it took a whole day to get the passengers ashore.

The failure of the fisheries still continues, and rumours of trouble are getting serious. Rutherford Bros. have had to ask for extension of payment.

1869—The death of William Squarey, the Editor of the "Standard," who was publishing a most creditable paper, causes changes. This will come in for further notice.

This was a memorable year, and all still remember it for the notable election that took place.

Great Election Year—1869.

Confederation—The Destinies of the Country are at Stake.

This is still called the Great Election year. The British Provinces in North America had sent delegates to Quebec in 1867, where an agreement had been drawn up for a Confederation of all.

Sir Frederick Carter and Sir Ambrose Shea were the two important delegates for Newfoundland, and had come back with the terms, and were strongly in favor that Newfoundland should join in the Confederation of Canada. The Elections took place for the ratification of all. It was a supreme fight, as to whether this Country should link its destiny with Canada, or remain the oldest Colony of the British Empire. It was a famous battle, and it merits a full description, and much more than can be said in this chapter. There is no need to be said of what should be done, as on several occasions during the past seventy years, the Country has decided in the same way on every occasion, and there is every reason to believe we are farther from Confederation than ever.

HAULING SEALS TO STEAMER AFTER A TEN-MILE TRAMP.

John Munn was then Member of the Legislative Council, but he resigned from it to contest this election and took a leading part. His colleague was W. S. Green of Bay Roberts, who was the son-in-law of Robert Pack of Carbonear, whom you will remember was their first representative for Legislative Government in the election of 1832.

The following was a snatch of an old song that was continually sung on this occasion.

For Confederation.

Hurrah for Carter, Shea, Ridley, Munn and Green,
Rousing cheers for Union friends where ere they be,
To the Poll then hurry. Let each honest man be seen,
Eager there to set the Country free.

Chorus :

Tramp, tramp, the boys are marching.

Cheer up Union is at hand.
Beneath the Confed flag
We'll swap the Anti-Rag,
Distress will quickly vanish from our land.

Those in opposition had something like this, representing a procession coming down from Bay Roberts.

Anti-Confederation.

In a dream I saw
The Bay-Boys-Anti coming down
At their head Bob Dawe,
A Whitecoat elevated high,
Borne by Caleb Anthony
An Anti Boy.

The Hustings, where the Members have all been nominated, were the steps in front of the Court House where speeches are given by all looking to be a representative. Survivors still tell us of the eloquent speeches given by Munn and Ridley from the top of the big rock in front of the Temperance Hall on Victoria Street. Munn and Green were successful in carrying the District of Harbour Grace for Confederation, but the arguments were too strong in favor of the Anti-Confederation party led by Charles Fox Bennett, who swept the Country leaving Harbour Grace District in a sad minority.

Sheila's Gale.

1872—It was the year still known as Sheila's Gale, probably the worst snow storm ever experienced in this District.

It has been described by Canon Noel, who was then the Curate at Upper Island Cove. It came on suddenly in the forenoon when many of its inhabitants were in the woods bringing out firewood. Numbers of them were smothered in their efforts to reach home. The story most often repeated is the trip of the barque "Fleetwing." On her return trip from Brazil, she had called at New York for a load of flour, half of which was to be landed at St. John's for Murray's Bakery. They had a telegram from St. John's that the "Fleetwing" had left that morning for Harbour Grace, and therefore, due any time that day. Just after Capt. Bailey had rounded Cape St. Francis to come up the Bay, he saw the S.E. snow storm coming. There was nothing for him to do, but fly with the gale. He reefed his sails and set his course for Harbour Grace Island before all was indistinguishable. It was a run of over ten miles right on a lee shore. All the crew were waiting for the order from the Captain, "Every man for himself." The "Fleetwing" passed Harbour Grace Island, but none of them saw it, as she skidded past Salvage Rock, the Captain caught a glimpse of it and steered by guess for the Bar, and rounding the Point of Beach dropped his anchors off Munn's wharf. The anxiety in Munn's office that morning was intense. What was happening poor Bailey and his crew in this frightful gale? They could not get along the street without feeling the houses to see where they were, and nothing could be done to give assistance. While the excitement was intense as to what the next news would be, the wharfinger rushed into to tell them, that he had heard the rattling of a chain as if an anchor had dropped, and for a moment in the midst of the gale he had seen the "Fleetwing" anchored off the wharf. There was none of them would believe it, but such was true, and in a couple of hours when it was fit to launch a boat the Captain came ashore. Many were the congratulations showered on him for his excellent seamanship.

His reply was, "It was Providence alone that saved us."

This was a favourite story of Mrs. Gordon, whom all remembers so well at Gordon Lodge. She always ended up, and "That was the day I was married; my friends all wanted us to postpone the wedding," but Sam said, "No," and I agreed with him.

1872—Two vessels at the seal fishery were caught in rafting ice in April off Battle Harbour. One was Capt. Robert Dawe mentioned in the Great Elections, now Master of the brig "Huntsman," and his brother John, Master of the "Rescue." They were being carried over submerged reefs. All must depend now whether the ice was sufficiently heavy to keep down the surging billows that rage on that Coast. The Master of the "Rescue" tells the story, "We were almost touching the brig 'Huntsman' when the sea broke and the ship was swamped. I saw Bob swing twice on the halliards when the mast came down, and all was over in five minutes. Capt. Robert Dawe and his son and forty-one men perished. Five disabled men were saved as by a miracle." Such all too often was the fate of the hardy and fearless sealers in their gallant brigs, who brought prosperity to this country.

In an often repeated poem of Sealing Memories of famous captains we have the following verse:

"Then I saw the gallant 'Hnntsman,'
And as she passed me by,
Bob Dawe waved his hand to me
As if he meant good-bye."

We will hear later on of Bob Dawe's son, Captain Charles Dawe, who was very successful in sealing steamers, and carried on a large fishing business with his brother, Azariah, at Labrador, but who worked his way up in politics till he became the Prime Minister of Newfoundland.

1872—The last cargo of Hard Bread arrived this year from Hamburg on the brig "Rescue," Capt. John Dawe. The local biscuit manufacturers have since then supplied the trade with their requirements of ship's biscuits, and have given the greatest satisfaction.

Manufacturing Seals.

Harbour Grace has always been noted for the excellent quality of Oil manufactured there. Even in recent years you could find some old fashioned wooden vats, where seals were placed to decompose during the hot summer days. This produced a frightful smelling oil. The first to make an improvement was Oliver St. John in Harbour Grace about the year 1800, who invented iron boilers with fire underneath them. Anspach tells us in his History that he purchased the seal blubber from others, and found a profitable market when making it this way. This method soon became universal, but John Munn made further improvements till he invented the steam grinders and sunning pans, that produced Punton & Munn's Sweet Pale Seal Oil, which remained for years as the Standard on the foreign markets.

Curing Labrador Codfish.

The usual method in the first prosecution of this fishery was slack salting and hard drying, or similar to the Shore Cure. The Labrador climate was not suitable to hard curing, so the fish had to be brought home to Newfoundland before shipping to foreign markets.

It is said that John Munn was the one who gave the greatest impetus for heavy salting, and the slogan became known as "Munn's Patent, Plenty of Salt." This facilitated the loading of fish at Labrador direct to the European markets, and helped in no small way to develop the Labrador fishery. The Labrador soft cure, with plenty of salt, became a great favourite at Valentia and Alicante, also Genoa and Leghorn, and as far as

(Continued on page 33.)

Some Poets of Newfoundland
AND THEIR WORK.

By Robert Gear MacDonald.

THE following article was given in the form of a Lecture before the Historical Society in November last, and is now printed with some additions and corrections concerning matters of fact. It must always be held in mind that the writer did not profess to give anything like an exhaustive account of all the verse, good or otherwise, that has been composed in Newfoundland since its discovery, but to give such an outline of the subject as could be given in the course of an hour and a half or so's talk. No one is more conscious than the writer of defects and omissions; and in particular he has made no attempt to deal with the interesting and, in some cases, very promising group of writers of verse which has crystallized round the Memorial University College during the last two or three years. Some quotations of verses have, mainly through considerations of space, been omitted.

MR. PRESIDENT, MEMBERS OF THE HISTORICAL SOCIETY AND VISITING FRIENDS:

This evening it is my fortune—good or bad—to read to you a paper, the subject and title of which is not of my own choosing—proposing at least to give you some information about verse writing and poetry-making in Newfoundland. It is of course a purely gratuitous assumption that one who has scribbled a good deal of indifferent verse, should be a judge of the work of other men and women often much better writers than himself. The position has been put into words something like this: "A poet who is a critic is a miracle, and one who is not a critic is a failure." I am sure that I am not a miracle; I only hope this evening that I shall not be too much of a failure!

In a sense the attempt to "size up" the verse writing that has been done in Newfoundland for the past three hundred years and more, for Robert Hayman the first (or so we may be pretty sure) who assayed to write rythmed speech in Newfoundland dates from 1621, or thereabouts, and since then there has been an ever increasing company down to the present day; the attempt is, I say, a pretty ambitious one. No history of poetry in Newfoundland has yet been written, or at least published; and the field is a fairly wide one. So the best that can be expected of an effort such as this—and this is one of several such essays from time to time; I read with much appreciation a lecture given on this subject a year or two ago by one of the Christian Brothers—is that it outline a map of the subject, and make it, perhaps, a little easier for some future worker in the field to gather in a good harvest.

For there has been some good verse written in Newfoundland—some poetry, racy of the soil, consonant with the sea, some writers who have ascended the heights, and plumbed the depths of our national (I use the term in a rough kind of way) consciousness, brought out the romance and glamour that is to be found in our history and circumstances, shown forth the heart and mind of this little people, composed of English and Irish in almost equal quantity, with a strong dash of Scottish, a little Welsh, and perhaps more than a little French, now in course, despite all our setbacks, of being welded into a nation within the broad ring of the British Empire. For a great poet we have yet to wait, but there is no reason why some day Newfoundland should not produce a poet as great at least as Charles G. D. Roberts, Archibald Lampman, or Wilson MacDonald in Canada, Adam Lindsay Gordon or Henry Kendell in Australia, Alexander Bathgate in New Zealand, or Arthur Shirley Cripps in South Africa. We have at least a longer and more romantic history of any of these Empire countries, with the possible exception of Canada, we have scenery that while on a smaller scale is quite as impressive and quite as beautiful as other parts of the Empire. We have the wild life; and if our population be smaller, there is still room for the joy and sorrow, the love and hate, the religious experience, the glamour and romance, that form so much of the exciting cause and the real stuff of the finest poetry!

But it is easy to understand that a people who have come into existence as we have, mostly by casual and almost furtive immigration, of people with little or no capital, and few resources save their own courage, energy and hardihood, should be backward in expressing their thoughts and ideas that have come to them in their hard struggle with circumstances, in the difficult work of securing a living by wrestling with the sea, or the sometimes even more intractable land. To this add our isolation, our educational handicaps, which are now to some extent being remedied, the scattered nature of our population, the want (outside of St. John's, almost total until quite recent years) of settled communities of any size, and you will find ample excuse for the fragmentary and uncritical quality of our output in verse.

Having said this much by way of preface, and back ground, it is now time to come to grips with our subject, and see what we have done in this perhaps the greatest of all arts, that of poetry, the crown and flower of mental life and of real culture, the glory of Greece, the grandeur of Rome, the pride and boast of the English speaking peoples, greatest of all in that art already, with possibilities of limitless development in the future. What has Newfoundland contributed, though in a humble way, to the great stream of poetry in the English Language?

The first poet, if he can really be so called, to write verse in Newfoundland, or at least to publish it in England, was Robert Hayman, a Devonshire man, and perhaps a member of one of the Universities. He was Governor of John Guy's Colony, whose limits by this time had been greatly reduced, from 1621 to 1627. He is supposed to have written at Harbour Grace; and he called Newfoundland Britanniola. He called his book Quodlibets, (name, freely translated, "What I wrote to please myself")—lately come over from New Britanniola—Old Newfoundland; composed at Harbour Grace, by R. H., some time Governor of the plantation there—"in which," says one critic, "he celebrated in limping lines the vices of Puritans and Papists, the virtues of settlers like E. Payne, Rowley and Poynts, the patriotism of colonizers like Vaughan, Falkland, Baltimore, and

Mason, and the dishonesty of the agents who failed to make the patriotism of their employers pay." The late Mr. W. G. Gosling went to the trouble and expense of having the contents of the copy of the book in the British Museum Library typed out *in extensò*, and at a meeting of the Historical Society held in the Court House some thirty years ago, was so good as to read to us some extracts from the precious work. And indeed it is sorry stuff, little better than doggerel, and with a good deal of coarseness and vulgarity in thought and expression. And Hayman had little excuse for perpetrating this kind of thing. Just at that time England might be called, without too much affectation, a nest of singing birds. All the dramatists of the day, not merely Shakespeare, Ben Johnson, and Beaumont and Fletcher, but the minor playwrights as well, could write good songs; and many other writers, mostly anonymous, were writing really sweet and skilful lyrics to the melodies of Byrd, Purcell and others; and the Cavalin Poets were already in the offing. There was indeed a good deal of "general lyrical exaltation," as someone has called it, just then; but Hayman scarcely got a whiff of inspiration from it. Needless to say, the Cambridge History of English Literature passes Hayman over in the body of the work, though his book is mentioned in the Bibliographies appended thereto.

William Vaughan's book, "The Golden Fleece," written I believe at what is now Trepassey, though mainly prose in form strikes one as more poetical in spirit than Quodlibets, though the occasional verse in which he breaks out, when not translation, appears to me wooden enough.

After this substantive, but not very promising, beginning of our literature, a deep and dense fog, speaking of poetry, settles down over our land for many generations. There is no doubt that verses were composed—no community of even half civilized people could possibly exist for some two hundred years without the emergence of some who could string verses together, were they only "come all ye's," sea shanties, or cradle songs. It is probable that some of the songs which have been collected by some recent investigators were composed or adapted by people of the Fishing Admiral and Cookhouse periods of Newfoundland history. The matter might well be worth some further investigation.

And here I would put in a plea for some serious attempt to rescue the remains of whatever work was done during that period, in prose as well as verse. The late Mr. Harry Shortis, in his day a prominent member of the Historical Society, was for a number of years, and up to the time of his passing, the recognized Historiographer of Newfoundland, at a salary by no means princely, but sufficient for his modest wants. And I understand that several thousand pages of manuscript remain as the fruit of his loving and earnest labours. But since his death, there is no such official—at least none under public pay. But Mr. P. K. Devine has been appointed at no salary and entirely at his own cost and charges, I understand, to gather anything of historical or literary value which may come his way, or which his pious love of his country and its records might lead him to enquire into. I certainly think that the Commission of Government might make Mr. Divine's appointment permanent and attach a salary to the office. Now that the matter of recovering and reinstating our Museum—or at least what remains of it—seems to be within measurable distance of accomplishment, such an office might be made in connection with that. I feel sure the Historical Society would back up with whatever influence they have, such a move for the recovery of the reliques of our literature during the seventeenth, eighteenth and the early part of the nineteenth centuries. The quatrain—

> "Uncle Joe Drover from Island Cove came
> With his hatchet, his chisel, his saw and his plane;
> The wind from the westward it came on to blow
> And Uncle Joe Drover got bogged in the snow,"

probably dates from the period in question; the "Wadhams" song certainly does. We are told this song was called after the author, from whom the Wadhams' Islands are presumably named, and it was written in 1756. We are indebted to The Collection of Old Time Songs and Poetry of Newfoundland for the full text of this song, to which the compiler, whose name by the way, is an open secret in this Society, prefixes a note saying that while thousands of fishermen may remember hearing short snatches of the song, it is doubtful if a dozen Newfoundlanders can recite it in full. It was placed on record in the Admiralty's Court in London, after it was first composed, and was considered the best coasting guide for that part of our Island Home to which it refers. It is just that; and no one would contend that the Wadhams song has any poetry in it. The only readable stanza goes thus:

> "Therefore my friend, I would you advise
> Since all those rocks in danger lies,
> That you may never among them fall
> But keep your luff and weather them all."

It must be remembered that for the major part of these two centuries there was no printing press and no newspaper in Newfoundland; and the few books written e.g. Reeve's and Anspach's histories were necessarily printed and published outside the country.

The first mild breath of Spring came with "Poems written in Newfoundland," 1839, by Isabella Prescott. She was, of course, the daughter of Governor Prescott, who represented the Sovereign in the years 1834–41. It is a fair sized volume. The longest poem in the book "Tasso" has naturally no connection with Newfoundland, indeed in a note prefixed to the poem Miss Prescott says: "I wished and intended to make my Poem a much longer one, but I thought it was presumptuous to write of Italy under the influence of a stormy sky and of a dreary land!" But the young lady must have been in a melancholic mood at that time, for several of the poems have Newfoundland scenes for their theme, and are more cheerful. I may quote a couple of stanzas from one of the best of them, "A Spring Morning in Newfoundland!"

> "Awake! for now the breeze is onward sweeping
> To dry the dew along the path we'll tread,
> The torrent o'er its stony road is leaping
> The harbor rocks the shadows o'er it spread.
> A few white clouds, by morn's soft breathing driven
> As beautiful as Angels' cars might be;
> A glory by this early light is given
> To barren mound, and lake, and flowery lea.
> Awake! is this a tune to sleep
> When joy is o'er the earth and music in the deep.
>
> "Though there be here no yellow cowslip glowing,
> No primrose hidden in the hawthorn shade,
> No purple hyacinth its soft breath throwing
> Upon the air, along the forest glade;
> Yet there are flowers in lovely clusters beaming
> Like fallen stars upon the wide lake's brim,
> And silvery bells about the dark marsh gleaming
> While lily-leaves the waters' brightness dim."
> Awake! is this, etc.

Miss Prescott writes pleasantly, too, of what she calls "The Happy River," a name she says she and her friends have given

to a stream which after winding its way through much beautiful scenery, falls into the harbour of St. John's—Waterford Bridge River evidently.

In Miss Prescott's work it is easy to detect, indeed the thing is so obvious as to need no detection, discipleship to the works of Mrs. Hemans and L. E. L., the models and inspiration of many poetesses just at that time; but it is evident she is trying to paint what she sees; and she does so not so badly. Miss Prescott afterwards married well, and became Lady Henry Lushington.

The work of certain Harbour Grace poets comes in just here —indeed the work of John Sharpe may have been a little earlier. Sharpe was great on Satire, Mr. Munn tells me, some of which like its author's name, was sharp enough; and he also wrote "Squire Leamon's House Warming." The squire was of Brigus and doubtless an ancestor of our good friend Mr. John Leamon of Messrs. Dicks & Co. But Sharpe's book is long out of print, and even Mr. Munn has not been able to secure a copy. The same is true of the older St. John, W. Charles, who was Editor of the "Conception Bayman" newspaper. Mr. George Webber was at a later date, Editor of the same newspaper, and he wrote a fairly long poem on "The Last of the Aboriginies," a copy of which has been presented to me by a distant cousin, Miss Jessie Barnes. It contains some really good verse, and a pathetic account of the capture of Mary March, one of the saddest and most tragic episodes in our annals.

The older Mr. St. John, W. Charles, wrote a good deal of verse, but seems not to have collected it. Fortunately he contributed to his son's volume, published at Boston, 1859, two poems, which some account the finest in the book. The Feathered Eremite—and The Lord of the Red Indian Warriors. Mr. Munn, patrotic Newfoundlander that he is, finds in the work of Mr. St. John's son, Charles Henry, a poem "To Terra Nova" that charms him particularly; personally I have liked "The Strange Old Bark"; it seems to me authentic Conception Bay.

The important work of Isabella Whiteford Rogerson now claims our attention. Mrs. Rogerson published two volumes of verse. one in 1859, before her marriage to the Hon. James J. Rogerson, and the second much later, in 1898—The Victorian Triumph and other Poems. The latter contains a portrait of Mrs. Rogerson, as I remember her, and a fine preface of appreciation by Judge Prowse. Mrs. Rogerson was not native born, she came here from Antrim County in the north of Ireland. But she quickly and permanently identified herself with this country, and is, in some ways, the typical Newfoundland poetess. Her two volumes provide (with material of less value, though none of it negligible from our point of view) some genuine things. Her later works especially, with the poems "Cabot," "Mid-Summer Eve," "Topsail," this last full of lovely sights and sounds), are all beautiful, and racy of the sea and soil. I can, however, permit myself to quote only a few stanzas from perhaps the first of them all—"Indian Summer":

Over headland, cape and bay
Veiled autumnal sunshine lay
  Like a dream;
Softening rock and stream and hill
Baffling all earth's artist skill
  To catch the gleam.

What is it? Who can tell?
A glamor or a spell
  In the air;
Look, each cottage in the woods
A whole paradise includes
  Soft and fair.

Spruce and fir and mountain-ash
Stand in state and burn and flash
  Many-hued;
While the rocks, once bare and stern
Moss-clad hide 'neath fairy fern,
  Grace endued.

Just a brown frond here and there
Whispering, "Autumn is in the air"
  On berries red,
Telling with mute comforting
Summer flowers are vanishing,
  We come instead.

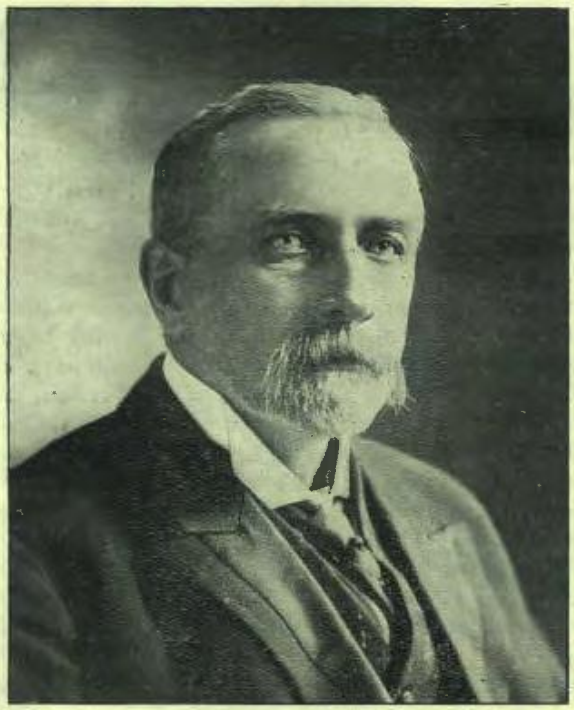
One writer of that day, Mrs. Peace, who wrote a good deal of verse, is almost forgotten. Her husband was the principal of the firm of tinware merchants Peace & Co.; and she herself and her husband were I believe Scottish. I have a certain personal interest in that firm as my father, the uncle who married my father's eldest sister, George Williams, (father of ex-Councillor J. A. Williams) my father-in law, his brother the late W. J. Clouston, and my eldest brother-in-law, all served their time, with this old firm, or its successor Messrs. Skeoch & Taylor, though the old name Peace & Co. remained over the door till the premises were burnt in the great fire of 1892. But Mrs. Peace was, I believe, a prolific writer of verse. My dear mother kept a scrap book, with many pieces of verse and prose, and a few fine engravings within its pages, well selected and greatly prized by her, and for that matter, by me; with many more valuable things, it went up in smoke on the 8th July, 1892. But it contained one or two poems from the pen of that lady, in particular her Farewell to Newfoundland, written before the family emigrated to Australia in the sixties, which has a certain pathetic note. There is a well known story of Milton, that he would sometimes wake his daughter, who was his amanuensis, from her sleep in the middle of the night, to put on paper some of his sublime verses; we are told the daughter did not like it. In one respect Mrs. Peace resembled the great Epic poet; except that her husband was the victim. She would cause him to rise, and light a candle while she wrote down some stanza she had composed, and was afraid she would forget before morning. What her husband thought of it all is not recorded; but we may guess!

One remarkable figure of the sixties and seventies was Patrick Power (or more properly Poore) often referred to as Paddy Poore the Poet. It is not so easy to be an improvisatore in English as in Old Provincial or modern Italian; the rhyme sounds and even assonances are too few. But Mr. Poore came nearer to it than any one of whom we have record in Newfoundland. Canon Bolt has told us how in his boyhood, he and other of his boy friends would gather around the poet, who if he were in the humor would entertain them with an impromptu effusion on each of their names, always witty and humorous and usually very apt. Power's health was always precarious; as a surviving acquaintance has said, his brain seemed too great for his physical strength; and he died comparatively young. He lived on Pokeham Path, now called Hamilton Avenue. Little of his verse, which I fancy was rarely printed, is recoverable; the only bit of it that I remember to have heard is a few lines dealing with the coming in of the sealing vessels, with a full load, in the Spring.

"Hark to the guns;—go out for the buns
  Now Katie, and don't be long;
And a quarter of tea, of the best Bohea,
  For your father, he likes it strong."

The mention of gunfire alludes to a custom, which ceased a little before my time, I think, of fusillading on the arrival of a sealing vessel or steamer.

A great contrast to Mr. Poore, one who is perhaps our most classical writer of verse, A. J. W. McNeily, began to write in the sixties or early seveties. Mr. McNeily was a ripe scholar, in the classics and some modern languages, a brilliant lawyer, an incissive writer in matters political, and was rated by many as having the keenest intellect of his day in Newfoundland. He translated sonnets from the Spanish and Portuguese and wrote some fine original verse. "My Consort Ship" has a pathetic interest. Not the least of Mr. McNeily's qualities was a facility for humorous ruse, often published anonymously, but (it was claimed) easily recognizable by those who knew his style. One piece of verse, of the time of the Volunteer movement, that is about the end of the 1860's called the "Awkward Squad" was



THE LATE A. J. W McNEILY, K.C.,
One of our Most Distinguished Poets.

pretty certainly his; I made its acquaintance in the Scrap Book already referred to. Mr. McNeily was doubtless one of the Volunteers, he may even himself been a member of the Awkward Squad itself. I remember only a line or two:

"Very sharp is Sergeant Grimlet—though his manner's rather blunt;
When he saw I'd got a "cast," he impolitely cried 'Eyes Front'!"

And the last line opines: "But I think I'll like it better when I learn the Awkward Squad." And much later, along about 1888 appeared in one of the local papers the satirical piece, "Against Bores and Such," a translation or imitation of The Ninth Satire of the First Book of Horace, adapted to Newfoundland environment of that day. It begins thus—

"Walking one day down 'sacred' Water Street
Musing on politics, I chanced to meet
A noted bore, one whom by name I knew,
Or just enough to pass with 'how dy'e do.'
He rushed upon me like a body-gripper
And grasped my passive hand within his flipper."

That is about all I remember of the piece, word for word; and my copy was lost in the Great Fire; but it was very clever. Everybody said it was McNeily's, and personally I have no doubt of it.

Mr. McNeily, by the way, was a prominent member of the Historical Society in his day; and his Lecture "On the System of Land Tenure in Newfoundland" was a fine and illuminating piece of work. His wife was a daughter of the Honourable J. J. Rogerson; and his sons and grandsons are with us yet; more than one of them Limbs of the Law. I had some acquaintance with Mr. McNeily, and the praise he bestowed on one of my compositions was very much valued by me.

(To be Continued.)

Battle of Bonavista.

By W. M. Dooley, Boston, Mass.

THE French at Bonavista, with all their art and skill,
Set out that day to capture the valiant Michael Gill;
They circled round the Captain, their port guns roaring now;
But Gill slipped through the cordon, the shore upon his bow.

He took his stand and fought them, one ship against their five;
While from his starboard quarter, he very soon let drive
A blast that shattered mast and spar, and raked their decks amain—
One ship that flew the lilies would never fight again.

They then set out a fire-ship to drift toward brave Gill,
Who stood between the Squadron and the Shore beneath the hill.
And now the fire-ship fouls him, and now his rigging flames;
But Gill is still undaunted; he knows the Frenchman's games.

A roar and then forever, to the bottom of the bay,
Sinks the flaming vessel, sizzling, amid a wild hurrah.
Gill swings round and once again is firing on the foe,
Who now are sadly battered and with many dead below.

And now the gallant Frenchman greets Gill across the bay:
"The bravest man I ever fought, brought me defeat to day."
His ships depart and Gill is left with victory bravely won;
So, here's three cheers for Michael Gill who made the foeman run.

April Rendezvous.

By Alma Robison Higbee.

I HAVE an April rendezvous
When mountain laurel stars are white,
When April days are fair and blue
And jonquil gold is burnished bright,
When redbud dons her shadowed lace,
And wears a veil of April rain,
Oh! Spring, lift of your sunny face,
I go to meet my love again!

The Beothics of Newfoundland.

CHAPTER I.—OBSERVATIONS IN THE WORLD OF FANCY. ON THE SANDS—FISHING—A VISIT.

By Rev. Walter Bugden.

ALONG sweeping stretch of sandy sea-shore, with here and there a few scattered islets lying beyond! The lazy waves of summer roll in over the pea-green sandy bottom and over the shallows. And near by where the beach seems to end in a wooded point, a few tufts of pale blue wood smoke are rising from sheltered dwellings within. All is still. No sound falls upon the ear, save now and then the twitter of sparrows or the bold call of the blue jay; and these make harmony with the long rolling lap of the waves on the beach as they run in harmony of direction with the light breeze, angular to the shore.

No other sign of human life is to be seen save that faint blue smoke; but this suggests the presence of dwellers beyond that line of coast woods. Here and there however as we look more carefully along the smooth sands left by the receding tide, there are foot-prints, evidently made by mocasined feet, and here, a bit of fish offal discarded by some fisher.

It is afternoon. The sun begins to decline towards the western ridges. The day has been clear and warm; and now the breeze from the sea is beginning to freshen and come in, with its health-giving salty tang.

All the land seems lonely, save to those whoever they be who have selected this spot for their summer residence. But to them as we shall presently see, the seclusion leaves nothing to be desired; and the daily occupation of fishing and preparing the catch, make this place of sojourn most desirable.

There is little of fear here except the crash of the thunder and the "tongues" of lightning, accompanied with the rising roar of winds and drenching rain, as the voices of the spirits out of the unknown seem to speak. There are no enemies but the billowy sea, which sometimes lashes itself in fury on the shore, perhaps bringing with itself an upturned and broken canoe, and more fearful still, it may be, a sea-washed and broken body.

But then! The dwellers are Nature's children and true philosophers, though they know it not; and never a man more obedient to fate than they! A few wild sad looks, and a few tears perhaps from the women folk, and life goes on again.

So, in few words we are introduced to the old time and happy race of Beothics, the "Good Night, Indians," the one time possessors of the Land which we in our accustomed pride of possession call our own.

But look! One would least expect it, did not those thin columns of smoke continue to rise beyond the clump of low trees, sure evidence in this land of sameness, of human presence. There comes in towards the shore a light boat of some sort there in the offing. Two figures are paddling, not rowing as we do seated and composed; but with considerable action, swinging from side to side, propelling the boat, each using one short wide-bladed oar, with rapid strokes from side to side in rythmical order as they come speedily on. Let us sit here unobserved and watch.

On they come; but before we are aware they are conscious of our presence. And their natural instinct and caution, in this as in hunting, impel them to pause and circle. Note their hesitancy. Note how the foremost drops his paddle and seizes his weapon, his bow and arrow. Ah! he is a Native, a "savage" as in superior way we prefer to call him; and we are in a new land of wonders, yet to be explored.

We shall stand up and hold up our hand as a sign of friendship, and walking down the beach the while in token of friendly approach. They understand, and come forward, and pushing their light birch-bark canoe on to the shore, we have our first view, and make acquaintance at close range with men of the aboriginal inhabitants of this New Found Land.

What stalwart though not gigantic men! They are slim and yet muscular in limb; straight in stature and well formed. They are ruddy and tanned in skin, regular in features and with sharp keen eyes as become the denizens of the wood-lands, men whose well-being depend upon alertness.

They approach us cautiously, and although neither makes any demonstration of hostility towards us, we notice that the foremost retains his weapon as he steps from the canoe. Without thought of the impossibility of language we address them in our own tongue, to which they make some sharp clicking sounds as though the letter K was in considerable use. Offering to shake hands we catch the soft sound of S in some words sounding like "meeman monasthus." (Shaking hands).

We attempt by signs to show our interest and friendship towards them by pointing to the conoe, the fish within her, their cords of some sort of fibre unknown to us, but which they have been using as fishing lines, and most of all to the hooks made of bone. These are strangely made. They understand and we catch the word "adothook" which we take to mean *fishing-hook* or *fishing*. Then with many rapid signs which we understood as *welcome*, they point to the smoke still rising over the tree tops, and pulling the conoe further on to the beach they move towards it.

We follow; and presently we are at the camping ground where there has been set up a few bark tent-like things. Here then are the summer homes of these people, while they pursue their fishing on the coast. They murmur and chatter rapidly among themselves of which of course we can make nothing.

The women folk and children at first sight of us had hurried out of sight. We note their wigwams and lean-to shelters made of poles covered with branches cut from the spruce and fir trees near by, with sheets of birch bark over all to shed the rain.

As we approach we notice once more the alertness of the men from the canoe, in the quick rush for cover and the furtive glances from within. Then as women and children see us in easy company with their men folk, they gain courage and presently all are a-chatter with what we take as welcome.

As the dwellings are small we sit outside, and each in our own way try to improvise some way of communication with

them. The attempts are slow and not over successful, though we hope they understand that we would be friendly and that we mean no harm to them. The camp fires are replenished, and strange flat pots and pans of bark are placed over them to prepare the evening meal. Our fishers eat greedily; and we accept a trifle of roasted fish and a drink of some aromatic liquid offered to us in a more strangely made cup of birch bark—which commodity seems to be in common use for many purposes about their homes and labours.

After the repast, with further protestations of friendship and a small gift or two from our personal belongings, a few buttons, a bright bordered handkerchief, and best of all as it seems, a small pocket knife which the receiver calls "ewaen," repeating it and opening and closing the blade almost lovingly the while, we retire. We take care however as we do so, and are not yet acquainted with their code of good manners, not to turn our backs upon them too abruptly! In this we recognize the usage of several savage peoples.

Our fishermen, and others at labour, wore light close fitting mocasins to protect the feet, but the at-homes, the women and children went innocent of foot covering.

Innocent people they seemed to be with not a care in the world save to live at peace, fish, hunt and prepare food and clothing in summer for the months of coming winter. Thus far they did not seem to know of any but their own world of things. Vaguely they spoke of the dim past reckoning their time in "moons" and spoke of the "far away," and the spirits of their dead. They knew nothing of our coming or that our ship lay snugly berthed in harbour not more than two leagues off, and that we two were upon an exploring trip of observation and had come upon them as unexpectedly as they had upon us.

Hence upon our retirement we determined to visit them again if possible, and induce them to us; in the hope of establishing friendly relationship. This we did, and several days passed in easy company with them. We had opportunity to observe more closely their dwellings and possessions and their order of living.

BEOTHICS OF THE EXPLOITS, NEWFOUNDLAND.
From an engraving after a drawing by Cartwright.

In making our departure we point in the direction from which we have come, touching the hands and feet of one here and there as we do so, then our own to indicate that they should visit us in turn.

In our short visit we noticed that except for evident marks of masculinity, men and women dressed alike. Our fishermen had however discarded the outer heavy garment of skin worn with the hair within when at fishing, and had donned a lighter robe of fur, evidently of fox, beaver or other animal. This robe was worn reaching to the knee. One old and dignified person whom we found at home wore a great black bear skin robe with a collar or tippet of fine silver fox. They wore no head covering, save amongst the women; their hair fell over their shoulders or tied loosely with a band of fur. One or two we noticed affecting an ornament, a bright shell or a smooth coloured pebble from the shore.

Amongst the men the hair was cut closely from the crown save the "scalp lock" which fell behind or at the side, and tied or braided with one or two erect feathers. It appeared that the number of feathers worn indicated some rank.

In particular we discovered through means of signs and accompanying words that a few days previously they had "seen a great white winged creature." O so great, larger than their biggest canoe, moving along out upon the circle of waters and passing by. That they had been afraid, though the men professed to be brave, and moved their possessions to a hidden crevice of rock some distance away. They had returned at night, watching and waiting to hear and know what the appearance meant; and that they had finally returned to their wigwams concluding that it was a visitant from the Spirit world, going and intent upon its own way. So they had been reassured, calm philosophers that they were, pursuing their fishing and hunting once more!

What need to tell them that we were of that ship, the "Bride of Bristol" and that she lay nearby? It was enough to assure them that we were men like they; that we had come, as they had, from *outside* (with a wave of the hand). That we would come again, with many more, to build wigwams and live and work with them, and do them good.

So a few happy days passed. We saw, and learnt the names

of several things in their every day life,—"*eewaen*," a cutting blade of stone, bone, or our knife: "*codrat*," a fire; "adathook," a fish-hook; "dogernat" or "dogemat" an arrow.

In social life we heard many phrases,—"Boyish" or "paushee tapathook," a birch-bark canoe; "emmamoose, woassut awoodet," a woman singing; "meeman monasthus," shake hands; "Buhashameth athess," Boy, sit down; "meotick possthéee" the wigwam smokes, "Betheok washeu," Good night. Before our departure we learnt to bid them "Good night" quite readily in the words they seem to love best of all. It is the word Bethuk, Betheok, Bethuck, Beothic, the name for their tribe and for their choicest salutation in saying "good bye."

We saw the skill with which they made fire—a piece of iron-stone pyrites, which with a harder piece struck fire. Or failing this, their ingenious "fire bow" with its crossed pieces of dry wood and "tinder" from the decayed fir also produced a fire after considerable patience. We saw their "fire-bags" in which they kept and carried these things on occasions of their hunting and travelling; their curious cooking utensils of soap-stone, or failing that, of the common spruce bark. And we saw their skill in making clothing of skins and the fur of the animals they killed in the chase, and most of all, their stores of fine "war-paint"—though it is doubtful if they ever engaged in hostilities with another tribe. This paint was produced by their careful mixing of ochre with tallow from the cariboo or bear.

So ended our visit to the Beothic camp in their summer fishing occupation. So might have been the happy coming of the "White Folk, the people of wonder to the Land of their fathers.

A Day Together.

How like an impertinence it seems, in face of such tragedy as we hope to depict; to paint our proud usages and attainments counting upon the story of those whom we have so cruelly wronged and despoiled!

Yet what else can we do? Our achievements may be, our time is *not* our own. For time lives on to tell what we have done with it; and the time which called us to achieve called also the Beothic to endure and suffer.

We know nothing of the years of the Beothic prior to our coming to the New Land in A.D. 1497-1760 (Immigration virtually ceased about the latter date). But even at that remote period their Race had well begun. We shall not indulge in fancy as to their origin with the "lost tribes of Israel." That is a fabric worn too thin to hold water! Nor shall we attempt to place them definitely with any tribe of "Indians" inhabiting Eastern North America. Of one thing, however, we may be certain; that physiognomy, speech and habits of life all proclaim them to be of "Red Indian" stock closely alied in every telling fact with that extensive Race.

It is quite legitimate, however, to say with one worthy author that "previous to the coming of Europeans they were for many" decades "before, hunting, gliding over the lakes and rivers in their birch canoes."

Yet they made no progress. They left little more than a name of having been. There is nothing but a few pitiful remains (how pitiful we hope to show, in perhaps a futile effort to have respect shown to what after all we share with them of common humanity). They were found and remained for three hundred years a poor few, flitting from post to post over a limited space in a comparatively small island.

They possessed not nor left any records, leaving not even a scratched name on wood or stone. They had made no advance in the arts of life; their only remaining work being their arrow heads and a few stone and bone implements with decaying fragments of sewn skin and birch bark. These remains, with a few bones and skeletons have been found in several parts particularly along the North-east and North-west coasts.

At Norris Point where the remains of their work have been found, they were so numerous and in such variety of workmanship as to suggest a head-quarters for their manufacture. Possibly the flint and iron-stone were found in the neighbourhood, which would be a usual accompaniment to the limestone deposits of that region.

They were a simple child-people, innocent of the boasted doings of Nations; innocent of their own, because they had no bards nor recorders amongst themselves. Thus their prowess, their virtues, their glory and their needs all went down into oblivion with them, save the few poor fragments discovered and kept, to witness to their existence, and incidentally to witness also the White man's cupidity and lack in human kindness.

That they came in pursuit of the chase, the primitive purpose of a primitive people, is certain. And here they found this a-plenty. But of their years few of many, No! No more may we count the ages of Humanity itself, than we may with any certainty count the "moons" of the Red man.

The Beothics' Story.

"Many Moons ago" might they say. "For many moons we have been here. Here we have built our wigwams, established our caches, raised our deer fences and marked out our trails and camping grounds."

"Here we have travelled and hunted, have pursued the courses of the river valleys, have looked upon the grand water-falls where the spirits of our fathers still linger, and plodded wearily over the marshes by the muskegs and through the forests, pursuing our calling, no man to say us nay. And here for many moons we have lived peaceably with our own, feasted, joyed, languished and passed on with our fathers to the Happy Hunting Grounds.

"There is no lake but we know. There is no trail but our feet have trodden from the Land of the Morning to the Shore of the Setting Sun. The Land has been ours by right of occupation—for many moons it has been ours. Who shall say us nay?

"Come with us to our wigwams when the fishing is over. We shall take our dried fish seasoned only with the sting (salt) of the sea. We shall take some of the soft skin and feathers of the great sea-birds (awk), and oil to preserve our mocasins and implements. We shall take our furs, ivory and beautiful shells to clothe and beautify our persons, our women, our wives and children. We shall take it all; and we shall feast, a happy people, safe and warm in the shelter of the sounding forest. There we shall listen at night to the hooting of the snowy owl, the lone cry of the loon and the howl of the hungry wolf; glad at the thought that we are safe sheltered in our winter lodges. And there we shall lie on beds of the softest furs, and tell of the pleasures of the year's hunting, and hear and see over again the deeds of the braves gone by.

"Come with us; for there you might trade in the richest fur of otter, fox and beaver. And there you may in return gladden our eyes with your rich colours your knives, hatchets and your cooking things. And there you shall be safe to come and go in safety.

"Or come, and go with us to the lordly waters, where land and water seem to meet and mingle in the depths below us; where the mountains dip into the calm, and where while we look in wonder upon them, still towering above.

"Miles we might paddle and leisure or send our canoe speeding from shore to shore, in pursuit of the plunging deer. Or in the time of cold we might hurry along the shore and take a ouninìche here, a speckled red-blooded 'dattomeish' (trout) there. Or chance may bring us a fine fat goose for supper, with the fine wing feathers, a gift to the coming chief.

"How the pine knots burn at night, like the brilliant Lights of the North along the blue above us! And how tasty and satisfying is the marrow from the shank which we spit and roast over the fire!

"To-morrow we shall go on trail to the forest. And now to sleep in the cosy bed-nests lined with the softest down and fur, where no cold nor draft can come; to sleep and dream and live the day over again!

* * * * * * *

"Up and away! We have our fine bow of mountain ash, with a fine sheath of slender willow and pine arrow-shafts, tipped with the keen flint head. How we beguile the long nights of winter while the resinuous wood blazes and lights up the 'meotick' (wigwam); and we chip and smoothe these to a fine point!

"How they pierce the doter* seal, and with what force they are driven to the vitals of the fleeing deer and bring him down! And the stone axe tucked into the belt of black bear skin, and the keen knife of the same! So let us go.

"The forest is still. The great pines and birches stand amongst the lower spruce and fir like sentinels. All are good and useful in their turn. See the bare stock of the great birches whence we have stripped the bark; to build our wigwam by the lake and our new canoes for comming summer. We do not waste time. Life is too short and uncertain, and we must keep guard against what we know not.

"See beyond up the great lake, where the blue haze comes down veiling the shore and mingling with the waters! We know nothing of your Spirits, nor of your raving over your beauty and magnificence of scenery and the glory of the autumn tints. But there at times we hurry by in passing, because we fear we have come too close to the abode of the Unknown and may trespass. And because we know not the Spirits we are afraid.

"We know nothing yet of your noise which kills, and which comes beyond the range of our finest arrows with death upon its wings. We know nothing of your skill in making these and other dreadful things—how you have built such great canoes (ships) to carry thunder and lightening, to batter down the cliffs and lay waste a whole camping ground! You may indeed yet harness the very lightning itself to do your behest, when, 'Baroodisick' (thunder). But our senses of sight, hearing and smell are attuned to a point far beyond you, and we learn and know the danger afar and beyond the range even of your death-noise.

"Rock, twig and moss; even the wet stones beyond the rim of the placid water have their tale to tell us, of the game which have passed, or of the enemy which lies waiting just beyond. So we live and learn.

"We cross the waters and hear the rush and roar of the angry spirits as they sweep by, and lash the way into foam, and beat us sometimes to the shore. Or we look below into the blue depths, and see the great cone of sun rays pointing downward. And it is an evil eye to be feared when it gazes upon us thus; for still water lies deep, and down there may be, the Great Evil lies, and we hurry on afraid.

"But see! There is a string of deer just passing through our fence of trees, and taking to the water with a plung forward.

"We follow them silently and without visible emotion, though we are keenly eager. For there will be plenty again, of meat, and skins, and bone for needles, hooks, spears and knives. And there will be soft hair for beds and clothing.

"Strain forward, again, again! Our paddles dip rapidly and the foam rolls away from our path. The quarry is just ahead now. Ping goes the arrow, another and another. How they plunge and struggle to get away. Chug goes a spear. Ha! He has it. Overboard go our braves and the water is churned into confusion as deer and braves struggle together. At last the tomahawk falls and does its work. The deer is ours, another, and another; and we gather up what we have, while the herd scatters in all directions. It is a free and joyous life.

* * * * * * *

"But the day is long and there is time yet to pursue the hunt further. So we cache our carcases of venison and seek further. We cross the lake once more, to an open bay, into which from a high wooded slope a broad stream comes foaming, bringing gleaming white, grey and yellow sand in its flow, and to deposit it widely over the lake bottom.

"How little we know of what we have in this good land of ours! That musical sound from the lake bottom—we love it but we fear it. It seems to tell of something there which has yet to be learned. Sweet lovely sound, clearer, harder than the rock on which we strike our flint-tipped paddle, harder it seems than the stone we use for our arrow tips.

"But hear us! Here a white-skinned man will come with his braves from over the great sea, to bring presents, and talk of amity and trade with our children: alas, only to leave his name a memory, and a thought of what might have been.

(To be Continued.)

* Doter—The Bay seal, often also called the "ranger," a beautifully spotted seal somewhat smaller than the "harp" frequenting coast waters.

Some Days.

By Bertille Tobin.

Some days in Spring seem very old,
Old, and dull, and dreary—
Some days in Spring seem very young,
Young, and bright, and cheery!

Some days in Spring stress note of gloom,
The trees' stark limbs look tragic—
Some days in Spring are full of joy,
And wee buds ope like magic!

Some morns of Spring the air so chill
Appals the birds and mutes them—
But other morns when sunbeams dance
Music most sweet salutes them!

Some days in Spring elusive Hope
Seems but to rap the fingers
That fain would fling the portals wide
To haste the joy that lingers.

Some days in Spring that joy peeps out
Through myriad winsome ways,
And then man's heart respondent leaps
In ecstasy of praise!

The Rise and Fall of The Gold Standard.

With Some Reference to the Quantity Theory of Money and to the Correlation of Gold and Prices.

By Robert Saunders, Graduate of Boston, New York and Columbia Universities.

INTRODUCTION.

GOLD! What memories hover round the word! How deeply has it stirred and still does stir the mind of man!

And then what dark memories are associated with this word "gold"; for the very getting of it has been associated with bitterest curses and foulest deeds. In the search for gold whole races of people have been put to the sword, continents subjugated, religions and civilizations destroyed. In the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries men spent their lives toiling as slaves in the mines of South

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and Central America in order to enrich their taskmasters. Then when those rich taskmasters from Europe had the metal safely aboard ship it was frequently captured on the high seas by pirates and merchant adventurers.

In this twentieth century, gold, the usual base for currency issues, has become so important an agency of society, that the understanding of its nature and functions, its tendency and influences, is a problems which attracts the attention not merely of the political economist and financer, but of the reading world in general.

Beginnings of the Precious Metals as Money.

The beginning of the history of the precious metals as money is commonly assigned to Greece in about the ninth century before Christ. But there are reasons for believing that it may be carried back to a very much more remote period of the past.

The unearthing of gold vessels from the buried cities of Egypt and the remains of ancient works in the gold fields of Western Asia, show that the inhabitants of these countries were familiar with the precious metals and mined them more or less extensively hundreds of years before the Christian era.

During the rivalry between Carthage and Rome for the trade of the Orient, both of these States exported siver to India and probably obtained gold in return. During the middle ages the Italian States were still the channel by which gold, and also silver, flowed from India to Europe.

Gold was employed as a form of money as early as approximately 3000 B.C. At first it passed current in the form of bars, rings or chunks, usually stamped with some insignia of the ruler and measured by weight or by size. Coinage made its first appearance in about the seventh century B.C. in Lydia. The device gradually spread Westward in Europe.

The Rise of Gold as a Standard of Value and Medium of Exchange.

Although the problem of the value of money was not in classical times the burning issue which it later became, it did not pass unnoticed. In Xenophon's "Revenues of Athens," he speaks simply of the value of gold and silver, but he seems to have the money use particularly in mind. He touches briefly upon the question that became a great financial problem of the nineteenth century, namely: that gold as it appears in greater quantity becomes much less valuable and causes silver to bear a higher price. Here was hidden the germ of the great money question of to-day—the question of what relationship silver should bear to gold.

The light in which banking and finance regard gold is perhaps the most reasonable of all. To them gold serves as a standard of value, a standard for deferred payments and a base for paper money. It can do this better than any other existing commodity because it possesses as a commodity a value relative to the other commodities so stable that it performs the function of a medium of exchange more perfectly than any other, and can also retain a certain stability for an extended period. World production of gold is not erratic as, for example, the production of tin, coal or wheat. It is of vital importance that the one essential quality needed in the article one uses as a basis for exchanging all other articles has fixety in value.

Wheat and tobacco in the U. S A. and fish in Newfoundland, for examples, were just as clearly "money" when used as the article as gold and silver are to-day. But as countries became more and more populous and commercial transactions more complicated, the use of bulky products, changeable in value, liable to decay, and of different grades, was soon found troublesome and unsuited for the growing business of exchange of articles.

The metals then proved their superiority—especially gold. Gold does not decay; volume and great value can be easily transported; it can be divided easily into definite money units, and does not change in value rapidly, yet it shares with any other commodity the one esential quality of also having value in itself for other purposes than for the mere basis of exchange.

Why Gold Exclusively Became the Standard.

The virtue of the gold unit is not that it was or is a perfect standard, but that it is less susceptible of ignorant or malicious abuse than alternative units. If gold has been at times somewhat unstable in value, paper standards have been vastly more unstable. However, the maintenance of the gold standard only meant that the paper currency of a country, by a deliberate monetary policy, was kept in a certain parity with gold.

The Gold Standard in its simplest form was primarily a device for achieving two quite consistent ends. It was a device, in the first place, for maintaining rates of exchange within very narrow limits; and in the second place it was a device for maintaining something approaching equilibrium between the price structure, on the one hand, and income and cost structures on the other, of particular communities.

In its historical aspects the Gold Standard (as practiced before the Great War and to some extent before the present great depression) was able to achieve a certain maintenance of parity in the rates of foreign exchange in addition to maintenance of equilibrium in international price and income levels.

The Rise of the Gold Standard.

The Gold Standard is a system first introduced into Great Britain immediately after the Napoleonic wars, which ended with Waterloo in 1815. It developed into an international standard about the middle of the 1870's, when Germany and other large nations went on that standard. Just prior to the Great War practically every country was on the Gold Standard. In the new world Nicaragua and Salvador still had silver as a monetary standard, and in the old world certain countries in the Far East, notably China, still stood by the silver standard.

The desirability of measuring all commodities by the same standard of value is responsible for the development of the Gold Standard. With the rise of the Gold Standard governments and banks issuing money notes were required to maintain the fixed ratio of money to gold. The object here was, of course, to keep the purchasing power of national monetary units at par with the purchasing power of the quantities of gold they represented.

The rise and operation of the Gold Standard in Great Britain is a classic example of the Gold Standard in its purest form. The point that Great Britain tried to maintain prior to 1914 was that at a given moment the country required a certain quantity of cash to accomplish exchanges. London maintained a free gold market and developed the idea that all gold in excess of the required quantity was useless and even burdensome. These were the days of the free movements of gold, in and out of London, and of the operation of a pure and unadulterated Gold Standard.

Some Aspects of the Operation of the Gold Standard in a Modern World.

When Great Britain went back to the Gold Standard—or more correctly the Gold Bullion Standard—in 1925 there was probably between 5 and 10 per cent. difference between Great Britain and the United States in commodity prices converted to a gold basis. General prices were lower in the United States of America, and that country could therefore undersell Great Britain in the world's markets, and because Great Britain had a large export trade this higher price exposed the export industries to a competition which they could not overcome. Therefore in some ways the Labour Party in Great Britain seemed justified in their opposition to the country going back to the old basis of $4 86. There was a monkey-wrench in the wheels of commerce and much evidence points to gold as this monkey-wrench. The pound should have been stabilized at a much lower level—say $4 20.

This leads us to the problem and the question?—to what price a country should stabilize its currency when going back on a gold basis. It is a problem that cannot be divorced from freedom in trade—perfect freedom in the international movements of goods, services and capital. To illustrate: when a country has been driven to suspend the Gold Standard by a fall in the world price level, that means that at the world price level its export industries are unremunerative. They become underemployed, and their development is retarded. If this condition of things is prolonged, they may be permanently weakened. The suspension of the Gold Standard relieves the strain; it raises the equivalent of the world price level in terms of the country's currency. If the currency does, or is allowed to, depreciate to the point at which the world price level becomes normally remunerative, the relief is complete.

Therefore the chief importance of gold has been based upon the quantity of its production, and the way in which the metal, when produced, is applied to lubricate the wheels of commerce. In other words, in the case of gold, the relation of the metal to Banking and Exchange has been of supreme importance.

The fact that the Gold Standard worked so well before the Great War can be, in the main, attributed to the great financial center in London in general and Great Britain in particular. Here was a free gold market in the true sense of the word. Here was created, and kept moving, in international trade, a pound sterling which was recognized all over the world as the premier means of international payments.

However, the Gold Standard never did function in so automatic and simple a way in many countries. The currency often became a "managed" one, such as we have to-day. True, the currency authorities in each and every country were subject to the obligation that the currency should be redeemed in gold; but this condition was not always fulfilled, and when fulfilled it did not take care of temporary variations in the purchasing power of the currency. In France, for example, many years prior to 1914, the authorities imposed a premium on the export of gold, as a caution that gold would not move into and out of France so automatically as is provided for in a pure Gold Standard.

The Downfall of Gold.

The fall of the Gold Standard in the early 1930's can in no small measure be attributed to the circumstances of France's return to the Gold Standard in 1928. This country returned to the Gold Standard with the French franc stabalized at a little less than four cents as against the pre war par of nearly twenty cents. France was placed in a very favorable situation in her export trade when her cheapened currency allowed her to undersell competitors in the foreign trade markets. Besides, when once her currency was stabilized, French capital abroad, which had been temporarily transferred abroad during the decline of the franc, began to flow back to France, mainly in the form of gold imports. This created a strain on other countries which had too little gold in the first place—except, of course, the U.S.A. which had an oversupply. France did not

live up to her obligations as a great creditor nation. That country, after Great Britain, was and is a great capital export country. To carry that responsibility successfully it should have had at least a free gold market instead of tremendous imports and large scale hoarding of the yellow metal.

Another cause of the downfall of gold after the 1930's was the one-sided distribution of the world's gold reserves. Some countries had a shortage, and were operating under a Gold Exchange Standard, while the U. S. A. and France had somewhere between 50 to 60 per cent. of the world's gold. Now when the depression began to take on an international aspect an extraordinary search for liquid assets began with the result that there was a general scramble for gold. A country would suddenly find itself exposed to a drain of gold and to the necessity for taking protective measures. In this way came the downfall of England's Gold Standard in 1931, a crises which had its roots in Austria, when the banking community was unable to meet its obligations. This spread to Germany where Great Britain had large liquid-short-term-funds tied up. The Bank of England and the Government tried to save the situation by means of large foreign credits, but to no avail. The Bank was caught in the maelstrom. It applied to the Government for release from its legal obligations to sell gold under the Gold Standard Act of 1925. This meant the fall of gold in that country.

In America, the divorce from Gold was a deliberate step taken in order to stop deflation and make room for a rise in the price-level. It had also as its object the restoring of America's competitive power in world markets. By this, of course, is meant that, by 1933, with practically all the great trading nations off gold and their currencies depreciated, America could not, on a gold basis, compete in the foreign markets. However, too much stress must not be laid on this aspect of the problem.

This idea of America going off the Gold Standard without a shortage of gold and with a favorable balance of international payments is a new experience. Therefore, in this case, the the older orthodox doctrine that gold reserves would guarantee the maintenance of the Gold Standard was completely thrown overboard. Various acts were passed and Presidential decrees issued in the U. S. A. in 1933, until the Gold Standard was completely demolished. The President was given wide powers to sever the dollar from any connection with gold, to choose a new gold parity, or to fail to redeem the currency in gold.

Gold and Prices.

A simple examination of the banking system in its larger aspects leads to the conclusion, which one is comforted to find was also reached by such political economists as Newmarch, Giffien and Marshall in Great Britain, not to mention many on the Continent, that the most direct and immediate way in which an influx of gold affects trade is by causing the banks to make advances on easier terms, so stimulating enterprise and causing an increase in the demand for commodities and services, and consequently a rise in prices. The writer must give the caution, however, that the present policies in International Trade and Finance have the effect of neutralizing the relationship between gold movements and commodity prices.

On the side of the relation between gold production and commodity prices, the well-known Swedish financial authority, Gustax Cassel, argues that an annual production of three per cent. of the supply at any time is a condition for the maintenance of the general price level, unchanged, so far as the gold supply is concerned. Joseph Kitchin, in his evidence presented to the Royal Commission on Indian Currency and Finance (1926) arrives at a conclusion substantially the same. In fact, since the 1920's a lively discussion has been going on between European, English and American authorities in the field. Of course, none of these men could see just what was to be the trend to-day, with greater economy in the use of gold, a greater production, plus the unusual aspect of seeing India delivering up her vast hoards, which were probably hoarded there for generations. Add to all this, a restricted movement of gold, and we find a greatly diminished importance as to just how much gold should be produced and also the lessened relationship between gold production and prices.

However, let us look at the practical aspects of the problem

SALMON COVE, BAY DE VERDE.
Holloway Photo.

before the present world-wide financial disturbances. If prices rose unduly in one country, that country's balance of trade would become unfavorable, and the country would be exposed to a drain of gold with the consequence of a pressure on its price level sufficient to restore the old price equilibrium. On the other hand, a country receiving gold imports on an unduly large scale would experience a rise of prices tending to counteract the import of gold. Thus the system would promote general stabilization, including both an adjustment of the price levels of the different countries to one another and a rational distribution of the worlds monetary stock of gold.

The Quantity Theory of Money.

This quantity idea of money attempts to enlighten us on the purchasing power of money or the general level of prices and then trace the dependence of prices on the amount of money in use. It was stated originally in a simple form suitable to a community in which money meant coins of precious metal. To-day, for practical purposes, it is expressed in the form of an algebraic equation, as follows :—

$$M\ V \times M'\ V' = P\ T$$

The explanation of the equation is :—

M = money in circulation.

V = velocity of circulation of money.

M' = credit (checking accounts measured by individual deposits at the banks or by demand deposits).

V' = velocity of circulation of deposits.

P = prices (index of prices).

T = volume of trade.

The history of money does confirm the truth of this equation, not in its narrower form, it is true, but in its broader aspects. For if the history of the production of gold is compared with that of the general level of commodity prices, the broad agreement will be seen.

The late World War has provided valuable material on the relationship between issues of money and the range of commodity prices. It can be gathered from the course of prices in France, Great Britain, Germany and other belligerent countries, that the strongest influence on the general prices of commodities was that exercised by the quantity of money. Of course, there are other factors that keep the price level from being exactly proportionate to the quantity of money in circulation in any particular country.

To-day the money whose quantity regulates its value is not merely gold coin, nor even gold and legal tender, but includes bank credit as well; in fact, all means of payment. Besides, any country can raise a large superstructure of paper and credit money on the same stock of gold it uses as a base for the issues of paper. The velocity of circulation is beginning to be recognized to-day as a very potent force in the whole quantity of money idea. The same amount of money can be made to do a greater amount of business if it is used more actively. An increase in velocity of circulation, then, will serve instead of more money.

Of course, this whole Quantity Theory has been criticised on several grounds. It is said that it is a static theory, that it rests on too rigid a foundation, that it admits credit and other substitutes for money as factors determining the value of money itself, that it does not truthfully portray the manner in which the money commodity is matched against the sum total of other commodities. However, the basic criticisms of the quantity theory can be eliminated when the critics realize that the quantity theory taken as a whole states: "other things being equal."

Conclusions.

Gold has failed, at least temporarily, both as a means of payment and as a standard of value. The value of gold is to-day somewhat unstable and not even a prophet of old can tell its future.

Still less can we tell what will be the outcome of the various exchange controls. This is a new device to control gold movements and maintain parities of exchange. Each of the three powerful countries—Great Britain, the U. S. A. and France—have set aside several million dollars in what is known as "Exchange Equalization Funds." The three currencies—the pound, the franc and the dollar—are more or less linked up through the operations of these equalization funds. In fact the inside story of the power of these funds in international trade and finance is yet to be told.

All experience during the last few years repudiates the view that large gold reserves increases banking security. For example, America had plenty of gold in 1933, but her banking system easily became water-logged.

The return to gold does not and cannot come primarily and automatically by Government fiat. The great and powerful central bank of a country must, as a most important thing, accumulate reserves either in the form of gold at home or abroad, or in the form of liquid credits in foreign gold centers.

Of course plenty of "men who know" cherish an early return to gold. The reasoning of those who advocate an early return to gold takes on, we must admit, the character of a devotion to old ideals with their practical application to-day a far different story.

The money question is to-day subject to violent controversary. In fact, no settled opinion has been given for the causes of the downfall of gold. The writer, therefore, has attempted to present the problem of Gold and International Finance from an unbiased standpoint. Every writer on this subject may regard himself as opening a discussion rather than formulating a final thesis. We can, however, look at the world to-day and say with Sir Thomas White (War-time Minister of Finance for Canada):

> Though here I sit with wealth untold,
> What's the use of all my gold,
> Tier on tier above my head,
> If my people starve for bread?

NOTE.—The writer of the above article is a native Newfoundlander. He worked for some time in St John's where he was active in the Church Lads' Brigade, the Cathedral Men's Bible Class, etc.

He graduated from Boston University in 1924, New York University in 1925, and Columbia University in 1927. He has about all requirements finished for his Doctor's Degree in the field of Commercial Science at the Wall Street Division of New York University,

He spent some six years of research into the "History of British Foreign Investments" and this year presented his results, covering two volumes of twelve hundred pages, to New York University in partial fulfilment of the requirements for the Doctor's Degree.

A WINTER PAGEANT.

By Laura Hoagland Pierce, Kansas City, Mo.

BARREN earth, naked trees,
Silenced songs, withered leas,
Acrid smoke rising high,
Chill of frost, leaden sky;
Soughing winds through the pines
Wails its dirge, shrilly whines;
Luna's light, cold and chill,
Glitters white, crowns the hill;
Rivers broad, flowing strong,
Turned to ice hush their song;
Snow-birds brown, chirp and cheep,
Flowers dream, sunk in sleep;
Thick on boughs snow wreaths cling,
Ices crack, sleet-drops sting;
Winter reigns—Polar King,
Nature rests, waiting Spring.

The Late Archbishop Howley's "Newfoundland Name-Lore."

Republished from "The Newfoundland Quarterly," Commencing October, 1901.

ARTICLE XXXI.

THE largest island in Placentia Bay, lying somewhat towards the western shore is

Meracheen.

This word is French, and means the "Dog-sea." The word "chien" is used by the French as the name for a seal, thus chien de mer—sea-dog, and loup de mer—sea-wolf are used frequently to express a seal. Another word for the same is "veau marin"—sea-calf. Hence the present name "Mer-à-chien," the sea of the seals or sea-dogs. The harbour or rock seal is numerous in these waters. The name earily and naturally became transferred from the sea or strait, or waters surrounding the island, to the island itself. On the coast of the island there is a cove called

Dog Harbour.

This is doubtless a translation from the French "Havra à chien." We have also Seal Island and Seal Harbour, all showing the presence of seals in this neighbourhood.

There is a group of islands on the west side of Meracheen island named the

Ragged Islands.

This name has been alluded to in Article XIV. One of these islands is called Galton Island. Mr. LeMessurier (Lecture, p. 77) says it is called after a Mr. Galton who was pilot with Captain Cook during his surveys in 1767. Mr. LeMessurier adds "I knew his (Galton's) daughter—Mrs Movelle—who died at Meracheen in 1873 or '74, aged 108 years!"

Another island of this group is named

John De Gong.

Mr. LeMessurier thinks it is a corruption of some French word. I find it written on Howley's map as John de Gaunt I., but I fear this is only a guess. There is a small island named

Crane Island;

the origin of the name is unknown. There are two

"Barren Islands."

The smaller one, uninhabited, on the east side of Meracheen. The larger, with a good harbour and a considerably populous settlement, on the west side towards the main land. Attempts have recently been made to change the name of this island to Baron Island. Mr. LeMessurier, who in knowledge of this part of the coast is facile princeps, is indignant, and justly so, at this attempted change. "As far as I can find out," he writes, (Lecture, p. 12) "no person by the name of Barron ever dwelt there. It was named Ile Sterile, because of its barren appearance compared with the other islands which are all wooded. Barren Island has a plateau rising about 200 or 300 feet high, at the base of which is Western Cove and Barren Island Harbour. The plateau is reached from the east side by a steep bit of cliff, on which is worn some steps known as the Devil's Ladder. This plateau has no trees on it, and is covered with moss and small berry-bearing bushes. In my experience of Placentia Bay, Barren Island was always spoken of as 'the Barren Island' by the people.'

I may add that although I have heard some persons trying to fix the name of Baron or Barron on this island, and have seen the word so spelt in some of the newspapers, no application has yet come, as far as I am aware, before the Nomenclature Board concerning the said change, nor has the matter been discussed by the Board. (1).

Inside of Barren Island there is a harbour called

La Plante.

"Evidently," says Mr. LeMessurier, "here the French had a plantation, or more likely it was named so because of the wood

BURGEO.

which abounded there, even in my time." I can hardly however admit these suppositions; 1st, because the French never used plante for a "plantation." This is a purely English Elizabethan term. The French term for the same idea is a "Habitation." Neither do the Frendh use the word plante for wood but bois. There may, however, have been an English plantation in this Bay, and the French Cartographers may have written it down La plante. It is so written on the Royal French map, after Cook, of 1784. There is in this place a BELL ISLE though what the application of it may be I am not aware. A little further south is a small group, named the

Burgeo Islands.

This name occurs in various places on the coast of Newfoundland and the origin of it is obscure. The best known place of the name is the harbour on the Southern Shore of the Island, between Fortune Bay and Channell and which gives its name to one of the Electoral Districts in conjunction with LaPoile—the District of

Burgeo and Lapoile.

Several attempts have been made to find the meaning and origin of this name. Mr. LeMessurier suggests Bras de Jean—John's

Arm. The name is alluded to in Article X. when speaking of Joe Batt's Arm, which is called by the French Bras de Joe Batt. "It is thought it may be corruption of Bras de Joe, Joe's Arm."

Somewhat to the southward of Barren Island, and off the north end of Ile Valen, there is a group or ledge of rocks called

The Grammers. (2).

This is a corruption of the French grande mère—or grandmother rocks. To the westward on the main land is the harbour of

Clatice,

or Clatisse; origin and meaning unknown. It may be a corrupt spelling of C. Latice for Cape Latice, by the same sort of error as created the names of Carpoon, Carenas, Carouge, Codroy, &c., (see Art. VI). But then it will remain to find a meaning for Latice. Mr. LeMessurier suggests that it may be a name of a man, (French).

A large and important island exists here called

Great Isle Valen

or Valen Island. Mr. LeMessurier derives the name from "a Courtier of Louis XIV's time who was deported to Placentia

SPREADING FISH AT BURGEO.

and given some grants of land in Newfoundlard to save him from the gaieties of the Court of Versailles. But I fear we have no authentic proof of the existence of such a person. I am rather inclined to think that it is a corruption of

Ille Et Villaine,

the name of a Department of Brittany, so called from the two rivers which flow through it. St. Malo is the Capital of this Province and many of the early settlers came from that place, and very naturally might, according to custom, have given the name to remind them of home.

There is a little cove called

St. Leonard's

to the westward of Isle Valen. It appears to be so called from the name of a family of settlers of whom survivors still remain. In olden times this place was called

Oliver's Cove,

but when the late Venerable Parish Priest—Rev. Father James Walsh—removed from his residence in Meracheen, somewhere towards the middle of the XIX. Century, about 1850, to the little cove or arm at the bottom of Presque Inlet; being of strenuous old Keltic stock, he could not bear the name of Oliver, as it reminded him too much of "Crummle," so he changed the name to

St. Kyran's,

the Patron Saint of his native County of Kilkenny. The place is somewhat lonely, being situated in a secluded glen at the end of the Northern Arm of Presque. This arm of the sea is entirely surrounded by high wooded mountains and closed in, except a very narrow entrance opposite Presque. The mountains are covered up to their summits with rich growth of foliage. The scenery is strikingly like one of the salt water locks of Scotland, such as the Garlock, Lock Long, Lock Eil, &c. The Presbytery is built upon a little peninsula jutting out into the lake and is a most charming and picturesque spot. The fruit and flower gardens, owing to the care and skill of the present Pastor—Rev. Father Doutney—and his energetic and tasteful household, are some of the most beautiful and flourishing in Newfoundland.

The Rev. Fr. Walsh was nearer than perhaps he thought in connecting the name of Oliver's Cove with Oliver Cromwell. We find as far back as 1696, the Abbè Baudouin describing the march of the French troops after the capture of St. John's says that having marched round Conception Bay they attacked without capturing—Carbonear Island. They marched to Heart's Content and round the shores of Trinity Bay to Chapel Arm; crossed over the Isthmus of Avalon into Placentia Bay, then: "On the 19th of March, M. D'Ibberville left Placentia in a boat for the

Bay of Cromwell.

Here they met with M. Peiriere who came from Bay Bulls' Arm to meet them. This is undoubtedly Oliver's Cove, however it came by the name. Mr. LeMessurier thinks Cromwell's Cove was come by chance. Near Burgeo is a cove Seivelly's Cove. The origin of the name is unknown.

Grandy's Point

is probably called after a man's name. The name of Le Grandais is a well known French family name. A merchant of the name occupied the principal premises at Sandy Point, Bay St. George, till very recent years.

There is a ledge of rock off the S.E. corner of Meracheen, bearing a very Saxon name not quite fit to be repeated. The remarks made in Article XVII. regarding Shut-in Harbour may be applied in this case though what the origin of the name may be I know not. One of the Ragged Islands is named

Crane Isld.

The origin of this name is also unknown. On the east side of Meracheen are Hogan's Cove and Darby's Point, called no doubt from the names of "liviers." There is a harbour here (E. side of Meracheen I.) bearing a very pretty name, viz.:

Rosina,

the origin or meaning I know not. We now come to a name of some interest, viz.:

Rose a Rue,

so it is spelt on modern maps. This cove has become a little famous of recent years as being the site of a newly established whale factory. The name is a corruption of

Roche Roux.

The same corruption of the first part of the name is found also in Rose blanche for Roche blanche as we shall see later on. The second part of the word is Roux not as Mr. LeMessurier thinks "Rouge." The word roux means rather reddish than red and expresses admirably the purplish tint of the porphyritic rocks which show here very strikingly. There is a ledge of this purple rock which forms a perfect natural dock or slip, which is used for hauling up the carcasses of the whales upon.

Further out in the Bay is the very high and prominent Island called from the bright colour of the rocks

Red Island.

It is composed of a brilliant formation of red sandstone which shows almost salmon colour in the opal light of the setting sun. There is but one harbour on the island bearing the same name as the island itself.

On the east side of Meracheen there is a harbour named

Indian Harbour.

Mr. LeMessurier says Red Indian remains have been found here. I am, however, inclined to think that the name is only a translation into English of a very common French name,

Havre Sauvage,

which would be better translated Wild Cove. The entrance to this harbour is composed of very bluff almost perpendicular c'iffs which are very squally, hence called Wild Cove. On the western shore of Newfoundland, in St. George's Bay, there is a head called by the English

Indian Head.

The French call it Tête Sauvage, undoubtedly from the rough and wild appearance of the rocks which are quite in contrast with the more level and placid nature of the surrounding scenery.

There is an island near Harbour Buffet named Isaac I., probably the derivation is the same as that of the Isaacs. The most important harbour on this side of the bay—the residence of the Magistrate—though it contains but few inhabitants is

Presque.

Mr. LeMessurier (p.16) says "Presque is well named as it is almost a pond." This, however, is not exactly the idea. The water or arm of the sea is indeed, as described above, almost a pond or lake and reminds one, as mentioned, of one of the Scottish salt-water lochs. But in the present case the French name refers to the formation of the land and not of the water. The name is an abbreviation of Presqu'le, the ordinary French name for peninsula. Thus in the Brevet or Grant of Point Verde to Governor Costabelle, it is called "la presqu'le de Pointe Verde. Anyone glancing at the map of this portion of Placentia Bay will see at once how correctly the name describes the conformation of the land. It would be entirely an island but for the narrow neck of land between St. Kyran's and St. Leonard's

About half way between the entrance and St. Kyran's on the east or right hand side, is the settlement of

St. Anne's.

This little harbour is quite secluded, being hidden from the sight of anyone coming in the bay. I do not know the origin of the name, that is to say, when the harbour received the name. It is rather curious that in the very oldest maps, which we possess, such as Verazzano, 1528, and Ribero, 1527. The name of St. Anne appears very prominently on the East or Atlantic coast of Newfoundland. There is also a Bank of St. Anne in the Atlantic in the position occupied by the Grand Banks at present. This name was immediately lost and does not appear on any of the subsequent maps. It is strange how the name should survive in this very small and insignificant harbour which must have been altogether unknown to the early navigators.

Coming southwards or westwards from the entrance of Presque we find the harbour bearing the very strange name of

Toslow.

This is only an abbreviation of Toslow John. It is a very curious corruption for

Tasse De L'Argent

or silver cup. Mr. LeMessurier thus describes it (p. 16). "The little harbour is cup-like, and the quartz in the rocky cliffs gives it a silver-like appearance." (See Plate Cove, Art. XII.)

The next harbour coming westward is

Bona.

On this Mr. LeMessurier remarks, "some Latin scholar, probably, named this place, having found it good." However I do not think the word is Latin, this appears from the peculiar way in which the people pronounce the word with a strong accent on the latter syllable, as if it were written

Bonah.

"Between this and Paradise," says Mr. LeMessurier, "there is a rock shaped like a woman, called by the French

La Blanche Dame."

I never heard of such a name, nor do I find it on any map in my possession. Moreover, if the French were using such a compound they would say La Dame Blanche, just as Rose Blanche, &c. There is, however, in this neighbourhood a rock (I think it is in the surface of the cliff) called

La Voile Blanche,

"the white sail," and there is a rock called

Rochet Noir,

or "Black Rock."

The next harbour we come to is one that bears the very pleasing name of

Paradise.

There are, as is generally the case with all our names, two of them, a great and a little, and moreover, as is also usual, the little one is bigger than the great. Many suggestions are put forward as to the origin of the name. The explanation given by Mr. LeMessurier and attributed to a mythical 'Mike Martin,' I believe owes its origin to the wit of Bishop Mullock, viz: "It is called Paradise because it is so hard to get into." As a matter of fact the entrance to the little harbour is guarded by a very dangerous reef or chain of rocks.

However, I fear that I must in accordance with the truthfulness and impartiably of these records of Name Lore, reject the poetical and imaginative suggestion and bring the name down to sober matter of fact chronicle under which process the name becomes simply

Pardy's Cove!

The process of the change in this case is rather curious. In the first place the name was simply given on account of the people who lived there—the Pardy family—of whom there are survivors still living in the neighbouring settlements. Then the French fishermen hearing the name mistook it for their own word Paradis (pronounced Paradee), then our fishermen, or someone knowing both French and English, translated it into the English Paradise. There can be no doubt at all that the place was called from the Pardy family; one of the islands of Burin harbour is still called

Pardy's Island.

(See Howley's map). The family were once very numerous and of some importance in the neighbourhood.

On examining some of the old tombstones on Pardy's Island, a couple of years ago, I found one with the following inscription:

HENRY PARDY,
Born 18th January, 1783,
Died 1853.
Aged 70 years.

Immediately to the westward of Paradise there is a very deep or long Fjord, called

Paradise Sound.

It stretches away to the northward for over twenty miles. It is sparsely inhabited, there being only two or three small harbours or settlements whose names are interesting, though the origins are unknown, viz., Chandler's Harbour, Darby's Harbour, and Monkton, at the bottom or head of the sound.

Just inside the eastern entrance to the Sound there is a small harbour called

"The Bight."

I am here reminded of a little incident which occurred here a few years ago when I was making my Episcopal Visitation. The hospitable and genial Parish-Priest—Rev. Fr. Doutney—had, with the assistance of his bountiful house-keeper, provided a very dainty and sumptuous lunch neatly stowed away in a basket which Fr. Doutney modestly called "a bite." Having finished our spiritual work in the settlement: heard Confessions, celebrated Mass, preached, distributed Holy Communion, Confirmed the children prepared for that Sacrament, visited the sick, and chatted generally with the old people, we turned our attention for a while to the basket and fortified the material man with a portion of its contents, reserving some, however, as we had a considerable journey yet before us. When we were about half way across the Sound, making for Petty Fort, under a fine stiff breeze, all of a sudden Father Doutney clapped his thigh and exclaimed. "Oh, what shall we do? I've left the basket in the Bight!"

"That's a very serious matter," I answered, but what is worse still "you left the bite in the basket."

The harbour of

Petty Fort

is a very beautiful inlet, surrounded by gently sloping hills, wooded down to the water's edge. The placid bosom of the bay is studded with several bright green islands, or woody eyots. The principal settlement, where there is a school and chapel, is in a delightful secluded little cove quite protected from the waters of the bay outside which are frequently very stormy. The place might well be called Pretty Port. The name in reality is

Petty Port

or little harbour. There no vestige, nor tradition of any fort existing or having ever existed here.

Off the southern end of Paradise peninsula lies the island of

Marticot.

The origin of this name is also a puzzle. "It has been written in this form," says Mr. LeMessurier, "since it has been mentioned on a chart. It may mean Martre Cote (?) or Sable or Marten Coast, or it may be a corruption of a Basque name." This latter seems to be the best suggestion. On page 48 of his History, Prowse gives a description of the Basque Fisheries. In a resúmé of evidence taken at S. Sebastian, a certain Captain Martin de Sapiain, in giving testimony concerning the fisheries in Newfoundland, mentions many names, which cannot now be verified. Among the rest

Martiris,

whether this could even be metamorphosed into Marticot or not seems somewhat incredible. Among the other names mentioned, and now lost, are Cunillas, Buria (probably Burin) Chumea, and Buriá Andia (or Ondia) St. Laurenze Chumea and Andria Miquele Portu (qu? Miquelon'), Chasco Portu, Señoria, Opot Portu, Tres Isleas, Portuchoa (qu? Port au Choix), Eschaide Portu, called from a man's name Juan de Echaide.

(1). BARREN ISLAND.—Since the above was written, I have made another visit to this place, and I am now convinced that the correct name is "Bar-Island or Barred Island." The harbour is divided into the east and west harbour by a natural sand-bar, which serves as a bridge or causeway for the people passing from one side to the other of the harbour. This viaduct, which is always called by the people "The Bar," is now covered with a wooden roadway or bridge. I questined some of the oldest inhabitants of the place, and they were emphatic in stating that the true name of the place is

Bar Harbour.

I may also add that the statement of Mr. LeMessurier, that the place was called "Ile Sterile because of its barren appearance, compared with the other islands which are wooded," is not correct. On the contrary, the island is nicely wooded, and several patches of it are well cultivated—showing hay meadows and potato gardens. The new graveyard also has been selected on this island and occupies a considerably large area—wooded and with good depth of soil. On the contrary the other islands near, viz: Burgeo, White Islands, Bell Island, Ship Island, &c., are much moor barren in appearance than this one.

(2). THE GRAMMERS ISLANDS.—In passing by these islands recently, an idea struck me that the name may be a corruption of "Grande Mer"—Great Sea. These rocks are merely "breakers" without any vegetation, showing at low water and sunken at high water; they are as the French say "à fleur de l'eau." When the wind blow strong a very heavy sea is created about these rocks, so that the name of the rocks of Grande mer would be quite appropriate. NOVEMBER, 1911. †M. F. H.

(Continued from page 16.)

Patras, where they don't want anything else when genuine Labrador codfish is procurable. If proper care was given to this cure, the Labrador codfish would still rival all others in these markets.

Harbour Grace Water Works.

In a short paragraph in last Chapter we announced this improvement to the town. It was one of the greatest benefits that could be conferred. It meant a large supply of fresh water from Bannerman Lake, and did away to a great extent with the unhealthy wells that went stagnant in warm weather. It was a great protection against fire, which has devastated the town.

The Volunteer Fire Brigade prided themselves on the excellent equipment, and with an adequate supply of water, they astonished strangers with their accomplishments.

Telegraph and Atlantic Cables.

Mention has already been made of Frederick Gisborne, who was the prime mover of telegraphy in this country. He was ably assisted by Mr. Alex. M. McKay, who came with him. We will have more to tell about Mr. McKay, as he took a very important part later on with the Atlantic Cables.

Mr. Gisborne had the hard work of all pioneers, and successfully laid the cable from Cape Ray to Cape Breton, and the land lines from St. John's to Cape Ray. Although he had larger visions of a Transatlantic Service, the whole credit for this wonderful feat of laying the Cable must be given to Cyrus Field. Mr. Gisborne must have made his home, to a large extent, at Harbour Grace, as we find him contracting for steam navigation on Conception Bay; but he was supported in his work by Legislation of the whole Country.

Harbour Grace came in for important work with all the Cable ships in Trinity Bay, but it was their efforts in a social way to bring success to one of the great wonders of the World, that brought Harbour Grace into prominence.

1851—The Telegraph Station was opened at Harbour Grace with St. John's and intervening stations. Interesting stories were told of some Magistrates refusing to take evidence received by telegraph, as they were all sceptical of its truth.

1855—The first attempt to lay the Atlantic Cable was a failure.

1856—Cyrus Field made another attempt, but it only showed the difficulties that must be overcome.

1857—Deep Sea Survey was undertaken. A Plateau was discovered in the bed of the Atlantic, about two miles under water, which gave great encouragement.

1857—The s.s. "Niagara" sailed from Ireland with cable, but the cable broke in mid Atlantic. What toil and patience must have been endured. Hope had made the heart sick with many of its prime movers, but Cyrus Field toiled on. Year after year had to drag to its close with so little accomplished. It is only out of heroic patience that anything truly great is born. It was persued in the face of thousands of difficulties, and worst of all public incredibility.

1858—The s.s. "Niagara" is at last successful, and reaches Baccalieu Island on August 4th, 1858, about 8 o'clock in the evening. She was steaming slowly up Trinity Bay, Cyrus Field, who was aboard, proceeded with a steam launch arriving at Bay Bulls Arm after midnight. He was not long in reaching the Staff House built by Mr. Sandy McKay, who was there with others waiting, but had been informed two days before that another failure had occurred. The Land Line was in operation from there to St. John's, also to Cape Ray, and thence to New York. The following day the Land Line was laid to the shore, where the s.s. "Niagara" had arrived. Mr. McKay sent all the messages from an emergency station formed by a board being laid on two upright sticks. It is stated that after sending these messages, he placed the instruments in his pocket, and literally walked away with the station.

Our space is limited or we would tell of the rejoicing in New York, where the City Hall was on fire that night from inflamable fire works. The President was informed that the first official message would be from Queen Victoria to himself, and his reply would be the second message, but it was not till August 15th that the Cable was landed, and connections made, and these messages sent.

We take the following extract from the Harbour Grace newspaper, "The Conception Bayman," which speaks for itself.

Atlantic Cable.

"Our welcome to the noble mariners, who have been enabled to accomplish this vast enterprise, is profound and enthusiastic.

"The admirable expressions of universal feeling, and the subdued and dignified replies show the appreciation of our people, who devoutly ascribe all to that Divine Power that has allowed it to succeed.

"The Press have entered into a generous rivalry, and appear actuated by the same spirit of candid and approving sentiment.

"All are anxious to rectify any injustice rendered to the original designes by Mr. F. N. Gisborne as the pioneer of this vast undertaking, which this Country and the whole of America is celebrating.

"We must remind our readers that "The Conception Bayman" was the first paper on either side of the Atlantic to record that the Cable had been really landed."

It was no mean honour for our little Newspaper.

The message from Queen Victoria was congratulations—

"August 15, 1858.—This Electric Cable will be an additional link connecting Great Britain with the United States."

The reply from President James Buchanan was his thanks to Her Majesty—

"This is a triumph more glorious than war, because of its usefulness to mankind."

This will be continued in our next, as it was another eight years of arduous toil and expense before the s.s. "Great Eastern" brought success to the enterprise.

Snowflakes.

By Mrs. Clyde Robe Meredith.

SNOWFLAKES cover the dull earth
With a carpet, gay and white,
As if the fairies were having
A happy, boisterous pillow fight!
The snowflakes are large and fluffy
As feathers the mother fairy
Plucked from out the family turkey
When she got the Christmas dinner ready!
Snowflakes are chaste ferns and crystals,
Frozen water, elusive, white,
Fairies planted in their gardens
Of the sky, close to the stars that light
Their pathway, like lanterns, bright,
While they do some good deed every night.
Little fairies with their snow missiles
Bequeathe to earthfolk a lovely sight!
Who can tell that earthfolks' burdens
Are lessoned by some fairy sprite?

The New President of the Newfoundland Board of Trade.

TOWARDS the end of the year 1937 the members of the Newfoundland Board of Trade succeeded in obtaining the consent of Mr. Geoffrey Milling to accept nomination for the office of President of the Board for the ensuing year. At the annual meeting of the Board held in the Newfoundland Hotel, on January 31st, he was elected to that office, and before a most representative meeting delivered an impressive address upon the present condition of the country's trade with particular reference to its fishing industry.

GEOFFREY MILLING, ESQ.

In his inaugural speech, the new President's facile expression of the value of the Board of Trade as an institution for the protection of trade in general, the legitimate interests of its members, and as a medium of approach to the Commission of Government was received by those present as an indication that during his tenure of office their confidence in him would be fully justified.

The new President is only thirty-six years of age, but able enough to have occupied several very important and responsible positions. He commenced his business career with Lever Brothers Limited, now Uni-Lever Limited, in London in 1924, and joined the Hudson's Bay Company's London office in 1926. Having spent the following year in north Baffin Land at one of the northern Arctic posts of the Hudson's Bay Co., he first visited Newfoundland in 1927 on his return from the North in the auxiliary schooner "Fort Garry."

After some months in Newfoundland on behalf of the Hudson's Bay Company, Mr. Milling as Director of the well known firm of Job Bros & Co., Ltd., became a permanent resident here in 1929, and was appointed Managing-Director of that firm in 1933. He occupied that position until 1936 when he accepted a Directorship of the firm of Bowring Bros., Ltd., which position he now holds.

Mr. Milling has always been keenly interested in Arctic life and exploration, and prior to commencing business in 1924 spent several months in Spitzbergen as a member of a scientific expedition to that remote and almost unknown Arctic Island.

As a Director of the well known International Grenfell Association, and as a close personal friend of Sir Wilfred Grenfell, Mr. Milling has for a number of years been associated with his work. He is a keen traveller and a fellow of the Royal Geographical Society.

Mr. Milling received his early education at Radley College, Abingdon, Berkshire, England, and later at Merton College, Oxford University, where he qualified for a bachelor of arts degree.

The President has much to occupy him within the office, but being the possessor of an enviable physique he finds time for a good deal of strenuous exercise. To have been a member of the Oxford crew, which in 1922 rowed against Cambridge in the famous yearly inter-University boat race, is an honour which does not come to many. It is easily understood that an Oxford "blue" should not allow himself to lose, in after life, the form which during University days qualified him for rare distinction in the sphere of sport.

Mr. Milling is best known in St. John's, however, as a business man, and as one possessing a thorough knowledge of Newfoundland trade and its problems. He has always played a leading part in the discussion of those problems as a member of the Board of Trade Council and of its sub-committees. The wise judgment which he has shown, and the valuable advice which he has given at all times when matters of public concern were under consideration, clearly identified him as a most desirable and suitable candidate for the responsible office of President of the Board.

The Passing of Thorburn A. MacNab.

THE community was shocked to hear of the sudden death of Mr. Thorburn A. MacNab on the morning of February 8.

Although it was not generally known, he had suffered considerably from heart trouble for some time, and had consulted specialists in England and Canada, but he continued actively at work.

He was born at Mahone Bay, Nova Scotia, the son of Rev. E. and Mrs. MacNab. In 1907 he came to Newfoundland and was with his brother-in-law, Mr. W. A. Munn, for several years.

THE LATE THORBURN A. MACNAB.

He then started on his own account as Manufacturer's Agent as T. A. MacNab & Co., where he worked up a good business.

He married Miss Dorothy Gordon, daughter of the well-known James Gordon, of Baird, Gordon & Co.. His eldest son, Mr. James MacNab, now continues the business.

Mr. Thorburn MacNab was elected to the Council of the Board of Trade in 1930 and eventually became its President in 1935, where he did excellent work, placing this Institution on a sound financial basis, better than it had been for many years. He received the heartiest vote of thanks from all, when he was retiring, for his excellent efforts in many directions to improve its work.

Thorburn MacNab was ever a hard worker and a great favourite with all. He took an active part with the Tasker Lodge of the Masonic Society and was elected, for a period, the Master of the Lodge. He was a prominent member of the St. Andrew's Kirk and was its Treasurer for several years; also member of St. Andrew's Society. He was President of the City Club, also of the Playground's Association. He was member of Bally Haly Golf Club, the Rotary Club and the Murray Pond Fishing Club.

During his residence in St. John's he became widely known, and his efforts in so many directions were always appreciated by his fellow workers.

There was a Guard of Honour from the Scotch Masonic Lodge, and as the Rev. James McNeill gave the committal service at the graveside, all felt how deeply they had lost a dear friend.

THE NEWFOUNDLAND QUARTERLY joins in deepest sympathy to Mrs. MacNab and the many sorrowing relatives.

A LATE NOTE!

THE writer of our article on "*The Gold Standard*," page 25, has had several articles published in THE QUARTERLY. He is a native Newfoundlander who has been in the U. S. A. for several years.

After taking his Bachelors Degree from Boston University he went to New York and has been awarded Masters Degrees from both Columbia and New York Universities. At present he is finishing his last requirement for the Doctors Degree in the financial division (known in New York as the Wall Street division) of New York University.

His two unpublished volumes of twelve hundred pages on "The History of British Foreign Investments" has already been cited and quoted several times in Dean Madden's (of New York University), and Doctor Nadler's (of the Institute of International Finance) new book on "America's Experience as a Creditor Nation," published by Prentice–Hall.

Those who are at all acquainted with British finance know that British investments in foreign countries total now roughly twenty billion dollars scattered all over the world. It is the greatest movement of capital in all history, and Mr. Saunders spent several years developing his two volumes on the subject. About twenty years ago C. K. Hobson was awarded a Doctor of Science degree at London University for his now classic volume on "The Export of Capital." One other effort has been made to picture this movement of British investments abroad, and that was by Leland Jenks, of Amherst College, in his volume on "The Migrations of British Capital," published in 1928.

Before leaving St. John's Mr. Saunders worked at Anderson's on Water Street. Prepared for College in his spare time. Was in the Church Lads' Brigade and held a Warrant Officer's rank when he left for Boston University. He took an active part in Brigade Athletics. Although a foreigner in America, he served for two years as a private in the Boston University Unit, Reserve Officers Training Corps, United States Army.

He belongs to the Boston University Club and Alumni Association and has taken out membership in the Royal Economic Society (England) Academy of Political Science (New York) and the Canadian Political Science and Historical Associations. But he wishes it put on record that he cares nothing for show or society in any form.

Miss Louise Saunders, of the law firm of the Right Hon. Sir Richard Squires, and Newfoundland's first lady lawyer, is a sister.

Sealing Voyage to Date.

As we close the pages of this number of *The Quarterly*, April 12th, the result of the sealing voyage is as follows:—

S.S. Sagona (discharged)	20,761
S.S. Ranger (discharged)	19,068
S.S. Terra-Nova (discharged)	23,151
S.S. Neptune (discharged)	16,899
S.S. Ungava	46,000
S.S. Imogene	36,200
S.S. Beothic	35,000
S.S. Eagle	14,000
	211,079

Heart's Gold.

By E. Doris O'Brien, Carbonear.

HEART'S gold to me
Are silver birch that march with banners high,
Soft April snow and darting Northern lights.
And low white houses gazing out to sea,
And drifting fog o'er moon-crown'd hills at night.

And these are my delight—
A sun-set path across a deep blue bay,
Where caplin schools the dappled waters dim,
Dark conifers against a storm-swept sky,
And sea-gulls wheeling o'er the earth's deep rim.

Dank oozing clad from Winter's fingers forc'd,
A drift of green across the frozen sod
The last, long line of white against the hills,
My heart holds these.
For this I thank you God.

The Newfoundland Quarterly.

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