

# **Diary of Eliza J. Froude**

Transcribed by Janet Vardy

1. Eliza Jane Froude died in 1942 at the age of 83. She wrote this diary in 1934 when she was living with her daughter Vicky Adams in Milton, Trinity Bay. She was then about 75 years old. Eliza Jane was the daughter of George Vardy who was born near Christchurch, England and came to Newfoundland around 1840. He married Mary Martin of Grates Cove and settled in Claypits near Little Hearts Ease around 1850.
2. The diary was written in a small exercise book. I photocopied the pages of the diary and used this copy to transcribe the text. I have used question marks to indicate where I had difficulty reading the handwriting.
3. The diary was loaned to us (David and Janet Vardy) by its owner, Robert Vardy, of St. John's and Hickman's Harbour.

Stork arrived and brought

Sidney (Hubert?) Adams Born Dec 10/33

Mildred (same word as above) Seward born Jan 1/34

The angel of death came and took Mrs. Arthur Stanley, Lilly M. Jan 2/34, aged 52 years, 4 months and 13 days.

Mrs. John Adams died Jan 26/1934

Mrs. Stephen Rhines(?) died Jan 26/34

Mrs. Sandy Ivany died Feb 1<sup>st</sup> 34

And three little brothers Rhines(?) died two weeks before their grandmother Mrs Rhines, Martin Lelord and Stephen Rhines.

Sidney christened Jan 25<sup>th</sup> 34, baby Adams died Jan 23<sup>rd</sup>, child of Aaron and Leah Adams.

In Memoriam

In the churchyard sweetly sleeping where the flowers gently wave

Lies the one we loved but could not save

Calmly at night the stars are shining

On a lonely silent grave

They are friends we loved so dearly

Yes we loved but could not save

Inserted by E. J. Froude Feb 2/34

The arrival of the stork (2)

Sidney to Mr and Mrs Harry Adams

A dear little baby at our home

And would you like to know

Come up some day and see

The dear little baby grow

The Stork also arrived to Mr and Mrs R. Seward and brought a dear little baby  
Mildred

With misty hair and azure eyes

We just received her from the skies

Lilly Ellis Georges Brook died Feb 16/34

Her sister Mina died a few months before daughters of George and Alice Ellis

He shall gather the lambs with his arms

Allan Langer died at the General Hospital St. John's aged 53 years brought to Clarenville and buried Feb 17/34

Till the day dawn and the shadow flee away  
we shall all gather home in the morning what a gathering that will be

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The first person buried in Flower Cove Cemetery was Jemmima Stanley, daughter of Eli and Rachel Stanley died 35 years ago she died in 1899

Last person buried in Flower Cove Cemetery was Mr. Fred Pelley aged 87 died Feb 19<sup>th</sup> 1934

Both died of Dropsey

First one buried at Georges Brook

Mrs Jacob Billows according to my judgement she was buried about 65 years ago and she must have been a happy soul as she was often heard to be singing that beautiful hymn

Jesus lover of my soul  
Let me to thy bosom fly  
While the nearer waters roll  
While the tempest still is high

Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord  
for the rest from their labour and their works

Baby Rhine third child of Jack and Minna Rhine do follow them March 12 /34  
aged 2 months name Stephen

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First person buried at Clarenville Cemetery was Mrs. Sarah Balsom grandmother of Mr. Allan Balsom. She died about 60 years ago. Her funeral texts were

I know that my redeemer liveth and he shall stand at the latter day upon the earth  
and after my skin the worms destroy this body yet in my flesh shall I see God whom my eyes shall behold and not anothers

The first one buried in Clarenville New Cemetery was Alice Maud Seward aged 12 years 4 months she died 35 yeas ago. Her funeral hymns

Sleep on beloved sleep and take thy rest  
Lay down thy head upon thy Saviours breast  
We loved thee well but Jesus loved thee best  
Good night, Good night

The last buried at Clarenville New Cemetery  
Mrs. Zebediah ? Stanley (Minnie) June 1933  
? Zeb married again  
Well done ? Zeb

Two are better far than one  
 For council or for fright  
 For how can one sleep warm alone  
 On a cold frosty night

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First one buried in Shoal Hr Cemetery infant of ? and Lydia Smith of Elliott's Cove. He shall gather the Lambs in His Arms,  
 Mary Amelia Fifield died March 5<sup>th</sup> 1874 aged 20 years May my last end be like hers Her dying hymns  
 What this is stealing are my frame is it death  
 Of this be death soon shall her from every sin and sorrow free  
 The King of Glory I shall see  
 All is well all is well

Bright Angels are from Glory come  
 They are around my bed and in my room  
 They wait to waft my spieit home  
 All is well all is well

Good bye my friends Adiew Adiew  
 I can no longer stay with you  
 My glittering crown appears in view  
 All is well all is well

This happy soul is buried in Shoal Hr Cemetery  
 Till the day dawn

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The first one buried in the S.A. Cemetery was Hayward Morris and his sister Eda about 30 years ago the last one Allan Langer died Feb 17/34 aged 53 years.

E.J. Froude started visit Jan 4<sup>th</sup> 1934

Sally buried same evening went to Dicks staid there	weeks	days
three weeks and three days	3	3
went to my nephew, W.C. Taverner	0	3
then to Vickies at Milton	4	
then back to Dicks again	2	
Visited Clarence and Olive	2	

wks	12	0
-----	----	---

then back to Vickies until Palm Sunday March 25<sup>th</sup> then God willing I will go to Dicks again to spend my Easter which will be April 1<sup>st</sup> then back home on the 4<sup>th</sup> April after a

three months visit. What man appoint God others disappoint so here I am on March 25  
Palm Sunday, too stormy, snowing fast but not very cold 6 years to-day my only

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surviving brother in the name of Moses Vardy was committed to Mother earth in the  
Methodist cemetery of Clarendville there to await this call and may he rise in the first  
resurrection when the day dawn and the shadow flee away is the desire of E.J. Froude

On that happy Easter Morning  
All the graves their dead restore  
Father, sister, child of Mother  
Meet once more

This is the 33<sup>rd</sup> anniversary of the Saviours birth 1934 years ago just imagine  
almost 2000 years ago and he is just the same yesterday, to-day and for ever

A 1000 ages in His sight  
Is like an evening gone  
Short is the watch that ends the night  
Before the rising sun

Written on Palm Sunday March 25<sup>th</sup> 1934  
Tell ye the daughter of ---? Behold the King cometh and sitteth upon an ass the ---? ---?

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foal of an ass and they cut down branches from the trees and strewed them in the way of  
Him as He beheld the city He wept over it this only three times Jesus was known to weep  
and that was over the city of Jerusalem and over the grave of Lazarus and over the  
widows son.

Jesus wept, the shortest verse in the bible  
Jesus was always seen to smile with that heavenly countenance that lit up that brow that  
was to adorn him with a crown of thorns

Good Friday the saddest but best of all the Fridays of the year, yes the sad, but  
glad to know that when the son of God came to this world of sin and shame and died a  
most cruel death        died that we might live.

When I survey the wondrous cross  
On which the Prince of Glory died  
My richest gains I count but dross  
And pour contempt on all my pride.

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As Jesus went into Jerusalem He beheld the city of Jerusalem and wept over it and He saw the daughter of the above named place He said weep not for me but weep for yourselves and for your children.

Jesus knew what was to follow on the next Friday, how lightly we think of that day when they hire to the Judgement hall and met a man {Simon and S---? thy name}(curly brackets indicate circling in diary) and on him they compel to be on the cross that they may bear it after Jesus.

There on the hill of Calvary they nailed him to the cross with a thief on either side, these men they thought were the worse men of the town but those men were unlike each other. One of them turned to his Lord and said Father remember me when thou cometh into thy Kingdom his Lord said to-day shall thou be with me in Paradise this was the Prayer of Jesus for His murderers, for those who were ---? their hands in His blood

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---? Of the hammer as they nailed His Sacred body to the cross but He uttered no cry of reproach, neither did He call for vengeance over those guilty and unpious soldiers. They know not the Lord of Glory whom they were crucifying.

- The seven cries of the Redeemer on the cross
- 1<sup>st</sup> The first cry was to his Mother  
Woman behold thy son
  - 2<sup>nd</sup> To the dying thief  
To-day wilt thou be with me in Paradise
  - 3<sup>rd</sup> Cry was to the loving John  
Son behold thy mother
  - 4<sup>th</sup> Cry I thirst and they gave Him  
vinegar to drink ---? With gold
  - 5<sup>th</sup> Cry was it is finished
  - 6<sup>th</sup> cry was Lord remember me when cometh into thy Kingdom

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The  
7<sup>th</sup> and last cry was Into thy hands I commit my spirit and thus saying He gave up the Ghost and fear came on them that stood by the rocks rent and the graves opened and many saints that slept arose.

Easter Sunday is come and gone it finds me in the old home on the hill the old home not so young and good as it once was it is feeling the weight of years but still E.J. Froude is here alone yet not alone and God is here and I havent got to go out of the home to find him he is among g the two's and three's Bless His holy name for ever E.J. Froude

The year 1919 was the centenary of the Rev John Clinch

In 1921 is the Centenary of Rev Aubery G. Spencer as the parish priest of Trinity who became the first Bishop of Newfoundland and to whose memory the calendar(?) is addressed.

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April 8<sup>th</sup> /34

The angel of death has again visited the home of Mr. Arthur Stanley and this time taken himself, his wife died just 3 months 3 days before him and his aged father dead not two weeks. Three less at home the charmed circle broken, dear faces missed from their usual place.

Three more in heaven. Arthur was buried yesterday in the Methodist Cemetery of Shoal Hr aged 61 years. Three sons survive him, Herbert in USA, Gordon and Harold at home, three daughters Maud, Mrs. Butt in USA, Rita married at home and Velma unmarried, three died young makes up all of a loving family and devoted parents and so there is one more chapter in the Stanley family closed.

E.J. Froude, Sunday

April 8 /34

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Palm Sunday March 25 /34

There fell asleep in Jesus to-day Mr. Richard Stanley of Apsey Point aged 93 years and 10 months within 1 day. Born May 24/1840, his wife predeceased him 23 years ago in January. 3 daughters survive him and one son Arthur who is very sick in the General Hospital. Arthur's wife died January 2 /34.

1 son Herbert drowned at sea.

1 son Lewis died a few years ago and

1 daughter Mary Anne Spurrell

1 daughter Selina (Sis)

1 daughter Susan Stanley

1 daughter Kessiah in America

His end was peace.

He's home at last, home at last.

In deepest sympathy to them  
My heart goes out this day  
And how I wish that I might do  
Some helpful thing or say  
Some word to ease the grief you bear  
But I at least can lift my prayer  
That He who knows our every need  
May prove your comforter, indeed  
In sympathy  
E.J. Froude

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Well we had 33 Christmases. So I should have Christmas written on this book first but I only got this book just before Easter.

And this is the best I can do. I remember distinctly when Christmas lasted twelve days.

How our forefathers celebrated the Festive Season. This is Sunday April 15 and as it is almost raining and I am alone yet not alone I thought I would avail myself of the pleasure of recalling past memories. I can remember distinctly sixty five years ago, and I am now seventy four. Yes I can remember seventy years and can recall things that happened.

But I must get back to business it is how our forefathers celebrated the festive season so I will scan the records of memory

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to give you a description of the customs connected with the celebration of Christmas in Newfoundland sixty five or seventy years ago, with a glance at traditions handed down by the old people common to the whole country.

The changes during the past seventy years in the manner of living have been so great and there have been so many inventions and improvements calculated to make mans life on earth more comfortable and enjoyable that one wonders in review how it was at all possible that our forefathers in this cold climate could achieve contentment and happiness to any appreciable extent. We know, however, from tradition and experience that with all the limitations they passed their lives as happy and contented as their descendents of the 20<sup>th</sup> century. The fundamental good qualities of the heart and soul implanted in man by his Creator are independent of material

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inventions and improved facilities for cosier living. Charity, generosity, truth, sincerity, square dealing and honour, and above all a natural neighbourly altruism(?) are not necessarily improved by learning, culture and the inventions of the arts and sciences, and as a general rule the older generation that I am now reviewing had these qualities.

Not that most of them were poor for even in a material sense they had more wealth then we have in the country to-day. I need only mention the towns of Brigus, Trinity, Burin, Twillingate, Greenspond, Hr Briton, Hr Grace, Fogo and Ferryland. Prosperous business having for its existence the two great props of cod fishery and seal fishery was carried on at all these centres and the word dole was not on their calendars. Farming too was a well

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Worked adjunct to their resources as can be seen to-day by hundreds of neglected fields and gardens lying fallow.

The stone walls surrounding many of them are monuments to the men who built them and visitors and tourists often ask the question, who built these immense walls. They had none of the modern inventions then to distract them. No radios, no gramophones, no daily telegraph bulletin, no railways, no weekly bay steamers to bring the news and the passengers to create gossip and political talk.

The writer married the late Edward Seaward and he was a good man. People used to say he was as good under water as he was over, it would take too long a space to tell his adventures, he sailed sixteen schooners, when only a boy he was skipper of the May Flower

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and brought two loads from the French Shore. Names of schooners May Flower, Village Bell, Queen Victoria, Alice Maud, Louise, she was a mail boat, the brig Orion 99 tons. Orion and Louise lost same night in a great hurricane. Then the William V.W. and Seven Sisters, Victoria, Lizzie S. and several others, he died in 1906 aged 46 years. To rest from his labours and his work do follow him.

Now the Labourers is o'er  
Now the battle day is past  
Now upon the farther shore  
Lands the voyager at last  
Father in thy gracious keeping  
Grave we now thy servant sleeping.

1906  
46  
— 52

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Now I will get back, Christmas again and making preparations for the festive time getting firewood but that was done before the twelfth day. Sixty four years ago the first stove began to come in use in the out port before this it was all open fire places and grates, these times much wood was required for the open fire places the stove was at first regarded with disfavour by many people in spite of the fact that one third of the wood made the kitchen warmer and more comfortable.

The old people liked to see the whole fire blazing up the open chimney. The Victory I can tell a joke (?) when my father went to St. John's he was to bring the stove and all longed to see the stove when to our dismay father came but no stove. I remember hearing him say the stove wasn't landed when he left

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and we had to wait another year for the stove and when it came such a quantity of cooking materials everything boilers kettles saucepans etc. to suit the purpose.

The Victory and the Waterloo looked nice when polished but they did not show the fire. They soon got over the prejudice and came around to cut and haul home the wood. The Yule commonly called the bark junk was selected to last for the twelve days, it was after a long search found in the woods where the biggest firs and birches grew and haul'd home in such a spirit triumph, it was then cut in a three feet or thereabout to fit the space on the hearth at the base of the chimney, which was first cleaned of soot by two men pulling up and down on a rope

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suspended in the flue with bristly spruce tree tops tied in the centre. The man on the rope pulled up and the man on the earth pulled down. Before doing so the hams and black pudding by home made sausages had to be moved.

Meantime the interior of the poorer homes has been swept and garnished the dresser shelves in the kitchen where all the crockery ware silverware and lustre jugs which have been handed down from Grandmothers day have been cleaned. ---? of sand or sawdust and the wood for the big fire piled up in the corner. The whole week devoted to making sweet bread, pies, cakes, puddings, figgy loaves, plucking the feathers from home raised poultry and cleaning vegetables is at an end. The sun is setting low in the west in crimson glory breaking through

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banked cloud gaps the time has come for the Newfoundland traditional salute to Christmas eve. Slabs nailed underneath the beams of ceiling were put there to hold the guns. These were known as Poole guns named from a West of England trade seaport town where many of our merchants traded and whence many an emigrant sailed away to the land of the silver thaw. They may forget to bring their wives but never their guns.

These were guns that required real men to hold them to their shoulders the barrels were five feet in length.

My father, the late George Vardy was an Englishman too he came from Christchurch, Hants, England, that is near Burton Green a large watering place where people used to bathe.

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Why was it called Christchurch? Curious people may like to know and I am one of them.

Traditions claim that at the time of it being built a man was seen to be working that never got paid, who this extra man was none could tell, another strange incident about that Church was one of the main beams happened to be too short and the next day it happened to be too long, and a man started to saw it off but he fell and got killed. Mr. George Bess of Saint John's heard his father who came from Christchurch tell the same story. I believe Mr. Bess got shown through the church, both his and my father were christened in that church but now they are gone from the church.

Mill whent hire (?) on earth I trust to Jove the church triumphant in heaven may this be all our happy lot.

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I believe Mr G. Bess is dead now he was the father of the family of S. A. officers the family of Sea Burts and Ghents and Alberts etc.

Well to get back to my Christmas story the guns are taken down from the rack in every home, powder has been provided for the occasion weeks before precious scarce for shooting birds and seals all the rest of the year and so they are not to put in more than three fingers of powder as the gun might burst this is unheard as they put in five or six.

Darkness sets in the men go in doors the double bib lamps containing a home made wick and cod oil are lit the Christmas fire is built up on the hearth with logs of fir, birch, and spruce in crisscross fashion, the spark is struck with flint and steel setting the tinder alight, which is then applied to the birch rind underneath.

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Then the whole thing is blazing and the reflected light on the crockeryware and silver ware on the dresser lights up the room. Meanwhile the busy house wife her servant and daughters have been doing their work. Spotless linen is spread on the long table which is soon laden with the dishes the well off planters and fishermen, and they were in those days, kept cows, pigs, sheep and poultry and were able to supply their own beef, butter, milk, mutton, pork, chicken at Christmas, as for home raised vegetables nearly every family raised sufficient for their own needs. Tea was scarce and dear but rum was cheap

and plentiful and life was cheap to some but not all. Every man had his stock of rum laid in for Christmas, the red and white decanter was sent into generous and hearty circulation

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giving vent to warm hearted intercourse witty conversation and the healing of old grudges and quarrels of the year. Like to-day rum was alright to those who knew how to use it and bad for those that did not.

Song and stories followed and many an incident of courage and daring, and tragedy connected with the fishery of that summer was related. The younger folks when the table was removed, indulged in some of the old games including, hunt the slipper and telling fortunes, often when tired of this someone related a hair raising ghost story, which was quickly by others the creepy, awed feeling grew by degrees till the outsiders were afraid to go home, and every girl required an escort. This suited quite well but always looked suspicious when it was recalled that it was one of the

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fair sex that planned the ghost story. The custom of visiting from house to house was a joyous one. Young and even middle aged dressed up as mummers often called fools in those days. And the freedom of the city in those days they were given the best of free entertainment and could claim admittance into every house. Planters homes with big kitchens. Masks and veils could be removed if any desired in order to take part in the dances, viz., the Sir Rodgers, the reel, the four handed, the eight handed, the cushion dance. These continued every night till old Christmas day January 6.

Well I can tell a very sad story of that night Jan 6<sup>th</sup> 1882, I at that time went to college in St. John's and it was arranged that I could go home for a couple months to see Mother.

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On the 5<sup>th</sup> Jan., I met Mrs Cross at church. She was taking a parcel for me to my sister, the then Mrs George Taverner, later Mrs Christian. On the 6<sup>th</sup> in the afternoon, we had a Banquet for all of us girls money we collected for the occasion before the festive season sat in (?). Anyway God changed my plans owing to the Banquet it made it late for me to book my passage.

The last I saw of Willie Cross was speaking to him that evening, I said Willie when are you leaving, he said to-night, that is all I knew of a beautiful boy and a loving mother.

Mrs Cross was the only body ever recovered. It is certainly an unsolved sea mystery. Many of the older generations --- few of the younger will ever remember

that splendid night of Jan 6/82 when the ill fated steamer Lion left the port of St. John's for Trinity and was never heard of afterwards beyond a lifeless body and some wreckage. Not a vestige of the ship was ever seen and no one can ever fathom or explain the mystery of her loss although numerous reports have been put forward.

The cause of this terrible disaster will never be known until that day when the sea gives up its dead.

During the month of December 1881 the City of St. John's Nfld presented its usual winter appearance, how well the writer remembers it. Communication with the outside world had received its winter limitations and nothing broke the silence of the quiet town except the steam whistle which indicated the arrival or departure of the fortnightly mail from Nfld or Nova Scotia to or from St. John's and the out ports.

The fleet of sealing steamers so active and majestic looking in spring lay motionless and dismantled at their moorings on the South side under the eye of their respective watchmen and ships carpenters who were doing odd jobs on board preparing for the sealing season in March.

The Christmas and New Year festivities claimed almost exclusive attention from all classes during the happy season but now that the year 1882 had been becomingly ushered in business of a more practical nature became the order of the day. The sealing steamer Lion was removed from her mooring to the wharf of Messrs Walter Graves and Co and during the next 4 days the work of loading her with provisions, dry goods, and sealing requirements, was carried on by the busy labouring men at intervals during those days of preparation.

Now a lady or a gentleman

would put in an appearance at the office or on the wharf and after a few words with the passenger agent would quickly disappear. They were very different in many respects but one and all shared in that expression which indicated the expression of happiness.

Why was this the only steamer receiving such attention and why were so many people so interested in her? She was the only steamer that was to start for the seal fishery from Trinity sixty miles distant, instead of St. John's and preparations were being made for her departure from St. John's before the appearance of the Arctic drift ice. Those so interested in her were composed of visitors who had been spending Christmas at St. John's and were now about to return home, some who were going to spend the winter in

Trinity one who were going to spend this school vacation with mother and return next mail boat Jessamina Grocery(?)

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and two who had just been united in the bonds of Holy Wedlock and looked forward to many years together in the quiet little parsonage of Trinity.

The morning of January 5 dawned bright and frosty and was a faithful harbinger of the beautiful day which was to follow. By the afternoon the steamer was ready for sea and the passengers held themselves in readiness to go on board during the night for she was to leave at 12 o'clock.

A more beautiful night could hardly be conceived. The moon all but full reigned supreme in a cloudless sky. The water outside as well as inside the spacious harbour was motionless, unruffled by the slightest breeze. Every person was happy and as the sluggish propeller succeeded in moving the deeply laden steamer from the harbour wharf and good byes were exchanged.

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The majority betook themselves to their state rooms or ---? on the cabin lockers whilst Mrs Cross bade them all a good nights rest and wrapping her trusty shawl closely around her signified she intended passing the remainder of the night between some planks which were piled on the quarter deck rather than go below and risk an attack of seasickness. In the meantime whilst the villagers of Trinity were wrapped in slumber, the Lion were crossing Conception Bay heading for the light which indicated the position of Baccalieu Tickle through which she was to pass into Trinity Bay. The fineness of the night had prevented any person from thinking it at all necessary to telegraph the departure of the Steamer so that no one at Trinity knew when she had left – it was generally supposed that she would leave during the night and many were not a little disappointed when she was not in sight at 8 o'clock

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on the morning of the 6<sup>th</sup>. Friday, Saturday, and Sunday passed, each day increasing the anxiety and suggesting numerous possibilities.

On Monday morning Mr. Hart the agent in the employ of Messrs Walter B. Greaves to whom the steamer was consigned was handed a telegram which he opened with feelings of more than ordinary interest. It was dated Grates Cove, Baccalieu Tickle, and was as follows.

Wreckage of a steamer found on the shore this morning the body of a woman supposed to be that of Mrs Cross of Trinity found floating on a raft of plank, the feeling of Mr. Hart may be better imagined than described for besides the great personal sorrow

for those he loved at the opposite side of the office desk stood Mr Cross his assistant and loving husband of Mrs. Cross,

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who with her boy were returning home on the ill fated steamer. In a very short while the contents of that telegram were known to every person in the village and a wail like that of Egypt went up to God for there was not a family in which there was not one dead.

As soon as the dreadful news reached St. John's the Steamer Hercules was dispatched to the scene of the wreck but although everything was done that could be done nothing was found of steamer or passengers except a few cases of goods, a lady's trunk, four mens' caps and the body of Mrs Cross which had been removed to a little house on the beach. The body was taken on board and conveyed to Trinity as all that remain of the sixty persons who had left St. John's with so many happy prospects a few days before.

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The scene on the wharf when the body was being landed baffles description for apart from the bitterness of individual hearts at individual losses that rude coffin contained the remains of one who in life was known and beloved by all. The Methodist Church was all too small to contain all those that followed her to her last resting place as the natural expressions were altogether too feeble to indicate the depth of that grief which welled up from those hearts so bitterly conscious of the bitterness of death.

You ask – what occasioned the loss of this steamer. Oh: no one in this world can answer that question. God alone knows. Numerous opinions have been expressed and though they differ in many respects yet all agree that doubtless the country's curse, intoxicating liquor, played no small part

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in the awful dramas of that winter's night. In all probability the steamer was recklessly taken off her course, struck one of the sunken rocks sufficiently forceful to knock her bottom out, backed and sank where the depth of waters prevented her being seen and where the tide sweeping out to sea took with it but the few things already mentioned.

Only the last Great day will reveal the details of that Epiphany morning on which God was manifest to many souls some of whom we trust were prepared to meet Him. When all that was known of the disaster flashed underneath the Atlantic passing in its course by the position of the wreck and appeared in the English paper the minister of ---? was reached in a English home, the house of Joy was turned into a house of mourning.

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Father, mother, sister and friends were celebrating the marriage of the Revd Hugh Foster and Miss Emerson and whilst all hearts bled and all were prostrate with grief only the young and survived the shock. (?)

The heart of the aged father, who was bound up in his loving son in that far off land and though he knew that all was well the strain was too great a broken heart set the spirit free. Father and son met in the Paradise of God.

A few more words before I close. As I said at the beginning of my story, I did not book my passage and that saved me the tragic death of a watery grave and fifty- two years longer to prepare to meet my God. My father felt very uneasy about me but kept it from my mother.

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He did not hear it until the 12 and not desirous that my mother should know it he kept it to himself but on the 12 I suppose my mother knew there was something, she made the remark, well I wouldn't wonder if more died of a broken heart than there is. He made the reply perhaps there is more than you know of, he said no more, they retired to rest that was his last words, having heart trouble the strain was too great, the heart of that father bound up in that daughter. The strain was too great a broken heart set the spirit free and I trust that Father and daughter shall meet in the paradise of God is the prayer of

E.J. Froude, Clarendville

April 16 /1934

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Why should we mourn departed friends  
Or shake at death's alarm  
Tis but the voice that Jesus sends  
To call us to his arms

A beautiful way to pass from time into eternity just 3 months 3 days before her husband so did Mrs. Arthur Stanley pass out like the summer sun sinks to rest. It reminds one of going on a nice vacation, the writer went for a 4 months trip to America sad but glad to find all was well. The same with Lilly and Arthur and Grandfather, they are all there is not even one doubt, they are not dead but sleeping like one just tired after a day of work and who just put their couch mantle around them and lie down to pleasant dreams.

Lilly one could not meet a more attractive girl when young

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and a good character with that Arthur the same there was never a cause for a blink (?). They were united in the holy bonds of wedlock 35 years ago last Nov at the early age of



17 years and three months, her first born known as Herbie reside in USA aged 34. He was mother's home and joy but Alas! He did not have the opportunity that her other boys had of raising up and calling mother or father Blessed.

Yes, married 35 years ago in the church at Shoal Hr some of us who had the pleasure to be present at the wedding ceremonies and it was a happy scene, the festivities held were cheers and laughter and merry-making then the hospitable supper in the new home it is all a pleasant fragrant memory. To-day Lilly and Arthur are cold in death till the day dawn.

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To-day that bride and groom of yesteryear is passed on.

The flowers of spring must bloom at last  
When goes the winters snow  
God grant that after sorrow past  
We all some peace may know  
Though tempest-tossed our barque awhile  
On lifes rough waves may be  
There comes a day of calm at last  
Where we the heavens see.

Arthur was of a home loving disposition and was devoted to his family.

The roses in memories garden  
They never fade away  
And the one that died sometime ago  
Is the one we miss to-day.

When I am dead and in my grave  
And all my bones are rotten  
Look in this book and there's my name  
When I am quite forgotten

E.J. Froude, April 18 /34 aged 74 years 2 months

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The reader of those lines will please excuse blots and mistakes as the writer is not keen on writing now. The hand is beginning to shake and feel the weight of years and not so young as she used to be. My pen is bad and my ink is pale and but for that I would write my name.

Now just a brief space to say Mrs. Sarah nee Taverner Christian, mother of Lilly Stanley also a young bride of less than 7 years when she became the wife of the late Geo. Taverner 60 years ago Nov 10<sup>th</sup> 1873 died Jan 11<sup>th</sup> 1912 aged 54 years and 6 months.

A loving wife a mother dear  
A faithful friend is buried there  
In love she lived in peace she died  
She ask for life but God denied.

Entered beside of her loving husband in Trinity Cemetery  
Till the day dawn

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Now comes the father of us all of true British blood. At an early age he left the day and Sunday school in England having heard of the silver thaw. Like many others he must have thought it to be silver and gold on trees instead of the silver thaw. Nevertheless he left home and mother but she was never forgotten by him. The writer often heard him say that when the ship left the key, better known as wharf, that he would give all he ever saw if he could get back to mother. The last he ever saw of her she was wringing her hands with grief alas! He never saw her again and how many sons of to-day could make amends for what they think little petty grievances but too late.

20 cents is better spent on the body then \$20 spent on the casket.

But yet not too late, son and mother and friends could meet as one unbroken family

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around our Father's right hand in heaven.

The above named person was the Grandsire of the younger generation viz. George Vardy. Born in Christchurch, Hants, England and the first of that name in Nfld, he died in January 18<sup>th</sup> 1882 aged 62 years.

Oh Father thy gentle voice is hushed  
Thy warm true heart is still'd  
And on thy pale and peaceful face  
Has rested deaths cold chill  
Thy hand was rest upon thy breast  
We kiss'd thy loving brow  
And in our aching hearts we knew  
We have no father now.

1712  
2

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Mary Vardy wife of the late George Vardy died Jan 13<sup>th</sup> 1895 aged 76 years her husband predeceased her 13 years. E.J. Froude April 19<sup>th</sup> 1934

My dying mothers hymn  
Jesu lover of my soul  
Let me to thy bosom fly, etc.

Moses Vardy

Died suddenly at his home alone yet not alone because God was with him. God always first then his beloved grandson Gordon. I am not saying amiss when I say that he loved all his children and grandchildren, wife and family so why should the writer forget him he was my only surviving brother. I also remember Jemmie he died 47 years ago, his last words were Where my heart and flesh of ---? He did not finish it.

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Mr. Browning had to finish it for him. The Lord will be my strength and my portion for ever.

Now I will get back to Moses again, although he died sudden, yet in his quiet unassuming way or in other words not offensive, his bible and other good literature was his constant companion. I believe he wore the white rose of a blameless life, he died March 23 /1928 aged 73 years 7 months his end was peace. Three sons survive him, George, Ky, and William (Willie?), 2 daughters Jessie Mrs. Bowdon, Mary Mrs. Stanley, 2 sons and one daughter predeceased him, Johnnie aged 12 hears, Lucy aged 18 and Lemuel aged 20, all awaiting the call when Father, sister, son and mother shall meet once more. Sons and daughters of brother Jemmie are Johnnie Vardy of Hickmans, William or Billie, Sunday or Billie Bray (?) all good men, George of Howley, Contractor, Harriet Cicily Laura Mrs Reynolds died in Springfield Mass,

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Mary and Katie twins, Mary died long while ago both married, another Cicily Mrs. Duffet of Britannia, Lydia Mrs Adey of Adeyton died 26 years ago. The three sons are living but all the daughters are gone but Katie Bugden and Cicily Duffet.

For all do fade as a leaf. Aunt Maggie better known as Mrs. Adey mother of the above named family died June 1<sup>st</sup> 1925. Aunt Jane has not changed her name as yet that beautiful name **Vardy**. Oh how grand it sounds in the writers ear one can hardly stand the thrill, sharp, sensation, of that melodious name. I wonder how many lovely girls of Clarendville will change their name for **Vardy**. Some of them the coming season may change their name I guess. Amen, so let it be is the prayer of the writer, a chip of the old block

Thursday, April 26<sup>th</sup> 1934

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Edmund Seaward a good man even if I say it. Died Oct 26<sup>th</sup> 1906 aged 46 years.  
Till the day dawn.

The first of the family to die Lillian M. Seaward Jan 27: 1892 aged 2 years.

Gertrude Grace Gardner Seaward died October 20<sup>th</sup> 1893 just an infant.

Alice Maud Seaward died May 24<sup>th</sup> 1899 aged 12 years 4 months.

1 Those lovely buds so young so fair  
Called hence by early doom  
Just came to see how sweet a flower  
In Paradise will bloom.

2 Ere sin could harm or sorrow fade  
Death came with friendly care  
The opening bud to heaven conveyed  
And bid it blossom there.

{“but not least” was noted to the left  
of verse 2}

Minnie Blanche Seaward Cosmos died at Salem June 29<sup>th</sup> 1925 aged 30 years 6  
months left to mourn a loving husband, children Betty 13 ½ years, Donald P. age 12 and  
Richard aged 10 years, darling children of Blanche.

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Nathanial Froude died May 2<sup>nd</sup> 1915 aged 76 years. The writer knew him very  
well often visited him and him her and he was a good man a staunch husband to the back  
bone. They said he was a bit stiff in his prices over the counter but God knows. We have  
had stiff prices and depressions since he died. The writer is a little more liberal that  
would give away her behind but what did she get. This she say we brought nothing in  
this world and it is certain we will carry nothing out.

The rich they wore embroidered clothes  
The poor they wore plain  
And I wore it very scarce  
And I'll get there just the same.

For want of space I cannot say much about Mr. Ed---? and Mr. J.B. Froude.

Ed---? had good traits of character and it has not been all beds of roses with Mr.  
J.B. Froude. If I had space I would say more but nothing bad.

Good morning E.J. Froude.  
6 am Friday 27 April

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May 14<sup>th</sup> 1934

Sunday May 20<sup>th</sup> 1934 the Lord's own day the best of all in seven it finds me in fairly good health for which I am thankful. When I am alone yet not alone my thoughts go back as far as 70 years and in all those years how vividly one can recall in glowing colors, from the time we kneel at our fond mother's knee. Now mother and father gone husbands and children gone brothers and sister gone and the writer the last of that generation left to await her call. Truly I can say what am I that Thou art so mindful of me. Goodness and mercy hath followed me all the days of my life my praise should be continually of glee.

Yes my only sister her dust he

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by the side of her first husband in the Methodist Cemetery in Trinity, Beautiful Trinity. I have some very grand reflections on looking back to the year 1880 when I spent my winter going to school to the late Mr. Edwin Collis. I see them all so vividly, the late John Lockyer, Jimmie Grant, lost on the ill fated S.S. Lion, little Freda and Aletta Collis, daughters of the teacher. All those and many more gone to await their call and the many pupil teachers I went to college with in St. John's. Mr Marriatt, Miss Pride, Miss Hopkins she was the principle, last but not least the Revd Canon Pilot my beloved Minister. We had our pew in church but if not there in our places he

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would sure to question. They are all gone their seats are empty the places that knew them know them no more for ever.

Now I will get back to Trinity. I often wondered why the name Trinity sent a thrill through my veins and

June 3<sup>rd</sup> Sunday finds me in very good health visited by Vickie, Harry, also Florence, Colin(?) and Sidney Hart. Wrote Mrs. Maclocklin, Melrose, Mass, (answered). Wrote Florence Hart, Galveston, Texas (not), Mrs. Brown, Burks Falls, Ontario (not), Nellie Bunting, 521 Willow Wheaton, Ill. (not), very good for one day.

Tomorrow is Black Monday that's what Monday has been called ever since the Bank crash which happened on Monday of 1896 when lots of people lost all their money and died of a broken heart. Wrote John Cosmos and family, Monday the 4<sup>th</sup>

Sunday June 10<sup>th</sup> Wallace Adams 15 years of age June 9<sup>th</sup> Clarence Adams will be 7 years of age July 8<sup>th</sup>.

A Sunday well spent  
Brings a week of content  
And health for the toils of tomorrow  
But a Sunday profaned  
Whatever may be gained  
Is a certain fore-runner of sorrow

Tuesday, June 12 wrote Thomas Smythe, Esq. (answered), June 27 wrote Sir R.A. Squires (answered), Mrs E.J. Carter (not answered), S. Feltham (answered), H.I. Ford (answered), Crown Lands Office (answered).

Thursday 14. I spent a very nice day yesterday, visited a few friends, it was a business and a pleasure trip. The Army officers took dinner with Olive and Clarence, they will be leaving Clarendville soon. Visited last week by the Revd Parish Clergyman for the district of Port Blandford and the surrounding district of Trinity in place of Revd A. Jones who

died in the summer of 1933. He was a good man. Acts 11:24 verse. A pity there's not more that can look the world over, good people die young. God wants the fairest flower in our garden to bloom in Paradise. Centered around St. Paul's church in Trinity, Nfld. is a history which dates away back to the year 1729. I suppose the Revd Robert Killpatrick must have been pretty near the first minister to go there. His salary was only thirty pounds a year but he received gifts from the tiniest groups around Trinity Bay all the way from Old Perlican to English Hr. Mr. Killpatrick left Trinity but came back in 1736 and he remained there till his death in 1741. His grave is in the old church yard. The second minister in Trinity was the Revd Henry Jones who had come out to Bonavista as early as 1726. He was followed in 1749 by the Revd Benjamin Lindsey who served at

Trinity for a long while.

The Revd James Balfour, Mr. Lindsey's successor, was not appointed until 1765 so that St. Paul's was without a regular minister for the preceding five years. Mr. Balfour had Old and New Perlican and Bonavista attached to his territory. In 1774 he was transferred to Harbor Grace to take the place of the Revd Lawrence Coughlan.

Nine years passed away before a permanent missionary was installed but in 1783 there came to Trinity one of the best loved and most useful servants in the person of the Revd John Clinch. Dr. Clinch was a medical doctor as well as a missionary and before he came to Nfld he had worked with the famous Dr. Jenner. Dr. Clinch's territory in the Ancient Colony extended from Bay De Verde to Greens Pond and the records say that he was Clergyman, Medical Doctor, Magistrate, Poor Commissioner and Land Surveyor. He laboured there for 36 years and he was loved by everyone with whom

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he came in contact. He died in 1819 and was buried in the cemetery adjoining the church.

According to Mr. W. White to whom the present writer is indebted for a history of the parish of Trinity, the old cemetery of St. Paul's is over two hundred years old. The epitaphs on many of the stones are naturally obliterated by time, but one dated 1736 can still be deciphered, it is in memory of Francis Squib and a verse below the name reads

Behold and see as you pass by  
As you are now so once was I  
As I am now so must you be  
Prepare thyself and follow me.

It is said that soon after the stone was put up a passer-by who had a grim sense of humor chalked the line or two underneath

To follow you I'm not content  
Until I know which way you went.

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The Revd Aubery Spencer who afterwards became the first Bishop of Newfoundland followed by Dr. Clinch at Trinity.

The old church was by that time in a very dilapidated state having been built presumably about 1729 or 1730. The second St. Paul's was commenced during his ministry but as he remained for only a year the pleasure of seeing the new church grow to completion was given to his successor the Revd William Bullock. Never was a building of a house of God watched and supervised with such loving care as this during the course of erection Mr. Bullock wrote the hymn

We love the place, O God  
Where in thy honor dwells  
The joy of Thine abode  
All earthly joy excels

We love the house of prayer  
Where in Thy servants meet  
And Thou O Lord art there  
Thy chosen flock to greet.

We love the word of life  
The word that tells of peace  
Of comfort in the strife  
And joys that never cease.

We love to sing below  
For mercies freely given  
But O we long to know  
The triumph song of heaven.

Lord Jesus give us grace  
On earth to love Thee more  
In Heaven to see Thy face  
And with Thy saints adore.

Mr. Bullock was born in 1798 and died in 1874.

#### Clergymen in Newfoundland

His Lordship Bishop Jones, Revd David Martin who was also School Master. The ministers who followed were the Revd Mr. Thomas 1841, Revd John M. Martin 1842, Revd Henry James Fitzgerald, MA. Rural Dean and ecclesiastical commissary from 1842 until 1846, Revd T.T. Jones 1847, the Revd Bertram Jones 1848. Then followed Revd Thomas M. Wood was appointed Rector in 1848 and laboured there until 1853 when he removed to St. Thomas church, St. John's. Revd G. Crouch was at St. Paul's a few months, Revd Benjamin Smith laboured in Trinity and Trinity Bay from 1854 to 1876. Revd G.H. Bishop afterwards Canon during the winter of 1873, Revd Henry Dunfield incumbent until 1880 and he received a call to St. Thomas, St. John's.

In the month of March 1880 the writer had the pleasure of hearing a beautiful sermon preached by the Revd H. Dunfield

to the Orangemen on their departure to the ice fields, it was a pretty scene in a crowded church as he gave for his text



Rejoice O young man in thy youth. And let thine heart cheer thee in the days of thy youth, but know you for all those things the Lord will surely bring thee into judgement.

The Revd Hugh Foster was there from 1881 until 1882 when he and his young bride being only two or three days married were lost on the S.S. Lion on the 6 Jan 1882 when coming from St. John's to Trinity.

- 1      Mr Foster and his wife  
        A young and lovely bride  
        On board the Lion their lost lives  
        Perhaps sank side by side.
- 2      The bright blue eyes the gleaming hair  
        The lately wreathed brow  
        Mysterious, restless treacherous sea  
        Say, say, where are they now.

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Revd Walter R. Smith succeeded Revd C.H. Foster for four months he was followed by Mr. F.W. Collis. Revd Wm. Weaver succeeded Revd C.H. Johnson appointed 1882 and remained until 1889. The Revd H. Torrville the present Rector was nominated in 1930 and under his leadership the congregation retains its interest in and devotion to the historic association of the past.

## **Why are dead buried with head pointing west ?**

According to medieval legend Christ was interred in the sepulchre with his head to the west and in all early Christian cemeteries in Northern Europe, the graves were carefully orientated the feet being placed to the East. It is believed by many that

Matthew 24:27- For as the lightning cometh out of the east and shineth even unto west; so shall also the coming

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of the son of man. He means that when Christ comes He will appear in the East. Bodies are therefore buried with their feet to the East so that when the dead arise on the morning of resurrection they are living in the direction of the Lord.

Marriages in Trinity Bay a long while ago.

Ploughman 1815. John Ploughman of the parish of Hinton in the County of Dorset, England, married to Charity Foster, widow of William Foster, Ship Cove.

✓ Bellows 1809. Thomas Bellows of Dorset, England, married to Elizabeth Taverner of Trinity.

Lander 1805. Capt. Wm Lander of the brig Hope of Poole, married to Elizabeth, daughter of Joseph and Elizabeth Moore of Trinity.

✓ Warr 1802. Wm. Warr of Dorset, England, married to Sarah, daughter of Samuel and Christina Savary of Old Perlican

Breddy 1801. Capt James Breddy of Poole, England, married to Mary, daughter of Edward and Patience Moore, Trinity.

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✓ 1795 Finch. Samuel Finch of Dartmouth, England, married to Elizabeth Pearcey of Old Perlican.

✓ Didham 1795. Samuel Didham of Devon, England, to Elizabeth Busey of Trinity.

✓ 1806 Gover. Joseph Gover of Dorset, England, married to Grace Waterman, Trinity.

✓ Matthews 1803. John Matthews of Dorset, England, residing in New Perlican, married to Sarah Hiscock of Salmon Cove.

✓ Crocker 1803. John Crocker of Somerset, England, married to Mary Wiseman of Trinity.

✓ Lewis 1803. John Lewis of Hants, England, married to Tamar Lockyer, Bay de Verde.

✓ Gould 1808. William Gould of Hants, England, married to Clarendia Emberly, Bay de Verde.

✓ Butler 1809. James Butler of Hants, England, married to Mary Banister of Robin Hood.

✓ Maiby 1810. John Maiby of Poole, England, married Dinah Bugden, Trinity.

✓ Cooper 1812. Edward Cooper of Limmington, England, married to Annie Emmery of St. John's

✓ Price Penney. Charles Price of Dorset, England, married to Catherine Penney of English Hr.

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✓ Jones Hogarth 1843. Jonah Hones married to Sushannah Hogarth of Trinity.

✓ MackDonald Fowlow 1843. Peter MackDonald married to Mary Fowlow.

✓ DeGrish(?) Seward 1843. William DeGrish and Joanna Seaward of New Perlican.

✓ Pilgrim Gent 1843. John Pilgrim married to Amy Gent.

✓ Oakley Woolridge 1844. George Oakley to Mary Woolridge.

✓ Green Morris 1844. Richard Green married to Phoebe Morris of Cuckhold's Cove.

✓ Hogarth Philips 1845. William Hogarth of Ireland's Eye married to Jediah Philips of British Hr.

Hill Warr 1845. James Hill married to Elizabeth Warr { X marked here}

✓ I now give date of some families still in Trinity.

✓ Dampur(?) 1787. Thomas Dampur of Dorset England married to Ann Sweet of Trinity.

Hogarth 1775. Isaac Hogarth of Hants C., England married to Dorothy Blanchard of Trinity North Side.

✓ Eason 1795. Dennis Eason of Cork, Ireland married to Winifred Dwyer of Trinity.

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✓ Collis 1800 of Somerset, England, married to Jane, widow of James Ivany of Bonaventure.

✓ Lucas 1801. Thomas Lucas of Dorchester, England, married to Mary, daughter of Jasper and Ann Hiscock of Trinity.

✓ Late 1801. George Late of Axminster, Devon, England, married to Mary Dewey, North Side Trinity.

✓ Hiscock 1804. Richard Hiscock of Dorset, England, married to Sarah Woolridge, South Side Trinity.

✓ Sabin 1805. Capt. John Sabbin of Hants C., England, married to Joanna Malone of Trinity. Capt. Sabbin was lost at sea.

✓ Lockyer 1814. James Lockyer of Hants, England, married to Joanna, widow of late Capt Sabbin.

✓ Gent 1807. Samuel Augustus Gent of Shirborn, Dorset, England, married to Mary Pittman of Trinity.

✓ Christian 1808. Jacob Christian of Arimdell, Norway, married to a daughter of Maurice and Ann Murphy.

✓ Hunt 1814. Edmund Hunt of Dorchester, England, married to Eleanor, daughter of Maurice and Ann Hunt.

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✓ Toop 1810. James Toop of Dorset, England, married to Grace, widow of the late Thomas Hodder of Irelands Eye.

✓ Gardner 1814. John Gardner of Somerset, England, married to Grace Stone, Old Bonaventure.

✓ Ash 1799. Richard Ash, Captain of the ship **Leon**, married to Catherine, widow of the late Andrew Taverner.

✓ Pilgrim 1817. Thomas Lambert Pilgrim of Christchurch, Hants, England, married Hannah Fifield of North Side Trinity.

✓ Bartlett 1814. James Bartlett of Dorset, England, married to Mary Welshman of Trinity.

The following story is told of a Joseph Hames in Trinity in 1772 and for his burial in the old church-yard as recorded in the entry given at the end of the story.

In the marriage register of a parish church in Devonshire, England, is the following entry

Married this 4 day of April 1745, Anthony Martini and Bertha Hames both of this parish. Anthony Martini had come to the parish Bidford

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as a young man but just who he was or where he had come from no one knew and after a few years no one thought it necessary to inquire about. He lived largely to himself in a rented cottage, paid his bills promptly, was good to the poor and had a kind word for everybody as he passed to and fro in the village. The supposition that he had unlimited means at his disposal was confirmed when it became known that he had purchased an old

and beautiful estate on the outskirts of the village that had not been occupied for many years.

The generous purchases made from the local shopkeepers, and the profitable employment given to the men who were needed to clean up the long neglected lawns and edges that surrounded the home, raised Mr. Martini higher in the estimation of the people.

During the years that he had lived in the cottage and before anyone knew that he was any more than ordinarily rich, he was a frequent

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visitor at the home of Squire Hames and it was the opinion of many that he was fond of the Squire's daughter Bertha and after his new purchase the old Squire hoped that some day in the near future she might become the mistress of Hadley Hall as the wife of Anthony Martini. The entry in the marriage register of the parish to which I have already referred shows that the opinions were well founded and that the Squire's hopes were well founded and fully realized and for many years after the people of the village loved to recall the events of that day when Anthony Martini led the Squire's daughter to the altar in the old parish church and of the entertainment that for days was given to all in the village to celebrate the marriage and the reopening of Hadley Hall.

On July 3<sup>rd</sup> 1747 a son was born to them and when baptized in the parish church he was given the name of William after Mrs. Martini's father, the Squire.

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On January the 11<sup>th</sup> 1749 another son was born to them and when baptized he was given the name of Joseph, after Joseph's birth his mother was seldom seen in the village and it became known that consumption had marked her for its prey. It was one of the saddest days in the village when the body of Bertha Martini was laid to rest in the old churchyard.

After her death the father devoted his attention to his two boys. They were carefully taught by private tutor and it was no secret that the older brother was his father's favourite largely because he had inherited his mother's looks and sweetness of character. Joseph the younger brother was not fond of study and because of this and the suspicion that William was to become the sole heir to his father's estate and fortune, Joseph made up his mind that some day he would leave home for parts unknown.

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At the age of 17 Joseph was often seen on the pier watching with deep interest the vessels coming to and going to foreign parts and one day after a vessel had left for New England Joseph was missing at the same time his brother William's dead body was found on the rocks at the base of a cliff. The father was well nigh beside himself with grief and it

became generally known that he believed the boy's death was caused by foul play on the part of his brother. Not wishing however to add to his grief and the family disgrace by bringing the younger brother to justice and at the same time not knowing what had become of him no definite steps were taken to find him. After the funeral the father was seldom seen outside the boundaries of Hadley Hall and it was rumoured that the estate was to be sold and that Mr. Martini was to leave the country. A few weeks after the body of William had been found on the shore an old fisherman called at the Hall and asked

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to see Mr. Martini. He was ushered into the library where sat Mr. Martini a wreck, a wreck of his former self, but glad to see the old fisherman whom he had often met on the beach. The old man said, Mr. Martini, I am very sorry for your loss as well as for my own for I was very fond of Master William and I shall miss him. I have heard however that it is supposed that Master Joseph had something to do with his death. The old man waited till Mr. Martini had recovered from a paroxysm of grief that the reference of his boys had caused and then he added I have come to assure you sir that Master Joseph had nothing to do with it. I was in my boat on my way to the fishing ground when I saw Master William in the cliff trying to secure some eggs for his collection. I knew what he was doing and I feared for his safety.

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My worst fears were realized when I saw him fall on the rocks below where his dead body was found. I tried to get back to the beach but a sudden and terrible storm burst on the coast at the time. I believe this squall was the cause of Master William's fall and it drove my boat out to sea. I was picked up the next day and landed far up the coast from which I've only just returned.

Mr. Martini sprang from his chair and grasped the old man's hand. Thank God, he said, and thank you for saving my boy Joseph from a cruel suspicion that I and others are responsible for and now I must do all in my power to find him.

In the meantime Joseph was nearing the New England coast after a stormy voyage on the vessel on which he had stowed away at the pier in Bedford. Upon his arrival at Massachusetts fearing lest

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he should be recognized by some person along the seaboard he left the vessel and went inland to the village of Marshfield. He was filled with fears. One day when he had heard from some sailors who had just arrived from Bedford of the death of his brother and the suspicion his younger brother had caused his death and within a few days Joseph was on the water as a deck hand on a schooner bound to Newfoundland. His one wish was to get to some remote place where no one would know him and where with a clear conscience he might live in peace as Joseph Hames {or Eames}, his mother's maiden name. In the

meantime the following notice appeared in the English newspapers, and was shouted by the town criers in the streets of Marshfield, New England. One hundred pounds reward will be paid to any one who will give such information as will enable me to find my son

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Joseph Martini or if he has changed his name to Joseph Eames I want him to know that his name is no longer associated with his brother's death and that if he will but return to his home, Hadley Hall, all that I possess will be his.

Signed Anthony Martini

Neither the notice in the English papers, nor the voice of the town criers in New England ever reached the eye or ear of Joseph Eames as he worked day by day as a faithful servant to an old English man in Trinity, Newfoundland. Though he was well cared for in his new home yet the rough experience that had been his in the voyage across the Atlantic and during his trip to Newfoundland was too much for a delicate constitution and an entry in the burial register of St. Paul's church, Trinity tells the end of the story. July 23<sup>rd</sup> 1773 interred Joseph Eames of Marshfield in the country of Plymouth, Providence

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of Massachusetts Bay, New England aged 22 or 23 years.

It is evident that poor Joseph Martini who had not heard that the suspicion so wrongfully attached to him had been removed never wished that any news of him either in life or death should trickle back to the home land. To guard against this he had assumed his mother's maiden name and had given his employer in Trinity the name of the place where he had landed in New England as the place of his birth and bringing up. Three lines in the old church register and a nameless unmarked grave bear the remains of Joseph Martini.

Till the day dawn and the shadow flee away.  
E.J. Froude June 16<sup>th</sup> 1934

Happy the home where God is there  
And love fills every breast  
Where one their wish, and one their prayer  
And one their heavenly rest.

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From out of the storied past

In the most ordinary walks of daily life and in the daily life of the most ordinary people and places, things often change from the common-place to places of reverence and

reverence because of their new association with some person or with some event of more than ordinary importance. Thus a photograph, or a lock of hair is a very ordinary thing when the person it represents or to whom it belongs is alive; but when the person has passed into the unseen world it becomes a sacred, and it is treated with such loving attention as was unknown before.

The same change often takes place with a house. The house itself would attract but little notice, nor would it be regarded as other than distinctly common-place but when you are told that **Shakespeare** or **Longfellow**, or some other great person was born in it, it becomes at once and forever a very different place in your estimation, because of the association because of the something that happened there. It was so with a little cove on the Bonaventure side

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of Bonaventure head, so far as we know till about a hundred years ago it was too insignificant to be known by any particular name. It has what the old people would refer to as an indraught of some twenty yards with a perpendicular cliff on either side rising to the height of at least one hundred and fifty feet. To the fishermen along the coast it was known as a good temporary shelter for a small boat from a North Easter and nothing more.

About one hundred years ago when Parson Bullock lived in Trinity and was clergyman and doctor and coroner, etc., etc. to people on both sides of Trinity Bay, two persons from Apsey Cove, Smith Sound, decided to get married, and due preparations were made to go to Trinity for Parson Bullock to tie the knot, it was early spring and as several other persons had need of things that could be got only in Trinity, a large open boat was fitted out for the bride and groom elect as passengers to Trinity. They came to find

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however that Parson Bullock was then visiting his flock at Bonaventure.

They waited patiently for some time but as he had not returned and a Northeaster was springing up, they decided to go back home again. About the time they had left Trinity to go west a crew of men had left Bonaventure with Parson Bullock to come east; but finding the wind too strong to face around the Head, they went in this little cove for temporary shelter. They had not been there very long when the boat from Trinity came scudding along before the wind, and keeping as near to the shore as it was safe to do, when they came opposite the little cove they were surprised to see a boat and crew in the shelter. Parson Bullock was a man with a broad mind beyond the ordinary and sitting alone in the stern of the boat he was quickly recognized.



The skipper in charge of the bridal party changed his course and ran in along side of the other boat and acting as spokesman for the groom and bride elect, he told the parson where they had come from

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gone to Trinity for. And now Parson he added, what are we going to do about it? Parson Bullock was equal to the requirements of any occasion, and he replied, let us go ashore on the beach and I will marry them there. The Parson and his vestments were quickly landed and the bride and groom elect were not far behind him and there on the rocky pavement of the beach with the perpendicular cliffs towering high on either side of them with the sky as a roof above them and the screaming gulls as a choir there in the quietude of a calm that was a marked contrast with the howling northeaster outside the sheltering cliffs and with the two crews in the boats as witnesses.

James Walters and Joanna Matthews were officially declared man and wife together and the blessing of God was pronounced upon their union as they knelt upon the rocky beach. During the ceremony the wind went down and taking advantage of it

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the parson and the newly married couple went on board their respective boats and with cheers exchanged and wishing much joy to the bride, the parson left for Trinity and the bridal party for Apsey Cove and lived happy forever afterwards.

The cove remains the same to-day and the same as it has been since its formation centuries ago, the same but not the same, for since that memorable marriage ceremony in it the common-place, nameless gash in the face of that rugged cliff has been known and is known and will continue to be known as **The Church**. It is no longer passed by as unworthy of notice, the fisherman sometimes lifts his cap as he passes it. And the officers of the mail boat call passengers attention to it and tell the interesting story that is associated with it. I wish the Capt. would toot the whistle as he passes it, thus the story will be handed down to future generations with renewed interest for surely it would be a pity to have it forgotten.

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If I were an artist I would immortalize it on canvas and I can think of no marine subject more worthy of such treatment than that marriage in such circumstances and with such strange and sublime surroundings.

→ 1851 married Robert White and Esther Mayer by Revd Thomas Witnesses G.W. Gent W.H. Cross.

→ 1853 married Richard Pelly of Hants Hr and M.A. Green of Scilly Cove by Revd W.G. Crouch Witnesses Charles Granger Lottie Granger.

### A Child of the sea

Hello, what have we here? A basket upon my honour! These words were spoken by a middle aged man as he walked along the beach by his home. On reaching the spot where the supposed basket was, what did it prove to be but a canvas cased cradle containing a dark haired sleeping babe.

Well, they say it is better to be born lucky than rich, muttered the man to himself, but if this is not luck, what is it?

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Here, just as I was wishing for a child of my own I have this beautiful baby boy laid at my feet, what will my wife say when I carry the laddie home. John Parsons for such was the man's name gathered up the babe in his arms and walked towards his home a short distance away. When he reached the door he called his wife saying Sarah come and see what I have brought you a poor little mite that has been kept from drowning by being placed in a boat like a cradle.

Probably its parents are by this time sleeping their last long sleep.

By this time his wife had come from the back kitchen where she had been preparing their tea, she stood and looked at him with astonishment. Well, he said don't stand there looking at me all day, come and look at the prettiest baby you have ever seen.

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Her motherly instincts thoroughly aroused, she at once went to him and took the baby from his arms, she then carried it into the house took the low seat by the fire and began to take off its wraps the little one looked at her with wondering eyes, he did not appear to be afraid, but rather seemed to enjoy lying in her lap before the bright fire.

After he had been fed, washed and put to sleep, Mr. Parsons went to the beach and brought in the cradle, they found that it contained a few articles of clothing belonging to the little one the small garments daintily made and in the folds of a cashmere dress they found a message which ran thus

Our ship has struck on a rock and is rapidly sinking, our boats are washed overboard, I am placing my little boy in his canvassed cradle, his name is Arthur Brown, he is one and a half years old, will the reader please take care of him and send him to his father in ---

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The note ended abruptly as if the sender had no time to explain who his father was or where he was living.

When Mr. Parsons had finished reading the note, him and his wife looked at each other without speaking, at last she said, Well, John, what do you think of it, think of it he explained I wish we may be able to keep the boy, although it appears that his father is living somewhere.

Next day Mr. Parsons went to the Policeman and told him of the baby, he also gave him the note which they had found. The police said he would have an account of the finding of the baby published and if no person claimed the child then Mr. Parsons would be able to keep him. He was as good as his word and as days lengthened into weeks and weeks into months and no one put in a claim for the child, Mr. and Mrs. Parsons began to hope that they may be able to keep him. In the meanwhile Arthur, very fast and healthy,

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was growing as fast as babies usually do . He was a lovable child with pretty little ways which quite won the hearts of his foster parents. When five years Mrs. Parsons took him to the village school he soon became the pet of the older scholars, he seemed to have the happy knack of winning the love of all with whom he came in contact.

He was also quick to learn and when nine years old he carried off a prize for reading and writing of which he was very proud.

We shall now pass on to Arthur's nineteenth birth day. He is now a tall young man with upright figure, dignified bearing and a refinement of speech and manner which contrasts strangely with his home made garments. He has also an abundance of dark hair which parts over a high forehead, adding beauty to a already to us pleasing countenance. His eyes of gray look at a person in such a way as to command

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and win the trust of all, he is now the pride and delight of his foster parents and he is as fond of them as they are of him.

When Arthur was nineteen years old his foster father received an official letter bearing the contents of which were destined to alter the whole course of Arthur's life. The letter was from a firm of solicitors in St. John's asking him to come and interview them telling him that his expenses would be paid. Mr. Parsons was astounded. What did they want to see him for? But his wife felt that it had something to do with Arthur, she got him ready for travelling with a heavy heart, fearing the result of his journey would mean the loss of Arthur. Mr. Parsons started off one fine June morning not at all pleased with the prospect before him. He reached St. John's, he found the firm of solicitors which was represented by two middle aged genteel men who informed Mr. Parsons that

they had been engaged by Mr. Brown a prominent merchant of London to discover if possible

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the fate of his wife and child who had been passengers of the ill-fated steamer Laura which was supposed to be lost off the coast of Newfoundland about seventeen years ago. Their engagement by this time was considered at an end when they accidentally came across an old paper containing Mr. Parsons story(?) of seventeen years ago and they resolved to follow the clue. That was why they had sent for him and after hearing his story they were convinced that it was the son of Mr. Brown.

They were delighted with their success and at once cabled for Mr. Brown, when he arrived they introduced him to Mr. Parsons and soon got him in possession of the whole story. He then felt pretty certain that his young wife had been drowned but he felt proud to know that his boy at least was saved and then made arrangements to go back with Mr. Parsons, he was never tired of hearing about his son and was in a fever of impatience to get to him. When they arrived at Mr. Parsons house Arthur was gone to the village stone

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to make a few purchases for his foster mother. Mr. Parsons went to meet him so as to prepare him for what was before him. Mr. Brown in the meantime stayed with Mrs. Parsons and asked numerous questions about his long lost son. When Arthur saw his foster father coming towards him, he hurried to meet him. His first question, well father, what did the lawyers want of you. Ah my boy, replied Mr. Parsons, I fear we must part with you. Nonsense, father, I am not going to leave you, Arthur answered quickly.

Mr. Parsons then explained to him that his own father was living and that he had the best right to him, Beside all this, said Mr. Parsons, your father loves you and has spared no money or time in trying to find you or what happened your mother or you. By that time they had arrived at their home, they went in and Mr. Brown advanced to meet his son. My poor motherless boy, my child of the sea, he said, as he embraced Arthur.

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Mr. Parsons and his wife quietly left the room for they felt the meeting was too sacred interrupted by any one.

After an hour or so Arthur went to seek his foster father and mother, he found them sitting in the kitchen, he went and sat beside them not to be sorry as they were not going to lose, he then unfolded his father's plan to them and that was that they should go to London and live with him and his father. Mr. Brown now joined them and added his but Mr. and Mrs. Parsons felt that London was no place for them, they then heartily thanked Mr. Brown but said they would rather stay in their own country. Beside, said

Mr. Parsons, we must not be selfish. We have enjoyed your son's companionship for seventeen years while you had to mourn his loss, its now time for him to fit himself for his position in life. We are sorry to lose him but we shall watch his future with interest and pray that he may be abundantly blessed.

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Mr. Brown now desired his son to get ready to go back with him, he could not part with him now and his business required him, they would have to go as soon as possible. Arthur was sorry to part with his foster parents.

Now Arthur was ready to go and as his father wanted to get to London as soon as possible, they decided to start that evening. In the meantime there were many farewells to be spoken and we must not blame Arthur if in his heart of hearts he felt as if he would almost rather stay than go and we know that he never forgot his Newfoundland foster parents and at some future time we may hear of him but not as a child of the sea but as Arthur Brown, a wealthy merchant of London, England.

Married Sept 11<sup>th</sup> 1841

George Vardy of Christchurch, Hants, England, married Mary Martin of Grates Cove. The said George Vardy died January 18<sup>th</sup> 1882.

Mary nee Martin Vardy " " 13 1895.

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#### In defence of old maids

Do not say that old maids do nothing for the world we offer the following list of twelve famous maids of history

Francis Willard founder of the temperance movement

Joan of Arc one of the important factors in French history

Queen Elizabeth in whose reign England reached her golden age

Jane Adams first citizen of Chicago and head of Hull House

Dorothy Dix pioneer of reform in prison and reformatory methods

Jane Austen whose pen pictures of English village life promise to be immortal

Susan B. Anthony pioneer in efforts to procure more equal rights for women

Florence Nightingale angel of mercy in the Crimean war

Julia Leathrope (?) chosen from among the women of America to lead in preserving child life

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#### Billey Bray & his tatoes

Well friends last week I was digging up my tatoes and while I was a digging the devil came to me and he said Billey do you think your Father do love you. If I had known I would a listened if his pinions had been the least bit o notice. So I turned around upon him and I said Sir who may you happen to be if I baint mistaken I know you and I know my father too and I used to have a personal acquaintance with you. Just have (?) your written character at home to my house (the bible) and it do say sir that you be a liar from the beginning and all you'll give me is rap to my back a wretched home & aching head and no tatoes and the fear o hells fire to finish up with.

And here my dear Father in heaven I have been a servant of his now for thirty years. He hath given me a clean heart, a soul full o joy and a lovely suit o white as I will never wear out and He has promised me that He is

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going to make a King O me before He's done and He's going to take me home to his Palace to reign with Him forever and forever and to think of you coming up here talking like that why bless my dear friends he went off like a shot and he never had the manners to say Good Morning.

Sunday June 17<sup>th</sup>, 1934 finds me alone but not alone. Christ is the head he is everywhere present.

If up to heaven I take my flight  
Tis there Thou dwells enthroned in light  
If down to hell's infernal plains  
Tis there the Almighty's vengeance reigns.

#### Blew up the Governor

In the thirties of the past century when Governor Prescott presided over the Colony and when the seal fishery was in the youth of its glory it happened one fine day in March that Governor Prescott and his lady went to the water-front to watch or view the

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sight of upwards of one hundred and twenty sails of vessels stretched outside in line ready for their perilous voyage. Of course it was always the case in those days at that time of the year the whole Harbor was entirely frozen over. The previous day the whole fleet had been occupied in cutting a channel in order to effect a passage-way for the vessels to proceed to the Narrows in single line

During the proceeding night it froze hard and this channel was frozen over and formed what was known as a scum and this was not after one night's frost capable of bearing the weight of an adult person. His Excellency who was accompanied by his lady boldly ventured out upon the ice in order to have a better view of the attractive sight and not knowing the difference walked out upon the ice of the channel which had formed the

previous night, and both were instantly plunged into the water. A man who was doing some painting

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over the stern of one of the vessels saw the occurrence and instantly called out to the only other occupant of the vessel at the time that a man and woman were in the water. This man whose name was Richard Lacey, commonly known as Dick, without a moment's hesitation jumped overboard and with great difficulty rescued what would certainly be a watery grave the Governor and his wife. Poor Lacey, not knowing who the parties were he was the means of saving, soundly rated the Governor for being such a d--- fool as to bring a woman on such ice as that. It soon leaked out who the rescued were, and one of his companions informed him that it was His Excellency, the Governor and his wife he had rescued from drowning.

Be Jabers said Dick, if that be so I'm in a fit for I gave himself a h--- of a blowing up for bringing a woman on such ice as that. Refused the invitations about mid-day an orderly from the Government house

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went on board the vessel, enquired for Mr. Lacey. The gentleman, on learning that his presence was required at the Government House flatly refused to proceed there for Dick's mind was filled up with a dread of the consequences of the strong language he had made to the Governor and no amount of persuasion would induce him to go before the great dignitary who a few hours before he had saved from death. Of which Dick had taken no notice but he had vivid recollection of the strong language he had made up at the time, having not the least idea of the gentleman to whom he administered the strongly worded reproof. Later in the day a second request was brought to Dick asking him to call at the Government House and the message stated that Lady Prescott particularly wanted to see him, but he never went and lost a great entertainment and Lady Prescott went in search of him and presented him with one hundred dollars or twenty five pounds.

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### **An Unexpected Reunion**

Twas a beautiful December day the bitterness of the cold almost succumbed ones body but it was a cloudless sky and it flashed forth his dazzling rays across the shimmering whiteness of the land and cape rendering woodland mountain and plain resplendent in the silver (?) wintry mantle in which King winter enshrouded it.

The Bruce Express East bound from Port aux Basques was noisily rattling over the rails, tossing aside the foot of light snow that covered the track thus raising a miniature snow drift all along the line. The cars were well nigh filled with passengers, all of whom had the same object in view, to be home for Christmas.

Seated in the end of one of the second class carriages was a dark clean shaved man apparently about sixty years old. Whose careworn face bore unmistakable evidence that he

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had met with some great trouble and was yet undergoing a severe mental strain. To the music, laughter and song which reverberated through the train he paid not the slightest attention but appeared to be entirely absorbed in his own meditations.

His forlorn look excited the sympathy of a young man who sat on the opposite side. A bright good-natured fellow, bubbling over with merriment and fun who evidently was inclined to make everyone happy and the pair were soon earnestly engaged in conversation on local matters. They chatted for upwards of two hours when the young man produced a bottle of whiskey and asked his companion to partake of a little.

The older man declined the liquor saying although am deeply grateful to you for your kindness, for that stuff has blighted my life and caused me much misery and unhappiness. Did you ever drink asked the old man, No sir I've never tasted liquor before leaving home

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a mere boy three years ago, I promised my mother that I would not take intoxicating drinks and up to the present, that promise I have faithfully performed.

This bottle I now have in my possession was given me by a companion in Sydney as you see I have never broken the seal on it.

Well my boy although you are a stranger to me it gives me pleasure to know you did not betray the confidence your mother placed in you. I would say to young men let don't drink be their motto for its appearance has laid many promising young fellows in premature graves and driven others to the mad house, and the prison and wrecked the happiness of countless homes and families.

How did it cause you so much unhappiness? asked the young man.

Well, my boy it is not a pleasant thing to talk about for Christmas Eve but nevertheless as you wish to know I shall tell you.

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Some twenty-two years ago I was a happy sober young fellow living in G. on the North Shore of Conception Bay and about that time married the girl of my choice in Harbor Grace. We were in poor circumstances for a time but by sobriety and industry



soon managed to build up a comfortable home which was blessed by a little baby boy. We lived in peace and perfect harmony until the Christmas Eve two years after our marriage when some companions of mine arrived from Sydney and the rum bottle was everywhere in evidence. I was induced by them to take a little and then a little more and after a little while I needed no forcing but helped myself freely with the result that by midnight I was more a beast than a man.

In this deplorable condition I staggered home for money to purchase more of the cursed stuff. Mary my wife met me at the door and on learning the object of my mission entreated me to spend the remainder of the night at home

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and reasoned with me about spending my money so foolishly the few dollars I had worked so hard to earn but entreaties and reasoning were alike in vain I was determined to get more rum but being unable to locate the key of the trunk in which the money was, I got under the impression that she had hidden it and on being told contrary got mad with rage and struck at her. The blow missed and I fell across the cot wherein my little one year old son lay sleeping. I rolled off the cot to find that my fall had apparently killed it.

I was sobered by this time --- but all the cowardice was in my natural self and I fled from the home wildly on board my little fishing boat lying at the stage head hoisted sails and sped away out of the Harbor despite the fact that a strong breeze was blowing at the time. I sailed far out to sea and the next thing I remembered I was in hospital with bags of ice cooling my fevered brow.

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The nurses told me it was the Mariners Hospital of New York and that I was near dying of typhoid fever. I was then constantly thinking of what had taken place in my home the night I had left it and was seized with a burning desire to return but the Doctors would not permit me to leave until I was perfectly well.

A few days after I became convalescent I was sitting out in the hospital yard when a man approached me and in a friendly manner said Hello, John, I am glad to see you looking better. I was puzzled to know who could this man be who appeared to know me so well for my name is John, John Russel. I was looking at him in a bewildered way when he said is it possible John that you do not know your old captain. I replied that I did not think I ever saw him before. Well, he said tell as the last you remember before finding yourself here. I told him it was of being

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adrift in my little boat.

Is it possible he ejaculated.

Well, I have a story to tell you which perhaps you will not believe but nevertheless it is perfectly true. He told me he picked me up far out to sea in a little open boat seventeen years ago. I was taken onboard his vessel and brought to Boston where after a few weeks in Hospital I regained my health but the hunger and exposure I suffered while adrift coupled with the disturbed state of mind I was in at the time was too much for me and I lost all reason. I could remember nothing but my name and he said I begged him to let me stay in the vessel and as I was a good fellow to work he granted my request and for sixteen years I served under him. At the end of that time, typhoid fever broke out on board and I was stricken with the disease. For nine weeks I hovered between life and death in the Mariners Hospital of New York,

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then he said came a change for the better and with it my reason returned. He wished me to rejoin his vessel but I would not for a moment think of doing so until I made this trip to Newfoundland and learned the fate of my wife and son.

Did you say that your name was Russel? asked the young man. Yes, I did, my name is John Russel. My wife was formerly Mary Graham from Harbor Grace and our little son's name was Stanley, is it possible that you have heard anything about either of them. Yes, Sir, facts is by far stronger than fiction. I am Stanley Russel and you are my father whom myself and my dear mother mourned for so many years as dead. I can't tell you how glad I feel and oh won't mother be delighted. Can it be possible said the man that God is so good and merciful to me as to spare the boy whom I thought I had killed and preserve the wife I had so cruelly treated. Will she ever forgive me?

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Yes, father, answered the boy she has forgiven you long ago but there was nothing to forgive for you were not accountable for your act while you were under the influence of the demon drink. At the father's request the boy rehearsed the story of his life and told of his mother's devotion and self sacrifice in her noble effort to keep him comfortably clad and food and fuel until he became big enough to earn a little. He related many little incidents of his childhood days. On wintery evenings she often sat with him by the fireside sewing or knitting and told of the early happy days of her wedded life and of the father whom they never expected to meet again in this world. But she always refrained from mentioning the reasons which led to his being alone in the boat the night he was supposed to have been lost.

The father listened eagerly and with unfeigned interest to every. Hours sped head heth(?)ly by and with a cry of joyful surprise both men jumped to their feet.

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(Transcriber's note: Above story continued on Page 109)

Explanation of Point of Bay tragedy. Young boy escaped when 7 others met their death.

From a letter received from Commandant W. March, SA, of Grand Falls by General Secretary Pitcher of St. John's, the following explanation is given of the following tragedy at Point of Bay in the Exploits on Wednesday last, when seven young people went through the ice and were swept by the current to their deaths.

Were on way to a meeting. The extract from the letter reads

Lieut. Budgell S.A. Officer Philips Head aged	25
Doris Pelley aged	17
Carrie Baker	20
Chesley Peckford	18
Bessie Peckford	16
Ethel Peckford	14
Matilda March	11

Sixty men searching bodies of victims the Inspector General received the following message from Constable Humber this morning returned from scene of drowning accident 9 o'clock, bodies of Officer Budgell and Carrie Baker recovered, about sixty men are searching for the other five bodies.

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When the conductor passed through and told them that they had reached Harbor Grace the train slowly pulling up at the station and Stanley leading the way out on the platform almost into the arms of his anxiously waiting mother who received him with great joy and affection. The older man closely followed his son, scarcely daring to hope that he would be recognized but the seventeen year absence did not in the least degree erase from the woman's memory the features of the man she loved so dearly and with a little cry of delight when the melody sounds of the old church bells sounded upon the mid-night air announcing that the 1907 anniversary of our Saviours birth had come John Russel vowed that he would never again become the victim of that unholy tempter the drink. In that hour and in conclusion I may say from that hour the spirit of love crested the home of the Russel family

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and with its brilliancy and not clouded by discord or ill will.

Gentle reader I am powerless to describe the scene which followed such unexpected union such happy meetings are a thousand times better depicted by the unlimited powers of imagination. Suffice to say that a happy reunion resulted.

E.J. Froude, June 18, 1934

Week-end notes on Holiday Rambles the story of one of the crosses by the wayside.

To write the story of all these crosses to which we referred in our last article would make a volume with tragedy and pathos. Of the many stories which the writer has learned, in connection with these crosses none seem more pathetic than this one we now publish.

It is the story of two brothers who in their haste to return home who after an absence in foreign parts were over-

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taken in a snow storm and fell victims to its severity. The cross which marks the scene of this tragedy is erected near the Southern Shore road and for nearly fifty years it has silently told its sad tale. The young men as we have said were brothers and they decided to go abroad for the summer as a change from the fisheries and to seek employment at Boston. This they did and were fairly successful and worked till near Christmas time when they packed their trunks and turned towards home. During their absence they wrote several letters to their parents who were greatly rejoiced that their boys were so fortunate as to get constant employment and fairly good pay which about that date was about two dollars per day. Leaving Boston the brothers came to Halifax by the Inter-Colonial Railway and from Halifax to St. John's by the S.S. Delta, made the usual passage of three days

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and arrived in good time and berthed at Baine Johnston's wharf which firm were agents for the Cunard line.

The two brothers were steerage passengers and paid the sum of four dollars each for their passage, this sum being the current rate between St. John's and Halifax at that period. The ship arrived in the afternoon and the brothers with eagerness were looking over the rail when much to their delight they saw lying at the wharf a boat from their own harbour. With haste they disembarked and made arrangements to take passage by the boat to their home on the Southern Shore. They at once removed their little luggage from the ship and transferred it to the boat and then had a look around the city. They were delighted to learn from the boats crews that their parents and all at home were well and were expecting them along for Christmas. There was not much in the town to delay the young men personally

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and they were eager to start for home so it came about, the boat being delayed a little longer than was expected, they decided to go over-land. They accordingly informed the skipper of the boat of their purpose and the next morning they began their journey. The

weather was fairly fine and the chances for good travelling seemed favourable. Near Bay Bulls Big Pond they put up at Fizzells and having refreshed themselves they resumed their journey, but a few hours later a snow storm burst upon them.

### Undivided in death

A day or two after the storm the boat sailed for home well laden with supplies for the winter and carrying also the trunks containing the effects of the two brothers. On the boat's arrival the skipper and the crew were alarmed to find that the brothers had not yet reached home and immediately inquiries were made and search parties set out to find the whereabouts of the young men.

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At that time there were no telegraph lines and very few light houses and communications and intercourse was very slow and it then took days to accomplish what is now done in hours. The good people of the Harbor, while fearful for the safety of the young men still indulged the hope that they had taken shelter in some house along the road but their hopes were shattered for in their search they found the frozen forms of the brothers quite near the road in question. The sight was truly a sad one for there in the snow, lay still in and cold the manly hearts that had beaten so high and that hoped so soon to be in the shelter of home and their embrace of their loved ones.

How many hours the brothers had wandered and suffered is not known but the spot was marked by the erection of a cross and no doubt many who may read this article may have seen it in

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their travels. The sorrow of the parents was indescribable and when after a while their grief had somewhat subsided and the trunk of the brothers was opened there was found among its contents the few letters which they had received during their absence and also a present marked **Mother** and one for **Sister**. With tender hands and burning tears the presents were taken from the trunk and ever after treasured as a keepsake from the dear ones that had selected them in a strange city.

It is such acts as these that touch the heart. And though the facts of this story are long past, they yet tell us of the fidelity and endurance of our people. Thousands of our sons and daughters have since left their homes to seek employment in other countries and many a tragedy has occurred – some known and some unknown - but the plain wooden cross by the roadside

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on the Southern Shore is an eloquent though silent reminder of the two strong men who faced duty and fulfilled their part in the industrial world and then turned homeward but

reached it not. Those brothers paid the price, which seems so often to fall to the sons and daughters of men.

This story may not be generally known but the few facts which were gleaned about the cross have always impressed us as of being very patriotic inasmuch as they contain the story of the tragedy of honest industrious men and loving and dutiful sons. Such men are truly Empire builders and are a country's best asset! And little presents which those men had in their trunk told their tale, the tale of filial affection. They told that in the big city with all its temptations and its many snares the boys did not forget their home did not forget **Mother** did not forget

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**Sister**, hence did not forget themselves, their hearts beat true and thus we say their death was pathetic as well as tragic. Such then is the story of one of the crosses by the wayside.

#### Train Routes

Monday morning comes from west going east  
Tuesday evening the arrival of the branch line (?or freight) going east  
Tuesday night express going west  
Thursday morning express going east  
Thursday night going west  
Saturday morning express going east  
Sunday night express going west

Sunday, June 24/34

Newfoundland's birthday also Richard Seaward's birthday and midsummer day, the writer spent a very enjoyable day the first visit since Easter.  
Black Monday again and as

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yesterday was a holy day would have had a more enjoyable day but something wrong with Radio couldn't get the morning service in St. John's from our good Clergy such as Revd Pickering in the Methodist.

Revd ? in St. Thomases but Mrs. Richard, being a real musician, she play very nicely on the organ we also had a splendid repast every thing for dinner in fresh meats and vegetables and good stuff for tea very appetising. And to make everything go better it really was a gala day with Bunting flying to make everything all the better, it reminded the writer of years gone by when life was worth the living, when Mr. George Vardy, now dead 52 years and Edmund Seaward now dead 29 years those people used flags very much, G. Vardy,

the writer's father, Edmund Seaward, the writer's husband. George Vardy was a layman and Schoolmaster for many years. He always hoist his flag to call his people to church and school. Edmund Seward always had flags flying on leaving in his two topmasted schooners for the Grand Banks and Cape Muckford(?) in the far north Labrador. That was gala days, the writer would like to live it over again now as life is altogether too short to have a fit of the blues. We must be as happy as possible because we will be long enough dead. After tea we had a visit from Mr. Adam Seward and conversation on old times chiefly by ghost stories of which

is nonsense.

Nine years ago in June of 1925 it was an intention to have flags flying for Richard's birth day but our all wise father sent something to change our plans. He took dear Blanch my beloved Blanch on the 29 of June 1925

And the house of joy was turned into a house of mourning and although gone nine years she is still **Counted In.**

When you count your many friendships  
Of the days of long ago  
When our lives were young and vibrant  
With the joys we cherished so

When you look ahead and wonder  
What the years will bring to you  
Who will still your friendship cherish  
Through the years remaining true.

### Count Me In

When you make your list of loved ones  
Who have stood through thick and thin  
Who have loved and still are loyal  
Do not fail to count me in.

When you make your list of friendships  
That through years have changeless been  
When life's final list is entered  
Do not fail to count me in.

From Blanch to Mother and she is surely counted in.

### How to ruin a son

- 1 Let him have his own way
- 2 Allow him the free use of money
- 3 Suffer him to rove where he please on the Sabbath
- 4 Give him free access to wicked companions
- 5 Call him to no account for his evenings
- 6 Furnish him with no stated employment

Pursue either of these ways and you will have to mourn over a debased and ruined child! Thousands have realized the sad result and have gone mourning to the grave.

### **A FATHER**

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The murder of little 12 year old Marion Parker, twin sister of Marjorie, Mr. Perry and Mrs Parker of Los Angeles, California.

Shortly after noon on Thursday, December 15, 1927, a well-dressed young man appeared in the office of Mrs. Mary Holt, attendance teacher of the Mount Vernon Junior High School in Los Angeles. He removed his hat and addressed Mrs. Holt politely, "Mr. Perry M. Parker, who lives at 1631 South Wilton, has been injured in an automobile accident. He is calling for his little girl, who attends school here". "Oh, I'm so sorry". Miss Naomi Britton, office secretary, had overheard the brief conversation and was already searching her records for a pupil named Parker. "There are two Parker children", she announced

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a moment later. "It is Marion, the younger one that he's asking for", the dapper young man said quickly. While Miss Britton went to summon Marion from the classroom, in which a Christmas party was being held, Mrs. Holt accompanied her caller into the hallway. "We have to be very particular about where these children go", she began. "Our rules ---"

"I understand. My name is Cooper. Mr. Parker is an officer in the First National Bank, where I'm employed. If there's any doubt in your mind, I wish you would call the bank and verify this". At that moment Miss Britton appeared with Marion. The twelve year old girl turned frightened

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questioning eyes toward the man who had come for her. "Your father has been injured", he said in a kind voice. "I am going to take you to him." "Should I get your coat, Marion?" Mrs. Holt asked. "No, thanks, I have my sweater".

Marjorie Parker, Marion's twin sister emerged from another classroom in time to see Marion hurrying down the hallway with a strange young man. She wondered but said nothing. It was the last time she was ever to see her sister alive. When Mr. Perry M. Parker, Personnel Officer of the First National Bank, arrived home at six thirty that night, Marjorie handed him a telegram and a special delivery letter, both of which were

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unopened. Mr Parker's face blanched as he read -- first the telegram, then the letter. The former had been sent from Pasadena at 3:15 P.M.. It bore the signature "George Fox", and instructed Mr. Parker as follows ---

Do nothing until you receive the special Delivery letter. The special delivery letter Post-marked Los Angeles, read: Death of M. Parker: use good judgment. You are the losers. Do this. Secure 75 - \$20 gold certificates -- U.S. currency 1500 dollars -- at once. Keep them on your person. Go about your early business as usual. Leave out Police and detectives. Make no public notice. Keep this affair Private. Make no search fulfilling these terms with the

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transfer of the currency will secure the return of the girl, failure to comply with those requests means no one will ever see the girl again except the angels in heaven. The affair must end one way or the other within three days or seventy two hours.

In a accompanying letter was a pathetic little note from Marion, in a childish scrawl she had written

Dear Daddy and Mother  
I wish I could come home. I think I'll die if I have to be like this much longer, won't someone tell me why all this had to happen to me. Daddy please do what this man tells or he'll kill me if you don't. Your loving daughter

Marion Parker  
P.S. Please Daddy I want to come home to night.

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Away out in California  
A family bright and gay  
Was planning for their Christmas  
Not very far away.

They had one little daughter  
A bright and pretty child  
And all the folks that knew her  
Loved Marion Parker's smile.

She left her home one morning  
For school not far away  
And no one thought of danger  
Would come to her that day.

And a murderous demon  
With heart so hard as stone  
Took poor little Marion Parker  
Away from friends and home.

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The world looked hard and stricken  
And people held their breath  
Until they found poor Marion  
Her body cold in death.

And then they sought the coward  
Young Hickman was the man  
They brought him back to justice  
His final trial to stand.

There is a great commandment  
That say thou shalt not kill  
And those that do not heed it  
Their cup of sorrow fill.

This song should be a warning  
To perils far and near  
We cannot guard too closely  
The one we love so dear.

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### Beautiful Grates Cove

Such it was and such it is and such it ever will be. My mother's birth place, she was born at that place in the year of 1812(?), got her early schooling from the Revd John Hoskins, better known as Schoolmaster Hoskins. He was a good man Acts II Chap 24 verse on the hundred anniversary of his death the good people had a grand time in remembrance of his noble life and happy prospect beyond the grave.

The writer wrote to-day June 18/1934 to get more particulars of this fine man, for such men as Revd John Hoskins, Revd John Clinch and others mentioned in the first part of this book are worthy of mention. The writer has heard lots of good spoken of those saintly men such as these. Never die hard. The writer often saw the place where the dust of Revd J. Clinch lies in a vault with a marble slab. I believe it's taken to St. John's once in a while to get repolished.

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The Revd John Hoskins about the same type of man. He was a good man Acts Chapter 11 verse 24. I heard he had a monument erected to his memory. I must find the date.

Some little girl, and I suppose we must give the little boys credit too, sang to suit the occasion. We shall only be remembered for what we have done. My mother, the late Mrs. Mary Martin Vardy, mentioned his texts. Ecclesiastics Chapter verse vanity of vanities saith the Preacher all is vanity. The said Mary Martin Vardy knew a lot of his noble life and could remember distinctly his texts in the pulpit such as Eternity, Eternity there's no end to Eternity. And also Time shall be no longer, they rest from their labour and

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their works do follow them.

June 28 in 1934. Richard Seaward, wife and darling baby Mildred went out this morning to St. John's for a much needed rest. Can't say much more until they return and tell us of their visits with Mr. Joseph Drodge, Mr. Rodgers and they are good good men Acts 11 24.

Miss Sarah Halfyard, sister of Mrs. Susie Seward, her good sister Mrs. Julia Diamond and her husband John Diamond passed within the veil during the spring of 1934. Also my niece and her husband, Lilly and Arthur Stanley.

I'm lonesome when the winter ends  
The winter takes away my friends  
By two's and three's and scores  
And yet it side-steps me. E.J.F.

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A tribute to Laura B. nee Vardy Reynolds who died at Spring Field, Mass.,  
October 1906.

Death of Mrs. Joseph Reynolds as quietly and peacefully as the summer sun sinks to rest so did Mrs. Joseph Reynolds breathe her last at six o'clock last Monday morning.

Four weeks or so before she had gone to the M.H. Hospital in Hanover being carried there on a bed after weeks of suffering and three weeks ago she underwent a serious operation from which she was not benefited so a week before her death her husband brought her home on a bed where she has been since tenderly cared for by her husband, his sister, loving friends, her sufferings were intense.

James Reynolds of Danvers, Mass, a brother, John O'Brien of Newton, Mass., a cousin and Mr. and Mrs Frank Thomas of Newton, Mass., were present at the funeral.

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Mrs. Thomas who is a sister of Mr. Reynolds has been here for some time and has been devoted and untiring in her care of Mrs. Reynolds whom she loved. Much sympathy is expressed for her devoted husband and for the cousin Mr. Edwin J. Seward of Danvers, Mass., who takes this sorrow so hard as well as the other relatives who will all miss her who was always interested.

It seems especially hard to her husband who only recently bought them a home and she had it fixed all so cosy and until this sickness came they were so happy. The floral tributes were beautiful a cross and crown being especially lovely, a handsome pillow a heart an anchor cut flowers from relatives, loving friends and neighbours, it was a largely attended funeral for Mrs. Reynolds had lots of friends, for every one that knew her loved her.

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When I lie on my bed at night may my thoughts be centered on heavenly things and may I be as one tired of a days hard toil and who simply wrap their couch mantle around them and lie down to pleasant dreams and may I go to sleep in Jesus singing this chosen hymn

And now another day is gone  
I'll sing my makers praise  
And comfort every home make known  
His providence and grace.

And now my child-hood run'd its race  
My sins how great their sum  
Lord grant me pardon for the past  
And strength for days to come.

I lay my body down to sleep  
Let angels guard my head

And through the hours of darkness keep  
Their watch around my bed.

With cheerful heart I close mine eyes  
Since Thou wilt not remove  
And in the morning let me rise  
Rejoicing in Thy love. Amen E.J. Froude

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Sunday, July 29<sup>th</sup>, to-day, 4 years ago the death angel passed over the General Hospital,  
St. John's and claimed Maggie, Mrs. R. Seward, I trust to be with Him which is far  
better.

Calmly at night the stars are shining  
On a lonely silent grave  
Where lies the one they loved so dearly  
Yes, they loved but could not save.

Leaves have their time to fall  
And flowers to wither at the north wind's breath  
And stars to set – but all  
Thou hast all seasons for thine own.

### O Death

Blanch, Mrs. Seward Cosmos died at Salem, June 29<sup>th</sup> 1925, just 5 years and one  
month before Maggie. In harmony they lived and I trust that in death they are not  
divided.

In the church yard sweetly sleeping  
Where the flowers gently wave  
Lies the one we loved most dearly  
Yes we loved but could not save.

A daughter and daughter in law of E.J.F.

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Sunday, August 5 in 1934.  
Just wrote my daughter Mrs. S.H. Hunt(?) in answer to one received yesterday.  
Flossie(?) never forgets mother although away down in Texas, Galveston and it was just  
the same when she resided in the Canal Zone, Panama. Yesterday, Aug 4, made a brief  
stay at Aunt Jane's for Ivy who went for my mail good little girl just 9 years of age to-  
day, her grandfather, my late brother **Moses**, would have been 80 tomorrow, August  
6/1934,

To take up some of my God given time when not in my little garden and writing, I am making a rug for which I always had a special craze(?). I finished one for my friend Mrs. Maclachlin in Melrose, Mass., to put by the vacant chair in her late husband's study.

O for a touch of the vanished hand and the sound of a voice that is stilled  
and when I get my own finished I expect will finish mat hooking for me.

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About sixty years ago I hooked a rug, it was greatly admired by those who saw it, especially young gents. These were the words but it was very tedious to put on a rug.

A woman is not made out of the feet of a man that she should be trampled on.  
Neither is she made out of his head that she should overtop his brain, but she is made out of his side, the nearest to his heart.

E.J. Froude  
Aug 5/34

The voice that breathes o'er Eden  
That glorious wedding day  
The primal marriage blessing  
It hath not passed away

Still in the pure espousal  
Of Christian man and maid  
The Holy Three are with us  
The threefold grace is said.

Both Jesus was called and His disciples to the marriage. Amen

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How thankful we ought to be on arising from our bed, may our minds be centered on Him who is ready and willing to keep and may I be enabled to say

Shall I then from my chamber go  
Or any man presume to do  
Before I've sought the god of heaven  
And my just morning tribute given.

As I arise from my bed so shall I one day arise from my grave  
May the Lord God of heaven grant me a glorious resurrection when the day dawn and the shadow flee away.

July 24/34 E.J.F.

Sent papers and photos to Mrs. Maclachlin July 23rd Monday 34.

William Laing Esq. President of the Toronto Anglers Association.

Passed peacefully away at the fever hospital February 3<sup>rd</sup> after a short illness

**Austin** aged 11 years son of Thomas and Catherine Smythe.

The roses in memories garden  
They never fade away  
And the one that died a year 5 months ago  
Is the one they miss to-day.

It reminds the writer of the white and pink roses in the garden very lovely but soon gone.  
July 22<sup>nd</sup> E.J.F.

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June 30, Saturday although not quite so glad as on Friday at 10 o'clock P.M. At that time I felt bubbling over with gladness but alas! before dark a different scene presented itself on receiving that telegram which told its tale of sorrow regarding to dear Blanch's death. Now to-day June 30<sup>th</sup> feel about the same to realize that all that is mortal of Blanch Seaward Cosmos is committed to mother earth until the day dawn and the shadow flee away.

As sure as sunshine follows rain  
And spans the radiant rainbow  
As sure as gladness follows pain  
God's touch will heal your heart again.

Sunday, July 1<sup>st</sup> 1934

A Sunday well spent brings a week of content  
And health for the toils of tomorrow  
But a Sunday profaned whatever may be gained  
Is a certain forerunner of sorrow.

E.J. Froude

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Seaward

Herbert George,	born Dec 23/1911
Bessie Blanch	born June 17/1913
Alice Maude	born May 24/1915
Lloyd Kitchener	born October 2/1917
Edmund James	born April 10/1920
William Mcmillen	born July 26/1922
Richard Milvin	born July 12/1925

Robert Clarence      born Oct 15/1926  
Mildred F. Hurt      born Jan 1<sup>st</sup> 1934

Adams

Edmund Wallace C.,      born June 9<sup>th</sup> 1919  
Richard Clarence, deceased,      born July 5 1922  
Florence B. Blanch      born Oct 20/1923  
Clarence Richard      born July 8/1927  
Collon Cotton      born August 4/1931  
Sidney S. Hurt      born Dec 10<sup>th</sup> 1933

Cosmos, Salem, Mass.

Elizabeth      born Oct 9<sup>th</sup> 1920  
Peter Donald      born April 17<sup>th</sup> 1922  
Richard Charles      born February 5<sup>th</sup> 1924

Children of the late Blanch and John Cosmos  
Salem, Mass., USA

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C. Hurt

Charles Sidney      born July 8/1922  
Mildred      born Dec 25/1923

Mcmillen

Nellie Frances      born May 1<sup>st</sup> 1910  
Jane Elizabeth      born Feb 5 1917

Seward

Edwin John      born Feb 21 1913  
Clarence      born Feb 3<sup>rd</sup> 1915  
Dorothy      born May 28 1918

Grandchildren of E.J. Seward Froude

E.J. Froude born February 1860 soon will be great grandmother with a little great-grandchild Bunting of Will Emerson and Nellie Frances Bunting

Rock a baby Bunting  
Your daddie is gone a hunting  
To kill the Doe to get the skin  
To put on baby Bunting.

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In memory of



Mary Amelia Fifield  
Born March 5<sup>th</sup> 1854. Died Feb 10<sup>th</sup> 1874

From her childhood Mary Amelia Fifield was very thoughtful and useful but often she felt the spirit of God striving with her but she did not experience God's pardoning love until she arrived at the age of eighteen. She went to Shoal Harbor to reside and while sitting under a sermon preached by the Revd Mr. Swan she became deeply convinced of sin and thoroughly converted to God. From that time she was very useful, rendered valuable assistance in a glorious revival which took place shortly after and remained faithful till her death.

In May 1873 she was removed by her parents from Shoal Harbor to their home

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for the summer and in removing caught another cold which threw her into a state of deep consumption and was the means of hastening her to her heavenly home.

During all this time, however, she continued very happy. On the 19 November of the same year she returned to Shoal Harbor with her parents, when she caught another severe cold, which brought her very low and it was expected by her friends that her remaining days on earth were fast hastening to a close.

She was frequently visited by her Minister the Revd Mr. Atkinson and many other pious friends who came to read and pray with her, and she was never found out of Christ but always ready and waiting for her happy change.

On the first of Feb 1874 she was taken in a very severe attack of throwing blood which so exhausted her that it was thought by those present that she was dead. Having been lain back on her pillow in about fifteen minutes from a

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perceptible movement of the heart there were signs of life and she shortly after rallied. On opening her eyes she recognized Mr. Aaron Tilley who was present.

On Mr. Tilley asking her if she knew she said yes sir, it is Mr. Tilley. Then she said, I am not in hell am I? Mr. Tilley said no my dear, you are not and I don't believe you ever will be. No sir, she replied, but Satan tried to get me but my Jesus stood between him and me so that he could not get to me.

She then requested all present to praise God that she was out of hell and warned all her brothers and sisters to shun and entreated them to strive with all their might to gain heaven.

Fearing that her excitement would bring on another attack of hemorage I endeavoured to restrain her.

But she replied

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I must, mother. I am sent back to warn and I must do it for heaven and hell constrains me and God's word tells me to do it. She then requested her father and mother to take her to bed and on being removed there she had another fit from which she did not recover for over two hours and it was feared she would never again recover. She did however rally and her first words were

Heaven is mine Glory to God.

On opening her eyes she looked into her mother's face and asked, have I been gone long? Her mother replied, you have been gone two and half hours.

Ok, Mother, she replied, it does not seem to me as if I had been gone a minute. When I was laid down I felt some great drops of perspiration and I thought it must be death sweat.

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It seems to me I am getting within the valley. But the scriptures say

Though I walk through the deep valley and the shadow of death, I will fear no evil.

I thought surely there is no darkness, this valley is all light.

In addressing her mother she then said. I have often heard you say that heaven is a long way off but Mother dear do not say so anymore for heaven is not a hands breadth. If you will only fight on as Christ's follower you will no sooner bid adieu to earth before you will hear that welcome, come ye blessed of my father, inherit the kingdom prepared for you.

Oh mother she continued no sooner had I gone from you when a lovely angel came and met me and led me away a short distance but I cannot tell what a lovely place it was that he brought me to. He led me to a door

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where I could hear delightful music. Oh, mother, you never heard any singing like it. We stood there and listened a little while, then my guide bade me go on a little further. After a short time he returned accompanied by a lovely chariot. You never saw anything like it. He stopped opposite the door where I stood and a number of those lovely souls came out of that Holy City and got into the chariot and my Jesus came with them. But he

did not come into the chariot but it seemed to me as if He stood over them. I could not see what He stood upon it was so glorious that it is impossible to describe it.

Oh, mother, if you only could have seen it as I did I am sure you never would forget. I endeavoured to get into the chariot but could not do so. Her mother said to her you know that while the breath remaineth in your body you had to return back to earth again,

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you could not enter there.

Yes, mother, she replied, I suppose that is how it must have been. But when my guide comes for me again, I will get into the Chariot won't I? Her mother answered, I expect you will. She then continued, Oh, mother, what a lovely white horse the angels put to the chariot. He drew it on a little distance and a door sprang open and the chariot and all those lovely souls passed in. My guide then said to me, you must return back to earth again, and I saw them no more. She continued in this happy frame of mind until the day of her death. She was continually praising God and waiting longingly for her change. She requested her father and mother to give her warnings and faithful messages to all her friends and begged them all to meet her in heaven. She pleaded

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with all who visited her not to put off repentance until a dying day.

When visited by her minister she said to him, O sir, what a glorious thing it is to be a Christian, a follower of Jesus Christ. The minister replied in an affectionate manner, my dear you feel it a good thing to have served God. Yes, she replied, I only wish I had begun when I was only ten years of age. I should have been much nearer to the Kingdom than I am now but I know I shall get home by and by.

The following Sunday the above conversation she requested her father and mother to remove her from her bed and while they were doing so she said, O this will be the last time you will take me from my bed. The next time you take me up my Jesus will take me to himself.

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Then to her mother she said, I will be in heaven before next Sunday. After sitting in the chair for some time she looked up at the window and said, O how I long to go up to heaven, her mother then asked her if she was tired of staying with her and she replied, No Mother, if it is His will that I could enjoy meetings then I could be able to do something for my Jesus never mind He has got plenty for me to do in heaven before next Sabbath and she continued in this happy strain all night with praises to God continually on her

lips. The next Monday she became much weaker although stronger in spirit. She then felt anxious to see and converse with some of her friends and acquaintances

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whom she had once known but she said, I don't mind seeing them now for I shall see them all by and by at my Father's right hand if they only prove faithful.

Mr. Atkinson being then away from home she did not expect to see him any more, but he returned next morning and coming to see her she received him with much gladness and conversed freely with him.

She requested him that when he buried her, he would preach a funeral sermon and beseech all friends to meet her in heaven. Mr. Atkinson promised he would so do, continuing still very happy she endeavoured to sing that beautiful hymn

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What is this that steals upon my frame  
Is it death? Is it death?  
If this be death I soon shall be  
From every pain and sorrow free  
The King of Glory I shall see  
All is well all is well.

She continued to sing as long as freedom from bodily pain enabled her to do so. When she came to the verse

Bright angels are from Glory come  
They are around my bed and in my room  
They wait to waft my spirit home  
All is well all is well.

She looked on all those that were standing there and said, cannot you see the angels, and on receiving the answer no, she replied, Oh the room is full of them and I can see them waiting

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to carry me home to my Jesus. Then she continued in solemn meditation and then lifting her hands she explained, I shall soon be home, then after dozing a little while she opened her eyes and looking up to her mother, she asked her, what is this in my eyes, is it death? Or is it sleep? Her mother replied, Oh my child I think you will soon be asleep. Yes, Mother, she replied, asleep in Jesus. Come Lord Jesus come quickly.

Farewell, my friends, adieu adieu

I can no longer stay with you  
My glittering crown appears in view  
All is well All is well.

Then her happy spirit took its flight from earth and returned to God who gave it. Oh may  
my last end be like hers.

June 30/1934

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**Count me in**

When you count your many friendships  
Of the days of long ago  
When our lives were young and vibrant  
With the joys we cherish so.

When you look ahead and wonder  
What the years will bring to you  
Who will still your friendship cherish  
Through the years remaining true.

When you make your list of loved ones  
Who have stood through thick and thin  
Who have loved and still are loyal  
Do not fail to count me in.

When you make your list of friendships  
That through years have changeless been  
When life's final days are ended  
Do not fail to count me in.

Count me in From Blanch to Mother 1924 died 1925

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Sunday, July 1/34

Dear Miss Butt (Maggie),

I hear you have some trouble in the death of your dear sister for which you have  
my sincere sympathy in this your time of trouble. We all get it but time is the great  
healer.

With deepest sympathy for you  
My heart goes out this day  
Oh how I wish that I could do

Some helpful thing or say  
Some word of cheer the grief you bear  
But He who knows your every need  
Will be your comforter indeed.

### **Sympathy**

Dear Maggie, I told you that I would loan you the book Annie Hansford has another one they are all good Sunday reading you may read the one Annie have too you can read them both in a week and kindly return.

E.J. Froude

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When I survey the wondrous cross  
On which the Prince of Glory died  
My riches gain I count but dross  
And pour contempt on all my pride.

(Picture of cross drawn over)  
(the verses to the left. JV)

Forbid it Lord that I should boast  
Save in the death of Christ my God  
All the vain things that charm me most  
I sacrifice them to His blood.

Look on His head His hands His feet  
Sorrow and love come mingled down  
Did ere such love and sorrow meet  
And thorns compose so rich a crown.

Were the whole realms of nature mine  
That were an offering far too small  
Love so amazing so divine  
Demand my life my soul my all.

Sunday 12:20 P.M.

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### **HOLY BIBLE**

This is a precious book indeed  
Happy the one who loves to read  
Tis God's own word  
Word which He hath  
Given to show our  
Souls the way to

**Heaven**

Holy Bible, book divine  
Precious treasure thou art mine  
Mine to tell me whence we came  
Mine to tell me what I am.

We travelled together my  
Bible and I all the way  
To Salem. Mab presented it  
To dear Bunty in memory of  
his ---?

To grumbling we should never give away  
In sickness or in sorrow  
For though the sky be dark to-day  
It may be bright tomorrow.

Even if it will be Black Monday

1 PM July 1<sup>st</sup> 1934 E.J.F.

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Wednesday, July 4/1934

A great day in God's country especially Salem, Mass., USA, the 300 centenary of Salem's discovery. The writer had the pleasure of being there on that day sad but glad to be able to enjoy the festive season too much to make mention of now. Everyone doing the rush the dog days, when the dog-star rises and sets with the sun from the end of July till the beginning of September.

But not always like it is to-day. Now it is beautiful for planting, the writer loves that work it is beautiful exercise it is lovely to watch it growing it is more lovely to have it cooked and put on the table next winter when the wind and snow howl on the outside and the blizzard at its heights.

No trouble to-day to see motor boat load of caplin. This is the caplin school and the blessed little fish get a hard

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time but then life is very frail and soon gone on the different seeds in the garden, more in the pit, and the best of all salted put in barrel, the main kind caplin is the best very app. Much better than the dole.

Now it's time for the writer to get to her knitting that will also be needed by and by when the blizzards are on when Teddy better known as Edmund James and other members of the family will need not less than three pairs at a time eight boys which mean twenty four pairs for one shifting, forty eight pairs and the Boss half day pairs at least.

Three ladies but you know they just have silk, next baby Mildred she must have satin and her \$24 carriage, etc., etc.

Now the eight poor boys must have dinner a splendid repast fish and fat with onions, pepper, potatoes and a most excellent cook but too much for having a funnery (?) time with her husband.

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George Vardy  
A native of Southampton  
Christchurch, Hants, England

Near Burton Green the above named George Vardy left two trades and came to Newfoundland to see the silver that they thought was growing when lo and behold it turned out to be the silver thaw that we've all seen on the trees some times it glitters like silver and gold.

Born May 8<sup>th</sup> 1818, Died Jan 18<sup>th</sup> 1882

O Father thy gentle voice is hushed  
Thy warm true heart is still'd  
And on thy pale and peaceful face  
Is resting deaths cold chill.

Thy hands are placed upon thy breast  
We have kiss'd thy lovely brow  
And in our aching hearts we know  
We have no father now.

Father of E.J. Froude  
July 4<sup>th</sup> 1934

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Mary nee Martin Vardy

Born at Grates Cove	Sep 9 <sup>th</sup> 1818 (?)
Died	Dec 13 <sup>th</sup> 1895

Received her first education from the late Revd John Hoskins better known as Schoolmaster Hoskins. He was a good man Acts II chapter 24 verse ---

In about a week from now I expect to be able to relate more of Schoolmaster Hoskins' history. May we rise up and call her Blessed



Who fed me from her gentle breast  
And hushed me in her arms to rest  
And on my lips sweet kisses pressed  
My Mother, My Mother.

Who runs to help me when I fall  
And would some pretty story tell  
And kiss'd the place to make it well  
My Mother, My Mother.

When she is feeble, old and gray  
My healthy arms should be her stay  
And I should sooth her pains away  
My Mother, My Mother.

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James Vardy

Born June 11<sup>th</sup> 1848 Died Nov 5<sup>th</sup> 1887

Be kind to thy father for when thou wert young  
Who loved thee more fondly than he  
He caught the first accent that fell from thy tongue  
And joined in thy innocent glee.

Be kind to thy father for now he is old  
His locks intermingled with gray  
His footsteps are feeble once fearless and bold  
Thy father is passing away.

Sarah Taverner Christian

Born June 30<sup>th</sup> 1857 Died Jan 11<sup>th</sup> 1912

Be kind to thy mother  
For low on her brow  
May traces of sorrow be seen  
Oh well may'st thou cherish and comfort her now  
For loving and kind hath she been

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Moses Vardy

Born August 6<sup>th</sup> 1854 Died March 23<sup>rd</sup> 1928

Lay (?) up nearer brother nearer  
For my limbs are growing cold  
And thy presence seemeth dearer  
When thy arms around me fold.

Tell my father when you meet him  
That in death I prayed for him  
Prayed that I may one day meet him  
In a world that fell from sin.

Tell my mother God will assist her  
Now that she is growing old  
That her child would fain have kissed her  
When his lips were pale and cold.

Tell my sister I remember  
Every kindly parting word  
That her heart may be kept tender  
With the thoughts my memory stirred.

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Listen to me brother listen  
Tis my wife I speak of now  
Tell oh tell her how I missed her  
When the fever burnt my brow.

Tell her she must kiss my children  
Like the kiss I last impressed  
Hold them as I lastly held them  
Fold them closely to her breast.

Give them early to their maker  
Putting all their trust in God  
And he never will forsake them  
He hath said so in his word.

Hark I hear my Saviour speaking  
Tis His voice I know so well  
When I'm gone oh don't be weeping  
Brother hear my last farewell

The California Brothers

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William Milman and Mary Tuplin  
Of Prince Edward Island  
He murdered her forty seven years ago on May 17

Mary Tuplin young and fair  
Her household duties o'er  
Went forth to meet her lover  
As she oft had done before.

And as she tripped along the path  
One look at home she cast  
And in her heart she never thought  
That it would be her last.

The murderer of whom I write  
Few years beyond a boy  
William Milman was his name  
His mother's home and joy.

She brought him up so tenderly  
And did a mother's part  
Nor dreamed that time so near at hand  
When he would break her heart.

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Yes: break both parents heart  
I can't describe the sorrow they must feel  
No matter where on earth they go  
Their grief are with them still.

To look upon that fine young man  
No one would ere have thought  
So horrible a crime as that  
Would enter his young heart.

Against the girl whom he had rowed  
He never would deceive  
Poor innocent how could she  
His false vows believe.

One verse the writer can't remember when he took her to a river and took the gate  
after he had her killed put her on it and tied a stone that weighed eighty around her waist  
and then

As he cast her body in  
He slyly looked around  
Saying no one will ever think of this  
She never will be found.

But oh the eye of God was on  
Him every moment there  
And soon before the neighbours  
All traces did lay bare.

Her body was discovered soon  
Beneath the flowing waves  
In the bottom of the river  
He had planned to be her grave.

Now all young girls who read those lines  
Before it is too late  
Be cautious in your conduct  
Least you meet the same sad fate.

And when in company with men  
Be prudent and take care  
Put no temptations in their way  
That will cause no sin or fear.

Poor Milman paid the penalty  
He lies beneath the sod  
We will leave him to the tender mercy  
Of a most loving God.

This crime was committed fifty years ago. They met each other on the Christmas before he killed her and on the day of her little brother's burial in May he found out he had wronged her and she was in trouble, but I suppose he had a sweetheart that he liked better.

He was well educated and born of respectable parentage and a skilful worker in the place where he belonged. Mary Tuplin was a rich farmer's daughter, left her home bareheaded and thinly clad, she left home but never returned.

July 5<sup>th</sup> 1934  
E.J. Froude

Kit Snow or Kittie but Kit is good enough to call her of Harbor Grace, the first murderer in Newfoundland. She had a husband and two company keepers so she was very unfaithful to her husband and on a day he went fishing and on his return the three demons watched their chance. On going over the stage head one of the company keepers put the sharp pointed pick axe down through his head. However, he made a misblow so she grabbed the axe and said you d. fool why didn't you do better. The man who did not take part turned kings evidence but the others hanged by the neck till they died. She was in a poor state of health that caused two lives she was a long time dying and the law was passed another woman wasn't to be hanged. The next murderer was Patrick Brien in 1868. He was an Irishman.

Patrick Gayen and Joanna Hamilton murderers of the deepest dye. Killed his wife June Gayen nee Sears. Killed her by knocking her in the head and then dressing her for a journey. They put a \$20 bill in her pocket. He had lots of it and put pair shoes on her feet that had never been worn before. They took her on the Northern Bay road at a late hour. This happened on Friday night. They said she was gone to buy black wool.

However, she had a poor old crippled brother living with them by the name of Garret Sears. No doubt they did not want him and Saturday morning they put him to work digging a pit which alas! was to be his grave. At noon time on having the pit finished the old man took his gun and shot him and then put him in the pit. All day Sunday Patrick was grieving but

managed to go to his place of worship with his long mourning hanging from his hat but by night people began to arouse bad thought of them and very early Monday morning a police was on the spot and called them from their bed and on examining it found only one bed had been used as it was warm so that was proof enough. Pat and Joanna was condemned he had to go and await his sentence and hang by the neck until he died. On the morning of his death he was asked how he felt. Well, he said, I feel well after eating mutton chops. Johanna Hamilton served a life imprisonment. She was presented with a son called Patrick Gayen. If Patrick Gayen is now living he cannot rise and call his parents blessed.

Sin brings its own punishment. The way of the transgressor is hard.

About the year of 1894, forty four years ago Parnell killed Sellers. It happened over their business both of them were merchants but they say two of one trade can never agree. Sellers was a Scotchman and a cross old batchelor with that. Parnell a

Newfoundlander with a good wife and a happy family of children down to the new born babe.

Happy yet not happy because sin brings its own punishment. Parnell wasn't a cute man but old Sellers was cute, it's no good to be old unless you are cute. They met on Regatta Day at Quidi Vidi and entered into conversation re business which alas! ended in the death of Sellers and would be poisoning of Parnell but he took too much. It seems that

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Parnell had the fishery part of the business but the cute man the cash part and when the schooners bundled in by the score it failed to pay. Sellers always had his 100 cents to every one dollar and having no family he always could hold his own. So by degrees Parnell fell back he lost his houses lost his all with the fall and winter ahead of him. Finally one night in November the writer was in the shop that day and remember distinctly the garments bought. The same night Sellers and Parnell met in the basement of their business place where it ended on Parnell taking the life of Sellers by shooting him down but our all wise Father did not suffer the death of two sinners. Parnell was given time to repent, he heard

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his own funeral sermon also his wife and children sad but glad to be given the opportunity and as he walked to the scaffold he repeated the words, Lord into thy hands I commit my spirit, and on so saying he gave up the Ghost.

Glad this day the 6 day of July 1934 to be presented with a splendid large print bible and prayer book also two photos by Newfoundland's foremost son in the Anglican Church. But it seldom rain but it pours and its no good in being of too greedy nature but if the writer had a large print hymn book she would be all set. Any way those books fell into the hands of the right person.

E.J. Froude

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The Murder of Mary Nugent by Francis Canning in the spring of 1899.

He was a publican. Mary Nugent was his bar maid and I believe the fault was all with her. She did not bear a good reputation and encouraged him in every sense of the word. He was a married man with a family, but when she got a sweet-heart her heart and mind changed from Canning to the sweetheart and before she became aware when he saw her putting on her hat to go and meet her lover he shot her down. Oh, what a scene presented itself. Francis Canning's dust now lies in a murderer's grave and although he

got the full punishment put on a murderer yet he was granted time to repent and unless we repent we shall likewise perish.

But it is a memorable time long to be remembered. On the day when

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Francis Canning had to hang by the neck until he died one of the greatest thunderstorms and lightning several deaths long to be remembered in the annals of Newfoundland history.

Suffice to say Francis Canning paid the penalty he walked to the scaffold as tho a man wrapping his couch mantle around him and lying down to pleasant dreams. Not so with Mary Nugent. She lived as she died and died as she lived. The judgement will only reveal who was the worse.

Francis Canning was a smart looking man, a purser at one time on one of the boats. Belonged to St. Helens, a Protestant by birth but joined the R.C.

May his soul rest in peace.

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## **A Tribute to late J. Soper**

### In Memoriam

John Soper son of Angus and Martha Soper of Lady Cove died Saturday evening July 7/34 and buried July 9 at the above named place, there to await his call and may he rise in the first resurrection and reader whoever thou art it may be very very soon the clouds of the valley shall cover thee and the worms shall feed on thee. For man that is born of a woman is full of trouble. He cometh forth as a flower, flesh also as a shadow and continueth not for o're that day the birds shall sing as merely the sun shall shine so brightly. Men and women shall talk so gaily few very few shall think of thee and even from the minds of those very few thou will soon pass away and be forgotten.

As sure as sunshine follows pain  
And spans the radiant rainbow  
As sure as gladness follows pain  
God's touch will heal your heart again.

**Sympathy** from E.J. Froude July 10/1934

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Entered in the old church register at St.Paul's Church, Trinity





the more his soul's affection cling to friends of long  
ago the winter bore my friends away I lost a  
comrade every day and some days two or three

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I wonder why death's angel comes to steal  
my friends with muffled dreams and why  
he side steps me?

#### A Tribute

There passed away at Pouch Cove Laura B. Bragg beloved wife of H. Bragg and daughter of Benjamin and Katie Bugden in the bloom of womanhood. She was niece of Mrs. Joseph Reynolds who died at Springfield, Mass., several years ago and great niece of E.J. Froude.

We shall all gather home in the morning what a gathering that will be.

Friend after friend depart  
Who hath not lost a friend  
There is no union here of hearts  
That know not h---? an end.

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Alfreda Pike murdered on the 26 of December 1870 but was thought by the whole of Newfoundland that the crime was committed by her first cousin Tom Pike. He was her sweetheart, and was put in prison but they could not get the goods on him and for grief he went and was never heard of after. But God solved the crime and poor Tom Pike let him be living or dead he is free from one of the most brutal murders ever committed in the history of our island home.

In Harbor Grace a few years ago  
A girl was found in a shed of snow  
Her throat was cut from ear to ear  
And that the people will declare.

And as the people walked abroad  
They viewed her, as she lay along  
And was aware her blood was shed  
Where that poor girl was lying dead.

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Her jaw was broke her scull was crazed

To satisfy his will he pleased  
He took her by the broad side  
And with her dress her face did hide.

As for the man we cannot say  
The murderer is gone away  
He thought if she her life did spare  
He would be brought into a snare.

In Harbor Grace throughout the town  
Her character was easily found  
Letters and papers spread her fame  
Alfreda Pike it was her name.

Little did her mother know  
Until her cousin's house did go  
That her dear child she'd see no more  
Till brought a corpse within her door.

Sad and dreadful was the case  
Her brother did not know her face  
Her boots and stockings shone so clear  
And his own name was written there.

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I'm not forgetting my dear wife  
Wherever she may be  
So loving kind and gentle  
The fault was all with me.

Alfreda Pike murdered Dec 26 St. Stephen's day, 1890 and the fiend that murdered her carried that in his bosom until about 1924 when it haunted him so much he went to a foreign country and died but not until he had to confess to God and the world what he did 54 years before. He has been dead now about 10 years. The writer met a friend belonging to Bristol Hope known at that time as Mosquito it was there he committed the cold blooded murder.

He was a policeman by the name of Forsey. Nothing better than a brute and instead of Tom Pike been torn asunder by horses it should have been him.

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1     George Alfred Bickett is my name  
       As you may understand  
       Brought up by honest parents

Belong to Newfoundland.

2 From a quiet little village  
So beautiful and grand  
Near the Atlantic Ocean  
A place called Old Perlican.

3 My parents raised me tenderly  
The truth I will make known  
And good advice they gave me  
When I was leaving home.

4 My mother prayed for my return  
Like she had done before  
When I left home that day to roam  
Far from my native shore.

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5 To the coal fields of Cape Breton  
By chance I there did stay  
And for there to get employment  
I landed in Glace Bay.

6 Its little that my parents thought  
When they bade me good-bye  
That awful crime I would commit  
And be condemned to die.

7 One evening in last autumn  
As you may understand  
It drew me out to town road  
I engaged this taxi man.

8 But little he knew as we rode on  
I had an iron bar  
These dreadful wounds for to inflict  
And rob him in his car.

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9 From the place I made a quick escape  
To get home was my plan  
I left Glace Bay and sailed away  
Back home to Newfoundland.

- 10     It was a few days after  
       The police was on my trail  
       And arrested me for murder  
       And brought me to St. John's jail.
- 11     From there back to Cape Breton  
       My trial was for there to stand  
       And never more for there to see  
       My own dear native land.
- 12     The jury found me guilty  
       And the judge made this reply  
       On the sixth day of April  
       For this murder you must die.
- 13     Hers to my aged parents  
       I now must bid adieu  
       My sister and my brother  
       Likewise my children too

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Palm Sunday March 24<sup>th</sup> 1907 very stormy with continual snow all day. Good Friday and Saturday mild and warm. Easter Day most beautiful. Everything looked benefited by the balmy air and sunshine. The little lambs frisk about by the side of their mothers in lively sport. Men, women and children are dressed in good attire and a large gathering are at church.

The pains of hell are loosed at last  
The days of mourning now are past  
An angel robed in light hath said  
The Lord is risen from the dead.

The apostles hearts were full of pain  
For their dear Lord so lately slain  
By rebel servants doomed to die  
A death of cruel agony.

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Christmas which should be, and usually is the merriest day of all the year has sometimes been reddened by bloodshed and blackened by tragedy. One of the most barbarous of the persecutions against the Christians was begun by Diocletian on Christmas day A.D 30, when a church in Nicodemia filled with Christians was ordered by him to be set on fire. Every way of egress was barred and not a single worshipper escaped the flames.

Christmas time in 1066 was a melancholy time in England which nevertheless always celebrated it with the utmost eagerness for Harold the last of the Saxons had fallen before the Norman conqueror, and on December 25 of that year William the Conqueror was crowned in Westminster Abbey. The occasion was signalized by a slaughter (?) of a huge crowd of Anglo Saxons out the church

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N. Froude and Levi Hutchings trip to C by C

### A Voice from the Grave

Clarendville. Reached Northern Bight 9:30 AM put up at Mrs. Tom Benson's took tea at 10 AM walked to the watering chute near the tunnel boiled the kettle took tea and then resumed our journey reached Tilley's mill boiled kettle and found it the worse part of the journey. Reached home at 9 PM trip to C by C ended. Trains still stuck, April 5<sup>th</sup> at 1 PM. R. plough passed East to clear roads.

Not finished N. Froude  
He being dead yet speaketh  
Although he died near 20 years ago  
He was a good man Acts 11, 24 even if I say it.  
He that was without sin cast a stone  
And let us get the beam out of our own eye and then we will see clearly to get the mote out of our brothers eye.

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June 27 lots of caplin  
People landing them plentiful. Mrs Richard Seward has lots of plants when they grow  
Good luck for plants.

June 29/34 just going to say  
Joy, joy, joy just received good news from friends at home and abroad  
But when I look at the calendar and saw the date June 29 my joy turned into  
sorrow as it was on June 29 my good daughter died in Salem, Mass., nine years ago.

And on July 29 Maggie wife of Richard Seward died July 29/1930.

In love they lived and in death I trust not divided  
Until the day dawn  
And I trust they will both  
Similar (smile?) to see a burning  
World is the prayer of Mother.

Clarendville, June 29/34

Little Maud Seward Clarendville

Death has visited our home and taken from it our little Maud, just twelve years and four months old. She is gone and we are going to meet her on the other shore. She had been ill for six months, and when on her sick bed she gave her heart to the Lord, and her last words were, come Lord Jesus and take me as I am. May her death be the means of doing what her life failed to do.

Her Grandpa Seward died just one day before her. The Lord gave and the Lord hath taken away, blessed be the name of the Lord. At Clarendville on May 24<sup>th</sup> 1899 after six months of patient suffering there fell asleep in Jesus Alice Maud, eldest daughter of Ed and E.J. Seward, aged 12 years and 4 months.

A precious one from us is gone  
A voice we loved is still'd  
A place is vacant in our home  
Which never can be filled.

Lillian Gertrude May Seward

Died January 27<sup>th</sup> 1893 aged 2 years

This lovely bud so young so fair  
Called hence by early doom  
Just came to show how sweet a flower  
In Paradise will bloom.

Ere sin could harm or sorrow fade  
Death came with friendly care  
The opening bud in heaven convened  
And bade it blossom there.

Mary G.G. Seward died Oct 25<sup>th</sup> 189-

The little crib is empty now  
The little clothes laid by  
A mother's hope, a father's joy  
In death's cold arms doth lie.

Go little pilgrim to thy home.  
On yonder blissful shore

We miss thee here, but soon must go  
Where thou has gone before.

Inside back cover

Unclaimed money  
Kindly communicate with W.H. Burton & Son, solicitors, Wakefield  
Wrote W.H. Burton  
Wednesday 6 June 1934

Owe Mary Stanley	\$1.43
Millie Adams	2
Richard	1
Alice Balsom	<u>.63</u>
	5.06

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Minnie Blanch Seward Cosmos died at Salem, Mass., USA, June 29/1925 aged 30 years and 6 months.

The roses in memories garden  
They never fade away  
And the one that died 9 years ago  
Is the one I miss to-day.

She sleeps not in her native land  
But under foreign skies  
Far from those who loved her well  
In her lonely bed she lies.

We think of her in silence  
Her name we oft recall  
There's nothing left to answer  
But the photo on the wall.

Gone but not forgotten  
Clarendville, June 14<sup>th</sup> 1934