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The Wreck of the "John Harvey," or, the Belleoram Boy You people that woic on the shore, how can you understand The perils of the ocean, when you are safe on land? But many a brave young sailor lad for advrature's sake has roamed. To follow the fortunes of the sea, far away from their native home. And many a man from Newfoundland when the winter winds do roar. Has been in coasting vessels, near the rough Cape Breton shore. In January 1912, Captain Kearly did command The schooner by name "Jdin Harvey" from Belleoram, Newfoimdland. The wind a gale from the southeast blew, the worst storm of the year. The "John Harvey" sailed from Gloucester, bound for the Isle St Rerre. She was loaded with general cargo, and loud the winds did roar. When on the tenth of January the "John Harvey" went ashore. The Captain gave ordcts to his crew, the vessel to dismast The boats were frozen on the deck, the sea swept fore and aft Said Captain Kearly to his men, "My boys it is no use, I'm afraid that we are doomed to die near the shore of Gabarus." Then young John Foote, a rope he took and tied around his waist. Said he would swim for the nearest land, and the icy foam he faced. Oh! Bitterly cold was the winter's night the seas rolled mountains high. And tossed and battered by the waves, was the brave Belleoram boy. The wind it blew a hurricane, and the night was bitto-ly cold. It chilled the heart of the sailor lad, a hero young and bold. And bruised and battered by the sea, he at last the shore did reach. And with his badly frozen hands made the rope fast on the beach. The crew of the "Harvey" got ashore, there were six of them all told. They owe their lives to God above and the sailor boy so bold. But Keeping and the brave young lad, by exhaustion overcome. Died near the shwe near Gabarus far from their native home. John Keeping and this lwave young Foote, they laid them down to rest. Each thought of his native home and the ones they loved best They knew that death was drawing nigh and in the prime of youth They gave up the struggle for their lives, near the shores of Gabarus. The survivors walked to some fishing shacks that stood iq)on the shore Much hampered by their heavy boots and "oil skins" diat they wore. They had no match to light a fire, how awful was dieir plight And their struggle for existence on that stormy winter's night But help so(m came from Gabarus and to them the tale was told. Of the loss of the "John Harvey" and the Belleoram Boy so bold. God's blessing rest upon them they did all that they could do. To comfort and aid the survivors of the "Harvey's" shipwrecked crew. Captain Kearly and his hardy crew, a sad disheartened band. With the bodies of their comrades went back to Newfoundland. As they followed the caskets to the train, the tears fell from their eyes As they thought of the friends in Newfoundland of the brave Belleoram boys. Good people of Belleoram, with you we sympathize. Don't fret OT mourn for those brave boys, fw Heaven was their prize. And all ye bold young sailcar lads, think of this noble youth. Who died far away from his native land near the shores of Gabarus. little alder twig • that was what was the strap in school, was the little alder twig. Ruth: That's one of my favourites. Audrey: Yes, I do, too--I like that one. But the one of "The China Closet," she was cleaning out the closet, and her mother was sitting, of course, and



watching her. And she said she was going to throw out any? thing that was no good. And my, she took this out, and this was from Neil's Harbour. And this (other thing) was given to her by Aunt Bessie or something like that. And in the end it says, "And what happened to the ones you meant to throw away? They're all back in your cupboard!" Grandmother was supposed to have asked, "And what happened to the ones you meant to throw away?" Lson: But when you read "The Miner," you'd think she worked in the mines. But then when you get to the fishing parts, you'd think she was a fisherman. And she knew, see, her husbands--one was a fisher? man, the second husband was a miner. And they were both Newfoundlanders. "Men that sail the ocean/ Know the perils of the sea/ Yes the man that is a fisher? man/ A fisherman will ever be/... How could he Tunderstand/ The heart of a man that toils below/ With a shovel in his hand?" Now, in the coal mine now, there's not such a thing as a shovel. (Today.) Today. And when I was working in the coal mines, you'd see the shovels coming in. And it was horse-and-wagons back before they got the trucks. You'd see maybe there'd be 300 shovels come in, stacked together 25 each, tied up. And you'd see the miners going with a shovel on their back • a new shovel • they were after breaking the one they had. Everybody'd be going to shovel. Audrey: Remember the night that she went to St. Paul's Church. She recited "The Miner." The night before, though, we went down. And we saw that she was bathed and saw what clothes she would put on. But in the end she didn't take off her coat!

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