

Oh ye sons of high birth as you're snug on dry land
 Round your turf-sparklin' fire and whiskey and ham,
 That near takes a health, neither thinks of the boys
 Who That are fighting through battles, through tempest and noise.
 Come and list to my ditty, 'tis true I declare,
 Such shanking and swimmin' would make youse all ~~xxxxxx~~ stare,
 Such storms, squibs, and crackers both whizzed at my tail
 Since the press gang got hold of poor Paddy O'Neil.

2

It was August the first I set out like a fool
 From Kilkenny to Dublin to see Larren's stool,
 My brothers, their cousins, had often wrote down
 They bid me come see how they flourished in town.
 But I scarce had set foot in that horrible place
 When I met with a spalpeen stared me in the face,
 He beckoned the press gang to come without fail
 Sure in he gobbled poor Paddy O'Neil.

3

How eager they run as they though with their prize,
 They took me for a sailor rigged up in disguise,
 But a hell of a blunder they'd made in their strife,
 For I'd ne'er seen a ship nor the sea in me life.
 But away to Otunda(?) they bid me prepare,
 Such terriblest devils and master was there,
 I cursed and I swore but it did not avail
 In a cell oh they plugged me, poor Paddy O'Neil.

4

Then a big wooden monster rode out on the tide,
 With a large row of teeth oh stuck fast to his side,
 They bid me to mount it my hands for to keep,
 To hang on with my trotters for fear I would slip.
 I let go with my hands to hang on with my toes,
 But the thing gave a roll and away my head goes,
 I fell in the water and splashed like a whale
 And was boathooked and fished out, poor Paddy O'Neil.

5

Now a shout, and with laughter they histed me in,
 To a huge wooden whirl full of riot and din,
 Such blocks and such pullin', such sticks made me high,
 And big were the blankets hung out for to dry.
 They stuck sticks in the capstan as they afterwards found,
 And a lad sittin' tight while they twisted him round,
 The ship weighed her anchors, red wings, and set sail,
 Was afraid of live lumber and Paddy O'Neil.

6

Then to go down below I expressed a great wish,
 What he lived under water like so many fish,
 I was mixed in a dish with some more of the crew
 They called in Ban Yanger, but they gave me bergoo,
 And a bed in a sack about as high as me chin,
 They called it a hammock and bid me get in,
 I took holt, gave a jump, but my foot in was frailled,
 And they tossed me over, poor Paddy O'Neil.

Question: You were speaking about the Ghostly Crew, Mr. Stuart?

Answer: Yes, that 's the name we got it by. We always knew it by that name. You call it the Ghostly Sailors? It's the same thing.

Q: What's the story about it?

A. They were fishin' on Geroges , fishin' mackerel, and accordin' to the way we have heard the story told, they were tryin' to get the first mackerel to shore to get the highest price. And they both loaded the same time, the two vessels. Well they was racin'. It amounted to speed to know who was going to get there, and good judgement if it came thick, you see, to make the market. Well it has been said that the two vessels were so near matched in speed that it was a case to know which would land first. In the middle of the night in a snowstorm, the fellow behind, thinkin' that the other fellow was going to beat him to it, ran over him a-purpose to put him out of business.

Q: You'd think he'd be afraid to; that he might put himself out of business.

A: You'd think so, although I never believed that. I wouldn't say that out there on a thick night - well that was their plea, that it was so thick they didn't see her, but what appalled me more than anything, if the two vessels were near the same speed, as they say they were, I don't see how the hind fellow could run the other fellow down. He couldn't catch him, but some other people had it that one of them was layin' to waitin' for clear weather. They laid to, you know, with ride-in sail or the mainsail reefed down. So they lay easy, and people say - oh this is just a snapshot anyway - that one ran into the other, and then it come out afterwards that it was done a-purposely, but then of course they'd say that anyway. to make a story of it. But that's the idea anyway, that one ran the other down a-purposely.

Q: I thought there was a big storm and they lost control of the ship, the Charles Haskell so that she ran the other one down.

A: If they lost control of her, I don't know in what way that could be. If she ran the other one down they'd be still controlling her or they couldn't have run her down.

Q: I mean they didn't intend to run her down but they lost control.

A: Well if they hit her in thick weather, that would account for them running her down, that it was not done purposely. That's proof enough. We'll never know. Yep.

Q: That was the story told around the shore, was it?

A: Yes, round among the fishermen, and the old residents that had come from Gloucester and had fished out of there in their younger days and had then retired, you see, and came home for the rest of their life, they brought these stories with them. And one of the outstanding stories told - there've been so many stories told that it don't figure up the same. In order to tell the story properly you'd have

to fix the story up yourself to suit yourself. You understand that. But this one, the story seems to be the same. I think the name of the other fellow was the High Flyer. I think so. I know the one that run her down was the Charles Haskell. I've been aboard of her, right down in the Irish Channel where I lived. Yes, the captain was standin' on the deck and my father and I was goin' fishin', and when we come along so we could read her name he says, 'Ah son, there she is. There's the ghost ship, the Charles Haskell.' Well I'd heard the song, and I says, 'So it is.' He says, 'Let's go aboard her so you can say you've been aboard.' The captain seen us comin'. He was a perfect gentleman. He says, 'Come aboard me, come aboard.' He was layin' there to get what we call bait. Sardine herrin' from some of the weirs. He was takin' them down to Gloucester to the fishin' fleet. There used to be a lot of them American sharpshooters come in there, and take bait, and then some way through the trouble between American and Canadian waters they put a ban on it and the American vessels never come back. And when the American vessels left, the big herring left. They've never come back since. And that's the truth. Sardine down there around Deer Island were always quite plentiful and when it would come late in the season the big herrin' - the great big herrin' - would come in all around Fish Island Harbour, a little place about 3 or 4 mile in circumference. Probably about a mile across her, about a mile. It would be just a-bubbling with them great large herrings. They'd set their nets out, you know? In the mornin' when they'd go on their watch their nets would have so much weight of herrin' they'd be sunk.

Q: Why are there not so many now?

A: Well they don't know, but there's the story. When they drove the American fishermen out the herrin' left, so they have never made any use of their nets since.

Q: Going back to the Charles Haskell, who owned it when you saw it?

A: A company in Gloucester. A company owned all the vessels excepting a very few men were able to build and own their own vessels.

Q: Were they able to get a crew for it after -

A: Oh gracious goodness yes, just as soon as one man volunteered, he always had followers. He told my father, and I set there and listened; he says this vessel, after this happened, was hauled up in Gloucester for nine years and she never was used. And he said after the expiration of nine years I seen her layin' there. Well he says, you know, we dismissed her. He says, I don't believe in that kind of stuff, and I asked why they never used her, and they said there was a sad story told about her, and nobody would take her since.' Well he says, 'Is she all right? Is she tight?' and they said, 'Yes, she's quite a new vessel.' Well he says, 'I'd like to have her if no one else has spoke for her.' 'Well you're very welcome to her, and do you think you can get a crew?' 'I can get a crew all right,' so it was only just jig time before he got the crew. He said, 'I've had her 9 years since I hauled her off'. He says, 'She's as nice a little thing as I ever stepped my foot aboard of.' My father says to him, 'And you've never seen anything

out of the way aboard of her?' 'Not an earthly thing that we couldn't account for.'

Q: Well they probably never went over the same spot again.

A: I don't know. The chances are that there would be quite sharp shooting if they did, but in either case there wouldn't be nothing on that man. His conscience was clear. But that's the story he told. He says she was hauled up for nine years and I've had her for nine years, and I never stepped aboard anything nicer in my life. She was a little sharpshooter, I would say, about 70 or 80 tons, perhaps. Two topmasts, and a pretty little thing with a ~~amxy~~ cut water - a gilded cut water, and the old sharpshooter stern, what they call a V stern, kind of tapering and then come along round, you know. She was a pretty thing.

Q: She didn't have a figurehead, did she?*

A: Oh yes, she had the figurehead forward. Crew all set to make a fine figurehead to ornament above the boom. Yes, she had a figurehead. That's what is known round here as a cut water, but of course it's above the water, you know. A figure right up under the bowsprit, just at the head of the stem. It's made apart from the vessel, and put on. Some people build it right on but the most, especially the later vessels, - in fact they've nearly all gone out now - they made this thing apart from the vessel, and put it on the stem so if they happened to want to shift, they could take it off, do you see? Yep. So they made the thing, in lots of cases, long after the vessel was finished. The captain would say, 'Boys, I think you'd better make her a figurehead,' when they wasn't doing anything, so there was a song made up of it. It was made up about the figurehead, and other things with it. I forget the song now. I just remember a little bit of it. When the captain gave the order to lower the boat and save the crew, he said,

But

~~When~~ the crew all sat and made a fine ~~xxxxxxx~~ figurehead
To ornament the Bugaboo.

You see they didn't pay any attention to the vessel sinking at all, they was making a figurehead for her. It was the Bugaboo. These items that I just remember, you know, since I was a child hearing the old fellows.

Told by Mr. Scott Stuart, St. Andrews, and recorded
by Helen Creighton, ~~JUNE~~ 1959

May

Question: Has Grand Manan a ghost, Mr. Stuart?

Answer: Oh no, not now. She was speaking about something that happened years ago. To tell the story as I heard it, there was two brothers lived, after their father died, on Grand Manan. Their father was building a nice big new house while he lived, and after he died off, the youngest boy, so the story runs, fell heir to the house because the older brother had hired or rented an older house, you see. When the new house fell heir to the young fellow he miffed it. He didn't like it. He thought he should have a part in it too. Still he was married and had a house of his own. So, the way the story runs, that the young fellow begin to see ghosts in his new home after his father had died, and he couldn't account for it. At last he got so frightened that he couldn't live there. He was driven out. Well, there was a young gentleman showed up from some part of the States - United States - and he was looking around. He was going to stay for a time on Grand Manan in the summer season, and he hunted around to see if there was a vacant house. They says, 'Young So and So has a house, but you can't live there because it's haunted.' 'Good gracious, I'd like to know where it is. Do you know where?' and they directed him to where the young fellow lived. He went. 'Are you Mr. So and So?' 'Yes.' 'I hear you have a house that you are not living in?' 'Yes, it's the homestead. I don't live there because I can't.' 'And why can't you live there?' He says, 'It's haunted.' 'Oh, haunted. Is that it.' 'Yeh.' He says, 'And there's no one living there now at all? What's the nature of the ghost?' 'Chains, groans, rattle, groan all night.' 'At what time does this take place?' 'Oh along about midnight.' 'That's ghost time, you know, and he says, 'I'd like to go and look your house over. It would be no harm.' He says, 'Go ahead. You can look it over just as much as you're a mind to. So he went, with the young fellow's permission. He give him the key and he went in. It was all locked up, and he gave him the key and it was in good fine shape, but ~~but~~ time had grown cobwebs and a little dust, but everything outside of that was in pretty good shape, so he made a fire in the big stove and warmed the place up, and in the evening he went to the fellow and he says 'Look, would you hire that to me if I can live there?' He says 'I'll hire it to anybody if they can live there. In fact you can try it and it won't cost you anything for a while till you find out whether you can live there or not, and if you can,' he says, 'I'll hire it to you. That's fair.' So his wife was with him. She says, 'Oh I'm going,' to her husband. He says, 'No.' She didn't know anything about this. He says, 'No, you ain't going to-night, you'll get a cold there.' He says, 'I'm going to stay there to-night and then you can go to-morrow night.'

So he took his big bull dog, so commonly known, and he shoved it in his hip pocket and he went to the house after it come night, and he built up his fire, lit his lamps, and he set to readin' to the oven door of the stove with his feet up. He wasn't thinkin' very much about spooks, you know, and right on the dot of twelve o'clock, right over the top of his head come this heavy rattle of a chain, and oh one of the most terrible groans you ever heard. It took a raise out of him for a minute and then he says, 'I got down to business. What would that fellow want to ghost me for? I never hurt him.' And he says, 'Finnaly I heard a heavy step on the top step coming down stairs and the chain come down, partly rattled, and down come another heavy step, 'and he said to himself, 'That's a heavy ghost. ' and he says, "it landed in the hall and the chain rattled down the stairs. And oh such a terrible groan.' He says, ' I just took out my revolver and I walked to the door and I hauled it open and I held the gun right up.' He said, 'And there stood a cow lookin' me right fair in the face. Even the horns were illuminated. The eyes and the knuckles(?) the most.' He says, 'Well, well, well. You're a pretty good specimen of a beast, ~~xxx~~ all right, but what possessed you, Mr. Cow, to come in here and ghost this man that has just left this house and can't live here? ' He says, 'You haul that off you. I'll just give you thirty seconds or I'll drill you so full of holes that you won't know whether you're a cow or an elephant. ' And he says, ' He tried to bluff me, He says, come on, I'm only going to tell you once more and I'll pull the trigger. ' He says, 'Oh mister, don't tell on me. I'm a brother to the man that lived here. I thought he wasn't using me fair.' He says, 'You ain't got no right to ghost your brother or anybody else in a way like this.' He says, 'Be a man and have it out with him face to face. But to come in here and try to ghost me out of here that's not your brother, and no relation to you, and never did anything to hurt you, you get that thing off you quick or I'll change my mind and I'll kill you anyway. ' and he said he rattled the stuff off and he was a nice looking young gentleman. And he was the young fellow's brother that couldn't live there. His own brother had ghosted him out of this house. Now that's the story that is told, and it had to be the stranger to find it out.

Q: And that happens don Grand Manan? How long ago?

A: Oh quite a while ago. I think it's some where just about in my range of life. Probably 70 or 80 years ago. Yea. I heard a fisherman used to fish out of Wood's Harbour, Captain William Batchman (?). He lived on Campobello down here. When he was a young man he used to come to our house. He come there a lot and he told us alot of these stories, and that was among the bunch. And then I've heard someone else mention it since. Yes, that heard about it at the same time. But Captain Batchman was a great hand to tell a story, and a great singer. Oh a lovely singer.

He could sing some of the most beautiful songs, but I was too young to catch them then.

Question: Are there any songs about Grand Manan?

A: I don't know of any. There might be a lot of 'em. If there are, they keep them there. Nobody don't know them here.

Q: Do you know the story of the man who was wrecked on the Lord Ashburton? And was found on the cliff side?

A: Oh I believe there was two saved. My father lived right close to where the Lord Ashburton was lost, near, or about the same time that she was lost there. He lived at a place called Eel Brook. The Lord Ashburton was lost near what they call the Seven Days Works. There's 7 ridges in the bank that look just like they are cut out, like steps, you know? And they called it the Seven Days Works. She was lost right there, the Lord Ashburton.

Q: Seven Days Works?

A: Seven Days Works. That's what it's called, and Eel Brook stands back just a short time. There was McInnes and Lawson was saved. Lawson had a cobbler store right there, close to where father lived. He lost his legs. They froze, you know. And McInnes went away somewhere. I believe Lawson - I don't know whether he died on Grand Manan, but I might infer that he did. But McInnes, I never knew what become of him; he wandered away somewhere. But right on the bank, pretty high on the cliff - my father told me many times the time I remember, that there's a rough headstone carved out there, and he says it's in memory of twenty-one men lost on the Lord Ashburton. Yea, layin' there. McInnes and Lawson was saved. I think Lawson said he was a young man very gatterly(?) when she hit on the mast. He run ashore on one of the masts, or he said he did, and McInnes washed ashore.

Q: Lawson was found pretty high up, wasn't he?

A: He got up himself. They found McInnes on the beach, but Lawson said he blew over the bank. It's up there - I don't know how far it is. It may be a couple of hundred feet, and he said the wind blew him up. It must have been blowing pretty hard. There was no houses then very close, and he wandered with his feet frozen, or half frozen, until at last he found some place of refuge where they was living and they got him in, and did all they could for him, but not until he had lost the use of his feet. They set him up in business there.

Q: They gave him a Newfoundland dog too?

A: I couldn't say about that, but I know that they made up among the people, that they got to like, because he was very much of a gentleman, and the sad story coupled up with his hard luck, they made up and built him a cobbler shop that he could work in, and got him some tools where he did very well for himself. I guess his hands were still intact.

Q: I think they had a little cart, and a dog to draw the cart so he could go about from place to place and mend people's shoes.

A: Very likely.

But we had an old gentleman down there on Deer Island by the name of Joe Stuart. He was a distant relative of my father's. And this man arrived to his home one day and he says, 'Who are you?' He was a great man to ask questions. We called him Tryas. Uncle Tryas(?). He says, 'I'm Lawson,' he says, 'from Grand Manan.' 'Oh' he says, 'you wouldn't be the man that was lost on the Lord Ashburton,' he says. He says, 'No, I'm the man that was saved.' It was quite a joke afterwards. 'You wouldn't be the man that was lost on the Lord Ashburton?' 'No, I'm the one that was saved.' That's the story of the Lord Ashburton. McInnes and Lawson was the only two that was saved out of her. There was some women. Captain White was there and I think his daughter, if I remember my father telling the story. I think he mentioned his wife and daughter. And I think some of the other crew members had their wives there. But they were all lost but the two men.

Q: Were there ever any wrecks at Deer Island?

A: No, it's not rough enough there. A boat on Deer Island comin' ashore. She might gnaw the side out of her, but no ocean sea - just as soon as the tide goes down, you know -

Q: What about Campobello?

A: Just the same on the inside. On the outside there's been some vessels gone ashore there, because that has the rake of the wind and sea clean from Nova Scotia. Wolves is the only thing lays in the way, and that wouldn't be very much.

Q: What are the Wolves?

A: The long islands between Nova Scotia and the north shore. The rugged wolves lie to and fro, west by south and ? They're a lot of little islands. Eastern Wolf is the largest, and they've all got - there's Eastern Wolf and Fat Pot and Green Island and Southern Wolf, and oh I forget. And Popple's Island. I've been ashore there myself. There's a great well there.

Q: And are there people living on these island?

A: I guess about the only thing in the shape of life is at the southern head where the light is. The lighthouse, and there's somebody tends that the year round.

Q: He lives there all alone?

A: No no, they're married and have families. There's only the one family as far as I know, unless of late years they have built - but the Wolves - the government at one time - the Eastern Wolf was pretty well timbered, and the government sent a crew there, owned by the government, and cut the logs off of it, and there was quite a good time on it for a while then, you know, but since that time I guess nobody lives there. Well, there may be some live lives on the Eastern Wolf now. Maybe I'm going too far. I haven't been out there for years and years.

Q: What would have taken you out?

A: Fishing. We'd go ashore there to get firewood for the stove, and to get water.

Conversation with Mr. Scott Stuart, St. Andrews, N.B., recorded by Helen Creighton, May 1959

Reel 105B

1. Paddy O'Neil (pronounced O'Nail); sung by Mr. Scott Stuart, St. Andrews, N.B.; Irish folk song of the sea, comic, 9 double vs.; words sometimes indistinct; conversation about learning songs.
2. Story about the Song, The Ghostly Sailors: told by Mr. Scott Stuart; compare with story in my file Legends from Grand Manan; there is interesting dialect here where settlers were of New England stock.
3. Ghost Story & Others from Grand Manan; told by Mr. Scott Stuart; the ghost story is amusing and well told; again the dialect is interesting here.

Guiding oar we are going
 Where the swift current's flowing
 On my journey to my home
 Where the waters swirl and foam.

Cho.

Row on, row on,
 Row on, row on.

2

When the summer's sun is sinking
 Overhead the swallow's winging to his home,
 He will fly to his nest where he is wont to rest,
 But I evermore shall roam. Cho.

3

In the cool shades of evening
 When my journey's at an ending for a day,
 I will sleep ~~xxxxxxx~~ beneath the stars beside an open fire
 And dream with much desire. Cho.

4

And in the morning early
 I will start upon my journey to my home,
 And when I reach the ocean where the waters wreathe with motion
 I will then have reached my home. Cho.

Composed and sung by Finvoia Redden, aged 14, Middle
 Musquodoboit, and recorded by Helen Creighton, Sept. 1955.

Explanation of how song composed 22-24; One day Colin, my
 brother, came down and was very excited and told me that he'd
 found a boat up the river and so he got me to go up with
 him and we decided we'd bring the boat down the river. We
 got started off o.k. but the river was fairly deep in
 some places and sand bars in some other places and every
 once in a while we'd get stuck on a sand bar and after a
 while Colin got angry and declared it was my fault that
 we had got stuck on the sand bar and I said it was his fault.
 So after a while I decided I'd tease him and sing to him, so
 I began to sing ^{the Boat Song} to him. I composed it as I went along. Did
 he like it? No, he didn't.

The wind's in my feet, I'm bound to go on,
 I've travelled by night and by day,
 The wind's in my heart, I'm bound to go on,
 Go on for I cannot stay.

2

I must go on I know not where,
 I hear the call of the wind,
 I must go on, I cannot stay here,
 My heart hears the call of the wind.

3

I roam o'er the fields, I roam o'er the hills,
 I ~~can~~ hear the wind say go,
 I roam o'er mountains, valleys, and rills,
 I ~~can~~ hear my heart say go.

4

My feet are ^{as} light as the fairies that dance
 On a night in the month of June,
 My heart is as gay as a gypsy in May
 That wanders beneath the moon.

5

The wind's in my feet, I am bound to go on,
 I've travelled for many a year,
 The wind's in my heart, I'm bound to go on,
 Go on, for I cannot stay here.

Composed and sung to her own piano accompaniment
 by Finvola Redden, aged 14, Middle Musquodohoit, and
 recorded by Helen Creighton, Sept/55

Finvola cannot remember any especial inspiration
 for this song. She just made it up one day.