

The Beacon

VOL. XXX

SAINT ANDREWS, NEW BRUNSWICK, SATURDAY, AUGUST 3, 1918

NO. 5

A FOX-HUNT IN THE SOUTHERN HILLS

THAT the 17th of March should be established as the birthday of Ireland's chief Saint is of the nature of a compromise. There is an old song, with an attractive little tune that suits well with Lover's words, that expounds the position:

"On the eighth day of March, or some people say,
St. Patrick, at midnight, he first saw the day."

But others declare 'twas the ninth he was born,
So 'twas all a mistake betwixt midnight and morn."

But the song goes on to say that Father Mulcahy ("who showed them their sins"), having assured them that "no one could have two birthdays, barrin' a twin," suggested that they should not be "always dividin'," but should "sometimes combine. Combine eight with nine, s'vinteen is the mark. Let that be his birthday 'Amin' says the clerk." And so the dispute ended peacefully, and St. Patrick's Day and March 17th are for ever and ever synonymous terms.

In spite of Father Mulcahy's peacemaking, the celebrants of St. Patrick's Day have not often been at a loss for an excuse for breaking a head or two on March 17th. Head-breaking reasons are still plenty as ever, and when all the world and his wife are making munitions and cutting each other's throats in the sacred cause of Peace, precedent is not lacking. Peace and Compromise were in the air last year in Ireland; St. Patrick's Day passed this year in abstemious, even in somnolent propriety. What is to be expected of the next? Have Peace and Compromise been scared away by the horn-blowings, the tom-toms (not to say the tom-tom-fools), of the Irish Republic? Peace Militant and Compulsory Compromise preside precariously in some regions; they have retreated in confusion from others. Retreated, may we hope, to Dublin, there to find a welcome from that deliberative and deliberate assembly, upon which the appointment as Private Chaplain of Father Mulcahy might have a salutary effect.

One speaks of the ford as one finds it, and, last winter, there was at least one far-away region of Southern Ireland where tranquillity still held, and friendliness did not fail. Nevertheless, the followers of the pack of fox-hounds here treated of might have been excused if, on a certain saint's day, they had believed that the oft-foretold rising had taken place. The hounds were there by special invitation of the people, a request so gratifying that it could not be ignored, even though a country less fitted by Providence for fox-hunting would be far to find. A landscape must be pictured wherein the tawny bogs fill all the level places, and wherein, where these cease, the hills begin, grey with rock, dark with furze and heather. Squeezed in among the rocks are the white cottages, with a crooked ash-tree, and a willow or two between them and the south west gales, and each with its patch of tillage drawn up about its knees like a brown blanket. (For the game in the matter of tillage is being played, even in South-West Ireland.) At a harsh and hideous National School (adjectives that are unhappily appropriate to most Irish National Schools), the long hack, fifteen miles from kennels, came to an end, and it was then that the war-time field, the few faithful women and farmers who had followed the Hunt into the wilderness, might have been justified in thinking they were in for trouble. Suddenly and incredibly the bare and quiet country became alive. Not a ridge of hill but had its black fringe of figures, hardly a fence but a lad or two was slipping over it with the effortless ease and speed of a hound. The Meet was an occasion not to be missed by any self-respecting young man, and the boys of two parishes were afoot. It may be said that these young men who have shut their ears to the call to the Colors, the beat of the war-drum, have no claim to self-respect. It is a large question, and the answer is less simple than may be imagined. It may at least be said that among these hills the British war-drum has not yet been beaten, and, even in more civilized regions, the trumpet has, so far, given forth a very uncertain sound. (It might also be added that so long as Ireland is treated by England much as a timid man treats a dog he distrusts, so long will she, like the distrustful dog, either snap or sulk in her kennel.)

It was mild and beaming day, with Spring fluting in the larks' throats, and dancing in the wind that set the catkins on the willows tossing like little green lambs' tails. The furze bushes were heaped with gold and drenched with a scent as of apricots; the grass of the tiny pasture-fields was green as the most translucent jade, which has a blue in-

comparably fairer and sweeter than an emerald can show. At the end of a long valley of bog the Bantry Mountains were azure and mauve; the nearer hills went through wallflower tones of bronze and brown, to orange, where the dead bracken held the sunlight, or palest topaz, in the sedge that spread upwards from the low ground into the ravines through which the streams ran down to the bogs. Along the wall of the schoolhouse yard went a dazzling frieze of children's faces; lovely faces, some of them, with the wonderful hair and eyes, and the glowing cheeks, that are bred of the soft breezes of these Southern Hills. Nothing was the dawning twitter of a flock of starlings could compare with the sound that ceaselessly proceeded from the frieze; only themselves could sever a syllable from that torrent of swift speech. The schoolmaster, a very stately young man, with a moustache like the mane of a chestnut horse, was one of the leading sportsmen, and had, indeed, indicted the mellifluous letter that had invited the Hunt to the hills. In scarcely less mellifluous terms he now explained the "most probable reason of the foxes," and indicated a guide. The guide, a middle-aged farmer, stout, yet of tireless activity, accepted the Hunt as a composite godchild, and assumed command with alacrity. "We'll bate the bog below," he announced, "and if the game isn't there we'll make for the mountain."

It was an impressive programme. There is satisfaction in dealing with a man who knows his own mind. Mikey-Dan (which is neither Japanese nor Russian, and is merely the hyphenated title by which the middle-aged farmer was known to his godchildren) had no shade of hesitation in his decisions. He lowered himself down a steep drop out of the road into a boggy field. "Bring on the dogs now," he ordered, briefly. "Huic over!" said the huntsman, with an equal brevity, and the hounds flowed over the lip of the road like water out of a basin, and followed Mikey-Dan. So also did the few riders and the many runners. Born in the blood of the country, boy is the love of a horse. Hounds to him are merely dogs, things of small account, with which one turns cattle, men creatures, to be treated meanly; but the horse, and specially the "hunting-horse," is a gentleman, and is revered as such. For it may once more be said, and in these dark days it can scarcely be said too often, that there are still Irishmen of the old sort in Ireland; men of courtesy, of gentleness, men who have not yet lost the ennobling power of reverence, in whose breasts there is ever a spark of idealism ready to blaze into ecstasy for the being, or the cause, that conforms with his standard of what is high and worthy. The handful of ladies that practically formed the Hunt, rode all day among these country men and lads, "mountain men," "backwards people," as they would have described themselves, and heard never a word, or a laugh even that could have hurt or discomfited any creature, however sensitive or gently bred.

The "bating for game" involved a sufficiency of dramatic interest, even though the leading gentleman of the piece, "Charles James" himself, was not on in the first scene. The gift of camouflage has been bestowed in a very special degree on the bogs of this district, and after one horse had gone down by the head, even to his ears, and another by the stern, in spots that might have been selected as putting-greens, riders began to feel that a fox might impart a liveliness beyond what was desired. Presently there came a boundary-drain, that looked as if it had been dug out of wedding-cake and filled with treacle. "Could we walk through it?" suggested some one. "You could," replied Mikey-Dan; "that 'shwally the Kayser and all his min!" An up-to-date jest, that was told to be extremely smart, and suitable to the distinguished visitors. The drain was not very wide, but it was wide enough, and what it spared in width it made up for in depth. A place to gallop at, faintly trusting the larger hope that your horse will not refuse. But though the bog in which it is possible to gallop may exist in some favoured region, in Dereedy Bog it is not done, not at least by the best people, who were undoubtedly those *intelligentsia* who unhesitatingly turned to ride back, half-a-mile, to a bridge. The hounds pitched themselves across, with backs hooped like shrimps; the remaining horses, trembling (like their riders) in every limb, were half goaded, half coaxed to follow them. One only, a cob, ridden by a girl, failed to make a good landing, and the speed and skill with which the attendant cloud of witnesses caught his head, and successfully aided his efforts, were memorable.

It was not long afterwards that hounds found. They had quickened their pace after crossing the drain, and that unmistakable throb of purpose had come into their respirations which, after a blank draw, lifts the huntsman's heart. They

HANDS ALL ROUND

FIRST drink a health, 'tis solemn night,
A health to England, every guest;
That man's the best cosmopolite,
Who loves his native country best.
May freedom's oak for ever live
With stronger life from day to day;
That man's the true Conservative,
Who lops the moulder'd branch away.
Hands all round!
God the tyrant's hope confound!
To this great cause of freedom drink, my friends,
And the great name of England round and round.

A health to Europe's honest men,
Heaven guard them from their tyrants' jails!
From wrong'd Poerio's noisome den,
From iron'd limbs and tortured sails!
We curse the crimes of southern kings,
The Russian whips and Austrian rods—
We, likewise, have our evil things;
Too much we make our Ledgers, Gods.
Yet hands all round!
God the tyrant's cause confound!
To Europe's better health we drink, my friends,
And the great name of England round and round.

What health to France, if France be she,
Whom martial prowess only charms?
Yet tell her—Better to be free
Than vanquish all the world in arms.
Her frantic city's flashing heats
But fire, to blast the hopes of men.
Why change the titles of your streets?
You fools, you'll want them all again!
Yet hands all round!
God the tyrant's cause confound!
To France, the wiser France, we drink, my friends,
And the great name of England round and round.

Gigantic daughter of the West,
We drink to thee across the flood,
We know thee most, we love thee best,
For art thou not of British blood?
Should war's mad blast again be blown,
Permit not thou the tyrant powers
To fight thy mother here alone,
But let thy broadsides roar with ours.
Hands all round!
God the tyrant's cause confound!
To our great kinsmen of the West, my friends,
And the great name of England round and round.

O rise, our strong Atlantic sons,
When war against our freedom springs!
O speak to Europe thro' your guns!
They can be understood by kings.
You must not mix our Queen with those
That wish to keep their people fools;
Our freedom's fomen are her foes,
She comprehends the race she rules.
Hands all round!
God the tyrant's cause confound!
To our dear kinsmen of the West, my friends,
And the great cause of freedom round and round.

ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON.
(Born August 6, 1809; died October 6, 1892.)

DR. BELAND

CANADA'S GREETING UPON HIS RETURN FROM EUROPE

LITTLE Bateese, go on de garden now,
And pick de flower pure w'ite and bring to me,
Dat's for put on de botton-ole for show
Docteur Beland is 'ome from 'cross de sea.
Pick de w'ite flower, dat's match de soul of 'im
In all der year 'e suffer grief and pain,
Weeping de bitter tear till eye is dim
For bride dat's die, 'e will not see again.
White flower—dat's like de love de docteur show
De poor Belgique w'en she is trample down;
Not try for run away from dere, Oh, no!
But, lak de hero, stay for dere de Hun.
White flower—dat's tell de story how he look
W'en he is prisoner of de brute de Bosche,
Lak' rose dat's 'mong de ogly blisters took—
I go and fight dose devil too, de gosh!
I lak' for strangle such beast on de t'roat
Dat's murder pauvre mere and little child,
And drown de babies w'en dey'll sink de boat;
Give me de gun, Bateese, my blood is wild!
Ah! I'm old man—pas' age for armee now,
But young Canayon habitant he'll go;
De beeg young feller strong as ox or cow,
He's got de stuff, by gar, let German know!
De w'ite flower on my botton-ole, dat's prayer
De bon Dieu bless you always, chere Beland,
And w'en Quebec boy 'e get over dere
'E'll settle wit' dose Bosche, you understand!

J. W. BENGOUGH, in *Canadian Home Journal*.

spread themselves, drew together with the eager sound that is more a whistle than a whimper, and then, just as hope was deepening to certainty, some watchers on a hill above the bog uttered those yells that, however habituated the hearer may be, have the quality that goes straight to the spinal marrow. In an instant everything was running, hounds, country boys, a spancelled donkey, a pair of coupled goats; and the half-dozen riders, regardless of the practice of the best people, were splashing and floundering across the bog after them. After the bog came a slope of rocks and furze, then a towering fence of stones and briars, unjumpable save at a "gap" (attractively filled with long slabs

came down, and told that the hounds were also above him. There are not many things more hateful than fighting up a hill that is so steep that a rapidly extending view of the horse's backbone is presented to the rider; but when hounds are out of sight a great deal is done in five minutes, and in rather less than that time a plateau was reached and a pause was made. An appealing, questioning note on the horn was flung to the hilltop, and "a voice replied, far up the height," "Hurry on! They're this way!" The mountain rose in successive tiers, sometimes heather and grass, more often bog, each tier connected by ravines and propped with cliffs of grey rock. The huntsman, after the manner of his kind, was slipping ahead; a despairing shout from one of the field caught him but just in time. "Dinny! if ye see them, for God's sake give a roar to us!" Thus might Androcles have adjured his friendly lion. A waft of hounds' voices, sweeter at that moment than the songs of Paradise, came down the wind to that little striving company. "Oh, get on! Get on!" says the girl on the cob, madly.

On the top of the mountain, a place that can best be likened to the carapace of a turtle, they found the pack, checked for a moment, in the great wind that ever circles about such high places. Mikey-Dan, and a few of the elect, were also there, "dhraving their winds," and watching narrowly the opposite face of the nearest of the ensuing hills, whose rise and swell cease only in that far-shining ocean which had suddenly leaped into view. The riders, happy, and rather dishevelled as to *coiffures*, proudly received their praises: "Ye proved good! Ye did, faith! And the horses too! It's a tough chase, but they'll have him yet!" And with the words the hounds had hit it again, and were away over the shoulder of the hill with a scent that lay breast-high in the heather, and with a cry more tuneable than lark in any right-thinking shepherd's ear.

It was downhill this time, and the going was better. This side of the mountain had, in some bygone time, been fenced, and a succession of stone walls of every type imparted an element of pleasing anxiety. High single walls of lace-like openwork, that toppled at a touch; wide banks of small stones, on which the horses changed feet with a crashing rattle; upright spikes, with slanting spikes between, piled with small stones; the Southern farmer plays tricks with his material with an indefinite variation, and it is undisputed that the Southern horses jump stonings with a peculiar zest. It is hard sometimes to define wherein lies the pleasure of a hunt in these hills. In description it is the difficulties that tell most, but in the actual hunt there come moments when the worst of these are left behind, and the hounds are storming ahead over sound heather, and the horses pulling hard on the downgrade, and no man living can predict the fox's point, that have a wildness and a glory without an equal.

This particular fox steered a good line and, crossing a grassy valley, bore away into moorland again. The runners had long since been beaten. The last heard of them was a shout from Mikey-Dan: "It's into the say he's running, he's that much afraid o' ye!"

But Mikey-Dan was mistaken. In the middle of that desolate hill-country there stands a cliff that is like a tremendous door, closing an entrance to the heart of a hill. Legends whisper round that mighty door, but what is behind it, a dead King, a Cluricawn's treasure, a Phooka, or a pathway to Fairyland, they do not profess to tell. The door is not a good fit; there is a space beneath it, hollowed out, one imagines, by the stream that flees from those hidden mysteries. The legends are afraid to tell us what they think is there, but there was no uncertainty as to the matter in the minds of the hounds. They told us that the fox was there, and they said it at the tops of their voices, and made no secret about it.

E. G. SOMERVILLE
—The Spectator

SERIOUS ACCIDENT

Mr. Frank Cowap, of Montreal, who was spending his vacation here, had the misfortune to break his back Friday evening of last week. He was riding a bicycle on Market Wharf and his trouser leg caught in the sprocket of the wheel, throwing him from the wheel, and over the edge of the wharf. The unfortunate young man was taken to the Chipman Memorial Hospital in St. Stephen, and on Saturday was taken to the General Hospital in Montreal. An X-Ray examination of the patient was made on Monday, when it was found that his back was broken. Mr. Cowap and three children were spending their vacation in St. Andrews at the time of the unfortunate accident, and much sympathy is felt for them and the young man. Mr. Cowap is about 17 years of age.

NEWS OF THE SEA

—Portland, Me., July 24—All those on the Gloucester fishing schooner *Robert and Richards* sunk by a German submarine off the coast of Maine Monday, had been accounted for to-day. There were 23 persons on the vessel. Three men were landed at Kennebunkport and eleven at this port last night. Four were aboard in here to-day, and four men and a boy were picked up at sea and taken to Boston.

—Quebec, July 24—The steamer *Celtic Prince*, that went ashore near Father Point, on July 8, was successfully floated yesterday and towed to Quebec to-day by the wrecking steamer *Lord Strathcona* and the Government steamers *Druid* and *Bellechasse*. She is not badly damaged.

—Santander, Spain, July 27—A German submarine, after torpedoing the steamer *Lydia*, of Zumaya, rammed the lifeboats, in an effort to destroy traces of the sinking, according to members of the crew. Forty of the crew of 46 are missing to-day. The *Lydia* was a French vessel.

—London, July 27—The British armed cruiser *Marmora*, was torpedoed and sunk by a German submarine on Tuesday, according to an announcement made by the British Admiralty last night. Ten members of the crew of the vessel are missing, and it is presumed they were killed.

The Admiralty also announces that a British torpedo boat destroyer ran ashore Wednesday, and sank later. Thirteen of her crew are missing, and it is presumed they were drowned. Naval records contain no cruiser named *Marmora*, and it is possible the vessel sunk was the Peninsular and Oriental Steam Navigation Company steamer *Marmora*, of 10,500 tons gross. She was built at Belfast in 1903, was 530 feet long and had a beam of 60 feet.

—Rio Janeiro, July 29—The Italian steamer *Giuseppe Garibaldi*, 4,000 tons, was destroyed by an explosion 200 miles off the Brazilian coast. Six members of the crew were killed by the explosion and the remainder were rescued by the English ship *Arcturion*. The officers of the vessel have reported to the Italian consul here to the effect that the explosion was caused by a dynamite bomb, which is believed to have been placed on board the ship by German.

—Paris, July 31—A dispatch to the Havas Agency from Madrid says the Spanish newspapers assert that the torpedoing of the Spanish steamer *Ramon De Larrinaga* is the gravest incident that has occurred between Germany and Spain since the beginning of the war. Eight Spaniards perished in the disaster and the petroleum which the ship carried, together with that burned aboard the Spanish freighter *Serantes* in New York harbor, constituted almost the entire stock assured to Spain under the Spanish-American agreement.

The above dispatch is the first intimation that the Spanish steamer *Ramon De Larrinaga* has been sunk. She was a vessel of 2,975 tons and was owned in Bilbao. She was last reported as arriving at an American Atlantic port on May 29.

ALGONQUIN HOTEL

Arrivals for week ending August 2.	
Mr. B. Devlin	Ottawa
" and Mrs. Hays	Pittsburg, Pa.
" " J. B. Machan	Toronto, Ont.
" " J. Wils	Rochester, N. Y.
" " G. Eastwick	New Orleans
" " H. Trenholm	Montreal
" H. W. Benclut	"
Mortimer Davis	"
Philip Davis	"
R. H. Horsfall	"
Miss Haskill	Chicago
R. Moses	"
Miss R. Stacle	Quebec
" Dalton	Boston
" Ellen Dalton	"
Mr. and Mrs. R. Struthers	Stanford, Conn.
Mr. and Mrs. L. Porter, and Party	Stanford, Conn.
Mr. and Mrs. Carr	St. Louis, Mo.
" " Dameson	"
Miss " Burris	"
Miss A. T. Smith	Baltimore, Md.
" M. T. Smith	"
Mr. and Mrs. Bonaparte	"
" " Femthuangue	Madison, N. J.
Mr. J. W. Stiles	Morntan, N. J.
Miss F. Stiles	"
Mr. and Mrs. Frees	New York City
D. A. Van Berrnith, Jr.	"
Mr. and Mrs. Martin	"
" " Warren	"
" " Swords	"
" " Waycott	"
Dr. and Mrs. Marvin	"
" " Lambert	"
Miss Duryen	"
" M. T. Mouton	"