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THE MARINERS OF ENGLAND

YE Mariners of England
That guard our native seas!
Whose flag has braved a thousand years,
The battle and the breeze!
Your glorious standard launch again
To match another foe;
And sweep through the deep,
While the stormy winds do blow!
While the battle rages loud and long,
And the stormy winds do blow.
The spirits of your fathers
Shall start from every wave!
For the deck it was their field of fame,
And Ocean was their grave.
Where Blake and mighty Nelson fell,
Your many hearts shall glow,
As ye sweep through the deep,
While the stormy winds do blow;
While the battle rages loud and long,
And the stormy winds do blow.
Britannia needs no bulwarks,
No towers along the steep;
Her march is o'er the mountain-waves,
Her home is on the deep.
With thunders from her native oak
She quells the floods below;
As they roar on the shore,
When the stormy winds do blow;
When the battle rages loud and long,
And the stormy winds do blow.
The meteor flag of England
Shall yet terrific burn;
Till danger's troubled night depart,
And the star of peace return.
Then, then, ye ocean-warriors!
Our song and feast shall flow
To the fame of your name,
When the storm has ceased to blow;
When the fiery fight is heard no more,
And the storm has ceased to blow.

THOMAS CAMPBELL,
(Born July 27, 1777; died June 15, 1844.)

SOME GAINS OF THE WAR

By SIR WALTER RALEIGH, M. A., Professor
of English Literature at Oxford University.

(Paper read at a meeting of the Royal
Colonial Institute held at the Caxton Hall,
Westminster, on February 13, 1918. Re-
printed from *United Empire*.)

(Concluded.)

THIS gain, which I make bold to predict for the English language, is a real gain, apart from all patriotic bias. The English language is incomparably richer, more fluid, and more vital than the German language. Where the German has but one way of saying a thing, we have two or three, each with its distinctions and its subtleties of usage. Our capital wealth is greater, and so are our powers of borrowing. English sprang from the old Teutonic stock, and we can still coin new words, such as "foodhoard" and "joy-ride," in the German fashion. But long centuries ago we added thousands of Romance words—words which came into English through the French or Norman-French—and brought with them the ideas of Latin civilization and of medieval Christianity. Later on, when the renewed study of Latin and Greek quickened the intellectual life of Europe, we imported thousands of Greek and Latin words direct from the ancient world—learned words, many of them, suitable for philosophers, or for writers who pride themselves on shooting a little above the vulgar apprehension. Yet many of these, too, have found their way into daily speech, so that we can say most things in three ways, according as we draw on one or another of the three main sources of our speech. Thus you can begin, or commence, or initiate an undertaking, with Boldness, or Courage, or Resolution. If you are a Workman, or Labourer, or Operative, you can Ask, or Request, or Solicit your employer to Yield or Grant, or Concede an increase in the Earnings, or Wages, or Remuneration which fall to the lot of your Fellow, or Companion, or Associate. Your employer is perhaps Old, or Veteran, or Superannuated, which may Hinder, or Delay, or Retard the success of your application. But if you Foretell, or Prophesy, or Predict that the War will have an End, or Close, or Termination that shall not only be Speedy, or Rapid, or Accelerated, but also Great, or Grand, or Magnificent, you may perhaps Stir, or Move, or Actuate him to have Ruth, or Pity, or Compassion on your Mate, or Colleague, or Collaborator.

The English language, then, is a language of great wealth—much greater wealth than can be illustrated by any brief example. But wealth is nothing unless you can use it. The real strength of English lies in the inspired freedom and variety of its syntax. There is no grammar of the English speech which is not comic in its stiffness and inadequacy. An English grammar does not explain all that we can do with our speech; it merely explains what shackles and restraints we

must put upon our speech if we would bring it within the comprehension of a school-bred grammarian. But the speech itself is like the sea, and soon breaks down the dykes built by the inland engineer. It was the fashion, in the eighteenth century, to speak of the divine Shakespeare. The reach and catholicity of his imagination was what earned him that extravagant praise; but his syntax has no less title to be called divine. It is not cast or wrought, like metal; it leaps like fire, and moves like air. So is every one that is born of the spirit. Our speech is our great charter. Far better than in the long constituted process whereby we subjected our kings to law, and gave dignity and strength to our Commons, the meaning of English freedom is to be seen in the illimitable freedom of our English speech!

Our literature is almost as rich as our language. Modern German literature begins in the eighteenth century. Modern English literature began with Chaucer, in the fourteenth century, and has been full of great names and great books ever since. Nothing has been done in German literature for which we have not a counterpart, done as well or better—except the work of Heine, and Heine was a Jew. His opinion of the Prussians was that they are a compost of beer, deceit, and sand. French literature and English literature can be compared, throughout their long course, sometimes to the great advantage of the French. German literature cannot seriously be compared with either.

It may be objected that literature and art are ornamental affairs, which count for little in the deadly strife of nations. But this is not so. Our language cannot go anywhere without taking our ideas and our creed with it, not to mention our institution and our games. If the Germans could understand what Chaucer means when he says of his Knight that

he loved chivalry,
Truth and honor, freedom and courtesy,
then indeed we might be near to understanding. I asked a good German scholar the other day what is the German word for "fair play." He replied, as they do in Parliament, that he must ask for notice of that question. I fear there is no German word for "fair play."

The little countries, the pawns and victims of German policy, understand our ideas better. The peoples who have suffered from tyranny and oppression look to England for help, and it is a generous weakness in us that we sometimes deceive them by our sympathy, for our power is limited, and we cannot help them all. But it will not count against us at the final reckoning that in most places where humanity has suffered cruelty and indignity the name of England has been invoked: not always in vain.

And now—for I have kept to the last what I believe to be the greatest gain of all—the entry of America into the War assures the triumph of our common language. America is peopled by many races; only a minority of the inhabitants—an influential and governing minority—are of the English stock. But here, again the language carries it, and the ideas that inspire America are ideas which had their origin in the long English struggle for freedom. Our sufferings in this War are great, but they are not so great that we cannot recognise virtue in a new recruit to the cause. No nation, in the whole course of human history, has ever made a more splendid decision, or performed a more magnanimous act, than America, when she decided to enter this War. She had nothing to gain, for, to say the bare truth, she had little to lose. If Germany were to dominate the world, America, no doubt, would be ruined; but, in all human likelihood, Germany's impious attempt would have spent itself and been broken long before it reached the coasts of America. America might have stood out of the War in the assurance that her own interests were safe, and that, when the tempest had passed, the centre of civilization would be transferred from a broken and exhausted Europe to a peaceful and prosperous America. Some few American statesmen talked in this strain, and favored a decision in this sense. But it was not for nothing that America was founded upon religion. When she saw humanity in anguish, she did not pass by on the other side. Her entry into the War has put an end, I hope for ever, to the family quarrel, not very profound or significant, which for a century and a half has been a jarring note in the relations of mother and daughter. And it has put an end to another danger. It seemed at one time not unlikely that the English language as it is spoken overseas would set up a life of its own, and become separated from the language of the old country. A development of this kind would be natural enough. The Boers of South Africa speak Dutch, but not the Dutch spoken in Holland. The French Canadians speak French, but not the French of Molière. Half a century ago, when America was exploring and

settling her own country, in wild and lone places, her pioneers enriched the English speech with all kinds of new and vivid phrases. The tendency was then for America to go her own way, and to cultivate what is new in language at the expense of what is old. She prided herself even on having a spelling of her own, and seemed almost willing to break loose from tradition and to coin a new American English.

This has not happened; and now I think it will not happen. For one thing, the American colonists left us when, already we had a great literature—Chaucer, Shakespeare, and Spenser belong to America no less than to us, and America has never forgotten them. The education which has been fostered in American schools and colleges keeps the whole nation in touch with the past. Some of their best authors write in a style that Milton and Burke would understand and approve. There is no more beautiful English prose than Nathaniel Hawthorne's. The best speeches of Abraham Lincoln, and, we may truly add, of President Wilson, are merely classic English. During my own lifetime I am sure I have seen the speech usages of the two peoples draw closer together. For one thing, we on this side now borrow, and borrow very freely, the more picturesque colloquialisms of America. On informal occasions I sometimes brighten my own speech with phrases which I think I owe to one of the best of living American authors, Mr. George Ade, of Chicago, the author of *Fables in Slang*. The press, the telephone, and the growing habit of travel bind us closer together every year; and the English that we speak, however rich and various it may be, is going to remain one and the same English, our common inheritance.

One question, the most important and difficult of all, remains to be asked. Will this War, in its course and in its effects, tend to prevent or discourage later wars? If the gains that it brings prove to be merely partial and national gains, if it exalts one nation by unjustly depressing another, and conquers cruelty by equal cruelty, then nothing can be more certain than that the peace of the world is farther off than ever. When she was near her death, Edith Cavell, patriot and martyr, said that patriotism is not enough. Every one who thinks on international affairs knows this, almost every one forgets it in time of war. What can be done to prevent nations from appealing to the wild justice of revenge?

A League of Nations may do good, but I am surprised that any one who has imagination and a knowledge of the facts should entertain high hopes of it as a final solution. There is a League of Nations to-day which has given a verdict against the Central Powers, and that verdict is being enforced by the most terrible war in all human history. If the verdict had been given before the War began, it may be said, then Germany might have accepted it, and refrained. So she might, but what then? She would have felt herself wronged; she would have deferred the War, and, in ways that she knows so well, would have set about making a party for herself among the nations of the League. Who can be confident that she would have failed either to divide her judges, or to accumulate such elements of strength that she might dare to defy them? A League of Nations would work well only if its verdicts were loyally accepted by all the nations composing it. To make majority-rule possible you must have a community made up of members who are reasonably well informed upon one another's affairs, and who are bound together by a tie of loyalty stronger and more enduring than their causes of difference. It would be a happy thing if the nations of the world made such a community; and the sufferings of this War have brought them nearer to desiring it. But those who believe that such a community can be formed to-day or tomorrow are too sanguine. It must not be forgotten that the very principle of the League, if its judgements are to take effect, involves a world-war in cases where a strong minority resists those judgements. Every war would become a world-war. Perhaps this very fact would prevent wars, but it cannot be said that experience favors such a conclusion.

There is no escape for us by way of the Gospels. The Gospel precept to turn the other cheek to the aggressor was not addressed to a meeting of trustees. Christianity has never shirked war, or even much disliked it. Where the whole soul is set on things unseen, wounds and death become of less account. And if the Christians have not helped us to avoid war, how should the pacifists be of use? Those of them whom I happen to know, or to have met, have shown themselves, in the relations of civil life, to be irritable, self-willed, combative creatures, where the average soldier is calm, unselfish, and placable. There is something incongruous and absurd in the pacifist of British descent. He has fighting in his blood, and

his creed, or his nervous sensibility to physical horrors, denies him the use of fighting, his blood turns sour. He can argue, and object, and criticize, but he cannot lead. All that he can offer us in effect is eternal quarrels in place of occasional fights.

No one can do anything to prevent war who does not recognise its splendor, for it is by its splendor that it keeps its hold on humanity, and persists. The wickedest and most selfish war in the world is not fought by wicked and selfish soldiers. The spirit of man is immense, and for an old memory, a pledged word, a sense of fellowship, offers this frail and feeble creature of flesh and blood, with his pin or a grain of sand will distort, to be the victim of all the atrocities that the wit of man can compound out of fire and steel and poison. If that spirit is to be changed, or directed into new courses, it must be by one who understands it, and approaches it reverently, with bared head.

The best hope seems to me to lie in paying chief attention to the improvement of war rather than to its abolition; to the decencies of the craft; to the style rather than the matter. Style is often more important than matter, and this War would not have been so fierce or so prolonged, if it had not become largely a war on a point of style—a war, that is to say, to determine the question how war should be waged? If the Germans had behaved humanely and considerately to the civil population of Belgium, if they had kept their solemn promise not to use poison-gas, if their valour had been accompanied by chivalry, the War might now have been ended, perhaps not in their disfavour, for it would not have been felt, as it now is felt, that they must be defeated at no matter how great a cost, or civilization will perish.

Even as things are, there have been some gains in the manner of conducting war, which, when future generations look back on them, will be seen to be considerable. It is true that modern science has devised new and appalling weapons. The invention of a new weapon in war always arouses protest, but it does not usually, in the long run, make war more inhuman. There was a great outcry in Europe when the broadsword was superseded by the rapier, and a tall man of his hands could be spitted like a cat or a rabbit by any dexterous little fellow with a trained wrist. There was a wave of indignation, which was a hundred years in passing, when musketry first came into use, and a man-at-arms of great prowess could be killed from behind a wall by one who would not have dared to meet him in open combat. But these changes did not, in effect, make war crueler or more deadly. They gave more play to intelligence, and abolished the tyranny of the bully, who took the wall of every man he met, and made himself a public nuisance. The introduction of poison-gas, which is a small thing compared with the invention of fire-arms, has given the chemist a place in the ranks of fighting-men. And if science has lent its aid to the destruction of life, it has spent greater zeal and more prolonged effort on the saving of life. No previous war will compare with this in care for the wounded and maimed. In all countries, and on all fronts, an army of skilled workers devote themselves to this single end. I believe that this quickening of the human conscience—for that is what it is—will prove to be the greatest gain of the War, and the greatest advance made in restraint of war. If the nations come to recognize that their first duty, and their first responsibility, is to those who give so much in their service, that recognition will of itself do more than can be done by any convalescent of statesmen to discourage war. It was the monk Telemachus, according to the old story, who stopped the gladiatorial games at Rome, and was stoned by the people. If war, in process of time, shall be abolished, or failing that, shall be governed by the codes of humanity and chivalry, like a decent tournament, then the one sacrificial figure which will everywhere be honoured for the change will be the figure not of a priest or a politician, but of a hospital nurse.

A WORD OF APPRECIATION

The Commanding Officer desires to express his appreciation of the very excellent and energetic work of Mrs. Hart, wife of Capt. P. Hart, for several months past, in teaching needlework, basket-making, and other fancy work to the patients who are confined to their wards, and thus deprived of the outdoor pleasures which the other patients enjoy. Mrs. Hart's pupils have shown wonderful aptitude for this kind of work, and under her guidance a large number of beautiful and useful articles have been made.

Some of these articles were shown at a local Red Cross Exhibition held in the Pavilion at Buxton about two months ago and there is at present a large and very fine assortment of this work on exhibition in London, from the Granville Arts & Crafts.

It is understood that this exhibition will shortly make a tour, showing at all the largest cities in Great Britain.—*Canadian Hospital News*.

NEWS OF THE SEA

—New York, July 19.—The Associated Press says the British transport *Carpathia*, 13,605 tons gross, has been sunk by a German submarine off the Irish coast while outward bound from a British port.

Although in the service of the British Government for several months, the *Carpathia* has been used as an American troop transport. Her last departure from an American port was in June. The *Carpathia* was built in 1903 at Newcastle, Eng., and was owned by the Cunard Co. It was the *Carpathia* which answered the wireless S. O. S. call of the White Star liner *Titanic* in April, 1912, when that vessel hit a submerged iceberg on her maiden voyage to New York and was sunk, with heavy loss of life. The *Carpathia* picked up and landed at New York 865 survivors of the *Titanic*. The *Carpathia* was also one of the first merchant steamers to appear in American waters armed against submarines.

London, July 19.—Three torpedoes were fired at the *Carpathia* and all hit the vessel. Splendid discipline was maintained. The survivors were in the water two hours, the exchange Telegraph Co. says, when picked up by the steamer which brought them into port. The *Carpathia* disappeared very quickly. Five persons were killed on the liner through a torpedo entering the engine room. The remainder of those on board took to the lifeboats.

All the passengers on board the *Carpathia* were saved. They include thirty-six saloon passengers and twenty-one from the steerage.

—New York, July 19.—The United States armored cruiser *San Diego*, formerly the California, was sunk ten miles off Fire Island, N. Y., this morning. There was no loss of life. Fire Island is about fifty miles east of the entrance of New York harbor.

An aviator flying along the Long Island shore at the time the *San Diego* was sunk, noticed the vessel suddenly list and was instrumental in having an S. O. S. call sent out from the wireless station on Fire Island.

Vessels raced to the scene and circling around the *San Diego* began a systematic search for survivors. Hundreds of these were taken aboard the rescue ships, which included several tankers and one naval vessel.

—Ottawa, July 22.—The chief press censor announced to-day that the steamer *Siberian Prince*, which went ashore at Lawrenceton, fifteen miles east of Halifax, during a heavy fog, on July 2, has been refloated and is now safely docked. The damage was slight.

—Washington, July 22.—An enemy submarine is operating off the Massachusetts coast, the Navy Department was advised yesterday. The Orleans naval station on Cape Cod, near Chatham, reported sighting a tug and three barges on fire, having been shelled by a submarine which was seen. American warships from the first naval district are out after the submarine.

The Committee on Public Information later gave out this statement:

"The Navy Department at noon received a dispatch from the first naval district, stating that coastguard station No. 40, at Orleans, Mass., on the coast between Cape Cod and Chatham, Mass., reports sighting a tug on fire and three barges being shelled by a submarine."

—Vancouver, B. C., July 18.—Passengers on the trans-Pacific liner arriving here yesterday brought news of the recent sinking of the New Zealand coast of the steamship *Wimmera*, a vessel of 3,000 tons, with the loss of 26 lives. A heavily charged mine in the shipping route between Sydney and Auckland was responsible for the disaster. The ship carried a large crew and about 100 passengers. Captain Rols, the commander, went down with the ship.

The survivors had a thrilling experience, one boat being in the water for 36 hours before reaching shore. During this time one of the passengers, a young girl named Gladys Kenman, rowed the boat for a part of the 36 hours. Most of the passengers, mostly women, were barefooted and in their night attire.

The loss of the *Wimmera* was the first marine disaster due to a mine to occur in the antipodes.

—London, July 19.—A British sloop was sunk by a submarine on Tuesday, says an Admiralty announcement to-day. Twelve of the crew were the only survivors.

—London, July 19.—The British transport *Barunga* has been sunk by a submarine, the admiralty announced this afternoon. There were no casualties. She was formerly the German steamer *Sumatra*, outward bound for Australia with unfit Australians on board. She

was sunk by a German submarine on Monday.

The *Barunga* was a steamer of 7,484 tons gross, built in Flensburg in 1913. She was 482 feet long, 62 feet beam and 29 feet depth. She was owned by the British government.

There was not the slightest sign of panic when the *Barunga* was torpedoed. The several hundred unfit troops aboard lined up as though on parade until taken off. Aid speedily arrived. The transport remained afloat nearly an hour after she was attacked.

London, July 20.—The survivors and crew of the British transport *Barunga*, sunk by a submarine, have landed in a Channel port. All are in high spirits. There were no casualties.

—An Atlantic Port, July 19.—The Anchor line steamer *Elysia*, 6,370 tons gross, was sunk by a German submarine May 23 in the Mediterranean while carrying cargo from the far east. It was reported here to-day by a passenger arriving on a British steamship. The *Elysia* was one of a convoy of 22 vessels. The crew was saved.

—A Canadian Atlantic Port, July 19.—The American steamer *San Jacinto* in collision in the Atlantic with the Holland-American liner *Oosterdijk*, in which the latter was sunk, arrived here to-day with the *Oosterdijk*'s crew. The *San Jacinto* was badly damaged, her bow twisted about thirty degrees to port. The ship docked here for temporary repairs.

—An Irish Port, Monday, July 22.—The giant White Star liner *Justicia* has been torpedoed and sunk.

The *Justicia* was returning to an American port after delivering a large contingent of American troops, it was learned here.

The *Justicia* in size and tonnage nearly approached the dimensions of the great *Vaterland* now in the service of the American Government and being used for a carrier of American troops to Europe. The *Justicia* was designed as a modern passenger liner for the trade between New York and Rotterdam but she never entered that service. Where there were intended to be magnificently carved and decorated cabins, saloons, and stairways rough woodwork was built instead. After being completed at Belfast the Cunard Steamship Company turned the *Justicia* over to the British Admiralty and the vessel for some time was used as a transport for troops and supplies.

The *Justicia* had a troop-carrying capacity of between 7,000 and 8,000 men. Her crew numbered about 500.

An Irish Port, July 24.—Four hundred of the crew of the torpedoed liner *Justicia* have been landed here. They report that the liner was sunk after a 24-hour fight with submarines.

The story of the fight between the German submarine and the *Justicia*, if it could be told, would make one of the finest stories in the annals of anti-submarine warfare.

Nothing which has occurred in connexion with the sinking of the former White Star liner gives navy men any cause for misgivings over the submarine war. The defensive measures and methods showed up to excellent advantage and indicate that the Entente naval forces can always be counted on to make the enemy pay dearly for every attempt he makes. No passengers were lost and only ten of the crew were killed. The first torpedo struck the engine room and the ship then stopped. Several other torpedoes were fired but only two of the missiles were effective.

London, July 24.—One of the crew of the *Justicia* is quoted by the newspaper as asserting that ten torpedoes were discharged at the *Justicia*. Four of the approaching missiles, he added, were exploded by gunfire.

USEFULNESS OF SWIMMING

The usefulness of a practical knowledge of swimming was never better shown than in the sinking of the army transport, *President Lincoln*, when, after seeing that the sick and paralyzed soldiers were safely in a boat, 700 men dived into the sea and swam to the life boats and rafts which they had previously lowered.

It was a striking scene. A correspondent says: "When all boats and rafts were overboard, the old Atlantic was a strange sight. More than 700 men made as many splashes and an instant later 700 heads bobbed up and 700 bodies began clambering on rafts and into the boats."

The fact that these men could swim made it possible to launch the boats and rafts empty, thereby avoiding the possibility of any of them capsizing from an overload, as so often happens. It is, of course, easier and quicker to launch boats that are not crowded with people. Many lives could be saved if swimming was a general accomplishment, as all but the weak, the sick, and the women and children could follow the example set by the able 700 swimmers of the *President Lincoln*.—*St. Louis Post Dispatch*, July 12.