

# The Chatham Daily Planet.

(MAGAZINE AND EDITORIAL SECTION.)

CHATHAM, ONT., SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 26, 1904

(PAGES NINE TO TWELVE)

## Lord Beresford and the Navy

What this Gallant Admiral Has Done Towards Increasing Great Britain's Power on the Seas.

The man who may be called on to defeat the Baltic fleet is fit to act for England.

Lord Charles Beresford stands with the common consent of the British Navy, as the true type of the British sailor. His breezy personality, his cheery courage, his indomitableness in a campaign, have made him a favorite ashore as at sea. If he had no other magnetic virtues, his downright earnestness would have made him a national figure in an age when the gospel of efficiency, however little it may be practised, is preached day and night and everywhere.

Nobody who saw Lord Charles Beresford go down one day to the House of Commons and ask for seven-ship that would cost twenty millions is likely to forget it. Not in the House of Commons had this fighting scion of a fighting house. He was not afraid of its portable contentment. The strong force in the world needed strengthening, and Lord Charles Beresford asked for seventy ships, and preached efficiency to my at Whitehall, and he gave up at the Admiralty to preach to the House of Commons.

ITTING BERESFORDS.

His face. The House of Commons. But within a few days the Secretary of the Admiralty had his Naval Defence Bill, and within thirteen weeks the Naval Defence Bill, involving an expenditure of £21,500,000—was passed by the House of Commons. Lord Charles Beresford had not had his choice of fifty seats in Parliament for nothing.

He has the proud satisfaction to-day of a command in a Navy which owes much of its formidable power to him, and he will use its power, should necessity come, with valour becoming his house. Fighting tangles in the blood of Beresfords. They have been, for generations, among the governing families of Ireland. Long before Beresford now living was born, a Viceroy crossed St. George's Channel and found a Beresford "filling a position greater than the Lord Lieutenant, and virtually King of Ireland." There was a Beresford with Sir Thomas Moore at Corunna, he who, an admiral in the disguise of a peasant, protected the British at Nice in the French Revolution, and himself captured two French ships; and there was a Beresford, too, who crossed the Egyptian desert for British arms in 1801 and helped to take the Cape from the Dutch in 1806. Irishmen can hardly walk about in Dublin without thinking of this brave house, for it was a member of it who gave Dublin Sackville street, and opened up its greatest thoroughfares. Even in peace the Beresfords have found the least peaceful posts of all; when the Church of Ireland was dis-established, there was a Beresford at the head.

Lord Charles has the spirit of his race. His fame—and he is, perhaps, the most famous of all our seamen—has grown naturally out of his daring as a sailor and his fearlessness in public life. He has lived the strenuous life, has stirred the dry bones, has done more than any other man now living to popularize the Navy. Outside the Navy he has been its best friend, as inside it he is one of its best tacticians.

WHEN WE WENT TO SLEEP.

He has a profound faith in the fleet, and those who know him well speak with confidence of the ships under his own command. Lord Charles is among the greatest masters of tactics in battle, and has his own conceptions of tactics, which, it is said, are characteristically novel. He believes in the British Navy as the best Navy on the seas.

If that is so, the credit of it is due largely to Lord Charles himself. It was not always so. That was a striking thing which Lord Charles Beresford told a Frenchman when our soldiers were still pouring into South Africa in tens of thousands: "In 1888-9," he said, "if you had had the man, and if the circumstances had been favorable, you Frenchmen could have defeated England without any alliance. I say this to you—I, a British Admiral. England thought war no longer possible, and we all went to sleep."

The old order changeth, yielding place to new, and out of the fleet of 1889 has come the fleet which, in Lord Charles Beresford's words, is "capable of beating the combined fleets of Russia, Germany, and France." Not that he is impatient, having the power of a giant, to use it as a giant: Lord Charles' motto is that "strength is peace." This broad-shouldered, strong-built man, with a stern-set face which hurls defiance at regulations, is first of all a man of peace, if peace can be kept with honor. The cost of the Navy, he is fond of saying, is England's insurance money. He is one of our master minds, a man of brain and action. He was sent to sea, a delicate boy, he tells his friends, to see if the strong air would put strength into him. It did. He is a child of the sea. The oceans of the world are very near to him; you can almost hear the waves in his words. He has not lived upon the sea since he was thirteen without catching something of its soul. He is wide and big and free, without the restraints of petty rules and little visions which grow in cooped-up cities and within narrow walls.

A BRAVE LITTLE GUNBOAT.

He is, in a word, the natural man, doing the natural thing. The regulations of the Navy were under a severe strain when the commander of the Condor took his gunboat into range at Alexandria, but the Temeraire was aground, and Lord Charles

Beresford forgot the regulations. He could no more remember them than Nelson could see with his blind eye. So the Condor, with no more than three guns—with no armour-deck and with her sides not even bullet-proof—ran out to silence Fort Marabout, the second fort in Alexandria. It was one of the things which make men wonder if they dream. "You must be mad, sir," said one of his officers when Lord Charles gave orders to engage the fort, from which one shot might knock his gunboat into splinters.

Mad it was, no doubt; but it was the madness which triumphs. "Of course," Lord Charles has often said in telling the story, "if one of them had happened to hit us there would have been an end of the story. But they didn't, and a miss is as good as a mile." For two hours the Condor went on firing, and at the end there was not one effective gun in the fort. We have heard of Admiral Seymour's signal until it has become famous; but the "Well done, Condor!" which went up before the whole fleet was the recognition of an act of gallantry as truly great as any that has been achieved in war.

Nor was the silencing of Fort Mara-

own. These dolls represented gods and heroes, but whatever they were meant to represent, they were dressed with loving care by the little Greeks. As these children married when they were very young, they played with their dolls until just before their wedding day. Then they made a sacrifice of all their toys, dolls and clothes included. They dedicated them as a pious offering to some deity. If the little girl died before she was grown up, her dolls were buried with her. Thus it happens that we have been able to learn the kind and fashion of dolls which comforted these ancient children. All that we now possess, and which are kept with so great care behind glass doors in various museums, were taken from some tiny tomb.

### MILITARY OBEDIENCE.

An exchange tells a story of a gunner in the Franco-Prussian war who was commanded by his colonel to fire on a small house which was believed to be a retreat of the enemy.

"Try it with a shell, my man," said the officer.

With pale face, Pierre obeyed. He sighted his piece deliberately and ac-



One of the styles of this season. Broad fancy braid in a rich brown is faced with a deeper shade of velvet, while above loops of ribbon velvet hold the fine, handsome black plumes in place.

curately, then fired it. "Well hit, my man, well hit," said the officer, as he looked through his glass. "That cottage could not have been very solid: it's completely shattered."

Turning around, he noticed a tear stealing down the gunner's cheek. "Why, what's the matter?" he exclaimed, roughly.

"Pardon me, colonel," was the answer, "it was my own little house—everything I had in the world."

### A STORY.

The mere naming of Lord Charles Beresford's achievements would fill more space than can be given to them here. The rescue of Sir Charles Wilson and his party, when wrecked on their return from Khartum, was described by a Minister as "a remarkable feat of arms," and it was achieved after the steamer had been repairing for twenty-four hours under fire from the enemy's fort. Lord Charles had command of the Naval Brigade with Sir Herbert Stewart in his last march across the desert, and was the only man left alive of those in immediate charge of the machine-guns at Abu Klea. And the Commander of the Channel Fleet is prouder of nothing than of the three medals he has for saving lives.

If he is not yet full of years—he is fifty-eight—Lord Charles is full of honors. The French Government would have given him the Legion of Honor if our Admiralty had not refused him permission to take it. He has claims to distinction, too, of which the public little dream—it is said that he saved the opera for London when Sir Augustus Harris would have abandoned it.

But he stands among our great men as a seaman, as a man whom we may trust, as an inspirer and a leader of the fleet which, in these last few days, has lain restlessly upon a troubled sea.

### ANCIENT DOLLS FOUND IN TINY TOMBS.

The first dolls of which we have any knowledge were found among the treasures unearthed from the ruins of Babylon. They are small figures of terra cotta and ivory beautifully carved, and must have been fascinating playthings for the little Assyrian children.

The little girls of Syria had mechanical dolls. You are surprised, are you not? But they had, and the arms and legs were moved by pulling strings, very much after the fashion of Jumping Jacks.

The dolls the classic Greek children played with were made of wax and clay decorated with bright colors. One kind had movable limbs, and its clothes were made to take off and put on. Every doll had a bed of its

own. There have long been men dress-makers, but a boy milliner is certainly a novelty. Matthew Beaute-fiche, according to reports, is a Baltimore lad who has developed a remarkable talent for trimming hats. He has taken up millinery as a profession, and handles the needle and wire like an expert. During the first seven weeks of study in a school of millinery he distanced most of the oldest students and displayed unusual taste in designing models. The singular part of it is the extreme youth of the young milliner, who is but nine years of age, although so proficient in handling flowers and feathers and all the gay belongings of the millinery business.

Every woman has to choose between overdressing her person and clothing her mind.

## The Days of Auld Lang Syne

Interesting Events of Ye Olden Times Gathered from The Planet's Issues of Half a Century Ago.

From The Planet files from Oct. 24, 1860, to Oct. 31, 1860.

Geo. Hann, of Windsor, advertises his fur business.

Two blacksmiths of Brooklyn had a duel with sledge hammers and both were fatally injured.

Married, on Monday, the 22nd inst., Mr. Alex. McPherson to Miss Janet Duff, both of this town.

Birth—At Love Lane Cottage, in the Township of Raleigh, on the 7th inst., the wife of Mr. Thomas Jenner, Jr., of a daughter.

John C. Heenan, Aaron Jones and other noted members of the prize ring are to give exhibitions of their skill in London next month.

The Grand Lodge of the Orangemen met in Port Hope. John Hillyard Cameron was the Grand Master and Andrew Fleming the Grand Secretary.

It was currently reported in England when the Arabia sailed that the Imperial Government intended next year to abolish the office of Lord Lieutenant of Ireland.

It is rumored in Montreal that Hon. John Ross has been offered by the Hudson Bay Company the governorship of their territories, which was rendered vacant by the death of Sir George Simpson.

In early life Mrs. Edward D. Morgan, wife of the Governor of New York State, was a milliner. Mrs. Banks, wife of the Governor of Massachusetts, was a factory girl. Both danced with the Prince of Wales.

The trial of fanning mills owned by Mr. John Adams and Mr. S. Hadley, of this town, came off on Saturday last and resulted in favor of Mr. Adams. Messrs. Young, Earl, Purser and White were the judges.

Married, in Chatham, on the 16th inst., by the Rev. A. McColl, Mr. A. G. Henderson, of London, C. W., and formerly of Cathnesshire, Scotland, to Miss Sarah G. W. Gordon, Esq., of this town, and formerly of Rosshire, Scotland.

Married, in St. John's church, Thorold, on the 17th inst., by the Rev. T. B. Fuller, D. D., D. C. L., rector, assisted by the Rev. T. D. Phillips, M. A., Mr. H. VanAllen, of Belleville, to Julia, only daughter of G. Keefe, Esq., of Thorold.

The steamer Canadian, which has been plying the past three years between Owen Sound, Collingwood, and other ports in that vicinity, has been hauled off from that route and arrived at Detroit on Thursday afternoon. She will probably make a few

trips between Detroit and Chatham, when she will lay up at the latter port for the season.

Great Western Railway—The traffic for the week ending 26th October, 1860:

Passengers, \$23,213.03 1-2.  
Freight and live stock, \$30,832.45.  
Mails and sundries, \$1,421.63.  
Total, \$55,467.11 1-2.  
Corresponding week last year, \$45,245.05.  
Increase, \$9,222.06 1-2.

On the morning of the 17th inst., at fifteen minutes before six a shock of an earthquake was felt in Montreal and other parts of Lower Canada. Beds, rocked, windows rattled violently and stoves did not remain still. Altogether the shocks are reported to have lasted about five minutes, the first one lasting three and the second after an interval of about a minute or two.

On the 15th inst. a most distressing accident occurred in the Township of Chatham which resulted in the speedy death of the injured person. The deceased, Joseph Wilcox, had been at work on a straw stack and after completing his labors instead of coming down by the ladder, he had descended the side of the stack and in doing so struck the handle of a fork and was killed.

An odd divorce case was decided in the Supreme Court in New York on Wednesday adverse to the plaintiff, who had a fancy that she could never marry a man who had been divorced from his wife, but did so finally without knowing it. The Judge held that she had a right to indulge this fancy, but it does not follow because she was deceived and induced unknowingly to marry a divorced man that she should be indulged in such a fancy afterwards to the extent of having her marriage judicially declared void. He could find neither precedent or principle for declaring such a marriage void.

The Great Western Railroad have placed on their road a magnificent sleeping car. The interior arrangements are similar to those of the new car recently built by the Michigan Central Company. The woodwork is of black walnut and the cushions of crimson plush and the curtains red damask. At each end of the car are washrooms and saloons. The car is lighted by four lamps suspended from the roof and is ventilated by one of Mr. Sharpe's very excellent ventilators at each end also by ventilators on each side of the car—a great desideratum in sleeping cars. It is capable of accommodating forty-eight persons and is very neatly painted outside. In all it is a masterpiece of workmanship and Mr. Sharpe, the builder, deserves much credit.

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Street gown of tan chiffon voile. This garment embodies many of the details used in spring suits. The short and collarless blouse, the cape collar and the trimmings are features that will soon be familiar to our eyes.



Suit of novelty goods in which a dot of white appears on a brown ground. Brown chiffon velvet with a deep edging of unique lace, form an attractive collar for the house, the inner edge of which is a band of pale embroidered silks with velvet tabs applied. Numerous silk tassels are attached to all part of the lace, and a five inch girdle at the back gives a bolero effect.