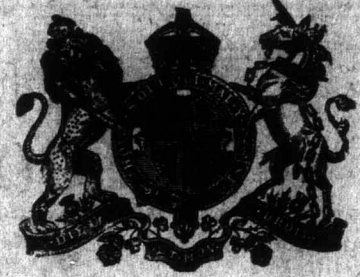




The Beacon



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SAINT ANDREWS, NEW BRUNSWICK, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 30, 1918

NO. 22

THE FAKENHAM GHOST

THE lawns were dry in Euston Park:
(Here truth inspires my tale)
The lonely footpath, still and dark,
Led over hill and dale.

Benighted was an ancient dame,
And fearful vale she made
To gain the hilt at Falkenham
And hail its willow shade.

Her footsteps knew no idle stops,
But followed faster still,
And echoed to the darkness coise
That whispered on the hill;

Where clamorous rooks, yet scarcely hush-
ed,
Bespoke a peopled shade,
And many a wing the foliage brushed,
And hovering circuits made.

The dappled herd of grazing deer,
That sought the shades by day,
Now started from her path with fear,
And gave the stranger way.

Darker it grew; and darker fears
Came o'er her troubled mind—
When now a short quick step she hears
Come pattering close behind.

She turned; it stopped; nought could
she see
Upon the gloomy plain!
But as she strove the sprite to flee,
She heard the same again.

Now terror seized her quaking frame,
For, where the path was bare,
The trotting Ghost kept on the same:
She muttered many a prayer.

Yet once again, amidst her fright,
She tried what sight could do:
When through the cheating glooms of
night
A monster stood in view.

Regardless of what'er she felt,
It followed down the plain!
She owned her sins, and down she knelt,
And aid her prayers again.

Then on she sped; and hope grew strong,
The white park gate in view;
Which pushing hard, so long it swung
That Ghost and all passed through.

Loud fell the gate against the post!
Her heart-strings like to crack;
For much she feared the grisly Ghost
Would leap upon her back.

Still on, pat, pat, the goblin went,
As it had done before;
Her strength and resolution spent,
She fainted at the door.

Out came her husband, much surprised,
Out came her daughter dear;
God-natured souls! all unadvised
Of what they had to fear.

The candle's gleam pierced through the
night,
Some short distance o'er the green;
And there the little trotting sprite
Distinctly might be seen.

An ass's foal had lost its dam
Within the spacious park;
And simple as the playful lamb
Had followed in the dark.

No goblin he; no imp of sin;
No crimes had ever known;
They took the shaggy stranger in,
And reared him as their own.

His little hoofs would rattle round
Upon the cottage floor;
The matron learned to love the sound
That frightened her before.

A favorite the Ghost became,
And 'twas his fate to thrive;
And long he lived and spread his fame,
And kept the joke alive.

For many a laugh went through the vale,
And some conviction too:
Each thought some other goblin tale,
Perhaps, was just as true.

ROBERT BLOOMFIELD.
(Born December 3, 1766; died August
19, 1823.)

TWISTERS

TILL last night I'd always reckoned as
Jock McMurtrie and me was the
very best o' pals. Over three months 'im
and me's been in the next beds in the
'ospital, and we've always gone 'alves in
fags and visitors, but since what 'appened
yesterday some'ow I don't think as 'ow
things can ever be the same again.

What would you think of a pal as goes
an' scares you pretty well out o' your
wits, an' then goes an' makes you a
laughin'-stock for the rest o' the boys? I
asks you.

But I'll tell you all about it, and leave
you to judge for yourself between 'im and
me.

Yesterday dinnertime, as we was just
finishing our brown stew, 'e says to me

THE SEA KINGS

SINCE the Golden Hind went round the Horn and circled a world unknown,
Wherever the tides of God have been, and the winds of God have blown,
From the sunrise seas to the sundown seas, by the storm with the spindrift whirled,
The sons of men who sailed with Drake have ruled the water world.

And whether they sail from Plymouth Hoe, or out of the Golden Gate,
They are brothers in blood, linked heart to heart, and to a resistless fate:
For the quenchless ardor to rule the seas, which time can never slake,
Makes the same blood race through the nation's veins that throbbled from the heart
of Drake.

And all the way out of Trafalgar, down into Manila Bay,
The Anglo-Saxon has sailed and fought, and struggled and won his way;
And wherever the tides of God may beat, and the winds of God may blow,
It will be to-morrow as 'tis to-day, and 'twas in the long ago.

—New York Sun.

THE BLOODSHED AND THE TREASURE SPENT

	Men in Arms	Lives Lost	Total Casualties	Cost in Dollars
United States	3,764,700	52,169	235,117	\$35,000,000,000
Great Britain	7,500,000	1,000,000	3,049,991	40,000,000,000
France	6,000,000	1,100,000	4,000,000	28,000,000,000
Italy	2,500,000	250,000	1,000,000	10,000,000,000
Russia	14,000,000	3,500,000	5,000,000	25,000,000,000
Belgium	350,000	50,000	300,000	5,000,000,000
Serbia	300,000	150,000	200,000	4,000,000,000
Rumania	600,000	200,000	300,000	3,000,000,000
Germany	11,000,000	2,500,000	6,900,000	40,000,000,000
Austria-Hungary	7,500,000	2,000,000	4,500,000	25,000,000,000
Turkey	1,500,000	250,000	750,000	4,000,000,000
Bulgaria	1,000,000	50,000	200,000	2,000,000,000
	56,014,700	11,102,169	26,435,108	\$221,000,000,000

—Glendon Allvine, in *New York Tribune*.

29, in Old Palace-yard, Westminster, greatness of Raleigh lies, and must always lie, with his county of Devon, where about the year 1552, in the parish of East Budleigh, he was born, a younger son of an honorable West Country family somewhat fallen in fortune. Of his boyhood we know nothing but by tradition; that he was fond of the sea and of sailors, and would read eagerly such books of voyages as came his way. He inherited a handsome body, and a restless, stirring, and independent character, good equipment for a younger son; from his mother, "a woman of noble wit," something perhaps of that grace of mind which so well became him; his genius and ambitions were his own. His family was notable for Protestantism at a time when to be a Protestant needed courage; and this temper he retained and confirmed in manhood in the wars of France and Spain. Of his education little is known. "Not to name the school or the masters of men illustrious for literature," says Dr. Johnson, "is a kind of historical fraud, by which honest fame is injuriously diminished." We know, however, neither his masters nor his school: a defect the less regrettable in the biography of a man who was to prove illustrious for so much else. That he was at some time before his seventeenth year a commoner of Oriel College, Oxford; that he became "the ornament of the juniors," and left a reputation for scholarship and wit, this indeed is known; but when we have added from gossip Aubrey that he borrowed a gown of one T. Child and never returned it, we have exhausted the chronicle. The under-graduate was already burning to be a man. The lines are known in which Panthoyn reproaches a father:

He wonder'd that your lordship
Would suffer him to spend his youth at home,
While other men, of slender reputation,
Put forth their sons to seek preferment out:

Some to the war, to try their fortune there;
Some to discover islands far away;
Some to the studious Universities.

The father in the end sends his son to Court. Such a catalogue would have been no news to young Raleigh; he had his items by heart, and so true an Elizabethan was he that by the age of twenty-six he had run through them all. Young men need friends, and he was by no means friendless. His family, though reduced, had many connexions in the West Country, where cousinship is understood. He counted Grenvilles, Careys, Drakes, Gilberts, and Champernoons among his kinsmen, and when he went to fight the Lesquiers in France—*admodum adolescentis*, says Camden, *jam primum fati monstratus*—it was with a troop of West Country gentlemen volunteers, commanded by a Champernoon, that he first saw service. He was absent from England six years, but except for a sentence or two in his "History," where he speaks as an eye-witness of the retreat after Montcontour, and of hunting Catholics among the hill-caves of Languedoc, the haze which covers his childhood covers these years also. On his return to England the haze lightens. Raleigh had ever the art of making the best of his surroundings. He needed a club, and in 1575 he was admitted a student of the Middle Temple. He desired to feel the pulse of things, and the Inns of Court were then the geographical and intellectual centre of London. He aspired to be a courtier,

and to be a Templar was already half-way to Whitehall. His assertions in later life that he had read no law, which have been held to invalidate his footing in the Temple, only prove how well he chose his club. He wrote verses, talked projects, played the gallant, and enjoyed the town. 'He even appeared in print. In 1576 Gascoigne's *Steel Glass* came out with commendatory verses by "Walter Rawley of the Middle Temple," verses which already in some of their lines have the very turn and stole of Raleigh, a certain proud terseness and melancholy scorn:—

For whose reaps renown above the rest,
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He had now been at home two years, and grew restless once more. In 1577 he was off to serve against the Spaniards in the Low Countries, where his half-brother, Sir Humphrey Gilbert, commanded one of the English regiments. The sea claimed him, and next year he sailed with Gilbert on his first and less unfortunate expedition to Newfoundland. He made acquaintance at Court. But it was not until his twenty-eighth year that, on Gilbert's recommendation, he obtained his first employment in the Queen's service, as a captain of foot with the forces in Ireland. To this half-brother, thirteen years his senior, Raleigh owed at this period much of the practical direction of his mind. He was a notable, warm, high-handed man, bold and inventive; an experienced soldier and speculating navigator, and a patriot who believed that

not worthy to live at all who for fear of danger or death shunneth his country's service or his own honor, since death is inevitable and the fame of virtue immortal.

He had schemes for the English empire of the sea; had projected a discovery of the North-West Passage; and dreamed of the occupation, in the Northern parts of America, of territories for the Queen. His lodging at Limehouse, where he sat among his maps and instruments, was at this time a resort of voyagers and venturers; Frobisher and Davis were partners in his researches, and Raleigh, we may be sure, the aptest of learners. The Royal Charter of 1578, by which Gilbert was empowered, for six years, to discover and inhabit vacant heathen lands, and which led him to repeat, in 1583, at the cost of his life, his colonizing expedition to Newfoundland, descended as by inheritance to the younger man whom he had helped to form. On March 25, 1584, a significant date in the history of the New World and of the Old, Walter Raleigh, now in the first stages of his greatness and high in favor with the Queen, obtained a new Charter of discovery and colonization in place of the old. The country on which he had set his heart was that which lies along the Middle Atlantic from what is now Maine to the north of Florida, and with his fervent and practical imagination he saw it already peopled and rivaling in its fruits the Spanish Empire of the Gulf. Five weeks later two ships, under Captains Amadas and Barton, his "servants," set sail for the new territory, and on July 13 landed on the island of Wokoken, off the North Carolina coast, where they formally proclaimed the sovereignty of the Queen and their master's possession. The whole land was named, it is said, by Elizabeth herself, Virginia, and Raleigh had a seal made with the motto "Walteri Raleigh, Militia, Domini et gubernatoris Virginiae propria insignia, 1584, amore et Virtute." He was to send many more expeditions to Virginia before his fortunes fell; to lose all, and still hope. It is enough to record, at this moment in his life, the piety of his first great enterprise, his promptitude of execution, and the generosity of his hopes.

The arrival of Raleigh at Court and his first meeting with the Queen—the story of the plush cloak and the piddle—have passed into the substance of English legend. Scott has immortalized a scene which Fuller, nearly three generations after date, was the first to record. The historians, who deny themselves this scene, have been less happy in explaining the lightning promotion of this ill-paid and little-known captain of foot to his place in Elizabeth's regard. He arrives with dispatches one day in December, 1581, from rebel-hunting in Munster, his commission expired and his company disbanded, and in six weeks is acting as the personal agent on the Queen, writing her letters, escorting envoys, and breathing like a native the inner air of the Court. The Queen, it is true, loved a martial man, and Raleigh had served well in Ireland; he spoke boldly and with knowledge about Irish affairs, and for this he was valued; but when she set her mark upon him she saw, with the sensibility of a woman, much more than this. She saw a young man, infinitely gifted in mind and body, eager for service and burning for the light, with the temper of a soldier, the vision of a sailor, and the heart of a poet. She could not afford to lose him, this fisher, as Batton called her,

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NEWS OF THE SEA

—London, Nov. 19.—A British Admiralty official statement issued this evening says the British mine sweeper *Ascol* was torpedoed and sunk by a German submarine November 10 off the northeast coast of England. Fifty-three members of the crew were drowned.

—London, Nov. 21.—The steamer *Campania*, once Queen of the Seas, has sunk in the Firth of Forth, Scotland during a gale. All on board were saved. The *Campania* broke from her moorings and collided with a battleship. She sank before she could be beached. The date of the sinking has not been made public.

The *Campania*, a former Cunard line trans-Atlantic liner, for several years has been the mother ship for seaplanes in the British navy. In 1883 she made a then record voyage from New York to Queenstown in five days, twelve hours and seven minutes, cutting the time of the *City of Paris* by two hours for the eastward trip.

The *Campania* was of 12,950 tons and was built in Glasgow in 1882. When the war began she was in the hands of ship-dismantlers. All the solid Spanish mahogany fittings in her saloons and cabins had been removed and sold. The British Admiralty bought the steamer at a good price before the engines, boilers, or hull had been tampered with.

During the war the *Campania* had seen considerable active service. She was in the Luland fight and also took part in the operations by the Allied fleets at the Dardanelles.

—St. John, N. B., Nov. 22.—The three-masted schooner *Winchester*, is long overdue at this port, and grave apprehension is felt for her safety. The schooner sailed from New York in the second week in October for St. John with a cargo of coal for the City Fuel Company. On October 15 she was reported as having passed through Cape Cod Canal, but since that date nothing has been heard or seen of her or any of the crew. She was commanded by Captain Cook, of Red Brook, Me., and carried a crew of seven men.

Under favorable weather conditions she should have made the trip in forty-eight hours or a little more. J. Willard Smith is the local agent for the schooner, and he feels that she must have been lost. One of the members of the crew was a young man named Neaves, of Sheriff street, a brother of Fred Neaves, who was washed overboard and drowned recently while the tug *Mersey*, on which he was employed as cook, was en route from Bathurst to Halifax.

—Charlottetown, Nov. 25.—There is an unconfirmed report here of the loss of the steamer *Enterprise* plying between Souris, Pictou, and the Magdalen Islands. She left Souris Friday evening for the Magdalen Islands.

"for men's souls." And so he remained, at some expense to his freedom, and was liberally rewarded, being advanced in five years from plain gentleman to Sir Walter, and made, besides, Warden of the Stannaries, Lieutenant of Cornwall, Vice-Admiral of Devon and Cornwall, and Captain of the Yeomen of the Guard. He was knighted in 1584, the year of the Virginia Charter, and took up at the same time his residence in Durham House, where from his study in a turret overlooking the Thames he commanded a prospect "as pleasant perhaps as anything in the world." Profitable patents supplied some part of his profuse expenditure; he had grants of land in Ireland and England; and when all else failed, or more commonly for love, he carried on the West Country trade of privateering, holding, like all West Countrymen, that to rob the King of Spain, who was the Thief of the World, could never be a sin in sea-divinity. Hardly a year passed when his ships did not strike some rich prey, hovering off the Azores in the track of the Portuguese carracks and the galleons of New Spain. His sailors loved him. When the great and rich Madre de Dios was brought into Dartmouth in 1592, Raleigh had to be sent for to the Tower, where he was then doing penance, to control his men.

I assure you, Sir [wrote Robert Cecil], his poor servants, to the number of 140 goodly men, and all the marines, came to him with shouts of joy; I never saw a man more troubled to quiet them.

His post of Vice-Admiral of Devon and Cornwall took him often to these parts, where, but for his patents, which sometimes vexed the good citizens of Exeter, he was popular and admired. One of his first acts when he became prosperous was to offer to buy the farmhouse of Hayes, where he was born, and to the end of his life he spoke with a broad Devon accent which he had no wish to refine.

To be continued