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## GRACE DARLING

ONE of the most pleasing incidents in the humble life, within the nineteenth century, was the heroic achievement of Grace Darling. Her very pretty name, too, had something to do with the popularity which she acquired; for, without attaching over-importance to the matter, there can be little doubt that lovable actions become more fixed in the public mind when connected with such gentle and pleasant names as Grace Darling and Florence Nightingale.

Grace Darling, born November 24, 1815, was the daughter of William Darling, keeper of the light-house on the Longstone, one of the Farne Islands, off the coast of Northumberland. They are scarcely islands, indeed, being little more than barren and desolate rocks, in most parts very precipitous, and inhabited by little besides sea-fowl. The sea rushes between the islands with great violence, and the spot is so dangerous to ships passing near, that a light-house has long been maintained there. Almost shut out from the world in such a spot, Grace Darling saw very little society; yet her parents managed to give her a fair education for a girl in her station. She was described as being remarkable for a retiring and somewhat reserved disposition, gentle in aspect, and mild and benevolent in character; of a fair complexion and comely countenance, with nothing masculine in her appearance.

It was on the 6th of September 1838, when Grace was about twenty-two years of age, that the event took place which has given her celebrity. The *Forfarshire*, a steamer of about 300 tons, John Humble, master, was on her way from Hull to Dundee. She had a valuable cargo, and sixty-three persons on board—the master and his wife, a crew of twenty men, and forty-one passengers. A slight leak, patched up before her departure, broke out afresh when off Flamborough Head, and rendered it difficult to maintain the fires for the engine. She passed between the Farne Islands and the mainland about six in the evening of the 5th, and then began to encounter a high sea and a strong north wind. The leak increasing, the engine-fires gradually went out; and although the sails were then used they could not prevent the vessel from being driven southward. Wind, rain, fog, and a heavy sea, all beset the hapless vessel at once. About four o'clock on the morning of the 6th, she struck bows foremost on a precipitous part of one of the rocky islands. Some of the crew and one of the passengers left the ship in one of the boats; two other passengers perished in the attempt to throw themselves into the sea. The females on board clustered round the master shrieking, and imploring aid which he could not afford them. A heavy wave, striking the vessel on the quarter, raised her from the rock, and then caused her to fall violently on it again; she encountered a shap ledge which cut her in twain about midships; the forepart remained on the rock, while the hinder part was carried off by a rapid current through a channel called the Pifagut. In this fearful plight the remainder of the passengers and crew awaited the arrival of daylight, no one knowing how soon the waves might destroy them altogether. At daybreak, William Darling described them from Longstone, about a mile distant; and it soon became known at Bamfborough that a ship had been wrecked. So fearfully did the waves beat against the rock, that the boatman at Bamfborough refused to push on; and Darling, accustomed to scenes of danger as he was, shrank from the peril of putting off to the wreck in a boat. Not so his gentle but heroic daughter. She could see, by the aid of the glass, the sufferers clinging to the wreck; and, agonized at the sight, she entreated him to let her go with him in a boat to endeavor to rescue them. At last he yielded; the mother helped to launch the boat into the water, and the father and daughter each took an oar. And so they rowed this fearful mile, at each instant in danger of being swamped by the waves. They reached the wreck, and found nine survivors. One of them, a weaver's wife, was found in the fore-cabin, exposed to the intrusion of the sea, and two children lay stiffened corpses in her arms. The whole nine went with Darling and his daughter into the boat, and safely reached the light-house, where, owing to the severity of the weather, they were forced to remain two days, kindly attended to by the three inmates.

When the news of this exploit reached the coast, all Northumberland was filled with admiration; and speedily the whole kingdom was similarly affected. Grace Darling's name became everywhere known, and she herself received attentions from all quarters. Tourists came from all parts to see the Longstone light-house, and, still more, to see Grace herself. The Duke and Duchess of Northumberland invited her and her father to Alnwick

Castle, and gave her a gold watch; the silver medal of the Shipwreck Institution was awarded to her; and testimonials came from various public bodies. A purse of £700 was presented to her by public subscription. Portraits of her were eagerly sought for and purchased; and a speculating manager of a London theatre even offered a large sum to her, if she would merely sit in a boat on the stage for a few minutes, during the performance of a piece written for the occasion. But her modest and retiring disposition revolted from this last-named notoriety; she rejected the offer; and throughout the whole of this novel and tempting career, she never once departed from her gentle, womanly demeanor. Lovers, of course, she had plenty, but she accepted none of them; she continued to reside with her father and mother at the light-house. And there she died of consumption, on the 20th of October, 1842, at the early age of twenty-seven, about four years after the event which had given her fame. Long before her death, she had the means of seeing how literature was invoked in her honor; for memoirs, tales, and poems relating to her were issued from the press—such as *Grace Darling, the Heroine of the Farne Islands; Grace Darling, the Maid of the Isle*; and so forth. One biographer managed to fill 480 octavo pages with an account of her life and of the shipwreck!—*Chambers' Book of Days*.

## VINTAGE TIME IN WARRING ITALY

TUSCANY, October 20.—It is the vintage time, and one tries to forget that half of Christendom is plunged in a great war. Leaving the fighting line, I wandered about in the lovely freedom of the hill-country of Tuscany, past villas which are surmized rather than seen through long vistas of grave, still cypresses, and around smiling, silver-green olive slopes from whose summits beacons dignified palace-fortresses of the Medicis or sterner and more aged ivy-decked towers. Finally I reached the road of my morning's quest and stopped where a high wall, after many turns and twists, suddenly opened to a vision of green terraces. It was the gate to the *podere* upon which Tonino and his forbears have labored for the last century and a half—the family "going with the land" not as serfs but as willing servants of the soil.

Entering the terraced farm, I skirted a stout wall with ivy spreading lovingly over its gray stones; a hedge of winter roses followed me in fragrant companionship all the way to Tonino's farmhouse, a structure poised bravely over a precipitous ledge of rocks.

The house itself might be called an architectural slant of walls, chimneys, stone-floors, and steps running off and down in all directions till they seem to merge with vines and the olive tree and the green sod. I lingered a moment, then followed in the wake of a primitive ox-cart, painted bright red, on which the empty grape-vats rumbled sonorously as the plodding beasts dragged their draft over the stony road.

It was a pagan—almost Bacchanalian—picture, as those huge cattle, white and big-horned, moved slowly and processionally down the way, flanked by grape vines in endless, festive wreaths and festoons strung from tree to tree.

At the lower terrace a host of neighbours were busily at work cutting the dew-moist grapes, dropping the luscious bunches in picturesque baskets lying all about. The sun played in glad, shifting shadows in an out of the vines and olive trees, while the damp soil, drinking in the solar warmth, exuded a moisture heavily odorous with the abounding vitality of Mother Earth.

## THE POPLAR FIELD

THE poplars are fell'd, farewell to the shade  
And the whispering sound of the cool colonnade:  
The winds play no longer and sing in the leaves,  
Nor Ouse on his bosom their image receives.

Twelve years have elapsed since I first took a view  
Of my favorite field, and the bank where they grew;  
And now in the grass behind they are laid,  
And the tree is my seat that once lent me a shade.

The blackbird has fled to another retreat  
Where the hazels afford him a screen from the heat;  
And the scene where his mellow charm'd me before  
Resounds with his sweet-flowing ditty no more.

My fugitive years are all hastening away  
And I must ere long lie as lowly as they,  
With a turf on my breast and a stone at my head,  
Ere another such grove shall arise in its stead.

'Tis a sight to engage me, if anything can,  
To muse on the perishing pleasures of man;  
Short-lived as we are, our enjoyments, I see,  
Have a still shorter date, and die sooner than we.

—WILLIAM COWPER.  
(Born November 26, 1731; died April 25, 1800.)

ters—twenty-four men, women, and children.

A warm, soothing, "natural" odor of oxen and stable came thinly and not unpleasantly into the feast chamber which had that dignity of proportion and fine simplicity of lines which speak of Tuscan taste, even in these humble quarters. A light hung from the centre of the ceiling threw a rather dim illumination over the festive board, but amply sufficient for us to see all the good things which awaited our impending attack. First soup was served from huge bowls into deep, capacious dishes; next came a rich and satisfying *fritto misto*, and then large platters burdened with *pasta redolent* with an herb-savored sauce. There was plenty of honest wine to wash down the huge slashes of war bread served out generously to all of us.

After the pleasant business of eating was over the men started talking about the war. It was a simple, rather objective discussion, without bitterness or hatred, of something unpleasant which had to be done, but which all must wish that it should be ended and laid aside as soon as possible. Then the conversation waxed warm in the more direct and personal realities of the year's crops, and the promise of the coming seasons. One by one the little children snuggled closer to their mothers' sides and childish heads bent sleepily over the table or fell, relaxed and safe, on arms soft and solicitous with maternal care. The drowsiness of a hard day's labor crept irresistibly upon the men, urging them to well-earned and refreshing sleep.

We said good night and started homeward; the little oil lamp by the door had flickered out, but a faint moonlight was bathing the landscape in a soft, mystical indistinctness; far away the domes and towers of Florence rose skyward like dream symbols of hopes and darings, of love and faith.

I sat in contemplation, watching the moonlight wax stronger and brighter, making more real and definite the picture of peace on earth spread so wondrously before me, till my thoughts wandered away to another harvest scene, far removed, among sterner but no less peaceful mountains, a harvest scene of battle wherein men much like those with whom I had gathered grapes to-day were the protagonists.

We have been told of the thrill of a gallant assault and the stirring emotions of a brave defence; but what of the harvest after the decisive fighting is over and one walks over the fields ploughed by the merciless strillery and harrowed by the struggles and the sufferings of men? What of the fruitage of battle, not alone of the dead and the wounded we have been told so often, but of all the other indescribably sad things which the eye and the heart of the harvester gathers?

Look! A once flourishing little town, with not a single one of its houses unscathed, and most of them horribly rent asunder, showing the debris of what had once been the privacy and the sanctity of peaceful hearts. In the partial shelter of these shells of homes along the main street of the town, countless men are sitting or crouching, in full fighting equipment, waiting for orders to proceed to the front trenches, where a battle has just been fought and won.

Let us walk to the battlefield; it is reached through a pine wood still smoking resinously from the fires which the bursting shells have started. The road is wholly exposed to the range of the enemy's artillery, but thousands of men have gallantly crossed it in order to reach their comrades in the trenches beyond. You can see what the harvest has been here! There are fragments of shrapnel and un-

## NEWS OF THE SEA

—London, Nov. 14.—The Admiralty has issued a statement confirming the loss of the battle-ship *Audacious*, October 27, 1914.

The battleship *Audacious* was built in 1913, and had a displacement of 24,000 tons, draft 27½ feet, and 27,000 horse-power. Her armament consisted of 10 13.5-inch and 16 6-inch guns. Her vital parts were protected by 12-inch armor plate. Her complement of men was 900.

—Baltimore, Md., Nov. 15.—Although no official report of the sinking of H. M. S. *Catina* has been made by the British admiralty, news of it was received here to-day in a cablegram from Lieut. G. F. Sanderson, of the British Navy, to his parents. He also stated that some of the men went down with the ship.

—New York, Nov. 15.—In a collision between the United States destroyer *Shaw* and the British liner *Aquitania* in European waters on October 9 the naval vessel was set squarely in two thirty-five feet aft of the bow, and the forward section caught fire. This was learned here to-day with the arrival of the *Melita*, carrying away twenty-five survivors of the *Shaw*.

Other destroyers steamed to the scene and when they took the burning section in tow the inrush of water quenched the flames.

The Navy Department's announcement at the time said fifteen lives were lost. The *Aquitania* continued on her course. Apparently she was not damaged by the collision. Because of the possible presence of U-boats the fleet steamed ahead with the exception of the destroyers, which went to the *Shaw's* rescue.

—Berne, Nov. 16.—The German war-ship *Wiesbaden* refused to surrender to the revolutionists and tried to escape to neutral waters. It was pursued and torpedoed by revolutionary battleships, and the entire crew of 330 men, including many cadets, perished, according to the *Lokal Anzeiger* of Berlin.

The *Wiesbaden*, which is mentioned in the foregoing dispatch, was supposed to have been sunk during the Jutland battle, May 31-June 1, 1915. She was a light cruiser of 4,900 tons, and was built in 1914.

—Ottawa, Nov. 15.—More than 55,000 Canadian soldiers have laid down their lives in the war, according to official figures just issued here. Total casualties received here to November 15 are given at 213,268, an aggregate which will likely be increased owing to the fact that the troops of the Dominion were engaged in heavy fighting at Mons up to the last minute of the fighting, and reports of the latest casualties are still being received at Ottawa.

THE DETAILS  
The official figures follow:—  
Died in action 35,128  
Died of wounds 12,048  
Died of disease 3,409  
Total known deaths 50,585  
Presumed dead 4,620  
Missing 842  
Total 55,467  
Wounded 154,361  
Prisoners of war 2,880  
Total casualties 213,268

## HEAD OF MORMON CHURCH DEAD

Salt Lake City, Utah, Nov. 19.—Joseph F. Smith, president of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints (Mormon), died at his home here early to-day after a long illness. Death was due indirectly to a paralytic stroke suffered last April. Notwithstanding his illness President Smith attended the recent semi-annual conference of the church, held the first week of October, and spoke strongly against polygamous marriages, which, it was rumored, had been surreptitiously performed during the last few years.

Joseph Fielding Smith was 80 years old. His father, Hyman Smith, and his uncle, the original Prophet Joseph, were shot to death by a mob which stormed the jail in Carthage, Mo., where the two were confined shortly after they began to preach plurality of wives.

DROVE AN OX TEAM  
When his mother, with the rest of the Mormons, was driven from Nauvoo, Ill., the eight-year-old Joseph Fielding Smith drove an ox team across the plains into Utah and became a herd boy, and then a missionary, when in 1853 Brigham Young established the headquarters of the Mormon sect at Salt Lake City, Utah. He was sent on a mission to Hawaii when only fifteen years old. He entered the army which Young dispatched to intercept the United States troops which were about to invade Utah, and performed active service as a scout, harassing the federal expedition until the president's proclamation ended the "Mormon war."

Joseph Fielding Smith was an avowed polygamist. According to his own testimony in the United States Senate inquiry, into the case of Reed Smoot, United States Senator from Utah, Smith had five wives. It is said his children numbered 43. President Smith directed vast business enterprises in connection with his adminis-

## KEEPING ROOTS IN PITS OVER THE WINTER

(Experimental Farms Note)  
If roots are to keep satisfactorily in pits outside, it is of primary importance that, when steady cold weather sets in, they are in such a condition that they can stand being covered heavily and tightly and yet not heat. In other words, the roots should be given every chance to sweat thoroughly before the pits are covered over permanently.

In view of this it is not as a rule advisable to cover the pit completely immediately after the roots have been piled up. A layer of coarse and perfectly dry straw to a thickness of from four to six inches may be put all over the pit, but the following layer of earth, amounting to about six inches, should at first not be put over the top of the pit itself. In fact, it is essential that the top of the pit be left open as long as this can possibly be done without exposing the roots to danger of freezing, so that as much as possible of the moisture caused by the sweating of the roots be let out before it is necessary to cover the pit permanently.

In case of wet weather, the open top of the pit should be protected so as to prevent rain from soaking down through the roots. This can be done, for instance, by placing along the top two boards nailed together in the form of a "V".

When the weather begins to get so cold that there is danger of the roots freezing, the top of the pit should be covered like the rest of it. Later on, when steady cold weather sets in, it may be necessary to put on another cover of straw and on top of that a second layer of earth. The thickness of these two covers will depend entirely on local conditions. It should be so chosen that the roots are protected against frost.

In order to enable adequate regulation of the temperature during the winter when the pit is all closed in, some sort of ventilation system should be installed when the pit is being built. Perhaps one of the best systems is one using vertical shafts, reaching from the bottom to the top of the last cover of the pit, and placed at intervals of anywhere from six to ten feet. These shafts may be plugged at the top in case very severe cold makes it necessary.

The advantage of using vertical ventilating shafts is several. One of the most obvious is that the temperature in the pit can be taken at any time, thereby of course making it possible to ascertain whether the temperature is suitable. The temperature should not be allowed to drop below 32°; nor should it be allowed to rise over 40°. In case the temperature in the pit shows a tendency to go too low more cover should promptly be put on; and in case the temperature rises too high, the pit should equally promptly be opened for a short while so as to allow it to cool off.

## HOW ANOTHER GALLANT CANADIAN WON THE VICTORIA CROSS

No 28930 Pte. (Piper) James Richardson, late Manitoba R.

For most conspicuous bravery and devotion to duty when, prior to attack, he obtained permission from his Commanding Officer to play his company "over the top." As the company approached the objective it was held up by very strong wire, and came under intense fire, which caused heavy casualties and demoralized the formation for the moment. Realizing the situation, Piper Richardson strode up and down outside the wire, playing his pipes with the greatest coolness. The effect was instantaneous. Inspired by his splendid example, the company rushed the wire with such fury and determination that the obstacle was overcome and the position captured.

Later, after participating in bombing operations, he was detailed to take back a wounded comrade and prisoners. After proceeding about 200 yards Piper Richardson remembered that he had left his pipes behind. Although strongly urged not to do so, he insisted on returning to recover his pipes. He has never been seen since, and death has been presumed accordingly owing to lapse of time.

"Did Bill inherit his father's brains?" "If he did they must be held in trust by somebody."—*Boston Transcript*.

## GERMANS KILLED IN THE WAR

Copenhagen, Nov. 20.—Up to October 31, 1,580,000 German soldiers were killed and the fate of 260,000 was not known, says the *Vorwaerts* of Berlin.

Four million soldiers had been wounded, some several times. The newspaper adds that there were 490,000 German prisoners in the hostile countries.

## KING OF THE BELGIAN ENTERS ANTWERP

Antwerp, Nov. 19.—King Albert made his entry into Antwerp to-day. His progress into and about the city was enthusiastically cheered everywhere.

A Te Deum at the cathedral was attended by the King, who afterwards rode in an automobile to the various sections of the town. He left at four o'clock in the afternoon.

The citizens of Antwerp gave up the day to rejoicing over their liberation, and the return of their monarch. No signs of war were apparent. The shops of the city were open and apparently well stocked with goods.

Teacher—"Where is Ostend, Tommy Tucker?" Bright Pupil—"It's in good hands again."—*Buffalo Express*.