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THE NEW-OLD MANIA FOR LITTLE SHIPS

In the fifteenth century the French were as anxious to make friends of the Scots north of Tweed as the Germans now are eager to gain the Irish to their side, the reason in each case being jealousy and hatred of England. Charles VII of France, intending to ask the hand of Margaret, daughter of James I of Scotland, for his son, dispatched an envoy in midwinter, a Regnault Girard, seigneur of Bazoges. The trip was so stormy and long drawn out that Sir Regnault made a vow that if he arrived in safety he would dedicate *une nef d'argent*, a silver ship, to a saint at that time famous as a protector of travellers by sea, namely, Saint Treigne, or, as he was called in England, Saint Trinyon. Ambassador Jusserand, writing in the *Revue Celtique*, considers him the same as the Sanctus Trenanus who was a disciple of Columba. (His real name in Irish was Ninian.) Poor wave-tossed Girard did reach Scotland at last, and being a man whose promise was a bond, he did suspend a ship of silver A. D. 1436, in the sanctuary of Saint Trinyon, or Ninian, in Galloway, west coast of Scotland. We have his word for it in a manuscript account of his trip preserved in the Bibliothèque Nationale in Paris.

Little ships appear to be so normal a product at all times that one need not be surprised to find them favorites with young and old, with young children as well, with children of an older growth, as models for large craft, and with religious-minded men as vehicles or symbols of gods like the boats discovered in Egyptian tombs. Little ships were rudely carved on tombstones in Sweden and Ireland during the Stone Age, and they are favorite decorations of vases belonging to the early races along the Mediterranean. So we need not wonder that the collector of little ships has appeared from time to time, and at no period oftener than to-day. Just now the gentle mania exists here, so that, whereas, twenty years ago, very thorough shippers could be had for a small sum, prices have advanced by "leaps and bounds." The sport of yachting, of course, has had no little to do with this collecting fashion.

As sportsmen in yachting, New Yorkers made an early start. In one of the views of New York, taken before 1700, a view from the water looking eastward, we see among the shipping a private yacht belonging to Col. Morris finishing a race ahead of a sail craft about its own size. There is no statement as to the loser, only a mention that Col. Morris's single-sticker was swifter under sail than anything near its size. Guns fired from a naval vessel at anchor give one reason to believe that we have here the first attested case, certainly the first picture, of a sailing race in New York waters. Dutch, as well as British, had the hereditary interest in little ships as well as big.

Old Fort Amsterdam, that stood where the new Custom House lies, is visible near the water's edge just beyond the vessels anchored in the North River; where Battery Park and West Street now project one sees a broad quay. But the most interesting detail for those who like yachts and small boats is this bit of by-play on the right of shipping and town, which declares that more than two hundred years ago New York enjoyed a sailing race. This match is the embryo from which have sprung the marvelous pageants of the international yacht races off the mouth of the Hudson.

Love of the sea and fear of the sea have ever gone hand in hand, the one urging us to build sailing boats, steam yachts, motor boats, for our own enjoyment, for racing and fishing, the other to perfect life-saving inventions for use aboard ship and on the strand. Fear of the sea and gratitude for escape from its perils have caused mariners and others in fulfillment of a vow to build models of ships, *ex-votos*, that find their natural place with other works of primitive popular art in churches and chapels. French Brittany, of course, has been a great place for such small craft. And observe that in an indirect way such *ex-votos* belong to the second class mentioned above, for they are not merely regarded as an expression of thankfulness for the saving of lives from storm and shipwreck, but are held to exert a certain claim for the future on the goodwill and mercy of the saint or the deity invoked, who is compelled, as it were, to remember the giver by a pledge that stands in the sight of all and especially before the eyes of the saint himself.

It is not strange therefore, that such gifts and pledges should hang conspicuously in many an old church, preserved from the fate of smaller votive objects—such as ears, eyes, noses, hands, breasts, legs—that were suspended somewhat precariously on chapel wall. Ship models are apt to be securely hung in iron chains to the roof of the edifice or to some arch between the supporting pillars, where, in

deed, dust might accumulate but the object remain safe from harm.

It is proof of the persistence of this idea of gratitude for protection, past and to come, that Protestant countries like Holland, Denmark, Norway, and Great Britain held more or less to this habit, despite their lapses from Rome. Indeed, one may be quite sure that long before the advent of Christian missionaries a similar fashion existed; that the heathen of the Baltic, of Batavian islands, and the coasts of Gaul, Britain, and Ireland, took care to propitiate their gods of the sea by such visible objects. Could we learn what things were placed in the holy groves on the lower Rhine, beside the standards in the form of beasts—bear, boar, wolf, horse, and wildcat—which we hear about from Caesar and Tacitus, would we not be told about rude representations of ships? If we may judge by other lives and by analogy, it is fair to believe that such basic ideas go on with little regard to the particular style of religion accepted by seafaring races.

Those eyes painted in the bows of boats which the Phoenicians perhaps taught to the Greeks a thousand years before Christ, are still seen in Venice on the wood boats from Dalmatia, and have not been altogether lost from North African craft.

Who of recent times was it that first observed how extraordinarily picturesque are those old and artless models of ships that still hang in Breton and Dutch chapels? How salt and sharp like seawater! How delightfully decorative! Why, certain artists without doubt; they must have been the leaders of the present fashion for ship models which has boosted prices for old genuine hulks to an unexpected level. As the collecting fad developed, it was discovered that in each period there were fine and coarse models, completely fashioned hulks neatly joined and elaborated, and solid hulks that only bore the outward look and the rigging of a seaworthy boat that can float—marvels of delicate cabinet work or rude creations of some sailor's jack-knife. It was also discovered that China and Japan fabricated model boats. Indeed, Japan developed a special Boat of Good Luck long ago on which the Seven Patron Gods come sailing in, bringing to the family all sorts of dainties and gifts for the children and for adults also—the "very moral" of Santa Claus drawn by reindeer in his sleigh. This Lucky Junk is shown in all sorts of ways, painted, embroidered, enamelled, carved in wood and stone, cast in metals, or elaborately constructed and fashioned most artfully in lacquered and gilded wood.

A capital example belongs to Mr. Irving R. Wiles, the painter. It is signed—rather the names of designer and builder are engraved on it; its date is about 1820-1825. A veritable "museum piece," it is about eight feet long. It has been known as a "flower boat." The Chinese have their highly decorated barges called *hwa-ling* for the use of picnic and water parties on lakes and rivers or for gay ladies to disport themselves on; very often they are banked with masses of flowers, whence perhaps their name. But as this model of an Oriental craft is not Chinese but Japanese, the probability is in favor of its use as a Lucky Junk for New Year's and that it once carried well-carved and gayly clad figurines of the Japanese patron gods on its decks. Was Thomas Gray thinking of the pleasure barges which were common on the Thames down to the reign of Queen Anne when he wrote:

Fair laughs the morn and soft the zephyr blows
While proudly riding o'er the azure realm
In gallant trim the gilded vessel goes,
Youth at the prow and Pleasure at the helm?

Now, on New Year's the Japanese gods of luck, six in number, together with the seventh—Benten or Ozume, the popular goddess—steer their way into family havens bearing all sorts of gifts, like the purse of Fortunatus, the hat of invisibility, the raincoat that turns into wings, the key to Godown, where riches are stored, and so forth. There are seated: Daikoku, with his rice bales and rat; Benten, with her *biwa* or guitar; Bishamon, with his fancy spear; Hotei, with his bag of presents for the children; Ebisu, with his rod, his reel, and his red fish, like our pompano; also Juro and Fukurokuju, with their three-decker heads and their emblems of long life, wealth, and prosperity, represented by such living things as the crane, tortoise, and deer, bamboo, plum and pine. In all likelihood this grand model of a barge served once upon a time as the pedestal for the Seven Patron Gods of Japan, who must have been presented in large, carved, painted, and draped figures to fitly accompany so magnificent a craft.

On our side of the Pacific something analogous existed, though of ruder form, as may be seen in certain galleries of the Museum of Natural History, New York, that contain relics of our Northwest Coast Indians. On board huge canoes, in masks and helmets and robes, the

TO PRESIDENT WILSON

SEE England's stalwart daughter who made emprise
'Gainst her own mother, freeborn of the free;
Who slew her sons for her slaves' liberty;
See for mankind her majesty arise!

From her new world her unattainted eyes
Espy deliverance; and her bold decree
Speaks for Great Britain's wide confederacy—
The folk shall rule if only they be wise.

Ambition, hate, revenge, the secret sway
Of priest and kingcraft, shall be done away
By faith in beauty, chivalry, and good.

One God made all, and will all wrongs forgive.
Save their hell-heat, who in men's hope to live
In mutual freedom, peace, and brotherhood.

ROBERT BRIDGES,
Poet Laureate.

(Born October 23, 1844.)

THE KNIGHT'S TOMB

WHERE is the grave of Sir Arthur O'Kellyn?
Where may the grave of that good man be?
By the side of a spring, on the breast of Helvellyn,
Under the twigs of a young birch tree!
The oak that in summer was sweet to hear,
And rustled its leaves in the fall of the year,
And whistled and roared in the winter alone,
Is gone,—and the birch in its stead is grown.—
The knight's bones are dust,
And his good sword rust,—
His soul is with the saints, I trust.

SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE.

(Born October 21, 1772; died July 25, 1834.)

chiefs, enacting gods and spirits, used to visit friendly tribes when no wars were on. They were surrounded by groups of mummers, and their objects were a series of feasts, potlatches, and ritual dances, in which each leader tried to outdo his rivals with novel things by way of magic and crush them with the quantity and splendor of his largess. Like the Lucky Junk at New Year's in Japan, these Indian canoes brought presents, both magical and material.

Another collection of old models of sailing craft is at Annapolis in the Naval Academy, where great attention is given still to instruction in sailing, notwithstanding the change from sails to steam. All the midshipmen learn to manage a sail as part of the drill in small boats for landing parties in connexion with the needs of a fleet.

There is another source whence collectors of ship models draw, but it is a rather meagre one for obvious reasons. This is the supply of builders' models actually put together with the greatest care and to scale, in order to a complete understanding of the problem. The deck planks and much of the freeboard plank are left out, so that the construction of keel, stem and stern posts, keelson, ribs, knees, and deck-bases is open to view. Sometimes the rigging is added. Such models would be submitted to an Admiralty or shipping board when the builder is summoned to report and estimate and explain.

A large number of fine old models of frigates sought by collectors proceeded, strange to say, from prisons, where sailors and others captured at sea found time heavy on their hands and money terribly light in their pockets. French captives in England and English sailors taken by the French have produced a host of models in the past, and of these a certain portion have survived domestic shipwreck. Some have drifted into snug harbors like Greenwich-on-Thames, where they are understood, kept oiled, painted and repaired; others have been discovered derelict in garrets, dilapidated and frowsy, whether they have been banished by impatient housewives, dead to all feeling for their decorative quality. The best preserved are those immured in ancestral bell-glasses where they have lingered more or less immune to the small boy and the housemaid's heavy hand. There is a very fleet of them in India House, New York, for the most part the loan of Willard Straight. But wherever they are found they never fail to catch the eyes of those who love sailing and ships, nor to rejoice the soul of those who are not above appreciating what is decorative and appropriate to a given interior.

Among the more elaborate models built in naval prisons or sailors' snug harbors, homes for retired seamen, are the bone models which are clothed in slabs of white that deft hands have fashioned laboriously from the mutton and sheep bones of the prison or seaman's home. Naturally, these white frigates brought a higher price to their makers than the ordinary model. Sometimes no small outlay was needed in the way of woods, paint, iron anchors, iron guns, and gear, rigging, and pulleys, and this outlay was beyond one man's purse. Then a syndicate was formed and the subscribers shared in the sum obtained. A well-chosen series of these old models affords a history of naval architecture from the Nor-

man ships that we see on the Bayeux tapestry to the latest fin-keel that led the yacht squadron into Newport harbor. The change from sail to steam, from wooden walls to iron, from auxiliary side-wheel steam-packets to turbine-driven liners, has far from caused men to condemn the old sailing craft, the Spanish argosies, the unwieldy Dutch and English men-of-war, with lofty poops and forecastles, or the clipper ships of the last century at its prime; on the contrary, that change has heightened man's regard for history restores values and age consecrates. So it comes about that there is a demand for models representing the various ages in the evolution of the ship, and since the supply of original and old models is very scant, there is call for modern copies of the old vessels in which their proportions, lines, and rigging are kept true to the naval fashions of long ago.

Two amateurs have responded to this impulse in New York; one is Irving R. Wiles, the portrait painter; the other Henry B. Culver, lawyer—and doubtless there are others. The late Alexander Drake, art director of the *Century Magazine*, included ship models of various fashions among his collections; many of his pieces are at the India House in New York.

The hobby of "little ships" is one that keeps the rider in his saddle, not only because of their decorative nature, but owing to their romantic suggestion of life on the ocean, and perhaps none the less firmly, on account of the historical questions that assail you when comparing rigging and hull, and striving to reconstruct the great ships that once navigated the seven seas.—CHARLES DE KAY, in *The New York Evening Post*.

** In reprinting the above interesting article from *The New York Evening Post* we regret that we are unable to reproduce the three illustrations of ships' models by which it was accompanied, but we have preserved them in our office and shall be pleased to show them to anyone interested who will call.

As was to be expected in a seaport town like St. Andrews, some of our retired mariners amuse themselves and keep alive the memories of their former life, and at the same time earn a substantial sum of money, by making models of sailing craft of various rigs. This work might very well be done by other mariners, who would thereby derive much pleasure and considerable profit from the labor expended. These little ships find ready sale at good prices. We shall be pleased to display, gratuitously, in our office window any that may be sent to us for sale.—Ed. BRACON.

Mrs. Riley—"Are Yez on callin' terms wid our neighbor?" Mrs. Murphy—"Oj am that. She called me 'a thafe an' Oi called her another."—*Boston Transcript*.

"Did anybody comment on the way you handled your new car?" "One man did, but he didn't say much." "What did he say?" "All he said was '\$50 and costs.'"—*Baltimore American*.

"Can you loan me this umbrella, old man?" "I don't know. I borrowed it from Flubdub." "He can't object. He borrowed it from me."—*Kansas City Journal*.

Minard's Liniment for sale everywhere.

NEWS OF THE SEA

—A British Port, Oct. 10.—The American transport S. S. *Otranto* struck the rocks Sunday night south of Saligo Bay, Islay Island, an uninhabited section where the coast line in many places rises straight out of the water to the rocky peaks many feet above, after she had been rammed by the *Kashmir*.

A British Admiralty statement says: "At eleven o'clock on Sunday the armed mercantile cruiser *Otranto*, acting Captain Ernest Davidson in command, was in collision with the steamer *Kashmir*. Both vessels were carrying United States troops.

"The weather was very bad and the ships drifted apart and soon lost sight of each other.

"The torpedo boat destroyer *Mounsey* was called by wireless, and by skilful handling succeeded in taking off 27 officers and 239 men of the crew and 300 United States soldiers and thirty French sailors. They were landed at a North Irish port.

"The *Otranto* drifted ashore on the Island of Islay. She became a total wreck. Sixteen survivors have been picked up at Islay. There are missing and it is feared drowned 335 United States soldiers, 11 officers and 85 men of the crew including men with mercantile marine ratings.

"The *Kashmir* reached a Scottish port and landed its troops without casualties."

The *Otranto* and the other vessels of the convoy were battling with the heavy seas and high winds Sunday morning. The storm was so severe and the visibility so bad that the *Kashmir*, a former Peninsular & Oriental liner, crashed into the *Otranto* squarely amidships. The *Kashmir* backed away badly damaged, but was able to make port. Within a short time the water put out her fires and the *Otranto* drifted helplessly toward the rocky coast of Islay Island, where most of the *Tuscanica* victims met their deaths.

Thirty minutes after the crash, the British destroyer *Mounsey*, herself damaged by the heavy sea, appeared out of the haze in answer to the distress calls of the *Otranto*.

When the destroyer manoeuvred to get alongside, Captain Davidson, of the *Otranto*, warned Lieut. Craven, commanding the destroyer, not to make the attempt.

When it was seen that Craven would make the attempt anyway, the men were ordered to remove their shoes and heavy clothing and try to save themselves as best they could.

The destroyer stood off about a hundred feet and then gradually came nearer against the great odds of high waves and the wind, which threatened momentarily to carry her entirely away from the *Otranto* or dash her to pieces against the side of the wounded vessel.

As the destroyer neared the side of the *Otranto* the men began to jump from thirty to forty feet from her decks. The more experienced sailors of the crew of the steamer had better success than the soldiers, many of whom had never seen the sea until this trip.

As the destroyer steered toward the side of the steamer, many of the men leaped too quickly and missed their reckoning and dropped between the boats. Some of these disappeared in the water, but others of them were caught and crushed to death between the boats and the lifeboats which had been lowered to act as buffers. The destroyer was badly battered. The captain of the destroyer, each time it was brushed away from the side of the *Otranto*, again would push near enough for many more men to jump to the deck of his vessel. He described as a veritable rain the number of men landing on the destroyer.

Many of those who reached the decks of the vessel suffered broken bones or otherwise were hurt. Those who missed the deck of the destroyer, went to almost instant death.

Four times the battered destroyer came alongside, and each time the previous scenes were repeated. At the end of the fourth trip she had 310 Americans, 236 of the crew, 30 French sailors, and one British officer on board. The boat was full, and having done all possible, she started for port.

London, October 12.—More than 360 American soldiers were lost off the transport *Otranto*. This developed from checking the *Otranto*'s list at American headquarters, where it was found the death roll of soldiers stood at 364 or 366.

More than 200 bodies have been recovered up to this morning. The discrepancy between the figures now arrived at and those previously given is due, it was explained, to the mixing up of two identification lists.

A Belfast report states that it was in obedience to orders from the *Otranto*, which was the flagship of the convoy, that the steamer *Kashmir* after the collision

proceeded without attempting to rescue anyone from the *Otranto*.

—An Atlantic Port, Oct. 10th.—News of the sinking by a submarine of a large American steamship, with the probable loss of many of her crew, was brought here to-day by a British freighter. The British ship had aboard twenty-three survivors of the American vessel.

The American steamship, said to have carried a large crew, was shelled and then torpedoed, according to officers of the rescue ship. The attack was made five days ago.

It was reported in maritime circles that the U-boat's victim was the *Ticonderoga*, formerly the German steamer *Comilla Rickmers*, of 5,130 tons gross. The ship was interned at Manila at the beginning of the war.

The remainder of those aboard the *Ticonderoga*, said to number about 250, were reported to have perished. It was said that the ship's boats were shelled by the submarine, accounting for the wounded among the survivors. Seventeen of these were American soldiers, being part of a detachment detailed to care for horses which the ship was transporting. They were transferred to the British freighter about five days ago.

Exactly when and where the *Ticonderoga* was torpedoed could not be ascertained on account of censorship restrictions. She left an Atlantic port on September 22nd, as a part of a convoy. Presumably she fell victim to the U-boat without other protection than her own guns, as, according to previous reports received by the Navy Department, she became separated from the rest of the ships and was not thereafter heard from.

—Dublin, Oct. 11.—The Dublin mail boat *Leinster* has been torpedoed, while making a trip from Dublin to Holyhead.

It is believed that six hundred lives were lost in the sinking of the *Leinster*. It was stated to-day at the office of her owners. Only about 150 persons, it was added, were saved.

A passenger on board the *Leinster* saw the torpedo approaching the ship. He informed the captain but the torpedo was so near that escape was impossible. The projectile struck the side of the boat between the forecastle and the compartment set aside for postal clerks.

The weather was fine but the sea was rough, following a recent storm. According to figures reported here, there were on board 687 passengers and a crew of about seventy.

The steamer sank within fifteen minutes. The passengers, including many women and some children, numbered 650, and the boat carried a crew of seventy.

An incoming mail steamer reports that she passed through the wreckage but was not permitted to stop to do any rescue work, in accordance with the orders of the British Admiralty. Her passengers counted forty dead bodies floating in the water. Of the twenty-one mail clerks on board the *Leinster*, twenty were killed outright by the explosion and the twenty-first was blown through the side of the ship, being picked up at sealer's.

—A British Port, Oct. 11.—The Japanese steamship *Hirano Maru*, of 7,935 tons gross, was torpedoed and sunk on Friday last. It is feared that 300 lives were lost.

The *Hirano Maru* was outward bound for Japan, and carried about 200 passengers. The vessel was torpedoed and sunk by a German submarine early on Friday morning when about three hundred miles south of Ireland.

The few survivors who were picked up by the American torpedo-boat destroyer *Sterrett*, have been brought here. They declare that the torpedo struck the steamer in the forward engine-room. Nothing remained for those on board, including the women and children, but to plunge into the ocean. A large number, however, went down with the ship. The vessel disappeared completely within seven minutes after being struck by the torpedo.

Provisionally the commander of the American destroyer *Sterrett* heard the explosion and steered his vessel for the point whence the sound came. He found the ship had disappeared, and he saw a mass of struggling people in the water. There were no small boats available, so the destroyer in the bad weather steamed about picking up those who were still alive. The American warship picked up 30 persons, one of whom died while being brought ashore.

While the *Sterrett* was engaged in the work of picking up the men and women struggling in the water, the German submarine fired two torpedoes at the warship. Both missiles happily missed the mark. After making a thorough search for survivors, the *Sterrett* headed for the submarine, firing several shots and dropping depth charges.

The *Hirano Maru* was built at Nagasaki in 1908, and was owned by the Nippon Yusen Kaishaiki Kaisha, of Tokio. The vessel was 465 feet long, 56 feet beam, and had a depth of 34 feet.