



The Beacon



VOL. XXX

SAINT ANDREWS, NEW BRUNSWICK, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 21, 1918

NO. 12

THE PILGRIM FATHERS

THE breaking waves dash'd high
On a stern and rock-bound coast;
And the woods, against a stormy sky,
Their giant branches toss'd;

And the heavy night hung dark,
The hills and waters o'er,
When a band of exiles moor'd their bark
On the wild New England shore.

Not as the conqueror comes,
They, the true-hearted, came:
Not with the roll of the stirring drums,
And the trumpet that sings of fame;
Not as the dying come,
In silence, and in fear:
They shook the depths of the desert's gloom

With their hymns of lofty cheer.
Amidst the storm they sang:
Till the stars heard, and the sea;
And the sounding aisles of the dim woods
Rang,

To the anthem of the free.
The ocean-eagle soar'd
From his nest, by the white wave's foam;
And the rocking pines of the forest
Roar'd.

Such was their welcome home.
There were men with hoary hair
Amidst that pilgrim band:

Why had they come to wither there,
Away from their childhood's land?

There was woman's fearless eye,
Lit by her deep love's truth;
There was manhood's brow serenely high,
And the fiery heart of youth.

What sought they thus afar?
Bright jewels of the mine?
The wealth of seas? the spoils of war?
No—'twas a faith's pure shrine.

Yes, call it holy ground,—
Which first their brave feet trod!
They have left unstain'd what they found—
Freedom to worship God!

FELICIA DOROTHEA HEMANS
(Born September 25, 1793; died 1835.)

NAVAL ENGAGEMENT OFF FLAMBOROUGH HEAD

SEPTEMBER 23, 1779

ON 23rd September 1779, a serious naval engagement took place on the coast of Yorkshire, H.M.S. *Serapis* and *Countess of Scarborough* being the ships on the one side, and a squadron under the command of the celebrated adventurer Paul Jones on the other. It was a time of embarrassment in England. Unexpected difficulties and disasters had been experienced in the attempt to enforce the loyalty of the American colonies. Several of England's continental neighbours were about to take advantage of her weakness to declare against her. In that crisis it was that Jones came and insulted the coasts of Britain. Driven out of the Firth of Forth by a strong westerly wind, he came southwards till he reached the neighbourhood of Flamborough Head, where he resolved to await the Baltic and merchant fleet, expected shortly to arrive there on its homeward voyage under the convoy of the two men-of-war above mentioned. About two o'clock in the afternoon of the 23rd September, Jones, on board of his vessel the *Bon Homme Richard* (so called after his friend Benjamin Franklin), descried the fleet in question, with its escort, advancing north-east, and numbering forty-one sail. He at once hoisted the signal for a general chase, on perceiving which the two frigates bore out from the land in battle-array, whilst the merchant vessels crowded all sail towards shore, and succeeded in gaining shelter beneath the guns of Scarborough Castle. There was little wind, and, according to Jones's own account, it was nightfall before the *Bon Homme Richard* could come up with the *Serapis*, when an engagement within pistol-shot commenced, and continued at that distance for nearly an hour, the advantage both in point of manoeuvring and number of guns being on the side of the British ship; whilst the remaining vessels of Jones's squadron, from some inexplicable cause, kept at a distance, and he was obliged for a long time to maintain single-handed a contest with the two English frigates. The harvest-moon, in the meantime, rose calm and beautiful, casting its silver light over the waters of the German Ocean, the surface of which, smooth as a mirror, bore the squadrons engaged in deadly conflict. Suddenly, some old eighteen pounders on board the *Bon Homme Richard* exploded at their first discharge, killing and wounding many of Jones's sailors; and as he had now only two pieces of cannon on the quarter-deck remaining unscathed, and his vessel had been struck by several shots below the water-level, his position was becoming very critical. Just then,

while he ran great danger of going to the bottom, the bowsprit of the *Serapis* came athwart the poop of the *Bon Homme Richard*, and Jones, with his own hands, made the two vessels fast in that position. A dreadful scene at close-quarters then ensued, in which Capt. Pearson, the British commander, inflicted signal damage by his artillery on the under part of his opponent's vessel, whilst his own decks were rendered almost untenable by the hand-grenades and volleys of musketry which, on their cannon becoming unserviceable, the combatants on board the *Bon Homme Richard* discharged with murderous effect. For a long time the latter seemed decidedly to have the worst of the contest, and on one occasion the master-gunner, believing that Jones and the lieutenant were killed, and himself left as the officer in command, rushed up to the poop to haul down the colors in the hopelessness of maintaining any longer the conflict. But the flagstaff had been shot away at the commencement of the engagement, and he could only make his intentions known by calling out over the ship's side for quarter. Captain Pearson then hailed to know if the *Bon Homme Richard* surrendered, an interrogation which Jones immediately answered in the negative, and the fight continued to rage. Meantime the *Countess of Scarborough* had been engaged by the *Pallas*, a vessel belonging to Jones's squadron, and after a short conflict had surrendered. The *Bon Homme Richard* was thus freed from the attacks of a double foe, but was at the same time nearly brought to destruction by the *Alliance*, one of its companion-vessels, which after keeping for a long time at a distance, advanced to the scene of action, and poured in several broadsides, most of which took effect on her own ally instead of the British frigate. At last the galling fire came from the shrouds of Jones's ship told markedly in the thinning of the crew of the *Serapis*, and silencing her fire; and a terrible explosion on board of her, occasioned by a young sailor, a Scotchman, it is alleged, who, taking his stand upon the extreme end of the yard of the *Bon Homme Richard*, dropped a grenade on a row of cartridges on the main-deck of the *Serapis*, spread such disaster and confusion that Captain Pearson shortly afterwards struck his colors and surrendered. This was at eleven o'clock at night, after the engagement had lasted for upwards of four hours. The accounts of the losses on both sides are very contradictory, but seem to have been nearly equal, and may be estimated in all at about three hundred killed or wounded. The morning following the battle was extremely foggy, and on examining the *Bon Homme Richard*, she was found to have sustained such damage that it was impossible she could keep longer afloat. With all expedition her crew abandoned her, and went on board the *Serapis*, of which Paul Jones took the command. The *Bon Homme Richard* sank almost immediately, with a large sum of money belonging to Jones, and many valuable papers. The prizes were now conveyed by him to the *Texel*, a proceeding which led to a demand being made by the English ambassador at the Hague for the delivery of the captured vessels, and the surrender of Jones himself as a pirate. This application to the Dutch authorities was ineffectual, but it served as one of the predisposing causes of the war which not long afterwards ensued with England. After remaining for a while at the *Texel*, the *Serapis* was taken to the port of L'Orient, in France, where she appears subsequently to have been disarmed and broken up, whilst the *Countess of Scarborough* was conveyed to Dunkirk. Meantime, Jones proceeded to France, with the view of arranging his future movements; but before quitting the *Texel*, he returned to Captain Pearson his sword, in recognition, as he says, of the bravery which he had displayed on board the *Serapis*. Pearson's countrymen seem to have entertained the same estimate of his merits, as, on his subsequent return to England, he was received with great distinction, was knighted by George III, and presented with a service of plate and the freedom of their corporations, by those boroughs on the east coast which lay near the scene of the naval engagement. In France, honors no less flattering were bestowed on Paul Jones. At the opera and all public places, he received enthusiastic ovations, and Louis XVI presented him with gold-hilted sword, on which was engraved, 'Vindicti maris Ludovicus XVI remunerat strenuo vindicti' (From Louis XVI, in recognition of the services of the brave maintainer of the privileges of the sea).

It may be noted that the true name of Paul Jones was John Paul, and that he made the change probably at the time when he entered the American service. His career was altogether a most singular one, presenting phases to the full as romantic as any of those undergone by a hero of fiction. The son of a small farmer near Dumfries, we find him manifesting from his boyhood a strong predilection

HELP THE BOYS "OVER THERE" BY SAVING GASOLINE

The Allies need gasoline. Waste none of it on Sunday motoring for pleasure. He who uses it for this purpose stunts those who are fighting our battles. It is the duty of all motor car owners to comply with the Fuel Controller's request to save "gas."

The safety of the State being the supreme law, personal enjoyment must give place to national necessity during war time. To save gasoline is to save money. It will also ensure a more adequate supply of "gas" for the needs of our war machine, which must lack no essential.

To comply with the Fuel Controller's request will save \$150,000 on a single Sunday. In gasoline it will also save hundreds of thousands of gallons. A word to the wise motor car owner is sufficient.

for the sea, and at the age of twelve commencing life as a cabin-boy, on board the *Friendship of Whitehaven*, trading to Virginia. After completing his apprenticeship, he made several voyages in connection with the slave-trade to the West Indies, and rose to the position of master. He speedily, however, it is said, conceived a disgust to the traffic, and abandoned it. We find him, about 1775, accepting a commission in the American navy, then newly formed in opposition to that of Britain. What inspired Paul with such feelings of rancour against his native country, cannot now be ascertained; but to the end of his life he seemed to retain undiminished the most implacable resentment towards the British nation. The cause of the colonies against the mother-country, now generally admitted to have been a just one, was adopted by him with the utmost enthusiasm, and certainly he contrived to inflict a considerable amount of damage on British shipping in the course of his cruises.

To the British nation, and to Scotchmen more especially, the name of Paul Jones has heretofore only been suggestive of a daring pirate or lawless adventurer. He appears, in reality, to have been a sincere and enthusiastic partisan of the cause of the colonists, many of whom were as much natives of Britain as himself, and yet have never been specially blamed for their partisanship. In personal respects, he was a gallant and resolute man, of romantically chivalrous feelings, and superior to everything like a mean and shabby action. It is particularly pleasant to remark his disinterestedness in restoring, in after years, to the *Countess of Selkirk*, the family-plate which the necessity of satisfying his men had compelled him to deprive her of, on the occasion of his descent on the Scottish coast, and for which he paid them the value out of his own resources. The letters addressed by him on this subject to the *Countess* and her husband, do great credit both to his generosity and abilities in point of literary composition. By the Americans, Admiral Paul Jones is regarded as one of their most distinguished naval celebrities.—*Chamber's Book of Days*.

THE NEW DAY IN AFRICA

THE British Government has had no difficulty in compiling, through a Minister of the South African Union, a long report on German brutality in the administration of German Africa. We know too well the character of Prussian officers and bureaucrats to doubt that in the treatment of helpless blacks they would often prove ruthless. The Herero war is the greatest blot on the recent colonial record of any nation, and the Germans know it. A great amount of material upon colonial atrocities in German Southwest Africa, German East Africa, and Kamerun can be compiled from German sources; for they have not failed to evoke protests at home. Gen. Leutwein's book on his eleven years as Governor in Southwest; J. K. Viator's report upon the development and administration of the protectorates; the writings of Paul Rohrbach and Karl Dove; and the Reichstag debates in which Social Democrats and others have denounced misdeeds in the colonies, all yield condemnatory information. Cabled summaries show that the new report adds to old matter the sworn statements of natives about recent instances of cruelty and injustice on the part of the Germans. The expressions of native fear of a return of the colonies to Germany are brought forward to justify Lloyd George's statement that in determining the future of these lands the inhabitants must be consulted.

This report is worth careful attention as a description of conditions whose repetition the world ought now to be resolving never again to permit in Africa, by the Germans or by any other nationality. Too many of the abuses fastened on the Germans have their counterpart in abuses by other countries. Some, no doubt, are peculiarly and exclusively German. The attitude of the worst Prussians toward the untutored native is that of the complete contempt expressed by the Kaiser, when he told his soldiers in China to act like Huns, and declared that "men who wish to thwart European commerce and European civilization" must be taught never to look askance at a German. A special callousness to suffering has at times been manifested in Africa, which we may compare with the like callousness in Belgium. No experienced colonial nation would have permitted the Herero outbreak, caused by the attempt of land and mining companies to cheat the natives of their holdings and make them virtual slaves. Only the product of an arrogant officer caste could have issued Von Trotha's proclamation that "within the German frontier every Herero . . . will be shot; I will not take over any more women or children." It caused a storm of wrath in Germany, but the Kaiser decorated its author when he went home. Trotha's brutality in commencing a war that destroyed the Hereros is of a piece with much more.

Dr. Karl Peters, foremost of colonizers, is revealed by his own and other explorers' writings as a man who shot down natives of both sexes in cold blood, fired their huts, and was disgraced by the Government following his murder of his servant, Gov. Von Puttkamer, of the Kamerun, was put on trial in 1909 on charges that included his winking at gross atrocities by subordinates; an earlier petition by the Akra chief revealed among these cruel floggings, sexual misconduct that the natives would have punished with death, and murder. One German judge in the tropics, Von Rothberg, became notorious for his "justice," which included his clubbing to death a native servant. Deputy Erzberger stated in 1906 that 6,287 floggings or whippings had been given in German East in one year; and in 1912 Deputy Noske stated the number of floggings in German Southwest two years before as 1,262, and in Kamerun as 1,909. Deputy Röten said that death occasionally resulted, and that

Leopold's administration of the Congo; and for years Sir Edward Grey refused to recognize Belgium's annexation of the region till reforms were effected. We should remember the revelation by Englishmen of the inhuman treatment of the blacks of Angola, Sao Thomé, and Principe by Portugal, and Sir Edward Grey's firm insistence on stopping it. The British Anti-Slavery Society, now agitating for the release of slaves in German East Africa, has had much to condemn under almost every flag in Africa. Even England herself has had African blots upon her "scutcheon."

We all hope that new ideals of humanity, a new respect for the rights of weak peoples, will be one of the war's fruits. We cannot afford to fight for justice, tolerance, and democratic idealism in Europe, but not in the great Continent hitherto given over largely to grab-bag exploitation. The nations must see to it that Africa is not a field for the shady adventurer, as the German colonies and Leopold's Congo in part were; and that respect for black life and limb must be as great as for white. What territorial changes in Africa peace will bring we cannot foresee. Whatever they are, Africa will be one of the touchstones to test whether the world is actually regenerated. —*The New York Evening Post*.

PRESENTATION TO REV. DR. WEDDALL

A very interesting service took place in the Central Methodist Church, Moncton, on Tuesday evening, by direction of the Conference of the Methodist Church in New Brunswick and Prince Edward Island. The service was presided over by a gold-headed ebony cane was presented to the Rev. Dr. Richard Watson Weddall, of Shediac, on the attainment of his jubilee in the ministry of the Methodist Church. The choir of the church was in attendance and rendered excellent music during the evening, a solo being splendidly rendered by Miss Catherine Stiven.

The Rev. Richard Opie, chairman of the district, presided, and on the platform with him, among others were the Rev. Geo. M. Young, President of the Conference, Rev. Dr. Weddall, Rev. Mr. Barraclough, pastor of the church; Prof. Watson, of Mount Allison, and the Rev. Dr. Steele.

During the course of the service the following address was read by the chairman:—

1869-1919
JUBILEE GREETINGS
The Conference of New Brunswick and Prince Edward Island to
Rev. Dr. Richard Watson Weddall, B. A., D. D., upon the attainment of his fifty-fifth year in the ministry of the Methodist Church.

Dear Brother:—
It is with a great degree of satisfaction that the Conference of New Brunswick and Prince Edward Island notes the fact that you are now nearing the completion of fifty years of uninterrupted service in the ministry of the Methodist church, and it is with a keen sense of pleasure that it takes advantage of an occasion of such signal honor to convey its greetings.

A review of your ministry reveals the following outstanding facts:—
Candidate for the ministry in 1869; received on probation in 1879; received into full connexion and ordained in 1873; president of the Conference in 1897. Superintendent of the following circuits: St. James, Kentville, Kingston, Keswick, New Brunswick, Carleton Place, Sackville, Milltown, St. Stephen, Fredericton, Summerside, St. John (Queen Square), Halifax (South), Horton, Woodstock, St. Andrews, Shediac.

Upon all these fields the record which you have made is one of unflinching fidelity to the high calling of the Christian ministry, and it must be a source of great joy to you to look backward upon those distant years and recall the many evidences which have been given of the gracious Presence of your Redeemer and Lord. All through these Maritime Provinces persons are to be found, who have become possessed of the rich blessings of the glorious gospel of Christ through your faithful ministry.

You may confidently believe that there is no reservation whatever in the esteem with which you are held by your brother ministers and by the church generally; that your fine spirit of tenderness and love has been a benediction to all with whom you have been brought into association; and that as a representative of the church in many capacities you have never failed to reflect the highest degree of honor.

Therefore upon this festive occasion the conference covets to you its heartiest felicitations; would express its best wishes for the welfare of the members of your family; and would pray that there may yet be vouchsafed unto you many years of comfort and joy, until at last with your long years of labor ended you awake in the full blaze of the light of the perfect day, and enter into all the bliss and service which are before God's face.

ON BEHALF OF THE CONFERENCE:
Signed:—
GEORGE M. YOUNG, President.
RICHARD OPIE, Chairman of District.
Moncton, N. B., Sept. 17, 1918.

Following the address the Rev. Geo. Young made the presentation of the walking stick, accompanying the same with a few well-timed remarks.

The Rev. Dr. Weddall, in responding, made a most interesting and well delivered address, replete with much valuable and interesting information respecting earlier days in the ministry in this province, and also gave some interesting statistical comparisons between the Moncton district of fifty years ago and at the present time.

Rev. Dr. Steele and Rev. Geo. Young also delivered brief and appropriate addresses, expressive of the esteem in which Mr. Weddall was held.

The Scripture lesson was read by Prof. Barraclough, pronounced by Rev. Mr. Barraclough, closed the proceedings. —*Moncton Transcript*, Sept. 18.

NEWS OF THE SEA

—A Pacific Port, Sept. 16—A wireless message received here last night indicates that the British steamer *Rosemond*, which went aground Saturday in a heavy fog, will be able to make port with the assistance of a tug sent from a Canadian port yesterday.

—A Canadian Atlantic Port, Sept. 16—The Canadian fishing schooner *Otokia*, 99 tons, which was expected to make port from the fishing banks about a week ago has not yet returned and her owners fear that she has been lost. A report that the masts of an abandoned sailing vessel have been sighted at a point on the coast some distance east of here is being investigated by the marine and fisheries department.

—A Canadian Atlantic Port, Sept. 16—After five days' exposure in an open boat, sixteen of the crew, including the captain, of the Portuguese steamer *Leixões*, arrived here to-day, reporting that their steamer was torpedoed in the North Atlantic five days ago, since which time there have been very heavy winds and seas. It is feared that three other boats, with thirty-five men, the remainder of the crew have been lost. The survivors who landed here suffered considerably during their five days at sea in the boats.

The *Leixões* was a vessel of 3,245 tons gross register and was formerly the Hamburg-American steamer *Cheruskia*. She was requisitioned by the Portuguese government after having been self-interested at a Portuguese port at the beginning of the war. She was built in 1890, at Newcastle, England.

—London, Sept. 13—The British steamer *Galway Castle*, of 7,988 tons gross has been torpedoed and sunk.

The missing from the *Galway Castle* numbered 189. They include 130 passengers, 36 naval and military officers and men, and 33 of the crew. Ninety third-class passengers lost were, without exception, women and children. The liner floated for two days in charge of the captain and volunteers.

The *Galway Castle* left port for South Africa on Tuesday and was torpedoed on Thursday in a stormy sea.

The Central News account of the sinking says that one of the lifeboats was driven by a stormy sea against the ship's propeller and smashed. One of the steamer's passengers, the account adds, was Henry Burton, minister of railways of the Union of South Africa, who was saved, and Major Rabutine, a member of the South African parliament, who is missing.

The *Galway Castle* was built at Belfast in 1911. London was her port of register. She was owned by the Union Castle Mail Steamship Company.

London, Sept. 15—Closer scrutiny of the *Galway Castle* passenger list indicated that she had on board only 749 instead of 960 as announced earlier. The majority were women and children but many were discharged soldiers returning to their homes. The boats were picked up by escorting vessels and by destroyers sent to the spot.

Plymouth, Sep. 16—Heartrending scenes were witnessed here when hundreds of survivors of the torpedoed steamer *Galway Castle* were landed at 7 o'clock Thursday morning. The passengers were mostly women and children, and it is believed that whole families have been lost.

Among the survivors were little tots scarcely able to walk, crying in vain for their parents. Parents were searching in all directions for news of their children, and women were seeking vainly for their lost husbands. It mattered nothing that warm, dry clothing was distributed to take the place of the scanty attire the survivors wore as they left the ship. They one thought was to get news of their relatives and friends.

There seems no reason to doubt that the vessel was torpedoed without the slightest warning. The explosion occurred between the engine room and stockhold, a fact which is taken to rule out any possibility that the ship struck a mine. The explosion caused comparatively little noise, but caused the ship to buckle in almost extraordinary manner. She was hit at the extreme bottom and was bent and torn clear to the upper deck and almost completely broken in two at any moment. In spite of the extent of the damage done to the *Galway Castle*, some of the crew declared that the impact was hardly greater than that of the vessel bumping heavily against the side of a quay. The inrush of water was tremendous. One engineer was swept into the tunnel from the engine room and drowned.

Fearing that the liner would founder at any moment, Captain Dyer ordered the boats lowered and issued life-belts to all passengers. One boat was swamped, another was damaged because the falls became fouled, and another was swept back against the liner by a wave and smashed by the propeller. Another narrowly escaped a similar fate.

Henry Burton, Minister of Railways for South Africa, who was among the survivors, was not inclined to speak of his own experiences, but joined with other survivors in praising the devotion to duty and the self-sacrifice of the officers of the ship and the men on the naval vessels, which rushed to the rescue.