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THE LOSS

OF THE STEAMSHIP,

"LONDON,"

On her Passage from London to Melbourne.



CONTAINING A

FULL ACCOUNT OF THE EVENTS AND INCIDENTS

Which occurred on board, from her leaving Gravesend to her foundering in the Bay of Biscay, on the 11th January, 1866, with a LIST OF THE NAMES OF THE PASSENGERS, ENGINEERS, &c.

COMPILED FROM VARIOUS SOURCES ;

WITH

PORTRAITS AND BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCHES

OF

G. V. BROOKE, REV. J. DRAPER, &c.

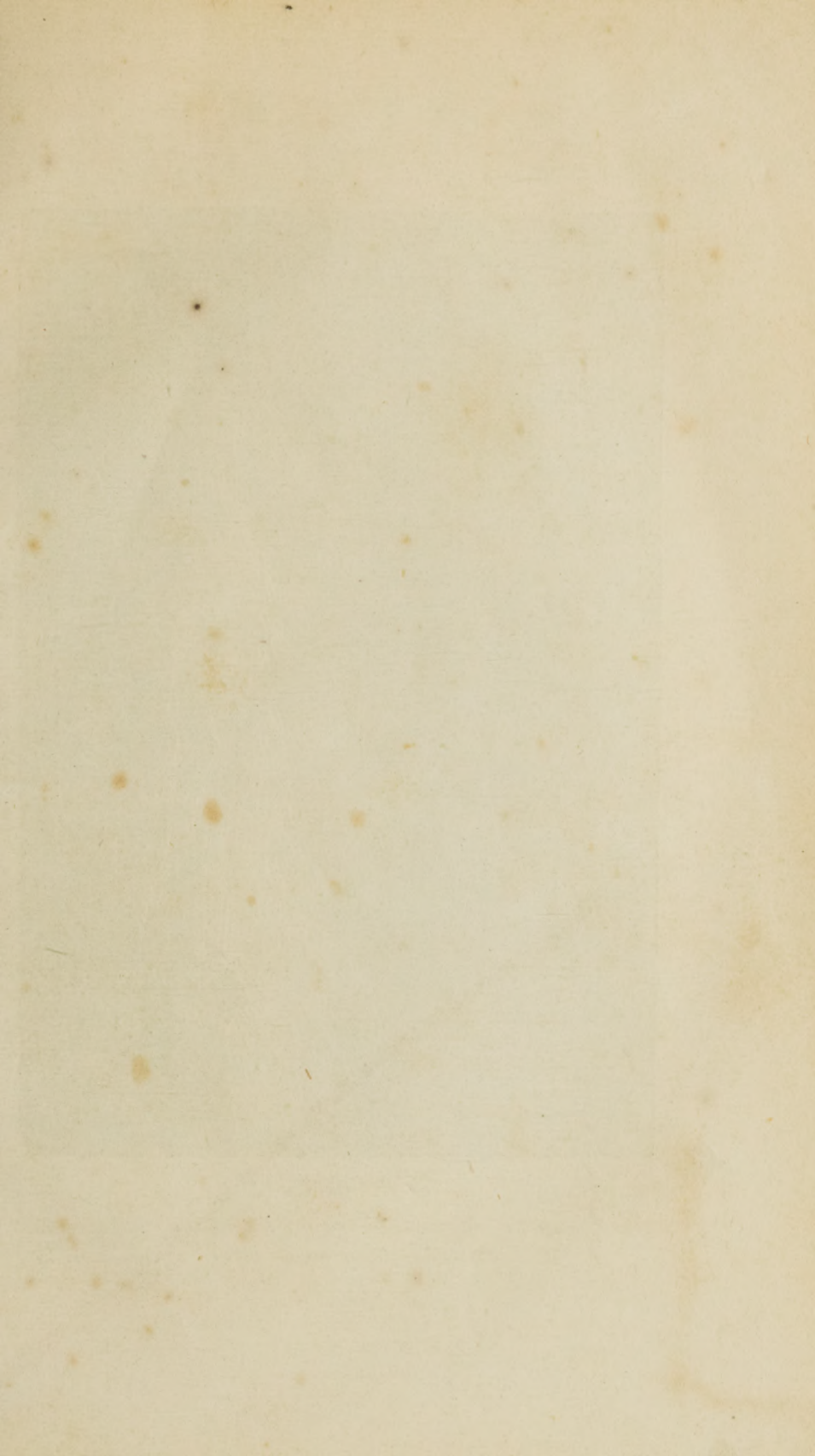
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Melbourne :

CHARLES MUSKETT, 78 BOURKE STREET EAST ;

AND ALL BOOKSELLERS.

W. H. WILLIAMS, PRINTER, 23 LITTLE BOURKE STREET EAST.





THE SINKING OF THE "LONDON."

O. J. Mitchell.

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*From her leaving Gravesend to her foundering in the Bay of Biscay, on
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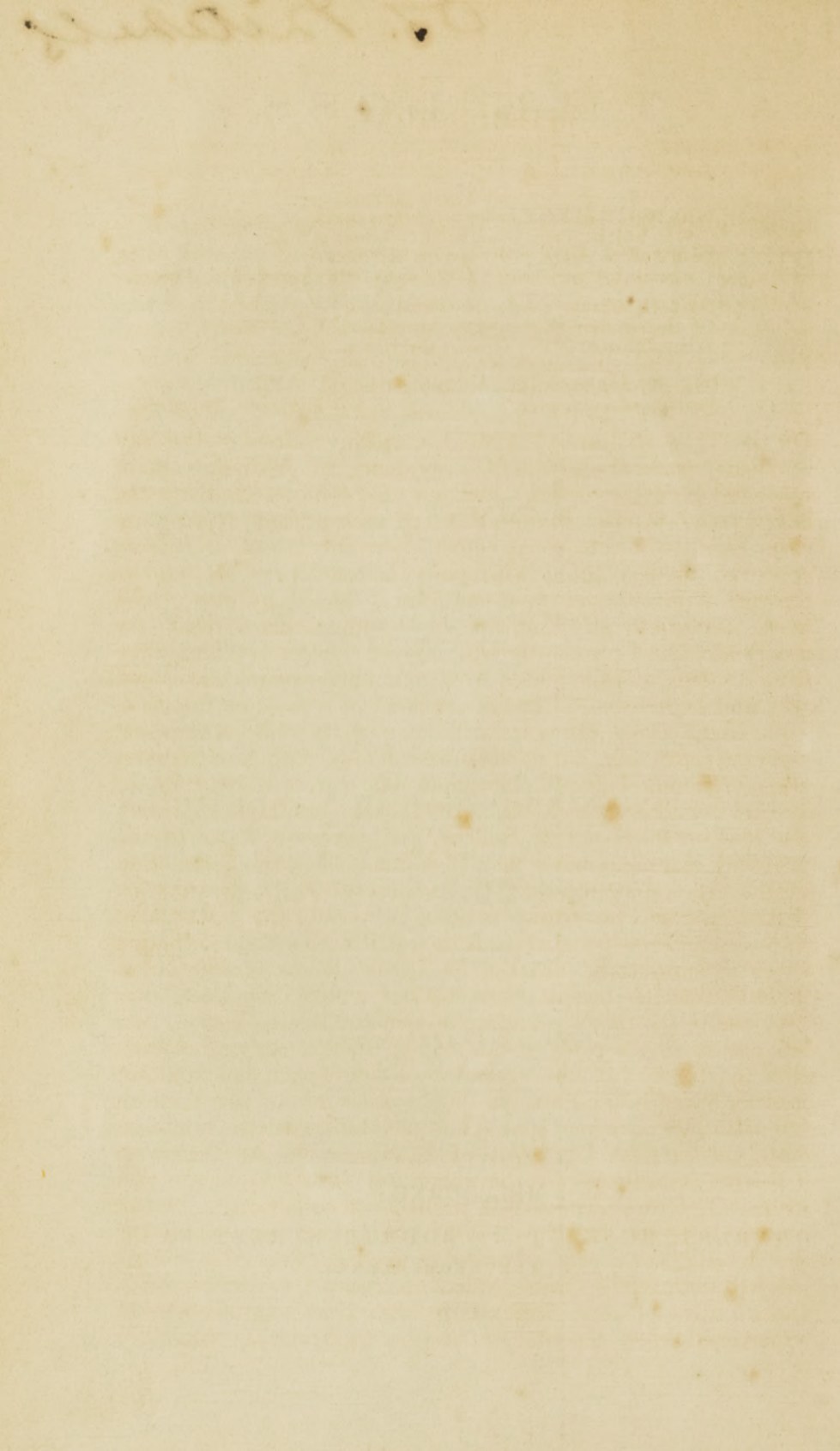
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MELBOURNE :

CHARLES MUSKETT, 78 BOURKE STREET EAST,
AND ALL BOOKSELLERS.

1866.



INTRODUCTORY.

“ Oh ! I have suffered
With those that I saw suffer !—a brave vessel,
Who had, no doubt, some noble creatures in her,
Dash'd all to pieces. Oh ! the cry did knock
Against my very heart ! Poor souls ! they perished.”—*Tempest.*

“ Next, O, unhappy chief ! the eternal doom
Of Heaven decreed thee to the briny tomb :
What scenes of misery torment thy view !
What painful struggles of thy dying crew !
Thy perished hopes all buried in the flood
O'erspread with corpses.” —*Falconer's Shipwreck.*

ON the 11th of January, 1866, the stormy waters of the Bay of Biscay were the agents of Providence in producing one of those terrible catastrophes, which not only confound individuals, but dismay whole communities. A magnificent steam-ship, only recently built, constructed after the latest and most approved models, fitted with powerful machinery, having the prestige of proved speed and endurance, owned by one of the most important of English ship-building firms, that for nearly a century previously had enjoyed almost an immunity from disaster, and navigated by a commander of acknowledged skill and experience in the management of vessels of her class, sank, like a stone, beneath the billows of the tempestuous sea, carrying with her, to its dreadful depths, two hundred and twenty human beings. Although but one of a long list of marine casualties which occurred almost simultaneously with the loss of the *London*, causing an aggregate waste of life probably more extensive than that involved in the destruction of the Australian steamer, the circumstances connected with the lamentable event which it is the purpose of this publication to record were so peculiar as to invest it with a decided though shocking supremacy. In the first place, it was almost incredible that a magnificent ocean steamer, which, only a few days previous to the news arriving of her total annihilation, had left port in all the pride of her stately beauty, carrying conviction to the eye of the spectator of her capacity to fulfil her mission speedily and safely, should succumb to the force of winds and waves which spared and left unharmed the humblest craft. In the next, the details of the catastrophe, supplied with a fearful minuteness by the survivors, formed, collectively, a historical picture unsurpassed, probably unequalled, in point of human interest. So it was that the horror inspired by the first intelligence of the calamity, succeeded by an intense curiosity to discover the cause of so unexpected a disaster, with the mixture of pity, admiration, and even exultation, that supervened when the story of that awful Thursday was fully

told, combined to give a prominence to this unhappy event that will distinguish it to future generations as a great national calamity.

Modern achievements in science have bred and encouraged a vanity and self-complacency which almost seem to necessitate some stupendous catastrophe, that humanity may be reminded how frail and helpless it really is. Of late nothing has seemed impossible for man to compass. The storm might at will be avoided or braved, the raging ocean might batter the strong ship with all its violence, but its fury would be vainly spent against her well riveted armour. The mountain waves and the fiercest blasts might dash themselves against her prow, but could not drive her back, for man's invention had impressed the giant aid of steam on her side. Science, indeed, had conquered sky and sea, and divested them of their terrors. Of a sudden, every calculation is upset by some terrific proof that human intellect, after all the boasting and exaltation of which it has been the subject, is still incapable of providing against contingencies which are even not of an extraordinary kind. Such causes as those which eventuated in the foundering of the *London* have always existed, and, indeed, when reading the particulars of the occurrence, one cannot avoid being impressed with the idea that science, so far from having effected everything to protect and defend the vessel in such an emergency as overtook it, had actually left her helpless. Her iron masts cracked like reeds, and her iron rigging prevented her being cleared of the wreck, the result being that the masses of metal hung about the doomed ship in deadly embrace, pressing her down into the water with a terrible pertinacity. Her iron hatchway, built with the express object of protecting her engines, instead of fulfilling such design, really seems to have invited disaster. Either its frailty, improper construction, or both combined, precipitated certainly, if they did not actually cause, the frightful catastrophe which followed. Again, the boats, although of the best kind, were unavailable when the crisis arrived. One lifeboat is washed from the davits, another cracks in two like a lath, and the iron pinnace goes to the bottom of the sea the moment she is launched. The least seaworthy of the boats, according to modern calculation, is the only one that answers the purpose for which it was placed on board. Finally, the peculiar construction of the ship forbids all hope of escape. The old "tubs," at which we sneer now-a-days, would at least have furnished some material for rafts. The *London* had none. Her fires out, her sails were useless, and she was but an iron coffin!

And then that terrible picture, with its marvellous variety of incident; each particular thoroughly fraught with the most

intense interest. The heroic commander calmly regarding the groups of men, women, and children, who, had man's proposal been the law by which the perils of the sea should be overcome, would be now in the land to which they were speeding, but who, while he gazed upon their pale faces and yielding limbs, he knew were, under Providence, doomed to certain and sudden destruction—he, that gallant Captain Martin, who preferred to go down into the deep with his ship, to escaping in the boat as he might and could have done—he shall be the most prominent figure. And boldly in the foreground you shall discover the statuesque form and manly lineaments of the great actor, more grandly picturesque in the noble character which he has here improvised than in the proudest of his histrionic triumphs. And then, near by, the reverend divine and profound scholar, encouraging with his cheery voice, and animating by his example, weary and despairing men to make further—alas! that they should have been fruitless—efforts to save the fated ship. And there, too, exhorting to resignation and Christian reliance that fear-stricken group, ranged along the wall of the cabin, mark the homely figure of the Wesleyan minister; his eye brightening as it seems to recognise the wondrous beatitude to which his spirit, soon to be released from its fleshly thrall, aspires. And the twenty-one Dutch sailors, huddled together forward, whose national characteristic—a phlegmatic temperament—as now displayed, is strangely at variance with another national characteristic—that of dauntless bravery on the sea. And see, too, the bright and comely face of Mrs. Logan the stewardess, mutely teaching hope and resignation to all who look upon it. And there, opposite where the boat is lying, the horror-smitten countenance of one from whom the solace of resignation has been withheld, and who, in that awful hour, remembers how gold can tempt. And further on, the shockingly grotesque outline of a man with a carpet-bag, which, as all but he knows, will never more be wanted by him. And the two old people going below to die in their bunks. Each of these has its own sadly pathetic history; such a history, indeed, as now transcends, and ever will, any effort of human imagination. The most sublime of pictures were but vapid and pointless, if compared with the least important incident of that thrilling scene in the Bay of Biscay.

The investigation which the Board of Trade has entered upon will, no doubt, elicit much information respecting the state of the *London* when she put to sea, and her ability to fight against such a storm as the barometer warned Captain Martin against before leaving Plymouth. For three days previously there had been a decided fall of the mercury, and on the day following that on which the *London* quitted her last

harbour, the barometer dropped from 30.1 to 29.5, and, in twelve hours later, to 29.2. The *Telegraph*, in its article of the 18th January, asks why Captain Martin did not then turn back, and answers its own question by stating that he did not trust his barometers, but went on in spite of them, like a gallant but rash sailor, and got too far to return. The *Daily News* answers this, to some extent pertinently, by showing, that if captains of ships were not to put to sea, or when at sea were to put back, in consequence of indications in the barometer of atmospherical disturbances to come, there would certainly be no quick transmarine mail delivery. That Captain Martin did not turn back until too late seems certain, but given, his admitted experience and skill as a navigator of those seas, in that very ship the *London*, and the fact that his critics know little if anything of the exact circumstances of the case except on second-hand information, the argument of the *Telegraph* is not worth much, whereas that of the *Daily News* did not actually touch the question, the *London* being merely a passenger ship, carrying no regular mail. Her time was her own, or might have been, and, in the face of a known coming danger, certainly should have been. It was at first assumed that the ship was overloaded, particularly with deck freight, but this has been contradicted point blank by Messrs. Money Wigram and Co., who assert that she was not so heavily laden as on her previous voyage. In Melbourne great diversity of opinion existed, at the time the ship was in these waters last year, as to her qualifications, and the writer of these lines well remembers being disgusted with the perverseness of a nautical friend, who, in the teeth of a burst of general approval of the appearance and assumed capacity of the *London*, declared that no money would tempt him to go to sea in such a craft. It is much to be feared it will eventually be found that this noble steamer, and the two hundred and twenty souls who went down in her, have been sacrificed to the fetish competition which, by necessitating low passenger rates and quick passages, has, in more instances than that of the *London*, called from its votaries such frightful immolations as that of the fatal 11th of January. According to some of the English journals, the manner in which the preliminary official surveys are conducted is anything but satisfactory, and gives no real assurance that the vessels are not too heavily laden. In Australia, Captain Martin bore the character of a smart and extremely bold commander, and one who, give him the slightest excuse, would "crack on" to the fullest extent. If, unfortunately, his judgment misled him into pushing on his ship beyond the power of her endurance, he paid for his mistake with his life.



PARTICULARS

OF THE

LOSS OF THE "LONDON."

THE noble vessel whose loss involved the fearful catastrophe, referred to in our introductory remarks, was built by Messrs. Money, Wigram, and Sons, in 1864, at Blackwall, and, according to the opinion of many competent authorities on naval architecture, was one of the strongest passenger ships afloat. She was of nearly 3000 tons burden, 1752 register, and was fitted with an auxiliary screw, and engines of 200-horse power. The length of her main deck was 272ft. 2in.; beam, 35ft. 3in.; depth of hold, 24ft. Her classification appeared on Lloyd's Register of Shipping as that of a first class steamer for ten years, A1. She had made two voyages to Melbourne and back, and had realised by her performances the great expectations entertained respecting her. Indeed she was constructed specially for steaming to Australia round the southern capes; and had five watertight bulkheads. Her masts, three in number, were of iron, and her rigging and gear were also metallic. She carried a full complement of boats, including an iron pinnace capable of holding fifty persons, and two lifeboats.

THE VOYAGE DOWN CHANNEL.

On the 28th of December, 1865, the s.s. *London*, Captain J. Bohun Martin, left the East India Docks with passengers and a general cargo, bound for Melbourne, Victoria, and dropped down the river to Gravesend. Anchor was weighed on the following Saturday (the 30th), and, under the charge of Mr. Thompson, a Thames pilot, she was sailed to the Nore, where, as the weather was threatening and the wind dead ahead, she brought-to for the night. She remained at her anchorage all Sunday, and again got under weigh at daybreak on Monday, the 1st January, 1866. The ship steamed down Channel, still against a head wind, but making fair way. While passing outside the Isle of Wight the wind increased to half a gale, and Captain Martin deemed it prudent to put back and lay-to in St. Helen's Roads. On the morning of the 2nd, the *London* proceeded out through the Needles into the open Channel, the wind being still ahead, but light. As the ship ran down Channel the wind rose and the sea increased, and a couple of hours

after passing the Needles the wind blew a gale right ahead, with a heavy sea rolling, which continued all the way to Plymouth, where the ship arrived about noon on Thursday, the 4th. A terrible disaster occurred here, by which a valuable life was lost. A pilot cutter put off a small boat, having on board the pilot and his assistant, to bring the *London* inside the breakwater. When the boat was about 100 yards from the *London* a sea capsized her, and both the pilot and his assistant were thrown into the water. Captain Martin instantly ordered one of his lifeboats to be lowered, and with great difficulty the assistant pilot was rescued, but his unfortunate superior was drowned. The *London* came to an anchorage inside the breakwater at 1 p.m. on the 4th inst., and during the afternoon took on board those of her first and second class passengers who had arranged to join the ship at Plymouth. At midnight on Friday she proceeded on her voyage, the weather being at this time calm, with a light wind ahead. At this time the *London* had on board 239 souls, all told. Her passenger list showed a total of 153 of all ages, thus classified:—

CHIEF CABIN.—Rev. Mr. and Mrs. Draper, Mrs. Owen and child, Mr. and Mrs. G. F. P. Urquhart, Mr. J. Patrick, Mr. and Miss Vaughan (G. V. Brooke), Mr. J. Alderson, Mr. B. Benson, Mr. and Mrs. J. Fenton and two children, Mr. G. M. Smith, Mr. and Mrs. Chapman and two children, Mr. and Mrs. Clarke and son, Mr. F. Lewis, Mr. and Mrs. J. Bevan, Dr. J. Woolley, Mr. and Mrs. Debenham, Miss L. Maunder, Mr. J. Robertson, Mr. T. M. Tennant, Mrs. Trail and child, Mr. G. Palmer, Mr. T. Brown, Mr. and Mrs. Amos, Mr. E. Brooks, Mr. J. R. Richardson, Rev. Mr. and Mrs. Kerr, Mrs. and Miss King, Mr. and Mrs. Thomas and two children, Mr. A. Sandilands, Mr. E. Youngman, Mr. H. J. Dennis, Mr. E. A. Marks, Mr. D. F. De Pass, Master W. D. Burrell, Dr. J. Hunter, Miss D'Ovoy, Miss C. M'Lachlan, Miss Cutting, Mr. M'Millan.

SECOND CABIN.—Mr. Kate Eastwood, Mr. F. Stone, Mr. and Mrs. White, Miss H. Price, Mr. J. L. Williams, Mr. and Mrs. Graham, Mr. B. G. Rowe, Mr. J. E. Wilson, Mrs. Morland, Miss G. Graham, Mr. J. Dothie, Mr. C. Gough, Mr. A. Bruce, Mr. J. Woodhouse, Mr. G. Cross, Mr. W. Day, Mr. D. W. Lemon, Mr. and Mrs. Giffett, Mr. G. Chennells, Mr. and Mrs. Wood, Master and Miss Clayson, Mr. Thomas Wood, Mr. Godfrey Wood, Miss E. Wood, Mr. B. Bevan, Miss S. Brooker, Mr. Davis, Mr. T. O'Hagen, Mr. H. W. Harding, Mr. F. Freyer, Mr. J. Munro, Mr. D. C. Main, Mr. C. Johnstone, Mr. P. Fenwick, Mrs. and Miss Meggs, Mr. G. H. Campbell, Miss E. Marks, Mr. E. G. Trevenen, Mr. and Mrs. Hickman, two sons and two daughters, Mr. A. M'Lean, and Mr. Davis.

THIRD CABIN.—Mr. W. Passmore, Mr. H. Miller, Mr. C. P. Chandler, Mr. B. Hay, Miss E. Jones, Mrs. and Miss Simpson, Mr. and Mrs. Hanson, Mr. and Mrs. Graham and three children, Mr. and Mrs. G. Flick and four children, Mr. R. Trevurrow, Mr. D. Block, Mr. J. Gerkem, Messrs. Zulec Morris and Zulec Barnett, Mr. S. Bolton, Mr. T. Skeggs, Mr. and Mrs. D. Smith, Mr. A. Umphray, Master Spring, Mr. A. Hoyeim, Mr. J. Walls, Mr. W. Barron, Mrs. Lampes and two children, Mr. Algernon L. Otter, Mr. John Little, Mr. H. M'Covey, Miss F. Batchelor, Mr. J. Kirkwood, Mr. W. Clifton, Mr. R. Reynolds, Mr. David Graham, Mr. M'Vittie, Mr. G. Rolwegan, Mr. and Mrs. Sercombe and three children.

We now add a list of the officers and ship's company—86 in number:—

OFFICERS.—Captain John Bohun Martin, 48, commander and part owner; Mr. Robert Harris, 39, chief officer; Mr. Arthur W. Ticehurst, 27, second officer (son of Mr. Ticehurst, late mayor of Hastings); Mr. Arthur E. Angel, 20, third officer; Mr. I. Vivian Faull, 37, surgeon; W. G. Bates, 39, carpenter; Robert Morley, 28, sailmaker; I. Hutchstepp, 28, captain's steward; T. Hutchstepp, 27, steward; Mrs. Grace Logan, 22, stewardess; W. Mackenzie, 22, chief cuddy servant; John Lyall, 25, second-class steward; William Fowler, 27, second cuddy servant; James Bennett, 23, third cuddy servant; Thomas Ham, 40, captain's cook; Henry Appleton, 25, passengers' cook; James Murphy, 20, ship's baker; Robert Gannon, 36, butcher; John Jones, 36, second engineer (saved); John Greenhill, 25, chief engineer (saved); John Armour, 26, third engineer (saved); John Staden, 34, boatswain; Daniel F. Smith, 28, boatswain's mate (saved).

ABLE SEAMEN.—William Hoskings, aged 29; William Daniels, 23 (saved); A. Campbell, 35; J. Butcher, 35; J. Butcher, 35; R. J. Momel, 19; John King, 28 (saved); Joseph Spurgeon, 23; Carl Scoval, 21; Robert Thompson, 30; Johannes Barmiska, 23; Julius Mattheson, 24; Herman, 24; Carl Drawn, 21; John Brawn, 25; Samuel Drown, 22; Benjamin Shields, 23 (saved); Samuel Ellingham, 26; Hans Hansen, 24; Ed. Quin, 22 (saved); Ed. Allen, 23; Reuben Trowbridge, 29; Martin Arnold, 25; August Dittmers, 27; Otto Olsen, 21; Andrew Wilson, 29; James Gough, 19 (saved); Hein Butscher, 26; Richard Lewis, 27 (saved); H. Lazberg, 27; Andrew Anderson, 41; Henry Jones, 36, winchdriver; George Cane, 18, assistant do.

ORDINARY SEAMEN.—Richard Littlepage, aged 20; Patrick Short, 19; William Crines, 18, boy (saved); Alfred White, 14, boy (saved); Edward Logan, 16, leading fireman; Henry Jenkins, 23, storekeeper; Thomas Purkiss, 20, fireman; Frederick Halford, 22, fireman; Thomas Brown, 40, fireman; James Bramble, 34, fireman; George Graycraft, 21, fireman; George O. Holmes, 22, fireman; Charles Fairbrother, 20, trimmer; George Robson, 20, trimmer; J. T. Hall, 18, fourth cuddy servant; Alfred W. Smith, 17, fifth cuddy servant; Morris M'Kenzie, 21, sixth cuddy servant; William Funnell, 25, servant; James Craddock, 31, sculleryman; William Airst, 24, assistant second-class steward; Walter Edwards, 15, midshipman (saved); Robert W. Clough, 14, midshipman; Edward Thomas, seaman; Charles Ansell, seaman; John Mulloney, seaman; Robert G. Stephens, seaman; William Clark, 23, trimmer.

GENERAL SUMMARY.—First-class passengers, 54; second-class passengers, 53; third-class passengers, 46; officers and crew, 86—239. *

FIRST NEWS OF THE DISASTER.

The next intelligence received of the *London* was the startling announcement that she had foundered in the Bay of Biscay, and that 220 out of the 239 souls on board had gone down in her. This fearful news appeared in the metropolitan morning journals of the 17th, in the following form:—

PLYMOUTH, JAN. 16 (Evening).

Messrs. Money Wigram and Sons' steamship *London*, Captain Martin, from London for Melbourne, has foundered at sea with 239 souls

on board. The survivors—sixteen of the crew and three passengers—were landed at Falmouth to-day by the Italian barque *Marianople*. Mr. John Greenhill, the engineer, reports as follows:—

“We left Plymouth on Jan. 6. On the 7th we experienced heavy weather, with rain. 8th. The same. 9th. Lost jibboom and foretopmast, topgallant mast and royal mast. About 9 a.m. we lost the port lifeboat, a heavy gale prevailing at the time. On the 10th, at 3 a.m., the ship put about, intending to run back to Plymouth. About the same time the starboard lifeboat was washed overboard by a heavy sea, which also stove the starboard cutter. At noon, lat. 46.8 N., long. 0.87 W., we were shipping heavy seas, which carried away the engine room hatch. The water going down and putting the fires out. The passengers were baling the water out of the ship with buckets.

“JAN. 11.—The gale was still increasing, with heavy cross seas, nearly all coming over the ship. During the morning all that could were trying to stop the leak in the engine-room hatch, but to no purpose. About 4 a.m. four of the stern-ports were stove in. Efforts were made to stop them, but it was found to be impossible. At 10 a.m. lowered the starboard pinnace, which foundered. At 1 p.m. we could see the ship gradually sinking, it being then as low in the water as the main chain. At 2 p.m. the following persons left in the port cutter:—D. G. Wain, John Munro, and J. E. Wilson, passengers; John Greenhill, engineer; John Jones, second engineer; John Armour, third engineer; Thomas Brown, fireman; W. M. Edwards, midshipman; D. T. Smith, boatswain's mate; William Daniels, quartermaster; Jonn King, Benjamin Shield, Richard Lewis, James Gough, Edward Quin, able seamen; William Crimes, ordinary seaman; A. G. White, boatswain's boy; William Hart, carpenter's mate; and Edward Gardner, second-class steward.

“About five minutes after leaving the vessel we saw her go down stern foremost, with about 220 persons on board, all of whom are supposed to have perished. There were two other boats getting ready when we left, but they were too late.

“The above-named persons who were saved were picked up by the *Marianople*, and treated with the greatest kindness by her captain, Curasa.

(Signed) “JOHN GREENHILL, Engineer.”

So awful a calamity could not fail to cause a most profound and painful sensation throughout the kingdom. Heavy gales occurring synchronously with that which swept the *London* from the sea, had, in some measure, prepared the British public for news of marine disasters. But it was hard to realise the fact that a steamship of the size, strength, and proved capacity of the lost vessel had been overwhelmed and swallowed up by the same waves which had spared a tiny and over-freighted boat. A metropolitan newspaper thus refers to the reception of the first news of the catastrophe:—“The curt and bitter intelligence which carried desolation to many a home, now that fuller information has been

gleaned from the few who have survived of all on board the stricken ship, may be tempered by the knowledge of how those many encountered their fate—of a rich heroism, and grave, patient, religious submission supervening on the failure of their brave efforts, when all human power was broken down, that will take its place beside other like stories of which the nation is proud. When the inhabitants of London rose on Thursday morning last (11th Jan.), to find the snow deep over every road and building, as it had fallen or been blown by the storm which broke down the telegraph posts in many parts of the country, and strewed the coasts with wreck, the *London* was beating about almost a dismantled hulk in the Bay of Biscay, about two miles west of Land's-end; the officers, crew, and passengers had been labouring at the pumps all night, and striving to cope, every hand that could help, with the furious cross sea which swept over the ship, and mocked their efforts with increasing force, breaking up the strong vessel bit by bit."

Allusion is made, in the accompanying extract from an English weekly journal, to contemporaneous disasters which, dreadful as they were, sink into insignificance by the side of the great casualty:—
 "Each morning's news as it came has brought the mournful intelligence of good ships wrecked and brave lives lost in increasing numbers, till mournfulness and awe came to their full climax in the foundering of the *London*, with all her passengers on board. The tale of nearly forty vessels wrecked in a single night in Torbay, and of a hundred men perishing with them, seems, terrible as it is, to dwindle and lose interest beside the sorrowful narrative which brings so plainly before us the danger, the unhoping energy, and the brave resignation, not ungiven from above, of the passengers and crew of that ill-fated ship. We do not think well of the man who could read that, or hear it read, without some swelling in the throat or some moisture about the eyes, because we are used to courage and defiance of danger on the part of our seamen. But those who perish in the steam-ship *London*—less fortunate than the *Amalia*, which was wrecked in the same cyclone, but saved her passengers and crew—were passengers, emigrants many of them, not only men, but women and little children. These last, we are told, 'wondered and asked why their fathers and mothers looked so sad,' when all that skill and resolve could do had been done without effect, and hope had to be given up."

THE CATASTROPHE.

It is now time to take up the thread of the narrative from the day of the departure of the *London* from Plymouth on her voyage. The particulars now given were supplied to the Cornwall papers by the survivors on their arrival at Falmouth:—

"After leaving Plymouth, the *London* had full steam on during the whole of Saturday, 6th January, and the voyage promised to progress

very satisfactorily until the following morning, when the wind increased and a head sea gradually rose. During the day the *London* passed several ships, and nothing occurred to create the smallest uneasiness in the minds of any of the officers of the steamer. On Sunday night the wind increased to a gale, and the sea rose considerably. On the morning of Monday, the 8th, the ship was well clear of the land, and Captain Martin, having ordered the engines to be stopped, set his top-sails, and so endeavoured to keep the ship moving slowly ahead. At noon on this day, the wind having somewhat lulled, the engines were again set in motion, and kept steaming slowly ahead through the night. At 8 a.m. on Tuesday, the 9th, while the captain was still endeavouring to keep the ship in her course by means of the screw, the violence of the gale carried away at one sweep the jibboom, the fore-top-mast, the gallant-mast, and the royal-mast. These large spars were not wholly detached from the ship, but, hanging just by the stays, swung to and fro with such violence that the crew were wholly unable to secure them. About two hours later the main royal-mast was blown completely out of its socket, and added to the general wreck. Captain Martin—who had not been in bed since the previous Sunday night—was not at all disheartened up to this moment; but as the gale continued to increase during the morning, with a sea already running mountains high, the position of the ship was undoubtedly felt to be one of some peril. Still, as the wind had somewhat veered round, the engines were kept steaming easily ahead, and it is believed that at this moment no person on board felt any anxiety for the ultimate safety of the ship. About 3 p.m. on Tuesday a tremendous sea struck the ship and carried the port life-boat clean away from the davits. All that evening and through the succeeding night the wind blew a very heavy gale, and the sea ran very high; but the screw was still kept steaming easy ahead. At 3 a.m. on Wednesday, the 10th, Captain Martin sent for Mr. Greenhill, the chief engineer, and informed him of his intention to put the ship about and run for Plymouth, and he desired that full speed should be got up directly. This was immediately done.

This determination of Captain Martin has provoked considerable controversy on the part of several naval men, some of whom condemned the alteration of the ship's course as not only unnecessary, but under the circumstances absolutely disastrous. Their argument was, that, crippled as the ship was by the loss of some of her principal spars, and encumbered also with the wreck, it was impossible for her to get ahead of the waves, and that such being the case it was easy to account for the subsequent disasters.

In half-an-hour after the ship's course had been altered she was again struck by a tremendous sea, which carried away the starboard life-boat, and also stove in the starboard cutter. At noon on this day the ship's position was in lat. 46°48' N., 8°7' W. A very heavy cross sea was running, with the wind now dead astern of the ship, which caused her to roll heavily, and much impeded her progress.

But no danger was even now anticipated, and all through the evening of Wednesday and long after nightfall, the ship continued to steam slowly ahead, the captain and his officers remaining steadily at their posts, and the passengers appearing to have full reliance upon the skill of Captain Martin to bring them safely to port. At 10.30 p.m. on Wednesday, the ship still rolling deeply in a heavy cross sea, and the wind blowing a whole gale from the south-west, a mountain of water fell heavily over the waist of the ship, and spent its destructive force upon the main hatchway over the engine-room, completely demolishing this massive structure, measuring 12ft. by 8ft., and flooding with tons of water this portion of the ship. Instant endeavours to repair the hatchway were made with a promptitude and vigor commensurable with the imminent crisis. Every spare sail that could be got at, and even blankets and mattresses from all parts of the ship, were thrown over the aperture, but each succeeding sea shipped by the vessel tore away the frail resource of the moment, and not more than ten minutes after the hatchway had been destroyed the water had risen above the furnaces and up to the waists of the engineers and firemen employed in this part of the ship. The lower decks were also now flooded with the rush of water the ship was continually taking in. The chief engineer remained at his post until the water had risen above his waist, when he went on deck and reported that his fires were out and his engines rendered useless. Capt. Martin, with calm conviction, remarked that he was not surprised; on the contrary, he had expected such a result. Finding his noble ship at length a little more than a log on the water, Capt. Martin immediately ordered his main topsail to be set, in the hope of keeping her before the wind. The difficult work had hardly been accomplished when the force of the wind tore the sail into ribbands, with the exception of one corner, under which the ship lay-to throughout the remainder of the night. The donkey-engine, supplied with steam by a boiler upon deck, and all the deckpumps, were kept going throughout the night, and the passengers of all classes, now aroused to a sense of their imminent danger, shared with the crew their arduous labours. Notwithstanding every effort the water still gained upon the pumps, and the gale continuing at its height, cross seas with tremendous force were constantly breaking over the vessel, which at length succumbed to the unequal conflict. From this moment the motion of the ship was low and heavy, and she refused to rise to the action of the waves. At a quarter after four o'clock on Thursday morning she was struck by a stern sea, which carried away four of her stern posts, and admitted a flood of water through the breach. From this time all efforts were useless; and at day-break Captain Martin, whose cool intrepidity had never for a moment forsaken him, entered the cuddy, where all classes of the passengers had now taken refuge, and, responding to the universal appeal, calmly announced the cessation of all human hopes. It is a remarkable fact that this solemn admission was as solemnly received, a resigned silence prevailing throughout the assembly, broken only at brief intervals by the well-timed and appropriate exhortations of the Rev. Mr Draper,

whose spiritual services had been necessary during the previous twenty-four hours. The women sat around him reading Bibles with the children, and occasionally some man or woman would step up to him and say, "Pray with me, Mr Draper," a request that was always complied with. Up to the time the ship went down the reverend gentleman ministered to those amongst whom he moved constantly. He was heard to say repeatedly, "O God, may those who are not converted be converted now—hundreds of them."

At ten o'clock on the morning of Thursday (the 11th), Captain Martin had the terrible task of making known to all those in his charge on board that the ship was sinking, and that they must prepare for the worst. She was then as low in the water as the main chains. An effort was now made to lower the boats, and the starboard iron pinnace was got down, with five men in her. In the terrific sea she was quickly swamped and went down, but the five men were got on board the ship again. This catastrophe had the effect of intimidating the crew from attempting to launch the three remaining boats, and all the persons on board began to realize the dreadful fate which impended. The whole of the passengers and crew gathered as with one consent in the chief saloon, and having been calmly told by Captain Martin that there was no hope left, a remarkable and unanimous spirit of resignation seemed to come over them at once. There were neither cries nor shrieking by women or men, no rushing on deck or frantic behaviour. Mothers were weeping sadly over the little ones about them to be engulfed, and the children, ignorant of their coming death, were pitifully inquiring the cause of so much woe. Friends were taking leave of friends as if preparing for a long journey; others were crouched down with Bibles in their hands, endeavoring to snatch consolation from passages long known, or perhaps long neglected. Incredible, say the survivors, was the composure which, under such circumstances, reigned around. Captain Martin stationed himself in the poop, going occasionally forward or into the saloon, but to none could he offer a word of comfort by saying that their safety was even probable. He joined now and then for a few moments in the public devotions, but his place to the last was on the deck.

About one o'clock in the afternoon, the water having reached the main chains and the ship evidently settling down, the port pinnace was got over the ship's side. Even at this moment the sea was so heavy that those of the passengers who were within reach of the boat appeared to prefer the frail shelter of the sinking vessel to the obvious dangers of a small boat in a raging sea. At this crisis Captain Martin, always at hand, addressing Mr. Greenhill, his chief engineer, under whose command this particular boat was rated, said, "There is not much chance for the boat; there is none for the ship. Your duty is done; mine is to remain here. Get in and take command of the few it will hold." Thus prompted, Mr. Greenhill, with his fellow engineers and some few others, numbering nineteen souls, among whom were only three second-class passengers, quitted the ship, with only a few

biscuits in the shape of provisions, and not a drop of water. The pinnace had scarcely cleared the wake of the vessel, upon the poop of which upwards of fifty of the passengers were seen grouped, when a tremendous sea was seen to break over the doomed circle, who, when the ship rose slowly again, were discovered to have been swept into the surging waters. Another moment and the vessel herself, settling down stern foremost, threw up her bows into the air and sank beneath the waves.

THE SURVIVORS.

Leaving the sad circumstances connected with those who perished, there is much to narrate concerning the adventures of the small remnant of the crew and passengers who were saved. The ship was being washed over to the boat, towards which it lunged heavily. The captain, who was walking calmly up and down the poop, had refused to leave his ship, but just before the boat put off he had the consideration and presence of mind to give those in the boat their "course." He told them that it lay E.N.E. to Brest, which was correct. Before the boat could be got off it was in great danger of being sucked down with the ship, which was rapidly settling beneath the water. The swirl of water round the stern that preceded the foundering had already begun to be excessive, and the boat was, therefore, hastily cut away. A compass had been given them by the captain, and under the directions of King the men agreed that whatever might happen they would sit immovable except when pulling at the oars. One of the seamen has stated that when the boat was pushed off, and the captain had wished those in her "God speed," the men resolved that no danger must be allowed to accrue to them from further crowding, and that some of them drew their knives with a determination of cutting off the hands of those who might leap from the ship and endeavour to cling to the boat's gunwales. Two men worked at each oar, and they ran before the sea. Every nerve was exerted to make the boat withstand the fearful tossings and the strain as she mounted the waves, and became surrounded by the surge. Before daylight, and as the moon rose, the men were everjoyed at descrying a vessel close alongside. They hailed the ship, and were heard, but, as they could present no light, they were not seen, although they could see the ship tacking about for an hour trying to find them. The search was fruitless, and the ship was lost sight of. The boat had not been rowed during the time the ship was sighted, but simply kept away before the wind until daylight, when no vessel was visible. The men adhered to their course, and at nine o'clock sighted two vessels, but were prevented from making for them by the cross seas. They rowed for one of them, however, for five hours. When at last they came up to her, they found her to be an Italian barque, the *Marianople*, Captain Cavassa. Just as they were approaching the vessel they were struck by a heavy squall and shipped a

sea, so that all in the boat gave themselves up for lost, but by only one of the men moving in the boat to bail her out, and no fresh seas striking her, they were enabled to bail her clear, and bring up alongside the barque. A line was thrown to them, and they were drawn up to the deck, where they found themselves completely benumbed by the exposure to which they had been subjected. Captain Cavassa, who could speak little English, to whom the men feel grateful to the extremest extent, used more means for their recovery and for their comfort than simple humanity would dictate. He had the men stripped, rubbed, clad in fresh warm garments, and killed for them a turkey, besides providing tea and soup, and setting apart for them warm beds. At that time the ship was in 46°48' N. latitude, and 7°13' W. longitude, and was bound for Cork or Falmouth. They were landed at the latter port.

The pinnace would only keep afloat before the wind and was repeatedly in danger of being swamped. According to the statement of Mr. Greenhill, the chief engineer of the *London*, and one of the survivors, "They had not been afloat two hours before they saw a full-rigged ship sail past them, but at too great a distance to hail. At three a.m. on the 12th, they sighted the sails of a brig, the crew of which overheard their shouts and bore down towards them, but, failing to get into the track of the boat, after making several fruitless tacks, she bore away. At daybreak, a full-rigged cutter was observed at some distance, and hoisting a shirt upon an oar they endeavoured, but in vain, to attract attention. Shortly afterwards the Italian barque *Marianople*, Captain Cavassa, bound, with a cargo of wheat, from Constantinople to Cork, hove in sight, and the captain, having observed the pinnace, immediately shortened sail and lay-to, preparing to take them on board. On reaching the ship, notwithstanding the stress of weather and straitened means for the support of so large an increase to his crew, Captain Cavassa received the Englishmen with unbounded kindness and hospitality, supplying them with all that was needful in their destitute condition. The exigencies of the gale had obliged Captain Cavassa to sacrifice more than half his cargo, and during the four days' run into Falmouth the weather carried away his rudder, and brought into useful requisition the services of his English passengers." The safety of the boat was due to the admirable steering of King, who laboured under the disadvantage of having received a severe injury during the gale. On leaving the ship the boat had a small supply of water, which was soon spoiled by the sea, a bottle of champagne, and two or three of brandy, which were almost immediately consumed, and a few bunches of carrots, so that the crew must speedily have perished had they not been picked up, especially as the boat, which was constructed for twelve persons only, held nineteen. From statements made by others of the survivors, it seems that at a little before two o'clock, the hour at which the vessel went down, the ladies, in an insensible state, were floating about on the poop of the ship, and at this time both Mr. Munro and Mr. Main, looking out upon the little boat that was being tossed like a

cockleshell—now close to, and anon twenty yards from the vessel's side—remarked that if they had a chance they would not get into her, believing it impossible for her to live. But suddenly they felt the big ship leave as it were their feet, and then it was that they resolved to take chance in the small craft. As soon as Mr. Munro got into the boat the doctor's assistant offered him £500 if they would take him in. To this offer one of the sailors replied, "Keep your money and look after yourself." To this the assistant answered, "I am your doctor, and you are bound to take me with you." All this time they were pulling away from the ship, which five minutes afterwards sank beneath the waves; and although at this awful moment the small craft was some considerable distance off, still it is the opinion of the sailors that had they been one minute later in leaving the ship's side the boat would have been sucked down in the vortex. It is a matter of great surprise, to those who fortunately took refuge in the boat, that she should live in such a sea, and that too with seven persons more than she was built to carry. They had not started long upon their dreary journey before their fresh water was destroyed by the constant seas that broke over them. They consumed the bottle of champagne and two bottles of the brandy during the Thursday night, and the third they could not find, so that they were left almost at the outset with but a few carrots for sustenance.

Mr. Walter M. Edwards, midshipman of the *London*, states:—"The chance of the boat being saved was considered so utterly hopeless by the captain, officers, and passengers, that all held aloof, and, instead of a rush being made to the boat, as has been stated, there were only two men, the doctor's mate and a Dutch seaman, who tried in vain to enter. Some of the ladies were invited by the men to come with us, and would have done so, but I myself heard Captain Martin dissuade them from entering, for he said it would be only a more lingering death, as 'the boat could not possibly live in such a sea.' This was the only occasion on which his feelings overcame him, for through all dangers and difficulties his coolness and composure were remarkable."





BIOGRAPHICAL NOTICES.

MR. G. V. BROOKE.

A PUBLIC loss of no ordinary magnitude was experienced when this great actor perished in the *London*. The name of Gustavus Vaughan Brooke had been, for nearly twenty years previously, associated intimately with the highest developments of dramatic art; and it was impossible that it could be erased from the roll of living actors without the world being painfully conscious of the void. Few of his profession—none, indeed, of equal eminence—have been so cosmopolitan in its practice as he, and probably none was so well known “off the stage.” His genius was as patent to the Australian public as to that of the mother-country and of America; his personal characteristics were equally well understood; and when the tidings reached this country of the awful catastrophe of the 11th of January, it is not incorrect to say that individual deprivations by that great calamity occupied only a secondary position in the general lamentation.

When Mr. George Coppin was in England in the latter part of 1865 he arranged with Mr. Brooke to revisit Australia, and it was while on his way out to fulfil this engagement that this tragedian lost his life.

Concerning the negotiations between the actor and the Australian manager, particularly with respect to the vessel in which the former should take his passage, Mr. Edward P. Hingston, who visited these colonies with the *Wizard Anderson* in the capacity of agent, has communicated, through his brother, the accompanying interesting particulars:—“There was much discussion as to which ship Mr. Brooke should go in. Mr. Coppin wished him to go in a vessel just about to sail. Mr. Brooke declared his preference for the *Great Britain*; but no definite arrangement was come to. Had Mr. Coppin’s wishes been complied with, Mr. Brooke would have sailed before Mr. Coppin left by the overland mail of November. There were reasons, however, why he should not do so, and among them were that he wished to play a farewell engagement at Dublin and another at Belfast. So Mr. Coppin returned to London, and Mr. Brooke to the Potteries. In the following week I called upon Mr. Coppin at the Craven Hotel, in London, and we read over *The Times* together to discover the best vessel in which Mr. Brooke could sail. I believe the *Red Jacket* was then our selection. A few days passed on, and we all met again at Leeds, in Yorkshire, and there, on the 15th of November, it was finally arranged that Mr. Brooke should go, and there and then, I believe, the un-

fortunate *London* was the vessel selected. In the course of the evening Mr. Brooke was at the theatre, in front of the house. When the play was over he went with me into the Elephant and Castle, next door, to take a parting glass. Elated with the thought of returning to Australia, and meeting with two or three of his old Yorkshire friends, he informed them of his intention. One of them remarked to him, 'I am glad of it, Brooke; tragedy has had its day in England, but I believe it will still go down in Australia.' Brooke smiled, and pleasantly replied, 'Tragedy will go down: the question is—will the tragedian? He may not go down as well as he did when he gets there, and he might go down before he got there.' Uttered jocularly, was this remark merely an impromptu meaningless pun, or was it suggested by some vague prevision of fate impending? It was a very few days after this that Mr. Coppin secured cabin passages in the *London* for 'Mr. G. Vaughan and Miss Vaughan,' such being the names under which, for various reasons, poor Gustavus and his sister Fanny had determined to make the voyage."

From a very carefully written memoir of this eminent actor, written by Mr. E. L. Blanchard, and published in a London weekly journal of the 21st January, 1865, the following biographical information is derived:—"Gustavus Vaughan Brooke was born on the 25th of April, 1819, at Hardwick place, Dublin. His father was a gentleman of property, but he died before Gustavus reached the age of seven. He, therefore, scarcely knew a father's care; but the affection of a tender mother lightened the bereavement. The first rudiments of education were instilled into him by his remaining parent, who for many years after lived in Dublin, in the house of her son—that son having, with a due recollection of a mother's love, conveyed to her a life-interest in the whole of his father's estate. While a mere child, Master Brooke was sent by his mother to Edgeworth's town-school, then conducted by a brother of Miss Edgeworth, the distinguished novelist. Maria herself (the novelist) took a great interest in the welfare of the little student, and frequently admitted him to dine with her—an honorable notice, which he regarded with a childish but natural pride. His progress in the school was very rapid, for his precocity was remarkable. Under the care of Lovell Edgeworth he was grounded in the knowledge of the ancient classics, and trained in all those exercises which promote a healthy development of body as well as of mind. In running, wrestling, fencing, leaping, he soon became distinguished for his lightness and elasticity of limb, and he retained his proficiency in these manly arts to his latest hour. In fencing he was the school hero, and on one occasion the victor in a contest at single-stick among four hundred and ninety scholars. He left the school of the Edgeworths to be placed under the direction of the Rev. William Jones, to whom was confided the task of preparing him for college, as his mother intended to have him educated for the Irish Bar. The young student already felt the promptings of latent genius, and was delighted with the plan of debating and declaiming carried on at this school. During the holidays he was made the "bright particular

star" of family parties, where his precocious talent elicited much surprise and commendation ; many friends, indeed, suggested that he should follow the histrionic art as a profession, but his mother entertained a very natural aversion to this course. Master Brooke, however, burned in secret to enter that seemingly enchanted arena of display—that delusive fairyland of tinsel glories and painted delights—which has captivated so many a youthful fancy, but, like the ruddy and tempting apples of Sodom, has turned to bitterness and ashes on the lips. At the time we speak of, Mr. Macready was fulfilling a brief engagement in Dublin. Gustavus, then fourteen years of age, requested permission to go to the theatre. His desire was granted, and that night proved an era in his existence ; it was the first time he had ever entered a theatre. He left the theatre in a state of excitement bordering upon ecstacy ; his mind was made up, and from that hour he resolved to be an actor. The next morning he boldly called upon Mr. Macready, and found that gentleman just about to proceed to the theatre to rehearse *Rob Roy*. The distinguished tragedian received him very courteously, and, with a fatherly care, admonished him of the perils, dangers, and hardships of the theatrical profession. Gustavus listened with respectful attention, and retired ; but his resolution was unchanged by the warning he had received. He had another counsellor within, and, in his case, it proved no delusive one. As nothing resulted from his interview with Mr. Macready, our young hero, sustained by a confident feeling that he possessed more than ordinary talent, called upon Mr. J. W. Calcraft, the respected manager, who for so many years held the reins at the Theatre Royal, Dublin. That gentlemen received him politely, but was actually startled by young Brooke coolly requesting to be allowed to appear at his theatre in the character of *William Tell* ! A tall youth of fourteen, without any experience in the dramatic art, desiring to make his appearance in a principal character in the first theatre of the Irish metropolis, had in it at first an air of absurdity ; and the probability was, that the ambitious young aspirant would have been dismissed with sarcastic smile at his presumption. Gustavus was not easily repulsed ; and, with boyish impetuosity and confidence, he exclaimed, " Please to hear me, sir, and then judge ! It was for something that I have taken a dozen prizes." Then, without waiting for a reply, he burst into his favourite recitation of " *Ye crags and peaks.*" Mr. Calcraft soon saw that the manly, handsome lad before him had indeed not obtained his dozen prizes for nothing. He ultimately gave Master Brooke hopes of a distant engagement, but said he could do nothing for him at present. But the opportunity of the young *Roscus* was nearer than either he or the manager anticipated. Mr. Calcraft had made an engagement with the great Edmund Kean, who was to have appeared at the Dublin Theatre only a few days after the interview we have just described. A severe illness, however, prevented that surprising delineator of the passions from keeping his engagement. What was to be done ? Suddenly the manager thought of his recent visitor ; an Irish audience are easily taken by novelty—still it was a

dangerous experiment. He resolved, however, to put it in practice, and, having sent for young Brooke, engaged him for one night as a trial. The delighted youth accordingly made his appearance on Easter Tuesday, 1833, in his coveted character of William Tell. An engagement was the result of the success he achieved on this occasion, and he subsequently appeared as Virginius, Frederic in *Lover's Vows*, Douglas, and Rolla. He next performed at Limerick, then at Londonderry, and, after that, he was engaged at Glasgow for a period of twelve nights. So great was his success that he was immediately re-engaged there on very favourable terms. From Glasgow he proceeded to Edinburgh, where, after playing for one night as a trial, he was engaged for the rest of the season. By this time the fame of the "Hibernian Roscius," as he was called, had reached London, and the young tragedian was engaged to appear at the Victoria Theatre, where he performed Virginius three times a week for a month, greatly to the satisfaction of his audiences. He was then engaged for the Kent circuit, and advanced in his professional career with remarkable rapidity. While still a mere youth he became a member of the company performing at the Birmingham Theatre, where he was concerned in an incident which is worth relating. On the last night of his engagement he was cast for the comparatively trifling part of Tressel in *Richard the Third*, Mr. Charles Kean having to play the bloodthirsty and crafty Glo'ster. During the afternoon Master Brooke addressed a note of complaint and remonstrance to the manager on the subject of his financial claims, and intimated that he should expect the payment of arrears. The manager either would not or could not pay, and in the evening the young actor perceived another person dressed for Tressel, and every wing guarded by the stage carpenters and friends of the manager. Determined not to be baffled in this manner, Master Brooke, as soon as he heard the cue given for the entrance of Tressel, vaulted over the head of one of the carpenters at the upper entrance, and made his appearance on the stage, greatly to the astonishment of the King and the audience, who each beheld *two* Tressels in the field. Great confusion ensued, and Brooke, advancing to the footlights, explained the circumstance, and threw himself on the indulgence of his audience. The sympathy of the spectators was enlisted on behalf of the lad, and he was greeted with thunders of applause, and with—what was equally acceptable—a little shower of money. To the repeated demands made from the wings that he should instantly leave the stage, young Brooke replied by holding out his hand to the side for his arrears of salary. At length the money was given to him, and he came down to the footlights and leisurely counted it. Finding it was not correct, he again stretched out his hand to the wing, and would not withdraw it until he succeeded in obtaining the full amount due to him. The play then proceeded, but the next night the theatre remained unopened. Master Brooke had ruined the treasury, and the season was closed. Mr. Brooke, though he seldom played any but leading characters, was frequently engaged, on handsome terms, to support the great theatrical



G. V. Brooke, Esq.



stars who were making their transits through England and Ireland. On one of these occasions he met Mr. Edwin Forrest, who assured him that he had only to visit the United States to create a great sensation. But Mr. Brooke had no wish to leave his own country until he had reached the highest position in it, in theatrical circles, by the conquest of the dramatic crown in London. He took this step cautiously, refusing no less than *thirteen* promising engagements from time to time. At length, on the 2nd of January, 1848, he made his appearance at the Olympic Theatre in the character of Othello. It was a brilliant triumph. The whole audience rose and greeted him with loud and repeated cheers; he had fired them with enthusiastic excitement; and, from that moment, was acknowledged as one of the greatest tragedians of the day. He repeated the character for thirty successive nights to the most brilliant audiences. Fortune now seemed disposed to strew his path with roses; a brilliant opportunity was before him; and he even declined the liberal offer of £15 per night, for one hundred nights certain, from Mr. Webster, then manager of the Haymarket. He returned to the provinces, and, after a brilliant tour, accepted an invitation to visit the United States of America. On his arrival at New York, almost the first person he met was his old friend, Mr. Edwin Forrest. That gentleman, at the time, was almost overwhelmed with troubles; but he no sooner recognised Mr. Brooke than he hastened to welcome him to the shores of Columbia, and congratulate him on his certainty of success. That success Mr. Forrest did his utmost to promote. He attended nightly at the theatre to witness the performances of his illustrious compeer, and expressed his unqualified approbation of them by most enthusiastic plaudits. Mr. Brooke's *début* in America was at the Broadway Theatre, New York, on the 15th of December, 1851, as Othello, and his success was brilliant and unqualified. No audience ever received an actor with more favour, or were excited to greater enthusiasm. He was sometimes called before the curtain to receive their congratulations even three or four times during a single performance. Mr. Brooke then visited Philadelphia, Boston, Washington, and Baltimore, to the delight of the lovers of the intellectual drama in those cities. His first appearance at Philadelphia was at the Walnut-street Theatre, as Sir Giles Overreach, January 5th, 1852. Having acquired a large sum of money in America, he was persuaded to invest it in a theatrical speculation, and turn manager. In an evil hour he took the Astor-place Opera-house, in New York, and opened it in May, 1852. The result may be anticipated; in a few weeks he was compelled to close the house, being wrecked in pocket and spirits, having lost all his vast earnings, and become deeply involved in debt. On the 6th of September, 1852, he commenced a new campaign upon an entirely new plan. Devoting his attention solely to his art, he associated himself with a person who undertook the entire control of his engagements and finances. From that day the tide of fortune turned. Re-commencing his tour through the States, he visited Philadelphia, Albany, Buffalo, Cincinnati, and St. Louis. To record the

particulars of his progress would be merely a monotonous chronicle of triumphs. Mr. Brooke's reappearance in his native land was within the venerable walls of Old Drury, then under Mr. E. T. Smith's management, on the 5th of September, 1853. Its walls were filled, night after night, with such breathing seas of life—such masses of expectant auditors as had not been seen there for many years. Having accomplished the little less than miracle of filling our vast National Theatre every evening for nearly seven weeks, Mr. Brooke, on the 3rd of October, left London for the provinces. In 1854 he took his farewell of the London public, and sailed for Australia.

Mr. Brooke, accompanied by Miss Fanny Cathcart, since become Mrs. Robt. Heir, and Mr. Richard Younge, arrived in Melbourne in 1854, under engagement to Mr. Geo. Coppin, and made his *début* before an Australian audience at the Queen's Theatre, then under the management of Messrs. Young and Hydes, during the same week of his arrival. His opening part was "Othello;" the house was crowded from base to roof, and the reception which the tragedian experienced was enthusiastic in the extreme. Mr. Brooke played subsequently in succession the leading characters of the poetic drama with unvarying success; and added to his triumphs in the legitimate *roles* others equally unqualified, by a glorious series of impersonations of Irish characters. Indeed, Australians did not know which most to admire, the picturesque and massive grandeur of Brooke's "Othello," the deep pathos of his "Virginius," or the rich, whimsical humour of his "Felix O'Callaghan," and the boisterous prodigality of fun which distinguished his "Pierce O'Hara." In 1855 Mr. Brooke laid the first stone of Coppin's Olympic Theatre; and on his return from Sydney, in which city his success had been ~~been~~ as unqualified as in the Victorian metropolis, he inaugurated the drama in its new temple. He afterwards entered into partnership with Mr. Coppin, and with that gentleman came into the proprietary of the Theatres Royal and Olympic, and Cremorne Gardens. The successes of the "firm" were prodigious, and on the dissolution of partnership some three or four years afterwards, when the property was divided, Mr. Brooke chose the Theatre Royal as his share. But unfortunately the tragedian was entirely destitute of the commercial faculty; and although he associated with himself in the management, Messrs. H. Edwards and Geo. Fawcett, the experience of those gentlemen was not equal to the necessities of the case. Eventually, Mr. Brooke's interest in the theatre fell into the hands of Mr. Ambrose Kyte, and the tragedian having previously to this played a farewell engagement quitted Australia in 1860, returned to England, reappearing, after an absence of seven years, at Drury Lane, October, 28th, 1861, in his best impersonation, "Othello." In October, 1862, he commenced a very successful engagement at the City of London Theatre, and from that time fulfilled a series of starring engagements in the provinces. Mr. E. P. Hingston supplies the final particulars of Mr. Brooke's professional career:—"Mr. Coppin left England by the November mail,

and Mr. Brooke went to Dublin to play a very successful engagement at the Queen's Theatre. From Dublin he proceeded to Belfast, and, under the management of Messrs. Warden and Mills, played the last engagement he was destined to play in this world. For his benefit—the last he ever took—he appeared as Edgar of Ravenswood, and as Captain Murphy Maguire. On the following evening, December 23, he enacted Richard III. It is the expressed opinion of more than one whom I know, that he had not for years played with so much vigour and so much fire. Among the histrionic recollections of the people of Belfast, not the least treasured nor the least mournful will be that G. V. Brooke spoke his last words on the stage in the little theatre of that pleasant Ulster town." Mr. Brooke and his sister, as has been already stated, joined the *London* at Plymouth, and the account given by the survivors of the conduct of the great actor in the awful predicament in which he was placed is thus graphic:—"The Dutch portion of the crew, twenty-one in number, had refused to work, and, according to the English sailors who were saved, these men went to their berths, and remained there, so that the passengers had to work at the pumps for many hours with the English seamen. Attired only in a red Crimean shirt and trousers, bare-headed and bare-footed, Mr. G. V. Brooke exerted himself incessantly. He went backwards and forwards at the pumps until working at them was found to be useless, and when last seen, about four hours before the steamer went down, he was leaning with grave composure upon one of the half-doors of the companion. His chin was resting upon both hands, and his arms were on the top of the door, which he gently swayed to and fro whilst he calmly watched the scene." One of the passengers who saw him has said, "He had worked wonderfully, and in fact more bravely than any other man on board the ship." To the steward, who made himself known, Mr. Brooke said, "If you succeed in saving yourself, give my farewell to the people at Melbourne." These were his last words. According to Mr. Hingston, when Gardner, the second steward of the *London*, saw Mr. Brooke working at the pumps shortly before the boat put off, he offered the tragedian a drink from a bottle of the captain's brandy, which he (Gardner) had found floating about. These are Mr. Hingston's words:—"He could tell us little more of Gustavus Brooke than we had already learned; except assuring us that Brooke had worked at the pumps and buckets as hard as any passenger on board; that his dress was a red Crimean shirt and a pair of trousers, no shoes on, and no cap; that he, Gardner, finding a bottle of the captain's brandy floating about, knocked off the neck, and handing the bottle to Mr. Brooke, said, 'Will you take one drink to cheer you, old friend?' That Brooke took that drink, and that it was the last he ever took in this world." Poor Brooke, although in some respects weakness itself, was a Hercules in most of the manly virtues. He was the least selfish of men, and his extraordinary simplicity in matters of every day concern was surprising. He literally knew nothing of business, and was constantly exposed to imposition. As an actor his genius is unques-

tionable. He has stated that he founded his style upon that of Vandenhoff, but those of his audience who were acquainted with both, could recognise no such affinity. In his Irish characters, and particularly O'Callaghan and Pierce O'Hara, he had no rival. An English critic of repute, writing soon after the news of the wreck had been received, said of Mr. Brooke:—"In person, Mr. G. V. Brooke was tall, dignified, and graceful, his features eminently handsome and expressive; and, on the stage, his walk and presence were majestic. As a tragic artist he stood at one time in the highest rank. His style was perfectly original—derived from no school, but fresh from the liberal hand of nature. Mr. Brooke possessed a voice of great power, and he effectively used it, Rembrandt-like, in producing sunny lights and deep gloomy shadows." In Australia Mr. Brooke was an immense favourite. A Melbourne journalist contributed the following graceful sentences to the many literary eulogies of the lost tragedian:—"Remembering what he was—how gifted, how unconscious of his own genius, how prompt to acknowledge and honour it in others, how modest, how free from envy, how child-like in his amenableness to good influences, how large-hearted and how easily swayed by kindly impulses, it is impossible to write of him otherwise than tenderly, or to refer to his faults in any other than a lenient and gentle spirit. For these were those of Burns, and were attributable to the same healthy animalism, the same sensibility to social pleasures, and the same keen relish for convivial enjoyment. Who are his censors? Are they immaculate? Are they irreproachable? Have they no frailties, less patent perhaps, but more obnoxious to reproof? In truth, there is nothing that sober dullness and demure ignorance enjoy so much as detecting flaws in diamonds—as discovering blemishes in the character, and errors in the lives, of men of genius. Respectable mediocrity feels some sort of compensation for its own insignificance when it is enabled to proclaim that Lord Byron was over-much addicted to gin-and-water, that Raffaëlle was infatuated with a baker's wife, that Milton was a morose husband, that Moliere was henpecked, and that Edmund Kean's conduct had a taint of insanity in it. It seems to humiliate the great, and to exalt the little. It is only a Shakspeare whose estimate of human nature is so perfect, and whose charity is so large as to qualify him to perceive the divine wisdom exercised in creating us fallible, and the consequent duty of a tolerant consideration for each other's infirmities, "the web of our life," being, as he says, "of a mingled yarn, good and ill together," so that "our virtues would be proud if our faults whipped them not, and our crimes would despair if they were not cherished by our virtues."

Another local critic penned the accompanying eloquent panegyric:—"We have lost the greatest actor, and one of the manliest of men, that ever trod these shores. There is a shadow over us all, and the shadow is deeper where it indicates the absence of those whom we knew intimately and loved deeply. I thank God I had no relative in that vast calamity that has cruelly robbed so many of us; but I mourn as

if he had been my best and dearest relation him whom we have been so long and eagerly expecting. For he loved us all as we loved him. He was coming back to his home; and he would most likely never have left us again. His last words have forced bitter sobs from strong hearts. We do not need to blush in that we cannot help but weep at a loss so irreparable. For we know his fellow does not live upon the earth, and we cherish his memory; albeit, being human like ourselves, he was not without fault. But his faults were all on the surface, and he suffered most because of them. The triumphs of his art are now only sad though beautiful memories to us, and they mingle mournfully with the recollections of his good and kindly disposition. He died grandly and bravely, as became him; and as he sleeps peacefully in the deep-down caverns of the stormy Atlantic, we are proud to think he sank to his watery death like one of the heroes of old. This generation of Victorians will never forget him, and the next will look upon the marble that we shall raise in his memory, and be the better for thinking their forefathers honoured the worth of genius and the excellence of a kindly heart." Mr. G. V. Brooke was married to Miss Avonia Jones some time during 1865.

In London several of the principal members of the theatrical profession have determined upon perpetuating by some substantial token their respect for the memory of Mr. Brooke. A proposal has been considered to establish a lifeboat on some part of the coast hereafter to be decided upon, and to build a house in connection with the Royal Dramatic College, at Maybury, both to bear Mr. Brooke's name. A movement of a similar nature has been initiated in Melbourne under the auspices of Mr. George Coppin.

TO

THE REV. D. J. DRAPER.

ONE of the most prominent figures in the appalling scene presented on board the *London* on that fatal Thursday morning was the Rev. Daniel James Draper. It was he who, during that awful period intervening between the announcement by Captain Martin of the cessation of all human hope and the foundering of the vessel, untiringly administered Christian exhortation and consolation to the helpless creatures around him. The thrilling appeal of this truly Christian hero seems to ring in the ears of the present writer as he inscribes the memorable words upon his sheet:—"Oh God! may those that are not converted be converted now—hundreds of them."

For the biographical details which follow, the compiler is indebted to the *Wesleyan Chronicle*, of which religious connection Mr. Draper was a prominent member. The Rev. Daniel James Draper was a native of Hampshire, England. He entered the ministry in 1834. He was recommended as a candidate for the ministry from a circuit in Wales, in

which some of his earlier years were spent ; and at the district meeting held in Swansea, in May, 1834, he—in company with the late Rev. F. Lewis—was recommended to the Conference, by whom he was received as a probationer in the Wesleyan ministry. He was appointed to Chateris, in which he spent one year, when, having expressed his willingness to proceed as a missionary, he was appointed to New South Wales. In company with Messrs. M'Kenny, Spinney, Lewis, and two others, Mr. and Mrs. Draper embarked in the *Bencoolen*, in Oct., 1835, for Hobart Town. He laboured successively in Parramatta, Bathurst and Sydney, and in those places endeared himself, as a minister and a man, to all who came within the sphere of his influence. In 1846 Mr. Draper removed to Adelaide, where he remained until 1855. His wise plans and earnest labour, cheerfully seconded by his brother ministers and the devoted laymen of Adelaide, under God, placed Methodism in the foremost position of the churches of South Australia.

During the year 1851 Mr. Draper projected a scheme of Church extension, which embraced the erection of a number of chapels, ministers' residences, &c. The people entered most heartily and liberally into this work. Of those erections the noble edifice in Pirie street was the chief as well as the last. It was a great undertaking, but was conducted to a successful issue. Just, however, as this scheme was completed, news of the gold discoveries of Victoria reached Adelaide. The people flocked from South Australia by thousands. In less than three months more than 15,000 men left out of a population of 60,000 persons. None could tell what the issue would be, and universal ruin stared all in the face.

But the darkness was not of long duration. The people began to return ; they entered heartily into plans for the removal of the debts from their holy and beautiful houses ; soon mourning was turned into joy, and Mr. Draper was permitted to witness the fruit of his long, earnest, and wise labours.

In 1855 Mr. Draper was appointed to Victoria. He has laboured in the principal churches of Melbourne up to the time of his visit to England, which has ended so fatally. From 1855 until 1865, he occupied the position of "Head of the Wesleyan Denomination," or "Chairman of the District," but his office was really that of a bishop. In this important position he devoted himself most earnestly to the duties of his office. How he succeeded may be known by the present position of the Wesleyan church in this colony, and which is greatly due to Mr. Draper's efforts. At a valedictory service, held in Wesley church, on the 14th March, 1865, on the eve of Mr. Draper's departure for England, an address was presented to him, in which the following testimony is borne to his character and ability :—"We rejoice that, under God, and aided by the zealous and able services of your brethren, you have been instrumental in building up our beloved Methodism, and extending her influence and usefulness in no ordinary degree. Your eminent fitness for office, and the skill, ability, and uniform courtesy with which you have conducted the affairs of our church during the ten years of your

residence amongst us, have elicited our highest approval and admiration. Your ministrations as a pastor and preacher have been in a high degree useful, while, as a Christian and a gentleman, your example has been influential for good." Mr. Draper, in the course of his reply to the address, said, "During his thirty years of service in Australasia he had been preserved in health; he did not now, he was thankful to say, go to England in search of health. He hoped by relaxation for a year to be better able to perform his various duties; he expected, by his association with the good and great in the old country, to be benefitted and instructed. As representing Australian Methodism, he should seek to do so faithfully and well. Some persons had said to him that, when he got to England, he would not return; but, if God spared him, he should certainly come back. All his sympathies and interests were with Australia." An inscrutable Providence, as mysterious as it is painful, has prevented the accomplishment of these intentions.

In a letter dated Dec. 18th, 1865, the lamented gentleman writes:— "The time of our leaving is now definitely fixed. We intend joining the *London* at Plymouth on Monday (New Year's Day). Putting our trust in God, who has very kindly and mercifully dealt with us throughout our visit, we shall go on board a good ship, and hope to reach the land whither we go in safety. . . . Nothing I can now write will affect my appointment, as it will be fixed before this can possibly reach you. So we shall consider our lot to be providentially fixed wherever we may be. I was at the missionary committee last week, and heard many kind things said to myself. We have been about among the principal friends, and have no occasion to complain of the attentions we have received. Mrs. Draper is quite well, so am I, never better or stronger. I think the trip has done us good. Our kind, united regards to —, and others who may inquire for us."

All Mr. Draper's letters during his visit were full of the buoyancy which so eminently characterised him; indeed, his visit had been one of unmixed pleasure. And upon his return to Australia he looked forward to many years of increased usefulness—an expectation which was entertained by all his friends. These hopes are now quenched in death.

Mr. Draper was widely known and highly esteemed beyond the bounds of his own church as a man of catholic spirit, a good citizen, and a kind and firm friend. Australia can ill afford to spare such men as he was. Mrs. Draper, who has perished with her husband, was a native of New South Wales. She was the daughter of one of the first missionaries of the London Missionary Society's missionaries who proceeded to Tahiti in the ship *Duff*, in 1797, and who were soon after compelled to return to Sydney. She was a lady of rare gifts and virtues, and her loss will be mourned only less than that of her husband. Her aged mother still survives, together with one brother and one sister. We understand that Mr. Draper was only about fifty-five years of age. Mr. and Mrs. Draper leave behind them an only son, who is at present in the Bank of New Zealand, Dunedin, with whom the deepest sympathy



The Rev. D. J. Draper.

will be felt; and for whom, in this terrible affliction, we solicit the prayers of our readers.

The following extracts from letters relative to the late Mr. and Mrs. Draper, furnish additional information respecting them and their last hours on board the *London* :—

“ Being anxious to obtain all the information I could about *London*, I made it my business to see two of the passengers, who were saved in the small boat, and I had a long conversation with them. They both spoke in the very highest terms of Mr. Draper’s conduct, and stated that he had exhorted and prayed almost without intermission for twelve or fourteen hours before the vessel went down. One of them said he saw him about an hour before the small boat left. He was then in the saloon, and men and women in distress were frequently going up to him and saying, “ Oh, Mr. Draper, pray for me, or pray with me.” The last words he heard him say were : “ Well, my friends, the captain informs us that our ship is doomed, and that there is no hope of getting into port, but the great Captain above tells us there is hope, and that we may all get safe to heaven,” &c., &c. Another said he saw him a few minutes before the boat pushed off, that he was then speaking with deep emotion, but in a strong, clear, and distinct voice, and that the last words he recollected to hear him (Mr. D.) say were, “ Those of you who are not converted, now is the time, not a moment to be lost, for in a few minutes we shall all be in the presence of our Judge ;” and thus he, doubtless, continued until the sinking of the vessel stopped his utterance, and “ he ceased at once to work and live.”

Of Mrs. Draper I have been able to learn nothing. It is very evident, however, that she retained her composure and self-possession, for it does not appear that she ever attempted to direct her husband’s attention to herself; and all who knew her will readily believe that she was, in her own quiet and unobtrusive manner, endeavoring to impart religious instruction and spiritual comfort and consolation to those by whom she was surrounded,

The Rev. W. B. Boyce, one of the General Missionary Secretaries, thus writes :—

“ One of the survivors told us, that at the very last (a few minutes before the vessel went down) he saw Mr. Draper, in his earnestness, his eyes filled with tears, which were streaming down his face; and heard him, with the *clear distinct voice* of a man *calm and collected*, exhorting all to come to Christ.”

The Rev. T. T. N. Hull writes :—

* * * “ I have been associated with Mr. Draper in Adelaide for four years in the work of the ministry. I vividly remember those peculiar years in the history of the colonies—years of sorrows and joys, of fears and triumphs. I knew Mr. Draper under all these vicissitudes, and I can testify to his sterling worth, his admirable fitness for the position in which Providence placed him, and his large-hearted efforts to place Methodism on deep and broad foundations, and to give it the position among Colonial Churches to which he

believed it entitled from its Scriptural principles and godly discipline. It afforded me no small gratification, after my connection with Australia had ceased for ten years, to have the pleasure of receiving Mr. and Mrs. Draper as my guests in this city, and to hear from him of former scenes and friends. Referring to their leaving for Australia, he wrote:—"The steamer (the *London*) is a fine new vessel, having gone out but twice. Last time she did the voyage in sixty days. We join her (D.V.) at Plymouth, on the 2nd of January, and she will leave that port at six p.m. on that day. We trust in God our Heavenly Father for protection on our way, and delight in the thought that we shall be remembered by kind friends when they bow at the throne of grace." * * * * *

The English papers record that "at twelve o'clock at night Mr. Draper held a prayer-meeting in the saloon;" also, that "The women sat round him reading Bibles, with the children; and occasionally some man or woman would step up to him, and say, 'Pray with me, Mr. Draper'—a request that was always complied with. Up to the time the ship went down the reverend gentleman ministered to those amongst whom he moved constantly. He was heard to say repeatedly, 'Oh, God, may those that are not converted be converted now—hundreds of them.'"

From a letter from W. Powell, Esq., we extract the following:—

"One of the survivors tells, that when the announcement was made by the captain that the ship was rapidly sinking, Mr. Draper stood up, and with a firm, clear voice, tears streaming down his face, he said, 'The captain tells us there is no hope—that we must all perish. But I tell you there is hope—there is hope for *all*. Although we must all die, and shall never again see land, *we may make the port of Heaven.*' The steward, who was among the saved, told me that, a few minutes before the ship went down, he saw Mr. Draper praying with those by whom he was surrounded, and exhorting them to come to Jesus. One of his expressions was—'In a few moments we must all appear before our great Judge. Let us prepare to meet Him! There is every reason to believe that Mr. Draper was drowned while in the very act of preaching Christ. From the steward, whose name is 'Gardner,' and whom some of you may perhaps meet in Melbourne, I also learn that as one of the crew was leaving the vessel, Mrs. Draper, with characteristic kindness, passed him a rug in which to wrap himself. I understand the sailor has it still in his possession. If I can secure that relic, I shall do so, for the satisfaction of Mrs. Draper's friends, but I have not seen the man who is said to have it."

Mr. Flint, formerly of Melbourne, writes to a friend as follows:—

"I have just had an interview with a gentleman who has just seen the sailor who was the last to leave the ship *London*. He said as follows:—"I was standing on the poop, by the side of Captain Martin, and said to him, captain, what shall I do—stay by the ship, or jump into the boat (just then pushing off)? His reply was—my

man, if you stay here you will perish with the rest ; if you take the boat, you have a chance. He then said—good-bye, captain, and jumped for the boat, but missing it fell into the sea. They threw him a rope from the boat, which he managed to grasp with his teeth, and held on until he could get hold with his hands, was taken into the boat and saved. Two minutes after the ill-fated ship went down. The question was put to the man—what was the last you heard or saw them doing on board ? His reply was—the last I heard was this : they were singing, ‘ Rock of ages, cleft for me.’ ”

On the Sunday following the arrival of the mail which brought the news of the loss of the *London* the Wesleyan Churches in and around Melbourne were draped in black, and in Wesley Church nearly all the congregation appeared in mourning. Reference was made to the terrible calamity by the ministers of the connexion in their sermons, and also by clergymen of other denominations. In appearance Mr. Draper was rather below the middle height, and slightly inclined to corpulence. The expression of his countenance was cheerful and homely. Although perhaps not exactly an eloquent preacher his discourses were stamped with the genuine impress of a strong sagacity. It is proposed to provide some suitable memorial of the respect in which Mr. Draper was held by the Wesleyan body.

THE REV. DR. WOOLLEY.

THE Rev. Dr. Woolley was Principal of Sydney University for the last twelve years, and took a first class in classics just thirty years since at Exeter College, Oxford. The loss of Dr. Woolley, says the *Sydney Herald*, “ will deprive the University of a ripe scholar, and a large circle of a very kind man. His nature was open and his spirit free, and, if we may say so, too indefinite in its views on some great interests of life to form the minds of men, wavering in the eddies of modern disputes ; save this, which some will deem an excellence, he had no serious defect, and many noble qualities. All seems elevated by the dignity and distinctness of his last hours, when the Refuge of the Child became the trust of the philosopher.” The *Empire* says, “ There are some names that have prominence because of their general recognition. It seems but a few days ago that Dr. Woolley left Sydney ; everybody remembers him, and many a tear will be shed for his sad fate.” Dr. Woolley leaves a family of grown-up daughters in Sydney. The rescued men remember with gratitude and respect the efforts put forth by him and Mr. Draper on board the *London*. Dr. Woolley encouraged the passengers to work at the pumps.

MISS JULIANA KING.

THIS promising young vocalist also lost her life in the *London*. Miss King was the daughter of Mr. Edward King, a musician of reputation in Melbourne. With her mother, Miss King visited Europe about two years ago, and she was for some time a pupil of the Conservatoire de Musique, at Paris. The young artist had a voice of excellent quality, and as a musician had been "born in the purple." In the present dearth of good concert singers, Miss King would have been a decided acquisition, and her return to Australia was anxiously awaited. At the time of her death she was in her nineteenth year.

CAPTAIN MARTIN.

THE following, in reference to the heroism of the ill-fated commander, is from English sources:—About an hour before the vessel sunk Mr. Wilson met Captain Martin under the main deck aft, and asked him if it would be of use to help in carrying out the water to the second deck. He replied, "I will see," and walked to the engine-room, into which he looked down, when he turned about, came back, and said, "You may do it, but I think it is of no use." He then walked on to the poop, and having declared that he would stay and sink with the passengers, he walked about and silently looked down upon what was going on. Another of the survivors relates that on the boat pushing off from the ship, the master, Captain Martin, was invited to save himself, but he refused, saying, "No, I will go down with the passengers, but I wish you God speed, and safe to land." Nothing could be finer and nobler than the example set by him to all on board—an example, we may add, that seems not to have been without due effect.

The eloquent passages given below occur in a leading article of the *Daily Telegraph* of the 19th January:—"Who cannot call up a sigh of pity for the passengers grouped in the saloon, worn out by the storm, and feeling by the lifeless wallow of the ship and the manner of the sailors that the end is coming? And then the captain enters, as helpless now as the little ones who wonder why their mothers are so pale and their fathers so silent; and be sure he bared his brave head before the ladies, and spoke to all in a tender and quiet tone, as he told them that there was no more hope, except from God, and that very soon they would all be before Him. What followed then? We could guess if we did not know; but it is better to know. There was a great silence, broken only by the waves finishing their work; and then crew and passengers mingled together to die; no ranks—no servant or master any more; and some knelt with the clergyman and prayed, some opened

the Bible which tells how "the winds and the waves obey Him," and others, just as patiently, held hands with their loved ones, and waited meekly for the pang and the change. No screams or fainting, they tell us, among the women, no disgraceful rush after brandy to drug death withal among the men. Very nobly our brothers and sisters took the message of their doom from the good captain; how should they not, being, as many were, stout-hearted squatters, or wives and sons of squatters, accustomed to master their blood, and all of them English? Still it is pleasant to *know* that this prosperous age has not killed the calm manhood of Englishmen, nor taken from Englishwomen their sweet patience in peril and death. Quietly they gave their souls to God, and when His savage sea had done its mission, we think it did but send them by a brief anguish to a better port than that which the good ship *London* foundered in striving to reach.

CONTEMPORARY OPINION.

SEVERAL of the leading organs of public opinion in England have commented at considerable length upon the great tragedy of January. The remarks which succeed are extracted from the London journals, which most prominently discussed the sad event.

The *Daily Telegraph* of the 18th, after summarising the incidents of the catastrophe, proceeds to discuss the probable causes in this wise:—"Other details are to come; those, however, now before the public are sufficient to paint a terrible scene of agony and despair, of cruel, cold deaths in the winter sea. Nor is it unknown men and women who have been cut off, but a picked merchant crew, and colonists and emigrants of gentle breeding and position, whose awful fate will make tears flow fast on both sides of the globe. *And those tears need never have flowed. The valuable lives lost with the London might have been in safety this very day.* These are grave and responsible words to utter, but they are warranted. If a vessel went to sea without a compass, and ran on a rock wide of her course, could not that disaster have been avoided? If she took no tables of the stars and tides, no chronometer, no quadrant, and lost her reckoning, and was cast away, should we wonder at her fate? Similarly, it is not for a maritime people like us to attribute this shocking loss of precious life to any cause but the neglect of the safeguards which we already possess. Here was a ship, not engaged in the mail service, not pressed for time by contracts, carrying a great many passengers, and bound on a voyage too long to make twenty-four hours' delay a matter to outweigh any considerations of safety. She 'starts from Plymouth on the 6th of January,'—on which day the London papers could of course be ob-

tained. We turn to the issues of the 5th inst., and there we find, from the usual meteorological notice, that almost all over western Europe the barometer was lower than 30 deg.; that at Valentia and Holyhead it was lower than $29\frac{1}{2}$ deg.; and at Plymouth itself 29 deg. 72 min. Not only was this intelligence under the eyes of the officers of the *London*, but the storm-signal was hoisted that day on 'all the coasts,' indicating the approach of a gale from the south-west. We anticipate the impatient ejaculation with which skippers will meet the idea that they are to dance attendance on drum and cone before they start upon a voyage. 'Well, start then,' we say, 'against a heavy winter gale coming dead in your teeth—a gale on which you may reckon all but as surely as if it had come already.' But when the barometer dropped on the 7th from 30.1 to 29.5, and then in twelve hours later to 29.2, why didn't Captain Martin turn back directly, instead of waiting till the 10th to do it? We will tell the public why he didn't—without waiting for further particulars, and without fear of contradiction from seafaring men who have read this horrible story. He didn't trust his barometers—aneroids and tubular—which told him that the farther he went the worse he would find it. He went on in spite of them, like a gallant but rash sailor; and he got too far to come back. Now take the case of the barque *Susan Pardew*, Captain John Davis, which was caught in the same place in the same gale. Captain Davis is a man who believes in good barometers, and that belief saved his ship. He never would have left Plymouth on that 6th of January; but being at sea, and noting that, with a fall of from 30 in. to 28.54, his dumb instruments warned him of what was approaching, he made his ship as tight as a bottle, and brought his own news home to Plymouth, where we believe the *London* could and should have been on the night of the 8th or the morning of the 9th—had her captain acted with such circumspection as that which we find recorded in Captain Davis's log: 'Having carefully noted the barometer during all its changes, I was quite prepared for everything, being convinced by the movement of the instrument and the unsteadiness of the weather that a fearful storm was raging to the N. of lat. 47 6 N., long. 14 48.' That is a sea-man-like entry. The fact is, this—captains care nothing, as a rule, for barometers and scientific meteorology. They don't believe in them; and the reason is plain to anybody who walks the East-end. Those worthless things hung up for sale in the shops of pawnbrokers, ship-chandlers, and slop-sellers, are the accursed shams that cost life at sea. Captains buy them and find them worthless; then they give the thing up altogether, except in the way of a general 'glance at the glass.' They take good chronometers and good sextants to sea, because these instruments can be tested, but with barometers they too often decline to trouble themselves."

To this the *Daily News* replies with arguments which would have possessed a greater degree of cogency if the fact were not patent that Captain Martin did put back, although unfortunately not until too late to save his ship:—"One of our contemporaries insists that the com-

mander of the *London* should never have proceeded to sea with a falling weather-glass, a remark which also seems obvious enough. Now, in the first place, it is by no means evident that the weather-glass was falling when the *London* left Plymouth Sound. A gale from the W. and S.W. had been blowing for three days when the *London* entered the Sound ; but when she left Plymouth the wind, though blowing from the same quarter, had lulled almost to a calm. No doubt the weather was disturbed ; it has been so with scarcely a day's intermission since the year began. But does our contemporary mean that a packet or passenger ship, of the size and rate of the *London*, with her passengers and cargo on board, bound to Australia, is to wait weather-bound until her barometers mark set fair, and her wind-glass certifies a calm ? What would become of our trade with America and the West Indies if the captains of the Cunard and the Royal Mail line never ventured to proceed to sea except in fine weather ? Why, for three months out of the twelve they would never proceed to sea at all. If the Cunard boats never left their moorings in the Mersey when the weather looked threatening, or the barometers marked change, what would become, we should be glad to hear, of their contract with the Post-office, and how would the merchants of London and New York like the arrangement ? It would be just as rational to propose at once to go back to the good old days and ways when a six months' voyage to Calcutta or a six weeks' voyage to Quebec was prefaced by a month's anchor in the Downs. Conceive a line of passenger ships of which the arrivals are calculated and the departures advertised to a day, waiting twice a year for the equinoctial gales to blow over, or declining to go to sea as long as the weather is unsettled ! There is not a shadow of reason to accuse the lamented commander of the *London* of sacrificing every consideration of prudence and safety to the reputation his ship had acquired for making quick passages. Unquestionably it was part, and a principle part, of his duty to proceed to sea with as little delay as possible, and to make as short and quick a passage as he could. If such is not the duty of every shipmaster, we should be glad to hear from some one of the passengers and consignee class, or from some mail agent, how long they can afford to wait for a passage ? Without denying that if the ship had not left Plymouth she would not have gone down in the Bay of Biscay, we may venture to remark that, according to the report of the surviving passengers, however severe may have been the storm in which the *London* foundered, it was one in which a ship's boat could live. Vessels of much less power than the *London* managed to make tolerable weather of it. The survivors were made very comfortable on board of an Italian barque ; they sighted a brig, and even a cutter under canvass, after the *London* had gone down. There must be every disposition on the part of the public and of the court of inquiry to believe that such a ship as the *London*, owned by a firm of the highest repute, was found and fitted in the completest manner for the Australian voyage. At the same time, it would be affectation to assume that a steamer, with a mixed crew of eighty men, can be so well prepared for

all emergencies as a ship of war of the same tonnage, but with a crew of some three or four hundred men, every one of whom has his station in the ship or the ship's boats. There is one impression, however, or prejudice, under which we have long laboured, and which we must confess the fate of the *London* has only confirmed, and that is in favour of wood, and against iron. There appears to be almost as great a distinction between the loss of a wooden ship and the loss of an iron ship, as between a railway and a coach accident; and we are always reminded of that terse and simple formula by which a passenger who had suffered the distinction. In the one case, he said, "There you are;" in the other, "Where are you?" No one would grant to iron ships over wooden ships the superiority, in other respects, of rail over coach. But for sudden and overwhelming catastrophes commend us to iron."

The *Times* favours a suggestion by a correspondent that passenger steamships should be invariably constructed with a spar deck, or at least that all openings communicating with the engine room should be carried much higher and far more efficiently guarded than is usually the case. The same journal proceeds:—It is in vain that we build invulnerable hulls if we leave unprotected openings on deck immediately above the vital parts of a steamer, which not only depends on her machinery for keeping out of the dreaded "trough of the sea," but should also be able to employ it for pumping. Still less excusable is the infatuation of shipbuilders in constructing the sterns of large vessels with less regard to strength than the bows, and that of the officers of passenger ships in allowing the stern-ports to be kept open or imperfectly closed during rough weather. It is true that a ship's stern is not so incessantly buffeted by the waves as her stem, but the shape of the former is far less adapted to bear a shock, and the danger of being "pooped" is notoriously one of those most formidable to a sailor. It may be incurred but once in a voyage, but that once proved too much for the ill-fated *London*. She had survived for some hours the breach made by the sea over her waist, when the furnaces were extinguished, but no sooner was she "struck by a stern sea than it carried away four of her stern-ports." Then "all efforts were useless," and Captain Martin had to warn his passengers that no hope remained.

* * * * *

Nor should we be doing justice to the truth or to the public if, out of respect for the memory of Captain Martin, who behaved so heroically in the hour of trial, we refrained from adverting to his apparent imprudence in putting to sea at all—still more with royal masts up—when the readings of the barometer at Plymouth were ominous of a coming hurricane, and most navigators would have sent down even their topgallant masts. No wonder such fair weather gear was soon blown away, swinging to and fro, however, with such violence as to defy all efforts to secure it. Unless it should prove that he acted under strict orders from his owners, or had some unexplained motive for sailing, it seems hardly possible to acquit him of some indiscretion at the outset of the voyage

Beyond this we cannot venture to criticise his conduct. There are those who think that he should have turned back sooner; forgetting, perhaps, that a ship is safer with her head to the wind than in any other position. It may, on the contrary, be open to doubt whether Captain Martin, having steamed for so many days in the teeth of a storm, did not act unwisely in running back when he might nearly have reached its outer edge. But these are at best vague conjectures. The same remark applies, though with somewhat less force, to the moral enforced by one of our nautical correspondents, that it is too much the custom in steam vessels to put undue confidence in steam power, and to neglect the use of sails. This may be very true, but we have really no means of knowing whether Captain Martin thus erred. We only know that he stopped his engines, and set his topsails on the Monday, and we cannot fairly "presume," with Captain Marrayat, that when the engines were started again soon afterwards the topsails were furled. They must, however, have been furled before Wednesday night, for it was then, on the final stoppage of the engines, that a futile attempt was made to set the maintopsail, which was instantly blown to shreds, except one corner, under which the ship lay-to for the rest of the night. Possibly it would have been safer to heave-to from the first, and possibly "storm canvass" may, under such circumstances, be a valuable auxiliary to steam power, but it is equally possible that Captain Martin, if he were alive to tell his own story, could fully satisfy his critics on points like these.



C. P. L.

A P P E N D I X .

FOUNDERING OF THE IRON PINNACE.

Soon after ten o'clock on the morning of the 11th the iron pinnace, capable of carrying fifty persons, was raised and hung over the leeward rail. When let go, however, she foundered, one man, a Dutchman, being drowned, and three others, who were rescued, being cast into the surf to leeward. Two of the men who were overboard were John King, the able seaman to whose marvellous skill as steersman the survivors all entirely and with gratitude attributed their preservation, and Mr. Munro, a passenger, who hung in the davit until brought in by Edward Gardner, the steward. King had one of his sides bruised and his thigh dislocated* by being beaten against the steamer, and Gardner received injuries in his back. Nothing then remained on board the ship but an ordinary six-oared captain's gig and a still smaller boat on the top of the cuddy or cookhouse. After considerable hesitation it was agreed that a boat should be launched for the second time, and an opportunity was presented for passengers to embark in her, but only three passengers and sixteen of the crew availed themselves of it, and if they had delayed three minutes longer than they did they would have perished in the ship. The precaution was taken that only three or four of the sixteen of the crew who committed themselves to the boat should be allowed to jump into her while she was being lowered, and by this means she reached the water without mishap, and the rest were enabled to follow. The crowd on board were afraid to leave the ship, having naturally been frightened by the sinking of the iron boat, and those who put off in the second boat were shouted at not to make the attempt, as their chance was hopeless.

GALLANTRY OF A SURVIVOR.

Some heroic sacrifices were made. One of the passengers in the boat, Mr. John Wilson, a native of Montrose, went down into the cabin and endeavoured to persuade a friend, Mr. John Hickman, from Ballaarat, and brother to Mr. Hickman, solicitor, of Southampton, to attempt to save his life by going into the boat, but, after being entreated, he said, "No, I promised my wife and children to stay by them, and I will do so." The water was then a considerable depth on the lee side of the saloon, indeed over the top of the berths, and he asked Mr. Wilson to help him in removing his four children to the windward side, out of the water. This was done, and then he shook hands with Mr. Wilson, with "Good-bye, Jack," and parted from his friend for ever. When last seen Mr. Hickman was standing in a row

* Another account, and which is probably correct, is, that King's thigh was cut.

with his wife and children. This occurred about an hour before the boat put off, but probably they had perished by that time, as the water had before then poured into the steamer through her cabin windows, and when the boat left the sea was flush with the top of the poop deck, and the corpses of drowned women and children were floating over the deck. When the men were all in the boat, one of the seamen cried, "There may still be room; fetch a lady." Mr. Wilson then sprang over a portion of the deck in search of a lady he knew, but not seeing her, and knowing that every instant was precious, he said to a young girl, "Will you go?" She did not refuse, therefore Mr. Wilson seized her and took her to the bulwarks, but when she looked over the rails and saw the distance which she must spring, she said in despair, "Oh, I cannot do that." There was no time for persuasion or parley, and Mr. Wilson was obliged to drop the girl and jump from the steamer to the boat, which he fell into safely.

SHOCKING INCIDENT.

Just as the boat containing the nineteen had pushed off from the wreck, the men in her were piteously called upon by a lady about twenty-three years of age, who, with a face which was, it is stated, livid with horror, shrieked out an offer of "a thousand guineas if you'll take me in." But in that solemn hour millions of money would have been accounted valueless, and to return must have resulted in destruction to all.

EXTRAORDINARY INSTANCE OF CUPIDITY.

When it was first made known that the vessel must go down, a passenger brought on deck a carpet bag, and on his doing so the captain gave a short melancholy laugh, and then smiled, as one of the passengers expressed it, "at the preposterous idea of the man's thinking at such a time of his property."

CHEERING THE BOAT'S CREW.

When the boat put off with the three passengers, fourteen men, and two boys, one being the youngest midshipman on his first voyage, many of the passengers who, although expecting death, little knew how very, very soon it was to come upon them, waved their handkerchiefs and cheered when the boat got about a dozen yards from the ship, being apparently anxious that some should live to tell their hapless tale. By the time the men had rowed the gig about eighty yards the wind came down upon them from all quarters so boisterously that they could not hear each other when shouting, and at this time they looked eagerly back, and saw their noble new vessel sinking rapidly by the stern.

TOO LATE.

The stem rose so high that the keel was observed for a moment to be completely out of the water as far as the foremast. The boatswain, Stedding, of Blackwall, who left a wife and five children, the butcher,

from Blackwall, who left a wife and family, Ham, the cook, a married man, and a very old servant of the owners, the baker, and the purser's mate, William Riley, had made up their minds to leave the steamer in the remaining small boat over the cuddy, and had provisioned and launched her; but no sooner were they ready to put off than the foundered ship quickly slid below the waves, and left a moment an awful gulf, within whose walls of dark whirling water they fell with every human being and every article around, and were soon swallowed up. Two passengers were seen with lifebelts, but probably none were alive when they came to the surface. The spectacle was only to be seen, for in the din of the tempest no cry from the sinking multitude could be heard, and soon not a vestige was visible. As the ship sunk it was seen that all on deck were driven forward, not by water, but by a tremendous and overpowering rush of air from below, which, as it escaped through the deck as well as the hatches, impelled all on deck forward with violence, and the dreadful struggle must have been soon ended.

A FORTUNATE COMMUNICATION.

Mr. Munro stated that a passenger named Eastwood, with whom he had been acquainted prior to the voyage, said to him, "Well, Jack, I think we are going to go." The answer was, "I think we are, Eastwood." The reply was, "We cannot help it. There's only one thing I regret about it. Of a draft for £500 on the Bank of Victoria, Ballarat, I only received £20, which I gave to the captain in the office of Money Wigram and Co. I should have liked my poor father to have got the balance." The speaker was amongst those who perished, but fortunately and singularly enough his communication was made to one of the three surviving passengers.

TOUCHING RESIGNATION OF THE PASSENGERS.

In the annals of shipwreck seldom has a more affecting passage occurred than the following from the published narrative of the survivors:—"The agony of suspense had been so long maintained that on the day the *London* foundered the passengers were perfectly quiet and unexcited, and a surprising degree of resignation was exhibited throughout. Miss Marks, of Old Kent-road, London, was at first almost frantic; yet when the boat left she stood calmly on deck bare-headed, and waived an adieu to Mr. Wilson. Mr. Grant, one of the officers, was lively throughout, and encouraged many to toil at the pumps—a work rendered by the wind highly dangerous and difficult. Miss Brooker, from Pimlico, was heard to say, as she wrung her hands, 'Well, I have done all that I could, and can do no more.' She then became outwardly calm. On Tuesday night, after the passengers had been alarmed by the shipping of water, Mrs. Price, Mrs. Wood (who had with her her husband and five children), Miss Brooker, and Miss Marks, read the Bible by turns in the second cabin. It was on that night that after the sea had poured down the hatch the captain said, 'Boys, you may say your prayers.' At twelve o'clock on

the following night Mr. Draper held a general prayer meeting in the saloon. An extraordinary fact deserves to be recorded. A poor old couple, who had three children with them, had tried in vain three times to go upon their voyage. First in a vessel unknown, and which was wrecked; next in the *Duncan Dunbar*, which also was recently wrecked; and lastly Gardner, the steward, saw the poor wife washed overboard from the *London*, to leeward, her husband following her presently beneath the billows. Among the passengers were two stout old people, who had become favourites on board, and who had been sent for by their only son. The poor creatures, on learning that they must drown, took a small quantity of brandy and went below, to die together in their cabin."

DESPAIR.

Several revolvers were seen in the hands of passengers, who did not conceal their intention of shooting themselves when the last moment came, preferring to meet their death, when inevitable, by a bullet rather than drowning. The steward, indeed, overheard an offer by the owner of a pistol to a friend, that he would shoot him if he desired. The well-meant offer was at that time declined; and whether these intentions were carried into execution is not known, but no reports of firearms were heard as the steamer foundered.

WHY RAFTS WERE NOT MADE.

Very considerable astonishment has been expressed that no effort was made, during the two days that the ship was in imminent danger of going down, to prepare rafts and use similar means to give an additional chance for the safety of 239 souls on board. The testimony, however, of both the passengers and the rescued crew goes to show that Captain J. B. Martain—of whose skill, as manifested during the storm, they speak in terms of the highest commendation—did not order the construction of rafts because the wind blew with such severity, and the waves leaped over the steamer in such quick succession and tremendous force that no man could have worked on the deck, and even if they had succeeded in building a raft there could be no hope of any of the unfortunate people being enabled to cling to it alive for many minutes in such a sea. The masts of the ship were of iron, and therefore could not be used for rafts.

SUICIDE OF A PASSENGER'S SISTER.

A lady named Sarah Marks, the sister of the Miss Marks who was lost in the *London*, committed suicide by poisoning herself when she heard of the loss, the fact that she had advised her sister to go to Melbourne in the *London* so preying upon her mind that she considered herself her sister's murderer.

A STERN COMPARISON.

The *Churchman* sums up an article upon the loss of the *London* as follows:—"Men of science will tell us that we are conquering nature, and that we can do now without God's love and care. But put these 'wizards that peep and mutter,' the setting up of science

against God, on the deck of the *London*, in the presence of the hurricane roaring like a wild beast, and the relentless, merciless sea, and the ship dismasted and rolling helplessly, with her fires put out and her engines useless, and a throng of helpless men and women with the agony of death before their eyes, and the little children puzzled and not able to comprehend what the danger was,—let science stand there and be tried, and it will be found that the Wesleyan preacher who so bravely did his best to lead those who were about to perish with himself to prayer and to their God, was a wiser man and a truer hero than any unbelieving man of science who has ever breathed. He understood better too the facts of human nature and of the universe, and the awfulness of both. These awful things, ‘the wind and storm fulfilling His word,’ and those other judgments too under which our country is suffering, or is likely to suffer, say to the sceptical, the unbelieving, and the materialist, very plainly, as plainly as to the careless and profane, ‘Be still, and know that I am God.’ Let restless men place themselves by an act of the mind on the deck of the *London* before she went down, and deny the existence of a Personal God if they can.”

CONDUCT OF THE SURVIVORS CRITICISED.

Certain comments of an invidious, if not altogether of an unjust, nature having appeared on the conduct of the survivors, *The Times* of January 22nd thus replied: “Where many perish and few escape, there is always a temptation to suspect the latter of basely deserting their comrades. Such suspicions hardly admit of a conclusive refutation, but for that very reason they should not be circulated at random. It would be preposterous to expect strong men to forego the means of saving their own lives because women or weaker men cannot be saved with them. The very utmost self devotion of which ordinary natures are capable is to abstain from taking advantage of superior strength to insure their own safety at the expense of others. Such magnanimity as Captain Martin showed on the brink of eternity is given to few, and short of this Mr. Greenhill and the rest of the boat’s crew appear to have done nothing unworthy of brave men. The fate of the starboard pinnace would naturally deter many from venturing into the port pinnace, wildly dashing, as it doubtless was, against the broadside of the *London*, and only to be reached by a perilous leap from above. Bold and active men would alone be likely to prefer such an alternative to that of taking their chance with the ship, and, what is still more important, none but experienced boatmen could, in all probability, have kept the pinnace afloat in so fearful a sea. The salvation of the party is mainly attributed by all to the marvellous skill and courage of King, their coxswain. Had this man, on whose prowess nineteen lives depended, chivalrously made way for a lady, or had the boat returned to be engulfed in the same abyss with the doomed ship, who would have been the gainer? That some of those left on board, encouraged by the success of the pinnace, should have afterwards rushed, but too late, to man the other two boats, proves nothing at all

against their more fortunate shipmates. There is no proof or presumption, or shadow of either, against them; and if we pity the cruel fate of the dead, let us at least forbear to make unfounded imputations upon the living."

A DIFFERENCE OF OPINION.

Mr. E. P. Hingston, in his interesting letter already quoted from, gives the following as the view of three of those who escaped, of the effect of the pious ministrations upon the passengers:—"Now, when Gardner reaches Melbourne I want you to seek him out, and I want you to give him the deepest and the costliest drink you can, as the man who did the last act of kindness on earth to poor Brooke, and as a really fine fellow in himself. His opinion, and that of Main and Munro, seems to be, that if the passengers had exerted themselves more for their own safety, and attended less to the pious exhortations of the good clergymen, more would have been saved. They might have tried earlier to get the long-boat out, which would have held fifty. To quote Gardner's words, 'The praying paralyzed them.'"

MR. G. V. BROOKE'S WIDOW AND SISTER.

In Mr. Hingston's letter to his brother the accompanying interesting particulars occur:—"The *London* was to sail from the Thames and touch at Plymouth. Mr. Brooke determined to go on board at the latter place. Accordingly he, Miss Fanny Brooke, and Miss Avonia Jones, left Dublin for Plymouth by the direct steamer which plies between the two ports. Miss Fanny Brooke had long been the resident of a quiet parsonage in Kilkenny, and dreaded going to sea. Nothing but persuasion on the part of her friends, and her love for her brother, could have induced her to undertake the voyage. There is not the least doubt that presentiments of coming evil had possession of her mind. The trip from Dublin to Plymouth was singularly unpropitious. Not only had the steamer to put back at its very start, but to go into Falmouth, and stop there until the tempest had abated. Then, in getting into Plymouth, the passengers were horrified by seeing a vessel driven against the pier, broken up, and submerged in the course of a few minutes. Auguries of the greater grief to come were by no means wanting in the preliminary voyage. The voyage of the *London* from Gravesend had been anything but prophetic of a pleasant time to the antipodes. Some of her crew had deserted her whilst she was in the river, and the inclemency of the weather had sadly delayed her arrival. Miss Avonia Jones dined with Mr. Brooke on board the doomed vessel, and parted from him just as the steamer bade farewell to England. Everybody knew that the weather was fearful; that wrecks around the coast were numerous, almost beyond precedent, and that stormy seas were to be expected; but I am not aware that anyone had fears for the safety of the *London*. On the morning of the 17th I was reading the *Daily Telegraph* at breakfast when the telegraphic report of the catastrophe caught my eye. I hastened to Miss Jones's, and waited for some time before I knocked, hoping that she would have seen the

intelligence and recovered from the first shock. Though the papers were on the table before her, she had not noticed the paragraph. You will understand the position I was in, and how nervous I felt in having to break the news. Told it had to be, and told it was. The hope which I tried to inspire was, that the telegraph had exaggerated facts, and that all were not lost who were stated to have perished. So we took a coach and went off to Money Wigram and Co.'s, in Leadenhall street—Avonia not speaking a word during the drive. 'It is quite true. Don't have any doubt about it—we have none—they are all lost,' said an old man from behind the desk; the office being filled with weeping women and tearful-eyed men. We found that if we went to the yard at Blackwall we might possibly learn further. On arriving there, no one could inform us of more than had appeared in the papers. The chance was that if we could see Greenhill, the engineer who had escaped, we might be further informed, so we drove away to his residence, in a dreary street of mean houses, in the middle of the Isle of Dogs. He had been taken out by some anxious inquirer, and we were forced to return without further news. On the next day came more accurate reports, depriving us of the faintest gleam of hope, and too sadly corroborating the story of the day before."

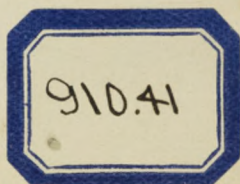
THE LAST THREE DAYS.

Messrs. Munro and Main say that on the Tuesday a kind of gloom prevailed amongst the passengers. That was the day on which the masts were torn away. Some said from this time that they would never see Australia again. As matters became worse they all grew more resigned. Early on Thursday morning, husbands and wives and children assembled in the saloon, listening to the Rev. Mr. Draper, and praying devoutly. A complaint was made that the married men were prevented by their wives and children clinging to them from working at the pumps; but the answer was, "How can I leave them?" Mr. Munro says it would be impossible to describe that harrowing scene. Money, watches, chains, and valuables of all kinds were lying about. All was dust now.

THE BOARD OF TRADE INQUIRY.

The inquiry directed by the Board of Trade to be instituted into the circumstances attending the terrible loss of the steamer *London*, in the Bay of Biscay, was fixed to take place on 29th January, at the Greenwich Police Court. Mr. Traill, the magistrate of the district, would preside, Captains H. Harris and Baker acting as nautical assessors. Mr. O'Dowd was to attend to conduct the case on behalf of the Board of Trade. The surviving passengers and most of the crew, who succeeded in saving themselves in the boat, had been summoned to give evidence, and other facts would be gone into as to the equipment of the steamer, the character and number of her boats, and the nature and extent of her cargo.

W. H. WILLIAMS, Printer, 23 Little Bourke street east, Melbourne.



SOFT SOAP!

WE beg to draw attention to the fact that we are manufacturers of SOFT SOAP. The advantages of washing sheep before shearing in soap and warm water have been so fully recognised, particularly in Tasmania, that it is quite unnecessary for us to say one word on the subject. It may not, however, be so well known as it ought to be that hard soap—common household soap—should not be used for that purpose. The yolk of the fleece has been analysed by some of the most eminent chemists in Europe, and it is found to be neither more nor less than a pure potash soap, that is, soft soap. Hence it follows that wool washed with our soap, which is prepared in strict conformity with the composition of the yolk, if any of the yolk is displaced, an exact equivalent is left, the wool thereby retaining all that softness which clean wool not freed from the yolk always has; besides, the loss in weight is much less than when hard soap is used. We are happy to say that the experience of all those who have used our soap fully confirms the above.

This soap received a first prize at the Geelong and Western District Agricultural Society's Exhibition, 1864; and

A First-Class PRIZE MEDAL at the Dublin Exhibition, 1865.

Messrs. HOOD AND Co.—Gentlemen—I have tried your Soft Soap for Wool Washing, and find it answers very well. The Wool comes up equal in colour to that washed with the ordinary hard soap, and I find it more economical. I intend to use no other sort.—Yours truly,

Church street, Collingwood, Dec. 6th, 1864.

JAMES H. TURNER.

Messrs. HOOD AND Co.—Dear Sirs—I have the pleasure to hand you the honorary certificate of the Northern Pastoral Association for your samples of Soft Soap, which were very much admired. They were considered superior to any sample of the kind before seen.—I am, dear Sirs, yours truly,

Echuca, 5th Dec., 1864.

FRED. PAYNE.

Messrs. HOOD AND Co., Melbourne.—Dear Sirs—I have tried the sample of your Soft Soap; my overseer is highly in favour of it. I have a small stock of bar soap yet on hand, but as soon as it is used I shall send you an order.

Ballarat, Nov. 29th, 1864.

E. J. STRICKLAND.

The following has been received from our Agent in Sydney:—

Dear Sirs—I mentioned in my letter of the 16th inst. that I had sent some of your Soft Soap to a country customer. I am glad to inform you that he speaks highly in its favour. He says that it makes the wool softer than when washed with hard soap, and that the parcel washed with it *brought 1d. per pound more than the same clip did washed with the other soap.*

178 Pitt street, Sydney, Jan. 30, 1866.

(Signed) E. H. O'NEILL.

Price:—One Ton and upwards, 4d. per pound (packages free); under that quantity, according to arrangement.

THE TRADE SUPPLIED IN ANY QUANTITIES.

HOOD & Co., Manufacturing Chemists,
160 ELIZABETH ST. MELBOURNE.

HOOD & CO.'S SOLUBLE SHEEP-DIPPING COMPOSITION.

Since 1st January, 1864, we have sold upwards of 120 tons, sufficient to dip once five millions of Sheep!!! We commend this fact to the notice of the Flockowners of Australia. Evidently the above quantity could not have been sold if it did not answer the purpose.

HOOD & Co., 160 Elizabeth street,
PORT PHILLIP CHEMICAL WORK 59 LITTLE BOURKE STREET WEST.

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