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David Scott Mitchell.



J. Mitchell

NARRATIVE

OF THE



WRECK OF THE 'LOCH ARD'

AT CAPE MOONLIGHT, VICTORIA,



ON THE MORNING OF THE 1ST JUNE, 1878, WITH LOSS
OF ALL ON BOARD, EXCEPT TWO.

AND SUBSEQUENT CIRCUMSTANCES CONNECTED WITH
THE DISASTER.



WITH AUTHENTIC PORTRAITS OF THE SURVIVORS.

“ Then rose from sea to sky the wild farewell ! ”—BYRON.

PRICE ONE SHILLING.

SYDNEY :

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1878.



N O T E.

The following narrative has been drawn up principally from the fragmentary details of the Loch Ard disaster published in the metropolitan journals as the news came to hand. It pretends to nothing more than a presentation of facts in a connected form, and in such a shape as may preserve the remembrance of them and be handy for reference in time to come. With this view the newspapers have been laid extensively under contribution—the statements appearing in them have been carefully collated, repetitions and redundancies pruned, and those accounts selected for reproduction which were the fullest and clearest respecting the wreck and its accompanying circumstances.



NARRATIVE

OF THE

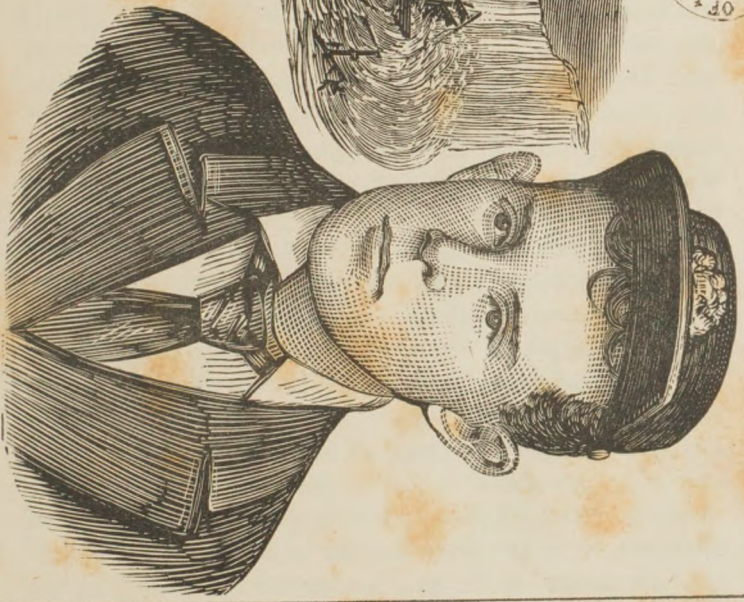
WRECK OF THE "LOCH ARD."

"Too late it is to look with wistful eyes
Back on the shore when once the cable's loosed,
And the swift keel sweeps through the pathless deep."—OVID.

AN unparalleled sensation was created by the news of the wreck of the "Loch Ard." The loss of a vessel at sea is an event so common, that we generally place it in the chapter of ordinary "Lamentable Accidents," and after our sympathetic emotions have subsided, (which they soon do) we think no more of the lives that were lost, or the horrors of their watery grave, than if they had died by the visitation of God in their own beds, at their own homes, surrounded by mourning relatives, and comforted by the promises and consolations which religion alone can offer at the supreme moment. But there is something in the wreck of the "Loch Ard" which takes it out of the common category—an exhibition of heroism on the part of a young midshipman to which History affords no parallel, and which Romance would almost dread to pourtray, from the fear of its being set down as utterly incredible. It has been thought that a full and connected narrative of this terrible disaster, published in a permanent form, would be acceptable to the public; and accordingly the writer has endeavoured to arrange the facts—gleaned from the most authentic sources—in a form which he hopes will meet the wishes of those whose memories are loaded and confused with the disjointed and partial details of the sad event as they have appeared in the newspapers from day to day, and who would not willingly let die the remembrance of "an o'er true tale" which so powerfully interests our sympathies, makes us proud of humanity, and humble before the Great Disposer of all events—the dispensations of whose loving Providence to the sons of men are mysterious and inscrutable.



MISS EVA CARMICHAEL.



MR. THOMAS PEARCE.





THE VOYAGE.

“ A brave vessel

Who had no doubt some noble creatures in her,
Dashed all to pieces. Oh! the cry did knock
Against my very heart. Poor souls, they perished.”

THE TEMPEST.

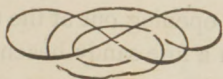
THE good but ill-fated ship “Loch Ard”—an iron vessel—Captain Gibb, commander, sailed from Gravesend on the 2nd of March, 1878, on a voyage to Melbourne. With favouring gales she “left old England on her lee,” with fifty-two souls on board.

The names of the passengers, so far as has been ascertained, are as follows:—Dr. and Mrs. Carmichael, and their family, Rebecca, Eveline (one of the two survivors), Eury, Thomas, Margaret, and Annie Carmichael, Mr. and Mrs. Stuckey, Reginald Jones, George Yates, Thomas Pitt, William Patterson, Herbert Ralph Godby, Gerald Rolleston, and Arthur Mitchell. It is remarkable that Reginald Jones alone had a dark foreboding of the disaster, and made no secret of his presentiment, that he should never plant his foot on Victorian soil—a forecast which was terribly realised.

Until the morning when the dire catastrophe occurred, the vessel had a splendid passage, having encountered but one half gale when west of the Cape of Good Hope, the easting from which was run under fresh breezes and fine weather; and all on board, except poor Reginald Jones, confidently indulged in the fond anticipation of speedily and safely landing at their destination, to which they were then so near. On Friday, the 31st May, after the meridian observations had been taken, the reckoning was worked up (the surviving Miss Carmichael and one of her sisters assisting

in the calculations), and the ship was then made to be 150 miles south-west of Cape Otway. The wind at the time was to the southward of S.E., and the course was altered to E.N.E. by compass, which, it was expected, with the wind then blowing, would carry her clear of Cape Otway, and perhaps give them a sight of the light. Captain Gibb was apparently, however, in some doubt as to the correctness of his compasses, as in the first dog-watch (from 4 to 6 p.m.) he shortened sail until the ship was only left with her three lower topsails and fore topmast staysail, to make snug for the night. The captain remained on deck all night, Mr. Baxter, the second officer, having the middle watch from midnight until 4 a.m. The night had been very dark and hazy, and there was a heavy swell on, but the wind was not blowing very hard. Just as the watch was being relieved at 4 a.m., and before the men had left the deck, the haze suddenly lifted, and the captain saw land right ahead, and at no great distance, and, almost at the same moment, some one on deck heard the breakers, so that it was estimated that the distance was not more than a mile from shore. Captain Gibb at once gave orders to set the spanker, mizen, and maintopmost staysail, and the helm was at once put down, with a view of bringing the ship round on the other tack, and standing off the land. In order to give her still further way, and also to bring her round quicker, the order was given to hoist the upper mizen topsail; but as she would not come to the wind, the order was given to let go both anchors. The port one was let go first, with 50 fathoms of cable, and was quickly followed by the starboard anchor, with about 60 fathoms of chain. In anticipation that the anchors would hold, the sails were clewed up, and a man was sent into the chains with the lead to see if she were holding, but it was at once seen that the anchors were not holding, as she was getting close into the cliffs. Captain Gibb's next order was to slip both anchors and get sail on the

ship, which was now head to wind, with a view of standing on the port tack. An attempt was made to sheet home the topsails, but this appears to have always been a difficult thing to do on the "Loch Ard," and after some time had been wasted in an endeavour to do so, the buntlines of the mainsail were let go, and the port main tack got on board and the sheet hauled aft. Just as this had been done the ship struck on a rock, which appeared to catch her just under the starboard mizen chains. As the morning had now cleared somewhat, the cliffs were seen close to the ship, and the captain gave orders to have the boats cleared away and the passengers placed in them, By this time the seas were breaking clean over the ship, and she was bumping very heavily. As commonly happens in such cases, the boats were not in the davits but on the skids, and before they could be launched, the "Loch Ard" had become a total wreck.



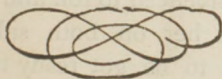
THE SCENE OF THE DISASTER.

“ How term you these dark waves, and how
 Yon mountain’s wild and pathless brow.
 And yonder peak of dread
 That to the morning sun uplifts
 The grisly gulphs and horrid rifts
 Which seam its shivered head ? ”

Scott.

THAT the gallant vessel became, in the shortest space of time, a total wreck, is not to be wondered at, considering the place where she struck and the anger of the elements at the time. The only matter of surprise is that even two lives should have been saved to tell the tale. The coast, for miles to the eastward and westward, shows nothing but precipitous rocks, rising perpendicularly from the water to heights varying from 120 to 300 feet, and it is only at intervals of many miles that there is an inlet or gorge through the rocks where there is a small beach on which a landing may be effected. This is the case at the spot where the wreck took place, for at that particular locality there is a small inlet about a quarter of a mile deep and about 50 yards wide at the entrance, opening out at the upper end to a large semi-circular bay with a fine sandy beach. This is known as the Caves, and is about one mile east of Sherbrooke Creek, and about six miles west of Gellibrand River, or fourteen miles from Moonlight Head. For several miles along the coast the frontage belongs to the Glenample Station, owned by Mr. Gibson, and it is to the prompt aid and assistance given by that gentleman and Mrs. Gibson that the life of Miss Carmichael may be said to have been saved. The spot where the ill-fated ship is lost is one that would please

an artist. The cliff rises straight out of the sea to a height of about 150 feet, without a single ledge on which a bird could rest, while at the top, and for, perhaps, 5 feet or 6 feet downwards, the rocks are clothed thickly with ferns and heath. The sea, even when it is quite calm outside, rushes in with a sullen heavy roar, and the waves curling up against the sides of the gorge, finally expend their strength on the sandy beach. At the end of this gorge there are two caves, which give the place the name by which it is known. Coming in from the entrance, the principal cave is on the left, quite sheltered from the weather, and is perfectly dry and warm, with a soft sandy floor. It is about 75 yards long, 10 yards wide, and fully 10 feet high. At the upper end of the gorge is another smaller and more irregular cave. It is only in one particular spot that it is possible for human beings to descend to the caves, and then it has to be done at the risk of neck, and then by holding on with their hands and feet, and praying to Providence they may safely reach the bottom. How the young lady who was saved was got up the face of the cliff in the condition she was in is a matter for wonder, not only to those who have seen the place since the occurrence, but also to most who were participators in the rescue.



THE WRECK.

“And now
 Louder than the loud ocean, like a crash
 Of echoing thunder, and then all was hush'd
 Save the wild wave and the remorseless dash
 Of billows : but at intervals there gush'd,
 Accompanied by a convulsive splash.
 The solitary shriek, the bubbling cry
 Of some stout swimmer in his agony.”

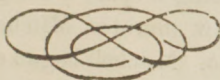
BYRON.

IT was between 5 and 6 o'clock on the morning of Saturday, the 1st June, that the “Loch Ard” struck the fatal rock. The concussion was alarmingly loud, and threw all on board into confusion and terror. Every time the vessel struck the rock afterwards a streak of fire caused by the friction, fled upwards like a gleam of lightning. The masts, yards, and blocks falling on every side, rendered it impossible for the crew to lower the life-boats, which were securely made fast. There were five life-buoys and six life-belts on board : the young lady who survives succeeded in getting one of the latter. Captain Gibb, amid the rushing to and fro, chanced to see her, and shaking her by the hand, exclaimed : “If you should be spared ever to see my dear wife, tell her that I stuck to the ship to the last, and went down with her like a sailor !” Poor Captain Gibb ! He did not appear to try to save himself.

The ship then commenced to roll and was fast sinking, the sea breaking aboard her on both sides. Captain Gibb ordered the lifeboat to be got ready to receive the ladies. They could not get the boat clear of tackling for some time, owing to its being on the skids. At length the gripes of the port lifeboat were cut, and the boat was launched, five able

seamen and midshipman Pearce got on board and tried to hang on to the ship with the grappling irons; but a heavy sea struck the boat and capsized her clear of the ship. Pearce saw no more of his companions. During the whole of these proceedings the captain stood on the port side of the ship giving orders.

In the midst of this terrible scene, one of the stewards was heard loudly praying, and asking God to save the souls of all on board. Who will doubt that his prayer was heard and answered by the merciful Creator? In a minute afterwards the waves closed over the doomed ship, and her crew and passengers were left to struggle with the King of Terrors.



THE SURVIVORS.

“He long survives who lives an hour
In ocean, self upheld.”

COWPER.

WE now come to the circumstances immediately following the loss of the ship, and here we can do no better than reprint the statements given by the only survivors, Thomas Pearce and Eveline Victoria Bertha Carmichael, both of about the same age—nineteen. We take the young lady’s statement first.

After telling, as related, how she got possession of a life-belt, she says:—“One of the strings attached to my life-belt broke, and the belt shifting up and down forced my head under the water several times, which almost cost me my life. Seeing a hencoop I swam towards it. God taught me to swim in my distressed plight; for I never swam before. I succeeded in getting hold of the hencoop, and so did Arthur Mitchell. This hencoop had been an object of ridicule among the passengers on board; but I felt thankful for it in the water. By this time the “Loch Ard” had disappeared under the waves. Seeing a spar, I let go the hencoop and made for it. In a few minutes Mitchell and Jones were clinging to the spar also. Mitchell began to shiver frightfully, and to despair of ever reaching the shore. He had a life-belt; but poor Jones kindly took off the life-buoy which was around himself and put it round Mitchell. Mitchell asked me to give him some of my clothing to keep the wind from piercing him: I tried to do so, but I could not divest myself of my jacket, having to hold on to the spar with one hand. Poor Jones and Mitchell soon let go the spar, and,

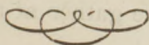
after swimming some little distance, they disappeared, and I saw them no more. I was now left alone, and could see nothing but the waves rolling and a rock at a little distance. I let go the spar and made for it. The waves dashed me against the rock, and then sent me spinning round its point. I went down under the waves three or four times, and began to despair of life. In a few minutes after turning the point of the rock, I saw Tom Pearce standing on the beach. I shouted to him, whereupon he walked into the water and swam towards me. Tom had a desperate struggle to bring me ashore; and from the time I shouted to him to the time we were safe on the beach about an hour must have elapsed. He took me into a wild-looking cave, a few hundred feet from the beach, and finding a case of brandy which was washed ashore, broke the neck of one of the bottles and made me swallow almost all its contents, after which he swallowed a drop himself. Cold and exhausted—for we must have been in the water about five hours—we lay down on the ground. I soon fell into a state of insensibility, and must have been unconscious for hours. When I awoke Tom Pearce was not to be seen. Cold, weak, and terrified, with the wild waves before me, and caves and steep cliffs around me, I hoped God would send some one to deliver me. After what seemed to me a long time, I heard a strange noise. It proved to have been the cooeing of Mr. Gibson; but being a stranger to this kind of noise, I imagined it to have been the war-cry of the aborigines. I was afraid to answer, and remained silent for a while, when I heard some one say 'Yes!' I thanked God when I heard that English word, and was instantly in the company of Mr. Gibson and a young man, George Ford. Mr. Gibson took off his shoes and stockings and put them on me, wrapping me in blankets. A fire was soon lighted, coffee made, and brandy procured. I felt my strength somewhat recruited; but for all that, felt

feeble and helpless, and sore with the bruises which I had received from collision with the rocks and floating wreckage. Mr. Gibson kindly wrapped Tom in warm clothing. In the darkness of the night the young men, William Robertson, (of Port Campbell), and William Shields, under the superintendence of Mr. Gibson, conveyed me up a steep and lofty precipice. I cannot understand how they succeeded in bringing me to the top. It must have been a work of great difficulty and danger. Mr. Gibson put me into his buggy, and drove on to his house, arriving there after 1 o'clock on Sunday morning."

Mr. Pearce corroborates this thrilling story, and adds a few additional particulars.

"When the lifeboat capsized, he, on coming to the surface, clung to the keel, but being unable to retain his hold, he got underneath the boat. After remaining there some time, he dived from under to see where he was, and holding on to the life lines he took a look round. He saw a lot of wreckage about, and thought it best to get under the boat again. The boat was presently thrown on to an even keel but filled with water, and Pearce found himself drifting with her into a gorge. In passing the entrance, she struck the bluff and threw him out, and he abandoned her and made for the shore, which he reached in safety. He had not seen a soul all this time. He first saw Miss Eva Carmichael about half-an-hour after he got ashore. He heard a cry for help, and saw her floating on a boat mast about 150 or 200 yards from the shore. He waded as far out as he could and then struck out for her. She became insensible as soon as he reached her, and seizing her clothing in his teeth he succeeded, after some difficulty, in bringing her ashore. He then conveyed her to a cave in the cliff, and deposited her above high-water mark. Some cases of brandy having floated ashore, he broke a bottle and gave some to Miss Carmichael

and chafed her body with the spirit. He then cut some grass and rushes to make her a bed. After these exertions he lay down himself and slept for two hours. On awaking he found Miss Carmichael in the same position as at first, evidently asleep. Leaving her in the cave, Pearce scrambled up the cliff to get assistance, and succeeded in reaching the top after several desperate attempts. He found himself on the mainland, the barrenness of which made his heart sink. He walked on for some time towards the Sherbrooke River and found a beaten track. He presently fell in with a person who turned out to be George Ford, in the employ of Mr. Gibson. He told Ford the story of the wreck, and that a lady was dying under the cliff. Pearce then retraced his steps to the scene of the wreck, but got entangled in the scrub. He was subsequently found by Mr. Gibson, and they went down the cliff to the cave in which the young lady had been lost. They were surprised to find that she was not there, and their search was ineffectual to find her whereabouts, as it was now dark. Matches were used at first, but candles were taken from boxes which had come ashore, and the search renewed, with the assistance of several of Mr. Gibson's men who had come to the place with blankets and restoratives at Mr. Gibson's bidding. The search continued for a long time, and was just on the point of being given up, when George Ford heard a faint voice close to him, and Miss Carmichael was found in a mass of sandy brushwood, in a very helpless condition. Mr. Gibson then ordered a large fire to be lighted, and after some time Miss Carmichael was in a condition to be removed. She was conveyed up the cliff, and sent in a buggy to Mr. Gibson's station, where she received every attention.



DESCRIPTION OF THE SURVIVORS.

“Escape most wonderful!

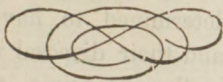
Snatched from the skiff of the grim ferryman,
Plucked from the ravenous jaws of Death itself
All ready to devour them.

HUNT.

IT is said that Miss Carmichael sobbed bitterly when referring to the heroic conduct of Tom Pearce, and to the gallant assistance rendered by the others above mentioned. She seemed almost to forget her bereavement in her gratitude to the ship apprentice, and to the warm-hearted strangers of a foreign land, in whose midst, by a wonderful and merciful Providence, she found herself. The brave girl will probably fret more for her relatives sometime hence than she does now. The fatigues, dangers, privations, and agitations through which she has passed, together with the novelty of her situation, combine to blunt the keen sorrow which she would experience under less extraordinary circumstances. She is much attached to Tom Pearce, and Tom is much attached to her. Miss Carmichael is 5 feet 9 inches in height, with black hair and pale complexion, and speaks with the naturalness and rich accent peculiar to Irish maidens of the higher class. It is stated that her late mother was a Plantagenet, a descendant of King Henry VII., and that she is related to some of the Irish nobility. Divine service was conducted in the parlour of Mr. Gibson's house on Monday, Tuesday, and Wednesday nights by Mr. M'Intyre, a missionary in the district. Tom was present on three occasions, and Miss Carmichael on the two latter, when she joined the company in singing “Safe in the arms of Jesus,” “Shall we gather at the river,” and several other of Sankey's hymns.

It is somewhat remarkable that several important documents, letters, portraits, trinkets, and her father's gold watch (made for King George the Fourth, and which her father purchased for a hundred guineas from a nobleman) should have been washed ashore, and brought to her a short time after expressing to Mrs. Gibson her desire that they might not be lost.

Tom Pearce is about the same age as Miss Carmichael, nineteen. He is 5 feet $5\frac{1}{2}$ inches in height, and compactly built. He is unassuming, civil, and tolerably well educated, and is a native of Melbourne. Although a Victorian by birth, his widowed mother resides in San Francisco; and the heroic lad has lost all that he was possessed of in the ill-fated ship, having reached the shore in almost a nude condition.



MAGISTERIAL INQUIRY.

“ Earth shall reclaim her precious things from thee—
Restore the dead thou Sea !”

HEMANS.

AN inquiry into the circumstances attending the death of Mrs. Carmichael, Miss Raby Carmichael, Mr. Reginald Jones, and Mr. Arthur Mitchell, the bodies of whom were washed ashore from the wreck of the “Loch Ard,” between the night and morning of the 4th of June, was held by Mr. Peter Macarthur, J.P., at ten o’clock on the 5th June. It had been at first intended by Mr. Gibson, whose name has been closely connected with the dreadful accident by his many acts of kindness, that a grave should be dug on a scrubby shelf at the foot of an inner bluff for the reception of the bodies. Mr. Robertson, a storekeeper of Port Campbell, having offered to convey the bodies to the port and have them buried in the city reserve there, the interment was stayed, and the bodies were drawn to the top of the bluff, preparatory to their removal hence. Later, Sergeant Swale, an energetic officer, determined to have a magisterial inquiry on the bodies, and their disposal was further delayed for that purpose. In the meantime, the surviving Miss Carmichael expressed a wish that her relatives should be interred near the scene of the disaster, and a sheltered spot on the arm of an adjacent bluff was selected for that purpose by Mr. F. H. Bradford, the customs official, from Warrnambool, and Mr. Gibson, the latter promising to have the graves fenced in, and trees cultivated within the enclosure.

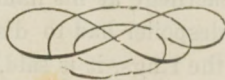
The bodies of the four drowned persons were lying on the cliff, close to the police camp, covered with white calico taken from the wreckage. The two ladies were resting side by side in the centre. Mr. Jones's body being by the side of Mrs. Carmichael, and Mr. Mitchell's by the side of Miss Carmichael. The bodies of the two poor ladies were further advanced in decomposition than those of the men, it being probable that that they were the first to succumb to their fate. They still retained portions of their clothing, evidently dressing gowns hastily put on, and the left foot of Mrs. Carmichael retained a canvas shoe and stocking. The lower portion of Miss Carmichael's clothing had been torn away, but the body was decently wrapped in calico. There were no signs of fear or horror on the features, which were perfectly calm, but swollen somewhat and discoloured from incipient decomposition; and the long hair of each was matted and entangled with sand and sawdust and straw from the *debris* amongst which they were washed ashore. The bodies of the men were nude, Mitchell's having a shoe and sock on only. They were not much disfigured, Jones exhibiting in his death the almost handsome features which he must have possessed when living, though both were scarred from contact with the rocks. Each corpse had come ashore with some articles of jewellery, in the shape of rings, which were taken possession of by the police. Jones had three valuable rings on his fingers, and these were nearly falling a prey to the rapacity of a wrecker, whose assumed respectability would have led to the belief that the dead were safe from sacrilege at his hands. They were not so, however, and the despoiler had to disgorge his ill-gotten possessions. One of the rings, it is said, was a present from the young lady to whom Mr. Jones was engaged in the old country, and Miss Carmichael has expressed a desire to forward it to his bereaved *fiancée*. It was fortunate that this

plunderer of the dead was caught *flagrante delicto*, but we have not heard if he is likely to be punished for his inhuman conduct.

At about 10 o'clock on Wednesday morning, Mr. M'Arthur, J.P., arrived to hold the enquiry. Subsequently rude coffins had been prepared by Mr. James Milne, out of timber from the wreck, and these being hoisted to the top of the bluff, the bodies were carefully lifted into them by Sergeant Swale and one of his men. The magistrate then stood at the head of the coffins, whilst Tom Pearce, the brave young midshipman, uncovered the features and identified the bodies. He was then sworn by the magistrate, and his evidence was taken down by Mr. F. H. Bruford, of the customs, who acted as clerk for the occasion.

The evidence given at the inquest was substantially the same as the statements before mentioned, and need not be repeated. The finding was "accidental death;" and the magistrate recommended the erection of a lighthouse at Cape Moonlight, or some other point between Portland and Cape Otway.

Several more bodies were seen floating about at the foot of the cliffs, but they could not be recovered, owing to the nature of the coast.



RECOVERY OF PROPERTY.


THE amount of property that has been saved is considerable. The most singular thing of all is the fact of a quantity of things belonging to the Carmichael family being recovered. Miss Carmichael spoke of a desk of her father's containing valuables, and search was made. One part of a desk has been found containing many valuable documents, family photographs, and a draft on the Union Bank for £4000. On Mr. Carmichael's body was found a watch, which was much valued. It is said to have been made for George III., and for it Mr. Carmichael gave £100. A locket, also, was found on the body. These are much prized by Miss Carmichael. It is considered rather strange that so much connected with the Carmichael family should have been saved, and nothing belonging to anybody else. These circumstances tend to surround Miss Carmichael's wonderful escape with considerable romance.

The wreckage, tossed in by the waves, formed a crescent-like break water or barricade on the beach. Boxes, cases, casks, pianos, concertinas, spars, bales of paper, drapery, matches and other things were mixed up together in sad disorder. The prompt action of Mr. Gibson in dispatching the young man George Ford to Camperdown on horseback in the darkness on Saturday night resulted in the speedy appearance of Sergeant Swale and several constables upon the scene, who put a stop to much of the pilfering which was going on. Under the superintendence of Mr. Charles M'Gillivray, of Curdie's River, a number of men were employed in separating and drying the salvage. A constable

was placed at the top of the cliff to prevent persons from descending to the beach who had no business there; and as there was but one place of descent and ascent the constable on duty at the top of the declivity could easily detect all who went down to and came up from the beach. There were other places, however, where casks, cases, &c., had been washed ashore by the waves; but the constables were stationed in positions which afforded them a view of what was brought into and taken away from the Glenample Run, so that thieving was attended with great risk. Notwithstanding this, pilfering was carried on. The reporters of two of the Melbourne journals had to go back to the metropolis minus a top-coat and a comforter, and several persons were seen carrying away top-coats, brandy, and other articles, which formed portion of the cargo of the "Loch Ard."



THE FUNERAL.

NDER the direction of Mr. Gibson two spacious graves were dug on an elevated patch of ground near the sea, a few hundred yards from the scene of the disaster. On the afternoon of Wednesday, Mr. M'Arthur conducted the funeral service, reading a portion of the 15th chapter 1st Corinthians, and delivering a short address from the words—"And the sea gave up the dead which were in it."—(Rev. xx., 13.) There was a goodly number of persons present, amongst whom were Mr. Peter M'Arthur, Mrs. M'Arthur, Mr. and Mrs. Gibson, several reporters, and gentlemen from Camperdown, Cobden, Scott's Creek, Cowle's Creek, Curdie's River, Warrnambool, Nirranda, Mepunga, and other places. Mr. Gibson remained at the graves until they were filled in. The bodies of Mrs. Carmichael and her daughter, Rebecca, were deposited in the grave nearest the Sherbrooke, and those of Reginald Jones and Arthur Mitchell in the other. The initials of the names were roughly carved with a penknife on the lids of their primitive-looking coffins, so that each body might be identified in the case of its being removed by friends or relatives to other sepulture.

Before the lid of Mrs Carmichael's coffin was nailed down, a Scotchman who seemed to have a "wee drap in his ee," said to his companion, "Here lies royal bluid, ma frien'. We dinna drap across a Plantagenet every day; sae, let's jist tak a wee pickle o' her hair, by way o' a keepsake, ye ken." Whereupon they cut off a small portion of her hair, reverentially wrapped it up in paper, and seriously walked off with their treasure. They whose bodies were not found,

Calmly they rest, who rest in the great sea;
 God's sea: Earth's purest, safest cemet'ry.
 God comfort those who sorrow for that grave
 Deep in the purple heart of Ocean-wave!
 God's peace attend them till they reach the shore
 Guarded by heavenly love for evermore!

PEARCE'S RECEPTION IN SYDNEY.

“ For England, home, and beauty !
 Along the line the signal ran—
 England expects that every man this day will do his duty.”

DIBDIN.

ON the afternoon of Saturday, the 27th of July, 1878, seven thousand persons (a large proportion of whom were ladies) assembled at the Exhibition Building, to welcome the gallant midshipman, and present him with a substantial token of their appreciation of his heroic conduct. The acting Mayor, Mr. Chapman, occupied the chair, and Captain Trouton, the manager of the A.S.N. Company, in a speech, as manly and noble in sentiment as ever was uttered by a British sailor, explained the steps that had been taken by the committee of which he was the chairman, to procure for Mr. Thomas Pierce a suitable memorial of the recognition of his services.

A sum of nearly £500, subscribed by over 18,000 persons, had been collected for the Testimonial Fund—the subscriptions being limited to sixpence. Captain Trouton said that the letters he had received from sympathisers in the movement could be numbered by thousands. The majority were from young ladies, some very amorous; some were written in prose, and some in very good verse. As a specimen of the letters, he would mention two, one from a young lady and the other from a young gentlemen. The young lady said that she sent a shilling from her money-box, which was not to be opened until Christmas, but her papa had promised to mend it again. She hoped that if she were ever placed

in the same position as poor Miss Carmichael, she would have as brave a young sailor as Tom Pearce to come to her assistance. The young gentleman sent sixpence from his money-box, and hoped that when he grew a big man he would prove as brave a man as Tom Pearce.

Captain Trouton informed the meeting that he had had the good fortune to have this young hero up to his house for an evening since his arrival in Sydney, and he had criticised his action and bearing as a sailor only could. He did not think that this was the time or place to fully recount all the harrowing circumstances of that unfortunate morning when the ill-fated "Loch Ard" met with her doom: but there was one circumstance connected with it which he did not think it right to pass over. He asked Mr. Pearce had he any fellow-midshipmen on board the vessel. He said "Yes," and cast his eyes down. That was enough for him, and he did not continue the subject. He knew the pangs such a brave heart that would risk death to save a fellow-being would feel in the loss of loved companions.

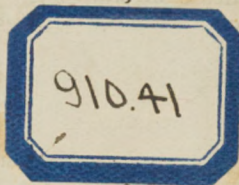
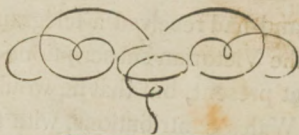
The committee had purchased, for the purpose of presentation to Pearce, a set of nautical instruments and works on navigation, and, with regard to the balance of the fund, Captain Trouton said that he had communicated with the Mayor of Melbourne, and had received a telegram in reply stating that the amount of the Victorian subscriptions to the fund could not be ascertained at present, but that he would be willing to receive the New South Wales contributions, with the object of investing the whole, under the control of trustees, for the benefit of Mr. Pearce when he came of age, or when he took command of a ship.

The Mayoress, Mrs. Merriman, having then come forward,— Captain Trouton explained to her the nature of the instruments comprised in the presentation, and at her request read to the assemblage the inscription which commemorated the even

causing the presentation. The articles presented were, a sextant, a pair of long binocular glasses, a case of silver instruments, copies of Norrie's and Raper's works on Navigation, and a large general chart.

Mrs. Merriman, who was received with great applause, in making the presentation said: "I present you with these instruments as a slight token of your bravery in rescuing from death a fellow creature at the risk of your own. I hope that God, the father of all, will long spare you to use them to guide your ship safely across the ocean; and I also hope you will never lose sight of the truth, that it is through the mercy of Providence you are here to-day."

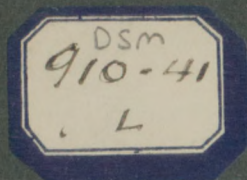
Mr. Pearce thanked the Mayoress for her kindness in making the presentation, and bowed his acknowledgements to the assemblage, which cheered vociferously.



c.1. R. L.



The 18-year-old Eva Carmichael who, with a teenage ship's apprentice, survived the Loch Ard tragedy. Actually the apprentice saved the girl from almost certain death.



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Narrative of the wreck of
the 'Loch Ard' at Cape
Moonlight, Victoria, on the
morning of the 1st June,
1878, with loss of all

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