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A Horror of the Sea. The sinking of the French steamer *Bourgogne*, which occurred on the morning of Monday, the 4th inst., about 60 miles southward of Sable Island, takes rank among the most terrible naval disasters in recent history. The *Bourgogne* was a passenger steamer en route from New York to Havre, with 714 souls on board, of whom 491 were passengers. Of the passengers, it is stated, only 61 were saved, and of the whole number, only 165, while 549 perished in the sea. The cause of the disaster was the collision of the steamer with the British sailing ship *Cromartyshire*, Capt. Henderson. The log of the *Cromartyshire* states that, on July 4, at 5 a. m., there was dense fog, the position of the ship being 60 miles south of Sable Island, heading about W. N. W. under reduced canvas and going about four or five knots per hour. One fog horn was being kept going regularly every minute. At that time a steamer's whistle was heard on the weather or port beam, which seemed to be approaching very rapidly. What followed is described in the ship's log as follows: "We blew horn and were answered by steamer's whistle, when all of a sudden she loomed up through the fog, on our port bow, and crashed into us, going at a terrific speed. Our fore topmast and main topgallant mast came down, bringing with it yards and everything attached. Immediately ordered the boats out and went to examine the damage. I found that our bows were completely cut off, and the parts twisted into every conceivable shape. The other ship disappeared through the fog. However, our ship was floating on her collision bulkhead, so there seemed no immediate danger of her sinking. We set to work immediately to clear the wreckage and also to ship our starboard anchor, which was hanging over the starboard bow and in danger of punching more holes in the bow. We heard a steamer blowing her whistle on coming back, and we answered with our fog horn. The steamer then threw up a rocket and fired a shot. We also threw up some rockets and fired several shots, but we neither saw nor heard any more of the steamer. Shortly after, or about 5.30 a. m., the fog lifted somewhat and we saw two boats pulling towards us, with the French flag flying. We signalled them to come alongside, and found that the steamer was *La Bourgogne* from New York to Havre, and that she had gone down. We laid to all day and received on board about 200 survivors from amongst passengers and crew, reported to be in all about 600. Several of the passengers were on life rafts without oars, and I called for volunteers from among my crew and the surviving French seamen, to bring those rafts alongside of the ship. Some of the passengers and seamen from the sunken steamer assisted us, and we threw some thirty tons of cargo from our fore-hold in order to lighten the ship. At about 3 p. m. another steamer hove in sight, bound westward. We put up our signal n. c., i. e. want assistance. Shortly afterwards the steamer bore down towards us. She proved to be the *Grecian*, bound from Glasgow to New York. The captain of the *Grecian* agreed to take the passengers on board, and also agreed to tow my ship to Halifax. Owing to the condition of my ship I accepted the offer, and we proceeded at once to tranship the passengers and get ready our tow line. At 6 p. m. we had made a connection, and proceeded in tow of the *Grecian* towards Halifax, having put a sail over the broken bow to take part of the strain off of the collision bulkhead. There was at that time 14 feet of water in the fore peak." The steamer *Grecian*, having the *Cromartyshire* in tow, reached Halifax on Wednesday morning, and the news of the terrible catastrophe soon spread over the city and was sent by the electric wires over the world.

Where Does the Blame Lie?

It is to be hoped that there will be a thorough examination into the circumstances attending the loss of the *Bourgogne*, for though such inquiry can of course avail nothing for the hundreds of her passengers who have found their graves in the sea, it may be that it would do something to preserve others from a like fate. There appears to be no doubt that, when the collision occurred, the *Bourgogne* was steaming at full speed in a fog so dense that an approaching vessel could not be seen until it was almost in contact with the steamer. That the officers of the *Bourgogne* were not exercising such precaution as proper care for the lives of her passengers and crew demanded seems very clear, but whether or not the steamer was running greater risks than is generally run by Atlantic passenger steamers is another question and one evidently of great importance to the many thousands who, from year to year, cross the ocean. It is not a comfortable reflection for travellers, if such is the fact, that they are liable on any voyage across the Atlantic to encounter so terrible peril as that by which the passengers of the *Bourgogne* were overtaken. It further appears quite evident, from the testimony of certain survivors of the ill-fated steamer and the captain and crew of the *Cromartyshire*, that there must have been a sad lack of discipline on board the *Bourgogne*. The captain and officers of the steamer seem indeed to have acted like brave men. They stood to their posts of duty and went down with their vessel. But on the part of the crew there was no response to the word of command, but only a frenzied effort at self-preservation, leaving the passengers to their cruel fate. If there had been such discipline as should prevail on board a great passenger steamer, there seems no reason to doubt that the time, short as it was, between the collision and the sinking of the *Bourgogne*, would have proved sufficient for rescuing most of the passengers. But not only was there an utter absence of discipline, but, if the reports are to be credited, there was the most brutal and murderous treatment of passengers by the crew, whose only object was to save their own lives. No consideration was shown to age or sex. Women as well as men were driven back from the boats with knives and other weapons. Only the strongest and most fortunate escaped. Out of 200 or more women passengers only one was rescued, and of the 75 first-class passengers not one was saved. It seems wonderful under the circumstances that Captain Henderson's vessel escaped destruction. Usually when such collisions occur the unfortunate vessel that gets in the way of the swift ocean steamer is the victim. In this instance, however, it was not a fishing vessel with its brave crew, but the ocean grey-hound with its first-class passengers and the officers, that paid the terrible penalty of a reckless disregard of the conditions of safety.

The War.

The war in Cuba is going steadily against Spain. The battle before Santiago on July 1st was stubbornly fought by the Spaniards and cost the Americans dearly, but the Spanish loss was still heavier, and though at present writing the taking of Santiago has not been reported, it is evident that the city will not long be able to hold out, and the Spanish general must either surrender or succumb to superior force. On Sunday morning, July 2, the Spanish Admiral Cervera attempted to break out of the harbor of Santiago, in which several weeks ago he permitted himself to be entrapped. The result was as complete a destruction of Cervera's squadron as that suffered by the Spanish fleet at Manila at the hands of Admiral Dewey. Cervera's fleet consisted of four armored cruisers, *Almirante Oquenda*, *Cristobal Colon*, *Vizcaya* and

Infanta Maria Teresa, with the two torpedo-boat destroyers *Furor* and *Pluton*, and the hope of the Spaniards evidently was that, their vessels being faster than the Americans, they might be able to escape by flight. This, however, they soon found to be impossible. The time for making the attempt seems to have been ill-chosen. The American vessels bore down upon the Spaniards as they left the entrance of the harbor, and their guns did such execution upon the fleeing vessels that one after another they were forced to strike their colors and were run ashore. The *Cristobal Colon*, Admiral Cervera's flag ship, succeeded in leading her enemies a long chase, being faster than they, but the well-directed fire of the American vessels at length did their work on her also, and 60 miles west of Santiago, she too gave up the race, striking her flag and going ashore as her sister vessels had done. The torpedo-boat destroyers, as well as the cruisers, were driven ashore and destroyed. The loss to the Spaniards in killed and drowned is placed at 400, while 1800 were captured, including Admiral Cervera and his staff. The fire of the Spanish vessels was almost wholly ineffective, so that the victory was won at the expense of only one man killed on the American side.

Lieut. Hobson and his Exploit.

One of the interesting events of the past week in connection with the war has been the exchange of Lieut. Hobson and his fellow-prisoners who formed the crew of the *Merrimac* and won fame by the sinking of that vessel at the entrance to the harbor of Santiago. Lieut. Hobson was received by the men of the American army at Santiago and those of the flagship *New York*, to which he belonged, with the wildest enthusiasm. The Lieut. does not complain of the treatment which he and his men received at the hands of their captors. The British Consul at Santiago, Mr. Ramsden, manifested a deep interest in the American prisoner, and to him in part is due the courteous treatment which they received from the Spaniards. According to an account of the sinking of the *Merrimac* said to have been given to a correspondent of the *New York Herald* by Lieut. Hobson, he was not able to carry out his intention in full because before the *Merrimac* had reached the desired position her rudder had been shot away by the Spaniards, and it was therefore impossible to place her directly across the channel. "We did not discover the loss of the rudder," says Lieut. Hobson, "until Murphy cast anchor." We then found that the *Merrimac* would not answer to the helm, and were compelled to make the best of the situation. The run up the channel was exciting. The picket boat had given the alarm and in a moment the guns of the *Vizcaya*, the *Almirante Oquenda* and of the shore batteries were turned on us. Submarine mines and torpedoes also were exploded all about us, adding to the excitement. The mines did no damage, although we heard rumbling and could feel the ship tremble. We were running without lights, and only the darkness saved us from utter destruction. When the ship was in the desired position and we found that the rudder was gone, I called the men on deck. While they were launching the catamaran I touched off the explosives. At the same moment two torpedoes fired by the *Reina Mercedes* struck the *Merrimac* amidships. I cannot say whether our own explosives or the Spanish torpedoes did the work, but the *Merrimac* was lifted out of the water and also rent asunder. As she settled down we scrambled overboard and cut away the catamaran. A great cheer went up from the forts and warships as the hull of the collier foundered, the Spaniards thinking that the *Merrimac* was an American warship. We attempted to get out of the harbor in the catamaran, but a strong tide was running and daylight found us still struggling in the water. Then for the first time the Spaniards saw us and a boat from the *Reina Mercedes* picked us up. It was then shortly after 5 o'clock in the morning, and we had been in the water more than an hour.