

## THE DISASTER AT LONDON, ONT.

A week after the fatal accident which has plunged the city of London in mourning, we are better able to obtain a clear idea of the accident itself and the way in which it occurred. As is natural in such cases the evidence as to the details of the occurrence is woefully conflicting and will probably not be thoroughly sifted for a while yet. Now, however, that we have the various accounts before us we are able approximately to describe the accident itself and the causes which conducted to it. The *Victoria* is a flat-bottomed scow, propelled by a stern wheel, and furnished with an upper deck supported upon a light frame-work only. Her proper carrying capacity is supposed to be under 400. On the evening of the accident she left Spring Bank about 5 o'clock to convey a party of excursionists back to the city. As is only too common on such occasions the crowd which swarmed upon her decks, eager to reach home after a long day of pleasure, was out of all proportion to her accommodations. As to the real number of the passengers on that unhappy trip accounts, as may be expected, vary. The captain denies that there were many, if any at all, above 400, but even he complained of the overloading of the boat and endeavoured to persuade some of the passengers to go ashore, while other witnesses estimate the number actually on board at the time of the accident as somewhere between 700 and 800. In any case the boat was overloaded, and it is asserted that the proprietor was warned of this fact before starting her, but refused to interfere.

To continue the narrative. As the voyage proceeded the captain found the boat becoming unmanageable. Full of high spirits and reckless of danger the excursionists precipitated the crisis by moving from side to side of the vessel thus causing her to rock violently. The water began to come in over the lower deck and the people on that deck rushing to the other side to avoid it probably gave the final impetus to the boat which flung her on her beam ends. As she fell over, the boiler broke from its fastenings and crashing through the support of the upper deck brought it down with its living freight upon the unhappy wretches below. The sequel may be more easily imagined than described. Though the stream in this place is only about 70 yards in width, and scarcely of depth sufficient to drown a man, yet the entanglement of the wreck, the struggles of the seething mass of humanity, and the additional terrors of scalding by the escaping steam proved fatal to many before they could make an effort to save themselves. Nearly 250 persons perished in a few minutes.

Some idea of the accident itself may be gleaned from the account of a survivor, James Drennan, of the London *Advertiser*, who gives the following account of the dread disaster:—

"About half-past five we were coming very slow by Griffith's dam, and I went up to Capt. Rankin and remarked, 'You have a big crowd to-day, captain.' 'Yes, I couldn't keep the people off. They would crowd on, although I told them there were two boats coming after.' I left him then, and hardly turned away when I noticed the water rushing in down below over the bottom deck. As I looked down the staircase, I noticed the water ankle deep down below. The crowd seemed excited, and kept rushing from one side to the other. Captain Rankin told them repeatedly to stand still and not crowd so much to the side. The boat now commenced rocking and the people all rushed to the north side, when the boat went over on her side and a terrific crash followed, the whole of the upper deck coming crashing around us. I was instantly hurled into the water and my companions with me, a struggling mass. I never lost my presence of mind, but grasped something and by a desperate effort pulled myself up to the roof, where I found I had a small breathing space of a few inches between the river and the roof. I was comparatively safe in this position, notwithstanding that an aged man and others who were struggling in a heap were pulling and hanging to me. The steam and hot water now poured along the roof of the deck, scorching my face and taking my breath away. I became unconscious and let go my hold and sank to the bottom of the river, but touching the solid bottom it seemed to give me fresh energy and I struggled through a lot of bodies, and what was almost worse, a lot of wires which got tangled in my feet and pulled me frequently underneath. I got clear of these and once more attempted to reach the shore, but became unconscious and would have perished in the struggling mass had not some kind hand pulled me ashore. After I lay there exhausted for a few minutes I saw Captain Rankin coming ashore and said to him: 'How did you escape, Captain?' 'I never left the pilot house,' replied the Captain. He asked me to run up to town as fast as I could and give the news at the dock and have boats and axes sent down. 'I will stay here and see what I can do to save life.' An elderly man who was standing near me before the accident said it amused him to see people alarmed at sailing along a river like the Thames and in such boats as these. 'If you want to see real danger go on the lakes, where I have been, and face a nor'-wester. The words were hardly out of his lips before he was hurled to the bottom of the river beneath a struggling mass of people, from which he never came up till drawn out by the poles and hooks of the river men.'

[The steamer *Princess Louise* arrived soon after the disaster and as the bodies were removed they were placed upon her decks, whither those al-

ready lying in the boats were removed, and conveyed to London, where they were again laid out upon the boats for identification. Our large illustration represents the accident itself, the smaller ones, the recovery of the bodies by night, and the identification next morning at Sulphur Springs. The large engraving is from a drawing by Mr. F. M. Bell-Smith, who was despatched from Hamilton to the scene of the disaster; the others are from sketches taken on the spot by Mr. W. L. Judson, of London.

Many heartrending anecdotes of the scenes following the disaster have filled the daily papers during the week, and cannot be reproduced here. We have thought it however well to give a list of the dead, so far as we have been able to ascertain their names. It may safely be predicted that the effects of the woful calamity will be felt long after any words descriptive of it have passed out of all recollection.

The following is a list of the bodies which have been identified:

Ashbury, Mrs William, Maple street.  
Abbott, Hudson, son of A H G Abbott.  
Amesbury, Minnie, London East.  
Anderson, H, Thames street.  
Armstrong, Minnie, aged 17, niece of Mrs J C Forth, London East.  
Ardie, Nellie, aged 5.  
Anderson, Harry.  
Arthur, Harry and Lilian.  
Bonner, Chas, aged 16.  
Beaton, Lillie, aged 14.  
Beaton, Harry, aged 6.  
Burns, James, Albert street.  
Baskerville, Lizzie, daughter of a workman at Carling's brewery.  
Batchelor, Ida.  
Bailey, Rosa.  
Baskerville, John.  
Burns, Ida, daughter of James Burns.  
Boomer, Chas.  
Bebban, Mrs and child.  
Berne, John.  
Butins, Maud and Ida, daughters of J Butins.  
Baskerville, John.  
Breeze, John.  
Boon, John, Petersburg.  
Box, Emma, domestic at J Magee's, barrister.  
Baker, Anthony.  
Cole, Albert, aged 7, son of Col Cole.  
Clark, James.  
Clark, John, shoemaker.  
Connell, Miss Maria, Richmond street.  
Cooper, Miss Fanny.  
Coughlin, Jennie.  
Cradlock, May, daughter of Geo Cradlock.  
Cline, Miss W.  
Curran, Mrs John.  
Cornish, Miss, King street.  
Cameron, Mrs John.  
Chaley, Willie.  
Caldwell, Samuel.  
Collins, Lizzie, London West.  
Cornish, two sisters named.  
Conroy, Henry.  
Dubeau, Mrs (Mr Dubeau missing).  
Dennis, Miss Hannah, Palermo.  
Dyer, Mr Wm.  
Darcy, Jas, son-in-law of Martin O'Meara.  
Darcy, John, Sr.  
Deadman, Alice.  
Deacon, W S.  
Dagon, Mrs Wm and child.  
Deacon, young son of J S Deacon.  
Dwyer, Mr, wife and 2 children.  
Davidson, Thos.  
Dyer, Mrs James and one child.  
Dennis, Mrs Hannah, daughter of I. Dennis, Trafalgar.  
Evans, George, and 2 children.  
Evans, Mrs Elizabeth.  
Edmunds, Mr, children.  
Elliott, Jessie, 18, daughter of C Elliott, grocer.  
Evans, S, 17, son of George, boiler worker.  
Evans, Mr, wife and three others.  
Elbert, Jessie.  
Fitzgibbon, Richard.  
Ferguson, Miss, sister of J Ferguson, lumber merchant.  
Fox, Misses (2), of Clinton.  
Ferrogood, George, 2 boys.  
Fryer, Mr, Sr.  
Fryer, Mr, Jr, wife and niece.  
Fitzgibbons, James, Redout and York street.  
Foxton, Jane.  
Foxton, Anne.  
Ferguson, Martin, boy.  
Graham, Joseph.  
Griffith, Miss Julia, Westminster.  
Gibson, Miss.  
Galvin, Mrs M, and child.  
Gloss, Willie.  
Goss, Annie F.  
Graydon, son of S H Graydon.  
Gorman, Chas.  
Grafton, Polly.  
Gain, Joseph.  
Gibling, Walter, 19, Pall Mall street.  
Hearman, Mr and Mrs and child.  
Hobbs, Plumber, and 3 children.  
Harris, Jas, eldest son.  
Hogan, Minnie, Waterloo street.  
Heron, Mrs, William street.  
Hearn, James, cigar-maker.  
Heeman, Mr and Mrs and child, London East.  
Hall, Ben, shoemaker, and child.  
Hall, Mrs, and 3 members of family.  
Hayes, Mr.  
Hay, Wm, schoolmaster, Westminster.  
Hall, Ben, 25, wife and child 1 year old.  
Harper, Daniel, hostler at Western Hotel.  
Hall, Mr, King street (5 of the Halls drowned).  
Harey, Wm.  
Hoggan, Minnie.

Hall, May.  
Irons, Mrs, York street.  
Jones, Mrs, and 2 children, aged 6 and 8.  
Jones Annie.  
Jones (said to belong to Hamilton).  
Johnson, Jas, son of T Johnson, of Lobo, 7.  
Kelly, Mrs, (an emigrant) and 2 sisters.  
Kendrick, Maria Elizabeth.  
Kendrick, Miss, Adelaide street.  
Kilburn, J W.  
Kilburn, Mrs.  
Laskie, Mrs Wm and child.  
Loughrey, Eddie, London West.  
Leclaire, Johnny, London West.  
Latham, Dilly.  
Larnour, Willie and George.  
Lister, Thos, of Simcoe street.  
Lawson, Miss.  
Lawson, Miss Ella, corner Maitland and Piccadilly streets.

Leester, Thomas.  
Meredith, Mr J C, Clerk of the Division Court and father of Mr W R Meredith, M P P.  
McBride, William, City Assessor and Secretary of the Western Fair Association.  
Millman, W H, commercial traveller, of Montreal, and two sons.  
Morrison, Nellie.  
Morrison, Bertie, aged 5—the above are children of James Morrison, of London East.  
Matthews, Mrs (wife of night editor of the *Advertiser*) and two children.  
McPherson, Mary, aged 15, daughter of Mr Archibald McPherson, of Long & McPherson.  
McGillivray, wife and child of Michael Glenn.  
McIntosh, Ada, Dundas street.  
McMorgan, Mrs W.  
Maddiver, W, Westminster, blacksmith.  
McLennan, Mrs.  
McAllister, Miss Annie, Horton street.  
Magee, Harvey, aged 15.  
Mitchell, Miss M Priscilla.  
McCragan, Mrs.  
McKay, Miss.  
Mahony, Miss.  
McConnell, Miss.  
McPherson, Miss Kittie.  
Middleton, Miss.  
McDonald, Miss, of Goderich.  
Markham, Rosetta.  
Martin, Chas.  
Maston, Nellie.  
Masures, Mr and two children.  
Morrison, John, aged 19.  
McKay, Miss, daughter of the late emigrant.  
Mooney, Mr H C, London East.  
Mooney, Fred, 17 years, cigarmaker.  
Major, Chas, 13, corner Simcoe and Clarence streets.  
McPherson, May.  
McKay, Gerlind.  
Martin, Geo.  
Mayor, Chas. Ed.  
Mills, Jas, with Mr Caldwell.  
Nick, Rich.  
Oronyatekha (son of Owens. Mr and Dr Oronyatekha), 2 young sons, aged 10.  
O'Rourke, Lawrence, 15.  
Pike, Mr.  
Parish, Mr H, son of the manager of the boat.  
Powell, two nephews of Mr A B.  
Prescott, Nellie and Emma.  
Pyle, Sam.  
Pents, S.  
Perkins, J.  
Phillips, Jno, grain merchant, and 2 children.  
Pike, Sam.  
Pendergast, James.  
Poole, Mrs.  
Pyke, Mrs, whose husband is supposed to be in the Asylum.  
Quinn, Margaret, aged 17.  
Rogers, J, plumber.  
Robertson, Manager of the Bank of British North America.  
Robertson, Jas.  
Rose, Emma J.  
Scott, Mrs Ann street.  
Shipley, Misses, (2).  
Siddons, Charley, aged 13.  
Stevens, Willie.  
Smith, Orville, aged 17.  
Stuart, Lizzie, aged 18.  
Smart, Mrs (wife of H Smart of the *Free Press*) and two children.  
Siddons, Mr J, of the Customs.  
Skinner, Lizzie, daughter of Ald. Skinner.  
Smith, Edwin, clerk.  
Smith, Mr.  
Stevens, Frank, wife and four children.  
Short, Wm.  
Smith, Miss Minnie.  
Smith, Mrs, and daughter, South street.  
Short, James.  
Smith, Mrs, widow.  
Share, F.  
Stewart, E.  
Swanville, Miss.  
Shay, Hy.  
Smyth, Minnie.  
Scott, Mrs W, Oxford street.  
Street, George.  
Stephens, Thomas.  
Stephenson, Mrs Thos, and 3 children.  
Sheers, J.  
Smallman, Mr, and two children.  
Stonehouse, Mrs.  
Stone, John, aged 12 years.  
Sinclair, Margery.  
Sortee, Arthur A.  
Shawn, John.  
Sweeney, Mary.  
Thayer, Mr, of Carling's Brewery.  
Tremar, Willie, London West.  
Tremar, George, London West.

Tathan, Dollie, Colborne street.  
Vick Richard.  
Westman, Willie, Dundas street.  
Weatherhead, James, of Carling's Brewery.  
Wall, Mrs (husband and 3 of family missing).  
Wallace, Thomas.  
Walsh, Geo.  
Walsh, Patrick.  
Wannacott, Wm.  
Wall, Jno, shoemaker.  
Walsh, Joseph.  
Waste, Alfred, 15, son of Thomas Waste.  
Wall, Jno, 33, shoemaker, and Mrs. Wall.  
Wiseman, Glenrith, 15.  
Walsh, Pat, 23.  
Walsh Joe, 19.  
Westworth, Henry.  
Wallace, Thos. T W.  
Young, Joseph.  
Young, Wm, a boy.

## THE QUEEN'S BIRTHDAY IN CANADA.

The Queen's Birthday was celebrated as usual over the country, and the welcome Queen's weather made the holiday enjoyable to all. With no knowledge of the dreadful news which was to throw a gloom over the whole Dominion on the following morning, excursionists and pleasure seekers the country over paid their homage to Euphrosyne and enjoyed themselves in their usual way. Some few of the incidents of the day are depicted by our artist upon the front page of this issue. In Montreal, besides numberless excursions by railroad and river the afternoon was devoted to a lacrosse match and the evening to a grand display of fireworks on the grounds of the Montreal Lacrosse Club. Pictou was distinguished by a balloon ascension, the fair aeronaut, Miss Nellie Thurston, accomplishing a safe voyage, while St. John celebrated the day by a procession of loyal Polymorphians, a further illustration of which we hope to give in a subsequent number. At Gananoque a regatta kept the holiday makers employed. St. Catharines contented themselves with a demonstration of the fire brigade. Toronto besides a trooping of colours in the park, was the scene of numberless and successful excursions in all directions.

## MISCELLANY.

Dr. CLIFFORD, the Roman Catholic Bishop of Clifton, England, has surprised everyone by the boldness with which he has supported his new and original explanation of the first chapter of Genesis. The main fact that he makes clear is that he believes in it as little as Dr. Darwin or Professor Tyndall. Scientifically, he declares, it cannot be explained or defended. Like the Bishop of Exeter, he does not look for science in the Bible. He rejects as an untenable hypothesis the idea that the days are periods of undetermined length; the order of creation set forth in the mosaic record is not the scientific order. Casting about for the real meaning of Moses, he points out that the Egyptians set apart the days of the week for heathen festivals, and Moses had good reason to fear that his followers would recur to the Egyptian forms of worship. Moses, desiring to offer them a substitute for the heathen feasts, wrote a hymn for them, in which he did not profess, in fact, to give a history of the days of creation, but only to consecrate to the one Deity of all creation the days of the week, which still bore among the Israelites their heathen names.

In the summer of 1851 Longfellow wrote his poem, "The Golden Legend," and it was the good fortune of the present writer, then a compositor and proof reader, to set the type and correct the proofs on that work. It was stereotyped in the old University Printing Office at Cambridge, Mass. The copy was written with a blunt lead-pencil on rough (or unsized) white paper of ordinary letter-page size; the lines were widely separated but in a rather cramped, backward, and sometimes illegible. The poet used classic and ecclesiastic phrases which puzzled the compositor, and in more than one instance, when he came to our "case" to bring his proofs, we asked him to read passages in his copy and to explain phrases he had used. He was then a hale, portly fine-looking man, nearly six feet in height, well proportioned, with a tendency to fatness, brown hair, and blue eyes, and bearing the general appearance of a comfortable hot-keeper. His dress was fashionable, without being foppish; his manner gracious, but not familiar. "The Golden Legend" is a sort of drama, with brief poems interspersed, and at the close of each scene a place and date were given—probably to show when and where it had been written. The compositor was directed to omit the same; but we recollect Newport, Nahant and Cambridge among these places, and the dates were from one or two days to as many weeks apart. The poet was seized with inspiration at sundry times and places, and wrote whenever he felt like it. He would occasionally cancel a verse or a passage, and once he cancelled about seven pages; but the identical poem appeared several years afterwards in the *Atlantic Monthly*. He was Professor of Modern Languages and Literature in Harvard University, and wrote most of this poem during vacation. We saw him once in the University library inquiring for a book on natural history, from which he could learn the color of a certain bird's eyes. The severest criticism ever uttered upon Longfellow was that he looked at things through the windows of literature rather than with his own unaided eyes.