

"AND SHE WAS OVERSET."

HOW THE "ROYAL GEORGE" WENT DOWN AT PORTSMOUTH.

Graphic Description of a Fatality that Everybody Has Heard About—Incidents Not Generally Known—The Story of Some of the Survivors.

"Royal George sunk August 29th, 1872, at half-past nine in the morning." This is the brief record of the great naval catastrophe of last century—a catastrophe so similar to that of the Victoria in its awful suddenness, its terrible loss of life, and in happening in the sight of the whole fleet—which was cut by some unknown hand on the inside of the sail loft at Portsmouth Dockyard. When an express reached the Admiralty office on the night of Thursday, August 29, announcing that Admiral Kempenfelt, 400 men, and about as many women and children had been drowned, and only the captain, two lieutenants, and about 300 men had been saved, the people of London were simply thunderstruck. The first feeling was that of incredulity, but this gave way to horror and grief when doubt became possible no longer. But even such a period of consternation had its grimly humorous side. The father of Lieutenant Durham—who was on board the Royal George—on opening a letter, was noticed to burst into tears. To the inquiries of his family as to the cause of his grief, he replied, in a broken voice, "The Royal George has foundered and our dear Peter is drowned." A general outburst of tears greeted this announcement till some one asked, "Who has written to tell you, papa?" "Why, Peter, to be sure." "Peter? why, then, he is saved." "No!" answered the old man, groaning again, "he is such a damned liar that one never can believe a word he says!"

The Royal George was a three-decker, and the oldest first-rate in the navy. In form she was short and high, but an excellent sailer. She carried the tallest masts and the squarest canvas of any man-of-war. She was pierced originally for 100 guns, but two extra ports having been added, her armament, including carronades, amounted to 108 guns. The whole of these guns were of brass at first, of which the crew were immensely proud, but those on the lower deck being found too heavy were replaced by iron ones. The ship was built at Woolwich Dockyard, and hauled out of dock in July, 1755. Her figure head was two rearing white horses, saddled and bridled, with mouths open, showing their teeth. The Royal George was always a flagship, and some of England's most famous admirals commanded on board of her. Lord Hawke was on board of her at the battle of Belle Isle, when her brass guns sank the French ship, the Superbe, of 70 guns, and forced the captain of the Soleil Royal, of 84 guns, to run his vessel on shore and burn her. She was the flagship also of Lord Rodney, Admiral Boscawen, Lord Anson, &c. When she foundered the Royal George had on board Admiral Kempenfelt, a Swede by descent but a Londoner born, who had been at the relief of Madras, and at the siege of Manila, and was Admiral commanding on board the Victory in that splendid deed of naval daring when his squadron sailed between an enormously superior French squadron and the ships they were conveying, sinking three or four of the latter and capturing fifteen others. The records of the time speak of the loss of this celebrated Admiral in terms which might be applied to him who lies at the bottom of the Syrian sea: "He was a man who was held, in point of professional knowledge, science, and judgment, one of the first naval officers in the world; particularly in the art of manoeuvring a fleet he was considered by the greatest commanders as unrivalled."

The Royal George was surrounded by two or three hundred vessels when she sank. Lord Howe's fleet for the relief of Gibraltar, of which she formed part, and the East and West India fleets, &c., waiting for convoy, were all anchored around. The fleet was to sail in two days' time. Eight hundred and sixty-five seamen and marines had slept on board the ill-fated ship the night before, but early that morning sixty marines had gone on shore. At the time of the accident she was crowded with the wives and children, sweethearts and friends, of the officers and crew, who had gone on board to say good-bye to the hope and joy of their lives before the latter sailed for the seat of war.

On the morning of the 28th August the stopcock conveying sea water to the cistern under the orlop deck was found to be out of order. The foreman went to the dockyard to report that the ship must be careened to port before the stopcock could be taken out. The next morning the weather was fine, but there was a bit of a breeze from the north-west. To give the ship the necessary heel, the larboard guns were run out as far as possible, while the starboard ones were lashed amidships. The shifting over of this amount of metal brought the lower deck port cills—the ports being open—just level with the water, and work on the stopcock began.

About 9 a. m. a lighter came along the larboard side to discharge rum. The weight of the hands unloading, and of the casks of rum run in, made the vessel heel over further, and the water began to wash in at the lower deck ports. A quantity was soon shut in the lower deck. The carpenter immediately reported the danger to the lieutenant of the watch, but received a short answer. On going below again, the carpenter found the water coming in so fast that he returned to the lieutenant and said, "If you please, sir, to right the ship, it is my duty to tell you she will not bear it any longer." To which the lieutenant is reported to have said, "If you think, sir, you can manage the ship better than I, you had better take the command yourself." Nevertheless the drummer was ordered to beat to quarters, but could not find his drum. The men, however, aware of the danger, tumbled hastily down the hatchways to get to quarters to run in the guns. Five or six hundred of them—some thirty or forty tons in weight—must have gone over to the larboard side, and this additional weight sealed the fate of the ship. A seaman who was saved graphically describes the subsequent events. "I went to quarters," he says, "and begged the

second captain of the gun to run it out without waiting for the drum. The gun was bounced out, but the ship had heeled over so much that, do all we could, it ran back upon us. At the same moment an enormous quantity of water rushed in at the lower deck ports. 'The ship is sinking, Carrol,' I cried, 'lay hold of the ringbolt and jump out.' I followed, and when outside I perceived all the other portholes crowded with the heads of men trying to escape. I caught hold of the sheet anchor, which was just above me, to prevent my falling back on board. Seeing a woman struggling at the port, I dragged her through and threw her from me. The ship now lay down so completely on her larboard broadsides that the heads of the men in the ports disappeared all at once, for the side of the ship had now become the roof, and the ports were like so many chimney-holes, to which the men were clinging hanging in the air. A gust of wind suddenly swept through the portholes, blowing off my hat. Then the ship sank, righting as she went down. I went down with her till she grounded. Then the bubbling of the water shot me upwards into a mass of floating tar. As I rose some one gripped my shoe, which I kicked off. On clearing my eyes from the tar, I saw the tops of the ship above water, and swimming to them was afterwards picked up."

Captain Waghorn, on seeing the ship heeling over, rushed to Admiral Kempenfelt's cabin. The door, however, was jammed fast, and he could neither enter nor make the Admiral hear. The barber had only left the latter a few moments before, writing at his table. Captain Waghorn, calling on the men to follow him, leapt into the sea. Being unable to swim he was supported by a seaman till a boat picked him up.

The sailing-master, who had been on shore to see his wife, arrived at the Royal George as she was heeling over. "She will sink! Give way!" shouted the master to the boatman, "Give way, man; give way!" A few strokes of the oar, and he sprang upon the companion ladder. The boatman who cleared the sinking ship's vortex with difficulty, saw the master rush up the ladder and then appear to take a header into the now almost horizontal entry port. He was never seen again.

Lieutenant Durham was returning to the ship when she sank, and his boat was drawn down by the vortex. He managed to throw off his coat, but as he went down he was gripped by a marine. On rising to the surface he clung with his legs around a floating hammock, unbuttoned his waistcoat, sloped his shoulders, and let the man down into the sea. The body of the latter was washed ashore some days afterwards, his hands still gripping the waistcoat. Lieutenant Durham then swam to the rigging and was saved. This was the officer to whom his father said, when first leaving home for the navy, "Remember one thing, Peter. Never tell a lie." Peter appearing rather surprised at this admonition, his parent added, "Always remember you have never heard your father tell a lie." "Zooks, father," replied Peter promptly, "what a confounded liar you are!" Lieutenant Durham rose evidently to the rank of Admiral, and was made a G. C. B. He died in 1845 at the age of eighty-two, at Largo House, Fifeshire, on the terrace of which he placed one of the brass guns recovered eventually from the Royal George.

A seaman on the lower deck was carried up the hatchway by the flood of rushing waters. A gun fell upon his hand and broke three fingers. He then found himself on the surface of the sea, and was picked up by a boat. The sea around was covered with floating debris. Sheep, pigs, and fowls, as well as human beings, were swimming in all directions. A little boy was picked up with his tiny hands firmly grasping the fleece of a sheep. His father and mother were both drowned, and as the child did not know their names, but only that he was called "Jack," he was christened "John Lamb." In 1840 a nautical drama founded on the boy's supposed parentage and adventures was produced in London and was the rage for a time. It is supposed that only about 300 men were saved altogether, a large proportion being marines. The seamen were nearly all on the lower and main decks when she went down, and could not escape. The Admiralty offered £5 a head to the saved men for the loss of their clothes, &c., but only seventy-five applied for it. More than 300 women were on board, but only one was saved. For days afterwards bodies were washed ashore. Some were buried under hillocks on the Dover, or public space to the East of Ryde. Thirty-five were buried in Kingston churchyard, and a monument was erected as a "grateful tribute to the memory of Rear-Admiral Kempenfelt and his fellow-sufferers" by the people of Portsea.

A court-martial was held on Captain Waghorn on board the Warspite on the 9th of September; but he and the officers and crew were acquitted of the blame.

After hearing the statement of Admiral Millbank and others that there was not a sound timber in the Royal George, the court came to the conclusion that the whole side, or some material part of the frame of the ship, gave way bodily. One of the witnesses was a midshipmite of such small proportions that he had to be lifted on the table to give his evidence. "Now, my lad," said one of the members of the court, "you can be seen. Speak up boldly, for from this moment you are an adopted son of the British navy." Three different reasons have been given as the cause of the accident:—(1) Mismanagement in heeling over the ship; (2) the force of a sudden gust of wind; (3) the displacement of the guns. Naval officers at the time generally held that a combination of these three circumstances led to the catastrophe. Various attempts were made from time to time to raise the wreck, but none of them were successful. A number of guns and timbers and relics were recovered, however. At length the ship was blown to pieces. The scene of the disaster is marked now by a buoy. Those who from Southsea and Ryde to-day look out on the waters of Spithead little know that 111 years ago those same places were crowded with thousands of English men and women in agonies of grief, weeping and wailing over sons and daughters, husbands, fathers, and friends, who had been swallowed up by the hungry sea. To-day beneath those waters as beneath those lighted by the Syrian sun, "There yet sleep the skeletons of the brave who perished in that wild moment of terror and dismay," when their ships went down.—[Pall Mall Budget.

TRUTH ABOUT SOCIETY.

WHY "PROGRESS" IS RIGHT IN ITS SYSTEM OF PERSONAL NEWS.

In This New World the Stiff Line of Aristocratic Demarcation Cannot Be Preserved—Society Includes Any Social Circle Bound by Congenial Tastes.

The New York Sun remarks that the September number of the Westminster Review opens with a very serious and even solemn paper on "The Future of Society," meaning, of course, the society of fashion, which in all countries, whether aristocratic or democratic, is a more easily distinguishable than precisely definable circle of people.

The great and dangerous present trouble with this society, the writer finds to be its "mammon worship." Formerly in England, aristocracy kept its bounds narrow by keeping "trade at a social discount," but now "a new and powerful factor has appeared on the scene, and society has been obliged to receive the overbearing stranger, Wealth, on his own recognizances." "The effect of mammon worship has been to widen so considerably the inner circle of society, and to shade so imperceptibly its edge, that now to define its boundary is difficult, if not impossible." "The swamping of distinctions and caste by money, combined with the general education of the day, has made men of lower grades feel they need no longer be excluded from that charmed circle of which the 'open sesame' was at one time known only to the select few."

What danger is there in all that? How can there have been any transformation in society so far as concerns mammon worship, when at all times the "charmed circle" has been dependent on wealth to keep its machinery in operation? Aristocracy without money could never have maintained such a society, for wealth is its first requisite. Its existence implies luxury, and luxury implies wealth. The real change is that this necessary wealth is now possessed more by "trade" than by aristocracy. Wealth does not come in as a stranger. It comes where it has always been the most welcome recruit. It comes in because society wants it and cannot get along without it, and it does not need to present more than its "own recognizances" to be admitted where it has always been dominant. We may say generally, that if wealth desires to get in, and has taste and ability to satisfy the demands inside, it is never shut out; and hence, at present, it is entering in strong force.

In this there is nothing of evil omen for society. It is a sign of healthful progress. It is a proof that wealth is extending among the people. The number of people who are able to pay for the pleasures of society is vastly greater than it used to be, and hence the bounds of society are correspondingly extended. Even aristocracy is gaining by this newly recruited wealth, for without money it is an empty boast, and at all periods it has obtained that necessity by marriage with wealth outside the ranks. Society, as the term is used by this writer, is not an association for any high moral or even social purpose. It is an association for the pursuit of expensive pleasures and amusements. Its standard is not "worth," and the time has never been when it has required that as "the only quality that can be safely and permanently acknowledged." It asks simply for congenial tastes in amusements and the ability to gratify them for the benefit of all hands.

Society therefore, is not of the tremendous consequence which this Westminster Review philosopher supposes. It is not the foundation upon which the true, the good and the beautiful rest. It does not exist for high and holy reasons any more than does a chowder party. It is simply to get enjoyment in ways which commend themselves to those making up the association. The future of civilization does not depend upon the future of "society," as the essayist seems to think; but it is fortunate for human progress that the number of those rich enough to share the costly pleasures of society is increasing so rapidly. The time will come when everybody will be rich; and, consequently, everybody who wants to be "in society" will be in.

The Man We Meant to Marry.

What a model of order he was! Never aimed burnt matches under grates or into corners, and never littered mantels and tables with scrap tobacco and gray ash. We never had to follow in his wake, picking up discarded garments, sorting shoes and tidying papers, with a view to answering "why things weren't left where they were put!"

Under the most vexatious circumstances our ideal man was always the same whole-souled, genial, generous fellow, keeping all his troubles to himself, sharing all his pleasures with us, and shielding us from all knowledge of the disagreeable side of life; the world might batter him to the very door, but we weren't to know it. He must come in smiling, and ready to sympathize with us, if the jam wouldn't jam, or the blue got streaked in the starch.

With womanly inconsistency while wishing for a slave, we also yearned for intermittent intervals of dominating lordly assertion, for moments when we recognized our will as secondary, and proudly, though grudgingly, submitted to a higher power. The ideal man always rewarded such submission by increased tenderness and deference of mien, leading us to think that we had had our own way after all.

That he was rich goes without saying, though our impractical youth did not insist on that point; but what man is ideal without the glamour of gold?

Did we marry him? No, oh no! It takes time to produce perfection, and the world isn't quite six thousand years old.—Mary B. O'Sullivan "Donahoes"

But Could Smell and Taste.

Last winter (says a traveller) I had occasion to go from Chicago to New York. The night was bitterly cold, and the carriages were badly heated, and as draughts as sleeping-cars generally are. In the morning, after a miserable night's rest, I pulled my flask out of my bag in search of warmth and comfort.

As I started to fill the cup, I noticed that the eyes of the porter were wistfully fixed on the liquid; and as the day was so cold I couldn't resist his pleading gaze.

"Bring me a glass," I said; and as he promptly held one up, "Say when," I add-

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ed, at the same time pouring out the whiskey.

The darkie rolled his eyes towards the rest of the car until the whites alone were visible, and then said—
"Go on, massa—Ise blind, deaf and dumb."

The Cruel Calculi.

Drop a postal card to Mr. George Rose, of Peterborough, and ask him what Membrey's Kidney and Liver Cure did for him in relieving him of the intense pain caused by the passage of stone or calculi from the bladder. Hypodermic injections had to be resorted to in order to relieve the agonizing pains at times, but the use of Membrey's Kidney and Liver Cure enabled the kidneys to wash out the sand and debris from the system, and neutralized the acid formations.

The Farmer Wouldn't Let Them Take One.

Farmer Jones.—"You girls here'd better quit foolin' roun' that tree. There's a hornet's nest thar."

City Girl.—"Oh that's just too lovely for anything, we both love birds so dearly. Can't we take one of the young ones, Mr. Jones, and put it in the cage with our canary. We would so love to have a tame hornet. Wouldn't we, Ethel?"

Not So Easily Offended.

Baxter.—"I hope you will not feel offended old man, if I ask you to take another drink with me?"

Jaglets.—"On the contrary, my dear fellow, I shall consider it a double treat."

After the Fall is Over.

Mrs. Buzby.—"The baby is crying because she has hurt herself. Why do you get so angry because she cries when she falls?"

Mr. Buzby.—"Because, with all her falls I love her still."

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Returning will leave Boston same days at 8.30 a. m., and on Wednesday trip the steamer will not call at Portland.

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Freight received daily up to 5 p. m.
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Steamer "City of St. John" will leave Yarmouth every Friday at 7 a. m. for Halifax, calling at Barrington (when clear) Shelburne, Lockport, Lunenburg. Returning will leave Halifax every Monday at 6 p. m. for Yarmouth and intermediate ports, connecting with S. Yarmouth for Boston on Wednesday.

Steamer Alpha leaves St. John every Tuesday and Friday at 7 p. m. for Yarmouth.
L. E. BAKER, Managing Agent.
July 13, 1893.

RAILWAYS.

CANADIAN PACIFIC RY.

Fall Excursion TO BOSTON.

Excursion tickets will be sold for regular trains of OCT. 11th, 12th and 13th, good for return passage until OCT. 31st.

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to Boston
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Intercolonial Railway.

On and after MONDAY, the 11th SEPT. 1893, the trains of this Railway will run daily (Sunday excepted) as follows:

WILL LEAVE ST. JOHN:

Express for Campbellton, Pictou, Pictou and Halifax..... 7.00
Express for Halifax..... 13.50
Express for Sussex..... 16.50
Express for Point duChene, Quebec, and Montreal..... 16.55

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A Parlor Car runs each way on Express trains leaving St. John at 7.00 o'clock and Halifax at 7.00 o'clock.
Passengers from St. John for Quebec and Montreal take through Sleeping Cars at Montreal, at 19.40 o'clock.
A Freight train leaves St. John for Montreal every Saturday night at 22.30 o'clock.

Express from Sussex..... 8.25
Express from Montreal and Quebec (Monday excepted)..... 10.30
Express from Montreal (daily)..... 10.30
Express from Halifax, Pictou and Campbellton..... 18.40
Express from Halifax and Sydney..... 22.30

The trains of the Intercolonial Railway are heated by steam from the locomotive, and those between Halifax and Montreal, via Lewis, are lighted by electricity.
All trains are run by Eastern Standard Time.

D. FORTINGALE, General Manager.
Railway Office,
Montreal N. B., 8th Sept., 1893.

YARMOUTH & ANNAPOLIS R.Y.

FALL ARRANGEMENT.

On and after Monday, 2nd Oct., 1893, trains will run daily (Sunday excepted) as follows:

LEAVE YARMOUTH—Express daily at 8.10 a. m.; arrive at Annapolis at 12.10 p. m.; Passengers and Freight Monday, Wednesday and Friday at 1.45 p. m.; arrive at Annapolis at 7.00 p. m. Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday at 1.45 p. m. Arrive at Yarmouth at 4.32 p. m.

LEAVE ANNAPOLIS—Express daily at 12.55 p. m.; Passengers and Freight Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday at 3.50 a. m.; arrive at Yarmouth 11.15 a. m.

LEAVE WEYMOUTH—Passengers and Freight Monday, Wednesday and Friday at 8.10 a. m. Arrive at Yarmouth at 11.15 a. m.

CONNECTIONS—At Annapolis with trains of Windsor and Annapolis Railway. At Digby with City of Monticello for St. John every Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday. At Yarmouth with steamers of Yarmouth Steamship Co. for Boston every Tuesday, Wednesday, Friday and Saturday evenings; and from Boston every Tuesday, Wednesday, Friday, and Saturday mornings. With Stage daily (Sunday excepted) to and from Barrington, Shelburne and Liverpool. Through tickets may be obtained at 126 Hollis St., Halifax, and the principal Stations on the Windsor and Annapolis Railway.

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