

WRECKS THAT MARK THE SEVEN SEAS FROM GLASGOW TO AUSTRALIA

SCATTERED over the seven seas, from Glasgow to Australia, both ways around the earth, lie the rotting wrecks of seventeen noble ships. In their holds or near by are the bones of more than 300 persons. Sailing those seven seas are five swift clippers, and they are all that is left of a fleet that was the pride of the ocean in the half century ending with the first decade of this. Only five ships sail under the flag of the Loch Line to-day, and these five are to be sold for their value as hulks. The flag, known for fifty years in every port as the emblem of the swiftest of windjammers, hereafter will be flown only from the masts of steamers. The curtain is about to fall on another act of the drama of the sea.

It was in the late sixties that the Loch Line was started. The first of the ships to find her last port was the Loch Leven. On Oct. 24, 1871, she was wrecked on the shore of Kings Island and was a total loss.

The next loss, and one which was attended by great loss of life, was the Loch Earn. On a bright, clear night, Nov. 21, 1873, the Earn ran full tilt into the French passenger steamship Ville du Havre.

The blow cut the steamer to the water's edge, and in twelve minutes she sank, carrying with her 226 passengers and members of her crew. Capt. Robertson of the Loch Earn lowered his boats and succeeded in picking up 61 of her crew and 26 passengers.

The next day the Tremontaine, an American vessel, was sighted, and she took off the rescued and safely transported them to Cardiff. The Loch Earn continued on her way—she was coming first to this port—but the damage she had suffered was too great and a few days later she sank, despite the continuous working of the pumps. Her crew was saved by a passing ship.

The Loch Lomond, after nearly thirty

nine years' service, was sold to the Union Steamship Company of New Zealand in May, 1908. On June 14 of that year she left New Castle, N. S. W., for Lyttleton, N. Z., where she was to be converted into a coal barge. But she never reached her destination. The fate of Capt. Thompson and his crew of nineteen men never was known.

From the start of her career ill luck pursued the Loch Ard. On her maiden trip, after being totally dismantled by a hurricane off the Irish coast, she managed to get back to Glasgow under a jury rig.

After being refitted she started again on Jan. 26, 1874, but on April 2, in the Southern Ocean, she was again dismantled. After a terrible storm lasting four days, and the crew managed to rig jury masts, and the remaining 4,500 miles of her voyage to Australia were run in 45 days, the whole trip, from her second sailing, taking 118 days.

The third and last trip of the Loch Ard began on March 2, 1878. She sailed away in charge of Capt. Gibb, who had been married just a week before. His bride never saw him again.

All went well until the Loch Ard was close to her destination, when on June 1 she was totally wrecked at Curdie's Inlet, within a few hours sail of Hobson's Bay. Of the 52 persons, passengers and crew of the Loch Ard, only two survived, Tom Pearce, a midshipman, and a Miss Emily Carmichael. Pearce supported her in the water and swam ashore with her. Pearce became a Commander, and served with the Royal Mail Steam Packet Company until his death, in December, 1908.

The Loch Maree was first floated in the Clyde in September, 1873. After two voyages she sailed on May 10, 1881, on her last voyage. She reached her destination safely, but returning via Geelong, where she loaded for this port, she was lost—where or when or how none ever knew.

Hard Luck of the Loch Line That Started Less than a Century Ago.

The Loch Laggan, under the name of America, was one of three sisters, the others being the Asia and Africa. The Africa sailed from the Clyde for India, via New York, and never was heard from again. The Asia reached Melbourne, Australia, in 1873, and started for Newcastle, New South Wales, where she loaded coal for Bombay. After she departed no word was ever heard from her or her crew of forty men. The America, bought by the Loch Line in 1875, and called the Loch Laggan, sailed from Liverpool on Oct. 1, 1875, for Melbourne, Australia, via New York. She and her crew of thirty-eight men, with Capt. Campbell, also were lost. Thus passed the three sisters, all meeting a similar, unknown fate.

The other ships sailed from Glasgow within a month of the Loch Laggan. They were the Cairo, an iron ship, formerly a steamer, and the Great Queensland. Both carried passengers and crews of about thirty men each, like the Laggan, and, like her, they never reached their destination.

In August, 1889, the Loch Garry limped into Mauritius, without masts, and with part of her cargo jettisoned. Capt. Horne and his crew reported a terrible hurricane, lasting three days, during which time neither he nor they slept a wink. The passengers who were taken to Melbourne in the ship Enterkin, also a victim of the same gale, framed resolutions of thanks for Capt. Horne's bravery.

Capt. Horne had commanded the Loch Garry from 1885, and before that was in the ill-fated Loch Sloy. When she reached Melbourne, on March 8, 1878, after passing through a frightful typhoon, which dismantled and all but wrecked her, the

passengers of the Sloy also presented to him testimonials of their esteem.

The Loch Vennachar sailed from Glasgow for Melbourne on April 6, 1892, with twelve passengers and a crew of thirty-three men. All went well until on June 3, off the Cape of Good Hope, she ran into a gale at nightfall. In a letter to his wife from Australia, James Foster, a passenger, said:

Darkness lifted soon after 5 o'clock in the morning (June 4,) and the break of day showed terrific head seas sweeping down on the vessel, lashed by a northwest gale. Capt. Bennett saw the danger and resolved to sacrifice the sail. The men, who had been laying out on the pitching foreyard, gained the deck safely, and had just reached the poop when two enormous waves bore down on the ship. Riding the first, she sank into the trough as the second came towering, half as high as her masts, upon her.

Breaking on board, it filled the lower top-sail, sixty feet above the deck. Hundreds of

"Whoa"

TO his everlasting honor a New York horse dealer refused to sell to a rural purchaser a horse he liked without vouchsafing explanations.

"You don't want that horse," he said. "He is an old circus horse, fine in his way, but not suited to you. The horse you buy will have to do farm work and you will regulate his starting and stopping with 'whoa' and 'get up.' But 'whoa' doesn't mean the same thing to him and you. In circuses the country 'over' 'whoa' means to go on, and 'get up' means to stop. This horse is too old to learn a new language, so you had better buy a horse that already understands the ordinary driving speech."

tons of water swept over the ship in a solid mass from stem to stern, thundering in-board on the port side of the foremast and racing away over the main deck and over the poop, where most of the crew were standing.

Every man was thrown down, and when the wave passed they saw the foremast and mainmast were over the side and the mizzen topmast, above their heads, had disappeared. Yet not one had heard a spar go or the crash of breaking rigging, so violent was the shock and so fierce the howling of the hurricane. One man was lost, the cook, being swept out of his galley with everything else movable in it.

With a jury foremast, upon which a top-sail was set, and the stump of the mizzenmast, the voyage to Melbourne was continued, and the Loch Vennachar arrived safely in Mauritius after five weeks, during all of which heavy weather was experienced.

For saving the ship, cargo, and lives of the passengers Capt. Bennett was awarded the Lloyd's medal, the Victoria Cross of the Sea. On Nov. 11, 1901, the Loch Vennachar was sunk in collision with the steamship Cato in the Thames ten miles below Gravesend. She was floated, but her ill-luck continued. In September, 1905, she was lost off Kangaroo Island with Capt. Hawkins, his crew, and several passengers. All that ever was heard from her was a reel of paper, picked up at sea, the only reminder of the tragedy that had gone before. A son of Tom Pearce, hero of the Loch Ard, perished with her.

Less than a year after she was launched, the Loch Sunart was lost. On Jan. 11, 1879 she hit the Skulmartin Rock and went down with Capt. Weir and his entire command. The Loch Fyne out-sailed the gales not much longer. After two trips to Australia for trading, she started from Lyttleton, New Zealand to England, intending to round Cape Horn and stop at this port en route.

In her hold she carried 15,201 bags of

wheat, and on her bridge was Capt. Martin. With him sailed his wife and three children, and forward was a crew of 37 men. Of the whole company not a word ever was returned, and it is not known where the Loch Fyne foundered.

With six saloon passengers, a crew of 29 men, and a cargo valued at \$150,000, the Loch Sloy sailed away from Glasgow Jan. 25, 1899, in command of Capt. C. E. Nicol, who was making his first trip in her, succeeding Capt. Wade. All went well until April 24, when the ship was wrecked on the south shore of Kangaroo Island, South Australia. Of her crew and passengers, 31 were drowned.

The survivors were a passenger named Herman Kilpatrick of New York City, William Simpson, an apprentice, and two seamen, named Mitchell and McMullen. Kilpatrick was in a dreadful state from exposure, and as he was unable to keep up his companions went for help, leaving him behind until assistance could be found. While they were gone Kilpatrick wandered away, and three weeks later was found dead five miles from the scene of the wreck, bringing the list of victims up to 32.

The Loch Sloy was lost at almost the exact spot that the iron clipper Duncow was abandoned on May 26, 1897. In the case of the Duncow, however, there was no loss of life, and the ship later was salvaged. The Loch Shiel met her doom on Jan. 30, 1894, off Milford Haven, on the Irish Sea, while bound from Glasgow to Australia via New York. Ship and cargo were lost, but all the crew were saved.

Several months after the Loch Long sailed from New Caledonia, on April 29, 1903, portions of wreckage believed to belong to her were found floating near the Chatham Islands. She was loaded with ore, and it is believed that in loading her seams were opened, causing her to sink. Capt. Strachan was in command.

Thus has passed one of the greatest fleets ever assembled under a single flag. Of the twenty-five or more clippers which bore the Loch pennant, all that remain to-day are the Loch Etive, Loch Carron, Loch Torridon, Loch Broom, and Loch Garry.

Twice the Loch Carron has been in sight of the Port of Missing Ships, but as often she has been saved. The first was in 1889, and Capt. Clarke's own story of the incident, as published in THE TIMES after his arrival here, was as follows:

We were bound for London from Calcutta with a cargo of jute and 500 tons of rice. It was new rice and had not been properly dried. When the jute was loaded on top of it the rice began to heat, and we had to shift it to the main hatch by itself, boring holes in the deck to let the air enter. This rearrangement caused the ship to be top-heavy, but it was unavoidable. We ran into violent gales off the Cape of Good Hope, and the ship could not stand up to them. She was carried right over on her side, though she carried little canvas. Her keels were under water and the crew became so frightened that many took to the rigging. I sacrificed the sails to save the ship, and she righted herself, flying before the wind all night and going miles out of our course.

The next day we jury-rigged her. We tacked for eight days, and the gales again hit us. She turned over once more, but we stripped her again, and though she righted herself I decided to take down the royal gallant masts. This was ticklish work, but we succeeded, and after thirty days' struggling we got around the cape, but I had five men down with broken limbs. We reached London 156 days out. It was the most exciting in my experience. The Bolan, Glenpadarn, and Trevelyan were lost with all hands in the same gales that the Carron outsailed.

The other time the Carron was near foundering was on Aug. 13, 1904, when she was in collision with the steel bark Inverkip, eighty miles south of the Fastnet Rock, Ireland. The Inverkip sank at once with twenty-one of her crew. Only the carpenter and steward were saved. Capt. Jones was on the bridge as the ship sank, and his wife, who had sailed with him, was beside him praying as it disappeared. The Carron sustained severe injuries and was forced to return to Queenstown.