The Last Four Days of the "EURYDICE"

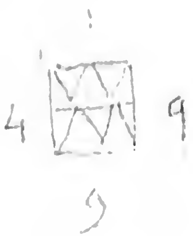
By

Captain E. H. Verney, R. N.

Griffin & Co. Portsmouth

This honest prose account is the real poem after the Eurydice; Hopkins' 120 lines are hazed obscure-ranting lip confession.

* E.H.W.M.



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* May 6. But Meyerstein (1950) could make nothing of Hopkins' even as a rhythm, & disliked all his

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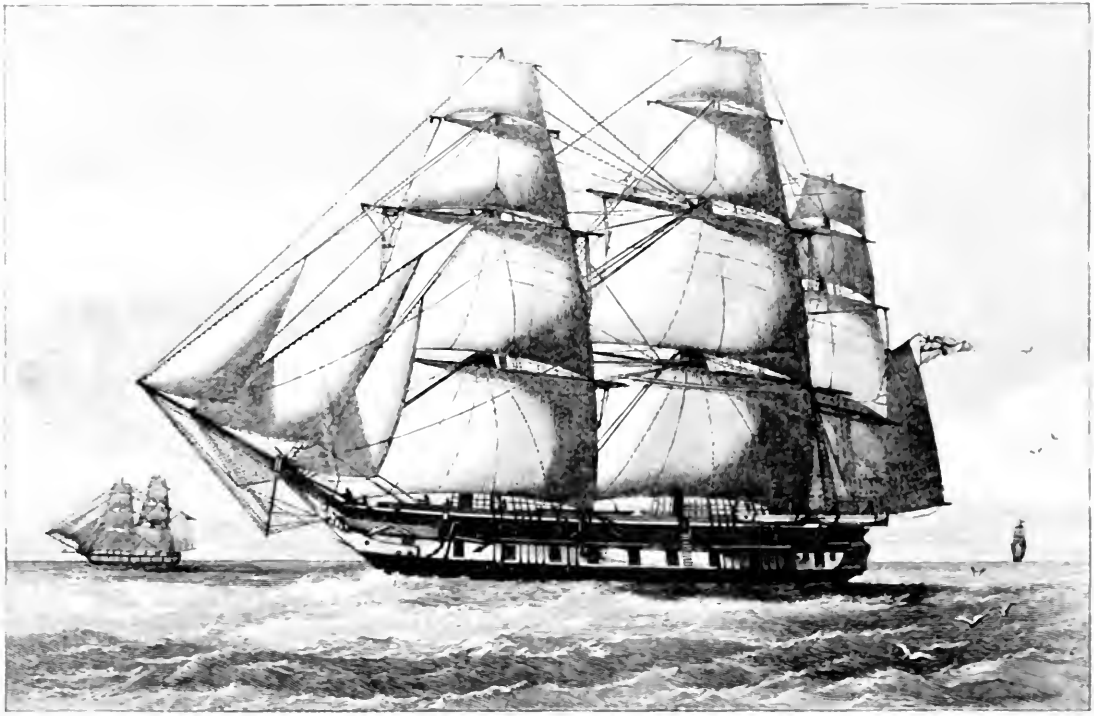

H.M.S. "EURYDICE"

THE

LAST FOUR DAYS

OF THE

"EURYDICE."

By CAPTAIN E. H. VERNEY, R.N.

The Profits of this Publication will be devoted to the *Eurydice* Fund.

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PREFACE.

The few known details of the appalling catastrophe which has overtaken a British Frigate leave many blanks in the mind of the general reader; to those who know the daily life and routine of a Man-of-war the picture is more vivid.

The probable events of that sad Sunday, March 24, 1878, and of the three preceding days are here briefly sketched.

EDMUND H. VERNEY,
Captain. R.N.

RHIANVA, BANGOR,
March, 1878.

"How gloriously her gallant course she goes
Her white wings flying — never from her foes—
She walks the waters like a thing of life,
And seems to dare the elements to strife.
Who would not brave the battle-fire, the wreck,
To move, the monarch, of her peopled deck."—

Byron's ***Corsair.***

THE STORY OF THE "EURYDICE."

THE "EURYDICE" was an old 26-gun frigate of 921 tons; what used derisively to be termed a "jackass-frigate:" she was the smallest class of frigate in the Navy, and not much larger than the largest class of brigs, but she had the advantage of carrying a heavier armament, with better accommodation for the officers and crew. She carried, therefore, two tiers of guns, one on the upper deck, and one on the main deck, while the lower deck was reserved for the quarters of the crew. A frigate's main deck

is a water-tight deck, communicating with the lower deck only by hatchways in the middle of the ship. It is very usual to carry the main deck ports open at sea in moderate weather, because if she does ship one or two seas, no harm is done beyond wetting the deck; the water cannot get below, as there are high coamings round the hatchways, and it only runs off harmlessly through the lee scuppers. Indeed, frigates are built on purpose to fight their main deck guns, and carry their main deck ports open at sea in all reasonably fine weather.

She was a peculiarly handy ship for navigating in narrow waters—more bouyant than a brig, and safer, from her higher freeboard; her main deck ports were about five feet above the water line; her draught of water at this time was 16 feet 6 inches, rather more than it had had been formerly; her twenty-six old-fashioned guns had been removed, and she carried four 64-pr. guns of a modern pattern.

When it was decided by the Admiralty to exercise in Training-ships the ordinary seamen attached to the Reserves in the home ports, the *Eurydice* was fitted out for that purpose, and commissioned by Captain Hare, February 7th, 1877.

The officers for this ship were specially selected. Captain Marcus Augustus Stanley Hare was born in 1836, and entered the navy in 1849. Previous to his promotion to Lieutenant in 1857, he served in the *Valorous*, Captain Claude H. M. Buckle, C.B., in the Mediterranean. As Lieutenant he served in the *Calcutta*, 84, on the China station, until transferred in 1859 to the *Chesapeake*, 51, on the same station, in which ship he remained for two years. He then served in the *Chanticleer*, 17, attached to the Channel Squadron until the end of 1862, when he was removed to the *Trafalgar*, 70, in the Mediterranean; after remaining in her for two years he was appointed to the *St. George*, 72, Coastguard

ship at Portland, whence he was promoted to the rank of Commander, January 1st, 1867. He was Commander of the *Royal Oak*, 24, Iron-clad, in the Mediterranean, until January, 1872; afterwards he commanded the *Boscawen*, 20, training-ship for boys at Portland, where he shewed special tact and ability in dealing with young sailors, and bringing them into shape; and on February 13th, 1873, he was promoted to the rank of Captain. From this short statement it will be seen that he had been constantly at sea or on active service. He was known among his brother officers as a painstaking and careful seaman, well skilled in handling ships, and had received four medals for his war services.

From many applicants he was chosen, out of his turn, for this command; but even the disappointed ones admitted that a wise selection had been made, and that among the junior captains no fitter man could have been found for so desirable and responsible a command.

His birth imposed on him a noble life, for his father before him had been a gallant seaman, and his mother was one of the race of Stanley's that has given to the country so many heroes and statesmen.

The First Lieutenant was an officer chosen with equal care. Lieutenant Francis Hope Tabor, served as Sub-lieutenant in the *Minotaur*, 34, iron-clad, Captain James G. Goodenough, flag-ship in the Channel Squadron, until promoted to be Lieutenant on May 19th, 1870. As Lieutenant he served in the *Narcissus*, 28, wooden screw frigate, Captain William Codrington, flag-ship successively of Rear-Admirals F. Beauchamp P. Seymour, C.B., and Frederick A. Campbell, with the Flying Squadron, in 1870-71 and '72. At the end of the latter year, he was appointed First Lieutenant of the *Cruiser*, 5, Commander Alfred T. Dale, in the Mediterranean, where he remained for four years. The *Cruiser* was a sailing corvette attached to the Mediterranean

Fleet, as a training ship for young officers and seamen, and more than one captain in that fleet had noted Mr. Tabor as a young lieutenant of no ordinary promise. The special knowledge and experience he had gained in the *Cruiser*, while serving under one of our smartest Captains, and the high professional reputation he had made for himself, at once marked him out as the best man that could be found for the more responsible post of First Lieutenant of the *Eurydice*.

The other Lieutenants were all selected for their promise as good officers. Her crew consisted of a small permanent complement of experienced subordinate and petty officers to act as instructors, and the number was completed by as many ordinary seamen under training as there was room for. Altogether she carried upwards of three hundred souls, instead of the two hundred and twenty-five which had been her complement in former commissions. She carried the same ballast as

formerly, and a rather larger quantity of fresh water for the use of the crew; before she was put in commission her stability was tested, and found to be greatly improved since her last service.

During the summer of 1877 the *Eurydice* was constantly seen cruising in the British Channel, running through the Needles, or passing through Spithead, always the picture of a man-of-war, and handled in a seaman-like manner.

In November she was sent on a cruise all round the West Indies, and on March 6th left Bermuda to return home with her now well-trained crew, all in their early prime, the choicest flower of the British Navy. *Eurydice* was to them a name of hope and promise: who could have imagined that, (like her classic namesake) she was to be lost when at the point of being restored to home and country?

THURSDAY.

"Oh! what can sanctify the joys of home
Like Hope's gay glance from ocean's troubled form?"—

Byron's Corsair.

THURSDAY.

THURSDAY on board a man-of-war is sometimes called rope-yarn Sunday; it is a day when the work for the men is made as light as possible. In the afternoon the Boatswain pipes "Hands make and mend clothes!" the men get out their clothes and overhaul them.

Part of the instruction of boys and young seamen is tailoring, and almost every man can make his own clothes. Of course there are some who have a heaven-born genius for cutting out, and these may be seen measuring their shipmates with a knife-lanyard, according to the mysterious traditions handed down from Benbow's time, which give the distinctive cut

that marks the sailor's trousers,—a garment that cannot be produced on dry land. The edge of the cloth is laid parallel to a seam in the deck; the measurements taken with the knife-lanyard are at once transferred to it, and marked thereon with a piece of pipe-clay, borrowed from the marines mess; then the bulging parts of the human form divine, are marked out as a segment of a circle described from a centre, and at a radius known only to the initiated; for this is the most important part of all; a sailor cannot wear braces, and the fit round the hips is that which everything hangs on, so on this is staked the reputation of the cutter out. When the scissors come into play, they must deftly follow the lines chalked out for them, that the scraps may come in to make a cloth cap.

A great deal of work can be put into a pair of No. 1 cloth trousers, or a new serge frock; cunning embroidery round the pocket-holes, and such work as is called "clocks"

when applied to a lady's stocking. Little stars are sometimes worked round the eylet-holes for tying in the trousers behind. The herring-bone sewing on a serge frock may have much mind thrown into it, but no such fancy work may be allowed to deviate from the strict uniform.

On a Thursday afternoon you may see an artist at work on the human skin; a young fellow with his sleeve turned up sits in front of the operator, who is armed with a bunch of needles tied to a short stick, and has his two tins of colours, Indian ink and vermillion. When Indian ink is not attainable, a mixture of gunpowder and soot with oil is considered very choice. And thus a man is tattooed with an indelible mark,—perhaps his initials, or those of the girl he loved last, or it may be a ship in full sail, or a Burmese demon, and whatever he thinks suited to his own peculiar style of beauty.

Besides his bag of clothes, every seaman has

his "ditty-box,"—a box something like a small writing-desk. He carries the key on his knife-lanyard, and the box itself is kept fastened up between the beams over his mess. As the Englishman's house is his castle, so the seaman's ditty-box may be said to be *his* castle; it is the only place he has under lock and key; there he keeps his needles and thread, his buttons, his money and his letters, and the photograph of his mother and sister, or maybe of a dearer friend still; all his little home relics, and any small gifts he is bringing home from foreign ports. A sailor loves to overhaul his ditty-box.

On Thursday the 21st, we may be sure that many a ditty box was overhauled on board the *Eurydice*. In a sunny corner, under the shelter of the weather gunwhale, the young seaman studied again the well-thumbed photograph of the loving face that he thought would soon so proudly and so tenderly welcome him home, or again read for the last time such sweet gentle

words as he hoped soon to hear in the well-remembered tones. And when four o'clock came, and the decks had to be cleared up, the forecastle sweeper gave him a friendly prod with his broom, as he hurried all his little goods into their box, and broke the string of the bead necklace from Barbadoes. As the lock clicked he thought how joyously he would re-open it next week, and shew to the dear circle at home the little treasures he had gathered in the Indies.

That Thursday was a busy day with the officers too; the paymaster and his clerks were preparing the demands for fresh stores and provisions, and making out the papers for all the smart young fellows to be drifted off to iron-clads; for, had they not heard of the warlike preparations at home, and was not the Admiralty, and indeed the whole country counting on the return of the choice three hundred? The doctors were preparing their medical reports to show how the health of the

crew had prospered in their cruise; the navigating lieutenant was looking out the charts of the Chops of the Channel, and again refreshing his memory from the sailing directions, that he might at once readily recognize any land or lighthouse.

Thursday afternoon is the first lieutenant's holiday, but he would very likely use it to go over the watch-bill again, and see that every station was filled up, and every preparation made for the Admiral's inspection, which would be sure to take place on the Monday or the Tuesday. And a *strict* inspection it would be, and ought to be: the *Eurydice* was commissioned to show these young seamen the highest pitch of perfection and discipline to which a British frigate could be wrought, and nothing less would satisfy that captain or his officers.

Thursday is the guest-night in a ward-room mess; one or two of the junior officers were dining there; the steward was a trifle

reckless with his good things, for there was a fair wind, and the voyage was nearly over, and there was plenty more to be had at Portsmouth. The ward-room servants were getting ready the lists of clothes to be sent to the wash as soon as the anchor should be let go. The captain added another paragraph to his report of proceedings, and thanked God that no accident or mishap had marred the success of this lengthened cruise so nearly ended.

FRIDAY.

"Reef topsails, reef! the master calls again,
The halyards and top-bow-lines soon are gone,
To clue-lines and reef-tackles next they run:
The shivering sails descend: the yards are square,
Then quick aloft the ready crew repair:
The weather earings and the lee they passed,
The reefs enroll'd, and every point made fast."—

Falconer's Shipwreck.

FRIDAY.

FRIDAY is the day specially devoted to great gun exercises. As soon as morning prayers are over the bugle sounds to "Quarters for Exercise," and every preparation is made for battle. The magazines and shell-room are opened, dummy cartridges are passed up, and all the motions are gone through as if in time of action. The guns are loaded and run out, and trained in such directions as may be ordered. The men are armed with their rifles, cutlasses, boarding-pikes and pistols, and exercised in the defence of their own ship, as well as in preparations for boarding an enemy. On this Friday it was not so much great quickness that was aimed at as accuracy of detail. No doubt but the men would work quickly enough and toss their heavy 64-pr. guns

about like playthings under the eye of the Inspecting Officer; but each one must know and understand the detail of his duties, that no question could take him aback, and no change to another number at the gun find him unprepared. And the exercise of manning and arming the boats was gone through with every preparation for sending them away at the shortest notice, by day or by night. The men were exercised at Fire-quarters, that they might be ready to cope with what is the deadliest foe on board a ship.

In the afternoon they were exercised at sail drill, a drill so important that it forms part of the routine of every day when weather permits.

This drill consists in setting and in taking in as rapidly as possible every sail that the ship can carry; a vessel may be seen with every possible sail set alow and aloft, and in three or four minutes all will be taken in except the close-reefed topsails that would be carried in a gale of wind: or a sail is supposed to be

split, and it is at once furled, sent down, and replaced by a new one from the sail-room; or a spar is supposed to be sprung, when all sail on it must immediately be taken in, the yards on that mast must be sent down, the damaged mast must be replaced by a sound one, the yards are again sent up, and the sails set as before.

Or sometimes the life-buoy is let go as if a man had fallen overboard; then the sail must be reduced, the ship rounded to, and a boat lowered to pick up the life-buoy. These exercises were of the highest importance on board the *Eurydice*; she was specially commissioned to teach to these young seamen those drills and evolutions, which even in a masted ironclad can be but imperfectly carried out.

For a ship to excel in exercises aloft the highest degree of organization is required; the intricate tracery of ropes whose various purposes are to the landsmen so hopelessly confusing, is to the sailor a beautiful and perfectly adapted machine for controlling the spars and

sails which give life and motion to his ship, as his own sinews and muscles give motion to his body. As our muscles are directed by reason and instinct, so must these ropes be manned by men familiar with the objects they serve. If a sail is to be taken in men are stationed to let go some ropes and to haul on others; the oldest and most experienced men are stationed by the ropes to be let go; those are the most important. If the man is flurried, and loses his head, and lets go his rope too soon or too late, the sail may be split, the yard may be sprung, and the safety of men, aye, and of the ship herself may be endangered. For efficient sail-drill it is necessary that every rope be properly manned, and that the right man be in the right place.

If the *Eurydice* had one strong point, if there was one respect in which she was pre-eminently efficient, it was her sail-drill. If there was one captain in the navy more than another who would be justified in carrying a press of sail it was the Captain of the *Eurydice*.

SATURDAY.

"Three wives sat up in the Lighthouse Tower,
They trimmed the lamps as the sun went down,
They looked at the storm and they looked at the shower,
And the night-rack came rolling up ragged and brown,
For men must work, and women must weep,
Though storms be sudden, and waters deep
And the harbour bar be moaning."—

Charles Kingsley.

SATURDAY.

ON the Saturday morning the first business, when the watch came on deck at four o'clock, would be to bend cables. When a ship is on a voyage, and far away in clear blue water, the chain cables are unbent, and stowed away in the chain-lockers ; they are thus out of the way ; the rust does not stain the deck, and the bows of the ship are in some degree lighter and more buoyant ; the anchors too are closely stowed and lashed. So when the ship is leaving land, and the rattle of the cable is heard as it runs down into the locker, the sound tells that the ship is speeding out into the open sea ; and when the well-known sound is heard of the cable being hauled up again on

deck, we know we are nearing land and that the anchors are being cleared away. And if that noise awoke any one at four o'clock that morning he turned over and went to sleep again with pleasant dreams, for it was a sound that told him of home not very far off.

Saturday is the great cleaning day on board a ship; sounds of holy-stones and scrubbing-brushes begin at four in the morning. Officers and men walk about without shoes and stockings, and with their trousers turned up above their knees in the cold grey morning, while every now and then a wash-deck bucket full of water dashes past with the recklessness of a hansom cab in the Strand: and the work is not hurried, for there is no daily inspection on a Saturday morning, and all the forenoon is devoted to thoroughly cleaning every part of the ship.

At about eight o'clock, when the men have breakfasted, the same careful cleansing work begins below; the lower deck and store-

rooms are well lighted up, and the smell of soap is in the air; the ladders are turned wrong-side up, that the traffic may not dim the whiteness of the fresh-scrubbed steps. At the top and bottom of every hatchway are swabs and mats that you may wipe your feet, and as the day wears on there reigns everywhere the dreary comfortless aspect of perfect cleanliness which is supposed to be its own reward.

All the mess-traps must be polished to day; the tin mess-kettles must shine like silver; the hoops of the bread barges like burnished gold. The mess tables are scrubbed as white as a dainty table cloth, and every stain of grease is removed. Where needful the white-wash overhead is touched up, and each mess vies with its neighbour—if maybe some word of approval shall drop from the Captain's lips on the morrow's inspection. Windsails are passed down to dry the decks, and deck-cloths are spread where there is most traffic.

In the afternoon the brass work receives

special attention ; the guns are polished till they shine like mirrors, and the brass corners on the bitts, and the hand-rails to the hatchways are all made bright and glittering.

But what a special Saturday was this when the *Eurydice* was so near home! How many keen professional eyes would be on her when she reached Portsmouth. Of course the Inspecting Officer would visit and inspect every part of the ship, the holds, the storerooms, even the bilges ; but there would also be brother officers come on board to see old friends and messmates, and to criticise the smart *Eurydice*, and there would be gentle and uncriticising eyes prepared to think all beautiful and perfect in the ship that held some beloved son or brother ; and so there never was a Saturday when the unavoidable discomforts were more readily put up with, or when all hands were so eager to brighten and smarten up the craft they had learned to trust and love so well.

There was a carefully-tended canary on board

that one young fellow was taking home to his mother, and the cage must be kept dry, and no splash of salt water be allowed to fall on the cherished bird.

The painters were busy all the afternoon, touching up any stains on the white ribbon outside, or any marks made by the ropes chafing the black gunwale, for the *Eurydice* must to-morrow look her very best; the twelve life-belts in the cutter wanted touching up with a little white paint, and so they were hung up in the fine drying wind.

When the men mustered at evening quarters, to each was served out a clean hammock, for nothing sets off a smart frigate so well as the row of snow-white hammocks ranged along each side in the hammock-netting. At eight o'clock the first night-watch was set, and soon after was heard the clear voice of the look-out man, "A light on the port bow, sir," and the voice of the officer of the forecastle repeating, "a light reported on the port bow, sir;" and

then the officer of the watch reports it to the Captain, and the navigating lieutenant takes bearings of it, and every soul in the ship is joyous, for this is the brilliant revolving light on the Start Point, and the first sight of dear old England after many months.

Perhaps the deep-sea lead-line was got ready, the sail reduced, and a cast taken of the lead to fix accurately the position of the ship. One light is very much like another at night, yet the paymaster, and the doctor and others whose duties do not call them on deck, sleep all the better if they go up and have a look before they retire to their cabins. And many a seaman of the Watch-below, too, must have a look at the Start Light before he turns in to his hammock. "Thank God" is in many a heart, if not on every lip,—as one of the lads before leaving home, had said, "Mother, rough as we are, we never turn in without giving ourselves into the hands of God!"

SUNDAY.

"The powerful sails, with steady breezes swelled,
Swift and more swift the yielding bark impelled;
Across her stern the parting waters run
As clouds, by tempests wafted, pass the sun.
Impatient thus she darts along the shore."

Falconer's Shipwreck.

SUNDAY.

WHEN that Sunday morning dawned, the ship was passing Portland with a fine bracing north-westerly breeze, smooth water, and joyful life in every white-crested wave; with a fair wind, there was every prospect of anchoring that night at Spithead.

Every naval officer has a sentimental feeling for Spithead; so many of our naval heroes have sailed from Spithead to serve their country, and some have returned to Spithead covered with the glory of mighty achievments. It is the historic parade-ground of our fleets; it is at Spithead that our Sovereign holds her naval reviews, and no sailor returning from abroad can approach Spithead quite unmoved.

And so that morning, after the usual routine-work was over, at ten o'clock, all hands were mustered at divisions, for the important ceremony of the Captain's Sunday Inspection. There was not room for them all to stand in a single line: round the decks there was a double line, and the Captain, accompanied by the first Lieutenant and all heads of departments, passed round the decks between the two lines of seamen, drawn up bare-headed.

The *Eurydice* always carried a full crew, but now she was bringing to England a Captain of Royal Engineers, returning home on leave, with six sappers whose period of service had expired, and a Sergeant of Marines, with twelve men also taking a passage home, and other supernumeraries, and at the morning inspection her upper deck was crowded. The inspection over, the crew assembled for prayers.

The *Eurydice* carried no Chaplain, and the beautiful liturgy of the Church of England was read by the Captain. It was with a thankful

heart he began the Psalms for the day; "I am well pleased that the Lord hath heard the voice of my prayer;" and his men made reply, "That He hath inclined his ear unto me; therefore will I call upon Him as long as I live."

After service the men went to their dinners. As the day wore on, the wind fell somewhat lighter, and the ship was put under all sail on the port tack. As they neared the Isle of Wight, the beauty of that scene, in the bright March sun was very striking. They were keeping as close in to the shore as they could without losing the wind; passing within two or three miles of Ventnor, they could plainly see all that was going on, and they knew how beautiful their ship must look, with her spread of snowy canvass gleaming in the sunlight, to the folk who were taking their Sunday afternoon walk.

All the men were in their Sunday clothes; few were asleep; they were reading, or writing

letters to be posted in a few hours, and to carry to remote English hamlets the news of the sailor's safe return; some were looking through the open ports, from which no danger could be anticipated in so smooth a sea, and which admitted light, and fresh wholesome air to the somewhat crowded decks below.

A frigate's ports open outwards, so when they have to be closed in heavy weather, the weight of water outside helps to close them as soon as the port lanyards are let go.

At a quarter before two o'clock the lower studding sail was set, the wind off the land having hauled somewhat further aft. Both the Captain and the First Lieutenant were on deck, cheerily discussing the events of the cruise, and the greetings of the morrow.

The danger of sailing close under high land in squally weather is well known to seamen; gusts of wind coming over a cliff form themselves into eddies and whirlwinds, and in such circumstances additional care is

requisite. Well-known, too, is it that when standing out from the shelter of high land past such a point as Dunnose Head, the change from the comparative calm, will show itself at first in strong and eddying squalls. A ship further out from land will not feel the squalls with equal violence, nor will their direction change so suddenly. The sea would not so suddenly change, and, indeed it would be only in exceptionally stormy weather that the waves would assume any magnitude off Sandown Bay with a northerly wind. Were the ship, therefore, not under an undue press of sail, no danger need be apprehended from the open ports.

To the danger of such squalls the Captain was alive, for both he and his First Lieutenant were keenly watching the sky to windward with the eyes of practised seamen; the watch were all ready on deck, prepared to take in the canvass when the proper moment should arrive.

THE SQUALL.

"The wind blew fresh again: as it grew late
A squall came on, and while some guns broke loose.
A gust—which all descriptive power transcends—
Laid with one blast the ship on her beam ends."—

Don Juan

"Oh, I have suffered
With those that I saw suffer!
Oh! the cry did knock
Against my very heart! Poor souls! They perished.
Had I been any god of power, I would
Have sunk the sea within the earth, before
It should the good ship so have swallowed, and
The freighting souls within her."

Miranda

THE SQUALL.

THE Captain was anxious to reach his anchorage before dark, for the already low barometer was still falling, probably a Southerly gale was brewing, and the fine Northerly wind might chop round to South-east; moreover the ebb-tide was making strong round St. Catherine's point, and although the ship was bowling along through the water at the rate of nine or ten knots, she was not going more than five or six past the land.

It was half-past three; the wind was freshening; as the ship passed out from under the lee of the Island the wind would freshen more; there were hard-edged clouds of dazzling whiteness passing swiftly overhead, but the high land off Dunnose was dead to windward,

so they could not be seen far off. The wind off the shore was sharp and cutting; the Captain ordered the watch to be called to shorten sail; the ropes were manned, but not a ropeyarn must be started till the order is given. He sees the merchant vessels in the offing shortening sail betimes to the freshening gale, as shorthanded vessels must; but the *Eurydice* with her numerous and picked crew can well afford to wait till the last moment; his men have never failed him yet, and they will not fail him now: it is no rash or foolhardy spirit that makes him wait to give the order, but the experience and self-reliance of some thirty years of seafaring life.

The first puff of the coming squall is seen, and the order is given to take in the royals; the royal-yard-men are in the rigging on their way up to furl their sails when the Captain calls them down; the squall is already increasing with dangerous rapidity; and at once the order is given to shorten sail; already the studding-sails are coming in when a terrific

blast strikes the ship on the port bow and without a moment's warning throws her on her beam-ends. A blinding snow-storm envelopes the ship; the furious gale howls through the rigging, snaps off the mizen topmast, rends to ribbons the now loosened sails, and lashes the ropes in a hundred directions; the poor hull staggers and strains; the water rushes in through the lee main-deck ports, along the lee gangway, and over the lee hammock-netting; the men are washed away from their stations and carried overboard; the fore and main sheets are let go to ease her and the Captain's order is "if you can't let it go, cut it;" the topsail-haulyards and the topsail-sheets are let go. A gallant young sub-lieutenant rushes to the wheel and helps the steersman to put the helm hard up, and then he is seen no more.

The Captain climbs on to the weather side of his ship, whence he sees her keel level with the water. The lee boats have, of course, been washed away: in vain he directs an effort to lower a port boat, bravely supported by his

first-lieutenant. The two doctors having reached the deck, are now seen struggling in the water. The sea is rushing down through the hatchways, and above the howling of the blast are heard the roaring of the escaping air, and the confused cries of the men on the lower deck; and as the vessel fills she slowly rights herself, gives a slight plunge forward, and sinks to the bottom, barely five minutes from the time the squall struck her.

We know but little more; our last glimpse of the Captain is standing on his sinking ship; for others there might be life-belts, or boats, or floating spars, but no thought of self could cross the Captain's mind at such a time. The depth of that moment's sadness his brother-officers alone can realize, but as he remembered his young wife and two baby daughters he would commit them to God's mercy and to England's sympathy, while for himself he would know that his Country's verdict would be that the Captain of the *Eurydice* died striving to do his duty.

In ten to fifteen minutes the dense snow-storm clears away as rapidly as it had arisen. The wind falls to a keen stiff breeze, and the sun again shines out brightly upon the sea. In eleven fathoms of water, off Sandown Bay, and little over two miles from shore are visible the mast-heads of the ill-fated ship; the strong tide swiftly sweeps away to the southward all wreckage, and such drowning men as are clinging thereto: one by one they drop off, benumbed with the fierce cold, and disheartened at finding themselves swept out into mid-channel. Still as anon, one passes another, comes a cheerful shout to hold on, and to be of good courage, for who could doubt that in so great a thoroughfare and so near the shore help must be at hand? Alas! the thickly falling snow-cloud had hidden the sight from every eye, and as yet none realized their peril.

Captain William Langworthy Jenkin, of the schooner *Emma*, bound from Newcastle for Poole, first saw the wreckage and the royals of the ship above water. Being somewhat

further from the land, and under reduced canvass, he had not felt the extreme violence of the squall. He at once steered for the spot, and hoisting out his boats, succeeded in picking up five men, of whom only two survived ;— Benjamin Cuddiford, able seaman, and Sydney Fletcher, ordinary seaman. The other bodies brought on shore were those of Lieutenant Tabor, the first lieutenant, Captain Ferrier, of the Royal Engineers, and George A. Bennett, a first-class petty-officer.

Benjamin Cuddiford was saved by a life-buoy which he found floating in the water, and which brought him again to the surface after he had been sucked down by the sinking of the ship. He did what he could to save others by taking them pieces of floating wreck. Sydney Fletcher was also saved by a cork life-belt. From the mouths of these two comes all we know, or ever shall know, of the loss of a splendid frigate, and her living freight of some three hundred and fifty souls.

THE CREW.

Appendix.

OFFICERS AND CREW OF H.M.S. "EURYDICE."

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Captain Marcus A. S. Hare; Lieutenants Francis H. Tabor, Charles V. Strange, William E. Black, and Stanley A. B. Burney; Staff-Surgeon James L. Witney, M.A.; Paymaster Frank Pittman; Sub-Lieutenants Hon. Edward R. Gifford, Herbert S. Edmunds, Walter S. Smith and Sydney G. Randolph; Surgeon Robert Murdoch, M.B.; Gunner Frederick Allen; Boatswains William Brewer and Joseph Warren; Assistant Clerk William Lamont.

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"SORROW ON THE SEA."

"There is sorrow on the sea—it cannot be quiet."—Jer. xlix. 23.

[*The following poem, which appeared in the "Christian" and other papers, was attributed to Captain M. Hare, but recently it has been ascertained, on good authority, that they were written by a Lady friend; and committed to memory by Captain Hare, who afterwards inserted them in an album.*]

I STOOD on the shore of the beautiful sea,
As the billows were roaming wild and free;
Onward they came with unfailing force,
Then backward turned in their restless course;
Ever and ever sounded their roar,
Foaming and dashing against the shore;
Ever and ever they rose and fell,
With heaving and sighing and mighty swell;
And deep seemed calling aloud to deep,
Lest the murmuring waves should drop to sleep.
In summer and winter, by night and by day,
Thro' cloud and sunshine holding their way;
Oh! when shall the ocean's troubled breast
Calmly and quietly sink into rest?
Oh! when shall the waves' wild murmuring cease,
And the mighty waters be hushed to peace?

It cannot be quiet—it cannot rest ;
There must be heaving on ocean's breast ;
The tide must ebb, and the tide must flow,
Whilst the changing seasons come and go.
Still from the depths of that hidden store
There are treasures tossed up along the shore ;
Tossed by the billows—then seized again—
Carried away by the rushing main.
Oh, strangely glorious and beautiful sea !
Sounding for ever mysteriously,
Why are thy billows still rolling on,
With their wild and sad and musical tone ?
Why is there never repose for thee ?
Why slumberest thou not, oh mighty sea.

Then the ocean's voice I seemed to hear,
Mournfully, solemnly—sounding near,
Like a wail sent up from the caves below,
Fraught with dark memories of human woe,
Telling of loved ones buried there,
Of the dying shriek and the dying prayer ;
Telling of hearts still watching in vain
For those who shall never come again,
Of the widow's groan, the orphan's cry,
And the mother's speechless agony.
Oh, no, the ocean can never rest
With such secrets hidden within its breast.
There is sorrow written upon the sea,
And dark and stormy its waves must be ;
It *cannot* be quiet, it *cannot* sleep,
That dark, relentless, and stormy deep.

But a day will come, a blessed day,
When earthly sorrow shall pass away,
When the hour of anguish shall turn to peace,
And even the roar of the waves shall cease.
Then out from its deepest and darkest bed
Old ocean shall render up her dead,
And, freed from the weight of human woes,
Shall quietly sink in her last repose.
No sorrow shall ever be written then
On the depths of the sea or the hearts of men,
But heaven and earth renewed shall shine,
Still clothed in glory and light divine.
Then where shall the billows of ocean be?
Gone! for in heaven shall be "no more sea!"
'Tis a bright and beautiful thing of earth,
That cannot share in the soul's "new birth;"
'Tis a life of murmur and tossing and spray,
And at resting-time it must pass away.

But, oh! thou glorious and beautiful sea,
There is health and joy and blessing in thee:
Solemnly, sweetly, I hear thy voice,
Bidding me weep and yet rejoice—
Weep for the loved ones buried beneath,
Rejoice in Him who has conquered death;
Weep for the sorrowing and tempest-tossed,
Rejoice in Him who has saved the lost;
Weep for the sin, the sorrow, and strife,
And rejoice in the hope of eternal life.

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