

**FOURTH EDITION,**

**WITH ADDITIONS.**

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**NARRATIVE OF THE LOSS**

**OF THE**

**ROTHSAY CASTLE**

**STEAM PACKET,**

**IN BEAUMARIS BAY,**

**ON THE**

**NIGHT OF THE 17TH AUGUST, 1831.**

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**BY**

**LIEUT. R. J. MORRISON,**

**ROYAL NAVY.**

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“ And first one universal shriek there rush'd,  
Louder than the loud ocean, like a crash  
Of echoing thunder: and then all was hush'd,  
Save the wild wind, and the remorseless dash  
Of billows: but at intervals there gush'd,  
Accompanied with a convulsive splash,  
A solitary shriek, the bubbling cry  
Of some strong swimmer in his agony.”—*Byron.*

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**1831.**



## NARRATIVE, &c.

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FOR very many years there has been no circumstance of so calamitous a nature—whether we regard the number of persons who have perished, the suddenness of the event, at a season of the year when wrecks are less probable, or the melancholy circumstances attending the whole affair—as the wreck of the *Rothsay Castle* steam-packet, on the spit of the Dutchman's Bank, in the Bay of Beaumaris, on the night of the 17th of August, 1831. Many crude accounts have been given to the world,—some of them having every appearance of partiality, others written under symptoms of fear to tell the truth, as if it were possible to believe that the present Government would allow such a direful sacrifice of human life, by which the King has lost nearly 150 of his subjects, and sorrow and penury have overwhelmed so many families all over the country, to pass by without the strictest inquiry. For the satisfaction of the public, whose voice calls aloud for a thorough exposure of all the facts, and for the service of truth in general, I have been induced to make personal inquiries at the scene of this sad event; and from these, and the evidence given before the jury only, shall I compose a narrative of the entire circumstances. If I may express myself strongly in the observations I may be led to make on the conduct of individuals which has brought about this very dreadful calamity, be they among the dead or the living, it is not to hurt the feelings of any man, it is to deter others from future similar neglect, which may, of course, lead to similar disasters. To guard the public from entrusting their lives in cases where ignorance of nautical affairs exposes them to the effects of criminal negligence, or avarice, is one cause also for my taking up my pen on this distressing occasion. And for this purpose I shall take leave to suggest how far prudent precautions, on the part of individuals, and legislative regulations combined, may take the sting out of, if not entirely destroy, the risk of such destruction of human life, by the application of steam to navigation.

The *Rothsay Castle* was a steam-vessel built in the Clyde, by, I believe, a very eminent builder in that river of the name of Castles, about the year 1812: of course she was 18 years old at the time of her destruction. She was one of the first vessels which plied upon that river; and having been built in the infancy of steam navigation, and before that admirable invention had been sufficiently proved to render it advisable to send steam vessels beyond the precincts of a river, it is fair to conclude that, though admirably put together, she was constructed only for that navigation, and was never, even when new, a seaworthy vessel, in the strict sense of the word. A farther proof of this circumstance, and one that is perfectly conclusive, is that her upper timbers measured only *four* inches, which for a vessel of about 200 tons, is altogether below that which could entitle her to be called seaworthy, or to be intrusted in a difficult navigation, with that most valuable of all cargoes—human life. This *prima facie* evidence of the alarming impropriety of placing “such a vessel on this station,” is farther confirmed by many other circumstances. It is known that many vessels in his Majesty’s navy, although built of the very best materials, and constructed with first-rate skill, are frequently considered unfit to go to sea after ten or twelve years. It is not too much to assume, then, that the *Rothsay Castle*, after constant exposure to the workings of a steam engine during eighteen years, was in a state to be condemned, and that she was sold because she was, in plain English, worn out. It is said she was condemned to be broken up. As to the correctness of Mr. Thomas Wilson’s statement, which will be found in the appendix, of her being “stronger after her repairs than she was when new,” I shall leave others to decide; but, if it be true, which I do not believe, it proves nothing, as I am sure she was even then totally unfit for a heavy sea.

At ten o’clock on Wednesday morning, the 17th Aug., the vessel was appointed to sail from the usual place, George’s Pier-head, Liverpool; but there was a casual delay in starting, and it was eleven o’clock before she got every thing in readiness. Whilst taking passengers on board, a carriage arrived at the pier-head for embarkation. It belonged to W. M. Foster, Esq., of Regent’s-park, London, who, with his wife and servant, were conveyed in it to the packet, and took their passage at the same time. They were all subsequently drowned, a little dog which accompanied them being the only survivor of this unfortunate group. The detention of the packet beyond the customary hour of sailing materially tended, by its influence upon the time of her arrival outwards, to bring on the heart-rending

catastrophe which sacrificed so important a portion of human life. By starting an hour too late, they would, of course, have the tide turned against them so much the earlier, and thus their progress would be somewhat retarded; and, independently of the loss of time by this means, the tide would be lower, by just one hour's ebb, at the period when the fatal crisis arrived. It is accordingly stated that when the vessel struck, the water was extremely low.

The first fact of consequence which I have ascertained is one which laid the foundation of the vessel's destruction. It is, that when she passed the Prince Llewelyn—the steam-vessel which plied with her to Beaumaris, and then on her way to Liverpool—which occurred about three miles off the Floating-light, she was very far to leeward of her course. It was observed on board the Prince Llewelyn, as being extraordinary, and gave reason to suppose there was something amiss on board. Nor does it appear that the commander of the vessel ever made an effort to get the vessel to a proper distance from the land, which prudence and good seamanship alike dictated with a leaky vessel, bad weather coming on, and a most dangerous shore under her lee. When the steamer left the pier-head, the deck was thronged with passengers; but the precise number it would be impracticable to obtain, because, besides those whose names were entered in the books, many individuals were taken immediately from the pierhead, without any previous application. When it is considered that tickets are not taken for children, that most of the deck passengers would go on board without tickets, and that 100 were paid for at the office, as I was there personally informed, we may suppose that, including the crew, musicians, &c., and numerous families of children known to be there, less than 150 souls could not have been on board the ill-fated vessel. The majority of the passengers consisted of holiday or family parties, chiefly from country places; and in one of these companies, who came on a journey of pleasure from Bury, in Lancashire, the hand of death committed a merciless devastation. It consisted of twenty-six persons. In the morning, joyous with health and hilarity, they set out upon the sea, and, before the next sun arose, all of them, except two, had been swallowed up in the remorseless deep.

The weather was not particularly bad at the time the packet sailed. The severe storm which had previously raged, had more than usually agitated the water on the banks. An American vessel, which attempted, by means of a steam-boat, to put to sea, at five in the morning, was compelled to return to port. This circumstance will ac-

count for the alarm which seems, early in the afternoon, to have seized several of the passengers, and to have prompted them to urge the captain to return to Liverpool. The wind, too, blew strongly from the north-north-west, and the vessel had to contend with the flood tide soon after she left the river. These considerations will account for the slow progress which a vessel with only one engine made against an adverse wind and tide, without any mismanagement, up to a certain period on the part of her commander. When the steamer arrived off the Floating-light, which is stationed about fifteen miles from Liverpool, it appears that the roughness of the sea alarmed many of the passengers. One of the survivors states, that Mr. Tarry, of Bury, who, with his family, consisting of himself, his wife, their five children, and servant, was on board, being, in common with others, greatly alarmed for his own safety and the safety of those dear to him, went down to the cabin, where the captain was at dinner, and requested him to put back. His reply was, "I think there is a d—d deal of fear on board, and very little danger. If we were to turn back with passengers, it would never do; we should have no profit." To another gentleman who urged him to put back, he is reported to have said, very angrily, "I'm not one of those that turn back." He remained in the cabin two whole hours, and peremptorily refused to comply with the repeated requests made to him by the more timid of his passengers to return to Liverpool, observing, that if they knew him, they would not make the request. Every generous mind would be glad to cast a veil over the errors of those who are not present to defend themselves; and it is deeply painful to reproach the memory of one who has been so awfully called into eternity; but truth compels me to state, that very serious complaints are made, by some of the surviving passengers, of the conduct of Lieut. Atkinson. Before dinner, I believe, his behaviour was attentive and unexceptionable; but, after he had dined, a very striking difference was observed in his conduct. He became violent in his manner and abusive in his language to the men. When anxiously questioned by the passengers as to the progress the vessel was making, and the time at which she was likely to reach her destination, he returned trifling, and frequently very contradictory, answers. During the early part of the voyage, he had spoken confidently of being able to reach Beaumaris by seven o'clock; but the evening wore away, night came on, and the vessel was still a considerable distance from the termination of her voyage. She was a very long time in getting from the Little to the Great Ormeshead; some of the survivors say between three and four hours. A sloop passed at no great

distance, whilst they were beating about in this situation, to leeward.

Here I must remark, that night coming on, and the wind freshening, with an increased sea, which, as the ebb tide was now running, and opposing the wind, there must have been, it became the commander to consider the important charge he had; and, as the ebb tide had made, and rendered it impossible to return with safety, to seek some other means of preserving the lives of the numerous fellow creatures committed to his charge. What were these means? I contend that he should, while between the two Ormesheads—where the vessel lay between three and four hours—have altered his course, and steered right out to sea till daylight. This was the first duty of a good seaman, as it always is in such cases; to get a good offing, to get well clear of a lee shore. He should have laid her head to wind, and have stood that course north-north-west till day-light; when he would have had a fair wind and flood tide to carry him into Beaumaris. If, however, as I believe, he knew the vessel would not stand the sea till four o'clock, being already half full of water, he had an alternative. Between the two Ormesheads, and directly to leeward of him, there was, at about two miles off, anchorage ground, in about three or four fathoms, not half a mile from the shore. Here he should have anchored, kept the steam up to assist the vessel—if he feared her drifting on shore—and sent the women and children on shore by a dozen at a time, in his boat; have got other boats, if necessary, from the shore; and if there were no boats, and as a last resource, he had empty casks, ladders, planks, and spars on board, of which he should have made a raft, and saved as many lives as possible, in the event of the vessel going on on shore in spite of his endeavours. Had he done all this, honour, and not blame, would have been attached to his memory, even if some lives had been lost in the attempt.

The vessel stood on, still leaking; and there is no account of any attempt to come to an anchor, which might have been done about 11 o'clock, with a fair prospect of riding till day-light in the centre of the Bay of Beaumaris; near that spot in the chart where an anchor is depicted, with the figures 8½, which shows that there are eight fathoms and a half of water there at low water, spring tides. At this time one of the witnesses, Mr. Robert Whittaker, of Bury, a passenger, states, on oath, that he asked the captain "to hoist a light or fire a gun:" a very proper request, since the vessel was in distress, the passengers working at the pumps, and "water in the hold" so deep as to be coming over the deck of the gentleman's cabin. To this the answer was, that he "had none." To which neglect of the

common provision against being in distress, the misery of this wreck may be attributed. With whom the blame lies it is needless for me to declare ; but I am sorry to say it is too common, and that many steam-vessels sail every day from Liverpool without any gun to make signals of distress: nor has this calamity been any lesson to the owners. Although she was evidently making a great deal of water, so much so that the fireman found it impossible to keep the fires up, owing to the water going in with the coals, yet there is no account of any attempt being made to sound the bell, or ascertain what water was really in the vessel. This is one of the most extraordinary instances of criminal neglect attending the whole matter. If the unfortunate captain had used common reflection, he would have considered that as it was low water now that he had arrived at the most critical period of the passage, it particularly behooved him to have the lead going in this narrow channel, when the least deviation from his course must be fatal ; and if he resolved to run all risks, not to anchor, but to stand on with a sinking ship, then he should have used every other effort, by making sail, which, as his course was west by south, and the wind north-north-west, he could have done, and stood directly in for the anchorage ground. This is supposing the statement correct, that they ever reached the spit buoy. But I do not myself believe they were ever within a half mile of it. It was near twelve o'clock when they arrived at the mouth of the Menia Strait, about five miles from Beaumaris. The tide had been running out of the strait, and had, consequently, for some time, retarded the steamer's progress towards her destination ; but it was now just on the turn. The vessel, according to the statement of two of the seamen and one of the firemen saved, had got round the buoy on the north end of the Dutchman's Bank, and had proceeded up the river as far as the tower on Puffin Island, when suddenly the steam got so low, that the engine would not keep her on her proper course. Now was the time to make sail, if he had been in the situation of B, in the chart, which is where he should have been, and which the witness, William Hughes, seaman, declares was the case. The fact is, this man must have supposed the vessel half a mile nearer Puffin Island than she really was. I have no hesitation in affirming, that when the engine stopped, the vessel was some small distance to leeward of the spit buoy. The tide was then setting in, and driving her directly on to the spit, while the wind was bearing her to leeward towards the swash way, denoted by the blank just to the southward of the vessel, drawn on the chart. The divisions at foot and round the chart, represent one mile each ; this will enable any person



to judge of the relative distances. About this time, it is said that one of the passengers in the steamer earnestly implored the captain to put into Conway. His reply was, "God keep me from attempting it: it would be instant destruction." This was quite correct: it will be seen by the water marked in the chart, that at near low water, it would have been impracticable. When asked, why there was not steam up, the fireman said, that a deal of water had been finding its way into the vessel all day, and that some time before she got into the strait, the bilge-pumps were choked. The water in the hold then overflowed the coals; so that, in renewing the fires, a deal of water went in with the coals, slackened the fires, and made it impossible to keep the steam up.—She now drifted, with the flood-tide and north-north-west wind, towards the Dutchman's Bank, on the spit of which she struck.

It was now, indeed, a moment of awe and consternation. The worst fears of the passengers had every appearance of being realized. The vessel rolled in a frightful manner; and as the breaking sea struck her on either side, immediate destruction seemed inevitable. It is reported by the seamen and fireman abovementioned, that Lieutenant Atkinson immediately ordered the man at the helm to put the helm a starboard. The man refused to do so; but put it to port. The mate, perceiving this, ran aft, took the helm from the man, and put it to starboard. The engine had previously stopped for above ten minutes, and this was said by some on board to have been occasioned by the loss of a bolt, whereas, the true reason was, that the coals were covered with water, the pumps were choked, and the water had got to the fires. On her striking, the captain said, "It is only sand, and she will soon float." In the meantime, he and some of the passengers got the jib up. No doubt he did this intending to wear her round, and bring her head to the southward, with a hope of getting her through the swash way; but, it could not make the least difference which way her head was turned, as she was on a lee shore, and there was no steam to work her off. The captain also ordered the passengers first to run aft, in the hope, by removing the pressure from the vessel's stem, to make her float; this failing to produce the desired effect, he then ordered them to run forward. All the exertions of the captain, the crew, and the passengers united, were unavailing. The ill-fated vessel stuck still faster in the sands, and all gave themselves up for lost. The terror of the passengers became excessive. Several of them urged the captain to hoist lights, and make other signals of distress; but it is stated that he positively refused to do so, assuring the pas-

sengers that there was no danger, and telling them, several times, that the packet was afloat, and doing well, and on her way; when the passengers knew perfectly well that she was sticking fast in the sand, and that her cabins were rapidly filling with water. Doubtless the unfortunate man was most fully aware of the imminent danger; but we may charitably suppose, that he held such language for the purpose of preventing alarm which might be fatal. The great bell was now rung with so much violence that the tongue broke, and some of the passengers continued to strike it for some time with a piece of coal or a stone. The bell was heard, it is said, at Beaumaris, but, as there was no light hoisted on the mast of the steamer, (a fatal neglect!) those who heard the signal were, of course, ignorant whence the sound proceeded. The wind, at this awful moment, was strong, but the atmosphere perfectly clear. The moon, though slightly overcast, threw considerable light on the surrounding objects. The tide began to set in with great strength, and a heavy sea beat over the bank on which the steam-packet was firmly and immoveably fixed.

The duty of the captain now was evidently to make every possible exertion, by signals, to procure assistance from the shore, and to endeavour to calm the passengers' fears, by showing them that, so far from despairing, he still had resources for their preservation, and to effect whatever could have been done by forming a raft from the materials to be found on board. The masts should have been cut away, and every piece of timber adapted for this purpose; by which means very many valuable lives would have been snatched from the grasp of death. But it is idle to make observations on what a good officer or seaman would have accomplished, as this poor man had left himself with only two seamen on board, and could, of course, do little with their aid beyond making signals to draw attention from the shore. But although it has been proved that there was a gentleman's fowling-piece on board, he even refused to allow this to be discharged, according to the assertions of some individuals who were saved.

I must here quote a paragraph in the *Liverpool Journal*;

“By numerous inquiries among the boatmen at Bangor, it was learned that it was their general belief, that if a light had been shown on board the unlucky packet, even after she struck, the numerous boats, from upwards of twenty vessels lying at Bangor, would undoubtedly have saved the greater part, if not all the unfortunate passengers. No person has yet been able to divine what the cause of the captain's mad refusal to allow this could have been. One of the witnesses stated, that he (the captain) declared that there was no lantern on board. If boats could have pro-

ceeded a distance of six or seven miles, or more, from Bangor, in time to relieve the sufferers, much more readily could assistance have gone from Beaumaris, and still more so from Penmon Point, where an establishment of pilots was fixed by Lord Bulkeley, for the express purpose of rendering assistance in such cases. The world will hardly credit the astonishing fact, that their establishment is within little more than a mile and a half from the scene of wretchedness, and that, the wind being fair, the boats from thence could have reached the spot in about ten minutes! A single blue light burned—a single rocket fired—or even a solitary musket discharged, would have insured this happy result. It is reported, however, that there was nothing of the kind on board. If so, I will not trust my feelings to express the sentiments which arise at the knowledge of such neglect.”

By referring to the chart accompanying this narrative, it will be seen that the wreck is at the letter A., and as the Penmon pilot boats, life boat, &c., were at letter D., the distance will be found, by the scale of miles shown on the edge, or border, to be little more than a mile and a half. Nothing can possibly be more lamentable than the idea that assistance was so near, and that from lack of so simple an act as hoisting a lantern, above one hundred and thirty lives were lost, and all the hopes of hundreds cut off for ever. I do not hesitate to mention so large a number, as it will be seen by the appendix, that I have given an account of 106 individuals whose ill stars led them on board; and there is little doubt that very many bodies will long continue about the wreck.

The scene that now presented itself was such as I should in vain attempt to describe. A death of horror seemed to be the inevitable lot of all on board. The females, in particular, uttered the most piercing shrieks; some locked themselves in each other's arms, while others, losing all self-command, tore off their caps and bonnets, in the wildness of despair. The women and children collected in a knot together, and kept embracing each other, uttering all the time, the most dismal lamentations. When tired with crying, they lay against each other, with their heads reclined, like inanimate bodies. It was a few minutes before, that a Liverpool Branch Pilot on board, William Jones, became aware, in all its extent, of their dreadful situation. He is reported to have exclaimed “we are all lost;” which threw down whatever hopes any on board had, till now, entertained, and induced them to give themselves up to bitter despair. This was sadly imprudent, and little like the conduct I should have expected from such a man. He ought to have set an example of preparing something in the nature of a raft to save what lives could be saved; and as he must have

known that it was low water, and the whole of the Dutchman's Bank was dry within a few yards of them, and the tide just setting on to it, there can be no reason to doubt that he might have been by this means instrumental in saving many of the unhappy victims as well as himself. I do not desire to injure the man, of whom I know nothing beyond the present occasion; but I must say that a pilot ought to be a man possessed of coolness, courage, and determination in the hour of peril. I have been accustomed to see English seamen in the moment of danger; and I shall ever believe that it is by presence of mind to conceive, combined with skill to accomplish means of safety in such cases, that they can lay claim to respect as useful members of society.

It appears by Jones's statement, that early in the afternoon he had been invited by the steward to take some refreshment with him, and in the course of conversation, a very strong opinion was given by the steward, that Captain Atkinson never *intended* to reach Beaumaris, and that the voyage he was now making would be his last. By the expression "*intended*," he explained was meant *expected*, and the result proved the opinion to be too fatally correct. Tired by what he had gone through before entering the packet, the pilot lay down in the fore-castle to sleep. He was roused by a sensation beyond all others most dreadful—he felt the vessel strike; and his experience told him that all was over. Hastily rushing upon deck, his courage and coolness were for a moment quite overcome. "I saw," said he, "the quality huddled together in the waist of the vessel; and the praying and crying was the most dreadful sight to witness. The waves broke over on both sides, and took away numbers at once. They went like flights, sometimes many, sometimes few; at last the bulwark went, and none were left."

The vessel had scarcely struck, when the two stays of the chimney broke. These, after many ineffectual efforts, were again made fast; but they soon gave way a second time, and the chimney fell across the deck, bringing the main-mast with it. The mast, I am informed, fell aft along the lee or larboard side of the quarter deck, and struck overboard some of the unfortunate creatures who had there collected. The steward of the vessel and his wife lashed themselves to the mast, determined to spend their last moments in each other's arms. Several husbands and wives seem to have met their fate together; whilst parents clung to their little ones. Several mothers, it is said, have perished with their little ones firmly clasped in their arms. The carpenter and his wife were seen embracing each other and their child in the extreme of agony. The poor woman

asked a young man, Henry Hammond, to pull her cloak over her shoulders, when a tremendous wave came and washed off, in a moment, twelve persons, and her among them.

Soon after the crash, the captain's voice was heard for the last time. He and the mate appear to have been the very first that perished, and I should conclude that they must have been dragged overboard by the wreck of the mainmast. It is true that there has been an absurd report in Beaumaris, that both captain and mate found their way on shore safely in the boat, part of which was found on shore early in the morning. This, of course, cannot be believed. Though I think it was quite possible that many lives might have been saved in the boat, *if she had been provided with oars*. The absence of these, however, shows in a glaring manner, the utter recklessness of human life which marked the whole affair. It is stated by Mr. Henry Hammond, ship-carver, of Liverpool, one of the persons saved, that it is not true that a party of the passengers got into the boat soon after the vessel struck, and were immediately swamped. The statement he gives is, that the boat was hanging by the davits over the stern, nearly filled with water in consequence of the spray; when the vessel struck, he and the wife and child of the carpenter got into the boat, but left it again, being ordered out by the mate, who told them it was of no use, as no boat could live in such a sea. The boat soon after broke adrift and was lost, but there was no person in her.

By referring to the chart, it will be seen that for above a mile and a half to the eastward of the spit-buoy in the Friar's Road, the sand is "dry at half ebb," and as the Dutchman's Bank is dry at low-water, I have no hesitation in affirming that there was dry land within half a mile of the wreck when she struck; and that if they had *been informed* of the fact, many of those on board might have swam or been drifted over the swash, and within two hundred yards of the vessel would have found themselves in not more than three or four feet of water.

The swash is very few yards wide, and was easily passed by one individual, who, being a resident in Bangor, knew the locality, and escaped, according to Mr. Whittaker's narrative; who states as follows:—"At this time, a gentleman from Bangor left the vessel, with a small barrel tied beneath his chin, and an umbrella in his hand, which he unfurled when he got into the water, in the hope of being drifted ashore in time to send some aid to his fellow-sufferers." This was Mr. Jones, of Bangor.

Now, if Jones, the pilot, or the captain or mate, or any other person on board, who knew of the vicinity of the dry

sand, on which people walk at low water, had explained to the persons who could swim the state of the case, many others might have been saved as well as Mr. Jones.

Mr. Tarry, who was exceedingly apprehensive during the passage, kept his wife and children in the cabin; on the vessel striking, he made impatient inquiries respecting their probable fate, and Jones, the pilot, having indiscreetly said that there was no hope of safety, he became at once calm, and, in a spirit of resignation, said, "I brought out my family, and to return without them would be worse than death; I'll, therefore, die with them." He then went down into the cabin, and embraced his wife and children. It would appear that they afterwards, impelled by a sense of self-preservation, came on deck; one, at least, of his little girls was seen afterwards in a state of pitiable helplessness. Mr. Duckworth, of Bury, who survived the catastrophe, says, that while sustaining his wife, he saw her on the quarter deck: she was about ten years old. Each wave that broke down on one side of the vessel hurled her along with impetuous force, and dashed her against the gunwale on the other side; and then it would recede and draw her back again, a ready victim for another similar shock. The poor innocent, bruised and half choked with the waves, sent forth the most piteous cries for her father and mother, between each rush of the waters. Her shrieks were piercing beyond conception, and she screamed, "O wont you come to me, father? O mamma!" &c., till Mr. D. says his heart yearned to save her, and though he dared not quit his wife, he called to Mr. Entwistle to make the effort; but he believes she was washed away soon after, while he (Mr. Entwistle) was helping Mrs. Duckworth on the caboose, as a safer place.

Mr. Tarry, it appears, was a great favourite with the Earl of Derby. Only the week before the sad disaster, he had taken a large farm from the earl, and paid a large fine. The Derby estate is let on leases of lives, not of years, and it so happened that Mr. Tarry inserted in his lease the lives of the children lost. Of course the Earl of Derby will refuse to take advantage of such a calamity.

A schooner, belonging to a nephew of Alderman Wright, was lying off Beanmaris-green; the persons on board heard the bell ring in the Rothsay Castle, but in consequence of no light being displayed, which the captain refused to allow, they could not tell in what direction to go to render assistance. They eventually saved several persons who had been seven hours in the water. Such was the state of anxiety of the poor creatures, who had been so long hanging to the wreck, that they imagined, when taken up at seven o'clock in the morning, that it was noon. One individual, secured

by the schooner, had totally lost his sight; and not being aware of his misfortune, his constant prayer was that the day might break.

I left Liverpool, on Tuesday morning, Aug. 23, to visit this scene of melaucholy, with a view to learn, by my own observations, particulars of sufferings which have never been surpassed, and, perhaps, never equalled, either for their suddenness or intensity. On board the Prince Llewelyn there were above 80 passengers, whose apprehensions of a similar fate were destroyed by their confidence in the strength of the vessel, and the skill and steadiness of the captain, Lieut. Wright, whose manner and conduct were very different from that of the unhappy man, whose want of those qualities, together with other circumstances, brought about the dreadful event, which has been miscalled an accident.

One of the first things which struck my attention was, that, notwithstanding the recent anguish of so many poor creatures, who were hurried into eternity by the grossest neglect of those persons into whose hands they had committed themselves, the same neglect of the precautions which the law wisely insists on being taken was still obvious. If we had been overtaken by a dense fog, and happened to strike upon one of the numerous sand-banks on the passage, our fate would most probably have been similar, for there was no gun on board to make signals of distress, as the act of Parliament requires. Strange carelessness! Owing to neglect, the lives and happiness of thousands are endangered, and the law set at defiance. The penalty for this omission is, I believe, £20; but, as there is no person appointed to inspect these vessels, and see the law carried into effect, it is never inflicted. So much for our maritime police. I will do the captain the justice to say, that I do not think the fault lies with him. Whatever they may think of this, I can assure the good people of Liverpool, that a steam-vessel never leaves this port without a great possibility of being driven on to the sands, if a fog should suddenly come on; and I challenge the owners or masters of them to prove that, in case of such an event, if there be no gun to make signals on board the vessel, it is not very probable that all on board will perish miserably.

After a pleasant passage, we arrived safe at the end of the fatal sand-bank, where the remains of the ill-fated vessel were still visible. It was low water, and we could plainly perceive the paddle wheel, and what appeared to be the stump of the mast, a few feet above the sands, into which the wreck had settled down. A few ribs were also visible; but much less of the vessel remained in existence than is generally the case, after a lapse of four or

five days, where a strong sea-worthy vessel is thrown upon a bank, even in the winter time, when violent gales soon demolish the stoutest ships.

The Llewelyn having stopped off Puffin Island, a boat came on board from the wreck, with Captain Galt, of the Eclipse steamer, which vessel was lying on the bank, with two other vessels, to assist in raising the engines, &c. It was stated that a body, having 300 sovereigns about it, supposed to be that of Mr. Foster, of No. 2, Cumberland Terrace, Regent's Park, London, was found under part of the wreck; the body could not be removed, but the linen being marked W. M. F., it was considered to be that unfortunate gentleman. Several bodies were declared to be lying about the wreck half buried in the sand, and which could not at present be removed, owing to heavy pieces of timber and other substances being in the way. I cannot help noticing a scandalous report which was also brought from the wreck, that several bodies had been found by the Penmon people, and secretly buried, with a view to be subsequently plundered. This, I believe, to have originated in a pure love of scandal; for, so far from being able to trace it to any foundation whatever, I learned in all directions, both in Bangor and Beaumaris, that the conduct of the people had been marked with the strongest stamp of propriety. The meritorious efforts made by Sir Richard Bulkeley, and other gentlemen of the neighbourhood, to insure respect to the remains of the unfortunate sufferers, I believe to have been attended with perfect success. Indeed, I subsequently saw numerous valuable and portable articles which had been saved, and lodged in the hands of the authorities at Beaumaris, and which might have been very readily abstracted by the finders, to whom they offered great temptation. I never was among the inhabitants of North Wales before, and I must observe, that the very excellent conduct of the lower orders on this occasion forms a strong contrast to that I have witnessed on the coasts of Devonshire and the south of Ireland, where I have observed the most cruel treatment of unfortunate creatures who were cast ashore from wrecks. I remember, in the year 1816, witnessing the wreck of a vessel near Appledore, in the bay of Barnstaple, when the country people came down in crowds to plunder the wreck, and they drove the poor seamen back into the surf, when they attempted to rescue a part of their property. And it was no later than the winter of 1827, that I knew a crowd to surround the mate of a Welsh sloop, wrecked on the coast of Waterford, whom they knocked down and robbed of a small bundle of clothes, all that he had saved from the wreck. I feel much pleasure in testifying to the superior humanity of the poor people near



Beaumaris, which, I believe, may be attributed to the excellent endeavours to distribute the seed of education among the children, some years since, by the late Lord Bulkeley. The fruit of his exertions is now showing itself in their good conduct as men and Christians.

Proceeding from the Menai Bridge to Carnarvon, I found every one's conversation almost exclusively bent upon this unhappy circumstance; and a very general feeling of disgust and indignation prevailed at the wanton neglect which had ended in the sacrifice of so many lives of fathers, mothers, and infants. I returned to Bangor, and here found a still stronger feeling of gloom and sorrow. In the burying ground attached to the ancient church in this town, I saw the first palpable evidence of the mortality occasioned by this calamity. There were two new graves together, ornamented with laurel leaves, flowers, and herbs, in the Welsh fashion. I learned that the bodies of John Parry and his wife, from Manchester, were in one, and that Wm. Cooke, a dealer in oranges, was the inhabitant of the other. This poor fellow has left a wife and five children to fight their way through the world. He is said to have made almost superhuman exertions to save his life; so much so as to draw attention amidst all the suffering and confusion. He worked excessively hard at the pumps for some time before the vessel struck, and then clung with all his energy, first to one part, then to another, of the wreck, as they were successively torn from his grasp by the irresistible and relentless waves. No doubt the idea of his suffering little ones urged him to these endeavours.

On arriving in Beaumaris, I found one solemn feeling prevalent throughout the town. It was evident in every face. Sorrow and dejection sat upon every brow; and never did I witness such a general expression of melancholy since the fatal news of the death of the Princess Charlotte spread sorrow throughout the land. A public meeting which was held there gave me an opportunity of witnessing the deep and absorbing interest which this sad misfortune, if that be not too mild a term, had created throughout the place.

In the church-yard a heart-rending scene was to be witnessed. There was a long string of graves, five of which were open, and the last minister of earthly services was busily engaged, with an assistant, in completing a sixth. Twenty-four bodies had been already interred; and by way of saving room, the coffins of two females, or young persons, were placed on one side, ready to be deposited in the same grave with three others. All had been done with decorum; and I must express my gratification at the solemn and serious manner in which the Rev. Dr. Howard,

the rector, read that beautiful portion of scripture appropriated to the funeral service. The two bodies whom I followed to the grave were that of Mr. Entwistle, whose brother-in-law attended him to the last resort of all living, and, alas! that of a lady *unknown*. The body of this poor creature had been picked up near Conway, and, to the great credit of the people, she was immediately brought to Beaumaris. She had been one of fortune's favourites when living, though destined to so cruel a death. She was elegantly and fashionably attired, with pink silk stockings and handsome shoes. On her fingers were three handsome rings, besides the wedding-ring; and she had rich earrings, and a gold chain round her neck, with a locket, and, I believe, a miniature attached. I could not avoid reflecting on the lesson this was for vanity. Here was one nursed in the lap of luxury, who had never dreamt but of being carried to the house appointed for all living, amidst the gaudy trappings of woe, and the tears of friends and relations, and to have her name and virtues perpetuated on the sculptured monument, buried in a common deal shell, followed to the grave by strangers, and without even a name!

On board the *William IV.*, in which vessel I returned to Liverpool, were two of the survivors, Jones, the fireman, and Mr. L. Duckworth; and numerous individuals who had been to seek for their friends among the bodies which have been washed up, or otherways found. There was also on board the body of the younger Miss Broadhurst, aged sixteen and a half; for conveying of which to Liverpool, I was informed, Mr. Watson demanded the sum of five pounds! I should have been more astonished at this, if I had not previously heard that he required no less than ten guineas for bringing that of Mrs. Hammond to Liverpool; but at length agreed to take five guineas. It appeared, also, that Mr. Broadhurst remonstrated against what some people would call an extortionate demand, and Mr. W. was prevailed on to bring the young lady's body free of expense. It is remarkable, that this fine young creature was found in no way mutilated, but her features perfectly placid, and retaining all that beauty for which she was remarked when living.

The gentleman who accompanied the body to Liverpool seemed extremely distressed. He was kind enough to give me the true particulars of the death of this poor girl, and her sister, whose body had not then been found. It appears that Mr. Broadhurst had just placed his two daughters in a part of the vessel in which he hoped they might be safe for a few minutes longer, and was about to join them himself, when a spar fell and struck him over-

board. He rose again and endeavoured to swim to the ship, where he still observed his girls in an agony of despair, at the supposition that he was lost for ever. He made every effort to join them, but was speedily washed away, and they met no more. On passing the fatal spot, poor Mr. Duckworth, who was sitting looking in that direction, became much affected. He had lost his wife, and the view no doubt brought a fresh and painful recollection of the scene to his mind, and I thought the better of him when I perceived his lip quiver and the tear steal from his eye. He informed me that he was in the cabin when the vessel struck, and that, not long before, a passenger had begged the captain very earnestly to put back, and that the reply was, "What! I suppose that you have committed a murder, that you are so frightened." If this brutal answer was indeed given, which there can be no reason to doubt, it shows too plainly the kind of character to whose care these poor creatures' lives were entrusted. Mr. D. also related, that after the ship had been some time on shore, he saw the captain trying the depth of water over the side with a pole, and he declared there were seven feet some inches of water. After those general events, which have been so often related, had occurred, Mr. Duckworth found himself standing by the caboose, or ship's kitchen, his wife clasping him by the waist. The heavy seas, which broke perpetually over them, struck them down repeatedly; "and (said Mr. D.) as fast as I could, I got up again, and picked up my wife, who soon became exhausted." She had by this time lost her bonnet, and her hair was flowing about loose. Having succeeded in getting her on to the caboose, Mr. Duckworth went to the end to climb up himself; but, alas! before he could get up, a pitiless wave washed her off, and he never saw her more.

It may not be amiss to call the attention of the public to the necessity of some measures being taken by the legislature to prevent loss of life, in cases of the wrecks of steam-packets. Wherever a vessel of this description carries above 20 or 30 passengers, it is obvious, that in the case of being wrecked, an ordinary boat has no chance of saving the lives of above one-half the number. The law should require every vessel, carrying passengers, to provide sufficient materials for the preservation of all, in case of being stranded. This might be done effectually by compelling them to have on board, and ready for use, a quantity of a certain species of *life-buoy*. If a buoy, composed of four small kegs, capable of containing about two gallons each, and fixed together at a distance of two feet between each keg, forming a quadrangle, could support four men, then about twenty of these might have preserved

the whole number of persons lost in the *Rothsay Castle*. A similar kind of buoy is in general use on board his Majesty's ships, for the purpose of throwing into the sea whenever a man falls overboard. Life is frequently preserved by this means. It is by no means necessary for me to enter into a farther description of such buoys, as every ingenious individual will see that they might readily be constructed, so as to permit females and children to be safely seated thereon, and attached by straps. Any law of this kind would be worse than useless, however, unless inspectors were appointed to see that proprietors of steam vessels obeyed its provisions; or unless extremely heavy penalties compelled obedience, as in the case of the fines inflicted by our fiscal regulations. A fine of £20, or even £50, is laughed at by such men as the owner of the *Rothsay Castle*; but a fine of £10 for every passenger he was proved to have on board without a magistrate's certificate being publicly exposed in the vessel, that it had been proved that there were materials for preserving the passengers in case of being wrecked, would be effectual.

In bringing my remarks to a close, I have little to say upon this lamentable instance of recklessness of human life, as to the conduct of the unfortunate Lieut. Atkinson, beyond the observations I have been compelled to make. It was notorious that he had a habit of intoxication; that of all others which rendered him least fit to be entrusted with the lives of his fellow creatures. If the owner of the vessel knew it not, he was very singularly situated. On the conduct of Mr. Watson himself in employing this vessel for such a purpose, or in giving her to the command of such a captain, or of neglecting to provide all that he did neglect to provide, or on his subsequent comportment, I consider it would be an insult to the common sense and humanity of my readers to make one single comment. The *Rothsay Castle* was ill found, badly manned and commanded, and very ill managed. Added to which, she was too slight and too old to be sent on such a passage, and with such a number of passengers. Here is quite sufficient to account for the cruel disaster which has shocked the sympathies and excited the compassion of the whole people of England.

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### CORONER'S INQUEST.

On the 18th of August, the morning following the wreck of the unfortunate *Rothsay Castle*, the coroner for the borough of Beaumaris, Mr. Thos. Williams, and the following highly respectable individuals, proceeded to inquire into the cause of the death of several persons, whose bodies had been found:—

Sir Richard Bulkeley Williams Bulkeley, Bart., M.P.

John Wright, Esq. (an alderman of Liverpool.)

William Henry Turton, Esq.

George Debrisay, Esq.

Thomas Gray, Esq.

Richard Lewis,

John Batley,

John Lloyd,

George Walmsley, Esq.

John Jones,

Erasmus Griffith,

Hugh Roberts.

} Gentlemen.

} Gentlemen.

The first witness was William Hughes, a seaman. He stated that there were one other seamen, the carpenter, two firemen, the mate, and engineer, composing the crew. The Rothsay Castle was not a stout boat. The sea ran very high, and the vessel's side was towards the sea. Witness was at the helm when the vessel struck. The engines stopped when they arrived at the smoothing opposite the old tower on Puffin Island. The vessel laboured hard, and the water came in through the seams. That could not have been the case if she had been seaworthy. Witness did not before think her to be unseaworthy. After striking, the vessel dragged a considerable way before she sunk—about a mile. The mate took the wheel out of witness's hands, and put it hard a starboard, which sent the vessel farther on the bank. When the accident took place, the captain was *fresh*, and the mate was no better. The steam had failed, and the vessel was (thereby) driven on the bank. If the anchor had been let down at first, the vessel could have been saved.

W. Jones, fireman, stated that the wind was at north at leaving Liverpool, blowing fresh. There was a great number of passengers on board, upwards of a hundred. The vessel made much water during the passage; the water came through the sides. The pumps were choked. They began to pump about ten o'clock; the water was up to his ancles while feeding the fire. They could not gain Ormeshead before ten o'clock. Had been employed in the Rothsay Castle three weeks. The vessel was very strong. The water came in through the shaft on the paddle wheel. Witness could just see Puffin Island when she struck. Witness related that Jones the steward said, when off Ormeshead, that "they should never reach the shore." Witness heard several passengers ask the captain to put back. Neither captain or mate was sober; both were evidently drunk before they reached Ormeshead. The witness stated, in proof of the captain being intoxicated, that he ordered him (witness) to cram the fire when it did not re-

quire it. The pumps were choked with ashes. Witness is a fireman, and no seaman. He states also, that a few of the passengers asked the captain to cast anchor, and that he answered them, "Hold your bother; there is no danger." This witness stated also, that there were two men left behind, at Bangor, whose places were not supplied. He gave it as his opinion, that the vessel was as strong a one as he ever saw.

W. Jones, pilot, stated, that at about half-past seven, some of the passengers asked the captain to put back, and he refused; and that, when she struck, he asked the mate to put a light up, which was also refused. He says that the Rothsay Castle was a very old vessel, and very cranky. The vessel struck about fifty times before the captain ordered them to reverse the engine. She ought not to have got to leeward, if they had kept the right course. It was in consequence of bad steering.

Mr. Henry Wilson, a passenger, stated, that after dinner, the captain minded nothing but drinking, and spoke in a violent and frivolous way. He was drunk, and the mate also. Witness heard the captain frequently asked to put up a light, and he refused. He also refused to allow the bell to be rung; this was done, however, contrary to his orders.

Mr. William Watson was owner of the Rothsay Castle. Could not say how many of the crew were on board when she started. The vessel was on the slip about four days to get a new boiler. He purchased her at the Clyde. Thinks she is ten years old; she may be sixteen years old.\* Never heard that she had been condemned. The engine was a fifty horse power.

Evan Evans, seaman, was at the wheel a considerable part of the voyage from Liverpool to Beaumaris. The vessel leaked so much between Ormeshead and Puffin Island that the steam quite failed. The water came in partly through the seams and partly from breaking on the deck. She was on the weather edge of the bank when she struck. Witness does not think that either captain or mate was sober.

Mr. George Hammond, of Leeds, was in the habit of going a good deal by steam-packets. Witness was quite satisfied with the conduct of the captain and mate until about four o'clock. They remained at dinner about two

\* It is not probable that Mr. W. bought her without having ascertained her age, which of course was registered. He bought her in October last, and I do not know how he could forget such a fact, in which he was deeply interested. Instead of a crew of two seamen, there ought to have been at least five.

hours. After dinner, the vessel appeared to be making no way, and the captain was requested to turn back. The vessel was then labouring very hard. Is conversant with machinery, and thinks the generality of steamers would have weathered the sea then running. There was a want of discipline on board. Thinks that if the captain or mate had attended to their duty, or turned back to Liverpool, the vessel would have been saved. The water rolled about in the gentlemen's cabin about an hour before the vessel struck. Thinks that not a tenth part of the water then in the vessel came through the aperture in the shaft, but that the water must have come through the seams.

Mr. Robert Whittaker, of Bury, was a passenger. Heard several passengers ask the captain to turn back before they came to Ormeshead; he answered that he knew better what to do than they did. Witness was one to work at the pumps, as there was water in the hold. He thought the captain was not quite sober, and he saw a person on board attempt to assist the captain in working the vessel, and *he* was not sober. Mr. Whittaker then stated that he asked the captain to hoist a light, or fire a gun, and he said that he "had none." Witness saw no gun on the deck; and the captain said that he had no lantern. The captain stated that there was no danger. When the vessel struck, the sea broke over her, and loosened the stays of the chimney. Mr. Tarry, a passenger, frequently asked where was the captain, the answer was always, "the captain is at dinner." This answer was given for above two hours. The captain seemed stupified and sulky after dinner. Witness was told by some one belonging to the vessel, that he was frightened when he saw the water coming through the cabin floors.

The above is the principal evidence given before the coroner, although many questions were asked by Mr. Alderman Wright, of Liverpool, and several other intelligent individuals on the jury relative to minor points.— There have been several subsequent inquests held, some by the coroner for the county, and the juries have returned verdicts of "Found Drowned," after a formal examination of a witness to prove the corpse had been one of the unfortunates on board the *Rothsay Castle*.

The verdict given in the first instance was as follows:—

"That the said person unknown, on the 17th day of August, in the year aforesaid, at the parish aforesaid, within the liberties of the said borough, being a passenger on board of the steam-packet called the *Rothsay Castle*, plying between Liverpool and Beaumaris aforesaid. It so happened that the steam-packet called the *Rothsay Castle* struck upon a sandbank; by means whereof the said steam-packet called the *Rothsay Castle* was then and there wrecked, and the said person unknown accidentally, casually, and

by misfortune, was, in the water of the Straits of Menai, within the liberties of the said borough, then and there suffocated and drowned, of which said suffocation and drowning the said person unknown then and there instantly died."

After the above verdict was delivered in, the following letter was handed to the Coroner:—

"Beaumaris, August 19, 1831."

"SIR—From the evidence brought before them, the Jury on this inquest cannot separate without expressing their firm conviction that had the Rothsay Castle been a seaworthy vessel, and properly manned, this awful calamity might have been averted. They, therefore, cannot disguise their indignation at the conduct of those who could place such a vessel on this station, and under the charge of a captain and mate who have been proved, by the evidence brought before them, to have been in a state of intoxication.

(Signed)

"R. W. BULKELEY, Foreman.

"To the Coroner."

### PERSONAL NARRATIVES.

Mr. Nuttall, chemist, of Bury, was one of the persons saved. With Miss Whittaker, from the same place, he made up a party of twenty-six, all from Bury, and persuaded them to visit Beaumaris.

"When the vessel arrived off the Floating-light," says Mr. Nuttall, "the sea appeared rough, and Mr. Tarry, of Bury, being, in common with others, greatly alarmed, went down to the cabin, where the captain was at dinner, and requested him to put back. His reply was, 'I think there is a d—d deal of fear on board, and very little danger. If we were to turn back with passengers, it would never do: we should have no profit.'" The sea continued rough, and the vessel made such little way that she remained three hours in sight of the Floating-light. The passengers became very ill, and all expressed a great anxiety to turn back, but the captain still refused. He was repeatedly asked to make signals of distress, but declined to do so. Soon after nightfall the vessel began to fill with water, and the pumps were put to work, but it still gained on them, and the captain was requested once more to make signals of distress. Had he done so, it is the opinion of practical men at Beaumaris, that all could have been saved. He would not, however, make signals, neither would he hang out a light, and the result of his obstinacy was, that the vessel quitted her course, and struck at twelve o'clock. The scene was then piteous in the extreme; fifty persons were at once thrown into the sea, amidst the screams of the survivors, by the lurching of the vessel. Long before she struck, the passengers looked on themselves as lost, and parents and relations were to be seen taking leave of each other.



When the vessel struck, the passengers rushed forward, but the captain ordered them aft, and, on seeing him consult with the mate, a gentleman cried out, "It is all over with us; the captain and mate are preparing to leave the vessel." At that instant, no doubt from accident, the captain fell, or tumbled, overboard, and was the first person who was drowned. Mr. Nuttall says he was intoxicated all the way.

The vessel continued whole until one o'clock, when she broke, as it were, across, and the remainder of the passengers, with the exception of those who were saved, were hurried into the sea. Before this direful event, the scene on deck was heart-rending: The women and children collected in a knot together, and kept embracing each other, keeping up, all the time, the most dismal lamentations. When tired with crying, they lay against each other, with their heads reclined, like inanimate bodies; but when the vessel went to pieces, at half-past one, the shriek of anguish and despair was deafening and terrific. At this awful moment Mr. Nuttall was precipitated into the sea: he was encumbered with all his clothes, a great coat, and, in addition to these, a fine little boy took refuge on his back. He could not swim, and must have sunk, had not providence thrown a rope in his way. He seized it eagerly, and was guided by it to a part of the wreck that adhered to the wheel. Here he found Miss Whittaker, a boy, and six others. They remained here in the presence of death until seven. The wreck was now afloat; and, in the hope of keeping her from going out to sea, they borrowed Miss Whittaker's flannel petticoat, and, holding it between their hands, formed it at once into a sail and signal. They also hoisted a handkerchief, and this signal having been seen from land, the life-boat came off, and carried them from the wreck. Previous to her arrival, the tide had carried them out to sea, and they must soon have perished, had not assistance arrived. It was low water when the vessel struck. If Mr. Nuttall was understood correctly, several of the ladies and children were drowned in the cabin. The boy that got on his back was saved.

The following narrative is drawn up from the verbal statement of Mr. James Martin, one of the survivors of the wreck. It is chiefly personal, and refers particularly to the circumstances attending the fate of his friend, Mr. Mark Metcalf: scores of individuals were, however, exposed to the same dreadful perils, and perished under circumstances as awful as those under which that respectable and lamented individual met his death. The narrative will be read with feelings of deep and painful interest,

"We were some time in the river before we got off; and nothing particular happened during the former part of the voyage, only that it was rough, and we were a long time before we passed the Ormeshead. I was very sick during a considerable part of the voyage, and, on passing the Ormeshead, Mark came to me and said, 'James, how do you feel?' I replied, 'Better.' He said, 'I have had no sickness, but I have a kind of dread or fear upon me.' Soon after, we saw Puffin Island, and rejoiced, continuing to encourage each other, until the vessel struck on the bank, about 12½ P.M. He then said, 'O, James, what do you think of this?' I replied, 'Keep up your courage,—whilst there's life there's hope.' We then, amidst great consternation and confusion among the passengers, went forward and examined the pumps, which we found were choked and had ceased to work. At this time, many of the passengers were making speaking trumpets of their hands, and shouting together at the top of their voices, whilst others were engaged in ringing the bell; but no persuasion could induce the captain to hoist a light at the mast-head. During all this shouting and confusion, we got to the bow of the vessel, against the anchor, where we knelt down and engaged in prayer, Mark's hand being in mine. He exclaimed, 'O, exercise faith, James!' After I had prayed, Mark then engaged and wrestled with the Lord. His prayer was marked by good sense and exceeding fervour. By this time a great number of females had surrounded us, and a gentleman from Leeds, a member of the Methodist Society, came up to us. Mark had some conversation with this gentleman during the voyage, and now besought him to join with us in prayer, observing, 'O, sir, you have faith,—assist us by your prayers.' The gentleman then offered up a truly sensible and energetic prayer; and thus we continued in prayer and supplication until the bulwarks were broken down and the waves were dashing against us. We then rose from our knees. Mark appeared under great excitement, and said, 'O, James, your wife and family will never forgive me for taking you away from them! O, my poor wife and children! O, Lord have mercy upon me, and spare me for the sake of my poor wife and children!' He addressed the Almighty in strong terms, and often in language which truly surprised me.

"After we had thus engaged in prayer together upon our knees, we commenced our search for a place of security, if such were to be found. Observing several individuals on a plank, which reached across the vessel and rested upon the paddle-boxes on each side, upon this plank I endeavoured to get, and, after some effort, succeeded.

I then exhorted Mark to try and do the same; he made several attempts, but failed through want of strength. He then got near one of the paddle-boxes, and took hold of the iron under the plank; there was a great number of persons in a similar situation, holding on by the iron. I was situated just over him, and had frequent opportunities of conversing with him. The waves were continually dashing over us with great impetuosity, sweeping away the passengers at every stroke. A short interval of ease occurred, and I looked for my friend: I found him still at his post, clinging to the iron. I asked him if he had a firm grip. He answered, 'Yes; but I am nearly exhausted.' At this period, all the passengers who had had previous hold of the iron which was under the plank had disappeared, from the violence of the breakers, except my friend Metcalf and another person. A short time only had elapsed, and I saw him carried away by a dreadful wave towards the paddle-box, poor Metcalf exclaiming, 'James, I'm afraid it's all over!' I replied, 'O! Mark, Mark! lay hold of the paddle-box!' He then attempted to do so, and I saw his hand laying hold, when another wave came and swept him right away. 'O! James!' said he, as he was carried into the sea, '*it's all over now!*' I then saw him throw back his hands over his shoulders, and in great anguish I exclaimed, 'Oh! my friend, my friend, I shall see him no more!' I commended him to God, he disappeared, I saw him no more.

"Shortly afterwards, the plank on which I and about twenty other persons were situated, gave way, and we were all precipitated into the deep, in the midst of the breakers. I rose to the top of the sea, and struck out my arms, in the hope of laying hold of some floating substance, when I providentially grasped the identical plank by which I had just before been launched into the sea.

"On recovering from the stupor of the moment, I discovered two others who had hold of the same plank; one of them was without his clothes. We were not long in getting into smoother water, and the tide was taking us on towards Beaumaris. The naked person, after some time floating, disappeared, and shortly afterwards the other individual, leaving me alone with the plank. As I was thus struggling and floating, I bethought me it would be much easier for me to get on the plank; I accordingly made an effort, and succeeded, after which I found myself greatly relieved: my chief fear now was, that the tide would turn before any one could perceive me, and that I might thus be carried back, and lost after all. These, and similar reflections occupied my mind whilst in this perilous situation; when, casting a longing look towards Beaumaris, I descried

two individuals upon a log of wood, floating in the same direction as myself. Presently I came in sight of Beaumaris harbour, could see several boats, and perceived chimneys smoking. A strong hope now sprang up in my breast; and, on looking after my fellow sufferers on the log, I discovered only one, the other having met with a watery grave. Now I could distinctly see boats passing to and fro, at a considerable distance, near to Beaumaris. I shouted, in the hope that some one might hear me; and, finding a small spar with a spike, I endeavoured to secure it, and succeeded. To this spike I affixed my handkerchief, waving it over my head, and shouting with all the strength of my lungs. Presently I perceived a boat making towards me, and was satisfied, by the cheers of the boatmen, that my distress was perceived, and that relief was at hand, which, I need hardly say, truly gladdened my heart; of this I was happily not deceived, for the boat was brought alongside, and I was pulled in, being the second rescued, one having been taken into the boat before me. I then informed the men of the individual on the log; they immediately pulled away in the direction pointed out by me, and we secured him, almost in the last stage of human existence. We were then taken to Beaumaris, where we arrived about half-past eight, praising God for the wonderful deliverance he had thus wrought out for us. To his name be the praise!"

Mr. Whittaker corroborated the statements respecting the conduct of the captain during the early part of the voyage. To trim the vessel the passengers were kept moving about, and a box filled with iron chain was frequently moved from one side to the other. On hearing that the hold was filled with water, the captain ordered all hands to the pump, but the pump was out of repair, and there was no bucket then on board, a sailor having previously lost the only one they had overboard. After the vessel struck the pitching ceased; she began to roll from side to side; and the situation of the passengers became perilous and alarming in the extreme. Consternation was depicted on every countenance, and the most courageous, now partook of the general alarm. After several times rocking, from windward to leeward, the large chimney broke from its fastenings, and, together with the mainmast, fell with a tremendous crash. The smoke, ashes, soot, and sulphur, from the chimney, were thrown on the leeward passengers, in quantities almost sufficient to produce suffocation. The cries, terrific screams, and agonising exclamations, of the unfortunate sufferers, no words can convey any idea of. At this time, Mr. Whittaker asked the captain if he had any means of making signals of distress? He replied "no". Mr. Whittaker asked him if he had

a gun? He replied, "no." Have you a lantern? said Mr. Whittaker, and to this question the captain said, "no;" although Mr. Wittaker, not an hour previous, saw a person on deck, connected with the vessel, collecting the copper tokens, with a lantern in his hand. On Mr. Whittaker asking him,—what could be done? he merely replied, "We shall be assisted from the shore;" and seemed quite stupid and inactive. The sea, at this-time, was breaking away the weather boards to windward, and making its way over midships. The ship's bell was rung till the clapper broke, and a passenger, as a last resource, proposed a simultaneous shout, in the faint hope of making themselves heard on shore; but the roaring of the sea, and the crashing of the timbers, rendered their efforts abortive. The unfortunate sufferers, driven to despair, clung to each other, and to such parts of the vessel as seemed likely to afford the means of averting their threatened fate, but those who clung to the lee side were swept off with the weather boards and precipitated into the sea, twenty or thirty at a time, and the numbers on the deck soon appeared to be considerably diminished: numbers were on their knees, and in other attitudes, giving vent to the most piteous cries for mercy and help, and, with the cry and prayer on their lips, were driven into the sea. Mr. Whittaker having divested himself of his clothes, and after various efforts to retain his position on the wreck, was washed overboard. Having formed two spars into a cross, he floated on them, and was taken up next morning, at ten o'clock, by the schooner of Ralph Williams, Esq.; he was then blind, but by attention, recovered his sight.

Mr. Henry Wilson, of Manchester, another of the survivors, agrees with the preceding gentlemen, respecting the events of the voyage. When the chimney fell, he, with his wife, attempted to wade from the wreck, but not finding bottom he seized a plank; his wife did the same, but they were quickly driven off it. "Although exhaustion," he says, "had considerably taken place with myself, and there can be no doubt even more so with my unfortunate wife, I seized her by the right hand with my left, and she, finding that all attempts of her deliverance must be unavailing, cried out "Save yourself! save yourself! save yourself! for the sake of the children!" when another wave, more merciless than the rest, separated us for ever! Seeing no possible chance, and scarcely knowing where to look, I was left to myself, compelled to obey her tender injunction, when, looking around me, I saw part of the wreck considerably elevated above the surface of the water, to which I made my way, by the assistance of the piece of timber that had been so serviceable hitherto." After

much difficulty he got on the poop and was saved. In conclusion he says, "the precise number on board I cannot state. The calculation of the agent, at Beaumaris, was, that there must have been about 130. I cannot omit mentioning here the apparent unfeeling conduct of Mr. W. Watson, agent, or proprietor, who, when the conduct of the captain was related to him, laughed immoderately."

Amongst the survivors, was Mr. Coxhead, of Size-lane, London; and his escape was peculiarly remarkable. Four times was he thrown from the vessel, and as often did he regain her. At one moment, every—even the faintest—glimmering of hope had forsaken him, and he now perfectly recollects what were his sensations. He fancied the water around him was deliciously warm, and could not imagine why he did not sink like those around him. He could not account for his buoyancy, and almost longed to die. At length, a violent concussion brought him once more in contact with the wreck, and immediately under a part of the stern, on which were three other sufferers. With great humanity they assisted him to gain a footing with them; and in a few seconds all were floating on the poop at the mercy of a raging sea. All on the poop were saved.

Mr. Henry Hammond, ship-carver, of Liverpool, one of the persons saved, says it is not true that a party of the passengers got into the boat soon after the vessel struck, and were immediately swamped. The statement he gives is, that the boat was hanging by the davits over the stern, nearly filled with water in consequence of the spray; when the vessel struck, he and the wife and child of the carpenter got into the boat, but left it again, being ordered out by the mate, who told them it was of no use, as no boat could live in such a sea. The boat soon after broke adrift and was lost, but there was no person in her. He also was saved on the poop.

Mr. Tinne, whilst struggling with the waves, swam up to a portion of the wreck to which Mr. James Leigh and his friend Mr. Souza were clinging. On perceiving a mountainous wave, on the summit of which was a large fragment of the wreck, approaching, and about to break upon them, he advised them to dive in order to avoid being dashed to pieces, and immediately did so himself in order to escape the impending danger. Mr. Leigh was encumbered with a large cloak, and it appears probable that he and his friend either did not, or could not profit by the advice, and were killed by the shock. It seems that Mr. Tinne himself did not wholly escape the concussion by diving, as he did when he saw the danger approaching. He was struck on the head, and rendered insensible; when picked up, he was found clutching a portion of the wreck so firmly, that his

deliverers found it very difficult to loosen his hands ; and when they accomplished it, he is said to have grasped an oar with equal firmness, though still in a state of insensibility. If this statement be correct, it furnishes a remarkable instance of the tenacity with which man clings to life.

## APPENDIX.

### LIST OF PERSONS SAVED.

Mrs. Payne, of Greenwater, Salford, (husband found).—Mrs. Mary Whittaker, of Bury.—Mr. Wilson, Marsden-court, Manchester, (wife drowned, not found).—Mr. Hammond, ship-carver, Liverpool, (wife drowned, not found).—Mr. James Coxhead, Sizelane, London.—Mr. Nuttall, Bury.—Mr. Tinne, merchant, Liverpool.—Mr. Duckworth, Shuttleworth, near Bury, (wife drowned, not found).—Mr. Marsden, of Sandal, near Wakefield.—Owen Morris, seaman, Liverpool.—Mr. Broadhurst, Sheffield, (his two daughters lost).—William Jones, Liverpool, pilot, No. 7.—Mr. Radland, musician.—William Jones, fireman, William Hughes and son, and Evan Evans, of the crew.—Mr. Edward Jones, Bangor.—Mr. James Martin, shoemaker, Cable-street, Liverpool.—Mr. Lawrence Duckworth, of Edenfield, near Bury, (wife lost).—Mr. John Whittaker, of Bury.

### LIST OF PERSONS WHO PERISHED.

PERSONS BELONGING TO THE VESSEL.—Captain Atkinson, the mate, the engineer, one fireman, the steward, his wife, a black boy, and three musicians.

MANCHESTER.—Mrs. Charles Faulkner, two children, and a maid servant. Mrs. Faulkner has left other five children. Mr. Payne, draper, Greengate, Salford. Mrs. Wilson, (wife of Mr. H. Wilson, who was saved.) Mr. Jonathan Shaw, draper and hosier, New Bailey Bridge, aged 25. Mr. Humphrey Dyson, watchmaker, Church-gates, aged about 30, unmarried. Mr. Parry, of Ardwick, aged about 70, (father to the clerk of the Collegiate Church, and secretary to the Manchester Whip Club,) and his wife, aged 61. James Warrener, stone-mason, Lombard-street, aged about 33. Mary Warrener, (his wife,) aged 33. Robert Warrener, aged 27, brother to the above. Mary Warrener, (his wife,) aged 25. Benjamin, their son, aged 10 months. Thomas Vause, stonemason, Eltoft-street, aged 30, and his wife, aged 30. George Mallinson, bricklayer, Back Lad-lane, aged about 60, a widower.

BURY AND ITS NEIGHBOURHOOD.—Mr. William Tarrey, steward to Lord Derby, his wife, and five children, being the whole family. Rachael Haworth, aged 17, servant to Mr. Tarrey. Mr. Thomas Entwisle, of Grime Cote, cotton-spinner, unmarried. Selina Lamb, bar maid and chambermaid at the Grey Mare, Bury, aged about 23. Mr. Wm. Walmesley, dyer, of Seed Field, aged 32. Mary Walmesley, his wife, aged about 30. Henry Walmesley, their son, aged about 5. Margaret Walmesley, of Boar Edge, aunt to W. Walmesley. — Fitton, of Birtles, farmer to Edmund Grundy.

He was on the point of being married to Margaret Walmsley, Elizabeth Duckworth, wife of John Duckworth, of Walmsley, aged 43. Mary Duckworth, wife of Lawrence Duckworth, shopkeeper of Totttingham, Higher Edge, aged about 35. John Wilkinson, of Bury, joiner, aged about 25. Thomas Charles, of Bury, shoemaker, aged about 38. Jas. Whittaker, son of Robert Whittaker, of Bury. Thos. Whittaker, son of Mary Whittaker, of Bury.

ROCHDALE.—Mr. William Bottomley, of Rakewood, near Rochdale. George King, brother to Mr. King, manufacturer, of Moss Mill, near Rochdale. Benjamin Lees, of Hogshead, near Bacup, superintendent of a colliery.

LIVERPOOL.—Mr. James Leigh, soap-boiler, Byrom-street. Mr. de Souza, brother-in-law of Mr. Leigh, formerly secretary to Mr. Canning. Mr. Lucas, his wife, and daughter. Mr. Mark Metcalf, of Marybone, leather cutter. A woman named Jane Alexander.

BANGOR, BEAUMARIS, &c.—Samuel Cooke, of Bangor, fruit-dealer. Mr. Crow, of Beaumaris, his wife, and infant child. Rev. Owen Owens, Miss Margaret Owens, and Miss Mary Owens, of Beaumaris. Michael Griffiths, seaman, his wife and child.

CHESTERFIELD.—Mr. Harwood, chymist and druggist, and Mr. Brown, brazier and tinman.

VARIOUS PLACES.—Mr. Thompson, of Bradford, solicitor, and his lady. Mr. Baldwin, of London. John Overend, of Oldham. Mr. John Day, of Wakefield. Mrs. George Hammond, of Leeds. Mr. Alexander Wheeler, tea-dealer, of Birmingham. Two Miss Broadhursts, of Sheffield. Mr. and Mrs. Foster, of London, and a footman. Mr. Wm. Tee, Barnsley. Mr. John Leech, of the firm of Boyle & Co. Chester. Rev. S. M'Carthy, Catholic priest, Dublin. Mr. Rogers, of Wrexham. Mr. John Brown, residence unknown. Mr. Simon Fox, of Rathmines, near Dublin.

The following account of a public meeting at Beaumaris, on the 25th August, taken from the *Liverpool Journal*, may be interesting to some of my readers, as it conveys an idea of the feeling existing on this painful subject. It was very respectably attended; Sir Richard Bulkeley Williams Bulkeley, Bart., and member for the borough of Beaumaris, in the chair.

#### PUBLIC MEETING AT BEAUMARIS.

The CHAIRMAN said, the meeting is assembled for the purpose of entering into a subscription for the relief of those of the sufferers who are now in the town, and in want of pecuniary aid to return to their homes, and also to reward those seamen who exerted themselves to save lives and secure property. It was true that no danger had been encountered by them; but still they had undergone much labour and fatigue. The constables, too, had made every possible exertion in removing, stripping, and interring bodies; and they were, therefore, not undeserving of some public mark of approbation. "Having now called your attention to the immediate object of the meeting, I must," observed the Chairman, "take the liberty of proposing a measure for the benefit and prosperity of this town, and also for the preservation of the lives of those who visit this part of the country. (And in addressing this meet-



ing," continued the honourable baronet, "I hope to be able to keep my temper within bounds, and restrain as much as possible the indignation I feel, and which I have no doubt is felt by every man in this room, at the conduct of Mr. Watson since the melancholy catastrophe that has plunged so many families into grief and despair." (Applause.) [Mr. Watson here stepped forward, and attempted to make some observations; but having been called to order by Mr. Alderman Wright, the Chairman continued.] "We are not met here to discuss with Mr. Watson, whether the Rothsay Castle was seaworthy or not; nor shall I notice his letter to the *North Wales Chronicle*, in which my name is mentioned. I shall briefly say, however, that the Rothsay Castle was known and acknowledged by the inhabitants of this place and Liverpool to have been an unsound vessel." The measures which the Chairman proposed were, that the gentlemen, merchants, and inhabitants of Beaumaris, Carnarvon, and Bangor should meet together, and invite other companies and respectable individuals to put a proper packet on the station, under the command of a competent person; and, also, to pledge themselves to give every encouragement and support to such a vessel; also to declare that Mr. Watson, having lost the confidence and respect of the inhabitants of this town, they will exert themselves to the fullest extent to oppose any vessel he may put on the station. (Great applause.)

Mr. WATSON.—I hope, Sir Richard, you do not suppose that I am dependent upon a packet to this town. (Marks of disapprobation.)

Alderman WRIGHT, of Liverpool.—At least show you are not independent of common decency.

The worthy alderman then addressed the chairman and meeting in nearly the following words:—"Mr Chairman, it grieves me exceedingly to agree with you in every word you have uttered in reprobating the conduct of Mr. W. Watson, since his arrival here. I cannot, sir, express my indignation in too forcible terms at the apathy and want of common feeling exhibited by him on this melancholy occasion. Though he has told you and this meeting that he is independent of the business of this place, still, sir, I had hoped that he was not independent of public opinion, or above the common feelings of humanity. I lament that I cannot give credit to all the assertions he has made here, for I cannot forget the different statements he gave before the jury, which were too perfectly proved by the evidence not to have been fact. I must call his attention particularly to the circumstance of my having examined him as to the Rothsay Castle having a gun on board, for the purpose of making signals. He asserted that there was one; but the evidence of others disproved this assertion.

Mr. Watson.—There was a gun found at the wreck.

Alderman Wright.—No.

Mr. Watson.—Yes, a fowling-piece. (Marks of disapprobation, and cries of shame.)

Alderman Wright.—Can Mr. Watson, or can any other man, for a moment suppose that a mere fowling-piece was meant? This was the most paltry and pitiful subterfuge he ever heard, and only worthy of that want of feeling so lamentably shown by him this day.

Lieut. MORRISON, R. N., begged pardon for intruding on the meeting; but as he had gained a knowledge of one or two important facts relating to this very melancholy affair, he would, with permission, mention them to the meeting; and this he should do with the greater satisfaction, because it was in the presence of Mr. Watson. In the first place this vessel was full 18 years old, which was a reason to believe that she could not be altogether seaworthy; she was built for the Clyde, and, from her slight build, never was intended to go to sea at all. In fact, it was his opinion that she never was fit for the open sea, and only calculated for the smooth water of a river. He believed that there was an act of Parliament to compel all steam-vessels to hoist a light during the night.

The Chairman believed that it was not certain whether that enactment had ever actually passed into a law.

Lieut. Morrison continued.—He had also been informed, that when the Rothsay Castle quitted the Clyde, and was put on to the Wexford station, there were some of her crew who left her at the Isle of Man, not considering her safe for the voyage. There was also much of the timber which had floated on shore that was reported to be perfectly rotten.

Mr. Watson denied the truth of the latter report; but we did not hear him dispute the other statements made by Lieut. Morrison.

The Rev. Dr. HOWARD, rector of Beaumaris, was surprised at the great want of deference shown by Mr. Watson to the opinions and Christian feelings of others upon this unhappy occasion. He entirely concurred in the resolutions laid before the meeting.

Several other gentlemen expressed themselves warmly in favour of the resolutions, and of making application to Parliament for an act to punish the neglect of owners and captains in such cases.

After this a subscription was opened, and in a few minutes the sum of nearly £80 was collected, and Alderman Wright undertook to give something immediately to the widow of the fireman.

A gentleman stated that he understood men had been employed to remove the bodies from under the wreck, and that, in doing so, they had affixed ropes round one individual, and actually pulled away his arms and part of his head. The arms were afterwards replaced in the sand. This statement seemed to fill the meeting with disgust, and every eye was turned to Mr. Watson. He, however, made no reply.

The CHAIRMAN said, if he had been present, he should have felt it is duty, as a magistrate, to have committed him, (Mr. Watson.)

Mr. Watson was understood to justify himself on the ground of its being necessary to get at his property.

Thanks were then voted to the Chairman amidst the strongest marks of approbation for his energetic conduct upon the present occasion, and for his personal exertions in saving several lives. The meeting then separated.

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“TO THE EDITOR OF THE ALBION.

“Sir,—Several erroneous statements having been circulated respecting the melancholy loss of the Rothsay Castle; and, un-

derstanding that the coroner's inquest, which I have not seen, countenances the general, but most unfounded report, that this vessel was not seaworthy, I deem it my duty, in the absence of my brother, the owner of this unfortunate vessel, who is at present at Beaumaris, to request you to publish the following certificates. They are signed by well-known, disinterested, and experienced persons; and, in every unprejudiced mind, I have no doubt will establish the proof of her having been completely seaworthy beyond the shadow of doubt.

"It was stated in the *Liverpool Journal*, of yesterday, that the *Rothsay Castle* had no boat. I am enabled to assure the public, that this statement is totally false. She had, when she left this port on Wednesday last, an excellent boat, sufficiently large to contain at least twelve or fourteen grown persons with perfect safety, which is as large a boat as steam-boats of her size usually have.

"Many severe, and, I think, cruel remarks have been made as to the conduct of Captain Atkinson. He is, unfortunately, one of those who have perished, and cannot answer for himself. In justice to his memory I might add, that I have always considered him an excellent seaman; but the fact of his having been many years an active officer in the British navy renders any opinion of mine unnecessary. I will, however, add, that I have in my possession a letter from a clergyman and other inhabitants of Bangor and Carnarvon, addressed to myself, recommending him, in the strongest terms, as eminently calculated for the situation to which he was afterwards appointed by my brother. This letter, with other testimonials which Capt. A. possessed, induced, and I think, fully justified, my brother in employing him.—I am, Sir, your obedient servant,

"JAMES WATSON.

"16, Water-street, 21st Aug. 1831."

"This is to certify, that we had the steam-packet *Rothsay Castle* on the patent slip, and stript the plank off her bottom; took out all the timbers that were broken, and replaced the same with new; planked the bottom with 2½ inch elm, and put a new keel 12 inches broad and 10 inches deep, with two logs of elm the same size as the keel, and bolted to the keel and to the floors, and filled up between the floors solid, in the wake of the engine; and two stronger, 12 inches broad by five inches thick, bolted with one-inch screwed bolts; new decks, and replaced all the beams with new. And it is my opinion, that she was firmer and stronger than the day she was built. These repairs were made in Feb., 1831.

"ANDREW MORRISON,

"Foreman of the Patent Slip at the time when the vessel was repaired.

"Aug. 20th, 1831."

"Mr. Morrison's statement of the repairs done to the *Rothsay Castle*, steamer, I believe to be correct; and it is my opinion, that she was stronger after the repairs than she was when new. The amount of our bills for the repairs was £600 and upwards.

"THOS. WILSON."

"Birkenhead, 20th Aug. 1831.

"Dear Sir,—The amount of our account, for the new boilers, which we put on board the *Rothsay Castle*, on the 2d inst. is

£503 10s. 7d.; and, as no expense was spared in jointing and fitting them in the best possible manner, we think that the *total cost*, including jointing, copper and brass work, new safety valves, &c., will not be less than £630. As the boilers raised more steam than the engine required, we had arranged with your brother, that the vessel should come up to our yard last Thursday, to have her chimney reduced three feet in length. The engine appeared to be in excellent order.—We remain, dear sir, yours truly,

“To James Watson, Esq.”

“WM. LAIRD and SON.”

“I, the undersigned, do hereby certify, that in the month of October last, I went with Mr. Wm. Watson to Glasgow, with intent to purchase a steam-boat, in which I was to be half concerned, to run between Liverpool and Wexford. At Glasgow we examined several steam-boats, but waited to examine also the *Rothsay Castle*, then running between Invarary and Glasgow. On her arrival at Glasgow, we had her limber boards taken up and the vessel thoroughly examined, and I was so satisfied of her being a good vessel, that I offered to take her on joint account with Mr. Watson, but the owners would not accept of our terms; this, however, they afterwards did, and on the same terms. Mr. W. Watson finally bought her on his own account. After this purchase, I offered to take her off his hands at the cost price, which he declined to accept. Some time after this, I went on board of her at Liverpool, and found that Mr. Watson had given her new stringers and new binding of the strongest kind, new decks, new paddle-boxes, stancheons, and rails, and after that a new bottom; and from my knowledge of steam-boats, generally, and my examination of this vessel in particular, I have no hesitation in certifying, that I consider her to have been a staunch and strong vessel, and in every respect fitted for the voyages which she was intended to perform.

“G. DANBY.”

“We, the undersigned, certify, that we commanded the steam-packet *Rothsay Castle*, in the months of February and March last, trading between Wexford and Liverpool, during which time our cargoes consisted of corn and cattle, both in the hold and on deck; and although we frequently experienced severe and tempestuous weather, no part of the cargoes ever sustained any damage, either by water or death of cattle. And we further certify, that during the time we commanded her, we considered her to be a good sea boat, and staunch and strong in every respect. And as she has, during the present month, been regularly overhauled by experienced builders, and such repairs done to her as were thought necessary, we think ourselves justified in stating, as our firm belief, that she was perfectly seaworthy, and fit, in every respect, when she sailed, on Wednesday last, to perform her intended or any voyage within the United Kingdom.

“J. M. SHENUR, Overlooker of H. M. War office  
Steam-packets.

“JNO. PILE, Commander of the *St. David Steamer*.”

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