

A FAMOUS OCEAN TRAGEDY.

Story of the Man Who Last Saw the Whaling Bark Sarah.

Capsized in a Gale and all but Three of her Crew Perished.

Terrible Experience of Those Whose Lives Were Spared.

New Bedford has furnished her share of tales of shipwreck and suffering, but never in her experience was the loss of life brought nearer home than at the time when whaling bark Sarah, a small vessel of 128 tons, capsized just off Block Island, on the eve of a voyage which bid fair to be a pleasant and prosperous one.

The town was wild, so to speak, when the news reached this city, and many were the comments on the mishap, which reflected no credit upon those who were directly interested in the sailing of the vessel, although in justice to those who were most concerned the matter of sailing was carefully weighed before the start. The system of weather signals at that time was not considered of so much importance as now, and the fact that the cautionary signal had been ordered up at 1 25 o'clock that morning, caused no great concern among mariners, although there were those who said "no ship should go to sea while that signal was flying." The vessel sailed a Saturday and there was more than ordinary concern felt for the little craft as a heavy northeast gale increased with the afternoon, but no tidings were learned of the ship or crew until the following Friday, Oct. 18th.

The ship sailed on Saturday, Oct. 12th, 1878, and previous to her departure there was a consultation at the office of the agent, John P. Knowles, 23, and as it was not deemed best to remain in port over Sunday for fear of desertion of the crew, the Sarah sailed with Ellery Manchester as pilot; he to return with the vessel if he deemed it advisable after reaching the mouth of the bay.

When the news of the wreck reached this city Captain Manchester was interviewed by a newspaper reporter, and to him he said "that when the vessel reached the mouth of the bay the weather was looked upon as favorable for making the voyage. In the opinion of Captain Peakes, who was in command, and his officers, the conditions looked like a shift in the wind from the south, which was certainly favorable." Captain Manchester also said "the weather at that time was certainly not unfavorable for a start," despite the cautionary signals. When he left her she was under maintop-sail, maintopgallant-sail, foretop-sail, jib, flying jib and jibtop-sail, standing about southwest, so as to clear Block Island. After leaving the vessel the wind steadily increased to a gale, and he remarked that had he been on board at that time he should have counseled a return.

Captain Manchester, who has since passed away, is always supposed to have been the last person to have seen the little bark on that eventful day, but there is a man in this city who has reason to remember the occurrence, and he is perhaps the only one alive who last saw the Sarah, except



Patrick Hubbard, Who Last Saw Bark Sarah.

ing of course the survivors, if they happen to be living. That man is Patrick Hubbard, who at one time was in the employ of the public works department. Mr. Hubbard is the janitor of the building occupied by the New Bedford Veteran Firemen's association, and to a Standard reporter the other evening he related a little incident in connection with that mishap which perhaps may be interesting.

"I was owner and master of the fishing schooner Joseph Henry at the time," said Mr. Hubbard. "We had been fishing off Block Island for a week, and on the morning of the day in which the Sarah was lost we headed for New Bedford. A stiff northeast wind was blowing, and when about half way between Block Island and Noman'sland I noticed an outward bound whaler. This was shortly after 1 o'clock, while I had the wheel, and when we passed her I saw it was the Sarah. We were close enough to throw a stone on board, and she was headed about southwest, with everything on but 'degalant sails, plowing through the water like a race horse. As we passed each other the wind had been on the increase for half an hour or so, I having it dead ahead, and she having it free on the port quarter.

"For an hour she was in sight. Shortly after 2 o'clock the wind blew so strong that I double-reefed the mainsail and single-reefed the jib. At 3 o'clock the gale increased with such force that the mainsail and jib were blown to hell, clear of the bolt ropes. We then put a rouble reef in the foremast, and hove to. The wind kept hauling around to the south, and when blowing from the eastward it just howled. It let go as I have never seen it since."

"We drifted about until 12 o'clock that night, at which time the wind blew from the southeast, and shortly after midnight the schooner brought up in Mackerel Cove, near Jamestown, Canonicus Island. I down with both anchors to prevent going ashore, but the wind was so strong and the waves tossed us about so that the windlass was torn from its fastenings, leaving us to the mercy of the elements, and my vessel went onto the beach in less time than I can explain the situation to you."

"We did not go on high and dry, and in order to get ashore it was a case of swim or reaching land in a boat, so we put down a dory, but the painter parted and away she went for the beach. Another was lowered, but luck was against us, and she was smashed into splinters as the sea drove her against the side of the schooner. What to do then we didn't know. We didn't like the idea of remaining on deck under the circumstances, and land just within reach. Finally we took it into our heads to yell, and we managed to raise assistance. We were taken off in the dory which we first lowered, and which parted its painter and went ashore. If it hadn't been for that fact we would have had to remain on deck all night, for there wasn't another boat within two miles of that spot. Well, I remained on Canonicus Island three days, during which time we stripped the schooner. Afterwards I sold her hull, which later on was fitted as a torpedo boat at Newport."

"We reached New Bedford on the 19th, just one week after our start from Block Island, when I learned of the wreck of the Sarah. I am satisfied she went over with the shift in the wind, which blew the strongest from the east just before 8 o'clock that night. The two men who were with me on the Joseph Henry have since been drowned and I guess I am the only living person that last saw the Sarah, Oct. 12, 1878."

The first news of the wreck reached New Bedford on Friday, Oct. 18th, and when the three survivors, Joseph G. Reig, Henry Gonsalves and Manuel Deandra, who had been taken from the wreck by pilot boat Isaac Webb of New York, reached this city, they were besieged with relatives of those on board, who were looking for some hope to sustain them in the belief that others might have escaped, but time has proven the assertion that made that not a soul was saved. The only survivors of that awful catastrophe were the three men named, and Mr. Hubbard is the only man alive who last saw the vessel before the unfortunate accident. The rescued men were taken into Stonington, and from there took train for this city.

The story of that wreck is not familiar to the readers of today, and something of the terrible experiences of those who were fortunate enough to live to relate them will be read with more than ordinary interest.

At 4 p. m. the three men who were saved went below and joined others of the crew. They remained in the forecastle expecting the watch to be called at 8. Shortly after 7 o'clock the vessel gave a heavy lurch, and just before 8 o'clock Pinna, the boatswain, came to the scuttle of the forecastle and called Reig to the deck, but before he could ascend the ladder leading to the deck the ship gave another heavy lurch to starboard and capsized, the water running down the companionway and flooding the forecastle. In an instant every thing was afloat. The three survivors, together with Megil Deandra, a brother of Deandra, who was saved, and the ship's boy managed to sustain themselves by leaning upon floating chests, bunks, boards, etc., while the other occupants of the forecastle must have been drowned at once.

After two hours' of terrible suspense the boy and Megil gave up the struggle, and passed into eternity. The water in the forecastle was over the men's heads in depth, and the scuttle was completely under as the vessel laid on her starboard side. Reig, Gonsalves and Deandra sustained themselves through that awful night and Sunday by resting upon chests and swimming with their feet, while the storm was raging in its fury about them. The only refreshments they partook of was a few apples and half a bottle of sweet wine which were found in the chest of Deandra. Finally Manuel Deandra, dove down through the companionway, and coming up outside, fixed a place for himself on the weather side near the

port anchor. The only human being in his sight was Pinna, the boatswain, whose dead body was found lashed to the fore rigging. It was so rough at that time that Deandra gave as his opinion that no human being could possibly have escaped. No boat, he said, could have lived in that sea. Monday morning Reig dove down through the companionway, and the two fixed up a sort of canvas hammock in the fore rigging, in which they lay all during that day, leaving Gonsalves, who could not swim, still clinging to a chest inside the forecastle. About 3 o'clock Tuesday morning the pilot boat Isaac Webb fell in with the wreck and rescued Reig and Deandra, and when the men, who were almost exhausted, managed to explain that Gonsalves was in the forecastle, a hole was cut through the bulk of the bow, when he, too, was rescued from his horrible prison. The rescue of these men was about 40 miles east of Block Island.

While imprisoned in the forecastle of the vessel they went through an awful experience. There was only about 18 inches of space between the water and the side of the ship, and floating chests and stuff jammed the heads of the men, who sustained bodily bruises. Fresh air was supplied through a broken light, which occasionally rose above the water.

Here is a list of the men who sailed in the Sarah when she left this port that fatal day:

Henry W. Peakes of Boston, master; Frank E. Potter, New Bedford, mate; George W. Ellis, Dartmouth, second mate; Carl L. Strume, New Bedford, cooper, ship keeper and carpenter; Albert Kimmel, Sutton Centre, third mate and boatswain; Joseph A. Pinna, Frank Smith and James W. Richards, New Bedford, boatswainers; Charles Shoaf, New Bedford, steward; Henry Williams, New Bedford, cook; Joseph G. Reig, George Samuel, John Williams, J. T. Harding, Megil Deandra,

Henry Gonsalves, Manuel Deandra and Jos. Pasco, all of New Bedford, and George R. Thurston, Keene, seamen; Antoine Strierberger, New York, carpenter and greenhand; Edwin Springhart, Fitchburg, greenhand; Francisco Antonio Gomez, Dartmouth, and William Stevens, St. Helena, ordinary seamen; and a stowaway.

Two youngsters who had stowed away were discovered before the pilot left the ship, and they were sent back home.

DR. ASHLEY, MILK INSPECTOR, IS DEAD

Dr. Daniel C. Ashley, inspector of milk and animals, died at his home 76 Linden street early this morning, at the age of 65 years.

The cause of death was a complication of diseases. Dr. Ashley has been ill but a short time and recently was at St. Luke's hospital for an operation. He left the hospital last Sunday, but apparently he had not made much improvement, and since that time had rapidly weakened until the end.

Dr. Ashley was well known in this city, having served as inspector of milk and animals since his appointment by Walter Clifford then mayor of the city in 1889.

He was born in this city and attended the grammar and high school until the war broke out and at the age of 16 entered the service of his country as drummer boy with the 20th regiment, Co. D.

Young Ashley's enlistment was for a term of three years, and without bounty. It was not long before he was transferred to the front, and he was a participant in many of the most important engagements of the war. He served with McClellan all through the Peninsular campaign, and in all the battles and operations which took place before Richmond in that stirring campaign.

Dr. Ashley received his christening in warfare at the battles of Balls Bluff. After serving a greater part of his enlistment he was discharged for physical disability incurred in the line of

duty, and he came back home to recuperate.

Before the war had terminated, and before he had really recovered his old time vigor, Dr. Ashley again sought to enter the military service, and he enlisted in company B, third Massachusetts artillery, and served with that company with distinction until honorable and finally discharged.

For many years he conducted a barber shop in the building now occupied by Steiger Dudgeon and when burned out here located in Nantuxet. He was also interested in a barber shop in Martha's Vineyard.

At the age of 40, Mr. Ashley attended the American Veterinary College in Boston, where he was president of his class. After graduating he opened an office in this city where he engaged in practice which he only gave up about five years ago.

He was well known for his free heartedness, never turning the needy from his door without help and his cheerful disposition made friends wherever he went.

He was a member of the old Harmonian minstrel troupe of this city, and had recently joined Post 1, G. A. R. He is survived by a widow, daughter, Mrs. Nettie L. Bowen; two brothers, Captain Wallace and Simeon, and a sister Mrs. Maria Sherman.

The funeral services will be under the auspices of Post 1, G. A. R., and will be held Tuesday afternoon at 2 o'clock, the Rev. George H. Hayes will be the officiating clergyman.

BACK to the Place of Dreams I came, where I was young so long—
An old house in the sunset's flame, the great sea's crooning song.

And there upon the dunes one stood who gave no heed to me,
A slender slip of maidenhood between the sun and sea.

The sea wind on her gypsy face, the sea spray on her hair,
For all I shared the selfsame place, she did not heed me there.

Only upon the sand dunes high she stood as one who sees
Between the blue of sea and sky his outbound argosies,

And dares to dream of their return with treasures manifold,
With strange, great gems that flash and burn, and cloth of vair and gold.

Ah well, she did not guess at all the loss that shipwreck seems,
Or know what havoc would befall her fragile fleet of dreams.

But I, I turned and left her there; she did not see me go—
A dreaming girl with wind-tossed hair that once I used to know.

Oh, little ghost, dream on content, not yours life's wreck and wrong.
Out from the Place of Dreams I went where I was young so long.

SAILED in me fine new hooker
To Ballybree, over the bay,
Where Oonagh O'Regan, me ould love,
Is livin' this many a day.

("Twas Oonagh took up wid a poacher,
A Ballybree blade called Neal,
Wid niver a ham nor a hare-skin
But what the poor habbage could steal!")

And Oonagh I found, faith, wid childer
As thick as the hairs on a goat.
All squealin' and crowdin' like rabbits
While I showed her me jule av a boat!

"But have ye no wife nor childer?"
Says she, wid a perk av the head.
(And her bosom as flat as a deck-board,
And her brats all squealin' for bread!)

"Och, sailin'," says she, "may be sailin',
But when it's all spoken and done,
'Tis us wid our fine homes and childer
Are livin' and havin' our fun!"