

## **Stories of the Royal Humane Society / by Frank Mundell.**

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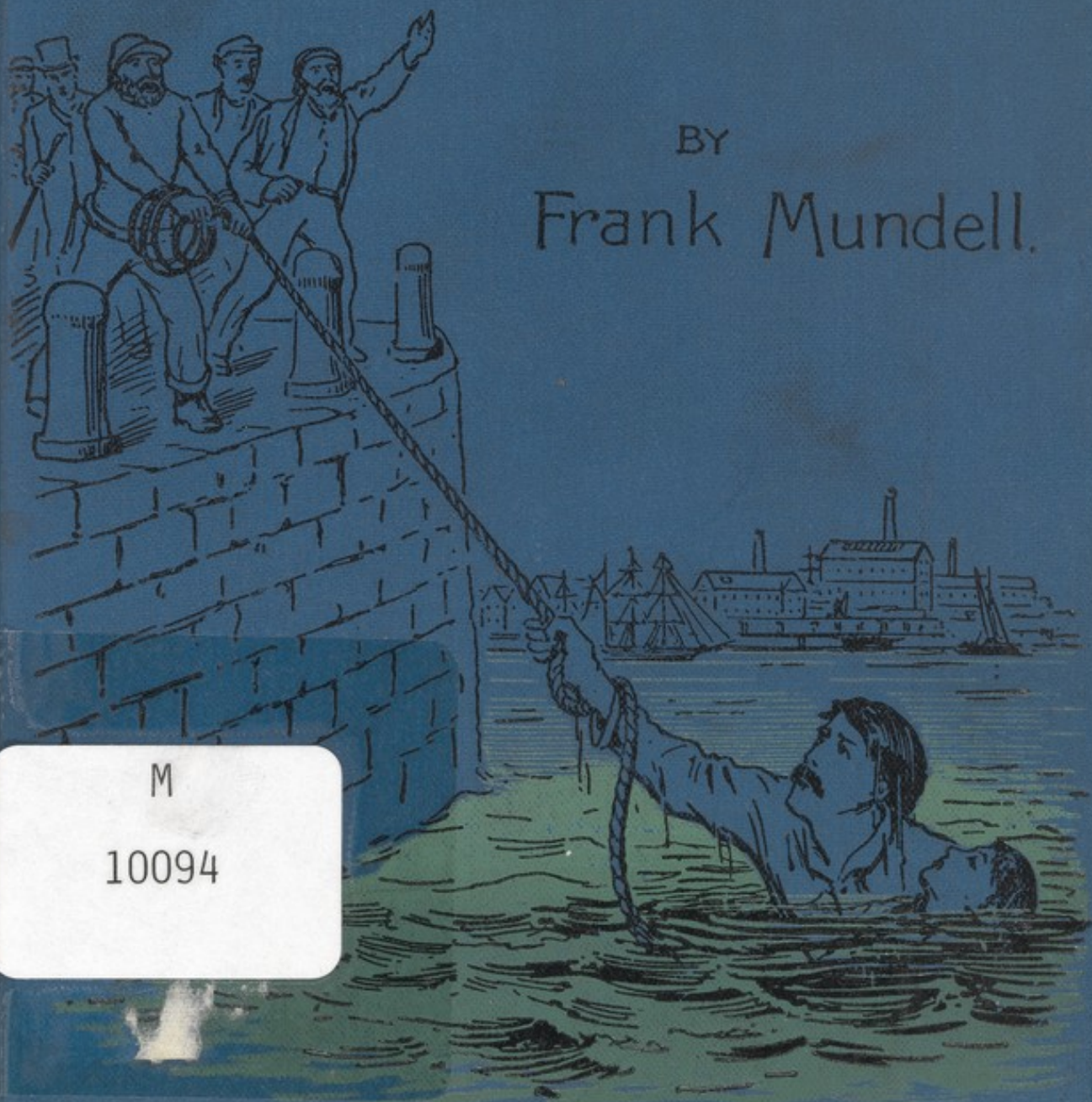
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# Stories of the ROYAL HUMANE SOCIETY

BY  
Frank Mundell.



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"A MAN OVERBOARD!"

[Frontispiece.]



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# STORIES

OF THE

## ROYAL HUMANE SOCIETY

BY FRANK MUNDELL

AUTHOR OF

"STORIES OF THE FIRE BRIGADE" "STORIES OF THE LIFEBOAT" ETC.

*THIRD EDITION*



LONDON:  
THE SUNDAY SCHOOL UNION  
57 AND 59 LUDGATE HILL, E.C.



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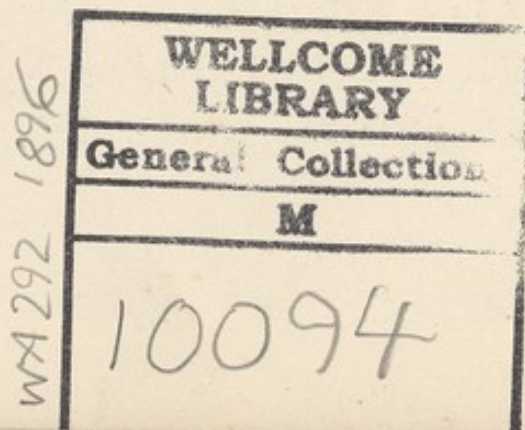
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## PREFACE

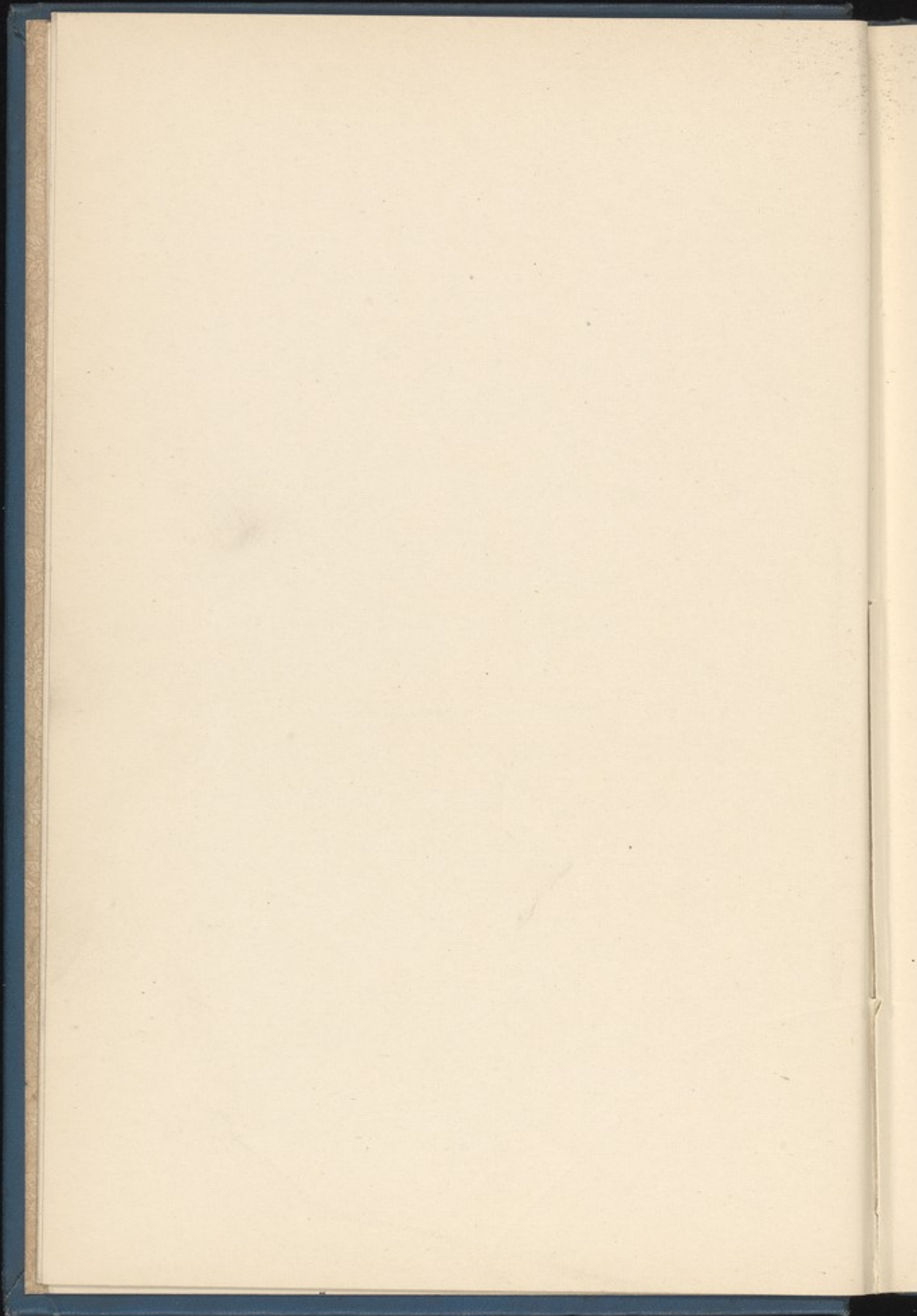
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IN the preparation of this book I have received great assistance from Captain Home, Secretary of the Royal Humane Society, who furnished me with valuable information and gave me access to the records of the institution. My thanks are also due to the Right Hon. Marquis of Breadalbane, Thomas Allnutt Brassey, Esq., and Mr. W. C. Bradley, for particulars of the rescues for which they were awarded medals, and also for permission to reproduce their photographs.

F. M.

LONDON, *August*, 1895.



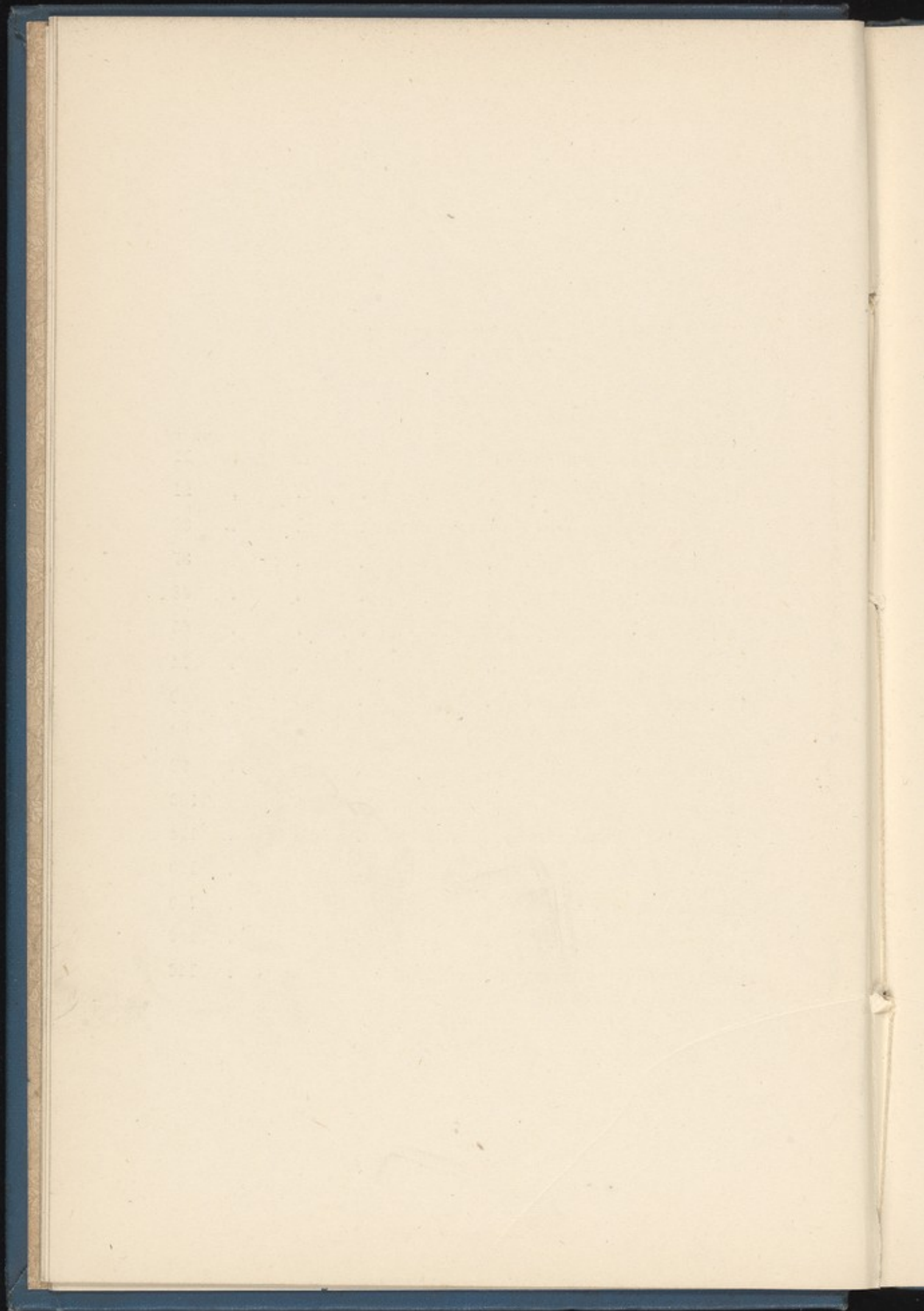




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For there is much not born to die,  
Great deeds can never be undone;  
Their splendour yet must fill our sky  
Like stars outlasting e'en the sun.

Ten thousand years may come and go,  
But not to move them from their place;  
Through them new lands will learn and know  
Why God once shaped the English race.

Such deeds are England's soul, and we,  
Tossing aside each idler rhyme,  
Should pour forth song, to keep them free  
From the concealing dust of Time.

SIR F. DOYLE.

# STORIES

OF THE

## ROYAL HUMANE SOCIETY

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### CHAPTER I.

#### THE ROYAL HUMANE SOCIETY.

"Death may usurp on nature many hours,  
And yet the fire of life kindle again."



MORE than two centuries ago Shakespeare wrote these words, and in so doing he anticipated by about a hundred years one of the greatest discoveries of medical science. The art of resuscitating the apparently dead does not seem to have been known to the ancients, and the first recorded instances of recovery from drowning in this country date back to 1650, nearly forty years after



the death of the great dramatist. Strange as it may appear to us, these cases excited no public interest, and it was not till about the middle of the eighteenth century that any serious investigations were made on the subject.

At that period, Dr. Fothergill, one of the greatest physicians of the day, turned his attention to the question, and after most careful study he came to the conclusion that the methods used for determining death were entirely wrong. In a paper which he communicated to the Royal Society, he maintained that it was possible to save many lives without risking anything. The medical world, however, was not ready to adopt this theory; the general belief was that when breathing ceased life was at an end. On the Continent the publication of Dr. Fothergill's paper attracted much attention. In 1767 several successful attempts at resuscitation were made in Switzerland, and in the same year a Society for the Recovery of the Apparently Drowned was formed in Amsterdam.

In 1773 the Transactions of this Society were translated by an English doctor named Cogan, with a view to convincing the people of this country that



the scheme was perfectly practicable. The book fell into the hands of Dr. Hawes, who took up the idea with all the enthusiasm of a great mind. He publicly offered rewards to persons who, between London and Westminster Bridges, should, within a certain period of the occurrence of an accident, rescue the bodies of "drowned persons," and bring them to places on shore appointed for their reception, in order that the means of resuscitation might be tried. At these places he and his friends restored several persons. During the first year of this experiment Dr. Hawes paid these rewards out of his own pocket, but at the end of that time Dr. Cogan showed him that such an arrangement could not last, and offered to join with him in the formation of a Humane Society. After much trouble, thirty-two gentlemen were induced to join in the enterprise, and so in 1774 the present splendid institution was founded.

Dr. Hawes exerted himself to the utmost to promote the success of the new Society. He arranged its business, looked after its interests, and compiled the annual reports. The first volume was dedicated to King George the Third, who had showed from the



first a great interest in the work. The methods taken to make known the objects of the Society were very much the same as those with which we are familiar at the present day. On the first anniversary the Society publicly exhibited ten persons who had been thus snatched from death. One of the ten had been under water for fifteen minutes, and nearly an hour elapsed before proper medical treatment could be obtained, yet he recovered after four hours' continuous application of the methods of the Society. The annual sermon preached on behalf of the Society was another feature of the management of those early days.

To the end of his life Dr. Hawes worked with the most praiseworthy zeal to make the institution popular. To his untiring labours the English nation is indebted for the formation of a Society which, "whether we reflect on its purposes or its success, does honour to our country, and exhibits most impressively the power of a single mind to accomplish objects of the most benign character and extensive utility."

At first the efforts of the Society were confined to the restoration of persons apparently drowned, but



before long it extended its operations, and there seemed to be no form of accidental death with which it could not deal successfully. Cases of poisoning, and the recovery of persons who had been struck by lightning, were treated with great success, and Dr. Fothergill had the pleasure of seeing in use the means he had recommended nearly thirty years before.

At the anniversary festival, held on the 15th of April 1806, it was unanimously agreed to present the Gold Medal of the Society to Alexander the First, Emperor of Russia, "by whose noble, unwearied, and persevering efforts life was, under divine Providence, restored to one of his subjects, who otherwise would have been prematurely consigned to the grave."

The service to which the above refers took place on the banks of the river Wilna. On his progress through Poland, his Majesty became separated from his attendants, and seeing a crowd on the bank of the river, he was prompted by curiosity to approach and see what had happened. He found that the body of a man, apparently lifeless, had just been taken from the water. The Emperor ordered the bearers to lay the body down, and helped to remove



the clothes. He then with his own hands tried by rubbing to restore animation.

While he was so engaged some members of his suite came upon the scene. Among them was Dr. Weilly, an English surgeon, who was in constant attendance on his Majesty. He bled the patient, and did everything in his power to restore him. After three hours' continuous rubbing the man gave no sign of life, and Weilly gave it as his opinion that the man was dead. The Emperor, however, persevered in his efforts, and at last he had the "inexpressible satisfaction" of hearing the man groan, upon which he exclaimed in French, "Thank God! this is the brightest day of my life." His Majesty remained with the man till he had quite recovered, and before he left he gave him a sum of money.

The Gold Medal was sent in accordance with the resolution, and "His Imperial Majesty was graciously pleased to accept the same."

George the Third manifested a deep interest in the institution, and was one of its first patrons. His Majesty, however, was not content to be merely a figurehead, and was determined to show that his



sympathy was of a practical nature. At that time many drowning accidents occurred in the Serpentine, a large sheet of water in Hyde Park. And the king thought that if there was some place near at hand to which rescued persons could be taken for treatment, it would prove a great boon, and be the means of saving many lives.

He therefore granted the Society a plot of ground in Hyde Park, on the north side of the Serpentine, for the erection of a Receiving House, where cases of suspended animation might have prompt and judicious medical aid. A picture of this building, in the possession of the Society, shows it to have been a two-storey erection surrounded by trees and bushes like a farmhouse. In 1834 the old building gave place to the present house, the first stone of which was laid by the Duke of Wellington.

Though the Royal Humane Society was founded by doctors, who were anxious to propagate their plans for restoring suspended animation, it gave rewards to those who succeeded in rescuing persons in danger of being drowned, and this phase of its operations is that with which we are most familiar.

As an acknowledgment of the bravery of those



who risk their lives to save their fellow-creatures from death, the Society awards medals and testimonials. The Stanhope Gold Medal, the highest award, comes out of a fund raised by the friends and admirers of the late Captain Chandos Scudamore Stanhope of the Royal Navy, who died in 1871. To commemorate his services to his profession, it was thought that there could not be a more suitable mode of keeping his memory green than by the gift of an annual gold medal, to be awarded by the Royal Humane Society. The Stanhope Gold Medal is given each year to the bearer of the Silver Medal who has shown the greatest gallantry during the year. Its wearers are the very bravest of the brave. Previous to 1873 the Society had awarded Gold Medals for special cases as occasion required.

The Silver Medal is awarded for saving life from drowning, or asphyxia in mines, wells, etc., under circumstances of very great danger. The Bronze Medal is awarded for courage and promptitude in saving life under circumstances of danger or personal risk. Testimonials on vellum or on parchment are awarded when no great risk has been incurred. A second act of bravery is usually recognised by a



clasp, either for the Silver or the Bronze Medal. Money rewards are only paid in cases which occur within thirty miles of the metropolis.

It is an important fact to remember, that soldiers and sailors are allowed to wear the medals and clasps of the Royal Humane Society, an honour granted to no other civil decoration in the country.

On one side of the Medal is the figure of a boy blowing an extinguished torch, in the hope that "peradventure a little spark may yet lie hid" (*Lateat scintillula forsan*). From the earliest times flame has been regarded as the emblem of life, and its extinction as the symbol of death. The design is therefore appropriate, either to the person apparently dead, or to the one who endeavours to resuscitate him. Underneath is an abbreviated inscription in Latin; the inscription round it expresses the merit which obtains this honour from the Society—"He has obtained this reward for having saved the life of a citizen." Within the garland is the following inscription in an abbreviated Latin form: "The Royal Humane Society presented this gift for saving life." Should the Medal be presented to any one who has been unsuccessful in saving life, the inscrip-



tion reads—"The Royal Humane Society presented this to——his life having been exposed to danger." The name of the hero is engraved round the edge of the Medal.

In 1882 a new and important feature was instituted in the operations of the Society, when it was decided to offer a Silver Medal annually for competition in public schools and training-ships to encourage proficiency in saving life from drowning. Competitions are now held every year, and, by using a dummy to represent a body, the youths are becoming very expert in the art of rescuing both on the surface and under water.

## STANHOPE GOLD MEDALLISTS

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### CHAPTER II.

#### A BRAVE FOREMAN.



HERE are few places which seem to us less likely to be the scene of a display of courage than that in which occurred the most remarkable instance of bravery brought before the Royal Humane Society in 1894. Shipwrecks, fires, and mining disasters are associated in our minds with romantic heroism and pathetic incident; but the mention of a town sewer carries with it no suggestion of a daring deed.

About half-past nine, on the night of the 19th of October 1894, a number of workmen were sent to carry out some repairs in the interior of the main



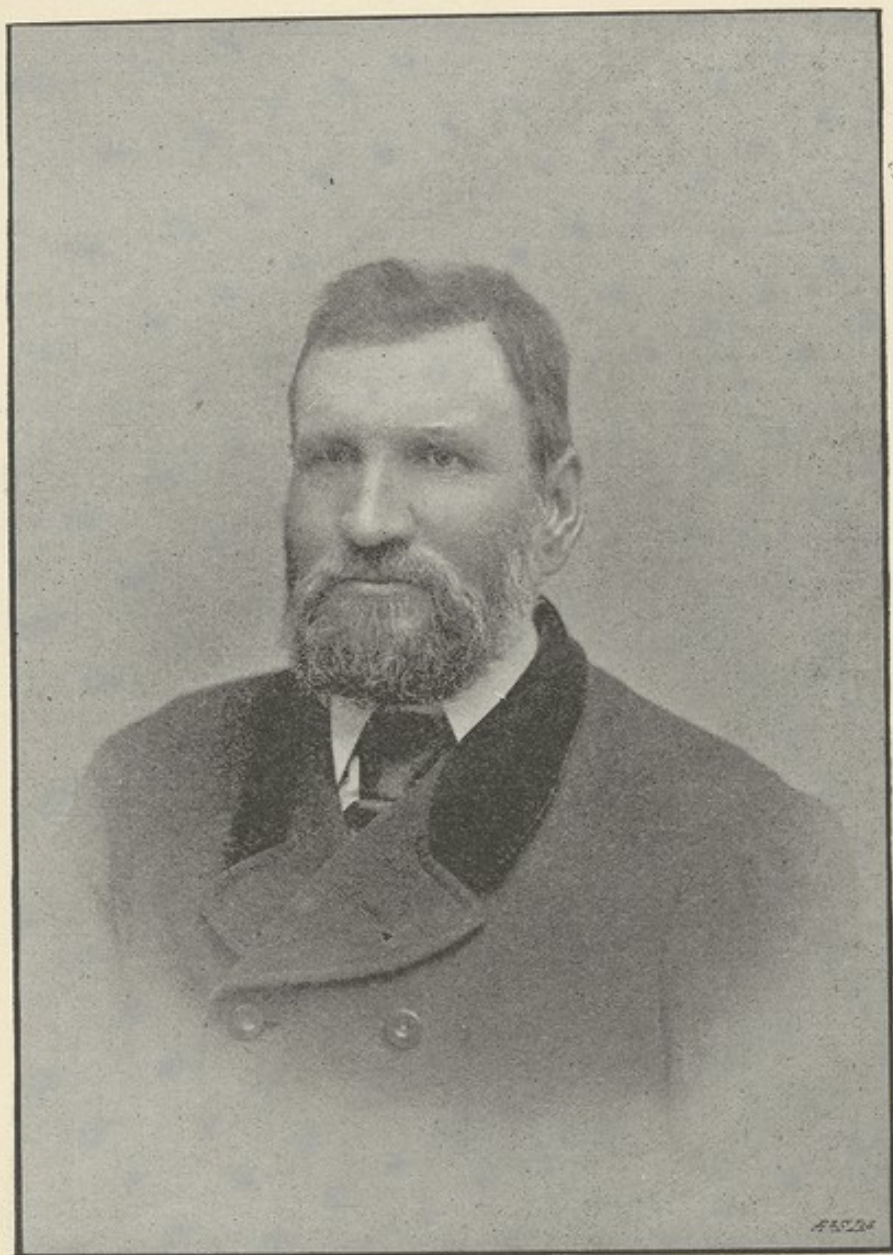
sewer at Torquay. The night was considered favourable for the work, and as all needful precautions had been taken for the safety of the workers, they went down the man-hole without a thought of danger.

Between eleven and twelve they came to the sur-



THE STANHOPE GOLD MEDAL.

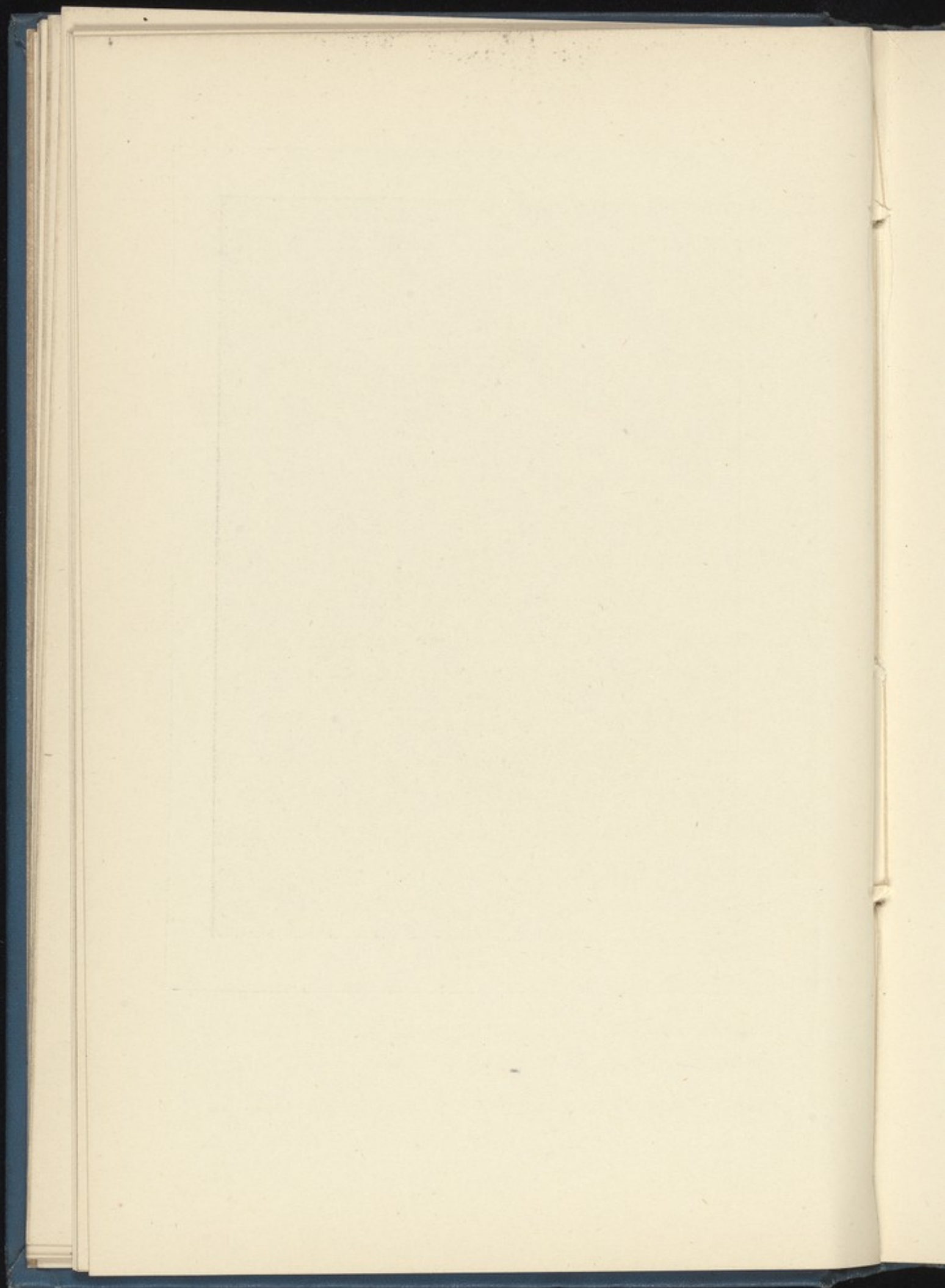
face and had supper. As they were returning, the foreman, William Mugford, noticed that the sky looked black and threatening, and he told his men that what they had to do must be done quickly. An examination was made of the dam, which had been erected to divert the stream from the spot



WILLIAM MUGFORD.

*(From a Photograph by J. C. Dinham, Torquay.)*





where they had to work, and it was found that the water had risen two inches. But as the inward flow had ceased, the men, after carefully considering the matter, decided to return to their work. As a further precaution, however, they left a man at the bottom of the man-hole with a red light to warn them if the water should rise.

Back to their work they went, and for two hours they proceeded rapidly with the task in hand. Meanwhile a violent thunderstorm had burst over Torquay. The rain fell in torrents; vivid flashes of lightning were followed by loud and long peals of thunder. From all parts of the town the flood rushed with terrific force into the main sewer, and the water rose about three feet in as many minutes. Some idea of the nature of the downpour may be formed from the fact, that one inch and a half of rain fell during the seven hours the storm lasted.

So far nothing had happened to cause the workers any alarm, but just as the mason was in the act of laying the last brick, a shout was heard, and the dreaded red light was seen approaching. One of the workmen threw down his tools and ran to see what was the matter. A moment more and his warning



shout, "Come on, the water is rising fast," told them that their lives were in danger. Some of the workmen ran towards the nearest man-hole, leaving Mugford and another man named Mildon to secure the staging on which they had been working.

Down rushed the water in a perfect torrent, overflowing the dam, and whirling down the sewer with terrific force. One of the men succeeded in getting hold of a barrow, which was fastened to the dam, and clung to it for dear life; by means of a life-line he was hauled up by his companions. Another man, who was behind him, must have been overpowered and carried away. Not a cry did he utter, nor was anything seen of him until his dead body was afterwards found entangled among the staging on which he had been working.

In the meantime Mugford and Mildon were making their way as best they could up the sewer, the foreman, a well-built, powerful man, lending a helping hand to his less stalwart companion. For some distance they made good progress; but immediately they encountered the full force of the current they found it was utterly impossible to battle against it. Mugford, knowing that their only hope of escape lay



in reaching a shaft at some distance farther down, gave the word to turn about, and made for the place of safety. Again and again would Mildon have been swept off his feet and carried away, had it not been for the support of the brave fellow beside him.

Suddenly Mildon was seized in a powerful grasp. It was that of another workman, named Potter, who, having failed to reach the man-hole, was being borne down the stream to destruction. The unexpected shock almost caused both men to lose their footing. With a heroism equal to that of his companion, Mildon called out to Mugford, "Let me go"; but the foreman, exerting his great strength to the utmost, held on to them both.

Half swimming and half running, the three men were borne along. Mildon and Potter had lost their candles, but Mugford still had a precious piece a few inches in length. That bit of candle saved their lives, for it enabled them to see their way past the staging where they had been at work, and when they arrived at the shaft it showed them the chains to which they must lay hold or be swept away.

During this trying time Mugford never for an instant lost his presence of mind. He shouted to



his companions to "mind the chains." Mildon missed the first, but caught the second; the foreman and Potter secured the first. Hoisting himself on to the platform, Mugford dragged up his companions, who were thoroughly exhausted, and so saved them from a horrible death. There they remained, wet to the skin and in total darkness, for seven hours, before they were finally rescued.

The men above ground, probably believing that their comrades were all drowned, and thinking that nothing could be done, took no steps to organise a rescue party, and it was not until Mr. Garrett, the Borough Surveyor, was communicated with, about eight o'clock, that the first news of the accident was known. A rescue party with the necessary tackle was at once despatched. William Raymond volunteered to go down the shaft, and he was lowered by means of a rope. Food and restoratives were also sent down to the men.

Raymond had not been long down the shaft when he returned to the surface with the sad news that one of the men was missing.

"Where are the other three?" asked the Borough Surveyor. "Hadn't you better send them up?"



"They won't come, sir," replied Raymond; "they want to look for their mate."

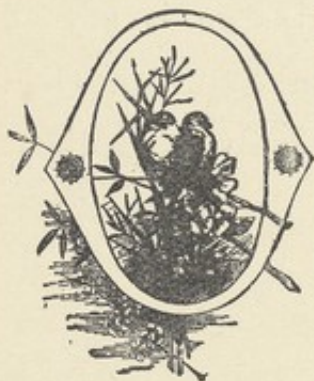
This was indeed true. Exhausted as they were, they proceeded along the sewer till they found the body of their comrade. Then they consented to be drawn up.

The conduct of Mugford, in saving the lives of Mildon and Potter at the risk of his own, is beyond praise; and in awarding him the Stanhope Gold Medal, the Royal Humane Society only carried out the wishes of all who had read the story of his heroism.



## CHAPTER III.

### THE HERO OF THE "WATER NYMPH."

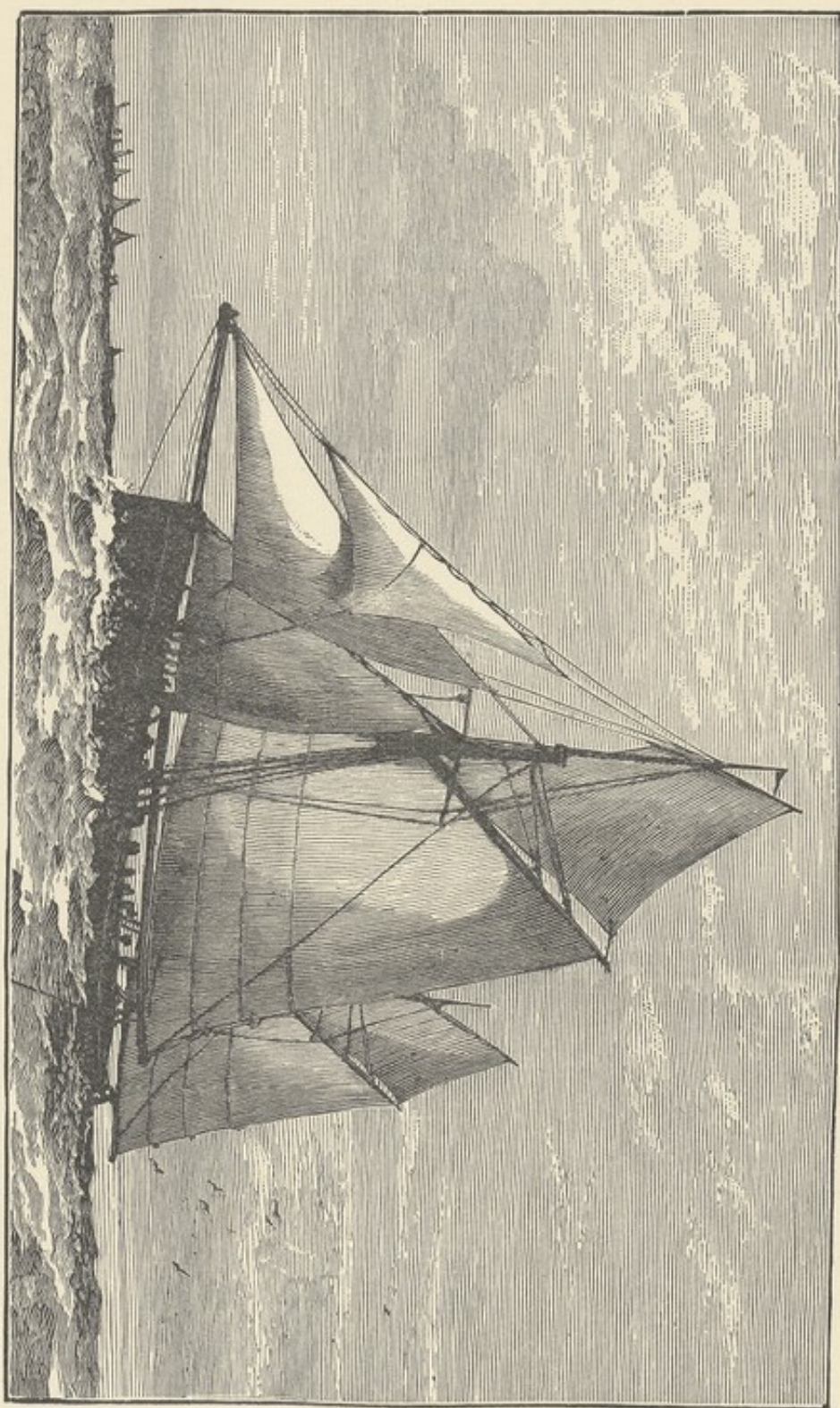


NE night in December 1884, a lugger, named the *Water Nymph*, sailed from the small fishing town of Looe, on the coast of Cornwall. The little vessel was proceeding to the fishing ground, off the Eddystone Lighthouse, under the command of her captain, Alfred Collins.

The night was very dark, and the sea was in one of its angriest moods. A gale of wind was blowing at the time, and the great waves of the Atlantic, mountains high, rolled up the channel with terrific force, and beat with deafening roar on the rock-bound coast.

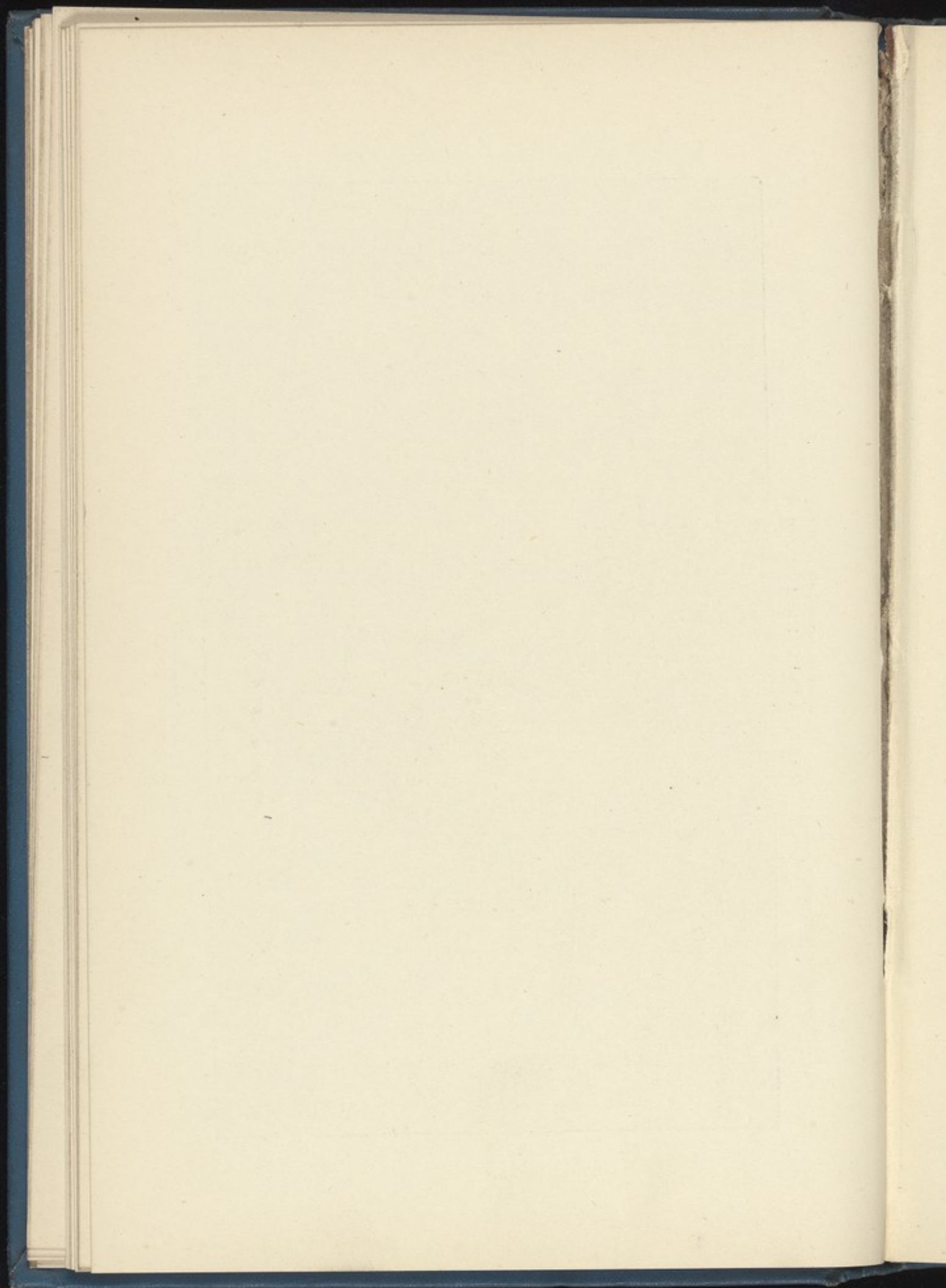
As the storm increased in violence, the lugger pitched about to an alarming extent, and the crew





OFF TO THE FISHING GROUNDS.







were obliged to hold on to prevent being thrown overboard. Then there came a sudden lurch, and a boy named Hosking was pitched into the sea.

The vessel was drifting at the time, and would soon be far away from the drowning boy, unless he was speedily rescued. But what could anyone do on a night so dark, and in the face of such a storm?

Every man in the *Water Nymph*, was a brave British sailor, who never shrank from risking his own life to save a fellow-creature from drowning, where there was the slightest hope of success. But in this instance every man felt that the lad could not be saved, and that a certain death awaited anyone who would dare to plunge into those dark and turbulent waters.

That was the opinion of the crew, but the young captain thought differently. In vain the men begged of him not to run the terrible risk of attempting a rescue. He could not let the lad drown without any effort to save him, and he at once plunged into the boiling waters which surged around the vessel.

Striking out in the direction of the lad, Collins was absent a few minutes, when he returned to the



lugger and climbed on deck. The crew were greatly relieved when they saw him, and concluded that he had given up the idea as impossible. But they were mistaken; he had only returned for a rope to aid him in his work of mercy.

Before he left the vessel a second time the crew used every effort to persuade him not to risk his life again, but their pleading words fell on deaf ears. The lad had been committed to his care, and he would rather die than leave him to perish, without making every effort to save him.

Calmly selecting a rope long enough for his purpose, Collins wound one end round his arm, and once more disappeared in the angry waters. He was a first-rate swimmer, but he required all his strength and skill to live in such a sea, and for some time he beat about in all directions, hoping to catch a glimpse of the boy.

At length he saw something on the surface of the waves about eighty feet from the boat. With a last hope that it might be the object of his search, he made a desperate effort. When he reached the floating mass, he found that it was indeed the lad, who was just about to sink for the last time.



Seizing the poor fellow, Collins, assisted by the crew pulling the rope, bore him to the vessel, and he was taken on board more dead than alive. There the rescued and his noble rescuer were carefully tended by the crew, and both soon recovered from the effects of the terrible ordeal through which they had passed.

A few months afterwards a great meeting was held in the Town Hall to do honour to the brave Cornishman, who was received by his friends and neighbours with rounds of hearty cheers. No one knew better than did those hardy seamen the daring character of the brave deed that Collins had successfully achieved.

Lady Trelawney, who could not attend the meeting, wrote: "Will you tell them how sorry I am to deprive myself of the pleasure of doing honour to one whom I am proud to regard as a Cornishman and a neighbour, and whom I consider to be a hero quite as really as those who win the Victoria Cross in war?"

At the end of the meeting, Collins, in the dress he had worn on that memorable night, stood up and expressed his thanks for all the kind things that had been said about him, and "hoped he should be ready to do the same duty if occasion arose."



A short time after this, the Royal Humane Society awarded Collins the Stanhope Gold Medal, and it was presented to him by the hand of the mother of the lad whose life he had saved. The brave fisherman received the medal with pride, but he set a far higher value on the thankful words of the grateful mother, who asked God to bless him for his bravery.

For this gallant deed the name of Alfred Collins has been written on the nation's roll of honour, and the story of that dark December night will not soon be forgotten. But better even than the act of bravery was the motive which prompted him to risk his life. In that supreme moment he had but one thought, and that was a desire to do his duty.



## CHAPTER IV.

### A FAMOUS SWIMMER.



ON the 22nd of April 1873, while the steamship *Russia* was crossing the Atlantic on a voyage from New York to Liverpool, a sailor named Michael Haynes fell from the rigging into the sea. A stiff breeze was blowing at the time, and the vessel was cutting through the water at the rate of fourteen and a half knots an hour.

Immediately on perceiving what had happened, another sailor, named Matthew Webb, jumped overboard to the rescue. Haynes was by this time a considerable distance astern, and making desperate efforts to keep afloat. Knowing that there was not a moment to lose, Webb swam with all speed towards the unfortunate man, but before he could



reach him he had sunk to rise no more. A seaman's cap tossing on the waves marked the place where he had gone down, and Webb dived several times in the hope of recovering the body, but without success.

Meanwhile the steamer had been stopped, and a boat lowered to assist in the work of rescue. Webb was picked up about half a mile away, and then the sailors continued to row round the spot for some time, keeping a bright look-out in all directions, in the hope that Haynes might be found ; but in vain, and they eventually returned to the ship. Though he had suffered somewhat from cold, the brave swimmer was not in the least exhausted by his great exertions, and to the surprise of everyone, after changing his wet clothes, he resumed his duties on deck as if nothing unusual had happened.

To show their admiration of Webb's bravery, the passengers on board the *Russia* made a subscription on his behalf, and in an hour they presented the hero with the sum of £100, in acknowledgment of the plucky attempt that he had made to save his shipmate's life at the risk of his own. Another subscription was also set on foot for the benefit of



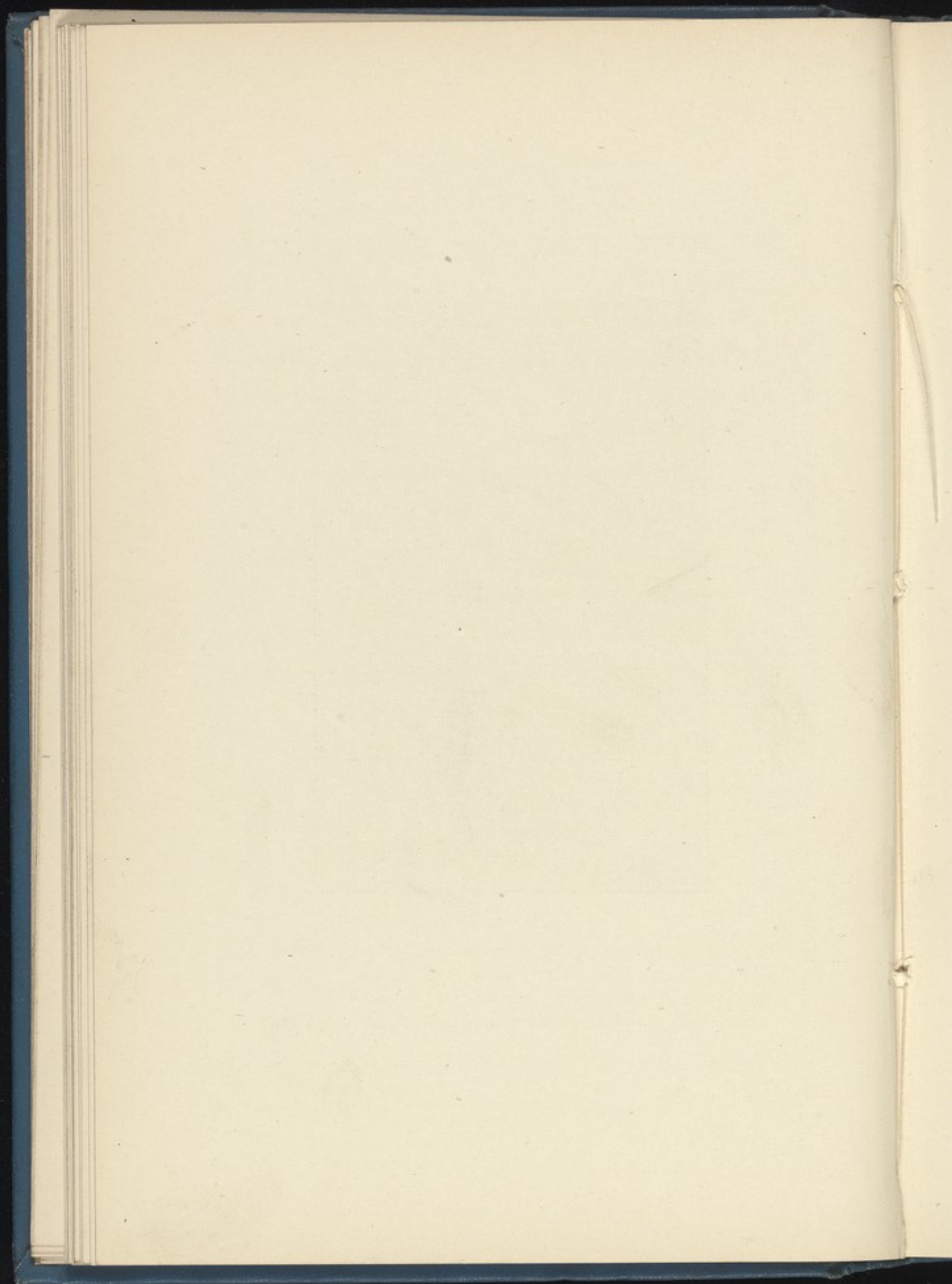


MATTHEW WEBB.

Born January 19, 1848.

Drowned while attempting to swim the Niagara Rapids, July 24, 1883.







the widow and children of the lost man, to which Webb also contributed.

When the *Russia* arrived in England, all the facts of the case became known, and an account of the occurrence was laid before the Royal Humane Society. Though Webb had not succeeded in saving life, the institution showed their appreciation of his gallant act by awarding him the Stanhope Gold Medal, the first that had ever been given. The presentation was made by the Duke of Edinburgh, who said, "I am sure it will afford you all great gratification, as it certainly does me, to see so gallant a man receive this distinction for his brave conduct. I have the greatest pleasure, Webb, at being the medium of placing it in your possession."

Though this daring deed brought Webb into public notice, it is as one of the most extraordinary swimmers of modern times rather than as a Stanhope Gold Medallist that he is best known. In the limited space at our disposal we can, however, only refer to the two most famous performances which are linked with his name. These are, his great Channel swim, and his attempt to cross the whirlpool at Niagara Falls.



About one o'clock on Tuesday the 24th of August 1875, Captain Webb, as he was now called, jumped off the Admiralty Pier at Dover, amid the cheers of a great crowd of spectators. Accompanied by a lugger and two stout rowing boats, he struck out into the Channel. The day was warm, and the sea was perfectly calm, and in about two hours he had left "the white, dear cliffs of Dover" far behind.

During the next eight hours Webb continued to breast the Channel with undiminished vigour, only pausing now and again for a cup of beef-tea or hot coffee. In reply to the questions of his friends in the boats as to how he was feeling, he replied, "All right." Shortly after nine o'clock he called out that a jellyfish had stung him, and to prevent any evil consequences the wound was rubbed with brandy. About midnight the mail steamer, on her way to Calais, passed near the swimmer, and as the passengers and crew caught sight of him they raised cheer after cheer, which, as Webb declared, raised the heart within him, and gave him fresh strength and courage.

He had now been twelve hours in the water, and had reached a point about nine miles from the



French shore. Throughout the night a skilled diver sat at the bow of one of the boats, ready at a moment's notice to spring to Webb's assistance should cramp or exhaustion make such aid necessary.

When morning broke, his friends saw that the long exposure was beginning to tell, and they began to fear that after all the attempt would end in failure. Strange to say, as time went on, Webb took less and less nourishment, though the hardest part of his task was yet to come. About five o'clock a wind sprang up, which dashed the waves in the swimmer's face, and greatly impeded his progress. After struggling on bravely for a time, he called out, "The wind is killing me by inches." He no longer struck out with his former vigour, his face looked grey and aged, and it was apparent to those in the boats that success or failure would be decided in a few minutes.

Suddenly a hearty British cheer rang out across the waves. It came from some of the sailors of the mail steamer which had passed him the night before, and who had now come out in a small boat to see the finish of the plucky swim. Pulling to



windward, they placed their boat between him and the waves, and cheered him on as only sailors can.

There was now no doubt about the issue of the struggle. The shore was only half a mile distant, and Webb nerved himself for a final spurt. Yard by yard he approached the goal of his ambition, cheered at almost every stroke by an excited crowd on the beach. Yard by yard he lessened the distance, until at length he touched the ground. Being too weak to stand, he fell down, thoroughly exhausted. Two men rushed into the water and helped him ashore. It was then forty-one minutes past ten, and Webb had been swimming for twenty-one hours and three-quarters. What mattered aches and pains? He had accomplished his object, and that more than repaid him for all his exertions.

He was put to bed at once, and left in charge of a medical man. On the following morning he awoke almost as fresh as if nothing unusual had happened; he therefore returned to England, where he received a most enthusiastic welcome.

"I can only say," Webb afterwards remarked, when speaking of his great swim, "that the moment when I touched the Calais sands, and felt the French



soil beneath my feet, is one that I shall never forget, were I to live for a hundred years. I was terribly



WEBB'S ARRIVAL AT CALAIS.

exhausted at the time, and during the last two or three hours I began to think that, after all, I should



fail. On the following day, after I had had a good night's rest, I did not feel very much the worse for what I had undergone. I had a peculiar sensation in my limbs, somewhat similar to that which is often felt after the first week of the cricket season; and it was a week before I could wear a shirt collar, owing to the red raw rim at the back of my neck, caused by being obliged to keep my head back for so long a period."

For some years Matthew Webb continued to perform swimming feats, which not only filled the spectators with wonder, but also called forth the unbounded admiration of all who heard of these marvellous displays of pluck and endurance. These performances are far more deserving of being recorded in a book of daring deeds than his attempt to swim across Niagara, an enterprise which even the most friendly critic cannot characterise as anything but foolhardy. We, however, include it more as a warning than as an example for imitation. The brave man is not he who rushes aimlessly into danger without regard to the risk, but he who, knowing the risk, braves the danger that he may accomplish some good action.



At four o'clock on the 24th of July 1883, Webb dived into the water from a boat stationed at a point a little distance above the old Suspension Bridge, and was at once carried down the rapids at a terrific pace. In a few minutes he was in a most turbulent part of the current, where at one moment he was lifted high on the crest of a wave and at the next he sank into the awful hollow. Several times he was struck by a wave, and for a few seconds disappeared from sight. Once he was drawn under by the current, and when he reappeared he was one hundred and fifty yards down the river. More than once a cry of despair was wrung from the spectators who lined the banks.

Scarcely ten minutes had passed since he entered the water, when at a frightful speed he was swept into the neck of the whirlpool. For one moment his head was seen above the angry waters, but to all appearance he was absolutely at the mercy of the furious current. This was the last time that he was seen alive. His body was afterwards found four miles farther down the river.



## CHAPTER V.

### OTHER STANHOPE MEDALLISTS.



IN looking over the names of those who have been awarded the highest honour which the Royal Humane Society has in its power to bestow, we are struck by the fact that the prize has been carried off by soldiers and sailors fifteen times out of a possible twenty-two. A policeman has secured the honour once, while on the other occasions the awards have been made to private individuals.

The greater number of the medals have been given for saving life by jumping overboard. This is not surprising when we remember the conditions under which such a deed must be accomplished. The rescuer places his life entirely at the mercy of circumstances, and he runs many dangers in addition to that ordinarily attendant on rescuing a drowning



person. After he has left the ship some time must necessarily elapse before it can be hove to and a boat lowered, and should anything go wrong in the meantime, his life is likely to pay the forfeit.

On the night of the 10th of September 1874, a yacht named the *Dart* was making for her moorings in the harbour at Lowestoft. In passing through the gateway which connects the outer and the inner harbour, one of the sailors fell overboard. The moment that the alarm was given, Lieutenant de Hoghton, an officer of the 10th Foot, jumped from the deck and swam to the man's assistance.

The place where the accident occurred was a long narrow opening, through which the water was rushing with considerable force. De Hoghton reached the man and swam with him to the side of the gateway, in the hope of finding something to lay hold of till help arrived, but there were neither side-chains nor cross-beams, nor was there any other vessel near from which he could obtain assistance. The night was so dark that there was no chance of help from the shore, so the Lieutenant saw that there was nothing to do but to wait till his friends had moored the yacht and could return to his aid.



For a quarter of an hour he supported the man in his arms till they came down the pier with ropes and dragged them both ashore.

The well-known self-sacrificing spirit of our sailors had a splendid illustration on the 26th of November 1874, when a bluejacket fell overboard from H.M.S. *Raleigh* in mid-ocean. Sub-Lieutenant Rogers, who saw the accident, immediately jumped into the water and swam towards the man. The ship was hove to, and the lifeboat was promptly lowered. Manned by a crew of lusty tars, the boat soon overtook Rogers, and the men thinking that he had fallen overboard, lay on their oars to pick him up.

Seeing their mistake, the gallant fellow shouted to them to pull on in the direction of a cap which was floating to leeward. The men obeyed, and for more than a quarter of an hour they rowed about in a vain endeavour to find their missing comrade. He, poor fellow, had struck the side of the ship in his fall, and had gone straight to the bottom. Meanwhile, Rogers kept himself afloat till the boat returned and picked him up. Some idea of the plucky nature of this adventure may be formed from the fact that it took the sailors nearly an hour to pull back to the ship.



Vice-Admiral the Honourable Edmund Fremantle, while captain on board H.M.S. *Invincible*, in February 1880, rescued one of the crew under circumstances of unusual difficulty. Between Alexandria and Aboukir Bay a sailor fell overboard, and the gallant captain plunged in to his rescue from the bridge. Just as he reached him the man sank, but Fremantle dived, brought the unfortunate fellow to the surface, and with great difficulty kept him afloat till the arrival of a boat. The Stanhope Gold Medal was a fitting recognition of so distinguished a service.

On the 6th of April 1877, H.M.S. *Immortalite* was bowling along before the wind when a seaman fell overboard. Sub-Lieutenant Montgomerie, who was on the bridge at the moment, jumped into the sea from a height of twenty-five feet. On reaching the man, he turned him on his back and swam with him towards the ship, hoping to find a lifebuoy. It was a dark night, and he missed it. After keeping the man afloat for some time, he told him to lie still while he took off his clothes.

Montgomerie quickly removed his coat and shirt, but when he was in the act of taking off his trousers the man felt himself sinking, caught hold of him by



the leg, and dragged him down a considerable distance. Luckily the officer's trousers came off clear, and he rose again to the surface, bringing the man with him. The last plunge, however, had rendered the bluejacket insensible, and thus greatly increased his weight.

Finding no help near and seeing that his only chance to save himself was "to swim for it," Montgomerie reluctantly gave up the hope of saving his companion, and struck out for the ship. Meanwhile, two boats had been sent out to search for him, and he was at length picked up by one of them, after having been twenty minutes in the water, exposed to death in one of its most dreaded aspects.

Lieutenant Wintz, of H.M.S. *Raleigh*, by a similar act of bravery won the Stanhope Medal off the island of Tenedos, in 1877. One of the sailors fell from aloft into the sea, when the Lieutenant jumped overboard, and supported the unconscious fellow for twenty minutes, till a boat came to his assistance. When picked up, the man was found to have sustained serious injuries in his fall, a circumstance which greatly enhances the value of the Lieutenant's action.



The sailors' most dreaded enemy is without doubt Jack Shark, and they wisely avoid coming into contact with such an obliging customer, who, as the saying goes, has always room for an inside passenger. But when life is at stake they throw all these prudent considerations to the winds, and dare the "sea-tiger" to do his worst. It is indeed astonishing to find how often the brave fellows have succeeded in baffling this horrid enemy.

On the 28th of January 1883, H.M.S. *Harrier* was lying at anchor in Pomomy Harbour, Johanna Island. The night was pitch dark, with a choppy sea, and the force of the wind was so strong that any ordinary noises were almost inaudible on board. Looking casually over the side, William Simpson, captain of the foretop, thought he could distinguish a figure in the water. Fearing that one of the men had fallen overboard, he called the lifeboat's crew and jumped into the sea. He found the man almost insensible, and supported him above water till help arrived. The danger incurred by Simpson was of no slight nature. The harbour swarmed with sharks, and only the previous day a large one had been seen alongside the ship.



Another rescue in a shark-infested sea was performed on the 13th of September 1885 by Walter Cleverley, a passenger on board the steamship *Rewa*, while that vessel was proceeding through the Gulf of Aden at the rate of thirteen knots an hour. A Lascar had fallen overboard, and when Cleverley heard the cry he jumped from the poop, a distance of nearly thirty feet, and swam to the rescue. He seized the man and supported him in his arms for forty minutes, till a boat from the *Rewa* picked them up.

Alfred John Cooper, second officer of the Peninsular and Oriental steamship *Kaiser-i-Hind*, who recently lost his life in a courageous attempt to save a drowning Lascar, displayed during his only too brief career an amount of pluck and heroism not often seen even among Stanhope Medallists. In April 1890, while the P. & O. steamship *Massilia* was on the voyage from Bombay to London, a Lascar fell overboard. Cooper was in the saloon at the time, but hearing the cry "A man overboard," he rushed on deck and swam to the rescue. He succeeded in reaching the man, and supported him till a boat came to his assistance. For this rescue he



was awarded the Stanhope Gold Medal, and shortly afterwards he added to his laurels by winning the Albert Medal.



ALFRED JOHN COOPER.

On the unfortunate occasion which ended with his death, Cooper had gone to save a Lascar who had fallen overboard. A boat was promptly lowered to



follow him, but something went wrong. The delay was fatal; for the brave fellow's life paid the penalty.

On the 15th of December 1890 the Indian Marine survey ship *Investigator* was trawling in the Bay of Bengal. During the day two sharks were seen swimming round the vessel, and the sailors determined to enjoy a little sport by angling for them. A boat-hook was accordingly lowered, and in a few minutes one of the monsters was caught. The gunner brought his rifle with the intention of shooting it, but slipped and fell into the sea. Knowing that he could not swim, William Huddleston, the officer in command, jumped overboard, and seized hold of the gunner the moment he came to the surface; both were quickly drawn on board. Some idea of the risk the officer ran in effecting the rescue may be formed from the fact that at the bow lay the captive shark, seven feet long, while the second was in attendance not far off. Huddleston received the Stanhope Medal.

An even more remarkable instance of gallantry took place on the 9th of September 1892. The cutter of H.M.S. *Swallow* was cruising off the south end of Zanzibar Island. About six o'clock in the



evening half of the crew landed to prepare supper. The others, who had nothing better to do, decided to go in for a swim, except two men who were left in charge of the boat. Suddenly a large shark was seen a few yards off making in the direction of the bathers. It was evident that before they could reach the boat the shark would be upon them. In the hope of distracting the monster's attention and thus giving his comrades time to escape, Thomas M'Dermott, boatswain of the *Swallow*, without a moment's hesitation plunged into the sea, actually diving right over the shark. This had the desired effect. Frightened by the splash, the fish made off, and the men regained the boat in safety.

Captain Scrase-Dickins was journeying home on sick leave on board the steamship *Peshawur* from Aden to Suez, when a Lascar fell overboard. There was a strong head wind blowing, and the sea was running high, while the vessel was going at eleven and a half knots an hour. As if these circumstances did not constitute danger enough, the Red Sea is notoriously infested with sharks. To none of these things, however, did Captain Scrase-Dickins, who happened to be sitting on a chair on deck, give a



thought. Although suffering from sea-sickness, he at once jumped overboard to the rescue of the drowning man. A lifebuoy was thrown to him which he secured. With this he swam to the Lascar, and supported him in the water for seventeen minutes, until both were rescued by a boat. Owing to the speed at which the steamer was going, the men were left more than a mile and a half behind when the boat reached them. Truly a deed of daring, for which the hero was awarded the Stanhope Gold Medal.

India, the land of so many heroic exploits which in the past made the name of Englishman famous in the East, has been the scene of many acts of humanity which form a striking and pleasing contrast to the death-dealing valour of our soldiers in the early part of the century. Example is universally acknowledged to be a better method of teaching than precept, and it would seem as if the Hindu may yet turn out an apt pupil.

Early in 1878 the body of a native woman was being carried to a ghaut on the Ganges for cremation, when suddenly she showed signs of returning animation. The bearers, terrified out of their wits, and thinking that she was possessed with an evil spirit



threw her into the river. A Hindu, named Baboo Kristo Chunder Chuckerbutty, who happened to be passing at the time, hearing the cry of "Bhutt! Bhutt!" (goblin, goblin), ran to the spot to see what had happened. To his surprise and horror he saw a woman drowning, while on the bank stood a crowd of affrighted natives yelling and gesticulating, but not making any endeavour to save her life.

Chuckerbutty, without waiting to ask questions, plunged into the river and swam to the woman's assistance. The place was a dangerous whirlpool, about thirty feet deep, and it required the greatest strength and skill to keep him from being drawn into the vortex to certain death. In effecting the rescue he was more than once under water, and, though the woman grasped at him with the terrible clasp of a drowning person, he succeeded in bringing her safely to shore and restoring her to her friends.

It is considered that the loss of caste must follow the act of touching what might have been a corpse. Chuckerbutty, therefore, in risking the native opinion, which might have reduced him to the position of an outcast from his friends, or compelled him to renew his caste by a severe penance, displayed an amount



of courage quite at variance with the national character and ideas of his countrymen, and well deserving of the Stanhope Medal which he was awarded.

On the 9th of February 1881 several gentlemen were proceeding by river from Moonshugunge to Silchar, when the boat struck on a rock. The party succeeded in landing safely, but the boat had to be abandoned.

A short time afterwards a large native vessel struck the hidden rock at the same place, and all on board were thrown into the water. Heedless of the risk he ran in venturing into the midst of twenty-five terror-stricken men and women, most of whom were totally unable to help themselves, Major Senior of the 34th Bengal Native Infantry swam out, and after repeated exertions succeeded in saving the lives of six persons and in winning the Stanhope Medal.

Captain M'Rae, an officer of the 34th Sikhs, also won the Medal by the rescue of a trumpeter of the Royal Artillery who had fallen into a well at Rawal Point. When the alarm was raised, M'Rae and several others went to the spot, and he allowed him-



self to be lowered by a tent-rope. On reaching the water he found the soldier almost insensible, and therefore decided to go up with him. He gave the signal to those at the surface to haul away, but they had only been raised about fifteen feet when the rope broke and threw them both to the bottom of the well. A second attempt was fortunately successful. M'Rae incurred very great personal risk, for the depth of the well was eighty-eight feet, twelve of which were water.

The hero of 1889 was William Meyer, who gallantly volunteered to descend into a cylinder where two coolies lay insensible. Several natives were working under water at Kim Seng Bridge, Singapore, when a rush of foul gas entered the cylinder just as those men were returning to the surface. Two of them fell insensible to the bottom, but the third man was drawn to the top in safety. Meyer went down, and seizing hold of one of the men, brought him to the surface, but the poor fellow was dead. Down again went the plucky fellow in spite of the gas, which had nearly overpowered him, and brought up the second man alive, but he died in a few minutes.



From time to time we hear of splendid acts of gallantry on the part of the Metropolitan police, but they are not usually of a kind which will admit of recognition by the Royal Humane Society. There is, however, one of our city guardians who has the honour of wearing the Stanhope Gold Medal. About three o'clock on the morning of the 14th of July 1882, Constable John Jenkins was on duty on Waterloo Bridge when he saw a man mount the parapet and throw himself into the river.

The tide was running out under the arches at the rate of six miles an hour, and a thick mist covered the water, rendering it impossible to see any object in the centre of the river from either side, and the distance from the parapet to the water was forty-three feet. Jenkins knew the danger, and he also knew his duty. Without any hesitation he unfastened his belt, jumped from the bridge, and seized the would-be suicide in his firm grip. The poor wretch struggled with might and main to free himself or to drag his rescuer down with him, but in vain. Jenkins succeeded in keeping the man's head above water, until a boat from the Thames Police Station picked them up in a very exhausted condition.



In pursuit of our next hero we must go to the Antipodes, where, in August 1875, three persons attempted to drive a gig across a bridge at Henbury, Tasmania. The river was flooded to such an extent that the water swept over the roadway. The trap had proceeded little more than half-way across when the occupants were thrown into the water. Fortunately, they managed to cling to the bridge.

Hearing their cries for help, a resident named Bennett Storey plunged into the river and swam a distance of seventy yards to the spot. Three times he performed the perilous swim, and succeeded in bringing them safely to land. Owing to the great exertions he had been compelled to make to stem the torrent, and to the extreme coldness of the water, for August is a winter month in Tasmania, he was completely exhausted. Not daring to cross the river to his own home, he hastened with all speed to the house of a friend, two miles away, where he soon recovered from the effects of the exposure.

Mr. Hedley Hill received the Stanhope Medal for a rescue performed in October 1887. Owing to the darkness, a girl fell into the Avon at Bristol, and was being rapidly carried away by the current



when her cries attracted Hill's attention. Without undressing, he jumped into the stream, and after great difficulty succeeded in bringing her to the bank.

Albert Battison is the youngest Medallist on the list. We find him described as "boy of H.M.S. *Impregnable*." On the 29th of December 1887, a girl named Annie Freer attempted to cross the river Soar at Leicester on the ice, when it gave way and she fell through. Hearing her cries for help, a man attempted to go to her assistance, but returned before he had gone half-way. Battison then went on the ice, and actually dived under it and seized hold of the girl. In coming up he broke through the ice with his head, and succeeded in bringing the girl to the shore.

The officer commanding the boy's ship states that he cannot imagine a greater risk than that attendant on the act, for "if the lad had not been able to break the ice he would certainly have been drowned."



## CHAPTER VI.

### THE HEROINE OF THE LONGSTONE.



T the present day the performance of a gallant rescue by a woman causes no unusual excitement. Time has taught us that there are brave women as well as fearless men. About sixty years ago the case was very different, and when one September morning the news came that some shipwrecked persons had been saved from destruction by the energy and pluck of a girl, the whole country went wild with excitement. Who was the heroine?

The coast of Northumberland is one of the most dangerous parts of our shores. There the sea rushes with tremendous violence among the Farne Islands, on one of which, called the Longstone, stands a lighthouse. William Howitt, who visited this island, said—



"It was like the rest of these desolate isles, all of dark whinstone, cracked in every direction, and worn with the action of winds, waves, and tempests since the world began. On the greatest part of it there was not a blade of grass or a grain of earth, but bare and ironlike stone, crusted round the coast as far as high-water mark with limpet and still smaller shells. We ascended wrinkled hills of black stone, and descended into worn and dismal dells of the same, into some of which, when the tide got entrance, it came pouring and roaring in raging whiteness, churning the loose fragments of the whinstone into round pebbles. Over our heads screamed hundreds of hovering birds, the gull mingling his laughter most wildly."

On this desolate spot lived William Darling, the keeper of the lighthouse, with his wife and his daughter Grace. While her father trimmed the lamps and attended to his other duties, she assisted her mother in the housework. Having but little intercourse with the mainland, she knew comparatively nothing of what went on in the world, but for all that she was content and happy. Thus, unknowing and unknown, she lived till her twenty-third year, when an incident



happened which made her name a household word wherever the English language is spoken.

On the night of the 5th of September 1838 a terrible storm was raging. The fury of the waves seemed to shake the lighthouse to its very foundations. Accustomed as Grace was to Nature in her angriest moods, the violence of the tempest made a great impression on her mind, and before retiring for the night she expressed to her father a hope, that if any mariners were near the coast they would see the light in time to avoid shipwreck.

Meanwhile, a steamer named the *Forfarshire* was on her way from Hull to Dundee. She had on board a valuable cargo of merchandise, and thirty-nine passengers, besides a crew of twenty-four men—sixty-three souls all told. When the storm was at its height a leak showed itself in the boilers of the vessel. It gradually increased till the fires were put out and the engines were rendered useless. To prevent if possible, the steamer from becoming totally unmanageable, sails were hoisted, but to no purpose. At the mercy of the winds and waves she drifted hither and thither. To make matters worse, a thick fog came on, accompanied by blinding showers of rain.



Suddenly the mist lifted, and, to the horror of all on board, the Longstone light was seen. The captain made a desperate effort to steer his ship clear of the rocks, but it was too late, and in a few minutes the bow of the *Forfarshire* struck and remained fast on a steep and narrow ledge of rock. A terrible panic followed; some rushed to the boats, and nine persons succeeded in getting clear of the wreck; others sought safety in various parts of the ship.

In a short time a tremendous wave lifted the stern of the vessel and dashed it down on the sharp-edged rock, literally cutting the *Forfarshire* in two. The stern was swept away, and with it every soul who had taken refuge in that part of the vessel. The nine survivors, who clung to the bow, set up a pitiful cry of terror when they saw what had happened, and gave themselves up for lost.

Just at that moment Grace Darling was roused from sleep. Above the howling of the wind and the roaring of the sea came that awful shriek of agony. She sprang to her feet and peered anxiously through the gloom, but was unable to see anything. Going to her father, she told him that she feared some disaster had happened. As the dawn brightened,



her fears were realised. By the aid of his glass Darling saw the wreck about a mile distant. A few figures could also be made out clinging to the sides.

Grace urged her father to attempt a rescue, but to her surprise he said it was impossible. He was the only man in the lighthouse, and his unaided strength was not equal to managing a boat in such a sea.

"Father," replied Grace, "we must not let them perish. I will go in the boat with you, and God will give us success."

In vain her father urged every objection, and explained to her the dangers which would be encountered. Grace persisted that a rescue must be attempted. Yielding at last, though sorely against his better judgment, Darling made ready the boat. But Mrs. Darling, fearing the loss of her husband and child, begged them to remain in safety. Grace, however, overcame her fears, and persuaded her to help them in launching. Just as they set out, her courage again failed her, and she said, "Oh, Grace, if your father be lost, I'll blame you for this morning's work."

Away went father and daughter on their errand of mercy. The wind had fallen, but the sea was



still rough. At one moment the little boat was high on the crest of a wave, at the next it had sunk down into a valley of water, which threatened to engulf it. Soon the cry of anguish from the wreck was changed to a shout of joy, when the boat was seen approaching.

At length the rock was reached, and by a desperate effort William Darling sprang ashore, leaving Grace alone in the boat. To prevent it from being dashed to pieces, she rowed back into the seething waters, and waited until her father could arrange with the survivors some means of getting into the boat. Had her courage or skill deserted her for an instant, her life would have paid the forfeit of her humanity. After a time her father signalled to her to come nearer, and one by one the survivors, half dead with terror and exposure, were transferred to the boat and taken in safety to the lighthouse. Then the same hand which had been the means of saving them attended to their wants for three days, when a boat was sent from the mainland to take them off.

In the words of a writer of that day, "it is impossible to speak in adequate terms of the bravery shown on that occasion by Mr. Darling and his truly



heroic daughter." Seldom, if ever, before had so grand a display of courage been shown by a woman, and, as we have already said, it stirred every heart.



GRACE DARLING.

Congratulations flowed from rich and poor—from the Queen to the humblest toiler for his daily bread. All ranks and classes were proud that such a deed had been performed by an Englishwoman. As an acknowledgment of her gallantry a public subscrip-



tion was raised, and the sum of £700 was presented to her. The Royal Humane Society, which can surely be credited with having taken a calm and business-like view of the case, also awarded Gold Medals to Grace and her father.

Four years later death claimed her for his own, and she was laid to rest in the ancient churchyard of Bamborough, where several years later a monument was erected over her grave; but no memorial was needed, for her courageous act will keep her memory green as long as men and women continue to love what is noble and true.

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LONELY and bleak, 'mid the seas that sunder  
Their flowerless crags from the green north land,  
Her islands shake to the surge and thunder  
Of white waves racing to reach the strand.  
Lonely and bare! but above them lightens  
The memory fair of a shining deed,  
And a spirit-presence the wild waste brightens,  
Since Love went forth at the cry of Need.

Oft as the night of that drear September  
Broods again over sea and shore,  
Still shall our hearts with pride remember  
How through the storm swift help she bore.  
Still shall we see, in fancy's vision,  
The brave little skiff from the lighthouse go,  
And, clad in the strength of love's decision,  
The girlish form to the oar bend low.



Still shall we see, in the dim grey dawning,  
The drifting ship on the reef flung high ;  
Round her the hungry ocean yawning,  
Over her stretched the hopeless sky.  
Rings again through the wind-spray flying  
The moan of terror, the shriek of fear ;  
Laugh the breakers as if replying  
With savage mirth to the cries they hear.

Out on the rocks they crouch and shiver,  
The hapless few that have 'scaped the wave,  
Scanning the waters with lips a-quiver,  
Praying that God would send and save.  
See, bright hope in their faces springing !  
Lips are loosened—a cheer rings out !  
Plunging, tossing, a boat comes bringing  
Life for perishing, joy for doubt !

Over the white-crowned surges leaping,  
Hither through blinding foam she wins—  
Still for the rock her course she's keeping,  
Still the spume from the oar-blade spins.  
Saved, they crowd to the boat's frail shelter,  
Eager helpers replacing now  
The hands that drove through the sea's wild welter  
With love-born ardour the tossing prow.

How can we speak her praise, or fashion  
A tribute worthy the deathless deed ?  
Nay, that story of bold compassion  
No memorial words shall need.  
For, far and wide, girl hearts inherit  
Her daring love, and in danger's hour  
Shines out in a hundred deeds the spirit  
Of that sweet maid of the lighthouse tower.

*Horace G. Groser.*



## SILVER MEDALLISTS



### CHAPTER VII.

#### A TITLED MEDALLIST.



HE Tay, the largest and one of the most beautiful rivers in Scotland, rises in Loch Tay in Perthshire, and on its way to the North Sea passes through one of the most picturesque districts of Scotland.

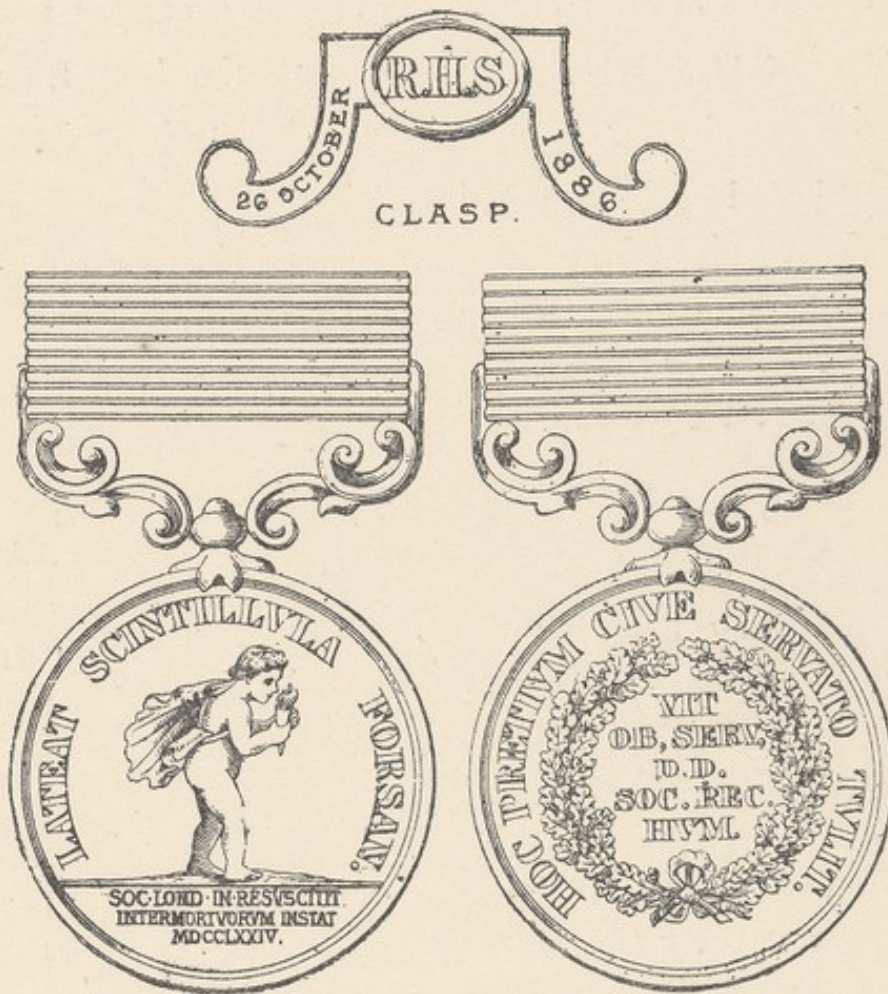
The scenery on the north is rugged and grand. Issuing from a lake, the stream is of considerable size at its source, and very soon becomes a broad and swiftly flowing river.

About a mile from Loch Tay the river takes a wide sweep, forming a semicircle in which lies the rich strath where stands Taymouth Castle, the seat of the Marquis of Breadalbane. The Castle is sur-



rounded by richly wooded hills, and the estate, which is the longest in Britain, abounds in game.

In the early part of December 1888 the Marquis



SILVER MEDAL AND CLASP.

and a party of gentlemen were out shooting in the Castle grounds, when it was decided to beat up the game on a small island in the middle of the river.



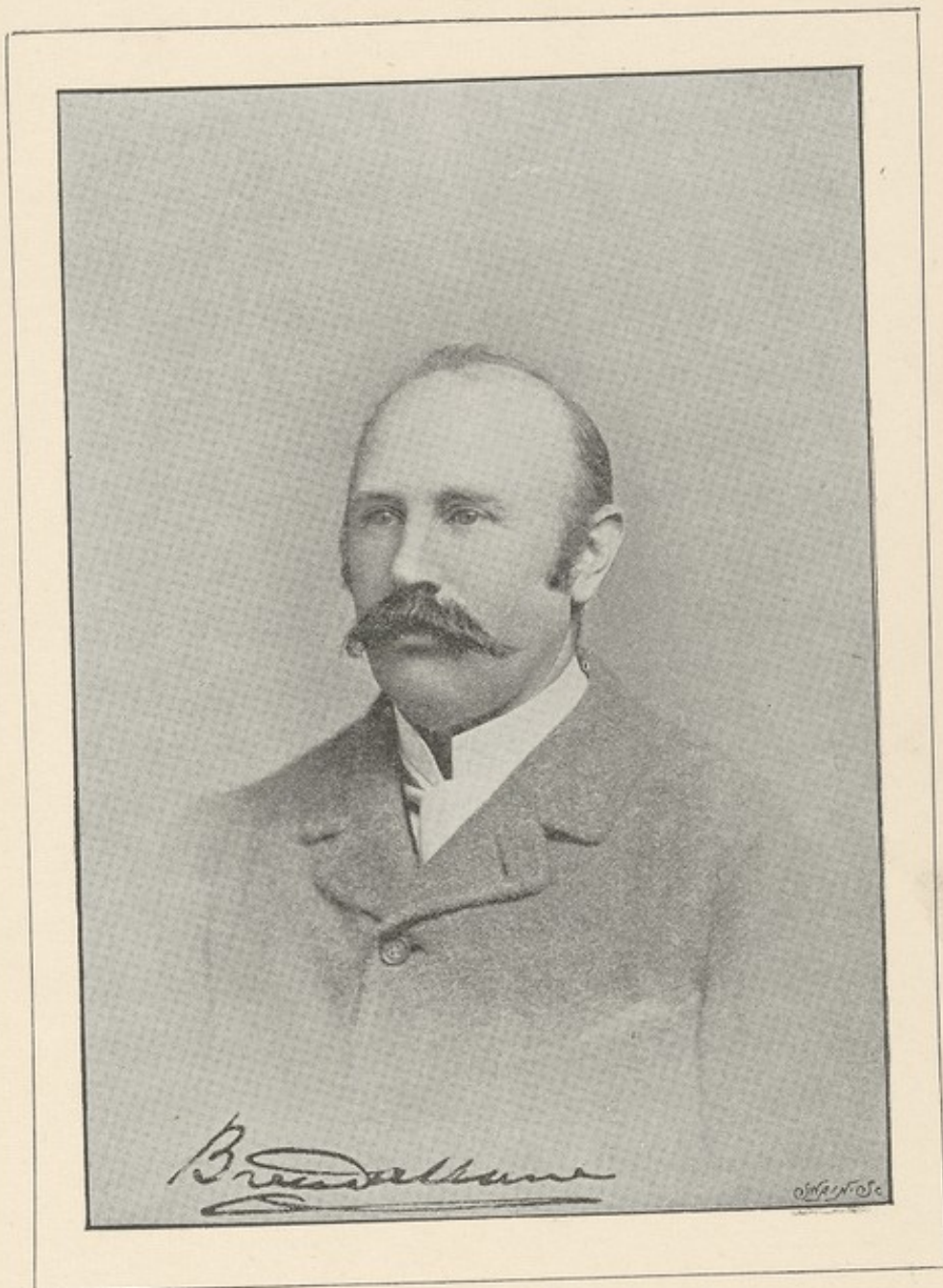
Two keepers, named Jamieson and M'Lean, were accordingly ordered to cross over for this purpose. At this time the river was in "spate," as it is called in Scotland, that is, high flood, and the current was running very rapidly. To prevent the boat from being swept away, a rope was attached to it, and the two men pushed off into the stream.

When about half-way to the island the rope somehow became entangled, the boat was upset, and the two men were thrown into the water. The Marquis, who had been watching their movements, saw the accident, and, knowing the extreme peril in which the keepers were placed, decided on instant action. Unbuckling his cartridge-belt, he rushed into the river to render assistance; but the gallant nobleman was swept away by the force of the current, and with difficulty succeeded in reaching the bank.

Meanwhile Jamieson, who was an expert swimmer, struck out for the shore, and after a tough battle with the rushing waters gained a place of safety. M'Lean, however, was unable to swim, and was therefore rapidly borne along to what seemed certain destruction.

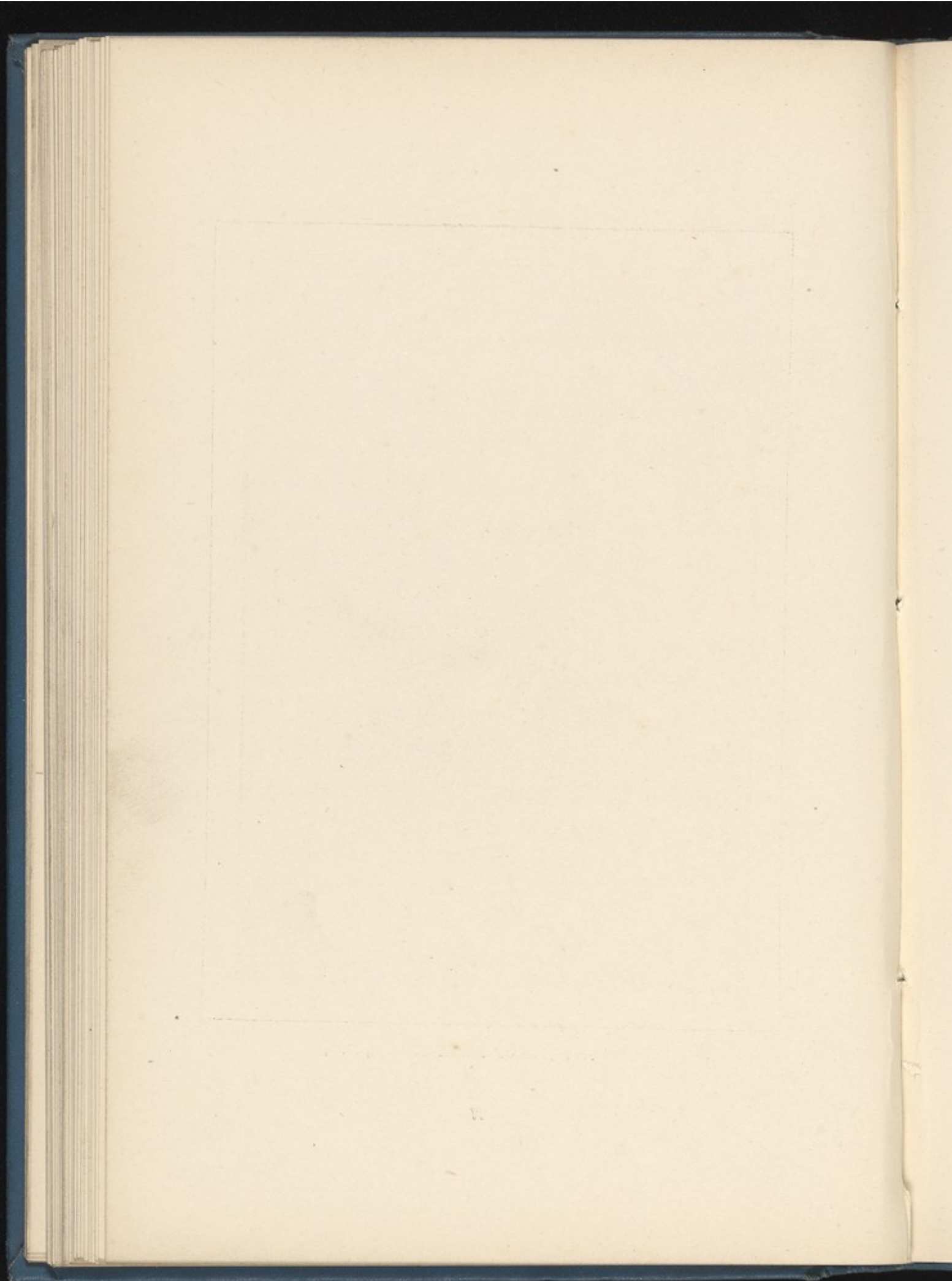
Undaunted by his narrow escape, the Marquis





THE MARQUIS OF BREADALBANE, K.G.







determined to make another attempt to save the life of his servant. Without losing a moment, he ran quickly down by the side of the river for some distance, and on reaching a point which seemed likely to favour his efforts he again plunged in, and after a severe struggle reached M'Lean. Seizing the drowning man, the Marquis was able to bear him to the shore in safety. The rescue was not effected a moment too soon, for only a few yards below the spot where the daring deed was performed there is a deep whirlpool surrounded by rocks, into which it would have been certain death to enter.

For this courageous act, the reading of which reminds one of the dauntless bravery of the old Highland chieftains, from whom the Marquis is descended, the Royal Humane Society unanimously awarded its Silver Medal.



## CHAPTER VIII.

### PRESENCE OF MIND.

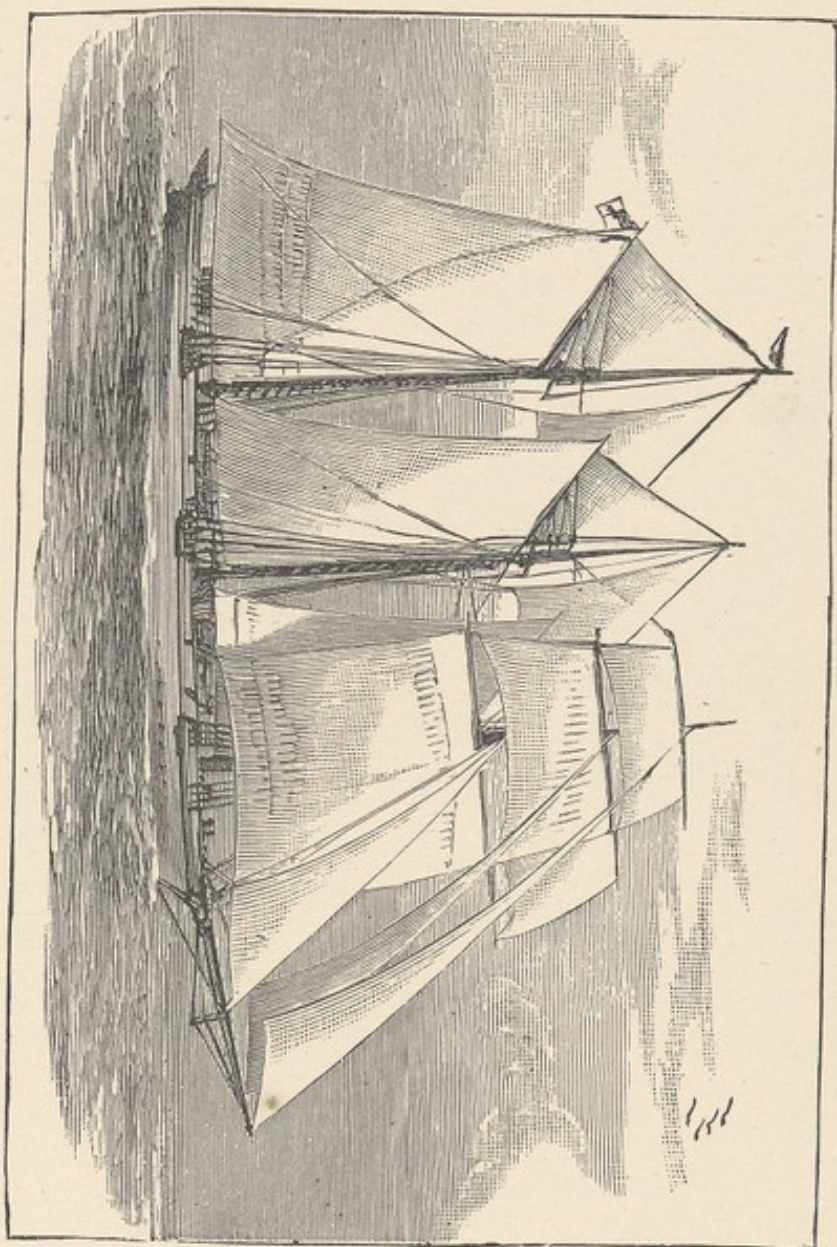


WHO has not read that charming book, *A Voyage in the "Sunbeam,"* in which Lady Brassey describes not only the various places visited in her voyage round the world, but also gives such a graphic picture of the life on board the yacht that the reader almost fancies himself to be one of the company pacing the deck of the snug little vessel?

The owner and crew of the *Sunbeam* had already won for themselves considerable distinction by the rescue of the crew from a burning vessel in mid-ocean, when another gallant deed brought the name of the famous yacht again into enviable notice.

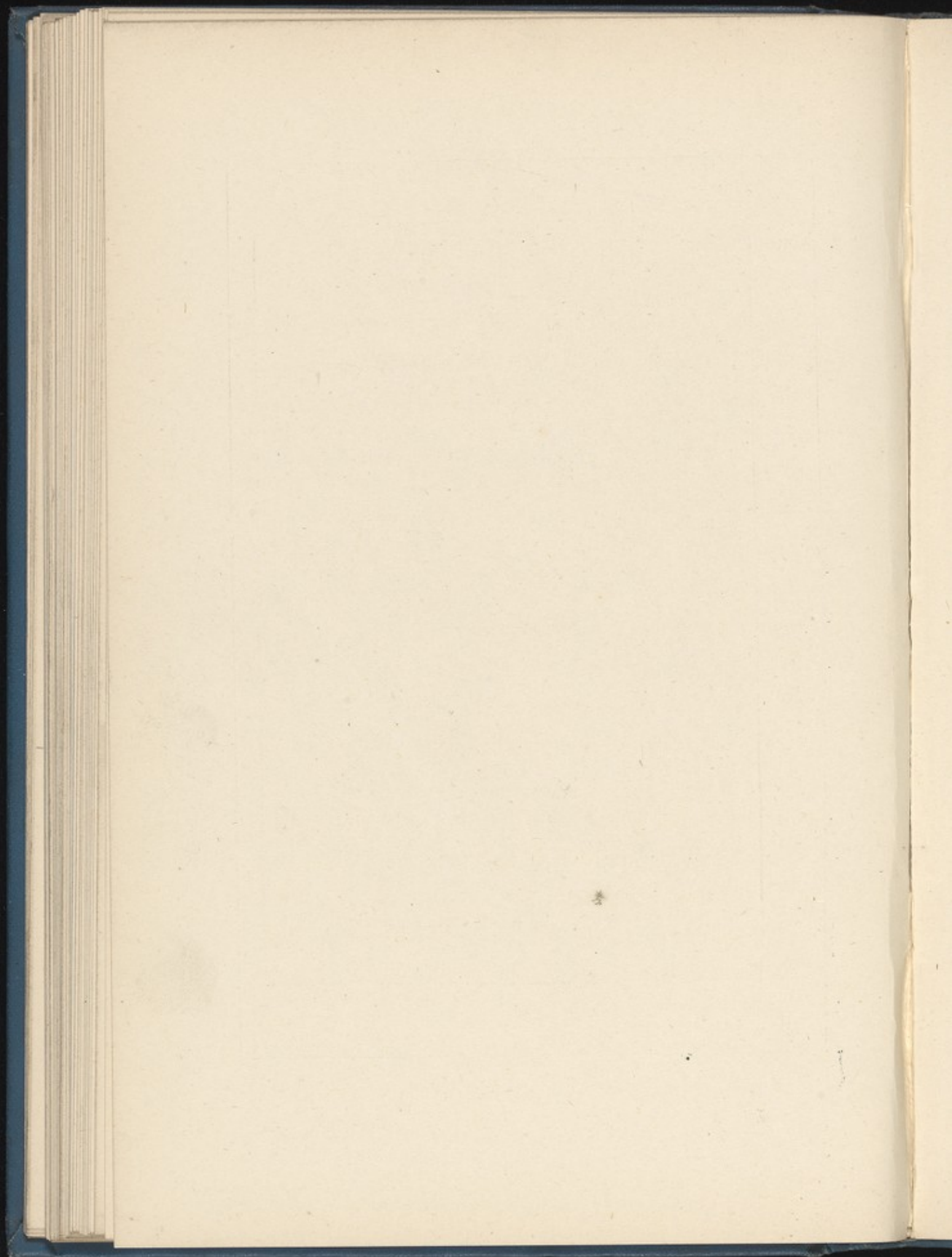
On the 30th of September 1884 the *Sunbeam* was lying at anchor in Loch Carron, an arm of the





THE "SUNBEAM."  
(By permission of Messrs. Bedford, Levere & Co., 147 Strand, W.C.)







Atlantic Ocean, off the west coast of Scotland, when the cutter was launched to proceed to the shore, about three-quarters of a mile distant. There was a very heavy sea running at the time, and when about half-way one of the timbers started, owing to the severe strain. The boat rapidly filled, and began to sink.

Mr. Thomas Allnutt Brassey, the son of Lord Brassey, the owner of the *Sunbeam*, with great presence of mind distributed the oars among those who could not swim. Then he threw off his coat and advised his companions to follow his example. Scarcely had this been done when the cutter, now full of water, turned over in the rough sea. In the confusion which followed the upset several of the men lost their oars, and serious loss of life would probably have ensued had not Mr. Brassey kept his wits about him, and by voice and action encouraged them to keep afloat.

Seeing that Harry Timworth, a lad of eighteen, who had lost his oar and was unable to swim, was nearly exhausted, Mr. Brassey swam to his aid. Regardless of his own safety, he gave the lad his oar and supported him against the heavy waves.



In spite of this assistance the youth was swept away, and, losing his grasp of the oar, disappeared. Mr.



THE HON. T. A. BRASSEY.

Brassey, however, instantly dived, and succeeded in bringing him to the surface.



Fortunately the accident had been seen by those on board the *Sunbeam*. A boat was speedily lowered and sent to the rescue. This was accomplished without mishap. Thanks to the prompt action and gallant conduct of Mr. Brassey, no lives were lost, and he received the Silver Medal of the Royal Humane Society.



## CHAPTER IX.

### THE HERO OF THE HUMBER.



THE life-saving record of John Ellerthorpe, foreman of the Humber Dock Gates, Hull, is one which has seldom been equalled. During the long period of forty years he saved the lives of thirty-nine persons, and we do not wonder that the people of Hull, proud of the fact that he was their townsman, gave him the name of "The Hero of the Humber." The history of no other man more fully displays the value of the art of swimming.

Ellerthorpe was born at Rawcliffe, and as a boy he spent much of his time in the water. His mother, knowing the evil results which often follow too frequent bathing, gave him many a good flogging, hoping to break him of what she regarded as a bad



habit, but all to no purpose. On the first opportunity he again returned to the river.

At the age of fourteen he went to sea in a coaster, trading between Hull and London, and for the next twenty-five years he followed the calling of a sailor. On one of his voyages he had a very narrow escape of losing his life. He fell overboard during a gale, and was carried rapidly away from the vessel. Encumbered with his heavy clothes of thick pilot cloth, and wearing a pair of Wellington boots, he was unable to swim, and it required all his strength and courage to keep himself afloat. He could easily have thrown off some of his clothing, but in the pockets there was a sum of money which had been entrusted to him by his employers, and he determined to perish rather than to lose it. At length, after he had been in this perilous position for over half an hour, a boat from the ship came to his rescue.

Ellerthorpe's exploits as a life-saver date from the year 1820, and from that time, almost until the day of his death, he never refused to risk his own life to save that of a fellow-creature. He used often to say that he always had a deep and unaccountable impression that he had been born to save human life.



The danger incurred in jumping into the water to the assistance of a drowning person is very great—so great, indeed, that many expert swimmers shrink from it; but to Ellerthorpe it became a kind of second nature. By day and by night, in summer and in winter, he never hesitated for a moment. From great heights to greater depths he plunged to the rescue of drowning persons, and brought them from under vessels at anchor and from below rafts of timber; and, what is more remarkable still, never without success.

In after-life, when recounting some of his experiences, he said: "In some instances they seized me by the shoulder or arm, then I have left hold of them, and, throwing both my arms into the water, I have managed to reach the shore. In other instances I found them so exhausted that they were incapable of taking hold of me, and in these cases I had to carry them as a mother carries her child. In two or three instances I thought they were dead, and bore them up in my arms, when suddenly with great strength they sprang on my head, and oftener than once under these circumstances I was on the point of being drowned."

The first person whom he rescued was his father.



The lad was at this time only fourteen years old. Mr. Ellerthorpe had charge of the ferry-boat from



JOHN ELLERTHORPE.

Hessle to Barton, and one night, while they were crossing, a gale sprang up, and the waves began to



rise high in the Humber. A sudden lurch of the boat threw the old man overboard. Without a moment's delay his son followed him into the water, and when his father came to the surface he seized hold of him, and managed with great difficulty to bring him to the boat. Telling him to hold on a minute, the boy swam to the shore, where he obtained help to lift his father on board, and they reached home without further mishap.

In August 1833 a little girl named Mary Ann Day, about six years of age, fell from a steamer into the harbour. The screams of the mother and the shouts of the passengers brought Ellerthorpe on the scene. Throwing off his coat, he plunged into the water, swam to the child, and brought her ashore. The little one was none the worse for her ducking, and when she had changed her clothes her mother brought her to thank her preserver.

"Now," she said, "what will you give this brave man for saving your life?"

"A kiss," replied the child—a reward which Ellerthorpe was not slow to accept; and he afterwards remarked, "Oh, what a kiss it was! I felt myself well paid for my trouble."



Two years later he had the narrowest escape of losing his life. It was Sunday afternoon, and the docks were crowded with people. Suddenly the cry, "A man overboard," was heard. Ellerthorpe, who was standing about a hundred yards away, rushed to the rescue, but found the greatest difficulty in getting near on account of the crowd of people, all anxious to see, without the slightest intention of doing anything. Pushing his way to the edge of the dock, he asked where the man had gone in. Someone said, "He went in just there," pointing between the wall and the paddle-box of the steamer *Calder* lying alongside.

Ellerthorpe dived, and in spite of the muddy state of the water, and the consequent difficulty he had in finding the object of his search, he succeeded in bringing him to the surface at the side of the steamer. Seizing hold of one of the paddle-wheels, he clung to it to recover his breath, when those who were on board rushed to that side. This caused the vessel to heel over, and again rescued and rescuer were plunged overhead in the water, with but little chance of escape.

Fortunately help was at hand. The captain, who



had been asleep in his cabin, now came on deck, and seeing how matters stood, shouted, "You are drowning them." His words had the desired effect. The people had not thought of that before, and they now hastened to make up for their thoughtlessness by rushing to the other side of the vessel, thus lifting Ellerthorpe high out of the water. When they were taken out of the dock both were insensible, and for a time the hero's life was in danger. Skilful medical attention at length brought him round, but he was ill for several days. The boy whom he rescued quickly recovered and went away, nor did he even come back to thank the man who had saved his life almost at the cost of his own.

A few months later Ellerthorpe was engaged as watchman on board the New Holland packet. On the night of the 19th of November 1835 a heavy gale was blowing, accompanied by blinding showers of sleet. He was in the act of closing the cabin door, preparatory to making everything snug for the night, when he heard a splash. Running on deck, he sang out, "Is anyone overboard?" The pier was deserted, and he received no answer. He peered into



the darkness, but failed to discover anyone. Just as he was about to go below again he thought he heard a groan at the stern of the ship. Looking over, he saw a figure struggling in the water, and at once dived. Almost before he was aware of it he was seized by the drowning man, and they both sank. Unfortunately the man had got his arms and legs round Ellerthorpe in such a manner that he could not swim, and was therefore quite powerless. They rose again, and he managed by a desperate effort to free one arm and strike out for the shore. After a terrible and ever-to-be-remembered struggle, in which they turned round and round many times, he reached the steps at the end of the pier.

The rescued man took hold of the rail and walked up the stair without as much as casting a glance at his preserver, who, quite exhausted, had not sufficient strength to raise himself out of the water, but clung helplessly to the side. At length he managed to crawl to the top of the steps on his hands and knees. There he found the man whom he had saved crying most piteously. Ellerthorpe started for home, but he was so weak and ill that he must have perished from exhaustion had not the



engineer of the ship come along at that moment. Seeing his mate in such a wretched condition, he asked him what had happened.

"I have been overboard saving a young man," replied Ellerthorpe, "and I feel very bad. I can scarcely stand."

The engineer gladly assisted him, and on the way gave him a lecture on what he called the foolishness of his conduct. "Thou wilt be drowned some night, for there never was such a fool as thou art. Does thou think anybody but theeself would jump overboard on a night like this? No! there is not another such fool in England."

After a change of clothes Ellerthorpe felt better and was able to return to his duties. This rescue created great excitement in Hull, and a proposal was made that he should be allowed two pounds per week to walk round the pier and docks, that he might be ready to rescue anyone who fell into the water. The Royal Humane Society awarded him the Silver Medal, accompanied by their thanks on vellum.

Quickness both of body and mind are absolutely indispensable in saving life from drowning, and both of these qualifications Ellerthorpe possessed in a



remarkable degree. On one occasion his promptness of action was aptly described. He plunged into the harbour and rescued a boy, the son of one of his friends. The child's mother said to him, "What did you think, George, when you were in the water?" "Oh, mother," replied the little fellow, "I hadn't time to think; Mr. Ellerthorpe caught me directly."

One day a young lady, when coming ashore from a steamer, slipped from the gangway and fell into the water. Ellerthorpe sprang at once to her assistance, and found that she was fast among some timber. Both were in great peril, for the tide was coming in. He knew that if it rose another foot and found them still in the same position, both would be drowned. Prompt in thought as he was in action, he readily found a way out of the difficulty. Grasping the young lady in his arms, he told her that their only chance of life was to dive under the timbers. Without waiting for her to raise any objections, he put his plan into operation. The crowd on the pier thought that they were drowned, but in a few seconds they reappeared, and were taken ashore in a boat, amid the hearty cheers of the bystanders.



There was one strongly marked characteristic in the life of this remarkable man. He made a rule not to allow himself to be persuaded to accept any reward from those whom he rescued, though at the same time nothing gave him greater satisfaction than when they came and thanked him personally for his services. On one occasion, however, he departed from this rule. While he was shutting the dock gate a woman came along, and being in a hurry, she would not wait until the bridge was properly closed. In stepping across the gap she missed her footing and went headlong into the water. Ellerthorpe followed, and with little difficulty brought her to the bridge, where he held her until a boat came to their assistance.

The woman was very grateful for her rescue, and never crossed over the bridge without calling at the watch-house to inquire for her preserver. On the following Christmas she astonished Ellerthorpe by calling at his house and presenting him with a duck. He knew that she was too poor to afford such a luxury, and therefore he refused to accept the present, saying that her gratitude was a sufficient reward for what he had done. She, however, was



not of his way of thinking, and declared that she had intended all along to buy him a goose, but not having sufficient money she had been forced to content herself with a duck. Under the circumstances it was impossible to refuse, and for the only time in his life Ellerthorpe accepted a reward from a person he had rescued.

As we have already said, Ellerthorpe saved thirty-nine persons. These included three little girls, fifteen youths, six women, and fifteen men. The Royal Humane Society conferred on him many testimonials of honour besides the Silver Medal, and his townsmen presented him with a purse of a hundred guineas. He died in 1868, and his funeral was attended by hundreds, many of whom came from different parts of the country to pay the last tribute of respect to one who had so often risked his life to save the lives of others.



## CHAPTER X.

### A LONG SWIM.



BRITIGUA, one of the Leeward Islands, is noted for the number and excellence of its harbours, the chief of which is called English Harbour. Here, in 1838, H.M.S. *Seringapatam* was lying at anchor, and one August afternoon a number of her officers decided to take a cruise in the pinnace. The weather was fine, and everything seemed to promise them a pleasant excursion. Favoured by a gentle breeze, they sailed to Falmouth Bay, about two miles distant, and after spending a short time there, set out to return to the ship. By this time the wind had fallen, and the pinnace lay "as idle as a painted ship upon a painted ocean."

Forgetful of the changes which are so common in tropical latitudes, the sailors took no precautions



against a sudden squall, and the result was that before they knew exactly what had happened, they found themselves in the water. Fortunately the boat went over so gradually that everyone had time to creep to windward and seat himself on the gunwale. Strange to say, not one of the party had a knife, so that it was quite impossible to cut away the rigging and right the boat. The sails, however, being set, protected them in some measure from the breaking of the sea.

Their position was one of extreme peril. Not a sail was in sight, they were fully two miles from the shore, and the current would soon drift them farther out to sea. A storm might arise and wash them off the wreck; more terrible than all else, they were in waters infested by sharks, and if attacked by these their fate was sealed, for the boat's gunwale was only six inches above water. In silent despair they awaited the end.

Suddenly, a young midshipman, named Smith, declared his intention of swimming ashore. His companions looked at him in alarm. Had the prospect of a lingering death turned his brain? was the thought that passed through their minds. The



very mention of such a thing was a sign of madness. Two miles was a long distance to swim in any case, but especially where there was every likelihood of being attacked by sharks. In reply to the remonstrances of his comrades, Smith said—

“It’s our only chance. I’ll take the risk; and if one of you will accompany me, I think I can manage it.”

“Well,” replied Palmer, another midshipman, “I’m not much of a swimmer, but it’s in a good cause, and I’ll go with you as far as I can.”

Braver words than these have seldom been spoken, even by an Englishman. Without further delay jackets and shoes were thrown off, and the two noble fellows, bidding farewell to their comrades, struck out for the shore. Smith was the stronger of the two, but what Palmer lacked in strength he made up for in pluck.

As Smith swam along he felt something strike his legs, and looking down through the clear water, he saw to his horror two enormous sharks swimming past. It was indeed fortunate that they had not noticed the two youths, a circumstance which is accounted for by the fact that they did not sprip.



With marvellous presence of mind Smith kept the knowledge to himself, for fear that the near presence of their dreaded enemy might completely unnerve his already exhausted friend.

Half the distance had been covered when Palmer exclaimed—

“Go on, Smith; I’m quite used up.”



STRIKING OUT FOR THE SHORE.

“Never,” replied the plucky middy. “Rest on me for a minute, but don’t cease striking out.”

As soon as Palmer seemed to have regained his strength they again made for the shore; but they had not gone far when he once more urged Smith to go on without him. All this time the sharks were



distinctly visible, and Smith, fearing that if they did not keep their limbs moving, the monsters would attack them, again urged his companion to cheer up and keep striking out while he supported him. Nerved by the thought of his shipmates' danger on the wreck, Palmer summoned all his strength for another effort; but the shore was yet a long way off, and more than once he felt faint and weary, and would have given up but for Smith, who cheered him on, and by his hopeful manner infused fresh energy into his stiffening limbs.

At last, after a swim of two hours, Smith touched the bottom, and with a joyful shout seized his companion by the hand and dragged him through the shallow water on to the beach. Thoroughly exhausted, Palmer fell on the sand, where he lay for some time, unable to move. Meanwhile Smith was running hither and thither spreading the alarm, and soon all the inhabitants of the nearest village—men, women and children—flocked to the beach. Two boats were manned with as little delay as possible, and launched to the rescue. A messenger was also sent to the ship with the news of the disaster.

Darkness came on very rapidly, and to add to the



difficulty of the search, a terrible storm broke over them. The rain fell in torrents, sharp and vivid flashes of lightning burst through the thick black clouds, and the white-topped waves looked hideous in the gloom. The boats took different directions, but hour after hour passed and no sign of the wreck was perceived. Hope gave place to fear, and fear to despondency. Still the searchers persevered. This way and that they rowed, but no answering shout replied to their calls, and they were ready to mourn their comrades as dead.

Meanwhile several boats had been sent out from the *Seringapatam*, one of which, under the command of the gunner, fell in with the boat in charge of Smith. Following the drift of the current, they proceeded for some distance, and in a short time sighted the wreck, six miles from the spot where the accident had happened. With anxious hearts they rowed towards it. Their ringing cheer was feebly responded to as they got alongside. "Where are the others?" asked Smith, for of the nine he had left only five remained. "Trying to swim ashore," was the brief reply. Fortunately they had only been gone five minutes, but in a sea infested with sharks a great



deal may happen in even a less period of time. Pulling, therefore, with all speed in the direction indicated, Smith found the four men, each of whom was lashed to an oar, endeavouring to make their way to the shore. When the last man was rescued it was past nine o'clock, making it nearly five hours that the poor fellows had clung to the boat.

During the storm their sufferings had been terrible, for they expected to be washed off every moment. To complete the horror of their situation, a large shark appeared on the scene and watched their every movement, ready at the first chance to make them his prey. As time went on, they concluded that Smith and Palmer had perished, and when they knew that their rescue had been effected, solely by the gallantry of the two midshipmen, their delight knew no bounds.

A few months later, the whole ship's company mustered on the main deck of the *Seringapatam*, and Captain Leith, calling the two midshipmen forward, presented each of them with the Silver Medal of the Royal Humane Society.

About ten years afterwards the heroic Smith was a lieutenant on board H.M.S. *Endymion*. While the



ship was lying at anchor off Vera Cruz, the second mate slipped from the gangway and fell into the sea. In his descent he struck his head against the ship's side. Instantly the cry, "A man overboard," was raised, and Lieutenant Smith and several other officers rushed on deck. The night was very dark, and at first nothing could be seen, but at length something white was noticed floating some distance from the vessel.

Smith dived and swam in the direction of the object, which, when he reached it, he found to be the missing man, quite motionless, on the water. Smith at once raised his head and supported him in his arms until a boat came and picked them up. As they approached the ship the sailors crowded the rigging, and in the excitement of the moment another man fell into the water. Not knowing if he could swim, Smith instantly plunged to his assistance, but found on reaching him that he was perfectly able to take care of himself.

For this second display of gallantry Lieutenant Smith received a second Silver Medal from the Royal Humane Society.



## CHAPTER XL

### AMID STORM AND DARKNESS.



HE residents spend their lives in a primitive and unambitious manner." Such is the description we have of the people of Newfoundland, and in no other part of the world can a hardier race of men be found. Their kindness and hospitality to strangers is a marked feature of their character, and indeed they are worthy descendants of those fearless men who laid the foundation of our vast colonial empire, for Newfoundland is England's oldest colony—a fact of which that island is justly proud.

From the ocean the island has a wild and rock-bound appearance, but on a nearer view the line of cliffs is seen to be broken by magnificent bays, many of which stretch inland, for about a hundred miles.



From the water's edge the shores of several of these bays are clothed with dark green forests, which give the country a striking and picturesque aspect.

The fisheries on the coast of Newfoundland constitute the chief industry of the island, and since the discovery of America by Cabot in 1497, they have been a great source of wealth. The chief fishing ground is towards the south-east, on what is called the Great Bank of Newfoundland, a huge sandbank nearly three hundred miles in length. Here large quantities of cod are caught every year, and form an important article of food on the island, the annual consumption amounting to about eight million fish. The seal fishery also gives work to a large number of people.

Owing to the fogs which shroud the coast from time to time, wrecks are of frequent occurrence, and the cliffs, between two and three hundred feet high, afford but little chance of life to the shipwrecked mariner.

Many stories of rescue might be told of this island, but there are none which surpass in grandeur that which we are now about to narrate.

On the night of the 29th of November 1875, a



man named Langmead, who lived at the north of Pouch Cove, a fishing village a few miles from St. John's, was aroused from sleep by cries for help, which seemed to come from persons near his house. Lighting a lamp, and partially dressing himself, he opened the door and looked out. To his surprise, he saw two men, wet to the skin and well-nigh exhausted, leaning against the wall. In reply to his question, "What do you want here?" one of the men told a pitiful story.

He said that he was the captain of a schooner, which had left St. John's a few hours before, with a crew of twenty-four men. For a time all had gone well; but suddenly a gale sprang up, accompanied by a blinding snowstorm, and in trying to enter an adjacent cove, the vessel had been driven on the rocks. The moment that she struck he jumped from the bridge on to a ledge of rock, and his example was followed by two of the sailors. Many were drowned, but the remainder of the crew had succeeded in obtaining a footing on another ledge.

Their cries for help were more than the captain could endure, so he determined to go in search of assistance. Accompanied by one of the sailors, he



began the ascent of the cliff, and after a perilous climb, they reached the summit, and set out across the snow-covered fields in the hope of finding some habitation. The barking of a dog had led them to Pouch Cove, and they begged for food and shelter for themselves, and speedy help for their shipmates.

Without loss of time a substantial meal was set before them, and then Langmead set out to alarm the village. In a few minutes most of the inhabitants on the north side of Pouch Cove were up, and many prepared to start for the scene of the disaster with ropes and other tackle, which they thought would prove useful.

There is a deep and narrow inlet or gulch about a mile and a half to the north-east of Pouch Cove, well named the Horrid Gulch. On the south side of this inlet the rocks run up almost perpendicularly to a height of six hundred feet, and against them in stormy weather the "long Atlantic rollers" dash with tremendous force. On a shelving rock near the foot of the cliff lay the survivors. On the north side the cliff is less precipitous, and rises in a succession of ledges, on to one of which the three men had jumped.



The party of rescuers started from the village about one o'clock in the morning, and quickly reached the north side of the gulch. There they found the man who had been left behind, and having rescued him, they crossed over to the southern side to try and find the whereabouts of the unfortunate crew. Above the thunder of the waves came the cries of the poor fellows calling for aid; but the darkness was so intense, and the snowdrift so blinding, that it was impossible to see their position. The men on the cliff raised a shout of encouragement, to let them know that relief would soon be afforded them; but while they shouted, every mind was anxiously trying to devise some plan of rescue, and many were their misgivings.

At length they decided that the only way possible was by lowering a man over the cliff by a rope. This was a feat not unattended with danger, even during the day; but on such a night it seemed certain death. Who was there bold enough to take the risk? A few moments passed in painful silence, then a fisherman, named Alfred Moores, volunteered to make the attempt. A strong rope was accordingly fastened round him, and he was lowered over the



precipice. Owing to the overhanging nature of the cliff, he found it impossible to proceed, and shouted to be drawn up. Three times was the brave fellow swung into the darkness, and as often drawn up baffled. A fourth time he was lowered, and half-swinging, half-sliding along a steep crevasse in the rock, he succeeded in reaching a ledge immediately over that from whence the cries proceeded.

Guided and supported by his rope, other brave fellows now followed him, and took up a position between him and the top of the cliff, so as to be in readiness should their assistance be required. At the top, with the end of the rope round a tree, was William Langmead. To form any idea of the pluck of these men you must picture to yourself their position on that bleak cliff-side, in the darkness and cold, clinging for dear life to a rope, the length of which from the top to where Alfred Moores stood with the end round his body was eighty-five fathoms.

Peering through the darkness, Moores could just distinguish several poor creatures huddled together on a rock, about a hundred feet below. Twice he threw down a handline, but the nerveless hands of



the sufferers failed to grasp it. A third cast proved successful, and then a stronger rope was passed down and made fast round the body of one of the sailors. Moores hauled him up to the ledge on which he stood. There the rope was untied and passed down again, while the rescued man, helped along by those on the crevasse, and supporting himself by the rope to which they were clinging, reached the top in safety. In this way the nine survivors were rescued, thanks to the courage and skill of Alfred Moores and his brave companions.

For his "active benevolence" Moores was awarded the Silver Medal of the Royal Humane Society.

Twelve years later, another brave Newfoundlander received a similar reward for conspicuous bravery. During a dense fog a ship named the *Octavia* ran aground on a dangerous reef at Burnthead. The lives of those on board were in great peril, when Philip Kough, an assistant lighthouse-keeper, hailed them from the cliff and told them to heave a line ashore. A rope was thrown and made fast by Kough, who, after removing some of the heavier portions of his clothing, fastened a line round his body and swam out through the surf to the vessel,



which was lying about twenty yards from the shore.

Two men were brought safely to land. Then, after a brief rest, Kough again made the same perilous journey backwards and forwards seven times, till he had rescued the nine men who composed the crew of the *Octavia*. Shortly after the captain had been brought ashore, the ship broke up.



## CHAPTER XII.

### AN AUSTRALIAN GRACE DARLING.



N December 1876, the steamer *Georgette* was on a voyage from Fremantle to Adelaide. The vessel sprang a leak, and the captain ran her ashore on a part of the surf-bound coast of South Australia. The ship's lifeboat was in a damaged condition, and the eight persons who tried to reach the land in it were drowned.

This left the passengers and crew, numbering in all nearly fifty persons, without any means of escape but a ship's boat, which could hardly live in such a sea. The vessel was grounded on a part of the coast where no harbour existed, and not a single human dwelling could be seen. Even if the men were able to swim ashore, the women and children would all be lost. The captain resolved to try the boat, for



he knew that the ship might go to pieces at any moment, and then the last chance for life would be gone. So the boat was launched, and some women and children were lowered into the frail vessel. Before it reached the shore it capsized, and the passengers were all thrown into the water.

While they were clinging on to the boat, a young girl appeared on horseback, on the top of the steep cliff which bounded the beach. This was Grace Bussell, the daughter of a settler, who had made his home on the bank of the Margaret River, half-way between Cape Naturalist and Cape Lewin.

She was out riding in the bush, accompanied by a native servant, when she appeared on the scene. Without a moment's hesitation she rode fearlessly down the steep cliff, followed by her attendant, and at once urged her horse into the boiling surf.

The spray dashed over her and drenched her to the skin, but she boldly made her way to the overturned boat, and managed to lift some of the children on to the back of her horse. Others clung to her skirt and to the saddle-flaps and girths, and then she made her way to the shore and placed those she had rescued out of the reach of the waves.



No sooner was this done than the brave girl again turned her horse seawards. Her work was but begun, and she feared that her strength would fail her in the terrible struggle with the fierce, tumultuous waves. Again she reached the boat, and the good horse struggled back through the foaming breakers with its human load.

When she had saved all those who had been thrown into the water by the upsetting of the boat, she turned her attention to those who remained on board the ship, and, assisted by her native servant, she at length succeeded in bringing every one of the crew and passengers safely ashore.

Four hours had been spent in this work, and now the rescued persons were in danger of perishing from hunger and cold. Half naked, wet through, and shivering, they crouched on the beach in a pitiable condition.

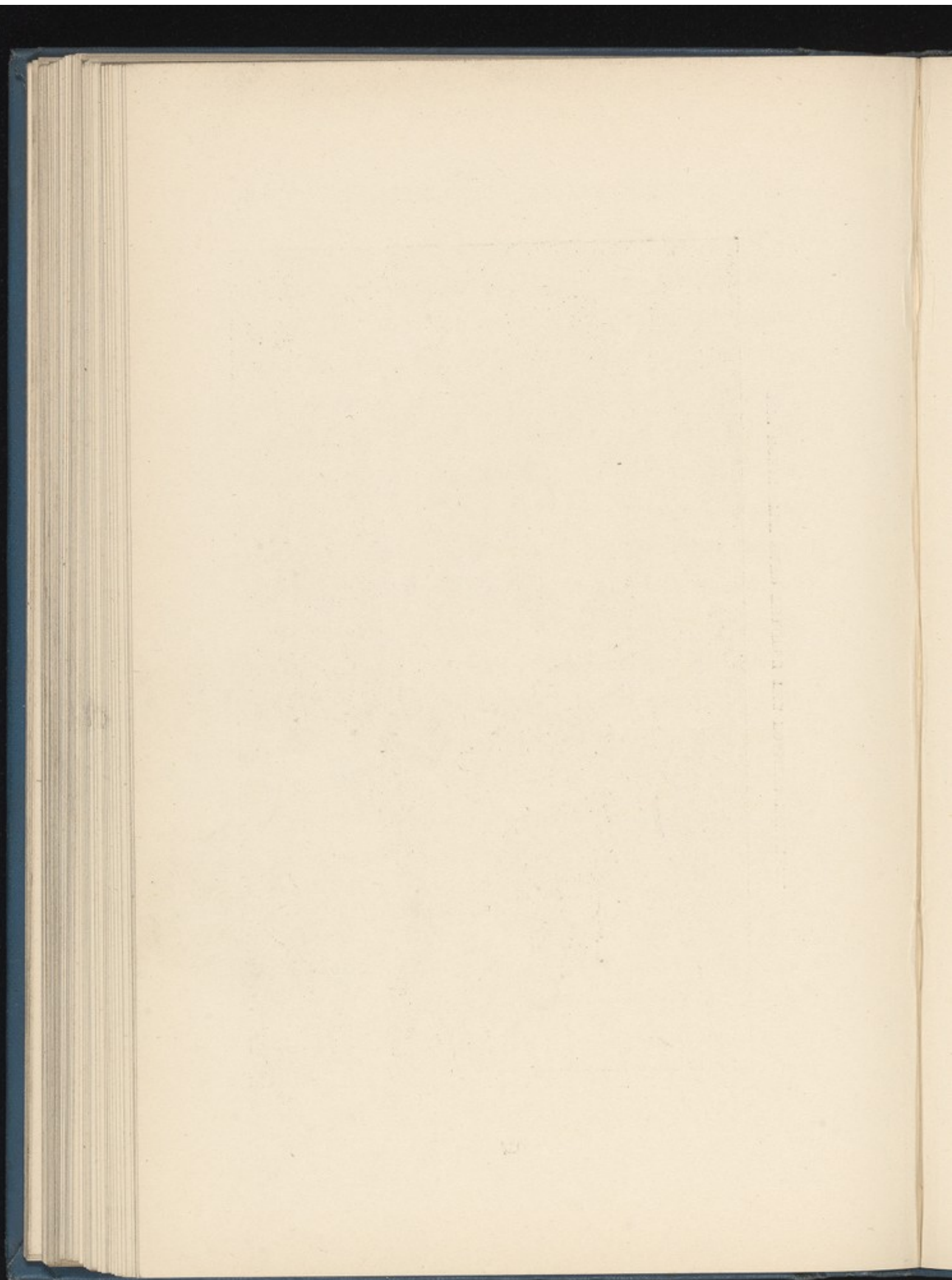
Grace knew that, unless help was speedily obtained, the work she had already done would be of no avail, so she again mounted her horse and rode off home as fast as she could. She had a journey of twelve miles to go, and when she arrived she was so exhausted that she could scarcely tell the story of the wreck and rescue.





THE HORSE STRUGGLED THROUGH THE FOAMING BREAKERS.







When the circumstances were explained, a supply of provisions and a quantity of blankets were at once conveyed to the sufferers, and they made themselves as comfortable as possible for the night. On the following morning the farmer conveyed the whole party to his house, and paid them every attention, until they could be taken to the nearest town.

For this noble act Grace Bussell and her native attendant each received the Silver Medal of the Royal Humane Society. Writing of the event, the bishop of the diocese says: "Strange to say, she and her family just think that all they did was the most natural thing in the world."



## CHAPTER XIII.

### A SOUTHEND HERO.



HOSE who have visited Southend-on-Sea are probably familiar with the story of William Charles Bradley, who for many years held the position of pier-head keeper. Born in 1850 at Southend, it was only natural that he should develop a fondness for the sea; but we should hardly have expected that he would learn to swim at such an early age that he retains no impression of the first attempts. To use his own words, "I cannot remember the time when I could not swim." After leaving school at the age of thirteen, he spent the next few years in learning the business of a waterman, and took part in several of those rescues, involving more or less risk, which have caused



Southend boatmen to boast that "in the memory of man not a death has occurred among their patrons while in their charge."

In 1870 he took possession of "the shanty" at the head of the pier. During the summer this abode is all that can be desired; but in winter it is dreary in the extreme, and, as not unfrequently happens, highly dangerous. During a terrific gale which swept over the east coast several years ago, great seas broke over the pier, and it was feared that the keeper's wooden house would not outlast the fury of the storm. Considerable anxiety was therefore felt on shore for the safety of Bradley and his wife and family.

A number of men accordingly volunteered to go down with the trolley and bring back the mother and her children. They had not gone far when a vessel, that had drifted from its moorings, crashed into the pier, smashing the piles and making a large gap in the flooring, thus completely cutting off their retreat. Still, they went on to the pier-head and brought away the family. Then came the question of how to get across to the shore end of the pier. Fortunately the tide had fallen considerably by this



time, and the party were enabled to return to the shore in a boat.

Bradley's life-saving record is twenty-seven lives in less than eighteen years; but it is impossible to give particulars of most of these, for he does not



WILLIAM CHARLES BRADLEY.

even know the names of some of those he rescued. As he recently told the author, "I cannot remember all I have saved one way and another, for men that belong to the water are always fishing someone out." His first rescue happened in 1871, when a boy fell



from the north-east side of the pier-head, and for his services on this occasion he received half a crown from the lad's mother.

In the following year he had rather a strange experience, the story of which we will tell as nearly as possible in his own words—

"I jumped into the water after a lad, who had fallen off the top railing which runs from end to end of the pier. I managed to get the boy, but being some distance from any landing-place, I supported myself and the lad by clinging to one of the piles of the pier. A boat came along, with three London lads in it, and they stopped and looked at me; but it was not until after a lot of persuasion that I got them to take the boy and me in. When I asked them why they didn't come before, they said they were afraid I should turn the boat over."

In 1873 a boy fell from the pier when the tide was running out fast, and Bradley jumped in and got hold of him. Then came the tug of war. All his efforts to swim back were thrown away, owing to the strength of the current, and it seemed as if two lives were to be lost. Someone threw him a rope, and in trying to reach it he sank "a long way



down." A second attempt was more successful, and he hung on until a boat was lowered from a passing steamer, and they were rescued from their perilous position.

Bradley gained the Bronze Medal of the Royal Humane Society in July 1882. Three boys fell from the end of the pier into the water. One got hold of the woodwork and by climbing regained the pier, the second was picked up by a boat, but the third was carried away by the current. Bradley jumped into the water, and after a stiff swim against a rapidly running tide, reached the boy. Being unable to make his way back, he supported him for ten minutes, till a boat came to his assistance. When picked up, Bradley was at the last gasp, and if help had not come when it did, the lives of both would in all probability have been lost.

It may be remembered that about twelve years ago, considerable excitement was caused by the publication of a report that a Spanish lady, who had been saved from drowning at Southend, had left a fortune to her rescuer. It was afterwards learned that the story was without the slightest foundation, and that the time at which the event



was said to have taken place was the same day on which a little girl named Florence Hawkins was pushed by some means or other into the water. The tide was at its height, and there was a heavy swell on. Bradley jumped in without any hesitation and grasped the child, but it was only after great difficulty that he succeeded in bringing her ashore. It is supposed that someone who witnessed the rescue of the little girl from a passing steamer was the author of the hoax. Instead of a fortune, the gallant pier-keeper received the Society's Bronze Clasp.

A second clasp was awarded to Bradley in 1888, for saving the life of a lad of fifteen, who had fallen overboard from the steamship *Arran*, which was lying alongside the pier. At the time of the occurrence Bradley was checking the number of passengers embarking and disembarking. Suddenly there came a cry, "Bradley, a boy overboard! Bradley, a boy overboard!" Instantly, without waiting to strip himself of a single article of clothing, Bradley left the gangway, ran along the deck, and from a height of sixteen feet dived into the sea. When he reached the lad he was on the



point of sinking for the last time, and before his rescuer could get hold of him he had sunk several feet below the surface.

Supporting the half-unconscious youth in his arms, Bradley swam back to the pier. His kindness, however, did not end here. He had the lad carried to his house, where he received every attention, nor was he allowed to go home till his clothes had been thoroughly dried.

Exactly four weeks later to the very day, an accident happened which, but for Bradley's prompt assistance, might have ended fatally. The steamship *Clacton*, having been caught in a fog, called at the pier to land her passengers, and before she could get away the *Arran* also arrived, and was moored alongside. To reach the movable landing-stage, the passengers of the *Arran* had to cross the deck of the *Clacton*. Before everything was in readiness, a man under the influence of liquor tried to rush across. Twice the sailors pushed him back, but he made a third attempt, succeeded in passing the men, and got on to the landing-stage, which was held to by the pier rope.

As the stage was not firmly grounded, it slipped,



and the rope guided it in such a way that it threw the man a distance of about twelve feet into the water, between the *Clacton* and the pier. He came to the surface feet first, and as he showed no signs of righting himself, Bradley went to his assistance. Having lifted his head out of the water, he passed a rope round his body, and he was hoisted on board, while Bradley, amid the ringing cheers of the passengers, swam to the pier. The rescued man was attended to on board the *Clacton*, and soon recovered from the effects of his ducking. Meeting his rescuer as he went along the pier, he shook hands with him, and thanked him heartily for having saved his life. In recognition of the bravery displayed by Bradley on this occasion, the Society awarded him the Silver Medal.

One of the most stirring incidents in the career of this daring man happened on an Easter Monday a few years ago. A young man, named Humphreys, fell between the pier and a steamer, just as she was on the point of starting. His position was one of the greatest peril, for he was in danger of being crushed against the piles, or drawn under the boat to certain death, and the same danger



threatened anyone who went to his rescue. But Bradley, who had already risked his life under similar conditions, fearlessly plunged into the water. With great skill he caught hold of the drowning man and bore him out of the reach of the undertow, and landed him in safety.

Besides wearing the Silver and Bronze Medals of the Royal Humane Society, Bradley has also been awarded the Silver Medal of the Royal National Lifeboat Institution, a decoration which he won under such exceptional circumstances that we cannot refrain from giving a brief account of the occurrence. At eleven o'clock on the night of the 11th of November 1887, two sailors, returning to their ship, were thrown into the water by the capsizing of the boat. A gentleman, who witnessed the occurrence, gave the alarm, shouting, "Bradley, Bradley, two men overboard!"

The pier-keeper, who was in bed at the time, heard the cry, and at once rushed out into the cold, raw night with no other clothing on except his shirt. Throwing a lifebuoy to the nearest man, he lowered a boat to go to the rescue of the other. After a search of more than an hour, he found the



poor fellow about a mile away, clinging to the bottom of the boat.

To the honour of Southend be it said that she has not neglected her hero. Some time ago the town presented him with a handsome clock and bronzes costing twelve pounds, together with a purse of fifty pounds, in recognition of the many acts of heroism he has performed. Virtue is its own reward, and to such a man as Bradley, who to-day wishes, as he told me, that he had done more, the consciousness of having acted a brave man's part in saving the lives of his perishing fellow-creatures must be his chief satisfaction. Nevertheless, the knowledge that his efforts have been appreciated by the great life-saving institutions of the land, and by his own townsmen, must be gratifying in the highest degree



## CHAPTER XIV.

### A LIFE FOR A LIFE.



T has been said that if a list was made of the accidents which have taken place in England during the last fifty years, it would be found that a greater number have happened in workshops and factories than either on sea or land, above the earth or under the earth. Few people think what a host of dangers beset the workers in our large industrial centres, and when the news of some fatality reaches us, we are too apt to attribute the occurrence to carelessness, and to fortify our conclusion with the well-worn saying, "Familiarity breeds contempt."

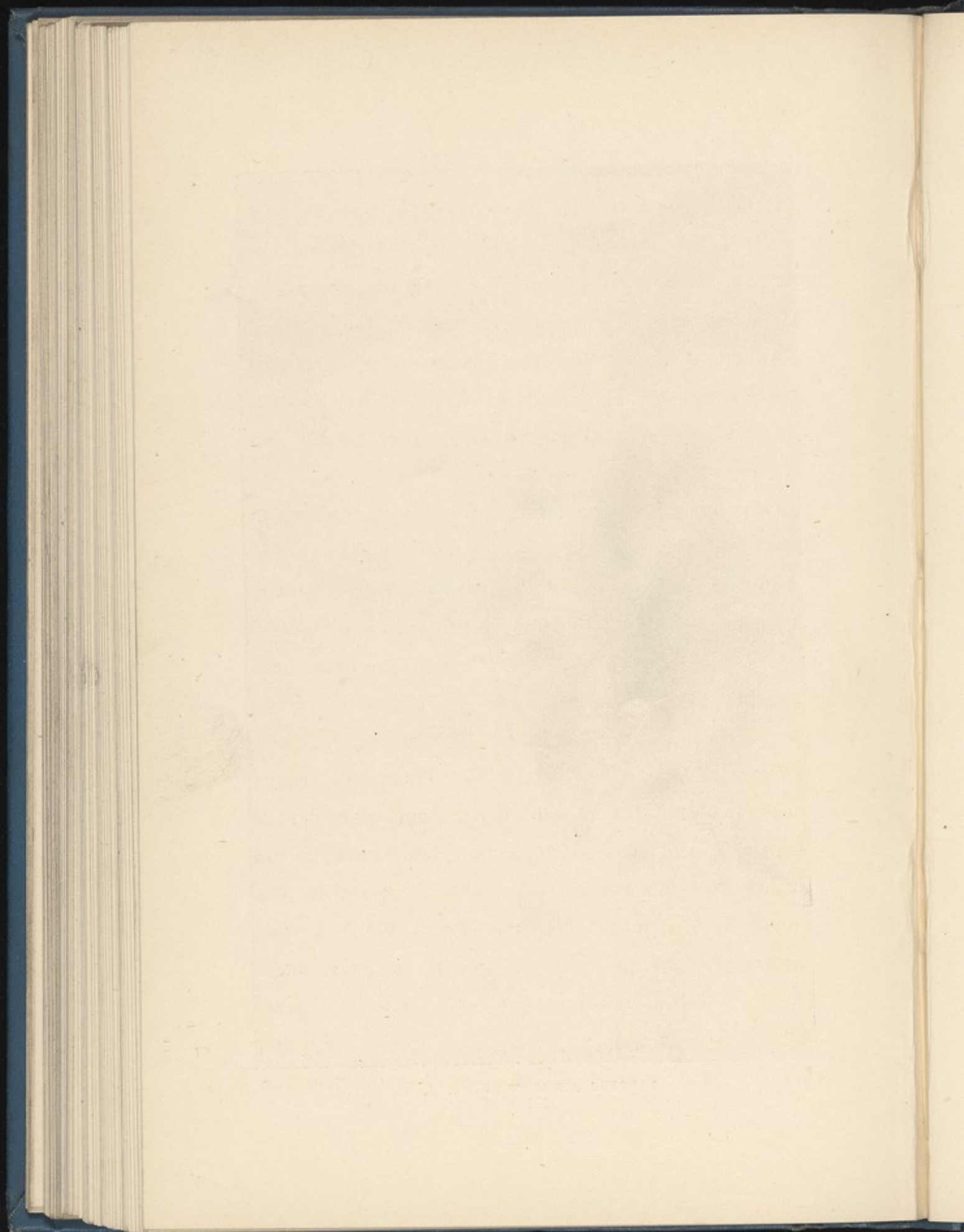
Those who work in iron foundries run many risks over which they have no control. Not the least of these is occasioned by the noxious fumes which are thrown off by the molten metal in the process of manu-





TAPPING AN IRON FURNACE.  
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facture. First the ore is put into a blast furnace with layers of coal and limestone to remove the earthy matters and impurities. As the ore melts, it runs down to the bottom part of the furnace. Through a hole the molten metal is run off into sand moulds on the floor, where it cools, and becomes pig or cast iron. In this state it is very brittle, and cannot be hammered.

The "pigs" are next put into a cupola furnace to burn out the impurities which still remain and to render it fit to be hammered or rolled into plates. The cupola furnace is built of fire-bricks embedded in fine clay, so that it can withstand the great heat to which it is subjected.

On the 21st of September 1883, the workmen of Deansgate Foundry, Bolton, had lighted the fire in the bottom of the cupola furnace, and were busily engaged filling it up with pig iron when some of the bricks were accidentally displaced. Owing to the great heat required to melt the "pigs," it was necessary that the damage should be made good without delay. One of the men, named Thomas Howarth, undertook to repair the breach. He had almost finished his task when he was overpowered



by the sulphurous fumes of the heating metal, and fell insensible to the bottom of the cupola.

His companions, knowing well that death by suffocation was only a question of a few minutes, stood staring at each other, the picture of helpless horror. The news of the occurrence soon spread through the foundry, and reached the ears of William Brimelow, the son of the proprietor, a man known as a quiet, home-loving fellow, "who liked to listen rather than to talk." Few, if any, of his friends suspected that he was a man made for some great emergency, but such indeed was the case, as the result proved.

Without a moment's delay he rushed to the spot, and before anyone could prevent him, he had disappeared through the narrow opening which was used for charging the furnace. His fellow workmen lamented what they considered his rash action, and thought sadly that two homes would now be desolate instead of one. A ladder stood against the perpendicular side of the cupola, and down this Brimelow quickly made his way to the spot where his comrade was lying.

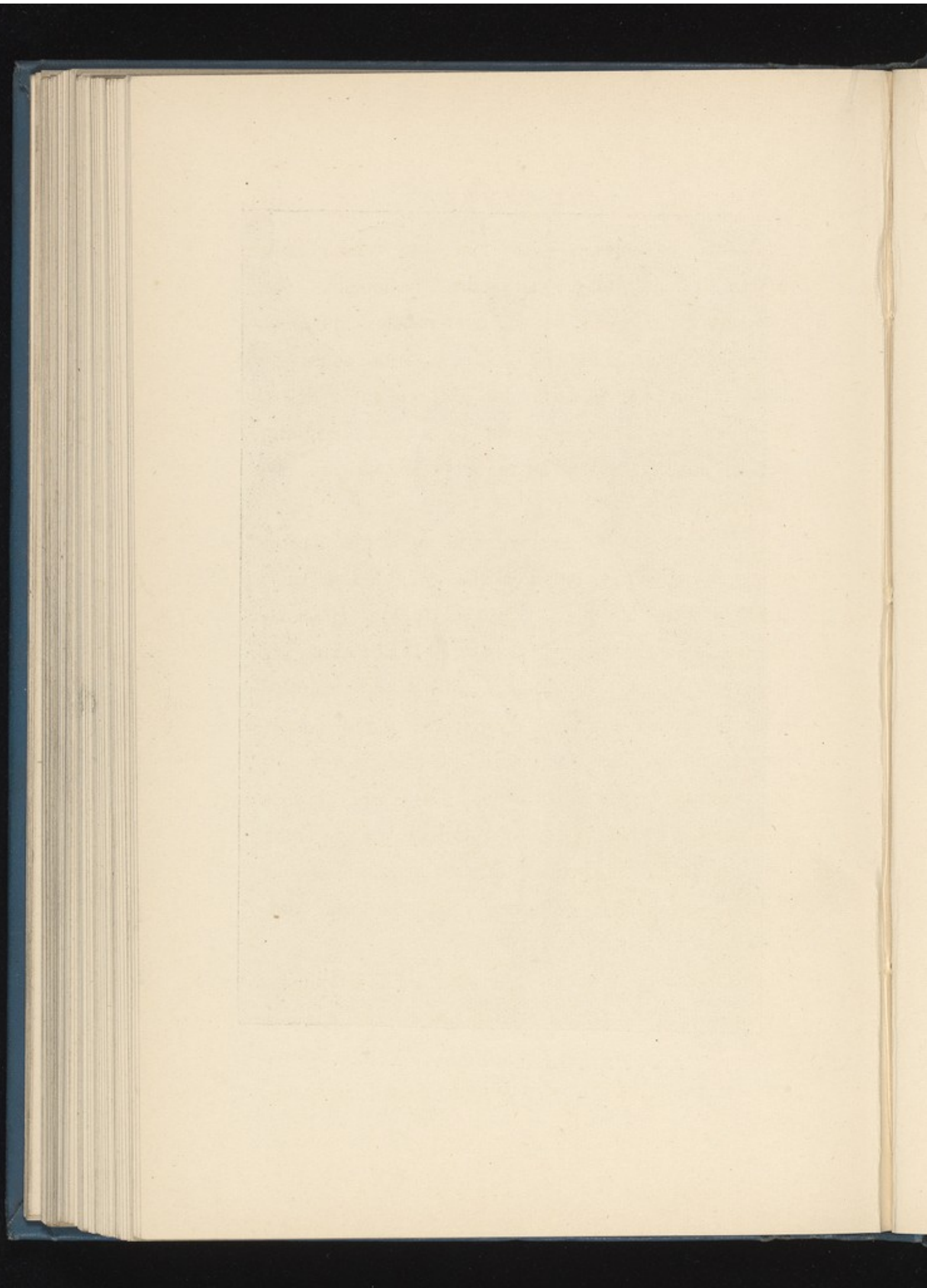
Though Howarth was a heavy man, Brimelow did





SLOWLY HE TOILED TOWARDS THE OPENING.







not pause to consider his weight; but, seizing hold of him, carried him to the foot of the ladder. The real difficulty of the rescue now became apparent. To ascend a perpendicular ladder is, even under the most favourable conditions, no easy task; to do so carrying the insensible form of a man weighing nearly thirteen stone amounts almost to an impossibility.

Considerations of this kind no doubt passed through Brimelow's mind as he struggled to raise the heavy burden in his arms. Holding Howarth against his chest with his right arm, thus leaving his left free, he began the ascent. Slowly and painfully he toiled towards the opening. The strain on the muscles of his chest and shoulders was fearful, and the wonder is that he held on. In denser volume rose the poisonous vapours, his breath came in short and painful gasps. Resolutely he battled against the fast-increasing weakness which assailed him. Would he ever reach the top?

The whole occurrence only occupied a few minutes, which, however, seemed like hours to the anxious watchers at the side of the cupola. At last Brimelow's arm was seen in the opening, and willing hands



quickly relieved him of his burden and assisted him off the ladder. By this time Howarth was to all appearance dead; but the rescuer's work was not yet accomplished. Though himself sorely in need of attention, he set about restoring animation to his comrade, and at length his doubly gallant efforts were rewarded. Slowly but surely Howarth revived, and was little the worse for his terrible experience.

Brimelow, however, was not equally fortunate. The fumes had penetrated to every part of his system, and that, together with the terrible physical strain, inflicted injuries from which he has never recovered.

"Greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friend." This is practically what Brimelow did, for since the day that he performed, what has aptly been described as one of the most heroic feats of modern times, he has not known what life really is. Months of weakness succeeded long days of pain, and the occasion which found him a hero left him an invalid.

His gallant conduct was brought before the Royal Humane Society, and that institution awarded him the Silver Medal he so richly deserved.



## CHAPTER XV.

### ON THIN ICE.



HE sensation of falling into open water is as nothing compared with that experienced in breaking through ice. The feeling of utter collapse and undefinable dread, which comes suddenly, when that which a moment before seemed a firm footing gives way, and precipitates the skater into icy cold water, is enough to paralyse the mental and physical powers of the strongest. In open water, even a person who cannot swim has a chance of life, but in breaking through ice, an experienced swimmer has often no chance of escape.

In summer hardly a day passes without its record of bathing or boating accidents ; and in winter skating is scarcely less fatal. In this chapter we propose to give a few instances of bravery displayed in connec-



tion with ice accidents for which the Silver Medal of the Royal Humane Society has been awarded.

Several years ago, two sisters named Coates were skating with a gentleman named Lewis on Lough Derg, in County Galway, Ireland. This lough, which is an expansion of the Shannon, is twenty-four miles long, with an average width of two miles. When the skaters were about a hundred yards from the shore, the ice gave way under Miss Coates, who was some distance in advance of her companions.

As the water at the place where the accident happened was twelve feet deep, Mr. Lewis at once made an attempt to rescue the girl from her perilous position, but in doing so, he approached too near the broken part, and also fell into the water. With some difficulty he managed to scramble out on to the surface, and started for the shore to obtain a rope.

Jennie Coates then threw the branch of a tree to her sister, which materially assisted her in keeping her head above water. She also took off her boots, that she might retain a firmer footing on the ice. In a few minutes Mr. Lewis returned with a rope and cautiously approached the hole. He was about



to throw it when the ice again gave way, and he sank beneath the surface, never to rise again. In that awful moment Jennie did not for an instant lose her presence of mind. Seizing the rope which Mr. Lewis had dropped on the ice, she succeeded, after several attempts, in passing it to her sister.

The brave girl had not sufficient strength to drag her sister on to the surface, and for nearly two hours the girls remained in this terrible predicament, Jennie meanwhile crying for help till she was hoarse.

At length their younger brother appeared on the scene. When he saw the state of affairs, he rushed off, and quickly returned with another rope. Jennie then handed the rope to which her sister was clinging to her brother, and with the other she crept on hands and knees to the hole. Stooping over the edge, she tied the rope tightly round her sister's waist, then, crawling back to the firm ice, she assisted her brother in dragging the almost lifeless girl out of the water, and carrying her to the shore.

When the Committee of the Royal Humane Society awarded the Silver Medal to Miss Jennie Coates, they unanimously agreed that the courageous conduct of the late Mr. Lewis should be placed on record, for



had he survived his gallant attempt at rescue, he too would have received a Silver Medal.

The next rescue is certainly unique, if not unparalleled, in the annals of life-saving. Two young men, named Smith and Dennison, were skating on a piece of water near Penrith, when they broke through the ice in different places, and became immersed in twenty feet of water, about two hundred yards from the bank. Hearing their cries, two brothers, named Joseph and Frederick Whiteside, went to their rescue with all speed.

Joseph fastened a piece of stout cord to a stick, and crept with this in his hands towards the hole where Smith was evidently drowning. When he got near enough to bring his apparatus to work, the ice broke under him, and he also became immersed. In desperation, Smith seized his would-be rescuer by the throat, and with the mad instinct of self-preservation, fastened his legs round him. Thus pinioned, Joseph was helpless, and the two men went under several times. They would both in all probability have been drowned, had not Frederick Whiteside thrown off his coat and waistcoat and plunged into the hole. After a desperate struggle he succeeded



in freeing his brother, and then he devoted all his energies to saving Smith, a feat which he eventually accomplished. Joseph was by this time much exhausted, but he managed to keep afloat until his brother came to his assistance and rescued him.

Frederick then turned his attention to Dennison, who was still struggling in deep water. Skating up to the hole, he cleverly placed the stick in the drowning man's hands, and drew him out without further mishap.

It ought to be a source of great gratification for us to know that an institution like the Royal Humane Society is in existence, to acknowledge such acts of heroism.

On the 2nd of February 1880, Adam Lauchlin, a student of Boniface College, broke through the ice while skating on Lake Sherewater, in Wiltshire. As often happens, he was carried under the ice, and was in imminent danger of drowning. Another skater, named Cunningham, at once determined to make an attempt to save the unfortunate fellow. Encumbered as he was with clothes and skates, he plunged without hesitation into the hole. Swimming under the ice, he seized hold of the unconscious student and



succeeded in bringing him to the open space, where both were drawn out of the water in safety. For this plucky and dangerous action, Mr. Henry Ward Cunningham received the Silver Medal.

Another rescue under exceptional circumstances was performed on the 4th of January 1893. A gentleman, named Patchell, was skating with a party of ladies on Simmon's Lake, Dungannon, Ireland, when the ice gave way, and he was thrown into the water, which at that part was about twenty feet deep. Fortunately, he did not lose his presence of mind, and, though he was carried under the ice, he struggled to break his way through, and, after repeated efforts, finally succeeded.

On coming to the surface, he was, however, unable to do more than keep his head above water, for every time he attempted to assist himself by putting his weight on the ice, it gave way, and he frequently sank. Finding that he was wasting his strength, he made up his mind to wait calmly till help arrived.

One of the ladies, Miss Margaret Long, courageously skated up to the edge of the hole, threw herself flat on the ice, and, after undoing her cloak, handed one end of it to Mr. Patchell, while she kept hold of the



other, and thus held him above water. Her position was extremely perilous, owing to the treacherous nature of the ice, which was thin and rotten. Though almost covered by the overflow of the water on the ice surface, she held on for some time, till the arrival of two men named Smith and Hart, by whose help Patchell was finally rescued.

The Silver Medal was awarded to Miss Long ; and bronze medals to Smith and Hart.



## CHAPTER XVI.

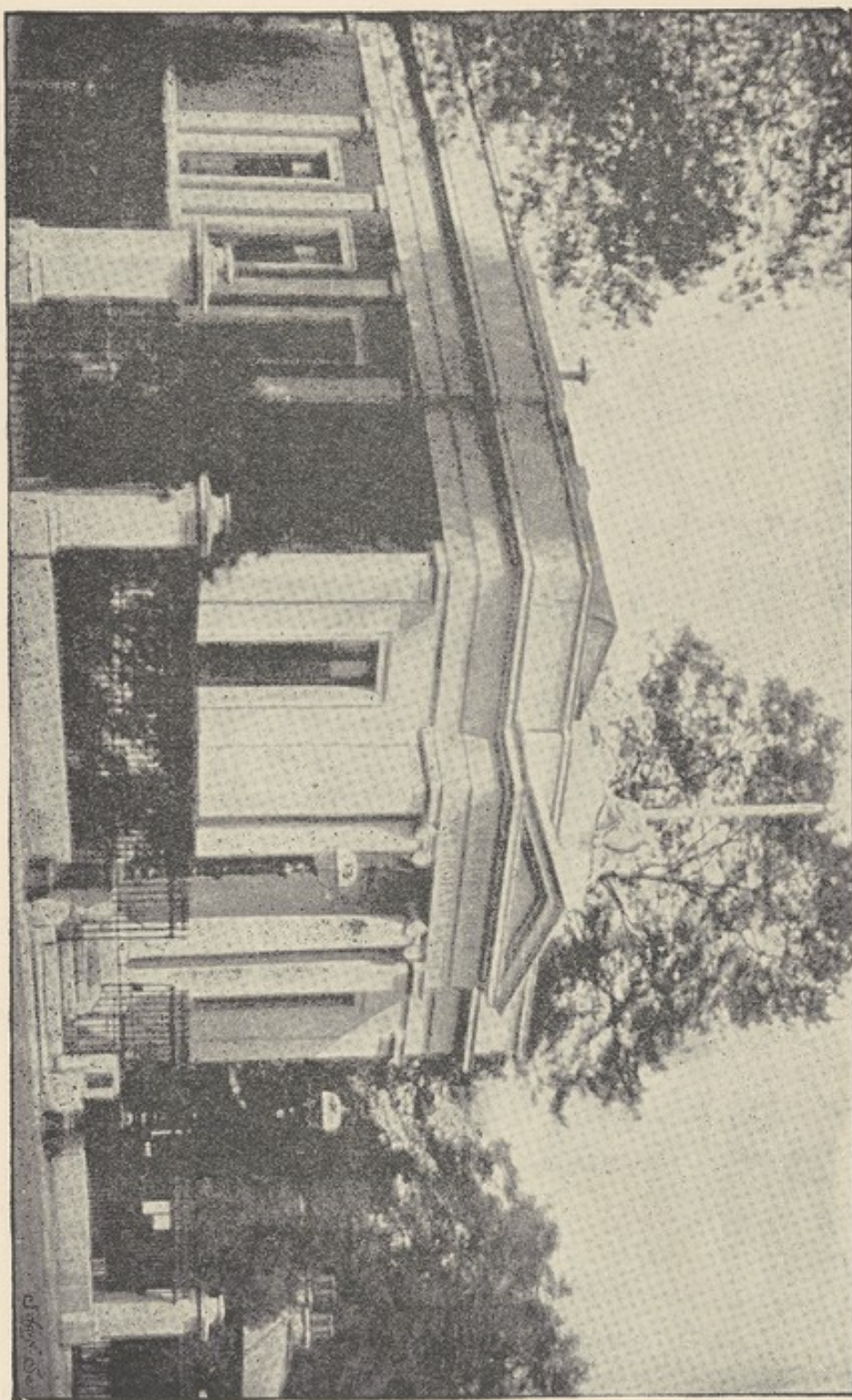
### A VISIT TO THE RECEIVING HOUSE.



It is a well-known fact that the operations of the Royal Humane Society are neither understood nor appreciated as they ought to be by the vast majority of people. Many regard the institution as simply a "medal dispensary," and they are utterly ignorant of its real nature. A visit to the Receiving House in Hyde Park would open the eyes of the public to the scope and value of the work carried on, for there the Society can be seen, as it were, in its working dress.

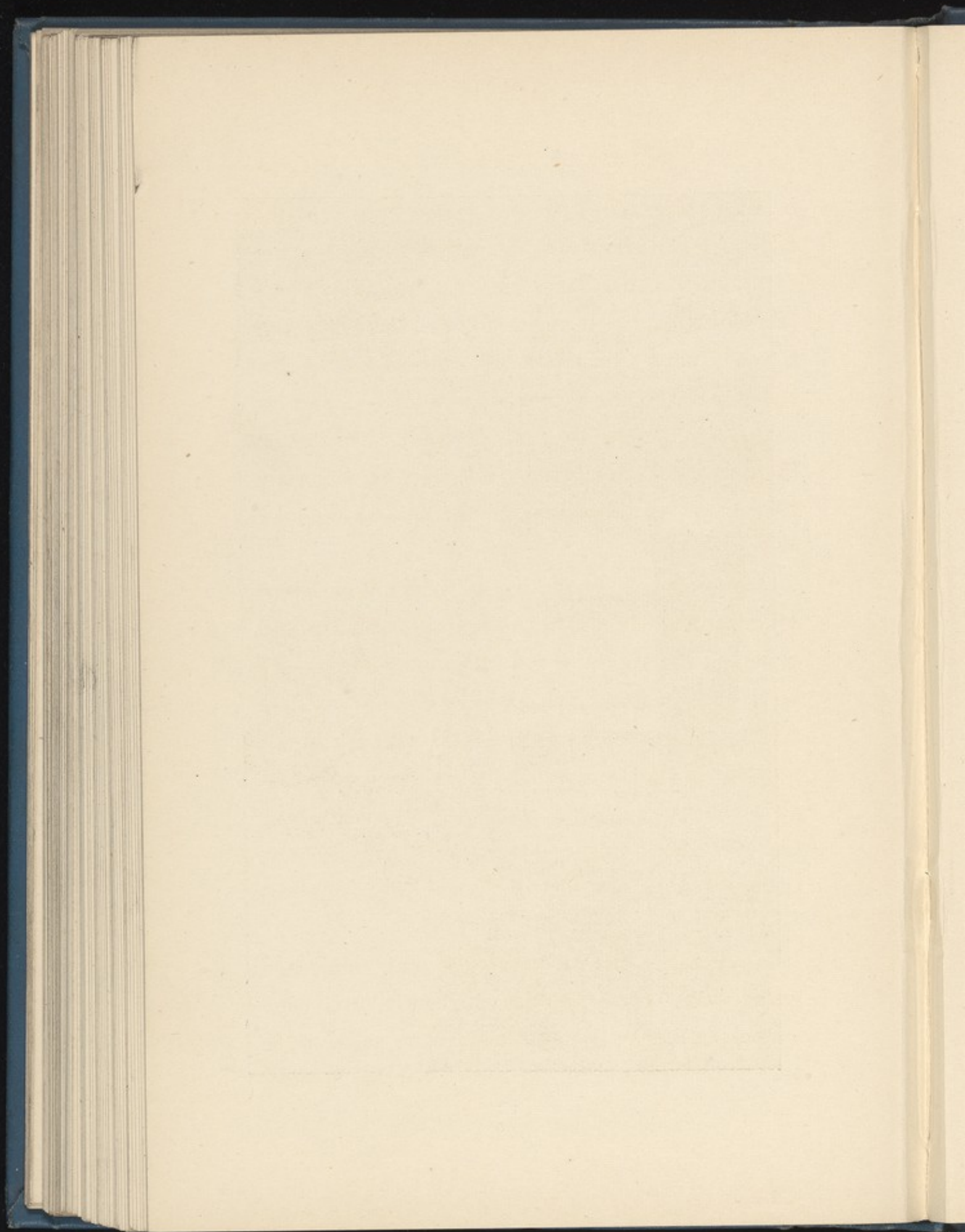
The Receiving House is situated on the north bank of the Serpentine, and contains, besides accommodation for the resident superintendent and boatmen, two wards, a surgery, and a committee-room. The wards are furnished with two baths and seven beds, which can be heated with hot water. The





ROYAL HUMANE SOCIETY'S RECEIVING HOUSE, HYDE PARK.  
*From a Photograph by Mr. T. Martin Channon (Amateur).*







object of this is to keep up the temperature of the body after the removal of the patient from the warm bath to the bed. There are also two hollow iron tables, with pipes leading to a boiler, through which the hot water circulates. By this means the hot water bottles, etc., are kept constantly warm, and the rooms at a high degree of temperature. Throughout the year about two tons of water are kept constantly hot; and a warm bath can be obtained at any hour of the day or night.

The wards and everything in them are models of neatness and cleanliness. The red and white bed quilts in the one, and the blue and white in the other, give the rooms a pleasing and almost a cheerful aspect. Warm dressing-gowns of grey flannel lie ready on the tables, and all that is wanting to complete the picture is "a case." On the wall hang the cork jackets and sou'westers of the Society's icemen, and by the side of each a lifeline is suspended.

In a cabinet in the committee-room there is a grand array of life-saving appliances, past and present, including models of iceboats, rafts to be used in the event of shipwreck, lifebelts, lifelines,



folding ladders, etc. Among the number there is one lifeline which is especially worthy of notice. It consists simply of two circular pieces of wood, connected in the centre by a stout metal pin. Round this a length of strong canvas tape is wound, until it is nearly flush with the edge of the wood. To the end of the tape a metal ring is fastened. The whole thing can be carried in the pocket without inconvenience, being about the same size as a surveyor's tape measure.

Should anyone break through the ice, the benefit of this invention becomes apparent. The iceman passes the ring over his thumb and rolls the drum in the direction of the immersed person, who seizes it. The tape is sufficiently strong to support the weight till further assistance can be rendered. If necessary, a rope can be attached to the ring, which the immersed person pulls towards him, and can then be drawn to firmer ice. It would be well if such an appliance was in the possession of every skater.

Here the visitor may see the apparatus which was formerly used, for the double purpose of inflating the lungs and injecting tobacco smoke, with a view to restoring suspended animation. It consists of a pair



of bellows, several pieces of flexible tubing of various lengths, a brass box, enclosed in wood, to hold the heated tobacco, and a curved silver pipe for inflating the lungs by passing it down the throat.

In this connection it may be interesting to give a brief outline of the method recommended by the Royal Humane Society for restoring the apparently dead, and in use at the present time. The points to be aimed at are, first and immediately, the restoration of breathing, and secondly, after breathing is restored, the promotion of warmth and circulation. These efforts must be persevered in until the arrival of medical assistance, or until the pulse and breathing have ceased for an hour. The rules to be observed are as follows:—

To adjust the patient's position, place him on his back on a flat surface, inclined a little from the feet upwards; raise and support the head and shoulders on a small firm cushion or folded article of dress, placed under the shoulder-blades. Remove all tight clothing from about the neck and chest.

To maintain a free entrance of air into the wind-pipe, cleanse the mouth and nostrils, open the mouth, pull forward the patient's tongue, and keep it so; an



elastic band over the tongue and under the chin will answer this purpose.

To imitate the movements of breathing, place yourself at the head of the patient, grasp his arms, raise them upwards by the sides of his head, stretch them steadily but gently upwards for two seconds. This induces inspiration, and by this means fresh air is drawn into the lungs by raising the ribs. Immediately turn down the patient's arms and press them firmly but gently downwards against the sides of his chest for two seconds. By this means foul air is expelled from the lungs. These movements must be continued fifteen times in a minute until a spontaneous effort to respire be perceived.

During the employment of the above method, excite the nostrils with snuff or smelling-salts, or tickle the throat with a feather. Rub the chest and face briskly, and dash cold and hot water alternately on them. Friction of the limbs and body with dry flannel or cloths should be had recourse to. When there is proof of returning respiration, the individual may be placed in a warm bath, the movements of the arms above described being continued until respiration is fully restored.





I. INSPIRATION.



II. EXPIRATION.

DR. H. R. SILVESTER'S METHOD OF INDUCING RESPIRATION.



Raise the body in twenty seconds to a sitting position, dash cold water against the chest and face, and pass ammonia under the nose. Should a galvanic apparatus be at hand, apply the sponges to the region of the diaphragm and heart.

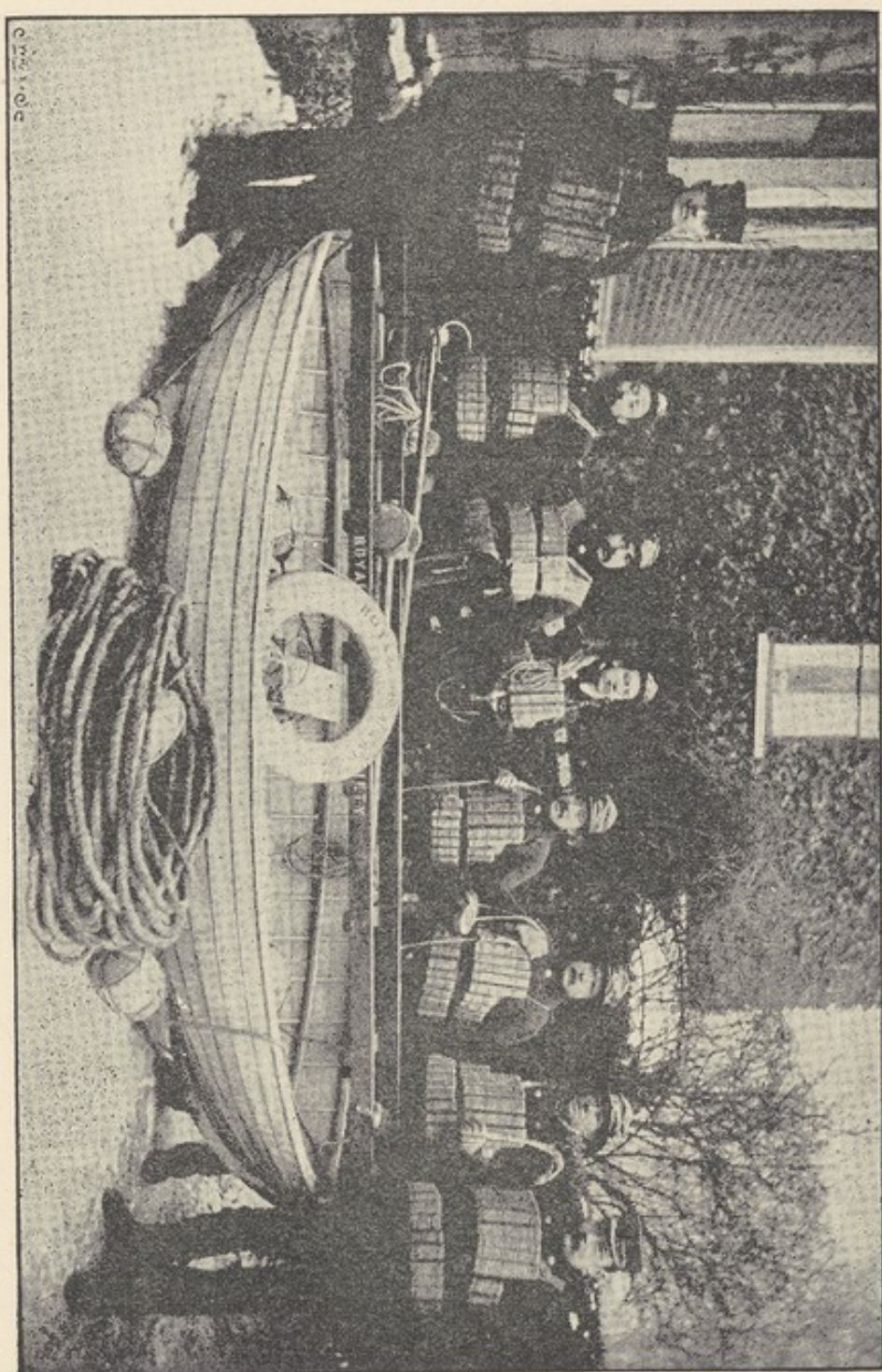
When a spontaneous effort to respire is perceived, cease to imitate the movements of breathing, and proceed to induce circulation and warmth, thus—

Wrap the patient in dry blankets, and rub the limbs upward energetically. Promote the warmth of the body by hot flannels, bottles or bladders of hot water, heated bricks to the pit of the stomach, the armpits, and to the soles of the feet.

On the restoration of life, when the power of swallowing has returned, a teaspoonful of warm water, small quantities of wine, warm brandy and water, or coffee should be given. The patient should be kept in bed, and a disposition to sleep encouraged. Large mustard plasters to the chest and below the shoulders will greatly relieve the distressed breathing. In all cases of prolonged immersion in cold water, when breathing continues, a warm bath should be employed to restore the temperature.

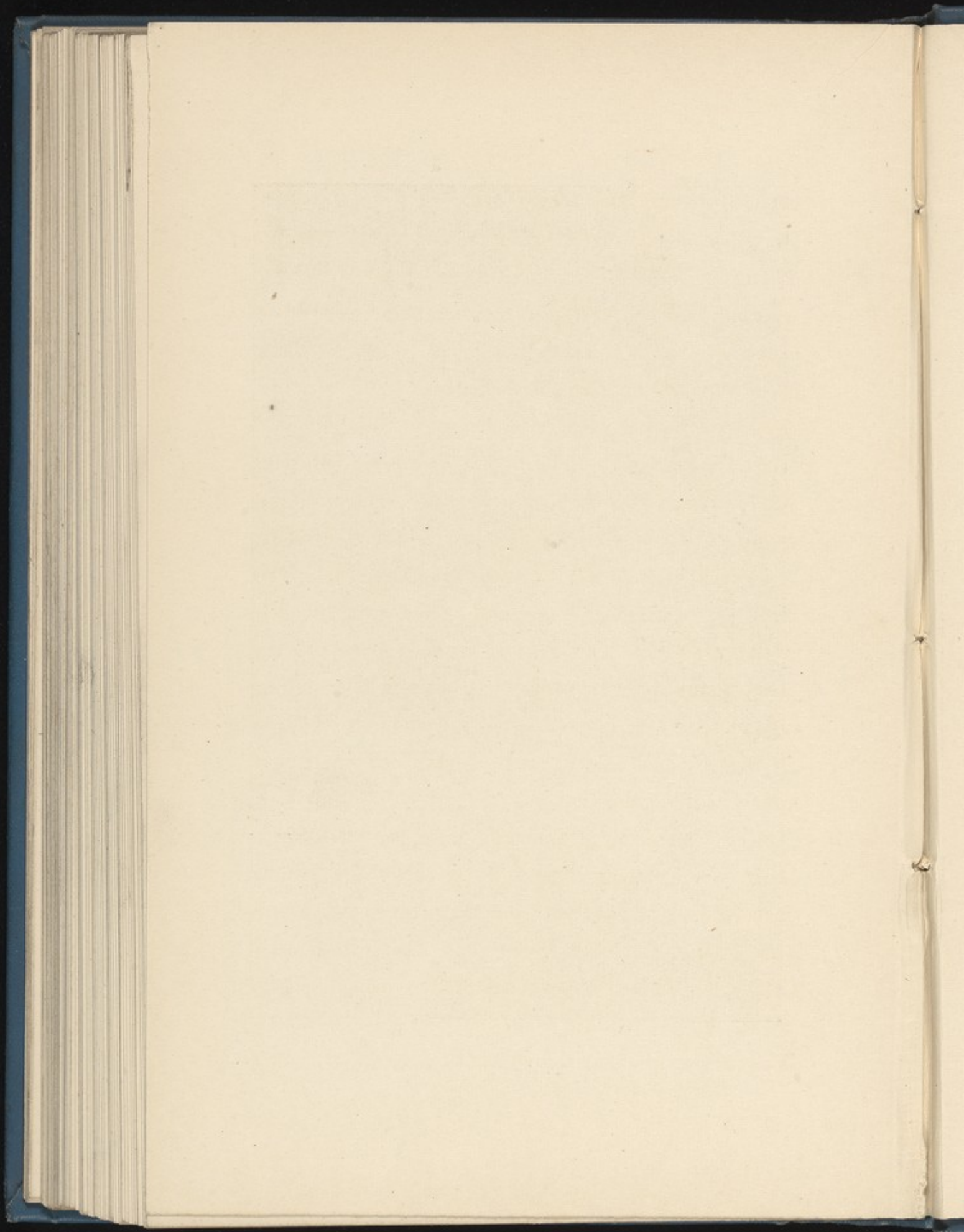
Opposite the Receiving House, there is an





ICEBOAT AND ICEMEN.







enclosure where the three boats are kept, in which the Society's men patrol the waters of the Serpentine during the bathing hours morning and evening. When we remember that 200,000 persons bathe in the river every summer, it is marvellous that so few fatalities occur ; a state of affairs for which we have to thank the Royal Humane Society and its energetic men.

At the rear of the house there is a large building, where are kept the iceboats and other appliances, by means of which the Society provides for the safety of more than 100,000 skaters. The boats are exactly like stout sea boats, and have a great breadth of beam. That they may be pushed over the ice steadily and quickly, runners are fastened on either side of the keel ; and to protect them from damage by ragged edges of ice, they are sheathed in copper nearly to the gunwale.

Here also, piled up in regular order, are the ladders, with which every skater is familiar, the stands marked DANGEROUS, and the poles for railing round the pond when the ice is unsafe. The perfect order and arrangement which characterise every department of the Receiving House reflect great credit on Mr. Horton, the superintendent.



The one hundred and twenty-first Annual Report of the Society shows that, in 1894, six hundred and twenty-one persons received awards for saving or attempting to save life. The Society maintains life-saving apparatus at nearly three hundred places in and around the metropolis, and many lives are saved by the drags and lifebuoys. In winter and in summer the Society's men are constantly on the watch, and it is satisfactory to know that during the past winter there has been no loss of life on waters guarded by them.

There is no institution more worthy of public support than the Royal Humane Society. Its operations are now world-wide, but unfortunately the voluntary subscriptions, on which it depends, have not kept pace with its extended sphere of usefulness. Surely the claims of this truly humane institution have been momentarily overlooked. Let us hope, for the honour of our country, that the advance of this Society may not be retarded for lack of means.



# SILVER MEDALS FOR TEN YEARS.

1884-1894.

## \* Stanhope Gold Medallists.

Andrews Alfred, . . . . .	1888	* Dickins, Capt. S. W.	
Atkins, James, junr. . . . .	1890	Scrase . . . . .	1893
Addison, Albert P., Mid- shipman, R.N. . . . .	1894	Eales, George . . . . .	1888
		Ellul, Antonio, Gunner R.M.A. . . . .	1889
Bell, Thomas . . . . .	1884	Fleet, Lieut., R.N. . . . .	1887
Brassey, Thomas Allnutt . . . . .		Fraser, Alex. Duncan, M.D. . . . .	1890
Betts, Peter . . . . .		Fraser, Donald Lionel . . . . .	
Bruce, Henry, Sergt. R.I.C. . . . .	1885	Farbrother, Alex. James . . . . .	
Bower, Lieut. Hamilton . . . . .	1886		
* Battison, Alfred, Boy, R.N. . . . .	1888	Goodwyn, Major J. E. . . . .	1884
Bradley, William . . . . .		Grimston, Lieut. the Hon. W. . . . .	
Breadalbane, The Right Hon. Marquis of . . . . .	1889	Grainger, Edward . . . . .	1891
Bell, Andrew Lees . . . . .		Girby, Suleiman . . . . .	
Biron, Henry . . . . .	1890	Griffin, Lieut. C. P. G. . . . .	1893
Bjorkander . . . . .	1891		
Broan, J. Inspector of Burma Police . . . . .	1892	Hart, Col. C. R. . . . .	1885
		Haveron, James . . . . .	
* Collins, Alfred . . . . .	1885	Hewetson, Rev. J. B. . . . .	1887
Crook, John . . . . .		* Hill, Hedley . . . . .	
Cusack, Lieut. J. W. H. C. (Clasp) . . . . .	1886	Howarth, Hezekiah . . . . .	1888
Chatfield, Lieut.-Col. C. K. . . . .		Heathcote, W. C. P. . . . .	
Cooling, James F. . . . .	1888	Hunt, Daniel . . . . .	1889
Chappell, Herbert . . . . .		Henderson, Alexander . . . . .	
Corry, Ernest . . . . .	1889	Hackett, Miss Sara M. . . . .	1891
Craig, James . . . . .		* Huddleston, W. B. . . . .	
* Cooper, Alfred John . . . . .	1890	Halfyard, Robert, A. B. . . . .	1893
Connell, John . . . . .		Hamilton, A. R. . . . .	1894
Cundy, George Conway . . . . .	1891	Hardyman, W. H. . . . .	
Cow, Robert . . . . .		Jablouski, Paul . . . . .	1886
Cooke, Henry Arthur . . . . .	1893	Ishar Dás . . . . .	1889
Cumming, W. W. . . . .		Jones, David . . . . .	1890
		King, Patrick . . . . .	1884
Dutton, Samuel . . . . .	1885	Le Mesurier, C. J. R. . . . .	1885
Drake, Charles, Boatswain R.N. . . . .	1888	Lemmi, George MacDonnell . . . . .	1889



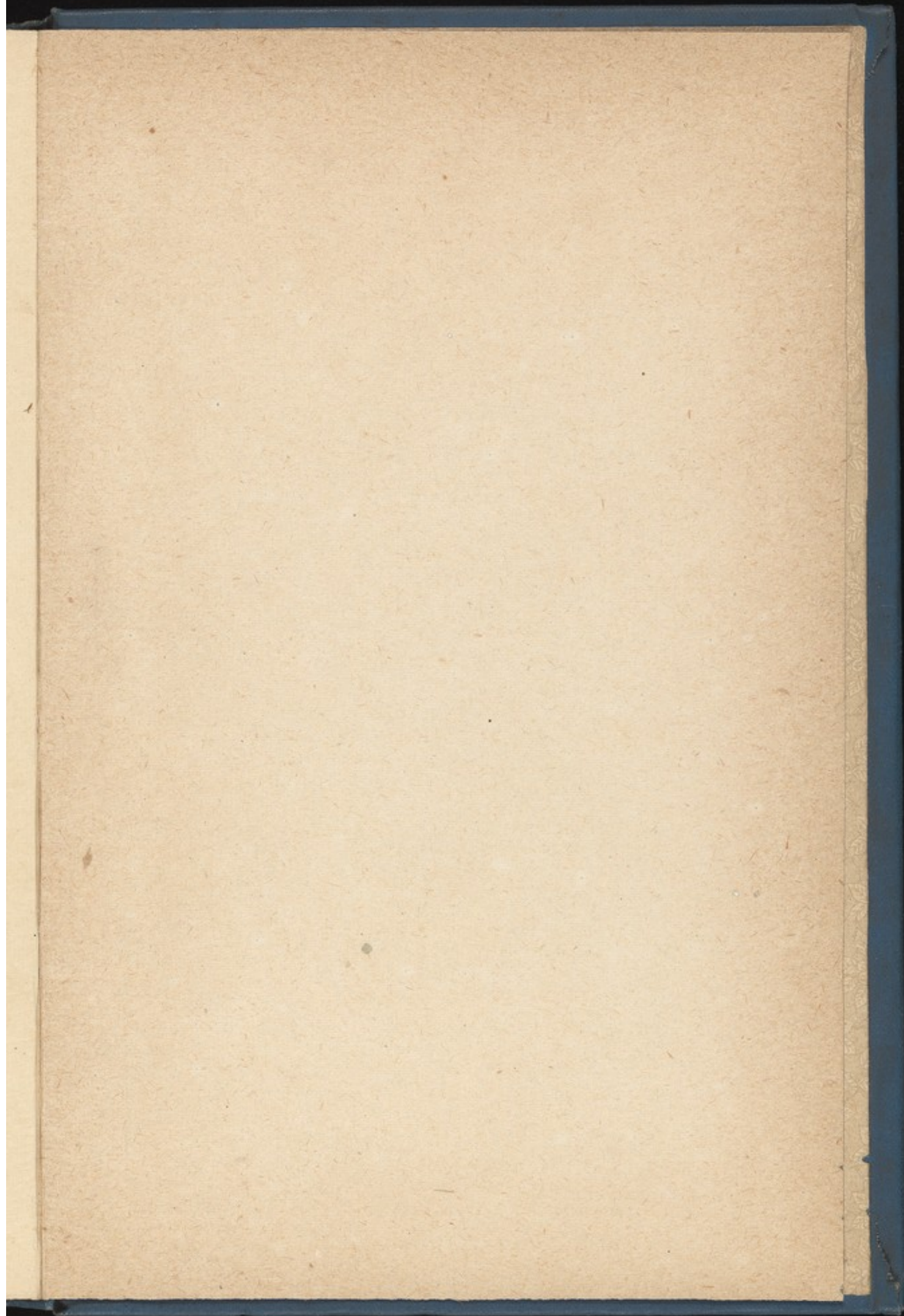
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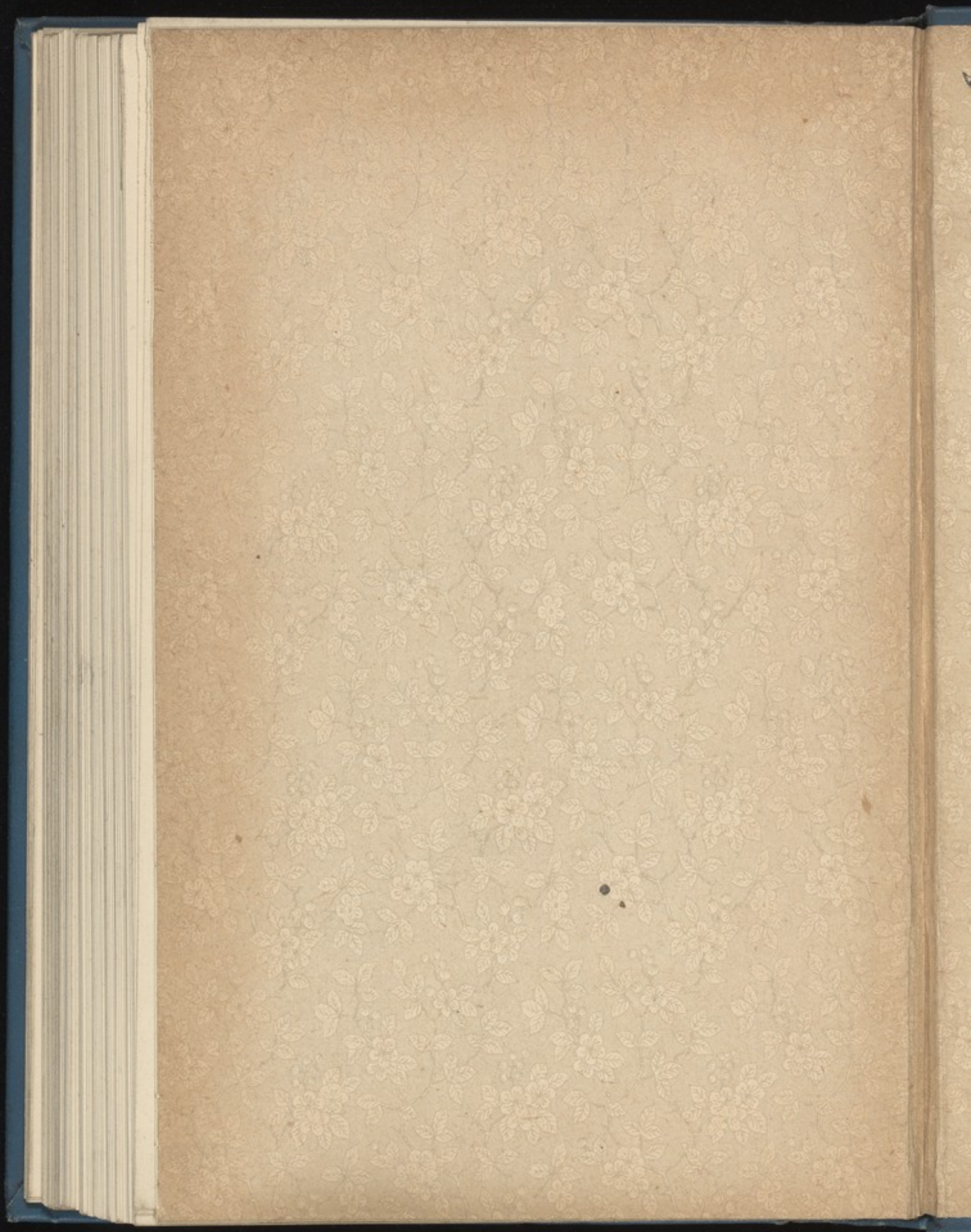
## THE ROYAL HUMANE SOCIETY

Lines, Frank . . . . .		Rich, Lieut. F. St. George,	
Lee, Patrick, Petty Officer,	1892	R.N. . . . .	1885
R.N. . . . .		Rowe, Miss Fanny Isabel .	1887
Long, Miss Margaret . . .	1893	Robinson, John . . . . .	1888
McLusky, John . . . . .	1884	Rose, Isaac . . . . .	1890
McNulty, M., Constable		Rutherford, James A. . .	
R.I.C. . . . .	1886	Shooter, Frank . . . . .	1884
* McRae, Captain H. N.		Startin, Lieut. James, R.N.	
(Rattray's) Sikhs . . . .		Saraj Din . . . . .	
McKeen, Walter . . . . .	1887	Smith, Michael, O.S. . .	1885
Maguire, John A. . . . .	1888	Sears, Henry, Gunner R.A.	
McKinstry, Edward R. . .		Skillicorn, Edward . . .	
Moore, Private J., 20th		Short, Capt. E. G. M. . .	
Hussars . . . . .	1889	Sears, Henry, Gunner R.A.	
* Meyer, William . . . . .		(Clasp) . . . . .	1886
Mackin, James, Coastguard		Stucley, Cadet H. N. G. .	1888
Mitchell, Sergt. - Major		Sutcliffe, Thomas . . . .	1889
Hugh, R.E. . . . .	1890	Sutherland, Alexander . .	
Matthews, F., Constable,		Smith, Richard . . . . .	1890
Metropolitan Police . . .		Shortle, Private Richard .	
McDonnell, Captain Walter		Smith, James . . . . .	
McQue, William, Corporal		Simpson, James R. . . . .	1891
K. O. Rifles . . . . .	1891	Seed, William . . . . .	
Murray, Lieut. A. P. . . .		Sinclair, W. H. M., B.A. .	
* McDermott, Thos., Boat-		Summerfield, Private C. .	1893
swain, R.N. . . . .	1892	Torrey Baz . . . . .	1885
McDougall, Roderick . . .	1893	Troubridge, Lieut. E. C. T.,	
McCabe, George . . . . .		R.N. . . . .	1888
McKenzie, John . . . . .	1894	Thomson, Basil H. . . . .	1890
* Mugford, William . . . .		Thomas, James, Constable,	
Nelson, Christian . . . . .	1886	Gloucestershire Consta-	1894
Neilson, David . . . . .		bulary . . . . .	
Nickson, Leonard R. . . . .	1888	Turner, A. H. . . . .	
O'Sullivan, J. . . . .	1888	Whyte, William . . . . .	1884
Ovens, Captain G. H. . . .	1891	Walsh, William . . . . .	1885
Pochin, Lieut. James W.,		White, Joseph . . . . .	
R.N. . . . .	1888	Williams, Capt. B. T. . .	1887
Parker, Geoffrey . . . . .		Whiteside, Frederick . . .	
Porter, William . . . . .		Whiteside, Joseph . . . .	1888
Purdie, Andrew . . . . .		Wilmot, William Fawcett .	
Piers, Hubert . . . . .	1889	Waters, Michael . . . . .	
Power, James . . . . .	1890	Whitelaw, Andrew . . . .	1889
Pennett, Constable, Metro-		Williams, Aaron . . . . .	1890
politan Police . . . . .	1890	Waters, Michael (Clasp) .	
Perry, Charles James, Gun-		Werner, A. B. . . . .	1891
ner R.A. . . . .	1893	Wilson, Frederick . . . . .	
Parks, Rufus . . . . .		Wylie, M. . . . .	1892
Park, Alexander . . . . .		Webster, John S. . . . .	1894

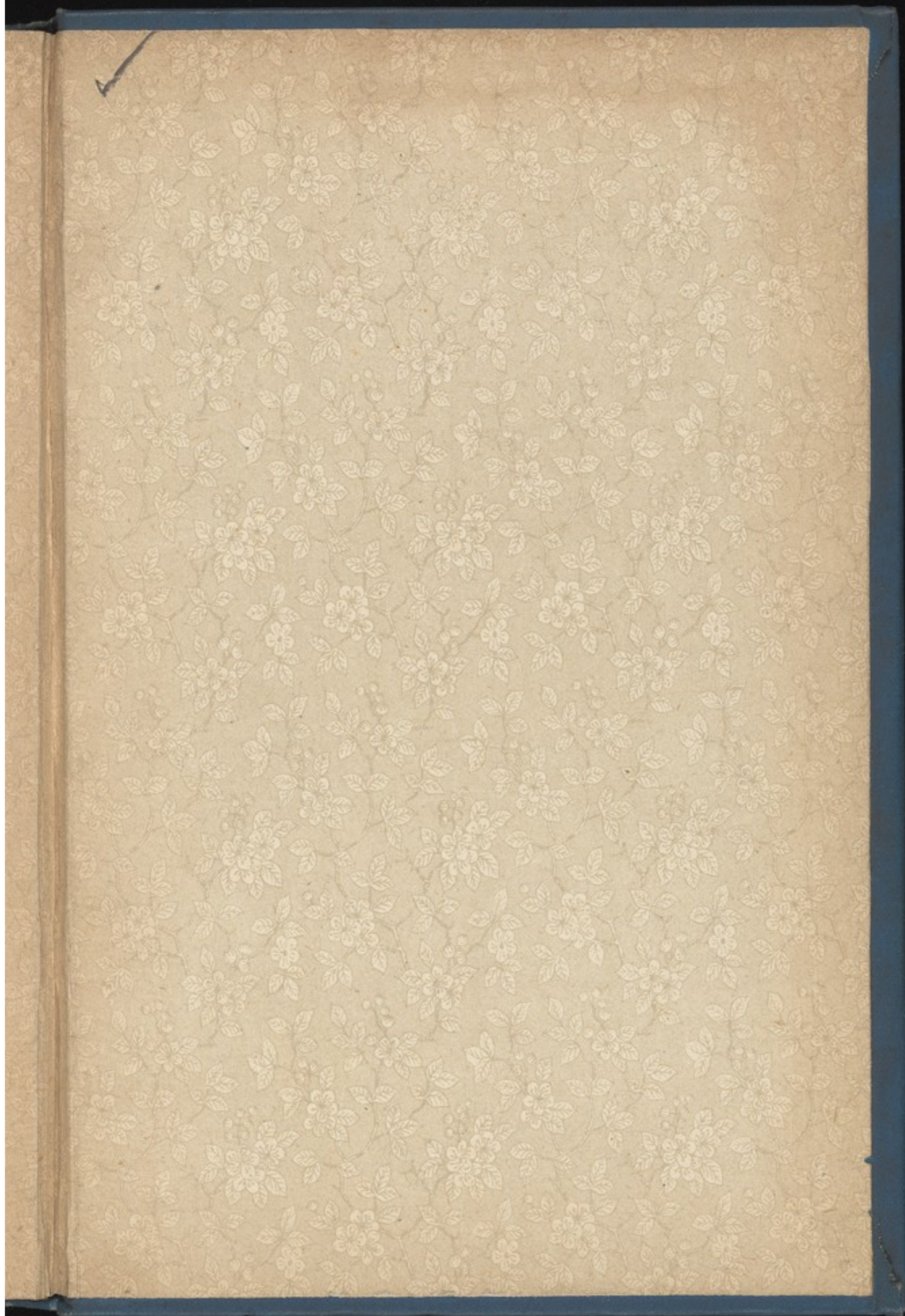




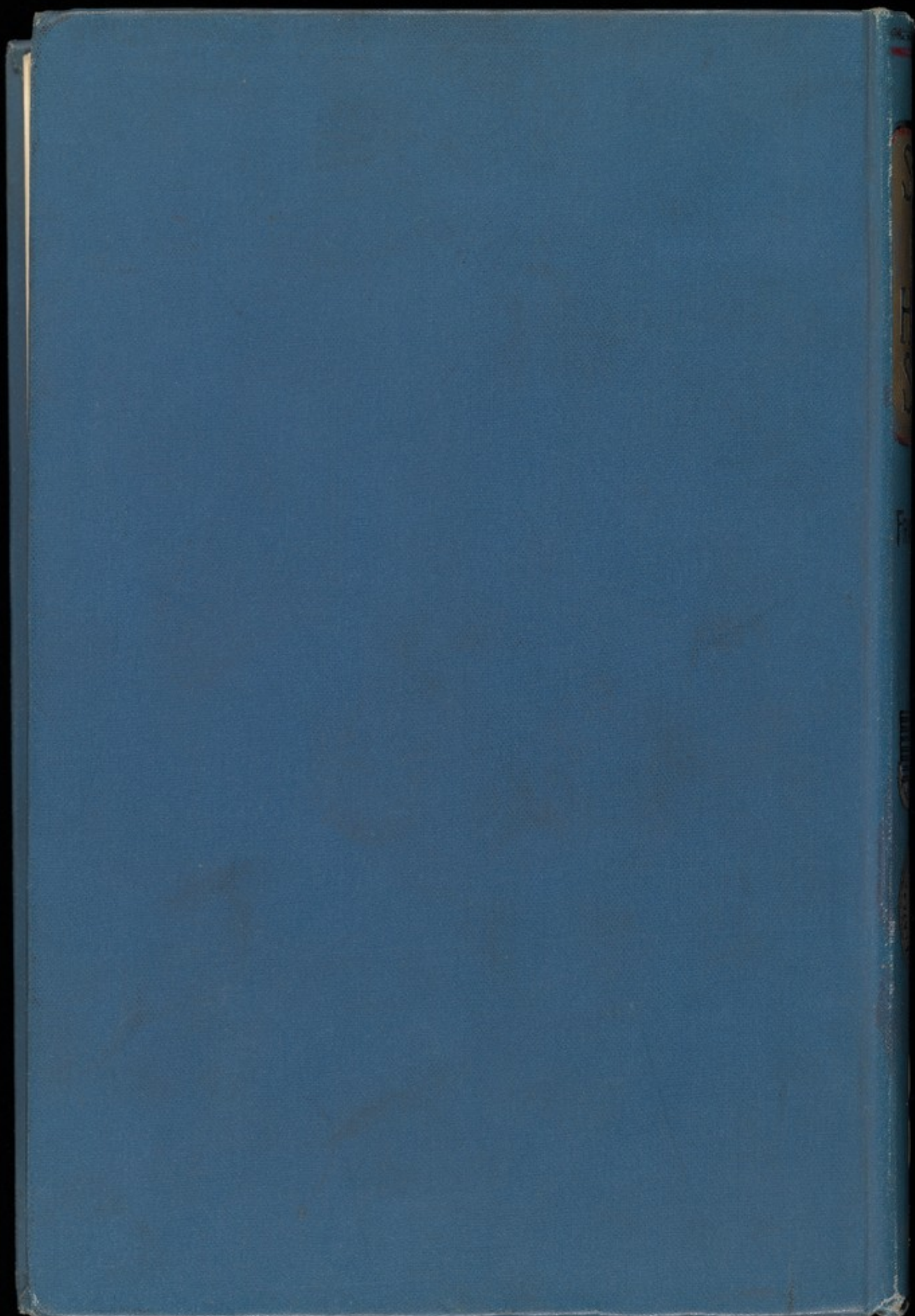














Stories  
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HUMANE  
SOCIETY

BY  
FRANK MUNDELL

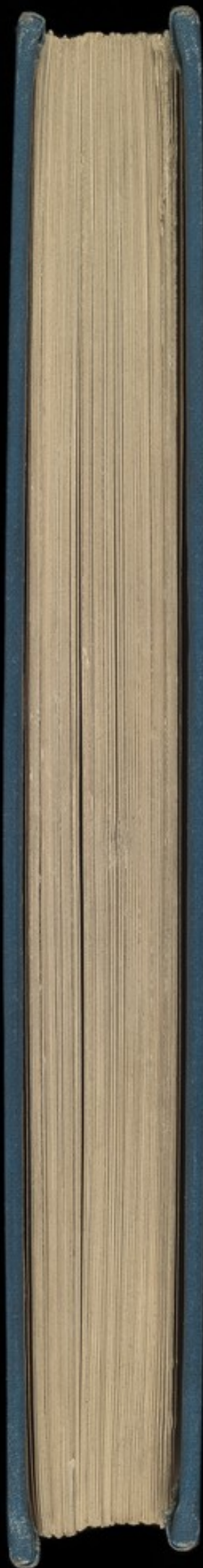


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