

finally we were washed up on to the beach.

"We were," continued Mrs. Hannan, "still under the boat in its capsized condition, pinned in under the thwart. Of course the water was very shallow, but the spent waves continued to lap right up to our bodies. We had no way of getting out. My poor little baby had in the meantime died from the shock and exposure. I think the lifebelt must have choked her. Eventually I heard the voices of the station shepherds, who lifted up the boat and got us out, and we were taken to the homestead."

BRINGING IN THE DEAD.

WELLINGTON, Monday.

An awe-stricken crowd of people gathered at the Drill Hall in Buckle-street to witness the indefinitely pathetic spectacle of loads of bodies being brought in from Miramar in vehicles. The faces of the drivers of the vehicles spoke of the seriousness of their mission, and as the crowd parted to allow the vehicles to pass into the shed through the folding doors, mere curiosity gave place to reverence, and that was doffed and women paled and stood appalled. The police kept the door sternly, and no one who was not a relative or friend of any of the dead was allowed to enter, so that those of morbid tendency and others desiring the mere experience of witnessing an unprecedented sight were deterred.

Inside there were improvised tables running the whole length of each side of the building. All the corpses had been carefully sewn in blankets, sails, pieces of canvas, and other coverings that were available, and so, happily, it was impossible to see the poor faces that were bruised and discoloured by the terrible buffeting the victims had undergone previous to death. Dr. Frangley and a staff of helpers, attired in white overalls, were busy spraying the corpses with a strong solution of formalin, and the fact that it was absolutely necessary to treat the occasion as one for business-like promptitude and quiet effort had a calming influence on those unhappy people who were permitted to enter in order to see if among the many unidentified bodies there were any of their loved ones.

All the afternoon there were conveyances coming and going through the folding doors, and each one bore a burden of heartrending interest. Sometimes an express came in with a load of coffins, then there was one containing the corpses of four little children. Corpses were being loaded from the tables to the carts as undertakers arrived to take charge of bodies for friends or relatives of the deceased.

It is remarkable that of the many women who visited the sad temporary morgue none showed any weakness in the actual death chamber, but many having once got outside utterly broke down and sobbed convulsively. Strong men, too, were prostrated, and some were leaning up against the fences in Buckle-street trying with indifferent success to appear unconcerned. In some cases both men and women were led away by friends, whose physical support was necessary. There were tense moments when some of the numerous undertakers undid the sewing of a cover in order that an inquirer might see the features beneath and decide, if possible, whether they were those of the dead friend he sought.

FUNERAL OF THE VICTIMS.

WELLINGTON, Tuesday.

The narrow streets round the Drillshed in Buckle-street were packed this morning with people anxious to see the public funeral accorded to the victims of the Penguin disaster. First in order was a lorry with four coffins containing the remains of the Maguire children. On the lorry was seated a little boy, the only one left of the family. It was preceded by a band, and followed by a large number of personal friends. Behind came five lorries, each with two coffins, all covered in flowers. These fourteen were all that started from the Hall, but numerous private funerals are arranged for at the same time, and also at other hours throughout the day. The Government was represented by Dr. Findlay. The Mayor of Wellington and the officials of the Union Company were also present. A long cortege of cabs, expresses, and people on foot made up a train half a mile long. The day is bright and warm.

The following caskets left the Drillshed:—E. Gale, J. Rafferty, Miss Richards, William Ernest Crooke, Keith Cape

Williamson, Barnes H. Wood, T. Woodford, Felix Woodward, and four others, making fourteen in all.

Through crowded streets, headed by the Mission Band, the procession went. After the band was a lorry drawn by two horses bearing four white coffins draped with colours and decked with wreaths. Five waggons succeeded each other, bearing two black coffins, also shrouded in naval ensigns. These were chiefly members of the crew lost in the wreck. They were followed by their sailor friends, bareheaded. The procession was brought up by a large number of cabs containing leading citizens and relatives of the deceased. Many people followed afoot, and many walked alongside. The large crowd was very quiet, very orderly, and intensely sympathetic.

At the Cemetery several thousands of people had gathered, and the police had considerable difficulty in keeping the way clear for the cortege. The burial services were extremely brief, the whole ceremony being carried out as quickly as possible.

A TRUE PHILANTHROPIST.

WELLINGTON, Monday.

Mr McManemin, the owner of Terawhiti sheep station, is a truly philanthropic man. He gave all the spare clothes he had to the Penguin survivors on Saturday morning, and now only possesses one suit. He has not even a pair of boots to his name. When seen by a "Times" reporter yesterday, at the homestead, he mentioned casually, not thinking that it would be published, that the pair of slippers he was wearing was the only footwear he now possessed.

The Union Steamship Company, Mr McManemin said, deserved great credit for the expeditious manner in which they sent out food, spirits, and blankets. Captain Naylor should also be commended for his unselfishness amongst the survivors. When those who were rescued came up to the homestead all the clothing and boots that could be scraped together were placed at the men's disposal, but the captain refused to take a stitch until everybody else was satisfied.

"I would like you to give the captain a notice about it," he said. "I think he deserves praise." As to the police, they did excellent work, especially the two mounted men, Sims and Gardener, who were the first to arrive. They kept at their task all day Saturday, and had the heaviest of the work done before the other men arrived from town. I really can't speak too lightly of the mounted police. Late on Sunday night one of them rode down to Oterangi station for me, with a message, and that was a big job for a pitch-black night, along five miles of treacherous beach.

Asked where he thought the Penguin actually struck, Mr McManemin said: "I'll tell you where I reckon it was—certainly not on Tom's Rock. The wreckage was going to far south for that. I consider it was Luma Rock. This rock was named by Captain Fairchild, of the Government steamer Luma. A lot of people say no such rock exists. It is certainly submerged at all times, but I think it is there all the same. It lies to the north of Sinclair Head, between that point and the Karori Reef. She could not be on Karori Reef—the wreckage shows this to be the case. If she got on to Tom's Rock some of the wreckage would have drifted against the wind, and tide to get where it was washed up, so that explodes the Tom's Rock theory. There is plenty of wreckage south of Tom's Rock, and with the south-easter it could never have got there if she had struck that point."

Speaking about boat operations in the surf at the homestead, Mr Manemin said the beach could only be worked in dead calm weather or in a nor-west wind or a very light southerly. He emphasized the fact, however, that no matter how rough the weather or what the direction of the wind, surf boats manned by experienced men could always get out when the tide was receding. "I consider," he concluded, "that the boats could have worked the beach on Sunday when the tide was running out."

EXPERIENCES OF A RAFT.

WELLINGTON, Monday.

Mr. G. Bridge, one of the passengers who was saved, in the course of an interview, said:—

"I, with others, went aft to the poop deck, and assisted in getting the long-boat out, under directions from an offi-

cer. This was done successfully, and the boat, with the rest of the women passengers and the stewardess was lowered without accident. Just after they pushed off, however, those in the boat discovered that there was no bucket with which to bale if necessary, and they sang out to us to throw them one. We could not in the darkness find one, and just then it was plainly manifest that the vessel was sinking fast, being already very much down by the head, so that the boat had to go off without one. We then turned our attention to the rafts, which were on the poop deck. All hands gave their attention to the port raft first, and hauled it clear of the rigging and then threw it over the side into the sea. Some 20 persons, including an officer, then jumped into the sea after it, but only 11 of these, as was afterwards proved, could have got aboard, the rest being drowned.

"This left eight of us aboard, exclusive of the captain, who, I think, was on the bridge. We all cut the lashings of the raft, but there was a heavy list to starboard, and we found we could not shift the raft, as it was too heavy for us, so we all hung on to the raft by any means available, such as lifelines, etc., I myself clatching the woodwork of it. All of us knew that the vessel would founder in a few minutes, but before even this short period had passed the ship suddenly shot forward and downward and sank. As the vessel lurched forward the raft slid a yard or two and got caught in the starboard rigging, and as we took the water the raft was pulled under and capsized, throwing us all into the sea. We were at once sucked down in the vortex, but as the vessel dived down in a slanting direction by the bows it took away the full force of the suction aft, so that though we seemed to go down an awful distance, still with the force of the suction removed our lifebelts brought us up again. I came up, together with one of the crew, underneath the raft, and we kicked and struggled together till we got clear, and were able to come to the surface, a yard or so away from the raft, when we both got aboard it, and then helped others to do likewise until we were all accounted for.

"Gradually we lost sight of the other raft, the boat, and all wreckage, and huddled together, 12 of us, on our narrow raft, all the while clinging on like grim death. We drifted in a north-west direction, towards Terawhiti, and out to sea, all the time battered by tremendous seas, which broke continually all over us. After a while, some of us sang a bit to cheer the others. Fortunately, as it turned out, after what seemed a fearful long drift seawards, a special current, or a turn of the tide, brought us once more in towards land, and eventually we sighted land, and shortly afterwards some outstanding rocks.

"Almost immediately afterwards a tremendous sea upended the raft towards the land and threw us all into the water once more, leaving us to battle for life. We all regained the raft, and got on board, but one man would have been lost but for a rope hanging behind the raft, which had been turned right side up again. This rope floated out towards him, and cheered by us all he managed to grab it. We then hauled him aboard. That sea and capsized, however, really saved our lives, for it brought us into calmer water inside a reef, but we lost our plank, and so had to drift over ledges of rock and on to small reef ends until we came right alongside the main line of rocks, connecting with the shore, alongside of which was deep, still water. One of us got on to these rocks, and held the raft by the rope, when the others got safely ashore, one by one, there being no bustling or hurry, as we felt we were now perfectly safe."

Our Illustrations

EAST STREET HALL.

The official opening of the Methodist Mission Hall in East-street took place at 3 p.m. on Saturday afternoon, in the presence of a large gathering of friends. Mrs. Caughey had the honour of turning the key in the door and opening the building for the use of the Mission. In a very short space of time practically the whole of the sitting accommodation was occupied. A strong choir of children, conducted by Mr. G. F. Cater, assisted in singing the hymns, and Mrs. Neave officiated as accompanist. Solos were

given by Miss Agnes Tudehope, and Messrs. W. and S. Astley. The Rev. Geo. Bond presided, and there were also on the platform Mr. and Mrs. A. C. Caughey, Sister Esther of the Mission, Rev. James and Mrs. Wilson, Mr. C. H. Poole, M.P., Revs. W. Gray Dixon (Presbyterian), Rev. Knowles Kempton (Baptist), Rev. W. S. Potter (Free Methodist), Revs. J. A. Luxford (Wesleyan), Isitt, Spence, and Gibson of Onehunga. Addresses were delivered by the Chairman, also by the Revs. Dixon, Kempton, Potter and Mr. Poole. The offertory was in aid of the building fund. Special services were held on Sunday, when the Rev. G. Bond preached in the morning, and the Rev. James Wilson in the evening. All the services were well attended.

"A" BATTERY, AUCKLAND.

The "A" Battery Field Artillery struck camp on Saturday morning last, and embarked guns and horses for Devonport, preparatory to proceeding to the practice ground beyond Lake Takapuna, for the annual shell firing. The Battery left the wharf at 3.30, and marched out to Brown's Bay ridge, where an instructional series was commenced, but the falling light prevented firing being finished. The guns were then left on the ridge and the men and horses went down to Brown's Bay, where camp was pitched for the night. An early reveille was sounded on Sunday morning, and after breakfast teams were taken up to the guns and the march continued. The general idea on which the battery was acting was that an enemy of superior force had landed at Okura, and the guns formed part of a body of troops fighting a rearguard, or "detaining" action. The enemy was first located from the high ridge near Okura, and Captain Sherson brought his guns into action. The targets representing infantry were placed in a tricky position, and being made of kiaki canvas were very indistinct, but after a few shots the range was found, and an effective shrapnel fire brought to bear. A second series was fired from the same position by Lieutenant Burgess, and excellent results obtained. The shrapnel bullets peeling the clay ground all around the targets, even cutting the wire by which they were suspended. The battery then retired to a position some distance back, and was brought into action by Lieutenant Morton, who was also successful in locating the targets, and bringing a very effective fire to bear on them, many of the canvas dummies being riddled with bullets. "Cease firing" sounding, the battery remained in observation, and on the enemy again appearing in a new position, Lieutenant McGill took command, and started on his series. The position in which the targets were placed this time was a very difficult one to range on, being on the crest of one ridge, with another ridge running parallel, and nearly level with its front. All the shells falling short disappeared in the gully, while those going over were, of course, unobserved. Notwithstanding these difficulties, however, Mr. McGill made good shooting once the range was ascertained, the targets being again knocked down. This concluded the practice, and, on reaching the road, the battery made its way once more down to Brown's Bay, where horses were watered and fed, and the men partook of a well-earned lunch. After a short rest the battery was formed up, and a few remarks made by Colonel Davies, C.B., inspector-general, who, with Colonel Wolfe, O.C.D., and Captain Pilkington, R.N.Z.A., watched the firing. He expressed himself as very well satisfied with the work of the battery, and with the keenness that all ranks had shown. One thing which he had noticed particularly was the indistinctness of the targets, which were sometimes invisible without the aid of glasses, and he was very pleased with the efficient manner in which the officers had ranged on them. In reply to a question from the Colonel, Captain Richardson, chief artillery instructor, said that the shooting had been the best he had seen in the Dominion this year. This would indicate that the "A" Battery has won the Rhodes Cup for the highest marks in fire effect, which is a very pleasing result of the year's work, and one on which the Battery is to be congratulated.

"Men worry more than women."

"Yes; they not only have everything to worry about that women have, but they also have the women to worry about, too."