

immense sea washed the ship, carrying the chief officer away, and he was not seen afterwards. M'Ewan succeeded in getting well up in the fore-rigging, where several others, principally members of the crew, had taken refuge. The scene at this time was perfectly appalling. The gale appeared to increase in fury, and was accompanied by heavy rain and sleet. The seas came tumbling over the ill-fated vessel, sweeping the deck and carrying away numbers as they emerged from their berths, the poor creatures' shrieks, as they disappeared over the side, and their frantic efforts to lay hold of anything within their reach, being enough to unnerve the strongest. One poor fellow, somewhat advanced in years, who during the voyage had been suffering severely from rheumatism, contrived to reach the fore-rigging, and and clutched for his life to a rope. As the seas came over the vessel, however, he found his strength began to fail, and he called to one of the men in the rigging above to help him. The sailor appealed to leaned down and seized the passenger by the only garment; but this gave way, and seeing there was no hope the passenger let go his hold, and was immediately washed out of sight. The brace of the foreyard, which was attached to an iron chain, saved the rigging of the foremast up and down as the vessel heaved, clearing off many of the passengers and threatening the remainder every moment with a similar fate. Fortunately Davidson, one of the watch, had his knife, and managed to cut the rope by which the brace was held, and so far they were secure. Just then the mizen-mast, on which the greater portion of the passengers had collected, gave way with a terrible crash, falling over the side and disappearing in the gulf, with the people still clinging to it. It is thought that the mizen-mast carried with it the poop, where Captain Taylor was seen, and as he was not heard afterwards he was doubtless amongst those washed away. In a few minutes afterwards the mainmast broke right off near the deck, and fell over the side, bringing down the fore-topgallant-mast. The foretopmast soon followed, the lower portion of the foremast where M'Ewan and Davidson were holding on, being alone left standing. A dreadful sea then came full tilt at the ship, which made her tremble in every timber, and sent her bumping on to the rocks. This carried Davidson and others away, but the former providentially was washed by the return of the wave back to his former position, and he succeeded, by Mr M'Ewan's help, in securing his hold on the rigging once more. The bulwarks had now been smashed, and the aft as well as the fore part of the ship appeared to have been stove in. A seaman named Row was washed out of the fore-rigging along with Davidson, but he was seen no more. After remaining in this condition for about an hour, the vessel went down stern foremost, carrying those in the rigging down also. As soon as M'Ewan found the vessel settle he let go his hold and floated to the surface. He observed a dark object before him struggling in the water, and cried out, "Is that Davidson?" A response was given, "Yes." A voice was then heard shouting, "This way for the timber." Davidson and M'Ewan swam in the direction indicated, and found pieces of the wreck floating about in all directions. It was the boatwain, Scatter, who had hailed out about the timber, and on reaching the raft to which he was clinging, M'Ewan found, along with him, a man named Baker. They lay on the their faces, and were drifted towards the breakers. When these were about reached, at a point three miles or so from the shore, the boatwain was washed off the raft. They reached land about 8 o'clock in a very exhausted state, and after they had been in the water several hours. They found a passenger named Harold lying on the beach so benumbed and exhausted that he was unable to stir, and it was not till he had been thoroughly rubbed with brandy, a case of which had floated ashore, that he was able to move. They then rigged up a tent, and, after considerable difficulty, succeeded in lighting a fire. The survivor Davidson is a son of Alexander Davidson, engineer, of Auckland.—John Harold, of the steerage passengers, stated that, being able to swim well, he jumped of the side of the ship, and swam some distance, in the hope of being able to seize on a piece of floating timber. He had been swimming for about 10 minutes when he came across a piece of wood about 4ft. long and 1in. in thickness. He placed his arms across this and floated for a while, in quite an exhausted condition. A hen-coop, which bore Mr Nicholson, came close to him on the top of a wave, and Harold left the piece of wood and took hold of the opposite side of the hen-coop to Nicholson. The extra weight caused the coop to roll, and both men were submerged soon after by a large sea. Harold then let go his hold, and reached a large plank not far distant, when Nicholson followed him. In the darkness of the night he did not observe, until he got on the plank, that a steerage passenger named Keys had already hold of the plank. He and Keys occupied each end of the plank, while Nicholson had hold of the centre. The last-named became so exhausted that he said, "Oh Harold, I am going." Harold told him to keep up his courage, as he was sure land could not be far away. A wave came and swept Nicholson off the plank, but he managed to get hold of Harold's leg, which he held for some time, when the latter implored him to release his grasp. Nicholson released his hold and regained the plank, after sinking twice, but he was so weak that in a few minutes he dropped off the plank and disappeared in the gloom from Harold's sight. Harold and Keys had now the plank to themselves, and at times each of them was struck violently by floating pieces of the wreck. After buffeting the waves on this frail piece of timber for about fifteen minutes, Harold saw Keys leave the plank and walk on shore. He followed his example, and got safe on shore in a most exhausted condition.—Frank Wagardo, an able seaman, says that the ship was under easy sail just before she struck the first time, and that the man on the forecastle sang out "Breakers a head." The chief officer called the crew on deck, and ordered all hands to make more sail, as there was not sufficient way on the vessel to bring her round. The ship struck soon after, and the boats were got ready. Wagardo was on the mizen-topsail yard when the mast went overboard, precipitating him into the water. After being in the water for about half-an-hour, he succeeded in securing a piece of wood, to which he held on. A few minutes after, in the darkness, he saw the pig-house floating and he swam to it, and found that it had been taken possession of by Godfrey Fielding, a passenger, and two of the ship's boys. When they got near the shore, Wagardo

saw a spar ahead of them containing at least a dozen passengers and sailors, but the sea shortly after washed it over the reef, and when he next saw the spar there was not a soul on it. The pig-house reared the same spot, and the shock with which it came against the reef knocked Fielding and the two lads off into the sea. Wagardo strained his eyes to see them, but they never rose to the surface again. Shortly after he saw Nicholson, who floated against the pig-house, and turned and made a grasp, but, failing, sunk out of sight. The pig-house floated Wagardo ashore, soon after this, without further mishap. The names of the survivors are as follow:—L. O'Grady, cabin passenger; Charles M'Ewan, third mate; John Harold, passenger; Thomas Jones, seaman; David Keys, passenger; Joseph Cunningham, seaman; David Baker, seaman; Frank Wagardo, seaman; Alexander Davidson, seaman. The following is a list of the persons drowned:—Captain James Randolph; Charles George, first officer; Charles H. Baker, second officer; — Parker, fourth officer. Passengers—Cabin: William Nicholson. Second cabin: Mr and Mrs Thomas; Messrs Godfrey Fielding, — Allan, R. Burkett, — Lawton, Hunt, Noseworthy, Cantarowitch, Audresson; steward, Stewart. Steerage: Mrs Dale, Maggie Dale, Lizzie Dale, Lilly Dale, Messrs Connolly (2), Mrs Mills, Maggie Mills, Miss Hayes, Miss Mary Frahey, Mrs Blackburne, Connolly, Connolly, jun.; Murphy, Hayes, Hughes (2), Brooks, Hart, William Pierce, James Neville, John Rice, — Hawkins, Bowland, John McGarvey, William Miller, Dahlberger, Yaburg, and Alcock; steward, James Crow. Crew—Starboard watch: B. Scatter, boat-swain; Frank Bryant, T. Rogers, Bezzine, William Tyer, Moloney, Martin, Peterson, John McCarthy, Edward Curry (a coloured man), — Murphy, Days, Fleming, McCaul, and Hodge. Port watch: Smith, Row, Crown, Perry, Ryan, Myers, Wealey, Roberts, Havelock. Boys, Liddle, Dulton, and Buckingham; Woods, carpenter, Marshall, engineer; cook, W. A. Pierce. The bodies of the following have been washed ashore, identified and buried:—Matilda Dale, a young girl about 11-years old; Mrs Blackburne, Mrs Mills, Mrs Thomas, Helen Hays, Mary Conley, and Wm. Dyer Pierce. On Friday the body of Mary Trahey was found jammed in the rocks, and from its position could not be extricated. She was coming out to her father and mother, who are said to be keeping a public-house in Ireland street, West Melbourne. The British Admiral was a new iron ship, of 1,750 tons register, and this is her first voyage. It is surmised that it was the Waterwitch reef on which the vessel struck, and that is only three or three and a-half miles off shore.

#### THE REV. FATHER M. L. CUMMINS, S.M.

Wellington, May 28.

DURING the past week an unusual amount of feeling was displayed by the Catholics of Wellington and the surrounding districts on account of the sudden departure of Father Cummins for Reefton, West Coast. During his brief stay here he has endeared himself to all classes by his zeal and energy in the cause of Catholicity and universal charity. As an upholder of Catholicity he had few equals. His powerful orations from the pulpit have contributed materially to the present growing position of Catholicity. Endowed with a happy and brilliant memory he was at all times ready to mount the pulpit and grapple with the most difficult theological subjects. As a preacher his rich mellow voice always audible, never boisterous, his facility for explaining technical and theological points and showing forth clearly and concisely the beautiful mysteries of the Catholic Church, had at all times attracted numerous crowds to the Catholic church. Even Dissenters who came to scoff, ridicule, and criticise knelt down to pray. But it was not as a teacher of Catholicity alone that the rev. gentleman was so conspicuously eminent—his zeal in the vineyard of the Lord went still farther. In the country districts around Wellington where the holy sacrifice of the Mass was never celebrated before he used to make it a point to visit each district occasionally. The success with which these visits were attended may be gathered from the fact that in Makara a beautiful church under the patronage of St. Patrick has already been dedicated to the glory of the Lord. In Oharu another church is to be erected immediately, the necessary funds having already been collected. In Porirou, Iawa flat, and Phauwatanui, church sites have been obtained and the necessary preparations already commenced for providing funds. Need I say that great sorrow is felt at his removal, and the Catholic community are taking steps to get him again restored to his poor sorrowing widows and orphans, to whom he was a father indeed. May God bless and protect him for ever.

#### PARTY WARFARE.

SIR,—Some complain that the TABLET is too Catholic, too severe; too bitter towards the enemies of the Church; that it is, in fact, a clerical paper entirely—a Bishop's paper they call it, and for too highly spiced with hot Catholic zeal. Granting that there may be some degree of truth in this complaint, it must be borne in mind that a Catholic newspaper like the Catholic Church is truly "militant." It is engaged in a crusade against numerous bitter, powerful, and crafty enemies. No wonder if, in the course of such a warfare, a Catholic newspaper should, from the weakness incident to human nature, at times overstep the bounds of charity and moderation, and show more warmth than prudence, good taste and justice might warrant.

If a man should hear the good name of his mother unjustly assailed, is he to be severely blamed—or blamed at all—should he reply to such unjust attack in warm and indignant language? What would be thought of the son who could defend the character of a good and beloved parent against groundless aspersions in calm and measured terms, without any sign of warmth or feeling? Not much, I believe. Those Catholics of a frigid and prudent character who take exception to the language of the TABLET when hotly engaged with the Church's enemies, should bear in mind that the Church is the spiritual mother of us all. There are some Catholics so prudent that they cannot bear