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## **The wrecked Algoma : interesting statement by a survivor.**

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# THE WRECKED ALGOMA

Interesting Statement by  
a Survivor.

## DAY AND NIGHT OF HORROR.

### The Bravery of Captain Moore.

William R. McCarter, one of the passengers saved, is 52 years of age. His home is at Meaford, Ont., where he formerly had an interest in the Monitor. Mr. McCarter was on his way to British Columbia with a neighbor named William Mulligan, who was going out there to settle. Mr. Mulligan is among the list of lost. Mr. McCarter gives the following account of the disaster:—

There was a frightful storm during the trip from Owen Sound until late Friday night, when the passengers went to bed. The Algoma struck about twenty minutes to five o'clock Saturday morning. The shock was a severe one, and the vessel trembled and shivered. I rushed out and saw three or four deck hands rushing aft and waving their hands like people demented. I followed the men and asked what was wrong. They replied that they did not know, but something terrible had happened. A stranger stopped me and said, "This is a terrible occurrence. It is sad to think we must all die here. Let us hope it will turn out all right." This poor man was drowned in less than a quarter of an hour after. The men from down below all crowded upon the higher deck, and along the port side. The storm was terrible. The waves rushed in great mountains over the decks, and every few moments the despairing shriek of some unfortunate person was heard as they were carried out to sea and lost. The vessel lay broadside to the island, and there was a dreadful surf—an awful sea pounding and beating against her sides. The cabin soon gave way, and the women, children, and men were then washed off the boat beyond all hope of safety. A great many persons grew almost crazy, and jumped into the sea in the hope of getting ashore. We did not know where we were at first, as it was quite dark, and there was a terrible storm of sleet and snow blowing in on us. The electric lights went out a few minutes after the boat struck, and the confusion and excitement were terrible.

#### BRAVE CAPT. MOORE.

The Captain alone remained cool and steady. He showed what a man he really was just then, and did his duty like a man. When it seemed a certain death to run a life line along the deck, he seized a rope and strung out the line, telling the excited people to hold on to the rope, and not become panic-stricken. High rocks towered up in front of us, and the pitiless sea tried to snatch us in its icy clasp on every other side. In this manner we passed the night, until it was fairly daylight, the waves dashing over us every second and bearing some one away from the life rope. I was standing between the Captain and another man when the cabin came crashing down on the Captain and pinned him to the deck. He cried out, "Oh, I'm done for now, but what will become of these poor people?" The man on the other side received a severe blow on his head and cried out, "I'm crushed, I'm gone?" The next great wave carried him off without the slightest struggle, and he went to death without a groan. The

night was terrible. No one can ever imagine what the people must have endured. Timbers were falling in every direction. The waves seemed to crush the boat like an eggshell, and every once in a while a falling stick would be followed by a deep groan, and we knew some brave man had given up the battle. I was dashed several times against the bulwarks, and received this cut on my left eye and on the top of my head, but in all other respects I had a wonderful escape.

#### DASHED TO DEATH.

Although it was madness to attempt to swim through the angry surf to dry land, several determined fellows made the effort with life preservers. Only three landed. The others were hurled against the rocks with tremendous force and mangled beyond recognition. I had three years experience as a sailor on the Atlantic, and knew the benefit of keeping cool at such a time. The stern of the vessel was gradually shoved into the shore until it rested solid. We huddled close together on the steerage deck with a few blankets and spent the whole day in terrible anxiety. No one felt inclined to talk, but we sat and looked with anxious eyes at each other, listening to the awful wash of the merciless waves as they tore along the decks and broke the bulwarks in pieces. The Captain said, "Men, let us unite in prayer," and with death staring us in the face we knelt down and the Captain prayed for us all. Night came on and there seemed no hope. The sea kept bursting over the vessel. The night was spent in darkness, with nothing to eat or drink. During the night we could hear the Captain inquire from the spot where he lay a prisoner to his injuries, "How's the wind, mate?" and he seemed glad when he was told that it was veering around to the shore side.

#### A MIRACULOUS ESCAPE.

Sunday morning the men on the island took a life-line from us and brought us ashore on a raft. We sent the Captain first and another man with him to hold him, as he was unable to stand. The island proved to be Isle Royale, and fishermen saw us, invited us to their houses, and kept us very comfortable. We spent Sunday night there and the next morning the fishermen came over in their fishing tug and asked the Captain what was the best to be done. He told them to intercept the Athabasca. They did so, and the officer came over to the island on the tug for us about an hour after daylight.

#### THE MATE'S STORY.

Mr. Hastings, the mate, gives the following thrilling description of the wreck:—  
Nothing of any account occurred during the voyage to Sault Ste Marie. The Algoma passed Whitefish Point about 1 o'clock on the afternoon of Friday. The wind was at that time blowing a stiff breeze from the east and north-east. At Whitefish Point sail was made, and the steamer proceeded on her way under a full head of steam. The wind kept increasing in violence, and was accompanied with snow and sleet. At 4 o'clock Saturday morning the wind shifted to the north-east and a violent snow storm raged. The sea was running mountains high, and the boat was tossed about like a cork. Fifteen minutes past 4 o'clock the order was given to take in all sail and put the wheel hard a starboard, to bring the ship about and head out on the lake again, on account of the snow and darkness. While the ship was coming about she struck Greenstone Point, on Isle Royale, about fifty miles from Port Arthur and one mile from Passage Island Lighthouse, which has been abandoned since the first of the month. After striking the first time the

boat forged ahead, being driven by the wind. A second shock occurred shortly after the first. The vessel struck the reef violently, and she immediately began to break up.

#### HEARTRENDING INCIDENTS.

Most of the passengers and a number of the crew were in bed at the time, but were awakened by the shock, and the scene that followed beggars description. Water poured in through the broken vessel and over the bulwarks, putting out the fires in the furnaces, and extinguishing the electric lights. Screams of women and children were heard above the fury of the storm. The crew hurried hither and thither, doing what they could in the darkness to render assistance; but their efforts were of little avail, for in twenty minutes after the vessel struck the entire forward part of the boat was carried away, together with her cargo and human freight. Several clung to the rigging and lifeline the captain had stretched along the decks, but were soon swept away and swallowed up by the angry wave.

The stern of the boat was steadily pushed upon the rock, and those who were not too much exhausted with fatigue and benumbed by the cold, crept to the after steerage and sought its shelter. Less than an hour after striking all was over, and but fifteen out of over sixty were saved.

When the shock was felt he ran down to the purser's room. He then pushed forward amid the stifling steam and aroused the steward and other employees, as well as the steerage passengers. Finding the escaping steam almost suffocating, he again rushed up to the cabin, aroused all the passengers whom he had not awakened on his way down, and conducted them to the forward end. A lady passenger and her daughter were wildly crying in the saloon clothed in only a thin night dress. The mate urged upon all the great necessity of keeping quiet and obeying orders. While he was advancing forward with one of the lady's hands in his and holding the little girl with his other hand a great wave dashed through the cabin, caught the woman and child and swept them out into the lake. Some of the men lost their reason completely, and rushed into the stormy depths. About seventeen persons followed the men and climbed into the rigging. The terrible sea swept the boat and the masts were washed clean under the waves. Every time they came up there were two or three forms missing. Once the mast made a dip with ten men, and when it came up right again only two persons were seen on it. The next sea swept all the brave strugglers away. One man fought nobly for his life. He was washed off the boat and clung to some rope. Slowly, inch by inch he struggled along the ropes, hand over hand, back to the vessel. Every few seconds a wave would hurl him around like a feather, dash him up, and then bury him under a mountain of icy cold water, but he struggled on until just a few feet from the boat, when his strength gave out and he passed away with a wild, wailing appeal for aid. Many of the passengers could be seen on their knees, loudly calling for mercy and succor. The waves spared none. They dashed in and around each shrinking form and bore away as their prey with each returning visit dozens of human beings.