

3-1-72  
Photostat copy of the Londonderry Gazette, received Mar. 10, 1972  
from the Public Record Office of Northern Ireland, 66 Balmoral  
Ave., Belfast BT9 6NY, reads as follows:

List of the Survivors from the Wreck of the Ship Faithful Steward,  
lately lost near the Mouth of the Delaware:

Ship's Crew - Capt. M'Causland; Mr. Stanfield, 1st mate;  
Mr. Gwyn, 2nd mate; Wm. Linn, boat swain; John Brown, Wm.  
Dalrymple, R. Kelly, Sam. Irwin, John Quigly, Pat. Mourn,  
Edward M'Caffrey, P. Hudson, Owen Philips, sailors.

Cabin Passengers - Gus. Colhoun, Tho Colhoun, John O'Neil,  
Jas. Dougherty, Tho. Blair, John M'Callister, Rob Laurence,  
John York, Samuel Heburn, James Marshall.

Passengers - Sam. Moore, Jas. Beaty, Js. Devin, Sarah  
Campbell, Tho. More, Ar. Higginbottom, Cha. M'Williams,  
Sam. Wright, George Munro, And. Watt, Jas. Watt, Jas. Smith,  
Rob Dinsmore, Wm. M'Clintock, John M'Ilheney, John M'Nab,  
John Brocket, Neil M'Kinion, Sarah M'Kinion, John Aspill,  
Jas. Aspill, Tho. Ranolls, Jn. M'Mullan, Mary Burns, Jas.  
M'Intire, John Scott, John Spiers, Reb. M'Intire, James  
Stankard, James and Mary Lee, Tho. Baskin, Marg. Kincaid,  
Dr. M'Dougal, Mary Maginnis, Mat. Caldwell, Hugh M'Clean,  
John Shaw, Mat. M'Manes, Simon and James Ellitt, John Davis,  
Alex. Moore, Geo. Richford.

Excerpt from a letter written by Duncan Campbell Lee to Wm. Maxwell Scott Moore, Molennan, Carrigans, Londonderry under date of Sept. 30, 1933, and on file with the Public Record Office of Northern Ireland as of March 7, 1972 .

James Lee, the ancestor of a considerable and important family of Lees in the United States, left Londonderry some time in 1785. He was accompanied by his parents, three brothers, three aunts, two sisters, a brother's wife, three uncles, and thirtye three cousins. In all, 48 of the Lee family connection sailed on board "The Faithful Steward" from Londonderry to Philadelphia. The vessel was wrecked on the Delaware coast, thirty miles south of Delaware Bay, September 1st, 1785. All of the Lee connection, except James Lee and a brother's wife and four cousins, were drowned. The said James Lee was a grandson of James Lee and Isabella Boscawen, who was a daughter<sup>(2)</sup> of Lord Boscawen. The parents of James Lee were drowned. It is thought that his name may have been "James" as was his father, but that this is not an established fact. "

( I assume that the "his" name of the last sentence means the father of the James Lee featured as saved in the above paragraph.)

Duncan Campbell Lee was apparently an American living at 1 Brick Court, Middle Temple, E.C. 4, London, when he wrote the letter from which this paragraph is taken.

Photostat Copy of The Londonderry Gazette, received Mar. 10, 1972  
from the Public Record Office of Northern Ireland, 66 Balmoral  
Ave., Belfast, BT9 6NY, reads as follows:

"For Newcastle and Philadelphia, The Ship Faithful Steward,  
Burthen 350 Tons, Conolly M'Cauley, Master,

"Will sail from hence the 20th of May next. For Freight or  
Passage, apply to Mr. Lecky of Derry, or Mr. C. M'Cauley  
of Streevenhill. The Faithful Steward is a new Ship,  
high between Becks, and a remarkable good Sailor, and the  
Conduct of the Captain to his Passengers last Year, makes  
it unnecessary to point out his Humanity. The greatest  
Attention shall be paid by the Owners to the Quantity and  
Quality of the Provisions, and Abundance of Water shall  
be laid in.----- Derry, 20th April 1785."

and identifies the wreck near the inlet as the Three Brothers. (Map is from Appendix 1.) Other people have cited various locations for this wreck, including both north & south of the inlet. Have fun!

DIVISION OF HISTORICAL AND CULTURAL AFFAIRS

To: Jim Stewart

From: Alice

Date: 7/90/85

Information on the Faithful Steward, copied from

Koski-Karell, Daniel.

Underwater Cultural Resources  
Background Study and Field  
Survey of the Delaware  
Inner Continental Shelf.  
Appendix 2. 1984.

Note that K-K locates the Faithful Steward north of Rehoboth.

Contact: Raymond Pursey <sup>they choose location</sup> - when ready to install

- if he can put it behind a guard rail - or don't need

S-73

breakaway post B

↓  
they might install

- within 30 ft of roads - breakaway post

- if near inlet on head or whatever - very long post due to sandy soil.

I. SHIP WRECK OF "THE FAITHFUL STEWARD"

Sept. 2, 1785

Choice

Steven Schilly

BOUND FROM LONDON DERRY, IRELAND  
TO PHILADELPHIA WITH 249 IMMIGRANTS  
THE "FAITHFUL STEWARD" WHERE  
SHE RAN AGROUND ON A SHOAL AND  
SHE WAS DESTROYED BY STORMY  
HEAVY SEAS WITH  
LOSS OF LIFE.

II

"THE FAITHFUL STEWARD"

SUNK SEPT. 2, 1785

SILED  
THE SHIP WAS BOUND FROM LONDON DERRY,  
IRELAND BOUND FOR PHILADELPHIA  
WITH 249 IMMIGRANTS ABOARD. SHE  
RAN AGROUND ON A SHOAL AND  
WAS DESTROYED BY STORMY SEAS WITH  
HEAVY LOSS OF LIFE.

VESSEL	<u>Faithful Steward</u>
DATE LOST	Wednesday, September 2, 1785
MANNER OF LOSS	Run aground upon a shoal and beat to pieces
LOCATION	Near Cape Henlopen, Delaware
TYPE VESSEL	Not indicated
MASTER	Connoly McCasland (also given as M'Casland and M'Causland)
BOUND FROM	Londonderry, Ireland
BOUND TO	Philadelphia, Pennsylvania
PASSENGERS	There were "249 passengers of respectability, who had with them property to a very considerable amount."
CREW/PASSENGERS LOST	All but 68 persons were said to have perished. One account claimed 200 persons perished.
COMMENT	<p>The <u>Faithful Steward</u> sailed from Londonderry, Ireland on July 9, 1785. "They had a very favourable passage during which nothing of moment occurred, the greatest harmony having prevailed amongst them until the night of Tuesday the 1st instant, when at the hour of ten o'clock it was thought advisable to try for soundings, and to their surprise found themselves in four fathoms water. On the second instant they ran a-ground...where she beat to pieces..." A French brig from Ostend was a witness to the scene, but she too was lost at the same time, foundering within sight of the <u>Faithful Steward</u>.</p> <p>The loss of the <u>Faithful Steward</u> gave rise to a notable legend concerning sunken treasure. Potter writes of this as follows: "Beachcombers working 'Coin Beach' often find copper coins on the surface of the sand. The gold ones are usually located with metal detectors, 6 to 8 inches deep. Those that may not have washed ashore from the <u>Three Brothers</u> (see No. ) may have come from the <u>Faithful Steward</u>, which was wrecked in nearly the same spot ...There is little doubt that she carried money, but accounts that this reached a figure of \$500,000 in gold should be viewed skeptically." Coin Beach is located immediately south of Rehoboth, Delaware. The name is not formal but is locally known.</p>
SOURCES	The Daily Universal Register, Saturday, November 19, 1785; Ibid., Tuesday, November 22, 1785; Robert F. Marx, Shipwrecks of the Western Hemisphere, New York, 1971, p. 163; John S. Potter, The Treasure Diver's Guide, Garden City, New York, 1972, p. 485.

## THE WRECK OF THE FAITHFUL STEWARD

*Prepared by the Curator of the Zwaanendael Museum,  
August 17, 1955.*

During the past 20 or 25 years many Irish halfpennies, dated between 1766 and 1782 have been found on "Coin Beach", south of Rehoboth, Delaware, near Indian River Inlet. These coins are believed to be washing ashore from the wreck of the *Faithful Steward* which sank in the vicinity in 1785, although in recent years it is thought by some that the coins are from the wreck of the *Three Brothers*, which was carrying currency consigned to Philadelphia. There were, however, many wrecks along the coast in that area in the days of sailing vessels.

The following is a brief account of the wreck of the *Faithful Steward* which sailed from Londonderry, Ireland. It was furnished by Rev. J. Beveridge Lee, 27 Broad Street, New London, Connecticut.

"On Thursday, September 1, 1785, the vessel *Faithful Steward* bound from Londonderry to Philadelphia with 249 passengers, at the hour of ten it was advisable to take soundings, and to their surprise they found themselves in four fathoms of water, though at dark there was not the slightest appearance of land. Every exertion was used to run the vessel off shore, but in a few minutes she struck the ground, when it was necessary to cut away the mast, etc., all of which went over board.

"On the morning of September 2nd, they found themselves off Moboboa Bank, near Indian River, about four leagues to the southward of Cape Henlopen. Every effort was made to save the unhappy sufferers, who remained on deck during the night, although distant from the shore only about 100 yards.

"The same evening she broke to pieces. The sea running very high. The boats were with difficulty disengaged from the wreck, but before they could be got manned they drifted ashore; therefore all relief was cut off except by swimming ashore or getting ashore on pieces of the wreck, and we are sorry to add, of the above, only 68 persons were saved, among whom were the master, his mates and ten seamen. During the course of the day, the inhabitants came down to the beach in numbers, and used every means in their power to relieve the unfortunate people on board, among whom were about 100 women and children of whom only 7 were saved."

On exhibit in the Museum are several halfpennines found on "Coin Beach" dated 1766, 1769, 1781 and 1782. One of these has been "clipped." This was probably done to secure bits of copper or perhaps to mutilate it as a gesture of rebellion against unwanted coins. It was known that coins, rejected by the Irish, were sent to America because of the coin shortage in the Colonies.



RECEIVED

JUL 22 1985

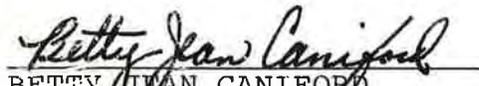
DIVISION OF HISTORICAL AND CULTURAL AFFAIRS

SENATE  
STATE OF DELAWARE  
LEGISLATIVE HALL  
DOVER, DELAWARE 19901

BETTY JEAN CANIFORD  
SECRETARY OF THE SENATE

117 LEGISLATIVE HALL  
DOVER, DELAWARE 19901  
HOME: 302-784-1265  
OFFICE: 302-786-4129

I, BETTY JEAN CANIFORD, SECRETARY OF THE DELAWARE STATE SENATE, DO HEREBY CERTIFY THAT THE ATTACHED COPY IS THE SAME ACT THAT WAS PASSED BY THE SENATE AND THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES OF THE 133RD GENERAL ASSEMBLY. AND FURTHER, SIGNED BY THE GOVERNOR OF THE STATE OF DELAWARE, July 4, 1985.

  
BETTY JEAN CANIFORD  
SECRETARY OF THE SENATE



SPONSOR: Sens. Zimmerman, Cordrey,  
Reps. Wingate, Carey

DELAWARE STATE SENATE  
133RD GENERAL ASSEMBLY

SENATE JOINT RESOLUTION NO. 6

JUN 4 1985

DIRECTING THE DIRECTOR OF THE DIVISION OF HISTORICAL AND CULTURAL AFFAIRS AND THE SECRETARY OF THE DEPARTMENT OF NATURAL RESOURCES AND ENVIRONMENTAL CONTROL TO COMMEMORATE THE CATASTROPHIC SHIPWRECK OF THE FAITHFUL STEWARD, OFF OF DELAWARE SEASHORE STATE PARK BY THE ERECTION OF A STATE HISTORICAL MARKER ON THE DUNES OVERLOOKING THE SITE, ON SEPTEMBER 2, 1985, THE TWO HUNDREDTH ANNIVERSARY OF THE WRECK,

1 WHEREAS, the Faithful Steward's grounding and sinking on September 2, 1785 is one of Delaware's  
2 most famous maritime tragedies; and

3 WHEREAS, over two hundred Irish immigrants and seamen lost their lives that day in the surf near  
4 Indian River Inlet; and

5 WHEREAS, the Faithful Steward's large consignment of coinage bound for the Americas, as well as  
6 the life's savings of the hundreds of immigrants have since washed ashore by the thousands and is  
7 commonly believed to be the source of the many remarkable finds made on Delaware's "Coin Beach"; and

8 WHEREAS, the Delaware Seashore State Park in the vicinity of the wrecksite of The Faithful  
9 Steward has been one of the most productive coin beaches in North America; and

10 WHEREAS, the two hundredth anniversary of The Faithful Steward's catastrophic sinking will fall on  
11 Labor Day, September 2, 1985; and

12 WHEREAS, Labor Day is traditionally reserved to honor persons such as the Irish immigrants whose  
13 labor was so instrumental in the growth of this State and this nation.

14 NOW, THEREFORE:

15 BE IT RESOLVED by the members of the Senate of the 133rd General Assembly of the State of  
16 Delaware, the House and Representatives and the Governor concurring therein, that the Director of the  
17 Division of Historical and Cultural Affairs commemorate the tragic loss of The Faithful Steward and the  
18 ill-fated immigrants aboard her, as well as her legacy, the Delaware Coin Beach, by the erection of a  
19 State Historical Marker on the Delaware Seashore State Park dunes overlooking the wrecksite.

20 BE IT FURTHER RESOLVED that such dedication take place on September 2, 1985, the two  
21 hundredth anniversary of the wreck of The Faithful Steward.

SYNOPSIS

See Title.

Author · Sen. Zimmerman

LC:EMcG:MJL  
655B

## THE FAITHFUL STEWARD

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN, THE MYSTERIES OF THE SEA AND THE SHIPWRECKS SHE HAS CAUSED AROUND CAPE HENLOPEN HAVE HELD A LIFE\_LONG FASCINATION FOR ME, SO IT IS A PLEASURE TO BE HERE TO SHARE WITH YOU THE STORY OF THE "FAITHFUL STEWARD" WHOSE MEMORY WE HONOR TODAY.

HIDDEN IN THE SANDS OF TIME OFF OUR SHORE LIE TALES OF PIRATES, OF MUTINIES, OF MURDER AND TALES OF HIDDEN TREASURE, BUT THE TRAGIC TALE OF THE "FAITHFUL STEWARD" IS A STORY OF HUMAN WEAKNESS.

LET ME TELL YOU THE STORY AS IT WAS RELATED BY A SURVIVOR, JAMES MCENTIRE, 46 YEARS LATER.

ON JULY 9, 1785, 22 YEAR OLD MCENTIRE AND HIS SCOTH IRISH FAMILY AND OTHER RELATIVES LEFT LONDONDERRY BY SHIP TO SEEK A NEW LAND WHERE THEY COULD OWN THEIR OWN LAND, WORSHIP THEIR OWN WAY, AND BE THEIR OWN MEN. THEIR DESTINATION WAS PHILADELPHIA.

ON SEPTEMBER 1, AS THE SHIP WAS APPROACHING DELAWARE BAY, ONE OF THE PASSENGERS ENTERTAINED IN CELEBRATION OF HIS FIRST WEDDING ANNIVERSARY. INCLUDED AMONG THE CELEBRANTS WERE THE CAPTAIN OF THE "FAITHFUL STEWARD" AND THE FIRST MATE. APPARENTLY IT WAS QUITE A PARTY BECAUSE AT ITS CLOSE, MCENTIRE RELATED, BOTH THE CAPTAIN AND HIS FIRST MATE WERE TAKEN TO THEIR CABINS IN "AN INSENSIBLE STATE." MR. MCENTIRE BELIEVED THAT THE INTEMPERANCE OF THE PARTY AND THE CAPTAIN'S SUBSEQUENT BEHAVIOR WERE RESPONSIBLE FOR THE MAYHEM WHICH SOON FOLLOWED. TODAY, WE CAN ONLY SPECULATE ABOUT HOW TWO EXPERIENCED MARINERS WOULD ALLOW THEMSELVES TO BECOME INEBRIATED WHILE IN CHARGE OF A SHIP CARRYING 250 INNOCENT PASSENGERS AND A CARGO OF MONEY.

MOST OF THE PARTY-GOERS AND SEAMEN WERE ASLEEP WHEN THE SECOND MATE, WHO HAD THE WATCH, DISCOVERED THAT THE SHIP WAS IN FOUR FATHOMS OF WATER OR 24 FEET! THE CAPTAIN WAS UNABLE TO TAKE COMMAND OF HIS SHIP SO, SHORTLY THEREAFTER, THE "FAITHFUL STEWARD STRUCK A SANDBAR WITH A JOLT WHICH WAS HARD ENOUGH TO KILL TWO CHILDREN.

IMAGINE THE PANIC OF THE LAND-LOVING PASSENGERS! ACCOUNTS SAY THEY EXHIBITED EVERY EXTREME OF TERROR FROM STUPEFACTION TO MENTAL DERANGEMENT.

THROUGHOUT THE NIGHT, MOUNTAINOUS WAVES ROLLED OVER THE SHIP WHICH LISTED TO ITS SIDE. WOMEN AND CHILDREN SOBBED IN HOPELESSNESS AND TERROR. THOUGH THE SHIP WAS ONLY 100 YARDS OFF-SHORE, RESCUE EFFORTS WERE HAMPERED BY THE HIGH SEAS. THE SHIPS LONGBOATS HAD BROKEN AWAY WHICH FURTHER PREVENTED THE RESCUE OF THE PASSENGERS AND CREW.

IN THE MORNING, FOUR SAILORS SWAM ASHORE AND MANAGED TO SECURE A WANDERING LONGBOAT TO ONE END OF THE SHIP. THE MEN ABOARD THE SHIP EAGERLY HAULED THE LONGBOAT CLOSER AND CLOSER AS PASSENGERS JAMMED IN TO BOARD THE LONGBOAT. BUT SOMEHOW, JUST AS THE BOAT CAME WITHIN REACH OF THE HAULERS, THE ROPE PARTED AND THE LAST MEANS OF RESCUE WAS LOST. NOW DISPAIR WAS ADDED TO THE ALREADY PRESENT PANIC AND TERROR.

THROUGHOUT THE DAY, BRAVE MEN HURLED THEMSELVES OVERBOARD AND ATTEMPTED TO SWIM THROUGH THE HEAVY SEA. MANY SWIMMERS PERISHED BUT A FEW PASSENGERS CLUNG TO DEBRIS AND SO WERE ABLE TO SWIM TO SAFETY.

MCENTIRE'S MOTHER URGED THE STRONGER MEMBERS OF HER FAMILY TO TRY TO SAVE THEMSELVES TO WHICH THEY FINALLY RELUCTANTLY AGREED. IMAGINE THEIR GRIEF AS MCENTIRE, HIS FATHER AND SISTER GAZED BACK FOR ONE LAST VIEW OF THEIR FAMILY AS THEY STOOD IN THE WAITDEEP WATER ON THE SINKING SHIP. THE THREE MCENTIRES REACHED SHORE SAFELY, BUT LATER WERE FORCED TO ADD THE BODY OF A YOUNG NEPHEW TO THOSE WHOSE LAST RESTING PLACE BECAME THIS BEACH.

THE UGLY SIDE OF HUMAN NATURE WAS DISPLAYED ON SHORE AS SOME PEOPLE ASSISTED THE SURVIVORS WHILE MANY OTHERS STOOD AND WATCHED THE SPECTACLE OF DOZENS OF BODIES TOSSED ON THE BEACH. SAD TO SAY, OTHERS STRIPPED AND PLUNDERED THE HELPLESS BODIES OF THE VICTIMS OF THE "FAITHFUL STEWARD"! THE TOLL OF THE DISASTER, ACCORDING TO MCENTIRE, WAS 69 SAVED AND 300 LOST.

THE TREASURE IN THE HOLD, STRANGE AS IT MAY SEEM, KEPT THE MEMORY OF THE TRAGEDY ALIVE. FOR MANY YEARS, ALONG COIN BEACH, TREASURE-SEEKERS HAVE, AFTER

A SPELL OF HEAVY WEATHER, PICKED UP HUNDREDS OF OLD IRISH HALF-PENCE AND A FEW 18TH CENTURY GOLD ENGLISH COINS. MANY BELIEVE THE COINS WERE PART OF THE CARGO OF THE SHIP, BUT COULD THEY HAVE REPRESENTED THE SAVINGS OF THE VICTIMS OF THE "FAITHFUL STEWARD?" AND ISN'T IT IRONIC THAT THE NAME OF THIS ILL-FATED VESSEL WAS THE "FAITHFUL STEWARD?"

THANK YOU.

SHIPWRECK OF THE FAITHFUL STEWARD.

AT THE LATE McENTRIE AND MASON REUNION  
ON THE OLD McENTIRE FARM IN EAST  
FALLOWFIELD.

The following account of the wreck  
of the vessel on which his grandfather  
was a passenger was read by R. U. McEntire  
of Geneva. The narrative was accompanied  
by remarks appropriate to the occasion.

In an early day, as old settlers  
would say, when all around where we are  
now so comfortably situated, was one  
vast unbroken wilderness, with the wild  
and savage beast disturbed in his lair,  
only by the scarcely less wild and  
savage Indian, a family in Ireland,  
originally from Scotland, by the name of  
McEntire, allured by the glowing accounts  
which from time to time reached them from  
across the briny deep, of a land of liberty,  
where the wicked landlord ceased from  
troubling, and the weary tenant might  
till his own soil, and rest and worship  
under his own vine and fig tree, none  
daring to molest him by demanding the  
lion's share of the proceeds of his toil,  
or make him afraid by tearing down his  
humble cot from over the heads of his  
defenceless wife and little ones, if, on  
account of the providential failure of  
his crops, he should be unable to meet  
his rent bills, - gathered together their  
earthly stores and embarked for America.

This they did, however, not without  
fearful forebodings of impending evil.

How well founded these forebodings, you may learn from a narrative of the shipwreck which awaited them.

One of the survivors, James McEntire, whose blood courses in the veins of children, grandchildren, great and great-grandchildren, now within the sound of my voice, was interviewed by Rev. McMichael in regard to this disaster, and the account, as written by him was published in the Meadville Courier of August 30, 1831. This was while Andrew Jackson was serving out his first term as President of the United States - nearly fifty years ago. The paper is so demoralized and tender that I thought best to copy it. With your permission I will read it.

By way of introduction, the narrator says: "There is living in Crawford county, Pa., a Mc McEntire who was a passenger of the Faithful Steward when it was wrecked on Cape Henlopen in 1785.

As no late account of that awful catastrophe has, to my knowledge, appeared in print; as Mr. McEntire is old, and must in the course of time, be called to the repose of the grave, no more to tell of by-gone days, - no more to weep over the remembrance of the past, - I attended on him and procured the following narrative, which I committed to paper.

'The ship,' said Mr. McEntire, 'on board of which I became a passenger, with my several relatives, was a noble vessel of 350 tons burden. More than three hundred and sixty persons were on board. On the 9th of July, 1785, we sailed from Londonderry with the design of landing at Philadelphia.

The day was extremely fine; the wind was favorable, and all appeared to be happy. Each one, no doubt, anticipated a quick and delightful voyage. As for myself, I suffered a commixture of uncommon feelings. I stood on deck to view the fading shore; I was leaving my native home forever; I was leaving the companions of early time; I was leaving the hills, the plains, the groves, the streams, where I had wandered a thousand times, and when it had been my childish employ to stand, to gaze, to think and be happy. But I changed the course of my thoughts. My parents, my brother and my sisters were in my company. I, therefore, could not have mourned the absence of any near kindred. I was a youth of twenty-two just emerging into complete manhood and active life. I was, therefore, a suitable person to seek the wilds of America. The picture was indeed fair.

I saw in imagination beyond the bright expanse of water which lay before us a country where the banner of freedom waved proudly; a country where heroes lived; where genius expanded to full perfection; where every good was possessed, I saw, or thought I saw, another paradise, a new and flowery land, which as mortals can never see, such as mortals can never enjoy.

For several weeks nothing occurred worthy of note. The weather continued to be very beautiful, while the ship, in all its grandeur, floated on the surface of the deep, and approached with majestic ease and celerity the place of our destination. During the voyage we saw many vessels. Near the close of August I learned that, according to the

reckoning, we should have been at  
ta ✓ Philadelphia; The captain, of course,  
x? expected land; but, as we discovered none,  
the passengers and even the sailors began  
to display some uneasiness. As for my-  
self, I became the subject of apprehension.

I cannot say whether the captain was  
much affected by the state of his reckon-  
ing or not, but that his concern respecting  
our situation was very small might be  
inferred, with apparant justice, from his  
conduct on a subsequent day. It happened  
that on the first of September a Mr.  
Gregg, having been married exactly a year,  
thought proper to commemorate the morn  
of his felicity by making a dinner to  
which he invited the captain, mates and a  
number of the passengers.

Music, dancing and every description  
of mirth succeeded. A most intemperate  
carousal was the closing scene of the day.

Among the intoxicated were the Captain  
and the first mate, who were borne  
insensible to their cabins. Captain Mc Cas-  
land, I must here observe, was always res-  
pected by his acquaintances and those under  
his care.

He was extremely kind and generous,  
to the sick especially. Prior to this I  
had considered him a very sober man; nor  
do I believe that he was an habitual drink-  
er. Yet it must be confessed that, if he  
was accustomed to choose certain periods  
only for mirth and ebriety, he was  
unfortunate in the present selection.

We now come to the catastrophe. It  
was ten o'clock at night. The revelry had  
subsided. The sailors and passengers were

mostly asleep. Suddenly the second  
mate, the only officer on duty, and who  
had stood at the helm thus far during  
the night, exclaimed: "We are in four  
fathoms water!"

Someone awoke the Captain, who, in  
the delirium of drunkenness cried out;  
"The man who takes my command, I will  
hang at Philadelphia." The officer at  
the helm immediately turned the ship,  
when it struck a bar, and remained  
immovable. The shock was most tre-  
mendous, and by it two children were  
deprived of life.

The confusion that now reigned is  
beyond the power of description; it is  
inconceivable. Meanwhile the wind had  
increased to a hurricane. The waves  
like mountains rolled over us, and  
threatened our entire destruction.  
Terror became universal among both  
passengers and sailors; for all expect-  
ed the immediate ruin of the ship and  
consequently their own immersion in  
the voracious deep. Some of the men,  
however, displayed much fortitude. Some  
appeared stupified, as if resigned to  
despair, while others still, exhibited  
every sign of mental derangement. The  
shrieks of the women and the cries of  
the children were insufferable. So  
dreadful were they that I felt, at  
times, a disposition to plunge in the  
sea, and thus escape the ceaseless  
and appalling sounds.

The morning came; but where was  
the prospect of our escape? It is  
true, we were able, when the waves  
permitted, to discern the shore, which

was about a mile distant. But our ship was forced on its side, was immovable, and continually admitted water, and the foaming billows, which raged in defiance of human power, were between us and a place of safety. As I thought, there was neither chance nor hope. Yet early in the morning four sailors ventured on the perilous deep, in order to swim ashore; designing, not merely to save themselves, but to raise the citizens and procure the long boat which had been cut down in the night, and immediately swept away by the violence of the sea, without having afforded the means of saving a life. They arrived on the beach, found the boat and fastened to it a number of ropes, which at the same time were attached to the vessel.

The sailors had thus accomplished their part, and it now remained for us on board to perform ours. We, therefore, applied ourselves to the ropes, and succeeded with much exertion in drawing the boat within a few rods of the ship. There was the boat approaching, and here, in painful solicitude, were hundreds of persons who watched its progress through the stupendous waves.

Still the boat was coming nearer and nearer, and still men, women and children were crowding to the side of the ship, each one contending to be among the first in escaping from the wreck.

My own anxiety was intense. I looked, but with insufferable pain, to see if my friends were in the multitude, and to see if they had a fair opportunity or any chance whatever of obtaining a passage in the boat. I discovered all except one sister whom I had not seen

since the commencement of our disaster--a shock that awoke us from visions of safety and joy to scenes of anguish and of death. My young sister was missing and I was in agony.

The boat had almost arrived, when I heard a cry that pierced the heavens, and seemed to hush for a while the roar of the vast ocean. The roped had become untied or broken; the boat was dashed away, and hope itself was flown. No further attempt was made to recover the boat. It is, however, certain that we must have sunk it if we had obtained admission.

Sometime after this many essayed to swim ashore while the tide was ebbing, but every one perished. Doctor Campbell, polished youth and an early friend of mine was among the hapless number. I saw him carried into the sea by the reflux of water. I saw him at intervals on the liquid waste, far from the shore, far from the ship, far from the aid of man. Alone he contended for life, and alone he sank, to rise no more.

Warned by the fate of others I determined to remain by the ship until the period of the next flow.

At two or three o'clock a number went on shore by swimming, yet many were drowned in the attempt. At one time, as I stood on the prostrate mast watching those who were committing themselves to the mercy of the waves in hope of gaining the shore, a Mr. Hayburn, who was unable to swim, determined on going to land. He sunk, he rose; I seized him by the hair and saved him from the death which, in his madness, he seemed to court. Afterwards the

same person went to shore on a piece of the vessel.

I now concluded to make an effort for my life. But how was I to leave my friends in the jaws of the devouring element? My thoughts were insupportable. As none of my relatives had gone before me, the number of those whom I so much regretted to leave was not lessened. My parents and all my friends had often urged my departure, and now to their entreaties their tears were added, as they declared it would be unreasonable and even sinful for them to require my stay, when I could effect my own preservation by going, and could avail them nothing by staying. At last I went to my parents to receive their blessing, and to pronounce a final farewell.

Oh! will I return to that scene of agony? Will I return through the period of forty-six years to see my dear sisters and brother, as they wept, and as in the bitterest anguish they clung around me; - to see my dear mother, standing in water waist deep, tears flowing down her cheeks, and hear her cry: 'Go, my son, go, and may God preserve you.' I did go, but it was after I had gone twice along the mast with a determination to plunge in the sea, and after I had twice returned to my friends, as I thought I heard their screams above all others. Yes, I did go; but it was as the separation of soul and body. I swam, I rode upon the waves. The tumultuous waters were all around me, and the boundless ocean of eternity seemed to spread before my vision. The depth of the sea,

however, was not very great, as I struck the bottom several times.

When I had nearly gained the shore my strength failed me. A sailor called Brown, one of the four who had swum to land in the morning, discovered my danger, and instantly plunged in to my relief. I grasped him in such a way that he began to sink. He then tore himself away with an oath, exclaiming: 'Will you drown us both?' He started directly for the shore, but when he turned and saw me struggling for existence with the odds against me he waded in as far as the water would permit, and so preserved my life. I now stood on Cape Henlopen in the State of Delaware. Having sufficiently recovered my strength, I proceeded along the beach to give my feeble aid to those who seemed to require it, and to learn, as soon as possible the fate of my relatives. A great number of people had assembled along the shore; some relieving the half drowned and attending to the wants of the sufferers on the beach, doing everything, in fact, that humanity and an enlightened Christianity could suggest. Others employed themselves in stripping the lifeless bodies of their clothing, snatching everything of apparent value, heaping the plunder on wagons and hauling it away.

My friends, did you ever read the account of a shipwreck on the coast of Africa? Did you learn how the savage natives, like hungry tigers, rushed to the vessel to commit the concomitant acts of rapine and murder? and while you read were not your feelings excited to a pitch of fury towards the monsters of the desert? Lo! in these United States a scene was presented to

the world, - a scene which made humanity shudder, - a scene which induced survivors of our ship to believe that, instead of having attained the land of freedom, of civilization, of light and Christianity, they had been driven on the coast of a savage nation, and exposed to horrors that became the Great Sahara.

Yes, gentle reader, many country people, on receiving intelligence of the shipwreck, hastened to the seashore, fully prepared with wagons and negroes, not to aid in the cause of humanity, - not to rescue their fellow beings from the ruthless waves, not to console the bereaved or administer to their wants. No, but solely to plunder till they could plunder no more. I might even aggravate the case by stating that many looked with eyes of disappointment whenever they found a person both dead and naked, or alive and clothed; as, in either case, there was no hope of gain. But enough.

I continued to range the shore in a state of mind that cannot be described. I, therefore, will not attempt it. Often as I wandered along, suffering the most excruciating pain, I discovered a body which resembled some one of my relatives. When I approached to ascertain the truth, however, my dreadful agony of suspense was merely changed to that of disappointment, which was half expected.

At last, as twilight began to creep over the face of nature, and to conceal in its dusky hue the region of death and terror, I found an aged man, alive but insensible, and he was my father. I spoke to him, I raised him, and tried by all the means in my power to resuscitate the flames of life, and yet he still remained insensible and

and motionless.

We then lay together for some time in a state of almost equal inactivity, while many persons continued to pass, and repass along the shore, while numbers were still arriving from the wreck, and numbers still uttering a cry for help. A cry terrific in the extreme, and a cry that has rung in my ears to the present day. Among those who came ashore in the night was a sister of mine. Adhering to a plank in company with another female she was discovered by two young passengers of her acquaintance who carried her to me. It was a meeting of inexpressible joy, though I learned she had received many wounds by collision with the ship's timbers.

During the whole night we remained beside our father. Oh! it was a long, long night. A night of pain, of gloom, and of despair. A night I would remember no more. The morning came. Its blushed adorned the horizon, and its soft breezes fanned the shore. The sun arose. Its glory was unveiled. Its rays began to kindle the forest, to burn upon the hills, and to dance upon the waters. Its influence extended to many thousands of happy beings. But alas! there were no beauties, no pleasures, for the passengers of the Faithful Steward.

Many, who had anticipated the delight of gazing on a new and a beautiful world - the Western continent - now lay composed in the sleep of death, while those whom Providence had permitted to live, were either immersed in their sorrows, or, like my father,

unconscious of their sad existence. I now left my father and sister, to find, if possible, the remains of my friends, and to see the full extent of the ruin. The ship, in the meantime, had been impelled ashore. The hull, which was full of sand, appeared nearly whole. The drowned were scattered along the beach, as far as the eye could see. But, with all my search, I could never discover another one of my relatives, except a little nephew, whom I buried in the sand. The Captain now presented himself, sound and well. The first mate was lost. The second mate escaped with life, but had a broken leg, and many severe wounds. I think he did not recover.

The whole result of the calamity as to human life was sixty-two males, and seven females saved, and nearly three hundred, consisting of men, women and children, lost.

Having assisted in raising many bodies which were partly covered in the sand, and in burying a great number, of which we deposited between thirty and forty in one excavation, I returned to the remaining objects of my solicitude. My father was yet insensible. Many believed him really dead. The Captain advised me to bury him. I felt inclined to follow his advice, but my sister would not consent. Her tears, her cries and entreaties prevailed over my partly formed resolution. Our situation was deplorable. Naked, I might say, forlorn, and completely wretched we sat, strangers in a strange land, the sand of the sea our sofa, the heavens our canopy. I was exhausted, my sister, in consequence of her wounds, unable to walk, and my father in the cold arms of death, or in a state almost equally dis-

tressing to his children. The sufferers being numerous, we did not receive much attention, even from the most active and benevolent; less from those who came merely to gratify their curiosity, and still less from the plunderers, who, if they had been inclined to pity, were prevented, by their entire devotion to rapine, from offering any assistance. The latter, I must add, deprived us of the comforts which the elements had spared us. In one of my marches along the shore I found a box which bore the plain initials of my father's name. I told the man in whose possession it lay that it was mine and enumerated its contents. He then broke it open and the contents were as stated. Yet, I believe when I was gone the same man secured the box to himself, and I saw it no more. His name was Gordon. I often met him, and solicited him time and again to remove us from the place. Whether through pity or importunity I cannot say, but finally he offered to carry my father and sister to his own house. Accordingly they were placed on his wagon, and I walked. As we proceeded, I glanced my swimming eyes toward the place of my late fearful experience, to take a farewell view, when a conviction of my loss returned with such violence as to threaten a deprivation of my senses.

When we arrived at Gordon's house we received some refreshments, having fasted about sixty hours, and were permitted to stay for a specified time, in the same dwelling with his family. I no longer doubted that my father was alive. He had shown while in the wagon, many signs of returning vigor.

On the following day, which was Sunday, he became sensible. He had, however, no knowledge of the disaster. Neither would he believe, when my sister and I related the dreadful occurrence, that he had lost, and lost forever, the companion of his youth, a child of his love, or a friend of his esteem. He even insisted that we should return to the seacoast and bring all away. As we could not avoid it, we complied, and returned with many painful steps to the shore, which was eight or ten miles distant. We certainly had no hope of being able to recover the lost. And when he saw us come again dejected and alone, he was easily convinced of the dreadful truth.

His grief was great- too great for man. It was not a childish effusion, or the sorrow of a day. It was deep, interminable, and flowed with the flow of life. He never again, as I believe, attained that equanimity of mind which is essential to human happiness.

On Monday Gordon took us to Lewistown, where for some days we lived in the court house, as no one would admit us into his dwelling. While there I espied a man in the street with a vest which had belonged to a member of my family. I instantly seized him and demanded my property. He refused to give it, and I insisted. The contest waxing fierce, two men, one of whom was a justice of the peace, observing us, approached and inquired the cause of the struggle. When I had explained it the justice commanded us to follow him into his office, and having under oath attested my claim, the fellow was ordered to strip, and accordingly resigned to me the most valuable part of his dress.

Having remained three days at Lewistown, we had a free passage in a boat to New Castle, from which place we proceeded on foot to Lancaster, and thence to Maytown, where a cousin of mine resided. Here we made our temporary home.

In the midst of my sorrow for the loss of dear and beloved friends, my mind continually reverted to past events. Both in my noonday reveries, and in my nightly dreams, I was oft afrighted by the sudden intervention of horrid images, and the scenes of the shipwreck were again and again presented to my view. Is it wonderful? Oh! if you had seen that catastrophe from the beginning, the ship a wreck, the confusion that prevailed, the passengers rushing from place to place, while their cries pierced the heavens, parents embracing their children, and children entwining around parents; and afterwards if you had seen the many scores of drowned as they lay along the beach, fathers as they bent in sorrow and in anguish over their offspring, husbands as they sought in vain for their lost companions, and orphans as they mourned along the seashore, could you cease to remember? No! never, never. Gentle reader, this dire calamity was, in a great measure, the consequence of drunkenness.

I now conclude. I have said little, very little. I have omitted a thousand incidents and a thousand sufferings. Neither did I tell you of bleeding feet, of fainting and of tears, as "hand in hand with wandering steps and slow," we sought our place of rest. Yet I trust that what little is here presented will induce parents, children,

brothers and sisters who read it, to beware of intemperance and cherish their good affections for each other, to prize as inestimable the social intercourse of friends, and to "pity the sorrows of a poor old man."

Thus as you have learned, in hope of bettering their condition, these ancestors of ours, tore themselves away from the scenes of their childhood, the fond associations of youth and the ripe friendships of mature age; turned their backs upon the graves of their kindred and braved the perils of the mighty deep. And now behold the father, son and daughter, sole survivors of a once large and hopeful family, now sorrowful, broken hearted, bruised and bleeding, houseless, homeless, penniless, and from their treatment who would blame them if their faith in humanity was somewhat shaken? Well for them there was no tramp law in force then.

How long they remained at their relative's house I cannot say. The first place I know of them locating was near Pittsburg. There the sister married a Mr. Stanley, and grandfather married first a Miss Dickson and after her death a Miss Fletcher. He had eight children in all. One died in infancy; the others all married; one daughter died childless, and one married twice. Five of these children are still living and all widowed. The oldest is nearly four score and ten, and the youngest over seventy years of age.

Eighty years ago grandfather, in the interest of his children, started for the wilds of the west as this section of the country was then called. His first night in Crawford county, he spent with John Cooke on the farm adjoining the "old Logan" farm then in Fallowfield,

now in Greenwood township. His family and goods were carried in an ox cart and on pack horses. With Mr. Cooke as guide they traveled the next day as far as where Jacob Unger now lives. The farm was then owned and occupied by the father of the late John Gelvin. Grandfather then headed for Conneaut lake, on the bank of which he lived several years. But he moved to this farm and build a house only a few rods from where I stand. Here he continued to reside until a short time before his death, which occurred in the 84th year of his life. He was a man of robust constitution, above the medium size, and in his old age was somewhat corpulent. He was a good English scholar, especially excelling in penmanship, a school teacher by profession, and more than a score of his children and grandchildren engaged in the same honorable calling. Not a few of his great grandchildren are now teachers.

He was a moral man and a respected citizen. His children, who were all left motherless at a tender age, he brought up under the strict regime of the Presbyterian church of that day. When past seventy years of age, at a Methodist camp meeting, he professed religion. He declared that for a long time he thought he enjoyed religion, but that he had never known what it was before. He united with the M.E. Church and remained a member of the same as long as he lived. His father, whose name was also James, died about seventy years ago, and was the first white man ever buried at Evansburg.

He was buried under a large pine tree which stood near where the

soldiers' monument now stands. The day before his death he sowed some red clover seed, the first ever seen in that neighborhood. He retired at night apparently in his usual health, and was dead before morning.

I remember grandfather well, and might mention some personal reminiscences that would possibly be interesting to the younger branches of the family tree, if time would permit.

Allow me in conclusion to remind you that from this one man, James McEntire, who was so nearly as good as dead, has issued an offspring now counted by the hundred - nearly three hundred all told. They are a very plain spoken people, and few, if any of them, can consistently be charged with ever having "kissed the blarney stone."

Whatever may be said of them individually or collectively, no man can name a single case of marital desertion, divorce, suicide, nor a felon's call or drunkard's grave, by one who had a drop of this ancestor's blood in his veins.

And now let me, on this most fitting occasion, suggest that we each here and now firmly resolve, if we can do anything *nothing* to brighten, that we will at least do nothing to tranish the McEntire escutcheon; so that it always, as throughfully *truth*, as now, can be said, there is not a drunkard, a gambler or a fellow among them all.

Geneva, October 15, 1880.

Ship Faithful Steward, Sunk 1785

From the Londonderry Journal, November 15, 1785 secured by the Rev. J. Beveridge, 27 Broad Street, New London, Connecticut.

"On Thursday, September 1, 1785 the vessel, "Faithful Steward", bound from Londonderry, Ireland to Philadelphia with 249 passengers, at the hour of ten, it was advisable to take soundings, and to their surprise they found themselves in four fathoms of water, though at dark there was not the slightest appearance of land. Every exertion was used to run the vessel off shore, but in a few minutes she struck ground, when it was necessary to cut away the mast, etc., all of which went overboard.

On the morning of September 2nd, they found themselves off Mohoboa bank, near Indian River, about four leagues to the southward of Cape Henlopen. Every effort was made to save the unhappy sufferers, who remained on the deck during the night, although distant from the shore only about 100 yards.

The same evening she broke to pieces. The sea running very high the boats were with difficulty disengaged from the wreck, but before they could be got manned they drifted ashore; therefore all relief was cut off except by swimming ashore or getting on pieces of the wreck, and we are sorry to add, of the above, only 68 persons were saved, among whom were the master, his mate and ten seamen. During the course of the day, the inhabitants came down to the beach in numbers, and used every means in their power to relieve the unfortunate people on board, among whom were about 100 women and children of whom only 7 were saved."

Another description says that passengers with a few coverings in their mouth tried to swim ashore. The boat was loaded to the full with passengers of respectability.

Practically all the coins picked up were Irish and were in the most part dated 1781 and 1782 and would therefore seem to be from the "Faithful Steward." The first coins were found in 1931 after a heavy northwest gale.

"WOOD'S HALFPENCE - 1700"

George 1st, through the influence of the Duchess of Kendall, granted a patent to a Mr. Wood in 1722 to coin halfpences for the Irish people.

Mr. Wood and the Duchess were to receive 40% of the profits, and King George, 60%.

The Irish people did not take kindly to the new coinage and were suspicious of the entire scheme as the coins were undersize and underweight.

Jonathon Swift wrote six letters to the Irish people, under the name of W. B. Drapier, exposing the graft in connection with the plan to sell these coins to the Irish and so the King and Wood had to abandon their plan.

George 1st was so incensed that he offered a reward of 1500 pounds for the discovery of the writer of the letters.

The reward was never claimed; the patent was cancelled.

The difference in dates between 1700 on the coin and the date of 1722 of Swift's letters is best explained by the fact that the coins were predated in order to more readily induce the Irish people to accept them.

An interesting book about the Drapier letters to the people of Ireland against buying Wood's halfpence was published in 1935 by the Oxford Press, edited by Herbert Davis.

This information was gathered and verified by Mr. Alexander Rosa (Roosa) Milford, Delaware.

As you probably know, the four Georges were Germanic, the British accept their rule because the only other alternative was to submit to the equally bad Stuarts.

George the First, was very bad  
George the Second, was badder;  
And no mortal ever heard  
Any good of George the Third;  
When George the Fourth, the throne  
descended,  
Heavens be praised, the Georges ended.

Thackery

Of all the coins which presumably have washed ashore from the "Faithful Steward", the only Wood's halfpence (story of which is given on the preceding page) to be picked up was found by Mr. Alexander E. Rosa (Roosa) of Milford, Delaware.