

## Peace Heroes of 1900.

By ALFRED T. STORY.

**I**N the month of June last the Bishop of Bristol unveiled a stained-glass window in the Parish Church of Horfield, Bristol, placed there by subscription as a memorial of one of those supreme acts of devotion which every now and again — and much more frequently than would generally be supposed — break the apparently soulless monotony of everyday life, streaking its grey fields with purple splendours. The instance in point was one of particular beauty, both on account of the youth of the hero celebrated and the devotion “unto death” which he displayed. The brave boy, wandering with a younger lad till overtaken by nightfall in a field at Bury Farm, laid his little companion under a hedge, and, taking off all his clothes except his shirt, covered him up with them till the morning. When a labourer then found the younger boy he was all right, but his self-sacrificing protector had died from the effects of exposure to the cold.

The deed is the more striking and noteworthy because it was done in cool blood. It was, indeed, stimulated by the purest unselfishness. Acts of the kind are being done daily, albeit most of them are hidden from the common eye. Their only record, their only reward, is in the conscience of the doer. Others, like that of the Horfield boy, serve as an example and an incentive to all. Of such a character was the act of Mr. Albert King, late master-at-arms of the

training-ship *Shaftesbury*, which lies in the Thames, off Grays. One Sunday afternoon in June, hearing the cry of “Boy overboard,” King ran to the gangway of the vessel and, seeing the lad in the water, plunged in after him. He succeeded in reaching the youth, who at once clasped him round the body and so prevented him from swimming. A life-buoy was thrown, and two boats, already manned, rowed to the rescue. A boy in one of the boats managed to seize hold of King by the hair, but it slipped through his fingers and he sank, both he and the lad he tried to save being drowned. It was a noble and courageous act, perhaps the more noble because the master-at-arms was no longer in the vigour of youth, being in his sixty-first year. A similar fatal attempt at rescue

from drowning occurred at Burton about the same time, when a man named Turton jumped into the River Trent to save a child who had fallen in; he was carried away by the current and drowned.

More fortunate was another hero who dared the swift waters of the Trent to save life. This was a young man named David Langford, of Holloway, who just a year ago sprang into the river near Nottingham and saved two lads from drowning. Langford had to plunge into 20ft. of water, and had a desperate struggle with the current before reaching the bank with the elder boy. Curious to relate, the same courageous young swimmer, for he is only twenty-two years of



ALBERT KING.  
From a Photograph.



DAVID LANGFORD.  
From a Photo. by A. & G. Taylor.





JAMES E. SUNSHINE.  
From a Photo. by Symonds & Co., Portsmouth.

age, has on two other occasions during the present year been instrumental in saving life from drowning. On the 6th of May he saved a young lady at Richmond, and in August he was successful in supporting a Catford gentleman, who had fallen into the Thames at Greenwich, until assistance arrived. On the latter occasion he ran a very narrow risk of drowning himself.

It is remarkable how adventures of this kind come to some persons, and how admirably they rise to the occasion. An instance in point is that of James E. Sunshine, a labouring man of Portsmouth, who on the 4th of January was presented by the mayor of that city (Mr. H. R. Pink) with the testimonial on vellum of the Royal Humane Society for saving the life of a Mr. Meyer from drowning at Southsea. The rescue was effected at great personal risk, there being a strong current at the spot. This made the eighteenth life saved from drowning by this hero in humble life. In sending his photograph Sunshine asks me to "please kindly excuse" his working clothes, because he is "only a labouring man struggling hard to get an honest living." The reader will, doubtless, think the better of him for his humble garb. Mr. Pink, to whom I am indebted for some of the above particulars,



PHILIP RENFORTH.  
From a Photo. by E. Brewis,  
Newcastle-on-Tyne.

informs me that when he made the presentation Sunshine remarked that "he was only doing his duty, and that any honour attaching to his deed belonged to the Almighty alone."

One would almost think that Sunshine must hold the "record" for the number of lives he has saved from drowning. But there is a boy "Newcastle way" who bids fair to outdo him; who, indeed, already runs him very close. The boy's name is Philip Renforth, and he is but fifteen years of age, yet he has already risked his life eleven times to save the lives of others. His eleventh rescue took place early in the summer, when, a boy having fallen into the Ouseburn at high tide, and being on the point of sinking for the third time, Renforth plunged into the water and saved him.

It is not always easy to estimate the amount of risk that is run in such rescues as those given above, and it may appear a little invidious to try. But there can be no question as to the high quality of heroism shown by three miners in their efforts to save the lives of a couple of fellow-workmen on the occasion of a disastrous flooding of a colliery near Llanelly, in which they were at work. A couple of hours after the day-shift had commenced work a man named David Thomas found that he had cut into an old working, and a stream of water began to



DAVID THOMAS.  
From a Photo. by H. S. Parry, Llanelly.



flow and was soon rushing into the pit at an alarming rate. Thomas with great promptitude at once gave the alarm, and all the men in the pit escaped to a place of safety except two. These, Thomas Williams and Thomas Lloyd, were engaged in the farthest and deepest part of the workings, and before they knew anything of what had happened the water rushed in and extinguished their lights, and then, down in the bowels of the earth, with not a glimmer of light, these two men had to fight with a raging flood. So great was the force of the water that it carried both men off their feet and bruised them with the great stones driven before it. Williams shouted to his companion that he would try to find a light, and he was seen no more alive.

Meanwhile Lloyd, a man over sixty years of age, finding that the water was up to his neck, got his arms over the cross-beams of the roof, and there hung in the hope that the flood would soon subside. This, however, was not to happen, and thus, with the water up to his chin, the poor fellow hung from morning till night, without a glimmer of light or a sound to cheer his solitude. He shouted for help, but the hours passed, and, so far as he could see, nothing was being done to help him. But the brave men who had been fortunate enough to save themselves were not idle. They knew that two of their "butties" were imprisoned, and several attempts were made to reach them. Two pumps were got to work, and an effort was made to send a light to the imprisoned men by means of a candle stuck on a piece of wood.

The water, however, was too near the roof for the success of this expedient. Piteous cries for help could be heard. The men replied, crying, "Lloyd! Lloyd!" And the answer came back, "Beth.

Dewch ato i." But though they could thus hear the man's voice, they seemed powerless to help. Finally, however, one brave fellow, Thomas Francis, stripped off his clothes and tried to swim to the rescue of his perilously-situated comrade. Francis could not reach the old man, whose cries for help were so distressing, but he succeeded in placing a lighted candle on a beam, which cheered him a little.

This first attempt at rescue was made shortly after noon. Towards six in the evening the water had so far subsided that there was a head-room or air-space of 9in. from the roof. To the ordinary swimmer it would have been simple suicide to descend out of his depth in the darkness within four walls of that nature. For if the water rose but three or four inches his breathing space would be lost, and suffocation must ensue. With his eyes open to this terrible possibility, Francis now made another attempt, and, bravely seconded in his effort by William John Hunns, was successful in rescuing the old miner from his painful position.

The hazardous nature of the work performed by the three men named in their efforts at rescue will be best understood by the accompanying diagram, very courteously obtained for me by Mr. W. Picton Phillips, police superintendent of Llanelly (and drawn by a P.-C. of his force). "The sketch," says the accompanying description, "will serve to show the dangers Thomas had to go through. He started from point 'B,' and ran to No. 1 to find out what had happened, and then to point No. 2,

where he gave the alarm to Lloyd and the drowned man Williams. From No. 2 he rushed off to No. 3, where he gave the alarm to two other men. They had to go through the passage marked 'F,' which was



WILLIAM J. HUNNS.  
From a Photo. by H. S. Parry, Llanelly.



THOMAS FRANCIS.  
From a Photo. by McLucas & Co., Llanelly.



exceedingly dangerous in consequence of the roof having fallen in. When he got to the crossing marked 'G' he found the current so strong that it was impossible to go through

fifty yards from the level of the mine in the George Pit, Craghead, Durham, Cooper and two other miners were engaged cutting an upward shaft or staple in the mine, which is 240ft. deep, when two were struck down unconscious by foul air and gas at a height from the main level of 54ft. They could only be reached by climbing up a man-way 2ft. by 7ft. Cooper, who was working

with the two men in the staple, went to the main shaft and called for assistance. Parnaby and Wilson responded to his call and climbed up the shaft, and at great risk succeeded in lowering the unconscious men

it. He then hung on to the lags on top and carried himself over with his legs and part of his body in the rushing water. When he got into the top hole opposite 'F' he was comparatively safe. But for the presence of mind and promptness of David Thomas" (continues the writer) "five men working in 'C' and 'D' would undoubtedly have been drowned.

"Both Francis and Hunns (the report goes on) were naked in the ice-cold water from 2 p.m. until 5.45 p.m. Francis swam out from 'F' to about half-way to 'E,' when he had to return for a light. In a second attempt he got nearer to Lloyd, but again there was an obstruction, and it was only after several attempts in diving under cross-timbers that he found a way into the place marked 'E,' where he found Lloyd in a very exhausted state. He then proceeded to tie his rope around Lloyd's waist, by no means an easy task, as the old man was completely helpless. He had to hang to the timber with one arm, while he used the other hand and his teeth to tie the knot."

Such deeds give one the best hope of mankind.

Another courageous rescue in connection with a mine accident was effected on the 20th of February by three men, named Christopher Parnaby, Sidney Cooper, and Lawrence Wilson. On that day, about

down to the pure air. While doing this they were at times almost overpowered, and when the men had been freed from their perilous

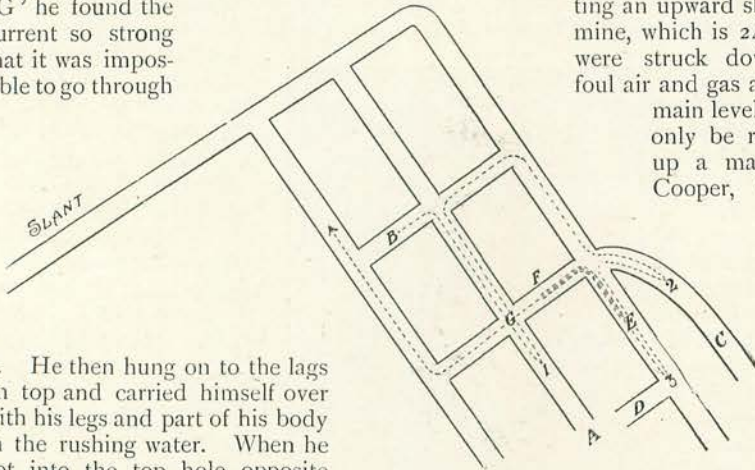


DIAGRAM SHOWING THE DANGERS THOMAS HAD TO GO THROUGH.



SIDNEY COOPER. LAWRENCE WILSON. CHRISTOPHER PARNABY.  
From a Photo. by E. Brewis, Newcastle-on-Tyne.



position Parnaby became unconscious. In his account of the affair the latter said he could not tell how he got down himself, and after his descent he remained unconscious for some time. One of the rescued men subsequently died from the effects of the accident.

Another fatal accident, and attempted rescue, from foul air cannot find a more fitting place than here. It took place, however, in a well, and the incident is doubly interesting because the attempt at rescue was made by a lady. Miss Pritty, the person in question, was having a well sunk in her back garden at Cretingham, Suffolk, and it had been carried to a depth of 48ft. when, on the 3rd of August, James Harryman, who was making the well, descended the shaft for the last time. He had not been down many minutes

before the men who were helping him heard groans. Suspecting there was something wrong, they informed Miss Pritty of the circumstance. She hastened to the well, and begged one of the men to go down to the rescue. But he said he dared not, and so, not to waste time, the lady at once stepped into the bucket and bade them lower her down. She found Harryman unconscious and, as she remarked at the inquest, "marble cold." Miss Pritty tried to pour brandy down his throat, and by other means sought to restore consciousness, but in vain. Finding that the poor fellow was beyond help, and feeling herself in a fainting condition, she signalled to be drawn up, and reached the top more dead than alive. It was not until after the well had been cleared of the foul air that the man's dead body could be recovered.

It will be seen from the portrait we give of this Suffolk heroine that she is just the sort of person one would expect to act with promptness in an emergency, and to think little of risk or danger. Tall, with slightly

knit brows, searching eyes, and firmly-set lips, her features at once suggest strength of will and force of character.

The year 1900 might have been a leap year considering the number of the gentle sex who have distinguished themselves during its course by acts of courage and devotion. In March, at Wednesday, a woman dashed into a burning house, at imminent peril of her life, to save her three children. Two months later (May 14th) a little girl of ten, named Bertha Reeve, risked her life to save another child of six. She was playing near the River Ouse, at Godmanchester, when she heard screams. Running towards the sound she found a little boy in a deep pool formed in a back-water by the rush of water over a sort of weir, locally termed an "overfall." She at

once went in to try and save him; but the water was too deep, so she clambered out and lay flat down upon the overfall and reached him with one hand. There was no small

risk in this, because, though no water was running over at the time, the overfall was sloping and covered with slimy weed. The little boy had by this time sunk at least once, and was so weak as to be almost helpless. Notwithstanding this the little girl managed to pull him up by degrees on to the overfall, and thence to the bank. An older girl, who saw her holding on to the child, advised her to let him go, lest she should be pulled in herself. A local subscription was raised and a handsome silver medal was presented to the little heroine by the mayor of the borough.

Equally plucky and devoted was the act of Alice M. Wilson, aged fourteen, a

daughter of the vicar of Christ Church, Paignton, who on the 24th of July, at Goodrington, South Devon, rescued a woman named Green from drowning. Miss Green got beyond her depth while bathing, and was



MISS PRITTY.

From a Photo. by A. Tear, Ipswich.



BERTHA REEVE.

From a Photo. by A. Hendrey, Godmanchester.





ALICE WILSON.  
From a Photo. by W. H. Davis, Bath.

to the account of boys and girls. It would be a creditable record if they alone red-lettered the heroic annals of the year. But, as a matter of fact, they form but a small part of 1900's juvenile roll of honour. So many have been the deeds of heroism performed during the year by the "makings" of men and women that it augurs well for the humanity of the incoming century. We cannot refer to all the acts of the kind. We must, however, give a few; and first of all comes up for mention the act of Leonard Jeffcoat, of Peterborough, a youth of seventeen,



LEONARD JEFFCOAT.  
From a Photo. by W. Boughton & Sons,  
Peterborough.

soon twenty-five yards from shore. Miss Wilson went to her aid and succeeded in bringing her in.

Four of the above acts of devotion stand



JAMES DUBERLY.  
From a Photo. by Gullenberg & Co.,  
Bedford.

and the act of Leonard Jeffcoat, of Peterborough, a youth of seventeen, who plunged into the Nene at that city on the 17th of February, and rescued a drowning child. A strong current was running at the time; but without a moment's hesitation Jeffcoat jumped into the ice-cold water, and after much difficulty brought the child to the bank. The act attracted a good deal of attention at Peterborough, and a handsome pre-

sent was made to the youth through the Bishop.

Equally courageous was the act of James Duberly, a grammar school boy of Bedford, who in the same month plunged into the Ouse, at the time in full flood, and saved a man named Crampling, who, in an attempt at suicide, threw himself from the town bridge. The boy is the son of Major Arthur Duberly (at the time in South Africa). On February 27th a similar act was performed by a lad of fifteen, Cresswell L. Whitmore, who rescued a woman of weak intellect who had managed to get into the river at Ebley, near Stroud. It was just at the time of the floods from protracted rains, and the stream was full and rapid. The boy's act was one of extreme risk, but he showed great presence of mind in avoiding the dangerous parts of the current, and being a strong swimmer succeeded in bringing the drowning woman to bank and, with the aid of his mates, getting her on land. They at first thought she was dead, but having only the previous evening been instructed by



CRESSWELL L. WHITMORE.  
From a Photo. by J. H. Elliott, Stroud.





ALBERT SHELTON.  
From a Photo. by A. Mallett,  
Christchurch.

heroic deeds must come the names of Al'bert Shelton, aged thirteen, who saved a boy from drowning at the mouth of the rivers Avon and Stour, Mudeford, Hants, in the month of August; Alister Macleod, a schoolboy, aged fourteen, of Nenagh, who rescued

a comrade from the dangerous rocks at Kilkee, County Clare, on July 10th, the rescue being the more noteworthy from the fact that the youth saved was six months older than Macleod, and that swimming was rendered extremely difficult by the quantity of floating seaweed.

Most of the boys here referred to were still at school. Whitmore, however, worked in a mill, while another lad—Albert E. H. Robertson—who distinguished himself by the saving of life, was the son of a boatman at Hurst Castle Lighthouse. He courageously jumped into the sea on July 26th, a four-knot ebb-tide running at the time, and saved a younger boy who had fallen from the War Office Pier.

Mr. Jennings, the rector of King's Stanley, in Dr. Sylvester's method of restoring life, they put their lesson into practice and brought her back to consciousness.

In the same catalogue of

Still more plucky was the act of a one-armed boy, named Henry Andrews, who plunged into the Thames at Horselydown Stairs on July 18th, and supported another youth, who had got into deep water while bathing, until both were picked up by a boat.



ALISTER MACLEOD.  
From a Photo. by Guy & Co., Limerick.



CONSTABLE JOHN BUCKLEY, R.I.C.  
From a Photo. by T. A. Wynne, Castlebar.

The police invariably show up well in the year's heroic deeds; but 1900's record is especially rich in courageous acts to the credit of our civic guards. It must suffice, however, to select a few of the more striking cases. Let the record begin with the gallant deed by

Constable John Buckley, R.I.C., at Belcarra, County Mayo, on Sunday, January 28th, when he succeeded in saving the life of a man named McHale, who had accidentally fallen into the river. Though it was a bitterly cold day, Buckley jumped in to the rescue of the drowning man, and after a somewhat protracted struggle succeeded in saving him. But it was a tough job. McHale, being unconscious, greatly hampered the constable by clinging about his body and legs, and although a strong swimmer, the latter went down four times before he could bring his man to a spot where help could be



ALBERT ROBERTSON.  
From a Photo. by Lewis Bros., Lynnington.





INSPECTOR SANDERSON.  
From a Photo. by C. Brantingham, Sunderland.

given. The plucky deed was witnessed by a number of people who were returning from church, amongst them being Colonel Blake, who averred that he had "never witnessed a braver act."

For a like courageous act in bringing out a drowning boy at Sunderland, on January 24th, Inspector Sanderson was given the medal and certificate of the Royal Humane Society. The risk was increased by reason of its being dark at the time. However, the inspector succeeded in his attempt, and on finding that the boy was unconscious when brought to land he restored him by artificial respiration. Two years previously Sanderson had rescued a girl from a burning building.

Towards the end of the previous month a still more striking act of life-saving from fire took place, although it must be added that it ended fatally for one heroic soul. The fire occurred at the Elephant and Castle public-house, Hackney Wick. It was the middle of the night, and when Sergeant Danyie arrived upon the scene with Constables Weavers, Reeves, Elrich, Baker, and Funnell, the premises were a mass of flames. As it was known there were people in the house they hurried in to the rescue. All, however, were driven back again by the fire, smoke, and heat, with the exception of Funnell. He managed to get through the flames to three women, who but for his assistance would undoubtedly have perished, and to bring them within reach of safety. He was, however, so badly burned and overcome with the heat and smoke that, though he had saved the women, he could do no more for himself. It was at this juncture that his comrades, seeing that he had not come out with them, went in search of him, and found the poor fellow insensible in the burning mass. They got him out, but, sad to relate, he succumbed to his injuries on the 2nd of January. He had laid down his life for the three women, who, as Mr.

CONSTABLE WEAVERS.

CONSTABLE BAKER.



CONSTABLE REEVES.

SERGEANT DANYIE.

CONSTABLE ELRICH.

From a Photo. by T. S. Robinson.



Fordham, the magistrate, said at the North London Police Court, in presenting his comrades with the medals of the Society for the Protection of Life from Fire, were, so far as he knew, absolute strangers to him. "He has gone," added the magistrate, "and left behind him a memory which anyone would be proud to have. He died the death of a thoroughly brave and sincere man." Nor will anyone cavil with his generous praise of Sergeant Danyie, and Constables Weavers, Reeves, Elrich, and Baker, as having "behaved as Englishmen almost always do, and certainly always should." Our portrait of Funnell is from a photograph taken by himself.



CONSTABLE FUNNELL.  
From a Photo. by P.-C. Funnell.



JAMES MCNEILL.  
From a Photo. by Godfrey, Hyde Park, Chicago.

While on the subject of fires one must not omit to mention the gallant deed of James McNeill, a British subject, who on the occasion of a great fire in the Hotel Helena at Chicago, in May last, "over and over again plunged into the burning building and brought out men and women at the imminent risk of his own gallant life." The words are those of an American paper, which adds: "Thanks to McNeill and others only three persons perished in what might have proved a holocaust." James McNeill was

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the hall-porter of the hotel. He had formerly served in the British Navy as a gunner, and took part in the Jameson Raid. In a letter received from McNeill, he asks that a copy of THE STRAND containing this article be sent "to my dear old mother in Belfast, Ireland."

Still another fire which brought out a fine specimen of true British pluck—the great fire at Ottawa in April last. On that occasion, among many signal acts for the rescue of life, was that performed by the Governor-General, Lord Minto. One of the firemen near the city waterworks stayed at his post till all chance of escape had been cut off except by swimming the stream, which at this point is fifty yards wide. Lord Minto shouted to him to jump in, which he did, and swam to the east bank, where the Governor-General, clambering down the crib-work, grasped the fireman's hand and pulled him out. One likes to hear of men of Lord Minto's rank climbing down now and again to the common need.

Though space is nearly so, the list of heroic rescues is far from being exhausted. Two or three more typical cases, however, must suffice, and first of all let me mention the case of Martin Larsen, boatswain of the



THE EARL OF MINTO.  
From a Photo. by Dickinson & Foster.



*Saxoleine*, of Newcastle, who, when the steamer was in mid-Atlantic, did a singularly courageous thing at great risk to himself. A quantity of crude petroleum had leaked into



JOHN GALLAGHER.  
From a Photo, by Pettigrew & Amos, Leith.

the pump-room, and the second engineer, on going down to pump this out, was overcome by the fumes and fell into the oil. Larsen, well knowing the risk, went down and brought him on deck, where he himself became unconscious, and remained so for several hours.

At midnight on the 31st of December last John Gallagher, chief officer of the *ss. Mars*, also of Newcastle, courageously plunged into the dock at Leith and saved the life of William Allan, who had been repairing the steering-gear. It was a tough and risky job, as a gale was blowing, the night pitch dark, and Allan heavy and unconscious. Moreover, when Gallagher had secured his man once, the rope he had got round him slipped off, and he had to dive for him again and re-adjust it. However, he got Allan drawn up at last, and was then hauled on board himself, though not before he had run great risk of being crushed by the swaying of the vessel.

Our coasts are constantly the scene of gallant rescues



THOMAS W. CALE.  
From a Photo, by D. Bowen, Haverfordwest.

from shipwreck and drowning, but it seldom happens that a postman turns his hands from letter-delivery to the rescue of castaway mariners. Such, however, was the case on the 16th of February, when Mr. Thomas W. Cale, the postman of Little Haven, Pembrokeshire, courageously went to the rescue of a Belgian seaman. A boat with three men on board, in trying to land from a wrecked vessel, was capsized in the surf about 200yds. from shore. Two of the men were carried into shallow water, but the third was being swept out to sea, when Cale went to his assistance. The brave fellow



COASTGUARDSMAN WILLIAM HENNER.  
From a Photo, by W. Church, Sunderland.

battled undauntedly with the waves, and eventually succeeded in saving the now well-nigh drowned man.

It is not often that anyone can get before the men of our sea-guard, who are as daring as they are expert in effecting rescues from wrecked vessels. A particularly smart and plucky act of the kind was performed by Coastguardsman William Henner on the occasion of the wreck of the Spanish *ss. Maliano*, at Sunderland, on the 23rd of April. The crew of the stranded vessel did not understand the working of the life-saving apparatus; and Henner volunteered to be hauled off in the breeches-buoy to the wreck, where, after making the gear fast, he sent the crew of twenty-two hands and the pilot ashore, and then followed himself, being the last to leave the vessel. Henner was awarded a bronze medal by the Board of Trade for his valorous deed.