

His Excellency Captain. James George Mackenzie,
Governor, and Commander in Chief of the Falkland Islands
and the Dependencies thereof.

Port Stanley
Falkland Islands
June 1864.

Sir,

I have the honour to transmit for your Excellency's
information, a detailed account from my Log Book
of the circumstances, relative to the wreck of the
American Ship Frank Pierce, and the rescuing
of the Crew.

On June the 3rd British I was in the Latitude
of 55° 30' South, Longitude 61° West, I observed a vessel
bearing South, the Appearance of which led me to
suppose she was in a state of utter distress, seeing
this I tack'd Ship, and beat up toward her. At
4. P. M. was alongside, and found my suppositions
verified. I have the main top sail to the mast
under her Sir, A boat came off from the wreck,
and asked if I would take them off on Board
My vessel, as the vessel was a complete wreck.
The Ship then being in her Bottom under, and all
the

The masts gone, I told them to come on Board as
 soon as they could, as it was going to blow, at this
 time they had two boats of their own, The second
 time the boat came off, they brought the mate's wife
 and one boy, I told them again to huster as much
 as possible to come off, as the wind was increasing,
 having backed and come alongside, and seeing
 no sign of boats, I hailed, they answered with saying
 that both boats were smashed under the Bulwark,
 by this time the Gale had considerably increased
 inasmuch that I was unable to get my boat out,
 I again hailed and told them to do all they
 could to lighten the Ship, and I would wait for
 them, as the night came on, the gale increased
 with a very heavy sea,

Monday 6th Still blowing a heavy
 gale, from S.W. kept close to ship, as near as the gale
 would allow me, my ship being heavily laden
 and the sea washing over her, and crew nearly
 exhausted, I ran by the side and asked if
 they were all right, and could hold out a little
 longer, they replied Yes, as the ship was there
 but settling a little, and the men were employed

in throwing Coals overboard, and pumping.

Tuesday June 7th At 10. O. M. I passed close to wind being a little more moderate, but a heavy sea running I again hailed them and asked if all was right, they again replied, Yes. I then told them that by the afternoon the sea would abate, and allow them to get on Board my Ship from the Wreck, they still having a third boat on board, which had been stove by the foremast going overboard, I hailed them and bid them repair the boat as well as possible, by nailing Clew-boards around the bottom, stern, &c. in case my own boat get stove, by getting her out, at 12 O'clock at noon weather more moderate, kept close to the wreck, and was preparing to put out the boat, and they on the wreck were repairing their boat to launch, I waited to see if they would be able to launch their boat safe first, as the Ship was completely on her beam ends, and was very difficult to launch into the sea even after being temporarily repaired at 2. P. M. they succeeded in launching her safe and all came on board my vessel in but a three journeys from Wreck to Ship, they were unable to save anything from the Wreck, and had the greatest difficulty to get into the Boat themselves

m. account of the position of the Wreck, and heavy sea
as seen as all was on board (which was about 4. p. m.)
the wreck having drifted from Sunday to Sat. 54. and
Long. 57. W. I let their boat go, and proceeded with
the Captain, Officers, and Crew, to the Falkland Islands
some of the Crew were disabled, others worn out, and
one killed, or drowned when the boats were smashed

Jan 13th Arrived at Port Stanley, and immediately
had an interview with the Consul of the United States
of America, to whom I related all the circumstances
of the Catastrophe, and in whose charge the Captain
Officers, Crew, &c. were all left, the ship being a merchant-
man, of the United States, called the "Frank Pierce"
of New Hampshire (of Portsmouth). The Captain, Officers
and Crew, consisted of 23, and Mate's wife, saved in
all 23 souls.

I have the honor to be
Sir

Your Very Obedient Servant
Thomas Robert S
Master of the Barque
"Charles Lambert"

1455 m. 0499

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THE
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 AND
CHURCH PAPER.

EDITOR — THE VERY REV. F. S. VAUGHAN.

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are the flowers of immortality."

The other children had lilies and violets, but when he came to the boy whose work had been unfinished, the Angel turned to the rose tree and plucked the only rose.

"This child cared for another more than for himself," he said; "therefore he has earned the best flower of all—the rose of love."



BEAM ENDED

On Sunday the 5th June 1864 about 300 miles to the South of the Falklands, the American ship 'Charles Lambert', Captain Thomas Roberts, sighted what appeared to be a derelict vessel. It proved to be the American barque 'Frank Pierce' of Portsmouth, S. E. Hampshire with her cargo shifted, masts gone & on her beam ends. One of her boats brought across the mate's wife and the cabin boy but was smashed when returning to the derelict and the remaining boat was badly knocked about when being launched. Rising wind and imminent bad weather made it impossible for the 'Charles Lambert' to launch her boats and she signalled to the 'Frank Pierce' to fix her boat and she would stand by till the weather moderated.

On Monday a whole gale blew, the two vessels keeping together their decks continually swept and their crews very fatigued, the crew of the 'Frank Pierce' being busy dumping coals and pumping continually.

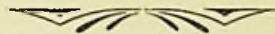
By Tuesday afternoon the sea and wind had abated sufficiently to allow the patched life-boat to pull across from the wreck bearing the remainder of the crew not without loss of life however for at the last moment she crashed against the side of her rescuer and the captain and four men were thrown into the water of whom the captain and three men only were recovered.

The wreck had by this time drifted some 150 miles to the North-west.

The 'Charles Lambert' arrived at Stanley on the 13th June, 1864.

BOSUN

Taken from official records by permission.



THE ICICLE

*A Story of how a Woman's love
was won, By USKSIDER.*

Chapter 1 "The Enchantress"

"Hallo! Tom, old man, how are you? I haven't seen you since we left the dear old school years ago." The speaker, a tall, well-built man standing well over six feet, with a handsome, sun tanned face, that told of travel in other lands, stretched out a slim, lady-like hand and took that of his friend in a grip that made him wince, and showed that, in spite of its delicate look, it was capable of exerting great strength Tom Harrison started. "Claude Herbert, by all that's wonderful," he gasped. "Why, man, we had all given you up for lost years ago. Where have you been?"

"Practically all over the world," was the answer. "But come, let us seek a quiet corner, where we can talk about old times."

So they left the crowded ball-room, to seek solitude in the balcony above it, where they could see without being seen.

"How are all the boys? What are you doing now? Are you married yet? Did you—?"

"Here, hold hard, Anyone can see you've only just come from abroad" said Harrison. "Give a fellow a chance."

Tom Harrison was a little shorter than his friend, but he was also, a well built man, a typical English gentleman. Years ago, when still boys, the two men had been at school together. They had been staunch chums, until Herbert had left for Oxford, where he finished his Education. Immediately he left Oxford his father died, leaving him in possession of one of the prettiest estates in England.