

THE DANMARK SINKING

It is claimed by the officers that the Danmark behaved very handsomely in this wild weather and she had advanced almost midway of her journey by April 4. She was then in about longitude 46.16 North and latitude 38.36 West. The gale had increased in violence and the weather was threatening and hazy. All of that day, which was Monday, the Danmark rode the long, heavy swells, which were almost mountainous in their rolling. Many of the passengers were sick, and those who were not were scarcely venturesome enough to trust their legs to the deck.

The Shaft Had Snapped.

The afternoon was wearing away and Captain Knudsen was on the bridge. It was about 3.50 o'clock, as near as can be gathered, when a violent shock shook the huge fabric of the Danish steamship from stem to stern. To some it sounded as though a powerful explosion had taken place in her hold. To others it seemed that the ship had been suddenly dropped by the waves that were toying with her on a ledge of rocks and allowed to remain there stationary.

Loud cries rang through steerage and cabin. Some shouted "The ship is lost." Meantime the captain and his officers, with faces that showed their concern, made an examination below, when they went forward and held a long and serious consultation. The passengers demanded to know what had happened. "Do not be alarmed," they were told. "We hope it is not serious."

But it was serious. What had happened was this: While plunging down the steep declivity of a wave which left her propeller, revolving lightning-like, entirely in the air; the shaft of the Danmark had snapped as neatly in two as a school boy's slate pencil. It had snapped close to the stern port, and the portion leading to the engine, when it broke, had smashed down into the bottom of the ship with such violence that at first it seemed as if the whole after part of the hull had been started. The shaft was about fourteen inches in diameter, and the force with which the broken end had inflicted the blow below had (to use the words of Purser C. A. Hemper) "practically split her stern open."

Vain thoughts of repairing the broken shaft were soon abandoned, and the officers were called to face a much more serious question. The blow of the shaft had caused the Danmark to spring a leak. The engines were kept going and the pumps were started, while the vessel was kept head to wind as much as possible. An examination resulted in the conclusion being reached that the injury to the hull of the Danmark was not serious, at least for the time being. Still the great ship, with her enormous human freight, was practically helpless in that angry sea. She could make no headway, and all that was left for her to do was to wait for help.

A more thorough search was made of the engine room some time later by Captain Knudsen. It was reported that Engineer Kass was missing. Down in the engine room, doubled up and

bleeding, the Captain found the engineer. He was quite dead. His skull had been apparently crushed into a pulp by a blow from a piece of the machinery that was operating the pumps.

Captain Knudsen ran on deck with a face that was fairly gray with alarm and concern and told the news. The body was removed and the information speedily spread about the ship. It had anything but a reassuring effect on the now thoroughly alarmed passengers. Mutterings could be heard on every side, as is the case in every crowded steamship in time of an accident.

"I understand," one passenger was heard to say, "that the machinery was known to be imperfect when we left Copenhagen."

"The chief engineer has been found dead," said another, "but does anyone know what killed him?"

At the Pumps All Night

So the gossip of the steerage ran for hours, and the passengers, who did not know what would happen next in this unfortunate voyage, were doing a great deal of grumbling. The pumps worked all Monday night incessantly, and succeeded in keeping the water down. The Danmark, without her power of locomotion, rolled and tumbled in the sea very much as a log does in a Schuylkill freshet. There was no sleep on board the ship, and on Tuesday the outlook was even gloomier than on the day before. The wind still blew from the West, the sea was rough, the ship was unmanageable, the passengers were in despair and the Captain stalked the bridge incessantly, sweeping the sea line with his glasses.

Some sisters of a Scandinavian religious sect in New York went about among the terrified passengers calming their fears, giving them religious counsel and endeavoring to cheer them up. Their efforts had a very marked effect, particularly among the women. A Swedish preacher, on his way to the West, held religious services during the forenoon, or attempted to hold them, for between keeping his Bible on the table before him and keeping himself from tumbling into the corner, he was sorely troubled to keep the thread of his discourse.

But finally about 1.20 in the afternoon the succor that Captain Knudsen had been so anxiously scanning the horizon for appeared within the stormy ----- of his vision in the shape of the steamship Missouri, of the Atlantic Transit Line, Captain Hamilton Murrell.
HELP FROM THE MISSOURI. - Cheering the Approach of Their Deliverer. Rescuing All Hands.

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