

George W. Cooke

(- 8 Aug 1873)

The Evening Star, August 9, 1873

An Affecting Incident

Among the victims was Mr. George Cook, grocer, 7th street southwest, between D and E. He had two little children with him, and while he was struggling in the water making a fight for life, he was seen holding his youngest child to the surface crying "Oh my God, save my baby!" It was supposed that the older child had already perished. There was a report that Mr. Cook was subsequently seen alive on the shore, but there has been nothing received to confirm the rumor, and it is probable that he and his two children all perished.

The Evening Star, August 11, 1873

The Body of Mr. George W. Cook,

of South Washington was brought in between Chatterton and Boyd's Hole, about 12 o'clock by Mr. Robert Adams, and was at once recognized. On his person were found \$51 and a silver watch. By the papers in the pockets he was at once known, and the body sent aboard the Vanderbilt, which had arrived down off the wreck.

Statement of a Boy who was Saved

A Graphic Narrative

Leslie Cook, son of George W. Cook, one of the victims about thirteen years of age was with his father on his way to see his mother, who was visiting some of her relatives near Stewart's wharf, about five or six miles below the scene of the disaster, and he reached Washington last night with his mother in the steamer Columbia. He is quite a smart-talking lad, but seems to be greatly depressed in spirits by the loss of his father. He this morning made to a representative of the Star the following statement: -- I was right in front of the engine-room a little before 12 o'clock when I saw smoke coming out, and just as I noticed it a man came running out and said to one of the engineers, who was standing by the bar-room, "The boat's afire." I got frightened and ran back towards the saloon, and the place was full of smoke, and saw father when he came down the steps, and we went on that place round by the stern and climbed over. I believe they call the place we came on the waist. We got on the rudder chains and held to them, and we could see the smoke and flames above us. All this time the people were screaming and hallooing, and we were both frightened. The people kept jumping over the stern and getting on the rudder chains, and I was crowded off; but I got hold of father and clasped him round the waist, but we were both shoved off and sank. I let go my hold and went to the bottom, but I rose in about the same place, and got hold of the chain again. I looked around for father, but did not see him again. I was set on the chains very long--but it seemed a long time--before a boat took me off, and when I got to shore I went over towards the Rappahannock, and Dr. Price sent me to where my mother was."

Mr. Cook was a member of Harmony Lodge, Knights of Pythias, as also a member of Ryland chapel, and during the war was in the confederate service, serving as captain in the 15th Virginia cavalry. He has been in the grocery business latterly on 7th street southwest, and had just received a stall in Center market to go into business there. His funeral took place this afternoon.