

Christian Faunce (- 27 Dec 1912)

The Evening Star, February 6, 1902, p. 16

Report Discredited

Capt. Faunce's Friends Confident of His Safety

The report that Capt. Chris. Faunce of the sloop Albatross was lost with his vessel in the ice off Occoquan bay is generally discredited by the friends of Capt. Faunce along the river front. A letter received by his brother, Capt. "Pote" Faunce, from Woodbridge, Va., states that Capt. Chris. had been fishing in Occoquan, and that in the blow Sunday night the boat was carried out into the river in the ice, and nothing has been heard from the boat or its master since.

Capt. Faunce is an expert waterman, and such an accident as occurred to him is by no means uncommon. It is believed that he has safely made his way into a harbor on the Maryland side of the river, and either does not think it necessary to notify his family or is so far away from a telegraph station as to be unable to do so.

Capt. Faunce resides at 501 I street southwest with his family. Mrs. Faunce is not alarmed for the safety of her husband, knowing him to be a good enough sailor to take care of himself in any emergency.

The Evening Star, February 7, 1902, p. 3

Capt. Faunce Safe

His Boat Located, but Inaccessible to Those Ashore

Information has been received here from the brother of Captain Chris. Faunce, whose boat was blown out of Occoquan creek during the gale of Sunday night last, that the latter's craft has been located at the mouth of Mattawoman creek. The discovery was made by means of powerful field glasses through which it was discovered that the captain's boat was caught in the ice at a point inaccessible from shore. Smoke was seen to be issuing from the cabin stove pipe, which relieves fears entertained by the captain's family as to his safety. The jibsail was also noticed to be up, evidently for the purpose of drying it out. As yet the friends of Captain Faunce have been unable, on account of the ice, to bring him ashore.

The Evening Star, February 8, 1902, p. 7

Aid of Capt. Faunce

Rescue Party Leaves Washington for Mattawoman Creek

An effort is to be made today to get provisions and fuel to Capt. Chris. Faunce, who is imprisoned aboard his sloop Albatross in the ice in the mouth of Mattawoman creek, Md. This morning Mr. Chas. Faunce, a son of Capt. Faunce; Thomas Faunce, a nephew, and Messrs. Hahn and John Murray left here on the steamer Estelle Randall for Glymont. From there they will, this evening, go to the point on the shore nearest the Albatross and will make an effort to get out to her. It is believed they can cross on the ice, but should this be impossible a boat will be secured and an effort made to work it through the open water in the ice.

The party have with them an ample supply of provisions, and fuel will be obtained in the neighborhood of Mattawoman. While it is thought Capt. Faunce has fuel and provisions on hand, his supply is probably running low, and if aid does not reach him he will soon be in distress.

The Evening Star, February 10, 1902, p. 3

**Captain Faunce at Home
Rescue Party Found Him Waiting at Glymont**

Capt. Chris. Faunce, the old fisherman, who was blown from the Virginia side of the Potomac, across to the mouth of Mattawoman creek, Md., through the ice, in the heavy gale of yesterday week, is back at his home in this city, none the worse for his rough experience. When the party, which left this city Saturday last on a mission to rescue him from the ice, reached the wharf at Glymont, they found Capt. Faunce had rescued himself and was waiting on the wharf for the steamer. Rescued and rescuers returned home Saturday evening on the Estelle Randall.

Capt. Faunce makes light of his adventure and says he was at no time in any grave danger. When the gale sprang up his boat, the Albatross, was lying well up in Neatsico creek, and he was alone on the boat. The ice began to move and about dusk carried the boat with it out into the river. While the wind blew with hurricane force, and the water was very rough, rolling and tossing the boat badly, the ice prevented the seas from breaking over her, and she was kept dry. All he could do was to permit the heavy ice from crowding his little craft and crushing it. The wind carried him across the river and into the broken ice in the smooth water at the mouth of Mattawoman. The rough voyage only lasted about two hours, and by 9 o'clock Sunday night he was safe in a good harbor, with ice piling outside of the boat and protecting it. Having plenty of fuel and provisions he remained aboard the Albatross, which was not harmed by the ice, until last Friday morning, when he came ashore on the ice and made his way to Glymont, and, as stated, returned home Saturday evening.

Capt. Faunce will shortly return to Mattawoman, and will take precautions to prevent damage to his boat when the ice begins to move again.

The Evening Star, February 8, 1902

**Capt. Faunce Safe
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Faunce. Suddenly on December 27, 1912, Capt. Christian Faunce, beloved husband of the late Julia Hughes Faunce in the 80th year of his age. Funeral services at the residence of his daughter, 307 11th street southwest, Monday, December 30 at 2 p.m. Relatives and friends invited. Interment private.

The Evening Star, December 29, 1912, p. 13

**Capt. Faunce Succumbs
Was One of Oldest Rivermen and Fishermen in This Section**

Capt. Chris. Faunce, one of the oldest rivermen and fishermen in this section, died Friday at the home of his daughter, Mrs. John Hahn, at Virginia Highlands, Va., after a short illness. His funeral will

take place from the residence of Mrs. John Murray, 307 11th street southwest, Monday afternoon at 2 o'clock and the interment will be in the family lot in Congressional Cemetery.

Capt. Faunce had reached the age of eighty-one years, but was active and as well able to attend to business as could a man half his years. For over a half century he had operated fishing craft on the river, and his store of information regarding Potomac fish and their habits was unexcelled by any one in the city.

Christmas day, it is stated, he was up and about the home of his daughter. Last summer he was in command of the schooner Virginia.

His death was directly due to an ailment from which he had suffered for years.