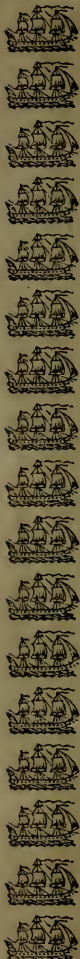


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# STEAMBOAT DISASTERS.

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Wreck of the Steamboat Home, Oct. 9, 1837.

# STEAMBOAT DISASTERS

AND

# RAILROAD ACCIDENTS

IN THE UNITED STATES.

TO WHICH ARE APPENDED

ACCOUNTS OF RECENT SHIPWRECKS, FIRES AT SEA,  
THRILLING INCIDENTS, ETC.

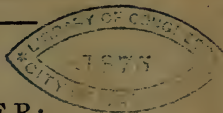


*Howland, S. A.*

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BOSTON.

## P R E F A C E .

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THE object of the following pages is not only to preserve an authentic history of the many disasters that have occurred on our waters since the introduction of steam navigation, and, as far as practicable, the principal causes that led to such disasters, but also to perpetuate the memory of those who have been the innocent sufferers thereby,—whose graves are in the trackless deep,—and whose only monuments of recollection are in the feelings and hearts of their bereaved friends and relatives.

There is nothing that more tends to excite feelings of interest in the human mind,—less imbued with self, and more productive of true compassion and charity,—than the perusal of the fate of those, who, fearless of the grasping waves that roll beneath, while trusting with full confidence to the care, the skill and experience of their fellow-men, and con-

riding in the strength of the frail bark that bears them on, have been suddenly plucked from their usefulness in society, or cut off in the midst of the enjoyments of life,—hapless victims, perchance, to the explosion of an overcharged boiler, as in the aggravated case of the *MOSELLE*,—or to an awful conflagration in the midst of the wide waste of waters, far removed from the utmost efforts of human aid,—as seen in the deplorable catastrophe that befell the *LEXINGTON*. That heart must be callous, indeed, that turns not from scenes like these with awakened and better feelings, and, looking back on past sufferings as beyond the reach of help, extends not the hand of charity to relieve those of the present,—sufficient of which ever exist around us.

The work is decidedly American, and comprises authentic accounts of nearly all the various disasters on steamboats and railroads that have occurred, during many years, throughout the United States. In reviewing its contents, it will be found, with but very few exceptions, that none of it has ever before been published in an embodied form, and, consequently, can be found in no other volume.

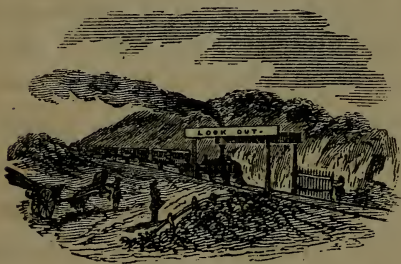
And yet, though the many disasters by steam occupy a large portion of this volume, there is left space sufficient for interesting narratives of the recent

shipwrecks and fires at sea,—together with accounts of the great gales on the eastern coast of New England, in December, 1839, and a thrilling narrative of the burning of the light-house at Cape Florida by the Seminole Indians, written by the keeper, who was miraculously preserved, while on the summit of the blazing tower, from the raging fire on the one side, and the deadly rifles of the Indians on the other.

The whole is embellished with many fine engravings on wood; in speaking of which engravings the compiler would remark, that they are considered by adequate judges to be of a high and spirited order, and therein, it is hardly necessary to mention, of a vastly different and superior character to those usually found in books of this description.

In collecting the materials which form the body of the work, the compiler has been largely indebted to many of the various journals of the day for the principal facts contained therein. In preserving these facts, however, the language in which they were clothed has mostly been remodelled,—the accounts shorn of much that was unimportant, and otherwise condensed,—and, by culling from one source whatever seemed of interest, and so blending it with that of another which was imperfect in some of its details, he has been enabled to render a more

full, connected, and interesting narrative of each. In doing this, he has also aimed to give to the whole a decidedly moral influence, by appropriate reflections and remarks of his own, as well as by selections from others, which he has introduced wherever it could be done with advantage, and where the peculiar circumstances of the narrative seemed to demand it.





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hand-pumps and bailing. About 8 o'clock, P. M., Mr. Hunt came to me at the wheel-house, and told me that the 'furnace fires were out.'

"All hope was now abandoned of making a harbor under the lee of Hatteras; and our only alternative was to run her on shore, for the purpose of saving our lives. I then directed the mate to have the square-sail set, to press her in to the land. In a few minutes the lee leach of the square sail split from foot to head, and it was lowered down. The vessel being water-logged, we consequently made but slow progress towards the shore. The weather became more moderate. Shortly after, I went below to my room and put on my pea-jacket; went aft, and saw them bailing and pumping. Whilst passing among the passengers, some of them asked me if there was a probability of their being saved. I replied, that I feared the chance was but small; as the boats would be of no service, and that there must be a heavy surf running on the beach which we were approaching. I then walked to the after starboard quarter-deck, and hove the lead, and found nine fathoms water; I laid the lead in, and remained by the rail, thinking of our condition, and calculating our chances for our lives. I now went forward, and, in passing the dining-room (which was on deck and over the after cabin) door, saw the ladies and many of the gentlemen sitting in there, and in great distress and anxiety. This was the last time I went aft, on the lower deck. I then passed on by the entrance to the after cabin; I found the stairway completely occupied with men in passing up water. I then passed forward, and went up to the wheel-house: by this time we were not far from the shore.

"About 10 o'clock, Mr. Matthews, then standing on the lower deck, asked me if I meant to put her head on; I answered, 'Yes, certainly.' Some one now ran forward, and called out that the water was over the cabin floor. Captain Salter cried out, 'Bail away,

bail away, boys.' Captain Salter also asked Mr. Matthews if the boats were all clear, that they might be all lowered away without confusion, after she struck. Mr. Matthews said, 'The boats are all ready.' We now made the breakers on the starboard bow, and ahead. Mr. Matthews was standing forward, and said, 'Off the starboard bow it looks like a good place to beach her.' I ordered Trost, the man at the helm, to port his helm; and said to him, 'Mind yourself; stand clear of that wheel when she strikes, or she will be breaking your bones;' he answered, 'Yes, sir, I'll keep clear.'

"The boat immediately struck on the outer reef, slued her head to the northward; the square sail caught aback; she heeled off shore, exposing the deck and upper houses to the full force of the sea. The square-sail halyards were let go, but the sail would not come down, as it was hard aback against the mast and rigging; it had previously been split, and was now blown to ribbons. The passengers, ladies and gentlemen, placed themselves along the in-shore side of the boat, seeking protection from the breaking of the sea. At this time, Mr. Matthews came up to me, on the upper deck, and asked me if I was going in the boats. I replied, 'No; I think there is no possibility of any person being saved in them, but you had better go aft and see to the launching them.' He went aft, on the upper deck, and I saw them launching the large boat off of it. The larboard quarter-boat having been lowered before and upset, they succeeded in getting the large boat alongside; many of the passengers, and both mates, got into her, several others clinging to her gunwales; she upset before she had gone ten yards from the vessel. The starboard quarter-boat had been previously stove, as well as the houses and bulwarks on that side. I went forward, pulled off my pea-jacket, vest, and boots, and threw them into the door of the wheel-house; then went a few feet aft, unshipped a small ladder, found

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# STEAMBOAT DISASTERS.

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## LOSS OF THE STEAM PACKET HOME,

On her Passage from New York to Charleston,  
October 9, 1837, by which Melancholy Occur-  
rence Ninety-Five Persons perished.

AN occurrence so awful as the loss of the steam packet HOME, excites in the mind of the civilized and humane community a most intense and painful interest. In a vessel for passage, whole countries are represented among those who have trusted their lives upon the deep, divided from eternity by a single plank, and directly committed to His providence who

holds the waters in the hollow of his hand ; but who sometimes sees fit, for purposes in his dispensation beyond the ken of mortals, to visit the wanderer upon the deep with sudden and awful death.

The loss of a vessel engaged in the common pursuits of commerce, with no more souls on board than are requisite to her guidance and management, is a painful event, which calls forth the commiseration of all to whose ears the tidings are borne. The parents, the wives, and the children, whose hopes and whose dependence are all embarked with "them that go down to the sea in ships, that do business in great waters," are stricken to the earth by the tidings of their loss ; but the great public can only pity the little circle of mourners, without sharing their sorrows. Not so, when, from the climes of the sunny south—from the towns and cities of the north—from the valley of the father of waters, and from the cities on the seaboard, a company are gathered together, it would seem for destruction, as in the case of the ill-fated boat of whose loss we speak. The funeral wail rises from one extremity of the country to the other—every state, and almost every community, has a claim to assert in the loss of persons connected by ties of blood, of friendship, or of business. The awful realities of the dangers to which a large portion of the human family is daily exposed are brought home to every bosom ; and the sympathies of the whole public are touched. It is the intense interest felt in the fate of the *Home*, that has induced us to present to the public as full and accurate an account of the disaster as we have been able to glean from the various sources at our command.

The steam packet *Home* was launched in April, 1836, and finished in January, 1837. Her length on deck was about two hundred and twenty feet, with twenty-two feet beam, twelve feet depth of hold ; and measuring five hundred and fifty tons burthen. That she was not the kind of vessel to withstand the tem-

pestuous gales of the Atlantic, has proved fearfully true. We have no evidence that, in her model or timbers, any reference was had to a capacity for encountering the perils of the ocean; but candor compels us to say that her model, the time of her lying unemployed, and other circumstances, induce the conviction that she *never was intended* for a sea boat. If she was so intended, then those who had charge of her construction should never again attempt to plan a vessel. In the minor points of elegance and convenience,—minor compared with the great consideration of safety,—the Home was all that could have been wished, and would have made an elegant and safe steamer for the river, or the summer navigation of the sound. She was calculated to accommodate one hundred and twenty persons with berths or state rooms. In her appointments and finish, she ranked with the “floating palaces” for which our American waters are famed; and in speed, another characteristic of American ship-building, she was unsurpassed.

Her second passage to Charleston was made in sixty-four hours—a shorter passage than was ever made before by any vessel. Communication with Charleston was regarded as almost as direct as that with the nearer cities, which are brought within a day’s travel by steamboat and railroad. Numbers who, under other circumstances, would hardly venture upon a journey from one city to the other, were induced, by the rapidity and comfort of the conveyance, to make the jaunt; and circumstances had warranted us in supposing that the north and south were thus to be connected by the annihilation of distance; and pride in our national enterprise and resources pointed exultingly to the fact, that a distance which had occupied our ancestors weeks in its passage, could now be compassed in less than three days. It was even hinted, *after she was finished*, that the Home would essay a trip across the Atlantic, in advance of the completion of a line of packets designed for that

great route. The public mind anticipated great things from the success of the first trips of the new and splendid vessel; and became so much familiarized with the subject of ocean steam communication, and so devoid of fear as to its danger, that the whisper of apprehension was met with a reproving smile.

It was on the 7th of October, 1837, that the steam packet *Home*, under the command of Captain Carleton White, left New York for Charleston, S. C., on her third trip. Owing to the speed of the boat, her very excellent accommodations, and the high character of the captain as a commander, the number of passengers who started in her on this, her last and ill-fated voyage, was very great. She had on board, as near as could be gathered from her berth-book, and judging also from the numbers who took passage at the last moment, without previously securing berths, *ninety* passengers. Her crew, including officers and servants, male and female, numbered *forty-five*, comprising in all about *one hundred and thirty-five* souls; among whom were between thirty and forty females.

Gentlemen from the north going south, and southern gentlemen returning from excursions of business, pleasure, or health, at the north; ladies impatient to return to the friends from whom circumstances had separated them, buoyant with hope, and confident of safety and a quick passage from the reputation which the packet had thus early acquired; children, trusting in their parents, and willing to leave to them all questions as to danger or safety,—a happier company never assembled together. It seemed more like a departure upon a pleasure excursion, than the commencement of what was once deemed a serious voyage. With hope elate, and with the sorrow of parting with friends here swallowed up in joyous anticipation of meeting others at the end of a short and pleasant passage, the passengers on board the *Home* bade adieu to New York. Little did they dream that the adieus made were their last, or that those who looked



at them while leaving port, "should see them no more forever."

The weather was fine, with a light breeze from the south-west, and the packet proceeded gaily on her way till she had passed the Narrows. The buoyancy of hope was somewhat depressed, and the consciousness of security rather enfeebled, when the vessel, very soon after, was found to be aground upon the Romer shoal, where she remained three or four hours. The accident was occasioned by mistaking one of the buoys, designating Captain Gedney's new channel, for the buoy on the Romer. It was thought that the boat had sustained no injury by the accident; but escape from all injury we conceive could hardly have been possible.

We give the following extract from a detailed account by Captain White, published shortly after the occurrence of the disaster:—

"On leaving my office, after examining the list of passengers, I found that the boat headed off to the eastward, and the headway nearly stopped. I then ran up to the man at the wheel, and ordered the helm hard a-port; he answered, 'The helm is hard a-port, sir, but she won't mind her helm.' By this time the boat had entirely stopped on the Romer shoal; the ebb tide setting strong to the eastward, and a light westerly wind, to which cause I attribute the grounding of the boat. At this time the engine was working forward. The engineer inquired whether he should continue to work her so or back her off. I ordered him to keep on, under the impression that she was so near the eastern edge of the shoal that she would go over; but finding she did not go ahead, I ordered him to back her off; at the same time ordered the wood and cable to be shifted to the larboard side, in order to list the boat; in backing her, found she slued a little, but would not work off the shoal. There was now no alternative but to remain until the tide rose.

“ The passengers, at tea, made many inquiries as to any danger from being aground ; apprehended none myself, as the water was entirely smooth, and the wind light. I endeavored to make them easy. About 7 o'clock, P. M., were boarded by a Sandy Hook pilot, who coincided in the opinion that the boat could receive no injury where she lay, until she should float. He inquired if he could be of any service ; I replied, that, as he was on board, I preferred that he should remain until we had passed the Hook. At half past 10 o'clock, P. M., the tide having risen, the square-sail was hoisted and laid aback ; we started the engine, and succeeded in backing her off, having the flood tide to aid us.

“ We then proceeded on our course past the Hook ; and, about a quarter past 11 o'clock, the pilot left us for town. The boat and machinery appearing to be in good order, we made rapid progress, and were abreast of Barnegat light on Sunday, between 4 and 5 o'clock, A. M. We continued with fine weather until towards noon, when the wind hauled north-east, with indications of a storm. In the after part of the day the wind increased, occasioning a heavy sea. Between 7 and 8 o'clock, P. M., Mr. Hunt, the chief engineer, informed me that the feeder-pipe of the forward boiler had opened at the joint, so that it forced more of the water into the hold than into the boiler ; consequently, there was not a supply for that boiler : we then run with one boiler, and set the square-sail. I inquired if he could repair the pipe at sea ; to which he answered that it was possible, if we kept the vessel off before the wind and sea. I accordingly put her before the wind, which both eased the vessel and enabled me to near the mouth of Chesapeake Bay, in case it should become necessary to make a harbor. About midnight, the chief engineer reported to me that he had succeeded in repairing the feeder-pipe ; and then we again put both boilers in operation, and resumed our course for

Charleston, continuing, occasionally, to heave the lead, shoaling the water gradually, from twenty to eleven fathoms. When we got into eleven fathoms, at 4 o'clock, A. M., the mate and his watch were called; we took in the square sail, and hauled her course to south-south-east, this being the course along the land; we continued this course until 7 o'clock, at which time it lighted up a little, and we saw the land about fifty miles to the northward of Hatteras. The gale continuing to increase, I ordered the second mate, Mr. White, to reef the jib and foresail, to have them ready for use if we should want them. At about 9 o'clock, A. M., on Monday, the second engineer, Mr. Conro, came to me at the wheel-house, and reported that the boilers had given out, and said, 'We can do nothing more for you with steam.'

"The land being then in sight, I ordered the jib and foresail set, and headed the vessel in for shore, with the intention of beaching her. I ordered the reef turned out of the foresail, and then went down to the chief engineer, Mr. Hunt, in the engine-room, and asked him whether the boilers had indeed given out; he replied, 'No, it is the feeder-pipe,' which had again started; and that the report of the second engineer arose from a mistake of the fireman. Mr. Hunt having 'woulded' the joint again, I asked him whether it would stand to work the boat off shore; he answered, yes, that he thought it would. I then ordered him to fire up, and to get more steam on, to force her off shore; I then returned to the wheel-house, and ordered the foresail taken in, and again hauled the vessel off shore to resume our former course. Before we got to the Wimble Shoals, when I was at the wheel-house, I observed Mr. Lovegreen (a passenger) very busy about the small boat on the after upper deck. I went aft to see what he was doing; he told me he 'was getting the boats ready for launching, in case we should want them, and was fixing life-lines, and lashing the oars in the boat.' I

said, 'Very well, sir, but cast off *none of the lashings.*'

"In consequence of running in, for the purpose of beaching her, as above stated, we were brought within the Wimble Shoals. In passing these shoals we received the shock of three heavy rollers on our larboard beam, which stove in our after gangway, several of the larboard state-room windows, and one of the dining-room windows. Mr. Matthews, about this time, remarked, 'We are through this.' I answered, 'Yes, we are over that part of it,' meaning the passing of the shoals. Captain Hill, a passenger, came to the forward deck, and hailed me, to know whether 'we had not better knock away the forward bulwarks, that the sea might have a fair breach over her,' as he was afraid that we might ship some of those seas and fill the deck and cabin. I told him there was no necessity for it, as some of the boards had already been burst off; however, I had no objection to his knocking off some more, if he chose to do it; he did knock off some of the boards, and, with the assistance of the steward, Mr. Milne, unshipped the starboard gangway.

"During this time, our course was south-south-east to south-east; and, finding the vessel pressed too much to leeward, I ordered the jib to be taken in. About this period, Captain Salter, of Portsmouth, N. H., a passenger, came on the forward deck and hailed me, I being at the wheel-house on the upper deck, and said, 'Captain White, had not some of us better look out for some place to beach her?' I answered, 'No, Captain Salter, I do not intend to beach her yet, nor as long as I can keep off shore.' He expressed his surprise, and replied, 'No! Do you think you can work her off?' I answered, 'Yes.' Between 2 and 3 o'clock, P. M., Mr. Hunt, the engineer, sent to the wheel-house for me; I went to the engine-room; he told me that 'the boat had commenced leaking badly.' I asked if it were not possible to keep her free with the engine-pumps. He said,



‘You had better send men to the hand-pumps, and perhaps we may then keep her free.’ I ordered the mate to send men to the pumps, which was immediately done. I then returned to the wheel-house.

“About this time Captains Salter and Hill came on the forward deck, and asked me if I would not get a light, and go down with them and try to find the leak. I ordered a lantern and marlinspike, which were brought. I then went down into the forward cabin with them, took up the floor scuttles, went down into the hold, found *no water* over the platform, broke some holes in the platform with the marlinspike, and then found *no water*. Whilst in the forehold, Captain Salter remarked, that the boat ‘was ceiled with nothing but thin, common pine plank, whereas she should have been ceiled throughout with *seven inch* oak timber, champered down to the edges.’ We then returned to the deck, and went to the after cabin, where they proceeded to open the scuttle, and I returned to the wheel-house. I now ordered the mates to set the crew to bailing from the engine-room. The passengers now scuttled the after-cabin floor, and commenced taking out the coal for the purpose of bailing, as they had previously found water aft. At this time the water was gaining on the pumps; some of the passengers and waiters went on to bailing from the after-cabin. The water, in front of the furnaces, having risen several inches in depth, washed the coals about, by the rolling of the vessel, rendering it impracticable to feed the fires with coal. I therefore directed the mate to have wood passed along, as we would keep steam up altogether with wood; which we continued to burn until the water quenched the fires in the furnaces. About 3 o’clock, P. M., Captain Salter again came to the forward deck, and said, ‘Captain White, we had better go around Hatteras Shoals, and not attempt to go through inside.’

“Whilst the passengers and crew were at work with the pumps and buckets, I frequently went down

to see that they continued at work. In passing the engine-room I remarked to Mr. Hunt, 'If we can keep the water down, so as not to reach the furnaces, I think we will go *round* the shoals; as the risk would be greater in going inside.' My reason for this conclusion was, that if, in an attempt to pass inside, with such a heavy sea and thick weather, the vessel should strike, probably every life would be lost. I again went up to the wheel-house, and Mr. Matthews asked me, 'if I was going round the shoals.' I answered in the affirmative. Captain Salter now came forward and said, 'it was the best way to track the shoals around by the lead.' We had all along been occasionally heaving the lead, and had from nine to eleven fathoms water. I continued to run so as to pass the outer shoal, until I deepened the water from eleven to twenty fathoms, and hauling up her course gradually to the south-west, until we judged ourselves round the shoals; then hauled up by degrees until we brought her up to a north-north-west course, for the purpose of getting under the lee of the shoals, believing that, as we got into smooth water, the leak would decrease, and that we should be enabled to run up under the lee of Cape Hatteras. The leak continued to gain upon us, and I soon after altered our course to north-west, and ordered the jib to be set. After heading her for the land, at the solicitation of Mr. Matthews, I left him in charge, and went to my room to get some rest. I examined one of my charts, threw off my wet coat, sat down on my trunk, and leaned my head against the berth; but, after remaining some time, found it impossible to get any rest. I went on deck and proceeded aft, where I found the water was fast gaining on us. I then went to the wheel-house and took my trumpet; the crew and passengers being still occupied in bailing and pumping, and the engine-pumps working; although these often had to be cleared of the shavings, &c., which the suction drew in; but we had to depend mostly upon the



a strand of rope lying on the deck, made one end of it fast around the middle step, took the other end around my hand, then placed myself on the forward part of the upper deck, took hold of a chimney-brace with the other hand, awaiting the event of the breaking up of the vessel.

“About the time I went aft, as above stated, the mast had gone about twenty feet from the head. The boat was now fast breaking to pieces—the dining-cabin gone—the starboard state-rooms all stove in—the upper deck breaking up. Whilst standing with the ladder in my hand, Mr. Hunt came up to me. I said, ‘Mr. Hunt, we little thought this would be our fate when we left New York.’ I shook hands with him, and added, ‘I hope we may all be saved.’ He turned and went to the gallows frame, where there were many others collected with him. The forward smoke chimney fell in shore, across the side houses on the upper deck, close by where I was standing. Mr. Holmes, a passenger saved, was standing by me with a piece of board and rope, prepared to jump. The most of the passengers, who had placed themselves along the guards, had, by this time, been washed off; their shrieks and cries, during this time, were appalling and heart-rending beyond description. The deck, on which Mr. Holmes and myself were standing, was breaking up; we threw away our ladder and board, simultaneously, and jumped off the deck, and made for the top-gallant fore-castle, which appeared to be our best place for safety. In running forward, I stepped into the fore-hatch, which was open, and fell in, but caught by the remnants of the sail which were hanging down the hatch, and which saved me from falling quite down. I got up, by the aid of the sail, on to the deck, and made for the fore-castle, which I gained, where I found a number of persons had already placed themselves.

“The first one whom I recognized, or heard, was Captain Salter, who said, ‘Captain White, *my dear*

*fellow*, I am glad to see you here.' I was at this time holding on the forestay, which lay across the fore-castle; and he further said, 'Come forward here; take the other end of this rope; it is long enough for both of us.' I went and took the rope; he then added, 'I picked out this place for myself, long before the boat went ashore.' I lashed myself to the next stanchion: this deck now began to work loose from the main part of the boat; the deck settling, the star-board bow heaving up. I remarked, 'I don't like this being tied fast to stanchions; for if the bow falls over on to us, we have no means to clear us from being crushed by it.' I proposed casting ourselves loose from the stanchions; we did so; and then I took a piece of small rope, passed it round a small cleat, and held one end in my hand. At this time Captain Salter was washed off from the fore-castle, but succeeded in regaining it, and was a second time washed off, when one of the men, named Jackson, caught him, and assisted him to get on the fore-castle. I then handed the other end of the rope, which I fastened to the cleat, to Salter. The sea, which had washed Salter off, broke off the stanchions to which he had first been lashed. All this time a Mr. Lovegreen was on the gallows frame, tolling the bell.

"The fore-castle deck now broke loose and floated towards the shore, with the six persons besides myself. Very soon one man jumped off and gained the beach; we all followed. I washed ashore with only shirt, pantaloons, stockings, and hat. We proceeded along the beach towards the light. We soon found another survivor; afterwards we met Mr. Lovegreen. We continued our steps towards the lighthouse; next, found Captain Hill, apparently very much exhausted; asked for assistance to help him along, as he could not proceed without. Finding the lighthouse at a greater distance than was at first believed, I persuaded one of the crew to remain with me, to go along the surf, in order to give assistance to those who might

be washed ashore; whilst the other above-mentioned persons continued their course to the lighthouse.”

We have condensed the following particulars from an account of this terrible disaster, written by Mr. J. D. Roland, who was one of the passengers:—

The boat left the dock about 5 o'clock on Saturday afternoon, with a light wind from the south-west, and rather cloudy. In going out, after passing the Narrows, the boat struck on the Romer, where she lay four or five hours. He understood, the next morning, that the boat was got off about 10 o'clock the previous night; whether the boat received any injury or not while she lay on the Romer, he did not learn. The Home then run out past Sandy Hook, and continued her course during Sunday, without anything happening worthy of notice,—the weather being fine. At 10 o'clock, P. M., the wind changed to the north-east, blew hard, and the boat labored much and leaked some. On Monday morning, made the land about twenty-three miles to the northward of Cape Hatteras, the sea very rough. The boat was then put off shore; and she ran out to sea for the purpose of getting round the Cape, and sheltering under the lee in smooth water. She stood to sea until 2 o'clock, P. M. All hands, during the time, were at the pumps, and the passengers, women included, were bailing with buckets, pails, pans, &c.; the leak, however, increasing constantly. It was now calculated that they had passed the outer Cape Hatteras, and the boat was turned to shore to beach her, for the preservation of all on board. The sails were set, and wind on shore; but the engine was working very slowly, and the boat was settling fast. With every possible exertion the water gained constantly. The boat worked and bent like a reed. The bows would work up and down three or four feet, and those best acquainted with her expected that she would break in two every moment—that she would go down, and all on board would perish.

During the whole of this time, the passengers cut up the blankets into slips, for the purpose of lashing them to spars, and to whatever else there might be in the way. Notwithstanding the men were working with pieces of cords and blankets around their bodies, the leak increased, and the boat continued settling fast; yet the women, as well as the men, kept on bailing, with the faint hope of ultimate safety. All labored like heroes and rational beings, and no consternation or unnecessary alarm was manifested. At 6 o'clock, P. M., the water reached the engine, to the alarm of all, and extinguished the fires; when, of course, the machinery stopped. The boat was still out of sight of land, but was running with sails, the gale severe, and she laboring dreadfully. The greatest efforts were all the time made, by bailing, &c., and all were actively engaged, until 10 o'clock, P. M., when the boat struck about a quarter of a mile from, but in sight of, the outer breakers.

In an instant, after the strike, all was utter confusion and alarm; men, women, and children, screaming in the most agonizing manner. The scene was most heart-rending; women clinging to their husbands, children to their mothers, and death, almost certain death, before them. It was apparent that the boat could hold together but a very few moments, and that few, very few, could, under any circumstances, be saved. The wind blew a gale—the sea was high, and there were only three boats, and one of them had been staved.

All were engaged in efforts to save their lives; some lashing themselves to spars on board, and others making what struggle they could. Our informant made his calculations that his only chance was in swimming ashore; and he accordingly threw off all his clothes, excepting his shirt and pantaloons, and before any had left the wreck, threw himself into the water. He found the sea so high that he could with difficulty encounter it, and, on reaching the surf, he



came near perishing. He, however, landed in safety, though the current took him about a mile and a half to the southward of the wreck.

On reaching the shore, Mr. Roland found all manner of pieces thrown up,—from which it was evident that the boat had gone to pieces. One man he pulled out of the surf. Only two persons on board had life-preservers, both of whom were saved; one of them, however, had no use for his, as he went ashore on the forecastle; the other person, although he could not swim, was saved by means of his life-preserver.

The boat, fortunately, had a high forecastle, on which a number of the crew and passengers had collected. This parted entire, and all, or nearly all, on it, (some eight or ten persons, at least,) went ashore, and were saved,—Captain White among the number.

The boat, almost immediately on striking, went to pieces. Her keel and keelson both drifted ashore about a mile from the wreck. About twenty bodies were found, men and women—among them the body of an infant, and that of the chief mate. The shore, for some miles to the southward, was covered with fragments. The boilers of the boat were to be seen; out every vestige of the vessel had parted from them.

Of the three small boats, belonging to the Home, one was staved by the violence of the gale as she hung in the davits; the second filled alongside, and the other was cast off, with a number of passengers in her; but she upset in the surf, and only one person was saved. One of the stewards swam safe ashore, naked; but he nearly perished, afterward, with cold.

The scene, the next morning, was too horrid to describe; the shore was lined with bodies, constantly coming up, and all hands were engaged in collecting them together. The hull of the boat had broken into three pieces, and the boiler was the only unbroken relic of what was once the beautiful packet Home. The survivors, in groups, were nearly naked, and famished and exhausted. The few inhabitants ap-

peared friendly, but many of the trunks that came on shore were empty.

Madame La Coste, a very aged lady, about 70, was saved. She was found in the surf; but how she got there, neither herself, nor any other person, could give any account. Mr. Hussey lashed his wife to a spar, but she was forced off by the raging sea, and lost. Mr. Hussey afterwards lashed himself to a spar, and reached the shore. It is the opinion of our informant that a large portion of the passengers were lost together, soon after she struck, when the boat separated. All the children on board were lost, except one lad about twelve years old.

Ocracoke island, the place on which the survivors effected a landing, is principally inhabited by pilots. Mr. Littlejohn, a southern planter, who was spending the summer there, Mr. Howard, who resides also on the island, Captain Pike, and several other gentlemen, paid every attention to the survivors, and to the interment of those bodies which were recovered. Within two days after the fatal occurrence, about twenty bodies, among which were those of two or three of the ladies, were washed on shore and buried.

From Mr. Vanderzee, of Charleston, S. C., who was also a passenger, we have gathered some facts, of which the following is the substance:—

At 11 o'clock at night, the Home grounded, about a hundred yards from the shore. The ladies had all been requested to go forward, as the place where they were more likely to reach the shore, being nearest the beach; but a heavy sea struck her there, and swept nearly one half of them into the sea, and they were drowned. One boat was stove at this time. Another boat was launched, with two or three persons in it, but capsized. The long-boat was then put overboard, filled with persons, about twenty-five in number; it had hardly reached fifteen feet from the side of the steamer, before it was upset,—nor is it supposed that one of the individuals in it ever reached the shore.



The sea was breaking over the steamboat at this time with tremendous force, and portions of her were torn off at times, which floated towards the shore; on some of which pieces persons were seen clinging with the wildness and strength of desperation. One lady, with a child in her arms, was in the act of mounting the stairs to the upper deck, when the smoke stack fell, crushing her and her child on the spot. Some few of the ladies were lashed to the boat; Mrs. Schroeder was confined in this manner to one of the braces, and another lady was tied to the same piece of timber. Mr. Vanderzee was standing near them, when the latter lady slipped along the brace so that the water broke over her; he seized her by the clothes, and held her up for some time, and made every exertion that was possible to release her, but failed. She, herself, endeavored to unloose the rope, but was unable to do so; and shortly afterwards the brace broke off from the boat, and went towards the shore, Mrs. Schroeder still fastened to it, while her unfortunate companion slipped off and was lost. Mrs. Schroeder, after striking the beach, with great presence of mind, drew the timber up sufficiently far to prevent it from being washed away by the waves, and was thus saved.

Captain White, with six or seven other persons, clung to a piece of the forward part of the boat, and reached the beach in safety.

The following interesting account of this catastrophe was furnished by Mr. B. B. Hussey, of Charleston, S. C.:—

“Immediately before we struck, one or two passengers, by the aid of some of the seamen, attempted to seek safety in one of the boats at the quarter, when a breaker struck it, swept it from the davits, and carried with it a seaman, who was instantly lost. A similar attempt was made to launch the long-boat from the upper deck, by the chief mate, Mr. Matthews, and others. It was filled with several pas-

sengers, and some of the crew; but, as we were already within the verge of the breakers, this boat shared the fate of the other, and all on board (about ten in number) perished.

“Now commenced the most heart-rending scene. Wives clinging to husbands,—children to parents,—and women, who were without protectors, seeking aid from the arm of the stranger; all awaiting the results of a moment, which would bring with it either life or death. Though an intense feeling of anxiety must, at this time, have filled every breast, yet not a shriek was heard, nor was there any extraordinary exclamation of excitement or alarm. A slight agitation was, however, apparent in the general circle. Some few hurried from one part of the boat to another, as if seeking a place of greater safety; yet most, and particularly those who had the melancholy charge of wives and children, remained quiet and calm observers of the scene before them.

“The boat at length strikes,—it stops—as motionless as a bar of lead. A momentary pause follows,—as if the angel of death shrunk from so dreadful a work of slaughter. But soon the work of destruction commenced. A breaker, with a deafening crash, swept over the boat, carrying its unfortunate victims into the deep. At the same time, a simultaneous rush was made towards the bows of the boat. The forward deck was covered. Another breaker came with irresistible force, and all within its sweep disappeared. Our numbers were now frightfully reduced. The roaring of the waters, together with the dreadful crash of breaking timbers, surpasses the power of description. Some of the remaining passengers sought shelter from the encroaching dangers by retreating to the passage, on the lee side of the boat, that leads from the after to the forward deck, as if to be as far as possible from the grasp of death. It may not be improper here to remark, that the destruction of the boat and loss of life, was, doubtless, much more rapid than it

otherwise would have been, from the circumstance of the boat heeling to windward, and the deck, which was nearly level with the water, forming, in consequence, an inclined plane, upon which the waves broke with their full force.

“A large proportion of those who rushed into this passage were ladies and children, with a few gentlemen who had charge of them. The crowd was so dense, that many were in danger of being crushed by the irresistible pressure. Here were, perhaps, some of the most painful sights beheld. This passage contained perhaps thirty or more persons, consisting of men, women, and children, with no apparent possibility of escape; enclosed within a narrow aperture, over which was the deck, and both ends of which were completely closed by the fragments of the boat and the rushing of the waves. While thus shut up, death appeared inevitable. Already were both decks swept of everything that was on them. The dining-cabin was entirely gone, and everything belonging to the quarter-deck was completely stripped off, leaving not even a stanchion or particle of the bulwarks; and all this was the work of about five minutes.

“The starboard wheel-house, and everything about it, was soon entirely demolished. As much of the ceiling forward of the starboard wheel had, during the day, fallen from its place, the waves soon found their way through all that remained to oppose them, and were in a few minutes' time forcing into the last retreat of those who had taken shelter in the passage already mentioned.

“Every wave made a frightful encroachment on our narrow limits, and seemed to threaten us with immediate death. Hopeless as was the condition of those thus hemmed in, yet not a shriek was heard from them. One lady, unknown to the writer, begged earnestly for some one to save her. In a time of such alarm, it is not strange that a helpless female should plead with earnestness for assistance from

those who were about her, or even offer them money for that aid which the least reflection would have convinced her it was not possible to render. Another scene, witnessed at this trying hour, was still more painful. A little boy was pleading with his father to save him. 'Father,' said the boy, 'you will save me, won't you? You can swim ashore with me; can't you, father?' But the unhappy father was too deeply absorbed in the other charges that rested upon him, even to notice the imploring accents of his helpless child; for at that time, as near as the writer could judge, from the darkness of the place they were in, his wife hung upon one arm, and his daughter of seventeen upon the other. He had one daughter besides, near the age of this little boy, but whether she was at that time living or not is uncertain.

"After remaining here some minutes, the deck overhead was split open by the violence of the waves, which allowed the writer an opportunity of climbing out. This he instantly did, and assisted his wife through the same opening. As he had now left those below, he is unable to say how they were finally lost, but as that part of the boat was very soon completely destroyed, their further sufferings could not have been much prolonged. We were now in a situation which, from the time the boat struck, we had considered as the most safe, and had endeavored to attain. Here we resolved to await our uncertain fate. From this place we could see the encroachment of the devouring waves, every one of which reduced our thinned numbers, and swept with it parts of our crumbling boat.

"For several hours previous, the gale had been sensibly abating; and, for a moment, the pale moon broke through the dispersing clouds, as if to witness this scene of terror and destruction, and to show to the horror-stricken victims the fate that awaited them. How few were now left of the many who, but a little before, inhabited our bark! While the moon yet shone, three men were seen to rush from the



middle to the stern of the boat. A wave came rushing on. It passed over the deck. One only, of the three, was left. He attempted to regain his former position. Another wave came. He had barely time to reach a large timber, to which he clung, when this wave struck him,—and he, too, was missing. As the wave passed away, the heads of two of these men were seen above the water; but they appeared to make no effort to swim. The probability is, that the violence with which they were hurled into the sea disabled them. They sunk—to rise no more.

“During this time, Mr. Lovegreen, of Charleston, continued to ring the boat’s bell, which added, if possible, to the gloom. It sounded, indeed, like the funeral knell over the departed dead. Never before, perhaps, was a bell tolled at such a funeral as this. While in this situation, and reflecting on the necessity of being always prepared for the realities of eternity, our attention was arrested by the appearance of a lady, climbing up on the outside of the boat, abaft the wheel, near where we were. Her head was barely above the deck, on which we stood, and she was holding to it in a most perilous manner. She implored help; without which, she must soon have fallen into the deep beneath, and shared the fate of the many who had already gone. The writer ran to her aid, but was unable to raise her to the deck. Mr. Woodburn, of New York, now came, and, with his assistance, the lady was rescued: she was then lashed to a large piece of timber, by the side of another lady,—the only remaining place that afforded any prospect of safety. The former lady (Mrs. Schroeder) was washed ashore on this piece of the wreck,—one of the two who survived. The writer having relinquished to this lady the place he had occupied, was compelled to get upon a large piece of the boat, that lay near, under the lee of the wheel; this was almost immediately driven from its place into the breakers, which instantly swept him from it, and plunged him deep



into the water. With some difficulty he regained his raft. He continued to cling to this fragment as well as he could; but was repeatedly washed from it. Sometimes, when plunged deep into the water, he came up under it. After encountering all the difficulties that seemed possible to be borne, he was, at length, thrown on shore, in an exhausted state."

The following letter was written by Captain White to the owner of the *Home*, Mr. James P. Allaire, of New York. It gives a condensed account of the disaster, and the names of those who were saved:

OCRACOKE, M. C., *October 10, 1837.*

"*Mr. James P. Allaire,*

"Dear Sir:—I have now the painful duty of informing you of the total loss of the steam-packet *Home*, and the lives of most of the passengers and crew.

"There can be very little saved from the wreck. We had a heavy gale of wind, after leaving New York, from N. E. The boat sprung a leak a little to the northward of Hatteras; at first we were able to pump the water out as fast as it came in, but the leak soon increased, so that it gained very fast on us. We scuttled the cabin floor, and all hands, passengers, gentlemen and ladies, commenced bailing with buckets, kettles, &c.; but the water soon came up to the furnaces, and put the fire out, and we were obliged to run under sails only. By the time we came to the shore, the water was over the cabin floors; we run her head on, but owing to her having so much water in, she stopped in the outward breakers. The first sea that came after she struck, stove the weather quarter boat, and all the houses on deck were stove in; and twenty-five minutes after she struck, she was all to pieces, and I suppose about eighty souls were drowned. Both mates, all three of the engineers, and James B. Allaire, are lost. Most of the passengers saved have lost nearly all of their baggage. I have lost everything; having nothing but one pair of pan-

taloons, and a shirt that I had on when I washed ashore.

“In haste, yours respectfully,  
“CARLETON WHITE.”

The following are the names of the passengers saved, as given in the letter of Captain White:—

Mr. Hiram Anderson, N. Y.	Mr. Jabez Holmes, N. Y.
Mr. J. Bishop, N. Y.	Mr. J. Johnson, Jr., Boston.
Mr. Conrad Quinn, Jersey City.	Mr. A. A. Lovegreen, Charleston.
Mr. J. S. Cohen, Columbia, S. C.	Madame La Coste, Charleston.
Mr. C. C. Cady, Montgomery.	Mr. John Mather, N. Y.
Mr. Darius Clock, Athens, Ga.	Mr. J. D. Roland, N. Y.
Mr. Charles Drayton, Charleston.	Mr. W. S. Read, New Haven.
Capt. Alfred Hill, Portsmouth.	Capt. J. Salter, Portsmouth.
Mr. B. B. Hussey, Charleston.	Mr. T. J. Smith, Charleston.
	Mrs. Schroeder, Charleston.
	Mr. H. Vanderzee, N. Y.

Making *twenty* passengers saved. Of the crew, including the captain, there were also *twenty* saved. We give the names of the crew, as far as known:—

William Bloom.	Levi Miller.
Michael Barnes.	David Milne.
James Duffee.	Thomas Smith.
James Jackson.	Timothy Stone.
Calvin Marvin.	John Trust.

We give a list of those who were lost, as far as their names could be ascertained:—

Mr. James B. Allaire.	Mr. Broquet.
Mr. P. Anderson.	Mrs. Broquet, and children, and servant.
Mr. A. C. Bangs.	Mrs. Camack.
Mr. Benedict.	Mr. Cauthers.
Mr. A. F. Bostwick.	Mr. Philip S. Cohen.
Madame Boudo.	Mr. H. A. Cohrs.
Mr. J. Boyd.	Mr. James Cokes.
Mrs. J. Boyd.	

Rev. George Cowles.	Mrs. Miller
Mrs. G. Cowles.	Professor Nott.
Mr. Hardy B. Croom.	Mrs. Nott.
Mrs. H. B. Croom.	Mr. James Paine.
Miss Henrietta Croom.	Mr. George H. Palmer.
Miss J. Croom.	Mr. George H. Prince.
Master Croom.	Mrs. G. H. Prince.
Mr. A. Desaybe.	Madame Reviere.
Mr. F. Desaybe.	Miss Roberts.
Mr. Desaybe.	Mr. J. Root.
Mrs. Desaybe, and servant.	Mr. J. M. Roll.
Mr. B. Domingues.	Mr. Thomas Smith.
Mrs. Faugh.	Mr. P. Solomons.
Mr. Finn.	Mr. Sprott.
Mrs. Flynn, and two children.	Miss Stowe.
Mr. S. G. Fuller.	Mr. William H. Tileston.
Mr. R. Graham.	Mr. D. B. Toms.
Mr. Hazard.	Mrs. Yaugh.
Mrs. Alfred Hill.	Mr. Walker.
Mrs. Hussey.	Mr. Walton.
Mr. Kennedy.	Mr. Weld.
Mr. Labadie.	Mr. Whiting.
Mrs. Laroque.	Mrs. Whiting.
Mrs. Levy.	Mr. C. Williman.
Miss F. Levy.	Mr. Woodburn.
Miss O. Levy.	

We give some further particulars relative to the loss of the Home, gathered from various sources; as also some brief notices of a portion of the passengers who were lost.

From the statement of Mr. David M. Milne, the steward of the Home, we learn that the gale commenced on Sabbath morning, and continued to increase all the day. At night, the boat labored much, and leaked considerably, though not enough to excite much apprehension of danger. On Monday morning, however, there was no concealment of the fact that all were in imminent peril. The general expectation was, that the boat would sink, with all on board, when about fifteen miles off Cape Hatteras. The Rev. Mr.

George Cowles, who, during two years of feeble health, had often been told by the physician that medicine was of no avail, that his existence could not be prolonged, which he had heard without a perceptible quickening of the pulse, or one distracting fear in his heart; and his wife, too, who had often stood at his side, in the very presence of the pallid king, were now, throughout this day of awful suspense, to exemplify the effects of their previous discipline, when thus suddenly called to face death in one of its most terrific forms.

Mr. Milne stated that he had a more distinct recollection of Mr. and Mrs. Cowles than of any other passengers, because of *the religious conversation which they addressed to him*. In the midst of the perils of that eventful day, Mr. Cowles, who was compelled by sickness to keep his berth, requested Mr. Milne to read aloud certain portions of Scripture; and then, while many of the passengers gathered around, and listened with profound interest, he commended them all to God in audible prayer. Never were individuals more perfectly composed than Mr. and Mrs. Cowles. Several distinct times he gave vent to his gratitude, on account of the calmness and peace of his wife, who, he had expected, would have been greatly terrified. Both expressed a great degree of interest for the welfare of others. To one individual, the direct inquiry was proposed, in the kindest manner of Christian fidelity, whether he was a Christian, and if he did not admit at such a time, that it was of all things safe and important to have God for a refuge. Concerning another, who, in a state of desperation, and under the influence of intoxicating liquors, uttered some horrible imprecations, Mr. Cowles remarked, "How much better would it be for that man to be in prayer for his soul, than to blaspheme his God." The remark was afterwards communicated to the individual himself, under very affecting circumstances.

At 3 o'clock in the afternoon, when it was evident

that the boat could not long hold together, Mr. and Mrs. Cowles, who had hitherto declined going up, on the plea that their doing so would be of no service, were summoned to the dining cabin on the main deck. Mr. Milne himself assisted Mrs. Cowles out of her berth, and again heard her declare, when dressing for her death, her joy and sense of security in confiding on Almighty love. To him the remark was made by Mr. Cowles, "He that trusts in Jesus is safe, even amid the perils of the sea."

At 8 o'clock in the afternoon, when nearing the shore, another effort was made to lighten the boat by bailing; and, as it was necessary for all to aid, the ladies, and among them Mrs. Cowles, formed a line for passing the empty buckets, in which occupation her cheerful appearance was observed by many, and tended not a little to inspire others with hope. Notwithstanding all their exertions, the leak gained very rapidly, the fire under the boilers had long ago been extinguished; the engines were useless, the cabin floor was deeply flooded, and all further effort was abandoned. All was silence; most were providing themselves with whatever presented the least hope of safety. At ten minutes before 11 o'clock, the boat struck. The moon, at the time, was shrouded by thick clouds; but it was not so dark, but that the shore could be seen at the distance of a quarter of a mile. Orders were immediately given for all the passengers to go forward. A life-line was passed from the bow, aft, to which they were advised to cling in a sudden emergency. Mr. Cowles was seen to go forward with his arm around his wife. They were seen no more. Probably, the first breaker which struck the boat, after she swung to the sea, swept them together to their watery grave.

We give the following brief memorial of the Rev. Geo. Cowles and his wife, as furnished by a friend shortly after the disaster:—

"Amid the general gloom and distress occasioned



throughout the community, by the loss of the steam-boat Home, great interest has been felt in many circles on account of the premature death of the Rev. George Cowles and wife, who perished in that disaster. Were their loss a private affliction only, great and irreparable as it is to immediate relatives, the following facts would never be obtruded upon the public notice, but left to that grief which seeketh secrecy, and 'knoweth its own bitterness.' It had fallen, however, to their lot, to occupy an important station in the church of Christ; they were extensively known and loved; and a very numerous and affectionate people, over whom they long and faithfully watched, deplore their loss. Mr. Cowles, for two or three years, until his health had failed, was pastor of a Congregational church in Danvers, Mass. His amiable lady was a sister of the Rev. Mr. Adams, of the Broome street church in New York, and daughter of the venerable preceptor of Phillips' Academy, Andover.

"They arrived in New York, September 22, intending to pass the winter with a brother and sister in Augusta, Georgia. They were long doubtful what means of conveyance to choose. They had a most decided aversion to a passage in the steamboat. Indeed, such *had always been their strong and invincible dread of the sea*, that they would have chosen to journey the whole distance by land, if it had not been thought unsafe to travel so early in the season through the low countries of the South. During their visit in New York, the Home completed her second trip from Charleston; the first in sixty-two, the last in sixty-four hours. The speed, comfort, and safety of this boat were so highly extolled, that both were led to think more seriously of taking passage on her return; and, after a personal inspection of her accommodations, and learning that on previous passages she had taken the inner channel, thus avoiding Cape Hatteras altogether, their berths were secured.

“On Saturday afternoon, Oct. 7, they were accompanied to the boat, in more than ordinary health and spirits, excepting some natural tears on leaving home and friends, and, in the case of one, there can be no doubt, because of *her instinctive and unparalleled fear, when upon the water.*

“For several successive days after her departure, the weather continued remarkably fine in New York; and many, who had friends on board the Home, congratulated themselves and the voyagers, on account of their safe arrival at Charleston. How great the shock, when, on the subsequent Tuesday, the awful tidings arrived, that the Home had foundered at sea, and a large majority of the passengers were swept into eternity!

“It was the first impulse of all, on recovering sufficient composure, to converse with the survivors, and obtain from them, if possible, more definite information concerning their particular friends and relatives. The first and only individual who was able to make any report of Mr. and Mrs. Cowles, was Mr. Jabez Holmes, an amiable and pious young gentleman, of a mercantile house in that city. He had no personal acquaintance with either. He knew them not by name; but when told that Mr. Cowles was a clergyman, he identified him at once, describing his dress, and that of his wife, so accurately, as to preclude all possibility of his being mistaken. He had had considerable conversation with both during the fatal storm; and his recollections of them were the more distinct, because of the very remarkable composure which they exhibited; which term, added the same gentleman, failed to express all that their words and countenances indicated. It was something more than composure; it was happiness, when they spoke of their confidence in God!

“‘Lovely were they in their lives, and in death they were not divided.’ Who can doubt that it would have been the choice of both, if either was to be

taken, not to be separated in such a death? Both were taken to their home and refuge at the same moment. Blessed be God for all those calm supports which He extended to them in prospect of death—elevating the one above the reach of a more than ordinary timidity, and thus comforting the hearts of many on sleepless pillows, when the dark and driving storm carries their frightened thoughts to the sea.”

Every possible measure was taken, immediately after hearing of the shipwreck, to ascertain whether the remains of these two had been identified; and to obtain such information as would facilitate their removal to a resting-place beside those graves at home, which they had so often visited and bedewed with tears. The people, over whom they were placed, have since erected a monument to their memory, in the same quiet church-yard, where, with funeral rites, they had deposited so many of their flock. But their true record is on high; and their memory is yet green in the warm hearts of thousands.

The following brief sketches comprise all that we have been able to learn of the residue of those who were lost in this fatal catastrophe:

*Professor Nott* and lady were on their return to the south, after passing the summer recess of the Columbia College in our more healthy region. Mr. Nott was a person of peculiar amiableness and intelligence. He had travelled extensively; and his writings, after his return to his native land, had gained him much celebrity. He formed his matrimonial alliance in Belgium; but Mrs. Nott, though a native of that country, died with many friends in ours, the country of her adoption. The professor, himself, was a native of South Carolina, where his father held the station of judge. They left a young family behind them; and the numerous friends of their lamented parents deeply sympathize in their bereavement.

*Mr. A. C. Bangs* was a very promising young man,

about nineteen years of age. He was the son of the Rev. Heman Bangs, of Hartford, and nephew of the Rev. Dr. Bangs of New York.

*Mr. Philip S. Cohen* was the younger brother of Mr. Isaac S. Cohen, who was also a passenger, but was fortunately preserved. Both brothers were on board the "William Gibbons" at the time she was wrecked, and narrowly escaped with their lives. We understand that their friends at home were very urgent that they should not return in the Home. Alas, that their entreaties were of no avail!

*Mr. S. G. Fuller*, of South Carolina, was about twenty-eight years of age. He was on his return from a visit to his friends residing in Brooklyn, L. I.

*Mr. Kennedy*, of Charleston, S. C., was a promising member of the sophomore class, in Yale College.

*Hon. George H. Prince* and lady had spent the summer at the north, where Mr. Prince was superintending the publication of the laws of Georgia. He was formerly United States senator from that state, and was highly esteemed for his talents and learning.

*Miss Henrietta Croom* was sixteen years of age, a young lady of great personal accomplishments. She was a native of North Carolina, and had been resident in New York about three years, for the purpose of completing her education at a celebrated boarding-school in that city.

*Mr. and Mrs. Hardy B. Croom* were the parents of the young lady above mentioned. Their son, a fine youth, was also on board. Mr. Croom was a resident of Florida, but, being in feeble health, generally spent his summers at the north. Of this entire family, we understand that not one is left.

*Mrs. Levy*, of Charleston, with her two lovely and accomplished daughters, were returning home after having spent the summer in New York. One of the daughters had come to the north for the benefit of her health. She had recovered, and was returning in



happy spirits, when they were thus suddenly summoned to another world.

*Mr. Wm. H. Tileston*, of New York, was going south, on a business tour, for the house with which he was connected. He had with him business notes for collection, amounting to upwards of one hundred thousand dollars. He was a young man of much promise, and greatly beloved by all who knew him.

*Mrs. Hill*, was the wife of Captain Alfred Hill, who was among those saved from the devouring sea. Captain Hill, when the boat struck, secured a spar, upon which he and his wife endeavored to reach the shore. They had nearly gained the beach, when a sea struck them, and the husband was doomed to see the wife of his bosom carried from beyond his reach, just at the moment when he had believed they had escaped the horrible fate of so many of their companions. *Mrs. Hill* was a Welsh lady, about twenty-four years of age, and much esteemed by all who knew her.

*Mr. James B. Allaire* was a nephew of the owner of the vessel. Many there are who will long cherish the memory of this amiable young man.

*Mr. H. Vanderzee*, who is one of the survivors, was going south on the business of a mercantile house in New York. He had a large amount of notes with him for collection, which he took the precaution to secure around his body. He jumped overboard when the boat struck, and was driven by the tide and surf a great distance. When almost exhausted, and about to give himself up to despair, a piece of the wreck was fortunately thrown in his way, by which he was enabled to support himself until he was washed ashore. He also stated, that the large number of trunks which came on shore, were broken to pieces, either by the crushing of the boat, or by being knocked about in the surf. Very little of the baggage was saved to those whose lives were spared.

The cause of this catastrophe is far more attributable to the unseaworthiness of the boat than to the



storm which she was so utterly unfitted to encounter. In Captain White's account of the disaster, there is one remark introduced, which speaks volumes to this effect. During the gale, Captain Salter, one of the passengers, observed, that the boat "was ceiled with nothing but *thin common pine plank*, whereas she *should* have been ceiled with *seven inch oak timber*, champered down to the edges." And, again, previous to her last departure from New York, a gentleman who was on board, remarked to the chief engineer, the peculiar form of the deck, which drooped very much both at the bow and the stern, and inquired what was her original shape. The engineer replied, that she was originally straight; but that, in her first trip, they had put a large quantity of ballast too far forward, in consequence of which two of her fore and aft stay-rods had broken before she arrived at Charleston; owing to which the boat had strained and dropped at the bows. He stated, also, that after the ballast was taken out, and the stay-rods repaired, the boat had come back, considerably, to its original form. How far it had been restored to its former shape, may be inferred from the fact, as just stated, that a casual observer should sufficiently have noticed its defects in this respect, as to make particular inquiries as to the cause.

During the whole of the gale, the weakness of the boat was awfully developed. The hull bent and twisted, when struck by a sea, as if the next would rend it asunder; and, after she had struck, her destruction was rapid; in less than an hour she was completely broken up; and her scattered fragments, drifting on the beach, was all that could be seen by the few unhappy survivors.

And was it to be supposed that a boat, so utterly disqualified, so unfaithfully built,—or, as was more probable, built solely for the purpose of skimming the smooth waters of a river,—could breast in safety the mountain billows of the Atlantic, or hope to weather,

for an instant, the sleepless gales that scud forever over its broad expanse? And while we will not believe there are those so depraved, as would knowingly or wantonly invite their fellow-beings to destruction, yet we deem it the imperative duty of all to frown upon the cold-blooded apathy and the total disregard of all precautionary care, evinced by those to whom, in such cases, the responsibility belongs. It matters little that they plead *ignorance* of the insufficiency of the vessel, or of the dangers to which she may be exposed; the very excuse itself is a crime, and proves either neglect or incapacity. For the adequate strength of the boat, and the consequent safety of those who entrust their lives within its frail limits, such persons should be held amenable, by every law of justice and humanity; and although the laws of the land, with strange apathy, refuse to award the condign punishment such aggravated cases demand, yet the stern voice of an indignant public should denounce the reckless indifference, the gross carelessness, and the criminal neglect, through which so many of their fellow-beings are suddenly swept into eternity.

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### THE WRECK OF THE HOME.

Written by Miss Eliza Earle, now Mrs. William Hacker, of Philadelphia.

Morn on the waters—not a cloud  
Is resting in the azure heaven;  
And, where the storm in fury bowed,  
A halcyon calmness now is given.  
On Carolina's wave-washed shore,  
The spirit of Columbia's waters  
Now chants a mournful requiem o'er  
Her country's much-loved sons and daughters.

Nor those alone,—for on that bark,  
 Which rode the waves at yester-even,  
 Braving the tempest fierce and dark,  
 In hopes to reach the destined haven,—  
 Were strangers from a distant clime,  
 The talented, the generous-hearted ;  
 The wise and learned of their time,  
 Who on a high career had started.

One,\* from the shores of sunny France,  
 Across the ever-heaving ocean,  
 Bore o'er that water's wide expanse  
 A woman's holy, deep devotion.  
 That husband fond—that gentle wife,  
 Whose days on golden pinions glided,  
 Were “loved and lovely in their life,  
 And in their death were undivided.”

O ! when destruction's angel passed  
 Across the ocean's troubled bosom,  
 More fatal than the simoon's blast  
 To Joy's bright bud, and Hope's fair blossom,  
 Few were the sad survivors, borne  
 Across that dark, tempestuous water,  
 In heartfelt loneliness to mourn  
 A mother's loss, a wife, or daughter.

And here, to one† I dearly loved  
 My spirit turns in mournful sadness,  
 Whose friendship and whose faith were proved  
 In sorrow's hour, and pleasure's gladness.  
 Peace to thy memory ! gentle one ;  
 He, in whose sight the just find favor,  
 We trust has early called thee home,  
 To dwell forever with thy Savior.

How precious to each memory,  
 The ample and sincere oblation,

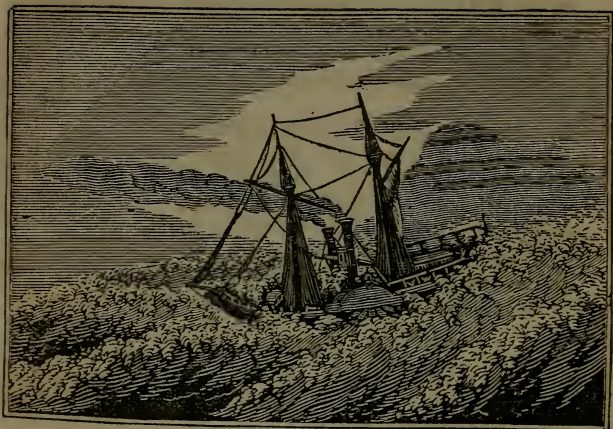
\* The wife of Professor Nott was a French lady.

† Mary, wife of B. B. Hussey, and daughter of Thos. Woodward, of New York.

From feeling's fount of sympathy,  
Now gushing forth throughout the nation ;  
As on that rude and dangerous strand,  
We seem to hear their funeral dirges,  
The requiem of that fated band  
Entombed beneath the swelling surges.

O ! may that God of sovereign power,  
Of every blessing, still, the giver,  
Through every dark, desponding hour,  
Sustain each lone and sad survivor ;  
And, bowed beneath his chastening hand,  
Whose judgments are in mercy given,  
In every trial may they stand  
Resigned to Him who reigns in heaven.





## ESCAPE OF THE CHARLESTON,

On her Passage from Philadelphia for Charleston, S. C., in which she experienced, and rode out in safety, the same Gale in which the Steam-Packet Home was lost, October 9, 1837.

THE following interesting narrative of the escape of the steam-packet CHARLESTON, we copy from the letter of a passenger:—

“The wind and swell of the sea increased considerably, and the appearance of the ocean was awfully grand. The waves towered above the upper deck, while the gulf which yawned below, seemed as though it would swallow us up. Our course was in the trough of the sea, with the winds and waves on our side, which made the boat roll excessively; and the



force of the waves striking the boat, made her tremble from end to end. The gale rapidly increased in fury towards night, and the terrific appearance of the billows, with the howling of the wind, convinced me that our situation had become most serious and dangerous. We were off Cape Hatteras, between twenty and thirty miles from land, in one of the most dangerous parts of the coast of North America. I retired to my berth, very late, and was so fully impressed with our danger, that I could not sleep; and the tremendous lurching of the boat would hardly allow me to lie in my berth.

“A little before 2 o'clock in the morning, a sea broke over the stern of the boat like an avalanche; the concussion was so great as to break in the bulkheads, and shatter the glass in some of the windows, far from where it struck. It broke in the sky-lights in the after-cabin, and, pouring into it in torrents, made a clear sweep over the after-deck, as deep as the bulwarks,—nearly four feet. The violence of the sea lifted the deck, fore and aft of the wheel-house, making an opening about an inch wide the whole length of the boat, through which the water poured into her sponsons every time she shipped a sea; and she rolled like a log in the water. The weather-side, moreover, took so much more than the other, that it occasioned her to list over very much, and deranged the working of the engines. Had these failed, all hope would have been at an end. The captain behaved with remarkable coolness and decision. He had been on the upper deck, at the helm, all the day and night; exposed to the fury of the winds and waves, without any shelter.

“When we shipped the sea, at 2 o'clock, P. M., he ran down into our cabin, said he could not be absent from the helm, and that if we wished to save our lives, we must turn to bailing water, or, he greatly feared, the boat would be swamped. At this moment,

four sky-lights, each eight inches by thirty, were pouring down columns of water, the whole cabin afloat, and trunks, settees, bonnet-boxes, &c., were dashing from side to side, as the vessel heaved in the trough of the sea. Buckets were procured, and we commenced as fast as we could; but every sea we shipped brought in vastly more than all of us could bail out, and the water soon became so deep as to run into the top of my boots. It was evident some other means must be resorted to. The passengers and crew behaved with great calmness and propriety,—none, who were able, refusing to work. We took our mattresses and pillows, and stuffed them into the lights; but the returning waves washed them out. We then barricaded them with settees, and stationed men to hold them in. This succeeded in part; but no sooner was this accomplished, than a tremendous sea struck us on the other side, and opened a way for the water in there, and into the ladies' cabin.

“It now became necessary to put some stopping on the outside; but the boat was shipping such tremendous seas, that it was a work of great hazard. A man, however, was procured to go, who was lashed to the stanchions by a strong rope; but such was the depth of the water on the deck, from the continual washing of the waves, that he could do but little. The boat rolled and pitched so dreadfully, that we could scarcely stand, even when holding on; and she had shipped so much water, that she leaned on the side towards the sea, exposing her to its full action. I stood bailing and handing water, from the time it first broke into the cabin, until 8 o'clock in the morning, wet to the skin, and nearly ready to sink with fatigue. As the day dawned, the storm raged more furiously; the billows rose as high as our smoke-pipe, and, as they curled and broke, fell on us with amazing power. About 10 o'clock, the engineer told us he thought the engine could not hold out much longer, she was so disarranged and injured by the

heavy shocks of the sea. We knew that, as far as regarded outward means, this was our only hope of safety, and this intelligence was appalling. Our captain was collected and energetic; but the winds and waves laughed at the puny power of man, and defied all his efforts.

“At half past 10 o'clock, A. M., a sea of immense volume and force struck our forward hatch, towered over the upper deck, and swept off all that was on it. It broke the iron bolts that supported the smoke-pipe, stove in the bulwarks, tore up the iron sheathings of the engine, and made almost a wreck of the upper works. On the main deck, it tore away the guards several inches square, demolished the windows of the main hatch in the men's cabin, and poured down a torrent of water which filled it nearly two feet deep. It engulfed the fire under the boiler of the engine on that side, and lifted the machinery so as to permit the escape of a volume of steam and smoke, that nearly suffocated us; and so shifted the main shaft of the engine that it no longer worked true, but tore away the wood-work, and almost destroyed its further usefulness. It swept all the rooms on both sides, and threw them open to every succeeding wave. The crash was awful; the boat trembled and quivered as though she was wrecked; and the big bell tolled with the shock, as though sounding the funeral knell of all on board.

“I never had an adequate idea of a storm before. The whole sea was white with foam; and the wind blew up the water in such quantities that the atmosphere was thick with it. Every sea stove in some new place; windows and doors gave way with awful crashes; and several times the fires were nearly extinguished. The captain, who had stood at his post near the helm, now came down from the upper deck, and told us the fury of the storm was such that he feared he could not save the vessel; that her upper works were fast becoming a wreck, and, as soon as

they went, she would fill and sink ; therefore, if it met the approbation of the passengers, he would endeavor to run her ashore, in the hope of saving our lives. He said all would depend upon the character of the beach, and on our self-possession and calmness to act with judgment at the trying moment, and assured us that he would lose his life to save ours. He told us to continue working at the pumps and buckets, and in handing wood for the engines, as long as we could possibly stand ; and to avoid giving way to improper excitement ; that when the vessel should strike, we must make for the bow after the first sea had swept her decks. He also directed us where to place those articles we should most want, if we survived. He then went to the women's cabin, and, calling them all together, stated his apprehensions that the vessel could not be saved ; giving them much the same charges he had done to us.

“All this was done with as much apparent calmness as though all was well. The captain then ordered the carpenter to be ready with the axe to cut away the mast the moment she should strike ; and, having made these arrangements, resumed his station at the helm. The boat now rolled more than ever, shipped nearly every sea that struck against her, and swung round from the shock, so as not to obey the helm. An almost constant stream of water swept the decks, and, at every stroke of the sea, the boat groaned, and the bell rung with a sound that seemed peculiarly awful.

“We all procured ropes, and fastened them around our bodies, for the purpose of lashing ourselves to the wreck ; and, having embraced each other, prepared to take our part in the work, and to meet the awful impending catastrophe. We stood together, for a few moments, looking on the terrific display around us, and both secretly and openly, I believe, putting up our prayers. After this deeply affecting scene, I went to work, and continued at it until 8



o'clock at night, pumping, bailing, or handing out water, and carrying wood for the fires. As we were then twenty-five or thirty miles from shore, the captain's anxiety was to put the boat in as soon as possible, before she became unmanageable, or began to sink. He steered for Cape Lookout, in North Carolina, though he could not tell certainly where he was; but concluded it must be the nearest land, and that it would be as good a place to be wrecked on as any.

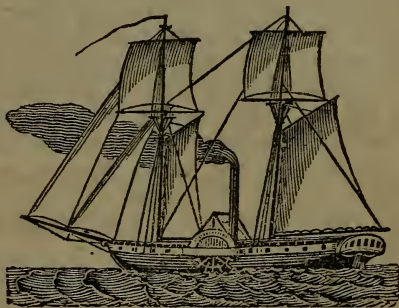
“But a merciful and kind Providence knew better than we, and at that awful moment was watching over us, and frustrating our designs, for our good. The land lay N. N. W., and the gale blowing heavily N. E., so that he could not steer her in. Finding this, he came down and desired the engineer to raise steam with wood, to enable him to steer in, or otherwise all hope was gone. Accordingly, we all went to handing wood for the engine; but so much had been washed over, that we had hardly enough for three hours. The sea had broken down the doors and windows, &c., on deck, and we carefully collected these, and put them in to keep up the fire. But with all the steam we could raise, we could not steer for shore, the wind and current carrying us down along shore, but not in towards it. And this proved our safety; for, with the tremendous sea which we afterwards saw setting on the coast near which we aimed to ground, we must all have perished had we succeeded in our attempt. As it was, the wind, current, and steam, just served to carry us, under the guidance of a gracious Providence, we knew not whither, but into stiller water.

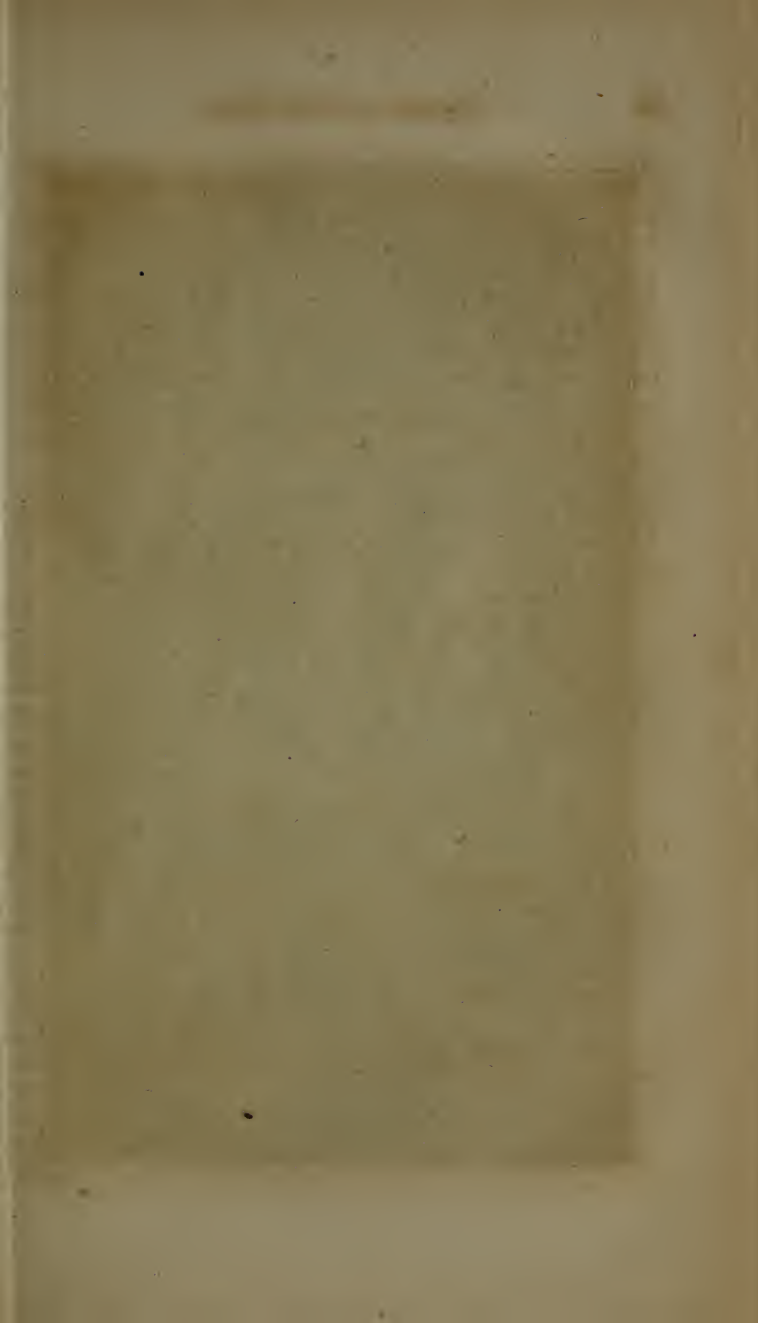
“About 9 o'clock at night, the sea began to be more calm,—though the fury of the storm was not lessened,—by which the captain was induced to believe that we had doubled the cape, and were coming under its lee. By incessant exertions we now nearly cleared the hold and cabin of water; and, as the boat



shortly came into comparatively smooth water, the captain thought he would try to weather the night at anchor, thinking the storm might abate by morning. Some protested against this, and insisted upon running on shore at once; but the captain would not, as he thought we should all perish in the dark. He therefore steered in towards it; and, after running two hours, dropped two anchors, which held the boat. On weighing these, in the morning, we found that the largest one had broken short off, and our safety during the night had depended on a small, and, as we should have thought, a very insufficient one.

“Our captain now called a consultation of the passengers, in which nearly all agreed that we should run into Beaufort, to refit. As he did not know the channel, it was necessary to sound continually; but, after a few hours, a pilot came off to us and steered us in handsomely.”







Explosion of the Steam-Packet Pulaski.

## LOSS OF THE STEAM-PACKET PULASKI,

By the Explosion of her Starboard Boiler, when off the Coast of North Carolina, and on her Passage from Charleston to Baltimore, June 14, 1838; by which Disastrous Event nearly One Hundred Persons perished.

THE steam-packet PULASKI, under the command of Captain Dubois, left Savannah on Wednesday, the 13th of June, having on board about ninety passengers. She arrived at Charleston on the afternoon of the same day, and sailed the next morning, with sixty-five additional passengers. The wind being fresh from the east, caused a heavy sea, which retarded her progress, and required a full pressure of steam. At half past 10 o'clock in the evening, the wind continued about the same, with clear starlight, and every promise of a fine night.

At 11 o'clock, the starboard boiler exploded, with tremendous violence, blowing off the promenade-deck above, and shattering the starboard side about mid-ships; at the same time, the bulkhead, between the boilers and forward cabin, was stove in, the stairway to it blocked up, and the bar-room swept away. The head of the boiler was blown out, and the top rent fore and aft. In consequence of the larboard boiler and works being comparatively uninjured, the boat heeled to that side, and the starboard side was kept out of the water, excepting when she rolled, when the sea rushed in at the breach. The boat continued to settle rapidly, and, in about forty minutes, the water had reached the promenade-deck above the ladies' cabin.

Previous to this period, the ladies, children, and the gentlemen who were in the after part of the boat, were placed on the promenade-deck. About the time that the water reached that point, the boat parted in two with a tremendous crash, and the bow and stern rose somewhat out of the water: but the latter again continued to sink until the water reached the promenade-deck, when it separated in three parts, upset, and precipitated all on it into the water. Many then regained the detached portions. The gentlemen, who occupied the forward cabin, took refuge on the extreme point of the bow, and clung to that and the foremast; others had placed themselves on settees, and the fragments of the wreck.

There were four boats belonging to the Pulaski; two being swung to the sides, and two placed on the top of the promenade-deck. The side boats were both lowered down, within five minutes after the explosion. In the boat on the starboard side, the first mate, Mr. Hibbert, Mr. Swift, and one other person, had placed themselves; in that on the larboard side, were Mr. J. H. Couper, with Mrs. Nightingale and child, and Mrs. Frazer and her son, who were under his charge; Capt. R. W. Pooler and son, and Mr. William Robertson, all of Georgia; Barney and Solomon, belonging to the crew, and two colored women. By direction of the mate, two of the crew launched one of the deck boats, and got into her; but as, from her long exposure to the sun, her seams were all open, she immediately filled, and Mr. Hibbert removed the men to his boat. The boats met; when those in the second proposed to Mr. Hibbert to strike for the land, as it had on board as many as it could safely carry; this he declined to do, as he said he was determined to stay by the wreck until daylight, and had yet room for more persons. Both boats then continued to row about the wreck, until the mate's boat had picked up as many as she could carry, when Mr. Hibbert yielded to the propriety of consulting the safety of those in



the boats, by going to the land, as their further stay would endanger them without affording any aid to their suffering friends; and they left the wreck at 3 o'clock, P. M. The boats took a north-west course, being favored by a heavy sea and a strong breeze from the south-east.

At 12 o'clock they made the land, and at 3, P. M., were near the beach. Mr. Hibbert then waited until the second boat came up, and informed them that those who were in his boat refused to row any farther, and insisted on landing. Mr. Couper united with him in protesting against this measure, as, from the heavy breakers which were dashing on the beach, as far as the eye could reach, it was obviously one of great peril. Being overruled, they submitted to make the attempt. The mate, who had previously taken the two colored women from the second boat, then proposed to lead the way, and requested Mr. Couper to lie off, until he had effected a landing, and was prepared to aid the ladies and children. The first boat then entered the surf, and disappeared for several minutes from those in the other boat,—having been instantly filled with water. Six of those who were in her, Mr. Hibbert, Mr. Swift, Mr. Tappan, Mr. Leuchtenburg, and two of the crew, landed in safety. An old gentleman, supposed to be Judge Rochester, formerly of Buffalo, N. Y., but recently of Pensacola, Mr. Bird, of Georgia, the two colored women, and a boat hand, were drowned. The other boat continued to keep off until about sunset, when, finding the night approaching, and there being no appearance of aid, or change in the wind, which was blowing freshly in to the land, and the persons in the boat having previously refused to attempt to row any farther, Mr. Couper reluctantly consented to attempt the landing.

Before making the attempt, it was thought necessary, to prevent the infant of Mrs. Nightingale, which was only seven months old, from being lost, to lash it to her person, which was done. Just as the sun

was setting, the bow of the boat was turned to the shore, and Mr. Couper sculling, and two men at the oars, she was pulled into the breakers. She rose without difficulty upon the first breaker; but the second, coming out with great violence, struck the oar from the hands of one of the rowers. The boat was thus thrown into the trough of the sea, and the succeeding breaker striking her broadside, turned her bottom upwards. Upon regaining the surface, Mr. Couper laid hold of the boat, and soon discovered that the rest of the party, with the exception of Mrs. Nightingale, were making for the shore; of her, for a few moments, he saw nothing; but, presently, feeling something like the dress of a female touching his foot, he again dived down, and was fortunate enough to grasp her by the hair. The surf continued to break over them with great violence, but, after a struggle, in which was spent the last efforts of their strength, they reached the shore, utterly worn out with fatigue, watching, hunger, thirst, and the most intense and overwhelming excitement. Besides this, the ladies and children were suffering severely from the cold. The party proceeded a short distance from the shore, where the ladies laid down upon the side of a sand hill, and their protectors covered them and their children with sand, to prevent them from perishing. In the meantime, some of the party went in quest of aid, and about 10 o'clock, the whole of them found a kind and hospitable reception under the roof of Mr. Siglee Redd, of Onslow county.

The forward part of the boat, after separation, continued to float. There remained on it Major Heath and twenty-one others. We had a conversation with Major Heath, in which he related with great minuteness every thing attending the preservation of the persons who were on the wreck with him. It is impossible to convey in words any thing more than a faint idea of the suffering they underwent, or of the many

harrowing and distressing circumstances which occurred during the four days they were on the wreck.

But a short time previous to the explosion, it was remarked by one of the passengers, to Major Heath, that the gauge showed thirty inches of steam. On the attention of the engineer being called to this fact, he replied that it would bear, with safety, forty inches. Major Heath had just retired in the after cabin. A number of passengers were lying on the settees; and, when the boiler burst, the steam rushed into the cabin, and, it is thought, instantly killed them, as they turned over, fell on the floor, and never were seen by him to move afterwards. He had, on hearing the noise of the explosion, got out of his berth and ran to the steps; the steam meeting him in the cabin, he retreated under them, as also did Mr. Lovejoy, and they were thus partially shielded from its effects.

In a few moments, Major Heath went on deck, where he found all in darkness. He called for the captain, and receiving no answer, made for the mast, as he felt the boat to be sinking. Before he could secure himself, the sea burst over him and carried him away; fortunately, however, a rope had caught around his leg, and with this he pulled himself back. The mast, as soon as he had been washed from it, fell, and crushed one of the passengers, Mr. Auze, a French gentleman, of Augusta. The boat had now broken in two parts, with a tremendous crash, and the deck, forward of the mast, was carried away from the rest of the vessel, seemingly, very swiftly. Nothing more was seen after this by Major Heath, of the yawl, or the after part of the boat; but, in about half an hour, he heard a wild, shrill scream, and then all was quiet. This must have been when the promenade-deck turned over, with at least one hundred human beings upon it!

When daylight broke, he found that there were twenty-two on the wreck with him; among them was

Captain Pearson, who had been blown out into the sea, but who had caught a plank, and succeeded in reaching them during the night.

The danger of their situation was at once fully realized. The heavy mast lay across the deck on which they rested, and kept it about twelve inches under water, and the planks were evidently fast parting! Captain Pearson, with the rest, set himself to work to lash the wreck together, by the aid of the ropes on the mast,—letting the ropes sink on the side of the raft, which, passing under, came up on the other side; and, by repeating this operation, they formed a kind of net-work over it. They also succeeded in lashing two large boxes to their raft, which served as seats.

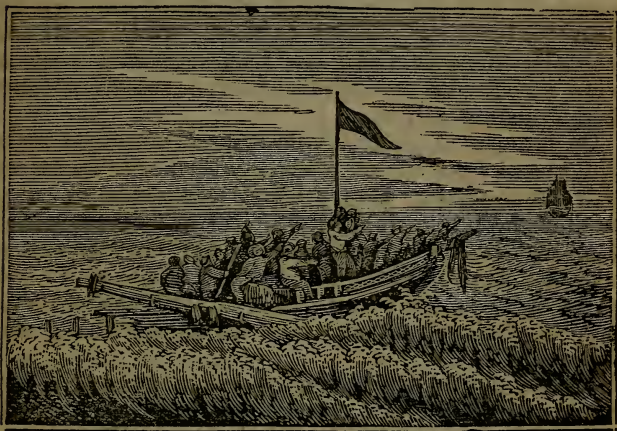
Friday passed without any vessel coming in sight. Their thirst now became intense. The heat of the sun was very oppressive, its rays pouring down on their bare heads, and blistering their faces and backs,—some not having even a shirt on, and none more than a shirt and pantaloons.

The sufferings of the younger portion of their company at this time became very great. Major Twiggs, of the United States army, had saved his child, a boy of about twelve years of age. He kept him in his arms nearly all the time; and when he would call on his mother, who was safe at home, and beg for water, his father would seek in vain to comfort him by words of kindness, and by clasping him closer to his heart.

On Saturday, they fell in with another portion of the wreck, on which were Mr. Chicken and three others, whom they took on their raft. Towards the close of the evening they had approached within half a mile of shore, as they thought, and many were anxious to make an effort to land. This was objected to by Major Heath, as the breakers ran very high, and would have dashed the raft to pieces on the shore. Mr. Greenwood told the major that he was one of the best swimmers in the country, and that he



would tie a rope around him, and swim to the shore. "No, no," replied the major, "you shall not risk your life for me under these circumstances; and in such an attempt you would lose your life. No! I am the oldest man in danger, and will not increase the risk of others."



Major Heath, and twenty-two others, on the bow of the boat.

All hope of landing was soon given up, when a light breeze from shore was found carrying them farther out into the bosom of the trackless sea. Despair now seemed to seize on some: and one suggested, that if relief did not soon reach them, it would be necessary to cast lots! The firmness and decision of Major Heath soon put this horrid idea to flight. "We are Christians," he said, "and we cannot innocently imbrue our hands in the blood of a fellow-creature. A horrible catastrophe has deprived hundreds of their lives, and brought sorrow to many a hearth, and thrown us upon the mercy of the winds and waves. We have still life left; let us not give



up all manliness, and sink to the brute. We have all our thoughts about us, and should face death, which must sooner or later overtake us, with the spirit that becomes us as Christian men. When that hour arrives, I will lay down my life without a murmur, and I will risk it now for the safety of any one of you; but I will never stand by and see another sacrificed that we may drink his blood and eat his flesh!" With such words as these, did he quiet and reconcile them to await the issue. The day again wore away without the sight of a vessel to cheer their drooping spirits.

On Sunday morning it commenced raining, with a stiff breeze from the north-east, which soon increased to a severe gale. Every effort was made to catch some of the falling rain in the piece of canvass which they had taken from the mast, but the sea ran so high that the little they did catch was nearly as salt as the spray of the ocean. Still the rain cooled them, and, in their situation, was found refreshing and grateful.

On Monday morning they saw four vessels. They raised on a pole a piece of the flag that was attached to the mast, and waved it; but in vain. The vessels were too far off, and hope was nearly lost as they watched them, one after another, pass from their sight. They had now been without food or water for four days and nights; their tongues were parched, their flesh burnt and blistered by the sun, their brains fevered, and many of them began to exhibit the peculiar madness attendant on starvation. Neither could they sleep, as the raft was so much under water, and it required continual watchfulness to keep themselves from being washed over by the sea. Major Heath says, that never, for one moment, did he lose his consciousness; and we hear from others, that his cheerful spirit and encouraging conversation kept alive the hope of safety, and banished despair from the minds of his fellow-sufferers.

On the morning of Tuesday, a vessel hove in sight; and her track seemed to lie much nearer them than those they had seen the day before. They again waved their flag, and raised their feeble voices; but still the vessel kept on her course, which now appeared to carry her away from them. "She is gone," said one of the crew,—a poor fellow who had been dreadfully scalded,—and he laid himself down on one of the boxes, as he said, "to die." Captain Pearson, who had been closely watching the vessel, cried out, "She sees us! She is coming towards us!" And so it proved. All sails set, and full before the wind, the vessel made for them. It proved to be the schooner Henry Camerdon, Captain Davis, bound from Philadelphia to Wilmington. As soon as the captain had come within speaking distance, he took his trumpet, and cried out, "Be of good cheer; I will save you!" It was the first strange voice that had reached their ears for five days; but to them, were not those five days as an age!

When the schooner came alongside, they all rushed frantically on deck; and it was with some difficulty that the captain could keep them from the water casks. He furnished them with moderate portions of sweetened water, and, by his prudence, doubtless, preserved their lives. During the morning, Major Heath and his company had seen another portion of the wreck, with several persons on it: when the captain of the Henry Camerdon was informed of it, he immediately sailed in the direction it had been seen, and shortly afterwards came in sight. On this wreck, which was a part of the promenade-deck, were Miss Rebecca Lamar; Mrs. Noah Smith, of Augusta; Master Charles Lamar, of Savannah; and Mr. Robert Hutchinson, of Savannah. The two ladies and Master Lamar were nearly exhausted. Every possible attention to the comfort of all was bestowed by Captain Davis; and Major Heath, in behalf of those who were saved with him, afterwards publicly returned

the deep and heartfelt thanks of the beings whom he had rescued from a condition of such misery and peril, that the heart sickens at the bare remembrance of it.

When the promenade-deck was separated from the hull, many persons took refuge on this portion of it. Among them were Mr. G. B. Lamar, of Savannah, and two children; the Rev. Mr. Woart, and lady, of Florida; and a child of Mr. Hutchinson, and the second mate of the Pulaski. On Saturday morning, finding there was no other hope of safety, the mate proposed to take the boat which they had secured,—being the second deck boat,—and, with five of the most able of those on the raft, to endeavor to reach the shore, and to send out some vessel to cruise for them. This being assented to, the mate, with Mr. Lamar and four others, took their departure; and, on Wednesday morning; they reached New River Inlet in safety. The passengers remaining on the raft, with the exception of the four mentioned as being taken off by the Henry Camerdon, died from exhaustion; among them were the Rev. Mr. Woart and lady, whose Christian resignation to their fate excited the admiration of all around them.

It was ascertained at Wilmington, on the subsequent Wednesday, that eight other persons from the wreck had reached New River Inlet; but their names, with two exceptions, could not be ascertained.

The passengers who escaped were almost all, without exception, habited in no other dress than that in which they were sleeping on the night of the catastrophe, and consequently suffered very severely from the blistering effects of the sun during the day, and the chilly winds of the night. They had been entirely destitute of water or food of any kind. Those who were last saved were most of them in a dreadful state of ulceration and debility.

Mr. Hibbert, the first mate, who had charge of the Pulaski at the time, states, that about 10 o'clock at

night, he was called to the command of the boat, and that he was pacing the promenade-deck in front of the steerage-house. He found himself, shortly after, upon the main-deck, lying between the mast and side of the boat. Upon the return of consciousness, he had a confused idea of having heard an explosion, something like that of gunpowder, immediately before he discovered himself in his then situation. He was induced, therefore, to rise and walk aft, when he discovered that the boat midships was blown entirely to pieces; that the head of the starboard boiler was blown out, and the top torn open; that the timbers and plank on the starboard side were forced asunder, and that the boat took in water whenever she rolled in that direction.

He became immediately aware of the horrors of their situation, and the danger of letting the passengers know that the boat was sinking, before lowering the small boats. He proceeded, therefore, to do this. Upon dropping the boat, he was asked his object; and he replied, that it was to pass round the steamer to ascertain her condition. Before doing this, however, he took in a couple of men. He ordered the other boats to be lowered, and two were shortly put into the water; but they leaked so much, in consequence of their long exposure to the sun, that one of them sunk, after a fruitless attempt to bail her. He had, in the meantime, taken several from the water, until the number made ten. In the other boat afloat there were eleven. While they were making a fruitless attempt to bail the boat, the Pulaski went down, with a dreadful crash, in about forty-five minutes after the explosion.

Mr. B. W. Fosdick, of Boston, one of the surviving passengers, describes the horrors of the scene with a graphic pen. The particulars agree mainly with those we have already given. He had retired to rest, not feeling very well, and was awakened, about 11 o'clock at night, by a loud report, followed by a tre-



mendous crash. He supposed the vessel had run ashore, and, finding himself uninjured, he arose and dressed himself, when a person came down into the cabin, calling for fire-buckets, and giving the alarm that the boat was on fire. This person, he believes, was Mr. Sherman Miller, whom he never saw afterwards. When he reached the deck, he found that the boiler had burst. The confusion was very great, —husbands and wives running about and calling for each other. He saw one person, among the ruins of the engine, moaning, and crying aloud, “gone! gone! gone!—firemen, help me!—firemen, help me!” He was one of the firemen. Mr. Fosdick escaped by getting on a piece of the wreck, and, in company with two of the deck hands, was driven ashore on Saturday afternoon, near New Inlet. The following is extracted from his letter:—



“Friday morning came—and discovered to us our situation. We were out of sight of land. Three rafts we saw at a distance. They were too far off for us to discern the persons upon them; but they all had signals flying. Upon our little raft we found a small chest,—belonging to one of the firemen, and which afterwards served us as a seat,—two mattresses, a sheet, a blanket, and some female wearing apparel.

“The mattresses we emptied of their contents, and



with the covering of one of them we made a sail, which, with a good deal of difficulty, we succeeded in putting up, and which did us much service, for by noon we had almost lost sight of the other rafts: and, in the afternoon, nothing was seen, as far as the eye could reach, but sky and water.

“But our spirits did not flag, for we thought that by morning we must certainly fall in with some fishing-boats. We also found on the raft a tin box, containing some cake, wrapped up in a cloth. This was completely saturated with salt water; but we took a mouthful of it in the course of the day, and found it pretty good. There was also a keg, which floated on to the raft, containing a little gin; but this was of little service, for, by some means or other, it had become mixed with salt water. The night came, the wind and sea increased, and we were obliged to take down our little sail. During the night, the waves were constantly washing over our raft, and the water at all times stood a foot deep upon it.

“We sat close together upon the chest, which we lashed as well as we could to the raft, and wrapped ourselves up in the wet blanket and clothes,—for the night air felt very cold, after having been exposed, as we were all day, to the broiling sun. We were much fatigued, and once during the night we fell asleep, but were soon awakened by the upsetting of our seat, which nearly threw us overboard. Anxiously we watched for the rising of the moon,—which rose some hours after midnight,—and still more anxiously for the break of day and the rising of the sun, which we hoped would disclose to our weary eyes the sight of some distant sail.

“The sun at last *did* arise; but there was nothing in sight. For the first time we began to feel a little discouraged; still the hope that we should soon see land impressed itself forcibly upon us, and eagerly we cast our eyes landward, every now and then, as the sun continued to rise. And, joyful sight! about

6 o'clock, we *thought* we did see land—and in another half hour were *sure* of it.

“Now we redoubled our exertions,—we paddled, we held up in our hands pieces of cloth, we did every thing to propel our craft,—for we feared the wind might change, and blow off shore, and then all hope would be lost; for our raft, we felt sure, could not hold together another day. As we neared the land, we found the surf was running pretty high; but it being a sandy shore, we felt no fear of this, for we *saw the land*, and we knew that our suspense would soon be at an end.

“About 4 o'clock, P. M., on Saturday, we reached the breakers. The first breaker came over us with great violence, and so did the second; the third broke the raft into pieces; but we clung to the fragments, and soon found we could touch the bottom with our feet; and in a few minutes we were safe upon *terra firma*, considerably bruised and sun-burnt, but with our lives. And grateful did we feel to that Almighty Arm, which, in the hour of danger, was stretched over us to save and protect! It was only by the mercy of a Divine Providence that we were thus saved from a watery grave.”

From Mr. Merritt, another of the survivors of the frightful disaster which befel the Pulaski, we have derived some additional particulars:—

When the explosion took place, Mr. Merritt indulged the hope that the boat would continue to float; and, after hastening to his wife and child, in the ladies' cabin, he returned towards the middle of the boat, to ascertain more distinctly the extent of the damage, and to take such measures as might be within the power of the passengers to adopt, in order to prevent the water from coming in on the side where the boiler had exploded. A few moments, however, served to convince him that the boat must sink. He found the water entering on both sides,

and also apparently through the bottom, and all hope of checking its ingress was abandoned. He then hastened back to the ladies' cabin, and, on requesting them to dress themselves, and be in readiness to meet the impending peril, a scene of terror and anguish ensued, which was well calculated to melt the stoutest heart. Women clung around him with entreaties that he would save them; while mothers as importunately begged, not for themselves, but for the preservation of their children. In a short time, the inmates of the ladies' cabin, together with a number of gentlemen, were assembled on the promenade-deck, whither they had taken refuge, in consequence of the continued settling of the hull in the water. The further sinking of the hull, and the parting of the promenade-deck threw those who were on it into the sea, and among them Mr. Merritt, his wife, and child. Being an excellent swimmer, he was enabled to sustain both, although the difficulty of so doing was greatly increased by the close clinging of the mother to the child.

While thus engaged, a boy of twelve or fourteen years old, caught hold of him for help, and he too was sustained, until he was enabled to gain a fragment of the wreck floating near, on which he seemed to be so well able to maintain himself, that Mr. Merritt asked him to take his child on the fragment, which the lad readily acceded to. Mr. Merritt was now able to bestow his whole strength in sustaining his wife; when, to his horror, he felt himself clasped from behind, around the lower part of his body, by the iron grasp of a stout, athletic man, evidently struggling for life. An instant was sufficient to satisfy him that the grasp of the man would drown them all; and, telling his wife that this would be the case without he could extricate himself, he asked her to rally her strength for an effort to reach a piece of the wreck close by, to which she consented. Giving her a push towards it with as much power as his

peculiar situation would allow him to do, he saw her gain it. In the mean time, his own case called for immediate relief; but he found himself, on making the effort, utterly unable to gain a release from the powerful hold which was fastened around his body with an iron firmness. There was but one hope left, and there was not a moment allowed him to deliberate on it. He had been an expert swimmer and diver when a boy, and to sink under the waves with a man clinging to him was the last, the only resort remaining. They went down together, and the man relaxed his hold before Mr. Merritt's breath became exhausted. On rising again to the surface, he struck against pieces of the wreck which were now floating over him, and after some difficulty cleared them so as to breathe again; but, on looking around, he could discover neither his wife, nor his child, nor the boy. What had occurred during the brief space that he was beneath the waves he knew not; but he neither heard nor saw them any more!

Soon after, he reached what he supposed was a hatchway, and this sustained him pretty well. While thus floating, he discovered near him a man on a smaller fragment, evidently much exhausted. He called to him to come to the hatch as a place of greater safety; and, after no little effort, his fellow-sufferer was placed upon it. The weight of the two, however, was found to be rather too much for the hatch to sustain, and subsequently, when they fell in with a larger fragment, they drew the hatch upon it, and thus were enabled to float without being immersed. On this the two remained from Friday night until Sunday, having, on Saturday, experienced a heavy gale, which, for hours, threatened to destroy their frail float, and engulf them in the ocean. On Sunday they neared the land, and were finally cast ashore on the beach, on the North Carolina coast.

Mr. Merritt left his companion on the beach, perfectly exhausted, and, although himself nearly worn



out, went forward to discover a house. He had not proceeded very far, when, to his inexpressible joy, he descried a small hut, the sight of which renewed his strength and hopes. Bracing himself for a final effort, he pushed forward, although with tottering steps, and, arriving at the door, found it to be a fisherman's hut,—but *empty, and apparently deserted!* Overcome by fatigue, hunger, and disappointment, he fell lifeless to the ground. When he came to himself he found at his side three fishermen, who had arrived at the hut soon after he had entered it, and, having kindled a fire, had warmed and restored him to animation. He immediately informed them of his comrade on the beach, and indicated, as well as he could, the direction; but the search proved ineffectual, although prolonged until dark.

On the following morning, however, a farmer, who had heard some rumors of the wreck, in riding towards the shore on an errand of mercy,—if possible he might find any who needed it,—discovered an object crawling over one of the sand hills on the beach, which, on a nearer approach, he found to be a human being. It was the companion of Mr. Merritt, who had laid on the beach all night, too much exhausted to move. He was immediately conveyed to a place of shelter; and every kindness was shown to both the sufferers.

Mr. Stewart, who was the companion of Mr. Merritt, alluded to above, gave the following thrilling statement:—

“After the explosion, the boat still moved on, from the previous force given her. I saw a small boat, with some persons in it, lying somewhat astern of us; this, I suppose, was one of the boats that got ashore. The steam-packet was fast sinking, the water pouring over the guards. About this time, I assisted some lady—God knows who—to get on the upper deck, who begged me to get her husband up, and said he was an old, gray-headed man. I did not see him. I



also heard a lady crying in a loud voice for her husband, pronouncing his name repeatedly,—‘Mr. Ball.’ A gentleman, that I supposed was Mr. Ball, sprang from the fore part of the boat into the water, and made for his wife; but must have sunk before he reached the after part. Several persons wildly jumped overboard, and tried to reach settees, &c., and, sinking, called for something to be thrown them. The weight of the machinery, I suppose, caused the boat to sink faster in the centre, which threw up the stern. She then parted.

“The stern part of the boat, upon which I was, turned a complete somerset; and when it was about perpendicular, I let go of the davit ropes, to which I was clinging. Many others were thrown off at the same time. I was sunk in the water for some time, and was grasped by persons I supposed to be ladies, from their clothes, and was kept down probably twenty feet: after they let go, I came up, amidst a crowd of persons. I thought if I remained here I should inevitably be borne down; I therefore swam off as well as I could. It was light enough for me to see persons. I saw the larger parts of the wreck, which seemed to be distant about one hundred yards. There were vast quantities of fragments floating around me; and, fortunately, I got upon a piece,—a hatch,—and picking up a small plank, I paddled off from the body of the wreck, thinking the heavy swell would dash me to pieces, if I came in contact with it.

“In about an hour I saw a person upon a fragment. It was Mr. Merritt, of Mobile, he informed me. We concluded to get our pieces together: meeting with a larger and a longer fragment just ahead, we reached it, and got our pieces on it. Mr. Merritt had been on a hatch. A rope happened to be fastened to one of the rings; he cut the rope with his knife; we unrove it, and fastened our pieces pretty firmly on it. We also found an oar, which was afterwards of essential service to us.

“About three o'clock there was a severe squall, which lasted but a few minutes. At daylight we saw some fourteen or fifteen rafts, pretty much in a line, some before, others behind, and some three miles distant. The wind was about east. and setting us, I thought, in for the land. Some of the rafts I saw had persons on board. I recollect there was a raft passed near me, which seemed to be made up of lumber, plank, and a vast quantity of wood, with a solitary being upon it—a negro man, who had got up a small sail. We picked up a stool which floated near, upon which Mr. Merritt and myself alternately took our turns at steering. We had taken off the hatches, and got up a sort of mast. From the canvass we made a sail; and our object was to keep our craft before the wind, to prevent her turning over. She went before the wind very well. We were frequently immersed in the water, and kept constantly wet, without food or fresh drink.

“I had no stockings or hat on, and suffered immensely from the rays of a scorching sun, during the day, and at night I was chilled almost to death. Mr. Merritt happened to be better clad. He had on his pantaloons, and saved his watch. On Friday evening, we thought we saw a lighthouse, but it proved to be a vessel. The sharks threatened to devour us, as they were all around us on Friday and Saturday, and would greedily seize on chips or rubbish that fell from the raft. I was fearful they would break our oar, when we should have got in the trough of the sea, and buried over.

“On Saturday evening, I thought I saw land. Mr. Merritt thought I was mistaken, as in the evening there was a fog that might be mistaken for the shore. Shortly after, we were both convinced we saw land, distant about ten miles. This was a joyful sight. Mr. Merritt sprang up, crying, ‘Thank God, it is land,’ and said to me, he had one hundred dollars with him, which he had fortunately put in his pocket the day

before the disaster had occurred. This he kindly said he would divide with us, should we ever reach the shore.

“At daylight, Sunday morning, we were quite near the land, not going directly for it, but running along shore, and gradually approximating it; about 10 o'clock, we were thrown into the breakers. Mr. Merritt was first thrown off, and, after a while, reached the shore before I did. About the third breaker, my frail bark was precipitated over my head, and it was fortunate it did not strike me; it kept somewhat ahead of me. After a short time, I touched bottom in about three feet of water, and rapidly made for the beach, which I reached. I was so completely exhausted, I could scarcely crawl up the beach, upon which I lay, in a state of insensibility, until about 11 o'clock the next day, when a benevolent man, Mr. Spicer, who resides near New River Inlet, came across me. He inquired if I had companions. I told him, Mr. Merritt.

“After putting a plank to keep the sun from my face, he went to look for Mr. Merritt, and came back and told me he could not find him. He then took me across the sound to his own house, where I remained, with every attention paid me, until Thursday. The sun and salt water had completely *skinned* me, and cream was applied. On Thursday I reached Wilmington, where every assistance was rendered, and loans of money volunteered. But the citizens of Wilmington, and all along as I came, were, however, so kind, that I had but little occasion for money.

“Dr. Stewart's servant girl came with me. After the wreck, she states she was with six others on a raft. Dr. Stewart, she says, was with her on the wreck until Monday, when he died from exhaustion. His servant kept his head above the water for two days, after the doctor was too enfeebled to hold on. He told the servant that he saw his wife go down, after the terrible disaster, several times, and could be

of no service to her. The next day, Friday, the doctor and his servant saw many dead bodies floating near, and among the rest, his little child, two years old. What a dreadful spectacle! The doctor, before his death, became delirious: when he expired, his lifeless body was silently swept into the sea. Several persons, the girl states, in fits of delirium jumped off the raft.

“The exposure that I had to encounter, together with the horror of soul at the terrific scene I passed through, (which now I can scarcely realize, as it seems like an awful dream,) occasioned me infinite suffering; but, in my illness, I was, by the hand of an all-wise Providence, thrown amongst the kindest people I ever saw. I shall recollect them as long as pulsation vibrates through my heart.”

From Captain Pearson, the chief mate, some additional particulars have been obtained. He says:—

“June 13, at half-past 5 o'clock, P. M., I sounded on the Frying Pan Shoals, in five fathoms water, and shaped the course of the boat for Cape Lookout Shoal. I was in conversation with some of the passengers on the promenade-deck, where I remained until 10 o'clock, P. M., after which all retired below. At 10 o'clock, I went to the engine-room and examined the steam-gauge, which I found indicated twenty-six inches. This I thought was doing very well, as the speed of the boat increased as she grew lighter, and of course worked off the steam sooner.

“Finding all things as they should be, I called Mr. Hibbert on deck, and gave him charge of the boat, observing to him that he must keep a good look-out, and call me at 12 o'clock, as I thought we should reach Cape Lookout about half past one, or at least I should then take the soundings. I also told him that Captain Dubois was lying in the steering-house, where he would find him.

“When the explosion took place, which I should



judge to be about 11 o'clock, P. M., I experienced rather a pleasant sensation, as though I were dreaming that I was flying in the air. I was awakened by falling on my back in the water, surrounded by the fragments of my room. Immediately conscious of my situation, I got on a small board and swam for the boat, which appeared to be thirty or forty yards distant, and still going rapidly. I saw the heads of seven persons near me, but could not tell whether they were white persons or not. I continued to swim for the boat, and finding my clothes an impediment, I soon divested myself of them. My watch-guard became entangled around my wrist, which I was compelled to break and let go.

“As near as I could judge, I must have been swimming three quarters of an hour. When I had approached within one hundred yards of the boat, I saw her lights begin gradually to disappear. I stopped and exclaimed, ‘My God, is the Pulaski sinking?’ I renewed my efforts to reach her, and soon found my worst fears realized, as her bow sunk deep beneath the surface. I then swam towards the stern, and when within ten or fifteen feet, I saw the heads of people. I called for a boat, as loud as I was able, for some time, but received no answer. I then swam towards the head of the steamboat, and saw the forward part of her main bottom keel up, and near it the forward part of the main deck. I approached, and saw men standing there. I called to a gentleman near the side, and told him my name, which he immediately made known to the others, and threw me a rope. His name is Mr. Gregory, of Georgia, and I shall ever remember him with gratitude.

“When I got on to the wreck, my first object was to procure the boats, hoping to assist some of the unfortunate ladies, for whose safety I would willingly have risked my life. Finding that we should have to lighten our wreck, I informed the gentlemen present that my left arm was badly scalded, and useless to me,



but that I would direct them in their exertions for our safety. A quantity of iron, and the best bower anchor, were thrown over. The chain being fastened, I soon found that we were at anchor, and to remain so long would founder our wreck. With great difficulty we filed a pin loose, which we backed out, and then let the chain and small bower go.

“Having erected a shed on deck, and rigged a jury-mast, we set sail, with a small color flying as a signal of distress to any vessel that might see us. On the 15th we saw the stern of the steamboat about north-north-east, as near as I could judge, but could discern no one on it. On Saturday, I found our wreck was fast beating to pieces, and that it was necessary to bind it together, which we did with a cable. We also found it necessary to cut away the mast, as it pried up the deck. To do this was a Herculean labor; the only instrument we had was an oyster-knife, which we sharpened like a chisel, with a file. This was the work of a whole day.”

Mr. Ossian Gregory, another of those who survived, but who was doomed to lose his wife, and his wife's sister, spoke thus of the humane and philanthropic commander of the schooner Henry Camerdon:—

“Amid the numerous notices of the disastrous wreck of the Pulaski, I have seen nothing descriptive of the actions of Captain Davis, of the schooner Henry Camerdon, who took thirty people from two portions of the wreck. It seems to me scarcely proper that it should go unnoticed. After Captain Davis had taken us on board, he prepared a large quantity of switchel, (molasses and water,) and biscuits; then, while we were gathered around him, impatiently waiting the much-needed refreshment, he sank on his knees, and thanked God that he had heard his prayers,—uttered the day before, when he had seen pieces of the wreck,—that he might be the means of rescue to those who might yet be living of the sufferers; he

asked that the sufferings we had endured, and the escape we had made, might impress on our hearts a deep sense of the divine mercy and goodness. He then gave us what he had prepared. His schooner was unprovided with spirits of any sort,—he being a temperance man,—but we found that heated vinegar answered every purpose in reviving those who were nearly exhausted. That Captain Davis's vessel should have been the only one, of all those seen by us, that came to our assistance; that he should not only have prayed, but likewise have watched for us, are matters not to be forgotten."

The following just tribute and grateful acknowledgement was subsequently responded to and signed by every survivor of this catastrophe:—

"To Captain Henry Davis, of the schooner Henry Camerdon, they acknowledge a high and imperishable debt of gratitude. His arm, under Heaven, saved them,—after a long and unutterably terrible scene of suffering,—at a moment when despair was fastening upon every heart,—and physical strength was sinking under the cravings of hunger and thirst. The stormy ocean, upon which they had floated for nearly five days and nights, in momentary fear of death, still rolling around and over them in its fury,—and followed by the insatiate monsters of the deep, ready to devour them,—at this *awful hour* did this humane man come to their rescue, at considerable risk to his crew and vessel. To him, then, we offer our deepest and warmest gratitude and praise, and feel assured that his own approving conscience, and a more approving God, will here and hereafter reward him for his noble deed,—the simple record of which will ever speak his high and deserved eulogium."

There are many interesting, as well as painful incidents, connected with the fate of the Pulaski, which have been related by those who have seen and conversed with persons saved from the wreck. Amongst others, the following is told of a Mr. Ridge, from New

Orleans, and a Miss Onslow, from one of the southern states, two of the unfortunates who were picked up on the fifth day. It is stated of the gentleman, that he had been sitting on the deck alone, for half an hour previous to the accident. Another gentleman, who was walking near him at the time of the explosion, was thrown overboard, and he himself was precipitated nearly over the side of the boat and stunned. He recovered, immediately, as he supposed, when he heard some one remark, "*Get out the boats, she is sinking.*" He was not acquainted with a solitary individual in the boat. Under such circumstances, it is as natural to suppose that he would feel quite as much concern for himself as for any one else. He was consequently among the foremost of those who sought the small boat for safety, and was about to step into it, when he discovered a young lady, whom he recognised as one whose appearance had at sundry times, during the passage, arrested his attention. Her protector was the gentleman who, while walking on deck, had been blown overboard. He sprang towards her, to take her into the small boat, but, in the crowd and confusion, he lost sight of her, and supposed she was with some other friend. During his fruitless search, the small boat shoved off. The wreck was fast sinking; the night rang with the prayers and shrieks of the helpless and drowning. He turned away in despair, and tumbled over a coil of small rope. Hope, like an expiring spark, brightened again; he caught up the rope, lashed together a couple of settees, threw them upon a piece of an old sail and a small empty cask, and, thus equipped, launched upon the element. It was all the work of a moment. He believed death inevitable, and that effort was the last grasp at life.

His *vessel* bore him up much better than he had expected; and he was consoling himself with his escape, such as it was, while others were perishing all around him, when he discovered a female strug-

gling for life, almost within his grasp. He left his *ark*, swam twice his length, seized his object, and returned safely to his craft again,—which proved sufficient to sustain them both, but with their heads and shoulders only above water. The female was the young lady for whom he had lost his passage in the small boat. She fancied their float would be unable to support both, and said to him, “You will have to let me go to save yourself.” He replied, “We live or die together.” Soon after, they drifted upon a piece of the wreck,—probably a part of the same floor or partition torn asunder by the explosion,—which, with the aid of the settees, fastened beneath it, proved sufficient to keep them out of water. About this time, one of the small boats came towards them, but already heavily loaded; he implored them to take in the young lady; but she said; no, she could but die,—he had saved her life, and she could not leave him. They were fairly at sea, in a scorching climate, and without the least morsel to eat or drink; the young lady in her night clothes, and himself with nothing upon him but his shirt and a thin pair of pantaloons already much torn.

Of the packet which had borne them all in quiet and safety but half an hour before, nothing was to be seen but scattered pieces of the wreck. The small boat was on her way to the shore; their own craft, being light and lightly loaded, drifted fast away from a scene indescribably heart-rending, and which he still shudders to think of. At daylight, nothing was visible to them but the heavens and a waste of water. In the course of the day, they came in sight of land, and for a time were confident of reaching it; but, during the succeeding night, the wind changed, and soon after daylight, the next morning, the land had vanished, and with it their hopes of escaping from their dreadful dilemma.

On the third day, a sail hove in sight, but she was entirely beyond hailing distance. When found, they were sadly burned by the sun, starved and exhausted,



though still in possession of their faculties, and able to move and talk. But their pain and suffering was not without its pleasures and enjoyment; the romantic part of the story of their expedition is yet to come, and there is no telling how much longer they would have subsisted on the same food that seems to have aided, at least, in sustaining them so well such an incredible length of time. The intrepidity he displayed, the risk he ran, the danger he incurred for, and, above all, the magnanimity he evinced in saving



her life, strangers as they were to each other, at the imminent hazard of his own, elicited from her at once the warmest feelings of gratitude towards him, and, before the tortures of hunger and thirst commenced, kindled that passion which burns nowhere as it burns in woman's bosom. On the other hand, her good sense, her fortitude, and presence of mind at the most perilous moment, and particularly her readiness to meet and share with him the fate which awaited them, excited on his part an attachment which was neither to be disguised nor conquered.



And there, upon the "waters wild," amid the terror which surrounded, and the fate which threatened them, in the presence only of an all-seeing God, did they pledge their mutual love, and declare, if their lives were spared, that their destiny, which misfortune had united, should then be made as inseparable as escape from it now seemed impossible.

After their rescue, he informed her that a sense of duty impelled him to apprise her, that, by the misfortune which had befallen them, he had lost every dollar he possessed on earth, (amounting to about twenty-five thousand dollars,) that he was in "poverty to his very lips," a beggar amongst strangers, without the means of paying for a single meal of victuals; and, painful as was the thought of separation to him, he offered to release her from the engagement, if it was her choice to leave him. She burst into tears at the very thought of separation, and asked him if he thought it was possible for the poverty of this world to drive them to a more desperate extremity than that which they had already suffered together. He assured her of his willingness to endure for her the same trial again, and of the joy, more than he could express, which he felt at finding her so willing to fulfil her engagement,—which was soon after consummated. It was not till then that he was made acquainted with the fact, that his lady love was heiress to an estate worth two hundred thousand dollars. Who would not be shipwrecked! And, henceforth, who will say, "matches are not made in heaven!"

The number of passengers on board was about one hundred and fifty. We give a list of them as far as we have been able to procure their names:—

Dr. Ash.	Mr. E. L. Barney.
Mr. J. Auze.	Mr. Bennett.
Mr. H. S. Ball.	Mr. L. Bird.
Mrs. H. S. Ball, and nurse,	Mrs. Britt.
and child, and servant.	Mr. A. Brower.

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| Mr. A Burns.                                       | Mr. Charles Lamar.                           |
| Judge Cameron.                                     | Mr. W. Lamar.                                |
| Mr. N. C. Carter.                                  | Mr. T. Lamar.                                |
| Miss Clarke.                                       | Mrs. Lamar.                                  |
| Mr. Clifton.                                       | Miss Rebecca Lamar.                          |
| Mr. J. H. Couper.                                  | Miss M. Lamar.                               |
| Mr. G. W. Coy.                                     | Miss R. J. Lamar.                            |
| Mrs. G. W. Coy, and child.                         | Miss E. Lamar.                               |
| Rev. E. Crofts.                                    | Miss C. Lamar.                               |
| Dr. Cumming.                                       | Mr. S. Livermore.                            |
| Mrs. Cumming, and servant.                         | Mr. Longworth.                               |
| Mr. Davis.   | Mrs. Longworth.                              |
| Mrs. Davis.  | Mr. A. Lovejoy.                              |
| Miss Drayton.                                      | Mrs. Mackay, and child, and<br>servant.      |
| Colonel Dunham.                                    | Mr. Merritt.                                 |
| Mrs. Dunham.                                       | Mrs. Merritt, and child.                     |
| Mr. W. Edings.                                     | Miss Mikell.                                 |
| Mrs. Edings, and child.                            | Mr. S. Miller.                               |
| Mr. H. Eldridge.                                   | Mr. F. M'Rea.                                |
| Mr. Evans.   | Rev. Mr. Murray.                             |
| Mr. B. W. Fosdick.                                 | Mrs. Murray.                                 |
| Mr. W. W. Fosdick.                                 | Miss Murray.                                 |
| Mrs. W. Frazer, and child.                         | Master Murray.                               |
| Mr. Freeman.                                       | Mr. H. B. Nichols.                           |
| Mr. R. L. Greenwood.                               | Mrs. Nightingale, and child,<br>and servant. |
| Miss Greenwood.                                    | Mr. S. B. Parkman.                           |
| Mr. O. Gregory.                                    | Master Parkman.                              |
| Mrs. Gregory.                                      | Miss A. Parkman.                             |
| Mr. A. Hamilton.                                   | Miss C. Parkman.                             |
| Miss Heald.  | Miss. T. Parkman.                            |
| Major Heath.                                       | Capt. R. W. Pooler.                          |
| Capt. Hubbard.                                     | Mr. R. W. Pooler, Jr.                        |
| Mrs. Hubbard                                       | Mr. B. Pooler.                               |
| Col. Hudson.                                       | Mr. E. B. Pringle.                           |
| Mr. G. Huntington.                                 | Mrs. Pringle, and child.                     |
| Mr. R. Hutchinson.                                 | Miss Pringle, and nurse.                     |
| Mrs. Hutchinson, and two<br>children, and servant. | Judge Rochester.                             |
| Mr. E. W. Innis.                                   | Mr. T. C. Rowane                             |
| Mr. S. Keith.                                      | Mr. Rutledge.                                |
| Mr. G. B. Lamar.                                   |  |

Mrs. Rutledge.	Miss Trappier.
Miss Rutledge.	Major Twiggs and son.
Mr. J. Seabrook.	Mrs. Wagner, and child, and servant.
Mr. Robert Seabrook.	Mr. T. W. Waley.
Mr. B. F. Smith.	Mr. R. D. Walker.
Mrs. B. F. Smith.	Mr. C. Ward.
Mr. Noah Smith.	Master T. Whalley.
Mrs. N. Smith.	Master W. Whalley.
Dr. Stewart.	Dr. Wilkins.
Mrs. Stewart, and servant.	Mrs. Wilkins, and child.
Mr. W. A. Stewart.	Rev. J. Loring Woart.
Mr. W. C. N. Swift.	Mrs. J. Loring Woart.
Mr. Charles H. Tappan.	Mr. Z. A. Zeuchtenburg.
Mrs. Taylor.	

It is stated that the whole number saved was fifty-nine. We give the names of all as far as we have been able to learn; including those belonging to the boat:—

Mr. B. Brown,	Mr. G. B. Lamar.
Mr. Burns.	Mr. Charles Lamar.
Mr. E. L. Barney.	Miss Rebecca Lamar.
Mr. Chicken, (chief engineer.)	Mr. A. Lovejoy.
Mr. G. M. Clifton.	Mrs. Nightingale, and child, and servant.
Mr. J. H. Couper.	Mr. R. W. Pooler.
Mr. Thomas Downing.	Mr. R. W. Pooler, Jr.
Mr. Edings.	Mr. Robert Seabrook.
Mr. Eldridge.	Mrs. N. Smith.
Mrs. Frazer, and child.	Mr. C. W. M. Swift.
Mr. Warren Freeman.	Mr. C. B. Tappan.
Mr. Greenwood.	Major Twiggs, and son.
Mr. O. Gregory.	Mr. D. Walker, and nephew.
Mr. A Hamilton	Mr. C. Ward.
Major Heath.	Mr. G. West.
Mr. Hibbard (the mate.)	Master T. Whalley.
Captain Hubbard	Master W. Whalley.
Mr. R. Hutchinson.	Mr. Z. A. Zeuchtenburg.
Mr. E. Joseph.	

Of the boat hands there were also saved two firemen, two deck hands, and two negro women.

From the Rev. Mr. Sweetser of Worcester, Mass., we have received the following brief notice of the Rev. J. L. Woart:—

“Rev. J. Loring Woart, was a native of Newburyport. He graduated at Harvard University, in the class of 1828. He was esteemed as a scholar and beloved as a companion. After spending some time as a private tutor, in Virginia, he prepared himself for the ministry, and was ordained in the Episcopal church. He was for several years a devoted, and much beloved, pastor of the church in Swedesborough, N. J. This charge he was obliged to resign on account of the feeble health of his wife; and, after a foreign voyage, he was settled at Tallahassee, in Florida. In this parish he engaged the affection and confidence of his people. He was an ardent and faithful minister, of clear and active piety. At the time of his death he was on his way, with his wife, to visit his parents in New England. From the time of the explosion, until his decease, he was the comfort and support of those who shared with him a fragment of the wreck. The power of his religion was manifested throughout the whole of the trying scene. His wife died in his arms from exhaustion, and he soon after expired from the same cause. Their only child was at the time with Mrs. Woart’s parents in Virginia, and still survives.”

The persons by the name of *Parkman*, were the family of S. B. Parkman, of Savannah, and formerly of Westborough, Mass..

Mrs. *H. S. Ball* was a daughter of Walter Channing, Esq., of Boston.

The old gentleman, from Buffalo, who was drowned in landing, was Judge *Rochester*, formerly a member of Congress from Baltimore.

Mrs. Nightingale, one of the surviving few, is the daughter of John A. King, Esq., of New York, and a grand-daughter of the late distinguished Rufus King. During the whole of the perils through which they

passed, she and Mrs. Frazer displayed much fortitude and heroism. They owe the preservation of their own and their children's lives, under Providence, to the coolness and intrepidity of Mr. Couper and his assistants.

There are many affecting incidents connected with this melancholy catastrophe,—some of which we subjoin :—

The following is deeply affecting. The day before those on the wreck of the promenade-deck were picked up by Captain Davis, the persons on that wreck had descried at a distance what they took for a sail. They waited for some time, in hopes that it would near them; but in vain. It seemed to be stationary; and they had no means of propelling their crazy raft towards it. At length, one of them, Mr. Noah Smith, of Augusta, Georgia, announced his intention to swim to it for aid; he plunged into the water, and, for a while, buffeted the waves with a lusty stroke. His wife, one of the tenants of the raft, watched his exertions with an anxious eye and a beating heart. He seemed on the point of succeeding in his gallant and perilous enterprise; all at once, however, his progress appeared to be arrested. His efforts grew fainter and fainter; he was evidently struggling to keep himself upon the surface; but his strength failed. He sunk, and the waves snatched him forever from the fond gaze of his distracted wife. The object which he had taken for a sail was Major Heath's raft; and, it is supposed, that when he came near enough to discover his mistake, his hopes, his spirit, and his strength, failed together.

The incident recorded below will move every heart; the rather, as there is no doubt the gallant boy perished:

Nearly three hours after the disaster, Mr. Hibbert, and the others in the small boat, saw a single individual upon a small fragment of the wreck, to whose



rescue they went. This was Judge Rochester. When taken on board the boat, he informed them that when the Pulaski went down, he saved himself with a settee, to which he clung for about an hour, when he drifted in contact with a fragment of the wreck, which sustained a boy who came in company with him from Pensacola. The boy, seeing that the settee scarcely buoyed him up, insisted upon changing places,—saying that he, being young and strong, was best able to save himself on the settee. Judge Rochester expressed great solicitude for the safety of this generous boy, but nothing certain was ever known of his fate. The boy informed the Judge that Mr. Cameron had started with him, but that, his strength failing, he had lost his hold and sunk.

When the news of the explosion of the Pulaski first reached New York, and it was believed that all on board had perished, the father of one of the ladies who was known to have taken passage on board that boat, proceeded immediately to Baltimore, where he arrived, without hearing further from the wreck. On entering a public house, he inquired of the landlord whether he had received any later intelligence from the Pulaski. "None," was the answer. "Were none saved?" "None, it is believed, but the sixteen first mentioned." "Do you know their names?" "I do not remember them all, but the first was Mrs. —. She and the others are safe and well." The inquirer fainted,—it was his daughter.

One of the most painfully affecting incidents is this: Soon after the explosion, while the small boat was lying off, one of the passengers, frantic with alarm, and without knowing what he was about, jumped towards it, but fell far short. He turned at once,—sensible of his situation, and probably remembering whom he had left behind,—with the view of regaining the wreck. His wife screamed to him by name,— "Where are you? where are you?" He replied from the waves, "I'm here, my dear; I'm here."

“Husband, I’m coming,” she cried, and plunged headlong into the sea.

Another incident, of painful interest, connected with this fatal disaster, was the case of Captain Brooks, of the schooner *Ploughboy*, of Boston, who, having been driven south during a gale, fell in with a part of the wreck, and saw a lady floating, in the storm; but was unable to save her, owing to the violence of the wind, and the roughness of the sea. We can but imagine the feelings of the heart, thus to behold a helpless female tossed on the billows of the deep, and hurried to certain death, without the possibility of affording aid.

Unlike the steam-packet *Home*, the *Pulaski* was strongly and thoroughly built; was intended, and well adapted, for a sea boat; and, in her previous and last trip, had weathered in perfect safety one of the most severe of the periodical gales that are common off Cape Hatteras. But what avails all these advantages, when a power, more than sufficient to counteract them all, is entrusted in the hands of those who are incapable or untrustworthy? The miserable and reckless policy of employing engineers, who, if not actually ignorant of their duties, are at least careless, and often worthless, cannot be too strongly condemned. Where the lives of hundreds are thus jeopardized, it is certainly the paramount duty of those to whom the responsibility belongs, to resolve, and to act upon that resolve, that no applicant for the important office of engineer, or even assistant-engineer, can be received without strong and undoubted evidence of his capability for that office. Nor should the mere knowledge of its duties be deemed sufficient; it is equally important that he be a man of practical information, of steady habits, and of a good moral character.

The cause of this disaster, as is well known, was owing to the neglect or ignorance of the second engi-

neer, most probably the latter, in permitting the water to blow off or evaporate in the starboard boiler, and then introducing a large supply of the cold element on the heated copper! No one, with any adequate knowledge of the causes, effects, and power of steam, could have doubted the disastrous result which ensued.

One of the hands saved, had, a few moments before the explosion, examined the steam-gauge, and found it fluctuating rapidly from twenty-six to twenty-nine inches. Another had just left the engine-room, when he heard, as the engineer tried the water-cock, the peculiar shrill whistling sound produced by the unusual pressure of steam; and, in a few seconds, the fatal explosion took place, scattering death and destruction throughout the living freight who were reposing in fancied security, and causing a degree of misery, horror, and despair, which, in the language of a survivor, "neither language can paint, nor tongue utter. The thought of it makes me shudder."

The appropriate and touching remarks which follow, we extract from a sermon delivered by the Rev. S. G. Bulfinch, in the Unitarian church in Washington, the day after the news had been received of the loss of the steam-packet Pulaski. The preacher, having long resided in the South, was enabled to speak with personal knowledge of many among the victims of this awful event:—

"When, as at the present time, the sympathies of a nation are called forth by an event which has filled hundreds of hearts with agony; when suddenly whole families have been summoned from this life, and the honored, the energetic, the lovely, the innocent, have found a common grave in the depths of the ocean, it is only in the recognition of a Supreme Disposing Power that we can find aught to cheer us in the saddening view which is thus presented of human destiny. Long will extensive portions of our community feel the loss of those to whose wisdom and public spirit, they had entrusted interests of high im-

portance. Long will many a heart feel a pang in the memory of the wise and kind physician now no more. Long will they who have, in previous afflictions, listened to the consolations of the faithful pastor, think sadly on that spot of the wild ocean, where eloquence and piety found an early grave. And long, when the young and the lovely meet, will the bright and innocent smile of youth be saddened at the remembrance of those, as young and as lovely as they, whom none shall behold again till the sea gives up its dead.

They are gone! and one, to whom many of them were well known, may be permitted to testify that a richer harvest of all that was noble and lovely in character, has seldom, with equal suddenness, been gathered into the treasure-house of God. But was not His providence there? Yes; though their prayers seemed to rise in vain, let none believe that the Creator, in that awful hour, beheld not his suffering children. He heard their cries; He witnessed their distress; and though He interrupted not the order of nature, for their rescue, we may yet believe that He was present to sustain the courage and strength of the survivors, and to receive the dying to that mercy which they then with agony invoked.

“While we take warning to be ready for that hour which may come to us when we think not of it, we commend to the Father of mercies, in humble trust, the spirits of His children, and in this, and in all His dispensations, we acknowledge and adore the God of Providence.”

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## LOSS OF THE PULASKI

Behold yon steamer, gayest of the gay,  
 As o'er the main she proudly skims her way;  
 Stately she moves, with a majestic grace,  
 And lofty bearing, to her destined place;  
 And where is that? vain mortals, do you know?  
 Where is she bound? to pleasure or to wo?

She wends her way, and lifts her lofty prow,—  
 At her approach the obsequious waters bow,—  
 The sea gods view her with their eager eyes,  
 Intending soon to take her by surprise;  
 But she, regardless of their foul intent,  
 With banners flying, o'er the surface went.

“Night, sable goddess, from her ebon throne,”  
 Had o'er the waters her dark mantle thrown;  
 The moon was waning, and the stars looked sad,  
 And nature seemed in mourning garments clad;  
 And while this steamer ploughs upon the deep,  
 Where are her inmates? safely locked in sleep.—  
 One dreams of love, another of his gold,  
 His heart's dear idol, half the sum untold;  
 One forms his plans for grandeur and display;  
 Another dreams of pleasures light and gay;  
 The infant slumbers on its mother's breast,  
 In happy innocence by her caress'd;  
 The maiden dreams,—of what I cannot tell,—  
 But Morpheus holds her in his drowsy spell;  
 Yet some, perchance, were not in his embrace,—  
 He flies the wretched, wheresoe'er the place.

But now comes on my horror-stricken tale!  
 Shrink back my muse! no wonder that you fail!  
 A scene like this can never be portrayed!  
 O, come, ye Nine, and lend your tuneful aid:  
 When nought was heard except the ocean's dash;  
 None thought of danger till they heard the crash!  
 Tremendous! then simultaneous prayers and cries  
 Ascend at once to Him, who rules the skies.



In frantic agony, a mother wild  
Clasps to her breast a dear and only child,—  
He lifts his hands, and, with imploring eye,  
Cries, "*Mother, mother, must we, must we die?*"  
Alas! the mother has not power to save,—  
They sink together 'neath the foaming wave.

"My soul's best darling!" cries a doting wife,  
"Help, help, my husband! save, O, save my life!  
And our sweet child! O, God of heaven, save!"—  
They sink together while they mercy crave.

An urchin boy clings to his father's side:  
His curly locks all dripping with the tide,—  
"What is it, father? tell me, do, I pray,  
And O! dear father, do not go away."  
"I'll leave thee not, my son, my joy and pride,"—  
And the rude billows could not them divide.

The maiden fair, the youth, the hoary head,  
All lie promiscuous in their coral bed;  
Some few were saved to tell the mournful tale  
Of those whose loss so many hearts bewail.  
And where's the moral? cannot we discern?  
Have we that useful lesson yet to learn,  
That God is just? and we're at His command,  
Who holds the mighty waters in his hand?  
And, though his judgments are above our sight  
'T is ours to bow, and own His ways are right.

## LOSS OF THE STEAMER MONMOUTH,

On the Mississippi River, on her Passage from New Orleans for Arkansas River, October 31, 1837: by which Melancholy Catastrophe upwards of Three Hundred Emigrating Indians were drowned.

THE steamboat MONMOUTH left New Orleans for Arkansas River, with upwards of six hundred Indians on board, a portion of the emigrant Creek tribe, who were removing west under direction of the United States' government. In travelling up the Mississippi, through Prophet Island Bend, the steamer encountered the ship Trenton, towed by the steamer Warren, descending the river. It was rather dark, being near 8 o'clock in the evening,—and, through the mismanagement of the officers, a collision took place between the two vessels. The cabin of the Monmouth, shortly after, parted from the hull, drifting some distance down the stream, when it broke into two parts, and emptied all within it into the river. There were six hundred and eleven Indians on board, but three hundred of whom were rescued. The bar-keepers and a fireman were the only persons attached to the Monmouth who lost their lives.

The disaster was chiefly owing to the neglect of the officers of the Monmouth. She was running in a part of the stream, where, by the usages of the river, and the rules of the Mississippi navigation, she had no right to go, and where, of course, the descending vessel did not expect to meet her. Here is another evidence of the gross carelessness of a class of men to whose charge we often commit our lives and property.

This unfortunate event is one in which every citizen of our country must feel a melancholy interest. Bowing before the superiority of their conquerors, these men were removed from their homes by the policy of our government. On their way to the spot selected by the white man for their residence,—reluctantly leaving the graves of their fathers, and the homes of their childhood, in obedience to the requisitions of a race before whom they seem doomed to become extinct,—an accident, horrible and unanticipated, brought death upon *three hundred* at once. Had they died, as the savage would die, upon the battle-field, in defence of his rights, and in the wars of his tribe, death had possessed little or no horror for them. But, in the full confidence of safety purchased by the concession and the compromise of all their savage chivalry, confined in a vessel strange to their habits, and dying by a death strange and ignoble to their natures, the victims of a catastrophe they could neither foresee nor resist,—their last moments of life, (for thought has the activity of lightning in extremity,) must have been embittered by conflicting emotions,—horrible, indeed: regret at their submission; indignation at what seemed to them wilful treachery, and impotent threatenings of revenge upon the pale-faces, may have maddened their dying hour.



## ESCAPE OF THE CONSTITUTION,

In a Tremendous Gale on Lake Erie, October, 1837; wherein is shown the Coolness and Intrepidity of the Engineer of the Boat.

ONE of the most thrilling incidents on record, took place on board the steamboat CONSTITUTION, during an awful gale on Lake Erie. It tends to show the heroism and strength of nerve of which humanity is sometimes capable. We copy from an account written shortly after the occurrence.

“In that fearful night, the steamboat Constitution, Capt. Appleby, was out amidst the terrors of the gale. By the glimpse caught at intervals, when the fitful storm for a moment broke away, the anxious and watchful commander was made aware of the critical situation of his boat, which was rapidly drifting in—under the hurricane power of the gale, which blew almost directly across the lake—toward the dangerous reef, from which escape would have been impossible. He went directly to the engineer, and ordered on ‘more steam.’ The reply of the engineer was, that there was already as much on as the boilers would safely bear.

“Again did the captain seek the deck, to see if his laboring boat was making headway, and again returned to the engine-room. He explained to the engineer their hazardous situation, and told him all hope was lost, if no more headway could be gained, but left the engineer to act his discretion in the crisis. A moment of reflection, and his decision was made. Life or death hung on the issue. Certain destruction awaited the boat and her devoted crew, in a few

brief minutes, if they did not gain upon the driving storm. This might be averted, if the boilers, already crowded to a fearful pressure, could yet bear a heavier strain,—and that he determined to *try*. True, the awful horrors of an explosion were vividly before him,—the mangled limbs, the scorched and lifeless bodies, the death-shrieks and the groans of the hapless victims, were before his eyes, and on his ear. The alternative was a fearful one, yet it must be resorted to.

“He coolly directed the heads of two barrels of oil to be broken in; the furnaces were rapidly fed with wood dipped in the highly inflammable liquid, while two men, with ladles, dashed the oil into the flames. The intense heat which these combustibles created generated steam with the rapidity of lightning; and soon the resistless vapor forced up the safety-valve, and issued forth with tremendous violence, its sharp hissing being heard above the wild uproar of the waters and the storm.

“With a desperate and determined courage, which equals the most daring heroism that the page of history has ever recorded, the engineer *sat down upon the lever of the safety-valve*, to confine and raise the steam to the necessary power required to propel the boat against the drifting waves! In this awful situation he calmly remained, until the prodigious effort of the engine had forced the boat sufficiently off shore to be beyond the threatened danger.

“This intrepid act was not a rash and vain-glorious attempt to gain the applause of a multitude by a fool-hardy exposure of life, in some racing excursion; it was not the deed of a drunken and reckless man, wickedly heedless of the safety of those whose lives were periled,—but it was the self-possessed and determined courage of one whose firmness is worthy of all admiration. We give it as it was told to us, as one of those frequent scenes of real life, whose actual realities are indeed ‘stranger than fiction.’”







Conflagration of the Royal Tar

## CONFLAGRATION OF THE ROYAL TAR,

In Penobscot Bay, while on her Passage from St. John, N. B., to Portland, Me., October 25, 1836; by which Melancholy Event there were Thirty-Two Lives lost, and a Menagerie of Wild Animals destroyed.

THE steamboat ROYAL TAR, commanded by Captain Reed, left St. John, N. B., for Portland, on the 21st, with from ninety to one hundred persons on board, including the crew. On deck were an elephant, two camels, several horses, and a number of animals in cages, composing a travelling menagerie.

On the 25th of October, when crossing Penobscot Bay, and about two miles off the entrance of Fox Island Thoroughfare, it was found that the water was out of the boilers; and, as the wind was blowing a heavy gale from the north-west at the time, it was deemed necessary to anchor the boat for the purpose of filling them. In about half an hour after, at 2 o'clock, P. M., she was discovered to be on fire near the coal-room. The engineer, with fifteen others, immediately jumped into the largest boat, and made for the nearest land, which they reached in safety in about four hours.

The passengers were assembled, and on the point of sitting down to dinner, when it was first announced to them that the boat was on fire. For some time previous to this the crew had been engaged in unavailing efforts to extinguish it without giving the alarm. Had an earlier alarm been given, there is not much doubt, as many of the passengers were experienced men, that the fire might possibly have been

subdued; or, at least, that the destruction of the boat might have been attended with much less loss of life and property. As it now was, however, all efforts to extinguish the flames seemed useless, and the only apparent hope of escape was to run the boat on shore. For this purpose the cable was slipped; and the fore-sail having been consumed, a jib, the only available sail, was hoisted, but, the gale continuing, and the flames increasing with frightful rapidity, it was almost immediately destroyed; the tiller ropes, at the same time were burnt away, when the vessel came broadside to the wind; and being thus loosed from her moorings, without steam or sail, or power to guide the helm, she began to drift rapidly to sea.

The captain, in the mean time, had secured the only remaining boat, and taken a position at a little distance to the windward, while some two or three of the gentlemen passengers, who were good swimmers, swam for it, and were taken in by him. Two of the boats had been left at St. John, to afford room on the deck for the caravan of animals; thus depriving the passengers of a part of the usual means of escape in case of necessity. An attempt was made to put overboard a large omnibus, which might have facilitated the escape of many, but its great weight (nearly two tons) rendered it impracticable to be done.

The fire continued rapidly to gain; and the scene at this time was truly terrific: the devouring element had spread nearly from stem to stern, and the passengers who yet remained, among whom were several women and children, were driven overboard by the flames, some throwing their infants over, and leaping after them, while others, both male and female, secured ropes to the vessel, and lowered themselves over the side; but this precaution was rendered unavailing to many, by the ropes being burnt off. One man, having secured a quantity of silver dollars to his person, lowered himself to the water's edge, with the intention of seizing a spar, but no sooner had he let go his hold,

than, owing to the weight of the silver, he sunk to rise no more.

A small place forward, which, being to the windward, had not yet taken fire, was crowded with the survivors, as well as the bowsprit and bobstay. Those on the quarter-deck were forced over by the intense heat, and such as survived hung to the davit tackles, and to the chains and ropes attached to the rudder. Many were suspended on ropes secured on deck, but, as the flames reached their frail dependence, they were precipitated into the sea, and perished.

Six horses, belonging to the caravan, were backed overboard; three of them instinctively swam towards the nearest land; the other three swam around the boat until they sank exhausted. A large elephant, belonging to the menagerie, having retreated to that part of the boat which the fire had not reached, mounted his fore feet upon the rail, in which position he remained till about 4 o'clock, apparently calculating, with the characteristic sagacity of the animal, the prospects of escape, until it became too hot for him, when he leaped overboard, carrying with him, as he slid down the vessel's side, several of the passengers who were still clinging there. His immense weight probably carried him to the bottom ere he rose, as he re-appeared, after some time, at a considerable distance. This animal also instinctively swam towards the nearest land; but, as the boat was by this time drifted four or five miles out to sea, he must have perished. The rest of the menagerie, consisting of lions, tigers, and other animals of a like nature, were allowed to become a prey to the flames, as, on account of their ferocity, it was deemed dangerous to loose them.

Immediately after the discovery of the fire, a signal of distress was hoisted, which, fortunately, was soon discovered by the United States Revenue Cutter, stationed at Castine, then four or five miles to windward, which bore down to their relief. The persons in the small boat with Captain Reed, were then put on board



the cutter, and the captain commenced taking off those who yet clung to the ill-fated steamer. The cutter, unfortunately, had no boat sufficiently large to render assistance in taking off the sufferers; and, as Lieutenant Dyer did not deem it prudent to approach very near the wreck, on account of his vessel being an armed one, fearing the fire might communicate to his powder, (!) the work of rescue was slow.

Captain Reed, however, firmly and resolutely persevered, though it was with some difficulty that he could obtain an efficient boat's crew to approach the wreck, they fearing that the elephant would come overboard and destroy the boat. The last boat left the wreck a little before sunset, with one solitary frantic female, the last on board, whose sister and child had both perished before her eyes.

The prompt and praiseworthy decision of Captain Reed, in securing the boat, was the only means by which the life of a single individual remaining on board the boat could have been saved. The cutter landed the survivors about 8 o'clock, P. M., at Isle au Haut, where they received the most hospitable treatment from the inhabitants.

The steamboat continued to drift to sea, and the light of the conflagration was visible till 9 o'clock in the evening, when it suddenly disappeared, and the boat was supposed to have sunk; being about twenty miles from the place where she took fire.

The whole number of passengers on board the Royal Tar was eighty-five, of whom twenty-eight were lost,—twenty males and eight females. Four persons attached to the boat were also lost, making thirty-two in all. Annexed is a list of those who were lost:—

Dennis O'Brien.  
 Fanny O'Brien  
 Mary Burne, (stewardess.)  
 Mary Caton.

Charles Curtain.  
 Mary Curtain, and child.  
 Peggy Cochran.  
 Edward C. Curtis.

Mary Dorrrough.	Thomas Mehony.
John Day, (boat hand.)	William Prince.
Charles Ford, (boat hand.)	Nicholas Phremba.
Mary Hickley.	John Ryan.
John Hogan.	John Siller.
Mary Hogan.	Mary Smith, and child.
Eliza Hogan.	Sarah Smith.

There were also William, a boy; an old lady; a child; and four others, whose names are unknown.

We give all the names of those saved, we have been able to collect:—

John Ansley, St. John.	John Lowry, Charlestown.
Capt. Atkins, (pilot,) and son.	E. H. Mahlman, Charlestown.
W. Black, (mate.)	Miles Mamply, Frederickton.
E. Brown, (steward.)	William Marjoram.
Joshua Burgess, Boston.	N. Marshall, (engineer.)
Ezra H. Carron, Amesbury.	W. M'Faggon, (colored boy.)
William Cipp, New York.	John M'Keely, (boat hand.)
John Dayton, Exeter.	Oliver M'Glirkey, Gorham.
George Eaton, St. Andrews.	Oliver H. Patten, Greenfield.
Captain Fowler.	Stimson Patten, St. John.
Cornelius Fuller, Boston.	Captain Reed.
H. H. Fuller, Bedford.	William Sherwood, British
H. R. Fuller, Bedford.	Consul, Portland.
Andrew Garrison, St. John.	Edward Stephens, New York.
John Gousan, Lowell.	Capt. Waite, Portland.
Capt. J. Hammond, East	J. W. Wentworth, Oswego.
Greenwich.	G. Willaughway, England.
George Hodges, Boston.	Henry R. Wheeler, Oxford.
Mary Linton, St. Andrews.	

There was but one person burnt, of the whole number lost; the remaining thirty-one met an easier death in the bosom of the yawning deep. The person burnt was an aged Irish woman, who was not seen on deck at all.

Captain Waite, of Portland, held on to a rope until it was burnt off; he then swam to the rudder, got his arm into the chain, and, for an hour and a half, thus sustained himself and a lady and a gentleman,—hold-

ing the former by her hand, while the latter held on to his leg.

The animals composing the menagerie consisted of one elephant, two dromedaries, two lions, one leopard, one gnu, one Bengal tiger, with various smaller animals; connected with which was Burgess's collection of serpents and birds, and Dexter's locomotive museum.

We give some other statements connected with this fatal accident, which will be found to possess interest.

The Royal Tar had been four days out, having experienced contrary winds. The chief engineer had been up all night, and was in his berth, and the engine was under the direction of Mr. Marshall, the second engineer, who, at the time of the disaster, had entrusted the care to a fireman, who was acting as his assistant. The son of the pilot discovered that the lowest cock refused to yield water, which indicated a deficiency. The lad told his father, who notified Marshall, but the latter disregarded the information, and gave both pilot and boy to understand that he knew his own business best. In a few minutes the empty boiler became red-hot, and ignited a couple of wedges placed on it to aid in supporting the elephant.

The moment Captain Reed looked down the grating, he perceived that the utter destruction of the steamer was inevitable, and gave orders to slip the anchor, hoist distress signals, and let down the boats. He took charge of the first, and lay alongside a few minutes, and then took on board as many passengers as she could carry. Sixteen others jumped in, pell mell, into the long boat, hanging to the cranks, and cut the ropes and let her go. At this moment the Revenue Cutter rounded Fox Island. The hands on board Captain Reed's small boat, when the cutter was first descried, refused to pull for her, as it was against the wind. He, however, peremptorily commanded their obedience, exclaiming—"I was captain of the big boat,

and I will be captain of the small one; and if any one refuses to run for the cutter, I'll throw him overboard."

The schooner soon perceived the condition of the steamer, and bore down towards her with a fair wind, but dared not to approach very near, as she had powder on board. The captain of the cutter was not on board, and, for a time, Captain Reed seized her helm. He then returned to the steamer, in his boat, and took another freight. The pilot of the cutter was despatched with her gig, but though he passed under her stern, within thirty feet, and saw the perishing creatures hanging to the ropes, and calling on him to come near enough to take them off, he was so much terrified that he returned without a single soul!

Captain Reed, in his letter to the agent of the company, thus remarked: "I have no blame to attach to anybody as regards the fire. Had our fire-engine been on deck, we could have put the fire out easily. It is a great oversight, having a fire-engine to work below."

Mr. H. H. Fuller, a gentleman connected with the menagerie, thus related the account of the perils he had passed through:—

"Immediately after she came to anchor, fire was discovered around the whole space occupied by the boiler, below the deck. Those who first became aware of the fact, fled to the boats. At this time, I was sick in my berth; my attention was first called to the fact, that something unusual had taken place, by observing that every person but myself had left the cabin. When I reached the deck, I saw the long-boat, full of people, a quarter of a mile to the leeward; they were rowing hard, and were soon out of sight. The small boat, in which was Captain Reed, who took possession of it to prevent its following the long-boat to the leeward, lay about fifty yards astern; three persons swam off, and were taken into her, though the wind was then blowing a gale, and a tre-



mendous sea was running. He then bore away for the land to windward, about two miles.

“At this time a great many persons jumped overboard and were drowned. The screams of women and children, the horrid yells of the men, the roaring of the storm, and the awful confusion, baffle description. The pilot, Captain Atkins, of Portland, and the mate, Mr. Black, of St. John, with the assistance of those who still had their senses, after hoisting a signal of distress, slipped the cable and made sail. The sails, however, caught fire, and were soon burnt. The steamer then broached to, and was shortly completely enveloped in flames amidships. The fire interrupted all communication between the fore and aft; and neither those in the bows, nor those in the stern, could see or know the fate of each other. All but myself fled from the quarter-deck. I sat on the stern rail, till my coat took fire. I looked round, and seeing not a soul around me in the boat, I fastened a rope to the tiller chain, and dropped over the stern, where I found about fifteen others hanging in different places, mostly in the water. In fact, the water washed over all of us almost every minute.

“While holding on, I saw several drown; some were beaten from their hold by the waves, and some falling into the sea for want of strength to sustain themselves any longer. I had fastened my rope to the chain, which was again fastened by iron bolts, which held out against the fire much longer than the other parts, to which many were suspended. I wound the rope round my neck and thigh; and was enabled to bear up the additional weight of three men and a lady, who hung securely to me. Not far from me hung Captain Atkins, the pilot: he held up a lady with his feet; her arms failed her at last, but he caught her with his feet, and held her full five minutes, till a sea washed her off, and she drifted by; a kind wave threw her up against an Irishman, hanging on my left, and she seized hold of him, and as-



sisted, perhaps, by our encouraging, and the Irishman's also, she kept up.

“When the cutter's boat passed under our stern, Atkins and I begged for God's sake that she would take those two, even if they left us, as we thought we could weather it a little longer. The gig passed within six feet of those two, who, we expected, would be lost every minute. The officer of the gig was afraid, and left them and us to our fate. We were all saved—that is, the lady, the Irishman, the pilot, and those attached to my person—by Captain Reed, in his small boat, and conveyed to the cutter. She was not in sight when I first went on deck. I had been in the water, beating about under the stern, two hours before I was taken off.

“I cannot conclude this statement without expressing my deep conviction that the course pursued by Captain Reed was the only one which could have rescued those who were saved, after the long-boat put off to leeward. Captain Reed saved, by making trips in his small boat, all who were preserved after that injudicious movement.”

The following interesting statement was furnished by Mr. William Marjoram, one of the surviving passengers:—

“At 2 o'clock, P. M., the engineer reported to the captain that the water was all out of the boiler: the captain immediately ordered the anchor to be let go, without first ascertaining whether there was any danger of the boiler being red-hot, which was then the case. Some men were then sent down to pump water into it. In a few minutes, the black boy came running on deck, crying out, ‘*Fire.*’ Captain Reed was heard to tell him to hold his tongue. The boats were immediately lowered; fifteen got into one, and Captain Reed and four men into the other, and both rowed towards the shore. The scene was now truly awful—men, women, and children, running in all directions, with their clothes in their hands. In consequence of

of seeing the captain leave the boat, they became paralyzed. The fire was now raging through the decks; the mate gave orders to slip the cable. The jib was now hoisted, and the mainsail partly got up; but such was the confusion on board that it was impossible to obey the order. Several were by this time seen some distance from the boat, on pieces of wood, and, I fear, were drowned.

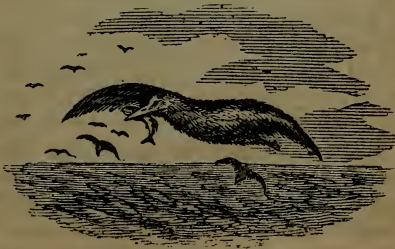
As the fire raged, the scene became truly awful. Men, women, and children, were seen taking their last farewell of each other; some lashing boxes to their backs, loaded with dollars; and some casting their property into the sea. A sail was at last seen from behind the land, which, on heaving in sight, bore away for us. The boat Captain Reed was in immediately made for us: all eyes were now directed on her as the only hope to rescue them from a watery grave. Several, by this time, had caught fire, and jumped into the sea; and some were holding on to the stern. The fire had now taken possession of the waist, and prevented any communication to the stern. I recollect passing over the cages of wild beasts when they were on fire; and well might I say with the psalmist David, *'My soul is among lions, even those that are set on fire.'*

The cutter had now nearly reached us, and every one preparing to jump on board; but what was our consternation, when we beheld the cutter heave in stays and stand for shore! But she was boarded by Captain Reed, who put what men he had into her, and rowed for the steamer, and took some off the stern. The cutter's boat rowed round the steamer, but was afraid to come near, as was the cutter, forgetting they could have thrown their powder overboard. The boat now continued going to and from the wreck, taking the people off. I was three hours on the wreck, and was taken off by the captain. The moment I got on board of the cutter, I begged Captain Dyer to carry her alongside, but he refused; saying, the elephant would jump on board. I then requested him to sail the

cutter under the bows, and ask the keeper to lash his leg to the windlass ; but it was of no avail : he ordered me to go below, which I did for a short time.

“I again went on deck, and helped the people out of the boat as they came alongside, remarking every time that they brought no women with them. About 6 o'clock, the boat came with only three persons on board,—Mr. Brown, late steward of the boat, and a colored sailor, that belonged to the steamboat, who was the means of saving a great many lives, having been in the boat a long time. He requested me to take his place. The cutter-master said he could stay no longer. I, however, jumped into the boat, and rowed away. On reaching the wreck, there was one woman holding on the bowsprit, with a child in her arms, and another in the water, with her clothes burnt off, holding on by a piece of rope : she let go, and before I could get to her, the child was drowned ; but we saved the woman, who was nearly dead ; but, after using the means which are generally adopted, she revived.

“Such a dreadful sacrifice of life, I think, has never occurred before, through neglect and want of coolness and courage on the part of those who had the management of the boat. But let me conclude with the words of the royal Psalmist, ‘Our God shall come, and shall not keep silence ; a fire shall devour before him, and it shall be very tempestuous round about him.’”



## EXPLOSION OF THE STEAMBOAT MOSELLE,

At Cincinnati, on the Ohio River; whence she had just started on her Passage for Louisville and St. Louis, April 26, 1838; by which Awful Catastrophe nearly Two Hundred Persons lost their Lives.

THE new and elegant steamboat, MOSELLE, Captain Perry, left the wharf in Cincinnati, for Louisville and St. Louis. She was crowded with passengers, from stem to stern, principally German emigrants, bound for the latter place. With the view of taking a family on board at Fulton, about a mile and a half above the quay, the steamer proceeded up the river, and made fast to a lumber raft for that purpose. Here the family was taken on board; and, during the whole time of his detention, the captain had madly held on to all the steam that he could create, with the intention, not only of showing off to the best advantage the great speed of his boat, as it passed down the river the entire length of the city, but that he might overtake and pass another boat which had left the wharf for Louisville but a short time previous.

As the Moselle was a *new brag* boat, and had recently made several exceedingly quick trips to and from Cincinnati, it would not do to risk her popularity for speed by giving to another boat (even though that boat had the advantage of time and distance) the most remote chance of being the first to arrive at the destined port. This insane policy, this poor ambition of proprietors and captains, has almost inevitably tended to the same melancholy results. The Moselle



Explosion of the Steamboat Moselle.







had but just parted from the lumber raft, to which she had been made fast,—her wheels had scarcely made their first revolution,—when her boilers burst with an awful and astounding noise, equal to the most violent clap of thunder. The explosion was destructive and heart-rending in the extreme,—heads, limbs, and bodies, were seen flying through the air in every direction,—attended with the most horrible shrieks and groans from the wounded and dying.

The boat, at the time of the accident, was about thirty feet from the shore; it was rendered a perfect wreck; and was entirely shattered as far back as the gentlemen's cabin, and her hurricane-deck, the whole length, entirely swept away. The boat immediately began to sink, and float with a strong current down the river, at the same time receding farther from the shore,—while the passengers, who yet remained unhurt in the gentlemen's and ladies' cabins, became panic-struck, and most of them, with a fatuity which seems unaccountable, jumped into the river. Being above the ordinary business parts of the city, there were no boats at hand, except a few large and unmanageable wood-floats, which were carried to the relief of the sufferers, as soon as possible, by the few persons on the shore. Many were drowned, however, before they could be rescued, and many sunk, who were never seen afterwards. There was one little boy on the shore who was seen wringing his hands in agony, imploring those present to save his father, mother, and three sisters,—all of whom were struggling in the water, to gain the shore,—but whom the little fellow had the awful misfortune to see perish, one by one, almost within his reach; an infant child, belonging to this family, was picked up alive, floating down the river on one of the fragments of the hurricane-deck.

Nearly all on board, with the exception of those in the ladies' cabin, were killed or wounded. Most of the sufferers were among the hands of the boat and

the steerage passengers. The captain was thrown by the explosion into the street, and was picked up dead and dreadfully mangled. The pilot was hurled about a hundred feet into the air, whence he fell, and found his grave in the river; and many were the limbs and other fragments of human bodies which were found scattered about upon the river and far along the shore.

The boat sank, about fifteen minutes after the explosion, leaving nothing to be seen but her chimneys, and a small portion of her upper works.

The blame is principally attributed to the captain, who had ordered all the steam to be put upon her that could be gathered. It was stated, likewise, that her engine had been strained ever since she had commenced running; and that, had she not been one of the strongest and best built boats that plied on the river, she must inevitably have met with a similar accident before. Yet we do not deem it justice to impute *all* the blame of such disasters to the captains, while they are upheld in their recklessness, and their ambition to excel each other, at whatever risk, is excited, by the tone of public sentiment, as has been too generally evinced. A Cincinnati editor, in alluding to the Moselle, thus remarked upon this subject:—

“For this sad result, we, in part, take blame; we plead guilty, in common with other presses, of having praised the speed and power of the boat,—a circumstance which doubtless contributed to inflate the ambition of its captain and owners to excel others in rapidity. We feel confident that, if the public are to have any security against steamboat accidents, the press must change its tone. Boats must be praised for their comfort, convenience, and the care and discretion of their commanders,—but not for their speed. They will always have as much speed as their machinery will bear, without the aid of foreign excitement. Safety is better than speed.”

From an account furnished by Judge Hall, we have some interesting particulars :

“The Moselle was a new boat, intended to ply regularly between Cincinnati and St. Louis. She had made but two or three trips, but had already established a high reputation for speed ; and, as is usual in such cases, those by whom she was owned and commanded, became ambitious to have her rated as a ‘crack boat,’ and spared no pains to exalt her character. The newspapers noticed the *quick trips* of the Moselle, and passengers chose to embark in this boat in preference to others. Her captain was an enterprising young man, without much experience, bent upon gaining for his boat, at all hazards, the distinction of being the fastest upon the river, and not fully aware, perhaps, of the inevitable danger which attended this rash experiment.

“On Wednesday, the 25th of April, between 4 and 5 o’clock in the afternoon, this shocking catastrophe occurred. The boat was crowded with passengers ; and, as is usually the case on our western rivers in regard to vessels passing westerly, the largest proportion were emigrants. They were mostly deck passengers, many of whom were poor Germans, ignorant of any language but their own, and the larger portion consisted of families, comprising persons of all ages. Although not a large boat, there were eighty-five passengers in the cabin, which was a much larger number than could be comfortably accommodated ; the number of deck passengers is not exactly known, but it is estimated at between one hundred and twenty and one hundred and fifty, and the officers and crew amounted to thirty ; making in all about two hundred and sixty souls.

“It was a pleasant afternoon, and the boat, with steam raised, delayed at the wharf to increase the number—already too great—of her passengers, who continued to crowd in, singly or in companies, all anxious to hurry onwards in the first boat, or eager to

take passage in the *fast-running* Moselle. They were of all conditions—the military officer hastening to Florida to take command of his regiment—the merchant bound to St. Louis—the youth seeking a field on which to commence the career of life—and the indigent emigrant, with his wife and children, already exhausted in purse and spirits, but still pushing onward to the distant frontier.

“On leaving the wharf, the boat ran up the river about a mile, to take in some families and freight, and having touched at the shore for that purpose, for a few minutes, was about to lay her course down the river. The spot at which she thus landed was at a suburb of the city, called Fulton, and a number of persons had stopped to witness her departure, several of whom remarked, from the peculiar sound of the steam, that it had been raised to an unusual height. The crowd thus attracted—the high repute of the Moselle—and certain vague rumors which began to circulate, that the captain had determined, at every risk, to beat another boat which had just departed—all these circumstances gave an unusual *eclat* to the departure of this ill-fated vessel.

“The landing completed, the bow of the boat was shoved from the shore, when an explosion took place, by which the whole of the fore part of the vessel was literally blown up. The passengers were unhappily in the most exposed positions—on the deck, and particularly on the forward part—sharing the excitement of the spectators on shore, and anticipating the pleasure of darting rapidly past the city in the swift Moselle. The power of the explosion was unprecedented in the history of steam; its effect was like that of a mine of gunpowder. All the boilers, four in number, were simultaneously burst; the deck was blown into the air, and the human beings who crowded it hurried into instant destruction. Fragments of the boilers, and of human bodies, were thrown both to the Kentucky and the Ohio shore; and, as the boat lay near the latter, some of these helpless victims must have



been thrown a quarter of a mile. The body of Captain Perry, the master, was found, dreadfully mangled, on the nearest shore. A man was hurled with such force, that his head, with half his body, penetrated the roof of a house distant more than a hundred yards from the boat. Of the number who had crowded this beautiful boat, a few minutes before, nearly all were hurled into the air, or plunged into the water. A few, in the after part of the vessel, who were uninjured by the explosion, jumped overboard. An eye-witness says that he saw sixty or seventy in the water at one time, of whom not a dozen reached the shore.

“The news of this awful catastrophe spread rapidly through the city; thousands rushed to the spot, and the most benevolent aid was promptly extended to the sufferers,—to such, we should rather say, as were within the reach of human assistance,—for the majority had perished.”

A gentleman, who was an eye-witness, thus remarked:—“We have just returned from the scene of horror occasioned by the explosion; and the account heretofore published, instead of being in the slightest degree exaggerated, as has been intimated by a few, *falls far short of the dreadful reality*. The fragments of human bodies are now lying scattered all along the shore, and we saw the corpses of a number so mangled and torn, that they bear scarcely any resemblance to the human form.

“Fragments of the boilers, and other portions of the boat, were thrown from fifty to two hundred yards on the shore, some of them having passed entirely over the two rows of buildings on the street, and a portion of the boilers tearing away the gable end of a stable situated high up the steep hill in the rear of the houses, at least two hundred yards from the boat. Other parts of the boat were driven through a large house on the street, entering by the windows on one side, and passing out at the other.

“We conversed with Mr. Broadwell, the agent of the boat, who said, positively, that there were *ninety-five* deck passengers, whose names were entered on the boat's register at Pittsburg, and at other towns on the river above Cincinnati. Here then were *one hundred and thirty passengers* that must have been on board, exclusive of the very large number who subsequently took passage at Cincinnati. The boat was unusually crowded, and the agent stated that the whole number on board, at the time of the accident, could have been but little, if any, short of *three hundred*. From the best information we can gather, it does not appear that more than thirty or forty of this number are known to have been rescued. It is, therefore, probable, that the whole number drowned or destroyed is upwards of *two hundred*.

“It is impossible that any accurate detail of the dead and missing can ever be made, or the precise number ascertained. A very large portion of them were deck passengers, whose humble sphere in life will doubtless preclude the possibility of their names ever being discovered.”

One, who was on board at the time, stated that an engineer, who had landed, cried out to those on board, that they had too much steam, and must look out or they would blow up; on which he and his companion walked to the stern of the boat, by which means they luckily escaped the explosion which took place almost immediately. He then went to the ladies' cabin, and found everything in confusion; but, in the midst of all, two of the ladies were, with cool fortitude, laboring to assist the rest. But the wreck of the boat, and the escape of those who lost neither life nor friends, were as nothing compared with the touching scenes in which were seen the wounded, the dying, and dis-severed friends. Here lay a father, partially deranged, with a scalded child on one side, a dead daughter upon another, and a wounded wife at his

feet. One man had saved a son, and lost a wife and five children; others had lost their whole families.

One gentleman, who was wounded, was seeking his wife and children—while, happily, they, on the other side of the crowd, were in search of him, and thus unexpectedly, they were re-united. Unexpectedly indeed!—of all the numerous families, alive to every impression of pleasure and hope, and happy in the confidence of present security and comfort, who but a short time since had crowded the deck of this ill-fated steamer,—of all these, was it not a miracle that one small group should have been preserved, who were left not entirely miserable! It was but a solitary ray of light struggling amid overwhelming darkness—amid the mental gloom and horror created by this frightful disaster.

A female passenger, who had been saved, seemed inconsolable for the loss of her relations. To every question put to her, she would exclaim, “O, my father! my mother! my sisters!” A little boy, about four or five years of age, whose head was much bruised, appeared regardless of his wounds, but cried continually for a lost father; while another lad, a little older, was weeping for his whole family. A touching display of maternal affection was evinced by a lady, who, on being brought to the shore, clasped her hands and exclaimed, “Thank God, I am safe!” but, instantly recollecting herself, ejaculated in a voice of piercing agony, “Where is my child?” The infant which had been saved was brought to her, and she fainted at the sight of it. It was her own.

We extract the following from the report of the committee, relative to the tremendous force of the steam:—

“Of the immense force exerted in this explosion, there is abundant evidence; still, in this extraordinary occurrence in the history of steam, I deem it important to be particular in noting the facts, and for that

purpose I have made some measurements and calculations. The boat was one hundred and sixteen feet from the water's edge, one hundred and ninety-two from the top of the bank, which was forty-three feet in perpendicular height above the water.

“The situations of projected bodies ascertained were as follows:—Part of the body of a man, thrown nearly horizontally into a skiff, at the water's edge, one hundred and sixteen feet; the body of the captain, thrown nearly to the top of the bank, two hundred feet; the body of a man, thrown through the roof of a house, at the distance of one hundred and twelve feet, and fifty-nine feet above the water's edge; a portion of the boiler, containing about sixty square feet, and weighing about four hundred and fifty pounds, thrown one hundred and seventy feet, and about two thirds of the way up the bank; a second portion of the boiler, of about thirty-five square feet, and weighing about two hundred and forty-five pounds, thrown four hundred and fifty feet on the hill side, and seventy feet in altitude; a third portion of the boiler, twenty-one square feet, one hundred and forty-seven pounds, thrown three hundred and thirty feet, into a tan-yard; a fourth portion, of forty-eight square feet, and weighing three hundred and thirty-six pounds, thrown four hundred and eighty feet, into the garret of the backshop of a tan-yard, having broken down the roof and driven out the gable-end. The last portion must have been thrown to a very great height, as it had entered the roof at an angle of at least sixty degrees.

“A fifth portion, weighing two hundred and thirty-six pounds, went obliquely up the river eight hundred feet, and, passing over the houses, landed on the sidewalk, the bricks of which had been broken and driven deeply into the ground by it. This portion had encountered some individual in its course, as it came stained with blood. Such was the situation of the houses that it must have fallen at an angle as high as forty-five degrees. It has been stated, that bodies of



persons were projected quite across the river into Kentucky. I can find no evidence of the truth of this: on the contrary, Mr. Kerr informs me, that he made inquiries of the people on the opposite shore, and 'could not learn that any thing was seen to fall farther than half way across the river,' which is at that place about sixteen hundred feet wide."

A public meeting was held at the council-chamber in Cincinnati, at which the mayor presided, when the facts of this melancholy occurrence were discussed, and committees appointed to seek out the sufferers, and to render all possible assistance. A communication was read from the clerk of the boat, stating that there were about two hundred and eighty persons on board, eighty-six of whom were cabin passengers.

The funeral obsequies of nineteen of the victims of this fatal explosion took place at Cincinnati on the following Sabbath. A spectator of the scene thus wrote:—

"As the calamity was peculiar and transcendent in its horrors, so were the funeral obsequies solemn and imposing beyond any thing we have ever seen. At 3 o'clock, upon the first toll of the bell, every place of business was closed. It is believed there was no exception. Apparently the whole city was a moving mass to the foot of Broadway, where the procession was forming.

"The deceased, enclosed in proper coffins, were placed in the hearses of the city, which not being sufficient to convey the whole, the necessary number of carriages were added. When the procession was prepared to move, the contiguous approaches of the intersecting streets were literally choked with one crowded jam of human beings. Among all these no word was spoken, no look of levity was indulged. The universal feeling was too deep for any such sensation to be felt.

"The progress of the procession, so vast in number,



so solemn in manner, made every where, on its line of movement, the deepest impression. Sad and sorrowful faces, hundreds of them bedewed with tears, crowded to windows, doors, and all places of observation.

“The interment took place in the public burial-ground, and, at this last act of respect and kindness that can be performed by the living to the dead, some most touching scenes occurred. Those to be deposited in their last earthly rest were all strangers. Some of them were members of the same family, and, in one or two instances, surviving relations were present. One mother, a German, cast herself upon the coffin of her two only children, in agonies seldom witnessed. But we must omit a detail of such scenes.

“The impressive funeral service of the Episcopal church was read by the Rev. Mr. Brooke, and a brief but most pertinent and affecting address made by the Rev. Mr. Schon. Our narration here ends. We presume not to break its effect with any reflections.”



## EXPLOSION OF THE HELEN M'GREGOR,

While stopping to land Passengers at Memphis. Tennessee, February 24, 1830; by which Disaster upwards of Forty Persons lost their Lives.

THE following interesting narrative was written by a gentleman, who was passenger on board the HELEN M'GREGOR:—

“On the morning of the 24th of February, the Helen M'Gregor stopped at Memphis, to deliver freight and land a number of passengers who resided in that section of Tennessee. The time occupied in so doing could not have exceeded three quarters of an hour. While the boat was thus detained, I went ashore to see a gentleman with whom I had some business. I found him on the beach, and, after a short conversation, returned to the boat. I recollect looking at my watch as I passed the gangway. It was half past 8 o'clock. A great number of persons were standing on what is called the boiler-deck,—being that part of the upper deck situated immediately over the boilers. It was crowded to excess, and presented one dense mass of human bodies.

“In a few minutes we sat down to breakfast in the cabin. The table, although extending the whole length of the cabin, was completely filled, there being upwards of sixty cabin passengers, among whom were several ladies and children. The number of passengers on board, deck and cabin united, was between four and five hundred. I had almost finished my breakfast, when the pilot rung his bell for the engineer

to put his machinery in motion. The boat having just shoved off, I was in the act of raising my cup to my lip, the tingling of the pilot bell yet on my ear, when I heard an explosion, resembling the discharge of a small piece of artillery. The report was perhaps louder than usual in such cases, for an exclamation was half uttered by me that the gun was well loaded, when the rushing sound of steam, and the rattling of glass in some of the cabin windows checked my speech, and too well told what had occurred. I almost involuntarily bent my head and body down to the floor, —a vague idea seemed to shoot across my mind that more than one boiler might burst, and that, by assuming this posture, the destroying matter would pass over without touching me.

“The general cry of ‘a boiler has burst,’ resounded from one end of the table to the other; and, as if by a simultaneous movement, all started on their feet. Then commenced a general race to the ladies’ cabin, which lay more toward the stern of the boat. All regard to order, or deference to sex, seemed to be lost in the struggle for which should be first and farthest removed from the dreaded boilers. The danger had already passed away! I remained standing by the chair on which I had been previously sitting. Only one person or two staid in the cabin with me. As yet not more than half a minute had elapsed since the explosion; but, in that brief space, how had the scene changed! In that ‘drop of time’ what confusion, distress, and dismay! An instant before, and all were in the quiet repose of security; another, and they were overwhelmed with alarm and consternation. It is but justice to say, that, in this scene of terror, the ladies exhibited a degree of firmness worthy of all praise. No screaming, no fainting; their fears, when uttered, were for their husbands and children, not for themselves.

“I advanced from my position to one of the cabin doors, for the purpose of inquiring who were injured,

when, just as I reached it, a man entered at the opposite one, both his hands covering his face, and exclaiming, 'O God! O God! I am lost! I am ruined!' He immediately began to tear off his clothes. When stripped, he presented a most shocking and afflicting spectacle: his face was entirely black; his body without a particle of skin. He had been flayed alive. He gave me his name and place of abode—then sunk in a state of exhaustion and agony on the floor. I assisted in placing him on a mattress taken from one of the berths, and covered him with blankets. He complained of heat and cold as at once oppressing him. He bore his torments with a manly fortitude, yet a convulsive shriek would occasionally burst from him. His wife, his children, were his constant theme: it was hard to die without seeing them; it was hard to go without bidding them one farewell! Oil and cotton were applied to his wounds, but he soon became insensible to earthly misery.

"Before I had done attending to him, the whole floor of the cabin was covered with unfortunate sufferers. Some bore up under the horrors of their situation with a degree of resolution amounting to heroism. Others were wholly overcome by the sense of pain, the suddenness of the fatal disaster, and the near approach of death. Some implored us, as an act of humanity, to complete the work of destruction, and free them from present suffering. And there was one who entreated the presence of a clergyman to pray for him, declaring he was not fit to die. On every side were to be heard groans and mingled exclamations of grief and despair.

"To add to the confusion, persons were every moment running about to learn the fate of their friends and relatives,—fathers, sons, brothers,—for, in this scene of unmixed calamity, it was impossible to say who were saved, or who had perished. The countenances of many were so much disfigured as to be past recognition. My attention, after some time, was



particularly drawn toward a poor fellow who lay unnoticed on the floor, without uttering a single word of complaint. He was at a little distance, removed from the rest. He was not much scalded, but one of his thighs was broken, and a principal artery had been severed, from which the blood was gushing rapidly. He betrayed no displeasure at the apparent neglect with which he was treated,—he was perfectly calm. I spoke to him; he said he was very weak; he felt himself going,—it would soon be over. A gentleman ran for one of the physicians; he came, and declared that, if expedition were used, he might be preserved by amputating the limb; but that, to effect this, it would be necessary to remove him from the boat.

“Unfortunately, the boat was not sufficiently near to run a plank ashore. We were obliged to wait until it could be close-hauled. We then placed him on a mattress, and bore him to the guards; there we were detained some time, from the cause I have mentioned. Never did any thing appear to me so slow as the movements of those engaged in hauling the boat. I knew, and he knew, that delay was death,—that life was fast ebbing. I could not take my gaze from his face,—there, all was coolness and resignation; no word or gesture indicative of impatience escaped him. He perceived, by my loud and perhaps angry tone of voice, how much I was excited by what I thought the barbarous slowness of those around: he begged me not to take so much trouble,—that they were doing their best. At length we got him on shore,—it was too late: he was too much exhausted, and died immediately after the amputation.

“As soon as I was relieved from attending on those in the cabin, I went to examine that part of the boat where the boilers had burst. It was a complete wreck—a picture of destruction. It bore ample testimony of the tremendous force of that power which the ingenuity of man has brought to his aid. The steam had given every thing a whitish hue,—the boilers



were displaced,—the deck had fallen down,—the machinery was broken and disordered. Bricks, dirt, and rubbish were scattered about. Close by the bowsprit was a large rent, through which, I was told, the boiler, after exploding, had passed out, carrying one or two men in its mouth. Several dead bodies were lying around; their fate had been an enviable one, compared with that of others,—they could scarcely have been conscious of a pang ere they had ceased to be.

“The number of lives lost will, in all probability, never be distinctly known. Many were seen flung into the river, most of whom sunk to rise no more. Could the survivors have been kept together until the list of passengers was called, the precise loss would have been ascertained; that, however, though it had been attempted, would, under the circumstances, have been impossible.

“Judging from the crowd which I saw on the boiler-deck immediately before the explosion, and the statement which I received as to the number of those who succeeded in swimming out after they were cast into the river, I am inclined to believe that between forty and fifty must have perished.

“The cabin passengers escaped, owing to the peculiar construction of the boat. Just behind the boilers were several large iron posts, supporting, I think, the boiler-deck: across each post was a large circular plate of iron, of between one and two inches in thickness. One of these posts was placed exactly opposite the head of the boiler which burst, being the second one on the starboard side. Against this plate the head struck, and penetrated to the depth of an inch, then broke and flew off at an angle, entering a cotton bale to the depth of a foot. The boiler head was in point blank range with the breakfast-table in the cabin, and, had it not been obstructed by the iron post, must have made a clear sweep of those who were seated at the table.

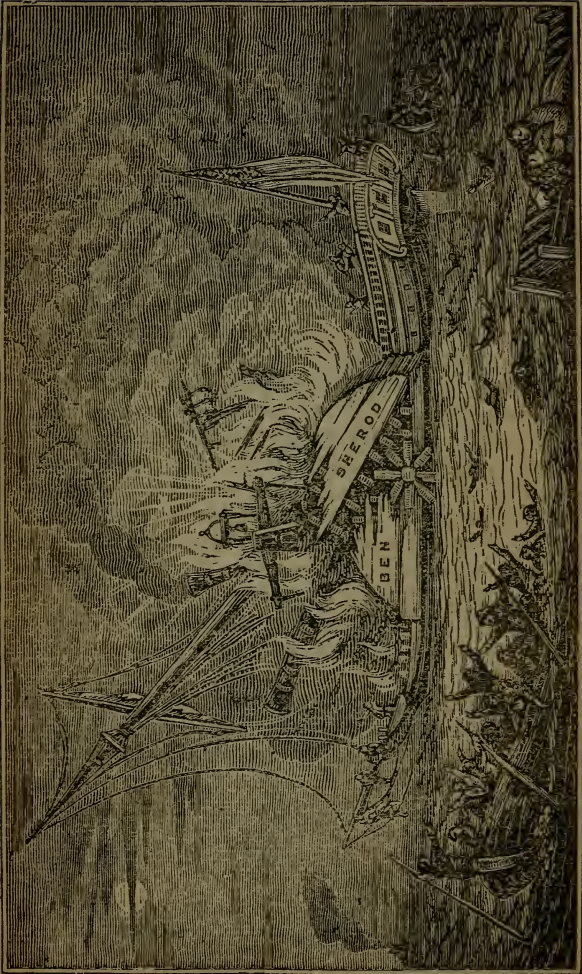
“To render any satisfactory account of the cause

which produced the explosion can hardly be expected from one who possesses no scientific or practical knowledge on the subject, and who, previously thereto, was paying no attention to the management of the boat. The captain appeared to be very active and diligent in attending to his duty. He was on the boiler-deck when the explosion occurred; was materially injured by that event, and must have been ignorant of the mismanagement, if any there was.

“From the engineer alone could the true explanation be afforded; and if, indeed, it was really attributable to negligence, it can scarcely be supposed he will lay the blame on himself. If I might venture a suggestion in relation thereto, I would assign the following causes:—That the water in the starboard boiler had become low in consequence of that side of the boat resting upon the ground during our stay at Memphis; that the fires were kept up some time before we shoved off; that the head which burst had been cracked for a considerable length of time; and that the boiler was extremely heated, and the water, thrown in when the boat was again in motion, was at once converted into steam, and the flues not being sufficiently large to carry it off as quickly as it was generated, nor the boiler head of a strength capable of resisting its action, the explosion was a natural result.

“I assume this proposition to be correct—that, in every case where a boiler bursts, it is fair to infer that it proceeded from neglect, until the contrary shall be proved.”





Conflagration and Explosion of the Ben Sherod.

## DESTRUCTION OF THE BEN SHEROD,

By Fire and Explosion, on the Mississippi River, while on her Passage from New Orleans for Louisville, May 8, 1837; by which Terrible Catastrophe nearly Two Hundred Persons lost their Lives.

THE steamer BEN SHEROD, Captain Castleman, left New Orleans on Sunday morning, May 7, bound to Louisville; and on the night of the 9th, when about thirty miles below Natchez, she was discovered to be on fire, and in a few minutes after, the whole boat was enveloped in flames.

Being in the stream, and her wheel-ropes burnt off, it was impossible to run her ashore; and no alternative was left to the persons on board, but to jump into the water, and attempt to save themselves by swimming, or floating on such articles as they could find, or to perish in the flames. In the confusion and alarm, many, who could not swim, sprang overboard, without taking the precaution to provide themselves with a plank or box, and were drowned; but many more, it is feared, were burnt to death.

So rapid was the spread of the fire, and so destitute were those on board of all means of escape, that nothing could be saved, not even the register of the boat; thus rendering it impossible to state with certainty how many were lost, or what were their names.

The fire is believed to have originated from the fuel being piled up near the boiler. The story of the disaster was related to us by a young man, who was a cabin passenger: it is awfully interesting, and his own escape almost miraculous. When he awoke, he put



on his clothes, and leaped into the yawl, which was hanging at the stern, and was followed by about forty other men, one of whom cut the rope connecting the stern of the steamer to the bow of the yawl, when the latter canted over, and hung in a perpendicular position, the bow towards the water. All on board were precipitated into it, and are believed to have been drowned, with the exception of the narrator,—and he saved himself by clinging to the thwarts.

In a few minutes, about twenty of the crew made their way to the stern of the steamer, and placed themselves in the boat, suspended as she was. One of them imprudently took out his knife, and cut the rope which attached the steamer to the stern of the yawl, and she plunged, as might have been expected, full twenty feet under water. All that had been hanging to her were missing, except four, and the individual who relates the story. He says, that when he rose to the surface, he found himself under the yawl, which was lying bottom up. Being strong, active, and expert at swimming, he worked his way from underneath and mounted on her bottom, where he was soon joined by the four other men who had saved themselves; and in this situation they floated twelve miles down the river, before they were picked up by the Columbus.

There was some powder on board,—in what quantities was not known; but the knowledge that it was there, seemed to have paralyzed the efforts of the crew, and its explosion added to the deep horrors of the scene. There were nine ladies on board, only two of whom were rescued.

The survivors of this terrible disaster have unanimously concurred in their expressions of gratitude to the commanders of the steamers Columbus and Statesman, for their activity in saving them from a watery grave, and for their kindness to them while on board their boats. On the conduct of Captain Littleton, of the steamboat Alton the public censure of the sur-

viving sufferers was published in the newspapers of the day. The reckless manner in which he drove his vessel through the crowd of exhausted sufferers, thereby drowning many, even while calling for help, and turning a deaf ear to the cries and pleadings of all, cannot soon be forgotten by an indignant community, or the record of its truth be obliterated from public print.

The following is the statement, alluded to above, from a part of the surviving passengers:—

“We, the undersigned, part of the passengers saved from the wreck of the steamer Ben Sherod, on the night of the 9th inst., feel it a duty we owe to the officers of the steamboats Columbus and Statesman, to say that they deserve the praise of every friend of humanity for their untiring exertions in rescuing the suffering passengers whom they found afloat in the current. Many of the passengers owe their lives to the kindness of the officers of these boats.

“We feel it also due to the public to state,—and our hearts sicken within us when we assert it,—that the steamboat Alton, Capt. Littleton, passed through the midst of the sinking crowd, all hands crying for help, and, although within a few feet of some, covering them with her waves, she did not even stop her headway until she arrived at Fort Adams, ten miles below, where she could have rendered no assistance.

“Signed,           HUGH SIMPSON, *Carlinsville, Tenn.*  
                       THOMAS DUVALL, *Shelby Co., Ind.*  
                       JOHN BLANC, *New Orleans.*  
                       JOHN P. WILKINSON, *Richmond, Va.*  
                       EPHRAIM STANFIELD, *Richmond, Va.*  
                       DANIEL MARSHALL, *Moscow, Ind.*  
                       ROSSON P. ANDRUS, *Natchez.*  
                       ASA S. SMITH,           *do.*  
                       CHARLES W. ANDRUS, *do.*  
                       M. M. ORME,            *do.*

“*Natchez, May 18, 1837.*”

There were two hundred and thirty-five persons on board, of whom not more than sixty escaped; leaving upwards of one hundred and seventy five drowned and burnt, including the captain's father and two children,—his wife was picked up by a flat boat, badly injured. The following are the names of some of the ladies who were lost:—Mrs. M'Dowell, of Belfont, Ala.; Mrs. Gamble, and three children, of New Orleans; Miss Frances Few, of Belfont, Ala.

This awful occurrence should teach the community the immense importance of the character of a steamboat. After the wanton disregard of life evinced by the captain of this boat some weeks ago at Vicksburg, by which ten or twelve persons were drowned, not a single individual, who had any regard for his life, should have ventured on that same boat while under such a reckless commander. A man who would refuse to bring his boat to, for the purpose of landing a dozen individuals, would not scruple to run a race with two hundred passengers on board, and fire his boat by the red heat of his boilers. The Ben Sherod had been on fire twice during the race on that same night, previous to the final conflagration.

Captain Castleman subsequently published the following vindication of his conduct:—

“Merely to show how things will be exaggerated, not that it can alter in any way the circumstances, I would mention that the number of persons on board the Ben Sherod, at the time that she was burnt, did not exceed from one hundred and fifty to one hundred and sixty. I think one hundred and fifty would probably come the nearest to it, including the crew, children, and servants, and all; and from all I could learn before I left New Orleans, and at Natchez on my way up, I do not think there were more than sixty or sixty-five lost, instead of from one hundred to two hundred, as is stated in so many different reports. I,

myself, clung to the hope of getting the boat to the shore, and saving all, until it was too late to save my own family, and thereby lost my father and two children, and got my wife burnt so badly that she was not expected to live. I was burnt myself slightly; one child was burnt to death and in my wife's arms when I got hold of her, and the other drowned.

“As to the report of my officers and crew being in a state of intoxication, the barrel of whiskey with the head knocked out, or set out for the men to have access to,—it is all in the imagination. Drunkenness is the only misdemeanor for which I allowed a man to be discharged without first consulting me; but the clerks, the mates, the engineers, all had full authority to drive any man of the crew off the boat, either in or out of the port, if he was the least drunk, as was the case the first trip, when we first made up our crew. Some of that crew got drunk, and were discharged, and replaced by sober men, until we had a good crew; and I feel positive that we had not had a drunken man amongst our crew for three months before the fatal accident.

“I had not left the deck in the fore part of the night. The firemen were singing and dancing about, as they always do when on duty, but there were none of them the least intoxicated, so far as I could see; and the watch that were on duty at the time (the first watch having retired) had not been out of their beds long enough to get drunk, if they had wanted to. *We always gave our men, black or white, as much as they wanted, kept a barrel of whiskey tapped on the boiler deck for them, have always done so, and generally let one of the watch that was on duty, go to it and draw for his watch, whenever they wanted it.* He is called the captain of the watch. I have always done the same for the last ten years, and my acquaintances, I think, will vouch for my discipline about drunkenness, as well as other things, being severe and rigid enough. Indeed, I am generally blamed for being too



particular about such things, and too rigid with my hands."

We give some further particulars, gathered from various sources:—

One gentleman, Mr. Cook, floated down the river some miles before he was picked up. He hailed some wretched and despicable character, who had put off in a yawl from the shore, and begged his assistance. The infamous scoundrel, who was intent only on picking up boxes, &c., asked with the utmost *sang froid*, "How much will you give me?" To the entreaties of others for help, he replied, "O, you are very well off there! Keep cool, and you'll come out comfortable!" Whether the captain of the Alton deserves the censure that has been heaped upon him, we know not, nor will we pretend to say positively until we have seen his statement; but it does appear that if the captain of the Columbus had acted in a similar manner to that of the Alton, there would not have been half a dozen souls left to tell the tale of the calamity.

Mr. Davis, the pilot, who was at the wheel during the fire, was conversing with a friend, just before he left the city, about the burning of the St. Martinville, and the burning of her tiller-rope, three or four years since. "If ever I'm in a boat that takes fire," said Davis, "if I don't run her ashore, it will be because I shall be burnt up in her!" Poor fellow! his statement was verified; he *was* burnt up in the Ben Sherod.

Out of nine ladies that were on board, only two have been saved, the captain's wife and Mrs. Smith, of Mobile. Their husbands threw hen-coops into the river, and jumped off the wheel-house; the ladies followed their example, and were saved.

One scene was distressing in the extreme: a young and beautiful lady, whose name we could not learn, on hearing the cry of fire, rushed out of the ladies'



cabin, in her loose dress, in search of her husband, at the same time holding her infant to her bosom; in endeavoring to go forward, her dress caught fire, and was torn from her back to save her life; after witnessing her husband fall into the flames in the forward part of the boat, unable to reach him, she leaped with her child into the water, seized a plank, and was carried by the current within eighty yards of the Columbus; but just as she had seized a rope thrown from the steamboat, both mother and child sunk to rise no more.

It is impossible to enumerate the various heart-rending sights occasioned by this calamitous affair. The captain, for instance, saved his wife, but saw his two children perish. Mr. Smith saved his wife and one child, and saw the nurse rush madly through the flames with his daughter, and both perish. Mr. Gamble's wife, we understand, was burnt to death; he escaped, although very badly burnt. One young man, who had reached the hurricane-deck in safety, heard the cries of his sister; he rushed back to the cabin, clasped her in his arms, and both were burnt to death. One of the clerks, one of the pilots, and the first mate were burnt. All the chamber-maids and women employed in the boat perished. Out of thirty-five negroes, that were known to have been on board, only two escaped. The Ben Sherod had the largest crew of any boat on the river, and out of about fifty who were saved, over thirty belonged to the boat. Of the sixty or seventy cabin passengers, there were but ten or twelve left alive. One of the officers of the boat stated that, in addition to the cabin passengers, there were at least sixty or more deck passengers, of whom scarce six were saved.

Altogether, this is one of the most serious disasters that ever happened in the annals of Mississippi steamboat navigation; there being at least one hundred and fifty families deprived by it of some dear and beloved member, and over one hundred beings hurried by it,

out of time into eternity, with scarce a moment's warning.

We understand that three different explosions took place on board the boat whilst burning—first, barrels of whiskey and brandy; then the boilers blew up with a fearful explosion, and, lastly, thirty-nine barrels of gunpowder exploded, which strewed the surface of the river with fragments.

At the time the Ben Sherod took fire, she was engaged in a race with the steamer Prairie; and the fire took from the great heat of the boilers, caused by raising her steam to its extreme power. A barrel of whiskey was placed on deck for the use of the hands during the race, who drank to excess, and became intoxicated.

At about 12 o'clock at night, the furnace became so heated that it communicated fire to the wood, of which there was on board about sixty cords. When the crew discovered the fire, they all left their posts, and ran for the yawl without giving any alarm to the passengers, who were all asleep in their berths. The captain, for a time, attempted to allay the extreme confusion, by stating that the fire was extinguished; twice he forbade the lowering of the yawl, which was attempted by the deck hands and passengers.

The shrieks of nearly three hundred persons on board now rose wild and dreadful. The cry was, "*to the shore! to the shore!*" The boat made for the star-board shore, but did not gain it, the wheel-rope having given way, and the pilot driven by the flames from his station. The steam was not let off, and the boat kept on. The scene of horror now beggared all description.

The yawl, which had been filled with the crew, had sunk, and the passengers had no other alternative than to jump overboard, without taking even time to dress. There were nine ladies on board, who all went overboard without uttering a single scream, some drown-

ing instantly, and others clinging to planks,—two of the number were finally saved. Many of the passengers are supposed to have been burnt. One man, by the name of Ray, from Louisville, hung to a rope at the bow of the boat, until taken up by the yawl of the steamboat Columbus, which arrived about half an hour after the commencement of the disaster, on her downward passage.

The steamboat Alton arrived soon after the Columbus; but, from the carelessness or indiscretion of those on board, was the means of drowning many persons who were floating in the water. She drove into the midst of the exhausted sufferers, who were too weak to make longer exertion, and, by the commotion occasioned by her wheels, drowned a large number. A gentleman, by the name of Hamilton, from Alabama, was floating on a barrel, and sustaining also a lady, when the Alton drove up and washed them both under; the lady was drowned, but Mr. Hamilton came up, and floated down the river fifteen miles, when he was taken up by the steamer Statesman.

Mr. M'Dowell attributes the drowning of his wife to the indiscretion of the managers of the Alton, as she was floating safely on a plank at the time. He sustained himself some time against the current, so that he only floated two miles down the river, when he swam ashore ten miles above Fort Adams. Besides the loss of his wife, Mr. M'Dowell lost his son, a young lady who was under his protection, and a negro servant.

The following interesting narrative was written by a passenger:—

“On Sunday morning, the 7th of May, 1837, the steamboat Ben Sherod, under the command of Captain Castleman, was preparing to leave the levee at New Orleans. She was thronged with passengers. Many a beautiful and interesting woman that morning was busy in arranging the little things incident to travel-

ling, and they all looked forward with high and certain hopes to the end of their journey. Little innocent children played about the cabin, and would run to the guards, now and then, to wonder, in infantine language, at the next boat, or the water, or something else that drew their attention. 'O, look here, Henry, I don't like that boat Lexington.' 'I wish I was going by her,' said Henry, musingly. The men, too, were urgent in their arrangement of the trunks, and the getting on board sundry articles, which a ten days' passage rendered necessary. In fact, all seemed hope, and joy, and certainty.

"The cabin of the Ben Sherod was on the upper deck, but narrow in proportion to her build, for she was, what is technically called, a Tennessee cotton boat. To those who have never seen a cotton boat loaded, it is a wondrous sight. The bales are piled up from the lower guards, wherever there is a cranny, until they reach above the second deck,—room being merely left for passengers to walk outside the cabin. You have regular alleys left amid the cotton, in order to pass about on the first deck. Such is a cotton boat, carrying from one thousand five hundred to two thousand bales.

"The Ben Sherod's finish and the accommodation of the cabin were by no means such as would begin to compare with the regular passenger boats. It being late in the season, and but few large steamers being in port, in consequence of the severity of the times, the Ben Sherod got an undue number of passengers; otherwise she would have been avoided, for her accommodations were not enticing. She had a heavy freight on board, and several horses and carriages on the fore-castle. The build of the Ben Sherod was heavy—her timbers being of the largest size.

"The morning was clear and sultry—so much so that umbrellas were necessary to ward off the heat of the sun. It was a curious sight to see the hundreds of citizens hurrying on board to leave letters, and to see them coming away. When a steamboat is going



off on the southern or western waters, the excitement is fully equal to that attendant upon the departure of a Liverpool packet.

“About 10 o'clock, A. M., the ill-fated steamer pushed off upon the turbid current of the Mississippi, as a swan upon the waters. In a few minutes, she was under way, tossing high in air bright and sunny clouds of steam at every revolution of her engine. Talk not of your northern steamboats! A Mississippi steamer of seven hundred tons burden, with adequate machinery, is one of the sublimities of poetry. For thousands of miles that great body forces its way through a desolate country, against an almost resistless current, and all the evidence you have of the immense power exerted, is brought to your sense by the everlasting and majestic burst of exertion from her escapement pipe, and the careless stroke of her paddle wheels. In the dead of night, when, amid the swamps on either side, your noble vessel winds her upward way—when not a soul is seen on board but the officer on deck—when nought is heard but the clang of the fire doors amid the hoarse coughing of the engine, imagination yields to the vastness of the ideas thus excited in your mind; and, if you have a soul within you, you cannot help feeling strongly alive to the mightiness of art in contrast with the mightiness of nature. Such a scene—and hundreds such have been realized with an intensity that cannot be described—always makes me a better man than before. I never could tire of the steamboat navigation of the Mississippi.

“On Tuesday evening, the 9th of May, 1837, the steamer *Prairie*, on her way to St. Louis, bore hard upon the *Ben Sherod*. It was necessary for the latter to stop at Fort Adams, during which the *Prairie* passed her. Great vexation was manifested by some of the passengers, that the *Prairie* should get to Natchez first. The subject formed the theme of conversation for two or three hours, the captain assuring them that he would beat her *any how*.



“The *Prairie* was a very fast boat, and, under equal circumstances, would have beaten the *Sherod*. As soon as the business was transacted at Fort Adams, for which she stopped, orders were given to the men to keep up the fires to the extent. It was now a little past 11 o'clock, P. M. The captain retired to his berth with his clothes on, and left the deck in charge of an officer. During the evening, a barrel of whiskey had been turned out, and permission given to the hands to do as they pleased. As may be supposed, they drew upon the barrel quite liberally. It is the custom of all the boats to furnish the firemen with liquor, though a difference exists as to the mode. But it is due to the many worthy captains now on the *Mississippi*, to state that the practice of furnishing spirits is gradually dying away, and where they are given, it is only done in moderation.

“As the *Sherod* passed on above Fort Adams, towards the mouth of the *Homochitta*, the wood piled up in front of the furnaces several times caught fire, and was once or twice imperfectly extinguished by the drunken hands. It must be understood by those who have never seen a western steamboat, that the boilers are entirely above the first deck, and that, when the fires are well kept up for any length of time, the heat is almost insupportable. Were it not for the draft occasioned by the speed of the boat, it would be very difficult to attend the fire.

“The boat went on her way at a tremendous rate, quivering and trembling her full length at every revolution of the wheels. The steam was created so fast, that it continued to escape through the safety-valve, and, by its sharp singing, told a tale that every prudent captain would have understood.

“As the vessel rounded the bar that makes off the *Homochitta*,—being compelled to stand out into the middle of the river in consequence,—the fire was discovered. It was about 1 o'clock in the morning. A passenger had got up previously, and was standing on

the boiler-deck, when, to his astonishment, the fire broke out from the pile of wood. A little presence of mind, and a set of men unintoxicated, could have saved the boat. The passenger seized a bucket, and was about to plunge it overboard for water, when he found it locked. An instant more, and the fire increased in volume. The captain was now awakened. He saw the fire had seized the deck. He ran aft, and announced the ill tidings.

“No sooner were the words out of his mouth, than the shrieks of mothers, sisters and babes, resounded, in the wildest confusion, throughout the hitherto silent cabin. Men were aroused from their dreaming cots to experience the hot air of approaching fire. The pilot, being elevated on the hurricane-deck, at the instant of perceiving the flames, put the head of the boat towards the shore. She had scarcely got under way in that direction, before the tiller ropes were burnt off. Two miles at least from the land, the boat sheered and, borne up by the current, made several revolutions, until she struck off across the river. A bar brought her up for the moment.

“The flames had now extended fore and aft. At the first alarm, several deck passengers had got into the small boat that hung suspended by the davits. A cabin passenger, endowed with some degree of courage and presence of mind, expostulated with them, and did all he could to save the boat for the ladies. But all was useless. One took out his knife and cut away the forward tackle. The next instant, and they were all launched into the angry waters. They were seen no more.

“The boat being lowered from the other end, filled, and was useless. Now came the trying moment. Hundreds leaped from the burning wreck into the water. Mothers were seen standing on the guards, with dishevelled hair, praying for help,—their dear little innocents clung to their sides, and seemed, with their tiny hands, to beat away the burning flames.

Sisters called out to their brothers in unearthly voices, 'Save me, O my brother!' Wives crying to their husbands to save their children, in total forgetfulness of themselves. Every moment or two the desperate plunge of some poor victim would fall on the appalled ear. The dashing to and fro of the horses on the fore-castle, groaning audibly in their fierce agony,—the continued puffing of the engine, for still it continued to go,—the screaming mother who had leaped over-board, in the desperation of the moment, with her only child,—the heat and the crackling of the lurid fire, as its greedy flames darted with horrible rapidity from one portion to another of the devoted vessel,—shall I ever forget that scene, that hour of horror and alarm? Never, were I to live till memory forget all else that ever came to the senses. The short half hour, that separated and plunged into eternity *two hundred human beings*, has been so indelibly burnt into the memory, that nothing can have power to efface it.

"I was swimming to the shore with all my might, endeavoring to sustain a mother and child. My strength failed me,—the babe was nothing—a mere cork. 'Go, go,' said the brave mother, 'save my child, save my ——,' and she sunk to rise no more. Nerved by the resolution of that woman, I reached the shore in safety. The babe I saved. Ere I reached the beach, the Sherod had swung off the bar, and was slowly floating down, the engine having ceased running. In every direction, heads dotted the surface of the river. A new and still more awful appearance, the burning wreck now wore: mothers were seen clinging with the energy of expiring hope to the blazing timbers, and dropping off one by one. The screams had ceased. A sullen silence rested over the devoted vessel. The flames seemed tired of their work of destruction.

"While I sat, dripping and overcome, upon the beach, a steamboat, the Columbus, hove in sight, and bore for the wreck. It seemed like one last ray of hope gleaming across the dead gloom of that night. Several

were saved. And still another, the Statesman, came in sight. More, more were saved. A moment, to *me*, only had elapsed, when high in the heavens the cinders flew, and the country was lighted all around. Still another boat came booming on. I was happy that help had come. After an exchange of words with the Columbus, it continued on its way, under full steam. O, how my heart sunk within me! The waves created by that boat sent many a poor mortal to his long home. A being by the name of Littleton was its reckless and merciless commander. Long may he be remembered!

“My hands were burnt, and I now began to experience severe pain. The scene before me,—the loss of my two sisters, and a brother, whom I had missed in the confusion,—all had steeled my heart.

“Again—another explosion! and the waters closed slowly and suddenly over the scene of disaster and death. Darkness resumed her sway, and silence was only interrupted by the distant efforts of the Columbus and Statesman in their laudable exertions to save human life.

“Captain Castleman lost, I believe, a father and child. Some argue this was punishment enough; no, it was not. He had the lives of hundreds under his charge. He was careless of his trust; he was guilty of a crime that nothing will ever wipe out. The blood of two hundred victims is crying from out the waters for retribution and vengeance. Neither society nor law will give it. His punishment is yet to come. May I never meet him!

It was more than three weeks after this terrible occurrence before I could shed a tear. All the fountains of sympathy had been dried up, and my heart was as the stone. As I lay on my bed, the twenty-fourth day after, tears, salt tears, came to my relief, and I felt the loss of my sisters and brother more deeply than ever. Peace be to their spirits! they found a watery grave.”





Distant view of the burning of the Washington.

## BURNING OF THE WASHINGTON,

On Lake Erie, while on her Passage from Cleaveland to Detroit, on the Morning of June 16, 1838; by which many Lives were lost.

THE following statement, relative to this disaster, was given by the Rev. R. J. Judd, of Garrettesville, Ohio:—

“The steamboat WASHINGTON, Captain Brown, left Cleaveland on her passage to Detroit, June 14th, with a full compliment of passengers. She had proceeded on her way safely, until Saturday, at 2 o'clock, A. M., and had arrived in the vicinity of Silver Creek, about twenty-seven miles from Buffalo, when she was dis-



covered to be on fire. The passengers were aroused from their slumbers, and such a scene of confusion and distress ensued, as those only can imagine who have been placed in similar circumstances. Despair did not, however, completely possess them until it became evident that the progress of the flames could not be arrested.

“From that moment, the scene beggars all description. Suffice it to say, that numbers precipitated themselves from the burning mass into the water; some of them with a shriek of despair, and others silently sank beneath the waves. The small boat had by this time put off, loaded with about twenty-five souls, for the shore, where they arrived safely, after picking up one or two by the way. The writer of this was one of the number. Other small boats came to their assistance, which, together with the Washington’s boat, saved, perhaps, a majority of the persons on board.

“There is reason to believe that as many as forty perished. It is impossible to compute the precise number. Many remained on the boat until it was wrapped in one sheet of flame. Of these it is supposed that a great portion perished in the conflagration; while others, half burned, precipitated themselves into the watery element,—thus suffering the double agony of death, by *fire* and *water*.

“Most of the crew were saved,—the captain being among the number, who during the awful calamity, acted with the utmost decision and intrepidity. In need, no blame, as far as the writer has been informed, has been attached to any officer or hand on the boat. The utmost exertion was used to run her on the shore, until it became necessary to stop the engine in order to let down the small boat, which having been done, the fire had progressed so far as to render it impossible to again start the machinery.

“I will give a few particulars of the losses of the passengers:—Mr. Shudds is the only survivor of his

family, consisting of seven. A lady passenger lost three children, a sister, and a mother. Mr. Michael Parker lost his wife and parents, sister and her child. But I will not further enumerate the cases of individual bereavement. Truly it is not in man to know 'what a day may bring forth.'"

The news of the disaster was brought to Buffalo by the passengers in the steamboat North America. The following is gathered from their statements:—

The Washington passed the North America while the latter lay at Erie, in the early part of the night, and was not again seen by those on board the North America, until within about three miles of the city, when a bright glare of light was discovered by the helmsman in the direction of Silver Creek, and the North America was instantly put about for the scene of apprehended disaster.

On nearing the spot, about 6 o'clock, the burning hull of the large and noble boat was found drifting over the waters, three or four miles from shore, with not a living human being on board. The lake was literally covered with hats, bonnets, trunks, baggage, and blackened fragments of the wreck.

The intense anxiety of the witnesses of this fearful scene, for the fate of the passengers on board the unfortunate Washington, was partially relieved by the discovery of several small boats near the shore, in which the survivors of the disaster had been rescued from destruction. The alarm had been given at Silver Creek, as soon as the flames were perceived from the shore, and all the boats which could be found were sent to the rescue of the sufferers. There were only three skiffs, besides the yawl of the Washington, which could be thus used.

The North America took on board about forty of those saved, many of whom, including all the ladies, remained on shore. There were six dead bodies picked up, on the spot,—those of four children and

two women. One man died of his injuries soon after reaching the shore, and one child was dead in its mother's arms when she was taken from the water.

The fire caught near the boilers, and had made such progress, when discovered, as to defy all attempts to extinguish it. The helm was instantly put up, and the vessel headed for the shore; but, in a few minutes the wheel ropes burnt off, and the boat became an unmanageable wreck. Some of the passengers made their escape in the boats of the Washington; others jumped overboard, and supported themselves on spars and rafts, until they were picked up by the steamer North America, or by the boats which put off from Silver Creek. The number lost cannot be correctly ascertained.

Many affecting scenes occurred in this terrible catastrophe. An English family, consisting of a man, his wife, and two children, came on board the boat at Toledo. While the fire was raging, the man worked till he could stay on board no longer, when he and his wife threw their children overboard, and jumped in after them. The father and two children were drowned,—the mother was saved. Several passengers went into convulsions with terror, at the outset, and perished in the flames. A woman, with a child grasped under each arm, all dead, was picked up by the North America. A newly-married couple, supposed to have embarked at Erie, jumped overboard in each other's arms, and sank together.

Among those lost there were W. Shed, of New York; Captain Clemens, of Dudley, Mass.; Conrad Shurtz, and William Shurtz, with his wife and three children, of New York; Mr. Barker's family of six, (but one saved.) There was also a Scotchman on board, who lost his mother, sister and, three children.

Of those saved we have been enabled to gather the following names:—

D. Beardesley, Catherines.	Major Meach, Carleton, N. Y.
I. H. Bennett, Indiana.	N. B. Moore, Pembroke N. Y.
H. Dorgee, Providence.	N. Neely, Illinois.
J. M. Durgell, Florida.	W. Nelson, Somerston, N. Y.
T. Edwards, Peru, Ohio.	S. Nichols, Penfield, N. Y.
D. Gibson, Mundee, Mich.	Israel M. Patty, N. Y.
Henry Hart, Michigan.	W. H. Rice, Illinois.
G. B. Hadley, Dewitt, N. Y.	T. Simpson, Worcester.
George C. Hill, Utica.	John F. Shultz, N. Y.
S.O. Holbrook, Sparta, N. Y.	C. Strait Marshall, Mich.
I. Holmes, Leicester, N. Y.	J. W. Thurber, Michigan.
M.D. Hosford, Clayton, N. Y.	Simeon Tyler, N. Y.
Rev. R. J. Judd, Garrettes- ville, Ohio.	John Wiler, Ohio.

One hundred life-preservers would probably have saved every soul on board, even had they been in the middle of the lake, instead of being close in shore. In the long run, these would be cheaper than to furnish extra boats, and infinitely better. Let a life-preserver hang in every berth, and passengers could close their eyes in security. If they pleased, they might sleep with them buckled around them. Let something be done immediately. It is not the passenger's duty to provide them. Perhaps he makes a lake voyage but once in his life. When he pays his fare, he has a right to expect a safe conveyance. If a man gets his arm broken by being overturned in a stage-coach, he comes upon the proprietors for damages. So it should be in steamboats. Captains and owners should be held responsible for every accident. No boat should be allowed to take passengers that is not secured, in every possible way, from fire and explosion, and the safety of passengers secured by providing means of escape.





Appearance of the Wreck of the Steamboat New England.

## EXPLOSION OF THE NEW ENGLAND,

On the Connecticut River, October 7, 1833, on her Passage from New York to Hartford; by which Fatal Occurrence many Lives were sacrificed.

THE steamboat NEW ENGLAND left New York, for Hartford, on the afternoon of Tuesday, the 8th of October. She started in company with the steamboat Boston, but gradually gained on the latter through the sound. A degree of anxiety was felt by some of the passengers, on account of the competition between the two boats. But we have no evidence that this anxiety was warranted by any unusual press of steam on board the New England. The boat reached the river about 1 o'clock, when, of course, all competition was at an end.



At Saybrook, some difficulty occurred with the engine, which rendered it necessary to throw out an anchor to prevent the boat from drifting ashore. After a detention of twenty or thirty minutes at Saybrook, the boat proceeded on her way up the river, about eight miles, and arrived opposite Essex at 3 o'clock. Her engine was stopped, the small boat was let down to land a passenger, and had just reached the shore, when both the boilers exploded, almost simultaneously, with a noise like heavy cannon. The shock was dreadful; and the scene which followed is represented, by those who were present, as awful and heart-rending beyond description. The morning was excessively dark; the rain poured in torrents; the lights on deck and in the cabin were suddenly extinguished, and all was desolation and horror on board. Those only who witnessed the havoc which was made, and heard the shrieks and groans of the wounded and dying, can form an adequate conception of the scene.

There were upward of seventy passengers on board; the boat hands numbered about twenty,—making, in all, nearly one hundred persons. Most of the passengers were fortunately in their berths. Those who were in the gentlemen's cabin escaped without serious injury. The most destructive effects of the explosion were felt on the deck, and in the ladies' cabin. The ladies who were in their berths, and remained there, we believe were not much injured; but those who were on cots opposite the cabin doors, and others, who, on the first alarm, sprang from their berths, were more or less scalded. All who were on deck abaft the boilers, were either killed or wounded. Had the accident occurred in the day-time, when the passengers are generally scattered about the deck and promenade, the destruction of lives would, in all probability, have been much greater.

Captain Waterman was on the wheel-house, at the time of the explosion, attending to the landing of passengers from the small boat. He noticed a move-

ment over the boilers, and immediately jumped, or was thrown, upon the forward-deck. He was somewhat bruised, but not seriously injured.

From the inhabitants of Essex the sufferers experienced the most kind and hospitable attentions. Their houses were thrown open for their reception, and every thing which could contribute to their relief and comfort promptly afforded.

As soon as the melancholy intelligence reached Hartford, on Wednesday morning, the proprietors despatched the steamboat Massachusetts for the surviving passengers, and several physicians repaired to the scene of suffering.

The following are the names of those who were lost:—

J. Bronson, (boat hand.)	Jared Leane, (boat hand.)
J. T. Burgess, Waterville.	Allen Pratt, (boat hand.)
E. Bushnell, (boat hand.)	Mr. Shepard, Norwich, Ct.
John Estabrook, Concord.	Mrs. Thompson, and child.
D. Harvey, (boat hand.)	L. Warner, Plymouth, Ct.
J. M. Heron, Reading, Ct.	Dr. L. B. Whiting, Reading, Ct.
Mrs. Hunter, Scotland.	

Of the passengers scalded, and otherwise injured, there were Mrs. Abigail Stocking, of Middletown; Roderick G. P. Goodrich, Wethersfield; Miss Warner, Plymouth, Ct.; Mrs. Hastings, Gill, Mass.; and two children of Mrs. Thompson. Of those belonging to the boat, were Captain Waterman; William Savage; Giles Farnum; Samuel Pasha; and Jane Pruden, chamber-maid.

The cause of this dreadful explosion may be traced to the negligence or presumption of the engineer, in permitting the steam to accumulate beyond what the strength of the boilers could sustain. From the best information we could obtain, the steam was not blown off while the boat lay at Saybrook, nor during her stoppage at Essex. Mr. Potter, the engineer, who,

for many years, had been in the employment of the proprietors, was not on board during this trip; his place was supplied by Mr. Marshall, from the West Point Foundry, who had the reputation of skill in his profession. He declared there were only eight or ten inches of steam on, at the time of the explosion; but, besides the improbability on the face of this statement, there was the strongest testimony of a very different character. The boilers were rent asunder and thrown into the river—the guards on which they rested were broken off—the promenade-deck, from the captain's office to the ladies' cabin, a distance of about thirty feet, was lifted from its place, and fell, in part, upon the main deck, and the ladies' cabin, and all the upper works of the boat were completely shattered.

The board of examiners, appointed to investigate into the causes of this catastrophe, reported that those portions of the guards and railing on which the boilers had been placed, together with the boiler-houses, railings, and the other contiguous wood-work, had been entirely destroyed by the effects of the explosion. The front of the ladies' cabin upon the quarter-deck had also been forced inward, and partially destroyed; and that part of the upper, or promenade-deck, which extended from said cabin to the engine-room, near the centre of the boat, had been entirely swept away. The engine remained without injury; but the steam-pipe which led from one of the boilers was broken off at its junction with the main steam-pipe in the engine-room, near the point where it unites with the steam-pipe from the starboard boiler. The safety-valve attached to the main steam-pipe at the junction of the two branch pipes near the engine, remained unimpaired. A mercurial steam-gauge is attached to the main steam-pipe at this point, which serves to indicate to the engineer the pressure of steam in the boilers. The mercury was not thrown from this guage by the explosion, and it was found in good order after the accident. Two other mercurial guages, of

the same description, had been attached, one to each of the boilers on that part called the steam-chimney, which, having no water in contact with its inner surface, becomes more heated than any other portion of the boiler. These guages had been torn from their places, and in one of them a portion of the mercury, with which it had been charged, was found remaining after the accident.

The mutilated portions of the boilers gave abundant evidence of the great force of the explosive action. They were found to be dismembered and torn in a manner which it is difficult to describe. The boilers were not, as occurs in some cases of steamboat explosions, rent merely in the main flue, thus giving vent to the steam; or, as in other cases, with a head torn off and lacerated, and still retaining their external form, and remaining in their beds; they were torn asunder, and folded in massy doublings, like a garment; and they were so crushed, and flattened, and distorted, that it was difficult to discover how the mutilated parts were ever connected into symmetry, so as to combine just proportion and strength.

The appearance of the boilers, however, was such as to indicate that they had been constructed in a substantial manner. The copper, in all the ruptured parts, had every appearance of being tough and free from flaws; nor did it exhibit the flaking and discoloration which great heat is known to produce upon the metal when not covered by water.

In short, the committee, after having duly examined the wreck, and listened to all the testimony, were of opinion that the explosion was caused by the pressure of steam produced in the ordinary way, but accumulated to a degree of tension which the boilers were unable to sustain. It was estimated that the steam, at the time of the explosion, must have accumulated to nearly, or quite, thirty inches, giving an aggregate expansive force on the internal surface of each boiler, of not less than three million pounds.



The following particulars are extracted from two letters, written by a gentleman, one of the surviving passengers:—

“MIDDLETOWN, *Wednesday, 2 o'clock.*

“Our journey in the steamboat *New England* was very pleasant, last evening, until we entered the Connecticut river. At, or about 1 o'clock, this morning, when we were all asleep, myself excepted, I perceived the engine, or something else, was out of order. I was in the forward cabin, and concluded I was in the safest part of the boat. Things seemed to go on badly, by the frequent stops, until 3 o'clock, when both boilers burst simultaneously, or as nearly together as a two-barrel gun could be discharged by one person; the result was, two persons were killed outright, about twenty-five wounded or scalded,—out of which number five or six may not survive. The destruction of the upper works was almost entire. Among the number injured, six or eight women are included, being in the upper-deck cabin. In the main cabin, three or four were badly injured; but, in the front cabin, no one was injured, neither did any steam enter it.”

“HARTFORD, *Thursday Morning, Oct. 10.*

“On the arrival of the intelligence here of the explosion of the *New England*, a steamboat was sent down to the scene of distress; she returned, a few moments since, with the news of four deaths, and that eight or ten more must die with their wounds, and perhaps more. The upper works of this unfortunate boat present the most extraordinary wreck I ever beheld, and if the event had occurred in the day-time, when the passengers are generally upon the decks, not a person could have escaped injury. I believe I wrote you that I early discovered that there was some imperfection in the working of the machinery of this boat, which, however, I considered of no importance, as regarded safety; but when she found it necessary



to lay to to fix her steering ropes, which required some time, I at once became astonished that she did not throw off steam, as is usually the case when stops are made; and from this to the time of the explosion, there were several stops made, and at the different stoppages of the engine I could perceive but a faint sound of the discharge of steam.

“At 3 o'clock, the explosion was most terrific, and for many minutes every thing around seemed like chaos. I found myself unhurt, and, somehow, entirely free from excitement or extraordinary alarm. I got on my clothes, and, while dressing, one or two persons rushed to the front cabin, where I was. I asked them some questions, but they were so horror-stricken that the power of utterance had ceased. The decks were covered with broken timbers—the baggage thrown into the river—and the cries of misery, and the moaning of the dying, was for a moment with me a paralysis. I visited the different scenes of distress among the passengers,—found nothing could be done for them but to get the boat to the shore as speedily as possible, and in about thirty minutes we lay alongside the wharf. The people of Essex were up with the first report of the explosion, and every thing was done by them to alleviate the distresses of the unfortunate sufferers.”

The appearance of the wreck was thus described by an eye-witness:—

“Never, of its kind, was so melancholy a ruin presented to the eye as the wreck of the New England. You approach her as you approach the cemetery of the dead. She seems the slaughter-house of the traveller. As you enter her, these melancholy associations cease. You stand astonished at the force and effect of the murderous explosion. From the stem to the wheel-room all is well; from the wheel-room aft, athwart the deck, and downward to the water, you see the direction as well as power of the blast. The

explosion downward seems to have been far more powerful than in any other direction, and yet, with a resisting body as near the boiler, equal force might have been demonstrated in other parts.

“The guards on deck, extending beyond the hull upon which the boilers were placed, were blown through, the exact size of the boilers; beams, of a foot square, supported by braces and knees, being blown off as square and close to the hull as if sawed by a carpenter. Beyond the exact size of the boilers, the deck was entire. The soufflé, or blast of the larboard boilers, was felt as far as the extreme stern, on the outside of the ladies' cabin, leaving the centre. The steps at the quarters were blown out of shape, and crushed sideways by the blast. This shows that no position outside the ladies' cabin could have been safe. The front of the ladies' cabin was pressed inward about eighteen inches at the door, and opened at the corners about twelve inches.

“The chamber-maid, sleeping in the upper berth, next the larboard boiler, was thrown out, and fell upon her hands in the water. Two children, sleeping in the berth beneath her, were unhurt—the scalding element probably raging above them. The steam filled the ladies' cabin and extinguished the lights. A child, in the most remote berth from the boiler, and next the stern, was so scalded as to die. A lady, in the berth next it, also died. Her clothes were so hot as to scald the hands of those that removed them. This must have been at least forty feet from the boiler. Letters, exposed to the steam, were charred, or reduced to coal in places. Such facts indicate the unusually high temperature of the steam.

“Perkins, the inventor of the steam-gun, claims that he can so heat steam, that it shall fall in atmospheric air, like flakes of snow. In counting the peril of steam explosions, let it be taken into account, that the steam is frequently many times hotter than the ordinary steam of boiling water.

“Had one boiler been in the centre, or had either projected over the deck a single foot, certain death to all below deck must have followed. The starboard boiler, doubtless, sunk through the opening in the wing, made by its own blast; while the larboard one was scattered into fragments, its top, bottom, sides and back being torn away and lost, leaving the flues and front only. The flues were thrown forward from a horizontal to a perpendicular position, and lodged upon the wood, some six feet forward.”

The New England was a new boat, and had commenced running but a short time previous. Her engine and boilers were made at West Point, and, as was supposed, of the best materials, and in the best manner. No expense had been spared to make the boat in every respect complete, and to finish it in the most beautiful style. Though the loss to the proprietors was very serious, yet it is matter of small importance compared with the destruction of lives, the anguish of sufferers, and the affliction of relatives and friends, consequent upon this terrible disaster.



## LOSS OF THE STEAMER NEW ENGLAND,\*

Which was run into by a Schooner, and sunk, on her Passage from Boston to Bath, May 31, 1839.

THE steamboat NEW ENGLAND, Captain Kimball, while on her passage from Boston to Bath, Me., was run into by the schooner Curlew, Captain Crockett, from East Thomaston for Boston. The collision took place at 1 o'clock on the morning of May 31, and about fifteen miles south of Boon Island. The schooner was standing to the leeward of the boat, and when a short distance from her, luffed up with the intention of passing her bow. Before this could be effected, she struck the larboard bow of the steamer, and, after getting clear, passed on.

The pilot of the New England, finding that her bow was stove in, and that she was rapidly filling with water, hailed the schooner, which then lowered her sails, and the steamer ran alongside. The passengers, about seventy in number, among them fifteen ladies, were by this time on deck, and when the boat reached the Curlew, a general rush was made to board her. In their eagerness, several of them jumped too soon, and fell overboard, but they were all picked up, unharmed, with the exception of Mr. Standish, of Providence, who was crushed to death between the two vessels.

The steamer sunk as low as the promenade-deck, in which situation she remained; and the Curlew proceeded on her voyage with the passengers,—many of

\* The New England here mentioned, is the same boat which exploded at Essex, Conn., in October, 1833,—the account of which disaster will be found by referring to page 156 of this volume.

whom had nothing on but their night clothes, and arrived in Boston about 2 o'clock in the afternoon of the same day, having been towed fifteen miles by the steamer Portsmouth.

The following is a list of the passengers:—

Levi Appleby, Bowdoin.	E. N. King, and child, Boston.
C. G. Batchelder, Hallowell.	V. R. Lovejoy, Gardiner.
Mary Batchelder, Jay.	Abram Lord, Gardiner.
Mrs. Bates, Norridgewock.	George W. Morton, Augusta.
J. Blake, Lynn.	Nath. Millay, Whitefield.
Charlotte Bascom, Cambridge.	Wm. Meacher, Whitefield.
A. Butters, Wilmington, Ms.	J. A. M'Lellan, Bath.
G. A. Bendall, Boston.	S. Martin, Warren, R. I.
A. C. Berry, Gardiner.	John Martin, Grafton.
Gridley Bryant, Boston.	William Morse, Bath.
Miss M. A. Carleton.	J. M'Clintock, Boothbay.
Rev. Mr. Cole, lady, and child.	Thomas Mahony, Augusta.
Franklin Copeland, Roxbury.	Sewel Preble, Bowdoinham.
David Claney, Bath.	Phineas Pratt, Saco.
Sarah Clark, Bath.	Zilpha Pierce, Boston.
S. H. Dorr, Boston.	J. Smith, Colerain, Mass.
Louisa Demerick, Dresden.	S. G. Stinson, Bath.
Anna Dalton, Cambridgeport.	Franklin Stevens, Pittston.
F. Evans, Gardiner.	G. W. Stevens, Pittston.
J. H. Eveleth, and lady.	Edward Stevens, Winthrop.
Mrs. D. Finn, Gardiner.	Leonard Sturtevant.
J. S. Given, Boston.	C. F. Stewart, Nashua.
Eunice Goodwin, Gardiner.	E. R. Sawin, Fairhaven.
Russell Ellis, Waterville.	Laura Stevens, Boston.
Rev. J. B. Husted, Bangor.	F. R. Theobald, Richmond.
David W. Horton, Boston.	Mrs. Townsend, Roxbury.
J. P. Hunter, Gardiner.	W. K. Weston, Augusta.
H. Hill, Bangor.	J. E. Ware, Farmington.
M. Hopkins, and son, Gardiner.	T. Warland, Cambridge.
William Hutchins, Boston.	Miss D. D. Watson, Fayette.



## EXPLOSION OF THE STEAMER ÆTNA,

In New York Harbor, while on her way to the City,  
from Washington, N. J., May 15, 1824; with the  
Loss of several Lives.

ON Saturday evening, May 15, about 7 o'clock, as the steamboat ÆTNA, Captain Robinson, was on her way to New York from Washington, N. J., with passengers from Philadelphia, and while in sight of the city, her boilers gave way, and blew up with a tremendous and deadly explosion. The interior of the boat was rendered a complete wreck,—the immensely heavy iron-work having been broken into fragments, and the heavy timbers, and the lighter work of the two after-cabins, literally shattered to pieces.

The whole number of persons on board was thirty-four. Of these there were killed by the explosion, Mrs. Job Furman; Mrs. Abm. Mersevole; her daughter, Caroline Furman, and a sister of Mrs. Furman, all of one family; Miss Mary Bates, a daughter of Captain Andrew Bates, and Mr. Mordecai C. Peters, of Philadelphia. Miss Ann Dougherty, of Auburn, with Mrs. Taylor, were both taken to the hospital, where they died, in the most frightful agony, before morning. The steward, Victor Grasse, a Frenchman, jumped overboard from the forward-cabin window, and was drowned. Another person, name unknown, also jumped out of the forward-cabin, and was drowned. Mr. Charles C. Hollingshead, of Princeton, New Jersey, who was in the forward-cabin, jumped overboard through a window, and was saved by

seizing a bench that was thrown over,—and afterwards was picked up by the Ætna's boat.

The following persons were wounded,—some of whom subsequently died of their injuries:—Mr. Morrison; Thomas Braden, Wilmington; Michael Eckfelt, Philadelphia; and Joseph Stevens, of Ireland. Of the crew, there were John Winter, John Gibbens, Alexander Cromwell, Ann Thomas, and Margaret Cole.

A young lad, about thirteen years of age, who was, at the time of the explosion, sleeping on the covering of the boiler, was thrown into the air, and fell into the vacuum caused by the removal of the machinery, and received no injury. Mr. John Pearce, and Mr. Myers, both of Philadelphia, escaped without injury. Jonathan Case, of Schenectady; Benedict Arnold, of Amsterdam, N. York; Mr. Heacock and lady, were also among those saved.

The following letter was written by an eye-witness of the dreadful scene:—

NEW YORK, *May 14.*

“It is with pain I inform you of an awful occurrence that took place last evening, on board the steamboat Ætna. When about seven miles from, and in sight of, this city, her boilers burst with a noise like thunder. I had walked to the bows just before the explosion took place, and thanks be to the Almighty that I am one of the few who escaped unhurt. O! the awfulness of the scene! My situation I can scarcely describe. It pleased the Almighty to give me a command of myself at this horrid moment, when every one on board thought it his last, and some in despair jumped overboard and were drowned.

The smoke disappearing, the horror of the sight increased, when we beheld the bodies of those who had been struck by pieces of the boiler, weltering in their blood on the deck. I now attempted to make my way aft; and succeeded, after getting through the

smoke and broken parts of the wreck, in assisting Captain Robinson and others to clear the companion-way to get into the ladies' cabin. The captain went down and handed up five ladies, whom I took from him, and, placing them upon deck, they expired. One little girl entreated me to throw water upon her, her agony was so great. They were all of one family, and had been on board but a few minutes, being on their return from the funeral of a sister at Elizabethtown Point.

“In this situation we were discovered by two boats, at the quarantine ground, which put off to our assistance, and brought us up to the city; and a steamboat, passing by, towed the wreck, with the dead and wounded on board, to the wharf.”

The steamboat United States, Captain Beecher, was on her way from New Brunswick at the time of the disaster, and, after rendering all the assistance in her power, towed the *Ætna* up to the city.

A gentleman, who accompanied the coroner to view the dead and dying, thus remarked:—“Such a heart-rending spectacle we never before witnessed. The scalds of the dead were deep, and, notwithstanding their clothes, they extended over the whole body. But the survivors presented pictures of unutterable suffering. If prepared for that great event, how well might they have envied those whom death had already relieved from bodily anguish!”

## EXPLOSION OF THE GEORGE COLLIER,

On the Mississippi River, during her Passage from New Orleans for Natchez, May 6, 1839; by which upwards of Twenty-Five Lives were lost.

THE steamboat GEORGE COLLIER left New Orleans for Natchez, Saturday afternoon, May 5. About 1 o'clock on Sunday morning, the piston-rod gave way, which broke the forward cylinder-head, and carried away a part of the boiler-stands. There were forty-five persons scalded—twenty-six of whom died the same day. We give their names as far as we have been able to ascertain:—

William Blake, Boston.	Frederic Groe, Germany.
Charles Brooks.	Crissen Herring, Germany.
J. O. Brien, and wife.	John Ideda, France.
S. J. Brocqua, Poland, Ky.	Joseph Lawrence, Indiana.
Joseph G. Bossuet, Boston.	D. J. Rose, New Orleans.
Mr. Belch.	Peter Smith, New Orleans.
Frederick Cross, Boston.	T. J. Spaulding, Mobile.
Charlotte Fletcher, and mother.	Mrs. E. Welsh, and two children.

The accident, of course, is justly attributable to gross carelessness. The boat was built four years previous to the disaster,—and the piston-rod had been in use ever since that time. During its continuance in service thus long, it should have been tested, when no loss of life would depend upon the result of the experiment. This running of machinery as long as it will last, and discovering its weakness and inefficiency but at the expense of the lives of scores of human beings, is not only recklessly heartless, but in the highest degree criminal, and should be frowned down by an indignant community, and rendered severely punishable by the laws of the land.

## LOSS OF THE GENERAL JACKSON,

A New York Steam Ferry-Boat, which was run down in the Harbor by the Steamboat Boston, August 23, 1836; by which Occurrence several Persons lost their Lives.

ON Tuesday morning, about half past 4 o'clock, as the ferry-boat GENERAL JACKSON, was crossing from the Long Island side, the steamboat Boston, which was passing down the river, came in contact with her,—both striking near the bows,—which so shattered the ferry-boat, that in less than three minutes she went to the bottom. Eight or ten persons leaped on board the Boston, immediately after the concussion, and the rest were swept off as the boat went down. The boats of the Boston were immediately lowered, and sent to the rescue of the drowning persons. There were twenty-five passengers on board the ferry-boat, six of whom were drowned. The names of those who perished, were Silas Wright; Edward Alexander; James Connelly; Mr. Flanagan, and two colored boys.

We understand that the immediate cause of the accident was the efforts of the Boston to avoid a small boat, with several persons on board, which was directly in her way, and that, in so doing, she was brought by the force of the tide in near proximity to the ferry-boat. In this situation her engine was immediately stopped, and an order to back water given, but not in season to prevent a slight collision, which, however, would have been perfectly harmless, had not the ferry-boat been altogether unfit for her station.



## EXPLOSION OF THE CHARITON,

On the Mississippi River, near St. Louis, July 27,  
1837.

THE steamboat CHARITON had just put out, and had proceeded a short distance up the stream, when one of her boilers burst; by which disaster nine or ten persons were more or less badly scalded. Three were blown over the starboard side of the boat into the Mississippi. "As we hurried down to the river," says an eye-witness, "upon hearing the noise of the explosion, we saw one poor fellow, a black man, just brought ashore in a boat, which had picked him up; he was badly scalded and bleeding. Two white men had been taken ashore a little higher up the landing,—one of them shockingly scalded. On the boiler-deck lay two men,—one of them the engineer,—both badly wounded. Four or five more were injured, but not so severely as those we have mentioned."

Three of the men who were scalded died shortly after,—two of them the cooks of the boat, and the other the second engineer of the steamboat Missouri Fulton, who was on board the Chariton at the time.

There was much surmise, and a great deal said with regard to whom blame was justly attributable in this case; but suspicion rested upon the misconduct of the engineer, who, it was stated, neglected to furnish the boilers with a sufficient supply of water.

## EXPLOSION OF THE STEAMER ORONOKO,

On Mississippi River, near Princeton, Miss., April 21, 1838; by which many Lives were lost.

THE steamboat ORONOKO, Capt. John Crawford, left New Orleans on Monday, April 16. Early in the morning of the following Saturday, immediately after leaving Princeton, one of her boilers exploded, blowing overboard fifteen or twenty persons, and severely scalding between forty and fifty. Many of the latter died shortly after the disaster. Among the scalded, it was calculated that there were at least between twenty and thirty white men, chiefly deck passengers; five or six women, and about the same number of children. Of those who were blown overboard, four or five were saved. The second engineer was badly scalded, as was also the cook, who jumped overboard soon after the explosion, and was drowned.

The number of cabin passengers, as near as could be ascertained, was from seventy-five to eighty; on deck, from sixty to seventy, including blacks and children. Most of those in the cabin were in their berths at the time of the accident, otherwise the loss of lives would have been immense.

A letter from a gentleman who was passenger in the Oronoko, says:—"Fortunately, all the cabin passengers were in their state-rooms, and, with the exception of two or three, escaped without serious injury. Had we been at meals, every soul must have perished, as the box which covers the fly-wheel was torn in a thousand pieces.

“The report awoke all of us. The first impression among us was that a boat had run into us; but, in a moment, the dense volumes of steam told us what had happened. Some attempted to escape by the doors leading to the cabin, but found it impossible. Fortunately, most of the state rooms had doors opening on the guards, which enabled them to reach the upper deck, the only place of safety in the boat. On the lower deck nearly every person was scalded or blown overboard. A gentleman, who was standing on the shore, saw more than twenty in the river,—only two of whom were picked up.

“After the steam had blown off, the scalded and wounded, forty-three in number, were brought into the cabin, where mattresses had been spread for them; and every assistance which lay in our power was rendered.”

The Oronoko was new, and fitted up with remarkable elegance for private families; but, it has since been ascertained, she had, with all this show, *old boilers*. Comment is unnecessary;—the fact that it was so, and may yet be so in other boats, we should suppose would act as a deep and warning voice to the whole community, and arouse it to an universal expression of its just indignation. This criminal and murderous parsimony respecting the most important portion of the boat, should have been inquired into at the time, and a just punishment awarded to those who were entrusted with the responsibility.

## LOSS OF THE STEAMER TISKILWA,

On Illinois River, April 18, 1837; by which upwards of Twenty Persons perished.

THIS melancholy occurrence took place on Saturday, about five miles from the mouth of the river,—where, through the obstinacy of the captains of two steamboats, one of the boats was sunk, and upwards of twenty lives lost.

The captain of the steamer Wisconsin, which was then ascending the river, had repeatedly stated, that if he should meet the Tiskilwa, and her captain would not give him a clear channel, he would run her down. This, it seemed, provoked the captain of the other boat, and he became obstinately determined not to turn out of his course. Both boats met, about 5 o'clock in the morning,—at a time when all the passengers were in their berths,—and steered directly for each other till within only a few rods, when the captain of the Tiskilwa endeavored, but too late, to avoid the concussion; and, by turning a little out of his course, gave a fair broadside to the ascending boat, which took her just behind the wheel, and she sunk in less than three minutes after she was struck.

The first notice of their extreme danger which the cabin passengers received, was the screams of those below, who were drowning; and, without even time to put on their clothes, they merely escaped by jumping through the windows of the cabin, which, fortunately for them, had been completely separated from the sinking boat by the shock.



## THE STEAM-SHIP PRESIDENT,

Which was probably lost in the Storm of March 12, 1841, between Nantucket Shoals and George's Bank; having on board upwards of One Hundred Human Beings.

IT is of course impossible to state any positive facts relative to the loss of the steam-ship PRESIDENT, whether it was by conflagration, explosion, or by foundering at sea;—the latter, from what circumstantial evidence we have been able to glean, is most probably the fact. Though the manner of her loss may never be known, yet there is no doubt remaining of her actual destruction, with the lives of every being on board. The time has long gone by for even hope to dream of her ultimate safety, and imagination alone may faintly attempt to picture the particulars of her melancholy fate.

The steam-ship President, under the command of Captain Roberts, sailed from New York for Liverpool, March 11, 1841, having on board thirty-one passengers. The officers, crew, and servants, numbered about eighty,—making a total of one hundred and ten souls.

The following is a correct list of the passengers:—

T. Blancher, Cuba.	D. Duchar, Scotland.
E. Berry.	John Frazer, New York.
A. L. Byrne, London.	E. B. Howell, New York.
W. H. Courtenay, England.	Mrs. E. B. Howell, N. York.
C. S. Cadets, Buenos Ayres.	Lt. F. Lennox, England.
Rev. G. G. Cookman, Wash- ington.	A. Livingston, New York.
	A. Van Lobe, Amsterdam.
R. H. Dundas, Royal Navy.	Mr. Meigegaes, Philadelphia.



S. Mails, New York.	T. Palmer, Baltimore.
W. W. Martin, England.	J. C. Roberts, New York.
Master Mohring.	Mr. Thorndike, New York.
B. Morris, and child.	Dr. M. Torner, Cuba.
T. C. Pleffel, New York.	A. R. Warburg, New York.
Tyrone Power, and servant, England.	J. L. Wolfe.
	Mrs. J. L. Wolfe, and child.

From one of the journals of the day we extract the following article :—

“A wine bottle, which had drifted ashore on the Horse Neck Beach, at the mouth of Buzzard’s Bay, was picked up, a few days since, by Mr. John Devoll, of Westport, and was found to contain a slip, torn from the side margin of a newspaper, upon which the following memorandum had been penned :

*‘Steam-ship President, sole survivor,  
the Steward—in a small boat.  
Save me—29th May.’*

“The fragment of paper, upon which this is written, is a strip about six inches long and one inch wide. We state what has thus come to our knowledge, leaving it to others, who are interested, to form their own conclusions. For ourselves, we are inclined to believe it an imposture; however difficult it must be to conceive of the motive which could thus induce any individual wantonly to trifle with the sympathies of hundreds who are anxiously interested in the fate of the unfortunate passengers and crew who were embarked in the President.”

In consequence of many rumors being afloat that the President left her port in an unseaworthy condition, an investigation was held in New York, June 5, at the office of the British Consul. The principal points inquired into, were :—

1. Whether the ship was what is technically termed hogged, or strained in the keel and frame, and that such was observed in Liverpool?

2. Whether she was, as has been stated, out of trim, being fully two feet by the head?

3. Whether there was a deficiency in spare sails and spars?

4. Whether a quantity of coals was carried on deck, in order to accommodate a large quantity of freight below; and whether, if so, it was injudicious or unsafe?

5. Whether, from these causes combined, she was incompetent to weather the storm or gale to which she was subject shortly after leaving port?

From the evidence of Mr. Smith, one of the agents of the President, the statement that she was out of trim when she left this port was pronounced unqualifiedly false; and that the entertaining for one moment the idea that Captain Roberts would have taken his vessel to sea, had she been out of trim, was one of the greatest insults that could be offered to his name or memory. That it was not true she was so crowded with freight that part of her cargo was stowed in her coal-boxes or bunkers, and that she could have taken from three to four hundred more barrels of freight than she had on board, and that the total weight of cargo was not over three hundred tons, while she could have taken double that quantity, or more, with ease. That it was true that she had about sixty tons of coal in her between-decks, besides having her bunkers also filled; that it was placed there at Captain Roberts's own request, as he calculated that about thirty hours only would be necessary to get rid of it,—the President consuming about thirty tons in twenty-four hours; and, further, that had it remained there all the voyage, it would but in a very slight degree have affected the vessel. The idea of her being hogged, or strained, was declared to be equally preposterous, as, just previously to her leaving England for the last time, she was taken into dock at Liverpool, thoroughly examined and overhauled, and her hull pronounced to be as sound and in as good order as it ever was. It was further

stated that the rumor about a deficiency of masts and spars was likewise untrue,—the letter of Junius Smith, recently published in London, satisfactorily proving that she was well and fully provided with every thing of the kind.

Captain Waite, of the packet-ship *England*, also testified to the original strength of the *President*. He went through her, with Captain Fayrer, before she first left Liverpool, examined her thoroughly, and found her as strong as wood and iron could make her. Mr. Lockman, a gentleman who appeared for the pilot who took the *President* outside, stated that when he left the ship, Captain Roberts remarked that he was confident of making a short passage, his vessel being in good order and trim, with an abundance of fuel.

At this meeting there were present, Rear Admiral Walton; George Barclay, agent for Lloyd's; and Thomas W. Moore, her majesty's packet agent. The following facts were satisfactorily elicited:—

That there was no coal on deck, and that the ship was in proper trim, drawing seventeen feet nine inches abaft, and seventeen feet six inches forward:

That she was not fully loaded, having spare room for about four hundred barrels:

That the statement of deficiency of sails and spars has been satisfactorily disproved:

That when last seen by Captain Cole, of the *Orpheus*, during the storm on the 12th of March, she was between Nantucket Shoals and George's Bank, at which time the ship *Orpheus* was laboring heavily, and shipping large quantities of water on her deck.

Captain Cole, of the ship *Orpheus*, had stated that he sailed in company with the *President* from New York on the 11th of March,—that he was in sight of her until the evening of the next day. When he last saw her she was rising on a tremendous sea, and appeared to be laboring and pitching very heavily. The *Orpheus* at the same time was also laboring very much, and shipped large quantities of water on deck.

Captain Cole thinks the President must have been at this time also shipping heavy seas; that the fires were probably extinguished, rendering the vessel comparatively helpless. The storm was dreadful during the whole night. The wind shifted the next morning from north-east to south-east, causing a still more tremendous sea, and the gale continued with unabated fury until midnight on the 13th. Captain Cole also stated that it was his further belief, *that the President did not survive the gale, but foundered with all on board in less than twenty-four hours after he last saw her; and most probably in the terrific night of the 12th of March. In which opinion other nautical gentlemen present seemed fully to coincide!*

Her position at the time the storm occurred, about latitude 39 or 40, and longitude 70 or 71, would make the United States her shortest route for refuge, if the storm left her alive, but still disabled. The wind continued easterly, and every thing favored the return of the President if she had lived the storm through. That return was never made; and other than circumstantial evidence can never be given of the fate of the President.

We annex the written opinion of Captain Hoskins, of the steam-ship Great Western. Months have since elapsed; and although his belief in the ultimate safety of the President has proved fallacious, yet the remarks of so experienced a man, and so excellent a seaman, will be found of general interest.

“Some of the opinions given in the course of the inquiry I differ from most distinctly, and those opinions would, no doubt, have a strong, though very erroneous impression on the public mind, if allowed to pass without notice from some one placed in a similar position to me, who, from very many years’ experience of all descriptions of vessels, sailing and steam, has had opportunity of forming a good judgment on the subject.



“The opinions to which I allude are those of Captain Cole, of the packet-ship *Orpheus*, who, by the report, said ‘that the President then must have been shipping seas heavily and fast; that probably these huge bodies of water worked through into the engine-room or fire-room, and extinguished the fires, in which case the steamer would have been comparatively helpless.’

“That the President was shipping water there is no doubt, but I do feel a perfect conviction she did not ship sufficient to extinguish the fires. The fire-places are upon the platform of the fire-room, and the platform put upon the bottom of the ship (in the *Great Western*,—the *President’s*, I think, higher,) the openings to the engine and fire-rooms are so small as to render it quite impossible that a body of water sufficient to overflow the fire-place could find its way below, even with imprudence; but, with the necessary precaution, in such weather, of battening the hatches, &c., down, the supposition of such a result is perfectly chimerical. Captain Cole’s opinion appears (by the report) to have been coincided in by other gentlemen, certainly good sailors; but with every respect for Captain Cole and those gentlemen, I must say they are not competent judges in this steam-ship case.

“I fully and entirely believe a good steam-ship the safest vessel that ever went to sea, and there are numerous instances where they have been placed in situations from which no sailing ship, however well managed, could escape. A case in point occurred at Barbadoes, during the last tremendous hurricane in the West Indies. Her Majesty’s steamer *Spitfire* and many ships were lying in Carlisle Bay; the ships were all lost or stranded. The *Spitfire* slipt her cables and put to sea, in the face of the hurricane; her decks were swept—her boats and paddle-boxes washed away—yet she never had her fires extinguished, but weathered it all by means of the steam power, which alone saved her. If the engines are damaged, still



steam-ships are safe and good sea-boats with their sails.

“I was once, in the Great Western, compelled to stop the engines at a moment, in a heavy gale of wind, which was heaving her on the eastern edge of the bank of Newfoundland. Immediately got storm aft sail on her, and for two hours—the time we were stopped—she lay to beautifully, as snug and as dry as any ship I was ever out in, in similar weather. I do not know the exact proportion of losses between sailing and steam-ships, but I am quite sure it is very much in favor of steam. I am not called upon, nor do I feel justified, in giving any opinion respecting what may have happened to the President, which, I yet believe, is above water, possibly a log working about at the mercy of the winds and waves, as the Superior (a vessel belonging to this port) did, some time since, for seventy days, before she reached St. Thomas, and ninety days before she was heard of here. Captain Roberts is a sailor, with energy of character and resources from long experience, which is a strong inducement for hope that the President will yet be heard of.”

For some time after all hope had reluctantly been given up respecting the safety of the President, various surmises were afloat as to the anticipated discovery of fragments of her wreck, whereby to form, if possible, some probable idea of the manner in which she was lost. In the month of the following June, the ship North Bend fell in with a wreck, off Cape Hatteras, which was asserted to be that of the ill-fated steam-ship. The carpenter of the North Bend felt fully convinced on that point. He had seen the English steamers in New York, and said that, from the formation of every thing, particularly of the dagger-knees, as well as the painting of the water-ways, he had no doubt of it. She had evidently been destroyed by an explosion of gunpowder or steam, for if she had been

laden with any combustible matter, she would have burned to the water's edge and sunk.

Very soon after, in contradiction to the above, it was stated in the public prints, that the wreck seen off Cape Hatteras, and supposed to be that of the President, was seen by Captain Adams, of the ship Congress, as long ago as the 26th of the previous December, while on his passage from Liverpool to Havana. From the description given, he was confident it was the same hulk he saw at that time. It was then about thirty-five miles south-west of the Great Isaacs, on the edge of the Gulf Stream. On discovering it, he run down under its lee, and luffed up around it, near enough to get upon it from his ship. The dagger-knees spoken of by the carpenter of the North Bend, led him to run down for it, believing them, at first, to be men upon a wreck. He had no doubt, that the wreck alluded to above, was the same that he saw; and that it had continued to drift in the current until fallen in with off Cape Hatteras.

The master of the brig Augusta, Captain Sawyer, who arrived at Philadelphia on the 30th of June, reported having seen, on the 25th, about ninety miles south of Cape Hatteras, the wreck of a very large steamer, burnt to the water's edge. He bore down close to her, but, from her being so much burnt, was unable to learn her name. One guard was underneath the water, while the blackened and charred frame of the other yet remained above. It was thought by some to be the remains of the ill-fated President. If true, the many conjectures which have been started, as to the cause of her loss, have all proved unfounded. Fire would appear to have been the fearful element of destruction, instead of storms and icebergs.

But, as we have elsewhere remarked, every surmise on this awful subject is not only painful, but equally fruitless and vain. One appalling fact impresses itself upon the bewildered mind with a weight that ensures shuddering conviction: the steam-ship President *was*

—and *is no more*. She has gone, and left no track upon the pathless sea. The last faint ray of hope has long departed, and the darkness of uncertainty has settled over her fate. In the beautiful language of Washington Irving, we exclaim, “What sighs have been wafted after that ship! What prayers offered up at the deserted fire-side of home! How often has the sister, the wife, the mother, pored over daily news to catch some casual intelligence of this rover of the deep! How has expectation darkened into anxiety, —anxiety into dread,—and dread into despair! Alas! not one memento shall ever return for love to cherish. All that shall ever be known is,—that she sailed from her port,—‘and was *never heard of more!*’”

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## TO THE PRESIDENT STEAM-SHIP.

BY WILLIAM B. TAPPAN.

PROUD barque! we freighted thee with gold;  
 Our choicest gems we gave to thee;  
 Thou had'st our all;—to have and hold,  
 And bear in safety o'er the sea.  
 Art thou unfaithful to the trust?  
 Wilt thou fulfil 't?—Be just! be just!

We left our treasures with regret;  
 We counted them, for they were dear;  
 Some laughed, as care they would forget,  
 And some in sadness dropped the tear.  
 The veriest miser of us knew  
 His hoards were safe, for thou wert true.

Hadst thou not often borne for us  
 Rich household gifts of price unknown?  
 And didst thou ever, wrongly, thus  
 Keep back what was not all thine own?  
 O who mistrusted! or would shun  
 Thy faithless care?—Not one! not one!

We saw thee leave us in thy pride ;—  
 And many a prayer pursued thy track,  
 That He, who ebbs and floods the tide,  
 And chains the sea, would bring thee back :  
 Yet not one bosom harbored doubt  
 Of her return, that thus went out.

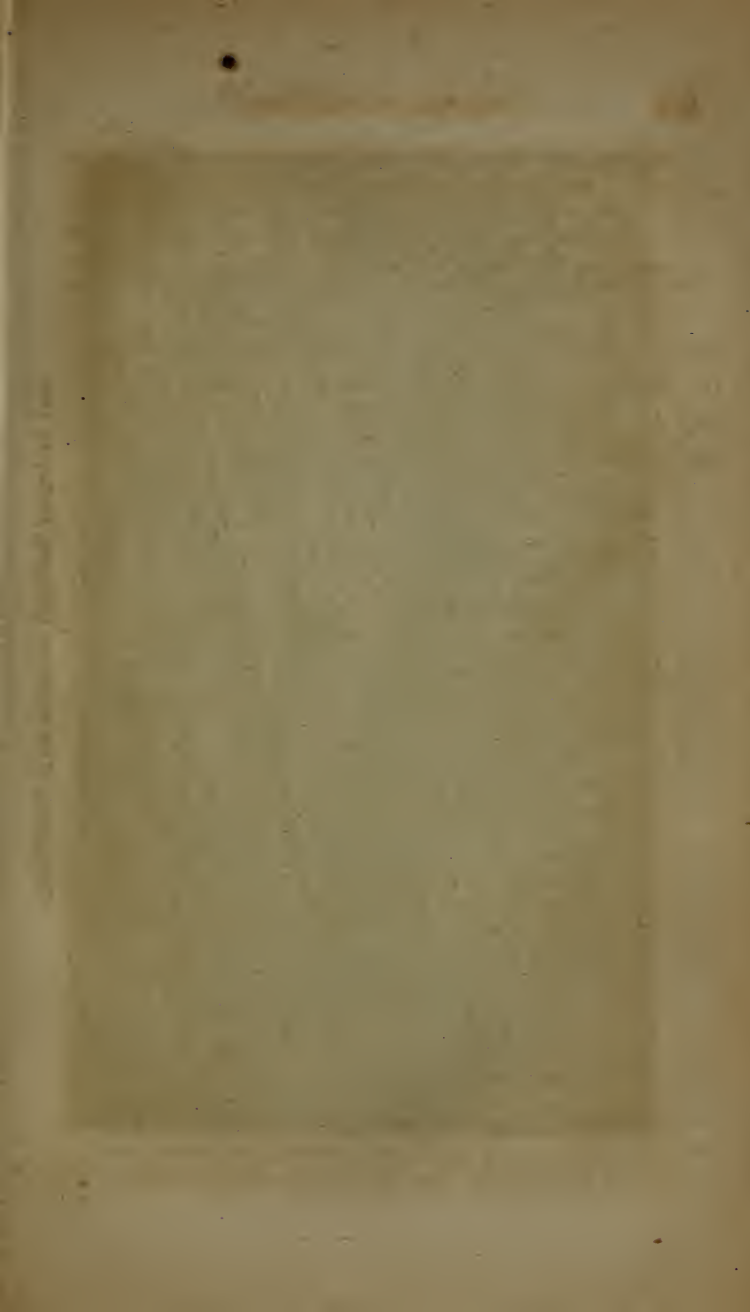
We trusted God, yet trusted much  
 Thy noble frame of steel and oak ;  
 Strong as thy mates, we said that such  
 Could brave the tempest's fiercest stroke ;  
 Nor pitch too deeply down, nor reel  
 Though timbers shivered to the keel.

We trusted God, yet trusted too  
 To science, and the perfect skill  
 Which could a trackless way pursue,  
 And make a distant port at will.  
 We trusted man, well-tried of old ;  
 We trusted *thee*—give back our gold !

Give back the light of friendship's day,—  
 The hearts that bound us in their spell ;  
 We parted not with these, *for aye* !  
 We had not said a last 'farewell !'  
 Give back, O journeyer of the sea,  
 Our own, and blessings be on thee !

In vain ! in vain !—to earnest cry  
 Of widow and of fatherless,  
 The sullen winds bring no reply ;  
 Though for the tidings, we would bless  
 The sullen winds, the cruel sea,  
 If tidings they would give of thee !

In vain ! in vain ! no pitying friend  
 Beheld thee climb the dreadful wave,  
 And from that altitude descend  
 To an unfathomable grave.  
 Yet thou *wast* faithful, as we knew,  
 For with thy trust *thou* 'st perished too !







Conflagration of the Steamboat Lexington, January 13, 1840.

## CONFLAGRATION OF THE LEXINGTON,

On Long Island Sound, while on her Passage from New York to Stonington, January 13, 1840; by which Terrible Catastrophe upwards of One Hundred and Fifty Persons perished; only Four escaping of the entire number on board.

THE steamboat LEXINGTON, Captain George Child, left New York, for Stonington, on Monday, January 13, at 3 o'clock, P. M., with upwards of one hundred passengers, and a large freight, consisting principally of cotton. At 7 o'clock, when about three or four miles from Eaton's Neck, Long Island, some bales of cotton, and the casings around the smoke-pipe, were discovered to be on fire. The wind at the time was blowing fresh from the north, which, with the dreadful confusion that reigned among all on board, rendered ineffectual every attempt to check the fire.

The boat was then headed for Long Island shore, and driven with all speed in that direction, until the wind blew the flames and smoke back to such an extent that it was found impossible to steer, or to remain longer in the stern of the boat. She had not, in fact, proceeded far, when the tiller ropes were burnt off, and she was rendered wholly unmanageable. The passengers at this time were mostly in the forward part of the boat, and the fire amidship prevented any communication with those in the after part. In this frightful condition, a rush was made to the small boats, of which there were three, besides the life-boat. Amid the utter confusion and terror that prevailed,

they were hoisted out while the burning boat was under full headway, and were immediately swamped,—being filled with passengers, not one of whom escaped.

The engine soon after gave way, and the boat drifted about on the sea, at the mercy of wind and tide, while the flames were sweeping over her from bow to stern. The scene that ensued was appalling, and baffles all attempt at description. Bales of cotton, boxes, trunks, every thing that offered the least possible chance of preserving life, had been thrown overboard; and the sufferers threw themselves from the burning wreck into the freezing sea, clinging to whatever article they could reach, in the desperate hope, perchance, that existence might yet be preserved. How vainly, alas! subsequent accounts of the terrific loss of life has proved.

The lurid light of the blazing wreck shone far over the cold and dreary waste of waters, showing, with fearful distinctness, the dreadful scene in its immediate vicinity. Human beings were floating around in every direction; some were yet living, but more had ceased to be; some were struggling to gain a fragment or bale of cotton; while others, in happy unconsciousness, were sinking into the cold flood of death. Here was heard the last wild shriek of despair. Husbands, wives, fathers, mothers, and children, were plunging into eternity, with the heart-breaking cry of agony dying on their lips. What heart but sickens at such a picture, however feebly wrought!

“O, bitter elements! and ye, more cruel fate!  
Hearts doomed to perish in their youthful love,—  
Hopes crushed forever,—homes made desolate,—  
Ties broken,—tears and torture, far above  
The strength of thought, to rack the bleeding soul;—  
These are the monuments that mark the goal  
At which, alone, death terminates your wide control.”

The loss of this steamboat, involving, as it does, the fate of so many souls, is far the most melancholy, even in the gloomy record of steamboat disasters. Widowed mothers, with their families of children,—robust men, actively engaged in the hurry of business life,—mariners, who had been absent for years, and were within a half day of their homes,—the divine,—the learned professor,—the merchant,—men of talent, wit, worth,—in sight of shore, all sinking to a common grave,—scarcely one, comparatively speaking, escaping to relate the dreadful story;—the bare mention of these facts calls up before the mind a scene, from the contemplation of which we shrink with horror. We have no recollection of any calamity which filled the public mind so universally with sorrow as this. Never, we are sure, has the truth, that “there is but a step between life and death,” been more mournfully realized by the whole community.

The burning of the boat was seen from the Connecticut and Long Island shores; but all efforts to render assistance proved unavailing. She drifted up the sound with the tide, and was burning eight hours before she sunk. An eye-witness said:—“The boat was seen on fire, drifting past Stony Brook, about midway of the sound, the blaze shooting up from her in columns, lighting up the waters for miles around. A small boat put off, but returned after going a mile or two, it being too rough to venture farther. The Lexington was seen until shut in by Crane Neck Point—and *seen no more!* From her direction, and the place where she was last seen, she must have been drifting directly for the *light boat* on the middle ground, and could have been but two or three miles from it when last discerned by her blaze, which showed her solitary and sable chimneys, standing as monuments over some mighty moving catacomb of death.”

Of the large number of individuals on board the Lexington, nearly one hundred and fifty, including



the crew, there were but four saved,—Captain Chester Hillard, of Norwich, Conn., a passenger; Captain Stephen Manchester, the pilot of the boat; David Crowley, the second mate, and Charles Smith, a fireman. That these four individuals were saved, and the manner of their preservation, is almost miraculous, exposed as they were from fifteen to forty-eight hours to the severity of the coldest weather of winter, devoid of requisite clothing, and on the frail security of a cotton-bale, tossing over a freezing sea.

The following is believed to be a correct list of the names of the passengers, as far as could be ascertained:—

H. Aldrich, Bridgewater.	Wm. Dexter, Boston.
Mrs. Lydia Bates,	Mr. Dorr.
James C. Bates, and	A. F. Dyer, Braintree, Ms.
Miss Lydia C. Bates, Bur-	Charles Eberle, Boston.
lington, N. J.	Otis Eldridge, Boston.
Geo. Benson, Brooklyn.	John Everett, N. York.
Ch. Brackett, New York.	J. P. Felt, Jr., Salem.
Mr. Baum, New York.	Henry J. Finn, Boston.
E. Brown, Jr., Providence.	Dr. Follen, Cambridge.
John Brown, Boston.	Capt. B. J. Foster, Providence.
H. C. Bradford, Boston.	Mr. Fowler, N. York.
Mr. Bullard, Boston.	John Gordon, Cambridge.
J. G. Brown, New Orleans.	D. Greene, Philadelphia.
Robt. Blake, Wrentham, Ms.	W. A. Greene, Providence.
Mr. Ballou, N. York.	A. E. Harding, N. York.
C. Boswell, Royalton, Vt.	Adolp. Harnden, N. York.
John Brown, (colored.)	Capt. Chester Hillard, of Nor-
Capt. J. D. Carver, Plymouth.	wich, Ct.,— <i>saved</i> .
Mr. Carey, N. York.	S. Henry, Manchester, Eng.
R. T. Church, Baltimore.	Nath. Hobart, Boston.
Wm. Cowen, N. York.	Abr'm Howard, Boston.
John Corey, Foxborough.	Benj. D. Holmes, Boston.
H. C. Craig, N. York.	Wm. H. Hoyt, mail contractor.
R. W. Dow, N. York.	Isaac Howes.
J. G. Davenport, Middletown.	Mrs. Russell Jarvis, and two
Isaac Davis, Boston.	children, N. York.



Thomas James, N. York.	J. Roy, Kennebunk, Me.
Joshua Johnson.	Mrs. M. Russell, Stonington.
J. W. Kerle, Baltimore.	Robert Shultz, N. York.
Capt. E. S. Kimball, Salem.	T. Smith, Dartmouth.
Capt. J. G. Low.	Mr. Steele, N. York.
Hez. Lawrence, N. York.	Mr. Stuyvesant, Boston.
J. A. Leach, Boston.	G. O. Swan, Columbus.
J. Lemist, Roxbury, Ms.	G. B. Smith, Brooklyn.
John Linfield, Stoughton.	John G. Stone, Boston.
Charles Lee, Barre, Ms.	Capt. Smith, Dedham.
T. H. M. Lyon, Boston.	Wm. Symmes, N. York.
P. McKenna, N. York.	W. H. Townsend, and two children, N. York.
A. Mason, Gloucester.	P. Upson, Egremont, Ms.
John Marshall, N. York.	Mr. Van Cott, Stonington.
Capt. David McFarland.	S. Waterbury, N. York.
Capt. Mattison, Cold Spring.	J. L. Winslow, Providence.
John Martin, England.	W. Winslow, Providence.
Gilbert Martin, England.	Mrs. A. Winslow, Providence.
Mr. Narine, N. York.	C. W. Woolsey, Boston.
Wm. Nichols, Providence.	Thomas White, Boston.
C. S. Noyes, N. York.	G. W. Walker, Worcester.
E. B. Patten, N. York.	J. Weston, Baltimore.
R. Pickett, Newburyport.	R. Williams, Cold Spring.
M. Peck, Stonington.	W. H. Wilson, Williamsburg.
C. R. Phelps, Stonington.	J. Walker, Cambridgeport.
William Price, Portland.	Mr. Walker, Belchertown.
M. Phelps, N. York.	Miss S. T. Wheeler, Greenfield.
R. Pierpont, N. York.	

*List of the Officers and Crew.*

George Child, captain.	Capt. Stephen Manchester, pilot,— <i>saved</i> .
E. Thurber, first mate.	
David Crowley, second mate, — <i>saved</i> .	Charles B. Smith, fireman,— <i>saved</i> .
Jesse Comstock, clerk.	Robert Shatter, fireman.
J. B. Newman, steward.	B. B. Schuyler.
Mr. Hoyt, baggage master.	George Baum.
C. Hempstead, 1st engineer.	Henry Reed.
W. Quimby, 2d engineer.	Benjamin Cox.
M. Johnson, wheel-man.	Charles Williams.

Benjamin Laden.	Oliver Howell, (colored.)
C. Humber.	King Cade, “
Joel Lawrence.	J. Rostin, “
Susan Holcomb, chamberm'd.	J. B. Tab, “
Joseph Robinson, (colored.)	E. Parkson, “
Robert Peters, “	John Masson, “
Job Sands, “	Solomon Askons, “
Daniel Aldrich, “	Isaac Putnam, “
G. Gilbert, “	“

From various sources, published at the time, we gather the following, which varies but little in substance, however, from the preceding account:—

The Lexington left New York on Monday, at 3 o'clock, P. M., for Stonington, with about one hundred passengers. A large quantity of cotton was placed upon her decks. At 7 o'clock, when about two miles from Eaton's Neck, Long Island, the cotton took fire near the smoke-pipe. An attempt was made to rig the fire-engine on board, but it did not succeed.

After it was found that all efforts to suppress the flames would be unavailing, the boat was headed towards Long Island shore. In about fifteen minutes the tiller ropes were burnt, and the boat became unmanageable. The engine, however, kept in operation, under a heavy head of steam. The three small boats were hoisted out with all possible haste, but they swamped soon after they struck the water, in consequence of the speed with which the steamer was going towards the shore. A life-boat, which was on board, was also thrown over, but caught under the wheel and was lost. When the Lexington had got within about two miles of the shore, her engine suddenly stopped. All hopes of escape to those on board, except by clinging to such articles of freight as would sustain them, were now cut off.

Captain Hillard, in company with some other person, secured a cotton-bale, on which he remained, the wind blowing off Long Island shore, until 11 o'clock

the next morning, having been exposed for fifteen hours, when he was taken up by the sloop Merchant, Captain Meeker, of Southport. His companion, in the meantime, had been released from his sufferings by death. Two others were also picked up by the sloop, Charles Smith, a fireman, and Captain Manchester, the pilot; both were nearly insensible.

The boat drifted up the sound with the tide, and was off the harbor of Bridgeport about midnight. Efforts were made to go from Bridgeport; and from Southport, to the assistance of the sufferers, but, unfortunately, owing to ice and other untoward circumstances, they were unsuccessful.

Captain Meeker discovered the steamer on fire soon after it broke out, and attempted to get out of Southport; but the harbor being shallow, and the tide falling, his vessel went aground, and he did not get out until the morning tide.

At one time the burning steamboat was within a mile and a half of the Long Island shore; but, probably from the tiller chains giving away, she soon rapidly receded. A boat put out from the shore at one time, and rowed two or three miles, but finding the Lexington increasing her distance, returned. It was low tide, and none of the sloops and schooners could get out. Some of the inhabitants say they heard two explosions in the night, which they have since supposed to have been caused by the bursting of the boilers.

On Wednesday evening succeeding this melancholy disaster, the fourth and last survivor, David Crowley, the second mate of the Lexington, floated ashore on a single bale of cotton, having drifted upwards of fifty miles. On reaching the shore, he walked three quarters of a mile to gain the nearest house. He was so exhausted that he could not utter an articulate sound. Without coat or hat, exposed to the bleak severity of some of the coldest weather of winter, he had floated over the water for *two days and two nights!*

How human nature could have been sustained under such exposure, and for such a length of time, we are at a loss to conceive. From one or two, who have conversed with Mr. Crowley, the following particulars are gathered relative to his escape :—

On Tuesday, the morning after the misfortune, he saw the sloop Merchant pick up one or two persons; he endeavored, by holding up his waistcoat, to attract their notice, but without success. When the night of that day came on, he thought himself near Falkland Island, and expected to drift ashore there, but, finding himself exhausted, he, miraculous to state, composed himself on his bale of cotton, went to sleep, and slept soundly until morning! Much revived by his sleep, he continued, through the following day, to make every exertion, his situation permitted, to reach the land, which, however, he did not do until night. When landed, he scaled the high bank on the shore, when a light at a distance attracted his notice; he followed its direction until he reached the hospitable mansion of Mr. Huntingdon, at the moment his son had just arrived there, and was relating the particulars of the loss of the Lexington. His unexpected appearance, pale and wretched, with his waistcoat round his head, naturally created sensations of pity and astonishment; he received all the care and attention his helpless and miserable situation required.

The following is the substance of the statement given by Mr. Crowley :—

On the alarm of fire being given, he immediately proceeded to the spot whence it came, and there discovered six bales of cotton on fire, which had not then spread to any part of the wood-work. He immediately handed up to Captain Manchester, who was on the promenade-deck, three pails of water, and then, with the deck hands and waiters, continued to draw water and throw it on the fire; they did so without any confusion, and with the most strenuous exertion, until they were driven away by the strength of the flames.



Captain Child was among them, aiding and directing, and it was not until all hopes of saving the boat was gone, that Captain Child, in reply to an inquiry from some of the passengers of what was to be done, replied, in a collected manner, "Gentlemen, take to the boats," and then went aft, himself; which was the last time Mr. Crowley saw him. He also stated that before leaving the wreck, he saw one of the quarter-boats launched by some of the passengers, and called out to them to put the plug in the boat; that he assisted one of the passengers to throw overboard the hawser tub, and another, the chaffing board; that he himself at last threw over a side-plank, and jumped on it; soon afterward, swam to a bale of cotton which floated near him. While on this bale of cotton, he never lost his presence of mind, or his hope of escape, and noted the different points of land which he knew, as he floated past them.

We commend to the attention of all, the interesting testimony of Captain Hillard, and that of the other survivors. It presents a clear and connected history of the melancholy event, and makes much intelligible that has heretofore seemed difficult to understand. From Captain Hillard's testimony, it would appear that the passengers, or a large portion of them, took possession of the boats, and *drowned themselves*, even before the danger became imminent; and that, had they waited but ten minutes longer, the way of the boat would have been stopped, and the quarter boats could have been deliberately lowered, and the greater part, if not all, saved. When, with singular self-possession, he lowered himself into the sea, nearly all the passengers had already found a watery grave.

The small number of passengers seen by Captain Manchester on the fore-castle, and the large proportion of the boat hands, is also explained, by the hasty measures of the passengers, as described by Captain Hillard. His expression that a phrenzy, and a de-



termination to destroy themselves, appeared to have seized them, appears literally true, as proved by their unhappy course. But we have no need to reproach the unfortunate with lack of presence of mind, until we shall have been placed in a similar position of imminent peril. It may do for Captain Hillard to speak as he did of them, as he had passed the fiery ordeal, and had shown himself throughout a man of extraordinary nerve and self-possession.

The passage of the testimony relative to the little child floating near the stern of the boat,—the mother, regardless of herself, calling upon him to save her child,—gives us another instance of the disinterested affection of the mother. It may have been that this lady was Mrs. Jarvis; and, as the child was a female, the supposition seems extremely probable,—nay, almost certain. To her friends, this will seem as a last interview with the departed. The centering of her heart upon an object, dear alike to all while all survived, and doubly dear in the memory of the lonely and heart-stricken survivors, will lead fancy to date the last communion of thought as held upon the burning wreck of the Lexington. When time has mellowed their grief into that pleasing melancholy which delights to dwell on the virtues of the departed, it will seem to the desolate husband as if he were present at the scene, and shared the solicitude of the mother, who cared only for her child, when her own death was certain.

Extract from the testimony of Captain Hillard before the Jury of Inquest, held in New York:—

“It was about an hour after supper that I first heard the alarm of fire. I was then on the point of turning in, and had my coat and boots off. I slipped them on. I then discovered the casing of the smoke-pipe, and, I think, a part of the promenade-deck, on fire. There was a great rush of the passengers, and much confusion, so that I could not notice particularly.

The after part of the casing was burning, and the fire was making aft. I thought, at the time, that the fire might be subdued; but, being aft at the time, could not, therefore, see distinctly.

“I saw nothing of the commander, and from what I could hear of the crew forward, I supposed they were at work trying to rig the fire-engine. I saw no buckets used, and think they were not made use of. I think the fire-engine was not got to work, as I saw nothing of it. I shortly after went on the promenade-deck. My attention had previously been directed to the passengers, who were rushing into the quarter boats, and when I went on the quarter-deck, the boats were both filled. They seemed to be stupidly determined to destroy themselves, as well as the boats, which were their only means of safety. I went to the starboard boat, which they were lowering away; they lowered it until she took the water, and then I saw some one cut away the forward tackle fall; it was at all events disengaged, and no one at the time could have unhooked the fall. The boat instantly filled with water, there being at the time about twenty persons in her; and the boat passed immediately astern, entirely clear. I then went to the other side; the other boat was cleared away and lowered in the same manner as the first, full of passengers. This boat fell astern, entirely disengaged, as the other had done; but fell away before she had entirely filled with water.

“By this time the fire had got under such headway, that I pretty much made my mind up ‘*it was a gone case.*’ I thought that the best thing that could be done was to run the boat ashore, and for this purpose went to the wheel-house to look for Captain Child, expecting to find him there. I found him there, and advised him to run for the shore. He replied that she was already headed for the land. The fire by this time began to come up around the promenade-deck, and the wheel-house was completely filled with

smoke. There were two or three on the promenade-deck, near the wheel-house, and their attention was turned to the life-boat; it was cleared away. I assisted in stripping off the canvass, but I had no notion of going in her, as I had made my mind up that they would serve her as they had done the other boats. The steamer was then under headway.

“Before I left the promenade-deck I thought it was time for me to leave; however, as the fire was bursting up through the deck, I went aft and down on to the main-deck. They were then at work with the hose, but whether by the aid of the engine, or not, I cannot say. The smoke was so dense that I could not see distinctly what they were about. I think that the communication with the fore part of the boat was by this time cut off. From the first hearing of the alarm, perhaps twenty minutes had elapsed. The engine had now been stopped about five minutes. I recommended to the few deck hands and passengers who remained, to throw the cotton overboard; and told them that they must do something for themselves, and the best thing they could do was to take to the cotton. There were perhaps ten or a dozen bales thrown overboard, which was pretty much all there were, on the larboard side, which had not taken fire.

“I then cut off a piece of line, perhaps four or five fathoms, and with it spanned a bale of cotton, which, I believe, was the last one not on fire. It was a very snug, square bale, about four feet long and three feet wide, and a foot and a half thick. Aided by one of the firemen, I put the bale up on the rail, round which we took a turn, slipped the bale down below the guard, when we both got on to it. The boat then lay broadside to the wind, and we were under the lee of the boat, on the larboard side. We placed ourselves, one on each end of the bale, facing each other; with our weight it was about one third out of the water. The wind was pretty fresh, and we drifted at the rate of about a knot and a half. We did not lash ourselves

to the bale, but coiled the rope up and laid it on the bale. My companion did not like the idea of leaving the boat immediately, but wished to hold on to the guards; but I determined to get out of the way, believing that to remain there much longer, it would become pretty hot quarters. We accordingly shoved the bale round the stern, when we left the boat and drifted away about a knot and a half. This was just 8 o'clock by my watch, which I took out and looked at. As we left the wreck, I picked up a piece of board, which I used as a paddle or rudder, with which to keep the bale end to the sea.



Captain Hillard and his companion on the bale of cotton.

“At the time we left the boat there were but few persons remaining on board. I saw one lady, and the reason why I particularly noticed her was that her child had got overboard, and was then about two rods from her. We passed by the child so near that I could put my hand on it as it lay on its back. She saw us approaching the child, and cried out for us to



save it. The child, which from its dress appeared to be a female, was dead when we passed it; nor can I recollect what was said by the lady. It was hard to notice particulars at the time, as it was pretty rough, and I had as much as I could do to manage the bale of cotton. We then drifted away from the boat, and in ten minutes more we could see no persons on board, excepting those on the forecastle.

“We sat astride of the bale with our feet in the water; but were wet up to the middle from the water frequently washing over. We were in sight of the boat all the time till she went down, when we were about a mile distant. When we left the wreck it was cloudy; but, about 9 o'clock, it cleared off, and we had a clear night of it until the moon went down. I looked at my watch as often as every half hour, through the night. The boat went down at 3 o'clock. It was so cold as to make it necessary for me to exert myself to keep warm, which I did by whipping my hands and arms around my body.

“About 4 o'clock the bale capsized with us; a heavy sea came and carried it over end-ways. We managed to get on the bale on its opposite side. At this time we lost our piece of board, which had been useful as a paddle, and afterwards the bale was ungovernable. My companion had complained much of the cold from our first setting out; he appeared to have given up all hope of our being saved. On our first starting from the boat, I gave him my vest, as he had on only a flannel shirt, and pantaloons, boots and cap. Cox\* remained on the bale, after it had upset, about two hours, or more, until it was about daylight. For the last half hour that he remained on the bale he had been speechless, and seemed to have lost all use of his hands, as he did not try to hold on. I rubbed him and beat his flesh, and used every effort I could to

\* Benjamin Cox, of New York. He left a wife and several children in a deplorable situation. His wretched widow offered her last mite, about five dollars, for the recovery of the body of her unfortunate husband.



keep his blood in circulation. It was still very rough, and I was obliged to exert myself to hold on. The bale coming broad-side to the sea, it gave a lurch, and Cox slipped off, and I saw him no more. He went down without a struggle.

“I now got more into the middle of the bale, to make it ride as it should, and in that way continued for about an hour, when I got my feet on the bale, and so remained until the sloop picked me up.”

Extract from the testimony of Captain Stephen Manchester, the pilot of the Lexington:—

“When I first heard the alarm of fire, about half past 7 o'clock, some one came to the wheel-house door and told me that the boat was on fire. My first movement was to step out of the wheel-house and look aft; saw the upper deck burning all round the smoke-pipe, the flames coming up through the promenade-deck. I returned into the wheel-house and put the wheel hard-a-port to steer the boat for the land. I then thought it very doubtful whether the fire could be extinguished. We were about four miles from Long Island shore, and, at the rate we were then going, it would take about twenty minutes to reach it.

“We had not yet headed to the land, when something gave way, which I believe was the tiller rope. Thinks she was heading about south-east, and Long Island bore about south, when the tiller rope gave way. The engine was then working, and the boat fell ahead more to the eastward. Captain Child then came into the wheel-house, and put his hand to the spoke of the wheel, and, as he did so, the rope gave way; presumes it was the rope attached to the wheel; at the same time the smoke came into the wheel-house, and we were obliged to go out. I suspect he went aft, but I never saw him afterwards. When he went out, he went down on the forward-deck. I do not recollect whether he expressed any alarm. I then called to those on the fore-castle to get out the fire-

engine and buckets. The engine was got out, but they could not get at the buckets, or at least I only saw a few.

“I am of opinion the wheel-ropes burnt off; but I could not have stood it longer even if there had been chains round the wheel. I think there was then an opportunity to go from the wheel-house aft, where there was another steering apparatus, a good tiller, with chains which ran through blocks. All boats are so rigged, in order that if any thing happens to the rudder, this can be used in its place. I did not go aft to it, because I thought my services would be more useful forward. After calling to get out the engine, I went to the life-boat, and found some persons taking the tarpaulin off it. I caught hold of the lashing of the boat, and requested them not to let her go until we got a line fastened to her. I called to those at the fore-castle to pass a line to make fast to her, which they did, and we fastened it to her bow. The fire was then burning through the promenade-deck. I cut the lashing, and told them to launch the boat. I jumped from the promenade-deck down on the forward-deck, took hold of the hawser, and found it was not fastened to the steamboat. I told them to hold on to the rope, but they all let go, one after another; the engine was still going, and I was obliged to let it go myself also.

“We then found two buckets, and commenced throwing water with them and the specie-boxes; we got the water from over the side of the boat, which was then nearly stopped. While doing this, some others took the flag-staffs and parts of the bulwarks, and made a raft, to which we made a line fast and hove it over the side of the boat. We then threw the baggage overboard from four baggage-cars, and made them fast with a line. The engine by this time was entirely stopped. It worked from ten to fifteen minutes, going gradually slower, until it ceased. We threw out every thing by which we thought any person

could save themselves; and continued throwing on water, in hopes that some relief might reach us.

“The main-deck now fell in as far as the capstan, and the people had by this time got overboard, some of them drowned, and others hurried on to the baggage-cars, the raft, and other things. What was left of the main-deck was now on fire, and got us cornered up in so small a space that we could do nothing more by throwing water. There were then only eight or ten persons astern on the steamboat, and about thirty on the forecastle. They were asking me what they should do; and I told them I saw no chance for any of us; that if we stayed there, we should be burned to death, and if we went overboard, we should probably perish. Among those who were there, was Mr. Hoyt, Mr. Van Cott, and another person, named Harnden, who had charge of the express line. I did not know any one else.

“I then took a piece of spun-yarn and made it fast to my coat, and also to the rail, and so eased myself down upon the raft. There were two or three others on it already, and my weight sank it. I held on to the rope until it came up again; and when it did, I sprang up and caught a piece of railing, which was in the water, and from thence got on a bale of cotton, where there was a man sitting; found the bale was made fast to the railing; I took out my knife and cut it off. At the time I cut this rope, I saw some person standing on the piece of railing, who asked me if there was room for another. I made no answer, and he jumped, and knocked off the man that was with me; and I hauled him on again. I caught a piece of board, which was floating past, and shoved the bale clean off from the raft, and used the board to endeavor to get in shore at Crane Neck Point, in which I could not succeed; but I used the board as long as I could, for exercise.

“When I left the wreck, I looked at my watch, and it was just 12 o'clock. I think the man who was

on the bale with me said his name was M'Kenna, and lived at New York. He spoke of his wife and children,—how he had kissed them the morning he left home,—and said he feared he should perish with the cold. He died about 3 o'clock. After I had hauled



Captain Manchester and M'Kenna on the bale of cotton.

him on the bale, I had encouraged him, and told him to thrash his hands, which he did for a spell, but soon pretty much gave up. When he died, he fell back on the bale, and the first sea that came washed him off. My hands were then so frozen that I could hardly use them at all. Was about three miles from the wreck when she sunk; and the last thing I recollect, was seeing the sloop, and raising my handkerchief between my fingers, hoping they would see me. I was then sitting on the cotton, with my feet in the water. The bale did not seem to roll at all, although there were some heavy seas.

“I was taken off the cotton by Captain Meeker, and brought to Southport, where I received every possible attention.”



Captain Manchester also stated in addition to the foregoing:—

“I knew Captain Child for ten or fifteen years. He and I were packet masters for several years, and since then he has commanded the steamboats Providence and Narraganset. He was a man of considerable decision of character, and had commanded a steamboat for four years. When he came to the wheel-house, on the night of the fire, he appeared to be agitated, but there was too short time for me to remark much. I think the fire originated from the smoke-pipe; it was very red that night, and the cotton was most likely piled within two feet of the steam-chimney. The boat was going about twelve knots an hour, but the engine went gradually slower until it stopped, which was about twenty minutes after the first alarm.”

Extract from the account as given by Charles B. Smith, fireman on board the Lexington:—

“The first time I heard the alarm of fire was about half past 7 o'clock in the evening. I was in my room asleep, on the guard. A man came in and told me that the boat was on fire. I got out of my berth. The door of the room was open, directly opposite the steam-chimney, and I saw the promenade-deck and part of the casing around the chimney on fire; went immediately into the crank-room and put on the hose, opened the cocks, and tried to get to the end of the hose to play on the fire, but the fire and smoke prevented me. The hose was lying alongside of the bulkhead, alongside of the air-pump. I went aft of the shaft to get breath, and then tried to get the buckets down that hung over the shaft, which the fire prevented me from doing. I then went aft, with the intention of getting into the boat. I there saw Captain Child standing on the rail, by the crane of the boat, on the starboard side, and heard him sing out for the engineer. The engineer answered; and the cap-



tain asked him if he could stop the engine. He replied that it was impossible, as the fire prevented.

“I had now got to where Captain Child stood, and saw the bow tackle of the boat cut away, with the boat full of passengers. The bows of the boat filled with water, and she swung round on her stern tackle. Captain Child sung out to hold on to the boat, and slipped down to the fender, outside of the bulwark. I slipped over after him. He stepped into the stern-sheets of the boat, and I put my foot on the stern of the boat, and hauled it back, and just as I got my foot back, the stern tackle was let go, but whether it was cut or not, I do not know. That was the last I saw of the boat or the captain. Captain Child was in the boat at the time. I got over the stern then, with the intention of getting on to the rudder. I hung by the netting, kicked in three cabin windows, and, lowering myself down, got on the rudder.

“I had been there but a minute or two, when I was followed by several others. There was a boy got over the stern, whom I told to drop overboard and get on a bale of cotton. He said he could not swim. I then told him to tell some of those on deck to throw over a bale of cotton. There was one thrown over, which I jumped after, and gave the boy my place. I swam to it, and got on it. I remained on it until about half past 1 o'clock. About that time I drifted back to the steamboat, and got on board. There were then ten or twelve persons hanging to different parts of the boat. There were no ladies among them. I staid there until 3 o'clock, when the boat sunk.

“We stood on the top of the hips which are put on the boat to keep her from rolling, and are made of solid timber, running fore and aft of the boat nearly her whole length, under the guards; but the guards at this time were burnt off. I stood there until she sunk. After she began to fill, the rest jumped off. I then swam to a piece of the guard, and, with four others, got on it. They all perished before daylight.

I remained on the piece of guard until 2 o'clock in the afternoon, when I was taken off by the sloop Merchant, Captain Meeker, and was taken into Southport, where I had the best care taken of me possible. My feet were badly frozen, and my fingers touched a little with the frost.

“I have been in the Lexington ever since she commenced burning coal. Knew her to be on fire, on the 2d of January, on the main-deck, alongside the boiler. It originated from some sparks which flew up and caught the deck. It did not burn so much as to make a blaze on deck. It burnt a corner of a box which was there, but did not damage the goods that were in it. Never knew her on fire at any other time. When the door of the furnace is opened, the sparks from the coal do not come out, unless the damper is down, which we always keep open, and fastened open. I never before saw the casing of the steam-chimney on fire. I have seen the chimney red-hot, and seen a blue flame come from the top of it, probably as much as six feet. I do not consider a boat in any more danger with a blower than without one; and we can make more steam with blowers than without. When we are carrying ten or twelve inches steam, take off the blower and the steam will run down so as to stop on her centre in a short time. I have seen the steam run down sixteen inches to an inch and a half in twenty minutes after the blower was taken off.”

Captain Joseph J. Comstock, the commander of the steamboat Massachusetts, was appointed by the proprietors of the Lexington to proceed to the scene of the disaster, for the purpose of recovering the bodies of the ill-fated passengers and crew, and to search for and to protect whatever baggage and property might drift ashore, or otherwise be discovered. His testimony does not vary materially from that of Captain Manchester, from whom, indeed, he had gathered the

principal portion,—yet there are parts of it which Captain Manchester has asserted to be somewhat incorrect. As every thing connected with the subject of this melancholy occurrence cannot fail to possess interest, we will give the substance of his statement.

The proprietors, having concluded to send a boat for the purpose just mentioned, the steamer Statesman, Captain Peck, was procured. An extra number of hands, and every requisite for the object in view was put on board. The whole was under the direction of Captain Comstock. They left New York on Thursday morning, and encountered great difficulty in getting



Map of Long Island Sound.

through the ice as far as Sand's Point, having spoken every vessel they met, for the purpose of learning the position of the wreck. They first landed at Eaton's Neck, about forty-five miles from New York, where the only information they could obtain, was, that a vessel of some description had been burnt on Monday night, apparently about six or eight miles distant.

Continuing their progress sixteen miles farther east, they again landed. They here discovered a body on

the beach, which, from a memorandum-book found upon it, proved to be that of Mr. Philo Upson. It was left in charge of a man, and conveyed to a barn at the light-house. All the information here procured, was, that a vessel, supposed to be a steamboat, was seen on fire on Monday night, at half-past 7 o'clock; the last that was seen of her was between 2 and 3 o'clock in the morning. The people here knew of no effort having been made to assist those on board the burning boat. Night approaching, the Statesman left for a harbor, and ran into Bridgeport,—from which place Captain Comstock went by land to Southport, six miles distant, to see Captain Manchester, who, he heard, had escaped, and was in that place.

Captain Comstock stated as follows, before the jury of inquest:—"I have known Captain Manchester for ten years. He was the pilot of the Lexington. He informed me that on his first hearing the alarm of fire, being then at the wheel on the forward extremity of the promenade-deck, he opened the wheel-house door and looked out. He saw no fire, nor any thing to indicate fire. He stepped out twelve or sixteen feet to a small scuttle in the deck, which looked directly down to the fire-room. All that he could see was a little fire; but his view was almost entirely obscured by a dense smoke. He stepped immediately back to the wheel-house, and hauled the boat's head for the land of Long Island. While in the act of doing this, Captain Child came also to the wheel-house, and ordered him to haul the boat in for the land. He replied that he was doing so. The captain then laid hold of the wheel to assist him; he came to him very precipitately, and seemed to be out of breath.

"By this time, the fire and smoke came up from beneath the promenade-deck into the wheel-house with such violence that they were compelled to relinquish their posts. He did not say what time elapsed between the alarm of fire and the time they left the wheel. From his manner of speaking, I should think but little



time could have elapsed. After this he saw nothing of the captain. He began immediately to clear away the life-boat, which was lashed on the larboard side of the promenade-deck, near the wheel-house. Having cleared the lashings away, he procured a rope, and, securing it to the bows of the boat, ordered it to be hauled taut, and made fast forward to keep it clear of the wheel. This was, as he supposed, done. He then hove his pea-jacket and coat into the boat, and threw her overboard. In all this he was assisted, but by whom he did not know.

“The steamer was at this time under way, and the life-boat was taken under the wheel. He thinks that the rope parted, or that it had not been made fast upon the forecastle; knew, when he threw the life-boat overboard, that the quarter-boats had been lowered away and lost. He was also of opinion that the life-boat, having run under the wheel, was lost, unless to some one who had previously got overboard, who might possibly have got into her. When he hove her overboard, he saw that the fire had already taken hold of her, aft,—which I afterwards found to be the case, when I recovered her, as she was considerably scorched. He then went upon the forecastle, and found that, owing to the smoke and fire, he could not get under the promenade-deck. He supposed that, at this time, there were with him on the forecastle about twenty-five or thirty people.

“Among the number, he said, were several of the firemen and waiters. He saw there was no hope; that the boat must inevitably burn up, and that no means could possibly save her. He then advised to open the baggage-crates, throw out the baggage, and make a raft of the crates. This was partially done; the baggage was thrown overboard, and the crates were entirely emptied and also thrown over; they were run out of the forecastle gangway. The persons who were with him acted very coolly, and made efforts to fasten them together; but all their efforts

proved of no avail, as the 'crates came all sides up at once,' and nothing could be done with them. He said nothing of an attempt to get at the steering apparatus aft; that on the main-deck all communication aft was cut off by the fire; and I think that he said the fire was also spreading upon the promenade-deck.

"While endeavoring to lash the crates together, the fore-castle-deck became very hot from the fire beneath, and some of the persons were employed in throwing water upon it to keep it cool. The only articles they could procure, with which to bail water, were some specie-boxes, which they had opened, and thrown the specie overboard. His attempt to get under the promenade-deck from the fore-castle was made to get at the buckets. I think that the buckets must have been used previous to Captain Child's coming to the wheel-house, as the buckets were in so convenient a position that any body could get hold of them. Seeing that the crates were of no use, they then knocked off the bulwarks, and endeavored to make of them a raft,—the fire all the while driving them forward, inch by inch; in consequence of which they could not make a sufficient raft to hold those who were there.

"They were compelled to leave, and get over, until driven clear forward to the nighthead,—the flames then rushing from the fore-castle in a column ten feet high. Captain Manchester then left the boat, and endeavored to get on whatever came in his way. He got upon some stage or other,—the same they had been forming into a raft. From this he got on a bale of cotton, on which there was already some one; another person, jumping from the boat on the same bale, knocked Captain Manchester's first companion off; he hauled this man back again,—there being then three persons on the bale. Captain Manchester stated that he left the bale, (he did not say at what time,) and got upon a piece of the guard. Beyond this he

gave me no particulars relative to the fate of the boat, or any one on board,—excepting that the wreck sank about 3 o'clock in the morning, by his watch, which he took out and looked at by the light of the moon. He had a piece of plank from the bulwark, which he used as a paddle by way of exercise. He remained upon the guard until toward noon the next day, when he was taken off by a sloop. On seeing the sloop, he put his handkerchief upon the piece of plank, and, raising it as a signal of distress, he clasped his arms around the plank, and remained in that situation. Before the sloop reached him, he fell over on his face, and became insensible, and so continued until after he was taken on board the sloop.

“At 3 o'clock on Friday, A. M., I went on board the Statesman; at day-break we started, and landed again at Old Field Point. It was at this time intensely cold, the thermometer varying from three to four degrees below zero. At the Point I now left six men to look out for luggage, as I had heard that a number of trunks and packages had come ashore in the neighborhood. During the night the body of a child about four years old had drifted ashore.

“At 8 o'clock, I left in the steamer for the eastward. Every part of the bank was carefully explored as we progressed, and traced the shore around the bay. I left persons ashore at different points, and inquired at all the houses for information relative to property saved from the wreck. After running seven miles east, I learned that three bodies had been found. I had them sent to Old Field Point. I here learned that, eighteen miles farther east, a man had got ashore alive.

“I then proceeded to explore the beach the entire distance of the eighteen miles, until I came to the place. During this distance we found numerous portions of the wreck, among which was one piece, on which was the entire word ‘Lexington,’ in letters two feet long.

“We learned that David Crowley, the second mate, had come ashore at 5 o'clock on Wednesday night. He stated to the people here that he had been forty-eight hours upon the bale of cotton, and had crawled several rods upon the beach through the ice, and after getting ashore had walked three quarters of a mile to the nearest house. They said that his feet and legs were badly frozen. He was bare-headed, and in his shirt-sleeves, and supposed himself to be the only one saved from the wreck. I gave instructions to leave nothing undone to render his situation as comfortable as possible, and to procure for him all medical or other aid that might be necessary.

“We then left on our return to Old Field Point, to take on board and bring to New York the bodies and property which were there; having left information, at all the places where we had stopped, that a reward would be given for any bodies discovered; and offering also a reward of five hundred dollars for the detection of any persons committing depredations upon the bodies or property which might come ashore from the wreck. I was authorized to do this by the company. I was compelled to relinquish the expedition on account of the severity of the weather, and of the sudden accumulation of ice, which rendered farther efforts useless.

“On returning to the light-house, we took on board all the baggage which had been collected in my absence,—five bodies, and the life-boat, which latter was found about two miles to the westward of the light-house, with the coats therein, as described by Captain Manchester.

“I was informed by Mr. Samuel Yeaton, mate of the ship *Helirium*, that Captain William Terrell, of the sloop *Improvement*, of Brookhaven, stated to him that, at the time the fire broke out on board of the *Lexington*, he was sailing past, in the sound, on board of his sloop,—being at the time about six miles distant. He gave as a reason for not going to the relief



of the Lexington, that, as she had life-boats on board, and being near the shore, the passengers might in all probability get ashore. Another reason given by him was, that if he delayed, he should lose his tide over the bar. He could not, probably, have reached the wreck in less than an hour; but might, doubtless, have saved many on board, all, indeed, except those lost in the quarter boats.”\*

In reviewing the preceding testimony, we perceive nothing to exonerate the company, who were the owners of the Lexington, from the universal censure attached to them. The Rev. S. K. Lothrop, of Boston, thus justly and temperately remarked on this subject:—

“The steamboats of Long Island Sound have, till recently, been in general managed with distinguished skill and care, and all necessary, nay, even a scrupulous attention paid to the safety and comfort of the passengers. Of late years, however, the growing competition, and the increased facilities for carrying freight, afforded by the rail-roads to Providence and Stonington, have produced an unfavorable change, and taken from the boats the high character for safety and comfort that once attached to them. They are now, it is said, almost invariably overloaded, the passengers all but crowded out by freight, and their comfort and safety made apparently a secondary consideration. We have separate trains for freight on our rail-roads; why should we not have separate boats for freight on our waters? It is to be hoped that this melancholy catastrophe will direct public attention to

\* A card was published, soon after the above statement respecting Captain Terrell, signed by Mr. Charles Porter, of New York; another, signed by Henry Rogers, a passenger; and a third, signed by the crew of the sloop Improvement, fully exculpating Captain Terrell from the odium which has been cast upon him on account of not repairing to the assistance of the victims lost in the Lexington. At the time the light of the fire was seen, his vessel was ten or twelve miles distant, and the wind dead ahead; and the light was seen by them but a few minutes, when it disappeared.

the subject, so that the reckless exposure of human life, which has marked some portions of the country, may never become one of the features of travelling in New England; and proper means be taken, and efforts made, to provide against the recurrence of any similar disaster."

Even from the pulpit was heard the voice of condemnation, rebuking the gross carelessness and cupidity that led to this disastrous event. The following is extracted from a discourse delivered by the same eloquent divine:—

"But I confess, my friends, I hesitate not to say, that, after the first emotions of horror and pity excited by this event, the thought, the feeling that is uppermost in my own mind is *indignation*,—yes, I will use that word, though it be a strong one,—indignation at the gross recklessness or carelessness, which caused this destruction of human life, and produced this wide suffering,—and *indignation*, also, at the feeble and inefficient legislation that permits, and has for years permitted, these disasters to occur throughout our waters, without a just rebuke, or an adequate restraint in the laws.

"I have read the statement published by the agent of this ill-fated boat. I am willing to admit and believe that every word of that statement is true. I admit also that those, whose business it was to prevent by carefulness this accident, are themselves among the sufferers, and that the inference is, that they would not wantonly peril their own lives. They are dead. I would respect the memory of the dead; but I must plead, and I feel constrained to plead, for the rights, the protection, the security of the living. Admitting all that has been or can be said in extenuation, the simple facts of the case, so far as known, *especially when taken in connection with the circumstance that this self-same boat has unquestionably been on fire once, rumor says two or three times, within the last few weeks*, it seems to me that these facts are enough to

prove that a solemn duty, a fearful responsibility was neglected somewhere, by some one, enough to sustain the opinion, widely prevalent, that this awful disaster is to be attributed either to the selfishness and cupidity of the owners, who, greedy of gain, insisted upon overloading their boat with a dangerous and inflammable freight, or to the culpable carelessness, the utter inattention, of the master and officers, in not stowing that freight securely, in not watching over, and constantly, with an eagle eye, the condition and safety of the vessel to which hundreds had entrusted their lives.

“The simple fact that such an accident, on such a night, occurred, is in itself presumptive evidence of carelessness or incompetence on the part of some one. At any rate, all the circumstances of the case ought to be thoroughly investigated, every thing that can be gathered, if any thing *can* be gathered from the survivors, touching the origin and early progress of the fire, ought to be made known, to satisfy the public curiosity, to relieve the public anxiety. If this investigation makes against the owners or managers, the truth ought not to be winked out of sight. It ought not to be hushed up, and kept back, and passed over. It is a misplaced charity to do it. We are false to our own interests and safety, to the interest and safety of all, in doing it. It ought to be spoken out, to be urged and insisted upon, boldly and plainly. It ought to be proclaimed, trumpet-tongued, throughout the length and breadth of the land, till it reaches the halls of Congress, calls off the members from their petty party animosities, their disgraceful personal contentions, and wakes up the government from its inertness, its epicurean repose,—a repose of apparent indifference to those whose safety it ought to guard, whose lives it ought to protect,—till it causes the supreme power of the land to legislate wisely and efficiently for one of the most important interests of the people, and to do, not something, but every

thing requisite, to check an evil that cries aloud for redress.

“The destruction of human life in the United States, during the last ten years, by accidents and disasters in the public conveyances, is, I had almost said, beyond computation. It is utterly unparalleled in the history of the world. It confirms what all foreigners and travellers assert, that there is no country upon earth where the proprietors, managers, and conductors of these public conveyances are so little responsible, so slightly amenable to the law, so far beyond the reach of public rebuke or public punishment; and the fearful catastrophe of the Lexington, as well as many others that might be collected from the history of the past year, are sufficient evidence that the late act of Congress, as was anticipated, has proved utterly inadequate and inefficient, and that something more strong, peremptory, and binding, is necessary, to protect the amount of life and property daily and hourly exposed upon our highways and our waters.

“I call upon you, therefore, as merchants, who have large interests at stake in this matter; I call upon you, as men and citizens who cannot behold with indifference the sufferings of your fellow-men, to let your influence be felt, let your voice be heard in this thing, let it go forth to swell the power of that great sovereign, Public Opinion, till it demand and insist upon enactments that shall meet the necessities of the case.”

The horrors of that dreadful night will remain untold till the sea gives up her dead. We can only approach them in imagination. The facts which have reached us are invested with a tragic interest, surpassing the creations of fiction. On the bereaved ones left behind falls the weight of sorrow, and for them are kindled our strongest sympathies; not for the lost, —they are at rest. There was the husband of a



devoted wife, and the father of seven daughters, all in early childhood; there was the widow of Mr. H. A. Winslow, in company with the aged father and the brother, returning with the corpse of her husband to Providence; there was the young bride, Mrs. Mary Russell, of Stonington, who had been wedded but the day previous; the hardy mariners, Captain E. J. Kimball and Captain Benjamin Foster, who had but just returned from foreign climes, after an absence of several years, and were on their way to visit their cherished homes, their wives and children. There were mothers, to whom their offspring clung for safety with all the confidence and hope of childhood, as if danger itself would turn aside from the protecting arms of maternal affection. The learned divine, the merchant, the mariner, the man of wit,—their names are all recorded, but where are they! Their graves are unmarked, and the only dirge above them is the wailing of the ocean blast.

The following reflections on the terrible loss sustained by bereaved relatives and the community at large, by the awful conflagration of the *Lexington*, will be found of interest to every reader:—

No one has a right to be indifferent and unconcerned because the disaster has not come home to him. Let such remember that there is danger, and that among the next victims may be reckoned his own father, brother, sister, or child. We know not when our sensibilities, or those of the community, have been so awakened by a steamboat disaster. We believe no considerable accident has ever occurred before, since steamers commenced running on Long Island Sound, and we had come to consider the travelling upon that route so perfectly safe, that when we were aroused by the astounding intelligence that, in one night, more than *one hundred* fellow-beings had been hurried into eternity by a casualty upon that very route, we were filled with amazement and sorrow.

A fire on the water is always terrific. The ribs of

oak will stand against the roaring winds and dashing waters, and the hardy mariner can sleep soundly amid the storms of heaven. The storm is the season, not of great danger, ordinarily, but of great exertion, and of the exercise of the consummate skill of seamanship, and, having passed it safely, it is remembered rather as an exploit than a peril.

Not so with a *fire* at sea. No securing of hatches, clearing of decks, lashing of boats, or double reefing of sails, can prepare for a fire. Strong cables and massive anchors are of no use; for the most terrible of elements, when uncontrolled, has broken loose from the power which governed it, and has asserted its supremacy in the work of death.

Let the reader fancy himself looking down upon the Lexington, as she wheels away from the pier at New York, and gallantly threads her way up the East River, and through the tortuous channel of Hurl Gate. The Sound opens before her as the last gray of the twilight is fading over the waters, and the chill night wind, penetrating every nook on deck, drives all to the cabins. Let us look in upon them. The passions and purposes of the human bosom are at work, and even in this thoroughfare we may read something of human character.

Gathered in groups, here and there, are the merchants who chance to meet acquaintances, reviewing the condition of monetary and mercantile affairs, and gathering from mutual hints the elements of future commercial enterprise.

At the tables are seated several parties of card-players, spending the energies of deathless minds in the efforts to use skilfully certain pieces of figured paste-board; and, ever and anon, some triumphant exclamation tells the crowd, which has gathered around, that a crisis in the game has passed, and victory has decided upon her favorites.

In a more social attitude, around the stoves, are several old sea-captains, who have been long absent,

and are now returning to their tenderly-remembered firesides, and to meet the affections of the delighted group who await their coming. You may see their weather-beaten faces lighted up with smiles as they talk of their past adventures, and remember that, having passed their perils, they are almost home. If any man is worthy of a warm greeting, when he turns his footsteps homeward, it is a magnanimous and upright seaman.

Yonder is a scholar, pacing up and down in deep abstraction; and, farther on, a company apparently bound in the bonds of some common sorrow, and only now and then uttering some word of condolence, and sadly thinking of their mutual sorrows.

A merry and facetious band are amusing themselves by calling forth and listening to the lively sallies and witty repartees of a much admired comedian.

In another apartment may be seen the widow in her weeds, sadly reflecting that he, who often had passed the same route with her in health and hope, was now a corpse on board, borne toward his last resting-place. There are also mothers who have called their children around them, and are watching them with all a mother's anxiety and a mother's hope.

On deck, busy in the duties of their charge, or lounging wearily around the engines, are to be seen the hands of the boat, listless as ever, thoughtless alike of the future and the present.

A world in miniature is here. The hopes and fears, the love and hate, the ambition and despair, the mirth and sorrow, of the millions of our race, have their representatives here. An hour has passed. Some are preparing for a night's repose, and others are entering with more interest into the amusements of the evening.

But hark! what cry is there from the deck, which starts every passenger to his feet, and hurries up the gangway all who are near it? It is "*Fire! FIRE!*"

“The boat is on fire,” is echoed from every lip, and the whole company rush confusedly from the cabin. “Where? where?” is asked by scores of voices. The vociferousness of the question, and the fierceness of the struggle, prevent the answer being given.

The boat is headed for the shore. The fitful bursts of smoke, and the growing flames denote that she is doomed. A boat is thrown over, and is instantly loaded; but the steamer, in her watery path, plays the tempest’s part, and the frail boat is engulfed in the waves which she heaves from her quivering sides! Another shares the same fate. The life-boat, the last resort, is let down, but is caught in the wheel and lost!

At last, as the affrighted company begin to hope they may reach the shore, a crash is heard, and all is still! The wheels cease to move, and the hulk sways heavily around amid the roaring flames. Now comes the scene of terror! Listen to the shrieks which pierce the very heavens; the horrid oaths of some in their feverish agony, and the plaintive exclamations of others who think of the home and the friends they can never see again; while, now and then, at intervals, may be heard, as on board the fated Kent, or the wrecked Home, the solemn prayer, commending the soul of the supplicator to God, and even, if the ear mistakes not, the song of triumph like that sung by an apostle in the dungeon of Nero.

The flames rush on, licking up the water which continues to be thrown as if in mockery. One after another has fled to the remotest part of the boat, that he may preserve life a little longer; or has crawled over, and is clinging to the guard-braces; while, overhead, the fire crackles and hisses, triumphing in their subjugation. Some have thrown over bales of cotton, or other articles of freight, and are floating upon them; while others, maddened by the intolerable heat, which is every moment growing more and more terrible, have cast themselves into the sea, where



they are struggling with the frenzy of desperation.

Can a moment of more horrible, agonizing suspense be imagined? See the mother kneeling on the deck with her children, and calmly commending them to Heaven!

But, amid this raging destruction, the Christian stands, as the sun among the flying clouds of heaven, calm and serene; one moment lost in the confusion, the next emerging from it to utter words of comfort, or to raise a prayer to God for the pardon of the guilty and horror-stricken. Moment of terror! It chills the blood to think of it! But that moment passes. The burnt mass begins to settle. Each end of the boat sways for a moment in the yielding waters, and the eddying of the troubled waves tells that the Lexington, with her unfortunate passengers and crew, rests where the sea sings forever the dirge of the lost!

Among other instances worthy of record, as connected with the fate of this boat, we give the following, as exemplifying the undying strength of a mother's love:—"Around the body of a child was found the veil of a lady, partly burnt. In this touching circumstance we find the last act of that passion which ceases only with life,—a mother's love. Ceases, did we say? Never! It is of heaven, heavenly,—allied to the essence of deity, and co-eternal with the soul which never dies. The ages of terror that passed in the few hours antecedent to the deaths of the sufferers, are more painfully described in this little evidence of a mother's care for her child, than in volumes of description. We can read in it her retreat to the last corner of a plank, upon the wreck, which would yield a support to the horror-stricken passengers, at the greatest distance from the devouring fire; we can see the child's face buried in the bosom which had yielded a sufficient shelter against all its apprehen-

sions of danger previous to that awful night. The terrific screams of the weak, and the more violent despair of those who were cast down from fancied strength to conscious impotence, the confusion of the appalling scene, and the certainty of danger from which there was no escape,—apparent even to an infant,—would force its face, in wild affright, from its temporary asylum.

“It was then, as she clasped her terrified child to her breast, amid the horrors and distracting circumstances of that moment, that, despite of every thing which might draw it away, her heart was centered upon her child. It was then that she interposed the feeble barrier of a gauze veil between its face and the flames. Had a feather, floating in the air, passed her, it would not have escaped her attention, and she would have clutched it, in the fulness of a mother’s hope, to have placed it between death and her infant. For herself she had not a thought. But both are now gone; and He, who saw their last moments, and their temporary separation in death, sees them again united. While God lives, their friends mourn not as those without hope.”

We have received a few brief notices of some of the victims of the conflagration of the Lexington. We give them to the reader, as being of peculiar interest, and as showing the high character and standing of many of those who perished by that awful event.

Dr. *Charles Follen* was born at Romrod, in Hesse Darmstadt, in the year 1796. Previous to the year 1823, he was a professor of civil law in the University of Basle, in Switzerland. He taught his science with a spirit of freedom worthy of the earlier days of the little republic in which he lived. His animadversions on the subject of government and law became displeasing to Austria, a power whose iron and relentless despotism is felt far beyond the limits of her territory.

A formal demand was made on the authorities of Basle, that he should be delivered up to Austria, to answer for the freedom with which he had spoken of absolute governments. The question was debated, and the demand refused; but, afterwards, at the pressing instances of the Austrian government, and through fear of provoking the vengeance of a power which they were too feeble to resist, the authorities of Basle instituted a preliminary process against Professor Follen, in consequence of which he left Switzerland. He first went to France, where he was kindly received by Lafayette, who was then just coming out to America, and who offered to bring him out with him and introduce him. This proposal he modestly declined, although it was his intention to make the United States his place of refuge. In the autumn of 1824, after Lafayette's return to France, Dr. Follen came out to America. He was soon afterwards employed as a professor of German Literature in Harvard College, where his kindness of manners and varied knowledge made him extremely popular with the students. He subsequently embraced the profession of divinity, and, at the time of his death, resided in Lexington, Massachusetts, where he had charge of a religious society..

Mrs. *Russell Jarvis* was the wife of Russell Jarvis, Esq., of New York, and the only surviving daughter of Thomas Cordis, Esq., of Boston. She was cousin of the wife of General Towson, of the U. S. Army, and of H. K. Oliver, Esq., of Boston. When the flames of the boat drove Mrs. Jarvis into the waves, she sprang overboard with one child, and succeeded in reaching a cotton-bale. The other child quickly followed, and, in attempting to secure her, the distracted mother lost her hold, and the three sank in death together. Mrs. Jarvis was a lady of incomparable excellence, one of those whom all delight to love. Heaven, with lavish hand, had adorned her with the richest endowments of mind, disposition, and

person. Her face was one of uncommon beauty, and one could read, in its gentle expression, the entire loveliness of the mild spirit that dwelt within. Those who knew her well, possess the full confidence, that, as her exhausted frame sank beneath the closing waves, her spirit, with those of the innocents who perished in her embrace, ascended, spotless and pure, to the presence of Him, who ordered this event for the wisest purposes.

Mrs. Jarvis had the greatest aversion to this particular steamboat. But she yielded her objections, as she was attended by two of her relatives. Strange and mysterious providence, that her first venturing where she had the most fear, should be the first step to her watery grave!

Mr. *James G. Brown* was a young man, with qualities of person and of heart fitted to attract friendship and respect. The impression of his manly accomplishments and pure purposes, rendered him an object of high esteem to the large circle of his acquaintance. He had just commenced his career as a man of business; and his energetic and honorable character, added to the uncommon advantages with which his perseverance and industry had surrounded him, were giving fair promise of success and eminence in his worldly pursuits. In the spring-time of his hopes, amid many bright visions of happiness and usefulness, while rejoicing in his escape from perils by land and sea, and just hastening to the home of his affection, and the welcome of his expecting friends, he was met at the threshold by the great enemy.

To the bereaved family of which he was the ornament and pride, this fresh affliction came in a train of disasters, itself the most terrible of all. Within the few previous months, two other cherished ones had been torn from their hitherto unbroken circle, one by sudden accident, and one by lingering disease.

Under this new loss, no language could express the depth of their anguish. "Their strong shaft is



broken, and their beautiful rod." Yet precious to them beyond measure are the last moments of their departed one. In a letter to a dear friend, written just before he went on board of the Lexington, he said, "I leave to-night, trusting to the watchful care of my Covenant Shepherd." They cannot doubt that the Shepherd had his eye upon their beloved in the terrors of that dark, cold night.

*Robert Blake, Esq.*, of Wrentham, Mass., was one in whose death the public, the church of Christ, and his bereaved family, have sustained a loss of no ordinary kind. The confidence reposed in his ability, discretion and judgment, by those who were associated with him in the affairs of life; and his uniform adherence to the principles of truth and justice, was known throughout the community. He was a kind and tender husband, and a faithful and affectionate father. The various benevolent enterprises of the age found in him a friend and helper. Though the calls on his charity were numerous, he was ever a cheerful and bountiful giver; and often in ways so private, that it may truly be said of him, that "his right hand knew not what his left hand did." Though his bereaved friends were not permitted to hear his parting counsels, nor soothe his dying moments, we doubt not the Savior was with him as he passed through the dark valley of death, and that he is now with the redeemed on Mount Zion.

Captain *Ichabod D. Carver*, of Plymouth, Mass., was on his return from a foreign voyage, and, after a passage so long as to excite serious apprehensions for his safety, had at length reached his port. By his request, every preparation had been made to consummate his marriage immediately on his arrival home. He was young and enterprising, and one of our most deserving sea-captains. His integrity and entire devotion to his business endeared him to his employers, and made them his strong and confiding friends. His loss will long be felt by all who knew him, and has

left a void which will often remind them of the afflicting and disastrous event by which he was taken away.

Mr. *J. B. Felt, Jr.*, of Salem, was one of the most promising and respectable young men in that town. His character was estimable, and blended with intelligence and enterprise that would have given him the highest standing in the mercantile profession, to which he was bred.

Captain *Benjamin Foster*, of Providence, was on his return from India, after a voyage of three years, and probably had on board with him a large amount of property. His wife and children had been anxiously awaiting his arrival for several months, and the dreadful news that reached them of his loss in the Lexington, was the first intelligence they received of him.

Mr. *C. R. Phelps* was a gentleman of great enterprise, well known, and highly esteemed. He had acquired a large fortune at New Orleans, some years since, and owned a beautiful mansion at Stonington, celebrated for its taste and arrangement. But the sad event which bereaved the family of its head, left it a house of mourning.

We now conclude the melancholy account of the loss of the Lexington, by giving the following extract from a discourse delivered by the Rev. S. K. Lothrop, of Boston, soon after the news arrived of that fatal event:—

“A few days pass, and our thoughts are yet wandering to that far-off spot on the lonely ocean where

‘The death angel flapped his broad wing o’er the wave,’

when they are suddenly called back, and called home, by a calamity which appals and almost benumbs sensation by its fearful nature, and a magnitude not yet ascertained in its full extent. I need not name it. I need not describe it. It cannot be described. The

circumstances attending it are few, but terrible. Imagination can hardly paint a scene, in its immediate aspect, or its ultimate and swiftly approaching issues, more full of horrors, to distract the calmest mind, to unnerve the stoutest heart,—‘horrors which must have appeared to start up from the wild caverns of the deep itself.’ No warning was given to prepare the thoughts, no omen of peril had been noticed. The tempest and the whirlwind give signals of their approach, but no signal is here to tell of coming danger. In an instant, almost, that unfortunate company found themselves assailed by an enemy against which they could make no defence, and from which they soon lost all means of escape. And four only have escaped, alone to tell the tale, to give the brief outline of the beginning of that scene of terror and dismay. How it ended, and the details of its progress,—what were the movements, the efforts, the sufferings of the multitudes gathered upon that burning deck,—none can tell.

“The physical suffering endured in those brief hours must have been severe, but it sinks into insignificance before the mental suffering of a situation so bereft of hope. To be shipwrecked is terrible. To be driven by the fierce hurricane upon an iron, rock-bound coast, is fearful and appalling. But in shipwreck there is room for action, and consequently for hope. There is something to be done, some effort to be made; a steady eye, a calm, self-possessed mind, a courageous heart, may avail something towards escape, and if death come at last, it comes only after noble efforts and struggles. To die in battle is terrible. Few scenes of this world’s suffering and wo can equal the battle field,—that scene of dreadful and indiscriminate slaughter, where multitudes are assembled that death may mow with greater facility, that the mighty and renowned, the young, the healthy, and the vigorous, may perish in a moment, amid piercing groans, and frantic shouts, and bitter shrieks, and

the roar of the deadly thunder which strews around them companions in misery. But in the battle there is *action*, and to the very last there is *hope*, hope of success or escape. The mind is buoyed up and pressed onward to effort and endurance by this hope, and if at last death come, sudden and violent, there is, it may be, the consciousness of a noble duty nobly done, of life periled in a holy cause, and sacrificed, if sacrificed it must be, to freedom and truth.

“But here, after the first few moments, there was no room for action, effort, or hope. In the wild confusion and dismay of the first outbreak of danger, the only means of escape had been utterly lost. And there they stood, the two companies, helpless and powerless, gathered on the bow and stern of that ill-fated boat,—the devouring fire raging to madness between them, throwing its lurid flames to heaven, and casting a terrific brightness upon the yawning waves that stood ready to engulf them. There was no longer any help in man. None could hope to live for an hour in that wild, wintry sea. They had nothing to do but to wait, to suffer, and to die. If ever any situation required manhood, fortitude, and the power of religious faith, it must have been this. Let us trust, brethren, that these were not wanting. Let us trust that those brief hours were not all hours of pain, of grief, of unmitigated anguish. Let us hope that, while glad memories of the past thronged thick and fast upon their minds, and burning thoughts of home, of wife or husband, of children and kindred, no more to be seen on earth, tore with anguish their hearts, there also came in upon their souls, sweet and holy in its influences, that faith, mightier than any human affection, stronger than any mortal peril, which lifts the spirit to God, and gives it peace in death.”

In another passage from the same discourse he spoke thus eloquently:—

“The moonlight of a desert solitude, the gloom of



evening or midnight in a ruined city, may carry the traveller's thoughts through years of bygone happiness; but it is in his passage across the deep, in the hush and loneliness of the ocean, that the visions and bodings of his own spirit become palpable and real. This it is, that causes the misfortunes that happen in the heart of the seas to awaken in our breasts the deepest sympathy with the sufferers. Their complete, absolute separation from the rest of mankind, makes us feel for them as if they had been the inmates of our own dwellings. And if they have actually been known to us, if they have lived in our neighborhood, if our hands have ever exchanged with them the warm grasp of friendship and affection, if they have mingled in our social or domestic joys, our hearts yearn in pity and tenderness as we think of their fate. No tomb shall plead to their remembrance. No human power can redeem their forms. The white foam of the waves was their winding-sheet, the winds of the ocean shall be their eternal dirge."



## BURNING OF THE LEXINGTON.

'THE steam is up, and the pistons play,—  
The bell has rung,—she's away,—she's away !  
The streamers are flying, and, in her bold flight,  
She scuds o'er the waters like a thing of light !  
The young and the aged, the gay and the grave,  
Are dancing together along o'er the wave ;  
The pastor, the punster, the matron, the maid,  
Throng around on the deck, or the high promenade,—  
They watch the great city, with curious eye,  
Till the last lofty dome has gone out from the sky ;  
Then, as the cold breezes rush on from the snow,  
They hurry from deck for a shelter below,  
Where they heed not the wind, nor the surges that foam,  
And taste of enjoyments " like home, sweet home."

The tables are spread, well laden, and stored  
With as sweet a repast as an epicure's board ;  
They gather around, and partake with delight  
Of the savory cheer that is furnished to-night ;  
Then shoot off, in clusters, wherever they list,—  
Some loll on settees, and some sit down at whist,—  
Some talk upon politics,—some upon trade,—  
Some speak of the profits or losses they've made,—  
Some take up a paper,—some musingly sit,—  
Some laugh at a bright scintillation of wit,—  
And all seem as easy, and happy, and free,  
As if they were not on the treacherous sea ;  
Nor dream the dread king is so near in his flight,  
To hold a rich carnival among them to-night ;  
That a scene of deep sorrow and wo is at hand,  
That with horror and anguish shall fill all the land !

What means the loud tumult,—the heart-breaking cry,—  
The shrieks that uprise to the dark vaulted sky ?

Why tremble the weak, and why cower the strong?  
 Why rush they thus frenzied and madly along?  
*The boat is on fire!* and they see that their grave  
 Is the red flashing fire, or the cold dashing wave!

“To the boats!” To the boats distracted they crowd,—  
 And find the dark wave is their funeral shroud!  
 “Lower the boats! lower the boats!” ’Tis done in a breath,  
 Down they sink in the icy embraces of death!  
 Some struggle a moment and buffet the wave,—  
 One shriek,—and they sink into one common grave!

But where may the brave, hardy mariners be,  
 Who have breasted the dangers of ocean and sea?  
 They left the endearments of friendship and home  
 In far distant oceans and climates to roam;  
 Their dangers are past, and their hardships are o’er,  
 And they look once again on their dear native shore;  
 On hope’s merry pinions they joyously move,  
 To throw their rich treasures to those that they love;  
 And a few fleeting hours on the wild dashing main,  
 And they ’ll clasp those they love at their fireside again.  
 O, where are they now! look down in the flood,—  
 They struggle,—and who can now save them but God!  
 Hope braces each muscle, and arms them in might,—  
 Sweet home, and its loved ones, are clear in their sight,—  
 Hope flickers,—O, horror! it is quenched in the wave,—  
 And despair lays them down in their cold icy grave!

The lover,—O, where is the lover to-night,  
 Whose future was woven with wreaths of delight!  
 He saw the bride stand in her pure maiden charms,  
 And clasped her in hope in his own guardian arms;  
 A few hours will pass, and he’ll leap to the shore,  
 And meet her, and greet her, and leave her no more!  
 Ah! there may ye see him,—look down from the prow,—  
 He struggles—love buoys him—O! where is he now?  
 The waters close o’er him,—he moves with the dead,—  
 And the cold briny wave is his own bridal bed!

The mourners,—the mourners! O, tell me *their* doom,  
 Who are carrying the dead to their own kindred tomb!

Keen anguish has bidden them shed the salt tear,  
 As they bent with affection around their sad bier.  
 O! where have they hied them to sorrow and weep?—  
 They have gone to commingle their tears with the deep!  
 The tie, so late severed, was severed in vain,—  
 For death has united more firmly again!  
 No changes can part them,—they lie in one bed,—  
 And the same winding-sheet holds the quick and the dead!

O! where is that spirit, who, in his brief day,  
 Could bid the sad bosom be joyous and gay!  
 By whom the glad smile, on thousands, was lit  
 By the play of his genius, and the sparks of his wit!  
 Can he charm the dread monarch his hand to stay,—  
 Or the winds and the waves to cease their play?  
 Can he stop the red fire, as it sweeps along,  
 By the magic of wit, or a pun, or a song?  
 O, pardon, gay spirit! the thoughts that oft start,  
 And shoot a keen pang through my sorrowing heart,—  
 They picture thee struggling undaunted for life,  
 For thy sweet rosy children and grief-stricken wife,—  
 And crying, while bravely ye buffet the tide,  
 “O, God! if I'm lost, be their shield and their guide!”  
 Ah, vainly he struggles! the destroyer shall win,—  
 And quench the bright spirit and genius of Finn!

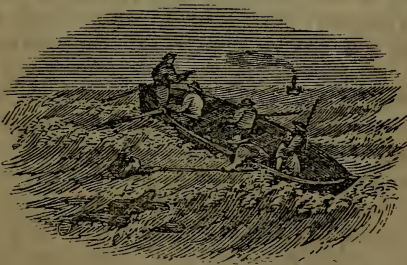
And where is the shepherd, who loved to unlock  
 The treasures of wisdom to nourish his flock?  
 Is the faith that he preaches, his pole-star and light,  
 To guide and to cheer him on this awful night?  
 Does the sunlight of heaven, to the keen eye of faith,  
 Gleam bright through the vale of the shadow of death?  
 Does he smile as he bends at the beck of the king,—  
 And say, as he clasps him, O, “where is thy sting?”  
 Ah, yes! for methinks, 'midst the horror, I see  
 A friend who is throwing his arms over thee;  
 Who smiles, and whose smile brings the sunshine of day,  
 And chases despair, with its terrors, away!  
 And, though the dark billows dash fiercely and roll,  
 The sunlight of heaven awakes in the soul;  
 And, as the last tie that confined it is riven,  
 He takes thy freed spirit and wings it for heaven!



O, where is that mother, to whom fondly clung !  
 Two beautiful beings, so lovely and young !  
 She was cradled and nursed in the lap of a home  
 Where hardship and want might not venture to come ;  
 And the winds were not suffered too rudely to blow  
 On a form that was shielded in tenderness so ;  
 And when the tie broke, that had bound her so long,  
 For one more enchanting, enduring and strong,—  
 The arms of affection encircled her there,  
 And shielded and screened her from hardship and care.—  
 Ah ! there stands she now, on the red fiery deck,—  
 And now 'midst the surges she clings to the wreck,—  
 She buffets the billows, that thunder and swell,  
 And clings to the dear ones she loves so well !  
 “ My children, my children ! ” she shrieks in dismay,  
 “ O, sea ! have ye taken one darling away ?  
 Restore her, restore her,—alas ! is there none  
 To bring a fond mother her beautiful one ? ”  
 O, death ! how remorseless and keen is the dart  
 Thou hast planted to-night in that fond mother's heart !  
 Ye have taken her child, as a merciless king,  
 And have cast it away as a poor, worthless thing.  
 “ O, save my lost darling ! ” she shrieked, and she pressed  
 The dear one, more closely, she held at her breast ;—  
 “ O, God ! must we perish ? is the funeral bier  
 Of myself and my cherubs, my own cherubs, here ?  
 My father, my father ! O, sigh not for me !  
 'T was sweet, when I died, I could think upon thee ;  
 And, ah ! my loved husband, it gives me delight  
 That thou know'st not the horrors that gird us to-night !  
 And when the sad tidings shall spread, as they will,  
 Let fancy, with all her creations, be still,—  
 Nor take up a pencil to sketch to your sight  
 The horrors that gather around us to-night !  
 Farewell ! ah, my loved ones ! we 'll lie down together,  
 Where troubles and trials depart, and forever !  
 Earth seemed to you lovely, and covered with bliss,—  
 Hush, hush ! there 's a world more enchanting than this !  
 There are roses more lovely,—fields sweeter above,—  
 We will hie and enjoy them, forever, my love ! ”

Ye living,—ah! here is a picture for you  
More frightful than fancy can paint to your view:  
Rank, rank,—ah! what is it? let thought but portray  
This scene, and 'twill vanish like bubbles away!  
And wealth,—ah! the wealth of a Cræsus would seem,  
With all its enchantments, a trifle, a dream!  
The grades and distinctions, subsisting below,  
That raise, or depress us,—O, where are they now!  
The noble, the ignoble, the coward, the brave,  
Are lying, all equally low, in the grave!  
The highest, the proudest, the wealthiest, bow  
As low as the poorest, the lowliest, now!

O, happy! thrice happy, is he in whose breast  
Sweet innocence lodges her soft downy nest,—  
Who weds not the pleasures, and splendor, and show,  
That spread their enchantments so gaudy below;  
But, planting his holiest affections above,  
Reaps, even in hope, a rich harvest of love;  
And thus, let the summons be sudden or slow,  
He ever stands ready and willing to go.



## CONFLAGRATION OF THE PHŒNIX,

On Lake Champlain, on the Night of September 5, 1819; wherein, owing to the Coolness and Self-Possession of the Commander, not a Soul was lost.

THE steamboat PHŒNIX left Burlington September 5, and had proceeded as far as Providence Island, about half way between Burlington and Plattsburgh, when, between 12 and 1 o'clock at night, the alarm of fire was given. There were two small boats attached to the Phœnix, which were immediately filled with passengers; but the wind blowing violently from the north-west, they were not all enabled to embark, and some few of them were obliged to jump overboard.

Captain Johnson Sherman, who was the regular commander of the Phœnix, was confined with a fever at Vergennes, and the boat at this time was commanded by his son, Richard W. Sherman, a young gentleman, about twenty-two years of age; but who, amid the confusion, danger, and difficulties attendant on this terrible disaster, displayed an energy and presence of mind worthy of the highest praise. To this was it owing that *not a person was lost* on that fearful night. In that burning vessel, at the dead of night, and three miles from the nearest land, was the safety of *every one* cared for, and ultimately secured, by the promptness, energy, and decision of this young commander,—himself being the last to quit the blazing wreck. Mr. John Howard, steward of the boat, was also deserving of much credit for his coolness and confidence. It was stated that he and Captain Sherman

were saved by lashing themselves to articles thrown overboard, after the last boat, with its living freight, had left.

A gentleman of Albany, in alluding to the destruction of the LEXINGTON by fire, in Long Island Sound, January, 1840, and in giving a contrast between the commanders of the Phœnix and Lexington, remarked thus:—"We need not go beyond the limits of our own state for a striking example of how much may be effected in such an emergency by decision and presence of mind on the part of the captain of the boat. Several years ago, a disaster occurred on Lake Champlain, similar, in many respects, to the burning of the Lexington. One stormy night, as the steamboat Phœnix, with a full load of passengers and freight, was ploughing her way through the waters of Champlain, a fire broke out at midnight, and soon raged with irresistible violence.

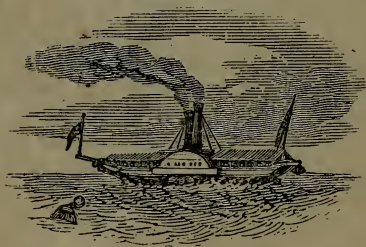
"The passengers, roused by the alarm from their slumbers, and waking to a terrible sense of impending destruction, rushed in crowds upon the deck, and attempted to seize the small boats. Here, however, they were met by the captain, who, having abandoned all hope of saving his boat, now thought only of saving his passengers, and stood by the gangway of his boat, with a pistol in each hand, determined to prevent any person from jumping into the boats before they were properly lowered into the water, and prepared to receive their living freight. With the utmost coolness and presence of mind he superintended the necessary preparations, and, in a few minutes, the boats were lowered away, and the passengers received safely on board. They then shoved off, and pulled through the darkness for the distant shore. As soon as this was reached, and the passengers landed, the boats returned to the steamboat and took off the crew, and, as the captain supposed, every living soul except himself.

"But, shortly after the boats had left the second



time, he discovered, under a settee, the chambermaid of the Phœnix, who, in her fright and confusion, had lost all consciousness. Lashing her to the plank which he had prepared for his own escape, this gallant captain launched her toward the shore; and was thus left alone with his vessel, now one burning pile. Having satisfied himself that no living being remained on board his boat, and with the proud consciousness that he had saved every life entrusted to his care, he sprung from the burning wreck, as it was about to sink beneath the waters, and, by the means of a settee, reached the shore in safety.

“This is no exaggerated story. It is the simple narrative of one of the most heroic acts on record. We have only to add, that the captain who so faithfully and fearlessly discharged his duty on this trying occasion, is still in command of a noble boat on Lake Champlain, and is known to every traveller as Captain Sherman, of the steamboat Burlington.”



## CONFLAGRATION OF THE STEAMER ERIE,

On Lake Erie, while on her Passage from Buffalo to Chicago, August 9, 1841; by which Awful Calamity nearly Two Hundred Persons perished.

THE steamer ERIE, Captain T. J. Titus, left Buffalo for Chicago on the afternoon of August 9, having on board upwards of two hundred passengers. The crew, including the officers and others attached to the boat, numbered about thirty,—making a total of nearly two hundred and forty souls. The boat left the dock about 4 o'clock in the afternoon, and although the wind was blowing fresh, and a rough sea prevailed at the time, every thing otherwise promised a pleasant and prosperous passage. The vessel proceeded gallantly on her way until about 8 o'clock in the evening,—at which time she was off Silver Creek, and nearly eight miles from shore,—when a slight explosion was heard, and immediately, almost instantaneously, it seemed, the whole vessel was wrapped in flames.

Captain Titus, who was on the upper deck at the time, rushed to the ladies' cabin to obtain the life-preservers, of which there were nearly a hundred on board; but so rapid had been the progress of the flames, that he found it impossible to enter the cabin.

He immediately returned to the upper deck, having previously given orders to the engineer to stop the engine—the wind and the headway of the boat increas-

ing the fierceness of the flames, and driving them aft. The engineer replied, that, in consequence of the flames, he could not reach the engine. The steersman was instantly directed to put the helm hard-a-starboard. The boat swung slowly round, heading to the shore, and the small boats, of which there were three on board, were then ordered to be lowered. Two of them were lowered, but, in consequence of the heavy sea and the headway of the vessel, they both swamped as soon as they touched the water.

We will not attempt to describe the awful and appalling condition of the passengers. Some were frantic with fear and horror, others plunged madly into the water, while others seized upon any thing buoyant upon which they could lay their hands. The remaining small boat had been lowered. It was alongside the wheel, with three or four persons in it, when the captain jumped in, and the boat immediately dropped astern, filled with water. A lady floated by with a life-preserver on. She cried for help. There was no safety in the boat, and the captain threw her the only oar, which she caught, and was subsequently saved. It was Mrs. Lynde, of Milwaukee, and she was the only female who was rescued.

In this condition,—the steamer a mass of fierce fire, and the passengers and crew endeavoring to save their lives by swimming, or by supporting themselves on whatever they could reach,—they were found by the steamboat De Witt Clinton, at about 10 o'clock, P. M. The Clinton left Buffalo in the morning, but in consequence of the wind had put into Dunkirk. She laid there till nearly sunset, at which time she ran out, and had proceeded as far as Barcelona, when, just at twilight, the fire of the Erie was discovered some twenty miles astern. The Clinton immediately put about, and succeeded in reaching the burning wreck, as above stated.

It was a fearful sight. All the upper works of the

Erie had burnt away. The engine was standing, but the hull was a mass of dull, red flame. The passengers and crew were floating around, screaming in their agony, and shrieking for help; the boats of the Clinton were instantly lowered and manned, and every person that could be seen or heard, was picked up, and all possible relief afforded. The Lady, a little steamboat lying at Dunkirk, went out of that harbor as soon as possible after the discovery of the fire, and arrived shortly after the Clinton.

By 1 o'clock in the morning, all was still except the dead crackling of the fire. Not a solitary individual could be seen or heard on the wild waste of waters. A line was then made fast to the remains of the Erie's rudder, and an effort made to tow the hulk ashore. It was towed within about four miles of land, when it sunk in eleven fathoms water. By this time it was daylight. The lines were then cast off, and the Clinton headed for Buffalo, which she reached about 6 o'clock, having on board twenty-seven human beings whom she had rescued from death by fire or water. The little steamer Lady had also picked up two, thus making but *twenty-nine* who were saved of the entire number on board.

*Origin of the Fire.*—Among the passengers on board were several painters, who were on their way to Erie to paint the steamboat Madison. They had with them demijohns filled with spirits of turpentine and varnish, which, unknown to Captain Titus, were placed on the boiler-deck, directly over the boilers. One of the firemen who was saved, says he had occasion to go on the deck, and seeing the demijohns, removed them. They were replaced; by whom is not known. Immediately previous to the bursting forth of the flames, a slight explosion was heard. The demijohns had probably burst with the heat, and their inflammable contents, taking fire instantly, communicated to every part of the boat, which, having



been freshly varnished, caught as if it had been gunpowder.

Not a paper nor an article of any kind was saved. Of course it is impossible to give a complete list of those on board. Of cabin passengers there were between thirty and forty, of whom ten or twelve were ladies. In the steerage were about one hundred and forty passengers, nearly all of whom were Swiss and German emigrants. They were mostly in families, with the usual proportion of men, women and children.

It is a singular coincidence that the Erie was burnt at the same place where the Washington was destroyed in June, 1838. Captain Brown, who commanded the Washington at that time, happened to be on board the Clinton, and was very active in saving the survivors of the Erie.

We annex a list of those who were lost, as far we have been able to obtain their names:—

Philip Barber, Buffalo.	J. C. Pool, New York.
Roome Button, Fort Plain.	Mrs. Robinson, Ballston Spa.
W. M. Camp, Harrisburg.	Miss Robinson, Ballston Spa.
E. S. Cobb, Ann Harbor.	W. Sackett, Michigan.
Mrs. Dew.	A. Sears, Buffalo.
Mr. Evarts, Buffalo.	D. S. Sloan, Geneva.
P. Finney, Buffalo.	Mrs. W. H. Smith, and child, Schenectady.
Orin Greene, Rushville.	Mrs. Spencer, and two children.
Wm. Griffin, Mississippi.	F. Stow, Canada.
L. Gelston, Erie, (clerk.)	Otto Torp, New York.
Mr. Joles, (steward.)	W. Thomas, Buffalo.
Miss King, Ballston Spa.	Willet Weeks, Brooklyn.
E. J. Lynde, Milwaukie.	H. Weaver, Buffalo.
W. S. Lynde, Homer, N. Y.	Mrs. G. Williams, Chicago.
C. S. Mather, Mt. Clemens.	J. D. Woodward, New York.
Miss A. Miller, Buffalo.	
Mr. Moore, and two children, Yates County.	

Nearly one hundred and fifty of the passengers were Swiss and German emigrants, who were on their way

west, for the purpose of settling. We give the names of the heads of families, with the number in each:—

George Christian,	5	John Netzell,	1
C. Deitherick,	2	J. Newminger,	1
Christian Durler,	1	Mr. Obins,	1
R. Filling,	2	C. Palmer,	5
John Flang,	2½	G. Reittinger,	3
L. Gilling,	3	M. Reibold,	3
J. Garghum,	5½	S. Schapler,	5½
C. Kellerman,	1	G. Steinman,	2
Peter King,	2	Peter Schmidt,	1
T. Korten,	1	Peter Schendler,	5
Mr. Litchhold,	5½	C. Wilbur,	6
C. Mintch,	3	George Zuggler,	6
J. Mulliman,	3	Martin Zulgen,	2
George Neigold,	7½		

This list comprises the names of eighty-seven persons; but, as it is customary to pass children at half price, the whole number of persons must have reached upwards of one hundred. There were but four persons of the whole who were saved, including Mr. Christian Durler, and three others, names unknown.

We annex also the names of those who were saved, including those belonging to the boat:—

Master Bebee, Cleveland.	Mr. Parmelee, (bar-keeper.)
Edgar Clemens, (1st engin'r.)	T. Quinlin, Middlefield, Ms
C. Durler, Holmes Co., Ohio.	Mrs. Rice, Buffalo.
H. Forrester, Harbor Creek, Pa.	T. Robinson, (barber, colored.)
Hiram De Graffe.	Luther B. Searls, (fireman.)
C. Hogg.	Theodore Sears, (painter.)
W. Hughes, (2d mate.)	T. J. Tann, Pittsford, N. Y.
J. H. St. John.	Captain T. J. Titus.
E. Johnson, (cook, colored.)	W. Wadsworth, (of the band.)
James Loverty, (wheelman.)	A. O. Wilkinson, East Euclid.
Mrs. C. J. Lynde, Milwaukie.	Giles Williams, Chicago.
Dennis McBride, (1st mate.)	John Winchell, Buffalo,
Jerome McBride, (wheelman.)	

and three German passengers, who, together with several of the above, were badly burned previous to leaving the boat.

We extract the following particulars relative to this awful disaster, from the letter of a gentleman, dated Buffalo, August 10:—

“The Erie left her berth at Buffalo, for Chicago, between 5 and 6, P. M., on Monday, with a large number of passengers, nearly a hundred of whom were Swiss emigrants. The list of passengers, as taken by the captain, numbered two hundred and five; but, in addition to those, there were several young children, whose names were not taken, and some also, it is supposed, who had not paid their fare when the disaster occurred,—so that it is probable that the passengers, together with those attached to the boat, numbered about two hundred and forty. The fire was discovered a few minutes before 8 o'clock, off Silver Creek, a distance of twenty-five or thirty miles from Buffalo. The flames first appeared running rapidly across the boiler-deck, (a permanent platform of a foot or two in height, to protect the boiler where it projects above the main deck.) From its vicinity to the boiler, it had become highly inflammable, and its ignition was facilitated by a recent coat of paint which it had received. The boat's head was immediately directed toward the land, which was five or six miles off.

“The flames spread with great rapidity. Perfect confusion succeeded, in the midst of which the small boat, hanging astern, was lowered by the hands and brought to the side. After a few ladies had been handed down, the frenzy of those behind became uncontrollable, and numbers leaped in beyond the capacity of the boat to sustain them, and it swamped. Several of those who fell from the boat were drawn under the wheel and drowned, while a few clung to the boat's sides and were finally saved. A second and third boat were rendered useless by the same infatuation. Some five minutes after the appearance of the fire the machinery became deranged and stopped.

“So rapidly did the flames spread, that, although

there was a quantity of life-preservers in the ladies' cabin, they could not be reached, as the cabin was almost instantly in a light flame. But twenty minutes had elapsed from the beginning of the fire, and the intenseness of the heat had forced overboard every other person, when Captain Titus threw himself into the water, and abandoned the boat to its fate. The few who then remained alive were tossing in the midst of a heavy swell, dependent upon the precarious support, one of an oar, another of a plank or box, and liable every moment to lose their hold through exhaustion and the benumbing effects of fright. The steamers De Witt Clinton and the Lady perceived the light, about quarter past 8 o'clock, at Dunkirk, where they lay, and put out immediately to her relief. But a distance of ten or fifteen miles intervening, they arrived in time to save only twenty-nine out of the large number who, a few hours before, had left Buffalo with the perfect confidence of a pleasant trip.

"The Clinton, with twenty-seven of the saved on board, took the hull of the Erie in tow for Buffalo; after having been drawn, however, fifteen or twenty miles, the remnants of the wreck suddenly sunk. The steamer Lady returned, with the two she had picked up, to Dunkirk; one of them was my informant. He had thrown himself overboard on a plank, when he saw farther efforts to be useless, but relinquished it to a friend, who could not swim, and took for his own support the fender, which just then fell by his side. He states that those, who survived the swamping of the boats, clung with desperation to the burning wreck. One man he saw standing for some minutes on the gallows-beam, the flames encircling him, with his coat-skirts thrown over his head, till he dropped dead into the body of the flames. One of the wheelmen is said to have been burnt up doing his duty at the helm. A young lad, of the age of fourteen, (by the name of Beebe, and one of those saved,) is reported to have behaved with great courage. As he



descended the guys to the water, the chain was so hot that he left masses of flesh upon the rod at every clasp of his hands. Reaching the rudder, he stood upon that, and soaking his jacket in the water, he applied it to assuage the pain of his hands, and then used it to extinguish the fire from his dress and parts of the wreck near him. The only lady who was saved, (Mrs. Lynde, wife of C. J. Lynde, Esq., of Milwaukie,) was standing at the stern of the boat, with her husband, arranging her life-preserver about her person, when the boat gave a lurch and precipitated her into the water. She saw nothing more of her husband, but was herself buoyed up till the Clinton arrived.

“The first notice which the boat I was upon (the Fulton) had of this sad event, was at Dunkirk, about 5 o'clock in the morning; the boat was placed upon the track of the Erie, and in about one hour we perceived many indications of the disaster: a basket, a chest of tea, and a box of lemons were picked up. Presently the numerous small pieces of burnt wood, embraced in quite a small area, indicated the immediate scene of the catastrophe. As they were seen at some distance off, the boat checked her speed; and her slow and solemn motion over the unmade graves of hundreds, the measured surge of the waves under her prow, and the sound of the occasionally puffing steam, were felt to be more solemn than any common tribute to the memory of the dead.”

From the narrative of Edward Johnson, a colored man, who was on board the Erie at the time of the conflagration, we have gathered some further particulars:—

“Early in the evening the Erie got under way. Not long after the boat had started, the steward, Mr. Gilson, came to me and said he wished to employ me, as I had been recommended to him as a good cook. He then made propositions to me, which I consented to

accept,—but had not gone to work when the boat arrived off Silver Creek. I was sitting on the boiler-deck near the cook-room door, when I heard a noise as if some vessel had burst, and heard the rattling of glass. Heard a movement on the promenade-deck; when I went aft and climbed up over the stern, in order to see what was the matter. The moment I got upon the promenade-deck, I saw the flame of fire coming up midship, and went towards it. It was then about 9 o'clock. The sea was running very high, with a stiff breeze. I thought the vessel must go, as no one attempted to suppress the fire. I then went aft to the boats, to which many people had rushed. Saw so many white people about them that I concluded there would be no chance for me, (being a colored man,) and determined to seek for my own preservation in some other manner.

“There were three boats, all of which I saw in the water afterwards, bottom up. The people hallooed and screamed, and commenced jumping overboard. A tall gentleman came aft, where I stood, followed by three ladies, who were screaming for mercy. He said, ‘Don’t be alarmed, we shall all be saved;’ and then sung out, ‘Man, run your boat ashore!’ and in the next moment, as it were, he jumped into the water from the taffrail, and was followed by the three ladies, neither of whom had made the least preparation to save themselves. This was the case with most of the people, who seemed to have lost all their senses. They would scream as they jumped from the vessel, strike the water, and nothing more could be heard.

“While the boat was leaving the harbor at Buffalo, I noticed a young lady, who was very gay, and who talked quite loud. She told a gentleman, who was in conversation with her, that she expected to be seasick, and that if he would get her things from the cabin, she would stay on deck. After the boat was on fire, and while I was aft, the lady came to the same gentleman, who was then standing in the corner

by the taffrail, and asked him to go and look for her father; to which the gentleman replied, that it was of no use. He said he would *try to save her*; and having picked up a settee, he held it over the stern, and directed her to get over and take hold of it, that he might thus let her down into the water. In attempting to do this, she let go her hold too soon, and fell into the water; and, as she did not come up again, I supposed her head had struck on the rudder-blade. The gentleman then went overboard with the settee.

“I now thought it was time to look out for something with which I could assist myself in the water; in which I succeeded. I climbed over the stern, and let myself down by means of the tiller chains. When in the water, I could see lights all along the shore; and around the burning vessel the most appalling sight was displayed. Hats, caps, cloaks, bonnets, and human bodies were plainly to be seen floating upon the water by the light which the fire threw out, and cries for help were heard in every direction.

“I call myself a good swimmer, yet I do not know whether I or the boat had made the headway; but I had acquired the distance of about one and a half miles from the steamboat, when I saw two men in the water near me. They hallooed, and, inquiring what support I had, I answered, ‘Nothing.’ I thought they were as good swimmers as myself, and I did not feel willing to share my board with them. Then said one of the men, ‘O Lord! I do not think I can stand it to get ashore.’ Hearing this, my sympathy was awakened, and I hallooed to them and said, ‘Come to me; I have a board.’

“The two men then swam up and took hold of my board. At one end of this board was an iron leg, which I had pulled from the deck with the board, at which end I kept hold myself, with my arm around the iron. After the two men had come to me, they proposed to return to the yawl, which could be seen

at a distance, bottom up. I at first declined to do so, because I thought we could make the land,—but afterwards finding we made very slow headway, I consented.

“We soon reached the yawl, to the keel of which some ten or twelve persons were clinging. At a short distance from this was a lady, (who subsequently proved to be Mrs. C. J. Lynde,) calling for help. A person who had hold of the boat at the right, whom I afterwards learned was Captain Titus, said that the woman had a life-preserver on; and another person cried out to her, ‘My dear woman, you are doing better than we are.’ But, as she continued to cry for assistance, I proposed to Captain Titus, whom I then did not know, that if he would take hold of the end of my board, and agree to give it to me when I should come back, I would go for Mrs. Lynde and bring her up; to which he assented, and I swam towards her.

“When I reached her, she was lying nearly on her back. She had a life-preserver on, reaching around her body under one arm and over the other shoulder. An oar was in the water near her, which I caught hold of to assist myself with, and, as I came up to Mrs. Lynde, she laid hold of it. I then seized her arm and swam with her towards the yawl, during which she complained much of the cold. When I had brought her to the yawl, I requested her to lay hold of the boat, but she declined to do so, and said, ‘Let go, I shall do now.’ I did so, and Captain Titus gave me my place again.

“The heavy sea knocked us about terribly, and sometimes the yawl turned entirely over. In this situation we remained for a long time, until the boat of the De Witt Clinton picked us up, and rescued us while at the last extremity. Indeed, I was the only one who could get into the boat of the Clinton with no assistance; the others, entirely exhausted, were pulled in and laid at the bottom of the boat, like so many sheep tied for the slaughter.”



## BURNING OF THE ERIE.

THE parting scene was o'er,—they left  
 The city in their pride ;  
 And every heart was merry then,  
 And fears were thrown aside ;  
 And proudly dashed the gallant bark  
 The swelling surges o'er ;  
 And dimmer on the distance grew  
 The fast receding shore.

There were the blooming and the bright,  
 And men with silvery hair ;  
 And there were those whose joyous hearts  
 Were free from every care ;  
 There, too, was mingled with that throng  
 A bold, but lonely band,—  
 Far, far from distant shores they came,  
 Far from their father land,—

Where feudal castles rear their towers  
 Up to the vaulted sky,—  
 And Switzerland's proud mountains lift  
 Their hoary heads on high ;  
 And where Geneva's placid lake  
 With brightness glitters o'er,—  
 Land, where the martyrs often trod !  
 This was their native shore !

The sun, in splendor wrapped, went down,  
 And all around was gay ;  
 And, gliding o'er the waves, their bark  
 Still proudly urged its way.—  
 But hark ! upon the startled ear  
 There breaks a piercing cry !  
 While, bursting forth, the livid flame  
 Lights up the darkened sky !

O, what may now the bravest do !  
 Where may the timid flee !

The frightful choice of death remains,—  
 By *fire*—or yawning sea!  
 See how it wraps the fairest ones,  
 Still struggling with its might,—  
 While o'er the gloomy waters gleams  
 Its dread, unnatural light!

See mothers clasp their little ones  
 Close to their burning breast;  
 While fathers—brothers—sisters—all  
 In last embrace are pressed!  
 The shriek, the gasp, the dying groan,  
 Still rends the midnight air!  
 And yet is heard the roaring flame,  
 And wailing of despair!

A few amid the dashing waves  
 To frail support yet pressed;  
 One woman there, among that few,  
 Was fearless as the rest!  
 But courage, now, for help is near,—  
 (That help how many craved!)  
 Courage! for generous aid now comes,—  
 And ye will soon be saved!

The noble and the generous deed  
 Shall ne'er forgotten be,  
 How boldly launched a little band  
 Their bark upon the sea;  
 The wild waves lashed the treacherous shore,—  
 Their boat was weak and frail,—  
 While high around the billows rose,—  
 But yet they did not quail!

Light from the burning wreck still gleamed  
 Upon the foaming wave,—  
 And still they toiled and rowed that night  
 The perishing to save.  
 But O, could then the troubled lake  
 Its bosom wide unfold,  
 How would their generous hearts be thrilled  
 With horrors yet untold!

There lay the father and the son,  
With pale and marble brow ;—  
There lay the mother and the babe,  
All cold and speechless now ;—  
There lay the lover and the loved  
In fond affection's clasp ;—  
There lay the friend and enemy  
In death's convulsive grasp.

O, where is all the beauty now  
That trod upon that deck !  
Alas ! go view the charred remains  
Upon the burning wreck !  
Ask of the ashes scattered 'mid  
The waters and the fire ;—  
That treacherous lake was now their grave !  
The boat, their funeral pyre !



## EXPLOSION OF THE STEAMER PERSIAN,

On the Mississippi River, while on her Passage from New Orleans to St. Louis, November 7, 1840; by which Fatal Occurrence upwards of Nineteen Lives were lost.

THE steamer PERSIAN, under the command of Captain Gaslee, left New Orleans for St. Louis on the evening of November 3, having on board a large number of passengers. She had proceeded safely on her way till the night of the 7th,—at which time she was but a few miles below Arkansas River,—when the flues of her starboard boiler exploded with tremendous violence, by which nineteen persons were almost instantaneously hurried into eternity, and between thirty and forty severely scalded or otherwise injured. The chief engineer was killed at his post, just after putting the engine in motion; as was also the second mate, who had just returned with the yawl from shore. No other officer of the boat was injured, nor any of the cabin passengers, as they were in the cabin above, and, as it appeared, out of reach of the disastrous effects of the explosion. From their proximity, the destruction was mostly confined to the steerage passengers and crew. The accident occurred in the after part of the starboard boiler, making a clear sweep of the deck from the rushing of the steam, from all seven of the boilers, carrying with it brick work and rubbish of every description to the after part of the boat, on the lower deck, where the steerage passengers' cabin is located.



We have not been able to obtain a complete list of those who were lost. Among them were John O'Brien; Samuel Hammers, of Illinois; Mr. Fields, of Tennessee; and two others, names unknown. There were also four persons in one family, and two children of another. Three young men, who had come on board the day before from a flat boat, jumped overboard and were drowned. Of the crew there were lost, David Greené, first engineer; John Williams, second mate; Oscar Brown, and Washington Marks, firemen.

From the account of a witness we extract the following:—

“The sight witnessed on board the fatal boat was the most awful and distressing I ever beheld. The large and spacious cabin of the Persian was covered with the sufferers, and with those beyond the pangs of pain,—men, women, and children, of all ages. Many of them were entirely stripped of skin, and some of the flesh from their bones. As to the causes of the disaster, it would be difficult to assign the precise ones, other than some defect in the boilers that had escaped the detection of the inspectors, who had examined and pronounced them in good order prior to her leaving St. Louis on her present trip to New Orleans. Captain Gaslee is one of the best men in his vocation on the western waters; careful, prudent, and attentive in all respects to the safety of the lives and the property intrusted to his charge. The engineer who was killed was actually receiving higher wages than any other on the river,—which is some testimony of the reputation he enjoyed for skilfulness and knowledge in his profession. The Persian was one of the largest class boats, had an excellent character for the good management of those in charge of her, and had always been a popular boat.”

## LOSS OF THE NORTH CAROLINA,

While on her Passage from Wilmington, N. C., to  
Charleston, S. C., July 25, 1841.

THE steamer NORTH CAROLINA left Wilmington for Charleston, Saturday, July 24. Early on Sunday morning, when about twenty-five or thirty miles north-east of Georgetown, she came in contact with the steamboat Governor Dudley. As the boats were going in opposite directions, and were both under good headway, the force with which they met was tremendous, and the North Carolina began immediately to sink.

The collision took place about 1 o'clock, on a beautiful starlight night, with a perfectly calm sea. The boats were going at the rate of twelve or fourteen miles an hour, and were seen by each other for a mile or two before they came together. How they managed to run into each other has never transpired; the captain of each boat was in his berth at the time,—having stood his regular watch,—and the mate of each had charge of his respective boat. In the collision which took place, the Governor Dudley's bow struck the North Carolina between the ladies' and gentlemen's cabin. The violence of the shock may be inferred from the fact that in ten minutes after it took place the North Carolina had sunk to the water's edge.

The passengers of both boats were all in their berths at the time, and had barely time to escape with their lives. The great coolness and self-possession mani-

fested on the trying occasion by the captain of each boat, was doubtless the means of preventing any loss of life. The small boats were immediately manned, and the passengers of the North Carolina all conveyed in safety to the Governor Dudley. In about ten minutes after every one was transferred to the latter boat, the North Carolina, then down to the water's edge, keeled over.

Among the passengers in the North Carolina were several members of Congress,—one of whom, Gen. Dawson, of Georgia, lost fifteen thousand dollars in his trunk. Other passengers also lost considerable sums of money, and most of them were losers of their little all.

The Governor Dudley had a hole about four feet square knocked in her bow, and at first leaked badly, but the aperture was in a measure closed with blankets, tarpaulins, and other articles of a like nature. She laid by all night, and the next morning picked up two or three floating trunks, which was all that was saved from the North Carolina,—every thing else having gone to the bottom in her.

The passengers in the North Carolina were all taken back in the Governor Dudley to Wilmington; and, while on the way thither, some of the passengers of the latter boat generously raised a subscription to aid those who had lost their all in the sunken boat.

We extract the following from the letter of a gentleman:—

“About 1 o'clock, on Saturday night, the steamboats Governor Dudley and North Carolina unfortunately came in collision, the Dudley's bow running into the North Carolina's larboard quarter, fifteen or twenty feet from the stern. The captains of both boats had just turned in. The North Carolina went down almost immediately, and the crew and passengers were saved with some difficulty. Not a single life was lost; but the loss of valuable baggage was very great,—several gentlemen, returning from Congress, having large

amounts of money with them in their trunks, of which but few were saved. The Governor Dudley remained till daylight, with the hope of saving as much as possible, and then came on to Wilmington, bringing the crew and passengers of the North Carolina,—many of whom did not save a particle of clothing.

“The accident occurred in about eleven fathoms water. The bow of the Dudley was a good deal shattered; but she made no water except on her way returning,—the night being fortunately remarkably calm.

“There were no ladies on board, except the wife of the Hon. Mr. Hubbard, whose loss in money was larger than that of any other person on board. Some of the passengers received slight personal injuries; but, terrible as the occurrence has been, we have cause to be thankful that no life was lost.”

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# EXPLOSION ON BOARD THE WILMINGTON,

On the Mississippi River, November 12, 1839.

THE steamboat WILMINGTON left New Orleans for St. Louis, November 11. Early the next morning, she stopped to wood near the mouth of the Arkansas river, and soon after leaving the wood-yard, her middle boiler burst, tearing off nearly two rings in its centre. The explosion threw the other boilers into the river, with the chimney, and carried the centre boiler backwards along the starboard side of the engine, nearly the length of the boiler, tearing all the stanchions and other works, driving the fire-bed and deck under the boilers down into the hold. The piece of iron detached from the exploding boiler, being about three feet wide, and reaching quite round it, was carried directly through the social hall, tearing away every thing in its course, and cutting off the pilot-house, in which the pilot was at the time, and falling through the after part of the hurricane-deck into the ladies' cabin. The furnaces and all the upper deck, back to the second room in the main cabin, were torn away, or so knocked down as to fall immediately in.

There were several thrown overboard. The captain instantly manned and sent the yawl out, and succeeded in picking up several of them. Those of the passengers, who were injured, were around the stove in the social hall, and suffered most from the falling in of the floor and the stove. One had his leg broken in this way.

Immediately after the accident the boat took fire, but was soon extinguished, without serious injury. Fortunately, she was in such a situation, that, by the aid of the current, they were enabled to run her ashore.

## LOSS OF THE STEAMER BEDFORD,

On the Missouri River, April 27, 1840.

THE steamboat BEDFORD, Captain Walker, in descending the Missouri river, April 27, struck a snag, and sunk in less than five minutes. It was not precisely ascertained how many were drowned. Mr. Moore, an old revolutionary soldier; a negro woman, and three children; a white infant, whose mother was saved; and a gentleman, name unknown, were among those who were lost. Two or three gentlemen on board were sick, one of whom died near the place of the disaster. The passengers lost all their baggage.

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## EXPLOSION OF THE JOHN HANCOCK,

On her Passage from Norwich to New London, in  
1817.

THE most singular steamboat explosion, perhaps, that ever occurred, was that of the JOHN HANCOCK, on the waters of Long Island Sound, in 1817. It is related by that veteran steamboat commander, Captain Elihu S. Bunker, in his reply to the collector of New York, asking for information to be transmitted to the treasury department.

“Gilbert Brewster, Esq., of Norwich, fancied he was in possession of a plan for building a steamboat that would prove superior to that then in use; he accordingly built a small boat, called the John Hancock, into which he put a small engine and a *wooden* boiler.

He prepared her for an excursion from Norwich to New London at the time that President Monroe visited that section of the United States. Fifty gentlemen went on board, and they proceeded down the river from Norwich. They were all, together with the cook, (a colored man,) in the cabin abaft the boiler, when, approaching New London, it was announced that the Fulton, which had the President on board, was in sight. The gentlemen went on deck as fast as the gangway would permit them to move, the cook being the last at the foot of the stairs. When he was half way up, the end of the boiler was blown out, and his left leg slightly scalded. The force was so great, with which the end of the boiler flew, that it swept every thing before it: tables, chairs, the partition between the ladies and gentlemen's cabin,—all went out at the stern of the boat! In one minute more,—had they staid in the cabin,—fifty-one persons would have been swept into eternity!"

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## EXPLOSION OF THE STEAMER GREENFIELD,

On the Connecticut River, May 18, 1840.

THE steamboat GREENFIELD, Captain Crawford, which plied between Greenfield and Hartford, as a tow-boat, was blown up, by the explosion of her boilers, on Monday, May 18. The boat was constructed to pass through the locks and canals on the river, drawing but little water, and quite narrow. At the time of the explosion she had four freight-boats in tow, and had stopped to attach a fifth. Both boilers burst at the same time; and the boat was so much shattered that she sank immediately, carrying down one of the

freight boats in six feet water. The captain was thrown high in the air, and fell upon his head in one of the freight boats, and survived but a few hours. Mr. Wood, the engineer, was killed instantaneously in the engine room, and one of the firemen was thrown some distance, but fell in the water and was not materially hurt. Mr. Lallin, the inventor and constructor of the boilers, was on board for the purpose of observing their operation, and was so severely wounded that there was little hope of his recovery. Two or three of the men belonging to the freight boats were slightly injured. Captain Crawford was well known and respected on the river, and had been engaged in the same business for many years previous.

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## EXPLOSION ON BOARD THE MOTTO,

On the Ohio River, during her first Passage from  
Louisville to Pittsburg, August, 1836.

THE steamboat *MOTTO*, on her first trip from Louisville to Pittsburg, ran on the shoals at the foot of Blannerhasset's Island. In attempting to get off, too great a quantity of steam accumulated, and the boiler burst, killing three persons, and severely scalding many others, eight of whom died within a few hours.

The persons who were instantly killed, were, the engineer; a deck passenger, who was blown through the stern of the boat, more than twenty feet, into the river; and a cabin passenger, Mr. W. F. Adams, of Hollidaysburg, Penn. The fate of Mr. Adams seemed to have made a greater impression on the surviving crew and passengers than that of any other of the sufferers. He had just graduated at Augusta College, in Kentucky, and was returning home to his family



with his diploma. He was attended to the boat by a large procession of his fellow-students; and the hearty cheers and kindly farewell given to the youth by those with whom he had been so long associated, commended him to the respect and affectionate regard of the passengers and crew of the boat. At the moment of the disaster the cabin passengers were all in or near their berths on the upper deck and aft,—it being about two hours after dinner,—all, excepting young Adams; he had been on the lower deck, and was just leaving a position near the wheel, when the explosion took place. His death must have been instantaneous; he was found twisted around the shaft of the wheel.

An individual, who was present, remarked, that, though used to rough scenes, his heart was chilled by that presented on board the *Motto*. Never did he witness, never did his imagination conjure up such an appalling sight.

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## LOSS OF THE STEAMER GREEN RIVER,

On Green River, April 22, 1840.

THE steamboat GREEN RIVER, Captain Brown, which plies on the river of the same name, in attempting to pass one of the locks, struck an eddy and capsized. The river was very high, and the current unusually strong. Nine persons were drowned,—five females and four men. The names of those lost were Mr. Brady; Jacob Beck; a little girl, named Margaret Eckeberge; and four young ladies, of the name of Suttlewine, the daughters of a widow lady who was on board at the time, but fortunately rescued. James Finley and Andrew Haley, two of the boat hands, were also lost.

# ACCIDENT ON BOARD THE FLORA,

On the Ohio River, November 17, 1836.

THE steamboat FLORA, Captain R. D. Chapman, on her passage up the river from Louisville to Wheeling, November 17, met with a serious accident, by which several lives were lost, and a number scalded.

The following particulars of the disaster were furnished by one of the passengers :—

“On my return from the west, I took passage on board the steamboat Flora, at Louisville, bound for Wheeling. Early in the morning after we left Louisville, while the passengers were most of them in their berths, the two boilers, from some defect in the lower deck of the boat, settled suddenly, leaving the entire weight of them upon the cast iron pipes,—commonly called the conducting pipes, by which the steam is conducted to operate upon the machinery. These pipes immediately broke, and, being directly under the social hall, which is on a level with the passengers' cabin, a volume of steam was forced through the floor, stripping up the boards, and completely filling the hall and cabin. There was no explosion by which the sleepers might be warned of their danger; but a slight quivering of the deck seemed to tell those who were awake that all was not right. There was an alarm at once raised that the boiler had burst.

“With eight or ten others I made for the ladies' cabin, in the stern of the boat; but we could form no idea of the work of misery and destruction till we returned to the gentlemen's cabin,—and there such a scene presented itself as I can never forget: some were running about, severely scalded, with the skin peeling from their faces, hands and arms; others,

in their berths, who were not awakened until the steam aroused them, were writhing about in the most intense agony, having inhaled the scalding vapor so as to prevent their speaking only in whispers. Mr. Benjamin Myrick, of Charlestown, and another gentleman, died shortly after the accident.

“The disaster occurred about thirty miles below Cincinnati, to which place we were towed by the steamboat Mountaineer, which overtook us soon after. Mr. Myrick and another person were buried there; and a number were carried to the hospital, among whom was Mr. Kinnaid, member of Congress from Indiana, who died after having suffered about three weeks.

“It was supposed that the cabin door was opened by some one to escape, as soon as the pipes broke, by which means the steam rushed in and performed its work of destruction. Almost every one on board was wounded, either by scalding, or by attempting to jump through the windows. The boat being crowded, I had not been able to secure a berth, but was obliged to sleep on a cot on the floor,—to which circumstance my own fortunate escape may be attributed.

“One or two, who were in the immediate vicinity of the place where the steam first passed through the floor, saved themselves by remarkable presence of mind: one of them, who was a cripple, escaped by creeping under the berths, where he remained on the cabin floor until the steam cooled; another drew his broad-brimmed hat over his face and ran out on the guard,—his hat being burnt to a complete crisp, which broke into pieces like a pipe-stem.

“No blame was attached to the engineer, as it was plainly showed that the settling of the deck on which the boilers were supported was the prime cause of this distressing calamity.”

## LOSS OF THE STEAMER MARY EXPRESS,

At Mobile, April 29, 1840.

THE steamboat MARY EXPRESS sunk at the wharf, April 29, about 3 o'clock in the morning, without any assignable cause. She had been cleared and wooded the night before, ready to start at the usual hour in the morning, and the captain had retired to his berth.

Towards morning he was awakened by an unusual noise, which seemed like the rushing of water. He started up, and, on opening the door, found the boat sinking, and the cotton already washed overboard. He rushed to the shore. Before he could raise the hands, who were sleeping on shore, the boat careened over; her chimneys fell landward, and she went down, breaking her fastenings, in about thirty-five feet depth of water.

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## EXPLOSION OF THE STEAMER FRANKLIN,

At Mobile, March 13, 1836.

THE steamboat FRANKLIN had but just started from the wharf for Montgomery, March 13, with a hundred passengers on board, when both her boilers exploded, and a number of persons lost their lives. She had advanced but forty or fifty yards from her starting-place, and was lying to for the purpose of taking on board a passenger who had been left behind, when the accident took place.

A gentleman, in a letter to a friend, said:—

“I was standing close by the river's brink, and

saw the whole fore part of her deck, with large pieces of the boilers, carried to an immense height, with the pilot and one of the hands. The pilot fell into the dock, at the distance of a hundred and fifty yards, having been thrown into the air nearly three hundred feet; he was dreadfully mutilated. I saw the bodies of two or three persons who were killed instantaneously; and of many others who were seriously, perhaps fatally, wounded. The explosion was dreadful; the upper deck, from the wheel-house forward, was carried to a great height. I fear the list of sufferers will be large,—perhaps fifteen or twenty killed, besides the wounded.”

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## EXPLOSION ON BOARD THE UNION,

A new Steam Ferry-Boat, which had just commenced running at Alexandria, July 12, 1837.

THE new steam ferry-boat, UNION, commenced running, July 12, between Alexandria and the opposite side of the Potomac. The passage for the day was free; and, after making several trips, and as the boat was again about leaving the opposite shore for Alexandria, her boiler collapsed, and three persons were instantly killed, and several were badly scalded.

This lamentable accident originated in the neglect of the engineer to let off steam while remaining on the Maryland shore. This, it is thought, was done in order to lose no power, and to make a good exhibition of the velocity of the boat on its return to the opposite side. One of the first victims of this disaster was the wife of the engineer, who was immediately killed, and her body frightfully mangled.

The interposition of a merciful Providence should



not be lost sight of in this event. The explosion occurred a few minutes before the boat started, while a great number of the passengers were yet on shore. Had the explosion been delayed but a few seconds, there is no knowing how many more lives might have been lost. While, therefore, we condole with the sufferers, let us not be unthankful for the preservation of the many survivors."

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## ACCIDENT ON BOARD THE SAMSON,

In New York Harbor, July 4, 1839.

As the SAMSON was on her way from Staten Island to New York, July 4, between 3 and 4 o'clock in the afternoon, her upper deck gave way, and fell upon those who were standing beneath. The boat was densely crowded with passengers, two of whom were instantly killed, and several others severely injured. One of those killed was Mr. Joseph Chambers, and the other was Mrs. Johnson, an elderly Scotch lady, both residing in New York. Mr. Moses Henriquez and Mr. Augustus Vanpeli, both of that city, were severely injured. The consternation on board the boat was indescribable. The passengers were so crowded that it was difficult for any one to move, and the rush was so great at the time of the accident, as nearly to upset the boat, endangering the lives of all on board. The steamboat Sun, which had started from the island soon after the Samson, soon came alongside, towed the latter up to the city, and relieved her passengers from their melancholy and unhappy situation.

## LOSS OF THE ODD FELLOW,

A Miniature Steamer, November 6, 1841.

THE little steamer ODD FELLOW, which had been employed in towing canal boats up and down the Niagara, encountered a gale on the morning of Saturday, November 6, and was lost on the reef, two miles east of Gravelly Bay. Mr. Baker, who was captain and owner, and his two assistants, Mr. Holmes and Mr. Mott, saved their lives by swimming ashore.

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## LOSS OF THE BUNKER HILL,

On Long Island Sound, November 15, 1841.

THE steamboat BUNKER HILL, Captain Huntington, on her passage from New York to Hartford, ran ashore in the fog, about 10 o'clock, Sunday morning, on the Cornfield Point, about two miles from the Connecticut River. The passengers and freight were landed in safety.

## RECENT DISASTERS ON THE MISSISSIPPI RIVER.

THE steamboat DUBUQUE, on her passage from St. Louis to Galena, August 15, 1837, collapsed a flue of her larboard boiler, and twenty-seven persons were killed and wounded. The pilot immediately put the boat ashore, and effected a landing without farther accident. As soon as it was possible to clear the way, an examination of the boiler-deck was made. The force of the explosion had literally cleared it of freight, and every thing which stood in its way. The deck passengers, and several of the hands, were dreadfully scalded. Many of them, in their agony, fled to the shore, stripped themselves of their clothes, taking off with them much of the skin. It was several hours before any of them died. The number of deaths was sixteen; four of these belonged to the crew,—the remainder were deck passengers. The cabin passengers escaped with little or no injury.

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THE steamer BELLE, on her passage from New Orleans to St. Louis, November, 1839, while stopping at a wood-yard about a mile above Liberty, Illinois, took fire and was entirely destroyed. She had two hundred passengers, men, women, and children, who fortunately escaped, but without saving any of their effects, except such as they seized and bore on shore at the moment of the alarm. There was a large quantity of powder on board, which exploded very shortly after the fire was discovered, scattering and completely destroying a valuable cargo, and making a total wreck of the vessel. Not even the books of the boat were saved. It is doubtful whether an individual would have escaped, had not the boat lay close by

the shore, thereby enabling the passengers to leave previous to the explosion.

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The steamer SMITHLAND, while on her passage from St. Louis to New Orleans, November 1, 1841, ran foul of a snag, and was sunk. The vessel broke and parted aft the boiler. There were no lives lost.

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The steam towboat, GRAMPUS, Captain Martin, was blown up by the explosion of her boiler, on the 13th of May, 1840, when twenty-five miles outside the Mississippi bar, and sunk in about half an hour. John Sprigg, the second engineer, and Wm. Walker, one of the firemen, were killed. Wm. T. Knight, the mate, was scalded; as was the cook, who was also badly bruised.

At the time of the accident, the Grampus was rounding to, in order to take in tow the schooner Victoria, Captain Kenney. The schooner's boats were immediately sent to the relief of the sufferers.

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The steamboat AMBASSADOR, in June, 1841, was run into by the steamer Vicksburg, whereby one man was killed, and four others knocked overboard and drowned. The accident occurred just before daylight, while many of the hands and deck passengers were asleep on the guards.

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The steamer CLARKESVILLE, while on her passage from New Orleans to Nashville, June 17, 1841, ran on one of the snags with which the Mississippi river abounds, and was entirely lost. The cabin parted from the hull, and floated off, with the numerous deck passengers grouped on the hurricane-deck, most of whom were drowned. The ladies had taken refuge

in the wheel-house, which parted from the cabin, and left them to float down the river, until a boat from the shore came to their rescue. Most of those who jumped overboard, and had secured spars and other articles with which to buoy themselves up, were also saved.

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The steamboat *ATHENIAN*, which was established to ply between New Orleans city and the Balize, took fire on Monday, July 19, 1841, and burnt to the water's edge. She was about thirty miles from the Balize, rounding to at a wood-yard, when those on shore discovered her hurricane-deck on fire aft, and gave the alarm. The wind blew fresh at the time, spreading the flames so rapidly as to defy all efforts at extinguishing them. All on board escaped, but no property was saved.

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The steamer *LOUISIANA*, Captain Woods, when near the Bayou Sarah, on the Mississippi river, August, 1841, met with a melancholy disaster. Her starboard boiler exploded, and five of the crew were swept into eternity, and four severely scalded. There was on board a party of United States soldiers; one of whom was instantaneously killed, and from twelve to fifteen were missing.



## ESCAPE OF THE STEAM-SHIP BRITANNIA,

From the Rocks and Breakers off the Harbor of  
Halifax, during a Fog, May 19, 1841.

The steam-ship BRITANNIA, under the command of Captain Cleland, left Boston, May 17, for Halifax and Liverpool. When off the harbor of Halifax, and while in charge of the pilot, (there being at the time a dense fog,) she struck on the rocks; but was soon backed off, and proceeded up the harbor to the town. It was found that she leaked considerably, until lightened by taking out the coal; and it was deemed improper to proceed on her voyage without overhauling her bottom. For this purpose the vessel was taken round to St. Johns, where it was ascertained that the injuries she had received were very trifling,—some of the copper about her stern was torn off, and a few feet of her keel and fore-foot were broomed. She was soon repaired, and on the morning of the 26th of May she sailed from St. Johns for Halifax, to take in her passengers and the mails for Liverpool. A large portion of the passengers addressed a circular to Captain Cleland, exonerating him from all blame, and speaking of his conduct in the highest terms.

The following extract from the letter of a passenger, gives a brief but graphic description of the imminent danger to which the Britannia was exposed:—

“For over *three hours* we were among the breakers, encompassed by the elements of destruction. Nearly a dozen times we escaped from different reefs; each escape seemed our last. You may be aware that the steamers are accompanied, between Boston and Halifax, by two sea captains, who have been a long while in the trade between the two ports, and who

from this are supposed to know the intricacies of the coast, and also the channels to the two harbors. Besides our regular commander, Captain Cleland, we had on board Captain Boole, and, under his guidance, attempted the entrance of the harbor. We got the bearings of Sombro Light by the answer to our signal guns,—which were answered by the folks at the lighthouse. We ran by compass into what the two captains judged to be the channel, and in a few minutes found a reef on what was supposed to be the eastern shore of it. This we barely cleared; and while Captain Cleland was giving his orders to the helmsman and engineer, a passenger stepped forward and countermanded those orders. Suffice it to say that *his* orders were not obeyed, for, if they had been, the ship would have been lost at the outset. The fog was so thick that we could not see a boat's length ahead, and every five minutes brought us near the edge of some reef, from which, however, we escaped, until we struck on a reef which is now thought to be Morris' Point.

“At the time we struck, we had scarcely any headway on her, and were drifted broadside on by the surge of the waves. The wheels being aback, we got off in a few seconds, when an inward wave lifted her. One would have thought that, after running so many risks and hair-breadth escapes, the captains would have been satisfied, and relinquished their daring object of getting her into port in such a fog; and, being so perfectly bewildered as they were, it seems as though they should have put to sea, where they could obtain a good offing. But, no! again they must try it; and, in less than ten minutes from our first striking, the same line of rocks showed their black heads to our view. Stop here they could not; the only way was to trust to the HELM.

“‘Port the helm! Bring her round short!’ shouted Captain Cleland, from the paddle-box. ‘Hard-a-port she has it, sir,’ answered the weather-beaten seaman

at the wheel. I stood on the promenade-deck, watching first the breakers, and then the wake of the vessel, and I found by the latter that she was answering her helm nobly. The moment seemed an hour, and we fancied we heard her keel grating on the rocks.

“As she came round, the rocks were less than ten feet from us, but, the shore being perfectly perpendicular, we touched nothing. Under us were from twenty to forty fathoms of water, and, into that we should have sunk, had the wheel but quivered a hair. A nearer approach to, and a narrower escape from breakers, no vessel ever had. A short time after this a harbor pilot found us, after about two hours' search.

“‘What land is that?’ inquired I of him, pointing to a low reef at some distance. That is so and so, answered he, firmly and unhesitatingly; and by that we knew he had got correct bearings. What would have become of the noble Britannia, had he not come on board, it is impossible to say. A dark night was coming on, and we were in a dangerous situation; and I doubt if we could have found our way to sea.

“Where the blame lies, I shall not say. The fault consists in attempting to run into port in such a dangerous time, and in periling life and property to save a few hours.”

## LOSS OF THE STEAM-PACKET SAVANNAH,

Which sprung a-leak off Cape Hatteras, during a Gale, while on her Passage from Savannah to New York, November 28, 1841.

THE steam-packet SAVANNAH, under the command of Captain John R. Crane, left Savannah for New York on the 26th of November. There were but few passengers on board, among whom was the wife of the captain, and his eldest son. The vessel proceeded gallantly on her way, with favorable weather, until the morning of Sunday, the 28th, when the sky was overclouded, and the wind began to rise. It soon increased to a gale, accompanied with rain. At this time they were off Cape Hatteras; when it was discovered that she had sprung a-leak, which, notwithstanding the pumps were worked incessantly, gained so rapidly on them that the furnace fires were soon extinguished, when the vessel drifted like a log on the troubled waters, with the sea making a continual breach over her. At this moment of horror, all that remained was to launch the small boats upon the angry waves, which threatened every moment to overwhelm them. We annex the statement of Captain Crane:—

“Sunday, the 28th, it commenced blowing a gale from the north-east, and, at 10, A. M., began raining; at 12, made the land about the Nag’s Head, the wind hauling easterly and blowing a gale, the ship behaving nobly, and the engine working well, the sea increasing, and heaving us in shore. At half past 4, it lighted up

a little; saw the cape, land bearing west; still steering south-east by south, and not gaining off shore, took in the foresail, and hauled off east by south, every thing working well. At 6, P. M., the engineer reported he could not keep her free with the pumps. I asked him if they worked well. He said, yes, but that she had sprung a-leak. I told him that was impossible, as the boat was too strong; but I soon found, to my sorrow, that it was but too true. Immediately all hands went to bailing, but to little purpose, the water gaining on us so fast that it soon put the furnace fires out, and then our pumps were useless, and the sea made a breach over us. The boats were then ordered to be got ready, which was immediately done; but, in lowering the starboard quarter-boat, they nearly stove her, and then let her go with only two persons in her.—Mr. Johnson, and Mr. Kilpatrick, the engineer. I then had the other quarter-boat cleared away, and got the females in her, with the intention of getting her to the leeward, to get some necessary articles in; but, the falls getting foul, I jumped into her and cut them away, and finally succeeded in getting the boat clear, but could not get alongside of the steamer again.

“Thus we were left adrift in an open boat, in eighteen fathoms of water, off Cape Hatteras, blowing a gale at north, with thirteen persons on board, and four of them females, without a drop of water, or an ounce of provisions of any kind. After being in the boat half an hour, the wind hauled to the north-west, and blew harder than ever, with a tremendous ugly cross-sea. It broke into the boat twice, and nearly filled her. Thus for forty-eight hours we were scudding before the sea, not knowing what course we were making, and not one with a dry thread on, or hardly moving our position,—the females sitting in the bottom of the boat the whole time. On Wednesday, the weather moderated; at 8 o'clock, discovered a sail to the eastward of us; got our oars to work immediately,



and pulled for her with what remaining strength we had. As soon as they discovered us, they hove to, and took us on board, where we were treated with all the kindness possible. She proved to be the brig Rowena, Captain Dill, bound to Philadelphia. Thirteen human beings were thus preserved from a most awful death. On Saturday, came to anchor to the northward of Cape May.

“On Monday morning saw a steamboat coming from the southward; made a signal to her, and she came alongside and took us all on board. She was the steamer Norwich, Captain Levy, from Norfolk for New York. The captain kindly treated us with every thing in his power, for which we return him our most heartfelt thanks; and may the Almighty reward him, and also the captain of the Rowena, for kindly preserving the lives of thirteen human beings, who could not have lived twenty-four hours longer in an open boat.”

*Names of those in the boat saved.*—William Harth, Jr., of Charleston, and Theodore Murray, of Brooklyn, passengers; Captain John R. Crane, lady and son; Mr. Phillips, mate; Mrs. Kent, wife of the steward; Mrs. Moore, wife of one of the waiters; William Oram, waiter; Lydia, stewardess; and two firemen, names unknown.

*Persons left on board.*—Mr. Dunscomb, second officer, and four seamen; Daniel Hill, second engineer, and four firemen; John Ashfield, first cook; the second cook, and Mr. Schneeds, an engineer, for whom two whale boats were left on the promenade-deck.

Mr. Johnson, a merchant of New York, and Mr. Kilpatrick, the first engineer, who drifted off in a small boat previous to Captain Crane leaving the vessel, are the only two supposed to be lost.

As to those left on board, their chance of escape was equal, at least, to that of those who did get away in safety. Mr. Kent, the steward of the boat, says that when he last saw the ship, those on board were preparing the whale boats for launching; and, as they

are proverbially good boats in a heavy sea, there is but little doubt they all escaped.

The Savannah was regarded as one of the strongest and best steamers sailing from the port of New York. She had been put in complete repair, and fitted up in handsome style, previous to her departure on her last trip. Captain Crane, her commander, is an experienced and skilful officer, and well known, some two or three years since, as the successful navigator of the iron steamer, Stockton, across the Atlantic.

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### An Abstract of the Law, relative to the Management of Steamboats, passed by the Congress of the United States, July 7, 1838.

IN connection with this list of steamboat disasters, we will give a few brief extracts from the law of the United States, respecting the management of "vessels propelled in whole or in part by steam." It is hardly necessary to state that we deem the law to be inefficient; and that, till more energetic measures are devised and enforced, the mournful catalogue of such disasters will be increased.

*"It is hereby enacted,* That it shall be the duty of the owners and masters of the steamboats licensed in pursuance of the provisions of this act, to employ on board their respective boats a competent number of experienced and skilful engineers; and, in case of neglect to do so, the said owners and masters shall be held responsible for all damages to the property or any passenger on board of any boat, occasioned by any derangement of the engine or machinery of any boat.

*"That,* whenever the master of any boat or vessel, or the person or persons charged with navigating said

boat or vessel, which is propelled in whole or in part by steam, shall stop the motion or headway of said boat or vessel, or when the said boat or vessel shall be stopped for the purpose of discharging or taking in cargo, fuel or passengers, he or they shall open the safety-valve, so as to keep the steam down in said boiler as near as practicable to what it is when the said boat or vessel is under headway, under the penalty of two hundred dollars for each and every offence.

“That it shall be the duty of the master and owner of every steam vessel, to provide, as a part of the necessary furniture, a suction-hose and fire engine and hose suitable to be worked on said boat in case of fire, and carry the same upon each and every voyage, in good order; and that iron rods or chains shall be employed and used in the navigation of all steamboats, instead of wheel or tiller ropes; and for a failure to do which, they, and each of them, shall forfeit and pay the sum of three hundred dollars.

“That every captain, engineer, pilot or other person, employed on board of any steamboat or vessel, propelled in whole or in part by steam, by whose misconduct, negligence, or inattention to his or their respective duties, the life or lives of any person or persons on board said vessel may be destroyed, shall be deemed guilty of manslaughter, and, upon conviction thereof before any circuit court in the United States, shall be sentenced to confinement at hard labor for a period not more than ten years.

“That in all suits and actions against proprietors of steamboats, for injuries arising to person or property from the bursting of the boiler of any steamboat, or the collapse of a flue, or other injurious escape of steam, the fact of such bursting, collapse, or injurious escape of steam, shall be taken as full *prima facie* evidence, sufficient to charge the defendant, or those in his employment, with negligence, until he shall show that no negligence has been committed by him or those in his employ.”

## LOSS OF THE STEAMER COLUMBIA,

Which was wrecked upon Black Ledge, Seal Island, during a Fog, July 2, 1843.

THE steam-packet ship Columbia, Captain Shannon, which vessel left Boston on the 1st of July, 1843, was wrecked, on Sunday afternoon, the 2d, during a fog, while going at the rate of ten knots, upon Black Ledge, near Seal Island light-house. We are much gratified, however, at being able to state that all her passengers and crew, one hundred and eighty,—among whom was ABBOT LAWRENCE, of Boston, with his lady and daughter,—got safely on the island, with all their trunks, baggage, &c., where they were waiting for a steamer from Halifax to take them off. Seal Island is a craggy rock, in some parts covered with soil, situated about twenty-five miles to the westward of Cape Sable, the southernmost point of Nova Scotia. It is about twenty miles from the nearest land on the continent,—a peninsula, forming the western boundary of Barrington Bay. There are only two houses on the island, excepting the light-house, and but few inhabitants; consequently the accommodations for such a large number of persons must be rather primitive; but there is reason to believe that provisions and water have been saved from the wreck sufficient to administer to their necessities during the short time which they will be compelled to remain on the island.

The navigation in this quarter is very dangerous, especially during foggy weather, and the currents are uncertain. The soundings, from thirty to forty fathoms, and quality of the bottom, furnish the only indi-



cations of a vessel's whereabouts, and should not be neglected. The loss of the Columbia appears to have been entirely owing to this neglect on the part of the pilot, or those whose duty it was to look out for the safe navigation of the vessel.

The following letter was received from Lieut. Parsons, the admiralty agent, on board the Columbia, giving some interesting details of the disaster :

“SEAL ISLAND, July 4, 2 P. M.

“DEAR SIR—The Columbia left Boston at 2, P. M., the 1st of July, with the American mail for Halifax and England, with ninety passengers, and a crew of eighty in number, making in all from one hundred and seventy upwards. Water smooth, but weather very foggy. On Sunday, 2d inst., at a quarter past 1, P. M., while steaming at the rate of ten knots per hour, grounded, and heeled to port, with her bow high up, leaving her stern in deep water, having quarter less five fathoms depth aft. Observed splinters from the false keel and fore-foot alongside. Fired alarm guns, which were answered by muskets and the sound of fog horns. At 4, P. M., a boat, with the keeper of Seal Island Light, came alongside. He informed us that we lay on the Black Ledge Reef, and were within a mile and a quarter of the island. The fog was dense, the wind moderate from S. S. E. As the tide fell, pointed rocks, of a sugar-loaf shape, uncovered to the depth of ten feet, and were about ten feet distant from the bows. The vessel lay on an inclined plane of smooth rocks abreast of her paddles, while her stern lay in deep water; and as she strained heavily, it was deemed necessary to land the lady passengers, about twenty in number, who, throughout the whole catastrophe, had displayed the utmost fortitude and self-possession.

“Nor did these characteristics desert them when placed under the protection of an entire stranger. The keeper of Seal Island Light is worthy of all



praise for his kindness to the ladies, and indeed to us all.

“On the night tide, having lightened the ship by discharging coal, anchors, chains, &c., tried the only engine that would work, and hove on our stern anchor; but although she rolled in her bed, she did not start an inch. At 5, A. M., judging, from her distressed situation and the falling tides, that our chance of saving her was small, landed the mail on Seal Island, and got it secured, by the kindness of Mr. Hitchings, the light-house keeper. Notwithstanding the kind attention of our friends ashore, we found the ladies but poorly accommodated, and sadly in want of water. Still they were cheerful and resigned.

“I have to observe that this beautiful sea boat ran ashore under the charge of her well-tryed pilot, Capt. Stairs; and that the cool, seamanlike conduct of Capt. Shannon, his officers and crew, not only excited my admiration, but that of all the passengers. They labored long and unceasingly to save the vessel, but in vain. This excellent steamer, in my opinion, will only float in pieces from her present position.

“We were enabled yesterday to send the intelligence to Halifax, and expect the steamer Margaret here tomorrow night.

“G. S. PARSONS, R. N.

“TO GEO. W. GORDON, ESQ., Postmaster, Boston.”

A letter has also been received from ABBOT LAWRENCE, in which he describes the passage from Boston, up to the moment of the disaster, although beset with fogs, as rather agreeable; and speaks in the highest terms of Captain Shannon, his officers and crew, throughout the whole disaster. He communicates nothing, that is not contained in the above letter, about the vessel's running ashore, except that he expresses the opinion that had she been run either to the right or left of the place on which she struck, she would have gone down, and probably all on board would have perished.

“SEAL ISLAND, July 2, 1843.

“MY DEAR SON,—

“We left Boston at quarter past 2 o'clock on the 1st instant, and experienced a most agreeable run till yesterday, at quarter past one, (it being foggy,) the Columbia struck on the Black Ledge, one and a quarter miles distant from this island, at high water. When the tide began to ebb, we saw large rocks on the larboard side, about ten fathoms distance, and a long reef not a cable's length from us. Before half tide down, these rocks were four feet above the water. Soon after she struck, we commenced throwing over coal, which was continued through the day. At half past 2 we began firing our cannon. In half an hour after, we were answered by a musket, which relieved us from the most painful anxiety, as we were not quite certain where we were, and hoped it might be from the land.

“At 4 o'clock the fog lifted, and we had the inexpressible satisfaction of seeing a fishing schooner making for the ship, with a small boat in tow. The captain of the schooner, (Hitchings,) who is the keeper of the light-house, came on board and gave us an account of our situation, which appeared anything but flattering. We soon concluded, as it was evident the Columbia was in a rocky berth, that it was prudent to take the ladies on shore, (fourteen in number,) besides several in the steerage, and five or six children. This was accomplished at 6 o'clock, without injury to any one; and here we found two small houses, a mile or more distant from each other, inhabited by kind and efficient people, who exhibit all the sympathy and care we could desire.

“There are no other inhabitants upon the island, which is rough and barren. The nearest main land is Barrington, twenty-five miles distant. This morning, at high tide, an attempt was made to float the ship, which proved unsuccessful, and at half past 2 the captain requested the passengers (fifty in number) who remained on board, to go on shore—about forty

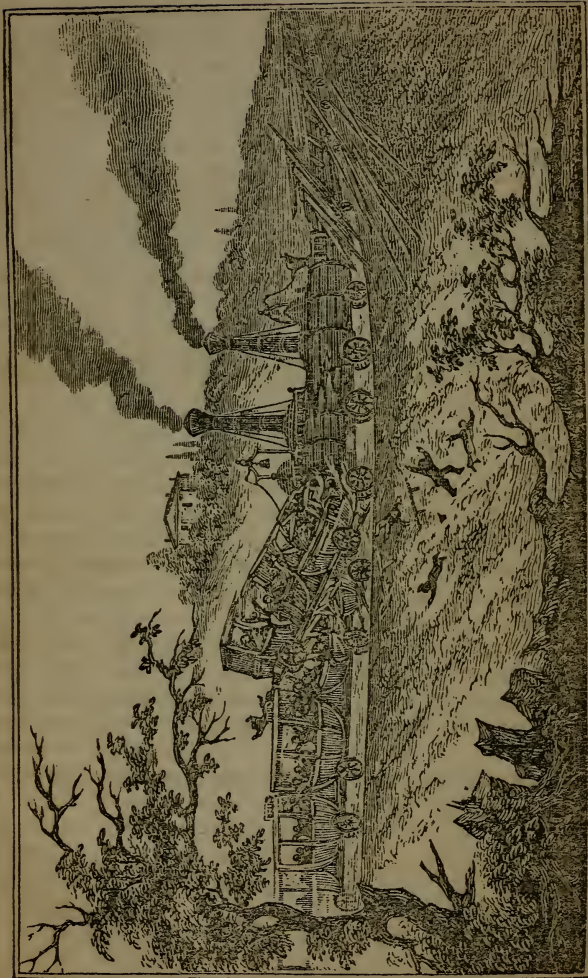
having landed last evening. The passengers are now all on shore, and one half the baggage. The mails are all here, and the remaining part of the baggage will be received in the course of an hour.

“The opinion is now that the ship will be lost. She is very much strained, and has heeled over considerably. We have ninety-five passengers and seventy-three officers, crew, &c., belonging to the ship; in all one hundred and sixty-eight souls. The captain has conducted himself with great coolness and courage, and displayed that energy and magnanimity that belong to his notable profession. And now, having no more time to write, I have only to say that I deem our preservation extraordinary,—twenty yards on either side of the ship, with a moderate breeze, would have consigned us all to a watery grave.

“Through the mercy of Almighty God, we have all been spared, living monuments of his protecting care; and we and you, and all our friends, should offer up to our Heavenly Father the homage of grateful hearts, for this signal instance of his sparing mercy. The ladies and all the passengers have conducted themselves in a manner that should command our admiration. We shall send an express to Halifax for a steamer, which, I suppose, is nearly two hundred miles,—we being now about two hundred and forty miles from Boston. We have provisions enough for the present, and can make ourselves tolerably comfortable, under the circumstances in which we are placed.

“In great haste, I remain, with the truest affection,  
ABBOT LAWRENCE.”





Concession of a passenger and lumber train of cars.



## RAILROAD ACCIDENTS.

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### PORTSMOUTH AND ROANOKE RAILROAD.

August 11, 1837.

A PASSENGER train of cars was run into by a lumber train on the Portsmouth and Roanoke Railroad, in Virginia, August 11, 1837,—by which occurrence several lives were lost, and many were maimed and otherwise wounded. The following particulars were published at the time:—

“The daily train left Portsmouth on Friday, August 11, at 8 o'clock, with thirteen passenger and other cars, and nearly two hundred passengers,—the greater portion of whom composed a party of pleasure who had been on a steamboat excursion, and were returning to their homes. The train having made its usual stop at Suffolk, had proceeded on to Smith's Bridge, a high embankment over Goodwin's Landing, a mile and a half beyond. Here there is a gradual rise in the road, and at the termination of the embankment the road makes a curve. But, before we proceed farther, we should state that there was a lumber train then on its way down, with fifteen cars heavily laden with staves, which must necessarily pass the passen-

ger train at one of the turn-outs above Suffolk. When the locomotive of the passenger cars had reached the curve, and while the whole train was on the embankment, (which at that place is a greater elevation than at any other on the whole line, being thirty-five feet high,) the lumber train suddenly appeared in sight, sweeping down the curve.

“The engineer of the passenger train promptly stopped the locomotive, but he of the lumber train was either unable, owing to its being on a descent, to stop his, or did not see the danger in time; for his engine drove furiously on against that of the passenger train, forcing it back upon the first car, which was driven against the second, and the second against the third, and the two latter were crushed to pieces in the dreadful concussion. The greatest havoc, however, was in the second car, the first having been lifted from the rails and propelled over it, raking, as it were, fore and aft, and crushing to death, or horribly maiming, the passengers who remained within it. We must leave it to the imagination of the reader to depict the horrors of that awful moment, and of the scene which ensued. Many who were young and active, leaped from the cars and rolled down the embankment at the hazard of life and limb. A gentleman, who was casually seated next to a young lady in the second car, saw the coming death, and warned his fellow-passengers of it,—he could do no more,—and then sprang down the embankment. As soon as he was upon his feet, he looked up,—it was all over: she who had sat behind him, within the passing moment, lay a mangled corpse upon the seat which he had left.

“The names of those killed were, Miss Elizabeth McClenny; Miss Margaret Roberts; and Miss Jemima Ely, daughter of Mrs. Martha Ely, who was with her at the time, and was herself dreadfully injured.

“Among those who were dangerously wounded were:—

Miss McCluny,	Mr. Rees Phelps,
William Daughtry,	Mrs. Story,
Mrs. Martha Ely,	Mrs. Meredith Watkins,
Miss Eliza Holland,	Mr. Wiley Watkins,
Miss Martha Holland,	Mrs. Wiley Watkins, and
Mr. James M. Holland,	child and servant.

“The accident occurred within a hundred yards of the residence of Mr. Richard Goodwin, where the dead and wounded were carried. From this hospitable family the unfortunate sufferers received every attention that could be bestowed. Mr. Goodwin’s house presented the appearance of a hospital. Every room was filled with beds containing the injured, whose cries and groans were heard afar off. Under the large shed of his turpentine factory lay the bodies of the deceased young ladies, surrounded by their mourning relatives and friends. Two of these young ladies were soon to have entered the married state. The accepted of one of them was by her side when the death-blow came upon her, and he could have escaped unhurt by leaping from the car, which he refused to do unless he could save her. He remained in his seat, therefore, and received such injury as he will probably never recover from. The young gentleman to whom the other was engaged came to the scene a few hours after the accident had occurred, and by the expression of his grief too well told the wounds of his heart.”

An inquest was held on the three deceased young ladies, whose verdict is subjoined :

“We, the jury, are of the opinion that the deceased came to their deaths by the violent concussion of the lumber train coming in contact with the regular train ; which concussion was occasioned by the wilful mismanagement and gross negligence of the captain and engineer of the lumber train, by running down a rapid descent on a curve of said road, with great velocity,

at a time when they might reasonably have expected to meet the regular train.”

“Another fatal accident happened the same day. When the directors and physicians left the engine, it returned to Suffolk for wood and water, propelling before it the coach in which they had come up. The night was dark, and a heavy rain falling, so that no look-out could be kept on the road. When within about a hundred yards of the watering place, the coach and engine passed over Mr. James Woodward, and Mr. Richard Oliver, two citizens of the neighborhood, who were walking on the track. The former was killed instantaneously, and the latter was so badly injured that recovery was long considered doubtful. This accident was wholly unavoidable,—the engineer could not see, through the darkness, (having the passenger-coach before him,) that the unfortunate men were in his way; and they, by the same cause, together with the pattering of a heavy shower of rain falling at the time, were rendered unconscious of the approach of the train, until they were struck down.

“The disasters of the day were stated as follows:—four were killed; thirteen were severely wounded; and upwards of thirty were slightly injured.”

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December 10, 1837.

On the 10th of December following, on the same railroad, the train of cars, on its return from Halifax, met with another accident. The train consisted of a large number of passenger and baggage cars. These last were put in the rear of the passenger cars. In their progress they encountered the end of one of the iron rails, the spike or bolt of which had started, or

the head rusted off, so that the end projected above the level of the road. It is stated that the inequality was so slight that the wheels would have readily passed over it, but it was caught by a strong iron fender which travelled before the wheel, and bent up; and consequently the engine was thrown off the track. The headway of the passenger-cars being thus stopped, they were run into by the burden-cars. Two persons were killed, and eight others were severely injured.

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## LOWELL AND NASHUA RAILROAD.

July 5, 1841.

A SERIOUS accident happened on the Lowell and Nashua railroad, on Monday, July 5, which day was celebrated as the anniversary of American Independence. We give the particulars we have been able to gather. In consequence of the great number of persons at Nashua, on that day, who were desirous of getting to Lowell by *the last downward train* of cars, the superintendent at Nashua directed a conductor of one of the trains down, to inform the superintendent at Lowell that he must not send up the last upward train as usual. But by some neglect, this information did not reach the superintendent at Lowell, and the train was sent up. The consequence was, that just as the cars were going round a bend in the road, at great speed, they came full in contact with the downward train, breaking the engine, and severely wounding four individuals,—one of whom, it was thought, would not survive the accident.



## BOSTON AND PROVIDENCE RAILROAD.

June 29, 1836.

ON the 29th of June, as a train of eleven cars was passing the cut in Roxbury, where the railroad crosses the Tremont road, it was met by a locomotive with a single merchandise car, for Dedham, which was going at a very rapid rate. The two locomotives came in contact with a terrible crash, and the two forward cars of the Providence train were shattered to pieces, and most of the passengers thrown out on either side. There were about three hundred passengers, including one hundred and twenty United States' seamen, on their way, with their officers, to join the sloop of war Boston.

The seamen were in the two forward cars, their officers being in the second. Past midshipman Russ was severely bruised, and was taken from beneath the fragments of the cars. Eight of the seamen were also much hurt, and Mr. William Trask, the fireman attached to the engine, had his leg broken, having jumped off before the engines came in contact. The other passengers were thrown against each other and considerably bruised.

The cars were so much shattered that the engine of the Providence train backed up nearly to the third one, and it was with difficulty that pieces of the broken cars could be found sufficiently large to form litters for those most seriously hurt. The locomotives were so firmly interlocked that iron bars were used to separate them.

The blame of the accident was justly attributed to the engineer of the Providence train. It was clearly

shown that he was alone in fault; and he was promptly discharged from the service of the company.

We copy the following remarks, as published at the time:—

“From all the circumstances as yet known to the public, it appears that the terrible accident which occurred on the Providence railroad was the result of gross carelessness, or, what is equally as bad, reckless daring. It seems that the engineer of the Providence train neglected to stop at the usual turn-out, for the Dedham train to pass, *in the hope* that he might be able to reach the depot before the Dedham train started. This, however, is no excuse for his conduct: he knew very well the hour at which the Dedham train would start, and he had no right to *presume* that he could reach the depot before that hour. It was his duty to stop at the turn-out until the train had passed, and not risk the lives of three or four hundred passengers on his *presumptive ability* to perform an unusual trip.

“We think such accidents may always be avoided, if proper precautions are adopted; and, in the absence of such precautions, there can be no doubt that the proprietors of the road are liable, as common carriers, for all injuries received by passengers, whether of life, limb, or property. A full investigation of this accident is due to all parties concerned, and we trust that the public will not be satisfied without it. The superior manner in which all railroads and steamboats are managed in England, renders passengers almost perfectly secure against the occurrence of such disasters. There is no reason why the same business should not be equally well managed here, and the same precaution adopted against an unnecessary exposure.”

## NEW JERSEY RAILROAD.

August 16, 1837.

As the Orange train of cars was coming into Newark, August 16, one of the cars ran off the rails. Two of the gentlemen passengers, Mr. Ward, of Newark, and Mr. Crane, of Orange, jumped out, and were run over. The latter lived about two hours, while the former was killed instantaneously.

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## CAMDEN AND AMBOY RAILROAD.

March 2, 1836.

In a dense fog, the lumber cars from Camden met the passenger cars about three miles above Burlington, when the locomotives came in contact, heads on, producing, as may well be imagined, a tremendous crash. The fog, it is said, shut the two trains from the view of each other until they were about four hundred yards apart. The lumber cars were stopped, or nearly so, but the passenger cars came full on, with retarded speed, it is true, but only so much as could be procured by a few yards of distance. The pause in the lumber cars, and the backward motion given to them by the action of the opposite train, together with the mounting up of both locomotives in front, like two dogs in a fight, and the baggage cars of the passenger train being thrown upon their rear

with their fronts downward, saved all hands from consequences which cannot now be known. By these actions the cars with their passengers were saved from a tremendous crash. The engineers and firemen sprang off at the moment of the concussion, and saved themselves. The passengers were electrified, and a bruise here and there betokened that a shock of no slight nature had occurred. The locomotives were broken into many pieces. The passengers speak of their rampant posture, as exhibiting a very singular appearance. Breast to breast, they seemed to be in deadly strife, under the impulse of deadly hate.

Some of the passengers footed it to Burlington; others were brought in sleighs; some remained at a farm-house hard by; whilst others lingered about the ruins.

A despatch was sent to Camden, and another to Bordentown. By half-past 5 o'clock, the train was brought to Burlington. At 6, it was in motion again, and at 7, all hands were landed in safety at Camden, —whence, on the ice, some on foot, and some in boats pushed on the ice, they reached the city.

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## RAILROAD AT BRIDGEPORT, CONN.

March 15, 1840.

FROM a gentleman who was present, we have learned the following particulars relative to the accident that occurred on the railroad, at the celebration of its opening:—

“On Thursday, March 14, a celebration of the completion of our railroad commenced. About four hundred persons went up to New Milford. On Friday, the company returned to Bridgeport, and a dinner was provided at the Sterling hotel. On the arri-

val of the cars, the brakeman mistook his duty, and allowed the cars, twelve or fourteen in number, to run full speed directly off the end of the track. A quantity of rubbish, and a great pile of steamboat wood, brought them up with a great concussion. Several of the cars were smashed. One of the brakemen had his thigh broken, and another was very badly injured. Mr. Peck, of Newtown, had a thigh broken, and one finger cut off. Mr. Kellogg, of Canaan, had a thigh, arm and wrist broken; and several others were more or less injured. Eight doctors were in attendance, who were occupied about four hours in dressing the wounds. None of the wounded are considered in a dangerous state. This disaster, of course, destroyed the hilarity of the occasion."

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## COLUMBIA RAILROAD, OHIO.

October 2, 1836.

A most melancholy accident occurred on the Columbia railroad, on Saturday afternoon, Oct. 2. In the forward passenger car was a number of persons; among others, Mrs. Gibson and family, of Philadelphia, bound to Cincinnati. The axle of the car unfortunately broke, and let the body down upon the road, by which a large hole was forced through the car, and Mrs. Gibson and child, by some means, were dragged through to the ground, and nearly the whole train passed over her body, crushing it in a most shocking manner, and leaving her a lifeless corpse. The child miraculously escaped death, although much bruised. A black man, who leaped from the car, was so much injured that it was believed that he could not survive. A gentleman had his arm broken, and was otherwise injured.



FROM a gentleman, who was among the passengers, we have received the following particulars:—

“We arrived at Hollidaysburg about 12 o'clock, Thursday night. On Friday morning, we took the cars to cross the Alleghany mountains. The railroad over the mountains is thirty-eight miles, including the inclined planes and levels. There are ten planes, five ascending and five descending, which are each little less than a quarter of a mile in length. The morning was very cold, being in the early part of October. There are three lines of boats on the route from Philadelphia to Pittsburg, starting at the same time, which occasions some racing on the canal. We were fortunate in being beaten, by which another line, arriving first at the summit of the mountain, took the first train of cars on the seventh plane, at 6 o'clock in the morning. The descent is regulated by a stationary engine on the top of the plane; the cars are attached to a large rope which runs between the rails by smaller ones.

“When they had proceeded about one fourth part of the way down, one of the small ropes gave way, and the whole train ran like lightning to the foot of the plane, coming in contact with other cars which were on the level below. One passenger car and a baggage car were stove to pieces; trunks, boxes, &c., were strewn about as if an explosion of gunpowder had taken place. There were twenty or thirty persons wounded; five or six were left in a small house at the side of the mountain. One of the sufferers was an old man, seventy years of age; another, about thirty years old, had made his will just before we arrived there; a young woman lay near, with her head horribly cut and bruised, and near her, her little girl lay insensible. I believe none of them had friends near. If we had been first at the mountain, we should probably have suffered the fate that befel them.

“No satisfactory account was given as to the occasion of the accident. I believe it was said that frost

on the rails was the only reason that could be given. The cause must have been the carelessness of the conductors in attaching the smaller rope too slightly to the main one, which became loosened as soon as the weight of the train drew upon it. We arrived at Pittsburg at 9 o'clock in the evening, making, on the whole, rather a pleasant journey, although the traveling on the canal is tedious."

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## EXPLOSION ON THE HARLAEM RAILROAD,

In the city of New York, July 4, 1839.

ABOUT 10 o'clock in the morning of July 4, the steam engine which comes into the city with the cars for Harlaem, run off the track opposite Union Park.

The steam was already generated to excess, but, unfortunately, the engineer neglected to blow it off. It is also supposed that water had not been taken in properly at the stopping place.

When the engine had thus run off the track, a number of the passengers, mostly mechanics, lent their services to get it on again. While thus surrounded, the boiler burst. The chief engineer was blown to pieces. His legs went into Union Park, his arms on to a pile of lumber on the other side of the avenue, and his head was split in two parts. His abdomen was also burst, and his intestines scattered over the road.

The assistant engineer had both his legs broken, and his head, face, and breast dreadfully scalded. He only lived a few moments. Another of the unfortunate persons employed, Philip W. Case, was dangerously wounded. The names of the other victims were Johnson and Spencer, and Roderick Matheson, the latter being severely scalded on his legs, and his

face dreadfully lacerated by pebbles and sand being blown into it. Besides these, there were fifteen or sixteen other persons wounded or scalded. The fragments of the boiler were thrown in every direction, and the machinery of the engine was entirely destroyed.



Explosion of a locomotive on the Harlaem railroad.

Immediately after the accident, there was observed a disposition on the part of a number of Irishmen, who were under the influence of liquor, to create a riot. Some were for marching in a body to destroy the depots of the company. Others insisted that the cars should be prevented from passing over the spot, and actually laid hold of the horses to carry out their purpose. Everything, in fact, that could be done, was done by a number of disorderly persons to make the results of this lamentable affair still more disastrous.

The foregoing particulars were extracted from the papers of the day. From other sources of the like nature we gather the following additional account:—

“We cannot refrain, in this place, from awarding to Alderman Tieman the highest praise. But for his coolness, forbearance, judgment, and firmness, it is probable that a very serious riot would have occurred. So unreasonable a set of men we never before saw collected. Rum and excitement had destroyed the little self-command the low Irish at any time possess.

“From a passenger, we are sorry to learn that the persons killed were both in a state of intoxication, and that, by the most common prudence, all this might have been averted. It is even supposed that the engine was thrown off the track for a frolic. Surely this ought to be a lesson to the company, and compel them to employ trustworthy men in offices where not only the limbs, but the lives of our fellow-citizens are at stake, as well as the peace of the city placed in jeopardy.”

In relation to the accident on the Harlaem railroad, the following are authentic particulars:—

“1st. The locomotive engine was in charge of Mr. Spencer, one of the oldest and most experienced engineers in the country, who has been employed on the Long Island and other railroads, as engineer, for many years, and was thoroughly acquainted with the use of the locomotive engine.

“2d. The locomotive had brought up a train of cars from Harlaem for the city, which was taken by the horses to the city hall and Walker street; and, after they had gone forward, the locomotive was crossing the switch to prepare to receive the return line of cars, so that it was quite alone, and wholly disconnected with the cars at the time it ran off the track.

“3d. As soon as the locomotive was off the track, Mr. Whigham, the superintendent of the company, and several others in the employ of the company, set immediately at work to replace it upon the track. During this time the engineer was upon the engine, and constantly blowing off the steam. It had been



stationary for about twenty minutes, while the men were at work to replace it, the superintendent giving repeated instructions to the engineer to take care of his steam. He was answered by Mr. Spencer that he was doing so; and he was constantly blowing off the steam. At this time the train of cars was approaching the spot from the city, as also the train from Harlaem, and when the engine blew up, both trains were in sight; but, fortunately, so far distant as to escape any injury.

"4th. At the instant it blew up, Mr. Whigham and one of the collectors of the company were stooping down to place a stone under the frame, so as to get a lever by which to raise the engine about an inch higher, to get the wheels upon the track; and they both escaped with very slight injury, as the whole blew over their heads, while it killed Mr. Spencer, the engineer, and his brother-in-law—the only two persons who were killed on the spot. Five others were severely wounded by the fragments, and one of the collectors of the company scalded from head to foot.

"The limit by the corporation for the locomotive to come into the city, is at 14th street. It is only on the gala day of the fourth of July, that the engine comes below 32d street,—the horses of the company on that day being insufficient to accommodate the public,—and it was solely to grant the greatest facility to the public, that the locomotive was brought to 15th street."

This, if we recollect aright, is the first explosion of the boiler of a locomotive, by which human life has been sacrificed.

The modern construction of locomotive tubular boilers, has rendered them liable to explosion only by gross mismanagement; and even in case of accident the explosion is generally only a partial one of a tube, or flue, so that no serious evil is to be anticipated. The wretched men whose recklessness produced this



horrible catastrophe, have been victims to their own fault, and were sent to their account. But what shall atone for the agony caused to the families and friends of the innocent sufferers?

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## PHILADELPHIA AND GERMANTOWN RAILROAD.

UPON the Philadelphia, Norristown, and Germantown railroad, there have been three persons killed, since its commencement in 1832; two of them lost their lives by attempting to enter the cars when they were in motion. The third was run over by the engine, in attempting to cross the road in a wagon when the engine was approaching, and himself and horse killed.

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## BOSTON AND WORCESTER RAILROAD.

November 30, 1839.

A DISTRESSING accident occurred on the Boston and Worcester railroad, at Framingham, on Saturday, Nov. 30, the particulars of which are thus given in a letter from the agent of the corporation :

FRAMINGHAM, Nov. 30, 1839.

“ I am grieved to say that our gravel train, in coming into the depot this forenoon, ran over Mr. Aaron Pratt, a worthy citizen of this village. Four of the cars passed over his body, and he was instantly killed. Mr. Pratt was 75 years old, and very deaf. The train was moving slowly, and within two hundred feet of its stopping place. The engine man noticed

him, but supposed he would step out of the way in season to preserve himself from danger. When that became doubtful, the brake was applied, the engine being previously reversed, and every effort made to stop the cars, and to alarm the man; but he did not hear or notice the train until it was nearly upon him, and then, in his effort to escape, he fell across the rail."

Another account says, "He was standing between the rails, near the depot, watching apparently a man sawing wood, and being deaf, he heard not the rapidly approaching train. He was, however, called to by several persons, but instead of turning his eyes towards the train, he turned in the opposite direction, and the next moment it was upon him. He was thrown across the rail, and several of the heavily laden cars passed over his body, cutting him almost completely through. Some of the cars were thrown from the track, and two of them broken to pieces."

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## PHILADELPHIA AND COLUMBIA RAILROAD.

THE locomotives in use upon this railroad have collapsed their flues a number of times, though without doing any damage. Accidents to passengers have frequently occurred. In one instance, upon this road, there were three persons killed by the breaking of an axle of one of the cars, which was caused by the rapid rate at which they were then running. Other accidents have happened to persons, from want of care and attention on the part of themselves and the engineers, of which we have not been able to learn the particulars.

## WESTERN RAILROAD.

January 17, 1840.

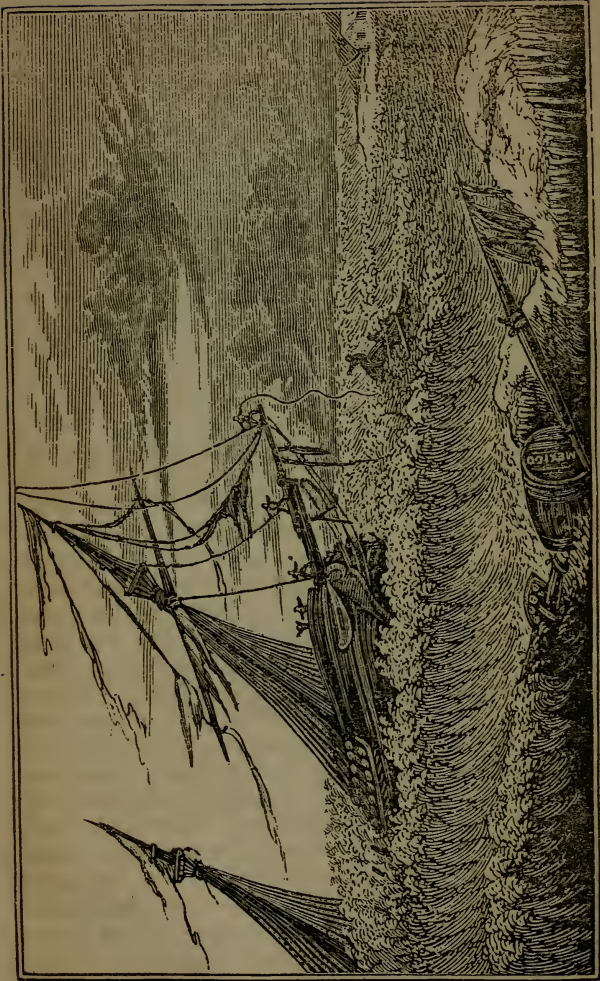
As the train of passenger cars from Worcester to Springfield, left the West Brookfield depot, Jan. 17, they came in contact with Mr. Hale Young, of North Brookfield, who was driving his horse, attached to a sleigh, at the crossing of the roads about a mile from the depot. Mr. Young was instantly killed, his sleigh dashed in pieces, and his horse so badly injured that it was found necessary to kill him, although he ran on the railroad to the West Brookfield depot, after the accident.

The circumstances are briefly these:—"The two roads run quite near each other, for a considerable distance, before and after crossing. Mr. Young was going towards Warren, and, just as he came to the crossing, he was about to meet a party of twelve or thirteen sleighs from that place. He turned to the right, directly on the track of the railroad, between two banks of snow, and then stopped. The next moment the cars were upon him, although the bell was ringing, the conductors shouting, and the engine reversed. His face was muffled up, and he did not appear to hear any of the alarms.

"The train soon stopped, and the conductors and many of the passengers came back to the spot, where they found Mr. Young on the track, his brains literally dashed out—probably done by one or more of the wheels passing over the back part of his head. No blame is attached to any of the persons having the management of the train, as, from the moment he appeared on the track, every available method was resorted to, to warn him of his danger, and also to stop the train.

"The notice over the crossing cannot be made too public, 'Look out for the engine while the bell rings.'"





Wreck of the Mexico.



# SHIPWRECKS

AND

## OTHER DISASTERS AT SEA

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### WRECK OF THE BARQUE MEXICO,

On Hempstead Beach, Long Island, January 2, 1837,—by which Melancholy Occurrence, One Hundred and Eight Lives were lost.

THE barque MEXICO, Captain Winslow, sailed from Liverpool on the 25th of October, 1836, having on board a crew of twelve men and one hundred and four passengers,—in all, one hundred and sixteen souls. She made the Highland Lights on Saturday night, December 31, at 11 o'clock, and on Sunday morning was off the bar, with thirty or more square-rigged vessels—all having signals flying for pilots, but not a pilot was there in sight. The Mexico continued standing off and on the Hook till midnight, and at dark she and the whole fleet of ships displayed lanterns from their yards, for pilots. Still no pilot came. At midnight the wind increased to a violent gale from the north-west. The barque was no longer able to hold to windward, and was blown off a distance of some fifty miles. At this time, six of the crew were badly frost-bitten, and the captain, mate, and two seamen were all that

were left able to hand and reef the sails. On Monday morning, at 11 o'clock, standing in shore, they made the southern end of the Woodlands, when she was wore round and headed to the north, under a close-reefed main-topsail, reefed foresail, two-reefed trysail and fore-staysail. At 4 o'clock the next morning, the mate took a cast of the lead, and reported to Captain Winslow that he had fifteen fathoms water. Supposing from the soundings, as laid down on the chart, that with this depth of water, he could still stand on two hours with safety, the captain gave orders to that effect, and was the more induced to do it, as the crew were in so disabled a state, and the weather so intensely cold, that it was impossible for any one to remain on deck longer than half an hour at a time. The event has shown that the information given by the mate, as to the depth of water, was incorrect; his error probably arising from the lead line being frozen stiff at the time it was cast.

Fifteen minutes afterwards, the ship struck the bottom, twenty miles east of Sandy Hook, at Hempstead Beach, and not more than a cable's length from the shore. The scene that ensued on board, we leave to the reader's imagination. For one hour and three quarters she continued thumping heavily, without making any water, the sea, however, breaking continually over her. Her rudder was now knocked off, and the captain ordered the mainmast cut away. The boats were then cleared, the long-boat hoisted out, and veered away under her bows with a stout hawser, for the purpose of filling it with passengers, letting it drift within the reach of the people who crowded the beach, then hauling her back again, and thus saving the unfortunate people on board; but this intention was frustrated by the parting of the hawser, which snapped like a thread as soon as the boat was exposed to the heaving surf. The yawl was next got alongside, and stove to pieces almost instantly.

At 7 o'clock the same morning, the ship bilged and

filled with water. Orders followed from the captain to cut away the foremast, and that every soul on board should come on deck. In inexpressible agony they thus remained until 4 o'clock in the afternoon, when a boat was launched from the beach, and succeeded in getting under the bowsprit of the wreck. This boat took off Captain Winslow and seven men, and succeeded in reaching the shore with them in safety. The attempt, however, was attended with such imminent danger, that none could be induced to repeat it. And now, the horrors of the scene were indescribable. Already had the sufferings of the unhappy beings been such as to surpass belief. From the moment of the disaster, they had hung round the captain, covered with their blankets, thick-set with ice, imploring his assistance, and asking if hope was still left for them. When they perceived that no further help came from the land, their piercing shrieks were distinctly heard at a considerable distance, and continued through the night, until they one by one perished. The next morning the bodies of many of the unhappy creatures were seen lashed to different parts of the wreck, imbedded in ice. None, it is believed, were drowned, but all frozen to death. Of the one hundred and four passengers, two thirds were women and children.

It is but justice to the people on shore to say, that everything was done to save the unfortunates, that their means permitted. The only boat which boarded the vessel was hauled at a distance of ten miles, and was manned by an old man and six others, four or five of whom were the old man's sons and grandsons. For thirty-five years has he been living on the seashore, during which time, he has rendered assistance to numerous wrecks, and never before has he or his comrades shrunk from the surf; but, in addition to its violence on the present occasion, such was the extreme cold, that a second attempt to rescue was more than they dared venture—it would inevitably have proved fatal to them.

Everything of detail connected with the Mexico, and the frightful loss of lives upon our coast, is not without its melancholy interest, and, therefore, we publish the minutest account we have yet seen, furnished from the best authority.

We extract the following from the minutes of Amos Gore, one of the district marshals of New York:—

“January 8, 1837, arrived at the wreck of the Mexico. She had left Liverpool with one hundred and twelve passengers, and crew consisting of Captain Winslow, his mate and nine persons, and the lad Broom, brother to the merchant. Left Liverpool on the 22d of October, 1836—was wrecked on the 2d of January, 1837. Was boarded by Raynor R. Smith, his two sons and four others, in all seven persons, about 2 o'clock, P. M. When Smith first saw the barque ashore, his boat was aground, and he immediately got help to launch her. She was about two miles from the beach. He then proceeded to board the Mexico, and after three attempts, he succeeded in catching a small chain which hung from the ends of her bowsprit, and desired the passengers to come on the flying jib-boom to get in the boat. The cook was the first who obeyed the command, and fell in the boat, followed by one of the sailors. Another attempted to do so, and was thrown on one side into the water, and immediately sunk out of sight. One other person falling into the boat on her gunnel, caused Smith to lose his hold, and in a moment his boat was carried by the surf about twenty feet, where they discovered a man struggling; he was seized by Zopher Smith and dragged into the boat. The father was then entreated by the sons not to return. At that moment Captain Winslow hailed the boat, and the elder Smith insisted on returning, saying, ‘If we get the captain, he will be able to tell the story.’ They consented, and after three desperate attempts he succeeded in catching the same chain. The captain then came on the bowsprit, lead-

ing the lad Broom, and he threw Broom into the boat on the gunnel, at which time the other persons, making in all eight, got into the boat. The whole number of bodies found was forty-six,—three of whom were carried to New York. The remainder of the bodies were taken up to Lott's tavern, about five miles from the beach, and buried on the Wednesday succeeding the disaster."

The following is a list of the passengers, from the custom-house passenger list ; arranged in alphabetical order :—

Thomas Anderton,	Margaret Evans,
Ellen Anderton,	George Evans,
Joseph Arford,	William Evans,
Margaret Barret,	Margaret Evans,
Joseph Barret,	John Evans,
Joseph Brooks,	James Ellsworth,
John Blanchard,	Martha Ellsworth,
Isabella Ballentine,	Thomas Ellis,
Bridget Brenman,	Bridget Farrel,
Terence Burns,	Catharine Gallagan,
William Babington,	John Hays,
Samuel Blackburn,	Mary Hays,
Samuel Blackburn,	Joanna Hays,
Andrew Boyd,	John Hays,
Catherine Collier,	James Handlen,
Myers Carpenter,	Mary Higgens,
Margaret Carpenter,	John Harnden,
Mary Carpenter,	Rose Hughes,
Margaret Dolen,	Thomas Hope,
Bernard Devine,	Mary Hope,
Patrick Devine,	William Hope,
Bridget Devine,	Frederick Hope,
Owen Durilla,	Thomas Hope,
Mary Dulaney,	Henry Hope,
Thomas Dryer,	John Irvin,
Charles Dolan,	William Irvin,
William Evans,	Charles Irvin,
	Lewis Irvin,



Hannah Irvin,	Miriam Pepper,
Bridget Kerr,	John Pepper,
Maria Kerr,	Peter Rice,
Elizabeth Lawrence,	John Reily,
James Lawrence,	William Robertson,
Catherine Lawrence,	Catherine Ross,
John Leonard,	Edward Smith,
Matthew Martin,	Mary Smith,
Bartholomew McGlenn,	Elizabeth Smith,
Sally McGuire,	Robert Smith,
Mary Metcalf,	William Smith,
Barbara Metcalf,	John Sullivan,
Harriet Metcalf,	Bridget Sullivan,
Elizabeth Metcalf,	James Thompson,
Emanuel Metcalf,	Lydia Thompson,
Mary McCaffey,	David Thompson,
Martha Mooney,	Eleanor Tieruly,
Thomas Mulrue,	John Wilson,
Thomas Mulligan,	Mary Wilson,
Michael Murray,	James Wilson,
Ellen Nolan,	Elizabeth Wilson,
Richard Owens,	Thomas Wilson,
William Pepper,	Margaret Wilson,
Judith Pepper,	John Wood,
Joseph Pepper,	John Write,
William Pepper,	Bridget Write,
Rebecca Pepper,	Nicholas Write,
David Pepper,	Catherine Write.

The following extract of a letter, written by a gentleman in New York to a friend, gives an affecting description of the appearance, after death, of the unfortunate individuals who perished in the Mexico.

“On reaching Hempstead, I concluded to go somewhat off the road, to look at the place where the ship Mexico was cast away. In half an hour, we came to Lott’s tavern, some four or five miles this side of the beach where the ship lay; and there, in his barn, had been deposited the bodies of the ill-fated passengers, which had been thrown upon the shore. I went out to the barn. The doors were open, and such a scene

as presented itself to my view, I certainly never could have contemplated. It was a dreadful, a frightful scene of horror.

“Forty or fifty bodies, of all ages and sexes, were lying promiscuously before me over the floor, all frozen, and as solid as marble, and all, except a few, in the very dresses in which they perished. Some with their hands clenched, as if for warmth, and almost every one, with an arm crooked or bent, as it would be, in clinging to the rigging.

“There were scattered about among the number, four or five beautiful little girls, from six to sixteen years of age, their cheeks and lips as red as roses, with their calm blue eyes open, looking you in the face, as if they would speak. I could hardly realize that they were dead. I touched their cheeks, and they were frozen as hard and as solid as a rock, and not the least indentation could be made by any pressure of the hand. I could perceive a resemblance to each other, and supposed them to be the daughters of a passenger named Pepper, who perished, together with his wife and all the family.

“On the arms of some, were seen the impressions of the rope which they had clung to,—the mark of the twist deeply sunk into the flesh. I saw one poor negro sailor, a tall man, with his head thrown back, his lips parted, and his now sightless eyeballs turned upwards, and his arms crossed over his breast, as if imploring Heaven for aid. This poor fellow evidently had frozen while in the act of fervent prayer.

“One female had a rope tied to her leg, which had bound her to the rigging; and another little fellow had been crying, and was thus frozen, with the muscles of the face just as we see children when crying. There were a brother and a sister dashed upon the beach, locked in each other’s arms; but they had been separated in the barn. All the men had their lips firmly compressed together, and with the most agonizing expression on their countenances I ever beheld.

“One little girl had raised herself on tiptoe, and thus was frozen, just in that position. It was an awful sight; and such a picture of horror was before me, that I became unconsciously fixed to the spot, and found myself trying to suppress my ordinary breathing, lest I should disturb the repose of those around me. I was aroused from my reverie by the entrance of a man—a coroner.

“As I was about to leave, my attention became directed to a girl, who, I afterwards learned, had come that morning from the city to search for her sister. She had sent for her to come over from England, and had received intelligence that she was in this ship. She came into the barn, and the second body she cast her eyes upon, was hers. She gave way to such a burst of impassioned grief and anguish, that I could not behold her without sharing in her feelings. She threw herself upon the cold and icy face and neck of the lifeless body, and thus, with her arms around her, remained wailing, mourning, and sobbing, till I came away; and when some distance off, I could hear her calling her by name in the most frantic manner.

“So little time, it appears, had they to prepare for their fate, that I perceived a bunch of keys, and a half eaten cake, fall from the bosom of a girl whom the coroner was removing. The cake appeared as if part of it had just been bitten, and hastily thrust into her bosom, and round her neck was a ribbon, with a pair of scissors.

“And to observe the stout, rugged sailors, too, whose iron frames could endure so much hardship—here they lay, masses of ice. Such scenes show us, indeed, how powerless and feeble are all human efforts when contending against the storms and tempests, which sweep with resistless violence over the face of the deep. And yet the vessel was so near the shore, that the shrieks and moans of the poor creatures were heard through that bitter, dreadful night, till towards morning, when the last groan died away, and all was

nushed in death, and the murmur of the raging billows was all the sound that then met the ear."

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## WRECK OF THE BRIG REGULATOR,

In the outer harbor of Plymouth, February 5, 1836,  
by which Five Lives were lost.

THE following account respecting the loss of the brig REGULATOR, of Boston, Captain Phelps, is extracted from the statement of the captain. It shows the condition of the brig from the time she made Plymouth light-house till she was wrecked in the outer harbor.

"On the 3d of February, the wind E. N. E., with snow, judged the vessel to be in latitude of Cape Ann, and steered accordingly, wind strong from N., the vessel and rigging so covered with ice, that, with the weakened crew, it was impossible to work the brig; hoisted a signal of distress, and bore away for Plymouth. A signal was made from the light-house for us to run in; we did so, steering the brig with the braces, the rudder being choked with ice; ran in as far as possible and let go the anchors in three fathoms water, the vessel striking heavily between the swells. At 8 o'clock, P. M., the flood making, the vessel lay afloat and easy till 5 next morning; when, the swell increasing, she began to strike heavily. As the brig made no water during the night, we had hopes of assistance from the shore by day-light to help us change our berth. About 7, the vessel drifting towards the breakers, cut away the foremast, which took with it the main topmast and main yard. The vessel was now in the breakers, and the sea making a complete breach over every part of her. The long-boat was washed overboard, and lay under the lee, with a haw-

ser fast to it and full of water. Slipped both cables and lightened the vessel as much as possible. At half past 8 o'clock, cabin and forecastle full of water and the vessel fast breaking up, three men, (Geo. Dryden, an Englishman, Daniel Canton, of New York, and Augustus Tileston, of Vermont,) threw themselves into the long-boat and cut her adrift; she capsized in the breakers about fifty yards under our lee. John Smith, a Swede, and a Greek boy of Smyrna, were buried under the fragments of the wreck, and perished there. The mainmast was still standing; the top and mast head were gone, but the rigging was firm, and to that we now retreated, every sea drenching us, and our clothes freezing upon us. Here we remained until all were more or less frozen, and the cargo washing out aft. The remnant of her providentially drifted near the edge of the breakers, and we were taken off by the boats of brig *Cervantes*, Captain Kendrick, the crew of which were anxious observers of our perilous situation, at the distance of one third of a mile, all the morning, without being able to render the least assistance, as the sea broke over and around us so that no boat could approach and live. At the imminent peril of their lives they rescued us. Another hour on the wreck, and human aid would have been unavailing."

The crew of the *Cervantes* were FIVE HOURS in their boats, endeavoring to rescue the *Regulator's* crew. The consciousness that these noble fellows were thus striving, animated the sufferers to continued exertions; otherwise they would have speedily sunk under their calamities.

The gratitude of the survivors of the ill-fated brig *Regulator* towards those who had nobly rescued them at the peril of their lives, was thus expressed in a card published a few days after:—

"A CARD.—William D. Phelps, for himself and in behalf of the officers and surviving crew of the late



brig Regulator, return their grateful and heartfelt thanks to Capt. Kendrick, officers, crew, and passengers of the brig Cervantes, for their perilous and successful exertions in rescuing them from a watery grave; and for the untiring and persevering benevolence and kindness exhibited by every person on board the Cervantes, in ministering to our wants while on board that vessel.

“Language is incapable of expressing the feelings of our hearts towards them.

“Actuated by the noblest motives, their efforts were crowned with success; and their reward is in the consciousness of having preserved from distressing shipwreck six of their fellow-creatures.

“Boston, Feb. 11, 1836.”

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## WRECK OF THE SCHOONER ISABELLA,

Which foundered at Sea, in a Gale, November 1,  
1837.

WE copy the following account as published at the time, purporting to be gathered from the statement of the only survivor:—

“The schooner Forrest, Capt. Davis, which arrived at New York, Nov. 10, fell in, on the 4th inst., with the wreck of the schooner ISABELLA, on which they found but one person living, whom they took off, Mr. James Henderson, of the Isle of Haut, Me. The substance of Mr. Henderson’s statement is as follows:—

“He sailed from New York, on the 25th of October, for Wilmington, N. C., in the schooner Isabella, Capt. Samuel Turner, of the Isle of Haut, having on board Mr. Snow of Bucksport, and Charles Lewis, or Nealer, of Camden, cook, and a lad fifteen years old. On the

fourth day out, hove to under a close-reefed foresail, it blowing a gale, with snow, hail and rain. On the third night after they had hove to, the sixth day out, then in the Gulf Stream, shipped two tremendous seas, which capsized the schooner. At the time, all on board were in the cabin. About an hour after, both masts broke off by the deck, when she righted, and Capt. Turner, Mr. Snow and himself, succeeded in lashing themselves on the quarter-deck. The cook was drowned in the cabin; Mr. Snow was washed off fifteen minutes after, and was drowned; in half an hour more, the captain was also washed off and drowned. The gale continued twenty-four hours after they were capsized, and Mr. Henderson expected every minute to be washed off. The sea ran mountains high; and he could only catch his breath between the waves as they rolled over him. There was but ten feet of the quarter-deck out of water. He had nothing to eat or drink the seven days he was on the wreck but a handful of hay.

“On the first morning after the accident he saw a brig pass about eight miles from the wreck. On the second day, saw a foretopsail schooner four miles off. On the third day, nothing. On the fourth, saw two fore-and-aft schooners, four miles distant. On the fifth, about 2 o'clock, P. M., saw a barque, which ran down upon the wreck before the wind; the sea smooth, with a four knot breeze; unlashd himself, and expected she intended to run so near that he could get on board; but when she came within three or four yards, she hauled up on the wind and left him. There were ten men, aft, looking at him. He had a handkerchief, tied to a board, which he waved to them; he also hailed her, for they were within hearing, but to no purpose. She was so near that he could see the hoops on the buckets a man was painting on the round-house. He took her to be a British barque, with but little or no cargo in. Saw nothing on the sixth; that day he found a little hay, which he ate, it being the first

food since he was on the wreck. On the seventh day, at 2 o'clock, P. M., he was taken off by Capt. Davis, of the schooner Forrest, who treated him with the greatest kindness, and gave him his own bed to sleep on.

“The conduct of the officers of the vessel which passed the wreck sufficiently near to know that succor was needed, and human life at stake, cannot be too severely execrated; and were their names but known and published, we doubt not the indignant scorn of all classes, of whatever nation, would teach them the humanity of which their own hearts would seem to have been entirely bereft.”

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## WRECK OF THE BRIG TRIO,

On Deer Island, in Boston Harbor, February 20,  
1837.

THE brig TRIO, Capt. John Humphrey, sixty-three days from Havana for Boston, went ashore on Deer Island, on Friday morning, Feb. 20. She had on board a large cargo of molasses, which was totally lost, as, shortly after stranding, the vessel went to pieces. The captain and second mate were drowned; the rest got safe ashore.

We give the following additional particulars:—The brig Trio made Boston Light on Thursday evening, when, soon after, there came on a thick snow-storm, and the crew being exhausted, Capt. Humphrey felt obliged to stand in; at 10 o'clock she struck on Fawn Bar, knocked off her rudder, and beat over. Both anchors were then let go; but she dragged them, and about 12 o'clock she struck on Deer Island. The sea breaking over her, the crew lashed themselves to the wreck. She went entirely to pieces about 7 or 8 o'clock on Friday morning. The mate states that he was thrown

ashore on a piece of the wreck,—how, he knows not. He saw the second mate throw himself into the water, with the intention of swimming ashore, but the current took him under the wreck, and he disappeared. The last he saw of the captain, who was his father, he was hanging in the rudder-hole, where he had undoubtedly fallen, and being unable to extricate himself, was supposed to have perished in that situation.

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## WRECK OF THE SCHOONER MARY, Of Richmond, Va., near New York, September 14, 1837.

THE following account of the loss of the schooner MARY was communicated by James Dow, one of the crew, and the only survivor of those who were on board the ill-fated vessel:—

“The schooner belonged to Richmond, Virginia, whence she sailed on Saturday, Sept. 1. She was a large vessel, of about one hundred and fifty tons burthen. On Friday afternoon, Sept. 4, she struck on the Romer, a light wind blowing at the time. At 4, or half past 4 o'clock, the steamboat Isis, Capt. Allaire, went alongside, and endeavored to prevail upon the captain and crew to leave the vessel and come on board; but Capt. Marshall, of the Mary, refused, stating that he thought they would be able to get her off. About half past 5 o'clock, the wind commenced blowing a gale, and the sea broke over the vessel. Between 9 and 10 o'clock, she stove, and both masts went by the board. Before dark, finding the gale increased, the captain, mate, a passenger, and all the hands, six in number, lashed themselves to the main rigging, and when the mast went, it threw all hands with it, into the sea.

“The wind was then blowing a heavy gale from the eastward, and the breakers running, what is properly termed, mountains high. The survivor, Mr. James Dow, had presence of mind, while in the water, to cut himself clear of the rigging and make back for the wreck, which he fortunately reached. He gained the quarter-deck, and lashed himself to the taffrail. He imagined he heard a voice from one of his perishing shipmates, and answered, but all was silent. Almost immediately afterward, the vessel went to pieces, but Mr. Dow maintained his position on part of the quarter-deck, the waves continually breaking over him. He remembers very little more till Sunday morning, when he was taken from his perilous situation by Mr. John Smith, of Granville, Middletown, N. J., about twelve miles from the place where the vessel was wrecked, he having floated that distance. Immediately previous to being taken off, he had recovered sufficiently to make signals with a small piece of canvass, which, fortunately, had the desired effect. .

“This is the second time, within two months, that Mr. Dow has suffered shipwreck,—the first time in the brig Cicero of Baltimore,—and the other, in the vessel which forms the subject of the above account, in which his life was so providentially preserved while all his shipmates perished. He speaks in the highest terms of the generous conduct of Mr. Smith, who, after taking him from the frail support which had saved his life, carried him to his own house, and used every exertion to render his situation comfortable.”



## WRECK OF THE BRIG ELLSWORTH, On Hull Beach, near Boston Light-House, February 20, 1837.

THE brig ELLSWORTH, Capt. Adams, sixty-one days from Rio Janeiro for Boston, with a cargo of coffee, went ashore about two miles south of the light-house, on Hull Beach, Friday afternoon, Feb. 20. Her foremast and maintopmast were carried away. She had not bilged; but the sea breaking over her, partly filled her. Capt. Adams, in endeavoring to reach the shore in her chain box, was drowned. The rest of the crew, with the exception of the steward, who was also drowned, gained the shore, though much frost-bitten and exhausted, and were saved.

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## SHIPWRECK OF THE BRISTOL, On Far Rockaway Beach, near New York, Novem- ber 21, 1836; in which upwards of Sixty Lives were lost.

THE ship BRISTOL sailed from Liverpool Oct. 15, having on board a crew of sixteen men, including officers, and about one hundred passengers, chiefly emigrants. She had a fair passage across the Atlantic, and was off Sandy Hook at 9 o'clock on Saturday night, Nov. 20, with her lanterns out as a signal for a pilot; at which time the gale had just commenced. No pilots, however, were out, and the ship was obliged to stand off. About 4 o'clock on Sunday morning, she struck on Far Rockaway, and at daylight, though

within half a mile of the shore, owing to the heavy sea, no relief could be afforded to the distressed passengers and crew, who were clinging to the shrouds and other parts of the rigging. In this situation they remained through the day. About 11 o'clock at night, the sea somewhat abating, some boats went to her relief, and succeeded in taking off the captain, a portion of the crew, and some of the passengers. All were rescued who remained on the wreck when the boats reached it, but during the day the ship went to pieces, and the next morning her stern-post was all that remained.

There were two of the seamen,—the cook and the steward,—Mr. Donnelly, two gentlemen by the name of Carleton, cabin passengers, and about sixty steerage passengers, who were lost. In connection with this loss of life and property, the journals of the day called public attention to the fact, that it was occasioned by the negligence of the pilots in the performance of their duties. Here was a ship *within five miles* of her port, and making every exertion to procure a pilot, and yet no pilot was to be had; and the gale subsequently coming on, caught her so much in shore that it was impossible to *claw off*,—and the fatal result was the destruction of the vessel, and the sacrifice of many human beings.

The following additional particulars were published shortly after the occurrence of this disaster :

“ We are at length enabled to state, with some degree of certainty, the number of lives lost and saved, on board the Bristol. So far as we can learn, forty persons only are saved, and more than sixty lost. The bodies of several have drifted ashore, and have since been consigned to the earth.

“ Among the passengers lost, was Mr. Donnelly, of New York,—who died a victim to his own philanthropy,—and Mrs. Hogan and two daughters. Mrs. Donnelly, her nurse and children, were saved, and, with other women and children, landed by the first boat.

Twice the boats returned to the wreck, and twice Mr. Donnelly yielded his place to others. In the third attempt to go off, the boats were swamped, and the crew became discouraged, and would not go back. In the meantime, the storm increased, and Mr. Donnelly, with the two Mr. Carletons, took to the foremast, where the crew and many steerage passengers had sought temporary safety. Unhappily, this mast soon went by the board, and of about twenty persons on it, the only one saved was Mr. Briscoe, a cabin passenger, which was effected by his catching at the bowsprit rigging, whence he was taken by the boats. The captain and a number of the cabin and steerage passengers were on the mizenmast; and when that fell, they lashed themselves to the taffrail, where, for four hours, the sea broke over them.

“Some twenty of the steerage passengers, principally women and children, perished almost immediately after the ship struck. Even before they could leave their berths the ship bilged, filled, and all below were drowned. Not a groan was heard to denote the catastrophe—so awfully sudden was it.

“And to those whom the waves and the mercy of God had spared, what was the conduct of their brother man? Their persons, their trunks, were searched and robbed by the fiends that gathered around the wreck. One hapless being, thrown senseless, but yet alive, on the shore, and having about him his all—ten sovereigns—was plundered of them!”

## WRECK OF THE SCH'R PENNSYLVANIA,

Which was struck by a Squall at Sea, and Foundered, September 16, 1837.

FROM the papers of the day we have gathered the following particulars respecting this disaster :

“The officers of the ship *Amelia* reported, that, on the 20th of Sept., in lat,  $32^{\circ} 23'$ , lon.  $73^{\circ}$ , she fell in with the schooner *PENNSYLVANIA*, Capt. Williams, bottom up, with two men, in a very exhausted state, clinging to her. The survivors stated that she sailed from New York, on the 10th of September, with twenty-one passengers, and a crew of six persons, including the officers; and that she was capsized on the night of the 16th, after the passengers had retired for the night. The captain and crew were on deck at the time of the accident, and are supposed to have been lost at the moment it occurred. Seven passengers below were immediately drowned, and the remainder continued to survive, struggling in the hold amongst the cargo, until the next Monday, when two of them, Mr. J. P. Williams, and Lansing Dougherty escaped from the cabin, and, by great exertions, gained the bottom of the vessel. The cries of their comrades were distinctly heard throughout the day; but gradually sunk into a dismal moan, and became extinct during the following night.

“The officers of the *Amelia*, indulging the faint hope that some of the unfortunate passengers in the hold of the schooner might yet be alive, despatched her jolly-boat with tools to scuttle her, which was done, and they providentially discovered one young man yet breathing, but quite senseless, and bruised in a shocking manner; the remains of the other persons were floating about in the hold of the vessel. The

youth was conveyed to the ship, and every medical aid within the reach of her company was administered to him, but all without success. He survived only two days.

“The names of the passengers, as given by the survivors, are as follows:—Mr. and Mrs. Gibson; Mr. and Mrs. Miller; Mr. and Mrs. Barry; Messrs. Lyons, Kess, Burrell, Whitney, Thompson, McGill, Wilson, Holler, Liebe, Ramps, Tiech; a youth named William, under the care of Mr. Whitney; and the two survivors, Mr. J. P. Williams and Mr. Lansing Dougherty.”

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## WRECK OF THE BARQUE LLOYD,

Of Portland, on Nantasket Beach, Hull, December 23, 1839, with the loss of the whole crew, excepting one person.

“THE barque LLOYD, Capt. Daniel Mountfort, of Portland, from Havana, for Boston, with a valuable cargo, was driven ashore on Nantasket Beach, Dec. 23, and became a total wreck. All her crew perished, with the exception of one seaman, named George Scott, of Baltimore. It was about noon, the weather very thick, and a heavy sea on. Her fore and main masts were gone, and only part of the mizen mast was standing. Five of the crew got out the long-boat and attempted to land, but she quickly filled, and they all perished. Another of the crew, George Scott, succeeded in reaching the shore, and was dragged out of the surf by several of the inhabitants assembled on the beach. Capt. Mountfort and two others lashed themselves in the mizen rigging. The men were washed off by the sea, which made a fair breach over



the vessel, and buffeting the billows a few moments, they sunk to rise no more.

“Capt. Mountfort was still lashed in the rigging, the only survivor on board, when the boat belonging to the Charlotte, manned by the crew who had themselves just suffered the horrors of shipwreck, seized a favorable opportunity, and, by the greatest exertion, they succeeded in boarding the barque, and bringing Capt. Mountfort ashore. He had been washed from his lashings several times, and badly bruised by coming in contact with the shattered vessel, and was insensible when he was taken off. He was carried to one of the huts of the Humane Society, and every effort made to restore life, but all in vain. He was the oldest shipmaster out of Portland, being sixty years of age, and has left a wife and three daughters to mourn the melancholy providence which has so suddenly deprived them of a husband and father. He was a man much respected in the town where he lived.

“The noble conduct of the boat’s crew who risked their own lives to rescue a fellow-creature from a watery grave, is deserving of the highest praise.

“The names of the officers and crew of the ill-fated vessel were, Capt. Daniel Mountfort, of Portland; Frederic C. Huntress, mate, Parsonville, Me.; Henry Dodd, Boston; William Guilford, Limmington, Me.; George Scott, Baltimore, *saved*; William Birch, Baltimore; William Leslie, New York; Henry Peck, and John Stewart.”

## ENCOUNTER OF THE SHIP BYRON, And Narrow Escape from an Iceburg, August 3, 1836.

FROM a person who was passenger on board the ship BYRON, the following particulars are gathered:—

“On the 30th of June, the ship Byron left Liverpool for New York, laden with a heavy cargo, and having on board, in passengers and crew, about one hundred and twenty persons. On the morning of the 3d of Aug., thirty-four days out, in lat.  $44^{\circ} 22'$ , lon.  $48^{\circ} 50'$ , near the banks of Newfoundland, a scene occurred which can never be effaced from memory. It was the watch of the first mate, a man of great fidelity, but, being indisposed, his place was taken by another. An unusual degree of levity and thoughtless security among the passengers had just given place to sleep. And now all was still, save the tread of the watch on deck, or the occasional toll of the bell to warn fishing crafts, if near, of our approach. But we had more need to be warned ourselves, than to give warning to others, of approaching danger.

“About 2 o'clock in the morning, a hurried step awoke the writer of this sketch, and the rapid whisper of some created the suspicion that all was not right. Springing from his berth, he asked one of the men near the cabin door, what was the matter. ‘We are in the midst of ice,’ said he; ‘will you inform the captain and mate?’ The captain was instantly on deck; he ran forward to look out. In a moment the vessel, going at the rate of five knots, struck, as if against a rock. It was an island of ice! It lifted its head above the water more than one hundred feet, and leaned over as if ready to fall down upon us. The word was given to put up helm and back the sails.

As the sailors were hastening to obey the latter order, and the terrified passengers were rushing on deck, and looking up at the immense overhanging, freezing mass, the ship struck again with increased force. O, what a shock!—crash! crash!—it seemed as if the masts were falling, one after another, on the deck.



The ship Byron encountering an iceberg.

“The second mate entered the cabin, and clapping his hands violently together, exclaimed, ‘My God! our bows are stove in—we’re all gone.’ An awful death appeared now inevitable. In this moment of general panic, the commanding officer gave orders to clear away the boat. Then, while the knife was being applied to the cordage which fastened her alongside the ship, a rush was made to her by men and women. That small boat was in a moment filled with thirty or forty persons. It seems utterly marvellous that she did not break down, precipitating every soul into the deep. Had this taken place, our commanding officer must have shared the same fate; for, from a desire to gain possession of her for himself and crew,

or to save the miserable crowd, who had taken possession of her, from destruction,—it may be from both motives,—he entered the boat and stood in her until he had drove out every one at the point of the sword.

“Then was a scene of terror! In front of the cabin the passengers were collected, half naked, some on their knees, calling for mercy—some clapping their hands, and uttering the most appalling shrieks. Nothing could be distinctly heard. All was confusion and horror. It was enough to penetrate a heart of stone. Some, more collected, were dressing themselves, preparing to resist the cold, if, perchance, they should survive on the wreck. Others were looking for something to which they could lash themselves for support for a time in the water. Here you might see one with a safety-belt slung over his shirt, endeavoring to fill it with air: there, another, pale and agitated, inquiring, ‘Is there any hope?’ And there, one standing, as if in sullen despair, saying, ‘It is no use to do anything. We must die.’ ‘Are we sinking, uncle?’ cries a dear boy. A child running to a brave sailor, says, ‘Won’t you save me?’ And the loud wailing and lamentation from the crowd rose higher and higher. Then, as if to close the painful scene, the ship struck again on her quarter. The shock reverberated like thunder, making every joint of the vessel shake as if coming apart. Hope had now nearly fled; all hearts were dismayed; the despairing cry was renewed, and the most calm braced themselves in preparation for immediate death. Even the dogs cowered down on the deck in silence.

“It appeared that at the first shock against the mountain, the jib-boom was broken and thrown over the bows into the vessel. The second shock carried away our bowsprit, head and cutwater, lodging the timbers across the bows. Had it struck us on either side, or had it struck the hull, we must have perished; but, by the mercy of God, the hull was uninjured. After the bowsprit was carried away, the stem of the



ship must have been held down for an instant by the overhanging column; and her not immediately rising in front, gave the idea to the most experienced, that she was stove in, and was filling with water. This created the panic. But the sails being backed, and the helm put hard up, she turned off from her enemy, and, swinging clear, received the last shock on her larboard quarter, which, though its sound was terrible, did no injury. That moment she was free. And now was the contest between despair and hope. The carpenter reported that the hull was sound, and that the bowsprit could be repaired, but then she might have sprung a leak, and the foremast was in danger of falling. The word was to pump. The pump was rigged and worked. It was a moment of painful suspense, until the pump sucked, showing all was tight. Then hope gilded the countenance of our captain, and all hearts began to live in its radiance. Still we waited to hear the crash of the foremast, as the vessel was rolling in the sea, but it stood firm. Daylight, ever delightful to those on the deep, and peculiarly grateful to us, soon appeared. We found ourselves going on our way, alive, and with every reasonable confidence of future life.

“We stood amazed at our deliverance. The most careless among us were constrained to attribute our preservation to a kind and merciful Providence, while the multitude cried out unhesitatingly, ‘It is the Lord who hath saved us; thanks and praises to His holy name.’ Then every countenance was lighted up with joy; every heart was full of gratitude to God, and love to one another; and many purposes were formed of reformation in future. The next day we saw three mountains of ice. We gazed with the deepest interest on the fellows of that which had so greatly endangered our lives. Before the close of the second day a new bowsprit was fitted up, which stood the trial of the wind and waves the remainder of the voyage. In all this business, the officers and crew showed great skill and energy.”



## CONFLAGRATION OF THE BURLINGTON,

On her Passage from New Orleans to Havre, March,  
17, 1840.

THE barque BURLINGTON, Captain Hallet, of Boston, left New Orleans on Saturday, Feb. 15, 1840, for Havre, with cotton, and a crew of fifteen hands, including two officers, cook and steward, and had proceeded twenty-four days on her voyage, when, in lat.  $37^{\circ}$  N., and lon.  $54^{\circ} 40'$  W., at about half past 9 o'clock at night, on Tuesday, March 10, she was struck by lightning, which came down the larboard main-top-sail sheet, knocked down the second officer and all the starboard watch, with the exception of a man at the wheel.

All hands were turned up to examine the vessel, but no apparent injury seemed to have been done. Captain Hallet had, but a moment before, left the deck to examine the barometer. He heard the noise and the cry of the watch, and came immediately on deck; found that there was no loss of life, but the men faint and weak in their limbs. At quarter past 12, it was discovered that the ship was on fire, by the smoke coming up the booby-hatch and forecastle. The captain ordered the forecastle and hatches to be closed, and sails put over them.

The wind was now blowing a gale, with heavy sea, and lightning to the S. W. Captain Hallet hauled up courses and wore ship to the westward, and got the long-boat and jolly-boat all ready with provisions, water, &c., in case they should be wanted. At 6 o'clock, A. M., found the larboard side and the mast coat of the mainmast quite warm. A hole was then made in the coat of the mainmast, with an auger, large enough to admit a funnel, through which a quantity

of water was poured down to protect the mainmast, but the deck was burnt underneath.

At 8 o'clock, A. M., the boats were got out, but the jolly-boat filled on lowering. The long-boat was safely lowered, with a part of the crew and the second officer, and was held by a hawser under the lee of the ship. At half past 10, A. M., expecting the flames every moment to burst out, all the crew entered the long-boat. Having first implored the blessing of Heaven, they committed themselves to the care of that God who ruleth the winds and waves, and who alone can save. At 8 o'clock, P. M., the weather having moderated, and wanting some articles they had left behind, they boarded the ship, and found less smoke emerging from the hatches than when they had left.

Captain Hallet ordered holes to be bored wherever the deck was the hottest, and water poured down, and by means of puttying up and pasting over every hole and crack, he was in hopes of smothering the fire, or, at all events, of keeping it down so as to enable him to make some port. Accordingly, he ordered the boat to be taken in, and all things secured about the deck, and kept the ship to a northwest by west course. In this manner they were employed the six following days, pouring down many buckets of water wherever the deck was the hottest, and in pumping the ship. And here let it not be forgotten that this gallant and seemingly devoted crew were without change of clothes, although frequently saturated with salt water, and with no covering except the wide canopy of heaven; but, fortunately, their provisions were on deck.

On Monday, the 16th, a strong gale came on from the westward, at 1 o'clock, P. M. The foresail and foretop main-staysail were taken in. At half past 2, P. M., it blew a complete hurricane from the northwest. A new close-reefed main top-sail was blown away, and the mainmast worked considerably; probably the wedges were burnt out, and had dropped

down. The beams and butts of the deck were all open on the larboard side. In the afternoon the weather moderated. On Tuesday, the 17th, at 10 o'clock, A. M., they perceived a sail,—the *St. James*, Captain Sebor,—and hoisted a signal of distress.

At 3 o'clock, P. M., the *St. James* spoke the *Burlington*, and by 5 o'clock, the same afternoon, all hands, with some provisions, were safe on board the former vessel. Captain Sebor displayed a most praiseworthy anxiety for the comfort and accommodation of all who were on board. When Captain Hallet left the *Burlington*, (which he did last of all,) the flames were about ten or twelve feet above the deck. At about 6 o'clock, P. M., the ship was one mass of fire, and about the same time the main and mizen masts fell overboard. At 10 o'clock, she suddenly disappeared, having probably sunk.

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## CONFLAGRATION OF THE POLAND.

On her Passage from New York for Havre, May  
18th, 1840.

THE packet ship *POLAND*, Captain Anthony, from New York for Havre, was fallen in with by the ship *Clifton* on the 18th of May, in latitude  $41^{\circ} 12'$ , longitude  $56^{\circ}$ , on fire. The passengers and crew, and a portion of the cargo were saved. The *Poland* had on board twenty-four cabin, and eleven steerage passengers. The names of the passengers were—B. G. Wainwright, lady, two children and servant; Miss M. Hughes; Messrs. E. Boyer; A. L. Gournez; A. Pizarro; C. Bermer; J. Prom; J. B. Valee; J. C. Parr, of Philadelphia; J. B. Nichols, of Providence; J. R. Mahler, and Mrs. Campbell, of Canada; E. D. Harbour, and J. H. Buckingham, of Boston, and

Louis Reynard; James Knott, shoemaker, of Boston; Louis Marchand, of Lyons, France; Catherina Huither, of Rechtenbach, who had spent her last cent in paying for her outfit to get back to her husband, who was to meet her in Havre; Joseph Schimmel, of Kulsheim; George Claus, of Hofen; Nicholas Becker, of Wolfstein; Michael Knaub, of Maden; John Sander, of Alzei; Henry Usinger, of Ilberschausen; John Kramer, of Metz; and John Schneider, a German, residence unknown.

The ship Poland was struck by lightning on Saturday, the 16th of May, five days out, in lat.  $41^{\circ} 35'$ , long.  $58^{\circ} 30'$ . A passenger states, that, with Capt. Anthony and others, during a heavy squall, at 3 o'clock on the afternoon of that day, he saw the lightning descend, like a single ball of fire, and strike the larboard fore royal yard-arm; that it thence dropped to the fore yard, and there running into the mast seemed to vanish and separate. During the whole storm there was but one clap of thunder, and but one stroke of lightning. The concentrated fury of the clouds seemed spent in that one bolt, which struck as above described. The sublimity of the spectacle will forever be a theme of conversation to those who witnessed it; and while, in the providence of a good God, *all* the souls on board have escaped to tell of it, they cannot regret the dangers and privations which they have endured, which have enabled them to speak of a sublime and terrific spectacle, such as few have witnessed, and survived to describe. He who holds the waters in the hollow of his hands, knows only to how many gallant ships and gallant men, a signal like that of the descent of the lightning upon the Poland has been the precursor of a terrible death, leaving no testimony to surviving friends of its manner or its time.

It was at first thought, by the deeply interested spectators, that on the fore yard the fluid had spent itself and separated; but examination destroyed this



hope, and it was discovered that the lightning had passed down the mast into the forward hold, and fired the cotton stowed there. Immediately after the lightning had struck the ship, Captain Anthony went between deck, and commenced throwing over cotton and flour to get at the lower hold. On taking up the lower hatch, the smoke burst out to such a degree that they were compelled to shut down all the hatches. The cabin was immediately filled with smoke, so much so that the hands could not remain long enough to get out a trunk. The men were, however, driven from their work by the smoke, and the strong sulphurous smell. At 8 o'clock the hatches were closed, and the boats were cleared and got out about ten in the evening. The females and children, with as many men as was thought proper, making thirty-five in all, were put into the long-boat and dropped astern, where they remained all that night, and the next day and night, until Monday morning,—the ship being hove to, in order to be easy, and in hopes of being discovered by some passing vessel. Fears were entertained that if sail were made, the masts, burnt off below the deck, would go by the board, and the flames rush up, leaving all hope out of the question.

On Monday morning, the wind having increased, the passengers were taken on board, and sail was made for the N. E. The fire at one time seemed rather to have abated than increased, and the glass bull's eyes, and the deck planks did not seem so hot as on the day previous.

In this condition they remained until 2 o'clock in the afternoon of the same day, when they were all taken off by the Clifton. When we state that the wind blew a gale at the time of this trans-shipment, we cannot too much admire the skill and care of Captain J. B. Ingersoll of the Clifton, and Captain Anthony of the Poland, and their officers; nor can we too highly praise the coolness and presence of mind of the



crew and some of the passengers, and the obedience of all to direction; exposed as they were to an untried and terrible danger.

During the time they had remained on board the burning vessel, they were in a most horrid state of suspense, the fire below constantly increasing,—so much so, that the decks were momentarily becoming hotter. Her sides were so hot, that, when the ship rolled, the planks out of water would instantly become dry and smoke. The weather, from Saturday, the time she was struck, till Monday afternoon, was fortunately fine. During these two days, the boats, one long and two small ones, were alongside, and ready at a moment's notice. Captain Anthony behaved with a courage and coolness which entitle him to the highest praise; and after it was found impossible to reach and quench the fire, the passengers and crew were employed, under his direction, in stopping all vents possible, through which the smoke might escape. To this coolness, under God, is the present safety of the passengers to be attributed.

The persons on board the Poland could not have survived till 12 at night, without assistance. The long-boat would accommodate thirty-five persons, the other boats, ten to twelve only; leaving a large number of the sixty-four wholly unprovided for. That, under these circumstances, and with this view before them, they behaved so rationally, is matter of special wonder. This occurrence should operate as a caution to packet owners, to make more effectual provision for the safety of passengers. Two of Francis' life-boats would have accommodated the whole on board, and as many more, and have likewise secured them against all danger in going from one vessel to the other in the storm.

When the passengers and crew left the Poland, the deck had become too hot to stand upon, the fire having been increased by the motion of the ship. It was the opinion, that, in an hour after, the flames burst forth.

The Clifton could not stay by to watch the event, on account of the storm; but we can imagine the feelings of those who escaped, reverting back in their minds, though they could not look with their eyes, to the burning grave which they had just escaped. We imagine their greetings of each other, and their thanks, first to their Heavenly Preserver, and then to the men, His instruments, when the company were told, and all found safe.

The following cards, expressive of the grateful feelings of the passengers, were published in their behalf and signed by them:—

“SHIP CLIFTON, AT SEA, May 23, 1840.

“The undersigned, passengers per ship Poland, bound from New York for Havre, take this public opportunity to express their thanks to Capt. Anthony, for his prompt and unremitting exertions to preserve them from the horrid death to which they were for two days exposed, after his ship was struck by lightning; being well assured that their preservation is to be, under Divine Providence, attributed solely to his courage, coolness, and constant vigilance under the most trying circumstances.”

“SHIP CLIFTON, AT SEA, May 23, 1840.

“The undersigned beg leave, thus publicly, to express to Capt. J. B. Ingersoll, and to the officers and crew of the ship Clifton, from Liverpool, bound to New York, their sincere and heartfelt thanks for their cordial and ready compliance with their request to be taken on board. They would also express their gratitude for his total forgetfulness of self, and his deprivation of all personal convenience, in order to render their distressed situation as comfortable as possible.”

The following letter from J. H. Buckingham, Esq., who was a passenger on board the ship Poland, will

be found of intense interest. It was addressed to his father, the editor of the Boston Courier.

“BOSTON, May 29, 1840.

“DEAR SIR—As the loss of the unfortunate ship Poland excites considerable interest in this community, I take an early opportunity to give as complete a detail of the occurrences connected with it as my memory will allow. We sailed from New York, or rather we were taken in tow by the steamboat Wave, about 11, A. M., on Monday, the 11th inst., the wind being quite light, and were towed down to Sandy Hook, where the pilot and the steamboat left us. Our crew consisted of twenty good substantial working men. We also had two cooks, two stewards, and the wife of the principal steward, as an assistant in the ladies' cabin. The captain and two mates made up our complement of men to twenty-five. There were twenty-four cabin passengers, three of whom could not speak English, and three others who could not speak French.

“Counting all hands, men, women and children, we had on board sixty-three persons. We had good weather and favorable breezes, passing about twenty-five miles to the south of Nantucket Shoals, and going on prosperously and fast enough to satisfy those most impatient for a short passage, until Saturday the 16th. At noon of that day, we were in latitude  $41^{\circ} 35'$ , longitude  $58^{\circ} 30'$ , having accomplished nearly one third of the passage, and with every hope of not being on board more than eighteen days. In the morning we passed a ship bound to the east, which we supposed to be the Cotton Planter, from New York for Havre, which sailed some days before us.

“At 2 o'clock, P. M., it began to rain, and continued, in showers and squalls, until about 3 o'clock, when a severe shower commenced, with large drops, like some of our summer showers after a hot and sultry day. As most of the male passengers were in the

house on deck, looking out at the rain and sea, Capt. Anthony standing at the door, a large ball of fire, apparently about twice the size of a man's hat, suddenly descended in a horizontal line from the clouds, which appeared to be meeting from two different points of the compass ahead of us, and struck the end of the fore topsail yard, on the left hand side; it descended the ties, or some chains, to the end of the fore yard, and ran on the yard to the cap of the foremast, where it exploded with a report similar to that of a cannon; and giving the appearance of the explosion of a bomb, or, similar, although on a much larger scale, to the explosions of some of the fire-work circles which we have sometimes seen on public galas, throwing out rays in every direction, like the rays of the sun. The whole was instantaneous, and was witnessed by two or three of us. It came and passed off in a flash, and was followed almost at the same instant by a peal of thunder, sharp and loud, but not long nor rumbling. It was the only flash of lightning or peal of thunder that we saw or heard.

“Almost immediately, Captain Anthony went forward, with one or two of the passengers, being aware that we had been struck with lightning, to ascertain if the ship was damaged. It was ascertained that when the ball exploded, the electric fluid ran down the foremast to the lower deck, where the chain cable was stowed; and one of the steerage passengers, pointing to a small piece of cotton on the deck, said there was no fire, as that cotton was set on fire, and he put it out by putting his foot on it. We ascertained that the fluid did run down the chain, but could not see where it escaped. On going into the fore-castle, we discovered some signs of the lightning, and were led to suppose, on a very close examination, that, after entering the steerage, it passed through into the fore-castle, and out up the companion way. A piece of the *fid*, about eight inches long and two or three thick, was knocked off the foretop, and two or three of the



halyards were found to be cut off, which the captain immediately set his men to repairing.

“Although the cabin and steerage were filled with a sort of smoke, which had a sulphurous smell, no one really supposed the ship to be on fire, or that the appearances indicated anything more than the gas usually following a stroke of lightning. Some alarm and anxiety were very naturally felt, particularly by the ladies and those who were connected with them; but still, as there was no increase of smoke, and no appearance of fire, the crew went about their regular business, and at 4 o'clock dinner was served as usual; the cabin, at that time, being clear of everything indicative of danger. Some of us could not eat. While there was uncertainty, we had no appetite; and the meal, which had heretofore been one of pleasure, accompanied by the reciprocation of good feelings, and sallies of wit, passed off with dulness, and almost in silence. Capt. Anthony looked in upon us as we sat at table, but he was too anxious, to sit down, and did not cease in his endeavors to ascertain, with certainty, our position. The first mate, Mr. Delano, and the steward, opened the run and went into it, to ascertain if there was fire or smoke in that part of the ship, but came out without being satisfied either that there was or was not; the smell was the same as that we had noticed at first, mostly of gas, like sulphur.

“Our dinner was a short and silent one; and when we went on deck, the captain said that he had little doubt that the ship was on fire, and that we must endeavor to get at it. On a suggestion that we might be obliged to take to the boats, it was immediately remarked by one of our French passengers, and responded to by others—‘Let us take care of the women and children first.’ I mention this as honorable to those who made it, and as showing that there was, even at that first moment of danger, a praiseworthy abandonment of self to the protection of others who are naturally more helpless. Not a moment was lost



in clearing the main hatch, the captain himself leading the way, and commencing by throwing over the empty water-casks and useless lumber which was stowed round the long-boat. The mate, with another gang of hands, was at the fore hatch, and in a few minutes all hands, including many of the cabin and steerage passengers, were at work, hoisting out and throwing overboard flour and cotton.

“The work of discharging the cargo between decks went on cheerfully, amid a severe rain, until about 8 o'clock, the fire not appearing to increase, and at times appearing to be altogether extinguished, even if there had ever been any except in the imagination; but at that time, and when the forward lower hatch was reached, we were at once convinced of the awful fact, that the cotton in the lower hold was on fire. The hatch was immediately closed as tight as possible; the upper hatches were also closed and partially caulked, and preparations were made to get out the boats.

“In answer to many inquiries why we had not, in the mean time, got our baggage on deck, I will remark that, until now, there was a hope that we were still safe, or that, if there *were* fire on board, we should be able to get at and extinguish it. So great was our confidence, that the children were undressed and put to bed for the night,—not, however, without many anxious forebodings on the part of their parents. When the dreadful certainty was forced upon us, our first object was to get the women and children on deck; and in fact this was rendered the more necessary from the circumstance that, the hatches being closed, the gas must escape somewhere, and it immediately got vent, through the run and the steward's pantry, into the cabin, rendering it impossible for any to remain below long at a time. Capt. Anthony coolly, calmly, and quietly gave his orders, and they were obeyed in the same spirit by his men. He remarked that it was useless to bring up anything but such

light articles as we could easiest find, as the boats would not be able to carry any baggage. One caught a carpet-bag, and another a cloak; some opened their trunks and took out their money, leaving everything else behind; and some caught blankets from the berths. The steward got up a barrel of bread, and others assisted him in putting whatever of eatables there was in his pantry, into bags, &c. A barrel and two or three jugs of water were put into the long-boat, with such coats, cloaks, &c., as could be got at in a few minutes, and then she was launched overboard. The women and children were first handed over the side of the ship, and then the cabin passengers, all except three; a few of the steerage passengers; the second mate, Mr. Keeler, and four sailors. The other boats were also got out, and two men placed in each. All this was done with order and regularity, without any pushing or crowding, and in tacit obedience to the captain's orders, in a very short time. It was 10 o'clock before the long-boat was pushed off, and a line attached to her and the ship—having on board thirty-five persons. Nothing was said at the time about the other two boats; and those of us who remained on board the Poland were waiting for the first break of morning to learn the fate to which we were doomed,—knowing that it would be madness to put more into the long-boat, and that not more than half of those of us who remained could ever get into the other two. The ship, at the time we first supposed ourselves in danger, was put upon a south-easterly course, in the hope of falling in with, or cutting off, the ship we had passed in the morning, and signal lanterns were hoisted in the rigging; but when we commenced getting out the boats, she was hove to, and she rode very easy all night, the sea not being very boisterous, and there being very little wind. It rained at intervals all night; and although it was day-light and clear about 4 o'clock in the morning, the time seemed almost an eternity. After the long-

boat was hoisted out, an attempt was made to save some articles from the cabin, and the steward succeeded in saving the captain's watch, and chronometer, and trunk, with a small box containing about three hundred dollars in specie, but the gas and the smoke soon obliged us to abandon all further attempts, and to close all the doors to the cabin and to the house over them.

"We walked over the deck all that night, and said but little. Capt. Anthony was watchful, and going silently about in every part of the deck, stopping up a crack here and adjusting a rope there, or giving some order for the safety of those who at that moment he must have felt were dependent almost entirely upon his discretion for their lives. Morning broke, and the sun rose, but no sail was in sight. There we lay on the broad ocean, a fine ship smoking at every crack, with three frail boats attached to her by a single rope, and no hope of rescue except through the goodness of the Almighty. Whatever may have been the religious feelings, or the want thereof, among those sixty-three persons so awfully situated, there was no cowardice exhibited, no sudden outbreak of prayer and repentance, no murmuring. But there did appear to be a confidence in the breast of every one that the God who had thus suddenly afflicted us would not leave us to perish in that desert sea.

"We remained in this state of suspense all day Sunday, making ourselves as comfortable as possible. Every crack where we could find the smoke coming out was stuffed with cotton, or plastered over with pipe clay, of which the captain found a small lot on board attached to the gallery erected for the steerage passengers. The ice-house on deck contained fresh meat, such as beef, chickens, ducks, &c., and the cooks were employed all day in cooking. We sent some warm coffee and fresh milk, with some boiled fowls, to our friends in the long-boat, and made every exertion to lighten their misfortunes. But still no

ship came in sight, and evening found us in the same perilous situation that we were in the night before.

“ During all this day the deck was quite warm on the right hand side forward of the mainmast, indicating, as we supposed, that the fire was under that part of the vessel; the thick glass dead-lights, set into the deck at intervals of about two feet from stem to stern, were also quite hot; but, towards night, the deck and glasses began to cool off, and there was less smoke apparent,—the forward hatches, too, were not quite so hot at night as they were in the morning,—and we began to have more hope. We had got a man over the stern in the forenoon, on a spar, to fasten down the shutters to the cabin windows, and nail them down, but this did not prevent the smoke from coming through. The wooden shutters to the sky-lights on deck were put on, to prevent the glass being broken by accident, and towards night we thought that the glass under those shutters had cooled off.

“ About 10 o'clock on Sunday night, most of the unfortunate people on board the ship sunk to sleep on the deck, from mere exhaustion, leaving only three people awake to watch for help, or to warn us of what we most dreaded, a bursting out of the flames. No language can tell the sufferings of that night, which were more dreadful than the last. We were like people confined on the top of a burning mine, with no power to escape,—death almost certain to be our portion within a few short hours, and our minds tortured with suspense.

“ During the night, Capt. Anthony laid down and caught a little sleep. The weather was tolerably fair, but silence reigned throughout, except so far as it was broken by the occasional rumbling and dashing of the sea. Just before 2 o'clock, I laid down beside him, to wait my fate, leaving only one man walking the deck, and in doing so, I disturbed him. He waked, and turning over, he took my hand and remarked, ‘I feel that we shall be saved—I have had a pleasant dream.’



This circumstance, slight as it was, had its effect, and did impart some little consolation to both of us. So true is it that drowning men will catch at straws.

“About this time the weather was changing, and the sea had risen, and the people in the long-boat became alarmed. Mr. Wainwright hailed the ship, to know if it would be best to take the boat in; Capt. Anthony answered that they had better wait patiently until daylight, and then walked forward to examine into the state of the ship. We now found that the fire had evidently increased: the deck and hatches were still quite warm, and the pitch was beginning to boil or melt in the seams between the planks. A short conference convinced us that but little time could elapse before the fire would burst through the deck, and then there would be no further hope. What we said, and what we felt, between that time and daylight, is not to be told here; it is sufficient that we thought we knew the worst. The two small boats could not hold more than fifteen persons, and there were nearly thirty on board the ship. Under the best of circumstances, some of us must be lost, and it is needless to say that Capt. Anthony determined that he should stick to his vessel, and run the risk, rather than crowd the boats with too many people, or exclude any one else.

“At daylight, Mr. Wainwright came on board in one of the small boats, and we explained our situation to him. There was but a chance for any of us. If he and his party remained in the boat, they *might* be saved; but if they were taken on board the ship, and the fire should break out, it would then be impossible to put the people into the boats again and launch them over the side,—and death, by fire or drowning, would be the certain fate of all. The case was too strong, and the horrid conviction too apparent to be disputed, and, as was his duty, he prepared to return to his family and meet his fate. It is not for me to say what were then our feelings. Three of us, in the



fulness of our strength and the ripeness of years, were then parting, as we all supposed, forever; and nearly every one else was asleep. Words were useless, and we could not utter what we wanted to express. We commended our families to each other, in case either should be saved; and, with a silent shake of the hand, he returned to the boat, to make such preparations as prudence suggested, to protect his almost helpless companions, in case we should find it necessary to cut his boat adrift.

“From this time the sea became more boisterous, and, at last, after some hours of anxious watching, we sent for Mr. Wainwright to come on board again, and he was told that there were fears that his boat would swamp. Capt. Anthony was afraid to make sail on the ship, as the working of the masts might create a current of air below, which would either increase the fire, or, operating upon the gas in the hold, blow off the hatches and thus seal our fate at once. After some consideration, it was concluded to run the risk, and take in the boats, and put the ship before the wind, in the hope of falling in with some other vessel, before we were entirely consumed,—and no time was lost in putting the plan into execution.

“When the poor sufferers in the boat came on board, their situation was found to be much worse than ours had been. We had at least had the power of locomotion, and could shift our position at will; but they, particularly the females, had suffered, for two long nights and a day, the tortures of a cramped-up situation, unable to sit, except in a certain position, with their feet continually in the water, and their bodies every few minutes covered with the dashing spray of the sea. Mrs. Wainwright had held one of her children in her arms the whole time, and not being by any means a robust woman, it is astonishing that she held out so long. Nothing but a mother’s love, and a firm trust in an overruling Providence preserved her in those hours of trial. Mrs. Arfwed-

son was almost exhausted, and her infant having suffered for want of the natural nourishment its mother could not afford, seemed almost ready to die. Some of the passengers in the boat were seasick the whole time, and, taken altogether, their situation had been more trying than ours.

“Once more together, and stowed in the most comfortable way possible on the quarter-deck, some little cheerfulness was shown, although all felt that our situation was not in the least alleviated, and many feared we but joined together to struggle and to die. Sail was made on the ship, and we stood off to the north-east, and at noon, we found by observation, that we were in latitude  $40^{\circ} 08'$ , and longitude  $56^{\circ}$ , having drifted to the southeast with the sea. We were now in the track of vessels bound to and from Europe and the United States, and the hope that we might yet be saved, inspired some confidence. The men were now put to work at the pumps, and the ship was found to have leaked a great deal, a part of which was undoubtedly owing to the pitch, where she was calked, having boiled out of the seams. The water which was pumped up was quite hot at first, and as long as the men pumped, it continued to be warmer than the temperature of the sea, or of common bilgewater.

“About 2, P. M., Monday, a sail was discovered from the mast-head, and soon after, it was seen from the deck. The joy which this discovery gave can be imagined, but cannot be described; it seemed as if some would almost, if not quite, go crazy. The stranger saw our signals of distress, and being to the leeward, hove to for us to come up. It proved to be a Boston-built ship, called the Clifton, Captain J. B. Ingersoll, bound from Liverpool to New York, with two hundred and fifty steerage passengers, mostly Irish. To Capt. Anthony's statement, that his ship was on fire in the hold, and that we wanted to be

taken off, the prompt answer was, 'Come all on board of me, and bring all the provisions you can.'

"Before our own boat could be got out and manned, the boat of the Clifton, with the chief mate and four oarsmen, was alongside of us, and the process of transferring all hands from ship to ship commenced. The sea was very high, and the gale was increasing, which made our task a long and dangerous one. From 3 until 9 o'clock the two boats were passing and re-passing with people and such articles as could be saved from the deck.

"The gale was now blowing from the northwest, and both captains remarked that they did not recollect ever to have seen a worse sea for many years. We were all safely on board by 9 o'clock; and Capt. Ingersoll, not thinking it safe to risk his own ship any longer by laying to, in the vain hope of saving property, made sail on his ship, and we left the unfortunate Poland to burn up and sink,—a fate which she undoubtedly met within two or three hours.

"At the time the last boat's load left the Poland, the deck had become too hot to stand upon, and her sides were so warm, that, as she rolled in the sea, the water would run off as from hot iron, and she would instantly become dry, and too hot to bear the hand upon. An effort was made to get out some articles from the house over the cabin stairs, but on opening the doors, the smoke, heat and deleterious gas drove the people away instantly, and a second attempt proved alike fruitless. A like attempt near the main hatch met with the like success, and the ship was abandoned with tears and regret; for sailors imbibe an affection for the craft in which they have sailed, and they feel the loss more keenly than many people feel the loss of their friends and relatives.

"On board the Clifton we met with a most cordial reception from Captain Ingersoll and his whole crew. We had been saved in life, but we had lost all our clothing; and the chests of the sailors, and the trunks

of their commander, were freely opened, and their contents were as freely offered for our use. What inconveniences were suffered from the crowded state of the Clifton, and our own destitute condition, were of no moment. We were safe, and all things else were forgotten in a feeling of gratitude and thankfulness to Almighty God for saving us from the death we had so long seen almost certain to us.

“There were many incidents connected with this eventful period, the recollection of which is interesting to those concerned; but I have already taken up more room than I at first intended. I cannot conclude, however, without remarking, that to Captain Anthony belongs all the credit that belongs to any one for preserving us so long. The card published by the passengers under their signatures, awards him no more than justice; and might, with equal justice, have been made much stronger. He has acquired a hold upon our hearts that cannot be loosened but with life itself, and if ever man could retire, with a confidence that he had done his duty faithfully in the hour of danger, unflinching at the last moment, that satisfactory consolation must be his.

“It has been remarked by some, that the ship might have been scuttled, and that water might have been poured into her; but those who make such observations little know the danger to which such attempts would have exposed us. And to those who cavil at the fact that she was abandoned without further attempt to save the vessel and cargo, we can only reply that we hope they may never personally know how much more difficult it is to act in the hour of danger at sea, than it is to talk and find fault in safety on shore.

“As for the passengers and crew, they deserve all praise. It appears now almost impossible that so much could have been done,—so much have been suffered, without confusion and without a murmur. From the first moment to the last there was order and



regularity observed, and each one appeared to strive to make the burdens of the others as easy to bear as possible. The calm confidence of our female companions, and their firm reliance upon the goodness of the Power which was afflicting them, served in a great measure to encourage their friends in the hard task of sustaining them until assistance came to hand.

J. H. B.”

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## WRECK OF THE BRIG TARIFF,

On Cohasset Rocks, March 26, 1840; in which  
Four Lives were lost.

THE brig TARIFF, Capt. Walker, of Portland, from Matanzas, for Boston, with a cargo of molasses, was wrecked on Cohasset Rocks, before daylight on the morning of March 26, where she immediately went to pieces. Her upper works drifted ashore,—and the captain and three of the crew were saved. The remaining four were lost. Scituate light was mistaken for Boston light, and the brig was so far in before the error was discovered, that she could not work off.

The names of those lost were, Amos T. Chase, of Portland; Joshua Howard, of Boothbay; John Scott and George Estes, of St. John, N. B.





## WRECK OF THE BRIG ESCAMBIA,

On her Passage from Charleston to New York,  
March 25, 1840, with the loss of all on board,  
excepting one.

THE brig ESCAMBIA, Capt. Dunham, sailed from Charleston, March 24. On the next day, while under bare poles, and being between Fryingpan Shoals and Cape Lookout, the wind commenced blowing from the northeast, and increased during the day, until about 7 o'clock in the evening, when the vessel was thrown on her beam-ends.

In this situation the brig continued until 9 o'clock, when she began to go down; the wind continuing to blow violently, and the sea running very high, and making a complete breach over her.

Every one was washed from the wreck. The mate, William Bulkley, clung to the taffrail; and after the vessel had entirely disappeared, he succeeded in reaching a part of the poop-deck, which had been disengaged from the rest of the vessel by the violence of the sea. Upon this he remained until 3 o'clock in the afternoon of Saturday, the 28th, when he was discovered and taken off by Capt. Whilden, of the schooner Marietta Ryan, bound for New York.

The names of those on board were, Capt. Rufus Dunham; William Bulkley, first mate, *saved*; Edwin Hull, second mate; J. Chamberlain, cook; Isaac Tradle, steward; Henry Johnston, John Williams, John Peters, James Lucas, and Allen Jackson, seamen. Mr. Wilber, of Newport, R. I., and two others, names unknown, were passengers.

## ENCOUNTER OF THE GOV. CARVER, And Remarkable Escape from an Iceberg, May 29, 1818.

THE preservation of the brig GOV. CARVER, Capt. S. Doten, of Plymouth, Mass., was thus described in a letter from the captain to the owners of the brig:—

“HAYRE, June 23, 1818.

“On the 29th of May, near the easterly end of the Grand Banks, it being very foggy, I discovered an object, apparently twice as high as our mast-heads, and appearing like a *water-spout*. I did not think it possible that an island of ice could be so high. I immediately ordered the helm a-weather, hoping to get the vessel before the wind, and clear of the danger, whatever it might be; but before this could be done, we found ourselves completely surrounded and covered by this immense mountain of ice, which so projected over our heads, that the water, which ran from it in streams and rivulets, fell over the vessel on the opposite side; and although our sail-booms were rigged out on the side next the ice, making a distance of twenty-seven feet from the centre of the brig, they did not touch it.

“Fortunately, we succeeded in getting clear; and, in less than five minutes, and while so near that the rebounding of the water reached the vessel, this immense body of ice fell over, directly towards us, with a crashing noise resembling the heaviest thunder, which continued for the space of a minute and a half.”

## SHIPWRECK OF THE GLASGOW,

On the Irish Coast, Feb. 15, 1837; by which Disaster  
a number of lives were lost.

THE ship GLASGOW, Capt. Robinson, of New York, sailed from Liverpool for New York on the 8th of February, with about ninety passengers, chiefly English and Irish, of whom twenty were females; there were five cabin passengers; and the number of the crew, including the officers, was seventeen.

From the time of her departure to the day previous to the unfortunate occurrence we are about to relate, she encountered a continuance of thick, hazy weather and contrary winds, which detained her, beating about the channel. On the 14th, the weather cleared up, and during the day, which was very fine, they were in sight of Tuskar Light, when they very reasonably anticipated a prosperous voyage, being nearly clear of the channel. That night, however, the weather changed for the worse, becoming quite as thick and hazy as it had been on the preceding days of the voyage. At about 5 o'clock the next morning, the chief mate being in charge, while on the larboard tack, and going at the rate of seven or eight knots, the ship struck her larboard bow upon one of those dangerous half-tide rocks, called the Barrels, about eleven miles N. W. of Tuskar, making a large breach in her bow, through which the water rushed with tremendous violence. The sea running high at the time, she was carried over, and her stern striking on the rocks with great violence, unshipped the rudder. From the great way which was on the vessel, every sail being set, she went completely over the rocks into deep water.

Just previous to her striking, and not till then, the dangerous proximity to the shore was perceived; and

the captain came on deck barely in time to see her strike, without being able to prevent it. From witnessing the shock with which she was driven on the rocks, the captain expected she would certainly go down in a few minutes. The water was rushing in fore and aft as if through two sluices. The first shock apprized the passengers of their danger, and all rushed on deck, creating the scene of confusion usual in such frightful situations.

Comparative order being restored, as far as possible, by the captain and his officers, they immediately commenced getting out the long-boat, in doing which, they were obliged to cut away the gripes, when their axe, the only one that could be found, broke; and they were obliged to turn their attention to the pinnace, a very small boat, not capable of affording security to one sixth the number in the vessel. But no oars could be found, and all hope being thus shut out, they looked upon their fate as being fixed, for the ship was fast sinking.

During this awful period they kept ringing the bells, the only signal of distress which could be available in such hazy weather. The scene on board was now dreadful; the passengers were agonized with their fears, and nearly frantic with the sudden prospect of so fearful a death; whilst the captain, who, with the most determined of the crew, had done everything which human exertions could effect, now stood still, calmly awaiting the worst.

At this period, a sail hove in sight. The schooner *Alicia*, of Wexford, Capt. Walsh, on their voyage from Dublin to Newport, had heard the signal, and immediately bore up in the direction from which the sounds proceeded. Providentially, they were heard by one of the most dauntless seamen that ever trod a deck; and his schooner, one of the best vessels in the port, being in ballast, was the more easily managed. Capt. Walsh came up under the lee quarter of the ship, and hailed her, desiring them to send their boats with

passengers, and that he would stand by them to the last at all hazards. To this Capt. Robinson answered that he had no oars; upon which Capt. Walsh advised them to let a boat adrift with a crew, and he would furnish them with oars. The pinnace was immediately turned off with four men in her, who were picked up and furnished with oars. As soon as they returned, the women and children were, with the most perfect regularity, sent on board the *Alicia*. In this manner the pinnace made three trips. The wind all the while increasing, the *Alicia* was unable to remain as near the vessel as her noble-hearted commander wished, and fearing the wreck would sink before all the people could be got out, he resolved to pass a hawser to her, by which he might hang the *Alicia* under the ship's lee, and thus get them on board more speedily.

The ship was now like a log on the water; and from the sea, which was running very high, and the press of canvass upon the schooner, it was fully as dangerous to approach her as a rock. Still, Capt. Walsh was not to be deterred,—and, in endeavoring to put his purpose into execution, he very nearly lost his own life, as well as the vessel of which he was commander and part owner. Being obliged to run to windward of the ship, he came in contact with such violence that the schooner's bulwarks were stove in, her channel bends upset, and her mainsail torn to pieces. Capt. Robinson, of the *Glasgow*, who described it to us, expressed his surprise that Capt. Walsh should run so daring a risk to save them, and said it was to him astonishing how the schooner escaped being lost. After getting free with great difficulty, Capt. Walsh continued sailing round the vessel, and succeeded in saving eighty-two of his fellow-creatures from destruction. The water at length becoming level with the rail of the vessel, Capt. Robinson got into the launch, and had scarcely left the ship when she went down with the velocity of lightning, carrying with her about a



dozen persons, who were still on her deck, amongst whom were the chief mate and one seaman; of these, six were picked up,—three by the launch, and three by the pinnace.

And now a new danger arose; for the boats, from the frequent striking against the ship, were so shattered, that they were barely kept afloat by men incessantly bailing them, and they had to row a considerable distance to the schooner. In this, the hand of Providence was again discernible; for the instant the men were out, the boats both sank alongside. The Glasgow sunk in twenty-five fathoms water. A few seconds after the vessel sunk, the air burst open her poop, and blew it up, together with spars, rigging, &c., as if she had been blown up with powder. Two or three persons were found clinging to the poop after it had been thus blown up.

From comparing the number of passengers and crew with those who have been saved, it would appear that there were twenty-five lost; yet the captain and second mate have asserted that there were at the utmost but ten or twelve persons on the deck when she went down, at which time it was not probable that any person was below; of these, six were saved, as before stated.

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## CONFLAGRATION OF THE HAROLD, -

On her Passage from Calcutta to Boston, October 26,  
1837.

THE following account of the loss of the HAROLD, was communicated by Capt. Levi Howes, in a letter to the owner, under date of Pernambuco, Nov. 7, in substance as follows:—

“The ship sailed from Calcutta July 16, and Sand

Heads 30th, all well, with a heavy cargo and two passengers, Messrs. Henry Erving, of Boston, and James J. Bell, of Chester, N. H. Had a pleasant passage of seventeen days to the line. In latitude 50' N. lon. 93° 20' E., Abraham Bangs, seaman, of Brewster, fell from the foremast head into the sea, and was lost. It is supposed that he was stunned by striking against something, as he sunk immediately, and although the ship was hove to, and the boat got out, he could not be found. Touched at St. Helena Oct. 14, and sailed again 15th.



The Harold on fire.

“At 8, P. M., Oct. 26, lat. 4° 30' S., lon. 26° 25' W., smoke was discovered issuing from the after hatch. On going into the hold with a lantern, it was ascertained that the smoke came from amidships, and that the ship was evidently on fire. Capt. Howes then went immediately on deck, closed all the hatches, and made preparations to leave the ship, by hoisting out the boats, and placing in them provisions, light sails and spars. The long-boat was then dropped astern,

and the jolly-boat kept alongside to leeward; it being then half past 9 o'clock, P. M. Heavy volumes of smoke were seen issuing from the house and hatch. The captain gave immediate orders for all hands to embark in the boats as soon as possible. Messrs. Austin, Erving, Parkman, Bell, Mr. Nash, first officer, and three seamen, (Henry Knox, John Crome, and Michael, an Italian,) embarked in the jolly-boat alongside. Capt. Howes, the second mate, seven seamen, and the cook and steward got into the long-boat, astern, and had just time to shove off from the ship. Those who were in the jolly-boat were not so fortunate, for, before they could get clear of the ship, the fire burst her whole decks out, and she was one complete mass of fire and flame. Bales, cases, and other goods were seen thrown to the mast heads. The heat was so intense that those in the jolly-boat could not sustain it, and were obliged to throw themselves into the sea, where they all perished, except Mr. Austin and the two seamen, Knox and Crome, who were picked up at the imminent risk of swamping the long-boat. It was then 10 o'clock, P. M., and although only thirty minutes had elapsed since leaving the ship, she and the jolly-boat had burnt down to the water's edge, and sunk.

They remained in that dangerous position a few minutes, but could learn nothing of the rest of those who had jumped from the jolly-boat, and were obliged to put the boat before the wind for safety. During the night she was kept before the wind, and those on board employed themselves in bailing the boat, and stopping the leaks. Next morning, masts were rigged and sails set, and the boat headed for the coast of Brazil, it being the nearest land, six hundred miles distant W. by S., and arrived, Nov. 2, thirty-six miles north of Pernambuco, for which place they immediately started, and reached it on the evening of the 4th. They proceeded immediately to the house of Mr. Ray, the United States consul, who received them with all

possible kindness and hospitality, providing them lodgings in his own house, in which Capt. H. and Mr. Austin continued afterwards to reside.

Capt. Howes states that he has every reason to believe that the fire originated in the lower hold; because, if it had originated in the between-decks, it could not possibly have communicated so soon to the saltpetre, which was all stowed in the lower hold, at the bottom of the ship. There was a large quantity of linseed on board, which was stowed in the lower hold forward, upon the saltpetre; and that has been known to ignite of itself when damaged by water. The ship leaked considerably forward in heavy weather, and the captain was of opinion that the water must have reached the linseed, and caused it to ferment to such a degree as to ignite the surrounding cargo. He could assign no other cause, as no one had been into the hold for thirty days with a light: besides, the smoke came from amidships, where no person had ever been after the ship left Calcutta.

Five persons perished in the small boat, viz.—Henry Parkman; Henry Erving, Boston; Mr. James T. Bell, son of the late ex-governor Bell, of New Hampshire; Samuel P. Nash, the mate, and a seaman, named Michael, an Italian.

A friend, in a letter, alluding to the death of James Thorn Bell, son of the late ex-governor of New Hampshire, by the destruction of the ship Harold, states the following facts:—

“Six years ago, Gov. John Bell was surrounded by a happy family of four beautiful and highly cultivated daughters, and three fine boys, who were all acquiring a classical education, that they might be prepared to fill worthily those high stations, which they seemed destined by birth and circumstances to occupy.

“Now, the father is laid in his grave; and his four daughters, two of whom have left husbands and children to mourn for them, have been laid by his side. His two oldest sons were members of Dartmouth Col-



lege. Within two years, the eldest travelled into the Southern States for his health, and died, and was buried among strangers. A little more than a year ago, James sailed for Calcutta, on the same errand. His health was partially restored, and he was returning to the embraces of his excellent mother and only surviving brother, and has found his grave in the depths of the ocean."

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## MIRACULOUS PRESERVATION

Of the crew of the Scotch ship *Scotia*, by the New York packet ship *Roscius*, Dec. 5, 1839.

THE ship *Roscius*, Capt. Collins, one of the New York packets, on her passage to Liverpool, Dec. 5, 1839, fell in with the ship *Scotia*, bound from Quebec for Glasgow, water-logged. Dr. Madden, who was one of the passengers in the *Roscius*, has furnished the following interesting narrative of the rescue of the crew from a watery grave.

"In the afternoon of the 5th of December, we fell in with the wreck of the *Scotia*, bound from Quebec to Glasgow, burthen six hundred tons, loaded with timber, water-logged, in lat. 46°, lon. 32° 30'. On seeing signals of distress flying, we altered our course and bore down on her. On our vessel approaching, Capt. Collins hailed her. The answer was, 'We are water-logged, —seventeen feet of water in her hold!' The prompt reply of Capt. Collins, was, 'If you want to come on board, put out your boats.' A cheer from the people of the sinking vessel followed; such a cry as men in desperate circumstances alone could utter; and that thrilling cry went up as the simultaneous shout of men in the most extreme peril, suddenly restored to



life and hope;—and instantly every hat and cap was seen waving on the crowded poop.

“An effort was now made to approach us; but the water-logged vessel was utterly unmanageable. She pitched heavily, as if she would have gone down headlong; the seas swept over her, and, as she rose, poured through her broken ports. Her topmasts had been cut away to ease her; and the poop-deck, where the crew were congregated, seemed the only place of safety left them.

“In attempting to near, she came staggering down on us, and we were compelled to make sail to get out of her way. The sea was very heavy. We again laid to, and were then about a mile from the Scotia. Night came on, and no boats were seen. The unfortunate Scotia was then lost sight of altogether. About 6 o'clock, Capt. Collins hoisted a lantern, and the light was immediately answered by the Scotia. It was the opinion of the captain that one of their boats had put off and had been swamped in attempting to reach us, and that the survivors had determined to wait till morning before another attempt was made. It seemed indeed doubtful, in the extreme, if any small boats could live in such a sea. It is impossible to sufficiently commend the conduct of Captain Collins, as his anxiety to reach Liverpool before the steamer, which was to have sailed six days after us, made every moment of importance. We had, moreover, seventy steerage passengers, and twenty-one in the cabin; and to forego taking advantage of a fair wind, and to lay to for a night in a heavy sea, with every appearance of an approaching gale, was a determination which, I greatly fear, many a master of a ship would have found great difficulty in forming and acting on. Capt. Collins, however, made this resolution promptly, and without any expression of impatience at the detention it occasioned. His only observation was, ‘We must stay by them, at all

events, till morning; we cannot leave them to perish there.'

"At 6 o'clock in the evening, cheering was heard in the direction of the Scotia. The people, we supposed, had taken to the boats, and had then left the sinking vessel. In the course of an hour, or rather less, the long-boat of the Scotia, filled with men, was on our lee quarter. By the admirable arrangements which were then made by Capt. Collins for rescuing them, the men were taken on board without the least accident. This boat brought eighteen; the captain and five men still remained on board the wreck, and were preparing to put off in the jolly-boat. No little anxiety was felt for the safety of this small boat. In the course of half an hour, however, she was seen; and, with two oars only, she gained the Roscius, and the captain and his five men were soon taken on board. To the credit of Capt. Jeans of the Scotia, be it observed, that he was the last man to leave the sinking ship. The anxiety expressed by the men who came in the first boat for the safety of their captain, and, indeed, the terms in which the whole of his people, then and subsequently, spoke of him, showed how highly he was respected and esteemed by his crew; and, if he had not been so, he would, probably, not have kept his ship afloat so long as he had done. Nor was the anxiety of Capt. Jeans for the safety of his crew less manifest. The first question he asked on coming on board the Roscius, was, 'Are all my people safe?' The captain and crew were all Scotch; and their conduct throughout reflected no discredit on their country.

"When they came on board, they were worn out with continual exertion. The men had been night and day at the pumps since the previous Tuesday. But, exhausted as they were, they immediately turned to, and, with one accord, went on deck and did duty with our crew; and no sooner were the boats cast adrift, than there was ample occasion for their services;—a violent gale from the northeast set in,

which must have rendered it utterly impossible for the people to have taken to their boats; and the violence of which, on the following day, must have been inevitably fatal; for it would have been impossible to have kept the pumps going,—and the sea already, even before the gale from the northeast set in, was making a clear breach over her, and threatening to carry away her poop-cabin, the last place of refuge left for the poor people of the Scotia, except the top, where they had already stowed water and provisions, in the momentary expectation of being compelled to abandon the deck. Thus providentially was it that twenty-four human beings were preserved from a watery grave.

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## SHIPWRECKS AND OTHER DISASTERS,

In the vicinity of Boston and Cape Ann, which occurred during the Tremendous Gale and Snow Storm of Dec. 15 and 16, 1839.

It has, probably, never before fallen to the lot of the inhabitants of New England to have witnessed so many terrible disasters, by tempest and sea, and in so brief a period, as in the furious and destructive gales which swept along our coast within the last two weeks of December, 1839,—carrying desolation and death in their destructive pathway, and overwhelming numerous families in the deepest gloom of heart-felt mourning.

Often as we have been called to mourn with those who have mourned over the sad wreck of human hopes, we have never met with any more calculated to excite the sympathy and commiseration of the friends of humanity, than the melancholy events which it is our duty to record.

In giving an account of the distressing shipwrecks, the loss of life, and loss of property, which have been the terrific results of this tempest along the New England shore, we have taken much pains to collect our materials from the most authentic sources.

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## DISASTERS IN BOSTON HARBOR.

IN Boston, the snow storm commenced about 3 o'clock on Sunday morning, December 15, with a strong northeast wind, which continued throughout the day, occasionally relapsing into rain. In the course of the day the wind increased, and blew with great fury from the eastward; and in the evening, for several hours, it amounted to a perfect hurricane, blowing with more violence than had been known for years. The gale continued through the night, but abated somewhat after midnight.

Most of the vessels in the stream dragged their anchors; and much damage was done to the shipping lying at the wharves,—some few of the particulars of which we give the reader :

Schooner Harwich, lying at anchor in the stream, was forced against the ship *Columbiana*,—one of the New Orleans packets, moored at a wharf,—and carried away her mainmast, stove her stauncheons, bulwarks, &c. The *Columbiana* had her cutwater knocked off, was badly chafed, and had her anchor torn away.

Schooner *Clarinda*, of Boston, and a lighter sloop, lying at the same wharf, sunk alongside.

Ship *Propontis*, of Boston, from Cadiz, broke adrift, tore out her timber heads, and drove up the dock.

Ship *Forum*, of Boston, parted her moorings, and drove up the dock;—she stove in her stern, had her fore topmast carried away, and sustained other injury.



Ship Sterling, of Boston, broke adrift, and was very much chafed by falling across the dock.

Brig Banian, of Boston, from Matanzas, dragged from the stream, and received considerable damage from contact with the vessels at the wharves.

At one of the wharves much damage was caused by the barque Creole, which drove from the stream, and came in contact with the brig Adelaide, which lost her bowsprit and was severely chafed. The Adelaide dragged against the Hamburg brig Erdwina, and damaged her sides, chain plates, &c.

A lighter schooner was sunk by another vessel's bowsprit driving into her stern.

Schooner Herperus, of Gardiner, from Pittston, at anchor in the stream, parted her chain, drove against ship Wm. Badger, parted her fasts, and both drove up, across the dock, lowest side to the sea; the schooner carried away bowsprit, and stove her bow port in. The ship had her side badly chafed, and the end of her jib-boom stove in the upper window of a four story brick store on the wharf.

Brig Adelaide, for Trinidad, carried away her bowsprit, &c.

The Hamburg brig Erdwina, for Baltimore, chafed all her sheathing off fore and aft, split several planks, and stove a hole in her side, carried away chains fore and aft, jib-boom and main-boom.

Brig Gertrude, from Mansanilla, stove part of her stern, and carried away bowsprit.

Sloop Star filled and sunk.

Brig Cyprus was considerably chafed.

Schooner Clorinda lost her foremast and bowsprit, filled and sunk.

Sloop Hepzibah filled and sunk.

Schooner Thomas, from Portland, dragged her anchors in the stream, drove against a wharf, and started several planks in her larboard quarter.

Brig Banian, from Matanzas, dragged her anchors in the stream, drove in to the Eastern Packet Pier



wharf, both anchors ahead, stove boat, storehouses, &c.

The schooner Catherine Nichols, from Philadelphia for Boston, went ashore on Sunday, at 4 o'clock, P. M., on the S. W. side of Nahant, and three of the crew were drowned, the captain and one man saved.

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## DISASTERS IN GLOUCESTER HARBOR, In the Gale of December 15, 1839.

WE are indebted to a friend in Gloucester, who has kindly furnished us with the materials for the following account of the destruction of life and property in that harbor, on Sunday, December 15.



Gloucester Harbor during the storm.

Never have we witnessed so severe a storm, or one so disastrous and melancholy in its results, as that

which set in on Sunday morning. Snow and rain came together, accompanied with a high wind from the southeast, which soon increased to a gale almost unprecedented for violence, and which continued without abatement the whole of that day and most of Monday. Property and life have been swept away, to an almost unparalleled extent; and the scenes of suffering and desolation that have been brought before their eyes, have involved a whole community in sorrow.

On Sunday morning there was in our harbor about *sixty* sail of vessels, which had put in, in anticipation of a storm. Of this large fleet, all that could be seen at anchor on Monday morning were about *twenty*, and they having every mast and spar cut away,—a solitary pole in each only standing to bear aloft a signal of distress, and for assistance. These, tossing as they were like egg-shells upon a violent sea, and exposed to the yet raging gale, liable every moment to part their cables and be driven to sea with all on board, presented a scene melancholy in the extreme. But when the eye rested upon the long line of wrecks that were strewed along the shore, and the innumerable fragments of others, together with their scattered cargoes,—with here and there the cold and stiffened corpse of a fellow-creature, and the straggling groups of the suffering survivors,—the feeling heart was subdued, and the strongest sympathy awakened in the breasts of all.

Below we give an abstract of the particulars connected with this calamitous loss of life and property, and a list of the names of the vessels wrecked or otherwise damaged, prepared with much care, and which we believe to be mainly correct.

Sloop *Eagle*, of Bath,—crew saved, vessel and cargo lost.

Sch. *Eliza & Betsey*, of Mount Desert,—sunk at her anchors, crew lost, their names were Joseph Gott, Alpheus Gott, Peter Gott, and Joseph Gott.

Sch. Boston, of Belfast,—crew saved, vessel and cargo lost.

Sch. Mary Jane, of Portland,—cut away masts, stove deck load, and afterwards brought into harbor,—crew taken off.

Sch. Columbia, of Bremen, Me.,—total wreck,—two men drowned, whose names were Wm. Wallace and Wm. Hofses.

Sch. Neutrality, of Portland,—crew saved, vessel and cargo lost.

Sch. St. Cloud, from New York for Prospect,—total wreck,—crew saved.

Sch. Favorite, of Wiscasset,—vessel and cargo lost,—two were drowned, Mr. William Mann and Mrs. Sally Hilton.

Sch. Sally, of Wiscasset,—vessel and cargo lost,—Capt. Drake and his brother were drowned.

Sch. Fame, of Ellsworth,—vessel bilged,—crew saved.

Sch. Delta, of Augusta,—vessel stranded above high water mark, no lives lost.

Sch. Sarah, of Portsmouth,—no lives lost, cargo partly saved.

Sloop Portland, of Brunswick,—driven ashore, no lives lost.

Sch. Prudence, of Prospect,—crew saved, vessel and cargo lost.

Sch. Sally & Mary, of Bristol,—crew saved, vessel and cargo lost.

Sch. Industry, of Prospect,—crew saved, vessel and cargo lost.

Sch. Mary Frances, of Belfast,—just as the custom-house boat boarded her, her last cable parted, and she went to sea; the boat took off the crew and two passengers, Mr. B. F. Blackstone, and Dr. Boyden, of Belfast.

Sch. Volant,—wrecked, crew supposed to be saved.

Sch. Mary Gould,—wrecked, crew saved.

Sch. Charlotte,—wrecked, crew saved.

Sch. Walrus, of Bucksport,—wrecked at Pigeon Cove, crew all perished; four of the bodies found.

Sch. Brilliant, of Mount Desert,—vessel and cargo lost, and the captain (Amos Eaton) and two of the crew drowned.

Sch. Milo, of Bristol,—vessel and cargo lost, and one man (Samuel Sprawl) drowned.

Sch. Splendid, of New Castle,—vessel and cargo lost, crew saved.

Sch. North Carolina, of Calais, from Calais, bound to Newport, with lumber,—cut away mast and rode out the gale, but sustained other injury by vessels drifting afoul of her.

Sch. Antioch, of Ellsworth,—broke away from her anchors; cut away her masts, and brought her to; rode at her anchors some time, and then parted one chain, and held on with one anchor. The crew left her about 2 o'clock in the afternoon, and at 3 she drifted out to sea; she was afterwards discovered at Cohasset Rocks, gone to pieces.

The following schooners were dismasted:—Superior, of Ellsworth; John, of Thomaston; Wm. Penn, of Machias; Gen. Jackson, of St. George; Mercator, of Danvers; Fame, of Augusta; Favorite, of Gloucester; Martha Ann, of Eden; Patriot, of Thomaston; Orlen, of Waldoboro'; Harriet, of Westport; Edward, of Mount Desert; Mary Ann, of Ellsworth; Fawn, of Long Island; Fair Play, of Weymouth; Increase, of Bristol; Julia Ann, of Sedgwick; Resolution, of Harpswell; Congress, of Mount Desert; Marine, of Portland; Economy, of Islesboro'; Henrietta, of Westport; Ariel, of Boston; Alert, of Woolwich; Fair Play, of Boston; Norman, of Thomaston.

Sch. Cassius, of Prospect,—stern damaged and boat lost.

Sch. Cooper's Fancy, of Mount Desert,—vessel sunk, crew saved.

The sch. St. Thomas, of Haverhill, from Baltimore, rode out the gale in safety; she left, off Cape Cod, or



Saturday night, one ship, two barques, and six brigs, —thick snow storm and blowing a gale.

We have thus given a long list of the disasters which occurred in Gloucester harbor during the gale and storm of Dec. 15 and 16,—making *twenty-two total wrecks*,—*thirty-three* vessels dismasted and otherwise injured,—with the loss, as actually ascertained, of more than TWENTY human beings.

The bodies of twelve of those who perished, having been thrown ashore, were recovered. These, (with the exception of the remains of Mrs. Hilton, which had been removed to Boston by her friends,) were, on the following Sabbath, interred from the First Parish Church of Gloucester, where, in the presence of an immense audience, an appropriate discourse was delivered by the Rev. Josiah K. Waite, and the obsequies performed. A procession was formed, consisting, it is computed, of between two and three thousand people, who followed the dead to the place of burial.

The following are the names of the deceased, as marked upon their coffins:

Amos Eaton, master of schooner Brilliant.

Peter Gott, }  
Alpheus Gott, } of schooner Betsey & Eliza.

William Hofses, }  
William Wallace, } of schooner Columbia.

Joshua Nickerson, master of schooner Walrus.

Isaac Dacker.

Reuben Rider.

Phillip Galley,—and two bodies, names unknown.

The following letters, from a gentleman in Gloucester, will be found to possess much interest.

“GLOUCESTER, Sunday night, Dec. 15.

“We have experienced a most disastrous gale of wind



here to-day from E. S. E. A fleet of fifty vessels, which came out of Portland yesterday, put in here this morning in a thick snow storm,—from seventeen to twenty of which, as near as can be ascertained, have gone ashore in our harbor, and are total wrecks.

“Our oldest sea captains say they have not experienced a gale like this since that of 1815. Truly we have been called upon to-day to witness the most heart-rending scenes; aye, to stand on shore and see the poor sailors clinging to the last fragment of their frail bark, and staring grim death in the face, fully determined upon their fate.

“Hundreds of our energetic and praiseworthy citizens, with undaunted courage, immediately repaired to the scene of disaster, and they have done all in their power to save the dying and drowning—and many, at the peril of their lives, like heroes, rushed into the surf and dragged men and women, by means of ropes, on shore, in an exhausted state; but, alas! many were doomed to the fate of a watery grave.

“Too much praise cannot be bestowed on the unbounded hospitality of our townsmen, in administering to the wants and comforts of these shipwrecked hardy sons of Neptune. To-morrow will be a sad day in gathering up the mangled bodies of the dead.

“I will close this mournful epistle, by adding, that the rain continues to pour in torrents, and the gale has not as yet abated any. The roar of the sea, resembling distant thunder, can be heard for miles along our rock-bound shore. Most melancholy music! I doubt if the gale has been worse on our whole coast, than we have experienced it in Cape Ann.”

“GLOUCESTER, Tuesday night, Dec. 17.

“Since I last addressed you, I have gathered the following additional particulars relative to the late disastrous gale experienced on our shores.

“A schooner, name unknown, drove ashore about 3 o'clock on Monday morning, near the Cove. Part of

the crew were saved. She belonged to Bucksport, and was loaded with corn, flour and furniture. Vessel a total wreck; cargo partly saved in a damaged state. Two other vessels came ashore and went to pieces,—not a soul saved, yet heard of. The schooner Prudence, of Prospect, Splendid, of Newcastle, and Mary & Eliza, of Belfast, have bilged, all lumber loaded. During the height of the gale on Sunday night, about twenty-three vessels were forced to cut away their masts to save them from a perilous fate.

“Yesterday morning, I paid a visit to the awful scene of destruction, and what a melancholy sight did I behold! The whole shore, as far as the eye could extend, was literally strewn with dead bodies, in a horribly disfigured and mutilated state, so much so that many of their fellow-sailors were unable to recognise them. Truly, this scene was enough to chill the blood of any eye witness, or melt a heart of adamant. Scattered here and there were ten thousand broken fragments of vessels, trunks, chests, boxes, bales, wood and lumber,—the whole presenting a most frightful spectacle; and yet all this immense loss of life and property seemed but the work of a moment, directed by the hand of Almighty Providence. But enough; my heart already sickens at the recital of this horrid tragedy.

“Some of our citizens, with a deep-felt sympathy, which they have nobly manifested from the outset, yesterday afternoon resolutely determined, at the imminent risk of their own lives, to volunteer their assistance to the remainder of these almost perishing and distressed mariners. Wind still blowing, snow flying and the sea breaking, so as to render the attempt extremely hazardous, and fraught with danger, yet they gallantly manned their boats, and ere the sun had set, they safely landed in comfortable quarters ninety human beings, all from dismasted vessels, two of which, with valuable property, immediately parted their cables and went to sea. The escape proved

almost miraculous. This generous deed, on the part of our fishermen, needs no comment of mine.

“About one hundred wreckers have been constantly employed, night and day, in saving all the property within reach.

“At Sandy Bay, two vessels drove on a ledge of rocks, with cargoes of flour and grain, and went to pieces,—all hands lost. The pier or breakwater, (that gigantic structure of stone,) at this place, also yielded to the fury of the elements, it being torn up about ninety feet. The stone fillers, weighing seven and eight tons, all started out. This fact seems almost incredible. I have also heard of a wreck at Coffin’s beach. At all events, I am credibly informed that the Austrian barque, which stranded a short time since, is now no more.

“I feel it a duty I owe to myself, and in justice to the noble liberality of our fellow-citizens, to state, that a public meeting was called last evening, to come to the aid of our shipwrecked mariners. The call was warmly responded to, and the meeting duly organized. Motions were moved and seconded, resolutions unanimously adopted, committees chosen, papers drawn up, and the sum of \$500 subscribed on the spot. This act of generosity will ever redound to the honor of the inhabitants of the town of Gloucester.

“The total number of wrecked and dismasted vessels is about forty. From twenty-five to thirty lives were lost, perhaps more; twelve of the bodies have been found and taken care of.”

The following extract of a letter from the Rev. C. M. Nichols, of Gloucester, is a description of the human suffering which he was called to witness during the late gale of December 15.

“There were about sixty vessels in the harbor when the gale commenced. They began to break away from their moorings about 4 o’clock, P. M. At an early hour I repaired to the beach. There,

amid the roar of waves, the crash of falling masts, and the fragments of broken vessels and their cargoes, dashing furiously together, the scene was awful beyond description. Probably twenty or thirty sailors perished! I heard their piteous cries for help, but could not help them. Hundreds of us were within twenty yards, and, in some cases, within ten, and yet were unable to afford relief.

“I will select a single instance, which will give you some idea of the whole scene. It is the fate of the schooner *Brilliant*, of Mount Desert. I saw her when she first struck adrift. She was a large schooner, loaded with stone. The situation of the crew was perilous in the extreme; and when they found that they must go ashore, they slipped their cables and ran her, bows on. The sea broke over her so high, that the men were obliged to go up into the fore rigging. After lying for a while in this position,—not more than once and half her length from the bank,—she was, by a very heavy wave, brought side to the shore. Soon she began to break up, commencing about midships. The eyes of all were now fixed with intense anxiety upon this vessel. She was the last one that went to pieces. We saw that the situation of the crew, who were in the starboard fore rigging, off shore, was utterly hopeless. I felt—and could not help expressing my feelings to some who stood near me,—‘Were I in their situation, I should want a very clear hope of heaven, and a very strong faith.’ If ever I offered an earnest prayer, it was then, and in their behalf. We stood, every moment expecting to see the masts fall. The wave at length came which determined their fate; both masts fell off shore, and we knew the men were under them! All was still as death,—the very winds and waves, for a moment, seemed hushed in solemn pause. Nothing more did we expect to hear from the ill-fated seamen. But in a few moments the piercing cry came, ‘*A rope, a rope!*’ It produced great excitement among those on the



shore, but all attempts to send them the desired aid were vain. We heard that cry again,—but nothing could be done. We waited fifteen or twenty minutes, and supposed that all was over. A number of us had left the beach, when one man, after being in the water for half or three quarters of an hour, was seen in the surf, and drawn out alive; the bodies of two others were found under the broken fragments after the tide had fallen; the rest have not been found.

“From one vessel a rope was sent to the shore, and two men on board made themselves fast to it; but, unhappily, it caught foul, and with the strength of all who could reach it, we could not get it clear. The men perished, while one end of the rope to which they were attached, was in our hands! On board another vessel, lying within twenty or thirty feet of those who stood on the bank, a lady and gentleman were seen till the last fragments were broken up, and then sunk before our eyes into a watery grave. In other cases, the struggling sufferers were washed away by the retreating wave, just as they were about to grasp the hand that could almost reach them from the shore.

“The next morning, the whole beach was covered with the spars, and timbers, and broken cargoes of nearly twenty vessels; while here and there might be seen a mangled human form, in some instances so wedged between the crevices of the rocks that they could not be moved till the tide had left them. Such a scene I never witnessed before, and hope I may never be called to witness the like again.”



## DISASTERS AT OTHER PLACES,

On the shores of New England,—at Newburyport, Marblehead, Cohasset, and at Provincetown, in the Gale and Snow Storm of December 15 and 16, 1839.

*Newburyport.*—From 10 to 12 o'clock on Sunday night, Dec. 15, the wind, which had shifted a point or two more to the N. E., blew a perfect hurricane. Several of the wharves, which were overflowed by the high tide, were much injured, and large quantities of wood, lumber, &c., were floated into the docks. About fifteen or twenty vessels, lying at the wharves, suffered more or less damage,—though none were wrecked, nor, according to the best authority we can find, were there any lives lost.

The keeper of the lights on Plum Island, describes the tide as having flowed quite across the island in a number of places, making many deep ravines, and causing many acres of meadow land to be covered with sand. The hotel and site, with almost all the buildings, were surrounded with one entire sheet of water, as well as the road leading to the bridge. The violence of the gale was such as to remove many sand hills, forming at the same time many lakes and ponds. He also remarked that the whole eastern side of the island had washed away to an astonishing degree.

*Marblehead.*—During the gale at Marblehead, the schooner *Minerva*, from Pittston, Kennebec, bound to

Plymouth with wood, hay, &c., cut away both masts and bowsprit, and threw over deck load of hay.

Sch. Paul Jones drove high and dry on the rocks and bilged.

Sch. Sea Flower, with a cargo of corn and flour, stranded on the beach, making a total loss of vessel and part of the cargo.

Sch. Brilliant lost her main boom, and had her stern ripped down.

Sch. Tasso, slightly damaged.

On River Head Beach, the schooners Mary, John Q. Adams, Plutus, Two Brothers, and the Burlington, (the latter lost her rudder,) were all driven up high and dry, but have since been got off.

The stern of a small craft was found on River Head Beach, probably wrecked on one of the islands at the mouth of the harbor.

*Cohasset.*—The Swedish brig Preciosa, which sailed from Boston on Saturday, Dec. 14, anchored inside Cohasset Rocks, Monday forenoon, and cut away both masts.

Sch. Antioch, of Ellsworth, laden with lumber, and supposed to have drifted out of Cape Ann harbor, struck on Nichol's Rock about 7 o'clock on Tuesday morning, and went to pieces; she was dismasted, and had no one on board when she struck.

Sch. Margaret, of Bath, was driven high and dry.

British brig Susannah drove up to Quincy.

British schooner H. Davenport, for Annapolis, went ashore on Hospital Island.

*Provincetown.*—The following are extracts from a letter, dated Provincetown, Dec. 17, 1839:

“The brig Rideout, from Bath for Matanzas, came into the outer breakers, on the back of the Capes, about 2 o'clock this afternoon, immediately capsized, and all on board perished. She was a new brig, on her first voyage.

“A Portland brig, from Havana for Boston, with sugar and molasses, went ashore about one mile north of Highland Light,—vessel and cargo a total loss,—two of the crew drowned.

“Sloop Independence, of Charlestown, loaded with sand, sunk the same day. The crew took to the rigging, where they remained two hours, and, after two attempts, they were rescued by a whale-boat, doubly manned.

“Since writing the above, I learn there is another brig in the outer breakers on the back of the Capes, with the crew in the tops. Also, a large schooner, resembling a New York packet, with both masts cut away. Likewise, a large lumber-loaded brig in the surf,—masts cut away, deck load gone; the crew are on board, but no assistance can yet be rendered them, though many people will remain on the beach, during the night, to render assistance if possible.”

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## ANOTHER DISASTROUS GALE,

In the vicinity of Boston and Cape Ann, December,  
27, 1839.

A LETTER from Boston states the following particulars of the gale in that place:—

“On the night of Friday, Dec. 27, we were visited with another very severe storm, from E. S. E. It commenced raining early in the evening, and, in a short time after, it began to blow very violently, and continued until midnight, when it increased to a furious hurricane, not abating until about 7 o'clock next morning. The destruction of property is very great. The tide rose higher than it did in the gale of the 15th of this month, and overflowed the wharves, doing great damage to them, and injuring considera-

ble property in the cellars. A great quantity of lumber was washed from the wharves. The Front street dyke was broken down, owing to which the water overflowed nearly all the low land between Front and Washington streets."

The damage done to the shipping in the harbor was very great.

The ship Geneva, of New York, had her bowsprit and head-rigging carried away, her starboard anchor torn from the bow, which, hanging by the chain, badly chafed her cut-water. Her head and stem, to the water's edge, were completely smashed level with the bow.

Four water boats were sunk at the wharves.

Sloop Helen, from New Bedford, drove from her anchors in the stream into one of the docks, and carried away her mast and bowsprit.

Ship Argo lost head, carried away bobstays, and was otherwise damaged about the bows.

Sch. Allen, from Jacmel, lost topmasts—was cut down amidships, and broke from her fastenings.

Brig Lincoln, from Havana, struck on the Spit, knocked off her rudder, lost fifty hhds. molasses from off the deck, cut away mainmast, beat over, anchored, and rode out the gale.

Ship Concordia parted her stern fasts, drove against the stern of brig Magnet, injuring the stem of the ship and the stern of the brig. The latter also tore away her chain plates, which had just been renewed in consequence of injuries in the previous gale.

A letter from Charlestown, dated Dec. 28, says:

"One of the most singular and remarkable wrecks occurred during the gale of last night and this morning, which we have ever had to record.

"The ship Columbiana, of over six hundred tons burthen, was lying last night at Swett's warf, in this town, and broke from her fastenings this morning, about 5 o'clock, at near high tide. She was partly



loaded with ice. Driven by the wind and tide together, she came bows on against the old Charlestown bridge, and made a clean breach through it. She next brought up against the wharf at the draw of Warren bridge, and here the scene was most remarkable. A story-and-a-half house stood upon the wharf, occupied by Mr. Dix, who is engaged in attending the draw of the bridge, lighting lamps, &c. Himself and family, consisting of nine persons, were in bed at the time, and all escaped without any injury, notwithstanding the building was entirely demolished. No two parts of it are left together, but all presents a scene of chaos which cannot be imagined. One large fragment of the chimney stands poised many feet from its original position, and directly beneath it is the family bureau, bedding and chairs. Part of the roof was thrown overboard, and another part projected on the bridge. The piers on which it stood, forming a part of the wharf, are broke or bent over, and the flooring carried away. The bridge was much injured—the fencing broken down and the sidewalk thrown up for some distance.

“It is remarkable in what manner the inmates succeeded in escaping with their lives and limbs. One man, we are told, was thrown overboard, but succeeded in regaining the wharf, without receiving injury. The children were also saved from their beds without harm, and found shelter in a fruit shop at the hither end of the bridge.

“The ship probably slipped her fastenings, on account of the very high tide, which flowed over many of the wharves. She does not appear to be at all injured, unless her bottom be chafed. We are told that Captain Barker was on board the ship until midnight, and, finding all safe, left the mate in charge; who, when he found the vessel adrift, took the helm and steered her. She passed directly through the old bridge, as though there had been no obstacle in her way. She would also have passed through the War-

ren bridge, had not the mate luffed her so as to strike the wharf, and bring her broadside to the bridge. By this movement the bridge was saved."

*Newburyport.*—In a letter from Newburyport, the following particulars are given:—

"On Friday night we were visited with another destructive gale, being the third which has occurred during the present month. The wind, which had blown a fresh breeze during the evening, strengthened to a strong gale soon after 10 o'clock, and at midnight greatly increased in violence, and did not abate until towards daylight. The tide is stated to have risen higher than it has at any time before for thirty years, completely overflowing all the wharves, and setting adrift and destroying a large amount of property. The damage to the shipping at the wharves has also been much greater than has ever been experienced before.

"The Panama, of Wells, a large topsail schooner, lying at Bailey's wharf, with part of a cargo of flour and corn on board, sunk at the wharf.

"Sch. Actor, partly loaded with salt, onions, &c., for the south, filled and sunk at the wharf.

"The schooners Harmony, Van, and Union, also sunk at the wharves.

"The schooner Vulture, had her main topmast broken off, parted her fasts, stove in her stem, and sustained considerable other damage.

"A new brig, lying at the head of Cushing's wharf, was so badly chafed, that many of her planks will have to be taken out.

"Sch. Nun, which came in from Boston, just before the commencement of the gale, with a valuable cargo, parted her fasts, and drove to the upper side of a mast yard, where, after breaking off her bowsprit, davits, and tearing out one side of a shed, she lay in a snug berth.

“Schrs. Traveller, of Wells, and Herald, of this port, had their sterns stove in.

“Schrs. Tom Bowling and Orison, of Wells, lost their bowsprits.

“Sch. Nancy, which was badly damaged in the gale of the 15th, and had just been repaired, was again considerably damaged.

“Schrs. Hope, Atlas, Ellen, Retrieve, Mercy & Hope, Aurora, Mechanic, Harriet, Alphon, and Baltic, were also badly chafed or otherwise damaged.

“The ice, driven in from the flats by the heavy swell, has swept off nearly or quite all the out-buildings belonging to the houses on the lower side of Water street, from Hale’s wharf, down. The two-story building at Mr. Woodwell’s carpenter’s yard, was entirely demolished; a two-story building, belonging to Mr. Brookings, was also destroyed; and several one-story buildings were swept off; the cellars of the houses were filled with water, and had the storm continued, it would have endangered the safety of the houses themselves.

“The wharves are many of them considerably injured; and the docks filled with wood and lumber, of which, much, no doubt, will be lost, as there is a heavy freshet in the river.

“The tide flowed into a store on Bailey’s wharf, where a large quantity of sugar was stored, and damaged that on the lower part of the store to some extent. We learn, also, that some oil was lost from Haskell’s wharf, and a large number of small boats were stove to pieces at the lower end of the town.

“The ice from the flats is piled up on the lower part of Water street, so that large quantities of it will have to be removed before the road will be passable.

“It is altogether unprecedented, that three severe gales,—two of them heavier than any we have had for many years past,—should occur within a period of fourteen days.”

*Gloucester.*—An account from Gloucester, states, that “the wind of Friday night, Dec. 27, blew a perfect hurricane, and threatened to sweep everything before it, as with the besom of destruction. Houses were almost made to totter from their very foundations, and it was a fearful as well as sleepless night to thousands of our inhabitants. From 4 to 6 o’clock, in the morning, the tempest was at its acme, and the roar of sea and wind was truly frightful. Fortunately, but few vessels were at anchor in our harbor. Had there been as many as there were in the gale of the 15th, the destruction of life and property must have far exceeded anything in the annals of storms.

“Out of the six or eight vessels that were at anchor in the outer harbor, four of them went ashore, of which we give the following particulars:

“Brig *Richmond Packet*, of Deer Isle, from Richmond for Newburyport, with corn and flour, went ashore on the point of rock near the Steep Bank, and went entirely to pieces. The crew were all saved. Never was a more complete wreck than this. The next day there was not a piece as big as your hand to be seen of her. But the most melancholy part of the story remains to be told: on the vessel’s striking, the captain jumped overboard with a rope, and succeeded in getting safely upon the rocks. Having made fast the rope, and when about ready to get his wife, who was on board, ashore by its means, the brig took a sudden lurch and snapped it; the lady was then let down upon a spar into the water, but hardly had she reached the element when a heavy sea swept her off, and she was heard and seen no more! Her body was discovered, on the succeeding Monday, lying upon the coal in the hold of the sch. *Thetis*, ashore near the same place, where it had been washed by the sea, the hatches of the *Thetis*, as well as her companion-way, having been forced open.

“Brig *Aladdin*, of North Yarmouth, from Baltimore for Portsmouth, with flour and corn, went ashore on



Half Moon Beach, near the above. Her stern was stove in so that the water ran fore and aft in her hold. No lives lost.

“Sch. Thetis, of and for Portland, from Philadelphia, with coal, went ashore close to the Aladdin, and bilged. The vessel is a total loss, but the cargo was saved. No lives were lost.

“Sch. Bride, of Eastport, from Georgetown for Salem, was run ashore, by the master, on the beach near the Cut Road, to save himself from a worse fate. She stove her bottom, but was got off, and saved her cargo, (corn and flour,) in a damaged state.

“Sch. St. Cloud, of Blue Hill, Me., from New York, for Sullivan, Me., cut away her masts and held on.”

*Provincetown.*—A letter, dated Provincetown, Dec. 28, says,—

“Last night and this morning we were visited with another violent gale of wind, which has done much more damage here than any former gale within the recollection of our oldest people. The loss of property cannot be estimated at less than \$50,000, which principally falls upon the inhabitants of this town. The wind blew with great violence, causing the tide to rise much higher than usual; and nearly every vessel that was fastened at the wharves, broke loose and drifted among the stores and dwellings along shore, demolishing everything in their way.

“Mr. Jesse Small lost his store and about one half of his stock of English and West India goods. Eight or ten other stores, containing fish, were thrown down by the vessels, and the fish much damaged. About twenty salt mills were blown down, and a vast quantity of salt works blown away. Many cellars of dwelling-houses were overflowed, and, in some instances, the inmates were compelled to leave their houses and seek shelter with their more fortunate neighbors. Some of the wharves were entirely swept

away; and, in fact, our shores are piled up with fragments of wrecks, buildings, barrels of mackerel, lumber and spars.

“The loss to our shipping is immense. Brig Imogene, (whaler,) it is thought, will be a total loss; brig Fanny (whaler) suffered much in her hull; schooners Caroline, Brenda, Amazon, and Alice & Nancy, lost their sterns, and received much other damage; schooner Delphi lost most of her sails, and had her hull badly damaged; schooner Joseph Helen, loaded for New Orleans, lost windlass, bowsprit, foremast sprung, and badly damaged in her hull; all the above are very high up on the beach, and the brigs must be screwed up and launched before they get off.

“Sch. Elizabeth Ann, of and for Halifax, from Boston, with flour, grapes, raisins, &c., drove ashore and sunk. Her decks were under water at high tide,—the cargo has been landed in a damaged state.

“Sch. Clio, from Norfolk, for Boston, drove high up on the beach, lost main boom, bowsprit, and received other damages.

“Sch. Planet, from Bath, for Baltimore, with lumber and pickled fish, is also high up on the beach.

“Sch. Fleet, loaded for Baltimore, went ashore, with both anchors ahead. She drifted afoul of schooner Clio in the stream, and both vessels came ashore together.

“Sch. Pandora, from New York, for Boston, with flour, &c., went ashore, but did not receive much damage.

“Sch. Althorp, from Richmond, with corn and bread,—ashore high and dry.

“The new schooner, Wm. W. Wyers, for Norfolk, high up on the beach. About twenty other vessels, principally fishermen, suffered greatly in spars, rigging, and hulls badly damaged.

“Brig Wave, from Bath, for Matanzas, having late-

ly got off shore at Truro, up high on the beach in this harbor.

“I have heard of no lives lost as yet. Mr. Richard Atkins had his leg broken while endeavoring to save his property. Mr. Henry Lawrence, of Barnstable, of the crew of schooner Rowena, had his leg broken and shockingly mangled between two vessels.

“Mr. Franklin Atkins lost his shop and whole stock of leather, shoes, &c., which were swept away by the tide.”

*Salem.*—At Salem the gale was very severe. A letter from that place says:

“Great damage was done at our wharves last night. Several vessels have sunk, and many more driven ashore and dismasted. We have heard of no lives being lost as yet. The storm was the worst we have had this season.”

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## WRECK OF THE CATHERINE NICHOLS,

On Nahant Rocks, in the Gale and Snow Storm of  
December 15, 1839.

THE schooner Catherine Nichols, Capt. Woodward, of Charlestown, bound home from Philadelphia, loaded with coal, was wrecked on Nahant, Sunday, Dec. 15, at 4 o'clock in the afternoon.

Captain Woodward states that he first made Egg Rock, and then ran round into a cove on the southwest side of Nahant, and anchored. The wind was then favorable, and they were sheltered by the high hills from the violence of the tempest; and the crew might easily have reached the shore in the boat.

In about half an hour, the schooner broke adrift,

and passed by Baylie's point, struck once heavily, and was thrown round on the shelving rocky shore, where she immediately went to pieces. With great difficulty, and by the assistance of the hospitable inhabitants of Nahant, the captain and three of the crew got on shore alive; but one of them, Mr. John Whiton, of New Bedford, died before he could be carried to a place of shelter.

The mate clung to the vessel, which was entirely broken to pieces, to the last. He died amidst the roaring surf; and when found, he was destitute of every particle of clothing, except his stock and stockings, and was washed in among the rocks of that rugged shore. Mr. Levi Hatch was drowned, or died from bruises received before he could reach the shore; he left a wife and two children at North Yarmouth. The bodies of these two unfortunate men were taken to Lynn, where they were buried. An appropriate funeral discourse was preached by Rev. Mr. Cook, and a large number of citizens followed the bodies to the burying-ground. Another of the crew, John Lindsay, of Philadelphia, was also lost; but his body was not recovered; when last seen he was clinging to the fore rigging, which, with the foremast, drifted off to sea.

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## WRECK OF THE SCHOONER DEPOSIT,

On Lakeman's Beach, Ipswich, in the Gale of December 15, 1839.

THE schooner DEPOSIT, Captain Cotterell, from Belfast, Me., went ashore on Lakeman's Beach, in Ipswich Bay, at 12 o'clock, on Sunday night, and four of the seven on board perished from cold and exposure. Great credit is due to Mr. Greenwood, keeper



of the light-houses, to Mr. Marshall, and to others, for their noble exertions to rescue the survivors from a watery grave, and also to Captain Lakeman and his family for their kindness. The particulars of this melancholy loss we believe are substantially these: Mr. Marshall first discovered the wreck on Monday morning, and after giving the alarm, himself and Mr. Greenwood repaired to the scene. Although the vessel was close on shore, a boat could not live for a moment in the surf, but Mr. Greenwood dashed into the water, and succeeded in reaching the vessel, and with a rope, hauled in Mr. Marshall and the boat. They found the people on board, among whom was the wife of the captain, almost exhausted, the sea making almost a continual breach over the vessel. The boy was already dead, lying in the scuppers, and a negro on board, also, soon after laid down and died. The storm was still raging with unabated fury, threatening every moment to dash them to pieces; and the piteous cries of those who yet survived induced the noble-hearted fellows to make an attempt for their rescue, desperate as it seemed without further assistance, as they could not live many minutes on board. The captain, almost senseless, and completely exhausted, was first lowered into the boat with Mr. Marshall; but a wave instantly upset it, dashing Marshall under the vessel. He, however, rose to the surface, and saved himself by catching hold of a rope; but the captain was drowned, of course, as he was incapable of helping himself.

Mr. Greenwood stated, that the horrors of the storm, the sight of the dead around him, and the cries of the dying for succor, were as nothing to the terrific shrieks of the captain's wife, as she saw her husband buried beneath the waters. Two of the crew were got ashore, one of them by floating on the boom. The bereaved woman was then lowered from the stern by ropes, and Messrs. Greenwood and Marshall, standing each side of her in the water, took advantage of an

inward wave, and run her ashore in their arms. The three were conveyed to the house of Mr. Lakeman, and medical assistance procured. The names of the three survivors are Mrs. Cotterell, George Emery and Chandler Mahoney.

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## WRECK OF THE BRIG POCAHONTAS,

On Plum Island, December 23, 1839,—with the Loss  
of the Whole Crew.

ON Monday morning, Dec. 23, soon after daylight, Capt. Brown, at the hotel on Plum Island, discovered the wreck of a vessel, dismasted, on a reef which lies one hundred and fifty yards from the beach, and nearly half a mile east of the hotel. From the papers, trunks, and fragments of the vessel strewed on the beach, she was known to be the brig Pocahontas, of Newburyport, Capt. James G. Cook, which sailed from Cadiz the latter part of October, for that port. When first discovered, we learn that three men only were seen, one lashed to the taffrail, nearly or quite naked, and apparently dead, and two clinging to the bowsprit. In a short time, and before the intelligence had reached town,—the weather being so thick that no signals from the island could be seen,—only one man, and he clinging to the bowsprit, remained. The tremendous sea running, rendered it impossible to render any assistance to the only survivor of this ill-fated crew, who maintained his position for some hours, having lost it once and regained it, in sight of many people on the beach, who had no power to relieve him, until he was swept into the surf a second time, and was seen no more.

It appears that the brig must have anchored some time in the course of the night, and being too near

the shore for good holding ground, dragged from her anchors and went stern foremost on the reef, where she thumped until her stern was stove in, and the fearful breach which the sea made continued to tear



Wreck of the Pocahontas.

her in pieces, until nothing but the skeleton of what was once a noble vessel remained.

When she came into the bay, and whether those on board knew her position during the gale; whether the majority of them were swept off together, or one by one, being overpowered by the intensity of the cold and the violence of the sea, will never be known, as not one of the twelve or thirteen souls on board is left to tell the sad tale.

Among Capt. Cook's papers, washed ashore from the brig Pocahontas, the following list, with accounts annexed, was found, the two first being the names of the captain and mate, and the others probably those of the crew: James G. Cook, Albert Cook, Simon Day, Samuel Johnson, Wm. Merriam, Wm. Floyed, John Peterson, John Smith, Moses Woodman, Peter Johnson, Henry Ellis, John Wilson, Wm. Wails.

The funeral of Mr. Cook, the first officer of the Pocahontas, and seven of the crew, whose bodies had been found, took place from the Federal street church, in Newburyport. The house was filled with an immense concourse of people, not less, probably, than two thousand and five hundred in number. The coffins were placed in the broad aisle, and an American ensign thrown over each. After the close of the exercises at the church, a procession of several hundred citizens formed, notwithstanding the severity of one of the coldest days of winter, and proceeded with the bodies to the grave, while all the bells in town were tolled, and the flags were displayed at half mast.

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THE following is a brief summary of the loss of property and life in the gales of December and the first part of January :

“In the first two weeks of December, eight vessels were lost, mostly on our eastern coast. On Sabbath, the 15th of December, it will long be recollected that there was a severe snow storm, accompanied, on the eastern shore of Massachusetts, with a violent gale of wind. In that single storm no less than eighty-nine vessels were totally lost, together with about ninety lives. Of these shipwrecks, sixty-one were at or near Cape Ann; twenty-one around Boston harbor and Cape Cod; and the remainder at other places not far distant. From that time until the close of the month, the total losses which have already been reported, amount to eighty-four vessels, and eighty-nine lives.

“Some of these losses will long be remembered, such as the wreck of the Pocahontas on Plum Island, with the loss of her whole crew; and the loss of the Lloyd on Nantasket Beach, where but one man escaped to tell the melancholy tale. From the 1st to the 15th of January, the loss of eleven vessels had already been reported, with the loss of about two hundred and fifty-five men, allowing one hundred and fifty to be the number lost in the Lexington. Putting



these numbers together, we have a total of one hundred and ninety-two vessels entirely lost, in the short space of six weeks, and about three hundred and forty lives."

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## BURNING OF THE PACKET-SHIP BOSTON,

On her Passage from Charleston, S. C., to Liverpool, on the 25th of May, 1830.

THE packet-ship BOSTON, Capt. H. C. Mackay, sailed from Charleston on the 19th of May. On the sixth day out, at 2 o'clock in the afternoon, a heavy rain commenced, and at 11 o'clock the same evening, there was sharp lightning, with heavy thunder. The second flash struck the ship, burst the main royal from the gaskets and burnt it,—knocked down the steward, and a sailor by the name of Hopkins, and filled the vessel with electric fluid. The ship was soon after discovered to be on fire, and the hatchways were immediately cleared in order to get at and subdue it. Holes were cut in the deck, and water plied freely in every direction,—but all was useless: the cotton in the main hold was on fire on both sides, fore and aft, and burning like tinder. The only alternative was the boats, which were got out as speedily as possible. The fire had progressed so rapidly, that there was barely time for the passengers and crew to get clear of the ship before the flames burst out. They had, however, succeeded in obtaining water and provisions sufficient to sustain them, on short allowance, for about three weeks.

Capt. Mackay thus remarked: "The passengers had exerted themselves to the utmost to assist us. The officers had, with unwearied exertion, coolness and activity, done all that men could do. The ship's



crew worked like horses and behaved like men,—but all would not do. About three hours had changed one of the best ships that ever floated to a complete volcano, and cast twenty-three persons adrift on the open ocean.”

The cabin passengers were, Sir Isaac Coffin, and servant; Dr. William Bogue, and his sister, Miss Ansella Bogue; Mr. Neil McNeil, and Mr. Samuel Osgood.

Owing to the heavy rain and exposure, while in the boat, the shattered constitution of Miss Bogue, who was an invalid, soon gave way. To the divine will she submitted without a murmur, and, at 11 o'clock the next day, she died in the arms of her brother. On the following day she was committed to the deep; their situation not admitting of the corpse being kept longer in the boat.

They remained near the fire of the wreck for two days. At 3 o'clock in the afternoon of Thursday, they were fortunately discovered and taken on board the brig *Idas*, of Liverpool, bound for Halifax, and commanded by Capt. Joseph Barnaby, who, with his officers and crew, treated them with kindness and attention. They had remained on board the brig but two days, when, on the succeeding Sunday, May 30, they fell in with the brig *Camilla*, Capt. Robert B. Edes, who generously offered them a passage to Boston, and received them on board his vessel.

We give the following highly interesting and graphic account of this event, written by a gentleman who was a passenger on board; and though he has not summoned up all the horrors of the scene, which have been retailed in conversation, he has been sufficiently minute, and imparted a degree of interest not often found in narratives of this kind:

“We left the shore with joy in our hearts, for the sun shone brightly, and the wind was fair. Joy, did

I say? Yet there was a slight shade of sadness so blended with it, that I am not certain it would have been so welcome without. As our vessel glided along, we watched the dancing waves as they rose, broke, foamed, and then died away; and the sporting porpoises, too, as they gamboled in the foam beneath our bows. The wind grew fainter, and the dolphins swam close to the vessel. Occasionally, a whale was seen to spout up water, and to raise its broad tail to the surface of the now tranquil ocean. At length the breeze wholly ceased, and all was still, save the flapping of the sails, that enemy of the sailor's speed. The scene was indeed changed, from the animation of the spray-crested wave to the grave undulation of the unexcited ocean.

“At last, the passengers, one after another, went below, until but one solitary being, besides the man at the helm, remained on the quarter-deck. This was the captain. His weather-beaten face and silvered hair were enough to convince you, at a glance, of his experience in navigation. To him we naturally looked, as to a barometer, to ascertain the state of the atmosphere, which, it must be acknowledged, at least to the suspicions of one among us, indicated nothing favorable.

“I had, but a few years before, been a common sailor, and from the manner of the several captains with whom I had sailed, had observed enough to know that danger was at hand, by the silence and restlessness of our own, as he paced the deck, now glancing at the heavens, now heading the ship in another direction,—again looking at some dark clouds rising above the western horizon, and next, in a voice of thunder, ordering the royals to be furled, and the top-gallant studdingsails to be taken in. This order quickly confirmed my suspicions, and brought two of our unsleeping passengers to the deck, who, perceiving in the calm, clear sky overhead, no cause for the order, retreated again to the cabin. But the practised

eye of the captain saw not only the storm, but its rapid approach towards the vessel; and before his commands could be obeyed, the gale struck, and carried away both starboard and larboard booms. All hands were called up, and, almost as soon as said, the main and top-gallant sails were clewed up, and every thing put in trim to stand the gale; for, from the way in which it had set in, we had every reason to anticipate its rapid increase. We were not disappointed. Ere 12 o'clock the next day, the noble ship, on which but yesterday was crowded all sail to catch the lagging wind, was barely able to scud before the blast under bare poles. But we weathered the gale, which lulled towards night; and the sky, so lately overcast by dark clouds, became clearer and clearer, till not a shade was visible in the face of the broad heavens.

“We had been watching the sun as it appeared to descend directly into the sea, until it could no longer be seen. When we turned away, our attention was arrested by a small, dense, black cloud which had arisen above the southeastern horizon. After passing our comments on so singular a phenomenon, most of us went below, to while away the hours in reading, playing at whist, or some other amusement, until tea time, when one of our number, who had been on deck, returned, and half-seriously observed, ‘That dark cloud forebodes no good!’ At 10 o'clock a sharp flash of lightning blazed on our bark, followed quickly by a loud peal of thunder. Soon after, a tremendous crash was heard, like the falling of ten thousand grape shot on the deck, directly over our heads. At the same time, everything seemed enveloped in one bright flame. The passengers looked at one another in wild amazement. A few shrieks followed the fatal shock, and a silence, as of death, succeeded.

“When we had recovered our faculties sufficiently to look about, we found the captain and the mate bringing from the deck one of the seamen in a state of insensibility. He had been knocked down, with

several others, by the electric fluid, but soon revived by the application of a dose from the medicine chest. It was ascertained that none of the men had sustained material injury. The deck was carefully examined, but no incision could be found, nor could any traces of the lightning be perceived on the masts or rigging, except by the main-royal gaskets being severed, and the sail loosed, without so much as being even singed.

“The captain came below, assured us that all was safe, and proposed a game at whist, to remove the too painful impression of the shock. Every one retired to his state-room, from which we were soon attracted by the smell of fire. We rushed to the deck. From the after hold the smoke was rising fast. The hatchways were removed, and the ship was found to be on fire. Holes were cut in the deck, the scuppers stopped, and the water-casks stove in. Water was passed in buckets from the side, and plied into the hatchways. The passengers and crew were all busily engaged. A few of the closely-stowed bales of cotton were broken out, and it was discovered that the lightning had passed into the hold, torn open the bales from one end of the ship to the other, and left them in a blaze. The fire gained upon us rapidly, and the boats were now our only hope of safety. One of the passengers went to the pantry, with a pillow-case, in which he collected all the bread he could find.

“A part of the crew now set themselves to getting the long-boat over the side. They had barely cleared it from the rail, when the half-consumed tackle gave way. It was with no little difficulty that it was saved. The passengers and crew, with the exception of Captain M. and myself, took possession of the boat, and were soon at some distance astern of the ship. We were left on the quarter-deck, standing, as it were, over a volcano, expecting every moment that the planks would be rent from their fastenings, so great was the roar and crackling of the flames in consum-



ing the elegantly finished cabin. But even this precarious footing was not long allowed us. The ship, no longer obedient to her helm, swung round, in consequence of which the flames turned upon us, and we were compelled to fly to the deep, as the least of the two evils; but, fortunately, the whale-boat tackle arrested not only the eye, but the hands of the captain, as he was in the act of leaping into the sea, from which he was taken almost immediately. My fate was not so agreeable. I had caught at some loose rigging hanging over the stern, by which I was suspended, being immersed alternately in fire and water, by the descending flames from the cabin windows, as the stern of the vessel rose on the wave that had just drenched me. Although I was discovered as soon as I had left the deck, it was some time before the long-boat could come to my relief; and when she did, it was not without great danger to those in her, from the roughness of the sea and the heat of the fire.

“The captain was taken from the jolly into the long-boat, which he ordered round under the weather-bow, and, with two or three men, ascended to the fore-castle, to get some water from the fore-run. While the men were passing it from the vessel, the captain was sitting on the rail, near the anchor, holding the boat by the painter. At this time the main and mizen masts were tottering in the air. Fortunately, they yielded beneath their own weight, as the vessel rolled to windward, and fell in the opposite direction; and the fore-braces being fast, the fore-yard was snapped short off in the slings. The weather-arm of this immense spar fell within an inch of the captain’s head; but he, with that self-possession which characterized him throughout the whole of this fearful catastrophe, secured the boat, took the fore-top bow-line, went out to the bowsprit, and by tying it to the fore-stay, prevented the yard-arm from swinging. This done, he resumed his seat, till the men were driven from their task by the devouring element.



“The captain was the last to leave the ship. At three o'clock in the morning, there were twenty-three of us, including the crew and passengers, on the bosom of the ocean, in open boats, three hundred and sixty miles from land. Yet even this did not prevent some admiring the sublime scene; and one, I know, wished his colors and pencils to sketch it, as the ship was tossed on the restless wave, high up against the gloomy sky.

“All that day the sea ran mountains high. A third of a biscuit, and a gill of water, which was to be our daily allowance, was eagerly devoured: but it appeased our appetites, sharpened by hard labor, and suffering from the intensely-piercing north wind, which incessantly swept over our unsheltered heads. But a colder comfort was in anticipation. In a few short days, one, but which?—the lot would decide—must be sacrificed to satisfy the hunger of the others. It was not difficult to imagine the cold steel penetrating the heart of the unfortunate victim, to sever the thread of dear existence.

“The wind went down with the sun, the clouds faded from the heavens, and the moon smiled on us, as we lay upon the heaving swell that always follows a storm. Not far off, the ill-fated ship, still unconsumed, threw her lurid light upon the pale faces of my companions. Dejection had humbled the heads of some, till, their chins resting upon their bosoms, they were buried in melancholy reflections. No hope of ever seeing home could they reasonably entertain. We were far out of the usual track of vessels going to and from Europe; and unless some ship that had been blown off her course should be attracted by the light of the ship that night, our intention was to steer for Halifax, Nova Scotia, that being the nearest land. We endeavored to sleep, but being crowded into so small a space, it was impossible. When daylight dawned, every one was on the alert. The horizon was scanned in every direction, but no sail appeared

to gladden our hearts; and those in the whale-boats were *requested*,—for misfortune had made all equal in authority,—to go and get some light sails from the wreck. They soon returned with a supply of royals, studding-sails, boom-irons, and other useful matters.

“The seamen now engaged in rigging sails to masts made of the boats’ oars. The bread and water were divided between the three boats, in case they should be separated; and the prows were scarcely headed for Nova Scotia, when the first mate roused us by the joyful cry of ‘Sail ho!’ on the starboard quarter. The whale-boat, being the lightest, was selected to run down to the distant sail, which the captain perceived, with the aid of his glass, to be a brig, apparently close hauled to the wind. Fears were entertained that she was beating against the wind, and might go about on the other tack ere we were discovered. We followed leisurely, and with inconceivable alarm beheld, when the advance boat was near the brig, the smoke, and presently heard the report, of a gun. Dismay took possession of our souls, which somewhat abated when we perceived that the whale-boat steadily pursued her way toward the imagined enemy. The interest with which we watched grew more intense every moment, until we saw our comrades ascend the side, and the light thing that bore them drawn to the deck by the hands of a stranger vessel. Our turn came next; and never was a more friendly reception given to the unfortunate, than was extended to us by the generous-hearted Englishman who commanded the brig. Long before the second boat reached the side, the captain had ordered his cook to provide us a dinner of the best the pantry afforded. The long-boat was dropped astern, and made fast to the taffrail, and the jolly-boat followed the first.

“Dinner was soon announced; and, whilst we were doing it justice, in the simplicity of his heart, the captain acknowledged himself to be one of those numer-

ous coasters on the American shore, who, never having studied navigation, take a bundle of shingles when about to leave port, to distribute on the trip out, that they may be enabled to find their way back. He told us that he discovered the smoke rising from what he supposed to be the low land of the West Indies, about 12 o'clock, and calling for his spy-glass, ascended to the top. Perceiving a vessel burning, and at the same time three boats making towards him, he concluded, at once, that we were pirates, who, after robbing the ship, had set fire to her. With this supposition, he had ordered his mate to load the gun and fire it, to apprise us that he was not without ammunition to defend the brig.

“The third day after our deliverance we fell in with a vessel bound to Boston. Bidding Captain Barnaby farewell, and thanking him for his hospitality, we took our own long-boat, which had been towing astern, and went on board the other brig. In two days the *Camilla* bore us into Boston, where the packet belonged, to inform the owners of their loss. The news spread like wildfire; and, before we reached the wharf, thousands had collected to see the unhappy sufferers.”

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## INTERESTING NARRATIVE

Of the Miraculous Escape of the United States ship Peacock from Shipwreck, after striking and grounding on a Coral Reef, September 21, 1835.

THE following account is extracted from the journal of an officer of the United States ship Peacock :

“About twenty minutes past 2 o'clock, on the morning of the 21st of September, all hands, except the watch on deck, were roused from unsuspecting sleep by a horrid noise, caused by the ship's bottom grind-

ing and tearing over a bed of coral rocks. The ship was running at the rate of seven and a half miles the hour when she struck.

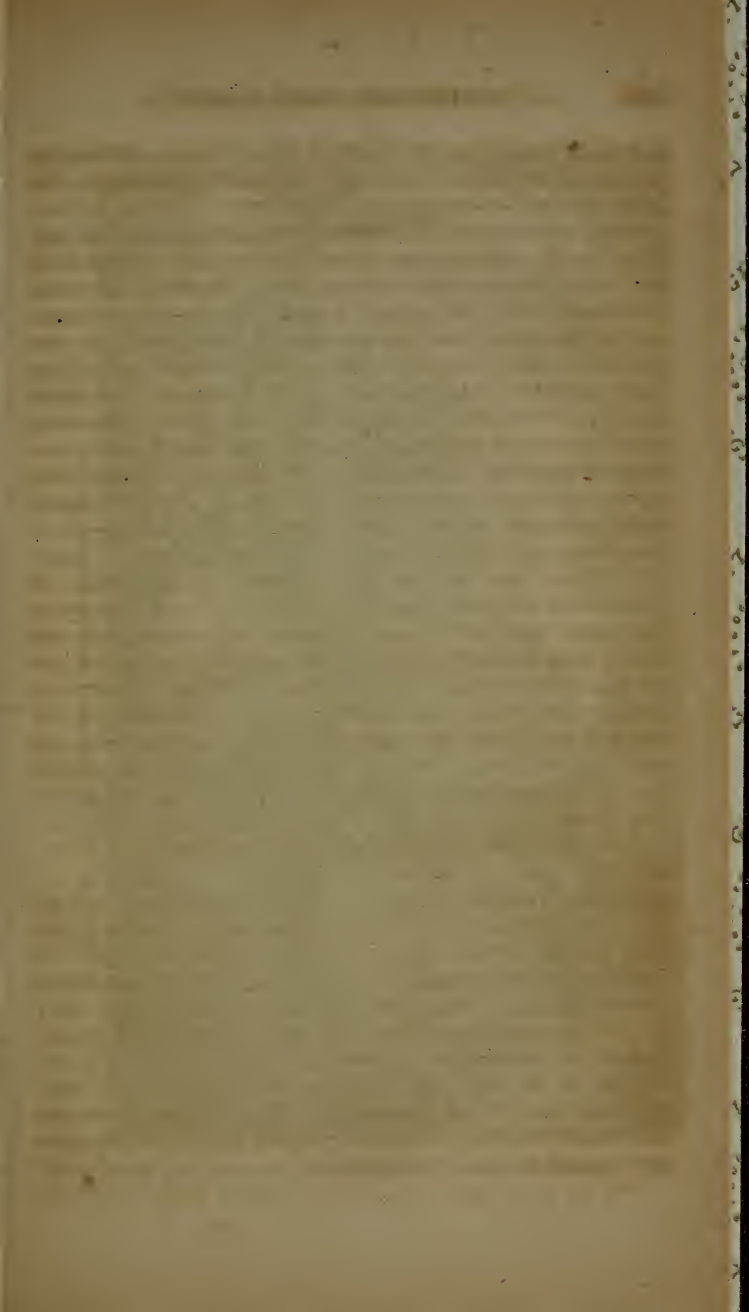
“As the ship no longer moved forward, but lay floundering, as it were, from side to side, all sail was taken in, and an officer sent out to ascertain in what direction was the deepest water. In the mean time, the boats were hoisted out and an anchor got into one of them; and on the return of the officer who had been sent to sound, it was carried about three hundred yards to the westward, where there was sufficient depth to float us, and there dropped, with the view of heaving off the ship. As the most speedy and ready means of lightening the ship, about five thousand gallons of water were pumped overboard—but it was in vain.

“When the tide rose, efforts were again made to heave the ship off, but were unsuccessful. Deeming our case now to be almost hopeless, a boat was got ready and sent early the following morning, under the command of passed-midshipman Taylor, bearing a treaty, for Muscat, to obtain means of carrying off the officers and crew, in the event of not being able to get the ship afloat. The sea was so smooth that we did not apprehend that the ship would soon go to pieces, but there was much to be feared from the Arabs.

“On Tuesday morn, the 22d, the work of lightening was continued, and we saw, with feelings of regret, one half of our guns cast into the sea; but we had the pleasure to find that the ship moved and got into rather deeper water. The moment she began to move, new life was infused into all hands, and the men broke forth in a song and chorus, to which they kept time as they marched round the capstan, or hauled in the hawser by hand.

“At 2, P. M., we anchored in three and a half fathoms water, yet the distance was so great to where the water was deep enough to make sail, that we were by no means sure of getting off.

“The next morning, having laid a kedge well out







Burning of the Light-house at Cape Florida by the Seminole Indians.

to windward which was off shore, and having hoisted the topsail yards to the mast-heads, we hove up the anchors. The ship was well off the shore, but the water was only three and a quarter fathoms deep. The topsails were let fall and spread with great celerity, and at the same instant the back-rope of the kedge was cut, leaving us once more under the influence of our canvass. At 6 o'clock we had beat off several miles, and anchored in six fathoms of water, with the island of Mazeira in sight, showing us that we were between it and the main.

“Early on the 24th, we got under way, and beat off the Gulf of Mazeira. At sunset, the southern extremity of the island was astern, and a last cast of the lead gave us thirty fathoms in an open sea, after having been grinding the coral for fifty-six hours.”

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## A THRILLING DESCRIPTION

Of the Burning of the Light-house on Cape Florida, by the Seminole Indians, and the Miraculous Escape of Mr. Thompson, the keeper, July 23, 1836.

THE following account was written by Mr. Thompson, the keeper of the light-house, at the time:—

“On the 23d of July, about 4 o'clock in the afternoon, as I was going from the kitchen to the dwelling-house, I discovered a large body of Indians within twenty yards of me, back of the kitchen. I ran for the light-house, and called out to the old negro man that was with me to run, for the Indians were near. At that moment they discharged a volley of rifle balls, which cut my clothes and hat, and perforated the door in many places. We got in; and, as I was turn-

ing the key, the savages had hold of the door. I stationed the negro at the door, with orders to let me know if they attempted to break in; and then took my three muskets, which were loaded with balls and buckshot, and went to the second window. Seeing a large body of them opposite the dwelling-house, I discharged my muskets in succession amongst them, which put them in some confusion. They then, for the second time, began their horrid yells, and in a minute no sash or glass was left in that window, for they vented their rage at that spot. I fired at them from some of the other windows, and from the top of the house. In fact, I fired whenever I could get an Indian for a mark. I kept them from the house until dark.

“They then poured in a heavy fire at all the windows and lantern; and at the same time set fire to the door and the window even with the ground; the window was boarded up with plank, and filled up with stones inside; but the flames spread fast by being fed with yellow pine wood. Their balls had perforated the tin tanks of oil, consisting of two hundred and twenty-five gallons. My bedding, clothing, and, in fact, everything I had, was soaked in oil. I stopped at the door until driven away by the flames, and then took a keg of gunpowder, my balls, and one musket, to the top of the house; then went below, and began to cut away the stairs about half way up from the bottom. I had difficulty in getting the old negro man up the space I had already cut; but the flames now drove me from my labor, and I retreated to the top of the house. I covered over the scuttle that leads to the lantern, which kept the fire from me for some time. At last the awful moment arrived; the crackling flames burst around me; the savages at the same time began their hellish yells. My poor old negro looked up to me with tears in his eyes, but could not speak. We went out of the lantern, and laid down on the edge of the platform, which is two feet wide. The lantern was now

full of flame,—the lamps and glasses bursting and flying in all directions,—my clothes on fire,—and to move from the place where I was, would be instant death from their rifles. My flesh was roasting; and to put an end to my horrible suffering, I got up, threw the keg of gunpowder down the scuttle. It instantly exploded, and shook the tower from the top to the bottom. It had not, however, the desired effect of blowing me to eternity; but it threw down the stairs, and all the wooden work near the top of the house, and damped the fire for a moment, but it soon blazed as fierce as ever. The negro man said he was wounded; it was the last word he spoke.

“By this time I had received some wounds myself; and finding no chance for my life, for I was roasting alive, I took the determination to jump off. I got up, went outside the iron railing, recommended my soul to God, and was on the point of going head foremost on the rocks below, when something dictated to me to return and lay down again; which I did, and in two minutes the fire fell to the bottom of the house. It is a remarkable circumstance that not one ball struck me when I stood up outside the railing, although they were flying all around me like hail-stones. I found the old negro man dead, being shot in several places, and literally roasted.

“A few minutes after the fire fell, a stiff breeze sprung up from the southward, which was a great blessing to me. I had to lay where I was, for I could not walk, having received six rifle balls, three in each foot.

“The next morning, after loading my little sloop with plunder, about ten or twelve Indians went into her; the rest took to the beach, to meet at the other end of the island. This happened, as I judge, about 10 o'clock in the forenoon.

“My eyes being much affected, prevented me from knowing their actual force, but I judged there were about forty or fifty, perhaps more. I was now almost

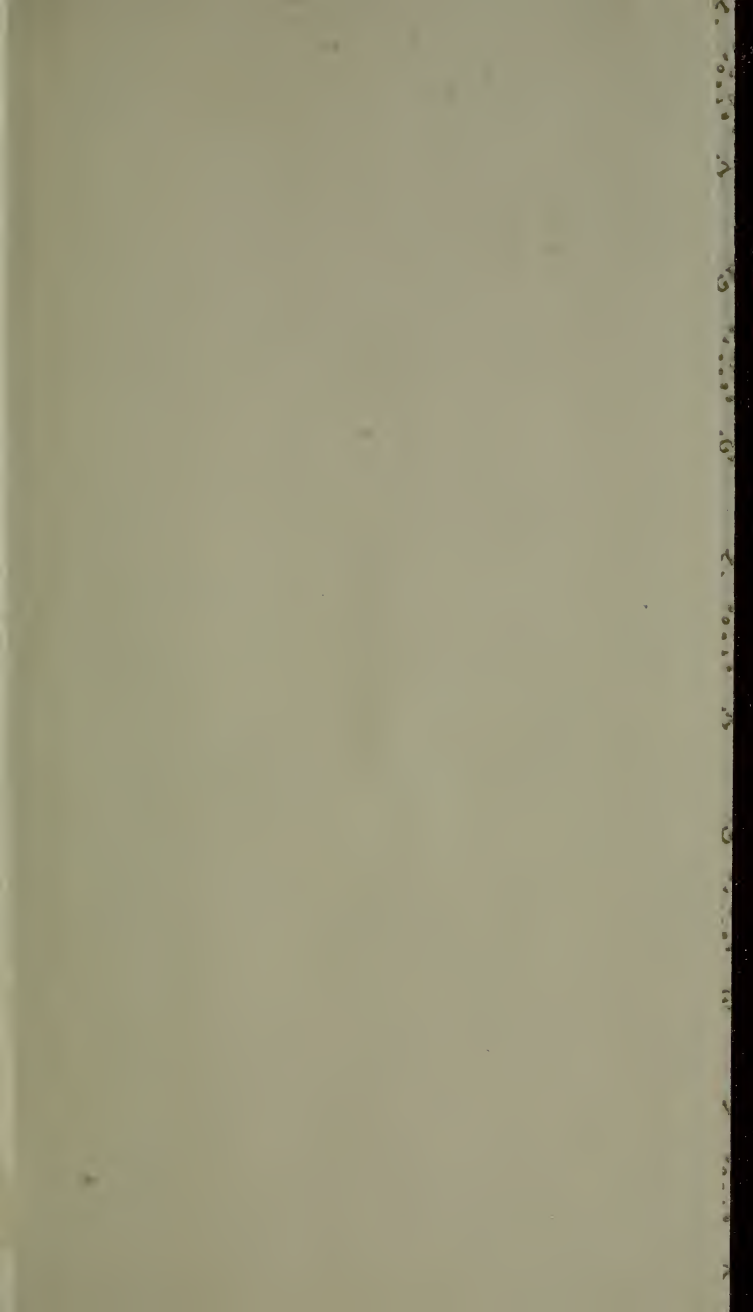


as bad off as before;—a burning fever on me, my feet shot to pieces, no clothes to cover me, nothing to eat or drink, a hot sun overhead, a dead man by my side, no friend near, or any to expect, and placed between seventy and eighty feet from the earth, and no chance of getting down,—my situation was truly horrible. About 12 o'clock, I thought I could perceive a vessel not far off; I took a piece of the old negro's trowsers, that had escaped the flames by being wet with blood, and made a signal.

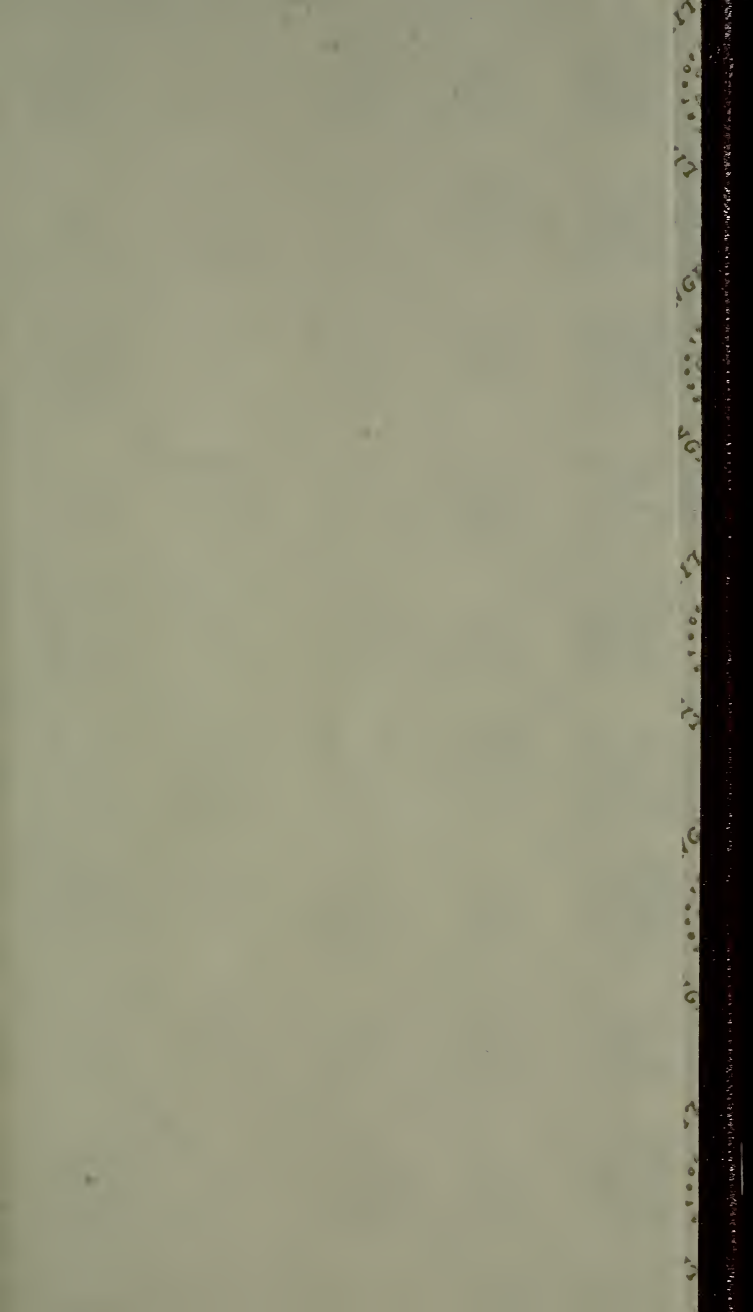
“Some time in the course of the afternoon, I saw two boats, with my sloop in tow, coming to the landing. I had no doubt but they were Indians, having seen my signal, and had returned to finish their murderous design; but it proved to be the boats of the United States schooner *Motto*, Captain Armstrong, with a detachment of seamen and marines, under the command of Lieutenant Lloyd, of the sloop-of-war *Concord*. They had re-taken my sloop, after the Indians had stripped her of her sails and rigging, and everything of consequence belonging to her. They informed me that they heard the explosion twelve miles off, and ran down to my assistance, but did not expect to find me alive. They did all in their power to relieve me, but, night coming on, they returned on board the *Motto*, after assuring me of their assistance in the morning.

“Next morning, Monday, July 25, three boats landed, amongst them, Capt. Cole, of the schooner *Pee Dee*, from New York. They had made a kite during the night, to get a line to me, but without effect. They then fired twine from their muskets, made fast to a ramrod, which I received, and hauled up to a tail block, and made fast round an iron stanchion, drove the twine through the block, and they below, by that means, rove a two-inch rope, and hoisted up two men, who soon landed me on terra firma.”

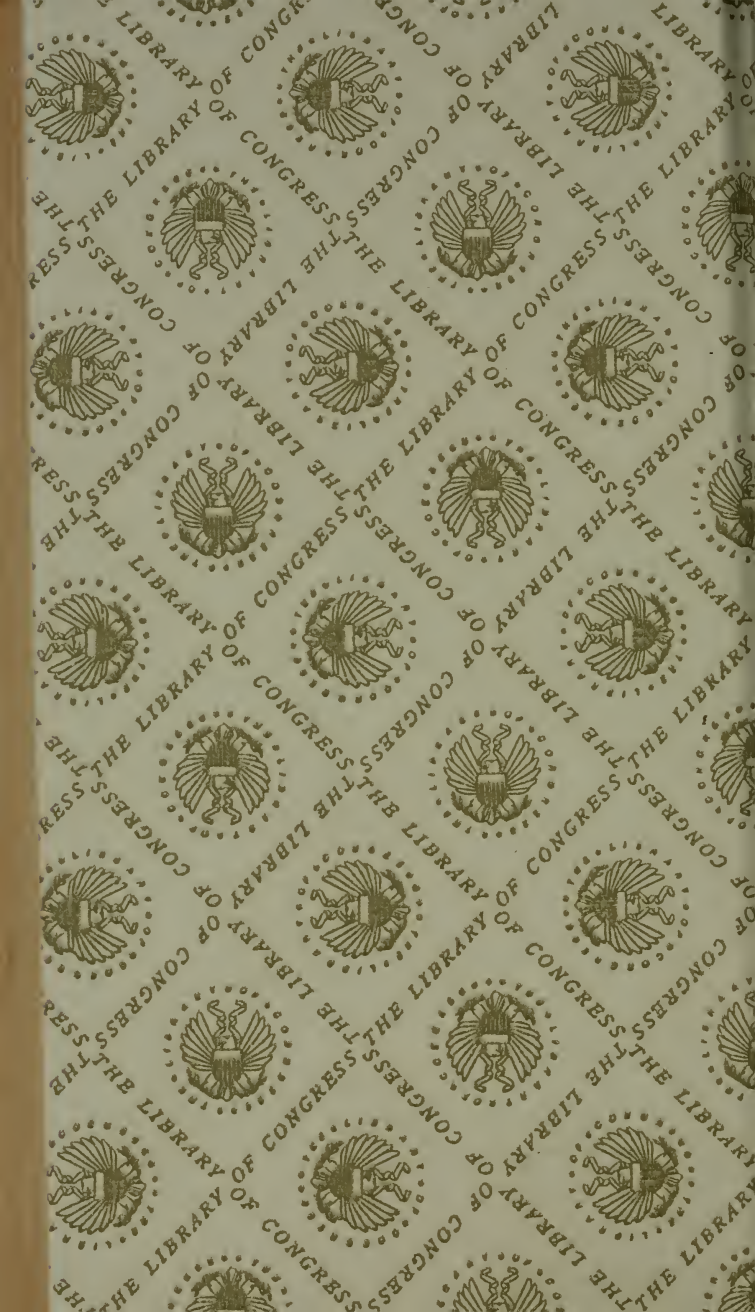
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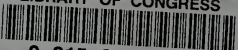






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