

THE GREAT WRECK.

Three more Survivors.

Rescue of Messrs. John Tice, Alex. Grant, and J. W. Dawson by the British brig Mary.

STATEMENTS OF THEIR SUFFERINGS.

Eight Days and Twenty Hours without Food or Drink.

Three more saved from the Central America, was the announcement that was made by the ship news reporter at 9 o'clock yesterday morning, at Whitehall; and his words were echoed from one to another until nearly all in the lower part of the city were on the alert to know who were the fortunate survivors, and the particulars of their rescue.

Within an hour the following brief statement of details was posted on the bulletin-boards at the offices of the daily journals: "The Bremen bark Laura, Capt. Wilmsen, from Bremen 4 days, with merchandise and 240 passengers to H. Koop, arrived this morning. Her captain reports: Sept. 28, lat. 49 54 N., lon. 60 W., at 2 p. m., spoke the British brig Mary of Greenock, Capt. Shearer, from Cardenas for Queenstown, and took from her J. TICE, Second Engineer, of New-York; ALEXANDER GRANT, fireman, of New-York, and G. W. DAWSON, passenger, of New-York, all from the steamer Central America. They had been picked up at sea while in a boat by the Mary, on the 21st of September. The Laura brought them to this port.

"The following statement is from Capt. Shearer of the British brig Mary: "AT SEA, Sept. 28, 1857—2 p. m., Lat. 49 54 N., lon. 60 W.

"This is to certify that the three men (names understood) were picked up at sea in an open boat on the 21st inst. by the brig Mary of Greenock, Captain Colin Shearer, from Cardenas, bound to Queenstown, in the lat. of 36 49 and lon. 71. They stated that they had been cast away in the American steamer Central America, from Havana, bound to New-York. The names of those rescued are: J. TICE, Second Engineer; G. W. DAWSON, passenger, and Alexander Grant, fireman.

"The above men were transferred on the 28th of September. The Bremen bark Laura arrived in port this morning." Inquiries were at once made for the bark Laura, and she was soon found anchored off Castle Garden, in the North River. At 11 o'clock, Mr. Tice, Mr. Grant and Mr. Dawson were sent ashore in one of the boats of the bark, and carried into Castle Garden. Here they received the hearty congratulations of numerous citizens who had been apprised of their safety; after which Mr. Dawson left to go to his friends' residence in Leonard street, and soon after Messrs. Tice and Grant were conveyed to the office of the United States Mail Steamship Company, corner of West and Warren streets, where they were met by Mr. Ashby, the Chief Engineer of the Central America, who was one of the survivors by the brig Marine. They stay here, however, was but brief, as in their weakened state it was deemed imprudent for them to bear the excitement of being so constantly questioned by the scores who had assembled about the place, and, after receiving the congratulations of the attaches of the office, they were placed in a carriage and conveyed by Mr. Ashby to their respective residences—Mr. Grant to No. 36 Vandam street, and Mr. Tice to No. 90 Avenue D, near Seventh street. There they were supposed to rest undisturbed until late in the afternoon.

In the mean time the evening edition of THE TRIBUNE contained the following brief statement of the facts, made by Mr. Tice to the ship-news reporter: "I was seventy-two hours drifting on a plank. On the fourth morning I drifted by a boat, and succeeded in getting into her; and on the 5th picked up Alexander Grant, a fireman, who had been five days on part of the hurricane deck. Grant swam to the boat, and together we pulled for the hurricane deck, and took twelve men on that part of the wreck, the names of some of whom are: George Buddington, third engineer; John Bank, coal passer; dead; Patrick Card, coal passer; dead; Evers, a fireman; and six passengers, names unknown, all dead.

"Messrs. Tice, Dawson and Grant were eight days without water or provisions, the sea making a breach over them most of the time. The second day after the steamer sank they saw a number of passengers on pieces of wreck, but could not assist them. Mr. Tice saw Capt. Herndon just before the ship went down.

"Messrs. Tice, Dawson and Grant are in a sad condition, having been badly bruised, and are all of bad health, having been constantly in the water." Later in the afternoon our reporter succeeded in obtaining interviews with the three last survivors, and were enabled to receive a statement of their sufferings for eight days and twenty hours, while adrift on the ocean, as full and perfect as language can depict them. First will be found the

NARRATIVE OF MR. TICE. Within half an hour before the Central America sank it became evident to all on board that their efforts at bailing and pumping were unavailing, and Mr. Tice, with others, betook himself to the deck. Capt. Herndon was then on the hurricane deck, and he saw him but a few moments before the steamer sank. Mr. Tice at once looked about him to secure some means of saving his life, after the catastrophe should take place. He found a board of an inch and a half in thickness and about ten feet long, and with it he took his stand on the hurricane deck, near the stern of the steamer. He had been there but a few moments when the stern began to sink rapidly, and as the deck sank near to the surface, he sprang with his board into the water—struck vigorously down from the sinking vessel, and when about forty feet distant, he saw the waves closing over his head. He was sufficiently remote from the steamer when she sank, so that he was not carried under. In a moment the boiling surface of the sea was filled with the debris of the wreck, and grasping for them were scores of human beings, still hoping that they might yet be rescued from an impending fate. Resting his chest against the center of the board, Mr. Tice swam to the leeward, and though near to others who were struggling in the waves, they were sustained on pieces of wreck and did not attempt to share his board with him. Soon after the steamer sank, he discovered the lights of a vessel in the distance, which he supposed to belong either to the bark Marine or the schooner [the El Dorado] which they had spoken a short time before the catastrophe. They were to the leeward of him, and he continued swimming in that direction, in hopes to reach the vessel; but, with the disappearance of the lights, about 9 or 10 o'clock, he ceased his efforts. An hour or two later he again discovered lights, and this time much nearer him. In a few moments he was able to distinguish the hull of a vessel bearing directly toward him. His hopes were raised, and he was confident that he would soon be discovered and rescued. But, when only a quarter of a mile distant from him, the vessel—a bark [the Norwegian bark Ellen]—altered her course, and kept off, and subsequently her hull and lights disappeared while she was apparently sailing off in a fine breeze. During the remainder of the night, he encountered seven persons, who, like himself, were drifting about on fragments of the wreck or boards, and in some instances he hailed them. In one case, the gentleman, a passenger, told Mr. Tice his name, which he is now unable to remember. Another said that he had seen the purser of the steamer but a short time before floating on a board, and the belief was expressed that he was yet alive. A heavy sea continued to roll during the night and following day.

Tuesday morning dawned upon Mr. Tice with little to encourage him to hope. The bark became visible, but she was standing off, and by 11 o'clock had sunk below the horizon. The day, however, was fine; the sun shone brightly, but before meridian the heat became powerful. But despondency was no part of his nature. Despite the dreary prospect of his rescue, he resolved to struggle for life. Sunday night came, and for another ten hours he was buffeted by the still heavy waves amid the darkness. But his fatigue was too much for him to overcome, and often during the night his head would drop on his breast while in an involuntary doze, and he would suddenly awaken with his hands instinctively grasping the plank, which alone bore his hopes for the future. But, beside his sufferings from exposure to the waves and the heat, thirst and hunger added their influence to render his situation the more desperate. The gnawings of hunger were severe, but his thirst was terrible. His position was a fearful realization of the words: "Water, water, all around, But not a drop to drink."

Monday morning dawned without the presence of anything to cheer his hopes. Occasionally fragments of the wreck, drifting in the Gulf Stream, would be lifted by the waves into view; and anon an inflated life-preserver would dance over the summit of a wave amid the white caps, and in a moment disappear. The sun set while he was yet tossing on the waves, but with a spirit unbroken—which was yet to suffer several trials that he had yet experienced—he still clung to his plank throughout the night, little expecting that the dawn of the morrow was to wait for him means that would buoy him above the waves until Providence should snatch him from the very jaws of death.

About 9 o'clock on Tuesday morning, after floating with his plank for sixty-one hours, he descried a boat at the distance of two or three miles, and without knowing certainly what it was, further than that it seemed to afford a better means of sustaining himself than his plank, changed his position, rested his body on the end of the plank, and swam in the direction of the object. The wind in the mean time had become light, and the sea smoother, and he was able to make some progress in his swimming. Between 12 and 1 o'clock he reached the object he sought—one of the wooden life-boats of the Central America, half filled with water. He grasped its side, and in a moment had raised himself over the guard. In it he found three oars, a pan, a pail, and three old coats. With the pail he soon bailed out the boat. One of the coats he fastened on an oar as a signal, and then placed the oar upright in the bow of the boat. He scanned the horizon, but not a sail was to be seen. His thirst, too, was increasing, but he resisted the temptation of weaker minds, to drink of the salt water, knowing its fatal consequences. As the pieces of the wreck drifted past he watched them closely to see if they would afford him any relief. For a moment his hopes rallied. A few yards distant he thought he discovered a wicker flask floating on the swell. He sculled to it and secured it, only, however, to be disappointed—for the cork had become loosened, and in place of anything to slake his furious thirst was a few spoonfuls of salt water. Night came upon the wanderer, and, exhausted, he fell into an unquiet sleep, which continued till near morning.

With the dawn of Wednesday, Mr. Tice saw only sea and sky, and all day he had to encounter the ragings of hunger and thirst and the discomforts of a hot sun, and the night only afforded him the relief of a disturbed doze. But Thursday, if it afforded no relief for bodily suffering, relieved his mind from the monotony of his position. About 9 o'clock he discovered something in the distance. He took an oar and sculled in that direction, and as he approached it he saw it was a piece of wreck, on which were two men. When within a mile of them, one jumped overboard and swam to the boat, and about 11 o'clock Mr. Tice helped him in. He proved to be Alexander Grant, one of the firemen of the steamer, who had been nearly five days floating about on a piece of the hurricane deck. The two then rowed to the piece of the wreck and took on board George W. Dawson, a colored man who was a passenger from California by the Sonora and Central America. They left the dead body of a passenger on the piece of deck as they departed. That day and night they were drifted along by the wind and current. After having briefly related their experiences since the sinking of the vessel, they fell into silence, only occasionally broken by a suggestion which some one might make as to their prospect of rescue.

Friday and Saturday brought with them no hopes of success. They had ceased to hunger, but their desire for water knew no bounds. But, with a confident belief that they would not long remain thus, they mutually encouraged each other; and having passed a week since the steamer sank in the midst of scenes which would make any but the stoutest heart despair, they entered upon the eighth day of their experience, and the night settled upon them with a dim hope of rescue on the morrow.

On Sunday morning their hopes were cheered. About 11 o'clock a sail was seen in the north-east, standing for the south. They seized their oars and pulled for the vessel—a fore-and-aft schooner—and when nearest her, she was not more than two miles distant. But the distance began to increase, and in two or three hours from the time they were overjoyed at her appearance, she was out of their sight, and once more their spirits, for a moment so buoyant, relaxed, and for a time a feeling of despair followed.

Daylight on Monday morning showed nothing to encourage hope. But for the first time in over eight days their thirst for water was to be slaked. A brisk shower of rain began to fall, and while the pail and pan were used to catch a few spoonfuls, they opened their mouths for the few scattered drops that chanced to fall upon their parched and swollen tongues. They caught in the pan and pail about a quart of water, but so great were their physical sufferings that the water afforded them no immediate relief. But another and greater hope was now to be realized than their desire for water. Hardly had they drunk the last drop which had been thus showered upon them, when the shower passed over them, and a few miles distant they saw a brig steering directly toward them, before a light breeze. Soon her topsails were unfurled and set, and she came toward them more rapidly. Grant and Dawson took the oars and commenced to row. They were all weakened from suffering, and it is doubtful whether their efforts were of much avail in moving the boat. But it was a struggle for life—a last effort to save their lives—if they failed now, nothing but despair was left them. But they were seen—a hail from the brig was wafted over the waves to their ears; they pulled more manfully and with renewed vigor toward their savior. In a moment the boat was near the vessel's side, a line was thrown out and caught by the emaciated survivors in the boat, which was quickly alongside, and in a few moments bowlines were about their forms, and they were upon the deck, eight days and twenty hours after the sinking of the steamer.

They found themselves on board the British brig Mary, Capt. Shearer, of Greenock, Scotland, from Cardenas to Cork. Capt. Shearer had made preparations to receive the sufferers when he discovered them. After taking them into the cabin, he removed their clothing and gave them a sip of wine, and afterward water and gruel, gradually increasing the amount from time to time until their hunger and thirst was satisfied.

After they had been a week on the Mary, they were transferred to the Bremen bark Laura, which arrived at this port yesterday morning.

George W. Dawson, one of the three saved by the Mary, is a young colored man. He is a native of Rochester, N. Y., where he resided until two years since. The last year he has resided in Orville, California, being employed as a porter in the St. Nicholas Hotel in that place. On the 30th of August, he left San Francisco by the Sonora to return to Rochester. His statement is substantially as follows:

NARRATIVE OF MR. DAWSON. Mr. Dawson states that when the steamer had sunk so far as to burst the second cabin floor from its fastenings, and force it up to the first cabin, he became satisfied that to work longer was labor thrown away. He went on the forward deck, and assisted some men in putting a raft over the side of the vessel, which they had made by cutting out a section of the forward deck and lashing it with ropes. Capt. Herndon was at this time on the hurricane deck with his trumpet in his hand. When the raft was launched, Dawson hesitated to get on it, preferring not to desert the vessel until compelled to do so; and after putting a life-preserver about him he went aft to get a plank. While engaged in this the steamer sank. He sprang for the raft which he had aided in launching, and succeeded in grasping one of the ropes, and with it was carried under such force that he was perpendicular, with head down and feet up, and he was forced to let go his hold. Buoyed up by his life-preserver, he rose quickly to the surface, and at once began to put up some pieces of boards to assist in sustaining him in the water. He succeeded in getting three pieces, the largest of which he placed under one arm, and the smaller ones under the other. Within an hour or two he saw an acquaintance, a colored man named Holcomb, the colored cook of the Central America, who was rescued at a later hour by the Ellen. Many others floated near him, and they frequently spoke words of encouragement to one another. About 12 or 1 o'clock on Saturday night he saw the lights of the bark Ellen, and she rose came nearer, and ran at one time within a hundred feet of him, and though others were picked up, yet many, and he among them, owing to the darkness of the night and the heavy sea, were missed. When day broke on Sunday morning he saw what he imagined to be a boat a short distance off, and he at once swam toward it. As he neared it, he found it to be the raft which he had assisted in launching before the steamer went down. He found on it eleven men, among whom were Alexander Grant, his fellow survivor, George Buddington, third assistant engineer, and a colored man, Richard Gilbert, the engineer's mess boy. Mr. Dawson asked that he might also get on the raft, but they refused him, as it was already several inches under water from the weight of the eleven who were already supported on it. They consented, however, to let him take hold of the ropes lashed to the raft, and, with his pieces of board under his arm, he floated thus in the water. Soon after reaching the raft, they discovered the Norwegian bark Ellen at a distance of four or five miles, but too far off to signal her. She continued in sight until about 9 o'clock, when she disappeared entirely. During Sunday, as near as Mr. Dawson is able to recollect, two of the persons on the raft sank down exhausted, drowned and floated off into the sea. This lightened the raft sufficiently to enable it to bear Mr. Dawson, who got upon the raft with the others. During the day several passengers sustained with life-preservers floated past them and were hailed. The most usual question was, whether they had anything to eat or drink, and the answer was always a negative. During Sunday night nothing of importance transpired further than an occasional conversation turning upon their probabilities of rescue. Their sufferings for the want of water became here intolerable and continued to increase. On Tuesday night—the fourth since the wreck—the colored man, Gilbert, began to grow despondent, and the feeling soon increased to such an extent that he became delirious. Mr. Buddington also was similarly affected. They would talk wildly about going down into the mess-room or the pantry to get some water or food. Gilbert insisted that the steward had told him he should have some water if he came down. Some of them, Mr. Dawson thinks, drank salt water in their desperate thirst. Some he stopped while they were in the act. During Wednesday several died—some by lying down in the water and drowning, and others by falling off into the sea. On Wednesday evening, Buddington and Gilbert's mental derangement became uncontrollable, and though Grant and Dawson did all they could to soothe them, their efforts were ineffectual, and soon after dark they swam from the raft, fancying in their frenzy that they were soon to obtain relief. It was the relief of death.

It was on Wednesday, Mr. Dawson thinks, that a dog-fish weighing several pounds jumped on the raft, and was secured. His skin and meat were so tough that they could hardly cut or eat it, and they satisfied themselves by masticating a small quantity of it. The next day it was more tender, and it was soon eaten. On Thursday morning only Grant and Dawson were left on the raft, but soon after they floated near a passenger who was supporting himself on a plank. His swimmer was Frank, and he had a large ring on his finger marked F. B. Frank, however, was exhausted, he having floated on the plank for four days and a half, and he too soon became delirious. His companions tried to cheer him up, but so intense were his sufferings, that he was unmindful of their encouraging words, and he soon after laid himself down and died. By this time Dawson's sufferings had become so terrible that he too would for the time give up to despondency, and in one of these moods he said to Mr. Grant: "For God's sake, Alex, look out and see if you can see anything." Mr. Grant looked, and discovered in the distance a boat with an oar raised, on which was a coat. It was determined that Mr. Grant should swim for it. Dawson tied a life-preserver around Grant's waist and he swam from the wreck. The distance was long, he was some time in reaching the boat. But after it was reached, Mr. Grant and Mr. Tice rowed to the raft and took Mr. Dawson on board. Immediately after he stripped himself to dry, but he heark Mr. Tice's advice, which was to tie his handkerchief about his head and keep it constantly wet. On Saturday their sufferings were appalling. They had lost their sense of hunger, but their thirst created insupportable tortures. On Sunday morning the appearance of a brig for a time alleviated their hopes—but as she did not see them, and stood on her course, the dreary prospect of rescue only added to the horrors of their position. During Sunday night Mr. Dawson lay in the bottom of the boat, wishing that death might relieve him from suffering; and to render their position the more terrible the swell would break over them every few minutes. Monday, however, brought them within sight of the brig Mary. Grant and Dawson took the oars and rowed, and after a great effort, in which Dawson twice gave up in despair, but renewed again, they were seen by the brig, and brought on board.

Mr. Dawson says that it was not until they reached the deck that they came to a realizing sense of their weak condition. Their strength was all gone, and they were entirely unable to do anything for themselves. He speaks in the highest terms of the humanity displayed by the good old "Scotch captain of the Mary," and also by Captain Wilmsen of the bark Laura.

SUFFERINGS OF ALEXANDER GRANT. Alexander Grant was a fireman belonging to the Central America. Soon after his arrival at this port he hurried home to his wife and child in Vandam street. When we saw him he had just arrived with the news of his own safety, and was surrounded by his family and friends. He looked like one risen from the grave. The intense sufferings which he had undergone on the steamer, then on the raft, and lastly in the boat, were visible in every lineament of his face. He looked like one who, having been brought to death's door by a scorching fever, had just passed the crisis of the disease. His large, manly face was white and almost featureless, showing the bony outlines with ghastly distinctness, and his black, curly lips looked as though in agony he had frequently bitten them through. But the most shocking traces of suffering were in his eyes. Naturally large, they were now prematurely distended, and wore a fixed, straining, sleepless expression, as though still looking from the frail raft along the dreary horizon for a friendly sail. His voice, too, was hoarse and hollow, and he had broken out upon his body from prolonged exposure to salt water.

Making known to him our object in calling, he excused himself from giving any narrative at present, as he felt too much prostrated to endure the effort. In conversation, however, we learned some facts of interest. This is not the first, second, nor third time that Mr. Grant has been cast away. Though yet a young man, he has frequently been placed in a state of peril, and this is the fourth time that he has been wrecked. Ten years ago, when a boy on a Fall River schooner, he was wrecked in the Bay of Fundy, and narrowly escaped with his life. Three years ago he was fireman on the steamer Arctic, and when that vessel went down was left floating on a piece of timber, in the broad Atlantic. After several days of intense suffering he was picked up by the ship Cambria, and carried with Capt. Luce to Quebec. Nearly two years ago he was fireman on the steamer Crescent City, and when that vessel went ashore on the Bahamas, had a third providential escape with his life. Still he did not quit the sea, but engaged again as fireman on board the steamer Central America, and was on her when she went down. Just as the steamer was sinking he, with nine others, got upon a piece of the hurricane deck that they had previously cut clear, and when the vessel sank it floated off with them.

Among those on this raft were George Buddington, third assistant engineer, Patrick Carr, fireman; John Banks, coal passer; James Kennedy, coal passer; Evers, coal passer; and Richard Gilbert, colored, engine-room man. The others were passengers, whose names he did not know.

They held on to the raft by ropes, but the sea washed over them constantly, and caused them to swallow large quantities of salt water. Grant, who is a very experienced swimmer, swallowed so much during Saturday night, that it caused him to vomit several times. They spent that night on the raft, praying and hoping for relief from the vessels which they had seen the afternoon previous. When day broke they could see the long Marine, which had saved the women and children, a long way off; but although they made every effort to attract the attention of her people, they were not seen.

Without food or water, on a few frail planks in the broad Atlantic, these ten people endured unutterable sufferings. The recollection of them is still so painfully vivid that Mr. Grant does not wish to think of, much less to refer to them. All that day and night they saw others struggling around them in the angry waters; but although they eagerly scanned the horizon, no friendly bark loomed in sight. As the darkness stole on their hopes sank, and many of the poor creatures, famished and thirsty, and sorely buffeted by the waves, grew delirious. Some swore and raved in their insanity; others babbled of cool and limpid springs, whose clear waters bubbled up mockingly at their feet, or dreamed of rich loaves, to which they were invited, spread before their famished eyes, but from which they were withheld by a supernatural power. Two or three said nothing, but thought of home and the dear ones awaiting their return.

During Sunday night eight of the ten persons on the raft, worn out by their sufferings, were washed off, and drowned. On Monday morning the same cheerless prospect greeted the two survivors. In the course of the morning they floated near a piece of plank, on which was a colored passenger from the steamer, Geo. W. Dawson by name. The two survivors helped him to gain the raft with them. Toward evening a second man was picked up. Time wore on slowly and painfully, without hope or relief, and death drew nigh unto all of them. On Tuesday night two more were washed into the sea and lost. When Wednesday came only Grant and the colored passenger, Dawson, remained. The day passed without a sail appearing in sight.

On Thursday, they saw a boat a short distance off. Grant swam to it, and found that it contained John Tice, the first assistant engineer of the steamer. Both of them then rowed to the raft, and took Dawson into the boat. Three days more went by, and the three men were still alive in the boat. They had not seen a sail nor tasted of food or water for many days. During the ninth day, rain fell, and they lapped up the precious drops and sucked the cool moisture from their garments.

In verification of the old adage, that "It never rains but it pours," while they were drinking the delicious nectar, a brig loomed in sight. When they first caught sight of it, they could hardly trust their eyes, and feared it might be a cruel phantom. But it drew nearer and nearer, and hope was rekindled in their hearts. They shouted with might and main, and waved their shirts to attract attention. They were seen, and the brig bore down upon them.

With feeble strokes they urged their boat toward her, and at length sank down exhausted as it touched her side. A sailor jumped down, and passing a rope around each, they were drawn on board. Thus, after eight days and twenty hours of unheeded suffering, they were saved.

When fallen in with by the little brig (which proved to be the Mary of Greenock, bound from Cardenas to Queenstown), they could scarcely move or speak; their flesh was wasted, and their skeleton forms were frightful to each other. They were also covered over with small boils, which were fast breaking out into painful sores. They had seen their companions die, one by one, and had lost all hope of being saved themselves. After they were on board the brig it was several days before they could walk, their feet were so much swollen, and so sore. Food was given them very sparingly until they were partially restored. They had very little clothing upon them when picked up, but they were soon supplied with all they required on board the Mary, whose captain and officers acted toward them with great humanity. In one week from the time they were picked up, they spoke the bark Laura, from Bremen for New-York, Captain Williamson, and were put on board of her (on the 28th of September, at noon) and brought to this port. Capt. Williamson had a ship full of passengers, but did everything possible to supply their wants. These men attribute the preservation of their lives, next to Divine Providence, to the mild temperature of the water. The steamer was wrecked in the Gulf Stream, and they were constantly drifting northward with the current. Mr. Grant thinks the temperature of the water was about 70 Fahrenheit.

It is yet possible that we shall hear of the safety of others.

Late yesterday afternoon the three survivors by the Mary were as well as could be expected. Mr. Tice was at his boarding-house, in Avenue D, where he received in his room several of his intimate friends, among whom was Mr. Ashby. He is quite thin, but among whom was one would anticipate after all that had been endured. Mr. Tice is about 37 years of age. He occupied the position of first assistant engineer of the George Law and Central America from her first trip until she sank. He was born in Newburgh. He is small in stature, of fine personal appearance, and pleasing and intelligent face.

Mr. Grant is at No. 36 Vandam street, endeavoring, by rest and quiet, to recuperate his strength and energy. He is about thirty-five years of age, of good height, and of a strong muscular organization.

Mr. Dawson is staying with some friends at No. 11 Leonard street. He is a bright mulatto, with an intelligent face. He is young, tall, well formed, and pleasing in his general appearance and bearing. Beside his weakness, he is suffering from several boils about his head and face, and also from the skin being worn from the inside of his hands and fingers, by holding to the ropes lashed about the raft. He will proceed, in a few days, to Rochester, to join his friends and family.

Mr. E. Morris Earl of Newark, who it was feared was lost with the Central America, was among the passengers by the Star of the West. It is stated that he bought a ticket to come on the Central America, but subsequently concluded to wait for the Star of the West; and sold it to another party.

DISCHARGE OF WORKMEN.—Messrs. Singer & Co., manufacturers of sewing machines, discharged about 150 workmen on Saturday evening, as they understood for a few weeks, or until the present financial crisis should have passed over.

FROM HAVANA. The United States mail steamship Casarba, J. D. Bullock commander, from New Orleans via Havana, arrived here on Monday evening, having left the latter place on the 30th ult. At Havana business was very dull, and freight poor. The yellow fever was very sensibly declining. The steamer captured to the eastward of Cardenas, proved to have been the American ship Mascapa; it is said that she had on board 1,500 slaves. Sugar on hand, 195,000 boxes. Money matters are quite easy. Exchange on London, 112 1/2 per cent premium. New York, par; not much doing. On the 4th, lat. 37 10' N., lon. 74 30' W., passed a brig bound north, showing red colors, with white star in the center. The Casarba has had a very boisterous passage, strong north-easterly gales prevailing the whole time. Per Casarba we have the Diario de la Marina and Prensa to September 29. The health of Havana had improved, and business was quiet. The Diario states that the news of the New-York panic had not produced any considerable commotion in Havana. As New-York is the principal market for Cuban productions, of course any convulsions here would in a certain degree affect the Cuban mercantile community, but thus far the only effect has been to show who were the really strong houses of the place, and who were inclined to be prematurely alarmed. The Diario does not state whether any firms had failed or not. Advice from Santi-Spiritus to the 24th September state that for a number of days it had been raining copiously in all that region of country—the rain being accompanied by heavy south east and south-west winds. It was feared that considerable damage would result to the crops, as the cane was just sufficiently advanced to be injured by such a knock-down tempest. Much of the cane had been prostrated. The rain continued without abatement at the latest date.

At Matanzas, on the 19th, a capture was made of a desperate gang of runaway negroes, who had fortified themselves in the mountains. One of the prisoners was the famous Lozano, King of the Palaeque, who had been the terror of that part of the country for fourteen years. He made fierce fight and died of his wounds.

The Prensa says that advice from the interior represent rain-storms prevailing everywhere with greater or less violence. The Matanzas papers state that much alarm is felt for the crops. The Trinidad and Puerto Principe prints repeat the same story.

The Prensa gives a flattering account, nevertheless, of the prospects of the crops. The fields of sugar will probably be very heavy. The tobacco yields do not look so well, the plants having suffered heavily from alternate drought and wet. It is expected, however, that the quality of the leaf will be very superior, equal to the best of the most favored years.

FROM YUCATAN.—We have Yucatan dates to September 15. The revolution against Governor Pantaleon Herrera had not yet been put down, and a skirmish between the parties was daily expected. The Campeche rebels kept up the semblance of a Government, and had regularly organized an army under Major-General Ignacio Lavalle. The town of Tehal had been sacked by the Indians at the instigation of the rebels, and every house in the place more or less injured. The slaughter of women and children was considerable; the men managed to secrete themselves until the Indians retired, which they did after one day's stay.

DOMINICAN REPUBLIC.—We have the Bulletin of St. Domingo City to September 6. The contents do not throw much light upon affairs in the island. The only fact stated is that President Buzo was still shut up in the capital, which, for the previous two weeks, had been besieged by the rebels of Cibao. The Bulletin states that the forces of the President had, however, obtained several brilliant successes in other parts of the country. Souleuvre, it was stated, had put his troops in motion to take advantage of any favorable opening, but his aid was solicited by either the Government or the rebels, and his movements had been protested against.

SHOCKING MURDER OF A WIFE. CONFESSION OF THE HUSBAND. From The Philadelphia Evening Bulletin, Oct. 3. One of the most shocking tragedies that we have heard of for a long time occurred yesterday morning in Upper Merion Township, Montgomery County, about one mile west of Norristown. The scene of it is a ten-room house belonging to Capt. A. Shae-line, and occupied by a man named Thomas Killy, his wife Mary Killy, and three young children. His neighbor, he had an early hour in the morning Killy went to the house of some neighbors and aroused them, telling them that his wife had been murdered by three negroes. He also went himself in search of a constable to arrest the alleged murderers. The neighbors hurried to the house, and there a shocking sight presented itself. The body of Mrs. Killy was found lying on the bed, with the head nearly severed from the body, from a blow with an ax. There were two beds upon the bedstead, both of which were completely saturated with the blood of the murdered woman.

Killy declared that three negroes had come to the house, forced their way in, and had committed the dreadful deed; but the suspicions of the neighbors were aroused, and, upon questioning him further, he was so much excited, and so much agitated, that he finally admitted that he himself had slain his wife, in order to prevent the negroes from doing it. There can be no doubt that the story about the negroes is all a fiction, and that Killy alone committed the crime. A coroner's inquest was held, and after a full examination, Killy was arrested and lodged in the prison at Norristown.

It appears that Killy, who is a quiet and inoffensive man when sober, has been intemperate in his habits, and, when in a state of intoxication, has been very violent towards his wife, and has threatened her with death. She has been frequently in fear of her life. It is presumed he was drunk when he committed the murder, though he showed but little sign of it after the crime was discovered. The axe, with which the murder was committed, was found on the premises, showing the marks of the blood which had been partially wiped off by the murderer.

The body of Mrs. Killy was buried yesterday afternoon, its condition rendering this speedy interment necessary. She was an interesting young woman, of an English family, and we believe had no blood relatives in this country, except the three young children, who are now being orphaned by this horrible tragedy. The trial of Killy will take place in the Court of Quarter Sessions of Montgomery County, which meets at Norristown on the third Monday of November.

The foregoing facts were obtained from a gentleman of Norristown, since they were written and put in type we have received from a correspondent at Norristown an account of the tragedy, which does not vary materially from that which we have given. He says, however, that the murderer's middle name only is Killy, and that he was laboring under mania a potu when he committed the deed. The murdered woman had an infant child sleeping in her arms when she was slain. When the body was discovered the infant was still clinging to its mother's breast, its hair and clothing drenched with blood. The hair had to be cut off to release it. The other two children were crying for their mother. Beside the fatal wound described above there were two others, one of which extended from the temple down the side of the face. The body of the murdered woman was interred in the Episcopal burying-ground at Norristown.

The annual tract excursion of the employees in the office of Capt. Mullane—made up of the employees in the office of The N. Y. Tribune—took place on Saturday last at St. Roman's Well, Fishing. The Company turned out thirty-eight muskets. The firing was excellent. A sumptuous dinner was partaken of after the practice was over.

In the Superior Court of Massachusetts, Suffolk County, in a suit between John Hammond and the American Mutual Life Insurance Company, the following points were decided: "Where the premium on a policy of life insurance is made payable quarterly in advance, on or before the first day of each quarter, and the policy is to be void if a quarter falls on Sunday, the premium is not due and payable on the next day at noon. Where a person so insured dies on the afternoon of a Sunday, which was the first day of a quarter, without having paid the premium for the ensuing quarter, the interest is liable."

REPUBLICAN CENTRAL COMMITTEE.—A meeting of this committee was held at the Stuyvesant Institute building, when it was resolved to hold the Primary Elections in the various Wards on Monday next, the 13th inst., for the election of five delegates from each Ward Association to the County and Judicial Conventions.

The Executive Committee reported a plan of electing delegates to all the Conventions, but with the exception of the foregoing, no further action was taken beyond discussing the subject.

MILITARY.—The members of the Seventy-first Regiment, New-York State Militia, turned out pursuant to orders last night for a "mousetrap parade," and in the course of their march through Broadway and other streets attracted considerable attention. The ranks of this regiment are rapidly filling up, and it is fast trending upon the heels of the "Seventh;" still the men require a great deal more drilling before they can command the attention now bestowed upon the National Guard.

FINANCIAL AFFAIRS IN BOSTON. Boston, Monday, Oct. 5, 1857. The money market as far as the street is concerned, is unchanged. The Banks have been liberal in their discounts today, and public confidence is gradually being restored. The Banks paid their semi-annual dividends today, which are about an average of former years. Very few transactions took place in stocks—those of railroad showing the least depression. Bank shares were pressed, but there were no buyers. Rumors of heavy failures were current in the street, but only two firms of small liabilities were known to have suspended.

The Managers of the New-England Worsted Company, of which Messrs. Lawrence Stone & Co. were agents, are endeavoring to make such arrangements as will enable them to continue the works at Saxtonville, and thus continue a large number of hands in their employ. Messrs. Wells, Fargo & Co. waived all right to day to the usual gains on seconds of drafts received per the Star of the West, and also the sixty days' notice on duplicate receipts of treasure lost in the Central America.

THE BANK OF CENTRAL NEW-YORK. Utica, Monday, Oct. 5, 1857. The Bank of Central New-York of this city did not open for business today. Thomas R. Walker has been appointed Receiver of its effects.

SUSPENSION IN CINCINNATI. Cincinnati, Monday, Oct. 5, 1857. Messrs. Dunlevy, Drake & Co., bankers here, have suspended.

MONEY MATTERS IN NEW-ORLEANS. New Orleans, Monday, Oct. 5, 1857. The heavy payments due at the banks today were satisfactorily and resolutely met. The crisis is considered past and the sky is brightening. Kennet Dix & Co., a commission house, failed today.

SUSPENSION IN LOUISVILLE. Louisville, Ky., Monday, Oct. 5, 1857. W. E. Culver, banker here, has suspended. No further failures are apprehended.

FAILURE IN ST. LOUIS. St. Louis, Monday, Oct. 5, 1857. James H. Lucas & Co., bankers here, have closed their doors.

FIREMEN'S PARADE IN PHILADELPHIA. Philadelphia, Monday, Oct. 5, 1857. The firemen's annual parade passed off very pleasantly. Ninety-three companies were in the line, including 24 visiting companies. A number of companies have new apparatus, and all the machines have been repainted and adorned. This is a general holiday. Much indignation was excited among the members of the bands by several colored bands being in the line of the procession. Shelton's band, accompanying the New-York firemen, left the line, and was followed by Beck's (Philadelphia) band and others. The city has been thronged with strangers and firemen to day, and this evening all places of amusement are thronged.

A brilliant house welcomed to-night the reappearance of Gazzaniga at the Academy of Music in Traviata. A riot occurred during the parade this afternoon, in the Seventeenth Ward, between the members of the Heberlein and Franklin Hosiery Companies. Three men shot—one supposed mortally.

Another difficulty afterwards occurred down-town between the Manufacturing Hose Company and the Fairmount Engine Company, but nothing serious arose from it.