# ADDITIONAL FROM THE SAN FRANCISCO

## ARRIVAL OF THE LUCY THOMPSON

WITH

## One Hundred Passengers and Soldiers Saved by the Bark Kilby.

## AWFUL SUFFERING BY STARVATION ON BOARD THE KILBY.

## Thrilling Narratives of the Disaster to the San Francisco and the Sufferings of the Passengers.

## Additional Lists of the Names of those Lost and Saved.

### MEETING AT THE MERCHANTS' EXCHANGE.

&c., &c., &c.

Owing to the great interest felt in the disaster to the San Francisco, and the demand for the HERALD containing the particulars of the wreck, we republish the following from our paper of yesterday :—

About eleven o'clock on Saturday morning, the packet ship Lucy Thompson, from Liverpool for this port, was reported below making her way against a wind which was dead against her.

The pilot boat Mary Taylor boarded her, and furnished a pilot, when the Captain of the Lucy Thompson stated to the remaining pilots on board the Mary Taylor the name of his ship, and that she had on board a party of United States troops, which she had taken from off a ship, which ship had received them from a steamer in distress.

In the early part of the afternoon the following telegraphic despatches reached the office of Messrs. Howland & Aspinwall:—

About 2½ P. M.

The ship is still at anchor. There have been tugs near her during the day, but they could not communicate. No tug near her now.

3½ P. M.

The weather is moderating. There is a tug—has got a bark in tow—going in the Hook.

About four o'clock in the afternoon, Messrs. Howland & Aspinwall despatched the powerful steamtug Titan to the Lucy Thompson, in order to get her up last night, if at all possible. The Titan was furnished by the firm with a large supply of warm clothing, both for males and females, a quantity of blankets, and plenty of fresh provisions.

In addition, her master was authorized to extend an invitation to all the sufferers to proceed at once to the private houses of each or any of the members of the firm of Howland & Aspinwall, and to consider themselves as at home there so long as their unhappy circumstances required.

About six o'clock on Friday evening the pilot boat Phantom, (No. 17,) of New York, boarded the bark Kilby, of Boston, off Fire Island. Mr. Richard Decker, pilot, took charge of her.

The Kilby reported that she was then sixty eight days from New Orleans, and has over one hundred United States troops on board, which she had taken from the steamer San Francisco.

The Kilby was leaky, crippled from the storm, and rather short of provisions, at that time.

When the pilot, Mr. Decker, went on board there was a heavy squally west wind blowing, which freshened into a severe gale during the night, so that it is very difficult to say what position the ship may be in now, but it is most probable that some of the steamers will fall in with her before morning.

About 10 o'clock Saturday night—we are happy to say—the Titan returned to the city. She had boarded the Lucy Thompson, and brought to town about one hundred officers, soldiers, and passengers, which had been taken from the Kilby, leaving only four passengers and thirteen soldiers on board that vessel, the latter having volunteered to remain to assist in working the bark to port. The Lucy Thompson supplied her with sails and provisions. It is supposed that she has again been driven into the Gulf Stream; but we are in hopes that she has been enabled to hold on till the weather moderated. If so we may expect her here some time to-day or to night.

At half past ten o'clock last Saturday night Colonel Swords, Deputy Quartermaster, ordered that preparation should be made to charter a steamer to go in search of the Kilby, owing to the report of her condition brought to his office by the men of pilot boat No. 17, (the Phantom).

After a little time the steamtug Leviathan was ordered to prepare for sea, and her master immediately went to lay in coal and provisions. In the meantime, Mr. Southworth and others, ladies and gentlemen, who were taken from the Lucy Thompson, arrived at the barge office, Whitehall, and immediately proceeded to the different hotels in the city.

The majority of them were landed at the Astor House, and certainly arrived there in a most deplorable condition. The ladies were in a pitiable plight; they were cold, hungry wet, and almost naked. In a few moments, however, they began to revive; kind faces smiled upon them, tender hands ministered to their wants, and sister-voices comforted them. They were refreshed by baths, and supplied with warm garments by the ladies in the hotel, whilst Messrs. Coleman & Stetson presided with joy over the movements of their servants, who seemed ready to anticipate the kind wishes of their employers.

After hearing Mr. Southworth's statement it was judged that it was not absolutely necessary to charter a boat to go to her, and the Leviathan was consequently discharged, with Isaac Gaynor and John Anderson, of the pilot boat Phantom, who were ready to proceed in her.

The following intensely interesting statements give all the additional information we have received:—

### STATEMENT OF A PASSENGER SAVED IN THE BARK KILBY.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NEW YORK HERALD.

The steamship San Francisco, one of the Pacific Mail Steamship Company's steamers, which left New York on the 22d of December, with the Third regiment of U. S. Artillery and several passengers on board, *en route* to San Francisco, via the Straits of Magellan, was wrecked on Saturday morning, December 24, in a violent northwester, in the Gulf Stream.

The particulars of the disaster are simply these: The steamer had been nobly contending with the elements during the twelve hours previous to the wreck, but the machinery became unmanageable, and the vessel, which was rolling in the trough of the sea, was struck by an immense wave, entirely sweeping her stern, and carrying the hurricane deck, with about one hundred souls, overboard. I myself was one of the many who immediately gained the upper deck, supposing that the vessel was fast foundering; and under this supposition we clung together, some with life preservers, others with chairs, ready to precipitate ourselves, at a moment's warning, into the angry billows which raged around us.

As we stood there upon the deck in one of the highest seas I have ever witnessed, and the wind howling around us to agitate the waters, the sun arose suddenly in all his glory, throwing its rays of brightness and of hope athwart the vast space around us, and saw itself reflected in each wave which rose foaming and brilliant into sight. I well recollect the first object which struck me when I reached the upper deck—there, amidst the ruins of his ship, stood the noble first officer of the ship, Mr. Mellus, his arm uplifted with an axe, attempting to cut away the main mast. There, too, was the noble commander, Commodore Watkins, back and forth, to and fro; he seemed to court death in its most fearful aspects—wherever danger menaced his vessel his voice was heard and his arm assisted. It was soon reported that the hull of the steamer was still sound, and a general rush was made for the lower cabin, where the ladies had been placed, and here, upon the floor we gathered together our little flock, and united with Mr. Cooper, a clergyman on board, in fervent prayer to Almighty God for our preservation. As we laid here, it seemed, during the long, long days of suspense, more like some horrid dream, than like reality. Each hour some new name was spoken of as having gone—and still the passengers kept up their spirits to the last; but there was one there—one of those noblemen with which nature loves to adorn herself—who went far to cheer, to comfort, and to assist those of us who were weak and down-hearted—I speak of Lieutenant F. S. Murray, of the United States Navy, whose name will remain dear to every soul on board, until they themselves have passed away and are numbered with the things that were.

Several of the officers of the Artillery displayed great courage and energy in their efforts to have the steamer pumped. Of these I feel myself in duty bound to allude particularly. They were, Lieutenant Charles S. Winder, Lieutenant James Van Voast, and Lieutenant Chandler.

Too much praise cannot be awarded to these young officers, who worked night and day to preserve the lives of those on board. The greatest confusion prevailed in every department of the vessel.

Several days of suspense were thus passed, during which we drifted in sight of sails which we could not signalize.

The loss on board of the steamer, as nearly as could be estimated, exceeded two hundred and fifty, including

Lieut. Col. Washington.
Major Taylor and wife.
Captain Field.
Lieutenant Smith.
Mr. Tenney.
Miss Belton.
Mr. Gates.
D. C. Shockwell.

On Wednesday morning, the 28th of December, the bark Kilby, of Boston, came in sight, and the Commodore succeeded in boarding her, and in effecting a charter in behalf of the government to take off as many of the souls on board the steamer as possible.

Towards evening the sea became quiet, and the disembarkation commenced. Two boats were kept going back and forth from the steamer to the bark, until dark, and then discontinued to await the morning, in consequence of the heavy sea which was running, before they should continue. The following are the names of those who came on board the Kilby that night :—

Lieut. Murray, U. S. Navy.
Col. Gates, wife and family.
Maj. Merchant and family, disabled.
Capt. Judd and wife.
Lieut. Col. Burke, severely wounded.
Dr. Satterlee, disabled.
Dr. Wirtz.
Lieut. Loeser, wife, and Miss Eaton.
Lieut. Fremont and family.
Capt. Gardiner.
Lieut. Van Voast, First Dragoons, disabled.
Mr. Falcon.
Madame Besse.
Mr. and Mrs. Abrio.
G. W. Aspinwall.
J. L. Graham, Jr.
Rev. Mr. Cooper, wife and family.
Mrs. Maj. Wyse and child.
Mr. Southworth, and about one hundred soldiers.

After the boats had been hauled in on that evening, a violent gale from the northwest sprung up and raged during the night, so that when daylight came we had lost sight of the steamer; and, although we cruised around two days in search, we could see nothing of her.

The Kilby, on which I also embarked, was short of provisions, and we were obliged to break into her cargo, and get at some corn, which was all we had to keep us alive for two weeks. Our supply of water was also very small, *and had it not been for constant rain we must have died of thirst.* One hundred bales of cotton were broken out of her hold to make room for us to sleep in, and there we passed two of the longest weeks of our lives. The captain of the Kilby, Mr. Low, is entitled to much credit for the manner in which he managed his vessel, and the attention he paid to the passengers. He had, however, many obstacles to contend against. His sails were all old and incomplete, and he was cripped in every way, so that many of us had given up all hope of ever reaching the shore, when on Friday morning, Jan. 13, we fell in with the packet ship Lucy Thompson, C. B. Pendleton, master, from Liverpool, which took us all on board with the exception of about ten soldiers, who volunteered to stay by the captain of the Kilby, and four passengers, who were:—

Mr. Falcon, Brazilian Consul.
Madame Besse.
Mr. and Mrs. Abrio.

On the same afternoon that we changed ships we procured a pilot, and anchored inside of the Light Ship. Thus ends the sufferings of over one hundred of those who sailed in the San Francisco. God preserve the rest!

### STATEMENT OF FREDERIC H. SOUTHWORTH.

BARK KILBY, Jan 8, 1854,
Three hundred miles out from New York.

MR. JAMES GORDON BENNETT:

DEAR SIR:—

I forward you a few of the most prominent items of the appalling wreck of the magnificent Pacific mail steamship San Francisco.

Being weak, from injuries and deprivation of the staff of life, I shall not be able to give you a very detailed account of this heart-rending disaster, and the consequent suffering which carried away the lives of two hundred human beings, (probably more,) hurrying them unprepared into a watery grave.

On the morning of the 21st of December, 1853, this truly splendid steamer anchored at the Quarantine ground, and after receiving on board over 600 souls—mostly troops for California—the next day, (the 22d, at half past eight o'clock,) we proceeded to sea. The noble ship glided through the waters as if she had long known old ocean, and her engine and machinery together with her new paddle wheels, worked well, and called forth the admiration of all on board. Her motion was easy, and the gilt phœnix upon her wheelhouse seemed to extend its golden head and wings to speak its joy for a new triumph in steam navigation. On the 23d the weather was as pleasant as could be expected in the Gulf Stream at this season of the year; but as the golden sun set behind the dark clouds along the western sky, indications were given of a coming gale. Soon the gradually rising winds increased to a perfect hurricane, which tossed the steamer like a cork, to and fro; and now the angry waves began to roll high and threatening and dashing over the guards, occasionally washed a man, or some boxes or live stock, into the roaring ocean.

At about 12 o'clock the gale had broken the foremast, and the waves, as they washed our deck, broke away the guards, leaving no security outside of the saloon, on the upper deck, against being carried overboard. To add to our already perilous situation, the air-pump rod broke at 4 o'clock on the morning of the 24th. The upper saloon aft the wheelhouses was surrounded by staterooms occupied by officers and a few way passengers for Rio Janeiro and Valparaiso. Besides these occupants, these saloons were crowded with soldiers, who were forced in here by the necessities of the occasion. It was perilous for any of them to remain on deck, and there was no other place for them, inasmuch as the forward deck cabin, and staterooms, were filled with soldiers, accompanied by their wives and families. Colonel Burke, the officer of the day, ordered the soldiers into the after cabin; and when all had crowded into it who could find standing room, they numbered at least one hundred and fifty. At about 8 o'clock a mighty swell, such as can only be formed by old ocean when lashed by such a tempest, struck our vessel amidships, completely submerging the wheelhouses, and washing them, with all their inmates, within an instant, at least half a mile distant, into the foaming sea. Myself and Mr. Rankin were among the number who were washed away, and the only two of this entire company who were successful in regaining the ship. All the rest sunk into the jaws of death, and were rocked into an eternal sleep by the roaring, swelling sea. As I can only describe the awful situation of these mortals by my own experience, I hope I will be excused for alluding to myself. I well remember I was living in my stateroom on the after deck with a travelling companion, Mr. James Stockwell, when there came a shock and sudden crash of breaking timber, and I felt myself rolling like a top in the water, with salt brine rushing into my mouth and almost blinding me. When I arose to the surface of the ocean a harrowing sight was before me. I was half a mile from the steamer, and around me was about an acre of floating timber. Immediately by my side came up from the deep Mr. Stockwell, who caught hold of the same stick of timber to which I had clung for safety. The stick began to sink and I seized hold of another piece, and made the best of my way to the wrecked steamer. Two or three huge swells soon tossed me near the ship, and I grasped a rope forward of the wheelhouse, to which I clung for refuge, raising and falling with the pitching vessel. While in this situation I saw a man standing on the paddle of the wheel who was plunged into the ocean at every roll of the steamer, and who probably perished. Losing my strength, I dropped from the rope to which I clung, and fortunately a friendly wave threw me against the guard of the vessel, which I seized hold of, and the next plunge carrying me still higher on the guard, I was enabled at last to crawl upon the forward deck, and there with my hand broke open a state room window and crept into it half drowned. While in the water, the sight around me was worse than death itself. When I rose to the surface of the water, I saw about forty struggling for life, and about one half of them had blood streaming from wounds about their heads. Being blinded by what I thought was the salt water, I put my hand to my forehead to wipe away the brine, when I was surprised to find I was bleeding myself from a wound on my brow. It is, therefore, conclusive that most of those washed away were at the same time wounded by the crashing timbers. Besides myself, Mr. Rankin was the only one saved of the number who were swept into the ocean.

Such was the force of the waves that they broke in a part of the deck, and killed and injured several, besides deluging the passengers in the lower cabins, and filling the saloons with water. Captain Gardiner slept on deck, and was not swept away with the others, but at one time found a man by his side, with a splinter thrust through his head, which must have killed him instantaneously.

After I recovered myself I looked around me, and the only dry place in the steamer was in the after cabin, where the officers, with their wives and children, were stowed away, laying rolled in blankets, as comfortable as circumstances would permit. But, oh! the scene of confusion no tongue can tell, no pen describe. The storm continued to rage, and we were at the mercy of the waves, without steam or sail. As wave after wave came dashing against us, shriek after shriek came from those who dreaded to look into the grave. Nearly all gave up all hopes of safety, and many were patiently waiting to be summoned before the Almighty Ruler of the storms. Stout hearts yielded, manly cheeks turned pale, and there were those who tried to pray who had never prayed before. It was a scene such as made the blood curdle around the heart, and all pulsation cease. The very thoughts of the hours and days of suffering now freeze my blood as it courses through my veins. It is worthy of remark that in the hour of our greatest peril, Commander Watkins, Captain Mellus, Lieut. F. S. Murray, and other gallant officers, constantly revived the sinking spirits of all on board by repeated assurances of safety. These heroic men constantly bid the desponding be of good cheer; and Heaven only knows how many hearts, fast growing cold, were kept warm with life's blood by these gallant men.

The Rev. Mr Cooper, an Episcopalian clergyman, read daily from the Holy Book of life appropriate passages, and offered up prayers for our deliverance. To us those prayers were answered. Those who sank beneath the billows are now at peace with the world. The mighty ocean has taken them to its bosom, and their requiem was sung by the whistling winds of heaven.

During our days of distress, the small engine was kept constantly at work pumping, and by its aid the ship was kept afloat. The San Francisco proved herself strongly built, because no vessel, unless made of oak and iron, well put together, could have swam an hour in such a gale. The bulwarks and guards were not as strong as they might have been, and perhaps to this we owe our lives. Had the guards and after cabin been of iron strength, and not yielded to the wave, such was its force that it would have overturned the ship, and not a single soul would have been left to tell the awful tale.

We were rescued from our dismal situation by the bark Kilby. This vessel was loaded with cotton and molasses, bound to Boston, from New Orleans. About sixty bales of cotton were thrown overboard, to make room for us unfortunate beings. The scene of transferring the passengers into the Kilby from the wreck in such a sea, can more easily be imagined than described. Husbands separated from their wives, children from their parents, friend from friend, with no assurance of ever meeting more. Oh! it was an awful state, and cold is the heart of him whose pulsation is not quickened or his eye dimmed with a tear, at its rehearsal. The Kilby was compelled to leave the wreck before all had been rescued, it being impossible to lay along side.

The names of those on board the Kilby are:—

Col. Gates, wife and three children,
Col. Burke,
Capt. Judd,
Lieut. Loeser and wife,
Fremont, wife and three children,
Van Voast,
Mrs. Major Wyse,
Surgeon Satterlee,
Mr Wirtz, Assistant Surgeon,
Capt. Gardiner, of the Dragoons,
Lieut. Murray, of the U. S. Navy,
Mrs. Chase and one child,
Mr. G. W. Aspinwall,
J. L. Graham, Jr., of New York.
Antonio Falco, late Brazilian Consul in N. Y.
Mr. Alexander Besse.
Mr. Lasrade and wife.
F. H. Southworth.
Rev. Mr. Cooper, wife and four children.
Miss I. Eaton.
Miss Lucy Moor and
Mr. Tamworth, Engineer.

RECAPITULATION.

| | |
|---|---|
| Officers and crew saved by the Kilby | 37 |
| Soldiers " " | 49 |
| Women and children " | 22 |
| Total | 108 |

Having given you in a hasty sketch these particulars, I remain yours, &c. FREDERIC H. SOUTHWORTH.

SHIP LUCY THOMPSON, 50 MILES OFF SANDY HOOK,
Friday, Jan. 13, 1854.

MR. BENNETT—I continue my long epistle to you, already prepared, and must say that our sufferings have been truly awful, from the want of sustenance. We are still rocked by the raging storm, and although we have descried many sails, yet none of them have answered our signal of distress. We are safely transferred to the ship Lucy Thompson, from Liverpool to New York, and will soon, under the kindness of Providence, be safely moored in harbor. Our beds on board the Kilby were cotton and cotton bales, and our daily allowance sea biscuit, a small piece of fried ham, and a pint of water, until at length we broke into the cargo, and corn was added to our provender. Not having water enough to boil the corn, we have resorted to parching it, and this parched corn had been our food for seven days, when, to our infinite joy, the Lucy Thompson, Captain C. B. Pendleton, hove in sight, and took us on board. Three or four passengers and ten or twelve soldiers nobly volunteered to remain with Captain Low, of the Kilby, to assist him in any emergency, and to help him keep his vessel free from water. Captain Low had played a noble part, and done all he could to save the lives of those on board the San Francisco. Something more than empty praise should reward him for his gallant conduct.

The passengers who remained on board the Kilby, in preference to taking the Lucy Thompson, were :—

Mr. Falcon and servant.
Dr. Labrade and wife.
Mrs. Alexander Besse, and thirteen soldiers, who volunteered to assist Mr. Low.

Having hurriedly penned down these additional notes, I again subscribe myself your obedient servant,
F. H. SOUTHWORTH.

### NAMES OF THE SOLDIERS ON THE KILBY AND LUCY THOMPSON.

MEMBERS OF COMPANIES A, D, G, H, I, K, AND L, SAVED.

| | |
|---|---|
| Sergeant McIntire, | Private Redmayne, |
| Proudfoot, | Reiners, |
| McKinly, | Walsh, |
| Corporal Reed, | Watson, |
| Taylor, | Whelan, |
| Musician Bloomenrich, | Winship, |
| Costello, | Meloy, |
| Artificer Boylen, | Filtz, |
| Privates Adams, | Thompson, |
| Bower, | Gleeson, |
| Buckley, | Sullivan, |
| Cavanagh, | Shea, |
| Collins, | Doolin, |
| Conneghan, | Adams, |
| Currie, | Belton, |
| Dwyer, | Costello, |
| Glaed, | Harts, |
| Kelly, 1st. | Miller, |
| Kelly, 2d. | Eldridge, |
| Keleher, | Sleeper, |
| Knowles, | Lilly, |
| Lund, | Wiseman, |
| Murphy, | Passenger Baker, |
| McGill, | Seamen Anderson, |
| O'Hara, | Kelly, |
| Oliver, | |

All of these, excepting the passengers above named and the thirteen soldiers who volunteered to remain with the Kilby, arrived in the Lucy Thompson.

## ADDITIONAL BY THE THREE BELLS.

### Visit of Our Reporter to the Ship Three Bells and Bedloe's Island—Names of the Living and the Dead—Interesting Statement of the Disaster.

Our reporters were employed on Saturday in collecting further particulars relative to the shipwreck of the ill fated steamship San Francisco. They first paid a visit to the ship Three Bells, lying off the Battery, where they learned that all the passengers taken off the San Francisco by that vessel had been transferred on board of a steamer, at 9 o'clock that morning, and were landed on Bedloe's Island, whither they were removed by order of their commanding officer. Accordingly, our reporters immediately hired a boat, and by strenuous exertions on the part of the boatmen—for the wind blew a gale all day—reached there, where they learned the following particulars from the sergeants of the different companies arrived there from the Three Bells. The following is as full and correct a list of the lost and saved as can be obtained at present:—

### CORRECT LIST OF THE NAMES OF THE U. S. TROOPS LOST AND SAVED.

COMPANY A.

SAVED

| | |
|---|---|
| Sergeant Clay, | Private Cunningham, |
| McIntyre, | Dulkawitz, |
| Jakel, | Enverson, |
| Young, | Goebler, |
| Corporal McNamara, | Hermann, |
| Hoare, | B. Hughes, |
| Reidt, | G. Hughes, |
| Musician Sanders, | Sullivan, |
| Artificer Whitehead, | Byland, |
| Private Aylshire, | Mills, |
| Bayer, | Wyatt, |
| Bennett, | Molloy |
| Bergen, | Carroll, |
| Brown, | Mack, |
| Briggs, | King, |
| Burk, | Lecont, |
| Clinlin, | Rost, |
| Cooper, | Hary, |
| Saved | 36 |

LOST.

| | |
|---|---|
| Major Taylor, | Private Workman, |
| Lieut. Smith, | Miller, |
| Corporal Bennett, | Miles, |
| Private Schenk, | Park, |
| Knapp, | Wallace. |
| Lost | 10 |

COMPANY B.

SAVED.

| | |
|---|---|
| Sergeant Scovelle, | Private Murray, |
| Private Cashman, | McBride, |
| Clyce, | O'Connors, |
| Dennis, | Paul, |
| Dunn, | Patchil, |
| English, | Quigley, |
| Gaydon, | Ramsay, |
| Hutmy, | Ruth, |
| Kane, | Rilack, |
| Gordek, | Redmor, |
| Laix, | Rooney, |
| Libby, | Schnell, |
| Lilly, | Shirley, |
| Mathews, | Shuter, |
| Myrtle, | Stevens, |
| Wallis, | Upman, |
| White, | Wright, |
| Saved | 35 |

LOST.

| | |
|---|---|
| Sergeant Sheerer, | Private Mayer, |
| Corporal Meyers, | Mulin, |
| Meyers 2d., | Moore, |
| Private Cilby, | Schwinter, |
| Clifford, | Smith, |
| Cooper, | Stinman, |
| Fegle, | Wallis, |
| Engleback, | Welsh, |
| Fried, | Went, |
| Herkimer, | White, |
| Herrick, | McAllister, |
| Knowlton, | Mixel, |
| Lawrence, | Bundel, |
| Buckholds, | Bentz, |
| Hogg, | Forbuck, |
| Lon, | |
| Total | 31 |

COMPANY D.

SAVED.

| | |
|---|---|
| Sergeant Meehan, | Private Costello, |
| Harper, | Miller, 1st, |
| Duncan. | Hart, |
| Corporal Crawford, | Lilly, |
| Trask, | Sleeper, |
| Daily. | Belton, |
| Private McBride, | Eldridge. |
| Higgins, | Sergeant McLoughlin, |
| Bart, | Dwyer, |
| Cross | Fey, |
| Gardner, | Private Delany, |
| Fisher, | Bulger, |
| Duncan, | Artificer Coffy, |
| Marshall, | Simmell, |
| Bower, | Hooper, |
| Healy, | Best, |
| Murphy, | Foley, |
| O'Hara, | Fox, |
| Rice, | Stevens, |
| Dullisy, | Miller, 2d, |
| Power, | Pifer, |
| Wiseman, | O'Neille. |
| Adams, | |
| Saved | 45 |

LOST.

| | |
|---|---|
| Private Sullivan, | Private Graham, |
| Spellman, | Trumper, |
| Downing, | Heigney. |
| Salmon, | |
| Lost | 7 |

COMPANY G.

SAVED.

| | |
|---|---|
| Sergeant Brown, | Private Meyer, |
| Summers, | McAvoy, |
| Swan, | McGough, |
| Sawyer, | Millinan, |
| Corporal Lewis Smith, | Mooney, |
| McDonald, | Nison, |
| Private Bazart, | Pope, |
| Brennan, | Phelps, |
| Dallis, | Roof, |
| Dunsmore, | Smith, |
| Trist, | Sweeney, |
| Gleeson, | Shrier, |
| Hogan, | Salmon, |
| Henzangh, | Sinnat, |
| Hoverty, | Sipple, |
| Craymer, | Turner, |
| Coxy, | Templeton, |
| Moore, | Ziegler. |
| Murphy, | |
| Saved | 37 |

LOST.

| | |
|---|---|
| Corporal James Smith, | Private Greenway, |
| Fisher, | Hillam, |
| Artificer Donnelly, | Moses, |
| Fifer Karg, | Meyer, |
| Drummer Smith, | Phillips, |
| Private Aberly, | Smith, |
| Campbell, | Wallace, |
| Davis, | Welsh. |
| Lost | 15 |

COMPANY H.

SAVED.

| | |
|---|---|
| Sergeant Bennett, | Private Solway, |
| Twait, | Noland, |
| Corporal Devere, | Florentine, |
| Alson, | Dunn, |
| Blankerd, | Angle, |
| Tealer, | Adams, |
| Private Curr, | Rush, |
| Kelly, | Sackston, |
| McDonnell, | Mack, |
| Brosvel, | Walton, |
| Filts, | Stainard. |
| Narback, | A. Dubeck, |
| Worsell, | Beland, |
| Higgins, | Clerk, |
| McCarthy, | Hage, |
| McLoughlan, | Molony, |
| Northman, | Mooney, |
| Agley, | Martin, |
| Wilson, | Purey. |
| Musician Rickitson, | |
| Saved | 39 |

LOST.

| | |
|---|---|
| Sergeant Hopley, | Private Coghlan, |
| Private Clanton, | Realy, |
| Cameron, | Henry, |
| Ballard, | Guick, |
| Rogan, | Moran, |
| Melody, | Danny. |
| Drummer Conly, | |
| Lost | 13 |

COMPANY I.

SAVED.

| | |
|---|---|
| Sergeant Twist, | Private Killyer, |
| Proudfoot | Kemp, |
| McKinley | Lund. |
| Corporal Murphy, | Murphy, |
| Artificer Boyland, | O'Hara, |
| Musician Bloomingvich, | Collins, |
| Castillo, | Oliver, |
| Privates Adams, | McGill, |
| Ahern, | Smith, |
| Aherd, | Smith, |
| Bennett, | Winter, |
| Bowyer, | Winship, |
| Buckley, | Welsh, |
| Cruise, | Whealan, |
| Curry. | Paul, |
| Cavanagh, | Redmayne, |
| Dwyer, | Reiners, |
| Dunn, | Sandford, |
| Fromme, | Nottingham, |
| Glassil, | W. H Kelly, |
| Knowles, | Wm. Kelly, |
| Saved | 44 |

LOST.

| | |
|---|---|
| Private Deckell, | Private Haage. |
| Lost | 2 |

COMPANY K.

SAVED.

| | |
|---|---|
| Sergeant McKenzie, | Private Funke, |
| King, | Griner, |
| McIntyre. | Mit, |
| Corporal Clayton, | Ott, |
| Lance do. Brennan, | Quirk, |
| Musician Stewart, | Rumple, |
| Fox. | Steetenmure, |
| Private Thomas, | Smith, |
| Turner, | Thompson, |
| Dowling, | Whealan. |
| Saved | 20 |

LOST.

| | |
|---|---|
| Corporal Lee, | Private Heine, |
| Ingham, | Keanedy, |
| Minke, | Kiernan, |
| Lance do. Graham, | Riley, |
| Musician Gardiner, | McLane, |
| Artificer Carter, | Mitchell, |
| Private Bond, | Murray, |
| Brower, | McManus, |
| Cayland, | McNamara, |
| Flask, | Rowland, |
| Gross, | Smidt, |
| Gordon, | Sherman, |
| Galligan, | Sheehan, |
| Heller, | Ward, |
| Hinrick, | Riley. |
| Hillock, | |
| Lost | 31 |

COMPANY L.

SAVED.

| | |
|---|---|
| Sergeant King, | Private Strouse, |
| May, | Lee, |
| Openhamer. | Parsons, |
| Corporal Zeimer, | Kane, |
| Coffy. | Boyle, |
| Private Allen. | Hill, |
| Seward, | Curry, |
| McGillecutt, | Dunn, |
| Gebhard, | Page, |
| Brady, | Franks. |
| Goodrich, | |
| Saved | 21 |

LOST.

| | |
|---|---|
| Corporal Morris. | Private Dehl, |
| Private Ballard, | Dagie, |
| Card, | Gilrer, |
| Corbet, | Welsh, |
| Curry, | Sullenburger, |
| Clancy, | Rush, |
| Dellingham, | Zeller, |
| Deacon, | Rollenbush. |
| Day, | |
| Lost | 17 |

### SCENES AND INCIDENTS.

We give below some additional incidents, gathered by by our reporter from Sergeant Brown of company G, who was one of the most active participators in this sad affair. Every circumstance connected with it, however trivial in itself, acquires additional interest from the connection in which it appears:—

SERGEANT ELIJAH R. BROWN'S STATEMENT.

On the night of Dec. 24 the swell first struck us. After the machinery stopped, our vessel lost her steerage way and broached to. She then shipped a sea which carried away the hurricane deck abaft of the wheels. Major Taylor and wife, Col. Washington, Captain Fields, and Lieut. Smith, were carried away by this first sea. The next sea swept her decks entirely, and carried away the cattle and the men's sleeping place on the upper deck. I was fearful that the women would get out, and I fastened the doors when they went down below in the second cabin. I then went forward, and was swept overboard, and at one time was as much as twenty feet from the vessel. There were several in the water, and three beside myself were saved by the waves throwing us back. After this all hands commenced baling at once. I formed the whole regiment on board into reliefs, and we continued the baling incessantly for six days and six nights. During five days and five nights I never left my station, until at last my ancles became so weak that I could not stand, and then I stood upon my knees until the Commodore came and pulled me away. At the worst time of all, and when we were shipping the most water, one of the corporals gave the alarm of fire. At this alarm all the inmates of the lower cabin who were employed in baling rushed simultaneously for the door, and put an end to work for the time. I then sprang upon a table, drew a revolver, and threatened to shoot any man who repeated the alarm. That quieted them and they went on with their work again. We were next ordered to cut away the forward hurricane deck. During this a heavy gale arose, so that we were forced to lash ourselves to the guard lines while cutting. She then shipped a sea, and I was again thrown over and struck the side of the vessel, being prevented from reaching the sea by the lashing line.

While we were baling, a young lady named Marriana Noland, came up to me and wanted to take a turn at baling, but I refused, and told her to go back to her berth. She afterwards died. Her death was very affecting. She was attacked by sudden indisposition, resembling cholera.

While the heavy sea was pouring over the decks the live stock became very unmanageable, and broke through the partition which divided them from the men. Cows, hogs and men were all mingled together, and caused so much confusion that we were obliged to slaughter several of them.

During the storm I was washed overboard three times, and once jumped in after a daguerreotype portrait which I lost out of my pocket. I lost everything, including $1,150 in gold, which was taken from my trunk. Every trunk was broken open before it was thrown overboard. I found on the wreck a book with this inscription on the fly leaf:—"Miss Lydia Merchant, from her friend, Mrs. Caroline Phillips, Newburyport, Mass., 1852." The volume is one of a juvenile series, and handsomely bound. I intend to send it to her.

Many of the ladies exposed themselves unnecessarily during the whole time, and one of them, while standing upon the main deck, in imminent danger of being swept away by the surf, I was forced to carry down below.

The non-commissioned officers and men exerted themselves to their utmost. In fact, some of them worked until they dropped down from sheer fatigue.

A man named Mit, a private of Company K, was on deck when the upper deck fell on him, and his head went through a skylight in such a way that he was but slightly injured, excepting that a splinter of the wood ran into his cheek, and, as we could not extract it, the wound healed up and it remains there now.

During all the time that we were working at the pumps we could get nothing to eat but biscuit and cold water.

One curious fact in the affair was, that nearly all the sailors showed an unconquerable aversion to going near a dead body. On one occasion the body of the carpenter's brother lay with his head cut off by hour after hour, and no one came near it.

The females on board evinced the utmost coolness and presence of mind throughout the whole of the time. Some of them would come up to me and ask me whether we were in danger, and when I replied that there was great danger, but everything depended upon our own exertions, they appeared perfectly satisfied, and returned to their quarters.

Our reporter was shown a sword, battered and bruised with the hard usage through which it had gone, which had been the companion of Colonel Washington through many years, and was saved by Lieutenant Winder from the wreck. This, with the exception of a case of revolvers, comprised everything saved by this gentleman.

### MEETING AT THE MERCHANTS' EXCHANGE.

We know of no event which has excited a deeper feeling of sorrow for the loss of life by the wreck of the ill fated steamer San Francisco, or greater admiration for the heroic and noble conduct of the commanders of the Three Bells, Kilby, and Antarctic, who so nobly stood by the wreck until all who were living were saved, than that manifested among our commercial men generally.

After a short previous notice, a large meeting was convened in the Rotunda of the Merchants' Exchange, at about half past three, P. M. There were probably over a thousand merchants and business men present.

The meeting was called to order by Col. James Lee who moved that Mr. George Griswold should take the chair. This was carried unanimously. The following assistant officers were then appointed:—

*Vice Presidents*—Messrs. James Brown, Thomas Tileston, Moses H. Grinnell, Chas. H. Marshall, E. E. Morgan, Walter R Jones, Mortimer Livingston.

*Secretaries*—Messrs. E. C. Bogart, Charles Carow, F. G. Foster, R. C. Goodhue.

Mr. Pelitiah Perret then rose to offer several appropriate resolutions. He stated that the solemn occasion which had brought them together was so well known to all, and the feeling of praise in favor of the noble conduct of those who had so heroically rescued the passengers of the steamer San Francisco was so general, that no lengthened remarks from him were necessary. He then proceeded to read the resolutions as follows:—

Resolved, As the sense of this meeting, that the highest praise is due to Captain Creighton, of the British ship Three Bells, of Glasgow; Captain Low, of the bark Kilby, of Boston, and Captain Stouffer, of the ship Antarctic, of New York, for their humane, generous and heroic conduct, in rescuing the passengers, officers and crew, of the steamer San Francisco, in their late perilous exposure on the ocean, which was accomplished at the imminent hazard of the lives of these noble hearted men, and those who acted under their command.

Resolved, That as an expression of the high sense entertained by this community of their magnanimous conduct, a piece of plate be presented to Captain Creighton, Captain Low, and Captain Stouffer, and that some proper testimonial be presented to each of the officers and crew of the ships above named, at the discretion of the committee appointed for the purpose.

Resolved, That the committee appointed be authorized to solicit funds from our own fellow citizens for the purposes named, and to present the testimonials to the persons designated, and that the committee have power to add to their number.

Resolved, That a petition to both Houses of Congress be prepared by the said committee, and that the signatures of our fellow citizens be obtained to it, requesting that ample provision be made by the government of the United States to indemnify the losses incurred by the commanders and owners of the vessels above named in their endeavors to same the lives of the officers and soldiers of the United States army from the wreck of the San Francisco, and to grant some testimonial of approbation to the commanders, officers and crews of the Three Bells, Kilby, and Antarctic.

Resolved, That these resolutions be signed by the officers of the meeting and published in the newspapers of the city, at the discretion of the committee.

The resolutions were put to the meeting, and unanimously agreed to.

The following committee was appointed to solicit funds for the purpose of carrying out the objects framed in the resolutions, after which an adjournment took place.

COMMITTEE.

| | |
|---|---|
| T. Tileston, | Russell Sturges, |
| W. H. Aspinwall, | William Nelson, |
| P. Perit, | H. K. Bogert, |
| D. Duer, | J. H. Brower, |
| K. L. Taylor, | David Olyphant, |
| N. Meritt, | F. A. Delano, |
| A. A. Low, | R B Minturn, |
| James Lee, | Warren Delano, Jr. |
| A. C. Kingsland, | Edw'd Cunard, |
| Watt Sherman, | J. W. Alsop, |
| Caleb Barstow, | J. Depeyster Ogden, |
| Royal Phelps, | C. R. Robert, |
| A. B. Neilson, | Schuyler Livingston, |
| Z. Cook | John C Green, |
| Joseph Walker, | David Ogden, |
| Moses Taylor, | Jonas Sturges, |
| Henry Grinnell, | E. K. Collins, |
| Robt. Kelly, | Edwd. Richardson. |

Captain Creighton's noble conduct was in the mouth of everybody, and a general desire was expressed to meet him on 'Change and shake him by the hand. The conduct of Capt. Watkins and his officers, as well as the cool and brave course of the United States Army officers, was also highly commended. During the meeting Capt. Creighton was loudly called for, and had he appeared on the stand he would have been loudly and enthusiastically cheered.

Mr. Mellus, the mate of the San Francisco, at the conclusion of the meeting, got as far as the portico of the Exchange, and was immediately surrounded, warmly shaken by the hand, and cordially congratulated on his escape from destruction.

Mr. John Aspinwall, was also on 'Change. He stated, as well as Mr. Mellus, that Captain Watkins did not scuttle the ship, and there was scarcely a doubt but she went down in less than twenty four hours after she was abandoned.

TELEGRAPHIC.

TROY, Jan. 14, 1854.

General Wool left here this morning for New York, for the purpose of replacing the officers and men lost on the steamer San Francisco, and arranging for their re-embarkation.

## ADDITIONAL PARTICULARS