PERILS OF THE OCEAN.

The Terrible Voyage of the Steamship Adriatic.

HURRICANES AND HEAD SEAS.

Her Propeller Blades Carried Away at Midnight in Mid-Ocean.

"SHALL WE PROCEED OR RETURN?"

Fear and Anxiety of the Passengers.

A MARVELLOUS RESCUE.

Falling In with the Wrecked Ship Allan, Bound to Liverpool.

ALL HANDS SAVED.

Particulars of the Foundering of the Steamship St. Louis—Arrival of Her Crew at This Port Yesterday.

The tidings that have reached us within the past month from the broad bosom of the Atlantic have been filled with tales of fierce storms and merciless hurricanes—news of wrecked vessels, shattered hulls, hairbreadth escapes from starvation and death; the suffering of crews and the terror of helpless passengers. Every fresh arrival brings an addition to these stories of disaster, making the year 1872 as memorable in the history of such heart-rending narratives. These tidings do not possess much of the pleasant and poetical tinge so often given to the pictures of the sea in her calm moments; but they bring so many tales of privation, exposure and escape, frequently of death, that they keep all in painful suspense that the next flash may not be news of the unwelcome climax of a greater ocean horror than yet has marked the Winter now upon us, where brave men and courageous women— wife, husband, brother, sister, the child and infant—are engulfed by the insatiable sea, over which the "waves alone can chant a requiem." How many anxious hearts are now throbbing in anticipation of the next news from the vast deep but He alone who rules

THE HUNGRY, WASTING SEA,

can know, but they are many, and from pure and stern hearts go up petitions that what is to come may not be so fearful as that which has already reached them. The terrors of the ocean, with its privations and disasters, that at times take the lot of those that go down to it as a matter of business or pleasure, yet fearing the stirring majesty of its deep waters, have a vivid realization in the perils of the steamship Adriatic, of the White Star Line of Transatlantic packets, that arrived in this port from Liverpool and Queenstown on Saturday evening, after a voyage of little over fifteen days, and greatly more so as, in the hours when accident first befel them, they met and rescued the crew of the sinking ship Allan, from Bathurst, New Brunswick, for Liverpool,

AT NIGHT, IN MID-OCEAN,

when hideous death was staring them in the face and no help at hand to answer their prayers. The Adriatic had before buffeted the wild waves, but the story her commander, Captain H. H. Perry, tells of the late voyage, robs the vividly-colored picture of the sea's serenity of much of its sparkling character. What they experienced and what the Allan's crew passed through, what continuous storms and accidents were their portion, was told with earnestness, yet with a glow of satisfaction that once more they were safe.

The Adriatic left Liverpool on Friday, 6th inst., with forty-seven cabin passengers, eleven of whom were females, and 141 in the steerage, the sexes among these being about equally divided, making 288 persons in all. She had a full cargo. No more pleasant company ever gathered in the *salon* of any ocean steamship than those who at this time bade their friends goodby, while they turned and gazed toward and in imagination over the distant sea, thinking of the time when they should be gliding up the magnificent bay of New York, and through its deep and rapid pass, the Narrows, on towards the end of their voyage. Little did they then think of the anxieties and sore misgivings then in store for them. Down St. George's the Channel the good vessel steamed with ordinary weather, reaching Queenstown in excellent time and receiving additional passengers, leaving that place in excellent trim for the work to be done. At twenty minutes to four P. M. of the 7th Fastnet was abeam, and all on board settled down to take matters easily and plan how they could best pass the time that would hang, at the best, heavily upon them, however propitious were both wind and weather. Strong head winds were experienced all that night, with head seas, and these seemed not to surprise the passengers, but gave

ZEST TO THE EXCITEMENT,

always noticeable at the commencement of such a voyage. From Fastnet up to noon of the 8th 197 miles had been recorded. The next twenty-four hours was worse than the preceding, furious gales from the northwest, with heavy head seas, that portended mischief, and so retarding the vessel's progress that only 156 miles were run up to the 9th. The ugly gales and still uglier seas which they caused made the experienced officers believe that the passage would prove tempestuous and of longer duration than ordinary. That night Neptune was less wrathful, and the morning of the 10th broke with more favorable prospect, the gales moderating, but leaving an unpleasant reminder of their violence in a heavy northwest swell, which had the effect of rendering everybody uncomfortable, and making it a decidedly clever matter for one to retain his seat at the table, and dangerous to remain on deck. To the noon of this day 260 miles had been run in the twenty-four hours, which intelligence was received with congratulations by the passengers. Shifting winds from north to south marked the next day, when, despite the drawback, 287 miles were made, but up to the 12th, at noon, in the twenty-four hours the distance marked was reduced to 173 miles. The terribly high head sea almost staggered the enormous steamship, and the

BLACK WAVES BROKE OVER

her bow angrily. Now the conviction grew upon every man and woman at all gifted with ordinary reflection that bad weather and a passage of more than the usual stormy nature awaited them. All that night the giant waves rose higher and higher, dashing against the iron sides of the craft with a force that awed all on board at the majesty of excited nature. This was but the forerunner of the terrible to come. Officers, from the Captain down, were all on duty, and the seamen alert to obey such orders as the nature of the position demanded. The night was of the darkness of pitch, and the wind tore through the rigging with a roar and whistle that was appalling. Approaching midnight the waves ran mountains high, when, between that time and one o'clock on the morning of the 13th, one more angry sea than all the rest swooped down upon the steamship fore and aft, carrying away two and part of the third of the propeller blades, an injury so irreparable that the officers for a moment were struck with amazement, and the passengers, when learning of it, stood aghast. "The propeller disabled! and what will become of us?" cried many, while the stouter hearts thought the same, without utterance, if they had not more serious reflections. The loss sustained was instantly discovered by the engineers on duty in

THE JERK AND TWISTING

of her machinery, when the vessel was slowed and morning awaited with great anxiety. The dawn of the 13th showed the extent of the damage to the officers, as from the stern windows, when the ship was lifted out of the sea by the swell, the propeller could be seen. Even this observation was accompanied with peril, for a man caught with his head out of these openings when the ship was stern down was likely to have his head chopped off by the sea as clean as the guillotine could perform a like job. The fears of the passengers were at once partially allayed by Captain Perry, who at once called a council of his officers, when the great question was propounded, "What shall be done? Shall we proceed or return?" The deliberation was as long as the serious nature of the case demanded, and as it was found the supply of coal was satisfactory, as was also the quantity of provisions and water in the ship, and there were evidences of the weather and sea moderating, the decision went forth

"WE SHALL PROCEED,"

which, being communicated to the anxious passengers, met the approval of the majority. Meanwhile all the fore and aft canvas was set, when it was found that the ship, with the broken propeller, would make about seven or eight knots in a bad sea, but with the propeller alone only four knots, a progress so slow that it disheartened the passengers. The record showed but seventy-one miles for the twenty-four hours up to the noon of the 13th. At this period, or before, two reverend gentlemen on board suggested prayers morning and night, and these were generally attended, and many earnest supplications were uttered, for the safety of the ship and her passengers, which made a deep and lasting impression upon all, infusing a seriousness among both men and women that may long remain. The afternoon of this eventful day was a busy one for the officers, who worked with the crew in that manner

BRAVE SEAMEN WILL WORK

when there are hundreds of lives whose safety is entrusted to their hands. Night again came. It brought little rest to those on board, and the officers of the good Adriatic, while they were laboring to allay all fear among their number, were destined to prove the means of saving a crew of twenty shipwrecked mariners, who, with a fast sinking vessel under them, had well nigh lost all hopes of rescue, and were fearful that the wrathful waves would soon bury them in the fathomless caverns of the ocean. The hour of discovering this wreck was seven in the evening. It was at first thought to be a burning vessel, as the signal of distress was an immense turpentine torch, which flared in the darkness of the night with terrible import. All this while the weather had moderated, and Captain Perry directed the course of the vessel to be changed, and the Adriatic approached the wreck, for it then could be seen, by aid of the enormous torch, within 300 yards, and he hailed it. "Save our lives!" came back to him, and the cheering words,

"WE WILL SEND A BOAT"

were sent in response. All the Adriatic's passengers were on deck, and the thought of seamen perishing in these dark, cold and cruel waves made them forget their own troubles, and they hoped that success would crown the efforts of the noble sailors sent to rescue them. Second Officer Buckland and a full crew were appointed to undertake the hazardous task. They lowered starboard lifeboat No. 7 and went on their mission with a hundred voices wishing them "God speed." In an hour the boat returned with the unwelcome intelligence that the treacherous sea still ran so high that they could not go near the wrecked ship. She was gunwales under and sinking fast. Captain Perry then had the boat hoisted up, when the Adriatic steamed around the Allan, and he bade those on her

TO "BE OF GOOD CHEER."

Another boat was then launched, in charge of third officer Barker and a willing crew. The men pulled on their mission with vigor, though they doubted their complete success, as the sea was still very high, though it was moderating every moment. Shortly these men returned with the same disheartening intelligence as before received, and that the crew of the sinking ship "must jump overboard to be saved." Captain Perry shouted, "They must be saved by some means. Try again, and if they must jump overboard let them do it one by one and then pick them up." "Aye, aye, sir," came back manfully, and then again, with renewed wishes of success, the brave men went to save fellow seamen. Awaiting the boat's return, which seemed a long time and one of great suspense on the Adriatic, at last it was observed to be approaching them through the blackness of the night, when Captain Perry's "Have you any of the crew?" went ringing over the water, and back came the welcome response,

"WE HAVE NINE, SIR,"

when the passengers and crew of the steamship sent up a shout to high Heaven that made the blood of the poor storm-tossed mariners tingle keenly in their veins and infused new energy in their benumbed limbs and hope in their desponding souls. One by one they were cared for, and the courageous Barker and his men returned for the balance. They were successful, and at midnight all that was left of the ship Allan was careening to the hungry waves, but her crew had now found kindly hands to make them comfortable. Once more the Adriatic was slowly ploughing the deep, and to noon of the 14th 122 miles more had been passed. This day the seas were terrible in their violence, and at noon the westerly wind blew with such violence that the waves ran mountain high, lashing the ship's side in their anger and breaking over the vessel covered it in a

SEA OF WHITE FOAM.

Terribly grand was the sight. At a quarter to five o'clock P. M. the steamship City of Washington, from New York for Liverpool, was communicated with and the request made to report the Adriatic's condition, which, it will be remembered, was done promptly on her arrival at Queenstown. All night long and on the morning of the 15th the seas were still fearful, shooting with all their wrathfulness over the steamer. The gale was from the south, and early in the day a new sail was blown clean from the ropes. All day the winds were shifting, at last blowing a hurricane, with seas so terrific that the ship was "laid to" on the starboard tack, with the weather cloth in the after rigging and propeller working, when she was found thus to remain, with but little rolling and without taking any water on deck. But sixty-four miles were made this day, and the passengers still felt discouraged. Then, much to the satisfaction of all, the weather moderated. The ship's progress to noon of the 15th was 189 miles, and the succeeding twenty-four hours 161 miles. On the 17th the steamship Canada was signalled, and asked to report the Adriatic at New York, but this was wholly unnecessary, as the sequel proved. With weather decidedly pleasanter, the alarm felt by the passengers wore off, and confidence in the ship usurping the feelings of fear there were

MERRIER TIMES ON BOARD,

and once in a while the cheery ring of laughter could be heard. This made the officers' feelings rise correspondingly, and when, on the 18th, 19th and 20th, the ship logged 267, 245 and 218 miles respectively, there was universal rapture. On the morning of the 21st, having been out almost fifteen days, the perilous voyage of the Adriatic was nearing its end. That day the dinner sat down to by every passenger was in quantity and quality of the best. Everybody did justice to it—man, woman and child. Bumpers of Moet and Chandon were drank to officers and ship, when the following document, signed by all the passengers, was presented to Captain Perry amid the heartiest of cheers:—

STEAMSHIP ADRIATIC, AT SEA, Dec. 21, 1872.

Captain HAMILTON H. PERRY:—

DEAR SIR—As our voyage is rapidly approaching its completion, the undersigned passengers on the Adriatic feel constrained to testify in some form their appreciation of the skill and courage which has enabled you to so successfully overcome, not only the misfortune which befel the propeller of this vessel early in the voyage, but the unusually tempestuous weather which has been encountered throughout; and to ask you to accept their heartfelt thanks for the kindness and care with which all our wants have been met.

Most cordially wishing you and the efficient and gentlemanly officers of the Adriatic long life and success, and confidently predicting abundant patronage for a line which furnishes such ships and such officers, we remain, my dear sir, your sincere friends.

And at twenty-five minutes to seven o'clock the same evening the Adriatic was passing Sandy Hook, and the anxieties of the past were almost buried in the joy of the present.

How the Allan was Wrecked.

The story of the shipwreck which left the Allan, of Glasgow, a floating raft, and which came near destroying the lives of her twenty men, was told by Captain Francis Locke. He said the Allan was built twenty-two years ago, and was a full-rigged ship, 175 feet in length, 38 in breadth, 24 in depth of hold, and 1,000 tons register. Captain Locke has commanded her seven years. She was loaded with deals and timber. She sailed from Bathhurst on the 16th of November, carrying the following crew:—James Beggs, aged twenty-six, mate; Joseph Malt, aged twenty-four; William Shortland, aged twenty; J. N. Meeger, twenty-three; John James Murphy, thirty-one; Thomas Barton, fifty; Edward Hughes, thirty-three; Thomas George, twenty; James Carrigan, fourteen, all from England; John O'Brien, aged twenty-four; John McCarby, twenty-five; George Murphy, twenty-one, all from Ireland; James Edwards, aged twenty-six, an American; Mark Gustaven, thirty-eight, and Edward Forster, twenty-two, from Sweden; Charles Algin, twenty-nine; Henry Peterson, twenty-eight, and Jacob Klinsch, twenty-nine, from Germany, and William Denk, from Scotland. They were all saved as noted, but had they remained twenty-four hours longer in the wrecked vessel they would have perished. The Allan was on her way to Liverpool, and had passed through the Straits of Belliste. The voyage was pleasant until the 25th ult. There was a terrible gale on that day. It stormed against the sides of the vessel, and with one tremendous crash it carried away the rudder, the lee bulwarks, the rails, and burst open the water ways and covering boards. It seemed as if the winds

WOULD SPLIT THE VESSEL

into a hundred pieces as the furious waves dashed over their very shoulders. They thought their last hour had come. They clung to the rigging. As the high waves came rolling toward the ship, lashed by the wind, they expected to be dashed into the boiling, seething sea. They suffered unspeakable agony.

"We are lost," one of the men cried, in a yell of terror, "look at this wave."

The wave came and rolled over them—the ship had fallen deep into the trough of the sea, but they withstood the shock bravely. The next wave came, and the next, and every hour brought the danger of instant death. The captain ordered the men to the pumps, and they worked day and night. Their hearts sank in them as the hurricane increased in fury, as the clouds became blacker and the sky more threatening. The wind howled and moaned and whistled mournfully, as its angry gusts swept over their heads,

CHILLING THEIR BLOOD,

blinding their eyes, and almost lifting them from their feet despite their desperate efforts to the contrary. It passed through every fibre of their bodies; and when the blast had spent its force they were cold, their faces were bloodless and the heart had scarce strength enough to beat. Night came, and they were wrapped in darkness. Morning dawned and no aid near. Another night—ceaseless working at the pumps—bitter gusts of wind, the roar of the mighty ocean, unavailing prayers, and still no sail in sight. On the 30th they made a rudder with a mainyard. It served very well until the night of December 1, when the gale increased and the sea began to tear away the stern. What a night! It seemed as if all the powers of sky and earth were let loose. There was a furious hail squall, and the hailstones rained upon their heads. The cutting sleet poured down and tore their faces. They thought they could not live, and still the storm grew fiercer and fiercer.

IT FLUNG THE FOAMING WAVES

over their heads, and built up mountains of dark billows round the fated ship. The clouds were driven against each other by opposite currents, and met in a whirlwind. It was a horrid spectacle. Before them was a black, impenetrable wall of clouds, above them, as it seemed, were layers upon layers of sleet, and beds upon beds of hail and torrents of yeasty water. They saw a dense mass of clouds that were whirled and tossed by the howling wind, as if it were bent to scatter and destroy them. There was lightning, and the deep, hollow thunder, and now a flame of sleet curled round these clouds. The spray dashed to the skies, and as the sea rose higher and higher the waterspout, eddying, bubbling, foaming, leaped into the air as if it would mount the firmament. It looked more like a dream than like reality. There was a terrific peal, but it died away in a few seconds, as if the fury of the elements

HAD COWED THE THUNDER.

Silence, deep, gloomy silence; and now the hail and sleet and rain pour down in one mighty torrent, and the raging sea—the sea below—seems to rise with still greater fury and meet this terrible flood, and both mingle in one boundless ocean of foam and mist, and cloud and vapor and spray, and hail and sleet, till the sky seems blotted out and the sea is swept away, and all is one vast deluge. There is no light and no darkness; there is no sky and no ocean; there is no horizon—all is one livid chaos.

The gleam of the lightning bursts through this sleet that seems to wrap heaven and earth. It comes from above, from beneath. The waves are on fire, the sky is on fire. Flames burst from the clouds and glittered on the spray. There is an electric shock, which seems to come from the very depth of the ocean, and the billows toss madly to and fro, as if wanting to vent their wrath. The lightning flashes, but they still grow higher.

THE THUNDER SHAKES THEM,

but they dash on, and so the elements battle till morning dawns. Then the sun rises and sheds its radiant glory upon the poor waifs that are still clinging to the raft.

It was a ship no more. The tempest had washed the galley overboard, crushed the boats and gutted the forecastle. The brave captain despaired not. He had not had an hour's sleep for a week, and still he struggled on. The crew could not but obey him, and after unnumbered hours of anguish and weary watching and feverish waking of the brain, the Adriatic came to their rescue. "A sail! a sail!" the captain cried. "We are saved." The noble steamer came nearer the wreck. Life was again beaming before them.

"SAVE OUR LIVES,"

the captain said calmly. The sturdy old sailor could not show his emotion.

Then, as narrated, Captain Perry rescued Captain Locke and his crew. They were kindly cared for until the arrival in New York. Their faces thrilled with joy as they set foot again on the hospitable shores of America.

FOUNDERING OF THE STEAMER ST. LOUIS.

Arrival of the Captain, Officers and Passengers in This City—Story of Her Loss—The Ship's Log—List of Her Passengers.

The steamer George Cromwell arrived at this port at an early hour yesterday morning, bringing from Key West the captain, officers and passengers of the well-known steamer St. Louis, making in all about forty souls, which recently foundered off New Orleans while on her passage from that port to New York. In spite of the bitter blasts of the northern wind a considerable number of relatives and friends had gathered at pier No. 8 East River to welcome back to the land of the living the shipwrecked mariners. Among the first to descend the ship's side was Captain Whitehead, the late commander of the ill-fated St. Louis, and whose cool bravery and admirable conduct caused the saving of every life entrusted to his care. After the captain followed officers, crew and passengers, who soon separated to their various destinations. Mr. Seaman, one of the owners of the Cromwell line, to which the lost steamer belonged, after welcoming the captain and officers back, requested that they would come to the office of the company, at 86 West street. Seated around a stove, in a snug office, they told the story of the vessel's foundering to Mr. Seaman. As a representative narrative the following graphic description from the captain's lips tells the tale of the loss of the noble craft with her valuable cargo. The statement of Captain Whitehead was fully confirmed by the first mate, first and assistant engineers and several others of the officers.

THE CAPTAIN'S STATEMENT.

I left New Orleans in command of the St. Louis at a quarter-past eight o'clock on Saturday morning, the 7th day of December. After unmooring from the levee we touched on what was supposed to be the wreck of the steamer General Grant, which was burned and sunk some years ago; we came off, however, without any apparent damage and preceeded down the river, crossed Southwest bar and went to sea at twenty-five minutes past eight P. M., with a very light wind.

Everything went well until Sunday evening, at twenty minutes past eight, when the first assistant engineer, in making his usual examination of the machinery,

DISCOVERED A LEAK IN THE UPPER COMPARTMENT,

near the stern. He found at first his feet were wet, and then waited a few seconds to see if the water rose, before making his report to the chief engineer, but it increased with great rapidity and was immediately reported to the chief engineer and myself. So rapidly did the leak gain on us that on returning immediately to the compartment it was found nearly filled with water, which subsequently by its force broke the adjoining bulkhead down, so that it was also filled with water.

THE TERRIBLE PRESSURE OF WATER

also filled and pushed through the second bulkhead and caused the water to rush into the fire and engine rooms. The two steam pumps were started, also the deck pumps for each compartment, upon the receipt of the first report as to the leak in the after compartment, and all being in first rate repair worked well.

The water steadily gained on us at the rate of nearly a foot an hour and soon put out the fires in the main boilers, and after this the two donkey pumps continued to work until the water rose to the donkey boiler, which was on the between decks. The deck pumps were also worked by the crew until the time when we found it necessary to abandon the ship. I can honestly assure you that there was no excitement on board, and things were as quiet as they are at the present moment in this office. The moon shone out gloriously over our sinking craft, and every soul tried to do his best to save the ship. However, by midnight we had all come to the conclusion that we must soon forsake her and take to the boats.

MANNING THE FIVE LIFEBOATS.

Meanwhile our five boats were lowered and towed astern, ready to be drawn alongside as required. All the boats were in excellent order and well found with oars, &c. Eight men were told off into each boat, and water, bread, biscuits, cheese, meat and blue lights for signalling purposes were placed in each, accompanied by a lamp.

No attempt was made at crowding the boats, and, as before stated, there was no excitement, while the discipline, I am proud to say, was perfect. I had provided myself with a pistol, and would have shot the first man who had commenced any mutinous conduct; but this precaution of mine was entirely unnecessary. At two o'clock in the morning we abandoned the ship, the water being above the between decks, and her foundering being then merely a question of time. We laid by the sinking steamer till we saw her engulfed in the water, which happened at half-past five o'clock in the morning, just as the moon went down. Having rigged up temporary sails in the five lifeboats we set sail for Tortugas. According to my calculations the St. Louis sank 170 miles from Southwest Bar. The boat in which I was contained a lady passenger, Mrs. Hirsch, of New York, who had two children, one in arms, and the other of about two years, who, after we had been out for some hours, suffered considerably from exposure to the weather. The second boat was commanded by the first mate, the third boat by the chief engineer, the fourth by the second mate and the fifth by the quartermaster and steward.

THE BOATS WERE ALL WELL STEERED

and kept close in company—but, said the captain, interrupting himself, here is an extract of the log, which tells its own story of our life in the boats, to which I will only add that the Record, formerly the John H. Rigserson, bore down upon our little flotilla, attracted by the five lamps burning in each boat, and which presented an unusual sight in those waters. We had found the lamps of great use in the dark hours of the night by signalling to each other, one wave of the lamp meaning number one boat and so on.

EXTRACTS FROM THE LOG.

On Monday, having rigged temporary sails, we ran for Tortugas, the breeze increasing, with a rough sea, all the boats well managed and behaving well; all in line, making six knots an hour; got a good observation at noon.

Tuesday, December 10.—This day opens with a gloomy aspect; no sail in sight save the little fleet of five boats scudding in close company before a strong gale and rough sea. The boats shipped several seas, wetting everything, but were kept well bailed out.

THE HORRORS OF THE NIGHT.

At half-past five P. M. night closed in with a gloom of horror, but the clouds broke away and the moon enabled the boats to keep together with the help of signals from each other. All went well under the circumstances.

A SAIL IN SIGHT—THEY ARE RESCUED.

At half past eleven P. M. the good ship Record hove in sight, and attracted by the lights in the different boats, hove to and took all safe on board, where we received the kindest treatment.

At four A. M. Wednesday wind increased, with very rough sea, and the following morning we safely arrived at Key West, where Captain Whitehead provided lodging and clothing for the destitute party.

CONLUSION OF THE CAPTAIN'S STORY.

Had we not, continued the captain, had the good chance by the mercy of God to fall in with the Record few of us might be here to tell the tale, for the weather was becoming very boisterous and our boats were shipping a great deal of water. As it is not a single life has been sacrificed. Captain Dumaresq, of the Record, which vessel is owned in Liverpool, transferred us to a pilot boat off Key West, where we soon obtained comfortable quarters. All that was saved was the log and a few nautical instruments, which were needed for navigating our little fleet of boats.

HISTORY OF THE LOST STEAMER.

The St. Louis was an iron steamer of 1,060 tons burden, and was built for the Cunard line, at Dumbarton, in Scotland, in 1853, and was called the Carnac, and after making several voyages to this city and Boston, was employed in carrying the mail between New York and Nassau. During the early part of the war she was run ashore, while under the command of Captain Le Mesurier, the present captain of the Cunard steamship Algeria, at Nassau, and was sold as a wreck. Some parties from the North having got her off the beach, she was taken into Port Royal harbor, where she received some temporary repairs and then proceeded North. Here she was fitted up, her name changed, and was purchased by the Merchants' Steamship Company, of Boston, and eventually went into the New Orleans trade. She was destined, however, to change hands once more, and entered the New Orleans steam fleet, owned by Messrs. H. B. Cromwell & Co., of this city, who kept her constantly at work in the same trade. She was in exceedingly good order, having been thoroughly overhauled not long since. She was inspected by the United States Steamship Inspector on the 2d of September last, and also recently by the New York Shipmasters' Association, who rated her for five years to come, on account of the excellent condition of her hull. A part of her machinery was new some two years ago. She was brig rigged, and of the following dimensions:—Length, 214 feet; beam, 30 feet; depth of hold, 18 feet. She had two engines, with 48-inch cylinders and 35-inch stroke of piston. She was insured by her owners for $140,000. About $6,000 worth of specie was lost on board her.

Her passengers, who have arrived in this city, are Mrs. Hirsch, of New York, and two infant children; Mr. S. Fitzhugh and Mr. Ambier, of New Orleans; Mr. G. Abbott and Mr. Reed.

THE FOLLOWERS OF THE RED FLAG.

What They Are—Silk Weavers of Paterson—Delegates of Trades Unions Present—Working People's Opinion of Internationalism—Its Want and Secret Explained—About Religious Matters—International Congress in Switzerland—A Complete List of Trades Unions.

Eleven delegates of the Federal Council of the International Workingmen's Association met yesterday at 129 Spring street, for the purpose of recalling to each other's minds the many ills and abuses that workingmen are heir to, and to devise means for the amelioration of their condition. To judge from the appearance of those eleven followers of the red flag, there is that material which is necessary to carry out a daring scheme, and certainly it matters not to them if the public say they are squandering time, as they consider it to be their sacred duty to organize the industrial classes; and if all fails it may yet be their cry to level or die. But, however, take them all in all, there is something grand in their conception, the vivacious Frenchman consulting with the philosophical German and the speculative American exchanging opinions with the jolly Britisher; the son of the "Ever Faithful Isle," who seems to be more inquisitive than explanatory, in consultation with a son of classic Italy; the somewhat imaginative Irishman, seemingly at home among them all, and generally joining in all debates. On account of being in council so often-times together they seem to act harmoniously—certainly more than one would expect—yet occasionally there are some awful exclamations and gesticulations to be heard and seen when a wide difference of opinion arises in this cosmopolitan gathering.

After the regular routine business had been proceeded with the Secretary read several communications from sections in different parts of the Union, from which the following was gleaned:—In Chicago there have been

FREE LODGING HOUSES

established by the Common Council for the homeless and destitute poor in different parts of the city. By way of combining amusement with instruction and advancement of the cause of the workingmen there has been a grand scheme devised for the purpose of establishing places of amusement for the working people and their children, somewhat on the principle of the German Turn Verein, several hundred dollars having been already contributed for that purpose. A communication was read from the Paterson silk weavers, stating that they had decided to affiliate their society with the International Association, and, as regards the "strike," money is being liberally contributed by the different industrial organizations of the United States. The French Corresponding Secretary, Citizen Hubert, then introduced several delegates of trades unions of this city, and in his introductory remarks said that the delegates would please inform the Council the objections held by their unions against the International Workingmen's Association. One of the delegates stated that among the working people there was a prevailing impression that the Internationals were fanatics, opposed to all religions, and determined if possible to overturn society in general without substituting something better instead, and it was his fervent wish that the Council remove those prejudices from the people's minds by boldly proclaiming their principles on religious matters. Citizen Kinzett, on behalf of the Council, replied that the Internationals have always advocated freedom of worship, and the religious opinions of the members are matters that do not at all interest Internationals. It is also asked, continued the speaker,

WHAT IS INTERNATIONALISM?

what does it want? what is its secret? The answer is simply this:—Internationals want the total abolition of wages-slavery, or that human beings have the just right to all the products of their own labor, and the objects of the association are to secure them this of which the wages system deprives them. The Internationals consider that wages-slavery is a relic of chattel slavery. Several of the members indorsed the remarks of the speaker.

The following resolutions relative to the above matter were then unanimously adopted and decided that a copy be presented to the delegates:—

Resolved, That as our enemies charge us with opposition to religion, we the members of the Federal Council of the International Workingmen's Association of America do emphatically deny the charge, and hold it as the right of every individual to maintain his own religious opinions without interference or question; and be it further

Resolved, That we do hereby declare that our mission is the political and social emancipation of the working people of America irrespective of creed, country or color, and the placing them above the caprice of an employing community who reap the benefit, and who, when they have no more need for them, turn them out to starve or do the best they can under the present degrading system of wages-slavery which we seek to overturn and in its stead establish a perfect system of political and social equality.

Citizen WEST then read the following, which had been received from the Secretary of the International Congress held in Switzerland on the 15th ult.:—"The Congress of the Spanish, Italian, Juran, American, French and British delegates and federations, united at St. Imier, declares:—Absolutely to reject all resolutions of the Hague Congress and in no manner to recognize the powers of the new General Council nominated by it, and to guard their respective federations against the controlling pretensions of said General Council, and also, in order to save and fortify the international unity more advantageously, the delegates hereby establish the bases of a solid compact between its confederations. Considering that the majority of the Congress at the Hague deliberately sacrificed (in order to satisfy their ambitious views and those of their chief) all the principles of the International and that the new General Council (nominated by the Hague Congress and invested with even greater powers than those possessed by the London Council) are menacing the unity of the Internationals by its invasions against its liberty."

The Spanish, Italian, French, American and British Federations and sections and all those who wish to adhere to this pact shall hold among themselves communications and a regular and direct correspondence

COMPLETELY INDEPENDENT

of any governing control. Whenever one of these federations and sections shall find itself attacked in its liberty by the majority of a general congress or the executive power of a general council created by the majority, then all the other federations and sections will proclaim themselves solidly in favor of the attacked federations or sections. They proclaim openly that the principal object of this pact is to sustain the great unity of the International Association which has been endangered by the ambition of the party in power.

The strike is for us a precious mean of conflict, but we do not make ourselves any illusions in regard to its economical results. We accept it as a product of antagonisms between labor and capital, being a necessity to make workmen more and more conscious of the abyss which exists between the middle classes and the proletarial, and also to serve as a fortification for the workmen's organization and to prepare the proletarial in simple, economical conflict for the great revolutionary and definite ones which, by abolishing all privileges and distinction of classes, will give the workmen the right to enjoy the integral product of his labor, and, in connection therewith, the means to develop in the collectivity all his intellectual material and moral power. The Commission proposes to the Congress to appoint a committee, which shall present to said Congress a project of an universal organization of opposition, and also some complete tables of labor statistics and produce. The Congress proposes a copy of all its resolutions and of its pact of friendship, liability and mutual defence to be sent to all workingmen's organizations in the world, and to have an understanding with them in regard to all questions of interest to all free organizations. The Congress invites all organizations, which accept this pact of friendship, liability and mutual defence, to put themselves immediately in contact with all federations and sections who are also willing to accept this pact, in order to determine the nature of their International Congress, and it will feel much pleased if freely a reunion can be had not later than the 15th of March next.

Resolutions were passed approving of the above proceedings of the Congress.

It was then announced that the most complete list of trades' unions ever compiled in this country is now in possession of the secretary.

CHRISTMAS BOOKS.

If you have a friend who is particularly fond of the "little, brown Arabian berry" you cannot find for him a more fitting gift than Mr. Robert Hewitt, Jr.'s., "Coffee: Its History and Cultivation," published by the Appletons. Without being exhaustive, the book is a pleasant sketch of a subject almost untouched, in which most coffee drinkers will take an interest.

The admirers of Dr. Holland's poetry will be delighted with "Garnered Sheaves," published by Scribner, Armstrong & Co. The volume is a complete edition, beautifully printed, of all of his verses, beginning with "Bitter Sweet" and ending with the "Marble Prophecy." The former and "Kathrina" are illustrated by many engravings, and the frontispiece is a portrait of the poet. We have not seen a more tasteful volume this season.

"Sally Williams," by Mrs. E. D. Cheney, and published by Lee & Shepard, is a story of simple girl-life in the mountains of New Hampshire. It is not by any means a strong or striking picture; but most young girls would be pleased with it.

Harper & Brothers have published a second series of the sermons of the Rev. T. De Witt Talmage in the Brooklyn Tabernacle. Though too often remarkable only for exclamation points, italicised words and capital letters, these sermons have many popular features, and we recommend them to everybody who likes his religion diluted.

Readers who have seen M. Michelet's volume, "The Bird," will ask no commendation of his later book, "The Mountain." It is at once a picture of the forms of earth and a revelation of the soul-life of nature.

In addition to M. Michelet's delightful book, "The Mountain," T. Nelson & Sons have published a companion volume by Mme. Michelet, with the attractive title of "Nature." It is not a study, but with the whole world wide before her where to choose, the author has gone from flower to flower in all the gardens of the East and the West, and she gives us only the sentiment of nature. The pencil of Giacomelli adds much to the charm of the volume and makes it a most appropriate gift book.

A most appropriate Christmas gift for a clergyman is "The Minister's Library," just published by Scribner, Armstrong & Co. It includes twenty volumes, among them Conybeare & Howsin's "St. Paul," Dean Stanley's "Histories of the Jewish and the Eastern Churches," Professor Hurst's "History of Rationalism," Professor George P. Fisher's "Supernatural Origin of Christianity" and Dr. Woolsey's "Religion of the Present and the Future."

One of the most elegant books ever issued from the press is Francis Wey's "Rome." It is a volume as superb in illustration and so exact in the delineation of the palaces, ruins, churches and art works of the ancient capitol of the world as to become a memorial of that once proud city. The introduction is by W. W. Story, the artist whose "Rola di Roma" is one of the best books ever written on Rome. The Appleton's are the publishers.

If your minister is a student of the New Testament you could not please him better than by giving him as a Christmas memorial the volume on the revision of the English version which the Harper's have just published. Besides an introduction by Professor Schaff the work contains the treatises of Canon Lightfoot, Archbishop French and Bishop Ellicott on the question of revision, and it is a volume of great worth to Protestant clergymen.

The publication of Washington Irving's works has passed into the hands of J. B. Lippincott & Co., who offer elegantly illustrated editions of "The Sketch Book" and Knickerbocker's "History of New York" for the holidays. Irving is still a favorite with most readers, and these are the gems among his works.

The Appletons, so far, have published only two volumes of their international scientific series, Professor Tyndall's "Forms of Water" and Mr. Walter Bagshot's "Physics and Politics." Professor Huxley, Sir John Lubbock, Herbert Spencer and many other eminent men of science are to contribute to the series, which will be published simultaneously in New York, London, Paris and Leipsic.

Among the delightful gift-books for children this season are Lady Barker's "Ribbon Stories," published by Macmillan & Co., and "The Runaway," by the author of "Mrs. Jerningham's Journal," from the same house. These tales are pleasantly told, handsomely illustrated and well printed.

Lee & Shepard have begun the publication of a new series by Oliver Optic, which is called the Yacht Club series. The first of them is "Little Bobtail." It is a story of Penobscot Bay, and it must have an interest for young readers, for we have just heard a youngster remark that he could read it all day.

Scribner, Armstrong & Co. have started their library of choice fiction with one of Mrs. Oliphant's best novels, "At His Gates." The distinguishing features of this new series are a broad page and large, clear type.

Harper Brothers' household edition of the works of Charles Dickens is chiefly valuable because of the new illustrations with which it is enriched. W. L. Sheppard made the sketches for "Dombey and Son," J. Barnard for "David Copperfield," Thomas Worth for the "Old Curiosity Shop" and J. Mahoney for "Oliver Twist." Thomas Nast is to draw the illustrations of the "Pickwick Papers."

The "Gems of Goldsmith," containing "The Traveller," "The Deserted Village" and "The Hermit," with illustrations, has been published in a neat little volume by Samuel R. Wells. It will make a very desirable present to admirers of the simplicity and beauty of the sweetest and most unpretending of the poets.

The "Child's Delight," published by James Miller, is a collection of very simple stories and nursery rhymes, with the customary colored illustrations.

Among the most admirable gift books of the season is Guillemin's "Forces of Nature," which can be found among the Christmas collection of Scribner, Welford & Armstrong. It belongs to the romance of science class of publications that have grown so popular on account of the superb illustrations by which they are enriched.

TERRIBLE EXPLOSION.

SAN FRANCISCO, Cal., Dec. 22, 1872.

There was an explosion at the Hercules Powder Works, six miles from this city, yesterday afternoon. Two Chinese workmen were killed, one of them being blown to atoms. William Cook, the foreman, was seriously injured afterwards by burning acids. It is stated that the explosion was caused by his intoxication. He will probably survive.

MUSICAL REVIEW.

The advent of Santa Claus brightens up alike the shelves of the music publisher and the counters of the toy manufacturer. A large number of musical works of the most approved holiday type have been issued within the past fortnight and in most instances they evidence taste and real merit unusual with compositions or publications to be found at other seasons. The music publishers are, indeed, not behind the dealers in books in supplying materials for elegant presents. From Europe, however, come the best specimens of the music publishing art. We have no houses here, as yet, to compare with Peters, of Leipsic; Breitkopf & Haertel and Schott.

Ernest Reinking, Fourth avenue, has some of the latest publications of these houses. The prettiest and most elegant publication of the season is the "Salon Album," in five volumes. It is a thesaurus of brilliant effective salon works, fit for the library of a Mills or Pattison. The first book consists of four transcriptions by Alfred Jaell—No. 1, "The Merry Wives of Windsor;" No. 2, "The Wedding March" of Mendelssohn; No. 3, selections from "Tannhauser" and "Lohengrin," and No. 4, "Norma." The second book consists of transcriptions by the same eminent pianist—No. 1, "Faust;" No. 2, 3, 4, "L'Africaine;" No. 5, "Romeo and Juliet." There