Capt. Watkins went on board; he soon returned, and we commenced embarking passengers about half-past two. At three P. M. run a hawser to the barque, which she held on to. Before night we succeeded in getting on board the Kilby upward of one hundred persons, men, women, and children, including Col. Gates and family, Major Merchant and family, Capt. Judd and lady, Lieut. Fremont and family, Lieut. Loeser and family, Captain Gardner, Lieut. Murray, of the U. S. N., Mr. Aspinwall, Mr. J. L. Graham, Mr. J. Farnesworth, and Mr. Southwark. Also sent on board a quantity of stores. During the night the wind increased to squally weather. At about 10 o'clock the Kilby let go our hawser, and in the morning nothing was to be seen of the Kilby. Latter part of the night strong breeze from the southwest and cloudy; during the night Lewis Testador, colored waiter, died.

Dec. 30.—Cloudy weather, with strong gales from southwest, ship laboring heavily; employed in stopping leaks and canvassing over the quarter deck. By this time a large number of the troops and hands had become sick of diarrhœa, and many dying daily. Continued to throw coal overboard and to free the ship from water.

Dec. 31.—Moderate gales from the southwest; all hands employed stopping water out of the ship, and throwing coal overboard. Two A. M. made a ship standing to westward; fired guns throughout the night, and at 9 A. M. was spoken by the ship Three Bells, Capt. Robert Creighton, of Glasgow, who told us to be of good cheer, for he would lay by us. Wm. Wilson, colored waiter, died.

Sunday, Jan. 1.—Throughout the day a heavy gale from northwest, accompanied by a heavy sea; ship laboring very heavily. The Three Bells still in company, and occasionally passing under our lee.

Jan. 2.—Gale from the northwest continued, with high sea, although the wind was somewhat more moderate. We built two rafts, launched one of them, and made it fast, but at daylight it was gone. The ship, however, still kept in company. Latter part of the day much the same sort of weather. The Three Bells passed quite under our lee and communicated with us. Still a great many sick and dying among the troops and firemen.

Tuesday, Jan. 3.—Commenced with moderate gales from the northwest. Boat of Three Bells came alongside, and Mr. Gretton, second officer, was sent on board by Major Wyse, senior United States officer on board, to charter her for the Government. During the night fresh gales continued from northwest; fired guns through the night, and the Three Bells holding on to windward. At eight A. M. made another sail, running before the wind and apparently steering directly for us. Hoisted our colors union down, and the stranger shortening sail passed close under our bows. She proved to be the ship Antarctic, bound to Liverpool. She spoke us, and asked if we wished to leave the ship? to which Capt. Watkins replied that he did. The captain of the Antarctic then told us to be of good cheer, as he would take us all off. He then filled his maintopsail, and shot ahead some three miles.

Wednesday, Jan. 4.—Wore ship and lowered away two boats. The Three Bells also sent her boat, and we succeeded in embarking some seventy or eighty passengers before night. The Antarctic had her two boats stove just at night. During the night the weather was moderate and pleasant, with a prospect of a fine day. Fired our guns through the night and our companions burned blue lights. At 7 A. M. commenced embarking our passengers again. Latter part of night weather quite moderate and pleasant. The Three Bells got her long boat, and she being short of provisions and water the long boat was much used for transporting water and provisions. Today the Antarctic was able to lower only one boat for want of oars.

Thursday, Jan. 5. The weather being moderate and pleasant, we got along quite fast in embarking the people and provisions; and by sunset we had all the troops and a quantity of provisions and water embarked. The night continued moderately pleasant. At 7 A. M., 6th, again commenced sending water and provisions to the Three Bells. We then embarked the crew, and by half past ten every soul was out of the ship but Capt. Watkins, Mr. Mellus, the chief officer, and Mr. Marshall, the chief engineer. These then embarked—Capt. Watkins being the last to quit the wreck.

Mr. Mellus states that the sickness and deaths were confined entirely to the troops, firemen, and waiters. Having no means of cooking on board, they eat imprudently of preserved meats and fruits, which resulted in diarrhœa. There was no sickness among the cabin passengers, officers of the ship, or crew. Mr. Mellus states that the captain of the Three Bells, of Glasgow, and the captain of the Antarctic, as well as the captain of the Kilby, deserve the highest praise for their persevering exertions to save the lives of the people on board of the San Francisco.

STATEMENT OF LIEUT. W. A. WINDER.

The noble steamship San Francisco, which left New York on the 23d ultimo, in thirty-six hours after she passed Sandy Hook was a total wreck. On the night of the third day a violent gale set in, and Lieut. W., whose state-room was on the upper deck, found that the after guards were tearing up close by him and that water was flowing in copiously. In a short time it was a foot deep, and the trunks and other moveables were washing about.

About day light he got up, and ascertained that the ship had broached to, presenting her sides to the heavy seas, which were fearfully rough. He then went into the lower cabin, where he found a group of ladies collected at the foot of the stairway, on mattresses, to keep them from the water, of which there was a good deal on the floor. Laying his head on one of the steps and holding on to the banisters to steady himself, he was soon asleep. But only a short time elapsed when the ship was struck by a heavy sea, immediately followed by a rush of water sweeping down the companion way, carrying with it pieces of timber and various articles. Lieut. W. was struck on the head and breast by the latter, injuring him severely, and he was swept across the cabin with a force almost sufficient to stun him. After repeated efforts he was enabled to regain his feet, and saw persons climbing up the steps. He followed, and the scene presented on reaching the deck was such as no pen can describe. The ship was rolling from side to side, at the mercy of the waves, the sea breaking completely over her at every roll. Before him lay the bodies of two dead soldiers, killed by the fall of the upper cabin; and the surface of the waves for a considerable distance was strewed with a great number of soldiers (who had been brought into the cabin to protect them from the weather) struggling for their lives. All the boats were swept away, both wheel-houses were gone, besides a large quantity of live stock, intended for provisions, hen-coops, &c. At least one hundred and fifty men, including four officers, were among the lost. The struggles of the drowning animals frustrated the efforts of many to save themselves, which otherwise might have been availing. As it was, nothing could be done to save them, and the whole were soon engulphed in a watery grave. The officers lost were, Col. Washington, Major Taylor, (and wife,) Capt. Field, and Lieut. Smith. Nothing but the top of the upper cabin remained, all the state-rooms having been washed away, with those who occupied them. Some of the masts went over previously. The primary cause of this disaster was the breaking up of a little piston-rod to the air-pump, probably not more than two and a half inches in diameter.

During the gale many persons were washed off the vessel, but were enabled to regain their position by the return of the wave which bore them away. Sergeant Brown was washed off no less than four times. The first wave swept him away twenty feet, and the next bore him back. Several soldiers and two cabin passengers had similar experience.

The next move of Lieut. W. was to scramble over the dead bodies before him to seek a place more secure. Officers were seen holding on to the deck to save themselves from going overboard. The ship now looked as though she was full of water and had settled down to the water's edge, and Lieut. W. thought the deck was separated from the hull, forming a sort of raft. In addition to these horrors, the cold was intense, and it being impossible to retain a hold, Lieut. W. went to the mizzen mast, where was Lieut. Murray, U. S. N., whose impression also was that the ship had broken in two. This position was retained until the first mate approached with an axe to cut the mast away, but in this he failed.

They then left for the starboard quarter, where there were several officers (one with wife and child) partially dressed, every sea still breaking over them, and it still being intensely cold. All, however, seemed perfectly resigned, and calmly awaited their fate, which it was thought a few moments would decide. Some had on life preservers. One was offered to Lieut. W., but refused, as it could only have served to prolong life a few brief moments. The supposition was that all except the five or six around him had already perished; but, upon looking into the cabin, he saw many there, principally ladies. The water there was about ankle deep, and part of the main deck was broken in. Water entered with every roll. Many persons forward knew nothing of what was going on aft, and were in a comparatively good condition.

All that day the ship was expected to go down every minute; but in the evening Capt. Watkins, who conducted himself with great bravery, directed the officers to keep the privates bailing water at the engine room, hoping to make the pumps work. Incredible labors were here performed. For the first two days and nights the men worked incessantly, and during four days with trifling intermission. The engineers worked night and day trying to get the pumps in motion. Whenever the wind increased bailing was continued more actively. Finally all hands became completely exhausted and many were sick. However, the water was got under as the gale abated, and efforts were made to lighten the ship and stop the leaks. Hope revived.

On the 25th a sail was descried, which proved to be the brig "Napoleon." She was said to be short of provisions and water; but her officers, after picking up some of the provisions thrown overboard from the San Francisco, abandoned the wreck. The weather was not so severe but that she could have stayed by. The same day the brig Maria came in sight, but did not speak. Heavy blows continued for fourteen days, during which time bailing was continued. The next vessel spoken was the barque Kilby. Though short of provisions, she agreed to take off the men to the nearest port. Accordingly, an officer and twenty men were sent on board to commence lightening her, by throwing over her cargo of cotton, &c. Those officers who had families were then sent, with all the ladies, camp women, &c., with sixty men, making in all 120 or 130 persons. Scarcely any provisions, however, were got on board, and they previously had but one barrel of bread and one and a half of water. It is feared, therefore, that they may have suffered, as the night following she got separated, and it is presumed bore off for Bermuda.

Again left to their fate, despondency ensued, and that night a terrible gale was experienced, and the ship made water fast around the guards and near the shafts. Three or four men were constantly employed to hold mattresses near the shafts, and bailing was continued. This was done by the soldiers.

After the Kilby left additional horrors came upon them; for the ship, repeatedly taking fire, was threatened with destruction from that source. But, happily, this danger was averted. Throughout these trying times many of the officers and men behaved heroically. The services of Sergeant Brown, Company G, were invaluable. For five nights his eyes were not closed, and he ceased his efforts only from sheer exhaustion. Two or three days intervened before another ship was spoken. In the mean time a fearful mortality commenced among the troops, which threatened to sweep off almost the entire number. It is impossible to tell how many died. It is known, however, that after the men were transferred to the Three Bells, subsequently spoken, twenty-four died, ten of them the first night.

The disease was a sort of congestive diarrhœa, supposed to be induced by excessive eating of preserved meats. Many heart-rending scenes occurred. One corporal, with his wife and two children, all died in two days. The husband died first, and the mother was afterwards found dead in her state-room, with a living child on her bosom and a sister by her side insensible from exhaustion. But soon after the men were transferred to the Three Bells the sickness disappeared. This ship's lights were first seen in the night, and signal guns from the steamer, discharged about once every half hour, were answered with blue-lights. It blew so hard the ships could not speak, but ideas were conveyed by means of chalk marks on black boards. Capt. Creighton magnanimously staid by till good weather, though he was short of provisions and leaking badly. The steamer sent on board 500 to 700 gallons of water and other supplies.

On the fourth day after the T. B. was spoken the ship Antarctic was brought to the help of the steamer by Capt. Creighton, and by evening all of the men were transferred to these vessels, with the exception of Capt. Watkins and some thirty engineers, firemen, &c. In the morning these were taken off and the vessel abandoned. Her appearance was that of a complete wreck, and made so principally by a single stroke from a heavy sea. As a gale set in soon after, and as there were none to work the pumps, it is presumed she speedily went down. Nothing was saved from her, the officers and men losing all. Had she not been built in the strongest manner none on board would have been left to tell her fate. Capt. Watkins behaved throughout in the most gallant and intrepid manner. The chief mate, Mr. Marshall, was also distinguished.

STATEMENT BY ONE OF THE PASSENGERS.

On Monday, December 21, the troops, consisting of eight companies of the third regiment of artillery, were embarked from steam-tugs on board the steamer, then anchored in the North river. They numbered, rank and file, some five hundred men. The officers, with their families, together with the soldier's wives and females—a certain portion of whom were allowed to each company—brought up the number to about six hundred. There were twenty or thirty other passengers. The crew numbered from one hundred to one hundred and fifty; so that all told there were between seven hundred and fifty and eight hundred souls on board.

On Wednesday morning the steamer dropped down to the Quarantine, and anchored for the night; weighed anchor, and stood out to sea.

Our voyage was now fairly commenced. At last every obstacle had been overcome, and the gallant ship, with her head pointed to the southwest, moved steadily, though not swiftly, on her course. She was deeply laden; far too deeply, as the result proved. Her engines were new and untried, and the strain upon them great.

Friday morning, the 23d, rose brightly on our course. We had entered the Gulf stream, and the weather, which yesterday had been chilly, and caused the ladies and children to gather about the stove, had become mild. The wind was still from the northwest, with sea enough to cause the dinner table to be comparatively deserted. The day passed without incident of any kind, and gave no presage of the awful disaster so soon to follow.

Immediately after tea I retired to my room, and, after reading two hours as quietly as if on shore, undressed and retired. It soon blew a gale. The ship rolled and pitched to a degree that it was difficult to keep my berth. Every article in the room, though confined, was thrown about in an alarming manner.

At 11 o'clock I could bear it no longer. The sea was a complete mass of foam, boiling and swelling like a caldron. The steamer had broached to twice, and had really become unmanageable. Her head was towards the wind. The whole crew engaged in strenuous but vain efforts to take in the sails. They were blown to ribands. The foremast—we carried no mainmast—was writhing and twisting like a young sapling. It was large enough for the mainmast of a one thousand ton ship. The fury of the tempest was such that I could not stand before it a moment; but I seized the iron brace connecting the ring bolts and surveyed the scene for a moment. Then I threw myself on my hands and knees and made for the nearest hatch to get below. Swinging myself down by the cabin, I reached the main deck. Here a scene of confusion indescribable and confounding presented itself. Four hundred soldiers were berthed on this deck in double rows of standee berths, three tiers each. They had all crept from their berths. The live stock, of which there was considerable, had escaped from their pens on the same deck, and soldiers, bullocks, calves, pigs, sheep, and poultry were all mingled together amid the broken standees. The sea washed over the deck with every roll of the ship. The lanterns were extinguished, and the darkness was almost total.

About one o'clock the foremast came down almost over my head, crushing in the hurricane deck. Saturday morning, the 24th, had at last dawned upon us, and this awful night had an end.

While passing between the second and after cabin I felt a tremendous sea strike the ship, but I had no idea of the awful consequences. It was the denouement, the finale of the awful tragedy which had been going on through the night. An overwhelming sea had struck the ship on her starboard quarter, carried away the starboard paddle-box, both smoke-stacks, the whole promenade deck abaft the paddle-boxes, two rows of state-rooms, of twelve each, on the main deck, and stove in the main deck hatch. This was the smallest part of the havoc. At one fell swoop nearly one hundred and fifty human beings were swept into eternity. The majority were private soldiers of the different companies of the Third Artillery. One company lost all but ten of its members. Four officers went with them. Col. Washington, distinguished at Buena Vista and other hard-fought fields; Maj. Taylor and wife, Capt. Field, and Lieut. Smith. The sea was covered with drowning men. The roar of the tempest smothered the "bubbling cry of strong swimmers in their agony." In a few moments they sunk to rise no more till the sea gives up her dead. Two of all the crowd succeeded in regaining the ship: Mr. Rankin, an army suttler, and Mr. ———, merchant, of Rio Janeiro.

A moment had elapsed when I reached the saloon. It was filled with water to the depth of nearly two feet. The females and children, mostly in their night clothes, and wet to the skin, were scattered on planks; some wailing and sobbing; some apparently stupified; and some calmly awaiting what seemed their inevitable fate. All supposed the last hour had arrived, and in a few moments they would meet their Maker face to face.

After the first burst of dismay was over hope began to revive in our bosoms. The hull was still stanch and strong, and some passing vessel might rescue us from the wreck. Something whispered, "you are safe;" and after committing myself and those most dear to me to the Father of Mercies, I felt at peace.

Ascending the companion way, from the saloon to the main deck, I seated myself at the head of the staircase, and surveyed the scene. The steamer was in all her upper works a perfect wreck. Foremast, smoke-stack, the greater part of the promenade deck, the saloon, and all the state rooms on the main deck—all were gone. The main deck was stove, and the water rushing in at every sea we shipped. On the opposite side of the companion way lay the mangled and bleeding corpse of a soldier, who was killed instantly by the falling of the deck. A few feet further lay a man groaning and near death from injuries received at the same time. The sea was running mountains high, and every billow that came with its curling crest towards us seemed about to pour into our shattered deck and sink us.

It was not so to be. We were in imminent danger of foundering; but our gallant and undaunted commander, Capt. Watkins, whose exertions during all that fearful night had been almost superhuman, directed all his energies to save us. To lighten the ship and stop the leaks were the first objects. To break up the hatches and commence discharging cargo was the work of a moment. Soldiers and sailors all lent a helping hand, and as each man knew he worked for his life, all worked with a will. Stanchins were placed under the broken deck, and it was partially forced back to its place. It was found that the water gained upon us rapidly. The steam pump had become obstructed. Fifty soldiers were detailed to commence bailing. All day and all night the work went on without intermission. Still with every roll the ship took in large quantities of water, and we gained little upon the leak. Sunday morning, the 25th, the day of the nativity of our blessed Saviour, at last dawned upon us. The sky lighted up a little; there was a short gleam of sunshine, and the sea calmed a little. A sail or two was seen in the distance, but none approached us.

It was a gloomy Christmas to us. The work of bailing and pumping went on, and we had gained on the leak. Monday, the 26th, the gale continued with little abatement. All night Sunday the tempest reared round our devoted ship. We discovered a sail not far off. On approaching us she proved to be a brig; we spoke her. She reported herself short of provisions, and, after supplying herself with barrels of beef and pork we had thrown overboard, she went on her way. On Sunday, the 27th, discovered another sail bearing down upon us. She proved to be the barque Kilby, of and for Boston, from New Orleans, loaded with cotton, thirty-five days out. By authority of Colonel Gates, commanding the detachment, she was chartered for Government to convey the troops to the nearest accessible post. Tuesday was too rough to disembark any part of the command, but on Wednesday, the 28th, Colonel Gates and family, Major Merchant and family, Colonel Burke, Captains Fremont and Judd, with their families, Doctors Satterlee and Wirts, with some others whose names are not recollected, were safely embarked on board the Kilby. Some forty or fifty soldiers and some soldiers' wives also embarked; in all nearly one hundred persons. Night came on and put a stop to any further operations. In the morning she had disappeared, and we saw her no more.

Once more we were alone on the boundless expanse of waters. Our ship lay as helpless as a log upon the waves. She was completely crippled. Her engine, as should have been mentioned, broke down the first night of the storm; it was never of use afterwards, except to work the pumps. With infinite exertion a small sail was rigged to the mizenmast, which assisted a little in steadying her; but she rolled and tumbled about at a fearful rate. We had succeeded in stopping some of the leaks, and in lightening the vessel to a considerable extent, by throwing over provisions and coal. The ship was also very much relieved by cutting off the timber of her guards, upon which the sea broke heavily, lifting her decks every time it broke.

We had now (Thursday, the 29th) reached the sixth day since the storm commenced. We were about to encounter death in a new form. It had been expected we should soon be in fine weather, and that they could sleep comfortably in standee berths on deck. When the storm came that was impossible, and they were consequently driven below. Crowded in narrow quarters, exposed to cold and wet, obliged to be fed on an insufficient diet, in consequence of the loss of the galleys and the impossibility of cooking for such a number, it is no matter of surprise that disease soon made its appearance. The disease more nearly than any thing assumed the form of Asiatic cholera—commencing with diarrhœa and terminating in a few hours. Both the army surgeons having left, the charge of the sick fell upon the surgeon of the ship. To add to our distress, nearly all the medicine in the ship had been either washed overboard or destroyed. The mortality was necessarily great. For several days it averaged ten deaths a day. Men, women, and children fell indiscriminately before it, and whole families perished in twenty-four hours.

During Thursday and Friday our eyes were not gladdened by a single sail.

During the night of Friday, or the morning of Saturday, the 31st, the cheering sound rang through the vessel that a ship was at hand. A light was discovered on the bow. We immediately commenced firing signal guns. They were answered by blue lights from the strange vessel. When the morning dawned we discovered a vessel with English colors. She came near enough to speak us, but the wind was so heavy as to render it quite impossible to be heard. We resorted to a kind of telegraphic communication, by writing on boards in chalk with large letters. We succeeded in making her understand our situation, which, indeed, was sufficiently obvious. She promised to lay by us. This intelligence cheered every heart. The weather during Saturday and Sunday was too rough to attempt to lower a boat. There was, too, another dilemma. The English ship had but one reliable boat—the long boat. We had none at all. Of the nine splendid boats with which we left New York not one remained. Captain Watkins, not to be overcome by any difficulty, commenced the construction of rafts. They seemed but a frail dependance, and providentially they were not needed. Other means of relief were at hand. On Monday, the 2d of January, the sea calmed so much that towards evening the English ship lowered her yawl boat, and our second mate, Mr. Grattan, went on board of her.

On Tuesday, the 3d of January, our hearts were gladdened by another sail under American colors. She came near enough to speak her, and we learned that she was the Antarctic, three days out from New York, bound for Liverpool. She had five good boats. And after enduring the agony of suspense for so many days it seemed that the hour of our deliverance had at last arrived. With the aid of the Antarctic's boats we could all be conveyed on board the English ship, now ascertained to be the Three Bells, Capt. Creighton, of Glasgow, bound for New York. The Bells had experienced much rough weather and was leaky. On Tuesday evening we succeeded in putting a sergeant and file of soldiers on board to work the pumps. On Wednesday morning, the 4th January, the work of disembarking commenced in earnest. The sick, of whom there was a large number, and some in a dying condition, were wrapped in blankets, brought on deck, and lowered carefully into the boats. Casks of water were lowered down and towed on board the Bells. Bread and bacon and other provisions were sent off. By evening much of the work had been accomplished. It was found necessary, however, in consequence of the shortness of provision on board the Bells, to divide our numbers between the two ships. Lieuts. Winder and Chandler, with about 140 soldiers, embarked on the Antarctic for Liverpool. Capt. Watkins also determined to accompany that portion of our number.

Thursday morning, the 5th, rose upon us bright and beautiful. The sea was calm, the wind gentle. It is a day which will ever live in my memory. By noon the work of disembarking and re-embarking was complete. Every man, woman, and child had left the ship. Our captain was the last on board. He saw every officer, every sailor, every fireman, and every negro waiter, of whom there were forty or fifty, safely in the boats, then lowered himself down, and the boat pulled away. He was rowed alongside the Three Bells, where he was greeted with nine hearty cheers, and then pulled away for the Antarctic. The San Francisco had, by his orders, been scuttled, and we could see her settling gradually deeper into the water.

When the Three Bells left the wreck she was in latitude 39 and longitude 59 60, about six hundred miles from New York. We encountered a great deal of northeasterly wind, and our progress was slow until Wednesday, the 11th of January, when we were favored with a stiff breeze from the southeast, which drove us rapidly on, and on Thursday afternoon we were off soundings. Towards evening it grew thick, and the captain, fearing to venture too far in, stood off and on till morning.

Friday dawned bright and fair. We signalled for a pilot, and then a steam-tug, and at 5 o'clock we were at anchor off the Battery.

I cannot close a communication already too long without two or three remarks. And, in the first place, to Capt. Robert Creighton, of the good ship Three Bells, I feel that every one of us who were rescued by his instrumentality owe a debt of gratitude which can never be repaid. For my part, I shall ever love and honor him as a noble specimen of a generous and true-hearted British sailor. He merits, and I trust he will receive, a rich reward.

In the next place, Major Wyse and his junior officers, Messrs. Winder and Chandler, are, in my opinion, deserving of great credit for their conduct and efficiency after they were left by their superior officers. Major Wyse, on whom the responsibility of the burden chiefly fell, is more particularly deserving of praise. Day and night he watched over the soldiers with paternal solicitude, ministered to their wants, and encouraged them when sinking with despair. Surely such conduct is equally deserving of promotion as gallantry in the field.

Two remarks as to the causes of the awful disaster and I have done. In the first place, the ship was sent to sea without having tried her engines. She had indeed tried them in the smooth waters of the bay, but her first encounter with the stormy billows of the Atlantic proved them no more to be depended on than a broken reed. In the second place, she was far too deeply laden. Her paddle wheels had so much dip as to cause a great strain upon her shaft and engines. True, she might in any case have encountered the storm had she not been dismasted and damaged in her upper works, and, had her engines proved true, she could have reached a port in safety.

B.

THE LOST AND SAVED.

The British ship Three Bells, Capt. Creighton, which arrived at New York on Friday evening, brought two hundred and thirty persons from the lost steamer. This vessel, on reaching New York, had but one day's provisions left, although it is said all hands were kept on scanty allowance. The following is an extract from Capt. Creighton's log:

"British ship Three Bells, (of Glasgow,) Creighton, Glasgow, forty-five days, with merchandise and sixteen passengers, to McDonald & Co. Dec. 31, lat. 40 12, lon. 59 30, spoke the steamship San Francisco, of New York, Capt. Watkins, hence for San Francisco, having on board United States troops. The San Francisco being in a disabled condition, having had decks swept away, &c., and wanting assistance, concluded to lay by her, which we did for six days, and succeeded in getting on board two hundred and thirty of her passengers, and brought them to this port."

The whole number of persons on board the San Francisco when she left New York was about seven hundred, including companies A, B, D, G, H, I, J, K, and L, of the Third Regiment of U. S. Artillery, with the non-commissioned officers, staff, and band of the regiment, and the officers' wives and children, beside other passengers and the crew. If, therefore, the statement is accurate that 230 were taken on board the Three Bells, 120 on the Kilby, and 183 on the Antarctic, it results that 533 were rescued, and that about 167 perished, either by drowning or disease. The lost, as far as known, are as follows:

Drowned.—Col. J. M. Washington, Major Geo. Taylor, Mrs. Taylor, Capt. H. B. Field, Lieut. R. H. Smith; two ladies, names unknown; ——— Brooks, a waiter, F. Duckett, brother to carpenter; the barber, about one hundred and fifty soldiers, and a sailor named Alexander.

Died.—Johnson, waiter, Louis Testader, Wm. Wilson, Walter Watkins, and Arthur Henry, of the engineer corps; Levi Heath, steerage steward, Walter Heath, waiter, Charles Sandford, steward.

The following is a list of the saved, as far as known:

On Board the Ship Three Bells, arrived at New York.—Surgeon R. S. Satterlee, Assistant Surgeon H. R. Wirtz, Lieut. Col. M. Burke, Major Francis O. Wyse, Lieut. J. Van Vorst, Edward Mellus, first officer of the San Francisco, George Grattan, second officer, J. W. Marshall, chief engineer, A. Auchinlick, first engineer, David Dunham, second engineer, James Crosby, second engineer, B. Donaghan, third engineer, C. Hoffman, third engineer, W. Buel, M. D., Surgeon, W. H. Wickham, storekeeper; Lieut. W. A. Winder, and the following number of soldiers: Of company G 14, company A 18, company D 25, company L 19, company B 14, company J 12, company H 12, company K 13, regimental band 8, besides sailors, waiters, and firemen, making the number 230 in all.

On Board the Barque Kilby, for Boston.—Col. Wm. Gates, commanding regiment, and family, including wife and three children; First Lieut. L. Loeser and wife, Miss Eaton, Capt. J. W. T. Gardner, Lieut. F. K. Murray, Major Charles S. Merchant, wife and two children, Miss Valecia Merchant, Mrs. Wyse and child, Capt. H. B. Judd and wife, Lieut. S. L. Fremont, wife and three children, Mr. G. W. Aspinwall, Mr. J. L. Graham, jr., Mrs. Taylor, Mr. Southwark, Mr. J. Farnsworth, first engineer, besides fifty soldiers of company I, and a number of camp women, &c., in all about 120.

On Board the Ship Antarctic, for Liverpool.—Capt. Watkins, Mr. Schell, purser; Mr. Barton, third officer; Mr. Mason, fourth officer; Washington Duchet, carpenter; Lieut. Chandler, U. S. Army; Lieut. Charles Winder, U. S. Army; Mr. Rankin, U. S. Army, and 175 non-commissioned officers, musicians, and privates, in all about 183.

The San Francisco was nearly opposite Cape Hatteras when she was struck by the wind and driven to the northwest. When she was met by the Three Bells she was some hundred miles to the northward of her course.

The sickness and death on board were entirely confined to the troops, firemen, and waiters. Having no means of cooking, these people eat imprudently of preserved meats and fruits, which produced diarrhœa. There was no sickness among the cabin passengers or officers of the ship and crew.

The Three Bells is an iron vessel, owned by three brothers named Bell, citizens of Glasgow. The rescued soldiers and crew are loud in praise of her commander. They unanimously state that no language is adequate to describe the kind and considerate manner in which they were treated, and the readiness manifested to supply their necessities.

News from the Barque Kilby, and the arrival at New York of most of her passengers.

New York, January 15.—The steam-tug Titan has arrived up from ship Lucy Thompson, which remains below. The Titan brings nearly all the passengers received from the San Francisco by the barque Kilby.

The Lucy Thompson spoke the Kilby at 9 o'clock Friday morning, sixty miles southeast of Sandy Hook, and took off all the passengers rescued from the San Francisco with the exception of Mr. Falcon, the Brazilian Consul; Madam Besse; Mr. and Mrs. Abrio, and ten soldiers, who decided to remain on the Kilby.

The following is a list of those brought up by the Titan: Lieut. Murray, U. S. Navy; Col. Gates, wife and family; Major Merchant, disabled, and family; Capt. Judd and wife; Lieut. Col. Burke, severely wounded; Dr. Satterlee, disabled; Dr. Wirtz; Lieut. Loeser and wife, and Miss Eaton; Lieut. Fremont and family; Lieut. Van Vorst, disabled; Capt. Gardner; G. W. Aspinwall; J. L. Merchant, Jr.; Rev. Mr. Cooper, wife and family; Mrs. Major Wyse and child; Mr. Southworth; Mr. Lacrade and wife, and about one hundred soldiers.

The passengers suffered much on the Kilby for want of provisions and water; and had it not been for a part of her cargo consisting of corn, and abundant falls of rain, they must have perished.

The Kilby has doubtless been blown out to sea again. When fallen in with she was crippled, leaky, and short of provisions. The Lucy Thompson supplied her with provisions and sails, and thirteen soldiers nobly volunteered to remain and assist her into port. But it is feared she has been driven into the Gulf stream. A steamer has been sent after her.

A passenger from the Kilby states that after parting from the San Francisco, in the night of the 29th ultimo, she cruised about two days in search of her, and then, being badly crippled herself, was obliged to desist.

The total number of the San Francisco's passengers on the Kilby was one hundred and eight. Those brought here by the Lucy Thompson arrived after ten o'clock last night, in a most pitiable condition, being wet, cold, hungry, and almost naked. The majority of them were taken to the Astor House, where every thing possible for their comfort was done by the proprietors and boarders. The wife of Major Wyse remained on board the Kilby, being too much exhausted for removal.

The following are additional names of those swept from the decks of the San Francisco by the waves: Mr. Tenney, Mr. D. C. Stockwell, Miss Belton, Mr. Gates, Mrs. Chase and child, Miss Lucy Moore, and Mr. Farnsworth, an engineer.

The following is a list of the troops lost, as nearly as can be ascertained: From company A, 10; company D, 7; company G, 18; company I, 2; company K, 31; company L, 17—total so far 85. The list of company 13 has not yet been fully made out.

FROM THE NEW YORK COURIER.

This sad event still holds possession of the public mind—the public heart, we might say; for the pulse of the whole community throbs in a unison of sympathy. Contrary to the usual course of events under like circumstances, the first reports were not exaggerated, but the reverse, and the calamity appears more appalling as its incidents are brought to light in detail. It is now supposed by the most clear-headed, self-possessed, and best-informed men who were on board the San Francisco that the wave which swept her deck clear on Christmas day bore two hundred and thirty human beings to an ocean grave—a sad increase upon the number reported on Saturday. The suffering during those fearful ten days which succeeded the first shocking catastrophe proves to have been more severe than the first accounts led us to believe; and the fate of those who were put on board the Kilby appears to have been less distressful than that of those whom they left behind them only by the hope, for it was hardly an expectation, that they might reach the land alive.

We gladly turn to the only pleasant part of the task of a public journalist in commenting upon such heart-sickening calamities—the notice due to those to whose calm forethought and determined self-devotion the survivors owe their preservation. All honor to the true-hearted Briton, Captain Creighton, to Captain Lowe, and Captain Stouffer! Their names and those of the vessels they severally commanded, the Three Bells, the Kilby, and the Antarctic, will be spoken with a glow of hearty enthusiasm wherever the English tongue is heard for many a year. True, fellow-men, fellow-mariners were lying in the very jaws of death before their eyes, and with human hearts beating in their breasts, with a sailor's sympathy for a shipmate in distress, what could they have done less? Aye, but what could they have done more? Especially is honor due to Capt. Creighton, who, himself suffering from the effects of the same storm which made the San Francisco the object of his manly sympathy, nobly stood by her for three days and nights, at the risk of the safety of his ship and the lives of himself and his officers and crew, from no other motive than that of pure humanity. Capt. Low, too, of the Kilby, commands our gratitude and admiration. Crippled, his sails blown to shreds, and without provisions, he did not hesitate one moment as to the course which he should pursue; and, amid the trying circumstances in which his generous devotion placed him, his conduct was such as to deepen the gratitude of those whom he had already made so largely his debtors. The meeting at the Exchange on Saturday afternoon, to do honor to those noble fellows, was just what it should have been—large, of the highest respectability, heartily and intelligently in earnest, warm with generous enthusiasm. Its promptness, too, added a becoming grace to its proceedings. The testimonials voted by that meeting will doubtless be followed by others from other like assemblages throughout the country; but, whatever may be the course which private gratitude may take, the circumstances of the case are such that Congress must not and will not forget that there is an acknowledgment due from the nation to these true-hearted seamen; and the army will surely not be backward in showing to the world that American soldiers are as prompt to recognise a service as to resent an injury.

But all the heroism and force of character elicited upon the occasion was not confined to the saviors. There were large-hearted, clear-headed men among the saved. Of the admirable manner in which Capt. Watkins discharged the trying duties of his responsible position we have already spoken. His name is coupled with encomiums by every one who passed living through this trial under his command. But there is another sailor whose name we cannot allow to pass without an honorable mention—Lieut. Murray, of the U. S. navy, whose conduct throughout the whole of this scene of danger and suffering was such as to draw forth the hearty praises of all his brother officers of the army. Lieuts. Chandler, Chas. S. Winder, and James Van Vorst, of the artillery, also won honorable distinction by exertions which contributed largely to the keeping of the shattered ship afloat in the time of her greatest extremity. They faced danger, and fought it with intelligent courage. Had equal bravery and devotion been shown upon the battle-field, in a service which would have been but duty, almost business, honors would be showered upon those who distinguished themselves. Is not a heroism elicited in the perils of peace equally worthy of a nation's thanks?

Capt. Pendleton, of the Lucy Thompson, reports that he spoke the Kilby on the 12th instant, sixty miles east by south of Sandy Hook, in distress, short of provisions and sails, having experienced heavy weather. Ninety-nine persons were transferred from her to the Lucy Thompson. The wind was blowing strong from the southeast, and the sea was running very high, and it was with great difficulty that the transfer was made. The women and children were hoisted on board by a rope fastened under their arms, and they, weak from privation and exposure, were dashed violently against the vessel's side. Fortunately none were seriously injured. Mr. Falcon and servant, Dr. Laborde and wife, and Mrs. Alexander Besse remained on board the Kilby, and thirteen of the soldiers volunteered to remain with her to assist to work her into port.

From an interesting letter furnished by one of the saved on board the Kilby we copy such portion as relates to the transfer of the passengers to that vessel, and their condition while on board. After describing the disasters which befell the San Francisco, the writer of this letter proceeds as follows:

Two vessels spoke us during this time, but were lost sight of during the night. A third, which proved to be the barque Kilby, of Boston, was discovered laying to windward of us on the morning of the 28th, while the wind was blowing furiously from northeast. It abated towards evening, when she bore up, passed under our stern, and promised to lie by us. She did so during the night, though the gale continued with renewed fury; and it having moderated somewhat the next morning, Capt. Watkins was enabled to board her, and made arrangements for the embarkation of his passengers. The barque had but two boats, both small, and both leaking badly; with these we commenced disembarking the passengers about meridian of the 29th. The sea was so heavy that the boats could not come alongside, and the passengers were lowered by bowlines from the end of the spanker-boom, the boats receiving them under the stern. The bad condition of the boats, the heavy sea, and pitching of the ship combined to render the embarkation very perilous; but fortunately no accident occurred. The boat which embarked the cabin passengers was partly manned by sailors chosen from among the soldiery of the regiment, and was commanded by Lieut. Murray, of the navy; the other was manned by the crew of the Kilby. By 8 P. M. about one hundred passengers had been embarked; the sea had moderated considerably, and there appeared every prospect that we should be able to continue the embarkation all night. The barque laid by a hawser attached to the steamer, at about a cable's length off; but about 9 P. M. a gale suddenly sprung up from the eastward, and rapidly increased in violence; one of the boats was swamped alongside; a little later the hawser which attached to the steamer parted, and we went adrift. Sail was made upon the barque, and for some time, by occasionally wearing, we managed to keep the steamer's light in sight. By midnight, however, the gale blew with terrific violence, and we bore-to, under canvass lashed to the mizzen rigging. The barque laid nearly on her beam ends; the weather became thick, the sea attained a fearful height, and when day broke the steamer was no where to be seen.

On reviewing our situation now it appears alarming in the extreme. When the *Kilby* spoke us she was out of provisions. She was forty-eight days from New Orleans. For days her crew had been feeding on bread and water, relying upon a continuance of favorable weather; but a barrel of bread, a little bacon, and no water had been sent on board from the steamer, and starvation stared us in the face. To add to our misfortune, we found the barque had lost all her sails. Her fore and mainsail only remained, was at best but a poor sailer, and, being laden with cotton, drew but fourteen feet of water, and could make no progress but with a fair wind. To our great relief we found that a part of the cargo consisted of corn, and this *parched, for the sixteen days we were on board, formed our principal subsistence,* together with rain water gathered from the decks and mixed with spray from the sea. During this time we had a succession of heavy gales; twice were within a few miles of the coast, and were blown off. The sufferings of the ladies and children from cold, hunger, and exposure were extreme, but borne with a remarkable fortitude and resignation. The cabin was so small that but a few could lie down at a time, and then its hard floor formed the only resting place. On the morning of the 12th we were within ten miles of Sandy Hook, when the wind again increased to a gale from the southward and eastward, and obliged us to stand-off shore. All day we were drifting upon the Long Island shore, and our situation was perilous in the extreme. Fortunately the wind hauled towards night sufficiently to enable us to lay off shore. At daylight next morning a large ship was discovered close aboard of us and to leeward; we bore up and spoke to her. She proved to be the *Lucy Thompson*, of New York, from Liverpool. On learning our situation her captain instantly consented to receive us on board, and immediately launched two boats for the purpose, one in charge of the first, the other of the second mate. Notwithstanding that the sea was still heavy and the embarkation dangerous, it was commenced at once, and by ten all the passengers were safely embarked on the Lucy Thompson, where from her captain and officers they experienced every care and attention. Too much cannot be said in praise of the gallant fellows who thus periled their lives to save ours. A few of the soldiers volunteered, with half a dozen passengers, to remain on board the Kilby, which vessel was kindly supplied with provisions and a sail by Capt. Pendleton, of the L. T. We stood for New York, and reached there on the evening of the 15th.

The transfer to the Lucy Thompson, a large packet ship, with plenty of room and good accommodations, and well stocked with good provisions, was hailed with delight. Capt. Pendleton and his mate, Mr. Nelson, received them with the greatest kindness and consideration. The passengers speak in the highest terms of the constant assiduity with which the officers labored to supply their wants and cheer their spirits.

Dr. Weitz asserts that the mortality on the San Francisco by disease is not so great as was at first reported. When the cargo was being thrown overboard, a number of barrels containing pickled cabbage and preserved meats were broken open and eaten, and eaten in large quantities, by the troops. The disease resulting from this diet could not be distinguished from cholera. Dr. Weitz supposes that not more than twenty or thirty persons died from this cause.

The San Francisco, during the fourteen days preceding her desertion, drifted four hundred and eighty miles in an east half north direction, magnetic; being equal to one and five-sixth knots per hour during ten days and twenty-two and a half hours. Most of this time the wind blew strong from the westward.

It is stated that Capt. Robert Creighton, of the Three Bells, has been seventeen years engaged upon the sea, eleven years commander of various ships. He has never been wrecked, although he has been in storms not a few, and his loss of sails on the fatal night of the San Francisco's wreck is the worst mishap he has ever met with. It is further said of him that when he was hailed by the San Francisco with the following question: "Will you charter your ship? We are loaded with men, women, and children. Name your price." His reply was, with the true Scotch accent, "What does the man mean? It's not money that I am after; I am stopping for humanity's sake." On the third day, in reply to another question, he again responded, "I will stand by you if I sink."

THE LOST AND MISSING.

The names of the officers lost are Brvt. Col. John M. Washington, Brvt. Major George Taylor, Brvt. Capt. Horace B. Field, and Lieut. Richard H. Smith.

The only names we can gather of persons *not* military who were lost are those of Mr. Tenney, Mr. Gates, Miss Belton, Mr. J. C. Stockwell; F. Duckett, steerage waiter; Brooks, colored waiter; Alexander, seaman; Charles Sanford, colored; the barber, colored.

The names of the soldiers known to be lost are:

William Bennett	Anthony Fleck	Wm. S. Graeff
Zebediah P. Knapp	Patrick Gordon	Frank Griffith
Johem Miller	Haring R. Heller	Alexander Hart
Francis Miles	Charles Heinricke	Charles Heinrich
George Parke	Frederick Heine	Peaody Herkimer
Katron Schenck	Michael Kennedy	James Knowlton
Abraham Workman	James Kelly	Patrick Lynn
Clark Wallace	John McLane, 1st	Abraham Lawrence
Patrick Graham	Peter Murray	William Morris
Edward Higney	John Mitchell	Abraham Moore
John F. Salmon	Thomas McManus	Henry Meyer
David Sullivan	Thos. McNamara	William Meyers
Stephen Spilane	Seth Rowland	Carl Meyn
Joseph Trumper	Frederick Smidt	Martin Mixel
John P. Fisher	Joseph Shurman	Wm. McLaughlin
John Donnelly	Philip Ward	Michael Morgan
Leonard Karg	Patrick Sheehan	Charles Mayer
Charles Campbell	Richard Carland	Hugh McLaughlin
John Greenway	William Graham	John Scheerer
Henry Hillan	James Hillock	Conrad Steinman
Henry Moses	Thomas Kerner	Const. Schweitzer
Carl Mier	Antoine Gross	Jonas Smith
John H. Philips	John Button	John Smith
Joseph D. Sawyer	William Ballard	George Walsh
George H. Wallace	Levi H. Bentz	James Wallace
Richard Welch	David Brindle	Charles White
William H. Davis	Wilhelm Buckholz	John Wendt
Richard Hopley	Denis Corbett	John Diehl
Richard Conally	F. B. Clifford	Joseph Sutlenberger
Edward P. Ballard	Thomas D. Cooper	Michael McAlister
William Cameron	George Caibe	James Currie
Marcus Claxon	Wm. A. Dillingham	Barney Clancy
Richard Coghlan	John Deacon	Louis Durque
John W. Denny	Wesley S. Day	Robert Crane
Charles Gerk	Charles Engel	James McCormick
Dennis Haley	Heinrich Engelbuch	Michael Welch
James Henry	William Fauerbach	George Bruce
Patrick Malady	John Fried	William Lee
Thomas Moran	Michael Rogon	Eldridge G. Ingham
Adolphus Haage	Christopher Poman	James Carter
Edmund Gardiner	Ferd. Rettlebusch	Charles F. Bond
Andrew Bechtel	Budolph Smith	Deitrick Braner
John Quirk	John H. Sludt	Joseph Kiley
Timothy Sheehan	John Haag	James Smith
Francis A. Baker	Francis Burke	——— Smith
John Lander	Jacob Falleegger	Lewis Jackson
Peter McGuire	Joseph Black	Geo. W. Elliott
Ezekiel Mulholland	Thos. Mulholland	Jos. J. Foester

Arrival of the Barque Kilby.—The barque Kilby, Capt. Lowe, reached Boston on Tuesday morning, in tow of a steamer. Capt. Lowe reports that on Friday night his vessel was blown fifty miles eastward of Barnegat, when the steamer "City of New York" hove in sight and took him in tow. Her voyage, taken altogether, was an eventful and most perilous one.

A SAILOR'S ACCOUNT OF THE CATASTROPHE.

One of the crew of the San Francisco gives the following account of the storm that swept her decks:

"A heavy sea swept the decks, carrying away more than one hundred souls. State-rooms were arranged around the quarter deck, or on the main deck, which were occupied by the officers and soldiers. Some of these occupants were in their state-rooms and others were on deck when this sea was taken amidships, and all were carried overboard, including Col. Washington, asleep in his state-room, Major Taylor and wife, Capt. Field, Lieut. Smith, and the others. The scene that now ensued is almost beyond the power of description. The sky was black with clouds; the rain poured in torrents; and in all directions the vision was limited by roaring billows, white with froth and foam. The wind blew a perfect hurricane, and each sea swept the vessel fore and aft. The engine was broken, the foremast was gone, planks were torn from the hull, water was making in the hold, and from all sides came the piercing cries of the drowning soldiers. The state-rooms swept away were immediately dashed in pieces, and their inmates thrown upon the billows. No attempt was made to rescue any, for all efforts to this end were useless. Some of the drowning men grappled at splinters and boards for assistance, others swam until smothered or tired out, and many, without an effort, sunk beneath the sea. In that moment those still on board themselves suffered all the horrors of death. Some had relatives, and all had friends and acquaintances struggling in the waves. Each tried to shut his eyes, heart, and ears to every thing around him, momentarily expecting to join the drowning soldiers."

NEW YORK TESTIMONIAL

To those who rescued the Passengers of the San Francisco.

A large meeting of the Merchants of New York was convened at the Exchange, in that city, on Saturday afternoon.

Mr. George Griswold was called to preside; Messrs. James Brown, Thomas Tileston, Moses H. Grinnell, Chas. H. Marshall, E. E. Morgan, Walter R. Jones, and Mortimer Livingston, Vice Presidents; and Messrs. E. C. Bogart, Charles Carow, F. G. Foster, and R. C. Goodhue, Secretaries.

Mr. Perret, in rising to offer a series of resolutions, 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 Capt. Creighton, of the British ship Three Bells, of Glasgow; Capt. ———, of the barque Kilby, of Boston; and Capt. 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 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 Capt. Creighton, Capt. ———, and Capt. 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 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 save 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.

The resolutions were adopted by a unanimous vote, and a large committee was appointed to carry out the objects therein indicated.

Loss of the Steamer Gen. Bem.—The Memphis Enquirer has been furnished with the details of the loss of the steamer Gen. Bem, bound from Cincinnati for Arkansas river. About 9 o'clock on the night of the 3d, when in the Grand Cut-off, a few miles above Walnut Bend, in the Mississippi, and descending the river with a full head of steam, she struck a snag near the Mississippi shore, upon which she poised herself for a moment, when she commenced swinging, in which operation she was torn into a thousand atoms. Within five minutes the boat had sunk to the hurricane deck, when the whole cabin floated off, leaving the hull with about fifteen deck passengers below the surface.

The cabin passengers and crew, when the boat sunk, hurried on the upper deck. Fortunately for the sufferers the Saranac came to their rescue. About twenty-five sufferers were saved from a watery grave. None of the cabin passengers, officers, or crew were lost. About fifteen deck passengers were drowned.

Collision in the Chesapeake Bay.—We learn from the Norfolk Herald that the steamer Georgia, Capt. Cannon, on her way down from Baltimore on Wednesday night, during the darkness and fog then prevailing, ran down the British brig John Munn, McPhail, master, from Newfoundland bound to Baltimore, with a cargo of fish, sinking the brig, but saving all hands. The steamer received considerable damage also. The collision occurred at midnight off the Patuxent river.

A boat containing seven laborers engaged in the Ordnance Department on Governor's Island, (New York,) was crossing from Brooklyn on Friday, when the boat was capsized by the sail jibing, and three of the men were drowned; the rest were picked up by a whale-boat belonging to the island, where they were taken very much exhausted. The names of those lost are James Lynch, William and Michael Lynch.