Read "A Modern Maud Muller" in THE SUNDAY CALL.

The Morning Call.

Do Not Forget TO READ THE SUNDAY CALL.

VOLUME LXVII—NO. 182. SAN FRANCISCO, SATURDAY MORNING, MAY 31, 1890—EIGHT PAGES. PRICE FIVE CENTS.

TERRIBLE FATALITY.

An Oakland Train Dashes Into an Open Drawbridge With Awful Resul's.

A CATASTROPHE CAUSED BY SOMEBODY'S CARELESSNESS.

Thirteen People Drowned

Prominent Citizens Perish Beneath the Waves.

Intense Excitement at the Webster-Street Bridge—Miraculous Escape of Many Passengers From Death—Distressing Scenes at the Morgue.

A few minutes past 2 o'clock yesterday afternoon the narrow-gauge train from San Francisco to Oakland, which left the city at 1:45 P. M., plunged into the open drawbridge at First and Webster streets, Oakland.

The locomotive and front car went to the bottom, but their weight broke the train in two and the rest was saved.

THE LAST WHISTLE.

Little is known of the disaster save that thirteen or more lives were instantly hurled to eternity. Just before the locomotive made its fatal leap there was one long whistle, which was silenced as the locomotive plunged into the cold depths.

Officer Tom Downey, Bridge-tender J. N. Dunlap, Boatman Lightman J. M. Heinold and a CALL reporter were probably the sole witnesses of the disaster, and all were within a few feet of the scene.

It was so instantaneous that its awful horror could hardly be appreciated, and the spectators stood breathless while the rising tide swept over the silent car and its imprisoned dead.

BOATS TO THE RESCUE.

A few minutes later fully twenty boats were in the water and being rowed toward the sunken car, but not a sound was heard, nor was there a signal beneath the yawning gap that even told that loved ones were below.

The rescuing party was absolutely helpless until too late, and then all that could be done was to cut open the top of the car and take out those who were dead.

A BRAVE DIVER.

In a few moments a swarthy young man named Lightman pulled off his coat and dived down by the side of the car to see if he could break the windows, but the waves rolled the car so that he was almost drowned.

"It seemed too bad to know that they were dying there," he said, "but I had to give up the attempt, and I am fortunate to be here myself. I had a narrow escape."

This young man's desperate attempt to rescue the unfortunate was one of the earliest and bravest incidents of the disaster.

A SALOON A MORGUE.

Within twenty minutes the saloon of J. M. Heinold, just at the north end of the bridge, was thrown open to the dead and dying, and four women were taken from the water. Drinking men and rough men became gentle, while tears rolled down their cheeks.

Many women from the neighborhood rushed in and no efforts to resuscitate the dying or minister to their last earthly wants were spared.

A TENDER HEART.

Anxious groups surrounded them, and little Johnnie Heinold cried out, "Sell no more whisky! Take everything in the house if it will save a life, or make even one poor woman die easier."

HOLY MEN TOO LATE.

Next came the priests and Sisters of Mercy, hastening to minister to the wants of the dying, but not one was conscious and the light in every eye had grown dim before the anxious, holy faces looked upon them.

The priests and sisters wrung their hands in great agony and hastened to the Receiving Hospital, where other Catholics were dying. These good people then devoted themselves to consoling the friends of the dead.

IDENTIFYING THE DEAD.

As they lay on rude boards, placed on chairs in the Heinold saloon, hundreds of women came in to see if they knew the auburn-haired and pale-faced dead girls, whose faces, notwithstanding the suddenness of their taking off, were wreathed in smiles.

Old women wept as they worked over them, while men spoke in whispers and moved quickly to do what they could.

One girl gasped and gave signs of life for a few moments after being rolled on a barrel, but soon passed away, and her face, with those of her companions, was covered with some kind stranger's handkerchief.

THE CROWD COMES.

Within half an hour news had spread to all parts of Oakland that something awful had occurred. Then came the rush of horsemen and vehicles, while the long, broad street was flocked with men and women afoot.

Patrol wagons dashed to the scene and a hundred express wagons followed them, but all they could do was to tenderly carry the dead bodies to the Morgue.

One of the first men to reach the scene was the narrow-gauge operator, Grover Tinkham, whose office is at Fourteenth and Broadway, who charged down in the middle of the railway track on a swift-footed white steed. He dashed back to inform the railway officers of what had happened.

A PATHETIC INCIDENT.

A man whose bare head and bleeding face told that he was on the train swam ashore, carrying a little girl on his shoulders. The child was crying, "Where is mamma? where is mamma?" and hundreds, believing the child's mother had been killed, were moved to tears. The mother, however, was unharmed, and the excited father escaped with his child before his name could be learned.

A MARVELOUS ESCAPE.

One of the most marvelous escapes was made by Captain John C. Hackett, an Oakland Councilman. He was in the ill-fated car, but he broke open a window with his hand, which was badly cut, and not only did he himself escape, but he rescued Miss May Austin, whose sister was lost. At a late hour last night Captain Hackett was suffering so intensely from nervous prostration that his physicians forbade entrance to his room.

AT THE BRIDGE.

It was nearly an hour before a locomotive arrived from the wharf to drag the sunken car to shallow water. Thousands had by this time crowded onto the bridge, onto the wharf and to every high view point within the vicinity, while the water was black with boats.

LIFTING THE CAR.

A CALL reporter rowed out to the sunken car to get a view of the interior, and when the long rope fastened to the car began to lift it out of the water, rescuers entered it and lifted the dead into their boats.

A toy locomotive was the first thing found, and then came hats and coats. A few more lifts and the dead came fully in view, lying peacefully as they had died, while the sea-weed and debris drifted over them.

THE BLAME OF IT.

J. N. Dunlap, the county bridge-tender, was seen at his post of duty in the middle of the bridge at a late hour last night.

"The whole thing took place so suddenly," he said, "that it is impossible for me to describe it, but the bridge was closing when the train plunged in. At the time of the accident I think the bridge was fully three-quarters open. I saw that the train was coming pretty fast and that nothing on this earth could save it. A moment later and all was over. There was no great noise, even when she struck the water, and then all was silent save the noise of the water dashing against the bridge. I did not look back at the cars that did not go over, but my entire attention was turned to the doomed car. The fireman jumped, but I feel sure that the engineer went down. I do not think he could have had time to jump after he gave the one short whistle.

A PART OF THE FLAG-POLE.

"Here is a part of the flag-pole," said he, as he exhibited about four inches of the broken stick which was struck by the locomotive, adding: "The rest, which the locomotive carried with it, was taken out of the water and I have it for evidence. I feel sick at heart and sad beyond consolation, yet I did all that I could do on this earth to save the train.

"The engineer, I am told, had been promoted from a fireman only thirty days ago. He was somewhere to blame, for the flag which was placed in the middle of the track can be seen a long distance, and he was coming pretty fast when the train plunged in."

Officer Thomas Downey corroborates the bridge-tender's story that the flag signal was properly set.

ENGINEER AND FIREMAN.

Engineer Charles O'Brien probably jumped and got away slightly wounded, for there were many of his friends who said they saw him. He absolutely refused to be interviewed by them and no reporter could find his whereabouts.

Whether engineer Sam Dunn was killed is doubtful. There was a rumor last night that he had been seen hobbling along the track on his way from the mole, but the story is not credited by those who were there. The general belief is that he is in the locomotive under thirty feet of water.

RAILWAY OFFICIALS.

A. N. Towne and a number of subordinate officials arrived at the scene about an hour after the disaster, but they refused to give any version of the affair.

GEORGE HAWLEY'S ESCAPE.

George T. Hawley, the well-known capitalist, was in the sunken car. He broke a window much in the manner that Captain Hackett did and escaped.

NAMES OF THE DEAD.

The Unfortunate Victims of Accident Identified.

The dead so far as identified are:

Henry S. Austin, SANTA CRUZ.
Florence Austin, SANTA CRUZ.
H. W. Auld, HONOLULU.
J. R. Irwin, OAKLAND.
M. R. Williams, SAN FRANCISCO.
Luigi Malatesta, SAN FRANCISCO.
E. R. Robinson, OAKLAND.
Martin Kelly, SAN FRANCISCO.
Captain Thomas Dwyer, SACRAMENTO.
Mrs. Mary Jane O'Connor, SAN FRANCISCO.
Miss Nellie Kiernan, SAN FRANCISCO.
Miss Katie Kiernan, SAN FRANCISCO.
YOUNG MAN SUPPOSED TO BE **Henry Malatesta.**

A CHARNEL-HOUSE.

The Ghastly Scenes Witnessed About the Morgue.

It was about an hour after the accident when the first body was taken into the Morgue. Soon after others followed, and by 4 o'clock the thirteen were lying in the room devoted to this purpose.

The apartment is a small one and not designed to accommodate so large a number of dead as were crowded into it yesterday.

Five of the bodies, all men, were placed on the concrete floor, and those of two others were deposited on the bottom of receiving-caskets.

The women were laid upon the marble slabs.

The scene was ghastly in the extreme, and all who entered were awed into silence by the presence of so many whose lamps of life had been extinguished in a twinkling. Several of the corpses wore the most agonized expression imaginable, and plainly showed that they had not given up their lives without a great struggle.

This was plainly so in the case of Captain Dwyer. Several of the faces bore evidence of having been struck by flying articles, but most of them were without mark. Other faces wore the most placid smiles.

PLACID FACES.

Mrs. O'Connor seemed to have just dropped off into a deep slumber, and the face of Miss Florence Austin as well as that of Miss Nellie Kiernan bore the most placid expressions, just a semblance of a smile playing around the corners of the mouth of each.

While the bodies were being taken into the Morgue and long after a large crowd was assembled around the doors endeavoring to get a look at the unfortunates.

Many persons called to view the remains to see if among them they could identify either friends or relatives. Unless they showed good cause their entry was blocked by several policemen, who stood in front to repress the crowd. This was not quite possible at all times and the officers had a hard time performing their duty. The street in front of the Morgue was for hours almost impassable owing to the crowds which collected.

The search through the clothes of the corpses as they lay dripping upon the floor or the slabs rev aled a large amount of valuables. Nearly all had considerable money, and several possessed fine watches. In one man's pocket was found tickets for a San Francisco theater for last night, another man's pockets revealed letters from home, and from around the shoulders of a little girl was taken a scapular of the Catholic Church.

ANXIOUS INQUIRERS.

As fast as possible anxious inquirers were admitted to the place to see the remains, and after they had inspected them and found no dear ones among the dead, they gave way to the most emphatic expression of joy, although nearly all expressed sorrow for the dreadful accident.

One poor woman came in and asked frantically to be shown a corpse that had preceded her. The covering was drawn back and the features exposed, when she exclaimed, "Thank God, it is not he," in her fervor nearly fainting.

County Clerk Boardman feared that his daughter Dottie was on the train, and he anxiously sought the charnel-house, but she was not one of those laid out there.

W. B. Hamilton feared that his wife was on the train, but she was seen later.

General Superintendent J. A. Fillmore of the Southern Pacific Company, accompanied by a number of railroad officials, visited the Morgue about 5 o'clock and looked at the remains.

At this hour the crowd outside had grown to a good-sized mob, and it became necessary for the Chief of Police to send a squad of men down to keep the restless crowd from charging into the place.

A SISTER'S GRIEF.

About 7 o'clock a sister of H. W. Auld was brought down from the convent by one of the sisters and identified a body as that of her brother. When she saw the remains she began to cry and the scene which ensued was heart-rending. Her brother's watch, tickets for Honolulu and other valuables were given to her and she was led away, after having given orders to have the body embalmed and sent to Honolulu on the next steamer.

A short time after this a sister of E. R. Robinson was admitted into the rear room and instantly recognized her brother. She was greatly overcome and wept loudly. A lady friend who accompanied her finally prevailed upon her to leave. Several of the clergy of St. Joseph's Academy recognized the Misses Kiernan and Mrs. O'Connor. There was a doubt for some time as to the identification of the latter lady, but Mr. Powers, manager of O'Connor, Moffat & Co.'s store, arrived late in the evening and fully recognized her.

HEARTLESS DEPUTIES.

The work of cleaning the bodies was begun about 6 o'clock by the Coroner's assistants. They went about their task in the most unsympathetic way, one being brutally humorous in his remarks. The sad calamity bore no sorrow for them, and they seemed disinclined to regard the affair as demanding any sympathy.

They rudely stripped the dead of their clothing, and handled the bodies more as if they were those of brutes rather than of human beings. After the clothes were torn off a hose was used to wash off the bodies and a dirty sponge.

THE CROWD ADMITTED.

When this brutal process had been completed the bodies were removed into a room behind the Coroner's office and then the clamoring mob outside was admitted. It had nursed its impatience all day, and when once admitted made a rush for the room. Almost the entire police force was required to keep the crowd in anything like order. The crowd kept pouring in for several hours before becoming satisfied.

Just before this Coroner Evers became greatly excited and moved rapidly up and down his office, pulling his hair in great rage and pouring out anathemas upon the heads of newspaper reporters, whom he styled "newsmongers," and whose questionings received scant reply from the irascible official.

Two young men called at the Morgue in search of a Miss Walton of Oakland, who was supposed to be on the train.

SKETCHES OF THE VICTIMS.

Some Facts Regarding the Personality of the Dead.

One of the unfortunate victims, and who will be missed by a large number of people in this city, was Mrs. Mary Jane O'Connor of 801 Van Ness avenue, widow of the late Bryan O'Connor of the firm of O'Connor, Moffatt & Co., Post street.

The poor lady was taken with the other dead from the submerged car, which had sunk in the ooze of the estuary. Her dress was torn and her hair disheveled and dripping, yet her genial countenance appeared strangely pleasant for one who had passed through such an ordeal before death.

She was beyond human help when found imprisoned beneath the water. Into the ghastly precincts of the public Morgue her remains were carried, and there identified by sorrowing friends. She lay there on a slab in her somber mourning robes that well befitted the death; but her face even smiled peacefully, as if the long sleep was only a happy slumber. But she had gone forever to join the husband she had loved for a lifetime sincerely and so well.

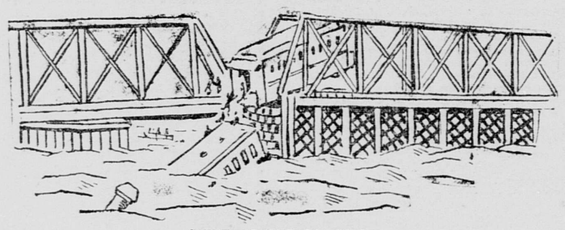
BESIDE HER HUSBAND'S GRAVE.

Only a few hours before she was beside his grave in Calvary Cemetery, for at 10 o'clock in the morning she rode out with a cluster of rare flowers to decorate his lonely resting-place and then returned to her home on Van Ness avenue.

After lunch she took the 1:15 o'clock boat of the Alameda line to go to Dietz' Opera House to be present at the annual closing exercises of St. Joseph's Academy of the Christian Brothers. She went into the front car at the Alameda depot and shortly after met her sad fate in the distressing accident.

When it was known in this city that the estimable lady had perished in the catastrophe a sincere and widespread sympathy was felt at her loss. Immediately numerous friends hurried across to Oakland to satisfy themselves of the correctness of the report. Her residence was besieged by callers, and in the late afternoon a continual stream of sympathizing friends crowded into the Oakland Morgue to see the dead lady. It was all too true. She was dead to them forever.

The manager of the firm, in which she was a large owner, called at 7 o'clock in the evening. He was loath to believe that Mrs. O'Connor was among the dead, but when he met her weeping relatives at the Morgue he staggered a moment and faltered when asked to look upon her face. The painful circumstance affected him deeply, but in a little while he took charge of her jewelry and effects and made arrangements to have her remains prepared by the undertaker for burial.



SCENE OF THE DISASTER.

ROSARY AND WATCH.

A handsome little watch, diamond-studded, the present of her late husband, was taken from her neck; it stopped at just 20 minutes to 3 o'clock, not long after the accident. A lady friend identified her pearl rosary, which was taken from her pocket. The dress—everything she wore in death—was carefully preserved by the manager.

Mrs. O'Connor was born in Rathkeal, County Limerick, Ireland, and was just 52 years of age, although she looked more than ten years younger. She was a Miss Costello—one of an old Irish family of good stock. She was the widow of Bryan O'Connor, the successful dry-goods merchant, and had two children, both of whom died while quite young.

There are three surviving brothers and one sister in this country. Miss Margaret Costello lived with her in this city and was at home yesterday when the terrible news was announced. It prostrated the sister with grief. One brother is a United States Engineer at Cincinnati, Ohio, one is at New York attending to the agency there of the local firm, and another is stopping at Paraiso Springs for his health.

The dead lady was highly esteemed for her many good and gracious qualities, her liberal but unostentatious charity and her pleasant and sunny disposition.

MARTIN S. KELLY.

Hon. Martin S. Kelly, another of the dead, was a prominent man in California as a Democrat. He was elected to the State Senate and served two terms, retiring in 1882. In 1883 he took the position of Assistant Chief Wharfinger under Mr. Corcoran, and according to William D. English's statement at the Oakland Morgue, was one of the best men the State ever had in that position. He was a brother of the late Michael Joseph Kelly, the well-known contractor of the new City Hall and other public works, and leaves a brother living in this city. He was about 48 years of age.

Senator Kelly was accompanying his friend, Captain Dwyer, to the graduating entertainment at Dietz Opera House, but both died side by side in the railroad car. They were taken out together.

CAPTAIN THOMAS DWYER.

A very sad circumstance was the death of Captain Thomas Dwyer of Sacramento. He was on his way to hear a young son, W. J. Dwyer, participate in the exercises of the Christian Brothers' Preparatory School, and looked forward to the occasion with unfeigned pride. He was heard to speak proudly of his boy, and was desirous of having Senator Kelly present to share his pleasure. The lad was on the stage in the Opera House when his father was dying a helpless prisoner in the murky water only a few blocks distant. But the Captain was recovered dead and disfigured and unknown. United States Attorney Carey informed the Coroner who the deceased was.

Captain Dwyer was one of the best-known seamen on this coast and a prominent citizen of Sacramento County. He owns a large proportion of stock in the California Transfer Company, the Sacramento River line of steamers plying between this city and points far above the capital city. He has been popular for many years in maritime circles. The son heard of his death late in the evening.

DIED IN EACH OTHERS' ARMS.

Two young ladies, one a mere girl in blooming health and spirits, with a comely face and innocent blue eyes, the other of a more serious cast, although similar as sisters are, were seated in the doomed coach that took them on to their fate. When its freight of souls was dashed into the bay, these girls were sitting in one seat. They died in each others' arms, and a while later were side by side again, but on Morgue slabs.

They were then identified as Misses Nellie and Katie Kiernan, who lived at 630 Eddy street with their widowed mother. Like the other dead their faces bore evidence of moments of dire and awful distress before death.

They have a sister here, known as Sister Mary Aloysius, in a convent.

SPIRITUAL CONSOLATION.

The terrible affair rudely interrupted the exercises, and priests and Christian Brothers were eager spectators at the scene of the bridge or in the Morgue. There were also some prominent Catholic men among them, one of whom was John Lynch, Grand Treasurer of the Y. M. I., and a near friend of some of the victims. The venerable Father King of Oakland wore an anxious look all day as he offered words of consolation to the afflicted relatives, while the President of the Brothers' College also seemed oppressed over the catastrophe in which so many of his supporters had lost their lives. Only a gloomy shake of the head, a hushed expression of sorrow or a half-stifled prayer might be heard from them as they stood amidst the dead.

SAVED BY COURTESY.

A lady, whose name could not be learned, had an escape, which would seem providential, from what looked like certain death in the accident. She boarded the second car at the depot, and finding it crowded, was about to pass on to the forward one, when a gentleman jumped from his seat and gallantly accommodated her. It was the stranger's courtesy, probably, that saved her life. She, too, was on her way to the graduating exercises to hear her son take part in the programme.

H. W. AULD.

H. W. Auld, one of the victims, was quite a young man, evidently not more than 30. He was a native of Honolulu, where he held the responsible position of chief of the Custom-house. At the time that he met his untimely end he was on his way to the Convent of the Holy Name in Oakland, to arrange with his sisters, Edith and Maud, about going to their home in the Sandwich Islands to-day to spend their vacation. Auld was of Hawaiian parentage. He leaves a wife and several children.

HENRY S. AUSTIN.

Henry S. Austin was a member of the firm of Austin & Phelps, hardware merchants, at 220 Mission street, in this city. Latterly he has lived in the Terry cottage, on Locust-street hill, in Santa Cruz, having retired from active mercantile life. He was on his way to the convent with his two daughters to see a third child, who is a sister in that institution. He was about 60 years of age.

LUIGI MALATESTA.

Luigi Malatesta was a wholesale wine-dealer at 311 Pacific street, and resided at 2004½ Dupont street. A card bearing the latter address was found upon him.

Owing to the resemblance of the unknown young man to Malatesta, it is supposed that he is Henry R. Malatesta, the former's son. He was dressed in a black suit of clothes and was about 20 years of age. Nothing was found in his pockets, which fact induces the belief that he was traveling with some one else.

J. R. IRWIN.

J. R. Irwin was an employe of Charles A. Chandler, a sewing-machine agent on Washington street, Oakland.

E. R. ROBINSON.

E. R. Robinson was an insurance broker doing business at 436 Montgomery street and residing in Oakland.

M. R. WILLIAMS.

Nothing is known of M. R. Williams. He is about 36 years of age. A card was found upon his person bearing the address 48 Fourth street.

BRINGING OUT THE DEAD.

Depressing Scenes Witnessed—Moving the Wrecked Train.

After the locomotive and car had plunged to the bottom of the creek, the bridge continued to close for several moments, and for several hours the second car stood with the first truck projecting over the gap. The other cars back of that were for some moments the scene of great excitement, as men, women and children poured out of them.

The lost car completely disappeared from sight for a moment, and then rose and rolled over a little to one side, until the roof alone could be seen. The cars which remained on the track were uninjured, and there was little to see of the wreck, save the projecting roof of the sunken car.

When the axes had been used awhile bits of doors, roof and windows floated ashore and the car was left in a shallow spot about half under water. The locomotive completely disappeared.

SMALL BOATS QUICKLY COLLECTED.

The small boats which were sailing about the "creek" quickly collected about the scene and formed a cordon around the wrecked coach. The axes were soon hewing holes through the roof, each man working with a desperate resolve as if fighting against certain fate. As soon as holes were cut volunteers threw coats and vests aside and plunged in regardless of themselves.

The first body recovered was that of a young girl, who showed faint signs of life. She was quickly carried to the upper part of the bridge while other men did what they could to recall the glimmering spark of vitality with ill success.

The other bodies were brought to the surface one at a time, but as quickly as possible under the circumstances. And then ensued a scene of wild disorder among the excited crowd of passengers and spectators on the shore.

A PITIFUL SIGHT TO SEE.

None of them knew but that the submerged coach contained perhaps a parent, sister, brother, or a near and dear relative or friend; and it was an awsome, pitiful sight to see the anxious faces, pale and drawn, with eyes fixed nervously on the working rescuers about 200 feet away in the water.

A gathering of thousands from all points blocked the streets, the wharves and lumber piles and the shores near by with wonderful quickness. Vehicles of all kinds arrived and made it almost impossible to approach the scene of the catastrophe. The people stood there for hours looking at the operations of railroad men preparing the track for travel.

By means of a strong rope and a locomotive the sunken car was drawn upon the muddy beach until the water was on a line with the seats. The men who rescued the ladies went inside and searched in the water for other victims under the seats. Enough had died, and they were already with the Coroner.

A gay parasol would be taken from the ooze beneath some seat by a searcher, and its bright color displayed in the sunshine; again, a lady's satchel, or a wrap, or a novel would be found and dropped into the boat alongside. It was painfully realistic, this work, to many, after the owners had been drowned inside the car.

MOVING THE WRECKED TRAIN.

The line was blocked until 4:20 o'clock, when the wrecked train was moved away to the yards. One car hung downward from the tracks over the water, and to raise it into position occupied some hours of hard labor. This work was as slow as house-moving, but the workmen finally accomplished it.

The train with this car trailing upon the tracks was dragged down to the old Alameda Depot. The bridge was closed over to the place where it should have been when the "1:15" plunged into the deep water, and again the line was clear.

But the heavy and cumbersome engine remained hidden completely from sight and no attempt was made to move it from its bed in the mud.

Before this hour the railway managers had arrived. None of them could say how the sad accident had happened, but Mr. Brown volunteered the statement that if the water had been deeper the whole thing, meaning the train, would have gone down. The first car was supported by the engine, and it, in turn, kept the second one from meeting a fate similar to its own.

Indignation over the catastrophe was freely expressed by the spectators. Indeed, it merely required a mention of the strangeness of the cause, when a bystander would quickly reply, as one did to a CALL reporter: "That is a nice state of affairs—a man to open the bridge when he knows the train is coming."

VIEWING THE REMAINS.

Three Thousand Gaze Upon the Dead at the Morgue.

By 8 o'clock the bodies had been prepared for the caskets, and each was laid upon a stretcher and covered, except as to the head, by a white sheet. When this was done, word was passed to Captain Fletcher of the Oakland police force, who, with a squad of six patrolmen, was on hand, and the public was admitted to the room.

It was an orderly, quiet crowd that filed in, and for two hours it ebbed in and out of the building, reverently and with uncovered heads, viewing the motionless bodies of those who slept in death. It is estimated that fully 3000 people were admitted, and they left as quietly as they came.

There was a look of universal sorrow upon the faces of all, as if each and every one realized in all its horror the terrible calamity that had befallen the community. There was no demonstration of any kind and only once was there a scene of peculiar pathos.

That was when a gray-haired man slipped without a word from the line of mournful spectators and imprinted a kiss upon the forehead of the corpse of a young man. It was over in a moment and he resumed his place and passed out into the night. Tears glistened in his eyes and the corners of his mouth twitched convulsively, but beyond that there was no other sign of grief.

A SCENE NOT TO BE FORGOTTEN.

The Morgue, so accustomed to scenes of sadness, never, perhaps, in all its history witnessed such a one as that last night. The ghastly corpses composed to rest along the wall, and the silent army of men and women who marched by in solemn procession, made a picture that will not easily be forgotten by those who saw it. The faces of the dead were, in nearly every instance, calm and lifelike.

There was no distortion of the features, as is so often the case with those who meet a violent death, but all were as peaceful as if in sleep. No indication was there of the terrible struggle with death in the fated car in the waters of the bay, when they fought in vain to free themselves from the terrible trap in which they had been buried.

A little after 10 o'clock the doors of the Morgue were closed, and those who had lingered about slowly departed, bearing with them sad memories of the awful scene.

REMOVAL OF REMAINS.

Four of the bodies were removed. That of Mrs. O'Connor was taken in charge by Manager Powers of the firm of O'Connor, Moffatt & Co. and brought to her late home in this city, where arrangements will be made for the funeral.

The corpse of Captain Kelly was looked after by Hon. William D. English and Captain Martin Corcoran, who had it inclosed in a casket and removed to the home of his brother on California street, in this city.

The bodies of the two Kiernan sisters were taken by the relatives and borne to this city and to their father's house.

AT THE HOSPITAL.

Victims Taken in Dead—Looking for Supposed Lost Ones.

Four of the victims were taken with all possible speed to the Oakland Receiving Hospital, but they were almost dead before reaching there. Some of them had been treated in the best manner possible on the beach after removal from the car, and it was a hopeless effort of superior skill in the science of resuscitation to bring them back to life, for they were already past earthly aid. Still the physicians worked herolically and untiringly, all to no purpose, however.

The body of J. R. Irwin, the Oakland sewing machine agent, was laid upon a bed by the excited rescuers. A glance, however, satisfied the doctor that the man should be in the Morgue. In an adjoining room were laid the bodies of Captain Dwyer and Henry S. Austin, also beyond human aid.

One of the Miss Kearns was carried in at 2:30 o'clock, while still breathing very faintly. Every effort was resorted to to save her, but without avail, for she breathed her last a few minutes later. Later the Coroner arrived and removed the four bodies to his place on Washington street.

All this time the hospital was in a state of excitement. An anxious crowd had gathered outside to know if some supposed missing one was inside or counted among the dead. The steward had to stand outside the door and inform the inquiring throng that no injured passengers were inside.

From time to time persons would elbow their way toward the entrance, trembling with dread, and excitedly mention the name of their relative whom they expected was on the wrecked train. A negative answer would send them away a trifle more contented, but then they would rush away to the Morgue.

Finley, who escaped so luckily, was treated for bruises on the head and face and trifling wounds of the hands. As he was saturated and shivering in his dripping clothes the steward supplied him with a suit to go home in comfortably. He went away as contented and happy as a man could be, and went straight to his wife to inform her of his escape.

PERSONAL EXPERIENCES.

Details of the Accident Furnished by Those Who Were There.

F. F. Finley of 732 Sutter street and Secretary of the Mendocino County Redwood Association of San Francisco, was in the doomed car when it went into the water. He said of his experience:

"I was seated in the front seat, next the engine. As we drew near the bridge it seemed to me that it was open, and I began to grow nervous. All at once I saw that I was right and that a fearful accident was inevitable.

"Just as I sprang to my feet I saw a man jump from the engine into the water. Then came a crash, a horrible crushing of timber and a snapping of heavy ironwork. The next thing I knew the car was in the water and I found myself blindly groping for the door, which I fortunately reached and opened.

"There was a fearful outcry from those behind me, which almost immediately turned into a prolonged wail of despair. I found myself on the platform and by climbing and holding on to the front of the car worked my way to the roof just as that end of the car rose to the surface.

"I escaped with only a few injuries—a hurt on the shoulder and some slight cuts about the head. I am a married man and my wife and family reside in San Francisco."

After Mr. Finley escaped he was the fortunate means of rescuing several others.

SWIMMING FROM THE WRECK.

Conductor Tom Davis was the regular conductor of the train, but his place for the day was taken by Conductor Revolk, who made the following statement shortly after the accident:

"The car they were in was a combination, and I had gone through it shortly before we reached the bridge. It will hold about forty-eight people. After it went down it was as much as I could do to attend to the passengers of the remaining two coaches, some of whom were frenzied with fear.

"I made my way to the head end, though, as soon as I could force my way through, and looked down on the scene of death. I noticed at least half a dozen men swim away from the wreck, but did not see any women or children escape. I do not know any of the people who were in the coach; at least, I do not remember them."

OH, IT WAS SO QUICK!"

Miss Mary H. Austin tells a pathetic story:

"I was sitting on the left side of the car," she said, "my father and sister in the seat behind me. I heard a crash. Our car went down into the water and turned with the left side up. People screamed and tried to get over the top of the car.

"The man in front of me broke the window with his fist. He must have got out through the window. I clasped my sister and clung to her as long as I could, but the force of the water rushing in separated us. I don't know how long I was under water. I held my breath as long as I could.

"I was losing consciousness when rescued. I don't know how I got of the window. My father and sister are still under water. I'm sure there's no hope for them; they have been under the water so long. Oh, it was so quick! They were mostly men in the car and a few children."

FRENZIED INMATES.

J. A. Cavanaugh of 213 Waller street, San Francisco, was in the car with his little boy, who is three and a half years old.

When the car went over Mr. Cavanaugh seized his boy with his right hand and smashed the window next to him with his left, cutting his hand with the glass, but before he could make a move to clamber out of the broken window he was pushed away from it by some of the frenzied inmates of the car.

He sprang to another window, opened it and launched himself out, still holding his boy, when he was seized from above by another survivor, who was on the roof of the car, and helped up to a place of safety.

AN ALAMEDA MAN'S ESCAPE.

G. W. Combs of Alameda was one of those who had a narrow escape. He was just passing into the first car when it left the track, but jumped back in time, and was able to climb from the lower end of the second car up on to the wharf.

He thinks that there were at least twenty people in the first car. In the second car, sitting near the end windows, were two young ladies. They were thrown nearly out of the car by the shock, but did not seem to be seriously injured.

So far as he could judge the other occupants of the second car escaped with only a few scratches.

THEY WERE SMOKERS.

J. P. Frenna says that he owes his life to his habit of smoking. He and his friend, W. Wilkinson, started to go into the front car when it was at the mole, but before they had taken their seats Frenna declared that he must have a smoke and the two men went back to the smoker.

They were there when the accident occurred, and Mr. Wilkinson, who lives at 1212 Post street, San Francisco, is very thankful for his friend's appetite for tobacco. He says that the first intimation he had of the accident was a big jolt. He saw the car in front of him end up. Everybody in his car rushed out; none of them were injured so far as he could see.

SEEN FROM THE CITY WHARF.

An eye-witness, who saw the accident from the city wharf, said that the train was going so fast that the engine leaned fifteen feet clear of the bridge and looked as if it turned a somersault in going over.

The passenger-car followed, end down. The coupling tore loose after pulling the second car about half-way over the end of the bridge, but it is probable that the automatic air-brakes kept the other cars from going over.

Had they followed the first, the death-roll would have included the passengers in the other cars.

A PANIC AT THE CEMETERY.

News of the disaster reached Mountain View Cemetery about 3 o'clock, when and where there was a large crowd at the gate waiting for a car. The news caused a panic and many did not stop for a conveyance, put rushed pell mell down Piedmont avenue. The news spread among those in the cemetery and in a short time the burial ground was nearly deserted, mourners leaving the graves and dropping their bouquets as they ran.

IN A STRUGGLING MASS.

A gentleman who was in the fatal car said that as it went over the greater part of its occupants were thrown in a struggling mass in the lower end. It was only those who managed to hold on to the seats who escape.

SOME OF THE SAVED.

Persons Who Were Lucky Enough to Escape From the Wreck.

Among those on the train that were saved the following were reported:

Mrs. J. B. H. Cooper and her daughter Alice of 1926 Octavia street.

Mrs. P. H. Cook of 1925 Octavia street had an arm broken and her face badly cut, but she was taken out alive.

C. M. McGraw and his son were saved.

A number of children were rescued by boatmen and were taken uptown in hacks.

Captain M. R. Roberts and two young ladies were in the submerged car, but they were saved.

The daughter of Frank Brearty, the lawyer, is supposed to have been on the train, as is also John Kincaid, a San Francisco dry-goods dealer. Nothing has since been seen of either of them. Ernest Ferguson is also reported missing.

J. P. Frinna and H. Guernett of this city succeeded in escaping.

W. O. Hutchins, the brakeman, was just passing from the first car to the second as the accident happened. He jumped and was saved.

H. L. Clark, a swimmer from the Alameda Baths, was driven rapidly to the place, and diving down, aided in the work of recovery.

Those who remained in their seats in the second car got out without hurt or bruise, but many of those who jumped up into the aisle were shot out of the door into the water by the steep incline.

Commodore W. W. Blow and his son Alfred H. succeeded in saving several lives. Young Blow, who was on the bridge, ran to the top of the car and opened the door by main force. Several persons at once came out.

THE FATAL BRIDGE.

Trains Signaled by a Solitary Flagman. No Signal Tower.

A feature of the railroad company's method of handling drawbridges is that at all places where the bridges are automatically locked from the signal towers, thus precluding the possibility of any such accident as occurred yesterday, all trains are required to stop before crossing.

But at this death-trap, which is situated on a sharp curve, engineers depend entirely for danger signals upon a man who, at a distance of fifty yards, cannot be seen by the engineers of approaching trains, and these trains are not required to stop in all cases before crossing, but are allowed to round the curve and cross the bridge at the rate of twenty-five or thirty miles an hour.

At 3 o'clock a special train arrived at the scene of the accident, containing Messrs. Towne, Fillmore and a dozen other officials.

All other railroad bridges, of which there are four in the locality of the accident, are controlled by the block system of signaling. Before all trains these bridges are automatically locked and cannot be unlocked excepting by the tower-man, who controls them; consequently this is the only bridge where an accident of this kind could by any possibility have happened.

At this bridge three men are employed as flagmen. One is paid by the county and the other two are employes of the railroad company. No tower signals are given to engineers of approaching trains, and they depend entirely upon a signal from the flagman in case of danger.

THE CORONER'S JURY.

It Views the Remains and Will Hold the Inquest To-Day.

After all the bodies had been removed to the Morgue, Coroner Henry Evers summoned the following citizens to serve as jurors:

G. S. Naismith, 403 Ninth street.
J. B. McChesney, 1364 Franklin.
E. A. Heron, Eleventh and Broadway.
T. M. Robinson, 969 Grove.
David Rutherford, 814 Thirteenth street.
John Schumacher, 1117 Myrtle street.
J. L. Lyons, 804 Twelfth street.

At 6 o'clock these gentlemen viewed the remains and then adjourned until to-day, when the inquest will be held. It was at first intended to hold the inquiry last night, but in consequence of the great excitement it was thought better to postpone it.

THE SEARCH ABANDONED.

All the Bodies of the Victims Thought to Have Been Recovered.

At a late hour last evening the search for bodies was discontinued, as further recoveries were regarded as problematical.

It is now believed that all the bodies have been recovered.

At the time the car was submerged the doors and windows were closed, and it is thought that no bodies could have floated out through them.

Officer Downey stated that all the people who came to the surface from the car were saved. If, however, any bodies did float out, it is not likely that they will be recovered for several days.

The current in the estuary is so strong that it would carry them away.

It is supposed that George A. Herrick, railroad operator of 12 Essex street, San Francisco, is among the dead. He telegraphed his wife in Oakland that he would take that train with his child. He has not been heard from since and his wife is distracted.

A SIMILAR ACCIDENT.

Twenty Persons Drowned at the Oakland Wharf Terminus.

A similar accident happened on July 4, 1868, at the Oakland Wharf terminus of the San Francisco and Overland Railroad. The Garibaldi Guard of this city and a large number of their friends celebrated the day in Oakland.

On their return by the 4 o'clock train, while the passengers were passing on the suspension gangplank or "apron" it gave way and about sixty of them fell into the bay.

The heavy weight of so many people at the same point broke the chains, and so precipitated those on the apron into the water.

Some twenty persons, most Italians, lost their lives by the catastrophe.

Captain Dwyer's Death Regretted.

SACRAMENTO, May 30.—Great sorrow is felt here over the untimely death of Captain Dwyer, one of the victims of the Alameda disaster to-day. He came here over thirty years ago, and ever since had been identified with the river navigation interests. He was President of the Sacramento Transportation Company at the time of his death. He was a man of large means, charitable and of public spirit. He leaves a widow and five children, mostly grown.

FEDERATED TRADES.

Hoop-Drivers Must Belong to the Brewery Workmen.

Molders Choose Five Delegates to Attend the National Convention, Which Will Be Held in Detroit.

The Council of Federated Trades met last evening, President Grambarth in the chair.

Oscar Rosenbaum and Emil Kuenmerle of the Brewery Workmen's Union and John Gerlach of the International Furniture-workers',