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[From the Extra Alta of Yesterday]

ARRIVAL OF THE ST. LOUIS

The Golden Gate Burned at Sea.

One Hundred and Ninety Eight Lives Lost.

ALL THE TREASURE LOST.

The Lost and Those Res- cued.

The steamer *St. Louis* arrived at 5
o'clock P.M., yesterday, from Panama.

Memoranda.

The P.M.S. S. Co.'s steamer *St. Louis*, W.
F. Lapidge, commander, left San Francisco
July 1st, at 10 A. M., with 145 passengers

and \$1,267,160 68 in specie, for Panama, July 5th, at 9:20 P. M., passed steamer *Golden Gate*, bound up. Arrived at Acapulco July 9th, at 4.15 P. M.; received supplies, and sailed at 8 P.M.; same day, at 9:30 P. M. passed steamer Sonora, bound up. Arrived at Panama July 16th, at 7 A. M.

Returning left Panama July 20th, at midnight with 405 tons of freight, and 320 passengers from New York, of July 11th, by steamer *Northern Light*. Arrived at Acapulco July 27th, at 8:45 A.M. Received coal and supplies and sailed at 3 P. M. Arrived at Manzanillo July 25th, at 5 A. M. On arrival at this port received intelligence of the total loss of P. M. S. S. Co.'s steamer *Golden Gate*, by fire, on the evening of July 27th, about 15 miles north-west of Manzanillo harbor. The *St. Louis* immediately started for the scene of the wreck; fired signal guns, lowered boats, and took off the shore all the survivors of the wreck who could be found.

Remained at Manzanillo till July 30th, at 5 P. M, leaving Capt. Hudson and his crew at that port to render any further assistance that might be necessary. The *St. Louis* brings up 78 of the *Golden Gate's* passengers, (all that are known to be saved) and a portion of her crew. Arrived at San Francisco August 6th, at 5 P. M.. The *St. Louis* brings 126 packages mail from New York, and \$162,470 in specie from Manzanillo. Left in port at Panama, U. S. S. *Saranac*; at Acapulco, coal ship *Juliet Trundy*

Passengers

Horace Webster and wife, J H Carroll and wife, J B Purdy, F Cichi, P J Kelly, Sophie Shulters, Louisa Kohli, A S Roe. O Miller, Mm H D Morrill, Thomas Crane, Mrs R Eccleston and child, A Moore, Miss Westlake, Q L Adams, Miss B Blodgett, L W Gates and child, Miss Bertha Kohn and brother, Miss Alexander, C E Mowry, John Stagg, Mrs N. H. Francis, Mrs Kelly. James W Cullen and wife, Chas R Carroll, Fred Rower, wife and daughter, Sarah Sparhawk, Mrs C W Chandler and child, J H Leonard, Miss E M Fernald, Alex Warfield, Mrs L L Baker, Miss H A Grant, G A Mendon, Johnston Knight, D C Tripp, B P Dow, Miss Susan Dall and Child, Geo H Horn, William Whitfield, A Ryers, J L Truett, Albert Priest, E D Morgan, G F Hunting, U S A, Mrs E Lovejoy and child, E S Karney, E Connor, wife and infant, Mrs Shell and infant, P A Owens, G W Dent, Mrs Edson, daughter, friend and 4 children, Mr Edson, Josefa Torres and 2 children, C Torres, A Torres, F de Trogat, Mr Gregure and wife, E C Johnson, Mr Nugent, wife and infant, E Bambrins, brother and mother, Josefa Calpina, T Kuhn and 2 children, P Kuhn, Miss M Willhusen, W H Kay, W B Ledge, J H Brown, Delia Acher, A P Fuller, J E Rose, Jno Bradley, J Perez, Emily Landgraff, Hettie Lundberg and child, Mary Daly, Mrs T L Boerum, T V Scudder, T Walsh, Fanny Harris, Miss C Struths, Jane Kingon, Robt. Kingon, W Goe and sister, A Mayers, Robt Mayers, wife, daughter and three children : M L Taylor, W

N Chapman, C F Rank and wife, Mrs Lesarte, Mrs M A Douglas, Miss H A Eagles, J E Darling, Susan Brady, J Ellenbach and boy, Jno McIntee, Augusta Kitchen, Maria Gibbs, Harriet Adams, W Mc Causeman, Wm Holder, J Wilkinson and wife, Louisa Spencer, Geo Waterman, and 220 others.

Full List of Passengers by the *Golden Gate* – Saved and Lost.

The following is a list of passengers and crew saved from the *Golden Gate* :

SAVED.

FIRST CABIN.

Ben Holladay,	B L Schmidt,
J Whitney, Jr,	Mrs D A Nurse,
Capt. R. H Pearson,	H Furnhjelm.
Abel Guy,	Miss A A Manchester.
A J Nichols, (son, lost)	(8 years old),
Mrs W T Gough,	Miss E C Manchester. (5
J C Jonghaus and wife,	years old.)
Mrs Wallace,	Frank E Manchester, (3
A Chavanne,	years old.)
C J Fox	G. Given, (a boy, 2 years
S M Murphy and wife,	old.)
A J Gunnison,	--- Given, (a babe. 8
Geo O McMullen,	weeks old.)

SECOND CABIN.

T F Haywood,	G Erba,
R H Dorsey,	W Walker,
O Bradley,	G Molindi,
P H Moran,	John Jenkins,
G F Bierthaupt,	G W Chase,
Mrs C J Ross,	D Sicker,
George Fulton, (7 years	J P Bell
old), rest lost,	Jane C Forsyth (servant
S C Todd,	to Mrs Green)
John, or Jonas, (boy, 4	John H Booth (13 years
years old.)	old.)
Mrs S Francis,	Wm Hamilton. (B Holla-
Felix Bessom,	day's servant.)
W R Wilcox,	Isaac M Gear.
C C Thomas,	

STEERAGE

J H Mitchell,	A H Bates,
N C Mocan,	G Molindi,
C W Follansbee,	J C Garber,
G E Emerson,	O P Darling,
S A Mann,	E J Haskell,
J N Beveridge,	J Spencer,
J Chart,	Philip Closs,
H A Allen,	J Antone,
A Fisher,	N Walty,
J P Lell,	R Cooper,
R Perry,	J Smith,
E C Bowker,	W Woodward,
W Henry,	J Sowards,
P N Karney,	B Civrac,
R Leslie,	J M Murphy,
John Dilton,	John Dilton,

LOST.

FIRST CABIN

Mrs G O McMullen, in-	Mrs B Karsh and two
fants and servant,	children,
J Whitney's servant,	J E Cook,
E Flint,	L Bacigalupi,
H J Denchla and niece,	Son of A J Nichols,
Mrs A F Green and in-	C D Bonestell
fant.	Mrs Wright and child,
Rev C Keith,	Mrs C A Morrison,

Mrs C Adams and infant	F Faus,
Mrs Horton,	P Scherer,
Dr J V Bodinier,	Edward Roessche.
J Salinger,	J Cramer, wife and in-
HP Davis,	fant,
Miss C E Coggsell,	J Drey,
C J Theis,	Henry Gerstung, wife
Mr D A Morse,	and child.

SECOND CABIN.

J Forbes,	Mrs J W Geer and inf't
J McChesney,	S Francis,
Mrs Leavenworth and	Miss J C Brier,
child,	Mr J C Lancaster,
J L Hulse, wife and ch,	R T Hawkins,
E H Fulton and 3 chil-	Miss J Barber,
Dren (1 child saved),	J Carlinas,
Mrs S Babcock and in-	C Mudie,
fant,	R. Venner and wife,
J R Bird,	Mrs E. Scott,
Mrs Astone,	F A Rhodes.

STERRAGE.

G Harris,	J Gourlay,
D Long,	T Wolcott,
G Downey	R Smith,
J Shay,	R Travers,
M W Harriman,	R Bernard,
W Brown,	E De Bret,
M Massey,	G Jichom,
A F Clark,	P Conley,
T J Clark,	J Wallingback,
M Olson,	A Jackson,
J Henry,	L P Cuddelbach,
T Morcan,	F Carroll,
E Hilbert,	F Esfeldt,
J W Shaw,	J Hohn,
H Winkleman,	W Herberst,
S D Goodall,	P Downey,
J Brackbill,	G Newton,
J Chambers,	Mrs Daley,
J B Moore,	S Gilbert,
L Bacon,	J Debar,
J Harkin,	V Columbia,
S Wilkinson,	A Sepper,
J Fry,	L Grapum,
Michael Pierce,	H P Stevens,
P Pierce,	G W Kinzer,
M Pierce,	B Sweeney,
A Brimmer,	Jas Hewit,
F Clare,	John Vrup,
A Smith, wife, sister	A Peterson,
and four children,	Geo Weller,
Mrs Mary Clark,	S P Stormes,
A Ferniough,	J Sheridan,
Miss A Chambers,	D H Preble,
C H Hill,	O O Farwell,
George Ramsey,	V S Moore,
Alex. Pettigrove,	P Webster,
Thomas Middling,	B Rivara,
J Borovick,	John Gordea,
J Croft,	Lewis Andrews,
J Groves,	R W Henderson,
C Sallady,	J Broad,
Dan O'Leary,	Miss Hartland,
H W Bracey, (colored)	J Parja,
W J Davis,	M Blanco,
L Blum,	M Avana,
O Bradley,	G Braso,
P H Moran,	A M Clark,
G Mathison,	

MISSING.

M Seelingsbon, E Josephi, E Levine & Servant,		Capt J W Richard, wife and 2 children.
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Officers and Crew.

The following is a complete list of the officers and crew of the *Golden Gate*, lost and saved. The ship's papers were all lost:

SAVED.

W H Hudson, captain.
M Nolan, first officer.
Wm Waddell, chief engineer.
J K Wood purser
H McKinney, second mate.
S Bernard, sailor.
M Fairfield, sailor.
F Warner, sailor.
F Gore, sailor.
M Free, sailor.
W Howd, sailor.
T Field, sailor.
C Miller, sailor.
J Wilson, sailor.
C C Sullivan, sailor.
F A Brierly, first assistant engineer.
J G Whitting, second assistant engineer
T McDowell, water tender.
T Conley, water tender.
D McNeil, fireman.
William Britt, fireman.
Jas Ennis, fireman
P Donnelly, fireman
J Wilson, fireman.
Mike Murray, fireman.
Antonio Pacheco fireman.
C Norris, coal passer.
J Watson coal passer,
William Harvey, coal passer.
W Kelly, coal passer.
John Coran, coal passer.
R. Davey, coal passer.
M J Mathewson, steward.
Margaret McIrtie, stewardess.
Caroline Hamilton, steerage stewardess.
Sam. Lewis, steerage steward.
H McLean baker
R Markley, second baker
J F Harris, porter
F Douglass, butcher
George H Foot, cabin waiter,
Tom Kelly, cabin waiter,
Dennis Corcoran, cabin waiter.
J McLaughlin. sailors' mess boy.
J Donohue, cabin waiter.
P Jeffries, cabin waiter.
R Bartow, cabin waiter,
George Cephas, cabin waiter.
William Joseph, cabin waiter.
E Duckett, cabin waiter.
Jno Peterson, cabin waiter.
C Fritx, steerage waiter.
D Callaghan. steerage waiter.
C Gray, steerage waiter.
J McMeley, 2d cook. A G.
Michael McShane, 3d cook A G.
P A Ryan, store-keeper.
Joseph K Morrill, barkeeper.
David Reed, }
R Ridley, } working passage.
William Price, }
William Price, barber.
Total of the crew, 62.

LOST AND MISSING.

Henry W Jones, surgeon,
Timothy O'Brien, 3d assistant engineer,
Sam Jones, water tender.
John Cunningham, fireman.
Win McKenzie, fireman,
Wm Denny, fireman,
Thos Smith, fireman,
Geo Ogden, coal passer,
Frank Marlay, coal passer,
Henry Baden, coal passer,
Mike Keegan, coal passer,
Geo Smith, coal passer,
Henry Johnson, messboy
Henry Johnson, carpenter,
Wm Low, sailor
Edward Douglass, sailor
Sam Dowling, sailor,
A Hennessy, sailor,
Tom Kaley, sailor,
Thos Keith, sailor,
S K Valentine, second steward.
Benj Strobel, pantryman.
Bernard McCune, second pantryman.
Henry Schaeffer, second porter.
Robert Pino, cabin waiter.
John Johnson, cabin waiter.
Charles Miller, cabin waiter.
Antonio Ferris, cabin waiter.
P H Sullivan, cabin waiter.
Wm Carey, cabin waiter.
Thomas Bolster, cabin waiter.
Wm Morrison, steerage waiter.
Martin Owen, steerage waiter.
John Brown Zeni, first cook, after galley.
John Peterson, first cook, forward galley.
George Rose, second cook, forward galley.
Sam Burris, third cook, forward galley.
Chas A Belford, worked passage.

There were on board the *Golden Gate*-
242 passengers and 96 crew—in all..... 338
Known to be saved.....140

Lost or missing198

One boat, containing 22 people, had not been heard from at the time the *St. Louis* left Manzanillo. This boat was in charge of the 3d mate, and is supposed to have missed the harbor in the night, and gone down the coast. These are not included in the list of *saved*.

STATEMENT OF THE SECOND OFFICER.

Mr. Henry McKinney, the second officer, informs us as follows: On Sunday, the 27th, at 5 minutes past 5, the fire broke out between the engine and fire-rooms. The steam pump and hose were immediately applied. The fire gained on them, notwithstanding all efforts. Worked the pump until all the hose was burned. At 6.27 that evening got the port boat off in safety, the second boat capsized, but fortunately no lives were lost; the third boat got over, and the boats

pulled for Manzanillo. The up starboard boat got off about 6 P.M.

The *St. Louis* bound up reached Manzanillo the next morning at five o'clock and rescued the passengers.

The fire originated in a mysterious manner, and spread with great rapidity —so much so that the clothes of the officers were burned off their persons. When the wreck was abandoned, the fire had burnt everything to the water's edge. Nothing is known of the origin of the fire.

Captain Hudson's Statement to the Agents of the P. M. S. S. Company.

Manzanillo, July 30th. 1862.

Gentlemen: —I have to report to you the total loss of the *Golden Gate*, by fire, which occurred on the afternoon of the 27th inst., fifteen miles to the westward of Manzanillo. At 5 in the afternoon, when at dinner, the ship was reported to me on fire: I immediately arose from the table, requesting the passengers to remain quiet, and proceeded to the spar deck, when I found a dense volume of smoke coming up from the engine room hatchway. All the fire hose of the ship were immediately put in requisition and worked with all possible energy.

The ship was now about three or four miles from the land. I saw at a glance the impossibility of subduing the flames, and immediately put the helm up to run the ship ashore. Men, women and children were now ordered forward, and probably one hundred had reached the fore-castle, when the flames spread with such rapidity as to cut off all communication with the after part of the ship. I ordered Mr. Waddell, the Chief Engineer, to keep the engine moving as long as possible. All regular communication with the engine room was cut off in a few minutes by the flames; several of the firemen and engineers were still below. The feed-valves of the boilers and furnace-doors were opened wide, and all precautions used to prevent explosion.

So rapid was the spread of the flames, however, that the engineers and their men barely escaped with their lives, by forcing a passage through the after freight room bulk-head. At half-past five we grounded about three hundred yards from the beach, where there was a very heavy surf breaking. Before reaching the shore the after boats were lowered away and filled with passengers, under charge of my chief officer. Mr. Nolan, who remained by the ship, rendering all possible aid in saving life. In the meantime, life preservers, spars, and everything of a buoyant

nature, were furnished to the passengers, thrown overboard after she struck.

The flames spread with such rapidity that the hurricane deck, from the foremast aft, fell with a tremendous crash before reaching the shore, and soon afterwards, the foremast went by the board. The heat had now become so intense as to compel all who remained to leave the burning wreck, by lowering themselves in the water with lines furnished for that purpose; and many had thrown themselves into the water from various parts of the ship. After all had left, Captain Pearson and myself dropped from the bowsprit, and succeeded, with great difficulty, in reaching the beach. I found about eighty had reached the shore with life.

All that remained visible of the ship at 8 P. M. was her engines, boilers, and wheel-frames. At daylight on the following morning, the 28th inst., we found and buried sixteen bodies, and at 8 A.M. we started for Manzanillo, and at noon we reached the terminus of the beach, about five miles from the wreck, and found the roads impassable from the density of the chaparral or brushwood. At 3 P. M. a boat hove in sight, with which we communicated and sent to Manzanillo for relief. On the morning of the 29th two of our boats reached us and reported that they had saved sixty-four passengers.

The *St. Louis* touching at Manzanillo early the same morning, and hearing of our disaster, came to our assistance, rescued those who had remained with me on the beach. We had, on leaving San Francisco, two hundred and forty-two passengers and ninety-six crew. There now remain seventy-two passengers and sixty-two crew — making our lost and missing (some of whom may yet be found) two hundred and four. Capt. Lapidge will remain at this port until tomorrow evening, the 30th inst., for the purpose of searching still further for missing passengers.

From the shelving bench and heavy surf where the ship is lying, there remains little or no probability, in my opinion, of saving the treasure. I shall remain, however, as agent of the underwriters, with a portion of my crew and officers, for its protection, and with the hope, also, of being able to save additional life. Orders from you will reach me through the house of Octling & Co., of Manzanillo. I cannot say too much of the efficiency and coolness of my officers and crew, under the trying circumstances through which they have passed.

Very respectfully, &c,

W. W. HUDSON.

Messrs. Forbes & Babcock, Agents P. M. S. S. Co., San Francisco.

Full Statement of Captain R. H. Pearson.

Further Particulars of the Wreck.

The following is a copy of a letter written by Capt. Pearson to a friend:

Full Particulars of the Loss.

STEAMER ST. LOUIS, OFF MANZANILLO
July 29th, 1862

On the 27th inst., at about 4.45 P. M., as we had just sat down to dinner, it was reported to Capt. Hudson that the steamer (*Golden Gate*) was on fire. We immediately left the table; he took the deck, while I ran to fight the fire, which originated between the forward smoke-stack and the cabin galley. I saw the forward part of the upper engine room in a blaze, (that portion of the deck just under the galley.) The engineer was attaching the hose, while I ran to the paddle-box, calling on all I met to follow and pass down the buckets of water that were always kept there. This was done, and I dashed water in around the smoke-stack till I was driven from it by the smoke and heat. I then ran to the upper deck, 'aft, to see that they were getting the hose along from the after pump; and, as this was being done, I turned to say a word of caution to some men who were getting one of the boats over; heard Captain Hudson say that he had headed the steamer for the shore, which was distant some 3 ½ miles. Jumping down below, I saw at a glance that we were a doomed ship, as the flames flared up the engine-room hatch; met Mr. Waddell, who said his men below were cut off and would be burned, and we decided to knock down the bulkhead in the after freight room, and if possible, save them; this was done, and Waddell himself, when prevented by the fire from coming up, jumped overboard from the after freight-port and was saved.

Immediately I directed the panic-stricken women and children that were in the cabin, to the stair-ways over, the paddle-boxes forward, myself carrying two of Mr. Rickard's children, the flames burning us as we rushed by them. About this it was that Capt. Hudson was driven from the port paddle-box forward. At the risk of my life I passed back again over the paddle-box, cut the cover of the forward after boat and caught at three life-preservers: rushing forward again through the scorching heat I met Mr. Flint

and Purser Wood, to each of whom I gave one of the life-preservers, and secured one to the fore-rigging to use myself if I became so exhausted as to need one. Mr. Wood gave his to a woman, who notwithstanding was lost.

My labors were now turned to the head-pump and hose, and we fought the fire foot by foot, until the men were driven away; at about this time the steamer changed her course from the direction of the land to the northward, as if the wheelsman had been forced to leave his post, but she soon changed again and headed straight on for the beach.

I unrove the awning side-ropes that were burned off, and made them fast to the forward rails, that the passengers might cling to them, and advised those who could not swim to secure such things as would float them, and keep calm until the steamer struck the beach. Many did so, but others, confused and bewildered, threw themselves at once into the water.

At a quarter past 5 P. M., by my watch, the upper deck fell in, and the foremast went by the board, falling to starboard; soon after this she took the beach very easily, having but little way, though the engines kept working up to that time; then it was that I told the people to jump and try their best to reach the shore.

Huge breakers were rolling past the ship sweeping everything before them to the beach, and, those persons who retained strength when cast on the shore, helped to drag the exhausted or dead from the surf.

At last Capt. Hudson and myself were alone. Tearing off our clothing as we hung on under the bowsprit, with flakes of fire falling on us from above, we watched our chance to jump in after a roller; but the rope Hudson held burned off, and he fell into the water, washed ashore and I was alone, exhausted, physically and mentally, with both hands, left arm and right shoulder burned, and so, though I am a good swimmer as you will remember, I doubted if I should reach the shore if I abandoned my life-preserver. Seeing a small spar fast to the starboard bow by a rope, I jumped with my life-preserver, and was swept some distance from the steamer across the starboard bow; but I swam back to the spar I spoke of, got astride of it, but was capsized twice, enough to prove that my strength was not equal to the task before me. I managed to put the life-preserver on, but could not tie it; I let go when I was swept across to port side, threw myself on my back,

and before another roller came succeeded in fastening it.

Then I was overtaken by a quick succession of immense breakers, beaten and bruised by them, and was finally pitched amongst the wreck of spars attached to the foremast. The danger was imminent of being crushed, but my strength was nearly gone, and I could make no effort to free myself; but the next roller threw me clear of them and on to the beach, when some good friends rushed down and dragged me into security. I quickly regained my strength, and was deeply pained to learn that more were not saved. Some were lying dead, and some whose names I called had not been seen. We mustered but one hundred persons. Flint and Holliday and other familiar faces were not among them. We were sad indeed.

While the fire roared through our noble ship, and huge seas made breaches through the charred timber, hurling the flames high in the air, we gathered our dead by the light and laid them up on the sand, out of the reach of the sea, and then sat down to watch the gloomy scene.

By 9 o'clock P. M.; what was not burned of the steamer was broken up; the bow and stern came ashore, and in the morning there was nothing left but the bed-plate, wheels and attachments. The beach was strewn with various portions of the wreck. Some kegs of ale were picked up, and suffering as we all were from thirst and exhaustion, it revived many who were, too weak to stand.

Among our number we recognized Capt. Whitney, P. C. S. N. Co., and a better man does not live; Mr. McMullen, exhausted and bowed to the earth by the loss of wife and children; and Mr. Waddell. Chief Engineer. We had seen several of the ship's boats, after changing about a little, keep away for Manzanillo, which was distant but some 14 miles, and we hoped that they would come to our relief early in the morning.

As soon as day broke we buried the dead, four of them were women, two of these elderly women, and, think from the 2d cabin, an insane person, and Mrs. McMullen.

We buried them in the sand, digging the graves with pieces of board, Mrs. McMullen was a lady much esteemed; and as we straightened her stiffened limbs and covered her face, my heart ached that so untimely a fate should check a life so useful, and so lonely a grave should mark the resting place of one that in life was surrounded by so many loving friends. We placed a cross at the head of the graves to designate the spot as sacred.

When this sad duty was over, we started towards Manzanillo, marching over burning sands, through jungles and thorns, around a mountain, until we got abreast the "White Rock," eleven miles from the town: here we found in the wood a little water, brackish and dirty; still it was our salvation, and we drank it eagerly. After resting, we surveyed with a new sense of our position the high mountains towering above us, covered with an impenetrable chaparral on the one hand, and impassable cliffs on the other bordering the sea.

On leaving the vicinity of the wreck, our party numbered nearly one hundred, five children and one woman— a Mrs. Wallace. God bless the woman, a braver and better I never saw, and never can I forget how she cheered the weary through our toilsome and painful wanderings—how, when others rested, she bathed the crying children in the only fresh water we found, to enable them to hold out, and so on through the next night, with our little band of about twenty-five, some badly burned, and all sore and lame—our feet bound in old canvas, (pieces of the fore-top sail, that came on shore with the yard,) and most of what we had on taken from the dead.

Here we passed the night, without water, or food, while those who were in advance strayed into the mountains. But we were comforted by the appearance of the Custom-House boat of Manzanillo; she took two men who were able to get to a point of rock, from which they jumped, and were then picked up by the men in the boat, who promised to come to our aid in the morning. Through the long night we suffered, and at daybreak sent two men in search of water, of which they procured enough for a scanty drink for all; and then, a little refreshed, we took up our line of march over the mountains to get to where we could jump from the rocks into the water, when the boats should come to our rescue.

We climbed through chaparral, cactus, and thorns; over ledges, and down frightful steeps such as you never saw. Mrs. W. did all this with the strongest without a murmur; she faltered once, poor soul, when we reached the rock from which we jumped; and as I tied the rope around her which was thrown me. She dreaded the fearful waters, and feared we would not reach the boat; but at the right time I told her to jump, gave her a push, and she was safely drawn to the boat.

About this time Mr. Nolen in one of the *Golden Gate* boats, came insight, and shouted that the *St. Louis* was at hand. Captain Hud-

son, a man badly burned, Mrs. W. and I, got into the Custom House boat, where we found the good old French doctor (Dormet) of Manzanillo, who had come to our relief with wine, water and bread; the other boats, under Messrs. Nolen and Sutton, took off the remainder of our fellow sufferers.

Capt. Lapidge received us with open arms, he, his officers, and some of his passengers cared for our wounded and burnt, and clothed us. W

While I write (for I fear that I may break down to-morrow,) the steamer is cruising about, firing guns, and picking up the stragglers that come out of the mountains.

At 3 P. M. we came to anchor at Manzanillo, leaving the boats out to rescue all they could find. Before we came in, we saw several dead bodies drifting to the southeast.

We had hoped that the steamer's boats had saved a number of passengers, and, as it was but a short distance to Manzanillo, would have returned to hunt us up on Monday morning; but those, in charge of the boats did not keep close enough to shore, and the current swept all but one some twenty miles to the southeast of the port, so that they did not get to Manzanillo till Monday afternoon. Then I learn from Mr. Conner, late U. S. Consul at Mazatlan, that much time was lost in trying to induce the Captain of the brig *Minerva*, of Mazatlan, (on which he and his family came passengers,) to come to our assistance.

The inhuman wretch refused to move, though Mr. Conner and others had worked all night to hasten our deliverance. Bonds were offered him of ten times the value of his vessel, but no persuasion or entreaty touched his heart of stone; he was as unmerciful as the fire and waves from which we were trying to escape. The contrast between this scoundrel and the inhabitants of Manzanillo was most striking; they threw open their houses, fed the hungry, clothed the naked, and buried, with the kindest care, three little children, who died from burns and exhaustion. The Captain of the *Minerva's* name, I have not learned.

A list of the saved will be sent up, and by that you will know who were lost. I am tolerably well, save a few burns; out there are several others so much worse than I am, that I do not say a word. I have lost all I had with me; but I regret most my box of presents, which I had received through the past fifteen years. My only comfort is that I tried to do my duty in saving the ship and passengers; I never turned from what I conceived to be my duty, to save even a paper of my

own. My chief regret is that so many were lost; it has been a tearful calamity, to be remembered with pain by all of us as long as we shall live.

I wish to mention Mr. William W. Walker, who carried a small boy, most of the time, through our wearisome tramp; his endurance was remarkable, and his humanity an honor to human nature.

ORIGIN OF THE FIRE

From all that I can learn, I think that the fire originated in the after galley, between the stoves and the smoke stack; it got the start of the crew, and the ship burned up in the incredibly short space of time narrated here. I think Capt. Hudson and his officers and crew did all in their power, and what they conceived to be best to save life.

I have written this while the incidents are fresh on my mind and I have no time or disposition to overlook or correct this; you can understand a plain sailor statement.

July 30. - The brig *Minerva* was bound to Acapulco; and though we felt like hanging the Captain to the yard-arm for his dastardly conduct in not going to the scene of the disaster, about thirty of us concluded to proceed to Acapulco in her. The brig was short of provisions, but Capt. Hudson made all arrangements for the passengers, so that we might intercept the *Uncle Sam* at Acapulco and go on to our destination; but after we were all on board, and the *St. Louis* had been detained two hours or more, the scoundrelly Captain, refused to give us a guarantee when we would sail. We were fearful he would take his own time about leaving after the *St. Louis* left, get out to sea drift about in calms, and fail to reach Acapulco in time to take the *Sam*, and we concluded to return to the *St. Louis* and take the chance of meeting her as we went up. None of us were well, and several are now on the Doctor's list.

Please inform Mr. Bayerque that his friend Dr. Bodinier, was drowned; his body was recognized floating past a boat

Yours truly,

R. H. PEARSON.

P. S. Mr. Flint and Dr. Jones are both lost. Holladay was picked up by a boat, and is alive to tell his own story. I ought to have mentioned one or two little incidents that may be of interest, showing the miraculous escape of four children who came ashore in our party—one a baby of three months, a child of Mrs. Giffen. Its brother was saved by the boats; its father and mother are supposed to be lost I understand they were from Baltimore. Strange to say, three little children by the

name of Manchester were saved; one of them, a girl, with us— the other two, a boy and a girl, by the boats.

The Statement of Rescued Passengers.

The following is a statement from one of the rescued passengers:

Editors Alta: — Saved and well ! Thank God ! I now think that I was not born to be drowned, after the fire and wreck. When I reached the shore, I had nothing on but shoes, pants and shirt. I have stood all the exposures and fatigues— twenty-four hours in an open boat—and with the exception of some little fatigue feel like a “brick.” During all the terrific scenes through which I passed I was as cool and collected as I am at this present moment. I wish I could give you a description of the scene and of its many incidents, many of which were of the most thrilling and heart-rending kind. I will try and give you a faint sketch:

On Sunday, the 27th, it was intensely hot and scarcely a breath of air stirring. About 3 o'clock a powerful breeze sprung up, against which the ship was running. At half-past four o'clock the dinner bells rang. At this time nearly all the second cabin passengers were upon the upper deck; our dinner was partially finished when the alarm of fire was given; most of the passengers immediately left the table; others, myself among the number, remained seated, endeavoring to allay the excitement— believing that the crew would be able to extinguish the fire, and not wishing to add to the confusion; scarcely two minutes had elapsed before the smoke came pouring into the cabin; then the excitement became intense; women rushing frantically here and there, in search of their children, wives in search of husbands, husbands of wives.

I had been introduced, before starting, to Mrs. G., of San Francisco, whom I then met and requested her to remain where she then was standing, upon the guards, so that I could find her upon the instant. I then started to ascertain what were the chances of escape. Most of the passengers had gone forward, and I discovered that all communication with the forward part of the ship was cut off completely. The fire had commenced near the smoke stacks and the whole centre part of the ship was in flames. I then endeavored to find some life-preservers, but they were all upon the upperdeck.

They now commenced lowering the boats. I found Mrs. Gough in the place where I left her; after she was seated in the boat, I shook

her by the hand, bade her good-by and God bless her. In lowering, the boat was swamped and the passengers thrown out. Mrs. G. had caught hold of the painter, and when the boat was righted she succeeded in getting into it, and was saved. I never knew a woman to exercise more coolness and presence of mind. Other boats were then lowered, one of which had but three passengers on board—Mr. and Mrs. Jonghaus, of Sacramento, and Abel Guy, of San Francisco, the balance being waiters, crew, &c.

At this time the smoke was so dense that it was impossible to stand inside of the guards, and the flames were rushing through the light materials of which the deck state rooms were composed, and the boats were filled with persons from the upper deck. The last boat was launched by the first mate; it was then hanging on, and outside of the guards. This boat came down with a run, the stern struck the water, and the bow lines became foul. I had just time to catch one of the lines and lower myself into the boat in which there were about ten persons, If this boat had come down slower, other passengers might have got on board, but the heat became so intense I suppose it was impossible to do.

The first mate then ordered one of the boats to go back and take the surplus boats in tow, and follow in the wake of the ship, which was headed in for the shore, apparently about two miles distant. All the after part of the ship was now one sheet of flame, and her passengers were all crowded into the bow.

Our boat continued on picking up all that we could find floating. The moment the ship struck, which was some 300 yards from the shore, all the passengers threw themselves into the water; some few with life preservers, others with pieces of plank, stanchions, or anything that they could lay their hands on, but most of them without anything.

By the time we had reached the ship, many were ashore. After rowing about the ship until we could find no more floating there, we then went back, still searching for those who had left the ship before she struck, and found some five or six who were floating upon boards and timbers, among whom were B. Holladay and Mr. Storms, the former Indian Agent.

Night had now set in, and as it was impossible to beach the boats, on account of the surf, we all started for Manzanillo—about fourteen miles distant. The direct route lay across the bay, and the headlands were distinctly visible. Soon the sky became over-

cast, and dense masses of clouds hung along the horizon, the outlines of which were revealed to us by flashes of lightning; and so great was their resemblance to the headlands, that we could not distinguish between them. Owing to this, the course of our boat became changed. Standing too far out, we passed Manzanillo, and then stood in towards land until we could hear the breakers.

It was now about 2 o'clock in the morning, and we lay upon our oars until daylight. The currents here being very strong, the mate had not until this time found out that we had passed the headlands of Manzanillo and it was full 2 P. M. before we reached that place, having been some twenty-two hours in an open boat. I had given my coat to one poor fellow that had picked up, and my vest to another, and had lost my hat, so that when I reached that port, I had nothing but my pants and shirt. Two of our boats kept together during the night. One had reached the land before us, and one containing some twenty-four persons was still below.

In the first boat that reached shore, there were some sixty souls, and our greatest anxiety was now for the poor fellows on shore. Our boat's crew were completely exhausted, and not able to start out again until they had had some little rest and refreshment; but before night, Nolan, our First Mate, (and I cannot speak in too high terms of him, for I believe that he did all that mortal man could do.) started for the wreck with water and provisions; still it was not until the next day that they began to bring in any persons from the beach, many of whom were completely worn out and exhausted. On Tuesday morning we hailed with delight the arrival of the *St. Louis*, and before night most of those from the beach were, on board of her.

There are many thrilling scenes and incidents, most of which will probably be prepared for publication. There is so much excitement and confusion on board of the ship, that it is impossible to write. Gunnison can give you as correct an idea of the whole scene as any other person—probably a better one than will be published. I wish you would call upon Mrs. Gough; she boards at Meiggs' old place. I think that is on the corner of Montgomery and Broadway. She has the "child of the wreck," a sweet little baby about two months old; its father and mother came from New York with me; it was washed on shore and Gunnison took charge of it. He is a splendid fellow.

A gentleman by the name of Wm. Whitfield, a passenger on board the *St. Louis*, has

been very kind to me—gave me good coat. He is to stop at the Tehama House. I wish you to call upon him, and if he will accept of coat or pay, you will please give him one or the other, or show him some attention

C. S. F.

J. H. Mitchell's Account

I was passenger on the steamer *Golden Gate*. The alarm of fire was, given, while all the passengers were at dinner. There appeared to be very little excitement at first, and I supposed the fire would be soon extinguished. Then I saw the first mate come along and he got out the small 1½ - inch hose used for washing decks forward. This was the only hose I saw in service. All the steamer hands and passengers went to work at the pumps forward—as many as could get at the brakes. I went from the pump up on the hurricane deck; saw Capt Hudson on the bridge trying to quiet the passengers — telling them there was no danger, the fire would be very soon extinguished, and not to get excited, &c,

While I was on the hurricane deck, (which was but for a few minutes,) Mr. Nolan, the First Officer, came along and told several of the men (passengers) to form in line and stand by to pass buckets of water on the fire. The buckets were at hand, and I asked where the water was to be had. He made no reply to this, but passed on below to the main deck. I saw him no more on the steamer, and supposed that he, finding the effort was of no avail, went aft and got the boats off, (three in number,) where he was very actively employed in saving the passengers.

The steamer at this time was turned heading towards the beach, {about three or four miles distant,} the wheel lashed, and the engines kept in motion. I was afterwards told on shore by the Second Engineer (First and Second Engineers were both saved) that the engineer who was on duty at the time of the burning of the steamer was lost.

By this time there was a great (deal of excitement aboard; many of the passengers jumped overboard, others were throwing chairs, benches, planks; etc., over, to assist in the effort to save their lives. The forward, boat was lowered, I believe, by some of the passengers; it was crowded, there being some 25 or 30 in it, a number of them ladies. That boat was struck by the wheel as it reached the water, before the tackle was cast off and swamped. The weather was fine; had been warm all the day, and the sea was calm; there was a slight land breeze, nothing more.

In about 15 or 20 minutes after the alarm was given the steamer struck the beach. By this time her whole upper works, from stem to stern, was a sheet of flame, with the exception of a small space forward, of about 15 feet, where the passengers who were yet on board, to the number of nearly one hundred, I should judge were crowded together, some clinging to the rail, to the chains, wherever they could obtain a hold or a footing. At the moment of our striking the beach, the wheels of the steamer stopped. I slid down a rope into the water, and swam for the shore about 150 yards distant. I picked up a tin life preserver, which assisted in buoying me up a little, but lost it again in the surf. There were about 20 men who had reached shore ahead of me. The number who got to land at this point was about eighty, of whom there was only one woman, Mrs. Wallace. There were a number of women in the crowd gathered forward, before mentioned. The boats that left the steamer went off towards the port of Manzanillo, about twelve miles distant. Capt. Pearson, Capt. Hudson and the Purser all got ashore at the same place where I did. After getting safely ashore myself, I assisted in getting others to land. A number were drowned and some thrown ashore by the action of the surf. We buried sixteen bodies the following morning. The steamer was burned so as to break to pieces by nine o'clock that evening. The engines, beam, etc., stood there black and gaunt like a skeleton.

We laid on the beach huddled together (the weather growing cool before morning,) to keep warm—as many of us were without clothes, and well nigh exhausted. In the morning we started afoot for Manzanillo. About six miles from where we started we found water. Here the party divided—about forty of us started to make the port by going across the mountains; the others, including Mrs. Wallace, Capt Hudson and Capt Pearson, remained at the watering place, close to the beach. They afterwards went around the point and were relieved by Mr. Nolan, in one of the steamer's boats, the next morning. (Tuesday.) We remained in the mountains all of Monday night, with nothing to eat, but had plenty of water from the spring we found there.

Tuesday morning we started again for Manzanillo, thinking it could not be much further off, and after traveling about two hours we heard a signal gun (fired from the *St. Louis*). This was the first intimation we had of there being a steamer near at hand. Some of the party climbed the trees and from

thence saw the beach and the steamer *St Louis*. We then divided and made our way. Some direct to the beach and others making toward the steamer. The steamer went on toward Manzanillo, leaving her boats and several canoes, manned by Mexicans, to pick up and carry all the wrecked passengers of the *Golden Gate* they could find at various points along shore, from the place of disaster down to Manzanillo. When we were taken into the boats we procured something to eat as they had supplies furnished from the *St Louis*.

On Tuesday afternoon we reached the steamer at Manzanillo. The passengers of the *St. Louis* were very kind in their assistance to us, furnishing the destitute with clothing, etc.

Statement of Mrs. Thos. Gough.

Mrs. Gough, one of the lady passengers on board the *Golden Gate*, kindly furnished one of our Reporters last evening with the following statement:

We were seated at dinner, on Sunday afternoon, July 27th. About 5 o'clock a man came hurriedly to Captain Hudson and said something. The Captain cried, "Oh, nonsense !" but immediately started from his seat, saying, "I don't believe it." I asked what was the matter; he said, "Nothing, keep still." I rose from the table, in company with Mrs. McMullen, and went on deck to see the Captain. We were a little agitated. After having walked to the guards and looked over, we stepped back to the cabin and found all amidships in flames. Captain Pearson soon returned, and I asked him if there was any danger. He said the order was for all the women and children to come on deck. Mrs. Adams came running up crying "What shall I do?" The Captain took her forward and this was the last I had seen of them. This took place when we were on deck. I turned to go on the guards, and met Dr. Jones, who said, "Let us go and finish dinner, Mrs. Gough." When we reached the cabin it was black with smoke, and the red flames darting in between the doors amidships. I then went on deck and met Mr. Fox, and asked him if he could do anything for me. He replied he would do all in his power, and told me to remain where I was until he returned. I then went to my stateroom amidst the most dense smoke I ever beheld, succeeded in putting on a traveling dress, and returned to the guards, where Mr. Fox had told me to remain. The smoke was becoming unendurable. A boat was now be-

ing lowered, and in a few seconds Mr. Fox touched me on the shoulder and told me to get in. I did so, and as we were being lowered down, the First Mate cut the forward rope too soon, thus throwing all of us into the sea, the boat coming keel up. I went under, I know not how far or how long, but when I arose, drew a long breath, and seeing a rope which had been thrown from the vessel, caught it and clung to it until somebody seized hold of and supported me greatly. While in this position, a sailor jumped from the guards into the sea, amidst the drowning mass of human beings, and righted the boat. Everybody now started for the boat, which was nearly half full of water. Getting disengaged from the man who first assisted me, I succeeded in catching another rope, which I afterwards discovered belonged to the lifeboat, and was dragged in. The ship was now steering for land. A Mr. Henderson, who had a family residing in Michigan, Ill., having a life-preserver, proffered it to me, but after enduring and escaping what I had, I could not accept it. Some one on board the ship held on to a rope fastened to the boat and she was drawn some fifty yards, but letting go, our little craft drifted out to sea.

In our boat we had one seaman, a stewardess, two male passengers, and a little boy and girl. About this time I saw a lady lying dead in the water in the bottom of the boat. As soon as possible she was raised up, but life was entirely extinct. Somebody had, in the confusion of getting into the boat, jumped, upon and killed her. She was thrown overboard.

Most of the passengers in our boat finding we were drifting to sea, began screaming in the wildest manner. Some tried to repeat snatches of prayers, in the midst of which they broke into wild and blasphemous language. We were now a good way out to sea, and saw a boy and a large fat man swimming towards our little craft. Unable to take them in, we requested that they should cling to the boat. The boy, who was one of the hands on board the steamer, did so for some distance; but the fat man, who was on a life preserver, wanted to come in and had to be beaten back by a rope, as the chances were, did we let him, our already swamped vessel must go under water. He hung on for two hours and a half.

We now saw a boat making for us, the first thing like relief seen. When the boat hailed us, not a man on board was able to reply—no one, in fact, for some time being able to manage the boat, all weeping, praying and

yelling, showing the most abject cowardice — not one on board having ability or nerve enough to even bail out the boat. The boat which came alongside contained about eight persons. I got into this boat and we started for shore, they having placed me in the stern to pilot them. The sun was just setting, and we had rowed about an hour, when we discovered a boat signaling us with a white flag. We waited till she came up, when someone in our boat cried out: "Hold on! that's the first mate; we're all right - he knows the shore!" On making inquiries we found the boat was full of drowning men, and swamped. The first mate said it was impossible to land, on account of the breakers, and that we would have to steer for Manzanillo— that it was only twelve hours' rowing. He rose up in the boat with an oar in his hands, and said he only came along for women and children, and the first man that stirred he would brain with the oar.

On going on board Mr. Nolan's (the first mate) boat, I met Messrs. Fox and Holladay. The latter very much injured by one of the wheels of the vessel having struck him. Mr. Nolan ordered our swamped boat relieved and bailed out, and it was discovered she had sprung a leak. By aid of a couple of pocket handkerchiefs, and the tearing up of portions of my dress, I was enabled to furnish sufficient to caulk the boat. After the leak had been stopped as well as possible, Mr. Nolan called for seamen, and having properly distributed them between the boats, took the women and children and disabled passengers, got possession of the newly-caulked boat— she still being considered the most seaworthy and also the fastest. The other boat was manned by ordinary seamen, and after having cried out if all was ready, and receiving an affirmative answer, both put again to sea. The women and children were placed in the stern of the boat, the first mate taking the centre, and directing. It was now about 12 o'clock, intensely dark, so that the prow of the boat was not visible from the stern -- the only light thrown upon our wrecked and wretched party being by the phosphorescent sparks caused by the splashing oars.

A thunderstorm was just spring up, and a slight rain began to fall, the darkness occasionally illumed by flashes of lightning. When we were nearly opposite Manzanillo the other boat, with 28 on board, parted from us. The keenest eye could not penetrate the darkness, and the only evidence of land manifest was the hoarse roar of the breakers. We drifted along with the tide till about 3

o'clock, when all became low spirited, and the sailors, wearied had to rest on their oars. We remained in this listless condition until 4 o'clock brought in the breaking morn, when we discovered we were 36 miles south of Manzanillo. All on board, particularly the women and children, were suffering from thirst and lack of food. The first Mate, on looking around discovered a rock indicating the entrance to Manzanillo harbor, and the men now bent themselves to their oars with renewed vigor, and our little craft succeeded in entering the harbor at half -past one on the afternoon of the 28th., and found that the Third Mate's boar and passengers had arrived an hour before us.

Here we were treated with the utmost hospitality by the citizens, who assisted us in every possible way. And the kindness shown to me, particularly, by Messrs. Emilio Quirner and Roger H. Neuschaffer, of the Firm of Oetling & Co., can never be forgotten. In the harbor was the brig *Minerva*, which was requested to make for the scene of the wreck; but all appeals were useless, the inhuman commander would not stir an inch. About 4 o'clock a schooner, commanded by a French captain, sent a boat ashore, and reported that he had picked up a French passenger belonging to the *Golden Gate*. This man had been in the water twenty-three hours, and when discovered was fast asleep with a handkerchief thrown over his head to keep off the burning sun, and fully buoyed up by his life-preserver. This captain also picked up the dead body of a child, which was afterwards discovered to be a child of Mr. McMullen, and was interred at Manzanillo.

We were suffering from our previous exhaustion, and much afraid of fever, when the welcome sound of the gun of the *St. Louis* touched our ears, which ship, after having sent ashore some wine and ice, started for the wreck, and returned in about an hour with sixty of the passengers. We went on board and remained all night and found many who had suffered fully as much as us.

Capt. Hudson came to me and said he had rescued a baby, and said he wanted me to take charge of it. As everyone seemed to claim it, the rescued passengers, by common consent, voted the little creature to me. The child had been found floating ashore by a Mr. Gunnison, who took care of it, carrying it in his arms for forty-eight hours, and the only food the little thing could receive was some lager beer, which Mr. G. had administered it from his mouth, having found a cask

washed ashore, which he hailed as a grateful offering.

[The grandmother of the child lives in this city, and last evening sent to Mrs. G. to make inquiries after, and claim the infant. Mrs. Gough speaks in harsh terms of the treatment they received from the lady passengers on board the *St. Louis*, which, for the honor of the sex, we refrain from publishing.— Eds. Alta.]

Statement of Ben. Holladay.

The news of the safety of this gentleman relieved thousands of anxious hearts, whose joy was saddened with the simultaneous announcement of the death of his noble partner—Edward Flint. Mr. Holladay had a very narrow escape whilst leaving the ship. He says that he lowered himself from the forward chains into the water, was swept under the wheel, and as he emerged from the water was struck by the rudder and badly bruised. In the vortex at the stern an awful spectacle was presented. Mangled bodies and poor creatures, struggling for life with no hope of succor, diverted the mind of Mr. Holladay for the time, from his own perilous condition. He finally seized hold of a ladder to which also clung S. P. Storms, late Indian Agent at the Nome Cult Reservation, and another passenger. Singular to relate, all three men subsequently and at different times, were rescued by the same boat.

Mr. Holladay floated for about two hours and had just entered the outer ridge of the breakers when he was providentially saved by one of the ship's boats. In this boat were six ladies and a number of male passengers. Amongst the former was Mrs. W. T. Gough, of whose heroism, fortitude, self-possession and disinterestedness, Mr. Holladay speaks in the most enthusiastic terms. She gave directions to the men, encouraging them; she herself bearing without a murmur her hardships throughout their long wanderings on the waste of waters. Their boat missing the harbor of Manzanillo was borne by the strong current over twenty miles below that port. Against this the male passengers had to struggle with their oars, and not until a very late hour, and in a state of complete exhaustion did they reach that port.

Mr. Holladay's account of the scenes on shipboard, after the fire broke out, is one of thrilling interest. So soon as the flames were discerned, Capt. Hudson ordered all persons forward, but so rapid was the progress of the fire that communication between the bow and stern was almost instantaneously cut off. Then ensued frightful scenes. The more

timid men and women began to jump overboard, whilst Captains Hudson and Pearson (the latter a passenger) cried out, "For God's sake don't jump—don't jump— wait till she beaches, and you'll be safe." But the panic-stricken could not restrain themselves, and leaped, into the sea before the ship had neared the breakers. But the great majority behaved with greater coolness, and maintained their presence of mind and firmness at the most critical moment. One lady whose name our informant did not know, approached him bearing an infant in her arms. She said, "I believe you are Mr. Holladay." "Yes, madam." "Can you save my child?" "I don't know, madam, that I shall be able to save even myself." "If my children (she had another child three years of age) can be saved, I will consent to be burned in that fire." As she spoke she solemnly pointed to the crackling flames as they furiously raged in the centre of the ship. She never left the vessel—perished, probably by drowning, but her infant and older child were saved.

The instant the *Gate* was headed towards, shore, the flames, fanned by the wind blowing freshly in her teeth, immediately enveloped the entire after part of the vessel. In the opinion of Mr. Holladay, twenty-five minutes had not elapsed after the alarm was given before the ship was cleared of every soul on board.

The conduct of the helmsman excited the admiration of all who witnessed his daring and utter regardlessness of his own personal safety. He stood at the wheel until the flames encircled him, then lashed it down and jumped through the fire into the ocean. He still lives, to recite the mournful tragedy of that eventful day.

Search by Steamer *St. Louis*

The steamer *St. Louis*, on her upward trip, arrived at Manzanillo at 4 ½ o'clock on the morning of the 29th. She was immediately boarded, and Capt Lapidge, her Commander, informed of the disaster to the "*Gate*." Without coming to anchor, she was put about, and headed for the disabled vessel. About five miles below where the ship lay and close to "White Rock" four boats manned, were loaded with provisions and water, and put for a point on the curved shore of the beach, two miles distant. Lower down, and nearer the *St. Louis*, a boat containing natives, was seen making ineffectual efforts to land. The guns of the steamer were fired at intervals to apprise

fugitives in the mountains of her presence. The *St. Luis* then proceeded on to the wreck, and found the wood-work burned, and little to be seen but her boilers and other iron-work. Some ladies were found floating in the water around the wreck. The first officer here manned another boat and cruised up and down the beach, rescuing some ten or a dozen passengers. On her return the *St. Louis* ran some twelve miles below Manzanillo but found no person either dead or alive. She arrive again at Manzanillo late on the same evening. An abortive attempt was made to charter a Mexican brigantine, to convey the shipwrecked passengers to Acapulco. Captain Hudson and crew were left at Manzanillo to look after the wreck, missing boat, and any stray passengers who might be subsequently found.

Incidents, etc.

Captain James Whitney, Jr. was one of the passengers who safely swam through the raging surf to the beach. He once reached fordable water, but a reflux wave hurled him back again. On gaining *terra firma*, he was very much exhausted, and some time elapsed before he recovered his consciousness. A number of females also survived this trying ordeal of the breakers, but it nearly cost all of them their lives.

John Henry Booth, a lad of ten years, jumped overboard, about ten minutes after the fire broke out. He swam to a boat in which his grandmother and others had secured places; but the boat being full, he struck off for another not yet filled. He was taken in and safely landed, while the other boat containing his grandmother and Mrs. Mc Mullen, (the only persons he knew in her,) in attempting to leave the side of the vessel, was struck by the paddle and swamped. The bodies of the boy's grandmother and Mrs. McMullen were washed ashore and buried side by side. On arriving here, the boy was taken in charge by Mr. David Ferris, furnished with a new suit clothes throughout, and taken to his home, where he is kindly provided for.

Henry Gerstung, who was lost with, his wife and child, had been a German merchant of this city for twelve years, doing business on California street, near Sansome. He was universally respected. His close attention to business and honest dealing had been rewarded, according to rumor, by the acquisition of a comfortable fortune, and he was returning to his native land to spend his days there in rest and quiet.

Charles J. Theis, who is reported as among the lost, was a German, and one of the firm of Theis & Knibbe, importers of dry goods on Montgomery street.

The irreparable loss sustained by Mr. Mc Mullen, in the death of his wife and two children is indeed terrible. These melancholy casualties have cast a deep gloom over a very large circle of sympathizing friends. But the whole city is plunged into deep grief. Scarcely a citizen but has lost an intimate friend or at least an acquaintance, and some those nearest and dearest to them on earth.

No such distressing event, with perhaps the single exception of the catastrophe to the *Central America* has ever befallen this community. Heaven grant that we may never be called upon again to chronicle so dire a calamity.