

SAVED FROM THE SEA. Fourteen more Survivors of the Vera Cruz Disaster Reported Safe. THEIR ARRIVAL AT TITUSVILLE. Names of Reticent Person Who Landed at New Smyrna. ENGINEER OWENS'S NARRATIVE. Passengers Engulfed in the Waves or Dashed About Through the Floating Debris. THE BREAKING OF THE SHIP. General Torbert's Heroism in the Hour of Danger.

Recent advices received by the Herald enable the following lists of person thus far reported saved from the steamer City of Vera Cruz to be made out:-

THE SAVED.

ARRUE, Rapael, passenger
OWEN, A.K., passenger
SILVA, O.P., passenger
BRANCENBERG, E. Quartermaster.
CONNELL, JOHN coal passer, Ireland
DROMGOLD, THOMAS, Fourth Assistant Engineer
GREENFIELD, F. seaman, Germany
KELLY, JAMES, seaman, New York.
SMITH, CHARLES, second assistant engineer.
TALBOT, MASON, seaman, England.

Fourteen others, one of whom was a negro, are reported to have landed near Titusville, a point over one hundred and eighty miles south of the place where Mr. Owen and his companions were cast upon the beach.

A BATCH OF SHIPWRECKED MEN ARRIVE AT JACKSONVILLE-ONE FIREMAN FROM THE VERA CRUZ AMONG THE NUMBER. [BY TELEGRAPH TO THE HERALD.] JACKSONVILLE, Fla. Sept. 10, 1880

The schooner Magnolia, Captain Cook, arrived this evening bringing Captain N.W. Poland, Joseph Graves, steward, and Joseph Sires, of the brig Long Beach, wrecked off Cape Canaveral in the late storm. Captain Poland was badly bruised, having been struck by a spar. The patella of his right knee was broken, and his limbs have been badly swollen. He is now under the care of Dr. Burroughs.

The schooner also brought Captain C.H. Richard, P., Lawson, first officer and William Ballard, passenger, from the schooner Ada J. Simonton.

On board the same schooner were Captain J.P. Dix, Mr. Hall, first officer: P. Nolan, second officer: Z.T. Cox, steward, and P.Nolan, T. Finnegan, W. Calligan, deck hands, T. Sebor and M. Nelson, seaman, saved from the bark New Republic, lost eleven miles from Mosquito Inlet.

An Irish fireman, name unknown, from the steamer Vera Cruz, was with the party.

Underwriter Eelis has instructions to furnish transportation to their home for all the Vera Cruz survivors who may arrive here.

Mayor J. Ramsey Dey, of this place, has the survivors from the Norwegian bark Captain Mattison to be taken care of here until Monday.

NAMES OF TWO PASSENGERS AND ONE FIREMAN FROM THE VERA CRUZ WHO LANDED AT NEW SMYRNA.

It was noted as a strange circumstance at the time of the loss of the Vera Cruz that some survivors who had landed at New Smyrna should have refused to give their names for publication, thus adding to the awful suspense of the relatives of those aboard. Despite their silence their names have been discovered and forwarded by mail to the Herald office in the following letter, received yesterday. In this letter the Irish fireman, "name unknown," and the two passengers "known to be at New Smyrna." Spoken of in our Jacksonville dispatch, are accounted for.

THOSE RETICENT SURVIVORS. NEW SYMRAN, Fla. Sept. 2, 1880.

The first mate and seven passengers or seaman, I am unable at present to ascertain which, saved from the wreck of the steamer Vera Cruz, are on the North River, among the citizens.

JOHN CONNELL, a fireman, Ireland;
RAFAEL ARRUE, passenger, and
O.P. Silva, passenger,

Are here. These are all that are known to be saved. It is impossible to vie further details at present.

LOSS OF LIFE FROM A BRIG.

The brig Long Beach, of Philadelphia, N.W. Poland, master, loaded with lumber, bound from Apalachicola to Philadelphia, went ashore sixteen miles south of Mosquito Inlet on Monday, the 30th ult. The mate and three of the crew were lost. The captain, N.W. Poland; the steward, Joseph Graves, and seaman Joseph Lang were saved and are being care for at this place. The captain was badly bruised and had his knee being dislocated. He is under the care of Dr. B.F. Fox, of this place, and is improving slowly.

COURSE OF THE GALE.

The gale commenced on Saturday, the 28th of August, the wind being north. It increased to a hurricane on the morning of the 29th. It veered to northeast, then east, then southeast and blew with terrific force all day Sunday. The violence of the wind did not abide until Monday.

ARRIVAL OF THE SURVIVORS OF THE VERA CRUZ-THE WTORY OF THE WRECK AS TOLD BY MR. OWEN-GENERAL TORBERT IN THE HOURS OF DANGER-THE SHIP BREAKS IN THE MIDDLE AND ALL HANDS ARE ENGULFED IN THE WAVES-CLINGING TO RAFTS AND DASHED ABOUT THROUGH THE FLOATING DEBRIS-MOST OF THE PASSENGERS DEAD TEN MINUTES AFTER THE SHIP WENT DOWN-THE STORY OF THE LEAKING OF THE VESSEL CONTRADICTED BY A SEAMAN.

The steamship Charleston, from Charleston, S.C., was reported of Squan Beach at twenty minutes before eight P.M., last night and she reached Quarantine forty-five minutes later. On board were six of the survivors of the ill-fated City of Vera Cruz, comprising Mr. A.K. Owen, passenger; Charles Smith, second assistant engineer; Charles Brundenberg, first quartermaster, and James H. Kelly, Mason Talbot and John Greenfield, seaman. Thomas Drumgool, another survivor, had shipped as an oiler on the steamship Morro Castle, which leaves Charleston today.

A HERALD reporter was the first to board the steamer and to congratulate Mr. Owen and the others on their miraculous escape from drowning. The former, after making a statement that eleven persons only out of eighty-five had been saved, gave the following additional particulars of the disaster to the reporter:-

MR. OWEN'S STORY.

"The cold wave,' with the rain of Wednesday, August 25-the day we started-continued, with a brisk wind from the northeast during Thursday and Friday, but calmed down Friday midnight. The ship listed to starboard all the way-(this was owing to the wind and sea, and is no reflection against the stevedores)--and at meals it was difficult to keep the dishes on the tables; particularly was this the case during Friday.

THE FIRST SIGN OF DANGER

On Saturday, at daybreak., the fore and aft sails were set. The wind was then blowing brisk from the southeast and the sea was running high. At break-fast the ship was rolling so much that not any of the women, and but about half a dozen of the passengers came to the table. At one P. M. Captain Van Sice was heard to remark to Mr. Harris, his first officer, "I have just noticed that the barometer is falling rapidly. We are going to have a hurricane.' Mr. Harris said I have not looked at mine. I did not think of it.' Orders were given to take in the sails etc., and to cut up and throw the car overboard; also the barrels of oil, cases of acid and crates of vegetables. The real blast of the cyclone struck us on the port bow about twenty-five minutes to two P. M. (Saturday) and listed the ship almost on her beam ends, the hurricane deck on the lee side kissing the water. This blast of wind was accompanied with a heavy rain. From this time it became next to impossible to walk about without clinging to posts, tables, etc., and all things not securely fastened were quickly and all things not securely fastened were quickly thrown from port to starboard. The wind had been northeast up to the calm on Friday night. Through the evening and night the floor of the saloon, taking to and assisting each other, for many were more or less cut or bruised in the face and hands, from being thrown against different things. Yet food cheer was the rule, and many were the pleasant exchanges of wit and humor between them. The servants were, as a rule attentive and in the best of spirits, John O'Toole and the stewardess being conspicuous for their services.

BRAVE TORBERT

"General Torbert had been washed out of stateroom (No. 5), which was the first on the port bow, early Saturday evening. and came to me (room 27) in the saloon. The General had been thrown against a table during the afternoon and had cut his right cheek, which troubled him considerably, as it bled freely: but he was in his best and kindest humor—speaking cheerful words here, assisting a man there and attending to the women and children everywhere, An Irish woman, enroute for Havana. Perhaps Miss E. Burns, but who was called 'Nellie' by her companion, whom I take to be Miss Clark, but who was called Rose was the wit of the occasion; and many hearty laughs did she create for us. Those two women and John O'Toole sat on the floor of the saloon, opposite to where the General and I were lying, and ate nut & raisins, while the skylights were being carried away and when the lights were being carried away and when the lights were being knocked down and out.

At one A. M. Sunday there is said to have been no water in the engine room. The ship had not leaked a drop. About two A. M. the drag was put out. It was a patent iron frame concern, in appearance like an umbrella. It was covered quickly and insecurely and reversed as soon as it got into the sea. Even had it been in proper condition it is said it would have been too small to have been of use. About this time a heavy sea came over the port side and sufficient water found its way to the engine room to put out the fires and to stop the

main engine. The donkey pump was then started, but it did no service. The captain was continually in the engine room after this. The purser, directly following this mishap, came hurriedly and excitedly into the saloon, calling General Torbert, and stated that the Captain had sent him to tell the passengers that they must come and assist the crew or the vessel would go down. The General and I walked out of our berth and I went to the hurricane deck and to the floor of the engine room, and assisted for half an hour to pass water in buckets. I gave it up disgusted and exhausted—disgusted that any commander should so exhaust the strength of his crew and passengers in an attempt to bail out a sinking ship with buckets."

PUTTING ON LIFE PRESERVERS.

Regaining the saloon I told General Torbert that we were filling with water and it's going to pieces, and it returned for us but to get life preservers on the women and children and prepare them for the worst, which all did in good spirits and without excitement, each assisting the other. Dennis Casy—as true and faithful a man as ever waited upon another another—went with me down in the "Glory Hole," or lazarette storeroom to get life preservers for those who had not found good ones in their rooms. This was the last time I saw poor Dennis. He had a distressed look on his face but he worked vigorously for others to the going down of the ship. The sea at this time was continually breaking over the vessel and coming between the deck in large quantities. This was owing doubtless to the difficulty of keep her head to the storm, which had increased since the stoppage of the engine. The storm was now most terrific—such waves, rain and wind can never be described. The ship listed on her beam ends at every wave; and it was barely possible to crawl from place to place. Person present will never forget the groaning and cracking of the ship's timbers, the terrible convulsions of the vessel from stem to stern when she broke ??? whistling of the wind through the rigging and over the smokestack. The storm was so thick that one could see only a ship's length, and the rain cut like hail. It was at the risk of one's eyes to face it. General Torbert and I were lying on my berth with our life preservers on. When, at twelve minutes past four A.M., a sea came over the port side, breaking into the engine room and through the port side of the saloon, making a crash like a battery of artillery, striking terror for an instant into every one and dashing the passengers, tables, doors, fragments and water into one mass, and to the starboard and aft. The General directly after this came to me with Master Wallengde (about nine years old) and said; - "Romeo, you and I must take this little boy and care for him between us." I said. "No, General: it is mercy to let the little fellow go down with the ship; all will be over with everyone in fifteen minutes." But the General kindly insisted, saying, "I cannot leave this dear little fellow behind. You and I must save him if we save ourselves. Take him in your arms till I come back." A minute later a sea came rushing and tearing through the saloon, washing everyone and everything aft and to starboard. The little fellow and I were rolled over and over among tables, chairs, doors, etc., and I came to the surface without him: but he was picked up directly by a sailor aft and brought to his father in the social hall. I called to General Torbert to come with me to the social hall. He said, "All right, I will go aft and meet you before."

WASHED OVERBOARD

"This was the last time I saw the General alive, although I went to the foot of the stairs and called him several times. I think he must have been washed overboard in trying to gain the hurricane deck by the aft stair way, which was on the port quarter, for after , the ship sank Charles Smith assisted him onto a piece of the wreck, and he was then much exhausted. Denis Lynch, of the engine room, was on the same piece at the same time. The General told Charles Smith who he was, said that he was much fatigued, and they were having a running conversation when the raft was overturned and neither the General Mr. Lynch were seen again alive by any of these who have so far reported.

THE LAST FAIRWELLS.

The passengers now crowded into the Social Hall, at the top of the saloon stairs. Here they said farewell, readjusted their life preservers and extended sympathy, one to the other. Never before, perhaps, were there a set of persons so orderly and unexcited under circumstances so appalling. There was no praying, no useless exclamations. The feelings were too deep to be noticed at the surface. The most affecting scene was a woman holding her husband's hand, with her face pressed close to his cheek, thanking him for his past attentions and devotions, and wishing that his trials. In the next life might be better rewarded and less severe. Miss Sadie Fay asked me to take care of her, but I said nothing could be done, my advice to her and to the others was to stick close to the ship as long as she was above water and after that time would be plenty of, floating things to hang onto; that those who could swim would have no advantage over those who could not. This plan was carried out by the passengers, and they left the so-earned out by the passengers, and they left the social hall only after the waves which submerged the ship came in.

GETTING OUT THE BOATS.

The captain called for a knife to cut the boat (No. 2) on the port midship, just after the crash. At twelve A. M., Mason Talbot gave him one. Mr. Harris and Bernard Nilsen (the first and second officers) together with several of the crew, ran and got into boats No.-2 and No. 4. on the starboard bow and midships; but neither party succeeded in getting. The boats entirely loose, and they called loudly and piteously for help and it is believed that they were then and there killed. These were the only boats at the time not broken in pieces. Captain Van Sice was seen about fifteen minutes later this morning with a skid on the starboard side, and it is certain that he and the skid went overboard together, and he was never seen afterward. Mr. Miller and his entire engineering department stood by the ship until she went down. I asked Mr. Miller if the vessel would sink if she filled. He said she would and he was going down to see how full she was. This was about five minutes before she sank. He came running back two minutes after I spoke to him and joined his men on the port quarter of the hurricane deck. He and Mr. Bourk, the first assistance, launched a bench and went to sea upon it.

AT THE WHEEL TO THE LAST.

The quartermaster, William O'Neil and a sailor (name unknown) stood at the wheel and steered while she was being engulfed. Mr. Dromgool went to warn O'Neil of his danger. We said he was steering the ship as the captain told him. Dromgool said:-"The captain has gone ashore an hour ago and you had better steer yourself in the same direction." James Kelly saw Mr. O'Neil about four or five o'clock on Sunday morning. He was going over the waves sitting in the front window of the pilot house. Dromgool and I passed the same fragment of wreck during the night and no one was then on it.

A FAITHFUL SERVANT.

They had not time to get life preservers. John Casey stood on duty as if nothing extraordinary was going on. Mason Talbot went in the mate's room to get a life preserver and Casey told him that he was not allowed there. Talbot said:-"The mate is dead long ago and so is the captain."

The stewardess went down with the ship, jammed against the starboard side of the saloon with doors, tables, etc. She raised her hands to me and was crying as I ran up the rigging. I can see her now, her hands stretched heavenward and the waters pouring down upon her with the force of a Niagara.

The captain never came near the passengers and sent no one to inquire as to their comfort. For this, I censure him. I think that the women in such cases should have a little consideration from the person in charge. I wish here also to say that boats are of no service in a storm. They are generally the first things broken or washed away; and even if successfully launched, cannot stand the sea. Life rafts are best in all cases, and had we two or more of these, in proper condition we might have gotten the women upon them, and out in the waves, before the breaking up of the vessel; and then they might have had a chance, poor as it was, for their lives.

THE SHIP GOES DOWN.

It was about six A.M. when the ship went down, breaking in the middle and filing the sea with fragments, stores, trunks &c. To say that there were ten million pieces of wreck all clashing together would be such a statement no idea can be conceived of the case as it actually existed. Men, women, children, horses, rats and cats mixed about and went in and through and over and under and with this mass. The waves were fifty feet high. Not in swells or ridges, but in peaks- from peaks breaking like surf and toward each other. When we went up one it was not to go down on the other side, as is ordinarily the case, but to be turned over at the top and sent rolling under the water and debris or flying through the air to the opposite one, and so back and forward or by the right flank and its opposing column. This lasted about two hours, after which the waves took a more ordinary character and came in sells and ridges and we rode over and tumbled, or were whirled, rather, down on the other side. The wind was terrific that when a plank or a raft would wash the top of a wave it was taken up and whirled back through the air with a force terrible to behold, and then would fall with frightful destruction among the living and dying. A minute after the ship broke in pieces everyone was suffering more or less from cuts in the head and body, and half of the entire party were dead within ten minutes after they took to the waves. The scene was most appalling-sad indeed was it to see those heroic women, children and men struggling against timbers, waves, wind, rain and fate. The purser was clinging to a mast, going over and over, when last seen, and must have soon been drowned. I passed Mr. Wallengde and son ten minutes after the sinking of the vessel. They were about ten yards apart, clinging to different pieces of the wreck, and the little fellow looked as calm and as handsome as when playing on our decks two days before. I spoke to the father as I whirled by and he nodded recognition. I passed "Nellie" and "Rose" several times, but not close enough to speak. They were bleeding as well as any of us. I might say a word about many others, but do not know their names, hence must forgo what otherwise would be a duty.

GOING DOWN WITH THE SHIP.

The crew stood on the hurricane deck aft and fore and the passengers occupied the Social Hall when the vessel went down. Edward Lane (cook) had his right thigh broken about five A.M. Sunday by being thrown against something. He was in the Social Hall. The fireman who took John Duffy's place was dangerously cut in the head about two P.M. Saturday, and both of these men, being helpless, doubtless went down with the ship.

I stood behind the sail, against the mainmast, until the water came rushing over the starboard side; then I ran up the rigging, and was overtaken and washed over when about twenty-five feet above the deck. The sparks from the donkey pump were flying from the smokestack when the sea engulfed it. I was dashed over and over and under into the general destruction and came to the surface with a gash across my scalp and cheek and one over my right eye. For the next half-hour I was mostly under everything,

and perhaps escaped death at the beginning owing to the circumstance. The woman who crawled on top of everything and as high as possible were the first to be killed. With me it was a lightening rush up and back, over and under, first holding on to one thing and then under everything for an hour perhaps, after which I climbed upon a die of the dining saloon, thirty-five feet long by six wide. Through one of the window holes was the head and shoulders of a man-Thomas Dramgool. He asked me to break the frame and get him out. This was impossible, so I shoved him down and he came up through the next opening. We now threw off life preservers and stuck to this fragment through thick and thin for about twenty-two hours. Drumgool could not swim, hence it was his plan to never let go. He sat upon the crosspiece between the window holes, and when the waves came and the raft turned he acted upon that as a person would upon a horizontal bar, and when the raft went over three or more times before coming to the surface he would get up and down and through those windows with a rapidity that would entitle him to a benefit in a first class circus. The greatest danger was from the drift, which was more or less floating everywhere. During the twenty-two hours we were under the waves at least two-thirds of the time. The sea was warm, but the wind and rain were cold and piercing, and the day was so dark that we never could see further than one wave. We did not see any one after Sunday noon and thought that every one had perished, that we alone were alive, and that we must also go under. Ere evening, we had both lost our sight from the deposit of salt in our eyes, and then we had to go it blind, occasionally getting a peep by opening the lids of the eye with the thumb and forefinger. We caught apples, oranges, lemons, onions as they washed against us, and ate with an appetite which would have thrown terror into the heart of a boarding house keeper. Incredible as it may appear, we kept up a conversation during the night, list ourselves in minute naps, and the hours were not as it might be supposed, although all was storm and cold destruction.

THROWN ON THE BEACH

“When we struck the breakers we were turned over six times before coming to the surface and our raft went into fragments. Not being able to see the land, and not knowing what this new feature was, we called out a “Goodbye!” as we drifted apart, and after a terrible ordeal of ten minutes more were thrown upon the beach, ten miles north of Mosquito Inlet and opposite to Daytona, Volusia county, Fla. At daybreak we met Charles Smith, Second Assistant Engineer. He came in about a mile above us. Soon after this we saw a house, fronting on the Halifax River, opposite Daytona. This proved to be the home of Mr. Botefuhrs, a character unique as he is kind, and he has travelled on every continent. He and his good wife gave us coffee and smoked fish, and then he and Drumgool went to the beach to look for General Torbert in particular and for others in general. I went also, but my eyes would not permit me to stay. The storm was still raging, and the destruction to the orange trees, houses and property on shore was great. One woman at Port Orange was dashed to the ground by the wind and had her shoulder dislocated. About noon James H. Kelley and Mason Talbot, seaman, came to the house. They came in after daylight, about three and four miles north of us. We were all much cut, bruised and nearly naked. At night two corpses were reported, four and six miles above us. Charles Smith and I started before sunrise Tuesday to see these, while Mr. Botifuhr and the others went south. The first corpse was that of “Whitehead” (John Kohn), of the engine room. He had evidently been killed by a blow on the back of the head. From citizens I learned that of General Torbert. I sent word to have him put in a coffin; and then I returned to Mr. Botefuhr, and he and I took a boat and sailed up the Halifax River six miles, to the peninsula side of New Britain, and there found the remains of General Torbert under cover. The coffin was furnished, but was too small, having been made by guesswork. Nr. N. W. Pitts discovered General Torbert floating in the surf, about eight A.M. Monday. He ran and pulled him ashore, but had to get assistance before he could get him entirely out of the water, so that he could have a good rubbing. The General’s pulse was beating, his body warm and the blood was running from a wound over his right eye when found; but an hour’s rubbing failed to restore animation. The probability is that Mr. Torbert

reached the brakens in good health but was there struck in the face by the fragment he was on and stunned, so that he was drowned before he could again control his actions. His life preserver kept his head but partly out of the water. His clothes were but little torn, he wore his shoes, his ring was on his finger, and on his chain was his Masonic badge, but no watch. In his pants pockets several letters and dispatches. Mr. Pitts and his friends did everything in their power to restore the General to life, failing in which they showed his remains every mark of respect.

GENERAL TORBERT'S BODY

The body was placed in our boat and Mr. Botefuhr and I passed most of the night against tide and wind, in regaining Daytona. It is sad for me to sit there on that quiet night beside the quieter body. The General and I had been traveling company most of his last month on earth. He was a man of sterling qualities, generous to a fault, a man of sterling qualities, generous to a fault, a man one soon learned to trust and to love. He was confident of weathering through the storm. I was certain that my end had come. How strange that he should be there and I here – that I should live and he be dead.

“Before sunrise, Wednesday, September 1, under the palmettoes in Mr. Botefuhr’s garden, we laid General Torbert in a well dug grave. Mr. Botefuhr and his wife, Charles Smith, Thomas Dramgool, Mason Tolbert, James H. Kelley and I were present. We buried him in his clothes, sewed securely in a new double woolen blanket, and put his life preserver under his head. It was my wish to bring the body North at once, but the strict quarantine regulations in the South during the summer months prevented. I made arrangements with William Jackson, the leading merchant of Daytona, to ship the body North in November, we to send the proper casket to him.”

Mr. Jackson and other citizens of Daytona were kind to us during our stay. On Thursday, September 2, Captain W.S.M. Pinkham, of St. Augustine came down the river in his little yacht Anna cat rigged, and kindly offered us passage to St. Augustine. We started at half-past three P.M. At Port Orange, six miles below, we too aboard Charles Brandenburg and John Greenfield, of the Vera Cruz, and from sailors from the schooner Ada J. Simmonstone-William White, Fred Benson, John Williams and James Thompson. At Smyrna, south of the inlet, there were four belonging to the Vera Cruz, two passengers and two seamen. One of the passengers is a Brazilian-had just finished college, as to the others we do not know more than stated above. We intended to pick them up, but the Captain had to cross the bar on the high water, at daylight. Mosquito Inlet, fifty miles north, and crossed the bar at four P.M. Friday. In this sail we passed closed to the beach. It was strown with fragments of the wreck. We passed the wrecks of one schooner, one brig, and a 300 ton copper covered boast was floating bottom upward. We heard of ten wrecks. At Matanzas they had buried five bodies from the Vera Cruz.

NINE VICTIMS BURIED

These, added to the four Charles Smith saw buried below, make nine in all. Two of those interred at Matanzas I should judge to be Mrs. Walsh and daughter. One of the others was a woman.

“George S. Greeno, Mayor of St. Augustine, joined the Anna at Matanzas and came with us eighteen miles up the Matanzas River to his city, where we arrived at half-past eight P.M. This accounts for Manor Greeno not answering the telegrams sent me that day. He had gone to the shore to see what he could learn of the wreck. Mayor Greeno, L.G. Crane, C.F. Hamblin and G. Van Dorn opened their houses to us and did everything for our comfort and entertainment. Through the kindness of these gentlemen and Captain Hon??, United States Collector of Customs, we were taken in the cars Saturday, forenoon fourteen miles to the St. John’s River and there Captain J. Hall, of the Water Lily, gave us transportation fifty miles and meals, to Jacksonville, where we arrived at quarter past two P.M., Saturday 4. Here we

were met by Mr. P.F. Welington, who provided quarters and meals and showed us the kindest possible attentions. Messrs. Alexandre & Sons had telegraphed to give the survivors meals and transportation.

“The shipwrecked schooner men were moneyless, friendless and wanted assistance to get to New York; and in their behalf I called on one General Hopkins, collector of United States Customs. I was referred to an elderly individual, in his short sleeves, sitting on his back with his feet on the desk, and higher than his head. I explained the distressed condition of the schooner’s men and asked him to interest himself in their behalf. With the coldness of an iceberg this public servant told me that he would have nothing whatever to do with any of us, that he had strict orders from the Department at Washington to turn a deaf ear to all such persons.

At thee A.M. (Sunday, September 5) we boarded the side-wheel steamer City Point, commanded by Captain Thomas Creaser, of New York. The agent, E.J.E. McLaurin, of Jacksonville, kindly gave the schooner men a passage to Charleston, S.C. and Captain Creaser showed every one if us every possible courtesy and attention, giving us staterooms and the privilege of his own table. We stopped at Fernandina for an hour and arrived at Charleston before daybreak Monday. Captain Creaser did more than this. He invited us to remain on his boat as his guests until we took passage on the Charleston at five P.M. Tuesday, for New York. He got passage for the schooner men on the George W. Clyde for New York and he and I saw them well fixed on the steamer.

“From Charleston the weather has been dismal and the sea rough, but Captain W.S. Lockwood and Captain James Berry have given us tales of the sea, which managed to make things pleasant.”

THE PLUNDER STORY DISCREDITED.

In addition to the above, Mr. Owen said that he had not heard of the plundering of trunks alleged to have been committed by the pilots of St. Augustine, and also that he did not state that he had \$3,000 in bills in his trunk. What he did say was that in General Torbert’s trunk was \$700.00 in greenbacks. Before the Vera Cruz sunk Mr. Owen had tied a bag containing his money around his waist and had it with him when he reached shore. He said that he was going to Mexico with General Torbert on an engineering scheme. When told that fourteen survivors of the Vera Cruz had been discovered at Titusville, Fla., among them a colored man, Mr. Owen said that no such person was on board.

The other survivors had very little to say, all but one remarking that they agreed with Mr. Owen’s statement in every particular. Kelly denied that the ship broke in two, claiming that she went down when filled with water. This seaman also expressed the opinion that only seven persons had been saved. He stated that when he had been in the water bur fifteen minutes he saw men and women drowning all around him. He calculated that the squall struck the vessel eighteen hours before she foundered.

The Charleston reach pier 27, North River, at ten P.M. and at that hour a large crowd were waiting for her arrival. Several survivors went to their homes in this city, but they all promised to meet Mr. Owen on board the vessel at eight o’clock this morning, and at nine they will call at the office of F. Alexandre & Sons, the owners of the wrecked vessel.

GOOD NEWS-FOURTEEN MORE PERSONS SUPPOSED TO BE SAVED FROM THE VERA CRUZ AND LANDED ON A DESERTED PORTION OF THE COAST OF FLORIDA.

Since the first tidings came of the loss of the Vera Cruz there has been little until yesterday to suggest the possibility of hope to the friends of the passengers, and the indefinites of what came yesterday forbids the placing of much reliance upon it. It seems certain, however, from two letters received by the New York Board of Underwriters, that more persons were saved from the wreck than have been heretofore reported, although their identity is still a matter of pure conjecture. The difficulty of communication with the coast off which the disaster occurred can hardly be estimated here, and it is entirely owing to this difficulty that such tidings as there may be in store have not been reported before this. "It is better late than never," however, and the truth of the adage was never better exemplified than when the letters were received yesterday telling that two persons had come ashore floated by life preservers and twelve more had escaped on a raft from the ill-fated vessel, landing near the Indian River, Fla.

The information received, as was said, is exceedingly meager, it consists solely of two extracts from letters received by Mr. Charles Dennis the secretary of the Board of Underwriters in this city, from Mr., Henry F. Titus, the agent of the Board in Titusville, Fla., and its vicinity. The first extract reads as follows:-

Two persons, one of them a negro, came ashore with life preservers and report they left a steamer from New York bound to Havana. When off Cape Canaveral they were struck by the gale. The cabin was taken overboard with many passengers. These two persons came ashore by the aid of life preservers. The white man did not remember the name of the steamer. The negro says the steamer had horses on board when she left New York. This will doubtless give you a clew to the name of the steamer.

The second extract is from a letter of September 3, dated "Ten O'clock. It is as follows:-

The steamer foundered at sea off this coast was the City of Vera Cruz, bound for Havana from New York. All lost except twelve persons, who came ashore on a life raft.

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Mr. Titus, in writing as he did, was either unable to secure the names of the survivors who thus made their appearance some hundred and fifty miles from the landing place of those already reported, or else he was unaware of the anxiety with which the news is looked for here. He paid, however, \$10, so that Mr. George R. Cholwell, of the Board of Underwriters, reports to have his letters taken to Jacksonville by a passing steamer and forwarded thence by mail, so that this probability is that he appreciated the importance of his news and sent all he could. Who the survivors are, or how soon further news will be received, is another matter of conjecture, since Titusville is beyond the reach of postal or telegraphic facilities, and the best point to which to direct inquiry is said to be Sanford, Florida, which is fully forty miles from Titusville in an air line. There being twelve or fourteen more survivors, however, it remains a matter of time alone to bring the full news, and a ground of hope is thus given to those who have been mourning for friends and relatives who were supposed to have been lost.

Inquiry at the office of the Board of Underwriters and that of Messrs. F. Alexandre & Sons for further particulars was fruitless. Mr. Cholwell said he only knew that Mr., Titus from whom the news came was a thoroughly reliable man, and that he expected to hear further from him in a day or two, when it was probable, that a list of the names of the survivors would be sent. No doubt Mr. Titus had sent his letters

before having been able to get the full particulars, Another agent, Mr. Bells had telegraphed, saying that he had sent a letter with particulars, but the letter had not arrived, and the reason for its delay was unknown.

At the office of the agents it was said that they were utterly unable to account for the difficulty they experienced in getting news. They had telegraphed repeatedly to the Mayor of Fernandina and to other parties, but had been unable to get replicas to their dispatches. They believed that the fourteen survivors mentioned by Mr. Titus were additional to those reported before, and had come ashore a different place on the coast, but of course were unable to say who they were, or to vie any particulars beyond that the negro mentioned in the letter was probably a servant of some Cuban passengers and they felt certain that the Vera Cruz was the steamer from which he escaped, since there were horses on board of her when she left New York.

They said further that the only names of survivors, so far as they knew them, were:-O.P. Silva, Rafael Arrue and A.K. Owens.

Postmaster James has received a dispatch from Postmaster Dewhurst, of St. Augustine, Fla., stating that the last sack of Vera Cruz mail matter was forwarded on the 8th inst. The postmaster of Daly's Grove, he also said, who had been ordered to forward the mail he received, had not complied with that order.