

in the stove. Meantime Mr. DAVID CROWLEY went to a hay-stack, and brought several armfuls of hay which was scattered over the floor of the house, to absorb the moisture and render the place more comfortable for the women and children. Arrangements were now made for landing the passengers. Mattresses and bedding were brought from the steamer in large quantities, and spread over the floor. Provisions and fuel were also brought ashore, and by 10 o'clock every person was safely landed, and comfortably housed in the Government life station.

There was not a word of complaint from any passenger, male or female—the ladies in particular manifesting the utmost heroism throughout the trying scene. Captain FRAZEE was the last man to leave the boat; by his calm and seamanlike manner he inspired confidence, and a willing obedience to every command, and his praise was everywhere celebrated among the passengers. When every person was safely ashore, Captain FRAZEE also left the steamer, and as he did so he was greeted with three cheers by the passengers and crew. Impressed with gratitude for their deliverance, and for their comparatively comfortable condition, in one of the most terrific of storms, the passengers spontaneously engaged in prayer and singing of hymns, in which every one appeared heartily to join.

Mr. DAVID CROWLEY, the freight clerk of the boat (who, it will be remembered, was one of the only two persons saved in the disaster to the steamer *Lexington*.) now volunteered, with four or five others, to go in search of assistance. The nearest farm house—that of Mr. NOYES—was three miles distant, but the dreadful severity of the storm, and the heavy snow-drifts, caused three of the number to give out before they had accomplished half the distance, and they returned. Mr. CROWLEY and his companion, however succeeded in reaching Mr. NOYES' house, where they were most hospitably received, and a warm dinner was set before them, which they enjoyed with enhanced appetite after their tedious tramp. Mr. CROWLEY, who is now over forty years of age, and has always been engaged on the Sound steamers, says he never before saw so terrific a snow-storm.

Having explained the situation of the shipwrecked passengers, he made arrangements to have two ox-teams got ready to go to the beach after the women and children. Upon arriving at the point, the passengers deemed it highly imprudent to attempt to remove them in the midst of such a storm, and a vote was accordingly taken to remain where they were for the night.

Additional bedding was now obtained from the steamer. Abundance of provisions was procured, also the necessary fuel to keep up a good fire. In this manner they spent the night. The house, however, which was apparently built to accommodate only an ordinary vesse's crew, was found inconveniently small when the passengers attempted to dispose of themselves for the night. A portion of the building was partitioned off for the use of the ladies, the gentlemen occupying the remainder, and taking watch and watch to keep a good fire going. This house, like all extensive Government works, was no doubt built by contract; the frame of the building was the best part of it, the sides being covered with shingles nailed upon slats, leaving numerous openings, through which the wind blew and snow drifted at pleasure, keeping up a refreshing state of ventilation. By the frequent stirring of the fire, and the addition of fuel every few minutes, a comfortable warmth was preserved. The Captain, officers and crew slept on board the boat.

About one o'clock the *Plymouth* passed down the Sound, and lights were displayed, with the hope of attracting the attention of those on board. The lights were noticed, but they knew nothing of the wreck until their arrival at Stonington. Early on Wednesday morning Mr. NOYES' ox teams were set to work to carry the baggage and passengers to Westharbor, where fishing smacks were obtained to convey them to Stonington. The United States revenue cutter *Campbell* arrived at the wreck, and sent a Lieutenant on shore to inquire into the condition of the passengers. They secured the two or three letter bags that were at the house, and departed. If the accounts of some of the officers are correct, there was no offer of assistance made, and no particular solicitude manifested in behalf of the unfortunate passengers. They were all safely transported across the Island, and carried to Stonington by the fishing smacks. At Stonington an extra train was put at their service, and passengers and baggage were sent forward, and reached Boston at a late hour on Monday night.

During the sojourn of the passengers upon the Island, a meeting was held in which Captain FRAZEE and officers were fully exonerated from all blame for the accident, and their conduct eulogised in the highest degree. While superintending the transfer of the passengers, Capt. FRAZEE was taken ill, and had to be conveyed to the farm-house on the Island, where he still lies, too unwell to be removed.

The vessel, in the opinion of Capt. FRAZEE, will be a total loss, though the machinery may be possibly got out. She is valued at about \$150,000, and is not insured. She had just been repaired at a great expense. She is eleven years old, and has probably conveyed more freight and passengers over the route than any other boat on the line. A schooner has been sent down with all the appliances necessary to save the machinery and furniture of the boat. Capt. STONE of the *Plymouth Rock* visited the scene of the disaster in his steamer, and afterwards made arrangements to have the cargo unloaded. It will be saved in good condition, unless very stormy weather comes on, and sent to its destination from Stonington. The *Plymouth Rock* and the *Commodore* will now form the line for the Winter.

## THE LOSS OF THE VANDERBILT.

**Description of the Wreck on Fisher's Island—Sufferings of the Passengers—A Night on the Beach—Conveyance of the Passengers to Stonington—Loss Estimated at \$200,000.**

The steamer *C. Vanderbilt*, Captain FRAZEE of the Stonington line, left New-York on Monday, 4 o'clock P. M., with 75 passengers, and a larger assortment freight than usual, consisting of dry goods, cotton, wool, flour, and leather. There were only 15 ladies among the passengers, and fortunately 15 four children; the remainder were gentlemen, many of them being well-known merchants belonging to Providence and Boston. The freight was mostly consigned to Providence.

A strong N. E. wind, which prevailed during the day, with an overcast sky, gave indications of an approaching snow-storm, but in all such cases it is safer to risk a passage eastward than in the opposite direction, as there is a chance of running away from the storm. The *Vanderbilt* accordingly proceeded on her way down the Sound, going at the usual rate of speed until toward midnight, when it became so dark that it was necessary to proceed with more caution, and she was run at a diminished rate of speed, the lead being occasionally thrown to verify the position of the steamer. At 2 o'clock on Tuesday morning the snow-storm, which had set in at New-York at 7 o'clock P. M., overtook the *Vanderbilt*, in all its fury. It had been blowing a gale directly ahead, and now the atmosphere was filled with the driving snow. It was so thick the pilot could scarcely discern the nearest object upon the deck, much less anything in the direction the boat was steering. The pilots, who on ordinary occasions take watch and watch, were all at their posts, and consulted with Captain FRAZEE as to the best course to be pursued. A strong ebb tide was setting out through the Race, the gale howled through the top-work and rigging of the steamer, while the snow blinded any one who attempted to turn his face to windward.

About 1½ A. M. the increase of a short, chopping sea admonished those on board the *Vanderbilt* that they were approaching the Race; there was no alternative but to go ahead, although they did so with extreme caution, keeping under moderate headway, and frequently getting a cast of the lead to determine the depth of the water and the nature of the bottom, by which experienced pilots can easily determine the position of the vessel. At 2 o'clock A. M. they sounded, and found thirty fathoms, hard bottom. This was the first positive intimation of danger. Had the bottom been soft they would have proceeded on the regular course, satisfied that they had not run up their distance, and that the steamer was in channel-way. The steam was now slowed down, so as to give little more than steerage-way to the steamer. Meantime the anchors were got ready, and a range of both chains was overhauled for use in an emergency. Not a light could be discerned, and, with the increase of other difficulties, the storm seemed to rage with redoubled fury. The lead was cast again in fifteen fathoms, and a rocky bottom was found; at the next cast it shoaled to six fathoms. The engine was immediately stopped, and both anchors were let go at once. The steamer, however, forged ahead, and, notwithstanding some forty fathoms of chain were paid out, one of the chains snapped off when the strain came upon it, and, continuing to go ahead, the steamer brought up upon the rocks. It was now 2½ A. M. No land could be seen, every surrounding object being enveloped in impenetrable darkness.

The ease with which the *Vanderbilt* struck, however, caused no feeling of alarm, although the passengers arose and came on deck to ascertain the extent of the danger. The steamer, in a short time, swung round broadside to the beach, and as she rose and fell by the action of the sea she was thrown further up. Everything in the gentlemen's cabin was now brought up in the ladies' saloon. Here arrangements were made for serving breakfast, and at 7 o'clock all the passengers were supplied with a comfortable meal.

At daylight they found the steamer had struck upon the west end of Fisher's Island, within eighty rods of the point. Had the *Vanderbilt* gone that distance further nothing could have saved her from going to pieces immediately, and all hands would have probably perished, as this is the roughest part of the whole island, where the current from the ocean meets that of the Sound, and large rocks project in all directions. Upon discovering how narrowly they had escaped almost certain death, a feeling of gratitude pervaded every heart. The pilots on reaching the shore made their way through the snow-drifts to the life-boat station, which providentially was within a short distance. The door was broken open, and a fire kindled