

**FRANCIS' METALLIC LIFE-BOAT
COMPANY, COMMUNICATIONS TO
BE ADDRESSED TO THE DIRECTOR OR
TREASURER, AT THE OFFICE OF THE
COMPANY, 10 BROADWAY**

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VARIOUS

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Wreck of the ship "A YRS BIRE," on the coast of New Jersey, in a terrific snow storm, Jan. 1890. The Government Life Co. saving 800 persons—see page 35 and 43.

FRANCIS'
METALLIC LIFE-BOAT
COMPANY.

President.

GEORGE F. ALLEN.

Executive Committee.

FRED. H. WOLCOTT, N. BLISS.

Director.

Treasurer.

JOSEPH FRANCIS. MARSHALL LEFFERTS.

COMMUNICATIONS TO BE ADDRESSED TO THE DIRECTOR OR TREASURER, AT THE
OFFICE OF THE COMPANY, 10 BROADWAY.

The STRAMBOAT LAW will be found following the Testimonials.

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FRANCIS'S LIFE-BOATS AND LIFE-CARS.

WHILST Science has her ardent votaries, Genius her brilliant scholars, and Commerce her generous advocates, the progress of the age in which we live, illumined, brightened, and exalted by the investigations of the scientific mind, fostered and encouraged by the enterprise of an active people, spreads a halo of undiminished beauty around the path of the philanthropist, and invests his pursuits with an interest which kindles within our hearts the germs of benevolence, and turns the current of our thoughts in a channel of noble and generous ambition.

Who does not feel his bosom swell with enthusiastic pride, as he contemplates the path that science has marked out:—the laws of gravitation—the mariner's compass—the Napier press—the electric telegraph—although conceived and formed by great minds, at periods remote from each other, yet forming the links of a mighty chain which was to regulate the motions of earth—steer the frail bark of commerce—circulate the news of her triumphs—and girdle the world in an instant with the thoughts of man?

Science, with renewed sagacity, points out new paths of wealth for adventurous commerce; and mankind have reaped the golden fruits of its energy and pursuits. No more in infancy—it advances with gigantic strides, and we see every portion of our happy land teeming with usefulness and intelligence, pouring in its floods of wealth to the sagacious and enterprising merchant. And yet our country has scarcely unfolded half of its hidden treasures; and while we enjoy the blessings of peace, the mountains and our verdant vallies will unfold new stores of wealth for the efforts of genius and untiring industry. The iron arms of progressive civilization stretch

out upon our plains, encircle our inland seas, penetrate our hills of granite, and divide the prairies of our far western lands. The massive forms of our steamships part the waters of our distant but friendly neighbors; thousands of sails, burdened with peace offerings, make their way to other shores, while the stars and stripes of a proud, powerful and respected nation, float upon the breeze of the most distant climes.

What happy changes may not the world promise itself from the commercial spirit, now so active, if purified by good and noble impulses. Should not, and will not the moral action of this spirit be the ground-work of its future reputation? The busy pursuits of our people must, of necessity, be very engrossing, but they need not, and ought not to be so to the exclusion of those actions of benevolence and mercy which refine and elevate our nature. The great social and moral interests of our country and the world should be, with us, an abiding disposition to maintain and help them on.

The almost boundless extent of our sea-girt coast, the extensive shores of our lakes, and far stretching courses of our mighty rivers, present a field for the exercise of these noble feelings, in devising and executing plans for the preservation of human life exposed to the perils of shipwreck or disaster. There too often fatal occurrences call aloud for the strong arm of the law to interfere for the correction of the abuses; whilst the melancholy testimony of the number of lives lost, appeals in earnest and urgent tones to the owners and agents of vessels, to furnish themselves with the means which have been provided for the security of the lives of passengers committed to their charge. With a sad heart, memory still cherishes the awful fate of those who perished by the fire of the ill-fated steambot, *Griffith*, on one of our lakes. The *Atlantic* and *Lexington*, on the Sound—the ship *Bristol*, on our coast—the steamers *Henry Clay* and *Atlantic*, *Amazon* and *Birkenhead*, with many others which could be mentioned to fill up the painful list. The following is taken from an English journal:

STATISTICS OF DISASTERS AT SEA.—From a return ordered by the House of Commons, we gather that from Jan., 1847, to Dec., 1860, there happened at sea, upwards of 12,000 casualties, varying in magnitude, from the shipwreck in the dead of the

night, with all its horrors, to a clumsy collision in the Channel, and a hasty reef in the nearest port. The annual loss of life averages 1,074, the gross number for the four years being 4,298. One of the chief features in this catalogue of disasters, is the consoling fact that but few accidents have occurred to ships ably manned and commanded. Out of the 12,000 and odd casualties, only sixty-five are recorded against ships above 700 tons.

The loss of life upon our waters, has been unfortunately much greater. Mr. Seymour, chairman of Committee on Commerce, upon introducing the bill "for the better security of the lives of passengers, &c.," into the House of Representatives, stated as a reason for its immediate passage, that during the time the bill had been pending, there had been 721 lives lost; and we are satisfied that Mr. Seymour even then told but half the truth.

Within a few hours past, the steamboat *Henry Clay*, running between Albany and New York—near the latter place—within a few hundred feet of the shore, has consigned to an untimely end, some eighty human souls. This floating palace, in one of the most crowded and busy rivers—gliding along with some four hundred persons in the enjoyment of life and pleasure—dreaming in fancied security of happy homes—of pleasant greetings of perhaps long-parted friends, and in an instant their fancied joy and smiling dreams are passed to present grief. The cry of "Fire!" strikes upon the ear, and sends the terror-stricken passengers frantically to seek refuge in the most remote portions of the ship—parents calling for their little ones—husbands for their wives—old and venerable age for help; the horrors of their situation drawn upon every lineament—the resistless, sweeping flames pressing nearer and nearer to where retreat is no longer possible—stalwart man, unused to fears, is aimless now—the agonizing cry of pain—the very prayer for mercy hushed in death, as the flames, prancing—hissing—in fury rushing—to embrace the trembling forms within their fiery grasp.

Said a gentleman who witnessed the scene just described:—"I saw a little girl: scarce eight summers had shed its warmth upon her bright and childish brow, her ringlets streaming in the air, her mild and soft blue eyes dilated and starting from their

sockets with fright; the sweet and winning smile lost in the intense agony of a certain and dreadful death. She held by the hand her little brother—about four or five years old—and although the sister was acting the part of protector, yet the little fellow tried to comfort, and even spoke words of encouragement, promising that father would return. Father and mother had disappeared; their cries had been unheard and unavailing; clasping her brother in her arms, the little ones retreated as the flames pressed on, the while imploring for some helping hand; but there was none to save. They could not, had not the courage to trust themselves upon the water, and as those older, one by one, dropt from the burning wreck, leaving those two helpless ones alone to their fate, they sought refuge within the coils of a large rope, in the far stern of the boat. Poor little ones!! The very security thus sought, soon formed the ashes to cover their charred and disfigured remains. We could stand and see man, strong and powerful, struggling for life, we had almost said, without emotion; but to see these delicate and feeble little ones, as they sought the coil of rope for safety, and with their tiny hands stretched upward, and their eyes suffused with tears, forever swept from mortal sight." It was indeed a heart-rending instance, to be added to the many of this ill-fated vessel.

Scarcely had this scene closed, and friends had buried their dead, when the stillness of their homes was again broken by the telegraphic recital of yet another disaster. The steamboat *Atlantic*, on Lake Erie, had come in collision with another vessel, and amid scenes too horrible to be described, two hundred souls sank to rise no more. The head grows weary and the heart sickens at the recital of these scenes, so familiar, be it said with regret, to almost every mind.