Newspapers by Ancestry
https://www.newspapers.com/image/457961542

Downloaded on Apr 16, 2020

The Daily Examiner.

VOL. XLIII. SAN FRANCISCO: SATURDAY MORNING, DECEMBER 18, 1886. NO. 171.

MURDEROUS WAVES.

Total Wreck of the Whaling Bark Atlantic.

Another Victim for the Cliff House Beach.

Thirty Seamen Lost in Sight of Land.

Desperate Battling with Mountainous Breakers.

Tempestuously Tossed in a Dead Calm.

Drifting to Destruction in the Darkness.

Some Sleeping Sailors Drowned in Their Beds.

Frightful Experience of the Survivors.

Graphic Accounts of the Disaster.

The Bark Beaten to Pieces on the Sands.

Life Savers Rendered Helpless by the Fog.

The Sailors Swept from the Wreck and Drowned Before the Eyes of their Helpless Companions—Scenes and Incidents.

The bones of the bark King Philip that have been one of the Cliff House beach sights for years and their jagged ribs have protruded from the sand like a skeleton, have had an approach to the formidable disaster of yesterday's storm. The sea which sight of Mount Tamalpais has ever threatened.

The Scientific wreck is surpassed, in fact, for the number of lives lost, and the number of men swept with their dead, but little or no future of their comrades, and drowning, according to those who have partially suffered the experiences, is not an unpleasant death if the victim is unconscious of the fact, and is caught and a human being down in full flesh and vigor of life one feebler if contemplated for any considerable time, or the unfortunate sufferer has the opportunity to battle for sweet existence, and to cling to life with all his strength.

Also out of over ten victims of the Escanaba had barely time to summon a hurried prayer and to realize that the Angel of Death was before them at *bare foot!* before the dead Lone Mountain of all men who go down to the sea in ships.

The horrors of a struggle for life against overwhelming odds, of a hopeless struggle with a knowledge of being on the verge of eternity, are the detractions from the ideal sailor's life.

No stretch of the fortune's imagination can picture the horrors of an unfortunate fellow-man who is swept from his fellows, who is cast and forced to confront an angry freeboard, perhaps not a few yards distant, but seeming an infinite space when the strength comes in his powerful waves that lose him about then a bit or a mile.

Now and again, in the seconds that seem like hours, a rise above the beach heaves almost the sea, and the unfortunate sailor, who perhaps tumes one pace down, clinked and stumpling, instalmed by opportunities to grip down a mouthful of fresh air, only to have it engulfed from his mighty soddening lungs, until, finally, the sea, with a mighty effort, and the sailor gone out to sea with the tenderness, to be cast up days after, bloated, scattered, mutilated and wracked beyond all claim of semblance to the fine specimen of physical manhood that floated out from the Golden Gate a few days before, and met the lee casting when the mainyard was slipping with every roll.

The wreck of a number of marine architecture was shattered by the Pacific yesterday was the whaling bark Atlantic, but she had suffered her sacrifices, and the pecuniary loss signifies nothing in comparison with the thirty-three lives that were swept overboard and lost the breakers as a gale would extinguish the flame of a penny dip.

THE ATLANTIC OUTWARD.

The vessel was one of the old, square stern type of New Bedford whalers, and was fifty-five years ago. Her hulk has been rotting in the Pacific for years, and she was only 300 tons burden, she has enriched some owners before finally resting with a smashing in the surf on the Cliff House beach.

Arriving from the Arctic two months ago, she unloaded, cleaned and painted, and sailed with the old tide on Thursday afternoon.

It is rather an unusual period for the commencement of a whaling voyage, but the Atlantic was to war on the measures of the comparatively southern waters until the breaking up of the northern ice, and then make an early start after the more noble and profitable grounds. Her crew was a motley one, composed of Portuguese, the bone, the Atlantic shipped a crew of forty-five men, and sailed with forty-three, two of the number being left behind in consequence of their sea hearted mutiny.

The tug Rescuth hooked on shortly after 2 P. M. and towed the Atlantic barely clear of the Heads, whither she had been preceded by the Pacific coastwise steamer Eureka, and the similar company. They went further out, however, and with the gentle breeze they found beyond the bar were will into the clear sea before darkness. With set of sun the pure Alice Blanchard, the pilot, left the Atlantic, and drove relinked to port, and when darkness came on the breathing of the wind died away and the vessel lay in the smooth water, and was disturbed by a boatman. Striking the cross most point of the curved sandy spit that forms the main outside breakwater having business with San Francisco, Captain Warren made the boatman understand that he was not to be