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## The Steamship St. Paul Stranded on the Long Branch Coast.



### RAN ASHORE IN FOG AFTER A SEA RACE.

Campania and St. Paul Out of  
Their Reckoning Off  
Long Branch.

The Cunarder Anchored Safely, but  
the American Liner Struck  
on the Sand.

BOURKE COCKRAN TELL THE STORY.

Passengers Had to Be Transferred in Life-  
boats to Tugs—A Trial of Speed Which  
Showed the Powerful American Was  
Speedier Than Was Thought.

WHEN the American Line steamship St. Paul went into the mud off Long Branch yesterday morning, her most prominent passenger was her Congressional godfather, Bourke Cockran, homeward bound from Europe. It was he who introduced the bill which put Old Glory at her masthead; it was he who made a speech full of patriotism when her flag went up on Washington's Birthday, so it is right and proper that he should go with her headfirst into the mud.

Mr. Cockran told the story last night as follows:

"We had a delightful trip all the way over. On Friday morning we saw a thin line of black smoke far to port, and about twelve miles astern. At 4 p. m. the smoke had developed into the big Cunarder Campania, and she was abeam to port. Passengers rushed on deck to look at the flying Englishman, but there was nothing on board the St. Paul to indicate an ocean race.

"Then came a wall of fog and we lost her. Again, at 6 p. m., the Campania again appeared, this time to starboard, but still abeam. Another hour passed and then the fog banks hung so low she was lost. The St. Paul was as steady as a rock, but she was making great time, I can tell you! Wasn't she

racing? Bless your heart, no; she was just doing her best, that's all.

"The Campanian again came into view at 9 p. m., back on the port side, but still abeam, and her big funnels were headed with columns of flame and smoke that reached the limit of sight. I went to bed at 11 p. m. and woke up aground."

The giant American line steamship St. Paul went ashore off Long Branch at 1:45 a. m. yesterday, and now lies less than 200 yards from shore, firmly imbedded in ten feet of sand for her whole length. It will be some time before she can be floated, as the water is less than ten feet deep. The passengers, after being hid for over twelve hours on board, were landed at 7 p. m. at the American line pier by the sidewheel steamer George W. Starr and the tug C. E. Everts. There were sixty-seven in the saloon, seventy-two in the second cabin and 121 in the steerage.

The ship has accommodations for 1,400 persons, and was sailing unusually light. She has, however, a heavy tonnage of freight, which is bearing her down into the sand. This will be taken off to-day by the men and the Chapman Wrecking Company will begin the work of saving the ship. Unless there should be a big storm no danger to the brave representative of American commerce is anticipated.

The ship now lies heading south-south-west—that is pointed out to sea. She is listed slightly to port, but her bottom is uninjured and she is not leaking a drop. The condensers sent out a stream of dirty water all day, and many thought the pumps were at work, but the wreckers proved to the contrary by a careful examination.

A most interesting feature of the accident is the fact that the stranding followed a seventeen-hour race between the St. Paul and the Cunard line Campanian, called off on account of the heavy fog. This is vouched for both by Captain Walker, of the Campanian, and the passengers of both ships. Walker came near going ashore himself off Elberon, but was warned by the men of the life-saving crew and dropped anchor in time to save his ship.

The St. Paul missed her reckoning in the mist and at 1:45 a. m. brought up with a thud off the Grand View Hotel, at Long Branch. She blew her whistle till the whole coast was alarmed, and then swung in shore with the tide, going further and further into the sand.

and within a few minutes after the St. Paul struck the forces from stations 3 and 4 were on hand with all their apparatus. They shot out a line from their mortar, which was fixed to the forward mast, and soon the breeches buoy was on board to extend a welcome on shore if there were any in peril.

The men of Life-Saving Station 5 had seen the danger of the Campanian and had burned a red light. She answered with a green light, put about and dropped anchor. This crew then went to the relief of the St. Paul. The ship had been heading for Sandy Hook, but not being able to see the light, had mistaken her bearings. She had a pilot from shore aboard, though it is regarded by seamen as a very dangerous thing for a ship's pilot to try striking Scotland Light without one.

Captain Jamison was on the bridge of the St. Paul when the thud came. The passengers were all asleep in their bunks, but were aroused by the shock. All became quiet as soon as they saw they were within swimming distance of shore and that the ship was firmly grounded in the mud. All was dark about the ship, as the electric lights at Long Branch are not burned all night.

Captain James S. Mulligan, of Life-Saving Station 4, was first to go aboard the St. Paul. Captain Jamison told him that five minutes before the ship grounded he was in seventeen fathoms of water; that he was going at a three-knot speed, and that there had been a race during the daylight hours with the Campanian. Abner West, of Life-Crew 3, also had an interview on board with Captain Jamison, who told him the women passengers had been very excited for a few minutes after the shock came, but had come to their senses sooner than the men.

This proved to be the case during the transfer of passengers to the steamer George W. Starr, which was made under unfavorable conditions, as the steamer has no facilities for making transfers at sea from a high ship.

The passengers had to be handled as best the deck hands could arrange it. Many of them wanted to go ashore in the breeches buoy, but the captain would not allow it. He only consented to the transfer by lifeboat after he became satisfied that the ship would probably be detained for several days.

The transfer was begun at 1:30 p. m., all four of the life-saving yaws being employed, each carrying from twelve to fifteen passengers at a trip. The passengers were allowed to take their handbags, and such articles as they could carry in their hands.

Captain J. J. Merritt, of the Merritt Wrecking Company, reached the wreck at 1 p. m. His first idea was that the St. Paul was in not over five feet of sand from stem to stern. Later, after making an examination, he doubled the figures.



Tugs At Work On The Stranded Ship

He said he could not understand how the ship got in shore so far, as she was easily four miles inside where she should be in making for the Hook. He declared from the outset that the floating of the ship would be the most delicate job he had ever undertaken. After the freight is taken out to-day he will be in position to judge what must be done to get the best results. He slept on board last night with all his wrecking fleet within easy call and ready for any emergency.

To a Journal reporter last night he said he feared it would be three or four days before he could begin final operations, and he could not tell how long the tug of war would last. Captain Wardell, of Life-Saving Crew No. 5, stood by while Merritt was talking. He expressed the opinion that the job would spell two weeks, and that if a bad storm came up the ship would be broken in two. A telephone will be fitted on board to-day for the easy communication with the shore.

Captain Jamison last night telegraphed the company's agent:

"Have employed Chapman Wrecking Company to lay two anchors and the Merritt Wrecking Company to lay two. They both guarantee to have them ready to pull at high water."

It is believed by the officers of the company that, with some eight or nine tugs at work and four large anchors worked as hedges connected with the ship's own steam windlass, she will be hauled off this afternoon.

The sight from the beach last night was a weird one. The ship had two search lights in operation—one on the lookout post on the foremast, the other near the stern.

on the shore side. To make her safe for the night four cables were made fast, two astern and one on either side, so that she cannot heel at low water. Flood tide came at 2:33 a. m. to-day.

During the morning and early afternoon hours Captain Jamison gave strict orders that no reporters should be allowed on board, but later he modified his order and himself gave a few facts tending to relieve himself of the responsibility of getting near shore in a fog without taking soundings. He does not consider that he is responsible for the grounding, and says he did all he could to safeguard the ship.

The St. Paul left Southampton at 12:07 p. m. January 18, and the Needles at 1:25 p. m., and had head winds and a rather stormy passage. The Campanian left Liverpool on the same day, and Queenstown on the day following with 238 cabin and 175 steerage passengers. Her time of passage was 6 days, 6 hours and 20 minutes. Her day's runs were 81, 521, 488, 504, 485, 515, 298.

### SAYS CAMPANIA STRUCK.

St. Paul's Mailmaster Adds a New Feature to the Interesting Incident.

Mail Master Hart, the only officer of the St. Paul who left the boat, came in on the Lewis Pulver, in charge of the bags of mail which the tug brought to the city.

"We were racing when we struck," said Mr. Hart, "and it was only by pure good luck that the Campanian did not fare as badly as we did. She went ashore between two and three miles south of us, and it was the merest chance that she got off. She went in the sand bows on. The life-saving crew had a gun in position to fire a line over her decks. Before they did so she worked off and backed into deep water. If the Campanian's people deny it they are liars."

While Mail Master Hart was speaking he was perched on top of huge piles of mail

bags, which one of the big trucks of the American Line was loaded.

"We had been racing all day," he said, "and we were holding our own well when the fog shut down on us. We were nearly abeam with the Campanian about two or three miles to the south of us. We were out of our course, but the Campanian was further off than we. She struck a few minutes after we did, and it was only pure luck that prevented her getting stuck fast. I don't know how they succeeded in getting out of the predicament, but they did some how, for the Campanian passed us on her way into port this morning."

### CAPTAIN WALKER'S STORY.

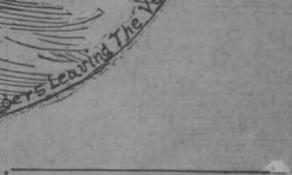
Campanian's Commander Admits the Race, but Does Not Give a Complete Account.

The fact that the St. Paul and the Campanian were racing in a fog at the time of the accident was admitted by Captain Walker, of the Cunard line.

"We both went at it as hard as we could," he said.

The Captain was seated in his room on the Campanian, and opposite him was Vernon H. Brown, agent of the Cunard line. Mr. Brown did his best to prevent Captain Walker making the admission, but the words had been spoken before Mr. Brown's signals were understood. As soon as he comprehended what was meant, Captain Walker crawled into his shell and refused to speak further. Before the warning, however, he had told the story of the race which ended so disastrously.

"We sighted the St. Paul at 8:30 o'clock Friday morning, when she was fifteen miles ahead of us on the port bow. Then we both went at it as hard as we could," he said. "At 1 p. m. we had gathered so that we had the St. Paul abeam. In spite of this we kept on at racing speed for four hours, and finally passed her. At 8:30 o'clock in the evening we had the St. Paul astern. After that we kept on at fair speed until



Passengers Leaving The Vessel

1 a. m. Saturday. Then we began to take soundings."

"Why was it necessary to take soundings?" was asked.

Captain Walker hesitated, started to answer once or twice and then remained silent.

"Was there a fog?"

"Again he hesitated, and it was only after the question was repeated that he admitted there was. He then continued his statement as to the trip.

"When we began sounding," he said, "the lead showed ten fathoms of water. It was not enough and we began forging ahead and backing in search of deeper water. After some time we found a place where the lead showed fifteen fathoms. Then we anchored. At that time it was 5:25 o'clock in the morning.

"We remained at anchor until 9:30 o'clock, a little more than four hours. By that time the fog had begun to lift. We lifted anchor and got under way at slow speed. We had been steaming slowly ahead for about half an hour, when we sighted the St. Paul ashore and surrounded by tugs. She seemed to be lying easily and we went on our course. At 11 o'clock we reached Sandy Hook."

The fact that there was a fog at the time was admitted by Captain Walker with much reluctance. All questions as to how dense it was or when it began to shut in on the ship he refused to answer.

Half a dozen petty officers of the Campanian sitting in the second officer's cabin told the following story:

"We first sighted the St. Paul about 7 a. m. Friday, when she was about thirteen miles ahead of us. We were going at full speed and easily overhauled her until 8 p. m., when we were abeam. About noon the wind began to rise. It increased steadily and was at its height and blowing a strong gale when we came up with the St. Paul.

"Just about that time we ran into the fog and slowed down. The St. Paul passed us some distance to the north. We were both going ahead at slow speed, and we could hear the St. Paul's whistle at regular intervals until 1:30 p. m., when it stopped. We could not imagine why it stopped, and did not know until this morning, when we found she was ashore. "About midnight we stopped and lay to until 5 o'clock in the morning, when we dropped anchor. It was not long after that