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LOSS OF A VESSEL.

UNK VESSEL IN SAN FRANCISCO HARBOUR.

(From the San Francisco Alta.)

The spectators who crowded Meiggs's Wharf yesterday afternoon, to witness the departing ships *Excesses* and *Young America*, dreamed that the gallant old ship *Patrician*, which followed close in their wake, was so soon to be numbered with the things that were. She weighed her anchor at two p.m., in charge of Wm. H. Diggs, a licensed pilot, and was towed to sea by the steam-tug *Vigilant*. The three grand ships went down the harbour in single file, the *Excesses* leading, and the *Patrician* bringing up the rear, while the *Young America* was in the middle. The day was bright and fair, and every one looked forward to a fine voyage. The *Patrician* was a teak-wood ship of the regular English model, built at Sunderland in 1860 for her present owners, George Marshall & Son, of London. She sailed from Hong Kong about five weeks ago, consigned to Dickson, De Wolf & Co., who loaded her owners account for orders at Cork with a cargo of grain valued at $70,000. She passed the Heads at 3 10 p.m., about a mile astern the *Young America*, the wind being fresh from north-west. At 4 p.m. Mr. Diggs, the pilot, being satisfied that the ship had a good offing, signalled his boat, (the pilot-boat) and had the ship alien. She had cleared the outer edge of the bar, the heads bearing east by north one-half east. The pilot boat scarcely pulled away in his light cutter when Capt. Wilson and his chief mate, Mr. Foster, went below and spread their charts on the cabin-table to figure out the course. The second mate had gone forward to call a crew on the head-yards, and the men sang cheerily as they tugged at the ropes. The sea was quite calm, but there was a heavy ground swell running. Just as the forevards were braced around there came a heavy lurch, followed by a shriek from the deck to keelson, and a cry of alarm brought Captain Wilson and his first officer to the deck. The pumps were set at work immediately, and the men worked manfully, but, of course, her to be placed under able officers. But what could an Egyptian, a Kanaka, or an O'Donnell do with a disabled ship? What can be done with such men? Not one in fifty knows the use of a rope, and the sailors, in spite of all the exertions of the officers, deserted with the boats, leaving behind their arms, and returning, when, even their boats were gone, to the shore, on which they had stepped, and Recognized that their chance of escape was gone. The pumps were manned by the officers and Recognized that their chance of escape was gone. The pumps were manned by the officers and Recognized that their chance of escape was gone. The pumps were manned by the officers