

The following letter has been received by Hon. T. L. Tullock, from the U. S. Consul at Japan.

CONSULATE OF THE UNITED STATES,
YEDO, JAPAN, January 31, 1870.

Hon. Thomas L. Tullock:

MY DEAR SIR: Tears blind my eyes, and my pen almost refuses to write the words which will rend your heart and desolate your household. Would to heaven I could say some other word than "Lost!" but I cannot! At 6½ o'clock on the evening of January 24, twenty miles down the bay from Yokohama, the Oneida collided with the Peninsular and Oriental iron mail steamer Bombay, (Captain Eyre,) and in twelve minutes went down with twenty of her officers and ninety-five of her crew. Almost without an exception the officers spurned the use of the boats, and met death bravely, calmly, heroically at their posts. Among them was your son Thomas.

The general facts of this terrible, inhuman, brutal, and unnecessary accident have no doubt ere this reached you by telegraph; but having been with your son almost constantly for the past six weeks, and being one of the last to bid him good-bye and take his hand, I may perhaps give you some little personal facts and circumstances of his last days and hours, which will all be of great interest to you. I met him first at my consulate, introduced by our mutual friend, Mr. Grinnell, but so much had I heard of him, and so mutually were we pleased with each other, that we at once became firm friends. From that time I saw him almost constantly, either at Yedo or Yokohama, and the more I saw of him the more I became attached to him, and his loss takes hold of me like that of a brother. Of friends he had a host, and at a dinner given about ten days ago to his particular friends, he seemed to outdo himself in generous traits of head and heart. Deep and earnest are the words of affection exchanged of him, and many are the eyes not accustomed to tears that dim at the mention of his name. He was a son to be proud of—a friend never never to be forgotten.

On the morning of the 24th our minister, (Mr. De Long,) and myself had been making our official calls upon the foreign ships of war in the harbor, accompanied by Lieutenant Commander Muldaur, and, by invitation of the officers, returned at 1 P. M. to the Oneida for breakfast—the last for them. For an hour after, Thomas and I walked the deck, exchanged vows of friendship, and laid plans for future meetings. He spoke tenderly of his father, mother, and brother—of his love for them, and the unspeakable longing he had to see them again. He added: "My father wants me to leave the navy, and I have fully made up my mind to do so soon after I reach home." He gave me the enclosed photograph, and on it is almost, if not quite the last writing he did, about 4 o'clock P. M. of that day. The last seen of him he was standing on the main deck with a wooden grating in his hand, but the suction of the ship sinking may have taken him down immediately. He said to one of the officers: "Its no use, we're going down." Noble boy! not to you and yours only, sir, but to the navy, the country, the world, are such as he a loss. Tenderly, earnestly, lovingly, shall his remains be searched for, and if found, speedily forwarded. Should any of the many beautiful things he had gathered to surprise his father, gratify his mother, and please his brother, be recovered, they too shall be faithfully transmitted.

I came from the scene of disaster yesterday and return to-morrow. The United States Minister has been obliged, on his own personal guarantee, to charter, fit out, and man with a mixed crew of Russians, citizens, and survivors of the Oneida the gun boat Aroostook, lately sold by the United States to private parties—there being no United States steam craft in Japanese waters; and while he is, with all the energy of his earnest nature, personally prosecuting the investigation into the causes of the accident and cowardly guilt of the captain, attempted to be shielded by English authorities, I am with the Aroostook, assisting in the effort to regain the bodies and property of the martyrs. If I have, Mr. Tullock, in my haste neglected to meet any questions you would like to ask; if there is anything your wishes or feelings crave, command me at any time to the extent of my power, and may He who "gives and takes away," "who doeth all things well," pour into your wounded hearts the balm which only He can give. Here, over the waters, hearts beat and tears flow in unison with yours,

Sympathizingly, sorrowfully, yours,

C. O. SHEPARD,

U. S. Consul, Yedo, Japan.