

MINOR MICHIGAN MATTERS.

Business is very dull at Nagsness. The Grand river continues to rise at Grand Haven. Benton Harbor boasts of a very successful invention. A line of water was captured near Benton Harbor recently. Benton Harbor has a chronic wood and hay borer.

A bridgeport farmer has been missing since last Tuesday. Battle Creek has secured the Duplex Printing Press manufactory. Constable McHenry's wife was shot at Inez, died last Wednesday.

The Kalamazoo river has fallen back to its old channel and is free from ice. The Orono and Ionia teams are to play a game at the Ionia rink on Friday night. The Bohemian out suit, at Milan, terminated Friday evening, by the jury disagreeing.

William Ware, a young man of Waukesha, was killed Thursday night by a falling tree. Crawford's salt well at East Lake will be ready to begin operations the first of February. Small-pox has disappeared from South Boardman and trains now stop there as usual.

George Comstock, a hotel porter at St. Johns, has been arrested on a charge of bigamy. Russell Clement, tried for the murder of Loomis, at Trent, was convicted of manslaughter last Friday. A Detective Union has been formed at Benton Harbor. Some of the best men of the place are members.

Jim McCauley is to give bonds to remain out of Bay City one year instead of going to Ionia for three months. A petition is being circulated at Benton Harbor asking the Legislature to enlarge their corporation limits. The work of raising the Flint & Pere Marquette steamer No. 1 at Ludington commenced Friday morning.

Mrs. Andrew Singleton, near Vicksburg, succeeded by cutting her throat. She had been insane for some time. The first annual meeting of the Wayne County Horticultural Society, was to be held in Plymouth on Saturday. The electric railway cash system, invented by Mr. Green, of Kalamazoo, has been adopted by a grocer in Allegan.

C. Wright, of Ederessville, has sold the machinery of his shingle mill at that place to parties in Pinconning, for \$1,550. The board of Supervisors of Allegan rescinded its action cutting Sheriff Rice's bill for board of prisoners to 40 cents a day. Maj. Whittle, the evangelist, is sick at Jackson and the revival meetings are being conducted by Mr. and Mrs. McGranahan.

The Nordisk Fremkredts Forening Society are making preparations to open a theater soon, in their Opera House in Manistee. A polo match will be played in the Plymouth rink on next Wednesday evening between the Plymouth and Ann Arbor teams.

AN EARTHQUAKE SHOCK

A MIDSHIPMAN'S EXPERIENCE.

A Former Adventure of a Member of "The Telegram" Staff—Exciting Incident in the West Indies.

The following article, which will be continued in another number of THE TELEGRAM, relates the exciting but actual experience of a gentleman now connected with THE TELEGRAM'S staff. The article was originally published in Scribner's Monthly in March, 1878.

Six months after receiving our diplomas of graduation at Annapolis found us a disconsolate mess of six midshipmen attached to one of Uncle Sam's most unseaworthy "double-enders," fitting out at the Boston Navy-yard for the most disagreeable station in the world, the West Indies. We felt as if the Navy Department had put us on the black list and was determined to sit on us from the start in our active service career.

Our professional ardor was at a low ebb when the joyful news reached us that we were all to be detached from our double-bowed bugbear and ordered to the sloop-of-war "Enterprise," which shall be nameless in this narrative. Suffice it to say she was a vessel with a history that will live in story as long as the Battle of Mobile Bay and the terrible passage of the forts at New Orleans are recorded; and what was more to our purpose and a desideratum sought after by all midshipmen, but unfortunately not always obtained, she had commodious quarters; and rumor, as rumor so often does when a vessel is preparing for a cruise, assigned as her destination the Mediterranean syndrom.

However, this illusion was soon dispelled, for the navigator informed us confidentially that he had been supplied from Washington with a full equipment of charts of the West Indies. "Ah, well!" we thought, "we have the weather-gauge of some of our kind who are sweltering down there in much smaller vessels,"—a consolation which, I fear, we keenly relished. I will not attempt a full description of the trials and tribulations we endured in this our first experience at equipping a mess; the shifts and stratagems, the profound calculations to make ends meet, the long bills and avoid the dread "dead horse"; our frequent councils to devise ways and means; the heated wrangles that broke the harmony of these councils, and the invariable conclusion that starvation or bankruptcy would be the result of all our efforts.

Now we missed the providing hand of our excellent commissaire at Annapolis, which always bounteously supplied us with the best in the market. We were, indeed, fledgelings cast out to provide for ourselves. At length our ship was ready and we bade adieu to Boston. We shaped our course southward, our destination being Cape Haytien, where we were ordered to report to Admiral Palmer, on his flag-ship, "Susquehanna." We passed Cape Hatteras (the dread of all landsmen, and, at times, the terror of old salts) while the Storm-king slept, the sea being as smooth as an inland lake, which was a pleasant surprise to us "green ones." However, had we remembered the doggerel,

"If Hatteras you should pass, Then look out for Bermuda," we would not have planned ourselves so much on our luck, for, on the second day after Boreas took things in hand, a cyclone of such stormy might that the hand of a quartermaster aroused me from my peaceful slumbers and announced that it was my watch on the fo'castle. "Is it raining?" I inquired. "Yes, sir, in torrents!"

I shivered in rubber from head to foot, ascended to the spar-deck. The night was intensely dark, the sea running high and the ship rolling as only our noble vessel knew how to roll. I scrambled forward, holding on to the running rigging to keep my feet as she lurched heavily to leeward, dodging with very indifferent success the seas that broke over her bulwarks, so that when I reached my confere to relieve him, I was as wet as though I had swum forward. "Well, I'll relieve you," I said to him; "what orders?"

"The commodore and first 'luff' will give them to you, they are both forward trying to run a hawser to the foretopmast; the stay has carried away," he replied. Just then a flash of tropical lightning lit up the scene and made visible an old toy man, assisting others aloft to secure the hawser, which was to take the place of the broken stay. Whew! What lightning and what thunder! I thought till then that our Western lightning was incomparable, but for extreme brilliancy attended with a diabolical, greenish tint, commend all lovers of lightning to the tropical zone. I overheard a blue-jacket make the following remark after one of these displays, to which I mentally gave my hearty concurrence: "A man would be a fool to sell a farm to go to sea in weather like this!"

During this storm we noticed at the mast-heads the dim, bluish, electric light called St. Elmo's, upon which sailors, in times gone by, looked with superstitious dread. These are now regarded, however, as an indication that the gale has spent its power. And so it proved in this instance, for by the next morning we were booming along with a stiff breeze and a clear sky. A few days after, the welcome cry of "Land ho!" sounded from the mast-head, and soon we made the entrance to the harbor of Cape Haytien. Here we learned from the American consular agent that the "Susquehanna" had left a week before for the United States, as yellow fever, the scourge of these fruitful islands, had appeared among her crew. We found orders for us to take an extended cruise among the islands commencing with Santa Cruz and returning to the same point by a certain date.

We remained only two or three days in this harbor, which gave us but a short run ashore. Sufficient time we had, however, to admire the picturesque scenery in the neighborhood of this once flourishing city,—"New Paris" as it was called under the French regime. It is located at the foot of a towering mountain covered with tropical verdure abutting on the sea, and is built on a large and beautiful plain, (utilized in part for coffee plantations) which terminates at the foot of a brown-stone colored mountain abounding in crags and ghastly precipices upon which, standing out clear and well defined, appears the almost inaccessible castle and fortress of King Christoff.

It was scarcely discernible how such a dilapidated city could at any time have deserved such a flattering eponym as "New Paris." Roads, revolutions, earthquakes and that independent spirit of the negro which seems opposed to the exertion necessary to keep anything in repair, had made a bad nest of what no doubt was once a beautiful city. I fear Hayti is a discouraging commentary on the theories of those humanitarians who believe in the climatic elevation of the negro to the level of the Caucasian race. There is a backward tendency of which Haiti seems to be the inevitable goal in the distant island of the West Indies, unless a new people takes possession of the soil.

ments I had never beheld. A soldier with a sharp sword set off with a large red plume, a cavalry sabre strapped to his side, a pair of tattered unbuttonables and barefooted, mounted on a mule or donkey, would go screeching by, and this, we would be informed, was a "regimental officer." We hired a brigadier for fifty cents to carry our luggage to the hotel. We carried out the instructions received from time to time from Admiral Palmer, to call among the various groups of islands, touching at all the principal ports as well as Aspinwall and the ports on the Spanish Main, until finally the month of October found us lying in the harbor of Fredericksstadt, Santa Cruz. We were there recuperating the health of our crew, having had eight cases of yellow fever aboard, one of which had proven fatal. The other patients having been sent ashore to the hospital. "It is an ill wind that blows nobody good," for had it not been for this sickness, our vessel, without doubt, would have anchored just outside Prince Rupert's Rocks in the entrance to the harbor of St. Thomas, as had been our custom for several months so as to meet the American mail, and would have been caught in that terrific hurricane of the twenty-ninth of October, 1867, which, some of the froaks of the wind I have known in the space of two hours, sixty odd vessels of all sizes, from the magnificent iron steamer of the English mail lines to the small coasting schooner, and drawing over five hundred persons. But we were reserved for a different fate. Hearing of this catastrophe, we could not resist the temptation to resolve to steam over and render all possible assistance. The first view of the scene impressed us with the terrible power that had been running riot with the shipping. The harbor was literally choked with wrecks, and, as if not content with that, some of the smaller craft were flung high up the rocks. Vessels of all sizes became unmanageable and were driven hither and thither about the harbor by the violence of the merciless gale, driving upon and sinking each other. One large collier, in ballast, the "British Empire" by name, broke from her moorings and charged three times across the rocks, maneuvered by the shifting wind, sinking steamers, ships and schooners, until, scattered and stove, she finally sank upon the wrecks of two Danish brigs she had sent to the bottom before her.

I shall not attempt to depict the horrors of the wrecking of the mail steamers just in from Europe, loaded with passengers, and in the mist ran upon a reef outside the harbor, only two of her crew surviving; how others went down in sight of the city with human aid powerless to save even the women and children. One steamer had the good fortune, when in a sinking passage, to be driven alongside an iron floating dock in time to transfer her passengers. Many of these passengers I afterwards saw at the hotels lamenting their unhappy condition, being left penniless in a strange land thousands of miles from home. A wealthy Mexican gentleman, who had just returned from his lost destination in part of diamonds which he greatly feared had gone to deck "the dark unfathomable caves of ocean." A small Spanish man-of-war, the name of which I regret to say I cannot recall, deserves special mention. During the entire gale she steamed as best she could from point to point in the harbor as she was directed by the cry of help or the shriek of the drowning, until she had lost all boats but her smallest one and many brave men, when her commander heard the cry of the captain of a French vessel who was clinging to a buoy. He called for volunteers to man the only boat left—a mere toy in such a gale; but his men hesitating to run the hazard he leaped single-handed into the boat and shoved off to his own destruction. The Frenchman clinging fast until rescued after the gale had abated. The various adventures and hair-breadth escapes of individuals, if at all, would fill volumes. At twelve o'clock that stormy night the rattle of a cannon aboard an American brig, having his wife aboard and anticipating the loss of his vessel, determined to make a desperate effort to save her whom he prized far above vessel and cargo. Dressing her in a suit of his clothes, he waited a favorable lull and shoved off in a small boat for the shore. They few fathoms from their vessel when their

boats capsized, and man and wife were separated forever; the former being drowned and the latter saved by drifting under the bows of a Danish bark and entering a rope through her, by which she was drawn aboard. But still ill-fortune followed her; in a few minutes this vessel was capsized, or stove, and once more she was in the water battling with the fury of the winds and waves. For a second she was rescued by a schooner nearer shore. Breeching and exhausted, she had scarcely recovered her senses when this last refuge was carried among the breakers and she swept with the wreck to the shore, where some negroes carried her to the hospital.

The harbor-master and a crew of negroes proved themselves heroes on that day at the cost of their lives. Many trips they made in their life-boat from shore to wreck, carrying living freight of men, women and children. Once too often were they impelled to venture on their mission of mercy, and the angry waves swallowed them. The harbor-master's body was found locked in the arms of two of his faithful crew who had endeavored to assist him to shore. Several dead bodies were found under the coal-piles near the water, where half-drowned sailors had crawled only to be smothered by the falling coal. Some of the froaks of the wind I hesitate to mention, lest the veracity of your chronicler may be doubted. But I could produce witnesses to others which I shall narrate.

(To be Continued.)

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