SAMOA AND ITS HURRICANE.

THE SOUTH SEA ISLE.

And the Sturdy People Who Dwell Thereon.

THE GREAT CATASTROPHE.

How Three Nations' Warships Battled With the Elements.

An Eye Witness Tells the Story of the Fearful Storm of February, 1889, When but a Single Ship Rode the Gale—The Misfortunes of the Trenton, Vandalia and Adler, and the Narrow Escape of the Calliope—This Thrilling Tale Told by One Who Saw It.

"This happy breed of men, this little world, this precious gem set in the silver sea."

The islands of the Samoa group—Navigator islands, as they are designated on some charts—lie in the southwestern Pacific, a little over 2,000 miles from Honolulu, in direct line of steamship travel between the latter port and Australia. The principal islands of the group are Upulu, Tavail, Tutuilla and Pago-Pago. At the latter place the United States government holds a coaling station and supply depot. The steamers of the Spreckels' line, plying between San Francisco, Honolulu and Sydney, Australia, touch at Tutuilla on the seventh day after leaving Honolulu.

The principal port of commerce of the group is Apia, with the town of the same name, on the island of Upulu. The harbor whose limits are very narrow, is obstructed in every direction with sharp coral ledges. Right at its entrance is a large circular reef, very hollow in the center, while long ridges extend for miles along the coast on either side of the island. During the hurricane season, which generally sets in during February and March, no safe anchorage is afforded to vessels on account of the hard bottom of the harbor, which offers no holding ground for the anchors during a storm. A German trading firm, with head offices at Hamburg, Germany, owns vast tracts of land at Apia, acquired many years ago by concessions from the old kings and chiefs who reigned over the group.

At the time of my sojourn at Apia, seven years ago, large areas of this land were lying still uncultivated in various parts of the town, fenced in however, and bearing placards erected on poles which contained in German the following notice:

"Eigenthum der Deutschen Handels und Plantagen Gesellschaft." (Property of the German Trading and Plantation Society.)

This syndicate possessed extensive plantations also in different parts of the islands, on which coffee, cotton and copra—the staple products for export—were raised. Copra is the inside of cocoanuts, cut up in pieces and dried in the sun. It is exported chiefly to Germany and England in the company's own vessels, and is used for oil and soap manufacture. A number of small coasting schooners are continually employed to bring this ill-smelling product to Apia from the neighboring plantations. The coffee raised on the islands is of most delicious flavor, and shipped almost exclusively to Hamburg.

The packing and screwing of the cotton bales, preparatory to shipping, was done in the warehouses within the company's yard, where the various offices and stores were situated. At these stores everything "from a needle to an anchor" could be purchased.

The English firm of McArthur & Co., with headquarters at Sydney, Australia, is another large concern. They own plantations at Savail, stores at Apia and also several trading vessels.

The Town of Apia.

The town of Apia is divided into several districts, the upper, or eastern one, bearing the name of Matautu.

Here are situated the pilot and signal station, the consulates of the United States and Great Britain, the premises of McArthur & Co., and a small Protestant church, in which divine service in the English language is held regularly on Sundays. Several good hotels, stores and bakeries are found in this part of the town.

The lower or western district is called Matafele. Here, on land ceded to them, a French missionary society has erected a Catholic chapel to which is attached a schoolhouse for training native children, and various other buildings, such as residences for the priests and sisters belonging to the mission. In the extreme lower part of Matafele are the spacious yards and buildings of the German Trading company, the German consulate, the cemetery of the French mission and a Protestant burying ground. Hotels and stores are likewise scattered through the district. In 1889 the town contained no regular streets; a long, straggling, sandy road ran parallel with the beach through the whole length of the two districts, and from this main thoroughfare small lanes, leading to the plantations and native villages in the interior, branched off at irregular interspaces. Two narrow rivers, bridged over, cross the main road on their course to the beach, one at Matafele, the other at Matautu. The river water, though taken in as supply by the shipping, is scarcely ever used for drinking or cooking by the foreign residents, every hotel and private dwelling is provided with large tanks for collecting rain water.

During my stay at Apia the town enjoyed a weekly newspaper, printed in English, called the "Samoa Times," the editor of which, Mr. Carruthers, was a scion of the Emerald isle, and the general tenor of his paper strongly anti-German.

There were not above half a dozen white women at Apia in 1889; most of the foreigners were married to half-castes or full-blooded Samoan women.

Fauna and Flora.

Tropical fruits of various kinds flourish on the islands, such as oranges, limes, bananas, cocoanuts, guavas, bread-fruit, etc. The latter grows in abundance, and forms a chief staple of food for the natives, but it is also largely consumed by the foreign population. When baked, like a sweet potato, and seasoned with salt and butter, it is by no means to be despised. Yams and taro thrive at Samoa, but potatoes and onions were not grown when I was there, but imported from New Zealand and Australia. Sugar cane grows in a wild state, and when I inquired why it was not cultivated on the plantations, I was informed that it would not pay, the Hawaiian islands, so much nearer of approach from San Francisco, offering too strong a competition for the American market.

Ducks and geese were procurable from the natives, who did not seem to relish them for food, but it was hard work to persuade them to sell chickens, for they preferred to consume "moa" as they called them, themselves. They were likewise very chary with their eggs, and consequently nearly all the foreign residents, especially the hotel keepers, raised their own poultry. Cattle and sheep for supplying the market with meat, arrived at regular intervals by the steamer Rhenmond from Auckland, N. Z. The North German Lloyd's steamer Lubeck carried freight and passengers between Sydney and Apia, making the trip direct in eight days. The price charged for the passage second class, was £4 10s sterling. There was also carried on a minor traffic between Apia and San Francisco in sailing vessels.

The currency of the islands consisted of Chilean gold and silver. English money, though obtainable at a premium, was never put in circulation, because the hotel and store keepers bought it up to pay for goods shipped to them from the British colonies.

No large wild animals exist on the islands, but some little distance inland from Apia, snakes of the boa species are found, particularly in the hilly districts at the sources of the rivers and in the vicinity of the cataracts, where there is a dense growth of very tall and sturdy trees. Scorpions and centipedes of large size are numerous; every house at Apia was infested with them. Their sting, though not exactly deadly poisonous, may nevertheless prove of a grave nature if proper remedies are not resorted to at once. Nobody thinks of retiring at night before first carefully overhauling the bed clothes and many people prefer sleeping in hammocks, with the lightest possible covering, for the nights are never really chilly as they are in some parts of the tropics. During the day it is intensely hot, even in the rainy season, and nothing but light, white clothing is ever worn on the islands.

The Samoans.

The Samoans, who are of a dark brown color, are a warlike race, disdaining work of any kind, the foreigners on the islands could no more hire a native to perform manual labor for wages than they could persuade him to don trousers, shoes, or in fact anything. All work on the plantations is consequently performed by blacks, imported from the New Hebrides, Solomon and other groups of islands.

With the exception of a loin-cloth, called "lavva-lappa," the male Samoans strode around in "puris naturalibus," not even protecting their heads from the fierce rays of the sun. They tattoo the whole upper body and even the legs down to the knees. Both men and women are very proud to possess red hair, the more firey the color, the better they like it. To gain this effect they cover the hair with a certain kind of white clay, found on the islands, which they apply in a moist state and let the sun and air dry it. After several days the hard substance is removed and a fresh mixture put on until finally the hair attains the desired color.

The women of the tribe wear short calico skirts, barely reaching the knees, and a cummerbund (waist-belt) of some bright color. Very few don chemises, the breast and arms are left completely uncovered.

A number of the young girls were being taught the rudiments of education by the sisters of the French mission. On Sunday afternoon they could be seen moving in a long procession toward the mission chapel, accompanied by their teachers, who had prevailed upon them to adopt the proper form of dress prescribed by civilization.

The boys of the tribe are from earliest youth taught the use of the rifle and shotgun by their elders, and like the children of the Dutch Boers in South Africa, they become expert marksmen as they grow up, and swell the ranks of the fighting forces. Anything the Samoans aim at is sure to drop. I have often watched them bringing down unerringly the wild pigeons that abound on the islands, from the highest tree tops.

The natives manufacture very pretty finger rings out of tortoise shell ornamented with mother-of-pearl and gold and silver designs. These rings together with javelins and other weapons, they sell to travelers. They also offer for sale curios in the from of red and blue coral, shells and scorpions and centipedes preserved in vials filled with alcohol. The women are very expert in making hats from the fibres of cocoanut palm fronds, which, after being bleached in the sun, are braided and plaited.

From the same material they also weave strong but pliable mats, on which they sleep on the floors of their huts. These hats and mats also meet with ready purchasers among the foreign residents and net the natives handsome sums.

The Samoans live in rude thatched huts, and their household goods are of the most primitive form. No liquor is allowed to be sold to the natives, and most of the money which they obtained from their sales when I was there was immediately invested in the nearest bakery for fresh baked bread, of which they are extremely fond. It was a common sight to see them leave town for their camps, carrying twenty or thirty loaves apiece in their panniers.

Local Troubles.

When I arrived at Apia, in January 1889, I learned that serious trouble had recently occured between the natives of King Mataafa's tribe and the Germans. Since the banishment from Samoa of the old king, Mahetoa, by the Germans, who were in favor of Tamasese (deceased April, 1891) ruling over the islands, frequent bloody conflicts took place between the natives of the latter's party and those who adhered to Mataafa, who was in direct line of following the exile king, and whose warriors consequently waged bitter war against their oppressors, the Germans. The natives of Savail, who supported Tamasese, were friendly toward the Germans, but those of Upulu committed constant open depredations upon their plantations in the vicinity of Apia.

At the time referred to above, the commander of the German squadron at Apia had by request of Dr. Knappe, the German consul, organized an armed boat expedition for the purpose of subduing the natives. Early one morning marines from the German squadron attempted to land on a strip of beach in the neighborhood of the hostile native encampments, but were thwarted in their designs. It was necessary, on account of the coral reefs that surround the beach, to disembark from the large cutters when shallow water was reached, and scrambling over the ledges, wade ashore. The natives occupied in preparing their morning meal, were watching the maneuvers of their enemies, and before the Germans had a chance to reach the beach they fired upon them from ambush, boulders of rock and the thick trunks of the cocoanut palms affording them excellent advantage over their foes, who were forced to beat a hasty retreat, leaving behind thirteen of their comrades dead, and carrying on board many wounded. Several of the dead bodies when recovered afterwards were minus the heads, which the natives had cut off for trophies.

A German, named Klein, a naturalized American citizen, who acted as war correspondent for the New York Herald, was living in the native camp, and it was positively asserted by all the Germans in Apia that at the time of the attack he had fired upon his own countrymen, the marines swearing that they saw him do so several times. This caused a great sensation in the town, and dire threats of vengeance were made by the Germans against the offender if he should ever fall into their hands.

The miscreant got wind of this and placed himself under the protection of the American consul, who sheltered him until he was quietly and secretly conveyed on board the Nipsic, which vessel took him to Tutuilla, whence he proceeded by steamer to Sydney.

Very Good Warriors.

The camp of Mataafa's followers was situated several miles beyond the limits of Apia and was fortified with a few small cannon. The natives possessed plenty of firearms and ammunition. They also had a number of large war canoes, built after the fashion of Chinese junks, the high prows profusely ornamented with pearl-shell and various gew-gaws.

A splendid set of fellows are these fierce looking, tattooed Samoan warriors, gigantic in stature, many of them over six feet tall, with well proportioned muscular limbs. The chiefs are distinguishable by the manner in which their long hair is plaited and piled up in a high compact bunch on the tops of their heads, which makes them appear of enormous height at a distance.

No native was allowed to enter the town armed, or prowl around late at night. A guard of forty German marines in command of several officers, were permanently quartered in a building belonging to the German trading company, and situated in close proximity to their yards, which were guarded night and day by a cordon of sentries. The police force of Apia consisted of half-breeds under command of a German named Marguard. In the Matautu district marines from the American and British warships were quartered to protect the consulates.

Influence of Kimberly.

There is not the least doubt that had it not been for the friendly solicitations of Admiral Kimberly of the United States squadron, who after his arrival at the islands, in conjunction with Consul Blacklock, exhorted Mataafa to refrain from rash and unwise acts of violence toward the Germans, the natives would have made a raid on the town. Crossing the rivers back of Apia on a dark night, and stealthily approaching through the densely wooded groves, they could have easily overpowered the guards and killed every German in the town. The king, however, who was extremely popular with his warriors, exercised his influence by repeatedly imparting to them the advice and admonition of his friends and counsellors, to desist from such acts, lest they wished to see their villages laid in ruins by the shells of the German warships, and thus an uprising was luckily averted. During this disturbed period, when the sentiments of the hostile parties were most bitter and unconciliatory toward each other, their feuds were peremptorily checked by the wrath of Divine Providence.

But a struggle—far more violent than that of war—was decreed for them against nature's infuriated elements, which subdued alike native and foreigner.

THE HURRICANE.

How the Winds and Waves Raised Havoc With the Fleets.

"It cometh—it cometh—the storm from afar,
Like a reed bows the bark to the hurricane's breath,
While trembles each timber and quivers each spar,
As o'er her frown darkly the cold rocks of death."

The first hurricane of the season occurred at Apia early in February, 1889.

There were in that port at the time the United States ship Nipsic, British cruiser Calliope, German corvettes Olga and Adler, American barkentine Constitution, German brigantine Matautu and a few small coasting vessels.

The Matautu, to which I belonged, was owned at Apia, but sailed under the German flag. We had come to Samoa from Honolulu via Howland island, and were chartered to load a cargo of cocoanuts at Vialilli, a small place near Apia, for San Francisco.

On the afternoon of February 2, whilst heaving up our anchors, preparatory to proceeding to the above mentioned place, the storm suddenly burst upon us out of a clear sky without the least warning, and before we could pay out sufficient chain to our anchors we were driven alongside the Calliope, fouling that vessels headgear.

As the night advanced the blasts of the gale grew fiercer and at 2 o'clock in the morning we began dragging both anchors and drifted directly under the bow of the Calliope, doing slight damage to her boom netting and tearing away her martingales. Capt. Kane, her commander, rendered us promptly assistance by sending a boat's crew with an anchor and heavy hawser, and with the aid of the British tars we were able to warp our vessel clear, whilst the Calliope paid out more chain to her anchors.

For a while we were able to hold our own against the tempest, as we were now lying to three anchors. At about 10 o'clock in the forenoon, however, the sudden violent blasts of the storm drove us again toward the Calliope. Capt. Kane, unable to pay out any more chain to his anchors, his vessel being in close proximity to a reef, once more sent a crew of men, in charge of an officer, to our assistance, and while we were engaged in heaving up the anchor for the purpose of bring it further out, our vessel was suddenly driven toward a reef and struck stern on with a shock that threw everyone to the deck. The vessel shivered from stem to stern as the heavy seas began breaking over her, and we soon discovered that a hole had been knocked in her bottom, and that she was filling rapidly. Our boats were stove, and the large man-of-war cutter, containing some of the Calliope's crew, barely escaped being dashed to pieces against the reef.

The officer and about a dozen men from the warship were on our forward deck when we struck on the reef, and unable to reach their boat, had to seek safety in the rigging along with the rest of us. No boats could make their way through the heavy breakers and get near enough to the wreck to take us off. To remain in the rigging was extremely hazardous, the masts were liable to fall at any moment, as the vessel began breaking up, and the only chance for our salvation was to jump overboard out of the rigging and try reaching the lower extremity of the reef, which extended shoreward.

All Jump Overboard.

One after another we plunged overboard out of the rigging, and after a desperate battle with the huge breakers that came rolling in over the reef at regular intervals, we finally succeeded in gaining a foothold on the coral ledge and cautiously scrambled over it until we reached the end close to the beach, where the water was smoother, and boats from the shore could come to our rescue. Luckily no lives were lost, but many of our party received severe injuries from being knocked about against the sharp coral by the furious breakers when we took our fatal dive into the seething surge.

The American barkentine Constitution, which had come to Apia from San Francisco with a general cargo, was wrecked during another severe storm about a week later. She was dashed to pieces on the large circular reef at the entrance of the harbor. Through the gallant efforts of the Nipsic's boats the crew were saved from a watery grave, but like those from the Matautu, they lost all their effects, having to jump overboard just as they stood. Crowds of people lined the beach on both occasions, witnessing the wrecking of these two vessels.

A spell of fine, calm weather set in after these disasters, during which the United States ships Trenton and Vandalia and several merchant vessels arrived at Apia. During the second week of March, however, the weather changed again, a dense smoky haze settled in the atmosphere, rendering it stifling and oppressive, as not a breath of wind was stirring. This state of things lasted for several days, and old residents of Apia knew from previous experience that something extraordinary was brewing and that ere long the elements would break forth in that tempestuous fury so often witnessed in those tropical latitudes of the Western Pacific, and of which the signs just described are generally the precursor, thus giving a fair warning.

As may be surmised every possible precaution was taken on board of the vessels in the little harbor. Their commanders no doubt considered it safer under the circumstances to remain in port instead of facing the storm at sea, though some of the vessels, especially the two merchantmen, would have fared better outside, as was proven later by the experience of the staunch Calliope.

The fleet in the harbor consisted of the United States ship Trenton, Admiral Kimberly's flagship; United States ship Vandalia, United States ship Nipsic, British cruiser Calliope, German corvettes Olga and Adler, German gunboat Eber, German iron bark Peter Godeffroy, from Sydney, with coal; Danish barkentine Argus, from Hamburg with coal, and some small coasting schooners, which were moored close to the beach.

The Great Storm Breaks Forth.

On Friday afternoon, March 15, the great storm broke forth, the gale blowing at first with but average force, but it soon increased, and at midnight the hurricane had reached a velocity of from seventy to eighty miles an hour, while the rain fell in torrents, accompanied by terrific thunder and lightning. Contrary to the general rule observed at sea, the rain instead of diminishing the fury of the gale, only increased it. The heavier the rain fell the fiercer were the blasts. All the men-of-war were under full steam but found themselves unable to keep up against the force of the storm and relieve the strain on their cables. The hard rocky bottom of the harbor afforded no holding ground to their anchors, which were steadily dragging, and the vessels were in extreme peril of colliding with one another at any moment.

Toward 2 o'clock in the morning on Saturday, March 16, the Eber, which had only lately returned to Apia from Auckland, New Zealand, was dashed on the treacherous circular reef heretofore mentioned, and sank with all hands on board. The vessel's crew consisted of eighty-four men, including the captain and officers. Out of this number nine were ashore on guard duty and thus escaped the awful doom of their unfortunate shipmates.

Shortly after this catastrophe the two merchant vessels, the Peter Godeffroy and the Argus, were likewise driven on the reef and totally wrecked. The crews of both vessels effected a timely escape in the long boats, and after a desperate struggle with the furious elements, finally succeeded in getting through the surging breakers and landed safely on the beach in the Matafele district.

The German corvette Adler was next in line of the doomed fleet. A huge wave lifted the vessel high out of the water and swept her on the top of the same reef on which only a short time before the Eber met her tragic fate. The Adler's masts fell and she turned over on her beam ends, with her keel pointed seaward, and in that position she remained lying securely fastened on the top of the reef.

When morning dawned, notwithstanding the terrible blasts of the hurricane and the torrents of rain, many of the foreign residents of the town began to gather along the beach, but it was utterly impossible to maintain an upright position in any unsheltered spot, so fierce was the wind. An awe-inspiring sight met the eye as one gazed out into the bay through the blinding spray and mist that was driven shoreward and at times obliterated all view. There, high on the reef lay the capsized Adler, towering up through the haze like a huge wall, her masts broken off short, and with fragments of yards and rigging still attached, dangling overboard, a complete labyrinth of wreckage. The batteries appeared well secured, for the guns and carriages were observed in their proper positions. Members of the surviving, hapless crew were at times seen moving about among the entangled wreckage under the lee bulwarks, trying to gain some place of shelter from the storm by crawling inside the capsized vessel through the hatchways. Ever and anon the seas would dash clean over the wreck, but its position—the deck turned shoreward—afforded a tolerable safe refuge to the people on board. No human efforts could avail to render them assistance. For the present they were destined to remain in their wretched condition until the terrible storm abated and they could be rescued. Until then nothing could be learned as to how many lives had been lost. The number ascertained afterwards was twenty-two.

Havoc on Shore.

Along the shore the storm had wrought havoc in every direction during the night. The sturdy trunks of the cocoanut palms had been snapped off by the tempest and lay across the road in all directions, and the accumulated wreckage washed ashore rendered progress extremely difficult. Among the wreckage on the beach were fragments of the Eber's bow, easily identified by their shape and the fancy gilt work on the black wood. It was surmised that the Eber's boilers blew up when she was dashed on the reef, for the faint noise of an explosion was heard at Matafele shortly before 2 o'clock in the morning.

At 7 o'clock the crew of the United States ship Nipsic came ashore, the vessel having been run on a strip of sand beach near Matautu point by Capt. Mullan, her commander, for the purpose of saving the vessel and crew. During the night the Olga had been in collision with the Trenton and Nipsic and the latter had her smokestack knocked down, which was rolling about the deck, endangering the crew as the vessel lurched and plunged in the heavy seas, but by means of tackles and chocks the huge pipe had been finally secured. The Nipsic had lost her stern post and rudder, and when the vessel was beached and the boats were lowered, one of them, the gig, capsized and seven men were drowned. The crew brought particulars about the rest of the fleet and the terrible struggle of the previous night.

During the afternoon the small coasting schooner Lily was swept some distance inland at Matautu by a huge wave and left standing in a clump of bushes close to the river's bank. The vessel was commanded by Capt. Douglass, the pilot for American and English vessels. Capt. Douglass, the cook and a passenger, a friend of the former, were washed overboard and only the captain, who was an expert swimmer, escaped with his life. He managed to get alongside of the Olga, which was lying close to, and to grasp a line that was thrown to him, by means of which he was pulled on board in an utterly exhausted condition. Proper care and attendance soon brought the sturdy Scotchman round, and when Baron von Ehrhardt, the commander of the Olga, learned who was on board, he sent for Douglass and consulted him as to a proper place for beaching his ship, in imitation of the Nipsic's maneuver. Under the able directions of the pilot the feat was successfully accomplished without the loss of a single life, and the deadly Olga, which only a short time previous had for the second time swung into the Trenton, now lay safely with her bow high on the beach, a large gaping hole, received during the last collision, in her stern.

The Calliope Escapes.

The Calliope was plunging about in the heavy seas in close proximity to a reef, but the ship's powerful engines not only enabled her to keep up against the furious blasts of the hurricane, but under full pressure she was able to steam over her anchors, which signifies that considerable slack could be maintained on her cables. When her commander ascertained this he decided after a consultation with his chief engineer, who vouched for the feasibility of the plan, to slip his cables, and leaving his anchors at the bottom of the harbor, proceed to sea under full pressure of steam, taking his chances on the open main rather than run the risk of losing his ship and crew by trusting to the narrow confines between the treacherous reefs of the harbor. Accordingly, about 3 o'clock in the afternoon, the Calliope slipped her cables and slowly, but surely steamed toward the narrow mouth of the harbor. As she passed close to the Trenton, Capt. Kane sang out to Admiral Kimberly, who was on the bridge:

"I slipped my cables and am going to sea!"

"Good luck to you!" shouted back the admiral, waving his cap, and a moment later the Trenton's crew manned the rigging and gave the memorable cheer to the Calliope, which was heartily responded to by the British tars.

This incident will long be remembered in the annals of the navies of the two respective countries, illustrating afresh the well known utterance of old Commodore Tatsall, viz: "Blood is thicker than water," relative to an incident at the attack of the Taku forts during the British war in China.

In Atalanta, a London magazine, of 1892, is published a spirited ballad by the Rev. Canon Rawnsley, entitled, "Well Done, Calliope." It begins:

"Come listen to my story
And tell it far and free,
How Englishmen won glory
That shall never cease to be,
When the gallant ship Calliope
Stood stoutly out to sea."

After telling of the bursting of the hurricane, it says:

"The wind blew west, the wind blew east,
We dropped our heaviest chain,
The sea was churned and flew like yeast
Before the thrashing rain,
And through the night of roar and spite
We fought the hurricane."

The story of the struggle with the storm continues in a series of spirited stanzas. After the parting cheer of the Trenton:

"Scathed by the dragon's teeth we passed
From out the jaws of hell,
We faced all day the howling blast,
Rose mountain high and fell,
And still far north towards the north
We steered, and all was well."

The Vessels Doomed.

As I stood with a group of other seafaring men in the friendly shelter of the doorway of the United States consulate at Matautu, watching the Calliope leave the harbor, and gazing at the Trenton and Vandalia, now the only vessels afloat, which were pitching and lurching fearfully in the trough of the heavy sea, I felt sorely dejected lest they should be doomed to a destruction which appeared almost inevitable. Both vessels were dragging slowly, but surely, toward a long dangerous coral ledge which extends close along the beach at Matautu, and my heart quailed when I thought of the many poor souls on board who were in imminent jeopardy.

For the benefit of the uninitiated I will state that it was impossible for the Trenton and Vandalia, both wooden vessels, to imitate the example of the staunch ironclad Calliope, for their engines were not of sufficient strength and power to force them ahead against the tempest. This will be readily understood when it is considered that, as already stated, under full pressure of steam they were unable to hold to their anchors. Earlier in the day both vessels might possibly have been successfully beached, but such an attempt was utterly impracticable now, for the storm was at its very height. The only hope for their salvation was that perchance the hurricane's fury would abate at sunset, to which everybody expectantly looked forward.

But the storm did not diminish in violence when daylight faded. On the contrary, as the evening advanced the gale was howling at the rate of eighty-five miles an hour. About 8 o'clock, just as I had reached my quarters at Matafele, news came from Matautu that the Vandalia had been driven on the reef heretofore mentioned, within a quarter of a mile from the beach and nearly abreast of the American consulate. In company with several other marines I started out to get back to Matautu, but it was an arduous task, for the sea was now washing across the road, inundating the gardens, and we had to crawl over fallen tree trunks and dilapidated fences that obstructed our path at every tsep. The night was intensely dark and it rained and blew as I had seldom seen it before.

A Dreadful Sight.

Arrived at last at the consulate, a sight met my eyes that will never be defaced from my memory. Amid the vivid flashes of lightning I discerned the Vandalia partly sunk between the reef, her officers and crew clinging in every available part of the swaying rigging to escape from being carried overboard by the tremendous seas that swept continually across the deck. The poor sufferers, drenched to the skin by the pelting rain and furious spray, were beset by yet another grave danger. The huge Trenton, swiftly dragging her anchors, was drifting toward the Vandalia broadside on, and it seemed impossible for her to avoid crashing into the partly submerged vessel.

Capt. Shoonmaker, of the Vandalia, had been violently thrown across his cabin during the previous night and was severely injured. One of his ears was nearly torn off and his head had been badly lacerated. His gallant first lieutenant, who had been on duty unceasingly all day and the previous night, and was himself utterly worn out, had tried hard to support him in the rigging, but it proved futile. The captain was unable to hold on, being too weak from loss of blood and exhaustion, and begged to be left on the quarterdeck, where he remained supporting himself by clinging to a stanchion. A terrible sea shortly after struck the deck, knocking the captain down between two of the guns, and ere he could recover himself and regain his foothold, another huge wave swept him overboard, and that was the last ever seen of him.

A boatswain's mate of the Vandalia, a noble, courageous fellow, who was an expert and daring swimmer, undauntedly, in true sailor style, volunteered to swim with a line toward the beach for the purpose of getting a hawser hauled ashore from the wreck.

Before the brave sailor got half way to the shore the treacherous undertow of the reef, which was seething and eddying like a whirlpool, drew him into the vortex and he perished.

Native Swimmers Powerless.

Consul Blacklock offered a reward of $500 to any person succeding in taking a line on board the ill-fated Vandalia, and two sturdy Samoans, who are wonderful expert divers and swimmers, made the attempt, but after battling in vain with the furious breakers for some time they were forced to abandon the hazardous venture, barely escaping with their lives. Shortly afterward the Trenton grounded solidly on the outer edge of the reef in close proximity to the Vandalia. From the Trenton's rocket apparatus a line was fired across the Vandalia's deck and a hawser successfully hauled aboard the former, by means of which the men who were in the fore and main rigging got safely on board of the flagship, but just as the hawser was about to be shifted to rescue the people in the mizzen rigging, the Vandalia's mizzen mast broke off short to the deck and forty-three men were carried overboard. Among them were the ship's purser and his clerk, who both had belts with a goodly amount of gold strapped around their waists.

The Trenton did not shift her position, but remained solidly imbedded on the reef. Her bottom was stove in and much water had collected on the lower decks, which forced the crew and the survivors of the Vandalia to remain all night on the upper deck.

After midnight the hurricane's force became spent and the weather gradually moderated. At daybreak on Sunday, March 17, it was bright and clear and though the wind was still blowing pretty fresh the sea had gone down considerably. Preparations for getting the survivors of the Adler ashore began early, the Samoan natives distinguished themselves in a praiseworthy manner by their endeavors to render all possible assistance. Boldly they plunged into the surf and lifted the famished and exhausted Germans—some of whom were almost naked—out of the boats, and carried them up the beach to their quarters. The Trenton's crew, numbering 484 officers and men, together with the survivors of the Vandalia—about 200 men—were transferred ashore during the day, and late in the afternoon Admiral Kimberly, the last man to leave the wrecked flagship, came ashore with his barge's crew. Orders were at once issued for the Nipsic's crew to repair on board their vessel, which lay aground on the beach, and patrols were sent around the town to bring the men together.

McArthur's spacious yard was put at the disposal of the admiral to serve as a camping ground for the ship's company of the Trenton, while the carpenters of the fleet, assisted by others from the town, hastily constructed a long wooden shanty for the accommodation of the Vandalia's crew.

Capt. Farquhar, of the flagship, and several other officers were provided with apartments in the firm's premises, while others found lodgings in private families and at the different hotels. Admiral Kimberly and his secretary erected their quarters at the residence of Mr. Moore, a rich American merchant, who owned the Tivoli hotel and a store at Apia.

Scenes on Shore.

It was a busy scene which I beheld at Matautu that Sunday evening. The shipwrecked men were spreading out and drying their clothes and bedding which had been brought ashore together with a lot of sails, from which tents and awnings had been erected in the yard, and after partaking of a substantial and bountiful meal, which they seemed to heartily enjoy after their long fast, the tired people prepared for a good night's rest on the greensward of the yard, under cover of the improvised awnings. Seven dead bodies, which had been washed ashore at Matautu during the forenoon, were buried that evening with military honors in the little Protestant cemetery back of the town.

While chatting with some of the officers and men of the American squadron I gained much information regarding various incidents that occurred among the fleet during the storm. I learned that only one life had been sacrificed aboard the Trenton. A colored man had been instantly killed by a fragment of wood from a stoven gunport shutter, which struck him in the head. I was told that the Vandalia's safe contained $40,000 in silver and that an attempt would be made by the divers of the fleet to raise it from the submerged wreck.

Early on Monday, March 18, notices issued and signed by Admiral Kimberly and Consul Blacklock, strictly forbidding the sale of intoxicating liquors to all sailors, firemen and marines of the United States navy were posted up in all hotels and saloons throughout the town, and for the purpose of enforcing the order marines were put on sentry duty day and night at the front and rear entrances of public resorts, barring admittance to all the above named. A sentry was also stationed on the bridge leading across the river into the Matafele district, and the American bluejackets were not allowed to cross and mingle with the German men-of-wars' men, who it was thought perhaps might take pity on the forlorn condition of their brethren of the sea and trying to cheer them, "set them up" in—well—in "spirits." But Uncle Sam's boys got liquor just the same in some way or another, and it kept the patrols pretty busy to bring hilarious stragglers into camp, and a goodly number of delinquents could always be seen in the temporary lockup at Matautu, doing penance in double "rope yarns," as the boys call it.

Three days after the storm the Calliope reappeared off the mouth of the harbor, but did not enter on account of the loss of her large anchors. She signaled that she had lost nearly all her boats while out at sea, and after standing "off and on" for a short time she proceeded to Sydney, Australia, taking two American and two German officers as passengers. These gentlemen were sent with minute and important dispatches to their respective governments by their commanders.

Damage Done by the Gale.

There were many sick and wounded among the Trenton's and Vandalia's men. A number had been seriously hurt during the storm, and by special request of the admiral, the steamer Alameda, of the Spreckels' line, called at Apia and took those who were in a precarious state to San Francisco. Early in May the steamer Brockton, chartered by the United States government, arrived at Apia, and a large number of the shipwrecked officers and men left in her for the same port. The Trenton's wardroom furniture and a lot of arms and munitions were likewise transported in the vessel.

The Olga and Nipsic were hauled off from the beach with the assistance of a number of the Samoan natives. The former went to Sydney to undergo extensive repairs in the dry dock, while the latter vessel after being provided with temporary steering gear, proceeded in convoy of the United States ship Alert to Honolulu, where she was put on the slip and received a new stern post and rudder, after which she went to Mare Island navy yard. The old hulk, completely housed over, is now lying peacefully at Port Orchard, Washington, doing duty as receiving ship, and is pointed out to visitors at that place as a memento of the great Samoa disaster.

Captain D. W. Mullan, who commanded the vessel at Samoa, was in Puget Sound waters last year in command of the United States ship Mohican.

The Vandalia's safe, with the large amount of specie, was recovered before I left Apia.

Only about twenty dead bodies were picked up altogether after the storm. This is not surprising when it is considered that a great number of sharks abound near the reefs at all times, but in all probability many of the cadavers were carried out to sea by the swift undertow.

The bodies of the purser and purser's clerk of the Vandalia, weighted down materially by the gold strapped around them, were never recovered, nor were Captain Shoonmaker's remains ever found.

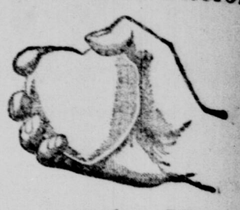
The following list comprises the exact number of lives lost in the catastrophe: United States ship Trenton, 1; United States ship Vandalia, including captain, 44; United States ship Nipsic, 7; German ship Eber, 75; German ship Adler, 2; schooner Lily, 2. Total, 151.

JOHN T. MICHAELIS.

Peru's Inauguration.

Lima, Peru, Sept. 18, via Galveston.—President-elect Errazuriz was inaugurated today. The following ministry has been definitely decided upon: Minister of the interior, Annibal Zanartu; foreign affairs, Enrique Deputron; justice, Adolfo Alzamel; finance, Jose Francisco Fabres; war and marine, Gen. Manuel Buttes; public works, Francisco Baez.

That Clutching Sensation



at the Heart

is almost instantly dispelled by a swallow of Vino-Kolafra, the African Tonic made from Sterculia Nuts. Vino-Kolafra governs heart action as the fly-wheel regulates machinery: it cures hysteria and nervousness.

Vino-Kolafra

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The wish to be strong, to feel one's self the equal of all men in all that makes man perfect, is at some time strong in the heart of every man.

Man! Are You Weak?

Are you not as vigorous in your nerve and vital forces as you should be? Do you find your manly strength giving way too early? Have you strong muscular power and weak vital powers? Do you notice that your capacity for business, study or pleasure, is waning? All these are signs of the loss of vital nerve force—Electricity—from your body. Replace it and be a man. Get back Nature's vitality which you have wasted by indiscretions or excesses.

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