

there was not a vestige of her to be seen. She struck fairly on her bottom, rolled over toward the open sea and disappeared from view. Every timber must have been shattered and all of the poor wretches aboard of her were crushed to death before they felt the waters closing above their heads. A cry of horror went up from hundreds of people on the beach, then with one accord they rushed to the water's edge nearest the point where the *Eber* had foundered. The natives swam into the surf far beyond the point where a white man could live, and remained, waiting to save any poor creature who might arise from the water. At first it seemed as if every man on the ill-fated steamer had gone to his death, but the breakers on the reef had hidden a few struggling souls who had come to the surface. Presently a man was seen clinging to the piling under a small walk. He was grasped by willing hands and drawn upon the shore. He proved to be Lieut. Gaedeke, of the *Eber*, and was the only officer of that vessel saved. Four of the sailors were seen struggling in the water about the same time, and were quickly rescued by the natives and all taken to the American consulate. Five officers and sixty-six men were lost. The *Adler* was now close to the reef, about 300 yards west of the point where the *Eber* struck, and likewise was approaching her doom, broadside on. In half an hour she was lifted on top of the reef and turned completely over on her side. Fortunately she was thrown so far up that nearly her entire hull was out of the water and her decks were facing the shore, so the men were comparatively protected. They had but a few yards to swim to shore, and the greater number were rescued. Of the 130 officers and men aboard, 20 were drowned or killed. When the *Adler* struck, many officers and men were seriously injured. Just after the *Adler* struck, the attention of every one was directed toward the *Nipsic*. She was standing off the reef, with her head to the wind, but the three anchors which she had out were not holding. The steamer was heaving toward the point where the *Eber* went down. She had on all the steam it was possible to carry, and had just succeeded in getting clear of the reef when the little schooner *Lily* got in her track and was cut down. The *Olga* was bearing down on the *Nipsic* at the time, and the latter vessel was trying to avoid a collision with the German, when she struck the *Lily*. Of the three men on board the latter schooner only Captain Douglass was saved; he managed to grasp one of the *Olga's* anchor chains and draw himself up on the steamer. The *Nipsic* then got well away from the reef and the men were preparing to hoist the heavy eight-inch rifle on the forward deck overboard to assist her anchors, when the *Olga* again came down upon her. The German struck the *Nipsic* amidships, and her bowsprit passed over the port side of the *Nipsic* and after carrying away a boat and splintering

the rull, came in contact with the smokestack. The smokestack was struck fairly in the centre, and fell to the deck with a crash like thunder. Great confusion ensued, the crew believing the steamer was going down, and many men ran up the rigging for safety. The iron smokestack rolled from side to side, the men on deck rushing around to keep clear of its track. Heavy blocks were finally placed under it, but by that time the *Nipsic* had swung around and was again approaching the reef. Having lost her smokestack, the *Nipsic* was unable to keep up steam power, and it was useless to attempt to steam out from the reef in the face of the wind. Captain Mullen, who was on the bridge, gave an order to beach the vessel. One anchor was slipped and the few pounds of steam which could still be used kept her in deep water until she had cleared the end of the reef, and when she finally struck the sandy beach the vessel swung around, forming an acute angle with the line of the shore. Orders were given to lower the boats. Five sailors jumped into one, but the falls did not work properly, and before the boat was lowered one end dropped. The men were thrown into the water and drowned. Another boat, containing Sergeant Derr and half a dozen sick men, was lowered in safety, but capsized before it reached the shore. The natives who were standing in the surf seized the floating men and passed them to the beach. Several other men on the *Nipsic* ran to the rail and jumped overboard, among them being Lieutenant Davenport. All reached the shore in safety but two sailors. By a desperate effort a line was got to the bow of the steamer and a double hawser passed ashore and made fast. Matanah's men gathered in great numbers in the surf and along the hawsers to assist the men on shore. The waves were rolling high on the beach and the undertow was so strong that the natives narrowly escaped being washed out into the bay. The terrible force of the wind cannot be imagined. The rain continued to pour and the clouds of flying sand grew thicker every moment. Above the roar of the wind and waves could be heard the shouts of the officers and men on deck, mingled with the loud cries and singing of the natives as they stood battling in the surf. Captain Mullen and several other officers stood by the rail and directed the movements of the men. The sick and injured were sent off first, and after that the men came down the ropes quickly. The waves were rolling so high that when the men had come ten feet down the hawsers they would often be entirely submerged, and nothing but the noble efforts of the natives prevented them being washed off and carried off by the current. Captain Mullen was the last to leave the *Nipsic*. The *Nipsic's* surgeon and his assistants were busy several hours administering restoratives to the wounded and exhausted men. There was not much shelter for the men to go to, however, and the dry clothing with

which they were provided was soon drenched by the terrible storm. They had been at work all night without food, and it was impossible to give them all food for some time. A great number of them visited the saloons, and many of them were soon intoxicated and quarrelsome. Lieutenant Fillettee and a small guard of American marines did everything in his power to preserve order, and several times the sailors had to be handled roughly, many of them being put in irons. About 10 o'clock in the morning the *Vandalia* and *Calliope* were seen to be in the most dangerous position, bearing back against the reef rapidly. The *Calliope* was nearest the shore and her bow was close to the stem of the *Vandalia*. Suddenly the great prow of the English vessel arose in the air on the crest of an enormous wave and came down with full force upon the port quarter of the *Vandalia*. The crash was awful. The jib-boom of the *Calliope* was carried away and the heavy timbers of the *Vandalia* were shivered. A hole was torn below the rail and the water rushed into the cabin. The men rushed up from the hatches, in the belief that the storm was sinking the vessel, and it was only after an effort that the officers persuaded them to return to their posts. Just after this collision Captain Jane of the *Calliope* determined to make an effort to steam out of the harbor, as he saw to remain in the present condition would lead to another collision with the *Vandalia* or throw his vessel on the reef. He gave orders to let go all anchors. The *Calliope* head was swung around to the wind and her powerful engines worked to their fullest capacity. The steamer seemed to stand still for a moment, then the rapidly revolving propeller had its effect and the vessel went up slowly against the great waves. She made headway first inch by inch, but gradually increased her speed until it became evident she could clear the harbor. As she passed the *Trenton* a great shout went up from 400 men on the flag ship, and three hearty cheers were given for the *Calliope*, which were returned with a will. The English vessel passed safely out of the harbor and steamed far out to sea, returning after the storm had abated. She sustained little injury outside of the loss of her boats. After the collision, when the excitement on the *Vandalia*, which followed the collision with the *Calliope*, had subsided a little, it was found necessary to act quickly to save the ship. Lieutenant Carlin, first officer, was practically in charge of the vessel, as Captain Schoonmaker had been thrown across the cabin the night before and seriously injured, his head being badly cut and one ear almost torn away. Notwithstanding his injuries, he faced the storm and stood by his first officer until finally swept off to his death. He was in such a weakened condition, he could do but little toward directing the movements of his ship. The highest praise is given to Lieutenant Carlin, who had been on duty since the