

Tuesday night, serenading our German friend, who, after a short but successful courtship, had secured for himself a *frou*. The newly wedded pair appeared to gratify the party, when they quietly dispersed.

RELIGIOUS.

Rev. Mr. Plummer will preach in the Presbyterian Church, on next Sunday, both morning and evening.

DEATH.

Mrs. Martha Moore, living near this town, died on Tuesday night, and was buried Thursday morning.

REMINISCENCES.

MEN AND THINGS OF LONG AGO.

What is the population of Elkton now? When I left there in the Fall of 1819, I think it could not have exceeded 300. There was one long street from east to west, which was not very straight. I suppose it is so yet. On the north side of it was the Fountain Inn. Just west was a huge stable with a door on the east side, near the corner; there was none on the street. I have been told by a gentleman lately there, that this is now converted to other uses. Just opposite was a frame house, two stories high. Here my father, Capt. Sample, lived several years. On the north side of the street, west of the stone structure, stood an ancient two-story brick house, called the Rudolph house, which fronted on the street, with four large rooms below and a hall; also the same above. In this building the Elkton Bank commenced business about 1815. On the west side was the cellar door; from that door you could see on the street west to where the road made a bend, some half mile distant, a little northward. There existed in my boyhood days this legend, that on the retreat of our forces in the Revolutionary war from Virginia to New Jersey, followed closely by the British, some of our boys were in this Rudolph house filling their canteens with wine. The British pretty soon appeared at that turn of the road, where one Hollingsworth lived, and our boys had to increase their speed in getting away. I remember that during the war of 1812 I met a detachment of Towson's artillery, under command of Major George E. Mitchell, on their way to the frontier. I remember well the imposing appearance of Col.—then Major—

LOSS OF THE VERA CRUZ.

THE CYCLONE'S FEARFUL WORK.

Bravery of General Torbert—A Survivor's Story of the Shipwreck—A Father's Anxiety for His Little Son—Scenes and Incidents of the Great Disaster.

The morning papers of Saturday last gave the first authentic information of the sinking of the steamer Vera Cruz, than which, probably, a more heart-rending marine disaster has rarely occurred. The blow was doubly severe to the friends of General Torbert in this town, they not being aware that he was a passenger on the ill-fated steamer. He had, however, taken passage on her en route to Mexico as a representative of certain American capitalists interested in the construction of a railroad there, he being accompanied by Mr. A. K. Owen, a civil engineer of Chester, Pa., one of the few survivors of the wreck, and whose interesting narrative we publish below.

The City of Vera Cruz was built in 1874 by J. English & Son, at Greenpoint, L. I., for the F. Alexandre & Son's Line, and was employed in the trade between New York and Havana and Mexico. She was a wooden vessel, 287 feet in length, 37 feet beam, 26 deep and had a draught of 19 feet of water. Her tonnage was 1,874 tons. She was brigantine rigged, had two masts, one smoke stack, and was propelled by a screw 15 feet 6 inches in diameter with a pitch of 23 feet. She had three decks; her timbers were of white oak, chestnut and hickory. Two cylinders engines supplied the motive power. The vessel was strengthened by iron strips and was considered one of the staunchest in the line. The cabins of the vessel were finely finished and comfortably furnished; electric bells were provided for communication between the different departments. The mail-room was next to that of the purser, near the centre of the ship. There were eight lifeboats in all—four on the port side and four on the starboard side. The place where the baggage was stored was about midships. The steamer sailed from New York Wednesday, August 25, bound for Havana, and thence for Vera Cruz. Up to Saturday the voyage was uneventful. For several days, however, the wind had been blowing from the northeast—an un-

name of the seamen are: Charles second assistant engineer; The gold, oiler; Charles Bradenbu master; James Kelley, John and Mason Tolbert.

They give the most graphic of appalling and harrowing took place previous to and after of the steamship.

MR. OWEN'S EXPERIENCE

Mr. Owen, who is an intelligent gentleman, about thirty, made the following statement written since landing: "On Saturday 1 p. m., Captain Van Bico said officer, Mr. Harris. 'We are getting a heavy blow; the barometer is falling; I dread the hurricane.' The load, consisting of cars for Mexico, oil, acids, and vegetables, was on board. The cyclone struck us at 1 p. m., on Saturday, with terrific rain, almost throwing on her beam ends. It was very move about without clinging. Everything in the cabin was swept to starboard. The wind was and the vessel was steering so. During the evening water poured through the windows, and the main saloon rooms were filled with water. Passengers cheered and encouraged and all manifested great confidence and all manifested great confidence. Mr. A. Torbert was remarkably at ease and did much by his words of encouragement and support all the passengers.

On Sunday at 1 A. M., the weather was dry. The drag, too small for assistance, was put out, but it was of no use. At 5 A. M., the fire was extinguished and the steam engine. The dummy engine was and continued until the steamer

CHEERFUL PASSENGER

The passengers, however, at in good cheer, and though the them from the deck they seen the passage. On Saturday fore and aft sails were set, as they then blowing fresh from south o'clock p. m. on Saturday, the heard to remark to Mr. Harris, "I have just noticed the barometer is falling rapidly. We have a hurricane." Orders were to cut up and throw the barrels also the barrels of oil, cases of cases of vegetables on deck. The of the cyclone struck us on the about 1.35 p. m. and listed the on her beam ends. From this came next to impossible to walk out clinging to chairs, tables and tionary furniture of the cabin, movable objects in the saloon were thrown from port to starboard, exceedingly dangerous. The wind this time northeast, and the steering south by east.

tor, and our boys had to increase their speed in getting away. I remember that during the war of 1812 I met a detachment of Towson's artillery, under command of Major George E. Mitchell, on their way to the frontier. I remember well the imposing appearance of Col.—then Major—Mitchell. He was, I think, over six feet in height, and made a very fine looking soldier as he sat on his horse in full dress uniform. I remember well what an impression he made upon my boy mind. I don't wonder that Miss Hooper, after the war, surrendered to him, if she saw him under such circumstances as I did. Those were exciting times, and even now when I think of all that the British Government sought to impose upon the Americans, my old blood, even now at eighty years of age, impels me to think but little of England. She is suffering now, and will suffer more, in attempting to impose upon the weak. During the excitement, caused by the war, we had stirring times. I remember that in the early part of the war there was a company from Lancaster, Pa., quartered in the dwelling house attached to Whann's mill property. It was a two-story frame house, and stood across a four-acre lot as you went across the lot to the mill. I remember it so distinctly, because my good mother sent me so often to carry garden vegetables to the soldiers there. They were there for some time. There was a large body of Pennsylvania troops quartered at Kennett Square, a post in that State. On Bull's Mountain, near the confluence of the Susquehanna and Elk rivers, a watch was kept over the British fleet for perhaps fifty miles down the bay. Their ships lay there, and from thence they sent their barges up the small streams to do their devilment. They had the control of the mouth of the Chesapeake bay, and it was from their ships that they sent their barges to destroy the city of Washington, which ought to bring the blush to every intelligent and Christian Englishman's cheek to-day. At the point spoken of—"Bull's Point," as it was called, a lookout was kept, and a chain of vedettes was established from that point to Kennett Square, where the body of Pennsylvania troops was maintained. It was twenty miles from Bull's Mountain or Turkey Point, and as there were no telegraph lines then known, word was sent every hour to this body of troops in Pennsylvania. The vedettes were sent every hour, and the vedette stations being ten miles apart, each one had it to make in an hour, if there was danger apprehended. I have often seen those men come to the Fountain Inn, in Elkton, the sweat in a stream running from their horses. The troops never had to come from Kennett Square. After the enemy's signal defeat at North Point and Fort M'Henry, at Baltimore, they withdrew in great disgust. I am a man, and an American at that, and when two nations go to war, and England is one of them, my feelings will be against her. Those who live long enough to see it, will yet see England wiped out from among the best of nations. I am but a man, I feel as a man, and I would not be sorry if England was blotted out in my life-time. God is just.

I was about to remark about the population of Elkton when I got off on these old war matters. There was but one principal street in Elkton. There was what was called

Boats in all—four on the port side and four on the starboard side. The place where the baggage was stored was about midships. The steamer sailed from New York Wednesday, August 25, bound for Havana, and thence for Vera Cruz. Up to Saturday the voyage was uneventful. For several days, however, the wind had been blowing from the northeast—an unusual thing at this time of the year—and on Saturday leaden colored clouds began to appear in the horizon, and there were other indications of a coming storm. Late in the afternoon the wind began to blow a gale, and still no alarm was felt. At this time the Vera Cruz was between eighty and ninety miles from the Florida coast, a little north by east from St. Augustine, Fla. She was headed south, of course, and was running comparatively near the land in order to avoid the current of the Gulf Stream.

Up to this time no danger had been felt as to the ability of the vessel to weather the gale. She was an unusually strong wooden steamer, and had passed through some severe storms on her trips to and from Havana. Moreover, she was in the hands of old and experienced officers in whom the greatest confidence was placed and no one conceived of the terrors of the night that was before them. As the

GALE INCREASED IN FURY,

piling the angry waves higher and higher the officers and crew began to realize that the storm would be one of terrible severity. An unusual fall in the barometer during the preceding twenty-four hours had almost made them apprehensive. Everything was done to prepare the vessel for the cyclone which, it was evident, was about to burst upon them. Fiercer and fiercer grew the gale. The waves lashed the sides of the ship furiously; and the thought that the control of her might be lost blanched the cheeks of the stoutest man. The darkness of the night increased the terror which had seized the passengers. It was impossible to hear the orders of the officers. The waves were overpowering, and shook the huge vessel like a leaf. Again and again they swept the men from their feet, and angrily churned the sea into foam that could be only dimly seen. To add to the horrors of the night a dense fog arose and enveloped the ship, giving everything a death-like, clammy touch. Stronger yet blew the hurricane until the waves seemed about to swallow up the doomed vessel. One after another the boats were shattered to splinters or torn from fastening and carried off into the darkness. Huge waves battered off pieces of the bulwarks, and the wind howled through the rigging like a thousand demons.

Finally, at about midnight, a drag was thrown out to keep the steamer before the wind, and for a time this served its purpose. But soon the hurricane became wilder, and the great waves, apparently as high as the masts, began to break over the steamer, tearing off pieces of the hurricane deck and tossing the steamer about in the trough of the sea like a corkle shell. At last the deck was

came next to impossible to wade out clinging to chairs, tables a flonery furniture of the cabin movable objects in the saloon thrown from port to starboard, exceedingly dangerous. The this time northeast, and the steering south by east.

FLOODING THE CABIN

During the evening three the main saloon were carried waves poured considerable y saloon and state rooms, settling. By midnight the passengers were sitting upon or lying on the saloon conversing with and a other, yet good cheer was many were the exchanges of w between them all. The serv passed around them, added to ing. Major General A. T. of the United States Army, had out of his state room (No. 5, the first on the port bow, ca evening. He then came to me room No. 27.

GALLANT TORBERT

He had been thrown again the afternoon and had cut his which troubled him considerable freely, but he was in his best humor, speaking a cheering v assisting a man there and att women and children everywl on the saloon floor for a part but was flooded out, and the laid with me; bringing his which we threw over us to pr the water dripping in from sides. At 1 o'clock P. M. the was dry. The drag was put versed and was useless. It wa ready until this time and was service, even if in proper order the ship took a heavy sea and the fires out, immediately stop gines.

PASSING THE BUCKETS

The donkey engine then sta going when the ship sank, came hurriedly below, calling Torbert, and said that the cap him to tell the passengers to sit the crew or the vessel w We immediately got up. I deck and to the floor of the where I assisted to pass the b hour. Captain Van Sice was the top passing water while. It was of no use. The sea was breaking over the vessel and c in large quantities between donkey engine was working any purpose. After this I w loon and told General Torbert going to pieces and fast filling, remained but for us to get li upon the women. General T hurt him so that he did not g buckets.

NO EXCITEMENT.

There was no such thing as e board—even the children wer reasonable. Each assisted the ranging life preservers, and C bert was like a sunbeam, in joking with all while he assis The storm at this time was Such waves, wind and rain c described. The ship listed to be nt every wave, and it was just

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ITEMS.

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her. Those who live long enough to see it,
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land was blotted out in my life-time. God
is just.

I was about to remark about the popula-
tion of Elkton when I got off on these old
war matters. There was but one principal
street in Elkton. There was what was called
Back street, but it had no beginning or end-
ing. It ran east by west. Then there was
a cross street from the west side of the court
house, which ran north by the jail, and then
out towards Gilpin's, in the country. Then
there was a street from the bridge past the
old Market house and Tobias Rudolph's out
into the country. There was a short street
leading to the church a little east of the new
Bank. What a faculty memory is. I sit
here and in my mind map out Elkton as it
was when I was a boy. I would like to
know what has become of all the boys and
girls I used to know. I think that Jacob
Howard is there, but where are the others?
I recollect Jim Pugh, Isaac Wilson, John
Miles, Samuel Groome, George Kenner, and
Dick Peacock. I think that when I last
saw Isaac Wilson, he was inclined to be
religious, but what it resulted in I do not
know. I remember that, when a boy going
to school, I used to pass a part of the back
yard of the court house, and could see the
pillory and the whipping post. I am of the
opinion that, after all that is said about the
barbarity of the lash, it is to be commended.

I think I can count the houses on the north
side of Main street from the east to the court
house. Beginning with William Alexan-
der, next was old John Anderson, who kept
a kind of shop for candy and the like; this
stood alone. Then next came Robert John's
cabinet shop; then John Gottier's store; then
Purnell's tavern, followed by Dr. Mitchell's
shop; then next was Peter miles' beer and
cake shop; then two houses. Next, I think,
was the old Black Rock tavern, kept by a
Wilson; then came the new Bank, followed
by a large lot; next came Wm. Howard's;
then an alley, closed with a gate; then the
residence of Alexander Scott, and then ad-
joining was Scott's store; then an alley run-
ning to Scott & Richardson's stage stables.
Then came a dwelling and store house that
was occupied about the year 1817 by Rev. J.
Sharpley as a dwelling and store house; fol-
lowed by the Fountain Inn; then a stage
gate going into the stables; then the old
stone stable; then came the old Rudolph
house, on the west side of which stood the
old Whann store room, where Levi Evans,
in 1819, sold goods; then came the court
house. Going north on a street we came to
the jail, old and hoary in appearance. There
was a legend in my boy days that old Ben
Becket, once in there for crime, got his re-
lease by cutting his throat. I always thought
of death and gloomy things when I passed
it. It was a terrible looking place to us
boys, and we always made it a point to go
quietly by it. It then had a yard on the
north side, which was inclosed with a stone
wall as high as the roof of the building.
There was a yard or lot on the east contain-
ing nearly an acre of ground.

Fish hawks and eagles abounded in the
vicinity of Elkton, as I suppose they do
yet. One day as I was passing along the
street, I heard high in the air the scream of
a fish hawk that was being pursued by a
rapacious eagle, and looking high in the air
I saw the contest. It was a day of bright
sunlight, and I could see them distinctly.

Finally, at about midnight, a drag was
thrown out to keep the steamer before
the wind, and for a time this served its
purpose. But soon the hurricane be-
came wilder, and the great waves, appar-
ently as high as the masts, began to
break over the steamer, tearing off pieces
of the hurricane deck and tossing the
steamer about in the trough of the sea
like a cockle-shell. At last the deck was
swept clean. The rigging and sails were
torn to pieces. The drag ceased to keep
the steamer before the cyclone that was
raging fiercely. The hatches were torn
from their iron fastenings, and were
swept overboard. As the billows rolled
resistlessly the length of the ship, the
water poured in a flood into the hold. All
hope was lost. Soon the engines stopped.
The water had put out the fires, and the
ship was at the mercy of the winds and
waves. The terrible cry was raised that
the vessel would founder soon. But there
was no relief. The donkey-engine would
not work. An attempt was made to re-
lieve the steamer by throwing some of
the cargo overboard. But several of the
men were swept from the deck into the
seething sea, and this was abandoned.
Bravely and manfully the officers and
crew worked for the safety of themselves
and their passengers, but one by one
they were carried away and lost. Cheer-
ed by the light in the east, and hoping
that with daybreak the storm would lull,
the men still left on board did all that
could be done to save the ship. Finally
between 3 and 4 A. M., Captain Van Sice
was swept from his post, and it was evi-
dent that the vessel would founder in a
short time. Life-preservers, and in fact
everything that would float, were seized,
and the crew and passengers awaited the
terrible fate that seemed to stare them
in the face. The vessel had been driven
in a northwest direction, and was even
yet a score and a half miles from the
Florida coast. There was little hope of
reaching the land, even if one could man-
age to live in the awful sea. At last the
end came. Shortly before 6 A. M., the
ship gave a fearful lurch and plunged
into the sea, carrying many with it.

THE BORNES IN THE WATER

after the steamer went under were terri-
ble. Those who had not been carried
down by the suction struggled manfully
against fearful odds. Cries of agony fill-
ed the air as one by one the unfortunate
men and women became exhausted and
loosed their hold upon the spars, doors,
and pieces of the cargo and wreck that
had kept them up for a brief time. The
dashing waves, still high and furious,
separated friends and carried them miles
apart.

Three days later—those scenes occurred
on the morning of Sunday, August 20—
the attention of some fishermen who
were on the reefs and beaches a few miles
below St. Augustine was drawn to some
mail matter that had been washed ashore.
One of the mail-bags was partially filled
with letters for Cuba and Mexico, which
bore the postmark of "Paris, Franco,

There was no su-
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boys, and we always made it a point to go quietly by it. It then had a yard on the north side, which was inclosed with a stone wall as high as the roof of the building. There was a yard or lot on the east containing nearly an acre of ground.

Fish hawks and eagles abounded in the vicinity of Elkton, as I suppose they do yet. One day as I was passing along the street, I heard high in the air the scream of a fish hawk that was being pursued by a rapacious eagle, and looking high in the air I saw the contest. It was a day of bright sunlight, and I could see them distinctly. The fish hawk finally became exhausted with his flight, leaving the fish to carry, and dropped it; but the hawk was not to be outdone, and, contrary to their usual wont, came to the ground and took it up. I have never seen a fish hawk in the West. Their nests are visible a great distance.

I alluded to the whipping post and pillory in the back yard of the court house. I used to think it a relic of barbarism. I doubt it now. I think that Delaware is about right. Give the offender, for many minor offenses, the choice of punishment, whether fine and imprisonment for getting drunk and blackening his wife's eye, and generally he will prefer the fine and imprisonment. Why? Because by fine and imprisonment he is simply being deprived of the liberty of getting drunk again for ten days; and by whipping is meant laying on his naked skin forty lashes, saving one, as the old Roman and Jewish laws did. And the result of those lashes was the blood following the lash, thus making on the back thirty-nine sore places. Let our offenders of the West have their choice, and they would choose the jail all the time, with a committee of precious, godly women to see that the prison is nice and clean and their food good. I never saw a person suffer the lash. Going to school one morning, I saw a healthy colored woman standing in the yard, waiting to be publicly whipped, her back being bare to the waist. And what for? Simply for running away! Yes, a good looking image of Christ to be whipped, because some brute of a man claimed property in her, and because she wanted to go, perhaps, to see her husband or child who was owned or claimed by another! Thank God, the world does move now, and moves in the right direction. I thank God that I live in a day when property in human flesh and blood is not tolerated.

THOMAS J. SAMPLE.

dashing waves, still high and furious, separated friends and carried them miles apart.

Three days later—those scenes occurred on the morning of Sunday, August 20—the attention of some fishermen who were on the reefs and beaches a few miles below St. Augustine was drawn to some mail matter that had been washed ashore. One of the mail-bags was partially filled with letters for Cuba and Mexico, which bore the postmark of "Paris, France, August 13;" and other letters that were found were postmarked "New York August 28"—the day on which the Vera Cruz sailed on her fatal voyage. This was the first intimation which people on shore had that the steamer was lost; and communication with the New York City Post Office officials confirmed the belief that was first entertained in St. Augustine, whether the letters were immediately carried, that the lost steamer was the Vera Cruz.

A further search along the shore south of St. Augustine was begun. For miles the beaches were strewn with portions of the cargo and wreck, and the personal effects of the passengers and crew. Thirty miles south of St. Augustine several bodies were washed ashore, and were buried with simple and impressive ceremonies by those who found them. Here washed ashore the body of General A. T. A. Torbert, of Millard, Delaware, who was one of the passengers. The body was buried on the grounds of J. H. Botsch, who lives near Daytona, a town nearly opposite Mosquito Inlet. Nine other bodies were also buried—three being women and girls, one thought to be a sailor and two supposed to be steerage passengers. Among the bodies was that of an old gray-haired man. Descriptions of the bodies were taken and the clothing and trinkets were retained as a means of identification.

Three passengers and eight seamen were all who reached shore alive; of these one passenger and six seamen arrived in this city on Saturday. The passenger is A. K. Owen, of Chester, Penn. The

Miss Sadie Fay asked me in manner to take care of her, but her and to the others that there to be done but to stick to the s were washed from her, and the the fragments as long as possi plan was carried out by over The captain was seen just b smashed in the port side of the at twelve minutes past 4 A. M., he got excited and jumped was swept away is not known

KILLED IN THE LIFE

Mr. Harris, first officer, the and one or two more of the eye starboard bay light and were the boat could be got free. M his engineers stood by the ship. The quartermaster, William C sailor, name unknown, stood until the ship sank. The c came near the passengers durin nor did he send to inquire int tion, and it may be sincerely other passengers may be left t less and indifferent a man. It A. M. that the ship went down the middle and filling the s ments of stores, trunks and m

A WRECK STREWN SI

To say there were ten mill wrecked stores all flashing i minutes after the ship went to lie gross exaggeration, but eve a statement no idea could be to the state of the case. A children, horses, oats and rats went in, through and over the waves were fifty feet high, not ridges, but in peaks like su Four peaks beating like surf other. When we went up on it go down on the other side, but over at the top and sent rollin air to the opposite one, and forth. This lasted about ten after which the waves took a character and came in swells we whirled down and over th posite side.

GENERAL TORBERT PIC

General Torbert was picked Smith, one of the crew, about utes after the ship sunk.