The Somerset Herald.

EDWARD SCULL, Editor and Proprietor

WEDNESDAY.....September 8, 1886.

REPUBLICAN NOMINATIONS.

STATE TICKET.

FOR GOVERNOR,
GEN. JAMES A. BEAVER,

FOR LIEUTENANT-GOVERNOR,
HON. WM. T. DAVIES, of Bradford.

FOR AUDITOR GENERAL,
A. WILSON NORRIS, of Philadelphia.

FOR SECRETARY OF INTERNAL AFFAIRS,
THOS. J. STEWART, of Montgomery.

COUNTY TICKET.

FOR CONGRESSMAN-AT-LARGE,
EDWIN S. OSBORNE, of Luzerne.

FOR CONGRESS,
EDWARD SCULL, of Somerset Borough,
Subject to the decision of the Republican District Conference.

FOR STATE SENATE,
JOHN R. SCOTT, of Somerset Borough,
Subject to the decision of the Republican District Conference.

FOR ASSEMBLY,
JAMES L. PUGH, of Somerset Borough.
NOAH S. MILLER, of Jenner Township.

FOR ASSOCIATE JUDGE,
SAMUEL WALKER, of Allegheny Township.
OLIVER P. SHAVER, of Quemahoning Twp.

FOR DISTRICT ATTORNEY,
FRED. W. BIESECKER, of Somerset Borough.

FOR POOR HOUSE DIRECTOR,
FREDK SCHMUCKER, of Somerset Township.

FOR COUNTY SURVEYOR,
WILLIAM BAKER, of Milford Township.

IT is "Boss" Wolfe already.

OVER forty thousand people attended the Grangers' annual picnic at Williams Grove on Thursday last.

CONGRESSMAN SCOTT'S barrel has not yet secured him sufficient Republican support to induce him to accept the re-nomination tendered by his Democratic friends and admirers.

THE quaking felt throughout Pennsylvania on Tuesday night of last week, is as a mere nothing to the shaking up the Democracy will get at the election in November next.

THE Democratic organs are just now directing their best energies to the support of Wolfe for Governor. In the sweet bye and bye, they may discover that they have overdone the thing, to the detriment of their own candidate.

WHEN selecting Wolfe as their candidate for Governor, the Prohibitionists should have followed the example of the small boy who wrote to Santa Claus for a pony—but added in the postscript, "If the pony is a mule please tie his hind legs."

THE Republicans of Pennsylvania are committed to the proposition that if the people of the State want a prohibitory liquor law, they shall have it. While the Prohibitionists, who profess to want the same thing, are doing everything in their power to defeat the Republicans and prevent prohibition.

THE Democratic organs are loudly proclaiming that they "have made the cause of the workingmen their own." The only thing of consequence their State Convention did was to nominate a candidate for Governor who opposes protection to American labor, and advocates free whiskey.

OUR Prohibition friends start out in their campaign with a good sized row in their ranks. H. D. Patton, Chairman of their State Committee has resigned, and the committee has been called together to select a more super-serviceable successor. Mr. Patton was forced to resign by the insolent bossism of Wolfe, who insisted upon dictating and controlling the campaign.

THE Prohibition platform declares for prohibition pure and undefiled, and it denounces and repudiates the submission plank in the Republican platform as deceptive and a snare. As the submission to a popular vote of a prohibitory amendment to the Constitution, is the only method provided in that instrument by which prohibition can be arrived at, we would like to know how these repudiators of the Constitutional method propose to arrive at their professed object. In no other way than that provided for in the Constitution, and recommended in the Republican platform can it be accomplished. Therefore, we are forced to the conclusion that these political prohibitionists are intent solely on building up a third party. They propose no practical method, and oppose everything proposed by others.

IT is very amusing to those acquainted with the antecedents of Chauncey F. Black to find Democratic newspapers urging the farmers to vote for him, because "his father was a plough-boy in his youth," and because he (Chauncey) "has close sympathy with the farming interests of the State." Mr. Black has devoted his entire life to legal, political and literary pursuits, and could scarcely distinguish a potato from a turnip until he became the owner of the few acres of ground where he now resides, joined the grangers, and commenced cultivating the farmers for their votes. He has "close sympathy," doubtless, with such farming interests as tend to Democratic success, and none other. His sole claim to fame is based on his record as a writer on the New York *Sun*, and as the custodian of the spirit of Jefferson. What he don't know about farming or farming interests would fill a very large volume.

THE centre of the great earthquake that shook up the country from the Atlantic sea coast to the Mississippi river on Tuesday night of last week, was at or near Charleston, South Carolina. No equally calamitous disturbance has ever occurred in the United States. Coincidentally with the shocks which wrecked and rendered uninhabitable two-thirds of the houses in Charleston, the ground trembled and cities and villages were shaken throughout half the Union, and it appears providential that less than fifty persons lost their lives under the falling buildings of Charleston. From three to ten distinct shocks were felt in different parts of the country, and they are still continued at Charleston and in the adjacent country. On Friday night last, several wrecked houses in that ill-fated city where shaken down, and again on Saturday tremors of the earth were distinctly felt. The utmost terror still prevails, especially among the colored people, and almost the entire population has camped out, or are living in tents in the parks and public squares. The story is told so far as we have space for it, in this issue of our paper.

THE New York *Sun*, on which the Democratic candidate for Governor of this State is an editorial writer, in its issue of a few days since publishes an article, possibly a contribution from Mr. Black's own pen, going to show what "a good chance this year" the Democrats have to carry the State, and elect him (Black) Governor. Says this sanguine article:

The nomination of Mr. Black is received by the Democratic press of Pennsylvania, and by the Democrats generally throughout the State, with an enthusiasm that betokens a vigor as campaign, with excellent prospects of victory in November. The preliminary contest seems to have left little hard feeling on the part of the Democrats who supported ex-Senator Wallace. All hands are ready to join in and make a good fight. * * * In more respects than one Lieutenant Governor Black is an ideal candidate for the Democrats of Pennsylvania to run against the man whom Boss Quay named a few weeks ago. Clean, upright, able, brilliant, beloved, he has moreover, the prestige of success in the only political canvass in which he as a candidate was ever before this concerned.

Four years ago Mr. Black's name lent strength to the Pattison ticket. The Republican candidate then, as now, was General Beaver, and the insolent dictation which forced him upon the party as the representative of Rings and Bosses and corporation interests caused the Independent bolt that divided the Republican vote that year. * * * The total Republican vote in 1882 was 369,332, or only 3,541 more than was polled for Pattison and Black. And yet some of our esteemed contemporaries are talking as if the Democratic candidate for Governor of Pennsylvania, in any year when no split divides the Republican party, is merely the leader of a forlorn hope against an assured majority of from forty to seventy thousand. Pattison and Black came within 3,600 votes of a majority over Beaver and Stewart combined.

That does not end the matter. In 1882 the Prohibition vote, drawing chiefly from the Republican side, was insignificant. This year the prohibition movement, still drawing largely from the Republican side, bids fair to equal in size and importance the Stewart defection of 1882. The Prohibitionists who have been Republicans, in Pennsylvania as in other States, are disgusted with the apathy and treachery of the Republican managers. They have perfected their organization, given over all thought of compromise, and under able leaders are preparing to make an aggressive campaign on the distinct issue which they have so closely at heart. This counts against Beaver.

On the other hand, the large Greenback-Labor vote of 1882 was chiefly at the expense of the Democratic ticket. The Greenback question has dropped out of sight. The labor interests could ask for no better representative than this year's Democratic candidate. The record of Mr. Black on every question affecting the prosperity of the workingman, his universally recognized attitude toward the corporations which have defied the new Constitution, the platform on which he stands in the present contest, are all such as to warrant that he will receive a great part of the vote that was cast for Armstrong four years ago.

No, it is not a forlorn hope that Chauncey Black leads in Pennsylvania. The situation is full of hope for Pennsylvania's Democracy; and victory there this fall is a prize worth contending for with all the remarkable energy that inspired the party in 1882, and with that reasonable confidence in success which counts so much towards success.

It will be seen from this upon what basis Mr. Black builds, and upon what he calculates for victory. In the first place, he claims as Democrats the entire vote cast for Pattison and himself in 1882, when the veriest tyro in State politics knows that thousands of Republicans emphasized their hostility to the ticket, by voting directly for Pattison: and he also ignores the bitter factional fight going on in his own ranks. But let that pass for what it is worth. The most careless of readers cannot fail to observe that Mr. Black's main hope is based upon the expectation that Wolfe, with his Prohibition following, will carry off enough Republican votes to secure the success of the Democratic ticket. And truth to say, herein lies the danger of the Republican candidates. It can be met and obviated in one way only, and that is by getting out the full Republican vote. That the Prohibitionists are knowingly and determinedly playing into the hands of the Democrats, and that their candidate and leader is more venomously hostile to General Beaver than are his natural enemies—the Democrats—has been clearly demonstrated, and now that it is evident that Democratic success is based upon the aid and comfort expected from these allies, it can and must be met and overcome by polling the full Republican vote. Therein lies our confidence of success. A full Republican vote will outnumber the combined forces of the allies and put them to route. Up, and at them, friends! The Republicans of the country look to you for success.

WHISKEY SOURS.

The Philadelphia *Times* says that the Pennsylvania prohibition whistle has grown to a battle bugle. Are the Prohibitionists going "on a toot?"—*Louisville Courier-Journal.*

If our Democratic friends in Pennsylvania coddle that Prohibition movement too much it may react against them and succeed in electing the Republican candidate for Governor in that State.—*Cleveland Plain Dealer (Dem.).*

The organ of the Philadelphia hotel and saloon keepers urges its patrons to aid the Wolfe-Prohibition movement. No wonder the Chairman of the Prohibition State Committee has resigned! He sees that whiskey and not water is going to run the Wolfe campaign.—*Norristown Herald.*

Chairman Stevens, of the Prohibition Convention, said in his opening address to that body, "If there is any kickers here let him go out now. We don't want them to stay. We want no kickers." And then the convention went at and nominated Charlie Wolfe, the prince of kickers.

A Philadelphia paper says that "the Pennsylvania Democracy has no views on the liquor question." This argues well for the convivial resources of the Pennsylvania Democracy. It would have some very decided views on the liquor question if there were any scarcity of liquor.—*Chicago Times.*

Mr. Wolfe may probably attract a considerable vote from sources outside the Prohibition ranks, while upon the other hand thousands of sincere Republican Prohibitionists may be expected to refuse to desert their allegiance to their party in support of a selfish renegade.—*Pottsville Miners' Journal (Rep.).*

The *Courier-Journal* questions "whether Wolf, the Democratic candidate for Governor in Pennsylvania, has three sets of teeth," but it adds, "Republicans may expect to hear him howl." Probably the most dolorous howl will be just after the ballots are counted and the hungry Wolf is left out in the cold.

Republicanism and the submission of a prohibition amendment to a popular vote stand together, and they will fall together if the Republican party is defeated. It is either a Republican Legislature and a chance to vote on a prohibition amendment, or, it is a Democratic Legislature and the utter ignoring of the liquor question. Are the political Prohibitionists prepared to face the issue in that undeniable form?—*Williamsport Gazette and Bulletin (Rep.).*

DREADFUL EARTHQUAKE.

Three-Fourths of the City of Charleston Destroyed by the Shocks.

THIRTY PEOPLE KILLED.

Fully a Hundred Wounded and $10,000,000 of Property Lost.

A NIGHT OF AWFUL HORROR.

Agonizing Scenes in the Thoroughfare of the Ruined City.

SEPTEMBER 2, 1886.

Reports from more than a hundred points within the area embraced by the Gulf of Mexico, the great lakes, the Mississippi river and the Atlantic Ocean show that about 10 o'clock on Tuesday night all this vast territory was shaken by the tremors of the earth's crust. The pitiable and engrossing narrative is that which comes from Charleston, S. C., and tells of the destruction of three-fourths of the city, the loss is from thirty to forty lives, the maiming of over one hundred persons and the obliteration of from $8,000,000 to $10,000,000 worth of property. Three-fourths of the buildings in the city will have to be rebuilt. There was no tidal wave and consequently no damage to shipping. The city is cut off from all communication by rail with the outside world, and the terrors of the situation were increased by another shock at 11.50 last night, which knocked down several houses.

EXTENT OF THE SHOCKS.

The seismic disturbances of Tuesday night were felt with more or less severity in Mississippi, Alabama, Florida, Georgia, South Carolina, North Carolina, Tennessee, Kentucky, Virginia, West Virginia, Maryland, Delaware, New Jersey, Pennsylvania, New York, Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, Wisconsin, Iowa, Connecticut, Rhode Island and Massachusetts. On the extreme northeastern and northwestern boundaries of the movement the shocks were so slight as to be scarcely appreciable, seeming to have spent their force about Boston on one side and Dubuque on the other. The culmination of their action was in the vicinity of Charleston, S. C., where the only loss of life and the most serious destruction of property occurred. Elsewhere the earthquake was no more than violent enough to topple chimneys, cause fissures in walls, ring bells, move furniture, rattle crockery and throw many communities into a panic.

Next to Charleston the most serious effects were felt at Summerville, S. C.; Columbus, S. C.; Augusta, Savannah and Raleigh, N. C. While there was no fatal results, except at Charleston and Summerville or the immediate neighborhood, the shocks in the other towns named fell just short of causing destruction of human life. The scenes of alarm and terror were such as can result from nothing less than a mysterious and dreadful convulsion of nature. Whole communities spent the night in horror fear that each shock might be succeeded by another that would bring to them sudden and violent death, and the telegraphic reports tell of thousands of men and women unnerved with dread and frantically calling upon the aid of a Supreme Power.

OTHER PLACES SHAKEN UP.

From very many points the reports are similar. At Raleigh, N. C., there were six shocks between 9.50 P. M. and 8.30 A. M. At Newberne, N. C., buildings were violently shaken for a minute. At Fayetteville, N. C., buildings were violently shaken for a minute. At Fayetteville, N. C., four shocks were noticed and the same number at Asheville. The disturbance was general throughout Southwestern Virginia and Eastern Tennessee. At Macon, Ga., the last shock occurred at 4.20 A. M.

Around St. Louis the suburban towns were violently shaken. At Murphysborough, Ill., the bell on the Court House kept up a ringing for two minutes. At Vicksburgh, Miss., the City Council was in session, and the City Hall, a very frail building, constructed on high brick pillars, under which is the city market, was made to rock so that the board adjourned suddenly and unceremoniously. There was no loss of life and no great damage done at any of these points.

CHARLESTON'S CALAMITY.

CHARLESTON, September 1.—The morning dawned upon a city swept and scarred by the earthquakes of last night worse than it had been by the fierce storm of war that beat upon it for four years. Scores of its citizens were known to be killed, but nobody could even approximate the number. The whole population had passed a night of agony, the pangs of which may never be told. They had spent it in the streets, among the ruins of fallen buildings, with the noise of crushing walls and the roar of the swollen waters filling their ears when they were free from the calls for help that came from the maimed victims and the cries of distressed women and children vainly seeking their protection. To add to the horror of those awful hours fire broke out and some twenty houses were consumed.

The first shock did most of the damage. It was felt at 9.50 local time. In every house in town men and women were thrown prone upon their faces. When they recovered they rushed for the streets, which in a few seconds were filled with a mob demoralized by terror. Hundreds gathered in groups to offer up prayers while on every side they sobbed out, "my God, save us!" "God have mercy upon us, miserable sinners!" Then came the next shock and shrieks rent the air. Cooler heads thought of rescuing the people imprisoned in the fallen houses. Even women armed with hatchets fought valiantly to rescue the imprisoned unfortunates, while the groans of the dying urged them on to renewed endeavors. Presently the flames of burning buildings lit up the scene and aided the rescurers in their work.

A RUINED CITY.

The city is almost a complete wreck. It is wrapped in gloom and business is entirely suspended. Ten earthquake waves were experienced up to 2.30 this morning. Then there was a cessation until 8.25, when the eleventh shock was felt, passing from the southeast to northwest. Many of the people who had been out in the public parks and open places all night had ventured into their homes to obtain clothing and food. The approach of the shock was heralded by the usual sound resembling distant thunder. St. Michael's and St. Philip's Churches are in ruins. So is Hibernian Hall, the most of the public buildings and two-thirds of the residences in the city. Scarcely one hundred houses were occupied, the people fearing to go into them lest the walls should fall. The famous old Ravenal Mansion is one of those wrecked, and many of the handsome mansions on the Battery are destroyed.

The loss by fire and earthquake is estimated at $10,000,000. It was marvelous that the Fire Department was able, under the circumstances, to subdue the flames. To-night the city is panic stricken because of another shock which leveled several more buildings.

STORY OF THE EARTHQUAKE.

CHARLESTON, September 1.—The following article was prepared for publication in the Charleston *News and Courier* and is telegraphed in the writer's own words. The paper cannot be issued to-morrow, as the printers refuse to work because they expect fresh shocks to-night. The author says:

While engaged in his usual duties in the second-story room of the *News and Courier* office at the time of the shock the writer's attention was vaguely attracted by a sound which seemed to come from the office below, and which was supposed for a moment to be caused by the rapid rolling of a heavy body, as an iron safe or a heavily-laden truck, over the floor. Accompanying the sound there was a perceptible tremor of the building, not more marked, however, than would be caused by the passage of a street car or dray along the street. For perhaps two or three seconds the occurrence excited no surprise or comment. Then by swift degrees, or perhaps all at once, it is difficult to say which, the sound deepened in volume, the tremor became more decided, the ear caught the rattle of window-sashes, gas fixtures and other loose objects. The men in the office, with perhaps a simultaneous flash of recollection of the disturbance of the Friday before, glanced hurriedly at each other and sprang to their feet with startled questions and answers, "What is that?" "Earthquake!" and then all was bewilderment and confusion.

A MIGHTY QUAKING.

Then the long roll deepened and spread into an awful roar that seemed to pervade at once the troubled earth and the still air above and around. The tremor was now a rude, rapid quiver that agitated the whole lofty, strong walled building as though it were being shaken by the hand of an immeasurable power, with intent to tear its joints asunder and scatter its stones and brick around, as a tree casts its over-ripened fruit before the breath of the gale. There was no intermission in the vibration of the mighty subterranean engine. From the first to the last it was a continuous jar, only adding force at every moment, and as it approached and reached the climax of its manifestation it seemed for a few terrible seconds that no work of human hands could possibly survive the shock. The floors were heaving under foot, the surrounding walls and partitions visibly swayed to and fro, the crash of falling masses of stone and brick and mortar was heard overhead, and without the terrible roar filled the ears and seemed to fill the mind and heart, dazing perception, bewildering thought, and for a few panting breaths, or while you hold your breath in dreadful anticipation of immediate and cruel death, you felt that life was already past and waited for the end as the victim with his head on the block awaits the fall of the uplifted axe.

THE RUSH FOR THE STREETS.

It is not given to many men to look in the face of the destroyer and yet live, but it is little to say that the group of strong men who shared the experience above faintly described will carry with them the recollection of that supreme moment to their dying day. None expected to escape. A sudden rush was simultaneously made to endeavor to attain the open air and flee to a place of safety, but before the door was reached all reeled together to the tottering wall and stopped, feeling that hope was vain, that it was only a question of death within the building or without to be buried by the sinking roof or crushed by the toppling walls. The uproar slowly died away in seeming distance.

As we dashed down the stairway and out into the street already on every side arose the shrieks, the cries of pain and fear, the prayers, wailings of terrified women and children, mingled with the hoarse shouts of excited men. Out in the streets the air was filled to the height of the houses with a whitish cloud of dry, stifling dust from the lime and mortar and shattered masonry, which, falling upon the pavement and stone roadway, had been reduced to powder. Through this cloud, dense as a fog, the gas-lights flickered dimly, shedding but little light, so that you stumbled at every step over the piles of brick or became entangled in the lines of telegraph wires that depended in every direction from their broken supports. On every side were hurrying forms of men and women, bareheaded, partially dressed, some almost nude and many of whom were crazed with fear or excitement. Here a woman is supported half fainting in the arms of her husband, who vainly tries to soothe her, while he carries her into the open space at the street corner, where present safety seems assured; there a woman lies on the pavement with upturned face and outstretched limbs and the crowd passes her by for the time, not pausing to see whether she be alive or dead.

THE FEARFUL ALARM OF FIRE.

A sudden light flares through a window over looking the street; it becomes momentarily brighter and the cry of fire resounds from the multitude. A rush is made toward the spot. A man is seen doubled up and helpless against the wall; but at this moment somewhere—out at sea, overhead, deep in the ground—is heard again the low, ominous roll, which is already too well known to be mistaken. It grows louder and nearer, like the growl of a wild beast swiftly approaching his prey, and all is forgotten again in the frenzied rush for the open space, where alone there is hope of security, faint though it be. The tall buildings on either hand blot out the skies and the stars and seem to overhang every foot of ground between them. Their shattered cornices and copings, the tops of their frowning walls, seem piled from both sides to the centre of the street. It seems that a touch would now send the shattered masses left standing down upon the people below, who look up to them and shrink together as the tremor of the earthquake again passes under them and the mysterious reverberations swell and roll along like some infernal drum-beat summoning them to die. It passes away and again is experienced the blessed felling of deliverance from impending calamity, which it may well be believed will provoke a mute but earnest offering of mingled prayer and thanksgiving from every heart in the throng.

Again, far along the street and up from the alleys that lead into it on either side, is heard that chorus of wailing and lamentation which, though it had not ceased, was scarcely noticed a moment before. It is a dreadful sound the sound of helpless, horror-stricken humanity, old and young, the strong and the feeble alike, where all are so feeble, calling for help from their fellow-creatures and raising their anguished voices in petition to heaven for mercy where no human aid could avail. It is not a scene to be described by any mortal tongue or pen; it is not a scene to be forgotten when the witness has shared all its dangers and felt all its agony.

AMIDST THE CRASH OF BUILDINGS.

The first shock occurred at seven minutes of ten, as was indicated this morning by the public clocks, the hands on all of which had stopped at that fatal hour, as though to mark the end of time for so many who had heard the preceeding hour pealed forth by St. Michael's chimes without a thought but of long and happy life. The second shock, which was but a faint and crisp echo of the first, was felt eight minutes later. As it passed away the writer started homeward, to find the scenes enacted on Broad street, around the *News and Courier* office repeated at every step of the way. St. Michael's steeple towered high and white above the gloom seemingly uninjured. The station house, a massive brick building across the street, had apparently lost its roof, which had fallen around it. A little further on the roof of a portion of the Hibernian Hall, a handsome building, in the Grecian style, had crashed to the ground, carrying down part of the massive granite pillars with it. All the way up Meeting street, which in respect of its general direction and importance may be called the "Broadway of Charleston," the roadway was piled with debris from the tops of the walls. In passing the Charleston Hotel, which, to carry out the comparison above indicated, occupies the position of Stewart's uptown store in New York, the third shock was felt about ten minutes after the second and, of course, caused the greatest alarm in that neighborhood as elsewhere.

At Marion Square, corresponding exactly with Union Square, New York a great crowd had collected, as even the edges of the wide spaces embraced in it could not be reached by the nearest buildings in the event of their fall. From this crowd composed of men, women and children of both races, arose incessant calls and cries of lamentations, while over the motley half-dressed throng was shed the lurid light of the conflagration which had broken out just beyond the square immediately after the first shock and had nearly enveloped several buildings in flames. In three other quarters of the town at the same time similar large fires were observed under full headway, and the awful significance of the earthquake may most fully be appreciated, perhaps, when it is said that with these tremendous fires blazing up all at once around them and threatening the city with total destruction, the people whom you meet on the streets or saw gathered together in groups in the open places evidently did not give them a thought No one watched the ruddy flames or the pillars of cloud rising high into the still night air. All were too intent on listening with strained senses for the dreaded recurrence of that horrible growl or groan of the power under the seas and under the land to give thought to the new terror, though it had threatened his own home and many homes in the doomed city.

A CHARMED CIRCLE OF SAFETY.

The crowds poured in from every direction to the square just described, as though it had been indeed a charmed circle and life depended on passing within its grassy bounds. Street cars, carriages and other vehicles were ranged in lines on the streets surrounding the square, while the horses stood as though sniffing the ground in anxious inquiry. The colored people everywhere were loud and unceasing in their declamations of alarm, in the singing of hymns and in fervent appeals for God's mercy, in which appeals, God knows many a proud heart who heard them arising in the night, and in the hour of His wondrous might, devoutly and humbly and sincerely joined. Danger brings all of us to the level of the lowliest.

Arrived at his home, the writer found the same scenes of distraction and wreck which marked nearly every other home in the city. All the houses in the neighborhood had suffered seriously, and streets, yards and gardens were filled with the fallen chimneys and fragments of walls, while the walls that were left standing were reft asunder in many cases from top to bottom and were badly shattered in every instance. Women and children, roused from sleep or interrupted in their evening pursuits by the sound of the ruin being effected above and around them, rushed out into the streets and huddled together awaiting the end, whatever it might be. Invalids were brought out on mattresses and deposited on the roadway. No thought was given to treasures left behind in the effort to save the peculiar treasure of life itself, suddenly become so precious in the eyes of all, the invalid woman and the robust men alike. Until long after midnight the streets were filled with fugitives in sight of their homes. Through the long hours that followed few were the eyes even of childhood that were closed in sleep. Charleston was full of those who watched for the morning, and never in any city in any land did the first gray shades that mark the approach of dawn appear so beautiful and so welcome to eyes as they appeared to the thousands of people who hailed them this morning from the midst of the countless wrecked homes and our thrice scourged but still patient, still brave, still hopeful, still beautiful city by the sea, stretchers, on which the dead and wounded were placed, Mrs. Manning, Simons, P. G. Desaussure, McDow, Rawened and others were out and rendered all the assistance in their power.

SIXTEEN SHOCKS.

COLUMBIA, S. C., Sept. 1.—The first shock was felt here at 9.45 last night and the second soon afterward. They were fearful. Buildings swayed from side to side and the earth rose and fell like the waves of the ocean. People rushed madly from their houses into the streets. Some sprang from windows and were injured. Many of the most substantial buildings were shaken to their foundations and walls cracked and sprung. Five minutes after the first shock the second came and ten minutes later a third. Other shocks followed until 1.05 A. M., when the eighth shock was felt, and this one lasted for a minute and a half. At 4 o'clock this morning the ninth shock came and at 9.30 and 10.20 A. M. the city was again made to tremble. Very little sleep was had by any of the inhabitants of Columbia last night. The negroes thought the end of the world had come and they held prayer meetings on the street corners. There were sixteen distinct shocks up to 5 A. M. The rumbling of the earth was loud and horrifying in the extreme. Clocks were stopped, bells were rung and damage done to some buildings, principally by toppling chimneys. Two rooms in the Governor's mansion were wrecked. There were numbers of cases of nervous prostration and doctors were in demand to compose the frightened people. One lady was prematurely delivered by the shock. Two shocks were felt this morning, one at half past eight and another about an hour later.

THE RICHMOND PANIC.

RICHMOND, September 1.—The feature of the earthquake here was the alarm that the prisoners were about to break out of the penitentiary and the summoning of the military to drive them back. No such excitement has occurred since the city was evacuated by the Confederate army. The convicts were terror-stricken and a fearful scene followed. Finally two prisoners in their mad struggle succeeded in forcing the prison doors and rushed wildly about, it is supposed to liberate their fellow-prisoners. Only the night force of guards were on hand at the time, and they were not able to cope with the eight hundred maddened convicts who tore at their cell doors.

The two who succeeded in getting beyond the walls were followed, but it required a large number of the guards to hold them. There was no way of reaching them all at once and the hoarse murmurs of the crowds outside made it impossible for anyone to go in the midst of the prisoners, who resembled the inmates of a madhouse. The first military company to reach the scene was the Attick Guard, composed of negroes. They chanced to be drilling at the time and the beating of their drums as they marched out served only to increase the terror. The large majority of the convicts were negroes and had all the superstition of their race. Many of them imagined that the day of judgment had come. Others thought the people of the city had risen to sweep them from the face of the earth, but when in some way the word passed among them that it was an earthquake the scene in their midst beggars description. They were soon powerless and their misery spent itself in shrieks until by degrees they were calmed.

As they were being quieted, however, the city was becoming more excited as rumors of a general uprising of convicts were spread in the town. The marching soldiers made the matter worse. Men, women and children were in the streets, which were alive with the moving mass pouring towards the penitentiary. Many of the women were terror-stricken by the earthquake. It was not until long after midnight that order was restored.

WHAT CINCINNATI FELT.

CINCINNATI, September 1.—Comparison of experiences this morning shows that the earthquake effects in this vicinity were severe. A singular circumstance was the very general feeling of dizziness. Nine persons out of ten imagined they were sick and did not know till this morning that the disturbance was in mother earth. The largest building in the city, and one of the strongest—the government building—rocked violently with three distinct vibrations. The large clock was stopped and mirrors were broken. In the large six and seven-story flats in the city the vibrations were severe, dishes were thrown from cupboards, articles fell from nails, while the chandeliers were agitated as if by a strong wind. Probably twenty or thirty meetings of lodges and societies were broken up without a motion to adjourn. At the old armory building, on Court street, the plaster on the ceiling was broken. The most decided shock was felt in Cumminsville, in the northern part of the city. Here lights were put out and bottles broken in drug stores.

Throughout the State the shock was general and occurred at all points almost at the same instant. At Hamilton boarders in hotels ran from their rooms in fright and walls were said to sway one and a half inches. At Canton four shocks were observed, the motion being from north to south. At Newcomerstown glassware rattled distinctly. At Dennison a meeting broke up in a panic. Coshocton felt two shocks.

IN PITTSBURG.

The telegraph operators up in the fourth story of the Western Union building, at the corner of Wood street and Fifth avenue, were treated to a startling interruption just as the clock, which registered "Eastern time" on the wall of the operating room, had got its hands round to 9.34. Assistant Night Chief Operator Moreland was seated in a circular swinging chair, and he was startled to find himself being rocked first this way and then that. The operator who had charge of the Indianapolis wire was getting a message at that very moment, and the clicking instrument had spelled out the last letter of the word "earthquake," when the table began to rock backward and forward. The other tables followed suit, and cold chills ran up and down the operators' backs. Every face in the room got very white, and wild eyes turned up to the ceiling and towards the walls, as they were the most likely things to move next. The oscillation lasted about 20 seconds. Some of the men felt like bolting headlong out of the building and others, with bland and childlike confidence, sought the Signal Service officer, two doors below. The latter had not, strange to say, felt the earthquake at all.

Fifty yards away from the Western Union building another scare of large proportions was developed. In the sixth story of the rickety, ramshackle, old building at the corner of Virgin alley and Wood street, the compositors were "setting up" the *Post*. The earthquake came along, and it seemed as if the compositors were about to make a sudden and totally unexpected trip to the cellar. The imposing stones wobbled about as if they were suffering from hysteria, the type got pied, the foreman turned very pale and there was a sudden and simultaneous desire born in the breast of every man present to rush for the door. When the last printer had got into the street it was found that no one was hurt, and the men went back to their cases.

There was no end of a disturbance of affairs in the Duquense Club, on Sixth avenue. The four-story building in which the club is located has never been renowned for its excess of stability, and after the earthquake of last night its escape from collapse seemed wonderful. The rooms on the second floor and the floors above appeared to have been visited by spirits, and very bad spirits at that. The pictures hung in every variation upon a right line, the fans and other mantel ornaments lay on the floor, the buffets and sideboards had not a bottle standing upright upon them, and, in short, everything that was movable had taken a very decided move in a new direction. There were not many members of the club in the rooms at the time, and they were more surprised than frightened.

The audience at Harry Williams' Academy of Music were surprised when the best part of the programme had been given to see the scene at the back part of the stage suddenly gape open in the middle. There was a moment of uneasiness which, had the shocks been plainly felt, might have grown into a panic. The stage carpenters forced the sections of the scenery together, and nobody dreamed that the accident was the work of a convulsion of nature. At the other play houses no one seemed to feel the disturbance.

AT THE HOTELS.

At the hotels the shock created considerable excitement. No damage was done, but several hundred guests were pretty badly frightened.

At the Duquesne, which is the tallest and narrowest hotel building in town, a billowy motion was very noticeable. A number of guests became light headed and ran to the office, thinking the house was tottering preparatory to falling down.

Mr. DeWitt C. Billsby, of Media, who had a room on the third floor, said: "I was sitting in my room when I noticed a peculiar swaying motion. The rocking chairs began to rock and the chandelier swung to and fro, I became quite dizzy and ran down to the office. My son, who looked from our room window about the time of the shock, said that the City Hall building seemed to be rocking."

Charles C. Roosa, of New York, who was also a guest at the hotel, said: "I was writing at a table when things began to rock. The ink splashed over the top of the bottle, and the table shook as though it had the ague. I thought the house was coming down, and got down stairs as quick as possible."

At the Hotel Anderson there was quite an excitement. Down in the office the shock was not felt, but from the second floor up the building shook enough to send the guests down stairs in remarkably quick time. Chairs and tables rocked and chandeliers swayed back and forth, but beyond the frightening of the guests no damage was done.

At the Monongahela House and the Seventh Avenue Hotel the shock created a good deal of stir. People ran down stairs from the top stories, and some of the more excitable got clear out into the streets before they realized that the house was still standing and the danger was over.

STILL QUAKING

At Several South Carolina Towns—A Volcano That Vomits Hot, Blue Mud.

COLUMBIA, S. C., September 3.

Advices from Summerville state that the town of Watterboro, 25 miles distant, was severely shaken up by frequent earthquake shocks yesterday. The damage was slight, but the inhabitants fled in terror to the country. Information comes from Colleton county, that the rumbling noises and gentle oscillations of the earth have not ceased and the inhabitants feared renewed disasters. A party of colored men who arrived at Summerville yesterday reported a genuine volcano 15 miles distant. They declare that it vomits hot blue mud to a heighth of 20 feet, which rushes down the hillside in boiling torrents and that lurid flames issue through crevices in the earth. They say a sulphurous odor impregnates the air and a dizziness comes over every one who breathes it.

SHAKEN UP AGAIN.

Charleston, Columbia, Savannah and Agusta Suffer Another Night of Fear,—Each Visited by Another Slight Shock.

CHARLESTON, Sept. 4.—11 P. M.—This city was shaken again to-night. It was at 9.30 o'clock. Though a person might suppose our citizens would become accustomed to this sort of thing, it is evident they have not yet learned to like it. The shock was nothing like as severe as it was last night. It more than met all requirements, however, and startled the shaken-up people.

None but the whites appear as yet to know how to take these visitations. But the blacks are nearly all affected alike by it. They have only to suspect a renewed shaking of things on which they tread, when they rush with a common impulse to the parks, and such shouts and plaintive prayers as they ascend are enough to break down unbelief.

No damage is as yet reported from the shaken city's populace to-night. But the shock was by no means a merely local one. Telegrams are in already from Columbia, this State, and Savannah and Augusta, Ga., showing that they shook also—Columbia at 9.27 with 15 seconds' continuous vibrations, which cleared the buildings of occupants; Savannah at 9.30, with sufficient severity to drive hundreds out of doors for the night; and Augusta with scarcely perceptible tremors.

In Charleston this evening's shock lasted only five seconds. But it was enough. Just when and where these phenomena will give place to the storms of wind we always get at this season along the coast, is a question of the liveliest interest to all citizens who own or occupy houses in the cities by the sea.

Exploded in His Vest Pocket.

ATLANTA, August 31.—This morning A. P. Blue, who works in the East Tennessee Railroad yard, struck his right thumb into his vest pocket, in which was a dynamite cartridge. The cartridge exploded and injured his hand so badly that the thumb had to be amputated. Mr. Blue's side was badly burned, and his clothing was blown to tatters on the right side. Two of his ribs were broken.

A Barn Struck by Lightning.

READING, Pa., August 30.—The barn of Charles Reber, at Evansville, this county, was struck by lightning last evening and entirely destroyed by fire, together with this year's crops. Loss, $6,000. Reuben Hottenstein, a huckster, who had sought shelter in the barnyard from the storm, was rendered unconscious for several hours by the shock.

Bursting of an Artesian Well at Belleplain, Iowa.

CHICAGO, Ill., August 31.—A dispatch was received from the Mayor of Belleplain, Iowa, which states that an artesian well four inches in diameter burst when the depth of 180 feet had been reached in boring, and instantly a volume of water was forced into the air to the distance of several hundred feet. This gradually increased in size and volume until a stream of water fully sixteen inches in diameter was formed, and the upward force of the stream is equal to the power of powder or dynamite. The water in huge volumes is spouting high in the air, and the supply seems inexhaustible. Two gigantic rivers have been formed by this phenomenal water burst which are running through the town at the rate of twelve miles an hour and carrying everything before them. Houses and lives are threatened by this peculiar freak of nature and the citizens are appalled at their impending danger, which at present they are powerless to overcome. Finding it impossible to divert this damaging flood an attempt was made to insert 16-inch boiler iron tubes into the well, but these were instantly blown out and forced high into the air. Finding this plan useless the terrified people attempted to fill up the aperture through which this terrible geyser was spouting its deluge. Fifteen carloads of stone were emptied into the well, but these were forced upward as though propelled by the force of giant powder. Bags of sand were then hastily constructed and cast into the well, but these, too, were hurled into the air. The Chicago and Northwestern Railroad was called upon for assistance, and instantly sent a large gang of men to the rescue. The bridge gang of the county was also called upon, but up to this evening no abatement in the flow of water was perceptible, and the rushing rivers formed by it were washing the channel it had made deeper and wider, while the basin formed by this immense volume of water was spreading over the lowlands in the vicinity. The Mayor of Belleplain, in his last extremity, telegraphed to Chicago for the best engineers that could be secured to come immediately to the spot and use their skill and energy in attempting to stop this perilous condition of affairs. City Engineer Artingstall at once started out to find an engineer who would supply the demand, and succeeded in inducing Engineer Morgan to undertake the mission. Messrs Artingstall and Morgan are, however, both of the opinion that but little if anything can be done to stop the flow of water, but that it may be possible to direct the rivers into less dangerous directions and confine them in their channels. Mr. Morgan left for Belleplain to-night, and if more assistance is necessary Mr. Artingstall will send all that is needed. This is regarded as one of the most phenomenal freaks of nature which has yet been known, and the threatened danger to the people and property of Belleplain demand instant and energetic efforts to restrain the ruinous deluge of water.

A Bell Tinkling in the Sky.

NORWICH, Conn., August 30.—For several days the residents of Mystic were astonished to hear the fa