WIND OF FURY.

North Atlantic Coast Wreck-Strewn.

Shipping Scattered Like Chaff.

Three Crews Saved at Cape Elizabeth.

Daring Rescue Off Bakers Island.

Long Island and New England Shore Piled With Debris.

Fifty Vessels Wrecked at St Pierre.

Story of Loss and Suffering Not Yet Fully Told.

Boston was swept yesterday from early morning until after noon by heavy rains and a howling gale. There was nasty weather everywhere.

The northeast storm, with all the peculiarities of the equinoctial gale, began to materialize in the gulf of Mexico nearly a week ago. It had its usual fun along the Atlantic coast from the Florida capes, and made its way up here in due course.

Boston was in hard luck, for the storm, before it got to the hub, became animated and concentrated considerable force. After two or three days of bohemian life, it started easterly with a rush, to settle down a bit.

The hurricane visited Florida on the eastern coast, staying until it had decided to give Boston a touch of its power, and then it struck a 40-miles-an-hour gait and arrived in first-class condition yesterday morning, the rain at 8 a m and the storm centered later.

And what a storm it was! The blustering wind and the pouring rain came with a vengeance. At odd moments it seemed as if a cloudburst had lost its way, and the streets were turned into rivers.

The city wore a sad and spiritless appearance all day, and none but the hardie drivers were about. The theatres were windowless and funerals going on, and these could not be stopped for a mere storm, so the saucy jehus whipped up their steeds and did a brisk business.

Anyhow the storm had lots of fun. It drenched the streets, it flooded the cellars, it blew respectable citizens about like straws, it made havoc along the wharves, it put brave seamen in peril, it rendered navigation a matter of pleasure of thousands, and all because that wretched old villain, the gulf of Mexico, had started two little zephyrs playing ring-a-rounder a few days ago, and they had been going so fast that they couldn't stop.

It was fortunate for the state militia that the storm was delayed a bit down south, for if it had arrived a day earlier the military boys would have had a well-nigh annihilated. As it was, they risked their bright uniforms, for the storm was close upon them, though it did not break.

There were many accidents outside though of a very alarming character.

The Adeline, a coasting schooner, was left without sidemasts. Five men were nearly drowned, but rescued, off point Judith. Capt Howes of the steamer Baltimore nearly run on to Minot's ledge, but was saved by the new lighthouse. At Winthrop the storm waged wildly, and the wind was so strong that windows and doors were shattered and panes of glass broken.

At Watertown an immense quantity of water filled the yards, but property and trees were leveled to the ground and were broken, while the Charles river seemed to threaten.

Out at West Newton a chimney was blown down, the falling damaged the roof of the Unitarian church, and through the hole in the roof the rain poured and nearly ruined the interior, causing nearly $1000 damage was done.

At Otis Point the yachts had a hard time of it from the strong easterly wave which kicked up a lumpy sea, tossing and pitching each craft in every direction. Some of the yachts went adrift, but the damage was small. At about 10.30 the 1.4 tide came in the storm was very at the coal wharf near I st without any damage.

The B & M passenger train due in Boston from the east at 7.45 a m was nearly half an hour late. It was blockaded by heavy trains delayed by the high winds coming inshore ways. The eastern express due at was also delayed, the storm was very were along the Revere road, high tides and rough water prevailing all along the beach.

The storm in the harbor began about 6 o'clock in the morning and continued to till noon. It was a heavy northeaster, ble with great rains. The velocity of the wind was from 40 to 45 miles an hour. For hours the harbor was bitterly covered with white caps. There were about a score of schooners waiting to discharge cargoes. Each of these, as the anchors down, rode the gale out in safety.

The Ellen M. Golder, a three-masted schooner, anchored on South Boston flats, dragged her anchor badly and finally struck near the New York & New England bridge.

At Hull station the wind blew hard from the east, with heavy rains.

The sloop yacht Davy Crockett broke away from her moorings at Jeffries Point and towed to Boston, and was picked up by the Fall River Connecticut river steamer Bristol. The steamer of the Leyland line had to anchor at quarantine on her outward trip on account of the gale.

Old fishermen say that yesterday's storm was the severest they have seen in the harbor for 32 years at this season. All the vessels coming in reported bad weather outside.

The schooner Norma had an exciting experience. Reaching her wharf, the gale forced her along at a tremendous rate, and though she dropped her anchor, it would not stop until she had nearly reached dry land at Jeffries Point, and finally master Capt B. F. Bragdon did not get away yesterday.

It is fortunate that everybody was not caught by the warning from the signal office. All the steamship companies and others specially interested in the weather received an emergency notice.

But this time the weather bureau was more successful in materializing a genuine storm than it has on previous occasion.

In Boston's streets, strange to say, very little damage was done. The new oil hats, with their humorouse phases. The sale of queer things, but it did not seem to be viciously inclined. Somehow this great storm appeared to have political complexion. It made sad havoc with the campaign banners of the republican state committee. The wind took it, dripping as it was, swung it over a telegraph pole, then snapped it in two, and flung bunting and pole a block away.

Generally there was little trouble with the wires entering Boston. With an increased velocity of the wind, say to 70 miles an hour, the wires and poles would have been in danger. At noon the wind was very much decreased in velocity. About this time, too, the rain seemed to have spent itself, though there was a downpour of rain for several hours after the beginning of the storm broke.

Among the incidents of the storm was the damage done by water dripping through leaky roofs. On Tremont row there were several which were suffered, also along Court st, and on Washington st the water streamed through the old Old South building, doing considerable damage to the interiors.

At the corner of Washington and Kneeland sts the sewer became clogged and it was difficult to cross the road, even with rubbers, for the water in prompto pond gave the small boys a good deal of pleasure for they splashed in the big puddle until they drenched the pedestrians.

Along the streets much amusement was afforded by the strange antics played by the wind. Here it would suddenly raise a pedestrian's skirts and snap an umbrella stick, again it would send weakly people shuddering against an iamp post, and then it would go shooting along the muddy road to the dismay of its owner.

Today weather prophet Smith says that it will be fair, with continued cold. It began to grow cold last evening about 6, and up to midnight it grew steadily colder, and a swift, bleak northwester blew up, cutting to the marrow. The maximum velocity of the wind during yesterday was 49 miles an hour, blowing from the east, and rain fell to the extent of 1¼ inches.

The storm is moving from us to the northeast, and the big whirligig will hug along the New England coast, and then cut up some of its mad pranks in Canada. It is possible that all the news of disasters by sea is not in, yet it may be hoped that the warning of the bureau was in time to prevent serious mishaps.

Whatever harm or evil the storm has done, it has done some good, for the rain has fallen in the right quantity of dry and thirsty land, and will in the end prove itself a common blessing.

RESCUES AT CAPE ELIZABETH.

Three Schooners' Crews Escape Death—Thrilling Scenes on the Shore.

PORTLAND, Me, Oct 10—This has been a day of terror at Cape Elizabeth.

The storm began so early that it caught many vessels in exposed places. The scene was awful and magnificent.

At the two lights at 6 o'clock there was a sight the like of which was never before witnessed there.

The crew of one wrecked vessel had just been brought into the lifesaving station, and Capt Trundy and his crew were getting ready to go to the rescue of the crew of another schooner which had just come ashore in Broad cove. With them were also the crew of another vessel, that had been abandoned at Richmond island.

At stripped 13 shipwrecked men gathered about the table of the captain and his crew of lifesavers.

The lifesavers on the day was a two-masted lumber schooner, the Rosa and Adra, of Machias, from Calais, bound to North Weymouth, Mass, with A. W. Robbins, an old and experienced sailor, was in command.

The Rosa and Adra was off Half Way rock this morning when the storm began suddenly, and soon swelled to a tempest of unusual fury.

Capt Robbins tried to make this harbor, but the treacherous to the main boom was broken, disabling the schooner so that she could not cope with the wind and treacherous sea that began to drive her ashore.

She was running dead on dangerous Trundy rocks, the most dreaded rocky points on the Maine coast. It is a point of land that stretches into the ocean, at times almost covered, but today a line of foam. The reef is about a mile this side of the life-saving station.

Upon this ledge the schooner struck dead on. Realizing that she could not escape in his boat, for no ordinary boat would have lived for a moment in that sea.

On Aug 11 Capt Trundy, anticipating the coming of a great storm, then reported to be on its way, ordered his crew to continue patrolling the coast, and to keep a sharp lookout for the saving of the crew of the schooner.

Capt Trundy saw the vessel strike and realized the impossible reef, and he was near enough to the shore for him to be able to communicate with the men on the schooner. He ran his boat to go through the breakers.

At the same time he put ashore. It was made fast, and mate James B. Larrabee and seaman Arthur Libby reached the shore in safety.

Then the line gave way and Capt Trundy and his men rowed through the breakers to the vessel, and rescued them and took off Capt A. W. Robbins and seaman Chas. Colson.

The lifeboat lay under the vessel's lee, so that Capt Robbins and the sailor dropped from the schooner into the boat.

It was about noon when the schooner struck. By 1 o'clock in the afternoon when the last man was taken off. During this time they stood exposed to the rain and wind, being drenched almost constantly and evidently growing weaker. During this trying time the men had not left the crew to struggle through alive.

Before Capt Trundy got the rescued crew of the Rosa and Adra to the life saving station he was met by a messenger, who told him that another two-masted schooner had gone ashore at Broad cove, where years ago the great British steamer Bohemian went down with an appalling loss of life.

The captain and his wet and exhausted men started for the scene of the cove. As soon as he got in sight of the wreck the vessel's crew began the firing of his crew for the gun which throws the line to vessels in distress.

The vessel was the Laura Cox, Capt McMillan, of and from Isaacs Harbor, N S, bound to Portland, with a cargo of rimmed hoops and staves.

When 50 miles from the cape the schooner had met the storm. She kept along all night, and at 7 o'clock Capt McMillan made a mistake, supposing the light near the lifesaving station to be Two Lights, and in a few moments the schooner struck Broad cove.

Capt McMillan was a stranger to this coast, and only discovered his mistake when he saw the breakers ahead of him. At the time fog was thick. When he found that he must go ashore he succeeded in getting her to Broad cove, and at a point where she would stand a good show of coming off in case of high water.

But if in this most favorable possible position for the schooner, it was not so with the men on board. The high seas waves struck against the vessel's stern, and rolling over and along the schooner threatened to swamp any boat they might put off.

Although the shore was very near, almost within a stone's throw, the crew of the Laura Cox did not meet with much success when they attempted to get a line ashore.

The spar to which they attached the line was whirled around and away from them.

Capt Trundy shouted to the men on the wreck, "Stay there you are and we'll soon take you off."

He was plainly understood, but to his surprise and horror they were getting into a panic, and that they were getting ready to launch their boat.

After repeated attempts the boat was launched at a favorable moment when the wind for a time died down, and the crew of five men left the wreck and reached the shore.

The men were met by Capt McMillan, Mate Rhode and seamen Wm. D. Griffin and Wm. D. McMillan.

They reached the shore saving nothing but the clothes they stood in, and worn and tired out. At night the waves were driving the schooner's timbers higher upon the shore.

The Rosa and Adra will probably break up before morning.

The little schooner D. K. Ham, Capt Fred Ham, of and from Provincetown, Mass, Monday, for Bangor. She was light, not even having ballast aboard. She carried a crew of two men, James Perry of Orland and Martin Grant of Sandy Point, Me. She had also two passengers, Wm Grader and John C. Hickey of Lynn, Mass.

Mr Hickey was formerly well known in Lynn as a fine lightweight pugilist. The two Lynn men took passage on board the D. K. Ham, in order, as they said, to get a sail down the coast. They admitted this evening that they had enough for a lifetime.

At 4 o'clock this morning the schooner was off cape Porpoise. By that time the storm was wild, and Capt Sellers was in a quandary what to do.

The schooner was on the starboard tack, and suddenly he saw another schooner, apparently coal laden, loomed up through the fog and bore down upon them.

Capt Sellers, his passengers and men, tried their best by shouting, and in every other possible way, to attract the attention of those on board the big schooner, but without success. At the moment the coal schooner struck the Ham in the bow, breaking the bowsprit and jibing the windlass.

When the collision came, men appeared on the unknown schooner's deck. There had no one been seen on her before.

They asked no questions concerning the injuries sustained by the Ham, nor did they give the name of their own schooner.

Immediately after the collision the unknown schooner disappeared in the darkness, leaving the crippled little schooner to do the best she could.

Capt Sellers kept on his way until near Richmonds island when the rain came on and the storm made it hopeless to continue the struggle in a badly crippled schooner, and to add to their fear they abandoned the Ham and made the desperate and almost hopeless attempt to reach the shore in their dories, finally reaching the shore, more dead than alive.

They anchored the schooner before they left her, but there is but slight hope that she will live to get through the storm.

When the Ham was struck by the coal schooner, all on board thought their last hour had come, and, as Mr Hickey said, "there was nothing to do but to pray."

It is believed that reports tomorrow will show many additions to the list of disasters on the Maine coast.

Capt Keen of the fishing schooner Battle Axe, of Gloucester, thinks that there will be found to have been an appalling loss of life as well as a great destruction of property by the storm.

"The storm did not give the slightest warning," said he. "Last night we were about 15 miles off the cape Elizabeth coast, and the night was almost perfectly calm. We were in the midst of the storm before we knew what was coming.

"I saw many fishing schooners and coasters the day before. I can't see how there can fail to be many wrecks.

"The gale was 100 miles an hour. It is past the hurricane and close to the cyclone point."

He was of the opinion that the larger part of the fishing fleet was in the track of the storm.

Capt Trefethen said this evening that a large number of Maine schooners are out in the fishing grounds, that some, and perhaps even the majority of them, may have made some harbor.

The Kingfisher came in this afternoon. The captain described the sea outside as simply awful. The wind was a tempest. How the little craft managed to get through is a mystery.

The lower harbor is packed with vessels large and small, and it is hoped that none of the fishermen may be of the number. Until the sea goes down it will be out of the question to ascertain names.

There is a fear that the storm must have struck the islands of the Casco bay with hurricane force.

A big crew of men worked all day today to keep the new steamer Bay State, now at the Portland company wharf, from going against the wharf.

Lucky was it as well as against some schooners. In the midst of the worst of the storm, at the height of the tide, entrance to this harbor was a perfect wall, to the astonishment of those who were watching from the shore a schooner suddenly came out of the fog and ran for a safe anchorage. As near as could be made out under the circumstances she was the Rockland schooner T. B. Wilson.

"They couldn't have done it again if they had tried a thousand times," said an old captain, as the schooner made her anchorage.

The experience of Capt Darling of the schooner Rockland Belle was typical of the great force of the storm in this harbor. The schooner was anchored about 20 rods off the lower Grand Trunk wharf. The mate was in the command, Capt Darling thought it unnecessary to go aboard, and so tried to get a boat to go off to her. He offered the captain of a small tug $50 to go aboard, but the captain declined to take the risk.

The storm kept every railroad man busy all night. Down at the yards of the Grand Trunk the storm was reported a perfect gale, and to-day the Boston Central it was still worse. The danger of washouts was very great at many points. The heavy wind made the rain cut the banks.

One of the secuhar features of the storm was the way it dreaded. Mayor Selden Connor, where the Coburn cadets have been in camp. The state college boys have had all the storm drove them to the skating rink on Congress st for the night. It was with difficulty that any of the tents could be kept up.

The camp was fixed on a beautiful but exposed location on the college campenade, and just where the wind could rake it. Guard duty was suspended. An attempt will be made to keep the camp again tomorrow. The cadets will break camp Friday.

FIVE HOURS IN THE RIGGING.

Crew of Schooner Hero Saved by Two Men from Baker's Island.

SALEM, Oct 10—Capt Israel Closson and three men of the schooner Hero, from Georgetown, D C, for Boston, with coal from watery graves by Eugene Terpeny, assistant light keeper at Bakers island, and Henry Morse, early this afternoon.

The schooner, which was loaded with lumber, was sighted off cape Ann by Messrs Terpenny and Morse.

As the vessel drew near to Bakers island Mr Terpenny saw men clinging to the rigging.

A fearful sea was running, and the wind blew a gale from the northeast.

Without a thought of their own safety Messrs Terpenny and Morse launched the government lifeboat and started on their perilous trip of rescuing the shipwrecked men.

The keepers left Bakers island at 12.15 p m, and one hour later reached the wreck. The men were then taken into the lifeboat over the vessel's stern and one over the bow.

The men rescued are Capt Israel Closson, Ellison Patterson, mate, of Searsport, Me; Frank Mahoney of Belfast, Me; and Alexander Nelson.

From Capt Closson it is learned that at 4 a m today the schooner Hero, which left Georgetown yesterday, was in the terrible sea that was running, and being in a old vessel, was soon widened and the water poured into the hold. Efforts to keep the vessel's stern to the sea were made.

Besides the men are Capt Israel Closson, Ellison Patterson, mate, of Searsport, Me; Frank Mahoney of Belfast, Me; and Alexander Nelson.

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Off Thatcher's island she lost her stern, and at Eastern point she had filled and the seas began to break the vessel up was the lumber with which she was loaded.

She sank soon, the entire starboard side being carried away. The mainstay shroud on the starboard side was the only one left standing, the mainmast being split in halves, and it was to this shroud that the captain and crew lashed themselves at 8 a m.

The rescued men were landed at Pigeon Cove at 1.30 p m this afternoon and taken to Power's store on English st, where they were made as comfortable as possible.

Hot coffee was served by Mr Powers and Dr Langley ginger freely administered, but notwithstanding this the men shook like aspen leaves.

They had been lashed to the rigging for five hours and suffered untold agony from the cold and wind. Their hands were all blistered from the rope and sea water, and they were so weak that they could hardly stand.

The vessel was secured by the tug-boat Morrison, late this afternoon, and towed into Beverly harbor and run on the flats.

JUMBLE OF SMALL YACHTS.

Wreckage Strews Long Island Shores—Mr Iselin's Place Damaged.

NEW YORK, Oct 10—Whenever a storm or hurricane visits our coasts it seems to pick out New Rochelle harbor to get in its best licks, and today's gale was no exception to the rule.

In addition to smashing into kindling wood 16 yachts on the rocky shores of Hudson Park it did thousands of dollars damage to the interiors of the residences which line the shores of Long island sound at this point.

C. Oliver Iselin's country house, Ali View, Premium point, which was being prepared for the reception of Mr Iselin and his bride, who arrived on the Teutonic on Wednesday, is badly damaged. The main house not only dashed over the high sea wall, but at the time when the gale was at its hight, threatened to wash away the house itself.

The beautiful lawn was gutted, the cellar flooded, and at one time during the early morning hours a boat could have been rowed in the first floor. Thousands of dollars worth of bric-a-brac, tapestry, rugs and carpets were destroyed by the flood. Before the cellar can be pumped clear of water, Good judges say that $10,000 will not cover the damage.

A number of barns were blown down at Scarsdale, the New Rochelle lumber yard suffered to the extent of hundreds of stately trees are uprooted all along the post road.

Mr Iselin's sad experience in last August's gales, few of the yachtsmen here, did make the slightest storage ground took any extra precautions Tuesday night, and the result was that 16 of the 22 yachts owned by them were dragged their anchors and went ashore.

At dozens of other anchorages boats were driven ashore, broken and smashed into toothpicks.

By 2 o'clock the wind upon New York this morning in an avalanche of the elements.

By 2 o'clock the wind was blowing 40 miles and still increasing. An hour later it was five miles faster, and just