

THE JOURNAL'S FLYER, VAMOOSE, RAN THE BLOCKADE.



The Charleston News and Courier Describes the Trip.

SLIPPED BY WAR-SHIPS.

Neither Going Seaward Nor Returning Was the Little Dispatch Boat Located.

WHISTLE TOLD OF SUCCESS.

But It Was Only Blown After She Had Gotten Safely Inside the Grim Line Drawn Around Charleston's Harbor.

The New York Journal's smart little dispatch boat Vamoose ran the blockade through Admiral Rance's line of war ships last night, signalling her success when inside by three shrill blasts of her whistle. As every one in Charleston knows, the question has been mooted in local nautical circles as to whether or not a vessel entirely independent of the fleet could perform this feat successfully. The old blockaders who saw service during the 'sixties have contended with some animation that the thing could be done, and to some it may appear from last night's performance that they knew whereof they spoke. For while the gentlemen in charge of the ships off Charleston will probably contend with vehemence, not to say derision, that they were not in action last night, and, furthermore, that had they been they would not have deigned to take cognizance of the Vamoose, the fact remains that that clever little craft went through the alleged trocha across the gateway of the city with ease and entire success.

Information was received during the day to the effect that a new manoeuvre would be tried last night. It was stated that the New York would remain in position, while the five other ships of the squadron would move two miles to seaward, and under way would patrol the intervening line, while the Vesuvius, again acting as blockade runner, would attempt an entrance.

With the understanding that this was to be the official programme for the evening the Vamoose made ready for the dash. As eight approached the weather indications became propitious. The clouds, which had been gathering all day, fell lower. The rain, which was at first but a drizzle, grew into a downpour. Out to sea a heavy mist fell over the water, and there was promise of weather and a dark night.

The promise of dirty weather was being fulfilled in right good earnest as the self-proclaimed blockade runner backed out of her dock and headed for Fort Sumter. The rain was coming down steadily, and the chances of a dark night were excellent. The Vamoose was trimmed for her proposed race with the war ships. Her bunkers were freshly loaded with coal and her engines were working well and freely. As she made the range for the South Channel orders were sent below to put out every light not absolutely needed and to cover all her portlights.

The reach down to Pumpkin Hill, as any mariner will tell you, is a long one. The South Channel breaks above the Jetty line and stretches away far below the Morris Island light house. Down this narrow pathway to the sea the Vamoose went, sliding silently and swiftly through the shadows which had now settled over harbor and sea. The further south of the channel had nearly been reached when an unforeseen trouble menaced the expedition. The rain ceased falling and the fresh wind from the southwest broke into the clouds. The mist went scurrying away, to bank itself against the Sullivan's Island shore, and the moon shined momentarily to appear. As the haze was thus lifted somewhat the lookout spotted the man at the wheel that he was heading full into a light, which was dimly twinkling to the southward.

It had not been proposed by the Vamoose to run out as well as in without detection, but she did not propose to run right into the arms of the warships. So the moment she could do so with safety she hauled in shore until the lights of the warship, which was figured out to be the Columbia, were well to port. The captain figured that such a course would soon bring him well to the southward of the blockade line. It was presumed that with nightfall the fleet had taken its usual blockading position—that is to say, formed a line reaching from a point three miles to seaward from the light ship, nine miles down the coast. This was, of course, merely a surmise on the part of the Vamoose, and to further mystify her she was under the impression, it will be remembered, that the warships were under way, and were moving two miles farther out to sea.

Another thing she had to remember was that her information indicated that the Vesuvius would be out beyond the blockading line. Her lights would be covered, and no chances were to be taken of a collision. Whatever the event proved, these were the conditions as they were understood by the Vamoose and the men aboard her. The little vessel was running the blockade in good faith. She considered her information regarding the movements of the battle-ships trustworthy, and she was doing her best to win in the goal she had placed for herself.

Once out of the channel her course lay almost due southeast, and she made a reach of four miles of it. She darted bravely forward into the light until she had run down the lights of the war ships, which seemed to threaten her on the left. When it was estimated that she was several miles to seaward of the blockading line, she changed her course once more, steering now to the east, in order to bring herself well abreast of the fleet. The weather continued to be shifty. The mist fell heavily and rose quickly. Sometimes the sea toward the squadron stretched away dull and lifeless, and again a light could be picked up here and there, twinkling faintly in the darkness.

With the lookout lying flat down on top of the pilot house, and her crew crouching behind it, the Vamoose watched those five beacons anxiously. She made them out to be the war ships, and her danger lay in approaching them too closely; but, on the other hand, they were the sole means by which she could learn when she was in position to make her dash for victory. The Morris Island light-house had long since been lost in the night. Reckoning upon the ships having maintained the position relatively which they formerly occupied, the light should prove to be the Columbia, Indiana, New York, Amphitrite, Maine and Massachusetts, in one, two, three order. It was taken for granted that the Vesuvius was well inside of the line, and the Vesuvius was supposed to be engaged in a mission similar to that of the Vamoose, and, consequently, to be showing no lights at all.

When she had run something better than two miles to the east the Vamoose headed a little west from north for a few minutes, just to bring herself well abreast of the fleet, and began to creep cautiously in toward the line of danger. Soon the fore end of the lights were discerned faintly, and on to these were added an occasional one, which was flashed from one vessel to the other. When the line of blockade had thus been made out a wide gap in the



Lights was selected and the little dispatch boat veered to the northwest and prepared to cross the dead line. Just at this moment the weather deities seemed to have reverted once again to their promise of the early evening. The moon had disappeared entirely, and the freshening wind picked the mist up from the southward and pressed it heavily down upon the face of the sea.

It was the best quarter-hour of the night for the purpose of the Vamoose. The engineer was warned quietly to prepare for his best effort; the lookout was cautioned once more to keep a sharp watch for the Vesuvius, and the blockader plunged forward at racing speed. A wave rose high behind her, and the water, foaming away from her plunging prow, went rushing by her sides like a mountain torrent. Unless her calculations had failed the lights between which she was steering should be those of the Indiana and the New York. But without stopping to question the accuracy of this guess the little vessel went at the line and over it without detection. Once well inside the blockading line she blew three blasts from her alarm whistle, and then putting about she ran down to the fleet.

Just as she had surmised, she had come in fairly between the Indiana and the New York. The former, as she drew down and circled about her, was aglow with lights. It was the same aboard the New York. The big vessels were stripped for battle, as they had been during the day, but they were lying at anchor and they carried all their lights. In addition they were signalling one another, evidently practising the Arois code.

The Vamoose ran around the Indiana and then the New York. A few hundred yards to the south of the flagship the Vesuvius was lying. She, too, had up her lights, and when the Vamoose ran in alongside and hailed her an officer courteously responded from the deck, and the Vamoose steamed in into her harbor.—From the Charleston News and Courier of Feb. 16.

BALKAN STATES MENACE TURKEY.

Bulgaria and Servia Now Threaten Europe's Peace.

ALLIES OF THE GREEKS.

Sultan's Subjects in Macedonia Likely to Revolt at Any Time.

THE POWERS FAR APART.

Germany the Only Open Supporter of the Turkish Government.

GREAT BRITAIN IS ACCUSED.

Berlin Papers Say That Salisbury is Trying to Foment Trouble in Order to Outwit Russia.

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London, Feb. 20.—As I briefly wired this morning, Henry Norman cables the Chronicle a confirmation of my statement that the danger of war has passed from Crete to the Balkan States. There is not merely the fear of fighting between the Turks and Greeks on the border between the two countries, but Bulgaria is looking at Macedonia with greedy eyes.

Macedonia is in a state of eruption, and if the Sultan should send soldiers there to restore order there will be massacres, and three countries will step in to rid Turkey of her control there.

Three Foes of Turkey.

These countries are Bulgaria, Servia and Greece. This is what the five great powers were considering to-day.

As far as Crete is concerned, Russia is eager to see Turkey lose it. England does not dare to help Turkey, and Germany alone offers succor to Turkey, and the French are in a quandary.

The French masses side with Greece, while the Government wants some French money invested in Turkey and Egypt and also wants to agree with Russia.

France Has Little to Gain.

Many observers think France is almost as badly off as Turkey, because she seems certain to lose not only her Russian alliance, but will have a stop put on her claims upon Alsace-Lorraine, since if the powers decide that Turkey loses Crete because Greece has gobbled it up, there can be no question that Germany has an equal right to hold Alsace-Lorraine and laugh at the French idea of seeking revenge for her loss.

But these things are far from settled. The powers have been fruitlessly trying to come to terms about Armenia for eighteen months. Who can expect them to act more speedily over Crete and Macedonia?

The only trouble is that nobody is grabbing at Armenia, whereas Greece has already grabbed Crete, and three hot-headed little nations are clamoring to have Macedonia taken from Turkey and divided up.

Berlin, Feb. 20.—All the powers, including Great Britain and Italy, are agreed that the annexation of Crete by Greece shall not now be allowed, while they favor an interregnum in order to enable negotiations respecting the future of the island to be carried on. The distrust here of England is increasing. The Kreuzzeitung says that England will only gain time for other Balkan States to finish their war preparations, Lord Salisbury's government hoping for a general blaze in the Balkans.

The National Zeitung declares that Great Britain wishes to divert Russia's attention from Eastern Asia by exciting troubles in Eastern Europe, but in so doing she runs the risk that Russia may one day take up the glove and again transfer the centre of her actions to Southeast Europe.

I learn from special information that full accord has been reached between Germany and Russia concerning the further treatment of the Cretan question.

In diplomatic circles to-day the situation is considered extremely critical, especially because Greece continues to affront the powers and troubles are threatening in Thessaly.

No matter what may occur, the world will, if serious complications become inevitable, be surprised by the rapid action of Russia against Constantinople.

George's Bold Utterances.

Athens, Feb. 20.—The declaration which King George made to the Minister of a great power caused a sensation. His Majesty is said to have affirmed that the work of Europe with respect to Crete was sterile. The Moslems had provoked the recent troubles, and Greece could not indefinitely support the enormous sacrifices entailed by perpetual interdictions in the island.

The invading army has received formal orders to occupy and annex the island, which will be organized in the name of the King. If Europe takes evasive measures against Greece the King will have with him, according to the assertions of papers, at least 10,000,000 Greeks.

Vienna, Feb. 20.—Austria is inclining toward Salisbury's proposal that the fate of Crete shall be settled before Greece is asked to clear out of the island, but Germany may demand a reversal of this order if necessary.

The situation in Macedonia grows daily more and more serious, and gives cause for alarm in official circles here.

RUIZ HAD MANY FRIENDS.

While Practising Dentistry in Philadelphia He Made Himself a Favorite by His Geniality.

Philadelphia, Feb. 20.—Dr. Ricardo Ruiz, who was beaten to death by his fallers at Guanabacoa, was well known in Cuban circles in this city.

He was a graduate of the Pennsylvania College of Dental Surgery, at Eleventh and Clinton streets, of the class of 1878, and upon graduation opened an office at Seventh and Buttonwood streets, where he practised dentistry with considerable success.

He was an athlete and a very powerful man, and his genial ways made him a general favorite among his classmates during his college days, and won him many friends in his profession.

M'KINLEY TO SEE BRADLEY.

Kentucky's Governor to Talk of Patronage with the President elect.

Canton, O., Feb. 20.—Major McKinley showed continued signs of improvement to-day, and gave much of his time in putting the finishing touches upon his inaugural address. The address has been written for a week, but McKinley is a painstaking composer, and is revising his work with infinite care.

Senator J. P. Pritchard called on Major McKinley during the day, and left for Cleveland after a pleasant talk.

Governor Bradley, of Kentucky, will arrive tomorrow. He has been specially invited to talk of the Kentucky Senatorial situation, and incidentally to discuss McKinley's share of patronage.