

EARTHQUAKE AT SEA.

The Rumbling of the Elements Off Barbadoes—The Experience of a Boston Ship.

[N. Y. Sun, June 21.]

The ship *Hamilton*, of Boston, lay at her pier in Brooklyn yesterday, a picture of nautical neatness. First Officer Hill, a fine-looking, brown-faced, brown-mustached young man, clad in the popular sailor garb of snowy shirt and blue trousers, walked the deck. "We reached here yesterday," said he, "after a voyage of 129 days from Manila, with 44,000 bags of sugar. On the 4th of June, about three o'clock in the morning, I was standing aft, near the wheel, in charge of the vessel. We were then not far from the Island of Barbadoes, in latitude $19^{\circ} 16'$ north and longitude $57^{\circ} 51'$, and running in a light trade wind, blowing about four knots an hour. The water was as smooth as the river here. Suddenly the ship entered a sea running dead ahead, which was so heavy that it pitched the water through the hawse pipes and threw spray over the bow. For ten or fifteen minutes the ship pitched in this sea, and then there came a heavy, rumbling sound, as if fifty barrels were rolling over the deck. I hurried forward, expecting to find everything loose; but there was not a thing wrong. This rumbling continued five or ten minutes longer. The ship trembled and shook exactly as if she were bumping over a sand bar, and the sea ran heavier and heavier. Then there was a heavy shock, as if the ship had run square into that dock there, and then everything was quiet. The rumbling noise stopped, the sea became smooth, and the ship went on all right."

"It's not a very unusual thing," said Capt. Ross, "to experience earthquakes near the equator, between 20° and 30° west longitude: but I never before heard of one as far west and north as we then were.