

DESOLATION IN JAMAICA  
TERRIBLE RESULTS OF THE GREAT CYCLONE.

THE WHOLE ISLAND RAVAGED BY THE STORM – A LARGE NUMBER OF HOUSES AND  
VESSELS WRECKED – CROPS RUINED AND THE PEOPLE WITHOUT FOOD.

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BALTIMORE) Sept. 5.—The British steamer American, which arrived at this port yesterday, from Kingston, Jamaica, brings papers containing details of the terrible cyclone which swept over that island on Aug. 18. Capt. Wallace, of the American, describes the destruction as complete. He says there were about 45 vessels of all kinds lying in the harbor of Kingston when the storm occurred, and his own steamer and a German bark were the only ones that escaped damage or destruction. The Daily Gleaner of Aug. 21 gives the following detailed account of the storm

The treeless, battered city, shrouded in the gloom of a murky morning, presents a truly desolate and depressing appearance. It is next to impossible to catalogue the damage done to private houses of all classes in Kingston. As we have already stated, sea-side residences are wrecked, without exception. A gentleman occupying No. 1 East-street, near the sea, states from personal observation that the damage at the wharves began between 10 and 11 P. M. on Wednesday, when the wind blew in one furious "rush" from the south-west. The sea was an awful sight as it rose foaming in the moonlight. The ordinary high-water mark is some 40 yards below the house, above which the sea carried a small boat 20 yards, and stranded it.

The following is the entire damage to shipping in Kingston Harbor: The schooner Vere Packet is high and dry at Mitchell's Beach, severely damaged. The schooner C. C. B. is a total wreck. She is consigned to J. C. Fegan & Co. The Sunbeam and the Niper are high and dry; not otherwise damaged. Henry Huggs & Co.'s wharf is completely destroyed. Three buildings on the wharf premises were blown down, 190 turtles escaped, and one life was nearly lost. The loss here is about £600. The schooner Resistance is high and dry at Feurtado's Tannery Beach; no other damage was sustained. Soutar's wharf is completely washed away, only the piles remaining. The look-out, part of the roof, and the wharf premises were blown away. The schooner Early Bird was blown from the east buoy of the Royal Mail Company, and is now high and dry at the bottom of East-street, No other damage is as yet ascertained. Feurtado's the Royal Mail Company's, C. Levy & Co.'s, Mrs Artice's, Davidson, Colthvist & Co.'s, and Lyon's wharves are totally destroyed. The brigantines Caroni, Alinie, and Waterwitch sank alongside. The Ann and Empress, total wreck. The market wharf flooring destroyed, all the tiles uprooted. Schooner Dauntless, loaded with salt, sank off the market wharf. McDowell & Hankey's wharf destroyed. The W. I. and P. steamer American, ashore in mud off the market wharf. Schooner Sisters from Nassau, is damaged; she can be repaired. A. L. Malabre & Co.'s wharves are completely destroyed. The bark Everhard Delius, discharging lumber, is a total wreck. Adamson's wharf is destroyed. The schooner Manuelita is driven in a store on the wharf premises. The schooner Wave is high and dry. Adamson's and the Central wharves are totally destroyed. The Trent and Tamar are high and dry. The Twilight is a total wreck at Atwood's wharf, and the Spray high and dry at Princess-street. The Ordnance Desnoes', and the Government wharves are totally destroyed. The Moselle is high and dry on the Ordnance beach, and the Victorine and the Adventure both wrecked. The sloop Jane is high and dry at West-street. The schooners Sister and Goodwill are slightly damaged; the Lant and the General Patterson are high and dry between Customs and Princess wharves. The schooners Josephine, Bristol, Mercellina, and sloop Quack are high and dry. The crane recently erected on the Customs wharf is sunk. Vorley, Robinson & Co.'s wharf and storehouses are completely destroyed and the roof of the bakery blown off, The steam launch Thetis, with her engine out of order, is ashore, and the sloop Emily, with cargo, is a total wreck. The bark Akbar, lying alongside the Princess wharf, is ashore. Schloss's wharf, with an old lighter alongside, is totally destroyed. The Rio Cobre Bridge is twisted 16 inches out of place from the force of the river. The line otherwise is all right. The body of the mate of the sunken schooner Dauntless was recovered this morning alongside the steamer American, and was taken to the mortuary.

The reading of the barometer was as follows: 8:15 P.M., 29.71°; 8:27 P.M., 29.60°; 8:34 P.M., 29.53°; 8:40 P.M., 29.51°; 8:42 P.M., 29.50°; 9:30 P.M., 29.33°; 11:20 P.M., 29.50°.

Reports from points all over the island tell the same sad story — coffee plantations utterly destroyed and cocoa-nut groves yielding thousands of nuts fell like so many corn-stalks. At Morant Bay houses were torn from their foundations, and broken like matches by the wind. Canes everywhere are flattened on the ground. Advices concerning Port Royal, which we gather from several sources, are truly distressing, and only tend to increase the sad picture of desolation. The covered ways to the coal-houses, as well as the roofs, both wood and iron, have been blown away, leaving thousands of tons of coal exposed to the effects of the atmosphere. At St. Ann's Bay nearly every building sustained some damage. The Post Office narrowly escaped falling cocoa-nut trees. Roads are blocked up on all sides by huge trees and rubbish. It is impossible to get mails up yet. All telegraph lines are interrupted. In six hours there the barometer fell from 29.80° to 29.56°. Reports from St. James are that nearly all the houses have been laid to the ground and covered up with trees and earth. A correspondent at Constitution Hill writes that in his region the storm began about 12 noon on Wednesday, and raged until Thursday morning. He sends a list of some persons in the August Hill District whose houses are gone. Banana cultivation is ruined, and there are no mangoes, no yams, no pears to be seen. Cane-fields and coffee plantations suffered also, and it is feared that the people have little or no food. The tidings from Newcastle are of grave import. Out of 80 houses some 20 were leveled to the ground, and the wreckage was swept clean from the mountain side. We are informed that a soldier was killed instantly by a beam falling across his breast. The railroad bridge at Rio Cobre was rendered utterly impassable, being knocked clean off its supports.

All along the coast, from Kingston to Holland Bay, the destruction was awful and the loss beyond computation. The papers state that thieves everywhere, availing themselves of the defenseless state of the people, are stealing ad libitum. It has been estimated that the island has been put back in development about two years and it is feared that the poorer classes have an era of suffering before them. The planters are left with shattered and destroyed crops, and the fishermen have had their houses blown away and their smacks sunk. At the markets in the towns persons come with empty hands, and traffic is limited to an interchange of stories which are sobbingly told. There is literally no business going on anywhere, except the work of restoring to some sort of shape the distorted and shattered dwellings and wrecked edifices. In many of the towns the Government offices and buildings suffered much, and the clerks are unable to transact business. In short, the wail which comes from Jamaica through the newspapers is one of genuine and profound distress.

A gentleman, writing from Port Antonio, makes the following statement:

I am writing to you from the midst of a scene of desolation which it is impossible to describe, and which no language can exaggerate. On the 18th inst. a hurricane burst over this district, and mowed down the fruits of the earth as if the angel of death had passed through the land with his scythe. Looking from my house inland, I can see a distance of 15 or 20 miles, and I can confidently assert that, in the whole of that space, there is not left a growing plant, not a banana, not a cane, not a corn-stalk or a yam-vine, and where the coffee trees are not uprooted or broken short off, the berries have been swept from the branches as completely as if picked by the hand. \* \* \* About noon on Wednesday, the 18th Inst.. the wind which had been blowing strong during all the morning and the previous day began to assume an angry tone, and by 2 o'clock the gale had increased to full hurricane strength. \* \* \* About 6 o'clock P.M. the people from the neighborhood, whose houses had been blown over their land, began to flock to me for protection, and by 9 o'clock I had 31 black people — men, women, and children — drenched with rain and trembling with fright, huddled together in my dining-room. Between 9 and 10 o'clock, my front door, which I had taken the precaution to strengthen by nailing battens across it, blew clean out of its frame hinges, lock, bolts, and all giving way. This was for me the supreme moment of danger — it being perfectly certain that if the door could not be put back into its place the roof could not hold out many minutes. Fortunately for me, I had been prompt in giving refuge to the destitute, and, rallying together the men of the party, the door was by sheer muscular force, driven back into its place, where I managed to secure it with buttresses obtained from the destruction of my own bed and the parlor sofa. At 12:20

A.M. I received the last of the refugees — an old man and woman, with a young lad — who were dragged through a window more dead than alive from exposure and terror. The wind about this time changed to the south-west, but the hurricane had spent its fury and all damage to the house was past. But the full realization of what the country and the people had suffered was reserved for the morning, and I am not ashamed to confess that when I looked out upon the desolate aspect of the country, I burst into a flood of hysterical tears. As far as the eye could reach it was one "waste howling wilderness" — cultivated and un-cultivated land alike were as smooth as if an army of axe and cutlass men had passed through them, cutting down tall trees and little shrubs with unsparing impartiality. An old woman who works in my kitchen, and who was formerly a slave on this property, put it in this forcible way Looking down toward the Rio Grande, which the day before she could not have seen on account of the intervening timber, she exclaimed to herself, "Hi! God Almighty weed clean, for true." \* \* \* The worst part of all is that the people will have no food for the next 12 months. I have just been waited upon by a deputation of four black men, all of them small proprietors of the better class, able to read and write, and they assured me that after the food which has been blown to the ground has been consumed — that is to say, in about two weeks' time — the people will be entirely destitute for the next 12 or 13 months. They have asked me to prepare a petition to the Governor on their behalf, and I have promised them to do so on their providing me with reliable information of the actual position of affairs in the district. One man, Richard Smith, who had over 13 acres in cultivation in yams, bananas, and coffee, informed me that he had just returned from his field, and that it was "as smooth as the palm of his hand," not a vestige of anything remaining.