2003

Sylvester H. Scovel, Journalist, and the Spanish-American War

Darien Elizabeth Andreu
SYLVESTER H. SCOVEL, JOURNALIST, AND THE SPANISH-AMERICAN WAR

By

Darien Elizabeth Andreu

A Dissertation submitted to the Department of English in partial fulfillment of the requirements for the degree of Doctor of Philosophy

Degree Awarded:
Summer Semester, 2003

Copyright © 2003
Darien Elizabeth Andreu
All Rights Reserved
The members of the Committee approve the dissertation of Darien Elizabeth Andreu defended on May 30, 2003.

Dr. Joseph R. McElrath
Professor Directing Dissertation

Dr. Ernest Rehder
Outside Committee Member

Dr. R. Bruce Bickley
Committee Member

Dr. John Fenstermaker
Committee Member

Approved:

Bruce Boehrer,
Director of Graduate Studies

The Office of Graduate Studies has verified and approved the above named committee members.
For family and friends
whose support sustained this effort
ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS

A project such as this provides the pleasures of collaboration. I am grateful for the assistance of Peggy Dyess, Interlibrary Loan Technician, Flagler College, who tracked down numerous interlibrary loans and reels and reels of The World microfilm; Nancy Pelletier, Faculty Secretary, Flagler College, who typed the Scovel dispatches, often from blurred and fragmentary photocopies of The World articles; Dennis Northcott, Associate Archivist for Reference, Missouri Historical Society, who made many special efforts during a trip to St. Louis to visit the Sylvester H. Scovel collection; Paula Miller, Dean of Academic Affairs and William T. Abare, Jr., President, Flagler College, who provided course reductions and moral support throughout; my committee members, Dr. R. Bruce Bickley, Dr. John Fenstermaker; and Dr. Ernest Rehder; who offered invaluable advice and example throughout my years at Florida State University; and for the larger Flagler community for its generous support on a daily basis. I am deeply grateful to my major professor, Dr. Joseph R. McElrath, whose guidance and experience, patience and compassion, taught me much more about academic professionalism than what appears in the following pages. Ever always, I am grateful to my husband, Robin King, for his joy of life.
TABLE OF CONTENTS

ABSTRACT vi
PREFACE 1
SYLVESTER H. SCOVEL: AN INTRODUCTION 3
EDITORIAL METHODOLOGY 27
SYLVESTER SCOVEL’S SPANISH-AMERICAN WAR ARTICLES 30
WORKS CITED 349
BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH 360
Sylvester Henry "Harry" Scovel (1869-1905) was one of the most celebrated journalists of the Spanish-American War. Almost every scholar who has written about the correspondents of this late nineteenth-century engagement has made use of Scovel’s dispatches from the New York World, particularly his on-the-scene reports of the explosion of the Maine. For the first time, all of Scovel’s “war” writing for the Joseph Pulitzer owned New York World are here made available in edited form: 132 dispatches dating from the explosion of the Maine on February 15, 1898, to his letter of August 10, 1898, an explanation and apology for the events surrounding his confrontation with General Shafter at the flag-raising ceremony in Santiago.

Following an introduction treating the correspondent’s life and experiences during the war is a transcription of each article, which has been given a close proofreading and then edited to reflect the discernible intentions of the author within the conventions of contemporaneous usage. The arrangement is chronological, and an "Editorial Methodology" explains how and why these articles are edited as they appear.
Although it marked the emergence of the United States as a global power in 1898, the Spanish-American War is not one of the prominent conflicts in popular memory. Likewise, not only the yellow journalists who stirred up enthusiasm for intruding upon Spanish sovereignty to liberate the Cuban people but more temperate correspondents who reported preparations for and the invasion of Cuba by American soldiers are largely forgotten figures, despite the celebrity they enjoyed at the turn of the century. Stephen Crane and Frank Norris served as correspondents; but had their name recognition depended upon their involvement in the Cuban expedition rather than their novels, they too would have suffered the fate of now less famous fiction writers present. By the end of the twentieth century, for example, John Fox, Jr., and Richard Harding Davis were hardly household names. And thus the fate of Sylvester Henry Scovel, known to his friends as Harry, who was not a literary man but was, in fact, one of the most widely known and celebrated figures in journalism in his day. Indeed, he was the very type of the dashing, fearless reporter whose mission in life was to “get the scoop” and beat the competition to the press. One of the New York World yellow journalists profoundly sympathetic to the cause of Cuban liberation before the war, he was one of the most energetic and valuable contributors to that nationally influential daily through the conflict’s successful conclusion.

For students of American literary history, he is an important figure in that his activities in the 1890s are intertwined with those of literary artists such Crane, Norris, and Davis. The writing of biographies of the latter figures inevitably involves treatment of their associations with Scovel. But it is professional historians who demonstrate the greatest need to attend to both Scovel’s career and his documentation of what transpired as the United States wrested from Spain’s control the “pearl of the Antilles.” In such significant books as Charles H. Brown’s The Correspondents’ War, George O’Toole’s The Spanish War: An American Epic–1898, and especially Joyce Milton’s The Yellow Kids: Foreign Correspondents in the Heyday of Yellow Journalism, Scovel’s dispatches, and particularly his on-the-scene reports concerning the sinking of the Maine, are crucial sources of information for these scholars.
There follows, first, an introduction to Scovel as a historically significant individual for a scholarly readership that does not enjoy access to a full-scale biography or a reliable means of biographically contextualizing his Spanish-American War reportage. What is now known about Scovel is not a result of a systematic investigation of his life and must be spliced together from several sources, none of which focuses exclusively upon him. Below, in the section entitled “Sylvester H. Scovel: An Introduction,” is a discussion that addresses the major contribution that the dissertation makes to scholarship. For the first time, all of Scovel’s New York World writings that deal with the war are made available in conservatively edited form. While historians have repeatedly used some of these writings, they have had to turn to the New York Public Library’s microfilm collection including the New York World for particular articles from which they have quoted; and none reflects his or her having either identified or read all of the dispatches authored by Scovel. That is, this dissertation is a critical edition, the editorial principles of which are described in the section entitled “Editorial Methodology.”

To ensure full contextualization of Scovel’s war writings and his involvement in events leading up to and following the conflict between Spain and the United States, I have searched the issues of the only newspaper by which Scovel was employed during the war, The World--this taking me from 4 February 1896 to 30 January 1899.
Sylvester Scovel had never planned to become a “yellow kid” journalist or the celebrated correspondent covering the Spanish-American War for Joseph Pulitzer’s New York newspaper, The World. His dispatches from Cuba—about Spanish atrocities before the war, the American war effort in Cuba, and especially those about the sinking of the Maine in Havana Harbor—gave him a national notoriety unexpected for a man not trained as a journalist but an engineer.

“Harry” was born Sylvester Henry Scovel in Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania, on July 29, 1869. Scovel was the third of five children of Caroline Woodruff and Dr. Sylvester Fithian Scovel, a Presbyterian minister who served as President of the University of Wooster (now College of Wooster), in Wooster, Ohio, from 1883 to 1899. According to one of the many articles about him The World (these are cited parenthetically), young Scovel was expected to “curb his fondness for athletics.” But Harry, from his earliest years, “showed a daring spirit and a fondness for sports. He was a leader among his comrades” (“Scovel Arrested,” February 7, 1897, 1). He would not fulfill the family’s desire that he become its third generation minister. At about the age 16, Scovel indicated to his parents his lack of interest in religious training and his intention to seek work as an engineer. His family, thinking a period of hard labor would cure him of this notion, sent him to work for his older brother, a junior engineer at a Tennessee firm that specialized in constructing blast furnaces.

After a season of hard labor, Scovel’s parents wanted him to return to school. He startled them by announcing his desire to stay and his sympathy for the workers wishing to strike. Nevertheless, Scovel returned to Wooster and sought an appointment to Annapolis, but his congressman, William McKinley, gave the nod to a young man from his own hometown of Canton. Then Scovel attended the Michigan Military Academy, graduating in 1877 and enrolling at the University of Michigan in the fall. Halfway through his sophomore year, despite his excelling on the athletic field and performing well in the classroom, Scovel, restless, dropped out (“Autobiographical Sketch,” 1-3).

At the age of 19, Scovel headed west to work on cattle ranches in Colorado, Utah, and Wyoming, and developed a
reputation as “one of the best rough riders on the range” (“Scovel Arrested,” February 7, 1897, 3). From time to
time he would send articles on conditions there to
Cleveland newspapers. After several years of ranch work,
Scovel returned to Ohio and found a position as a general
manager and fund-raiser of the Cleveland Athletic Club.
There, as a member of Troop A, a part of the Ohio National
Guard (“Scovel’s Comrade,” February 28, 1897, [10]), he
served as “an instructor in tactics and gymnastics to the
city troop of the State militia” (“Sylvester Scovel,”
February 13, 1905, 3). He also provided occasional
articles about the club’s activities to the Pittsburgh
Dispatch. While the club was a great social success,
Scovel, living the high life, soon went broke. His father
directed him to insurance sales, which he detested. After
attending a Liberty League rally in September of 1895, one
of the defining events of his life occurred (Milton 57-58).
His imagination and sympathies stirred by the revolution
taking place in Cuba, he headed to New York, where he made
arrangements to work as a foreign correspondent for the
Herald, a paper well-regarded for its reporting of
international news. An editor promised Scovel $24 per
dispatch for the information he could smuggle out about the
Spanish-Cuban conflict (“Autobiographical Sketch,” 4-6;
Milton 57-66). At the time, Scovel was 26 and told friends
he was going to Cuba “to see the fighting” (Brown 45).

Scovel landed in Cienfuegos on the southern coast.
After some initial difficulties in eluding Spanish
authorities as he tried to slip out of town, he headed to
the backcountry in search of the army of General Maximo
Gomez, the Cuban insurgent chief in the eastern provinces.
Scovel arrived in November, “traveling with the commander’s
personal staff,” as the insurgents began their invasion of
the western provinces (Bowen 1). He sent his dispatches to
New York through sympathetic Junta agents who smuggled them
by boat to the U.S. But after three months, he had no idea
if any of his work had made its way to the Herald. In an
effort to locate American newspapers, early January of
1896, while traveling with the rebel band of General
Antonio Maceo, Scovel attempted to slip into Havana to
check on his dispatches. In trying to pass through a
sentry post as a 20-year-old Spanish speaking journalist,
his bluff was called, and he was imprisoned in Havana’s
dreaded Morro Castle. Several days away from execution, he
was visited by Dr. William Shaw Bowen, a correspondent for
The New York World, who made a strong case to the Spanish
authorities that they should not execute this college
president’s son. Scovel was released and directed to leave the country. But the young man had impressed the veteran political writer with his sincerity “to make a reputation as a war correspondent” that he was employed by The World. ("Autobiographical Sketch," 6-8).

Despite a limited facility with Spanish, Scovel had acquired the confidence of General Gomez and rode again with his men through the year of 1896, sending back dispatches “from mountain and swamp, by whatever means he could command” ("Autobiographical Sketch," 3). As later reported by The World, he “was of great service to them in drilling their green troops” ("Sylvester Scovel," February 13, 1905, 3). He traveled on horseback with a typewriter and refused to carry a weapon of any kind, for to do so, he believed, would compromise his noncombatant status.

As quickly as Scovel became an ally valued by the Cubans, he was reviled by the Spanish for his reporting. Senor Sylvester was “the best known and most bitterly hated American in Cuba” (Bullard 410). The World’s representative wrote numerous articles about the Spanish atrocities and had the information witnessed with signatures. He reported on Spanish and Cuban troop movements, their strengths and weaknesses, the devastating effects of the Spanish reconcentrado policy (relocating rural Cubans to the cities to prevent their aiding the insurgents)—and even on the Cuban insurgents’ unfortunate but unavoidable contributions to the natives’ poverty as they wrecked trains and burned the backcountry food supplies and crops that the Spanish might appropriate. The World years later declared that Scovel “alert and fearless, with a marvelous capacity for work under unfavorable conditions found in The World a mouth piece for his messages, that the true situation in Cuba became known. Then, with untiring energy he began . . . the work that was to bring about the freedom of the Cuban people” ("Sylvester Scovel," February 13, 1905, 3).

On February 23, 1896, Scovel published an exclusive interview with Gomez that enraged General Valeriano Weyler, Spanish governor of Cuba, who responded by posting a reward of $5,000 (Milton 95) and then $10,000 (Bullard 410) for The World correspondent’s capture. Nursing a six-month-old gunshot wound that he incurred while witnessing an exchange of fire between the insurgents and the Spanish, Scovel left the country in disguise in August (Milton 100). On January 2, 1897, Scovel slipped back into Havana, risking arrest “at times when the execution of a little band of captured revolutionists by a firing squad was one of the regular
early morning spectacles” (“Sylvester Scovel,” February 13, 1905, 3). He met with American Consul-General Fitzhugh Lee, who wanted Scovel to locate Gomez and obtain the general’s response to an American proposal for home rule in Cuba (Milton 143). Scovel accomplished his mission expeditiously. On January 4, he wrote, “I have been fortunate enough to get into Havana, get out of it again, and to find an insurgent force, all within twelve hours” (“Rebels Never More Hopeful,” January 7, 1897, 1). The Spanish authorities seethed.

Scovel continued to elude capture until February 2, 1897, when he was arrested for a second time by Spanish officials, who claimed that the journalist had forfeited his American citizenship by assisting the insurgents. A great outcry ensued. Newspapers in 87 U.S. cities ran editorials calling for Scovel’s release. Congress, 14 state legislatures, as well as the Oklahoma territory and the city council of Columbus, Ohio, adopted resolutions calling for immediate governmental intervention (World, February 17-March 9, 1897). Journalist Richard Harding Davis and illustrator Frederic Remington published letters in The World protesting Scovel’s unjust imprisonment. Davis argued Scovel’s status as a non-combatant and concluded by threatening that if Scovel were to perish in Spanish hands, “HIS DEATH WILL FREE CUBA” (“Richard Harding Davis Writes,” February 18, 1897, 1). Three days later, Remington called for greater State Department involvement and observed that “it must make [Scovel] sour on his country when he is abandoned this way” (“Fred Remington to The World,” February 21, 1897, 1). On March 9, he was released and traveled back to New York, now one of the most famous correspondents in the nation.

On April 5, 1897, Scovel married Frances Cabanne and intended to travel with her to Europe, his next World assignment. But to their surprise, Pulitzer denied the request, citing a spouse as a distraction (Milton 157). Thus in May, Frances had returned to her family home in St. Louis, and Scovel was in Athens to cover the Greco-Turkish war. The conflict did not last long. By July Scovel had returned to New York and was assigned to cover the coal mining strikes in West Virginia, where he could be rejoined by his wife. At the end of the month, he was pulled off the assignment and sent to Alaska to cover the gold rush in the Yukon. Frances discreetly accompanied him, even on a treacherous 40-mile journey up to Dawson City. But on a solo return trip to Seattle in mid September to file his dispatches, Scovel received a cable from his editor that he
should return to New York immediately. The correspondent boarded a train east after scribbling a note to a friend, asking him to retrieve Frances from Dawson City, where she waited for a cold, rainy month for news of him (Milton 171-181).

By November 1897, Scovel was in Cuba again, soon arrested and released for the third time. Shortly thereafter, the Spanish modified its policies in Cuba, establishing home rule, which allowed the Cubans more autonomy and correspondents freer passage. Scovel sent for Frances and the two spent the next few months socializing in Havana and traveling about the countryside, once in late December, riding out to meet Gomez in the backcountry (Milton 205-8).

As it became apparent, no amount of “home rule” in Cuba was going to be adequate after the events of February 1898. The evening of February 15, Scovel, his wife, and Harper’s Weekly writer George Rea were dining in a café several blocks from Havana’s waterfront when a huge explosion occurred in the harbor, shattering windows and shaking doors from their bolts (Brown 114). Scovel and Rea saw to Frances’ safety and then sprinted toward the bay. Scovel later wrote, “Arriving at the waterfront ten minutes after the shock, I found a dazed crowd of police and officers, gazing speechless at a mass of protruding, wrenched iron beams bursting with fire. It was the Maine” (“It was a Torpedo,” February 18, 1898, 5). The visiting American battleship had been sent to Havana as tensions heightened between the Spanish, American and Cuban populations over the issue of autonomy. President McKinley had become increasingly concerned “for the thousands of Americans living in Cuba and the millions of dollars invested on the island” (O’Toole 21). Cuban self-governance threatened Spanish interests, which, in turn, produced anti-American sentiment.

Declaring themselves as officers of the Maine, the two correspondents pushed through the crowd and leapt into a rowboat, among the first civilians on the scene. As the boatman paddled toward the wreck, the ship’s ammunition continued to explode around them. In an oft-quoted February 18 dispatch, Scovel described the horrible sight:

Her superstructure alone loomed up, partly colored by the red glare of the flames glancing upon the water.

At first it appeared as if her bow was totally demolished. Then the mass of twisted beams and braces was seen that was blown forward
by the awful rending.

One hundred yards away we were stopped by floating wreckage, and moans and agonized cries could be heard.

As the men paddled around to the disaster site, Scovel observed "the naked body of a sailor. He writhed, and the magnificent muscles of his arms and chest strained like cables."

The correspondents assisted in pulling the wounded and the dead from the water for an hour and a half until the Charles D. Sigsbee, the Maine's captain, asked Scovel to announce in Spanish that everyone should leave the vicinity of the wreck. Then Scovel and Rea joined the captain on the deck of a nearby steamer where they were met by Colonel Paglieri, the first Spanish representative to speak with the ship's captain. Scovel served as translator. Paglieri spoke first. "In the name of the Captain-General I wish to offer you the most sincere condolence and to know what you may have to say as to the awful affair, and its causes."

The captain's reply was guarded: "I cannot state more than we are blown up until I closely investigate" ("It was a Torpedo," February 18, 1898, 5).

Sigsbee dictated a similarly circumspect dispatch to Naval Secretary John Long in Washington; then Rea and Scovel rushed to the Havana cable office where Scovel wired his editor in New York the shocking news: the battleship Maine had been destroyed by an unknown cause, hundreds of enlisted men were dead, and dozens were wounded. He included the suggestive observation that became a headline: "There is some doubt as to whether the explosion took place ON the Maine" ("The U.S. Battleship Maine," February 16, 1898, 1). Scovel's dispatch arrived at the New York World in time for the 5 a.m. edition. Only his thirteen sentence report and an Associated Press story had made it across the cable in time for the nation's newspapers' first press runs of the day; of the two breaking stories, only Scovel had been an eye-witness to the disaster scene (Milton 220). Thus the world awakened on February 16, 1898, to the news that would propel America into war with Spain.

From his first sight of the mangled ship, Scovel was certain that the Maine had been a victim of sabotage. In the days that followed, his dispatches focused on the cause of the explosion as well as the ship's wounded and dead. En route to a Key West hospital were the injured: 24 men and 17 officers. Some 234 others were "still in the iron tomb" of the Maine ("Latest News," February 17, 1898, 2). Scovel sent sketches showing how torpedoes could have been placed in the Havana harbor to blow up a battleship. Drawing on his engineering
background, he speculated that if investigating divers found “that the indenture in the hull is inward, the conclusion that the magazine was exploded by a bomb or torpedo placed beneath the vessel is inevitable. If the indentation is outward, it will indicate that the first explosion was in the magazine. This will be determined within twenty-four hours” (“Capt. Zalinsky,” February 17, 1898, 2). Scovel was overly optimistic. It would be another 41 days before the findings of a U.S. investigating board would be presented to Congress.

For the next month and a half, Scovel detailed the developments and findings concerning the Maine. Almost every dispatch emphasized the external explosion theory. He argued that since the wreck had a list to its left, this was the “final evidence that the ship is practically broken in two by the explosion against the port side” (“Explosion from Port to Starboard,” February 19, 1898, 1). Furthermore, despite the fact that no one had witnessed the perpetrators of the crime, this was not confirmation that a conspiracy or fanatic had not been at the source of the explosion: “Tuesday night when the explosion occurred, was dark” (“Nothing but a Mine,” February 20, 1898, 1, 2). Then, in February 24 dispatch, Scovel offered no fewer than 50 proofs that the Maine was destroyed by a mine or torpedo. The awful truth, he declared, was that even if the ship’s entire amount of powder in its forward magazine exploded, it could not, have “done the awful damage that the divers find” (“Fifty Physical Proofs that Maine was Blown Up By Mine or Torpedo,” February 24, 1898, 1).

Scovel’s vigil at the disaster scene was relentless. Despite the Spanish efforts to keep newspaper correspondents from the vicinity of the wreck, The World correspondent hovered in a small boat around the Maine, watching the recovery efforts and the on-going investigation. Of one trip he wrote that he was stopped today by the Spanish patrol boat from getting nearer the Maine than three hundred feet. American officers were on board, and the American flag was flying from the rear and only mast. I requested a permit from the commandant of the Spanish warship Alphonso XII. as a matter of courtesy. It was refused, but I went within five yards of the Maine, claiming my right as an American citizen to go as close as close to a piece of United States soil as desired. Force was not used and I remained. (“Nothing but a Mine,” February 20, 1898, 1, 2)

In his memoirs, Captain Sigsbee would recall that “the ubiquitous American newspaper correspondent could not be denied [. . .]. It caused our officers some amusement to see occasionally a certain newspaper correspondent sitting in the
stern of the Spanish divers’ boat while it was working on the wreck. I made no objection” (Sigsbee 166-167). According to Charles H. Brown in The Correspondents’ War, in Scovel “The World had a man who seemingly could out-scoop and out-write the competition, for most of the voluminous copy coming from Havana to the paper carried his by-line” (Brown 130).

Scovel’s writing throughout this period became exceedingly graphic in its critical evaluations of the U.S. government’s handling of the situation. He lamented the fact that U.S. officials were not moving quickly enough to recover the bodies of the victims. He wrote several times of the vultures hovering over the harbor, “one picking, with muscular jerks of his scaly neck, the portions of a man just risen” (“Explosion From Port to Starboard,” February 19, 1898, 1). Through Scovel The World had offered to finance the cost of local divers to retrieve the bodies, but the McKinley administration declined. Knowing full well the possible gravity of the final verdict of the Maine investigation, it had moved cautiously, hiring its own divers, whom Scovel felt were not as effective in the murky waters. “The mangled sailors are still there, and identification will be impossible to-morrow, so The World’s humane offer comes to naught” (“Explosion From Port to Starboard,” February 19, 1898). Such frank reportage at times bordered on the sensational. Of the bodies the government divers encountered in the forward part of the wreck, Scovel wrote that all had “arms upstretched and extended fingers in the exact position of reaching for handles to jump out of the hammocks, when suddenly awakened by the first shock and being then caught” (“World Photographs,” February 24, 1898, 2). The World journalist’s vivid and coldly analytical diction was seen by readers as grounded in truth, and accolades poured in. Congressmen, newspaper editors nationwide, and armaments experts who had studied Scovel’s reports of the destructive effects of mines and torpedoes contacted The World with expressions of thanks for Mr. Scovel’s “phenomenal achievement in journalism” (“Praise World’s Work,” February 25, 1898, 5). On February 23, President McKinley acknowledged thorough a World correspondent “the great obligation which the Administration is under to The World for the information which has reached here from World correspondents during the last few days from Havana and Madrid” (“Highest Authority,” February 23, 1898, 5). In a similar spirit, a Congressman from Tennessee wrote, “The World is very fortunate in having such an able representative on the ground from the first minute of the terrible affair” (“Praise World’s Work.” February 25, 1898, 7).

Throughout the month of February, World headlines touted Scovel’s tireless work. One article noted that
members of congressional circles “rely upon The World to furnish them with the most recent and reliable intelligence concerning the great disaster” (“Praise World’s Work,” February 25, 1898, 7). Another article observed that it was Scovel’s reports that informed public perception:

Eight days ago, on Saturday, Feb. 19, The World’s special correspondent in Havana electrified the country by the exclusive announcement that the principal forward magazine of the Maine had not exploded. This fact changed the whole current of popular opinion. Up to that time, and even as late as the next day, every other newspaper assumed, like President McKinley in his authorized statement to The World, that the awful calamity was the result of an accident. (“What Changed Popular Opinion,” February 27, 1898, 2).

When America declared war on April 25, 1898, Scovel shouldered double duty: he served as head of The World’s reporting staff in Key West, and he volunteered to share his first-hand knowledge of Cuba and the Cubans with Admiral William T. Sampson. As a result, the amount of writing that he himself did decreased as he spread assignments among two newly hired staffers (Milton 238). In his supervisory capacity, Scovel gave time to spying and managing spies for the U.S. military. Before war was declared, Scovel had landed a reporter on the beach under the guns of Morro Castle. George Hyatt, whom Scovel referred to in articles as “George Heilberg,” slipped “within Havana’s inner guard lines and within her most jealously guarded defenses.” Heilberg’s mission was to collect information on the city’s preparations for war. Most people involved in the war effort anticipated that a defining battle would come to Havana, the capital city, so the more information Scovel could provide Sampson the better.

After landing the U.S. spy, Scovel’s dispatch boat headed west and then east, mapping the coast line: “Each sandy beach, each gap between the coast hills, each cleared ascent itself practicably [sic] for infantry, cavalry, artillery, or all three together, were carefully noted.” By the day’s end, Scovel provided then-Captain Sampson with “detailed knowledge of the best landing places and the worst ones from Matanzas to Mariel, a distance of seventy miles.” In his April 19 dispatch, Scovel’s focus was again on Heilberg. He wrote that The World scout had accomplished his mission, though at the time Scovel had no certainty of this; the scout was still on Cuban soil
But this disinformation was essential since the Spanish would also read *The World*; and Scovel continued this practice, when necessary, in subsequent dispatches.

On another scouting mission, Scovel was accompanied by Collier’s Weekly photographer Jimmy Hare. Biographer Cecil Carnes relates how Hare struck a bargain with the World journalist: Hare would provide Scovel and Sampson with militarily essential photographs if Scovel would assist Hare in an opportunity to photograph General Gomez. Scovel developed a plan to visit Gomez in the Santa Clara province, about 75 miles east of Havana, to deliver the news that war had been declared. The mark of a well-regarded journalist was his possession of a sea-going tugboat, a press boat. Scovel had the steamer Triton and an experienced crew that previously conducted filibustering expeditions on the Cuban coast, providing arms and other supplies to Cuban insurgents at the risk of capture and execution by the Spanish.

Once the voyage was underway, Hare realized that the actual first order of business—concealed from him—was to retrieve the spy that Scovel had dropped off near Havana several days earlier. With “Heilberg” safely aboard, Hare would then take photographs of Havana’s coastline for Sampson’s use, and then they would go to meet Gomez. But as the Triton approached the shore under the cover of darkness at the appointed time, and at a place that Scovel had told Hare that he had given “almost prayerful consideration” (Carnes 21), the boat became lodged on a sandbar. Several hours later when the incoming tide had floated the Triton free, the daylight had arrived. They had to leave the coast—without having recovered their scout. After a rest offshore, the group traveled back to the Cuban coast so that Hare could take the photos and Scovel could record soundings to be delivered to Sampson (Carnes 18-29; Paine 200). On board was a World associate whom Scovel would send in his stead with Hare to visit Gomez. There was no need for two World men to cover the same story.

Back in Key West, Scovel manipulated in similar fashion the recently arrived journalist, Ralph Paine, a representative of the Philadelphia Press and associate of the World. Scovel didn’t want Paine interfering with his spy or scout work, and so Scovel offered him the opportunity to travel with Admiral Sampson on the flagship New York. Paine accepted, but he later complained in his memoir that Scovel’s secretive errands for the Admiral
caused him to miss relaying "the first action of the war," the news of Admiral Sampson’s bombardment of the Matanzas fortifications on April 27. When Paine had composed his dispatch to send back to Key West with the World boat, he found that it was nowhere to be seen. It had disappeared somewhere with Scovel. Wrote Paine with some bitterness in Roads of Adventure, "I admired Sylvester Scovel the magnificent, it was to wish that he might have attended more strictly to the newspaper game and left the management of the war to the Admiral." For this incident and several others between the two men, Paine held a grudge against "the great Sylvester Scovel" (Paine 194-200).

On April 26, the ever-busy Scovel reported setting ashore the World expedition to contact Gen. Gomez. While the group was on assignment, Scovel lamented the potential loss of one of his spies he had put on shore earlier ("Brave World Correspondent," April 28, 1898, 3). Then in a May 3 dispatch, Scovel further lamented the fact there had been no sign of The World's party to Gomez at the rendezvous point. Taking matters into his own hands he declared, "I am off to find Gomez and The World’s commission" ("Scovel Goes," May 3, 1898, 8).

By May 8, Scovel reported a successful rescue of The World’s operatives. What he did not describe were the challenging circumstances he endured to retrieve his friends, including navigating several miles across a foul-smelling swamp, being captured by insurrectos, and having to commandeer a fishing smack to escape a Spanish column rumored to be marching in the direction of the reconstituted group (Carnes 43-46). What Scovel did forward to his editors were Gomez’s letters of thanks and promised assistance to the American people; to General Miles, commanding general of the Army; to Admiral Sampson; and to President McKinley ("Gomez Says," May 9, 1898, 1, and "Gen Gomez’s Letters," May 10, 1898, 1). As Scovel had reported in earlier stories, Gomez continued to ask only for supplies: "we need no more than munitions with which to finish with the Spaniards, as the Island of Cuba is in such a condition that they cannot resist six months of rigorous siege" ("Gomez Says," May 9, 1898, 1).

Scovel and the Triton were next off to cover the infamous voyage and gun battle of the steamboat Gussie. This U.S. transport was "a venerable sidewheeler of Mississippi river glory" ("Yankees Win," May 14, 1898, 4). The forty-year old red-and-green-painted riverboat (Milton 274) had been assigned to take supplies to Cuban insurgents in the province of Pinar del Rio. On May 10 the Triton
towed the Gussie out of the Key West harbor, hurried ahead to the Cuban coast, landed two scouts on the beach, and then met the brightly lit, colorful steamboat as she blazed into view near Baracoa (Paine 203). The Gussie was shelled as it put a boatful of Americans and Cuban couriers on shore at Cabanas. With Spanish troops in the area, no Cuban could approach to receive the supplies, and eventually, after attempting another landing, the Gussie turned back for the 90 mile return trip to Key West. Scovel reported that the Yankees had won “the first small-arm episode of the present war” without loss of life. And though history has seen events differently, Scovel noted that “in its little way this attack was as completely successful as Commodore Dewey’s assault upon Manila” (“Yankees Win,” May 14, 1898, 4).

While many journalists stayed in Key West hotels awaiting the full-scale outbreak of fighting, Scovel continued his front line newsgathering. On May 17 The World published Scovel’s long account of his attempt to participate in an exchange of prisoners--two captured World correspondents for two Spanish officers. The Americans were Charles Thrall and Haydon Jones, whom Scovel had landed twelve miles west of Havana. The two spies had been captured by Spanish soldiers only a mile after they had ridden inland with the intention of contacting insurgent forces. Leading the mission of negotiation was Lieutenant Brainard aboard the Uncas. According to Scovel in his May 17 dispatch, Brainard did not know that he had a stowaway aboard. “I thought they might need an interpreter,” Scovel wrote of his reason for being on board. “I didn’t come forth from my hiding place until the Uncas had left Sand Key light [south of Key West] astern. Brainard . . . couldn’t very well throw me overboard” (“Thrall and Jones,” May 17, 1898, 1, 2). What had transpired, in the opinion of Joyce Milton, was a display of self-sacrificial nobility upon Scovel’s part. After the Gussie mission, which had been widely publicized before it occurred, war correspondents’ travel on naval ships had been severely limited. Had Scovel admitted that he had had an invitation from Brainard to observe the proceedings, the officer could have been stripped of his command. As his punishment for the Uncas incident, Scovel was barred from all naval vessels by Naval Secretary Long, despite Admiral Sampson’s protest. Scovel replied in a brief, conciliatory statement to The World on May 20 that he “could only take [his] medicine uncomplainingly” (“Sylvester Scovel Says,” May 20, 1898, 2).
Even with his public censure, Scovel continued his spying activities, reporting two more landings of couriers and correspondents near Havana. Then he received a cable from his managing editor, instructing him to “Take a tug; go find Cervera’s fleet” (Stallman 354). The order was no small task. Scovel was directed to locate the fleet of Spanish Admiral Cervera that had begun sailing west toward Cuba in late April, the same fleet of warships that the U.S. Navy was trying to track. On May 20 Scovel, Stephen Crane, Frank Norris (Stallman 354), and at least seven more correspondents, as Jimmy Hare recalled, “the elite of the newspaper fraternity” and “probably the finest group of poker players afloat,” set forth. The plan, Hare declared, was “ultrahazardous, almost suicidal” (Carnes 53). Crane wrote that their boat, the Sommers N. Smith, had “no architectural intention of parading the high seas” (Stallman 359). But they had deduced that if Cervera wasn’t in the Havana harbor, nor in Puerto Rico, he must be on the southeastern coast, perhaps in the bay of Santiago.

The Smith traveled eastward from Key West in “bucking” seas as fierce storms swept through the Caribbean. “The wind,” Scovel wrote, “blew half a hurricane” (“World’s Despatch,” June 3, 1898, 3). As often happened with press boats, U.S. Naval vessels fired shots across their bow to stop them for identification. Rounding the eastern coast of Cuba, the Smith was chased by what appeared to be a Spanish warship. One shot over the dispatch boat’s bow sent a shell that passed a mere fifteen feet above its deck. As the journalists prepared for their capture, the pursuing ship swung to starboard, revealing itself as the American cruiser St. Paul, captained by Charles Sigsbee. Using a megaphone, the former captain of the Maine shouted to Scovel that their dispatch boat should leave the area immediately, for “Cervera may show up any minute” (Carnes 54). Sigsbee didn’t know how both wrong and right he was. For when Scovel, Crane, and the rest of the expedition sailed on, westward back to Key West, having circumnavigated Cuba in seven days, and covering some 1,586 miles by June 2, they were greeted by headlines parading the news that Cervera’s fleet had been discovered bottled up in Santiago de Cuba, right under Sigsbee’s nose (Stallman 359–60, Milton 290). Sigsbee’s ill advice had deprived Scovel, Crane, and their comrades from one of the major scoops of the war.

On the dispatch boat the Triton, Scovel, Crane and their World colleagues hurried back to the southern coast of Cuba. Scovel first dispatch from Santiago campaign,
filed through a cable office in Jamaica, was a report on the efforts of the Spanish to destroy the Merrimac. The collier had been used on a daring mission to block the escape of the Spanish fleet through the narrow, shallow entrance to Santiago harbor. Lieutenant Hobson had guided this vessel near the passage just before dawn on June 3 and detonated charges to sink it. The effort was only partially successful. The steering gear had been shot off by the Spanish as the boat approached, and it had glided into the deeper waters past the appointed bottleneck point (O’Toole 224-25, 235-36). The Spanish took the crew captive, then defeating the purpose of the American mission, they removed the mast and smokestack of the Merrimac, obstacles that could interfere with Cervera’s squadron leaving the harbor and slipping past the naval blockade that had been assembled (“World War Correspondent,” June 11, 1898, 1).

Once landed near Santiago, Crane and Scovel made up for earlier missed opportunities. In the company of Scovel, whom Crane thought of as “one of [his] closest friends” (Crane 235), the two planned a scouting trip to collect information for Admiral Sampson. Crane records the daring two-day trip into the steep hills above the bay in “War Memories.” Scovel also narrated their adventure of June 20 in one of his more eloquent dispatches to appear in The World. In his characteristic first-person style, Scovel began by announcing “I have just returned from an expedition into the mountains behind Santiago de Cuba” (“Cervera’s Squadron,” June 20, 1898, 1). Scovel and Crane had set out to verify for Sampson the positions of the Spanish warships in the harbor and the strength of the city’s defenses. The World journalists also hoped to determine if there was any truth to the rumor that the Spanish man-of-war, the Vizcaya, had escaped the blockade (Bullard 418). Their journey began 13 miles west of Santiago, with Scovel and Crane swimming two horses ashore. Escorted by five Cuban insurgents, the group began a six-mile ascent into the mountains. They spent the first night at a camp of Cuban insurgents who increased their escort party by 15. The next day, the group rode 18 miles, slipping through Spanish lines, until they were at the foot of a two thousand foot mountain (Brown 297). Once they had climbed to the top, Scovel found their efforts rewarded:

Clean and bright before us lay Santiago Bay with every object pictured to our eyes with photographic distinctness. There upon the bosom of the green-fringed harbor lay Cervera’s once
dreaded squadron. There were the four big warships, easily recognized—the Cristobal Colon, Vizcaya, Almirante Oquendo, Infanta Maria Teresa, and the old Reina Mercedes. Behind them lay the torpedo-boat destroyers and several small craft. (“Cervera’s Squadron,” June 20, 1898, 1)

Crane also waxed eloquent: “The bay was white in the sun, and the great black-hulled armored cruisers were impressive in a dignity massive yet graceful. We did not know that they were all doomed ships, soon to go to a swift death” (Crane 237). Crane rested while Scovel climbed a tree for a better view, drawing maps and charting details that he thought would be of value to Sampson. Then the group made the return trip of 24 miles the same day, once chased by a Spanish patrol. When they reached the coast, a half hour late, their rendezvous boat, the Three Friends, was pulling away from shore. The journalists managed to catch the attention of The World crew and scramble aboard. Soon after, they reported their findings to Admiral Sampson and then sailed for a cable office in Jamaica (Stallman 373-74).

In a follow-up dispatch, Scovel offered additional information about Cervera’s fleet. He noted that all the warships were “unharmed, sensational reports to the contrary.” Furthermore, by using a strong telescope that brought the “well-known masts, turrets and funnels . . . into bold relief against the glassy water,” he was able to identify the name and condition of each vessel. With enthusiasm, Scovel proposed that all the ships could be readily destroyed “by a concentrated, plunging fire over the coast bluff’s from Sampson’s big guns.” In a concluding remark, he predicted that “with Cervera’s ships goes Santiago” (“Cervera’s Ships,” June 21, 1898, 2).

On June 22, The World correspondents were among the few reporters already on the island awaiting the debarkation of American troops (Brown 299). While the landing occurred in Daiquiri, fifteen miles east of Santiago, Scovel watched the battleship Texas attempt to draw Spanish soldiers to a faked landing site west of the city. Scovel described the maneuver in his first of three dispatches appearing on June 24 as “the finest naval incident of the war.” The cannonading was “incessant. The air was filled with smoke that hung over the water like a white veil, with scarcely a breath of air to dissipate it.” When the Spanish troops “galloped to a new position,” the Texas continued its “attack with her big guns and rapid-fire battery. Every shot appeared to go straight to the
target and never did American gunners do better work.” The Texas lost one man during the engagement; the Spanish, Scovel speculated, suffered “tremendous losses.” (“Battleship Texas,” June 24, 1898, 2).

Unfortunately, the diversion was not successful. Spanish troops did not leave their fortifications in Santiago as U.S. Army General William Shafter had hoped, and only 200 of the anticipated 2,000 Cubans showed up to support the strike. Scovel believed the navy’s plan to attack Santiago to be more sound. He argued that the army should attack the harbor entrance defenses, rather than march on the city from the east. Once destroyed, Sampson would have “Santiago and the Spanish troops at his mercy” (“Only 200,” June 24, 1898, 2). Instead, Scovel noted in his third June 24 dispatch, the troops would have to traverse “fifteen miles of mountain road to Santiago, meaning heavy inevitable bushwhacking over each spur and each hill” (“Our Men,” June 24, 1898, 2). Once again, in retrospect, Scovel’s remarks, critical though they were, proved prescient.

Two Scovel dispatches that appeared on June 28, covering the pause in the fighting, suggest hasty writing; they are clipped, brief, and almost telegram-like. Scovel’s reports his having felt among “both the forces under General Shafter and those of the enemy” the pressure building for “the grand and final struggle.” The American troops had advanced to within three miles of the city, and as he predicted, encountered “harassing warfare” by bushwhacking parties (“Last Stand,” June 28, 1898, 2).

On July 1, a Scovel dispatch appeared reporting the strained conditions among both the American soldiers without and citizens trapped within Santiago. No rapid-fire guns had been landed from the U. S. ships. Food shortages had reached a crisis point in the fortified city. “Horse meat is now exhausted. The soldiers are subsisting on rice and cornmeal, of which they get quarter rations. The people are eating mangoes as a steady diet” (“Gen. Shafter,” July 1, 1898, 1). Scovel noted that his information had come to him from a Cuban whose reliability had been substantiated.

Two days later on June 30, Scovel rode into The World camp with news that the Americans would attack Santiago the following morning (Carnes 62). Scovel began his narration of the engagement by describing the “fierce fighting” at El Caney, “a series of desperate assaults upon the Spanish outposts.” The battle began at 6:30 a.m. on July 1 with the shelling of a Spanish blockhouse. The expectation was
that General Lawton’s men could take the area in a few hours, and then Shafter would, with their support, launch his attack on the San Juan Heights before moving on to Santiago. But, Lawton did not take El Caney until late in the afternoon, and he did not participate in the action at the Heights that day.

Scovel moved on to the Heights after observing the action on El Caney for several hours. There, too, the fighting was fierce.

The firing on both sides was very accurate. The shells burst like clockwork. The Spanish gunners had a great advantage in that our forces were using common powder, the smoke of which enabled the Spanish gunner to get a perfect range. Our gunners could only approximate the positions of the Spanish guns, as they were using smokeless powder. Yet their firing was remarkably accurate.

Scovel noted how admirably the Americans fought, despite the weaponry disadvantage. Theodore Roosevelt had managed to equip his Rough Riders with the new Krag-Jorgenson rifles that used smokeless cartridges (O’Toole 274). Roosevelt’s men “put themselves in the line of fire from the Spanish batteries at San Juan, which were using shrapnel almost exclusively, yet the men kept cool and actually joked and laughed as they speculated on their chances of escaping injury” (“First Day’s Fighting,” July 3, 1898, 2).

At one p.m., the battle at the Heights raged on. Burr McIntosh, a photographer for Leslie’s Weekly, remembered that that afternoon he, Henry J. Whigham of the Chicago Tribune, and Stephen Crane went up the road together to where the fighting was then at its height. As we passed by the ford at the foot of the hill, we saw Scovel sitting under a tree writing rapidly, while a man with a horse stood near waiting to carry his dispatch. As Scovel saw us pass he shouted: “don’t go up there! Sharpshooters!”

. . . He himself had just returned, having seen much of the famous charging. As we proceeded on our way . . . we met a number of the wounded coming down and saw some really pitiful sights. (McIntosh 125-27)

Scovel, too, was moved by the sight of the injured soldiers.

All morning the wounded have been limping and
crawling to the rear or are being brought in on stretchers carried by their comrades. It has been a procession such as would make strong men shudder. Yet these heroes bear their wounds and their agony with a silent fortitude that arouses the greatest admiration.

When the battle ceased at four in the afternoon, the troops were within a mile of Santiago. Scovel wrote that “the American troops have carried everything before them. . . . The victory has been a grand one, but . . . the heavy loss on the American side was largely due to the mistake of massing infantry behind the position taken by the battery” (“First Day’s Fighting,” July 3, 1898, 2). The day’s battles cost the Army ten percent of its force, including the lives of 222 enlisted men and 22 officers, with 1,288 men wounded (Brown 374). Almost as an afterthought, in his closing remarks, Scovel noted that part of the massed infantry he had passed through were the soldiers of the Seventy-first New York. Theodore Roosevelt and his Rough Riders had also had to pass through their stalled ranks on a heavily wooded trail that led them into dense firing—the Seventy-first allegedly awaiting orders from officers who seemed to have disappeared from what came to be known as “Bloody Bend.” Scovel would write more about the unfortunate conduct of the Seventy-first New York several days later, criticizing the regiment and creating a national controversy over whether the unit should or should not be judged both incompetent and cowardly.

While Scovel was on the scene to witness the predicament of the New Yorkers at Bloody Bend and to watch the Rough Riders start their charge up Kettle Hill (Milton 330), he missed one of the pivotal events of the war as Crane and he steamed to Jamaica to file their dispatches. On July 3, at 9:30 a.m., Admiral Pascual Cervera y Topete brought his warships out of Santiago in an attempt to take the blockading fleet by surprise and outrun it. The escape was doomed; Cervera knew it was doomed, but his superiors demanded it. Fewer than four hours later, the legacy of the great Spanish armadas had been destroyed by the American blockading fleet. Scovel and Crane did not have any knowledge of Cervera’s defeat until a gunboat flagged them down on their way back to Siboney and gave them the news (Stallman 399).

With the pride of the Spanish navy decimated, the Americans could now afford to play the waiting game. No longer was an army assault on Santiago immediately imminent. Before Cervera’s defeat, Scovel reported that
General Shafter had sent a message to General Jose Toral, the Santiago commander, demanding his surrender. In reply, Toral indicated “that they would never haul down their flag” ("Cervera’s Defeat," July 6, 1898, 2). After the fleet’s decimation, General Toral reopened negotiations, indicating he would surrender when it could be done with honor. President McKinley, however, had no wish to negotiate and demanded unconditional surrender. Scovel saw a problem in this. He pointed out that each delay brought the troops closer the rainy season and yellow fever ("Toral’s Inclination," July 11, 1898, 2; "Toral Diplomatically," July 14, 1898, 1-2).

While the negotiations for surrender continued, Scovel pursued the truth behind the story that had been circulating for several days—concerning the comportment of the officers of the Seventy-first regiment while under fire at Bloody Bend. A World article, "Conduct of 71st New York at Charge of San Juan" (July 16, 1898, 1), was published without its author’s name, and its authorship has been attributed to Crane. As does The Red Badge of Courage, the article focuses on cowardice of men under fire, in this case the officers of the Seventy-first New York Volunteer infantry while engaged in the July 1 assault on the San Juan Heights. Wertheim and Sorrentino have argued in The Crane Log that the unsigned dispatch is not Crane’s and was probably written by Scovel. The two Crane specialists do not offer any elaboration. But without a doubt, the dispatch does display Scovel’s hallmark. The piece is characterized by the senior correspondent’s functional, far-from-artful writing. The limited copy that Crane did file for The World demonstrates, however, a distinctly artful eloquence in imagery and sentence-making. Scovel’s writing, as is seen in the controversial July 16 piece, included his typically authoritative tone and self-referential statements, for example, “The report several days ago in regard to the officers of the Seventy-first New York Regiment has been patiently investigated by The World correspondent.”

Furthermore, the sometimes pompous Scovel was apt to use first-person commentary in his pieces, as follows in the second sentence of the dispatch: “I am authorized by Lieut. Jackson and Major Reade, of Gen. Kent’s staff, to make the following statements.” The inclusion of lengthy testimony and transcribed commentary is another typical characteristic in Scovel’s writing and is seen here in paragraphs three through 14, as Major Reade recounts the details of his search for the Seventy-first’s commanding
officer. Scovel was also prone to include an occasional self-serving statement in his articles, as in paragraph 15, where the no-nonsense, trained engineer notes that his facts have been “scrupulously gathered.”

This dispatch, so critical of the Seventy-first New York, caused great consternation among its New York World readers. Hearst’s Journal took this opportunity to slam The World for maligning the honor of the Seventy-first regiment. The Journal ran three days of attacks on The World for this piece. Pulitzer tried to assuage hurt feelings by campaigning to raise money for a memorial “to be erected at San Juan as a tribute to the 71st and the New York men of the Rough Riders” (Stallman 391-92). Roosevelt, of a mind with Scovel, was indignant and declared that no Rough Rider would ever be memorialized with the cowardly Seventy-first. Pulitzer soon abandoned the project. Later when Roosevelt was elected governor of New York, his first action was to demand the resignation of the officers of that ill-fated regiment (Wertheim and Sorrentino 329).

In a second July 16 dispatch, Scovel reported that the news of the Spanish surrender “spread like lightning” through the ranks of the American troops. But after the initial rejoicing, as the terms of surrender became clear, many soldiers felt that the Spanish, who would be sent back to Spain rather than imprisoned in detention camps in Galveston, Texas (O’Toole 347), had “got out of it dead easy” (“Our Boys,” July 16, 1898, 1; O’Toole 347). The same day that this dispatch appeared, Scovel had two reasons to be angry. He learned from Cuban General Calixto Garcia that the Cubans would not be represented the next day at the flag raising ceremony over Santiago (Milton 349). Furthermore, General Shafter had banned all journalists from attending the surrender ceremony to be conducted immediately outside Santiago. Though a favored two—James F.J. Archibald and Frank Norris—did attend, Scovel was among the excluded (Musgrave 347-48). Despite the prohibition, some persistent correspondents followed the troops into the city (Brown 401-2). The midday ceremony, signaling the formal occupation of Santiago by the American Army, was to have immense dignity, and the journalists there were warned to stay in the background (Paine 265). Musgrave remembers that “every eye was fixed on a faint black line marked against the sky—the flagstaff of the Governor’s place. Something fluttered up the pole: a thrill of exultation dominated each heart, for Old Glory was waving over the city.” (Musgrave 348-49)
At the glorious moment the flag rose, however, an altercation occurred between General Shafter and Scovel, who had climbed up onto an adjacent roof to watch the events that took place at the governor’s Palace. The historical accounts of the circumstances vary significantly. But George Clarke Musgrave, a British correspondent for The Journal, was in attendance and reported what happened when Scovel was brought down from the roof:

As the flag was raised, the general representing the dignity and honor of the American nation addressed Scovel in language so coarse and action so threatening that [the journalist] lost self-control, and struck the man, forgetting he was thus striking the rank of General of the United States Army.” (Musgrave 349)

Ralph Paine, writing 24 years after the incident, interpreted differently the events that he heard took place:

Upon the roof of the palace, beside the flagpole, there appeared the active, compact figure of the incomparable Sylvester Scovel, Special Commissioner of the “New York World.” His hand grasped the halliards of the flag. At this spectacular moment in the histories of Spain and the United States, what was more natural and to be expected than that Scovel should be in the center of the stage? This was journalism as his career had interpreted it. He had a flamboyant audacity which would have made him a dazzling motion-picture hero. There was only one Sylvester Scovel.

Behold him, then, defying martial edict, conspicuous upon the hoary palace roof, ready to assist in hoisting the American flag, while the commanding general and his staff glared in blank amazement. He paid no attention. The rude hands of soldiers pulled him down. He was tremendously indignant. The affront was unpardonable. To General Shafter himself he rushed to argue the matter, this interference, this insult to the “New York World.”

The corpulent General Shafter had suffered much in Cuba and his temper was never amiable nor his language colorless. He told Sylvester Scovel to shut up or be locked up, and brushed him to one side. Sylvester Scovel swung with his good
right arm and attempted to knock the head off the major-general commanding the American Army in Cuba.

It was a flurried blow, without much science behind it, and Scovel’s fist glanced off the general’s double chin, but it left a mark there, a red scratch visible for some days. Then, indeed, was the militant young journalist hustled away and locked up. (Paine 265-266)

Joyce Milton has presented a less hostile account of events, more in keeping with what is known about Scovel’s character:

The World contingent was ready to leave, but Scovel felt that it would not be right to go without apologizing to Shafter. Unaware of the general’s moods, Scovel approached and began to explain that he had been the man on the roof and that he had not meant to cause any trouble.

“You son of a bitch,” Shafter interrupted. “You and all your tribe are goddamned nuisances.”

This, Scovel would realize in retrospect, would have been a good moment to remain silent and “put his feelings in his pocket.” Instead, he protested, “You shouldn’t use such language to me, sir.”

Shafter turned suddenly toward him and swung. Shafter later described the movement as “a flamboyant gesture of dismissal.” Witnesses described it as a punch. At any rate, the blow hit Scovel full in the face, knocked off his hat, and sent him staggering backward.

Caught completely off guard, Scovel impulsively swung back. Then, anticlimactically, he heard himself saying, “You!! A Major General of the United States Army! You ought to be ashamed of yourself!” (Milton 350-51)

In Musgrave’s and Paine’s version of the events, Scovel took the first swing; in Scovel’s and Milton’s accounts, it was Shafter as was the testimony of Richard Harding Davis:

It does not matter what was Mr. Scovel’s offense . . ., but whatever it might have been Gen. Shafter knew when he struck Mr. Scovel that he had 16,000 men behind him to protect him, and that if Scovel struck him in return he did so at the risk of being legally shot. And yet knowing this, this officer and gentleman struck the
civilian in the face. And Scovel, knowing that he might be shot, struck him back. (Quoted in Milton 361)

Scovel’s editors at The World did not want to take the time to sort out the details of who hit whom. Scovel had embarrassed them, and the newspaper was still smarting from the public’s reaction to the article that questioned the courage of the Seventy-first New York. Scovel was jailed by Shafter’s marines and fired by The World.

A dispatch signed by him describing the events of the flag-raising ceremony appeared on July 18. That he wrote it has been called into question (Brown 403). But there was no reason to conclude that the dispatch was not sent via a colleague, to New York--where the positive notes sounded were retained: “As the Ninth [Infantry] entered the city the spectacle was thrilling. The balconies of the houses were crowded with people. Many of them waved a welcome to our men. Others showed their satisfaction more quietly” (“Up Goes Stars and Stripes,” 1-2). No news of the Shafter altercation made it into print. It was not until August 10 that Scovel was given the opportunity to explain what happened. In a letter to The World editor, he made his case, opening bluntly and with his best defense: “Gen. Shafter struck me in the face. The blow was stinging, quick, and absolutely unlooked for. I answered it” (“Gen. Shafter,” August 10, 1898, 4). He went on to point out that if the situation had been otherwise and he had been unprovoked by Shafter’s actions, he would have and should have been court-martialed or shot.

The Army deported Scovel, and he did not participate in the remaining events of the Spanish-American war as the scene of action shifted to Puerto Rico. By December 15, after a personal appeal to McKinley succeeded, Scovel was permitted to return to Cuba. He was rehired by The World and covered the post-war events until his editor felt it they were no longer news. By then he and Frances had looked to other enterprises, including establishing a car dealership as a means of living in Cuba (Milton 364-66).

In 1905, at the age of 36, Scovel died of complications from a malarial fever. The correspondent, who once described himself as an “engineer by profession, journalist by accident” (Milton 363), never realized his ambition to become the senator from Cuba he once thought he might be if the U.S. absorbed the island. But he did serve his newspaper and posterity with some of the most precocious coverage of the events of the Spanish-American War.
Time, however, has forgotten The World’s special correspondent, and technology has not served him well either, as new evidence has become known about the Maine disaster. In 1976, Admiral H.G. Rickover published the results of a study that employed modern methods of analysis to determine the source of the explosion of the warship. With two engineering and explosives experts, they reached a new conclusion that contradicted the findings of the 1898 and 1911 Maine investigating teams. Rickover revised history by arguing that “the general character of the overall wrecked structure of the Maine, with hull sides and whole deck structures peeled back, leaves no doubt that a large internal explosion occurred” (Rickover 109).

Scovel’s conscientious efforts to collect and present evidence about the cause of the Maine’s destruction would seem to have contributed to a wrongheaded conclusion that led the United States into war. War with Spain over Cuba may have been inevitable, but misinformation did not have to precipitate it. At every turn, Scovel believed that he was reporting truth. He was not trying to sell newspapers, though he was trying to sell America on Cuba’s cause regardless of what actually transpired in Havana Harbor on February 15, 1898. In that he fully succeeded as a champion of Cuba Libre.
EDITORIAL METHODOLOGY

My chronologically arranged presentation of Sylvester Scovel's articles related to the Spanish-American War reflects the conservative application of modern editorial principles appropriate for a scholarly edition. Originally intended for daily newspaper publication and never revised or otherwise modified by the author for appearance in a book or like medium such as this dissertation, the edited versions that follow continue to resist the expectations of the modern reader in many respects. This is so because only a very few of Scovel’s cabled despatches sent to New York from Key West, Jamaica, and Cuba read in a way that suggests “fine writing”—no matter how much justifiable editorial treatment I have given them. Not justifiable would have been the imposition of a conventional style upon his sentence- and paragraph-length constructions; to transform Scovel into an essayist who polished the majority of these articles would have meant stripping away the essential character of such quickly written reports that were as rapidly cabled and then rushed into print by the New York World. Scovel’s desire was to beat his journalistic competitors in the field; he typically wrote in haste. The World likewise was intent upon breaking a story before its competitors did; light, even careless editing of the cabled despatches appears to have been the norm. To eliminate editorially the signs of Scovel's and The World’s attempts to “scoop” all rivals would mean the loss of essential characteristics of such historically significant writings. I have thus limited my emendations to obviously unintended readings seen as resulting from errors or oversights originated by the author, or his editors, or his compositors, trusting that in doing so I am realizing more fully than Scovel could his actual intentions.

To this end, after identifying all of Scovel’s articles dealing with the sinking of the Maine through the surrender of the Spanish at Santiago de Cuba, I transcribed verbatim the entirety of each, including their full headlines, the datelines, and editorial announcements such as the declaration that an article is a piece of special correspondence to the New York World. I then proofed each transcription and perfected it. The next phase involved a second close reading, during which I made note of
situations requiring editorial attention. These included: misspellings (as distinguished from British and contemporaneous American spellings no longer popular); unquestionably unintended punctuation (as distinguished from merely late-nineteenth-century usages that do not conform to modern grammar-based ones); and skewed word groups in which the intended communication was obviously garbled because of the replication of words and phrases or omissions of words and phrases essential to the meaning of a sentence. I then made the editorial emendations, followed by a thorough proofing.

Although I do not offer modernized texts here, I have engaged in some regularization. As would have been the case had Scovel authorized the book publication of these articles at the turn of the century, certain conventions common in book publication were applied. I have uniformly underlined the titles of separate publications such as newspapers, the names of ships, and foreign language words and expressions not commonly used then in English (e.g., manigua and orden publicos). And since all of the articles are Scovel's, his signature has been omitted.

Some irregularities of the articles remain as they originally appeared in The World. For example, unamendable to emendation is the situation seen in “World’s Divers” of 21 February 1898: two dispatches of 20 and 21 February were uncritically spliced together in New York City; further, after the text of a letter was introduced, an unrelated passage next appears before the quotation of the letter begins. Similarly, one finds in “Gen. Lee Leaves Havana on the Fern” (10 April 1898) a chronologically out-of-order mélange of passages written, and perhaps cabled, at different times on 9 April 1898. “Gen. Lee Advises Americans” of 23 February 1898 is less peculiar but still irregular: three discrete dispatches appear therein under one main title. To eliminate such gaffes would require not emendation but revision; and the wiser course I chose was to allow the reader to attempt divination of Scovel’s intent. I do the same with certain sentences that will appear to many to defy deciphering. For example, in “It Was a Torpedo” of 18 February 1898 one will find, “All stood this Samoa of Fire as others once gave three cheers for the British warship Calliope, at the Pacific Samoa of Hurricane.” The reference is to a British ship’s survival of a hurricane in the waters off Samoa, at Apia, in 1889; Scovel is comparing the manly response of the Maine’s survivors to their ship’s destruction (“Samoa of Fire”) to that of those sailors who celebrated the Calliope’s
endurance of a “Samoa of Hurricane.” How one might emend appropriately to render the sentence more transparent is not clear, and many another sentence—while not so obscure in its allusions—will require patience on the part of the reader.

The source of all of the articles is the microfilm of the New York World at the New York Public Library, the “master” from which all reels that may be found in other collections are derived. Some of the pages filmed are incomplete, and thus portions of Scovel’s articles have been lost to posterity. This is particularly the case in several of the articles that appear early in this edition. I indicate such losses of text by ellipses within brackets.
THE U.S. BATTLE-SHIP MAINE BLOWN UP IN HAVANA HARBOR.
-----
More than One Hundred of the Crew Killed by the Explosion Which Occurred While They Were Asleep.
-----
Message from the World’s Staff Correspondent.
-----
Capt. Sigsbee and All but Two Officers Escaped, but a Hundred of the Crew Were Drowned—Cause of Explosion Unknown.
-----
The Explosion was in the Bow of the Vessel.
-----
World Staff Correspondent Cables it is Not Known Whether Explosion Occurred On or Under the Maine.
-----
(Special Cable Despatch to The World.)

The World, Extra 5 a.m. Edition, Wednesday, February 16, 1898, p. 1

Havana, Feb. 15.—The United States battle-ship Maine was blown up in Havana Harbor shortly before 10 o’clock this evening.
Many of those on the Maine were killed and many more injured.
The injured do not know what caused the explosion.
There is some doubt as to whether the explosion took place ON the Maine.
The battleship was practically destroyed, but little of her being left above the water.
The explosion was in the fore part of the vessel and not in the powder magazines, which Capt. Sigsbee says were in perfect order.
Capt. Sigsbee, although badly wounded in the face, was very cool giving orders to officers and men.
The officers also showed great coolness and valor giving orders to men.
They were in their shirt-sleeves, having been hurled from their bunks at this moment.
They are bringing the wounded to land.
Some are mortally wounded and will probably die.
Five minutes after the explosion the Spanish warship Alfonso Doce had lowered her boats and was picking up those who were swimming.
United States Consul-General Lee is at the Governor-General’s palace conferring with Captain-General Blanco.
Havana, Feb. 17.—The little dilapidated lighthouse tender Fern [..] the harbor at 3 o’clock this afternoon. In answer to hail what lighthouse tender or revenue cutter, asked without malicious intention to be of that nation—therefore answered impressively.

[Decidedly] not a man of the tact imperatively now necessary [..] Spanish officers went on board promptly, arriving before the [..] ring had been made.

[..] an undisguised grin at the sight of the “Fern, Man-of-War [..].”

[..] mistake to send such a craft here, under such a classification [..] by such an officer, and at such a time.

[..] press is very sincere, very courteous, very ample in its [..] the terrible Maine affair.

[..] rabid Spanish organ here,Diario del Ejercito, army daily, ap-[..] mourning rules. As to others, La Lucha, the leading paper, [..] sympathetic editorials.

The Olivette took twenty-four slightly injured men, seventeen officers [..] uninjured Maine survivors, to Key West. The American Col-[..] represented at the departure of the boat.

233 Still Imprisoned in the Maine.

[..] injured men are doing well. None have died. Eighteen [..] been taken from wreck to-day, leaving 233 still in the iron tomb. [..] possible is being done for the survivors. The Autonomist Cabinet, of Gen. Blanco, unanimously ordered Galvez to make an [..] of condolence to Consul-General Lee and to cable President McKinley. [..] sincere sorrow for the catastrophe.

[..] also will attend the funeral to-morrow. It has visited [..] sion to pay for funeral expenses and
is caring for the [. . .].
   [General Blanco] will attend the funeral.
   [. . .] are to go to work at once investigating the
cause of the ex[plosion. Spanish] flags are half-masted.
   [. . .]next seems sympathetic.
[LIGHTHOUSE] TENDER MANGROVE AND CUTTER FERN REACH HAVANA.

[. . .] of the Maine Left the Harbor
[. . .] on the Steamship Olivette
Bound for the United States.

(Special Cable Despatch from a World Staff Correspondent.)

The World, Thursday, February 17, 1898, p. 2

HAVANA, Cuba, Feb. 16.—The steamship Olivette has just left the harbor [. . .] this dispatch is filed at 3 P.M., with the survivors of the battle-ship, including the wounded, bound for Key West.

[Light]house tender Mangrove and the revenue cutter Fern ordered [. . .] Key West, entered the harbor as the Olivette went out.
CAPT. ZALINSKI SAYS A TORPEDO WAS USED.

The Inventor of the Pneumatic Dynamite Gun, and a Famous Authority, Says a Torpedo Was Placed Below the Water Line and Directly Under One of the Magazines.

The World, Thursday, February 17, 1898, p. 2

Capt. Edmund L. Zalinski, U.S.A., retired, inventor of the famous pneumatic dynamite torpedo gun, and known as America’s explosive expert, was asked by a World reporter last night to give his views of the loss of the Maine.

"Of course," said he, "we cannot make anything definite out of the matter upon the information now in hand. My opinion is that the explosion was caused by an incendiary. I am sure that no Spanish official was concerned either directly or indirectly. It was probably the act of irresponsible fanatics. Some of the people there hold us North Americans, as they call us, responsible for all their troubles.

"It would not have been very difficult for parties so disposed to have brought about the catastrophe, and that without implying negligence on the part of the officers of the Maine.

"The harbor is filled with small boats plying about, and there is no way of preventing them from plying in a peaceful harbor.

"My idea is that a torpedo was placed below the water line and directly under one of the magazines.

"The force of the primary explosion might have burst through the plates, and the explosion of the contents of the magazine followed.

"I have said only recently that there was great danger of such a happening should one of our vessels lie in Havana Harbor. We are bitterly hated by some of the unreasoning Spanish, but I reiterate that the Government could have had nothing to do with it. It may have been the work of one man or a number of men.

"If proper precautions are not taken the same catastrophe might befall the Vizcaya, the Spanish warship now expected here. Some irresponsible Cuban sympathizers may be spurred on by this mishap to wreck the visitor. No doubt proper precautions will be taken to avert such a happening, which would naturally be charged to our account, no matter who was guilty.

"This unfortunate event should not form a determining element in the policy to be pursued as to Spain and Cuba."
It is not known whether it resulted from a bomb or torpedo, an explosion in the magazine or the carelessness of officers.

All is conjecture, uncertainty, excitement.

It is known that 253 lives were lost, and that the great white ship lies at the bottom of Havana harbor.

Some were blown to pieces. The greater number were drowned like rats in a trap.

Many explanations have been advanced as to the cause of the disaster. Speculation has gone hand in hand with horror over the catastrophe.

The latest theory is that several of the signal rockets became ignited in some way, and the consequent detonation exploded the magazine.

It is now known that there was steam in only two boilers other than that used for the dummy engine. There were Whitehead torpedoes aboard, but they had dummy heads. There were no lamps near the magazine. These facts dispose of the explanation previously advanced.

The cause of the blowing up of the ship will not be known until divers go down and examine the wreck. If their investigation shows that the indenture in the hull is inward, the conclusion that the magazine was exploded by a bomb or torpedo placed beneath the vessel is inevitable.

If the indentation is outward, it will indicate that the first explosion was in the magazine. This will be determined within twenty-four hours.

The slightly wounded and unharmed survivors are now being transported in ambulances by the Spanish Sanitary Corps from the hospitals, the cruisers San Ambrosia and Alphonse XIII. and the City of Washington to the Plant Line steamer Olivette, which will arrive in Key West to-night.

The lighthouse tender requested by Capt. Sigsbee has not yet arrived. It is expected every hour. It will transport the wounded, who will be accompanied by seventeen officers.

Havana is trembling with excitement over the disaster. The streets are crowded with people in a fever to know how the news affects the people of the United States.

It was at 9.25 last night that a shot was heard. It might have come from anywhere.

There was an interval of ten seconds. The City of Washington leaped her cable's length. There was a volcano of fire. Boats, bodies, huge guns, pieces of armor, rigging and spars shot into the air amid the flames and fell in a frightful shower.

The explosion raised these things up. The Maine
plunged diagonally forward, settling slowly in the startled water. The night air was torn and rent by the shrieks of tortured men.

“God help us! God help us!” The cries pierced the dense smoke, piercing the ears of those on the Washington, while the debris from the shattered ship fell about them.

Searchlight[s] were thrown on the broken dismantled Maine. All who saw the explosion knew that the vessel was doomed. The common impulse was to lower boats. Two of those on the Washington were broken to pieces by the falling debris. The boats from the City of Washington, the Spanish cruiser Alphonso XIII, and the Machina did all they could. Twenty-four officers out of twenty-six are known to be saved. Fifty-nine sailors were rescued. Some of them were horribly mangled.

The Spanish medical corps set to work removing the wounded to San Ambrosia Hospital. The wounded men displayed magnificent courage and fortitude.

"Hurt? Yes," said one sailor, "but do you think I’ll show it?" His legs are shattered and he was in horrible agony.

Nearly all the officers were in the messroom. Those who were below could get no further than the middle superstructure on deck. Those who were in the junior mess had to clamber through water and wreckage waist deep. About twenty men in the quarter watch were almost blown to pieces.

The explosion was in the forward magazine. The main magazine amidships did not explode. Very few of the sailors escaped. The water rushed over them and they were drowned almost immediately.

CONJECTURE IN HAVANA.

Trembling with Excitement---to Make Examinations---
Caring Wounded---Graphic Description of Eye-Witness.

(Special to The World.)

Thursday, Feb. 17, 1898, p. 2.

Feb. 16.—The cause of the disaster to the United States battle-ship [.] determined.

[.] own, whether it resulted from a bomb or torpedo, an explosion in [.] or the carelessness of officers.

[.]ecture, uncertainty, excitement.

[.] that 263 lives were lost, and that the great white ship Mes at the [.]na harbor [.] blown to pieces. The greater number were drowned like rats in a [.]

[.]tions have been advanced as to the cause of the disaster. Specu [.] hand in hand with horror over the catastrophe.

[.]ory is that several of the signal rockets became ignited in some [.] sequent detonation exploded the magazine.

[.]wn that there was steam in only two boilers other than that used [.] engine. There were Whitehead torpedoes aboard, but they had [.] there were no lamps near the magazine. These facts dispose of [.] previously advanced.

[.] the blowing up of the ship will not be known until divers go [.] the wreck. If their investigation shows that the indenture in [.]d, the conclusion that the magazine was exploded by a bomb or beneath the vessel is inevitable.

[.] on is outward. It will indicate that the first explosion was in the [.] will be determined within twenty-four hours.

[.] wounded and unharmed survivors are now being transported in the Spanish Sanitary Corps from the hospitals, the cruisers San [.] Alphonse, XIII. and the City of Washington to the Plant Line [.], which will arrive in Key West to-night.

[.]e tender requested by Capt. Sigsbee has not yet arrived. It is [.] hour. It will transport the wounded, who will be accompanied by [.]ers.

[.] trembling with excitement over the disaster.
The streets are [. . .] people in a fever to know how the news affects the people of the [. . .].

[. . .] on of the Maine was witnessed by many people on the City of Washington anchored about 800 feet distant.

[. . .] 25 last night that shot was heard. It might have come from [. . .].

[. . .]anish an interval of ten seconds. The City of Washington leaped her [. . .]men. There was a volcano of fire. Boats, bodies, husge guns, pieces [. . .]ng and spars shot into the air amid the flames and fell in a [. . .].

[. . .]sed these things up. The Maine plunged diagonally for [. . .]cial tu[. . .] n the startled waters. The night air was torn and rent [. . .]rtured men.

God help us!" The cries pierced the dense smoke, piercing on the Washington, while the debris from the shattered ship [. . .].

[. . .] were thrown on the broken, dismantled Maine. All who saw [. . .k]new that the vessel was doomed. The common impulse was to [. . .] two of those on the Washington were broken to pieces by the [. . .]s. The boats from the City of Washington, the Spanish cruiser [. . .] II. and the Machina did all they could. Twenty-four officers out [. . .]x are known to be saved. Fifty-nine sailors were rescued. Some [. . .] horribly mangled.

[. . .]nish medical corps set to work removing the wounded to San Am[brosia] hospital. The wounded men displayed magnificent courage and fortitude.

[. . .] Yes," said one sailor, "but do you think I’ll show it?" His legs are [. . .] and he was in horrible agony.

[. . .] all the officers were in the messroom. Those who were below could [. . .] her than the middle superstructure on deck. Those who were in the [. . .]s had to clamber through water and wreckage waist deep. About [. . .]en in the quarter watch were almost blown to pieces.

[. . .] explosion was in the forward magazine. The main magazine amidships [. . .]plode Very few of the sailors escaped. The water rushed over them [. . .] were drowned almost immediately.

HEROES IN SUFFERING.

-----

World’s Havana Correspondent
Sees 29 of the Victims
Of the Maine.

-----

(Special Cable to The Evening World.)

The World, Thursday, February 17, 1898, p. 8

HAVANA, Feb. 16.—I have just seen twenty-nine sailors of the Maine silently enduring the torture caused by powder-skinned faces and bodies, broken bones and mangled flesh.

They are being well cared for in the military hospital at San Ambrosio here.

The less severely injured are at Alfonso XIII. Hospital. The other injured men are yet on the steamship City of Washington.

The severely wounded men will have the best of attention also from the men and women of the American colony.

All the injured men show great grit.

You can’t hear a whimper from one of the twenty-nine swathed forms in San Ambrosio Hospital, nor from those anywhere else.

The heavy rainfall which immediately followed last night’s horror still continues in a dreary, dismal drizzle.

Out in the bay lies the wreck of the once proud Maine. Her steel upper deck forward has been completely lifted and turned over upon her starboard side. None of the big guns in the turrets are visible.

The Maine is slightly listed port and all forward of her massive cranes for unloading ship’s boats has completely disappeared.

The big funnels lie flat upon the twisted and gnarled iron braces and pieces of steel deck.

From the funnels aft the ship seems to be intact. She has settled until the water has covered the top of her superstructure and the stern searchlight and one rapid-fire gun look over the water just below them.

The only things in place aboard the hulk are the bodies of the men the rushing waters caught while they slept in their hammocks.

There are few sharks now in the bay. The awful explosion drove them away and they are to be driven out upon a possible reappearance by solid shot fired into the
water near the wreck.
Most if not all the bodies will be recovered.
The bay is filled with boatloads of curious people
near the upturned mass of steel, iron and mangled humanity.
Two bodies were recovered this forenoon. The
authorities say they are those of Junior Lieut. Jenkins and
Assistant Engineer Merritt.
The Spanish authorities are keeping a strict guard
with three patrol boats, vigilant lookout being kept for
bodies. The cause of the explosion is ascribed to bursting
boilers, a lamp explosion in the magazine, and the
explosion of a Whitehead torpedo on board.
The event is deplored and the general hope is
expressed that false construction may not be placed on the
event.
Capt. Sigsbee’s figures are: 354 on board all told—26
officers, 289 sailors and 39 marines.
Dead now reported: Two officers; uninjured crew, 18;
wounded saved, 59; total saved, 101.
Out of fifty-nine injured not over four are likely to
die.
All but five officers go to-day to Key West. All, the
slightly wounded and all the able-bodied men go also.
No officer at the Consulate or on shipboard slept last
night. They were busy saving lives. Estimating the loss
and theorizing as to how the accident occurred.
A few able-bodied survivors will be kept here to
identify the bodies when they are secured by the first
diver obtainable.
The officers remaining will stop at the Hotel
Inglaterra.
Among the saved on board the City of Washington is a
Gustav G. Dressler, of the Maine, who has lost both his
eyes.
The passengers of the City of Washington gave up their
staterooms to injured men of the American warship.
An iron truss from the Maine fell on the pantry of the
City of Washington, breaking and smashing the table ware.
The following sailors are in San Ambrosio. All but
three will live; one man couldn’t give his name:
Dan Cronin, New York; William McGinnis, Boston, John
Soffey, Boston; A. Hallen, Brooklyn; James Rol, New York;
Francisco Cahill, Massachusetts; Joe Koen, Boston; Fred
Gernee, New Brunswick, N.J.; Charles A. Smith, Jeremiah
Shea, Alfred Herns, Norway; J.H. Bloomer, Portland; Alf
Johnson, Swede; Carl Bergman, Brooklyn.
B.R. Wilbur, Philadelphia; Charles Pilcher, Buffalo;
Karl Christianson, Swede; Edward Mattson, Swede; George Fox, Grand Rapids, Mich; A. Ericson, Swede; John E. While, Brooklyn; John Heffron, Brooklyn; Holzer, Fred C., New York; William Matteson, Bay City, Mich.; H. Judson, St. Louis; W. Allen, Brooklyn.
HAVANA’S SHOW OF GRIEF.
-----

Funeral of Maine Victims
Conducted with the
Greatest Pomp.
-----

BLANCO VIEWS THE PARADE.
-----

Military and Civic Officers Attend
and the People Manifest
Respect.
-----

ARMY BANDS PLAY DIRGES.
-----

Bodies Lie in State Before the Cortege Starts—Coffins Are
Covered with Wreaths.
-----

(By Cable from a World Staff Correspondent.)

The World, Friday, February 18, 1898, p. 2

HAVANA, Feb. 17.—The magnificent rooms of the City
Corporation in the massive palace were jammed with
brilliant uniforms, sacerdotal robes and somber civilians
in black at the funeral of the martyrs of the Maine to-day.

The sympathy and emotional side of the Spanish
character were strongly displayed.

In the long, high-ceilinged room are oil paintings of
Spanish generals on the walls; and thirteen of the Maine’s
poor sailor lads lie coffined in its centre. The other of
the seventeen bodies will join the procession upon
starting. The room is not large enough for all to lie in
state.

The plain coffins are liberally covered with wreaths
and designs of flowers. Personal gifts abound.

Real sympathy is shown by several, notably one from
the Cuban girls of Havana. Among the most prominent are
wreaths from the army and navy in Cuba, the Havana Yacht
Club, the Diario Del Ejercko (Army Daily), the Ward line,
Lawton Childs & Co., the Pilots’ Association, the
Government of the city and Joseph Pulitzer.

A flash-light portrait is now being taken for The
World of the scene in front of the palace.

The large Plaza de Armas is filled with people. Two
ranks of really fine-looking bluejackets from the Spanish
warship Alfonso XII, are in line on one side. They deserve
to be the guard of honor, for they worked like heroes to
save the few struggling maimed Maine men now recovering in Ambrosio Hospital.

At one corner sit six horsemen, the honorary guard of the city.

The sky is dim and their silver helmets flash in the murky air. The rest of the streets about the plaza are filled with carriages.

Capt.-Gen. Blanco is standing upon the balcony overlooking the square. Occasionally he bows to the crowd to give official sanction to their presence.

The old Cuban laws forbid him to attend the obsequies of strangers.

The Mayor: Marquis De Esteban, is surrounded by his councilors in black, wearing red and yellow ribbons and their pendant medals.

The air is close to suffocation and every soldier, ruler, lawyer, official, and civilian is oppressed. There is a curiously depressed look on all faces, widely different from the pure sympathy of the evident outsider.

Two magnificent military bands alternate in classic dirges.

The coffins are being carried down the wide marble stairs between rows of silent men. The cortege is preparing to start.

The chaplain gives me the names of the victims. They are Tierking, seaman; Graham, ship’s yeoman; Tinsman, landsman; Serg Brown, marine; Mero, machinist; Keyes, seaman; Sheridan, fireman; Gaffney, fireman; Cosgrove, fireman; Seery, fireman; Golfin, seaman; Kane, doubtful.

These are all who could be identified. The others were mangled horribly.

The news has just arrived from San Ambrosio Hospital that two men have just died.

One is C. Smith, seaman; the name of the other is as yet unknown. Smith was badly burned and injured internally.

More bodies are coming out of the depths of the wreck. They are less mangled than the first bodies found and apparently were further from the point of explosion.

The volunteer firemen of Havana carried the coffins of The Maine victims from the palace into twelve gorgeous funeral cars drawn by gaudily caparisoned horses.

The great public square is full of people. The Hotel Inglaterra and the balconies of half a dozen clubs are crowded with spectators. The Spanish Casino is jammed. Muffled drums and white plumes advise ear and eye that the procession is approaching. The spectators are laughing and
chattering unaware of the terrible significance of the affair.

Troops are marching in slow time and the advance horsemen stoop every twenty yards awaiting the followers.

A squad of the Honorary Municipal Squadron, leading the magnificently mounted procession, has commenced to pass now.

After its dirging band comes the red-shirted leather hatted volunteer firemen, and following them come the separate companies in various firemen’s dress, four in all, and counting two hundred. They are nearly all Cubans.

Now comes the most remarkable sight—one hundred reconcentrados, thin and pale. They can hardly walk faster than the funeral [ . . . ].

There are black-shawled women among them. Some are crying. A by-stander says, “A good stroke.”

But be it stroke or not, these men and women rescued from starvation by American food are themselves sincere. They do not know they are being used for effect; they are grateful and they are showing it—a most touching thing.

The funeral coaches come next, each gorgeous in gilt and varnish, with the tops of most of them piled with floral emblems.

A powerful four-horse hose-carriage passes with six coffins upon it, and another comes with five.

There were not hearses enough. The crowd is talking of the fact that 400 more starving Cubans are to join the procession later on.

The twelve hearses pass and a splendid military band, playing a quickstep, precedes 300 Spanish marines and sailors from the Alfonso XII. in purple robes.

The municipal heralds-head the Mayor and corporation officers of Havana. All are stepping slowly. The ancient emblematic mace is carried aloft. Men are in frock coats or evening dress.

Gov. Bruson and the Autonomist Cabinet follow.

Consul-General Lee passes with Capt. Sigsbee. Both look terribly. They have gone through an awful trial by fire. The captain of the Fern and other officers were in full naval dress. The Maine’s officers’ gold braid uniforms are at the bottom of Havana Harbor with their men.

I can hear a low murmur of sympathy as they pass.

Other Maine officers follow their captain.

Vice-Consul Springer and the consular force pass.

Then Gen. Parrado, the venerable Bishop and the chief of the Spanish staff in gorgeous robes.

They were succeeded by fully two hundred officers
representing all arms and branches of Spain's army and Navy. All halt before the Hotel Inglaterra.

The air has been moist all day, not a few drops of rain fall.

Carriages drive up and officers, diplomats, officials and American representatives take them in the same order as that in which they had marched.

The pageant has passed.

Officially Spain has paid the highest honors in her power to the dead.

Official courtesy could go no further.

To the Americans who objected to a Spanish burial of American sailors the spectacular parade was maddening.
HAVANA, Feb. 17,—The Marquis Estebar, Alcalde of Havana, wishes to express through The New York World to the American people his personal and official sympathy for the Maine disaster.
IT WAS A TORPEDO
CABLES SYLVESTER SCOVEL.
-----
World Correspondent Gives a Graphic Description
Of the Explosion and of the Rescue
Of the Survivors.
-----
CONGOSTO’S HINT OF DANGER TO THE MAN-OF-WAR.
-----
Threatening Words Spoken Before Vessel’s Arrival at Havana
Given a Terrible Meaning by Her
Mysterious Destruction.
-----
SOME OF THE VICTIMS BURIED IN HAVANA WITH ALL HONORS.
-----
(Special Cable Despatch to The World.)

The World, Friday, February 18, 1898, p. 5

Havana, Feb. 17.

A few feet of the twisted iron of what remains of the
great battle-ship Maine shows above the water of the harbor
to-day; marking the tomb of 251 of our sailors. All talk
to-day is of who did it.

Spanish fanaticism might have done it. Cuban
intriguers might have caused it, and it might have happened
through carelessness.

Two hundred and fifty-one sleeping sailors went to the
sharks of Havana Harbor by one of these things. It was
most decidedly not the last one.

It was not accidental either. Cubans or Spanish
floated the torpedo under the water line against the
Maine’s forward magazine, or, while visiting the ship,
secreted in the afternoon a time bomb near the tons of
piled powder.

Either was put there by men of one faction or the
other.

On this depends war with Spain or a disgusted dropping
of everything Cuban, and the Cubans may give up all hope.
Either every other ship of the United States Navy steams to
bombard Spain’s richest towns or every ship stops
filibustering. There are 251 brave sailor lads mangled and
burned and dead under the filthy, inky waters of Havana
Harbor with the sharks.

NO SPONTANEOUS COMBUSTION.

There was no fire from “physical cause” to produce the
explosion.
Modern magazines have no “spontaneous combustion” and, as I already cabled, the bulkheads were tightly screwed shut and the keys handed to Capt. Sigsbee at 8 o’clock at night. They were found this morning hanging in their proper bag in his stateroom.

From her arrival in Havana Harbor, with her gun cylinders filled, ammunition-hoists in readiness and turrets manned, the always strict discipline of the splendidly officered Maine was redoubled under the stricter vigilance of her Captain. It was no accident which caused the disaster.

RESPONSIBILITY FOR THE MAINE’S DESTRUCTION.

I have been aboard American men-of-war from Alaskan waters to the Mediterranean in The World’s service and I have never seen such exquisite watchfulness on any ship foreign or native as Sigsbee has mentioned upon the Maine. There were two Spaniards, born in the Island of Majora in the crew. They are dead. Their surviving shipmates say they were asleep in their hammocks when the iron rent and the water rushed in. They did not do it.

DETAILS OF THE DISASTER.

Arriving at the water front ten minutes after the shock, I found a dazed crowd of police and officers, gazing speechless at a mass of protruding, wrenched iron beams bursting with fire. It was the Maine.

Chief of Police Col. Pagliere was there. He, with George Bronson Rea of Harper’s Weekly, and myself took the first stunned boatman we could arouse and started swiftly toward the blazing pile which twenty minutes before had been the battle-ship Maine.

Her superstructure alone loomed up, partly colored by the red glare of the flames glancing upon the black water. At first, it appeared as if her bow was totally demolished. Then the mass of twisted beams and braces was seen that was blown forward by the awful rending.

One hundred yards away we were stopped by floating wreckage, and moans and agonized cries could be heard. Naval boats were alongside. Most were from the Spanish cruiser.

HEATED SHELLS EXPLODED.

The boats had been in the water almost simultaneously with the explosion, so prompt were they. The fire reached some small cannon ammunition in the decks and projectile after projectile whizzed into the air past us. But the Spanish Colonel caned our boatmen and they kept on.

The after half of the ship had not been broken, and there against her were the saving boats.
In the sharp glare of the flames lay the naked body of a sailor. He writhed, and the magnificent muscles of his arms and chest strained like cables. He moaned in agony.

I hailed for officers, and from a boat six yards away came the response: “Here! Some of us are here.” The loss was not even guessed at then. Capt. Sigsbee had just boarded his cutter, one of the few of the Maine’s boats entire. The Spanish oarsmen were speechless. They bent their oars at the slightest sign of human life afloat, and their officers worked like mad.

They knew what it all meant. Officers and men of the Maine’s rescued crew were without coats. But few had been on deck when the awful end came. Some were naked. The fixed ammunition crashed faster and faster, and Sigsbee ordered all hands aboard the City of Washington.

PICKING UP MANGLED MEN.

The City of Washington was lying not over four hundred feet astern of the blazing, sunken steel coffin of hundreds of dead men. The surrounding water had been closely searched and thirty-four men, whole and wounded, had already been rowed to the Alfonso XII, about six hundred feet distant.

Seven were being bandaged at the Government Wharf Machine under the assiduous guard of Havana’s Cuban corps of firemen in uniform, who were immediately summoned.

Sixteen men were taken in the last sad little flotilla to the Ward liner. Spanish doctors came aboard to attend them. Laid about in the ship’s dining saloon they were stretched out, but none made a whimper, although they were suffering with torn flesh, broken bones and bleeding gashes.

A curious fact is that J.J. Blandin and John Hood, Lieutenants, were respectively in the two historical wrecks of the Kearsarge at Roneador Reef and the Trenton in Apia Harbor.

Col. Pagilera was the first Spanish representative to board the Washington.

“In the name of the Captain-General I wish to offer you the most sincere condolence and to know what you may have to say as to the awful affair, and its causes.”

SIGSBEE’S Stern reply.

Capt. Sigsbee stood stern and straight. His head was bound in a handkerchief. Navigation Officer Holman was at his side. The Washington crew had seen and felt the awful explosion. They stood by with jaws like steel and eyes afame.

They had been told the Spanish Government buoy to
which the Maine had been moored was surrounded by submarine Government mines. The electric light threw the faces and muscles of the sailors into the tensest relief.

Capt. Sigsbee answered: “I cannot state more than that we are blown up until I closely investigate.”

SIGSBEER AND THE HERO MARINE.

Capt. Sigsbee bears the calamity like an American officer and a gentlemen. He was not even outwardly ruffled by the awful calamity. He received the Spanish Chief of Police as calmly as though his quarter deck were not a wreck and his men mangled and drowned. Apropos of this, it is told of Capt. Sigsbee that he was writing a letter to his wife in his port cabin when the explosion occurred. All the lights were instantly extinguished. Sigsbee, running out, bumped into a perfectly-disciplined marine orderly, who, amid shrieks, groans, flames, and horror, and in the dark, saluted and said: “Sir, I have to inform you that the ship has been blown up and is sinking.”

What a soldier!
He should be decorated by Congress.
The brave marine is named William Anthony: He said to me to-day, when I spoke of it: “Oh, that’s nothing: any Yankee marine would do that.”

One other meritorious action is by William H. Van Sickel, an elderly man, the manager of the Havana Standard Oil Works, who went out to the wreck in his launch and found that the gunner who had accompanied Surgeon Brunner to search the wreck had become crazed by work and horror and had climbed the remaining armored mast.

Van Sickel went after the man and put him aboard the launch by main force. He was the last man to leave the burning Maine.
The coolness was noticeable everywhere among the men, and when the boats and their maimed loads had left the creek for the hospital there was no jabbering, no excitement. The officers who had something to do did it quietly. The others said nothing. All stood this Samoa of Fire as others once gave three cheers for the British warship Calloiope, at the Pacific Samoa of Hurricane.

FORWARD MAGAZINE EXPLODED.

All the wreckage, by personal observation, simply shows the effect of tremendous explosive force. All the Maine’s officers unite in the opinion that the forward starboard 10-inch magazine exploded, cause unknown. The World diver will determine whether it was interior or exterior.

But a torpedo was used.
The plain double report of Gen. Lee and Capt. Sigsbee shows this in connection with the fact that there is much more fracture on one side of the magazine than on the other.

The Maine sank like a shot. The biggest damage is on the starboard side. The “Big Ten” magazine went up, too.

Lieutenant-Commander Wainwright is now in charge of the wreck.
SPAIN REFUSES TO LET WORLD DIVERS GO DOWN TO MAINE'S WRECK.

-----

Capt. Sigsbee had Accepted
The World's Offer, but
Havana Authorities
Interfered.

-----

DEMANDED THAT SPANISH DIVERS
MUST ATTEND THE AMERICANS.

-----

Government at Madrid Cabled [. . .]
at the Last Moment to Stop
Search for Truth.

-----

FIVE EXPERTS READY, BUT
THE OFFICIALS SAID "NO."

-----

Men Representing Our Government May
Search Inside the Wrecked Ship.
Spaniards Will Search the
Waters Around Her.

-----

(By Cable from a World Staff Correspondent.)

The World, Saturday, February 19, 1898, p. 1

HAVANA, Feb. 18--The five expert divers employed by
The World will not be permitted to descend into the wreck
of the Maine.

A hand has been stretched across seas from Madrid and
forbidden the prompt beginning of the work whose result all
civilized people so anxiously await. Spanish distrust has
delayed the answer to the question: "Was the explosion
caused by accident or design?"

Capt. Sigsbee had accepted The World's offer to
explore the wreck. The five divers who thoroughly know
their business were employed when the Seneca was wrecked,
and succeeded in their work. Their examination of the
sunken Maine, like their incidental rescue of the bodies
that remain in her, was to have been made under the
personal supervision of Lieut.-Commander Wainwright and
Chief Engineer Howell of the Maine.

At 10 o'clock this morning The World's divers with
Chief Engineer Howell in charge, and I were on a diving
float alongside the Maine ready to go to work, for I knew
The World wanted the truth--the news. It would have been
absurd to suppose that the divers would lie about what they
saw in this shattered hulk. To have done so would have been to forever destroy their usefulness, for the Maine will be raised, and there is talk also of taking photographs under water, so the truth cannot be withheld.

But while we waited, cablegrams came from Madrid. They stated that the newspapers were urging Blanco to use the greatest precautions so as to allow American divers to descended alone and examine the wreck.

These cablegrams quoted the Madrid newspapers:

"Divers sent by private persons might be bribed to report at variance with the actual facts [. . .] his officers on the diplomatic features of the question."

Had he a right to permit divers of his choice to descend into the wreck of the vessel he commanded?

Seemingly not.

Madrid said “No.”

The commandant of the Alfonso XII. joined Capt. Sigsbee and his officers and argued with them, with the usual punctilious politeness, that "private divers," meaning those of The World employed to tell all people the news, should not be permitted to examine the wreck and that the exploration of the United States Government's divers should be watched by Spaniards.

Capt. Sigsbee, who is brave and who has backbone, was far from being convinced. So he and Consul-General Lee and Lieut.-Commander Cowles, of the Fern, who was naval attache of the American Embassy in London, and who is related by marriage to Assistant Secretary of the Navy Roosevelt, held further parley with Admiral Manterola.

They agree that The World's divers shall not be allowed to examine the wreck or to search for bodies.

That only “officially recognized” divers shall make the examination, United States divers having the right to search inside the Maine, Spanish divers in the waters around her; "private divers" neither inside nor outside.

That, as Madrid ordered, it would be best if both Governments agree that their divers work together, within and without the wreck.

So Capt. Sigsbee cabled to Washington asking the Navy Department's permission to allow Spanish divers to work with his own inside the wreck.

Capt. Sigsbee is assured Congress will appropriate money to raise the Maine. Nevertheless, knowledge of the truth that the whole civilized world awaits is delayed. In publishing it there could be no plot under water, no mine to be sprung.

Capt. Sigsbee expected divers from Key West on the
Olivette on Saturday. They may arrive sooner on the lighthouse tender Mangrove, which left for Key West at 4 P.M. yesterday.
EXPLOSION FROM PORT TO STARBOARD, AS MIGHT HAVE BEEN FROM A TORPEDO.

(By Cable from a World Staff Correspondent.)

The World, Saturday, February 19, 1898, p. 1

HAVANA, Cuba, Feb. 18.--Capt. Sigsbee and the local Board of Investigation rowed to-day around and around the sunken, sullen, twisted masses—all that is left of the splendid battleship Maine.

They could not get on board because of the orders of the authorities—at least the guards said so, and Capt. Sigsbee obeyed, although his pennant was still flying from the masthead and the parts of the Maine above water (or below it either) were just as much "United States soil" as ever they were.

The officers examined the position of the wreck closely.

It was noted, primarily, that the whole force of the explosion was from port to starboard.

This is shown principally by the whole main deck between the after and forward main magazines being blown upward and over to starboard bodily.

The forward smokestack also was thrown to starboard and aft. It now lies further aft than the rear funnel.

Other conclusive proofs that the explosion was from the port side and centre of the ship are the facts that the frail incandescent lamp guards on the starboard side are intact, while on the port side everything is smashed, and also that the paint on the starboard side is still white and fresh, while that on the port side is seared, vitrified and blackened.

The funnels are smashed in upon their port sides which is conclusive proof that the massive braces which held the deck down on the port side are stripped of their riveted plates.

The deck was thrown over solidly upon the starboard braces.

The wreck further has a general list to port, and immediately after the shock canted that way.

The present inclination, therefore, is not the result of uneven or gradual settling, but is final evidence that the ship is practically broken in two by the explosion against the port side.
That portion of the main deck nearest the forward main magazine shows no sign of powder marks. The rear magazines are known to be intact. Had any one of them exploded the officers as well as the men would have perished.

If the explosion had been forward of the main magazine everything would have been hurled toward the left hand side of the ship, as the big magazine was directly under the forward turret, which, in the peculiar construction of the Maine, was on the extreme starboard side of the ship.

Two sailors were sleeping in a cutter tied to a boom. They were not twenty feet from the magazine. They are alive.

There was much loaded ammunition for the big 10-inch guns in the loading room immediately above the forward magazine in question. Not a fragment of the 10-inch projectiles has been found. If exploded they would have fallen all over the Havana water front.

Just forward of the big forward magazine were the 6-inch magazines. One sailor was sleeping immediately above them. He is alive.

It was a mistake about a large piece of bottom-covering cement being found on the City of Washington.

It might also have been blown upward from the boiler blowers on the floor of the engine room. There is cement of that character there to drain the floor, which is far below the water line. Indeed, the tops of the boilers are several feet below also.

The massive boat-unloading crane on the starboard side of the funnels is crushed flat by the debris thrown against it.

The officers further noted that the wreck is settling into the mud faster than it would have done if the bottom were intact or the side.

The general opinion is that the forward magazines did not explode.

There was no ammunition outside of the magazines other than a few rapid-fire projectiles and saluting cartridges. All the torpedo guncotton was locked in the magazines. The torpedoes all had only practice heads.

It is regarded as marvellous that the rear magazine did not explode, as the primary explosion came from the centre of ship mid-way between the magazines. There was no necessary flooding of the magazines.

The first concussion probably loosened the doors and they filled.

There was nothing in the forward magazine to go off on a mere detonation.
The guncotton in the rear magazine is yet intact. The World divers waited all day to release the bodies still coffined in the Maine's wreck.

Capt. Sigsbee ordered The World divers to proceed to extract the bodies from the forward end of the Maine under the direction of Chief Engineer Howell, but the patrol boat stopped Howell.

The mangled sailors are still there, and identification will be impossible to-morrow, so The World's humane offer comes to naught.

Capt. Sigsbee and Consul-General Lee again send thanks for The World's prompt and first substantial and actual offers of assistance and means to put it through. They regret being unable to use the divers to get out the dead heroes in time for identification.

La Lucha, Havana's largest daily, prints and comments favorable upon The World's offer to defray the burial expenses and bring the American dead for interment to American soil.

Immediately upon their arrival at La Machina to-day the bodies have been identified by heroic Father Chidwick and taken at once to the cemetery. There they are placed in one of the three trenches, coffin upon coffin.

Ashore Capt. Sigsbee and his officers are recovering from the awful shock.

All the survivors are wondering at their escape, including the Captain's pug, Peggy, and the old cat, Tom, which was found yesterday crouched in a halliard rack. Both are comfortable at the Hotel Inglaterra.

Their comrades and the men out in the bay are being guarded by hundreds of vultures to-day. I saw one picking, with muscular jerks of his scaly neck, the portions of a man just risen.

Ninety-five bodies were found to-day, making the total number found 135.

Those identified to-day were Jenks, Flinn, O'Phillips, Mudd, Jones, Lees, Barry, Conroy, Curran, Price, Just, Boyle, Horn, Henneke, Finch, Harty, Holland, Donnoughy, Sutton and Ericson.

Holland died at San Ambrosio.

All were carried to the cemetery in wagons and buried without ceremony.

Government divers are expected here to-morrow morning by the coast survey steamer Bache.
HAVANA, Feb. 18.--I read The World's cable message of yesterday to Consul-General Lee and Capt. Sigsbee. The message was:

"All American seamen who lost their lives on the Maine should be buried on American soil. Please notify Consul-General Lee, Gen. Blanco and Havana municipal authorities that, at personal request and authorization of the immediate families of several sailors, The World will, if feasible, bring back to the United States, at its own expense, bodies of the dead sailors having friends or relatives or former homes here."

Both Gen. Lee and Capt. Sigsbee warmly thanked The World for what they called its generous and patriotic offer.

Unfortunately it is not feasible to take back the bodies of these heroes for burial in the land they died to serve. The bodies now coming to the surface of the harbor are much mutilated, while those that will be recovered by the divers will be unrecognizable even by their closest kin.

Consul-General Lee added to his thanks that it will comfort the relatives of those who went down with the Maine to know that President McKinley's order will be strictly obeyed—that in behalf of the American people no expense shall be spared in the proper and ceremonious interment of the sailors who perished.

Chaplain Chidwick, of the Maine, will continue to direct and oversee the receipt of the bodies and their preparation for burial. He has performed his trying duty like a man of iron.

Ninety-three more bodies were recovered to-day, and two men ended their sufferings in the San Ambrosio Hospital.

Every effort is being made to identify the dead, and they are being buried with all fitting ceremony in the plot given by the Bishop of Havana—the first such gift in the history of the island.
It is dreadful to state that vultures now hover over the harbor.
NOTHING BUT A MINE COULD HAVE BLOWN UP THE BATTLE-SHIP.

Spanish Naval Officer May Have Mistaken the Exploding for the Testing Key of the Submarine Battery.

MAINE WAS ONLY ONCE BEFORE IN THE SAME POSITION, BUT THEN IN MOONLIGHT.

(Special from a Staff Correspondent of The World.)

The World, Sunday, February 20, 1898, pp. 1, 2

HAVANA, via Key West, Fla., Feb. 19.--Every indication so far as cabled shows that nothing could have destroyed the Maine so peculiarly but a submerged mine of large size. If so, the Spanish naval officer in charge may have mistaken the testing key for the exploding key or a fanatic might have touched it, or an intoxicated and reckless attache of the Navy Department.

As shown conclusively by the position of the ship, the point of greatest destruction, and the many other facts already cabled, all pointing in the same direction, it seems that the laws of nature must have changed if the forward magazine did not explode. It is definitely known that no other magazine did.

If the divers find out that the forward turret has its top still on, then the awful fact may be accepted that the Maine was blown up by the Spanish Government's submarine mine.

No movable torpedo could have done the damage.

These are the opinions of naval experts and experts in explosives in Havana.

Now that the governmentally imposed decorum is over some rabid Spanish newspapers here are guardedly showing joy over the disaster.

The Correo intimates that Capt. Sigsbee was not in his ship because he had a uniform on at the funeral.

Capt. Cowles, of the Fern, wore a uniform then, and hence the mistake. The newspapers made the most of this incident.

A Matanzas paper rejoices almost openly and the Spanish merchants of Sagua La Grande drank cases of champagne behind closed doors the day after.

On Havana's streets the Spanish shopkeepers' faces are on the sly grin constantly. The difference from their usual aspect is remarkable and is noted by everybody. This
is common talk.

It is now known that the Maine had only swung into the position she occupied at the time of the explosion but once before. Then it was on a bright night. Tuesday night, when the explosion occurred, was dark.

Each succeeding fact is more and more sombre. So far there is not a fragment of proof to indicate that the original explosion was internal or that there was a later explosion of anything in the Maine.

Several insulting circulars have been gotten out. One, published just before the explosion, stated clearly that the Maine should be destroyed. Another, of yesterday, supposedly against autonomy, glories in the sinking of the Maine.

Pen and ink sketches of Pelayo sinking the whole American fleet multiply all over town. The little light-house tenders and the Fern are really thought by the lower classes to be the real kind of vessels the United States Navy has.

Politeness to Americans on the pavements and in the theatres is much decreased.

The situation is really grave. The wives of some American hospital service surgeons and correspondents are leaving on this ship for Key West.

An anti-American outburst might happen at any time.

I was stopped to-day by the Spanish patrol-boat from getting nearer the Maine than 300 feet. American officers were on board, and the American flag was flying from the rear and only mast.

I requested a permit from the commandant of the Spanish warship Alfonso XII, as a matter of courtesy.

It was refused, and I went within five yards of the Maine, claiming my right as an American citizen to go as close to a piece of United States soil as desired. Force was not used and I remained.

If the boatman is fined I shall protest through the Consul.
HAVANA DROPS GRIEF AND TURNS TO GAYETY OF CARNIVAL.

(Special Cable Despatch from a World Staff Correspondent.)

The World, Sunday, February 20, 1898, 2

HAVANA, Cuba, Saturday, Feb. 19—8.30 P.M.—The first awful shock of the Maine's annihilation is over, and men's minds are cleared.

The first impressions, the first great spasms of sympathy are over. To-morrow the carnival will begin on the broad Prado. The streets will teem with gaudy costumes, masked women and richly horsed carriages, filled with butterfly children. Confetti will fly from joyous hands to the roysterers' faces.

All the while broad death barges will be slowly moving along Havana's water front filled with shapeless, awfully mangled forms of what four short days ago were sturdy American sailors.

At night sensuous Cuban music will measure dancing feet on land while the Maine's remaining battle-mast will stand a silent sentinel over mangled American life and iron.

DIVERS GETTING READY FOR PERILOUS WORK.

Under Havana Bay to-day divers are preparing for energetic work. To-morrow most of the bodies still in the wreck will be under ground and the private papers and secret state documents will be safe aboard the Fern.

The next day the investigation will begin in earnest. According to present advices Spanish divers will accompany the two New York's men and the surviving Maine diver in this most delicate and dangerous work.

The battle-ship is a mine. She was compartmented into a veritable honeycomb. Her massive steel cross walls and divisions have been wrenched, split and torn.

The inside is a labyrinth of sharp turns and saw edges and is darker than her exploding night.

The only other night the wind blew from the northwest it was clear and light and nothing happened.

HORRIBLE THINGS INSIDE.

The divers' work forward, where the ship was literally chewed up, will be difficult and hazardous. In the berth deck they will collide with nameless human things each step. There is where the sailors slept and smothered in rushing water.

The Madrid and Havana newspapers enthusiastically approve the Government's action in preventing The World's
four divers from working under the direct charge of Chief Engineer Howell, as directed by Capt. Sigsbee. The bodies were intact then. Their families in many cases could have had them.

But extremest courtesy kept Mr. Howell from disregarding the Spanish guard-boat coxswain's order. No American diver can go into the wreck unless accompanied by Spanish divers.

All day long The World men waited while red tape was slowly unwinding. The divers were not to investigate—in fact, their simple helmets stopped their usefulness before the telltale bottom could be reached—but they were fully able to secure the bodies and that was all I asked them to do.

It was evening before the formalities had exhausted themselves.

The naval divers came early this morning—just too late to be of any humane use.

BODIES NO LONG RECOGNIZABLE.

If the Spanish censor allows me to say so, the bodies now are so decomposed that they are lifted from the water into coffins on barges without the religious service they might have had yesterday, and are taken by sea to the coast a mile distant from the cemetery, then conveyed by wagon to trenches. All this might have been helped.

The Coast Survey steamer A. D. Bache, under Yacht Commander Barnett, brought Ensign Brumby, who will be in charge of the divers. There are two outfits and four sailors will work the air pumps for three divers.

The Maine diver is willing to go down into the horrors of the hulk. He will be invaluable, as he knows the ship. A man to recover instantly from the awful shock and then face the results must be of steel.

SPANISH SAILORS' SYMPATHY.

The Liberal, of Madrid, says the American jingoes claim the Spanish sailors don't really sympathize. If the jingoes could have seen the Alfonso XIII.'s jackies pulling the boats about under the dropping shell fragments to rescue American life they would see their mistake and be sorry for it.

Capt. Sigsbee and the investigation board are going ahead. Within two days they should know whether or not, the forward magazine exploded. That will tell the tale of accident or design.

The Maine's diver was sleeping in the after turret, and went up through its top manhole miraculously. The funnel was falling which now closes it over the explosion.
None of the seven foreign Consuls, all Spaniards called upon American Consul Barker or expressed regrets in any manner. The rest of the island, as far as is known, was friendly, at least in official interchange of courtesies.

Urgate, the brave Havana volunteer fireman who arrived at the water front immediately after the explosion, is said to have been publicly thanked by Gen. Lee. He will be decorated by the Spanish Government.

**DESERVE THANKS OF CONGRESS.**

Some Spanish sailors deserve the thanks of Congress. They remain in great danger long after Capt. Sigsbee called the boats off, and saved several lives.

Gen. Lee has finished officially thanking the city corporation for the burial of the dead, and has concluded with Capt. Sigsbee the formal visiting.

Washington has also exchanged courtesies with Madrid, and the ceremonies are over.

But for the brave Spaniards, native Cubans and Americans who risked life to save white and black alike something handsome should be done.

If they are treated as well as the American tars here and at Key West are caring for Capt. Sigsbee's pug Peggy or the marine cat Old Tom they will be richly rewarded. The softest bed on the Fern is given up to the rescued cat. The brave marine orderly Anthony, assisted by the whole fo'castle, is in attendance. Anthony says:

TOM AND PEGGY.

"Tom has always been a marine cat. He joined us thirteen years ago. He was born on the old Brooklyn Navy Yard monitor and came to us from the marine corps of the Minnesota.

"Tom is a big tiger cat. One foot is slightly burned and he is yet scared. He won't move from his bunk, but the men say he will recover."

The Maine's goat was so fortunate as to be taken seasick and left at Key West, where he now is a hero by the reflected glory of Sigsbee's Peggy.

Apart from the awful massiveness and significance and possibilities of the Maine horror are little things which make one's throat tighten.

**FOUND HIMSELF BLIND.**

A strapping fellow with bandaged eyes kept asking for "my chum Bill—he pulled with me in the Captain's gig."

He asked those around him to raise the bandage so that he might look for "Bill." But he did not see him. He was blind.

When he realized it he quietly lay back on his pillow
without a whimper. The body of Lieut. Jenkins, who blindly went to duty and met the water, has not yet been secured.

So far 139 bodies have been recovered. Of these thirty-six have been identified. The others will occupy nameless graves.

Those identified to-day were Harris and Lund, out of nine. The World has printed all the other names.

A Havana paper asserts that 55 or 56 of the Maine's crew were Spaniards. As was cabled to The World, there were two sailors who were born on Majorca Island, which is Spanish territory. One of them was killed and the other was severely injured.

NURSES' NOBLE WORK.

Sister Mary Wilbur, or England, is doing noble work at San Ambrosio Hospital for the injured, whose agonies are now at their height. The burned skin and flesh are being cut away.

Some Cuban women have been there, too.

Miss Barton took two days away from her starving reconcentrados, and the United States Marine Hospital surgeons and the local American physician, Dr. Findlay, are aiding the Maine surgeon, Dr. Henneberger, in looking well after the sufferers.

A fine, well-ventilated house in the healthy suburb of Buenos Ayres is ready for the men, but Gen. Lee thinks it not worth while to move them, because as soon as one gets strong enough he will be moved to Key West. They should be moved right now out of San Ambrosio, as many never will recover to reach Key West.

A STRANGE COINCIDENCE.

A remarkable thing is that the Mangrove, under Capt. Musgrave, came to assist the Maine. Just twenty years ago the same Captain steamed from Key West on about the same kind of orders to the relief of Sigsbee on the Cuban coast, about thirty miles west of here. Sigsbee had the Coast Survey steamer A. D. Bache. She is in the harbor now, but then she was on the rocks.

Sigsbee had taken a Spanish pilot for the first time in months, and got run ashore. His ingenious and nervy saving of the vessel brought him the thanks of the Navy Department. Old sailors here remember it.
AMERICANS ARE STARVING IN CUBA.

-----

Pitiful Appeal to The World
from Citizens Living in
Trinidad.

-----

CONSULAR RELIEF FAILS THEM.

-----

Sympathetic Agent Already in Debt
from Helping the Most
Destitute.

-----

IS M’GARR DOING HIS DUTY?

-----

Complaints Against Our Consul in
Cienfuegos Sent to Be Made
Public by The World.

-----

(From a World Staff Correspondent.)

The World, February 20, 1898, p. 24

HAVANA, Feb. 9.—One United States Consul in Cuba, Owen McGarr, stationed at Cienfuegos, reports to the State Department that there is little or no destitution in his district. On the contrary, there is much. Even American citizens there are starving, as is shown by the following, sent to me to be forwarded to The World.

“Trinidad, Cuba, Dec. 3, 1897.

“Having appealed twice to the Consulate of the United States at Cienfuegos and once to the Consulate-General at Havana while Mr. Lee was in the States and being in a state bordering on starvation, I, in the name of the destitute American citizens reconcentrados at Trinidad de Cuba, have decided to make our last appeal to the New York World, and we are sure, or at least have great hopes, that in this way the relief out of the funds appropriated by Congress for this purpose, and which is all that we count upon for the maintenance of ourselves and families, will be again given to us.

“We understand that Mr. Carlos Yznaga, the consular agent at this city, has instructions from the Consulate at Cienfuegos not to distribute rations unless he has funds on hand, and as he very seldom has any funds, according to the instructions received by him, he has to stop the distribution of rations and we are left for weeks at a time
without any food for our families.

"Now, for instance, the consular agent knowing our great need of relief, continued distributing rations, although he had no funds on hand, still he incurred a debt of $100, and he has been ordered to stop the distribution until he pays this debt, which at the rate that he receives remittances of funds ($50 every two or three weeks) will keep us without any relief for from four to six weeks.

"Once before we have been three weeks without relief, since Mr. Yznaga took charge of this consular agency, on Aug. 18 last, and since the relief was first distributed in Cuba to Aug. 18, we have only received three weeks' rations.

"Why is it that the destitute American citizens at Trinidad, who are just as much in need of help as their countrymen in other cities, are kept for weeks at a time without help—a thing which does not happen anywhere else? Is this right? And if not, then whose fault is it?

"We very often hear that The World says that the citizens of the United States who have been reconcentrados by Weyler's order were not in need, as they had rations, but you see that at least in Trinidad this is not the case, and we are very often on the same level as the Spanish reconcentrados, having to beg in the streets in order that our poor children may stop crying from hunger.

"If this state of affairs continues much longer the photographer of The World will find a better field for his camera among American reconcentrados at Trinidad than where he is now photographing the Spanish reconcentrados. We will be thankful to the end of our lives to The World if through its columns we will have in future, till the funds appropriated by Congress are exhausted, the certainty of receiving food for our families once every week.

"In the name of the destitute American citizens in Trinidad, Cuba, I am respectfully yours.

"MANUEL RUIZ DE PORRAS."

Here is another letter sent to me for transmission to The World which indicates that Consul McGarr is not thorough, to say the least, in the performance of his duties:

"To the Editor of the World:

"Trinidad, Cuba, Dec. 3, 1897.

"I read The World at the consular agency, and I often see that you give space in your columns to letters from the people. Will you admit this one?

"My house was seized by the police at this city for the use of the commandante militar and they agreed to pay
$17 a month rent, but after taking possession of the house they informed me that I had better whistle for my rent. As they have been in the house more than three months and always refused to pay, I laid the case before the Consular Agent at this city, and he referred me to the Consul at Cienfuegos.

"The Consul, Mr. McGarr, answers that, although I am an American citizen, absolutely nothing can be done in my behalf. If this is so, what is the use of article 7 of the treaty between the United States and Spain, which reads: 'And it is agreed that the subjects or citizens of each of the contracting parties, their vessels or effects shall not be liable to any embargo or detention on the part of the other for any military expedition or other public or private purpose whatever?'

"MARINO MEDINILLA."

The genuineness of these pitiful documents and the truth of what they set forth are guaranteed by the Consular Agent at Trinidad, Carlos Yznaga y Yznaga, of the New York family of that name. They are only two out of many complaints I have received.

O. B. Stillman, one of the largest American sugar planters of Cuba, tersely illustrated the condition of one of Consul McGarr’s towns by saying: "Cats are 40 cents apiece in Trinidad." Mr. Stillman’s plantation is near there.

There is starvation, too, in Cienfuegos, Consul McGarr’s official residence. He is extremely popular with the Spanish business men. They gave him a banquet recently on his return to his post. In the month of December I saw fully twenty starving beggars in five blocks of one street there.

Although there is no provision to that effect in the consular regulations issued to Cuban consulates, Mr. McGarr demands for himself a proportion of the fees collected by each of the consular agents in his jurisdiction. Up to $1,000 such fees should go to the local agent. Yet McGarr claimed and received (in stamps) one-half of the total annual fees of Consular Agent Madrigal at Sancti Spiritus. The fees amounted to about $7. And McGarr got about one-half.

He also requested Mr. Yznaga to forward to Cienfuegos one-third of the Trinidad agency fees.

Mr. McGarr is not at all satisfactory to his American citizen charges nor to his agents. The Cienfuegos Consulate of the United States is about the poorest I have ever seen of its kind.
HAVANA, Cuba. Feb. 20.—The divers made only three descents to-day at the wreck of the battleship Maine. Capt. Sigsbee's state documents were rescued from a private drawer in his cabin.

The keys to the magazines were found just above the hook over the head of the Captain's bed—their usual place. They had been floated upward by the rising of the mattress.

The World first announced that the keys were in their proper place, having been put there at 8 o'clock last Tuesday evening.

CIPHER CODE BOOK FOUND.

The naval cipher code book was found undamaged. It can be used in messages between Consul-General Lee and the Navy Department and in deciphering the instructions which it is expected are coming on the Fern.

Capt. Sigsbee's watch—which has been wrecked twice before—was also brought up. It was in a private drawer with the state papers.

Only one body was recovered to-day. It was not the body of either Lieut. Jenkins or Ensign Merritt.

ONE HUNDRED YET IN THE WRECK.

About one hundred of the Maine's heroes are yet in the wreck.

Capt. Sigsbee is acting under the orders of Naval Secretary Long. The Captain wants to save the bodies before proceeding with the investigation into the cause of the disaster, but he does not know what the Secretary's desire is in that respect.
Another air-pump has been sent for. The World renewed its offer of a competent, experienced diving gang accustomed to the black waters of Havana's harbor. This was done for the sole purpose of saving the remaining bodies. But Capt. Sigsbee refused the offer, saying that it was a matter for the Navy Department, as it is in charge of the investigation.

Capt. Sigsbee visited to-day the eight maimed sailors in San Ambrosio Hospital. They were glad. They had asked after him day by day, while he was being questioned from Washington and here in regard to the Maine's awful end. The men were all delighted to see their commander.

All are doing well, except Koehler and Holtzer.

A MARTYR'S FORTITUDE.

The latter, as noble as ever man was, is burned, bruised, fractured and internally injured, but his brain is perfectly clear. He has been in awful pain, and what think you he said when seeing his Captain?

"Can't shake hands with you, Captain," he exclaimed, "but I am sorry you have lost your ship and your comrades."

This man was dying, mind you!

Capt. Sigsbee was touched deeply. On parting Holtzer said:

"Come again, Captain. I wish you better luck next time."

This man was not a servant nor a pet; he was just a plain Maine sailor and was suffering. He thinks he will recover, but he is literally burned, smashed and torn.

Capt. Sigsbee keeps recurring to these men's talk. It was wondrously pathetic. I felt my eyes fill and was not ashamed of it.

The men had no complaint to make. They highly praise Sister Wilberforce.

But they should be moved to Buenos Aires.
WORLD'S DIVERS
AGAIN OFFERED TO
RECOVER THE DEAD.

More than a Hundred Bodies in the Maine Wreck
Might Have Been Saved If the Tender, Made
Solely for Humanity's Sake, Had
Been Accepted.

NAVAL DIVERS EMPLOYED INEXPERT,
AND WORK IS UNSATISFACTORY.

Dead Seamen Packed Thick in Forward Part of Hulk,
Wedged in Among Tables, Boxes and
General Debris.

(Special Cable Despatch from a World Staff Correspondent.)

The World, Tuesday, February 22, 1898, pp. 1, 2

HAVANA, Cuba. Feb. 21.--It has been rainy to-day and dark. Very little work comparatively could be done on the wreck by Capt. Sigsbee's divers. They are not accustomed to this water, which is inky even in bright sunlight.

The World's expert divers can work in all weather and under all physical conditions here.

The bodies of Lieut. Jenkins, Assistant Engineer Merritt and about a hundred others have not been recovered, although The World's offer of divers was made long enough ago to have insured the saving of them all, and most of them in a state of preservation to permit identification

Solely for the sake of humanity I handed to Capt. Sigsbee last night this letter:

EVIDENCE OF A POWDER CASE.

A six-inch powder case was brought up to-day by divers at work in the forward end of the wreck. All such cases habitually are kept in the six-inch magazines.

This is strong evidence that at least the rear one of the forward group of small magazines exploded.

The case, I am informed is ripped open and crumpled. It is of copper with a lapped-over seam, and contained brown powder with a few grains of black.

THE WORLD'S OFFER.

"To Capt. C.D. Sigsbee, Captain Commanding United States Warship Maine:

"Sir-In behalf of the New York World I again offer you the services of an expert diving crew of five Cuban
submarine divers for the sole purpose of securing for burial ahe hundred-odd American sailors' bodies still entombed in the wreck of the second class battleship Maine, still under your direct command and still flying the United States flag and your pennant. In law you are still in an uninterferable charge of the Maine as any commanding officer would be of any ship still in commission.

[. . .]--Sunday, Feb. 20, at five minutes past 1 o'clock P. M.--is the [. . .] day since the disaster, and neither the body of Lieut Jenkins nor that of Assistant Engineer Merritt, nor but one of the bodies of the martyr crew mentioned, has been taken from the wreck and the fishes. The hundred-odd bodies already recovered have been found by Spanish patrol boats after wave action and decomposition alone had brought them to the surface, with the one exception of the single body found to-day while papers were being searched for.

"The United States Navy divers have been on the ground for thirty hours. Their apparatus is defective or out of order and the men are not accustomed to the murky waters of Havana. They have proved themselves unfortunately, incapable of rapid or even average submarine work.

"The diving crew I offer you and the Navy Department in behalf of The World have worked for years in Havana Harbor waters. Indeed, the Merritt Wrecking Company, whose assistance you have asked and whose aid you can't have for at least forty-eight hours, employed these men to raise the sunken Ward liner Seneca in preference to their own employees.

"My men are native-born Cubans and may be thoroughly trusted to deliver any private or confidential State documents to yourself and yourself only. These, however, your own men may be sent down for.

"The Cubans are willing to dive naked except for the diving helmet, as that your officers may be assured of their honesty. Their simple apparatus, consisting of air-pump, hose, rope and diving helmet only, although it is sufficient to enable them to get all the bodies in the wreck, should they even wish to do so. They can only descend to thirty-nine feet below low tide in Havana Harbor.

"I make this renewed offer in behalf of The World for no other person than humanity, the people of the United States in general, and the wishes of the families of the dead in particular.

"I hereby place these men absolutely and entirely at your disposal, transferring, if you wish, to the United
States Government my contact with the men. You may quarter them aboard the United States Government boat _Fern_ or the United States Government boat _A. D. Bache_, and deny access to them to any and all representatives of the press. They will be United States divers, and the Spanish Government will have no further opportunity to object to "New York World interference."

"I, therefore, in behalf of the nation they honor, in behalf of humanity and in behalf of their families, respectfully but earnestly request that you accept this sincere and certain offer and secure at once the bodies of Lieut. Jenkins, Assistant Engineer Merritt and other heroic dead of the crew still under water in the ruins of your ship.

"I have, sir, the honor to be your very obedient servant.

"SYLVESTER SCOVEL,

"Representing the New York World.

"Witness--I certify that the copy is correct.

"GEORGE ROLF."

COURT OF INQUIRY ARRIVES.

The _Mangrove_ arrived at 9 A.M. to-day with the officers of the Naval Court of Inquiry.

The arrival of the Court of Inquiry gave the diving a fresh impetus, as it brought the _Iowa_'s divers. Yet the naval divers are not equal to the requirements.

The divers working to-day in the forward part of the shattered hull were Warrant Officer Morgan, of the _New York_, and the chief gunner's mate of the _Iowa_, under the charge of Ensign [Ba. . .mly].

The _Maine_’s diver, Reddin, and Fisher, of the _New York_, were working in the undestroyed stern of the _Maine_. Lieutenant-Commander Wainwright still is in general charge.

SHIP'S SILVER SERVICE SAVED.

From the cabin of Capt. Sigsbee, which is the most accessible part of the wreck, numerous articles have been recovered, among others a bicycle, some swords, the enlistment record of E. L. Noble, a fireman, now dead, and Capt. Sigsbee's silver service plate, presented by the State of Maine. Still further down in the ship were found half a dozen packages of chewing gum. The work has been almost by torch, although now, I am informed, the _Mangrove_ has run an electric wire over the wreck, rigged with lamps.

The forward divers had perilous work. The _Maine_ really is chewed up there, and there was great danger of the air hose being sawed by the ragged plate edges, and of
the life line getting afoul of wreckage.

HORRORS CONFRONTING DIVERS.

The divers say this part of the ship is awful. Bodies are packed between tables, boxes and beams.

They fall almost to pieces when touched, and many of them can never be taken out. Nearly all could have been saved intact by The World's divers on Thursday and Friday.

Several cases of canned good were found, their contents mingled with coal and an awfully complex debris.

Nothing has been done to-day toward ascertaining the cause of the explosion. The real cause cannot be actually proved until it is learned whether the top of the forward turret is on or not. It was over the main magazine and was thrown into the harbor away from the ship.

The divers worked to-day from 9 o'clock to noon and from 1 to 3:30.

The new outfit consists of one double air pump and two diving suits.

SIGBEE'S REQUEST GOES BEGGING.

Capt. Sigsbee sent day before yesterday a formal request for the privilege of beginning diving on the United States second-class battle-ship Maine. The messenger went to the Spanish warship Alfonso XII., then to the Admiral, then to the Captain of the Port, then to the Admiral, and failed to get an answer. Capt. Sigsbee asked yesterday for permission to investigate the outside of the wreck, but the permission was not granted.

Consequently no absolute proof has been secured yet as to whether the forward magazine exploded or not.

The Chapman-Merritt Company's powerful wrecking tug Neptune is expected early to-morrow. She has big pumps and heavy cranes for hoisting up the Maine's big guns, and the turrets, too, perhaps. She will be useless unless permission is granted for her to work outside the wreck, for the turrets are there.

MAY NEVER BE ACCOUNTED FOR.

About fifty men sleeping in the centre of the Maine on the berth dock probably never will be accounted for. They must have been blown to pieces.

The divers already have seen some skeletons of bodies which the vultures had picked clean while floating under the ruins where the Spanish patrol boats could not get them.

One hundred and forty-three bodies in all have now been recovered.

Consul-General Lee has notified Gen. Blanco and the Spanish Admiral that the American Naval Court of Inquiry
will call officially to-morrow at 10 A.M., explaining that
the officers have come here in such a hurry that they will
have to appear in plain clothes.
Zalinski's theory that chains will be found on the
bottom near the wreck is not believed in here, the torpedo-
only theory decreasing. No known dirigible torpedo could
do such havoc over such a wide area.
The investigating of the inside of the wreck and of
the outside—if Spain's kind permission is given—will be
pushed to-morrow. Conflicting rumors will cease soon, and
just what caused the Maine's annihilation will be known.

THE WOUNDED IN THE HOSPITALS.
Koehler and Holzer, in the San Ambrosio Hospital, are
very low. Koshler is delirious all the time. Holzer has
received the last sacrament from Chaplain Chidwick.
The six others in that hospital are doing well. Some
can read and smoke when some one holds the cigarettes for
them. All have burned arms and hands, but all are brave
and patient.

In the Alfonso XIII. Military Hospital, a new and
sanitary structure, there are three of the Maine's wounded.
They are doing well.
One, named Weber, said to Chaplain Chidwick to-day:
"Oh, no! Chaplain, we are not afraid of dying here
except from the gout."
They are being very well looked after.

WHY THEY WERE NOT TAKEN TO CLARA BARTON'S.
Surgeon Henneberger explains the reason why Clara
Barton's house in Buenos Aires is not used for the wounded
instead of San Ambrosio Hospital by stating that the
patients could be moved aboard a ship by water much easier
than to Miss Barton's house ashore. Each will be moved
there, he says, when he is able.
The graceful courtesy of the Spanish surgeons is shown
by a sign posted at the entrance to the hospital ward where
the Maine's sufferers are. It reads:
"Take off your hat upon entering this room."
This is an unusual thing for this country, where one
walks into the theatre with his hat on.
The Spanish Red Cross deserves praise for having
assisted on that terrible Tuesday night. It sent
stretchers to the Machura for the immediate transport of
the wounded to the hospital.

LATEST MYSTERIOUS EXPLOSION.
After the cable office closed last night a dull
explosion was heard in this city, and there was great
excitement for a few moments.
It being carnival time the streets were thronged, all the theatres and all the clubs had dances. Everybody started for the water front. The sound seemed to come from the bay.

On passing a police station I saw a wounded man being carried from a carriage. He was Gonzalez Jorin, who had a hole in his left knee from a piece of roof tile which had been hurled by the explosion of a small petard on the top of a small building adjoining the Irijoa Theatre.

The wounded people were in the balcony of the theatre watching the carnival ball and were struck by flying pieces coming through an open window. About half a dozen were injured.

The explosion probably was a case of private revenge. There is much hatred between the various dance places in carnival time.

Many of the most curious stories are floating about. One man says he was sleeping in one of the Maine's boats—he doesn't know on which side of the ship—when he felt an awful shock and found himself aboard the burning ship.

CARNIVAL CLOSE TO A FAILURE.

This year's carnival is very weak among the better classes. There has been a very small turn-out. The war has impoverished everybody.

Bullets flew in one of the two principal dancing places. Two persons were badly wounded.

The Diario de la Marina assailed the American press and correspondents bitterly again yesterday for "interfering in international questions." The World's offer of divers caused it.

La Lucha says Secretary-General Congosto has sent a report to Washington on the Maine disaster.
HAVANA, Feb. 22, via Key West.--The situation to-night is more grave than at any time since the Maine explosion one week ago to-night.

Although the officers of the Naval Board of Inquiry preserve an impenetrable reserve, The World correspondent learns that some of the best naval experts now believe that the explosion was the result of treachery.

They do not believe that Spanish officials were part of the conspiracy. From evidence now in their possession they believe the Spanish Government, Gen. Blanco and all his military subordinates were guiltless alike of knowledge of or participation in the crime. The mine it is believed to have been set off by a fanatic.

Naval officers fear that when the facts are known it may be impossible to restrain public sentiment. President McKinley and Secretary Long are said, frankly, by officials who have arrived directly from Washington, to be strenuously for peace.

Both hope that the Naval Board of Inquiry will be able to prove that no crime has been committed, even by a Spanish fanatic.
But the American officers fear trouble when all the facts are known. They do not expect any public revelations, or any radical change in the situation.

DIVERS FIND CASE FOR TEN-INCH GUNS STILL FULL OF WET POWDER.

-----

(By cable from World staff correspondent.)

HAVANA, Cuba, Feb. 22.—If the ten-inch and reserve magazines were not exploded completely the main deck and amidships annihilation came from some other immensely powerful force. This point is intensely interesting and of the highest importance,

The divers employed in the forward part of the wreck are working in very dangerous quarters.

They have secured a powder case for the ten-inch guns. It was full of wet powder.

MUST BE READ BETWEEN THE LINES.

As the censor will not allow any mention of what the divers ascertain about the causes of the Maine disaster I shall have to merely mention the articles I saw aboard the Fern and allow The World's readers to put this and that together and draw their own conclusions.

Among those articles, in addition to the books, silverware, typewriter and Capt. Sigsbee's personal effects taken from the after part of the wreck, I saw both loaded and unloaded ten-inch shells.

A six-inch empty powder case was found yesterday. It is known that it came from the reserve magazine just next to the turret. The powder holder was badly crushed (evidently as if the force came from without instead of from an explosion of its own contents.)

After target practice the big powder cases were put back into the rack from which they came and the smaller sizes were stored empty in the reserve-room. The empty cases were carefully cared for.

FLOODING OF THE MAGAZINES.

Capt. Sigsbee's discipline has been superb. At the first moment of the terrible shock he was calm.

He quickly ordered the magazines to be flooded and by this quick coolness he prevented the explosion of the forward explosives.

If they had gone also then no one could have survived, from Capt. Sigsbee to brave Marine Orderly Anthony.

The Maine's discipline has been superb under the strongest trial.

No diving has been done outside the wreck, being forbidden by order of the Spanish authorities.
POSITION OF THE MAGAZINES.
The position of the magazines is as follows:
Under the forward turret is the big magazine, with 190 powder cases of 200 pounds each.
Next to it, toward the left side, is the shell room for the big guns.
Next to that is the reserve magazine, containing only a few small shells and 200 pounds of saluting powder.
Forward of this strip of magazines, which probably are intact, comes the small-arms cartridge magazine.
Then, still further forward, comes the service six-inch magazine.
Very good steel was used in the Maine, as is shown by the manner in which the main deck folded over without breaking a beam, though, of course, it was not subjected to strain from the big powder holder.

DISPOSITION OF BODIES NOW FOUND.
The bodies or rather the unsightly lumps that once were hardy, healthy sailor lads--are taken aboard big lighters, examined by the devoted chaplain, Chidwick, and hastily put into cheap coffins, half full of lime and creolin to speedily finish decomposition and deodorize the operation.

One hundred and fifty-seven bodies thus far have been recovered and six men have died in hospital. Twelve bodies were recovered to-day. Eight were very fragmentary.
Chaplain Chidwick is faithful in his awful task.
The big wrecking tug has not arrived.
A member of the Court of Inquiry says the tug Neptune cannot raise the heavy guns, as her cranes are of only fifteen tons capacity, while the guns weigh twenty-five tons apiece.
Capt. Sigsbee's pennant also found to-day.
Cablegrams from friends and families have about ceased. At first they came in a flood.
The divers report that the forward part is jammed with bodies.

DEATH CAUGHT THEM TRYING TO QUIT HAMMOCKS.
Many of these have arms upraised and fingers clutched as if reaching upward for the handles in the deck overhead in trying to get quickly out of the hammocks. The second great explosion came too quickly for that. They are somewhat broken by falling angle irons and beams, and are very badly decomposed.
Reddin is a man of wonderful nerve. He was badly shaken up by the explosion, and had a miraculous escape through the top of the Maine's rear turret, yet he is doing
good work, notwithstanding that he is without electric light, that having failed so far. Therefore, he can only go down to the submerged main deck.

He was almost killed by the Captain's sideboard falling upon him while he was groping in the Captain's cabin.

KOELNER IS DEAD; HOLZER MAY SURVIVE.

George Koehler, of Brooklyn, died in San Ambrosio Hospital last night at midnight. He had been delirious two days.

Holzer has a chance of living. He was slightly better to-day. Even after the last sacrament was administered to him he said, "I'm going to try not to die yet." Sister Wilberforce, who was with Koehler while he was dying, is doing a great and noble work.
COURT OF INQUIRY OPENS IN HAVANA.

---

Lieut. Holman, the Maine's Navigator and Ordnance Officer, and Lieut. Commander Wainwright, Executive Officer, Give Testimony.

---

BLANCO AND SPANISH ADMIRAL OFFER ALL THE AID THEY CAN GIVE.

---

Gunner Morgan, of the New York, Giving Special Attention to Ammunition in Fore Part of Hull, But Sworn to Secrecy.

---

The World, Wednesday, February 23, 1898, p. 2

HAVANA, Feb. 22--The Court of Inquiry opened at 10:30 A.M. and took a recess at 12:30 P.M.

G. F. W. Holman, navigator and ordnance officer of the Maine, was examined at the morning session.

The court met for the afternoon session at 1:30 P.M.

Lieutenant-Commander R. Wainwright, executive officer of the Maine, was called to the witness stand. Lieutenant-Commander Wainwright has been in immediate charge of the wreck since the explosion.

COURT HELD ON MANGROVE.

There was nothing picturesque or impressive in the scenes in or about the lighthouse tender Mangrove, in which the Court of Inquiry sat to-day.

The Mangrove, which is small and rather ancient-looking, lies near the wreck on the side furthest from Havana, with the Fern and the Bache respectively north and south of her. All are moored to buoys and swing with the tide.

Boats from various vessels or from the wharves ply to and fro in the harbor with passengers eager to inspect the rigid-looking mass of steel and iron which is all that is left of a great battleship.

On the Mangrove the sessions of the court were held in the Captain's cabin aft. The officers were not in full dress, but in the uniform used every day aboard ship.

The proceedings were very quiet, no one but the witnesses and the shorthand reporter being admitted.

The arrangement is that the stenographer shall write out his notes day by day, and the court will adjourn from time to time to give him the opportunity, as was the case to-day when the court again visited the wreck and spent some time in additional inspection.
The pomp and circumstance of the tribunal are not as much as an ordinary garrison court-martial would show, but the high character of its members and the evident earnestness of their purpose to find the truth if possible give dignity to the Court of Inquiry.

OFFICIAL VISITS OF COURTESY.

The officers of the court paid another visit to the wreck to-day.

After the visits of the members of the court to the Captain-General and Admiral Manterola this morning, Capt. Sampson said the reception extended to them was polite and cordial.

The Captain-General and Admiral expressed deep sympathy and the hope that nothing would interfere to prevent a thorough investigation. They offered to give any help in their power. Capt. Sampson referred to the visits as "tending to promote a better understanding."

Judge Peral, of the Spanish Admiralty Court, has been taking to-day the depositions of the officers of the Spanish vessels and the harbor officials on the subject of the disaster to the Maine.

DIVERS GROPE IN DARKNESS.

Four divers are at work, two in the fore part of the ship, the others aft.

The task is most laborious. The men, naturally, are extremely careful, as they have had to work in complete darkness. Several have had bad falls.

Gunner Charles Morgan, of the cruiser New York, who is in charge of the divers will devote special attention to examining the ammunition in the fore part of the Maine's hull, and to ascertain the condition of the plates, magazines and engines.

He is a graduate in gunnery, and is regarded as entirely competent, as indeed are all the divers under his direction. He is under strict orders not to give out anything on the subject of his investigations except to the officers of the Court of Inquiry when called upon.

Two cases of ten-inch ammunition have been found forward. One had exploded; the other was full of powder.

Electric lights, worked from the Mangrove, are now available, and much good is expected from them.

Nearly all the possible salvage has now been made from the cabin aft.

The efforts to reach the ward and mess rooms are frustrated by some unknown obstacle. It is expected to find bodies in those rooms.

Among the salvage were the table ware and the silver
service belonging to the Maine.

The work of securing the bodies under the hatch has been most difficult in the dark, but it is hoped that the electric lights will be of great assistance. The bodies are much mutilated, and some are partially burned.

CAPT. SIGSBEE IS BETTER.

Capt. Sigsbee has been under a great strain, but is now much better having been relieved of some of the responsibility by the presence here of the United States Court of Inquiry.

La Lucha comments upon the "unfairness of the United States in making Capt. Sigsbee the adviser and assistant of the Court of Inquiry." The editorial evidently is based on incorrect information from the United States as naval officers here say it is impossible, under the rules constituting naval courts of inquiry, that the captain commanding the ship destroyed should have anything to do with the findings of the court, being in one sense on trial himself. It is made Capt. Sigsbee's duty to give all the testimony as to the facts in his possession.

La Lucha claims also that the Court of Inquiry is not constituted as it would be by any other of the great powers, but in this particular the paper evidently is laboring under further misinformation.

GUANABACOA FESTIVITIES STOPPED.

The military commander of Guanabacoa has ordered the suspension of public festivities as a mark of respect to the memory of the Maine's dead. The prohibition will continue for three days.

An additional 10-inch casing charge was found to-day exploded.

A number of such casings are believed to be inside the hull, but it is not known whether they exploded or not.

SPANISH COMMANDERS GRACIOUS TO MEMBERS OF OUR COURT OF INQUIRY.

(By Cable from a World Staff Correspondent.)

HAVANA, Cuba, Feb. 22.—The members of the United States Naval Court of Inquiry promptly finished to-day their official visits of courtesy upon the local Spanish authorities.

They were courteously received by Captain-General Blanco and the Admiral in command of the Spanish naval forces in Cuba.

The court of inquiry probably will not be through with its preliminary work here for three or four days. The members say they may have to return later.

They took testimony all day after making the official
visits, and spent two hours on a lighter watching the submarine work.

I presented to-day to Capt. Sampson, the President of the court, copies of all *The World's* photographs of the Maine wreck and position. He was much pleased.

President Sampson looks quite worn and ill.

The members of the court are crowded on the Mangrove. The A. P. Bache probably will not leave until Thursday. She is waiting until the wounded men recover sufficiently to be moved.

All the members of the court dined with Gen. Lee to-night. The dinner was extremely quiet, with no great display of flowers or music.
EXPERTS AT HAVANA SAY
SOME GREAT EXTERIOR FORCE
RENT AND SUNK THE SHIP.

If the 10-Inch Magazine Had Let Go Its Store of Explosive Force, the Vessel Would Have Been Pulverized—
Believed that the Forward Magazines Are Practically Intact.

(Special Despatch from a World Staff Correspondent.)

[The following highly important despatch is sent by The World's staff correspondent in Havana by The World's despatch boat to Key West, and telegraphed hence to The World. He was not able to send this information before because of the strict censorship of matter sent by cable.]

HAVANA, Cuba 10 A.M., by way of Key West, Fla., Feb. 23--There is not one chance in a hundred but that the Maine was blown up deliberately.

Whether a mine detonating key was mistaken for a testing key or whether a mammoth contact torpedo broke its moorings by accident, the awful, astounding thing is that up to now there have been discovered fifty actual, positive physical proofs of the tragic fact.

Against it are only a few theories and suppositions.

Persons whose information and judgment command respect believe privately, though they may not say it openly, that the Maine was blown up through some outside agency.

They point to the fact that the only boilers which had steam up were in the part of the wreck which is intact now.

Spontaneous combustion, they say, was impossible in the bunkers, for the oldest coal in the exploded region had been aboard only three months.

The theory of spontaneous combustion in the magazines is disproved, these same experts say, for it would have influenced and exploded all the powder cases alike.

I shall not rush conclusions. I shall simply present the proof so far discovered on both sides, quoting naval expert testimony and allowing physical discoveries their just value.

I shall also give the arguments on the Spanish side and I shall state both as though I were under oath to the President of the United States in a case involving a national cataclysm or an international war.
It is now a hundred and eighty hours since the Maine's death throes shook Havana. Of these one hundred and thirty have been spent in examining the wreck and wreckage, the things found and the men who found them, and in subjecting each to experts.

Here are the results:

It seems absolutely certain—and it is exactly so unless the laws of nature changed Feb. 15—that the almost utter annihilation of the Maine cannot possibly have been caused by the explosion in any manner of even fifty times the amount of powder now conservatively known to have exploded in the Maine's interior.

It is well known that the rear group of big and little magazines is intact.

Those magazines did not explode. That portion of the Maine is practically uninjured.

Indeed the hull is not badly hurt for the length of forty feet forward of the after magazines. The heavy across-ship steel bulkhead between the two sets of boilers at this point is practically entire.

The only explosions in the Maine which could have broken her are much forward of this bulkhead.

The big ten-inch magazine—with a hundred and ninety service charges of two hundred and fifty pounds each—was forty-five feet from it.

Had its contents—or half of them—exploded, naval experts say the whole ship would have been pulverized. Yet forty-five feet from it the Maine is practically intact.

But the damage done is too great for the explosion of the small magazine adjoining the ten-inch magazine, and its shell room called the "reserve magazine."

Empty six-inch and ten-inch powder cases were stored there after the target practice, and it contained not over two thousand pounds of saluting powder.

It could not have caused one-tenth of the damage done even in the forty-foot space between the forward turret and the centre of the boilers mentioned.

A good deal is definitely known about the two other forward magazines. They were small.

One was immediately forward of the big magazine. It was called the "fixed ammunition magazine," and contained six-pound and one-pound loaded shells.

Inasmuch as the ten-inch shells in the big magazine, the shell room and the rear apartment—the vortex of the explosion—did not explode, the little ones surely are intact.

Or if they did explode they did comparatively little
damage.

The only other forward magazine was the service six-inch powder and shell room immediately forward of the fixed ammunition magazine.

Nothing is known about it except that, being so far forward, in the opinion of experts is explosion would not have effected the total annihilation of the central portion of the Maine.
FIFTY PHYSICAL PROOFS THAT MAINE WAS BLOWN UP BY A MINE OR A TORPEDO.

World Correspondent Brings Out the Awful Truth--Fifty Times the Amount of Powder Which Is Known to Have Exploded Within the Maine Could Not Have Wrought the Dreadful Havoc.

The World, Thursday, February 24, 1898, p. 1

However, these three little magazines play a small part in the Maine horror. They are described simply as a part of the forward explosives which might have aided in the wrecking of the ship.

All depends on the big magazine.

There have been raised from the forward part two apparently conflicting things:

One is a ten-inch powder case still loaded.
The other is an empty one, smashed and burned.

But as I am competently informed now that the empty ten inch cases were piled after target practice in the reserve magazine instead of going back into their holes in the ten-inch magazine, this raised torn case seems to have been a spare or a used case, to which the explosion of the saluting powder in the reserve magazine, or any other explosives, may have given an exploded appearance.

Expert authority states that if the ruptured case had exploded, its own iron handles would have blown off. They are on now.

Further inspection of day before yesterday's find of a six-inch case shows that its appearance might have been caused by fire and an outside explosive pressure.

A leading member of the Court of Inquiry thinks that neither the six- nor the ten-inch empty case found was necessarily detonated. Both almost surely came from the reserve magazine, where both were stored.

But these are only weak negative proofs.

The recovering of a big ten-inch case with its cap sprung and the unexploded powder openly exposed is direct, absolute, positive proof that no great proportion of the twenty-five tons of the big magazine's powder exploded, and every expert, every man of common sense rejects the idea that even one charge of one-half pound or one hundred and twenty-five pounds of powder could explode in the closed magazine, holding 380 similar thin copper cylinders, each filled with red powder and each having its eight one-inch hexagons of quick-burning, black, detonating powder,
without the explosion of all. Had ten exploded, the explosion of all would have been absolutely assured under any and all possible conditions.

But there is one gaping case of powder which is filled and unexploded.

Even if ten big cases did go, and, to them were added all the saluting powder and the rest of the forward explosives, the combined explosion could not have burst open the Maine from left to right, a full average of seventy feet away or have done the actual, awful damage the divers find.

I have stated the worst possible case of an interior explosion.

The general idea of all experts is that none of the forward magazines, except the unimportant reserve one, has exploded, but that some great exterior force annihilated the ship.

Again let me say: Without the general explosion of the big forward magazine the damage to the Maine was impossible except from a big mine or a mammoth--a very mammoth--torpedo.

The big magazine did not explode, because everything on the wreck above and below the water has been hurled toward it. A movable object doesn't approach an explosion of twenty-five tons of powder.

In addition to the previous description of the main deck being curled over from the port side, while the magazine is on the starboard, and other things seen above water, I can now give more convincing proofs of the innocence of the magazine in the affair.

The divers find that ten-inch shells, which were in the exact centre of the ship, opposite the big magazine, are now partly on the starboard side, about the location of the magazine. They are unexploded and can be again used.

They were actually thrown against the shattered magazine. If that had gone pieces of ten-inch shells would have covered Havana's water front.

Another significant fact is that a grate bar from the boilers was found to-day in the forward part of the ship, near the magazine in question. It would have gone the other way had the magazine exploded.

This grate bar is strong proof of The World's original claim that in all probability the ship was destroyed beginning on the port side at the centre of the Maine.

Further proof that no big magazine exploded is found in the fact that bodies are found close in and not burned, but only pierced by beams and debris.
Another proof is that three men who were sleeping twenty feet from the magazine in a cutter—their names were cabled to the World—were saved. So also were loaded cases and shells from the loading room above the magazine.

No ten-inch fragment was found on the steamer City of Washington or ashore.

Moreover the main deck is curled toward the magazine instead of away from it.

Now that it is known that but few if any loaded cases were in the reserve magazine, the significance is taken from the discovery of the collapsed six-inch case found two days ago.

On the other hand, the place where the Maine lay was one where the ship seldom swung when moored to the Government buoy. It would seem to be the worst place to put a Government mine.

Besides, the time of night was ill chosen, if total loss was desired.

Furthermore, if war was desired, this was the worst way to bring it, for now revenge enters in.

Then the action was so fiendish as to be too much for even the Spanish Government. Probably it was done by a fanatic or a drunken attache or a man by the Cuban laborante, who want war.
WORLD PHOTOGRAPHS
PRAISED IN HAVANA.

Scovel Threatened with Arrest for Trying to Scare
Away from the Maine Hideous Carrion Crows
Perched on the Wreck, Waiting to Feast on
Our Sailor Dead—Americans Leaving.

(Special Cable Despatch to The World.)

The World, Thursday, February 24, 1898, p. 2

Havana, Cuba, Feb. 23, 8.30 P.M.—Very favorable comments are made here upon The World’s big side view photograph of the Maine, showing not only the intact part of the hull but also the three plates which stick up in a melancholy manner as the sole remains above water of the forward part of the vessel, the rear one of which is thickly coated with green, anti-fouling paint.

Upon these were perched “auras,” or carrion crows.

There were four of them to-day on the third one of these solitary plates. They faced me, their ugly hooded heads looking over the dinged, mashed, painted side, and their drogling tails hanging over the thick sides.

They appeared as if perched upon one of the Maine’s bottom plates, eating the dead.

EXTRA-VIGILANT PATROL.

I got closer to drive them off, but the vigilant Spanish patrol boat almost arrested me for going too close to the wreck. My boatmen were all afraid we would be fined heavily.

The fact that Spain has jurisdiction over the water almost stops the investigations of the American correspondents. All that is permitted them is to write about the bodies recovered or anathematize the censor.

The Maine looks desolate except where the green bottom paint or white spar paint was not seared by the explosion.

AMERICANS LEAVING HAVANA.

The following Americans have left Havana by the steamer Olivette:
Isaac Bernheim.
William Powers.
G. F. W. Holman.
Francisco Del Valle.
Montgomery H. Dingee.
Joseph Floyd Gordon.
Herbert Leigh Moorman.
Edward M. Abbey.
Julia A. Dudley.
George S. Hyatt.
Three more bodies have been recovered, making 160 in all.
The divers entered Merritt’s room, but did not find his body.
They brought out several six and ten inch powder cases, some of them exploded.
Holzer is very ill. The rest of the wounded are doing well.
MAINE MUTELY TESTIFYING TO CAUSE OF HORROR.

Articles Brought Up by Divers and the Places They Come From Are Telling the Tale to Experts Who Understand it.

WORLD BOAT CONSTANTLY BESIDE THE HULK, KEENLY WATCHING.

Wreckers Work Energetically on Forward Turret, the State and Position of Which May Decide Between Accident or Treachery.

(By Cable from a World Staff Correspondent.)

Havana, Cuba, Feb. 23.

I have hired a small sailboat, put a table in it and spent all the time in the vicinity of the wreck. The things that come up and the places they come from are telling the tale.

The American Naval Court of Inquiry is very active. Pres. Sampson was aboard the wrecking tug very early this morning, directing preparations for energetic work on the forward turret.

THE TURRET MAY SOLVE MYSTERY.

That, probably, will be sought for first. It will tell a good deal, especially if its top is still on.

It was directly over the big powder room, with the electric light machinery and the hydraulic pumps between.

No more loaded or empty powder cases were brought up to-day.

I am informed there are plenty of loaded ones still down forward.

That, probably, will be sought for first. It will tell a good deal, especially if its top is still on.

It was directly over the big powder room, with the electric light machinery and the hydraulic pumps between.

No more loaded or empty powder cases were brought up to-day.

I am informed there are plenty of loaded ones still down forward.

Lieut.-Commander Wainwright, who is in direct charge of the exploration, is indefatigable.

The divers have been investigating to-day into the causes of the explosion, exploring the forward part of the
hull and getting into the ward room aft.

A delicate question will be: What is in the interior; and what is on the exterior?

Thus far the Spanish have only granted permission to examine the interior.

No Spanish diver has gone below in the wreck yet.

The divers’ work necessarily is extremely slow, and dangerous too, owing to the upheaval of the forward part of the ship.

The big cranes are expected to get the large obstructions out of the way quickly.

BIG WRECKING OPERATIONS.

The Board of Investigation is preparing the big wrecking tug Right Arm so that Capt. Magee can proceed to lift portions of the wreck.

The tug has the biggest hoisting cable afloat, and the largest engines ever built at Providence, R.I. She has also six pumps, each with its own boiler and each having 30-inch suction. She could pump out a vessel the size of the Spanish cruiser Alfonso XII. in seven hours.

Her Captain is proud of the boat and apparently is a very capable man.

The men of the crew are very willing on this occasion. These tug's cranes are of fifteen tons capacity, but they can raise the twenty-five-ton guns by means of the massive anchor chain referred to.

STRAIN TELLING ON SIGSBEE.

The strain is telling upon Capt. Sigsbee. He can’t sleep well. Friends are trying to get his mind off from the disaster.

Two more bodies were found to-day. Neither was identified.

STILL SEARCHING FOR JENKINS AND MERRITT.

The bodies of Jenkins and Merritt have not been found yet. Much wreckage must be got out first.

Jenkins’s state room was entered and some personal effects were taken out.

His body is thought to be in the junior officer’s mess room, where the hero probably “met the water,” as Lieut. Holman says, while blindly going toward his station forward. He was a noble fellow and, as the Maine’s intelligence officer, had got Havana’s bearings “down very fine.”

Almost all the bodies which have been seen in the forward part of the wreck, have arms upstretched and extended fingers in the exact position of reaching for the handles to jump out of the hammocks, when suddenly awakened
by the first shock and being then caught.

Admiral Manterola, in command of the Spanish naval forces in Cuban waters, called to-day on the officers of the Fern.
ALL THE BOARD OF INQUIRY
NOW SURE THE MAINE WAS
BLOWN UP EXTERNALLY.
-----

Unanimous Report Is Now Clear
Indicated and It Will Be Made
To the Authorities in Washington Next Week.
-----

TESTIMONY YESTERDAY CONFIRMS THE PREVIOUS EVIDENCE.
-----

Inquiry at Havana Is Completed, and
Witnesses in Key West Will Be
Promptly Examined.
-----

CONSUL-GENERAL LEE IN CONSULTATION
WITH THE NAVAL OFFICIALS.
-----

The Wrecker, Right Arm, Brings Up Some Important
Pieces of Artillery—Chaplain Chidwick Tells His
Experiences.
-----

(Special Cable Despatch to The World.)

The World, Friday, February 25, 1898, pp. 1, 2

HAVANA, Cuba, Feb. 24—The United States Naval Board of
Inquiry has finished its labors here.
All the board are now convinced [that the Maine was
blown up] externally.
The report will be unanimous, in all human
probability. It will not be sent to Washington before next
Wednesday.

Investigating board examined to-day Rothchilds, of
Detroit, who heard double Maine report from the City of
Washington, and Wertheimer, of New York, about the sight
and effect of the explosion they saw.
The investigating board have learned all they expect
to know now, except the evidence that divers may find under
the forward part of the wreck. Divers in that vital region
of the wreck’s mysteries did nothing to-day except that
they found many more powder cases. All showed seams split
from pressure outside of them—seams collapsed in some. I
have seen them. The copper was impressed by hexagonal
forms. Insides were intact, with powder unexploded. They
were not damaged.

Divers are still working in the after part of the
Maine for bodies and cannon. They have stopped working
forward. They have accomplished their dangerous task, and the board of investigation is satisfied.

Strange to relate, many pieces of hexagonal powder, unexploded, have been found in the worst part of the wreck.

The board has most important testimony to-day and decided definitely that the Maine was sunk and destroyed through cause not accidental.

No more dead came out of the wreck to-day. The wreck is lying still, with tell-tale front plates above water. I send to-day photographs showing the carrion crows at work. The big powder cases, found intact to-day, give further proof that the forward main starboard magazine did not explode.

The Maine was clean on her bottom. She left Norfolk dry dock Dec. 9. Her McGinnis green antifouling paint on bottom plates is still fresh, as is seen in three pieces of iron protruding from forward of bow, as shown by The World’s great photograph, which is praised by everybody.

To-morrow the board will probably go to Key West to take testimony there of officers and men sent over from the Maine to Admiral Sicard’s fleet after the explosion. This testimony can hardly change or add much to the evidence already got here.

Gen. Lee was in consultation with the members of the court to-day.

About thirty witnesses have been examined here.

The Right Arm has brought up already some important pieces of artillery.

The divers of the wrecking steamer Right Arm were examined by the court to-day. Their testimony corroborates the evidence heretofore given by the Government divers.

The members of the court, accompanied by Consul-General Lee, were rowed around the Maine’s wreck to-day. They inspected the work of the divers.

Only one diver is working now. He is from the Right Arm.

The work of recovering the contents of the ship progresses slowly.

Two full-dress coats and one dining-room chair were among the things brought up to-day.

Frederick G. Holzer, of New York, in San Ambrosio Hospital is thought to be dying.

LATER—RECEIVED BY THE WORLD AT 3 A.M. THURSDAY.

It was decided to-night to go to the Dry Tortugas, Key West, for a few days. It leaves Saturday, but returns soon. Orders just signed not allowing visitors on ship Mangrove, where the board meets.
Schooner Collins W. Walton off Double Head Short Key to-day caught carrier a pigeon of the United States Naval Practice Service, marked "U.S.N., 97.397."

The Bache sailed at 5 P.M. to-day for Dry Tortugas with survivors. Walter Loftus, Hefforn and Shea on board. Mack and Webber are still at hospital Alfonso XIII., and Cahill, Allen, Matterson and Holzer are at San Ambrosio.
NAVAL COURT OF INQUIRY FINISHES WORK IN HAVANA.

Goes Now to Key West, Having Taken Testimony of All the Witnesses It Wishes to Examine at The Scene of the Catastrophe.

(By Cable from a World Staff Correspondent.)

The World, Friday, February 25, 1898, p. 1

HAVANA, Cuba, Feb. 24—The United States Naval Court of Inquiry has finished its labors here. It probably will go to Key West to-morrow, continuing its sessions there.

Gen. Lee was in consultation with the members of the court to-day.

About thirty witnesses have been examined here.

The Right Arm has brought up already some important pieces of artillery.

The divers of the wrecking steamer Right Arm were examined by the court to-day. Their testimony corroborates the evidence heretofore given by the Government divers.

The members of the court, accompanied by Consul-General Lee, were rowed around the Maine’s wreck to-day. They inspected the work of the divers.

Only one diver is working now. He is from the Right Arm.

The work of recovering the contents of the ship progresses slowly.

Two full-dress coats and one dining-room chair were among the things brought up to-day.

No body was found to-day.

Frederick C. Holzer, of New York in San Ambrosio Hospital, is thought to be dying.
IT WAS A TORPEDO,
NOT A SUBMARINE MINE,
THAT SUNK THE MAINE.

World Correspondent's Summary of New Evidence.
Naval Board's Report that a Crime Was
Committed Will Be Unanimous.

ARTICLES FOUND IN WRECK THURSDAY
SAID TO HAVE SETTLED EVERY EXPERT’S MIND.

Naval Experts Say This Theory Accounts for the Havoc
Wrought and for the Two Explosions
Witnesses Testify To.

"WHO DID IT?" IS THE QUESTION REMAINING
TO BE ANSWERED TO CLEAR UP THE MYSTERY.

(The following despatch from Mr. Scovel was sent from
Havana to Key West by boat in order to escape the Spanish
censor.)

(Special from a World Staff Correspondent.)

The World, Saturday, February 26, 1898, p. 1

HAVANA, Cuba, by way of Key West, Fla, Feb. 25, 1898

Yesterday’s disclosures of the divers prove finally
and surely an international fact—that the Maine was blown
up Feb. 15 by an outside explosion, probably of a large
torpedo.

The Board of Investigation has ceased investigating
the remains of the forward magazine. The members are
satisfied that it did not explode:

From the first glance everything has pointed that way.
It is known now that the divers found the floor of the
big forward starboard magazine containing twenty-five tons
of powder, intact, while the sides were not completely
destroyed or burned.

It is an absolute physical impossibility that a part
of its one hundred and eighty cylinders, filled with
powder, should not have exploded.

And it is just as awfully true that no explosives in
the waist or forward part of the ship could, under the
proved circumstances have so mangled and blown away and
broken in two the battle-ship Maine. Something else must
have done it.

Naval experts say a big torpedo placed under the port side off the bottom just next to the reserve magazine would easily have caused the actual havoc if it were assisted by the 2,000 pounds of quick burning saluting powder known to have been in the reserve magazine.

It is not likely that mines exist inside of the closed Havana harbor and not likely that, if near the Government buoy, a mine would be placed in the position most seldom occupied by a ship anchored to the buoy as the Maine.

It is most likely that if such a mine had been built it would have been badly out of order, like most Spanish naval affairs, if indeed it had ever contained explosives for which the Spanish government paid.

POSITIVE PROOF OF A BOTTOM PLATE.

As was obscurely cabled to The World last night, one of the Maine's bottom plates has been blown from left to right and upward.

Originally it was under water on the port side about opposite the forward turret.

It now protrudes four feet out of the water fifteen feet inside the proper line of contour of the vessel, as is shown by the undamaged rear two thirds.

The Maine's bottom plates were painted, I am informed, with McGuinnis's green anti-fouling paint.

This plate is thus painted on its port side. On its other side it is plastered with the cement only used in the Maine on the inside of the bottom plates. The cement is gathered thick in the corners of the angle irons on the starboard side of the plate.

CUMULATIVE EVIDENCE.

This would be sufficient proof even without the divers' magazine discovery;

Or the ten-inch shells thrown toward the starboard;

Or the main deck being doubled back to starboard and port;

Or the living men who slept near the big magazine;

Or the dead bodies near it unmangled;

Or the forward funnel thrown to right and rear;

Or the cement hurled aboard the Washington;

Or any other of the many proofs already cabled to The World.

Any one was indicative, all together are stunningly convincing.

The forward magazine did not explode--which alone of all the explosive places aboard could do the damage.

And a torpedo or a mine under the port side of the
Maine's bottom did explode--as is shown by half a dozen witnesses, who testify to hearing a double report. And that, with the assistance of the saluting powder, blew up the Maine and killed her crew.

Who did it?
DIVERS' EVIDENCE CONVINCED THE COURT.

(By Cable from a World Staff Correspondent.)

The World. Saturday, February 26, 1898, pp. 1, 2

HAVANA, Cuba, Feb. 25.

The Naval Court of Inquiry is completely satisfied now by the evidence of the divers in regard to the origin of the explosion which destroyed the Maine.

The divers went down into the wreck this morning again and got evidence to confirm the suspicions aroused by the findings of day before yesterday.

The court may not leave for Key West for a day or two, as it has found many more witnesses to examine.

Hitherto the navy divers have been at work for the purposes of the investigation.

WRECKERS WILL BE BUSY FROM NOW ON.

From now on the wrecking steamer Right Arm will proceed vigorously with her task. Her divers were busy today down forward.

It is expected that all the remaining bodies will be recovered within three days.

Lieutenant Commander Wainwright has charge of the work.

Gunner Charles Morgan, the bright warrant officer of the cruiser New York, probably will directly overlook the divers.

Chief Gunner’s Mate Olsen of the battle-ship Iowa, is doing splendid work. The officers say they never have seen a better diver than he.

NO HOPE OF FINDING JENKINS AND MERRITT.

The divers attached to the Right Arm have abandoned all hope of recovering the bodies of Jenkins and Merritt. The conclusion has been reached that they were giving orders to the sailors and were drowned and disappeared.

The ship’s safe was secured and brought on board the Right Arm to-day. It contained about $25,000. It will be opened to-morrow.

The divers also saved the valuable chalices from Chaplain Chidwick’s room.

Senor Peral, of the Spanish Board of Inquiry into the cause of the Maine disaster, dined Engineer Graham and Mr. Roundtree, of the English-built floating dry dock, to-night at the Hotel Inglaterra.

NO HOPE FOR HOLZER.
Poor Holzer, who is still alive, has not even a fighting chance. He was the man who, dying and in horrible agony, said to Capt. Sigsbee: "Captain, I am sorry I can't shake hands with you." (His hands were swathed in bandages.) "I am sorry you've lost your ship and your comrades."

He ought to have a monument.
RIGHT ARM RECOVERING THE DEAD.

The World, Sunday, Feb. 27, 1898, p. 2

The crew of the wrecking steamer Right Arm has built a platform on the wreck of the Maine and worked vigorously to-day at saving the bodies of the dead.

Only one body was found with the head on and even that could not be recognized.

I have spent the most of the day alongside the Maine studying the wreck.

Two more divers arrived to-day from Florida on the steamship Olivette.

The naval court of inquiry left to-night for Key West.

Seaman Holzer, of New York, died to-day noon in San Ambrosia Hospital.

La Lucha prints an open letter which the correspondents of American newspapers sent to the press censor, Senor Mendez, heartily thanking him for his valuable co-operation in sending out by cable their despatches regarding the disaster to the Maine.

The letter was signed by The World correspondent and by the correspondents of all the other New York newspapers represented here and of the Press Association.
SAILOR DEAD NEGLECTED IN FOUL HAVANA BAY.

Had The World's Offer Been Accepted It Need Not Have Been Said that After Twelve Days Only Six Bodies Had Been Saved by Our Government.

(By Cable from a World Staff Correspondent.)

HAVANA, Cuba, Feb. 27.—It seems incredible that twelve days have gone and that the American Government, with millions in money and men to draw upon, has taken from an iron tomb, from the filthy Havana bay and from total decomposition just six heroic sailors.

All the bodies might have been saved--and recovered in recognizable form--if The World's offer of divers immediately after the catastrophe had been accepted.

During the eight days' work of the navy men and during the three days' work of the navy and professional northern men combined not more than half a dozen bodies have they recovered.

DIVERS FORCED TO STOP WORK.

There was no investigating to-day. The navy divers stopped work forward for Sunday.

The steamer Right Arm went to work, but some of her men could not stand the overpowering odors and all quit at 10 o'clock for the day.

Some horribly decomposed bodies were raised yesterday and lay on the small platform where the wrecking crew was working until to-day noon.

If the bodies are not removed promptly the men cannot work.

The chief of the divers has complained to Capt. Sigsbee, who is now on the Fern, and he has promised to give the matter attention.

There was yesterday in the interior of the wreck such a maze of beams, braces and machinery that the divers fell frequently.

There is great danger of their becoming turned about in the inky waters and actually getting lost not fifty feet from the diving platform.

So a systematic plan of ladders is to be used to-morrow.

A diver can explore by sight or touch a strip nine feet wide, then move the ladders, explore another strip,
and so on. WORST JOB THEY EVER HAD.

The strong, nervy men of the wrecking crew say, "It is the worst job we ever had."

American newspaper correspondents and enterprising artists are sketching everything in sight, and busy snapshotters abound.

The alert censor stops all information that is technical or telltale.
PROOFS POINT ONE WAY.

Startling Stories in Cuba About Knowledge of the Culprits.

(Special Cable Despatch to The World.)

The World, Monday, February 28, 1898, pp. 1, 2

HAVANA, Cuba, by way of Key West, Fla., Feb. 27.—The sombre [. . .]proofs one after another and each incontrovertible, have all ended one way.

From the day when the distinguished Court of Inquiry saw this pile of scrap-iron which was once the Maine's bow until to-day the members have grown graver and graver. They realized their immense historical responsibility.

They have personally decided, each one of them, that the proofs show that the Maine was blown up from the outside.

Whether the Governmental demands of the ultra-conservative White House will color their official report is not known, but it is not likely to.

There is not an American naval officer here but thinks the extent, direction and phenomena of the explosion show a torpedo or a mine.

Indications Favor Torpedo Theory.

The mine theory is less tenable. As cabled from Key West to The World last night, the present indications are that the reserve magazine and a torpedo sent against the port side of the bottom opposite the magazine did the damage.

There is not one chance in one thousand that the Maine destroyed herself. It seems that her reserve magazine only let its ton of black powder add to the awful havoc wrought by the submarine torpedo or mine--probably, the former.

All experts here unite in this opinion. Many accusing pieces of twisted iron above water and every shattered bit below are evidences of the truth.

Perhaps never a humanly constructed thing showed the actual effects of applied force as does the Maine. Naval experts unanimously declare the twisted, battered iron to be so mangled that none but both interior and exterior force applied almost simultaneously could do the work.

Proofs That It Was Not an Accident.

All theories of internal accident drop one by one.

The boilers did not do it, for the only ones with steam on Feb. 15 are in the intact rear part of the wreck.
Explosives put into Key West coal did not do it, for all the Key West coal had been used up before the explosion.

Electric wires did not do it, for there was none near the magazines.

Spaniards aboard did not, for the two who were there are dead.

Spontaneous combustion in the coal bunkers did not, for the only ones holding coal that night still hold it untouched.

Gas in the double bottoms did not, for there was nothing there to make it; and, moreover, they were inspected just the week before.

The World Gave the Truth First.

On the other—and the international—hand, The World has printed fact after fact as fast as known. Not one has shown a purely interior explosive aspect. Each one has shown the other thing.

No matter how they should have pointed, each has been reported as truthfully as engineering training and some years of experience allowed.

The World has not printed rumors of what A. heard B. say some Spaniard was heard to say. It was not necessary.

Besides, it was a matter of such terrible gravity that the Naval Court of Inquiry was sitting behind closed doors and in official secrecy as the only body competent to hear a mass of such evidence, which if not conservatively and thoroughly sifted is simply wildly exciting and proves nothing.

The Stupendous Fact.

But the wreck itself is a stupendous fact.

Its easily identified bottom plates protruding several feet above the water are proofs enough of themselves, even if the censor has to be told a crow story to consent to innocently pass the news of their discovery.

Thousands of startling rumors are current in Cuba circles alleging knowledge of the real culprits. Those who are willing to swear to them I have sent to the Court of Inquiry.
HERE’S BRAVE BILL ANTHONY’S STORY.
-----
He Tells Sylvester Scovel of the Blowing Up of the Maine.
-----
HE STOOD AT SIGSBEE’S DOOR.
-----
When the Captain Came out the
Marine Told Him of the Disaster
With Perfect Calm.
-----
OFFICERS’ BEARING ADMIRABLE.
-----
Capt. Sigsbee Said, “Go First, Gentlemen,”
And Anthony Was the Last to Leave.
-----
(Special Cable Despatch to The World.)

The World, Monday, February 28, 1898, p. 3

HAVANA, via Key West, Feb. 27.–Here is brave Bill
Anthony’s own story of the wreck of the Maine.
I asked him: “What did you feel first the night of the
explosion?”
He laid his big sinewy hand, palm down, flat upon the
red mess table.
“Now, see here,” said he, “the back of my hand may be
the ship’s deck and this is what I first felt.”
The little forecastle of Capt. Cowles’s United States
steamer Fern was bright and clean from the deck up. Bill
could conveniently make use of a brass band tublet half
full of sawdust.
It was shining bright, and so were the faces of the
watch below, and all hands off duty. They had gathered in
the “fo’castle” to hear the story of the wreck told all at
once by a comrade.
They listened intently to brave Bill Anthony, and from
their silence and the comparatively few shots made at the
tub you knew their moving jaws were but mechanical rolling
their quids and that perhaps for the first time in naval
history a marine was being admired to the [f]ullest by Jack
tars.
Bill spasmodically contracted and extended his long
fingers. The back of his hand rose and fell and twisted.
He vibrated his wrist the meanwhile. The motion was also a
shuddering one.
“Now,” said Bill, “that’s what I felt first. That’s
how the Maine’s deck planking moved for ten seconds, I
guess, and then came the end. It wasn’t a sharp sound. It
didn’t seem like one of the big guns a-going. It was a
horrible long dash of everything out and out and up.”
Anthony half rose as he finished his slowly uttered
words. He felt it again a bit, and so did the sailors.

Like a Volcanic Heave

“What can I liken it to?” Anthony thought. He has
read a bit and has been with the Mediterranean squadron.
“Well, I guess if some of them Pompeilans had been
standing on that volcano and she went up sudden with them
when their town was buried they’d have felt just like us
fellows on the Maine.” He continued:

“It was just one terrible roar, and the light and that
and the going up of everything just paralyzed me for a
minute. The electric lights went out, of course, and it
was black as a coal-passer a-coming off watch.

“My post was at the door of the Captain’s cabin. It
was pitch dark, but I remember when I started into the
passage to the Captain’s cabin that the deck was canted to
port and I went down hill like a barrel a-rolling down the
Capitol steps and fetched up against Capt. Sigsbee, who was
coming out.

“We met just where the entry makes a turn, right where
the old man had them pet cloud pictures hung up. I would
not a bumped him so hard if I’d known, but I begged his
pardon.”

Here Bill stopped to smile a bit.
Capt. Sigsbee was very proud of his cloud pictures.
When he was chief of the Hydrographic office he contrived
and executed the idea of a set of pictures for ships’
officers showing the various forms of clouds in all
latitudes with the weather significance in each.

“What did I say to the Captain? Well, I just told him
what had happened.”

What Marine Orderly Anthony did say, according to
Capt. Sigsbee, were these words which should be carved in
monumental stone:

“Sir, I have to inform you that the ship has been
blown up and is sinking.”

It was the epitome of a combined perfection in valor
and in discipline. That cool, calm, terse, regular-order-
of things sentence was wonderful.

Even with his splendid ship sinking like a shot and
his splendid crew smothering in their hammocks and the air
yet rent by explosion, fire, flying iron, beams, boats and
bodies, Capt. Sigsbee was struck by Anthony’s sentence and
remembered it afterward.
"What did the Captain say?"

Anthony clinched his big fist and looked grim. Then he remembered discipline as ever and said: "You know, Mr. Reporter, we've orders not to say anything which might have a bearing on why she blew up. I can't tell you what the Captain said."

Here I can help Anthony out. I do not know what the captain said then, but I do know what he said to me twenty minutes later when he stood on the City of Washington amid the groans of wounded men, and for the first time realized part of the awful loss of life.

I say upon my own responsibility that the moment Sigsbee saw the peculiar effect of the explosion—when he got one good look at the blazing wreck—he knew the truth. He knew the Maine had been blown up from some primary outside cause, and there has not been found one huddled beam or bolt or gun or powder case to change his mind.

"As we came out upon deck," continued Bill, "we saw officers tumbling up the wardroom ladder. She was going down very fast. We all knew she was gone altogether. Captain and I climbed on to the top of the superstructure, which is the roof of his cabin. We used the wardroom hatch combing and an iron shutter that had been blown open.

"The captain looked about. Wreckage had ceased falling, and he could see the big piece of main deck thrown up forward of midship like a mountain. That hid the bow, but he could feel that was gone.

"I didn't hear any but a few muffled cries at the very first, but now the yells for help came from the water all around the ship. They seemed far away. I guess my ears must have been stunned by the first roar.

"The officers had gained the poop along with us, and when the Captain had taken one look about he said, 'save the men.' The gig was hanging on the starboard quarter and the light barge—the one you remember that the Dutchmen would not row against—was on the port quarter. A fellow named Sophis had been blown clean from the middle superstructure, where he was sleeping over into the wreckage about the poop. We hauled him up on it, and there were the men who had been doing extra duty there for some petty offense.

"One of 'em is Niblo. He's got a wife and family, and says he's going to thank the captain first time he sees him for having punished him. It saved his life.

"Everybody jumped, officers and men together, at the
old man’s order. You know it ain’t disrespectful to call him that. He’s a brick. But they call all captains ‘the old man.’

“We got the boats into the water pretty quick. We didn’t have far to lower them. In fact, a minute later, when the captain stepped into his gig, her ‘gunnel’ was just up with the one dry spot on the port and aft corner of the superstructure of the deck.

“The Spanish boats came by the run; yes, they were prompter than I ever saw ‘em in all my life before, and the Ward liner got hers into the water quicker than any merchantman ever worked before.

“Sigsbee was standing quiet. He was the coolest man I ever saw. He was just as quiet as the day we bumped the dock in New York to save the lives on that excursion steamer. The old man thought his ship would be a wreck that day, but she wasn’t. It took tons of powder to break her when she did go.

“I offered captain my cap, but he wouldn’t take it. The boats picked up all the men and orders were given to leave the ship. There was Lieutenant-Commander Wainwright, Navigating Officer Holman and Hood and Blandin and the others.

“Captain said, ‘Go first, gentlemen.’ They all bowed as polite as if they were at an Annapolis hop, and Sigsbee made ‘em go first, although they kicked.

“But I followed the captain, I was the last man off. It was a terrible sight to see the old Maine when we got a little off and could see her plain.”

Pride Kept Back Groans.

“She was all gone forward, and the Spanish boats and the Washington and tugs were full of groaning men with their skins and flesh burnt off. But they kept mighty still just the same. They wouldn’t let the Dagos hear’ em whimper, but none of us thought so many had been killed. It was hard to think then that two minutes had killed a whole crew.”

“What do you think about the splendid state funeral, Anthony?” I asked. “You know you’re not officially bound to keep quiet about that.”

“You bet I’m not,” said Anthony, “I’m an American and can say what I think. I say it was a downright shame to parade these poor bodies through the streets. I saw some women crying, but they’re apt to do that anyhow.

“All the Dagos looked happy, and I wanted to smash their faces. Why, there wasn’t a single American flag on a coffin or under it, either. The whole thing was red and
yellow. I don’t see how it was allowed, but I suppose them
that managed it knows best.”

There had been several of the Fern’s crew ashore and
they growled out a hearty chorus of Amens to Anthony’s
remarks. Anthony continued:

“All our men hated this job. From the time we entered
the harbor no one liked it. There was no complaining, but
the fellows who knew most about torpedoes was kept busy
answering questions.”

Anthony is reticent about himself, but questioning
developed the fact that he has been a regular-army man
before he became, according to Kipling, “Soldier and
sailor, too.”

Born in Albany, N.Y., in 1847, he entered the army in
1869. He made the round of Western forts and saw Indian
fighting.

He was discharged in 1884 and studied for the civil
service, but got tired after eight months’ waiting and
joined the marine corps. His civil appointment did arrive,
but just too late. He left the marine corps in ’89 to go
to his first love and be a buck soldier again, and once
more, in ’93 he entered the navy for good, unless his Maine
experience has taught him the beauties of solid earth. He
is a private. He should be promoted and forever held up as
an example of coolness and quickness in the face of awful
danger.

Anthony is tall, very well set up, has a fine strong
nose, sweeping mustache and is the beau ideal of a non-
commissioned officer.

He is a private. He should be promoted and forever
held up as an example of coolness and quickness in the face
of awful danger.
ONLY ONE HERO'S BODY BROUGHT UP YESTERDAY.

The World's Divers Could Have Saved Them All in Two Days—Two of the Maine's Wounded, Leaving Hospital, Attracted Great Crowds in Havana.

(By Cable from a World Staff Correspondent.)

HAVANA, Cuba, Feb. 28.—Only one body was recovered today from the Maine's wreck by the divers. And it was mutilated.

The World's divers could have saved all the bodies in two days if the tender of them had been accepted.

Everybody censures the United States Government for its delay in performing its sacred duty to its dead sailors.

Great crowds collected this evening along Carlos III. drive.

At first it was believed that they were attracted to see Acting Capt.-Gen. Gonzalez Parrado, who was out driving.

But the sightseers were not watching for the Spanish Deputy Commander-in-Chief. They were attracted by the forms of two men descending from the Alfonso XIII. Hospital, all bandaged and dressed in bright blue uniforms.

These men were Martin V. Webber, landsman, and Thomas Mack, seaman, two of the Maine's heroes who have recovered already and were on their way to the United States Coast Survey steamer Bache to return home.

The following incident indicates the bravery and the sufferings of those who escaped with their lives:

In the first moments after the explosion of the Maine Chief of Police Paglieri went to the burning steamer. Noting the sailors fighting for their lives, silently Chief Paglieri remarked:

"They cannot have suffered much because they don't give vent to lamentations."

Many such are buried in their graves.

Miss Clara Barton is very active in the work of relief of Cubans.

Near her residence here she has established within two days a hospital for baby reconcentrados in a handsome chalet of Tutipan Cerro.

To-day she sent supplies to eighteen towns—in all
twenty-five districts.
The receipts of food for the distressed in Cuba are increasing. They should continue.
SAYS HE OVERHEARD A PLOT TO BLOW UP THE MAINE.

-----

Witness Before Inquiry Court Tells of a Conversation Among Spanish Officer, but is Unable to Give Their Names When Examined.

(Special from a *World* Staff Correspondent. Sent from Havana by *The World's* Despatch Boat to Key West.)

On Board *The World's* Despatch Boat.

*The World*, Wednesday, March 2, 1898, p. 2

Havana, Cuba, March 1.

“We are going to blow her up mighty soon.”

That remark is said to have been dropped by a Spanish general on the very day the Maine was destroyed.

Two days afterward a man, whose name we have withheld for fear that if the Spanish authorities learned it they would cause him trouble mysteriously came into the rooms of *The World* correspondent and said he had a friend who was willing to swear to a conversation he had overheard between two Spanish generals, one Spanish marine officer and a Spanish citizen of Havana.

The person in question was sent by *The World* correspondent to Gen. Lee, who turned him over to the Naval Court of Inquiry last Friday. This witness was before that court to testify.

He said that on the morning of the day of the explosion he was a passenger on the ferryboat between Guanabacoa and Havana on his way to work; that on the ferryboat were two Spanish generals, one Spanish marine officer and a citizen of Havana; that he heard one General say as the ferryboat was passing the Maine:

“We will not have that ship much longer. We are going to get rid of her, and she will wish she had never come into our harbor.”

The citizen asked:

“Why, how and when are you going to get rid of her?”

The General answered:

“We are going to blow her up mighty soon.”

The witness, an Italian, who thoroughly understands Spanish, was much impressed with what he had heard, and upon his arrival in Havana he immediately told his friend what he had heard, suggesting that he inform Capt. Sigsbee of the apparent danger his ship was in.
His friend advised the witness to keep his mouth shut, as the general was only bluffing, and if he told the conversation he (the witness) might get into trouble.

But the witness was so impressed that when he returned home in the evening he avoided that ferry on account of its proximity to the Maine, taking another line, which landed him nearly a mile further from home.

That night at 9:20 o'clock the explosion occurred.

A clerk in the office of the Consul-General was used as an interpreter when the witness was before the court. The clerk was called before the court again on Saturday.

As the witness was unable to give the names of the Spaniards whom he implicated, or to offer any information by which these names could be obtained, the Court of Inquiry doubtless gave his assertion as little weight as they were given by The World correspondent.
HAVANA, March 1.--Chief Gunner's Mate John Olsen, of the American man-of-war Iowa, has been exploring the wreck of the Maine as a diver for several days. He had an adventure in the wreck that has just become known. A companion was tending the air pump and the life line. The diver was stepping carefully forward in the most broken and twisted portion of the wreck and was hanging perilously to the big bolts that hold the armor-plates.

Suddenly the life line jerked violently out of the seaman's hands and slid down into the water.

Olsen had run into a great bulge in the massive iron hull, had lost his hold and had fallen to the very bottom.

The attendants worked like mad. The life line became tangled and the diver's life seemed gone.

Suddenly the rope became untangled and up like a shot came the diver, delivered from a horrible death. Olsen calmly said:

"Well almost any American navy diver would be knocked off his feet running into such a thing; but you bet I wouldn't let it kill me."

Later he said he had been forced into the very centre of the ship by his fall.

Never before in this affair has an expert diver met with such a thrilling experience. His plucky remark should make him famous.

(The vigilant censor would not allow the name of this diver to be cabled except as "John Doe." But as he is the gunner's mate on the Iowa it is undoubtedly Olsen.—Ed. World).
HAVANA CENSOR REFUSES TO PERMIT A CLARA BARTON
MESSAGE TO THE WORLD.

Would Not Allow The World Correspondent to
Send Her Statement of the Sufferings
She Saw at Jaruco.

(Special from a World Staff Correspondent. Sent from
Havana by The World’s Despatch Boat to Key West.)

On Board The World’s Despatch Boat,

The World, Wednesday, March 2, 1898, p. 4

Havana, Cuba, March 1 1898.

The Spanish Government is so afraid a drop of truth
will leak through its controlled cable that the censor red-
pencils now even Miss Clara Barton’s dispatches.

He is instructed to kill each truthful word about the
Maine and to suppress the fact that there is suffering in
Cuba.

The following was handed into the cable office last
night to be sent to The World:

“Clara Barton has returned to Havana full of the
misery of a small Cuban town. In Jaruco she saw the
‘reconcentration’ in its real nakedness. Havana is tame in
contrast.

“The town hospital was filthy. A fearful odor filled
the room which contained two men nearly dead. It came from
a dead body that had lain there several days. One like it
had just been removed.

“A day after this awful prelude Miss Barton sent food,
medicines and disinfectants in large quantities. And the
destitute thanked God.”

MISS BARTON TO THE WORLD.

Miss Barton writes as follows to the American people
through The World:

“There was but one more incident to mark this
memorable day. After leaving the hospital we were told
that a deputation of ladies would call upon us. They
entered slowly and reverently, bearing a plate of choice
flowers.

“The spokeswoman handed them to me. I perceived in
the centre a large envelope addressed to me, with a black
border and tied with a bow of black ribbon. Her first
trembling sentence told it all:

121
‘For the dead of the Maine.’

CLARA BARTON.

AFFECTIONATE TRIBUTE OF CUBANS.

“The envelope had the following touching tribute, here translated literally:

“More strong than a thousand official demonstrations, no matter how splendid or delicate, is the heart message from the grateful country-women, an expression of condolence tendered by the countrymen of Jaruco (succored in their miseries by American charity) to the sorrowful parents relatives and friends of the victims of the unfortunate accident which occurred to the United States cruiser Maine on the fifteenth of February, 1898, and to the American Government.

“Miss Clara Barton, the dignified President of the American International Red Cross: No better than you (who exercises the most holy of all virtues—charity) could be selected to convey our words of condolence to those who today suffer the consequences of an irreparable loss, which we justly appreciate, having also experienced considerable sufferings in this town, where you see only misery and desolation.”

ADMIRATION OF AMERICA.

“When the destitute countrymen of Jaruco were being circled by the black shadows of despair they saw a ray of hope—a charitable hand extended across the seas and bearing in the name of that great country shadowed by the Capitol at Washington the charitable loaf of bread.

“Grand is your country in virtues, in progress. True friend of truth, justice and liberty, your high sentiments carry their beneficial influence to all parts of the globe, where they are appreciated equally by the Malayas of the Pacific islands, by the unfortunate Christians of Armenia (abandoned to the power of the Turks), by the people and governments of Europe and by black tribes of Africa redeemed from barbarism and atrocities by American missionaries—real volunteers of charity.

“When our pleasure and gratitude had reached its highest mark—due to alms received from our brothers the Americans—a finish of light illuminated Havana on the night of Feb. 15 and a thunder reached our ears (in spite of the great distance from the capital) as a mournful expression of the great mishap which buried in the sea a great number of official representatives of that power which does us so much good.”

EULOGY OF HEROES.

“To further increase the great sufferings experienced
five heroes sacrificed their lives to save us from an immense mishap. Great has been the loss experienced in the wrecking of the Maine, and no less great is the heroic action of those five marine guards who descended to flood the magazines, averting by their bravery numberless losses.

“Peace and glory to the martyrs to their duty and their comrades.

“Such an unexpected mishap swells all hearts and causes general mournfulness through international duty, companionship and sympathy. If consolation be possible in these supreme moments of anguish, we tender it to the families of those noble victims to the American Government and their most generous people through the kind hands of Miss Clara Barton.

“THE COUNTRY PEOPLE OF JARUCO AND NEIGHBORS OF THIS FEUDAL CITY OF CUBA.”

CENSOR’S PENCIL PERNICIOUSLY ACTIVE.

When the censor got to “in Jaruco she saw the ‘reconcentration’ in its real nakedness” his red pencil started and continued over page after page until the correspondent took the cable sheets away from him.

They follow by mail for proof of what Spain does not like to admit.

The beautiful, sincere sentiments of the poor women for a national calamity were much too good for a substitute censor to cut to pieces.

Although no investigation has been done in the tell-tale wreck for four days, the iron facts discovered up to then—all in the same direction have impressed the very palace.

There are sober faces there. The truth seems to have driven home.
SPANISH DIVERS OUTSIDE MAINE.

First Such Inspection and First Act of Spain’s Board.

GEN. LEE SAYS HE HAS NOT BEEN CALLED HOME.

No Hint that Washington Wants Him, but Expects to Stay at Post.

PLAN TO RAISE MONEY TO BUY MORE WARSHIPS.

Parrado Tells Volunteers Spain Never Had Any Intention of Disarming Them.

SENATOR PROCTOR PAYS A VISIT TO MATANZAS.

Surprised to Find Wires Cut Along Railroad Only Ten Miles Out from Cuba’s Capital.

(Special Cable from a World Staff Correspondent.)

The World, Thursday, March 3, 1898, p. 1

Havana, Cuba, March 2.

Spanish divers went down from their own launch to-day on the outside of the Maine, next to the starboard side of the curled-over deck.

This is the first outside investigation made.

As far as is definitely known, to-day’s descent by Spanish divers is the first act of Spain’s Board of Inquiry.

The board consists of Admiral Manterola, and the Commanders of the cruiser Alfonso XII. and of the transport Legaspi.

Gen. Lee denies the report that he has been requested to appear in Washington or that any such thing has been even intimated.

He says so far as he knows he is here to stay and to do his best. He has no idea of returning.

Senator Proctor and Col. Parker made a trip to Matanzas and back to-day.

In going they noticed that the telegraph wires were cut for some distance about ten miles from Havana. Spanish cavalry had been reconnoitering the fields, and some of the Spanish wounded were brought back to Havana on their train.

When the cruiser Almirante Oquendo arrives there will
be a great festival in honor of two of Spain’s finest ships.

The actual program will not be announced until then, but it is known that there will be a grand dinner and a reception by Gen. Blanco to the ship’s officers and to important personages.

Then there will be a great gala feast in a theatre. There a subscription will be started through which it is expected to raise a large sum of money for new ships for the Spanish Navy.

A grand ball will be given at the Spanish Casino.

No anti-American demonstration is expected in Havana at this time.

The Volunteers met to-day at the Military Club to protest against an article in the Autonomist organ Cuba about disarming them. A committee waited upon Gen. Parrado and asked him what it meant. He returned the following answer:

“To His Excellency, the Court of Diana:

“I can assure you that the Government has never thought of disarming the Volunteers.”

No Spanish Government would dare carry out such a proposition.

No body was recovered to-day from the Maine.

A great effort will be made to-morrow to lift the deck up bodily by means of the powerful wrecking cranes so that the divers can do better work.

The Correo of to-night quotes the Madrid Government as saying that if the American and Spanish Courts of Inquiry do not agree in their findings and conclusions a mixed commission of arbitration will be necessary.

This is the Correo’s first mention of the Maine affair.
HAVANA, March 2.—Poor Holzer gave up the fight for life on Saturday last.

He had been dying for days. The doctors said there was no hope for him, but Sister Wilbur, the English nun, who was nursing him with all her skill, tried to believe that she would save him.

Holzer was accounted the most heroic of the Maine’s crew. He was a strong swimmer and could have saved himself, but, seeing others struggling in the water, he gave his energies to their aid.

He overexerted himself, and when he got into the vortex of waters close to his sinking ship he could not prevent the suction from drawing him into boiling water from the Maine’s crater. He was terribly burned—boiled, in fact—and managed by superhuman effort to get away from the awful spot and to keep himself afloat until he was picked up.

Sympathetic persons, hearing of his bravery and of his patience under suffering, carried flowers, until his cot was almost covered with them. He was devoutly religious.
“SEND MAINE AWAY!”
BEGGED A STRANGER AT OUR CONSULATE.

Every Day for a Week a Mysterious, Elderly Spaniard Uttered That Warning, but It Was Unheeded, for He Was Deemed a Crank

BIG ARMOR PLATES BENT INWARD LEAVE NO ROOM FOR DOUBT AS TO CAUSE.

Court of Inquiry Knows the Truth and Will Report It to Washington—It Only Remains Now to Find an Answer to the Question, Who Did It?

(Special from a World Staff Correspondent,
Sent by Despatch Boat from Havana to Key West.)


On Board The World Despatch Boat Confidence,
Havana, Cuba, March 2.

“Send the Maine away! For God’s sake send the Maine away!”

That was the solemn earnest warning of an elderly Spaniard who called at the American Consulate General every day for a week before the disaster.

He had been in the habit of visiting the Consulate twice a week for some time, but after the Maine arrived his visits became more frequent. The week before the explosion he went daily, fairly begging that the American battle-ship be sent away.

The Consulate officials thought he was crazy then; now they are hunting for him, as he has not been seen about the Consulate since the awful catastrophe.

The Naval Board of Inquiry knows the truth about the cause of the Maine’s blowing up—and expects to report it. The court is composed of the most capable men in the American Navy, and they are honest.

Expert divers who are enlisted American sailors have sworn that the ship’s side was smashed in—not out.

She was struck by a torpedo or a mine under the bottom at the left side.

Even the lower part of the heavy armor belt is bent in.
The greatest bending-in of the massive plates was opposite from No. 73, just about across from the big ten-inch magazine, which every one now knows did not explode.

There is no room now for doubt that somebody blew up the Maine and killed 253 sleeping American sailors.

One by one the somber facts in iron, in human flesh and in expert testimony have piled up, all in one direction until there is no room for doubt.

The inward twisted plates and bended armor simply drive the convincing nail through all the hundred-odd bits of material evidence and clinch it.

Abraham Lincoln’s “plain people of the United States” may not quite see the value as proof of a loaded ten-inch powder case recovered from a magazine reported to have exploded. They might still halt in forcing the President into action for reparation, even after knowing that every movable twisted-off thing on the Maine wreck went toward instead of away from the only interior explosive force big enough to destroy the Maine as she has been destroyed.

But when they now know that the massive plates—splendid steel—have been forced and twisted and bent toward and into the very centre of the ship, they know the Maine was struck from the outside.

Upon the mere intelligent inspection of the pitiable wreck above water the spectator fairly shouts, “Outside force.”

When divers report the peculiar direction of the explosive force in the ship’s inside, conviction grows stronger.

And when, finally, immense, irrefutable physical evidence comes to light of a tremendous blow at a certain point, the proper cause of all other noted effects, conviction becomes fixed.

And when they know that all such tremendous forcing inward was done under water they know that somebody did it.

What did it—torpedo or mine?

Who did it?

The World has asked that question before. It is employing every endeavor to answer it.

No one charges the Spanish Government with being the direct instigator, but speculation ranges from high army and navy officials who wished the overthrow of Gen. Blanco and an American war at the same time, to subordinate clerks, whose patriotism had grown into a disease by America’s indirect but exasperating intervention in Cuban affairs.

A mine-exploding key might have been mistaken for a
testing key, or brandy might have made such an error semi-intentional.

It is now admitted that it is not even remotely likely
that Cubans were engaged in the atrocity. They have not
the incentive, nor the money, nor yet the immensely
powerful exploding force which certainly was employed. No
small torpedo, even aided by a ton of saluting-powder in
the reserve magazine, reduced the Maine to its present
condition. Indeed, of hundreds of rumors, with persons
willing to swear to them, only one by any possibility
implicated the Cubans.

Although one New York daily makes a great sensation
over this on pure hearsay, a careful investigation, aided
by the original documents in the case—which were in The
World’s possession before even the Board of Inquiry heard
any witnesses—indicates that there is nothing in it but
talk.

Among the many stories of heroism which are being told
of the Maine’s men this is the latest:
A marine sentry on the poop had a hundred cartridges
in his belt, but had orders not to load his rifle unless
commanded. When the awful roar of the explosion came he
loaded his rifle, then asked for orders. He thought the
Maine was attacked.

Another splendid soldier, Marine Officer Catlin, has
that rifle and prizes it.

The Fern though better than she looks and splendidly
officered, is not a good American man-of-war for Havana
Harbor in these times. Her one little six-pounder does not
look formidable. She seems in fact a fit companion in
helplessness of the sunken Maine.

When the grossly ignorant lower classes judge
America’s naval force by the samples sent here in the
present trouble, their contempt is aroused.

The populace here hates Americans. It is made up of
people who are densely ignorant, intensely prejudiced and
swayed by the naval contrast now shown in the bay by the
Vizcaya, and which contrast will be heightened when the
Spanish warship Almirante Oquendo arrives. Then these
people may be expected to do damage.

The big black massive Spanish cruiser Vizcaya set
Havana wild by her arrival. For two hours before she got
in, from the time of her first telescopic signalling,
spurts of detonating rockets flew from the water front.
When her black snout poked about the base of gloomy Morro
the volley became a battle crash of guns.

Small boats carpeted the harbor, launches flew and big
ferry-boats jammed with people and military bands ploughed through the small fry. Fireworks came from the hundreds of boats until the bay seemed a sheet of fire.

It was just dusk when the big cruiser moored and her searchlights played over the mass of boats crammed with cheering Spaniards. It was their day. The docks and quays for miles were packed.
TORPEDO BLEW UP THE **MAINE**, HIGH SPANISH OFFICER SAYS.

If His Story Is True It Verifies The **World** Correspondent’s Earliest News.

**NO MINE LAID IN HARBOR AT HAVANA.**

**Only Experiment in That Line Made by Weyler at Chorrero.**

**GIVEN UP BECAUSE OF DANGER TO SHIPPING.**

**Ton of Saluting Powder in Reserve Magazine Set Off by Initial Explosion.**

**TELLTALE ROPE FOUND GIVES ADDED PROOF.**

Two Boats and Three or Four Common Watermen Might Have Done the Work.

**THE DARK NIGHT MADE THEIR HIDEOUS TASK EASY.**

Tourists in Havana Arrange to Pay Honor to the American Martyrs Buried There.

(Special from a **World** Staff Correspondent, sent from Havana to Key West by the **World** Despatch Boat.)

On Board the **World** Despatch Boat **Confidence,**

**The World, Friday, March 4, 1898, pp. 1, 2**

HAVANA, Cuba, March 3.

A high Spanish naval authority thinks a big torpedo, towed by rope, destroyed the **Maine**, assisted by the ton of saluting powder in the reserve magazine.

This statement, which is corroborated by discoveries already cabled to The **World**, comes from the same source of information which supplied to the Navy Department of the United States the exact data of the Spanish defenses now in the America Bureau of Naval Intelligence.

I have known my informant three years. His statements always have proved absolutely correct. He has been the intermediary between the American Department and the high Spanish official quoted. He cites the fact that the only known mine experiment was made by Gen. Weyler, who put some mines into Chorrera Bay and then took them out again on account of the danger to Spanish coasting vessels.
Chorrera is perhaps the best landing point for an invading force in the immediate vicinity of Havana. It is sheltered and there is deep water close to the shore. Those mines were not electrically connected; they were of the contact pattern.

Similar and mammoth contrivances might easily have been dropped near a Government buoy such as the Maine was moored to. Any dark night would have covered the movements of a small party of engineers.

But Chorrera Bay is little used and the mines were removed.

Havana Harbor is much used. It is not likely that mines ever were laid there.

The work could only have been done by the Government—and no one here for an instant imagines that the Government did it.

In view of the poor location for a mine, the new facts given and to-day’s credible report of a high official’s statement, the very strong probability now seems to be that no mine, surely no Government mine, blew up the Maine and martyred her crew.

The rope-towed torpedo statement of the same official is wonderfully borne out by The World’s exclusive detailed description in a previous dispatch of just the proper kind of rope in just the proper position discovered the night of the horror. It disappeared the next morning.

Neither the official quoted nor the intermediary knew anything about the discovery of the rope. The latter was astonished when informed of it.

Towing torpedoes against ships is an old, old method; one which any three or four, or possibly two, watermen could successfully employ.

The torpedo could be made of an old boiler flue, or a cast-iron box, or an oil drum, with just enough of wooden platform beneath it to float it a few feet below the surface.

Havana harbor was as placid as a mill pond that awful night. The most crudely constructed torpedo would have served. Its contents might have been any high explosive which, under the historic laxness of Spanish Customs officials, might have been smuggled, either by Cubans or by Spanish irreconcilables, from the United States into Havana as easily as tons of rebel munitions have been already.

Two of the numerous and tiny twelve-foot skiffs of the harbor could have been used, with two, or even one man in each.

The night was very dark. Two boats together could
have approached from Regia toward the port side of the Maine until near the range of vision—probably as close as three hundred yards.

Stopping there and dropping an anchor or a weight to hold the torpedo, one boat could have stayed there while the other towed the uncoiling rope. It would take a thousand foot radius about the Maine’s stern.

She was moored only at the bow and a rope two and a half inches in circumference could easily have been thus passed under the Maine’s bottom.

When finally around her, the towing skiff could easily have pulled for the floating dock and Casa Blanca just where the rope was found.

The rope would straighten. When the man in the skiff at the torpedo felt the strain strong he simply would cut the torpedo anchor rope and row to Regia for safety.

Meanwhile the towing skiff would approach the unguarded fishing boats of Casa Blanca, and the submerged torpedo would be drawn slowly toward the Maine’s port side.

The detonation could either be effected through the plunger in the torpedo if the construction was skillful or by a pull on a small line upon the trigger if the contrivance was simple.

By the time the explosion came the men in the towing skiff would be safe at Casa Blanca and the men in the other boat would be safe in Regia.

But the rope would probably be cut, and never found except by dragging.

However, the men in the towing skiff might have been too much appalled by their work to cut the rope which was found on the floating dock anchor chains, showing just on the surface of the water. The rope was found in exactly the proper position for the desired affair.

I think it all could have been done by ordinary watermen, and the whole theory seems much the most common-sense explanation which has yet appeared.

The first American tribute to the Maine’s dead has been arranged for to-morrow. American tourists will initiate what should become a custom among all visiting Americans by going to the cemetery to honor the American martyrs.

S. Osterman, of New York; George C. Magee, of Chicago; A.J. Keaton, of Boston, and Dr. H. Tombocken, of Chicago, met yesterday to make arrangements. The meeting was small but patriotic.

These visitors did what the American colony failed to do.
They wanted an American flag, but none was purchasable in Havana. So they bought red, white and blue cloth, hired Cuban women to sew, Dr. Tombocken cut out the stars and a flag was ready.

Chaplain Chidwick will conduct a short service and the Bishop of Havana will grant a permit for a touching little memorial.

The American graves are yellow mud now; to-morrow an American wreath will at least be something to show the men buried there are not forgotten.

The American flag will remain in the cemetery, if permission can be obtained. It will be used during the services, anyhow. It was not in their gorgeous Spanish funeral, which now is termed a “triumphal procession” by many.

The Bishop will build a marble fence about the American graves, and says he hopes the United States will put up a splendid monument there.

The insurgent fight near Havana yesterday seems to have been specially arranged for Senator Proctor, who saw the results. There was a sharp skirmish and fourteen Spanish are reported to have been killed.

Barton’s Bay Hospital was opened yesterday at No. 15 Tulipan street.

Further expert examination of the Maine’s bottom plates, which were blown clear out of the water, shows the sluice gates in one so they can be absolutely identified. These plates alone are considered sufficient proof that the Maine was blown up by design.

The Spanish divers who went down yesterday and remained a short time inspecting the Maine’s bottom declare that all the afterpart is intact. Many plates on the starboard side are started, and the rivets so loose they can be easily removed by the hand.

These divers claim to have discovered sufficient evidence to prove that the explosion was from the inside, as the bulged-out condition of the plates would tend to prove.

However, they were not down long enough to carry out a thorough investigation. They have been limited to work on the outside.

Capt. Sigsbee still maintains that they have no right to examine the inside of the wreck until his investigation is completed. Then it is probable that, if the findings of the two commissions conflict as to the cause, the popular opinion here is that the case will be referred to a board of arbitration. That this is anticipated is demonstrated
by an editorial in the leading pro-Spanish organ, the Correo, which hints for the first time at such a solution.

Meanwhile both sides will push work pending the reports of the two commissions.

The first steps taken yesterday by the Spanish authorities were conducted by divers belonging to the Obras del Puerto (harbor Commission) under the supervision of a civil engineer, Francis Coardois, who was in charge temporarily owing to the illness of Chief Engineer Pujals. Both are gentlemen of high standing, and the result of the work is impatiently awaited.

Two more divers will begin work to-morrow under the supervision of the naval authorities. The Commission is presided over by Lieut. Pedro Peral, a brother of the celebrated inventor of the submarine boat bearing his name.
FIRST AMERICAN DECORATION DAY OBSERVED IN CUBA.

-----

Touching Ceremony in Havana Cemetery in Memory of the Dead Sailors of the United States Battle-ship Blown Up in the Harbor There.

-----

(Special from a World Staff Correspondent.)

The World, Saturday, March 5, 1898, p. 2

Havana, Cuba, March 4.

A little ceremony performed quietly to-day in the grand Colon Cemetery, here will become historic.

It was the first observance of the American Decoration Day in Cuba.

Fifty Americans, a few flowers, a small copy of "Old Glory" and a fervent prayer were all, but the observance was sincere and touching, and it was the first honoring by Americans of America’s dead sailor lads.

Rough piles of disgusting graveyard soil over the burial trenches received half a dozen modest wreaths to-day. To-morrow massive marbles may see a sea of honoring faces and an important part of the United States mourning the loss of its heroic dead.

The following prologue and signatures tell the little story of what may be a great national observance:

MEMORIAL SIGNED BY PARTICIPANTS.

"We, the undersigned, Americans in Havana, have this day visited the Cemetery of Colon and have decorated the yet unfinished graves of 160 American marines and sailors who perished upon Feb. 15, 1898, in the destruction of the United States man-of-war Maine in Havana Harbor. May this modest first decoration day become an annual demonstration in Havana of America’s remembrance to American dead.

"FITZHUGH LEE, United States Consul-General.

"JOSEPH A. SPRINGER, United States Vice-Counsel-General.

"GEORGE C. MAGES, Chicago.

"W. S. QUIGLEY, Washington, D.C.

"DR. H. TOMBOCKEN, Chicago

"MYRON M. PARKER, Washington, D. C.

"J. H. PRATT, Omaha, Neb.

"A. J. KATER, Boston.

"S. OYSTERMAN, New York.

"D. G. GALLAGHER, Philadelphia.

"H. M. QUISTER, Cincinnati.
"MAYART L. PRATT, Omaha, Neb.
"ROLF W. EDGREEN, San Francisco.
"H. G. FULTON, New York.
"DR. NED McB.DE COSTAGNETTO, Rio Janeiro, Brazil.
"ED. L. KEEN, Cincinnati.
"JAMES H. HARE, New York.
"JOHN C. HEMMERT, New York.
"E. N. HART, New York.
"C. R. JOHNSTONE, New York.
"HUGH O’NEIL, New York.
"GUS GOVIN, New York.
"MRS. AND MISS A. GUEDALIA, New York
"HAROLD MARTIN, New York
"JOHN A. MITCHELL, Washington, D.C.
"Dr. [sic] DANIEL M. BURGESS, Havana, Cuba.
"M. J. BRUNNER, United States Marine Hospital Service.
"M. E. TIGHE, Washington, D.C."

ORIGIN OF THE OBSERVANCE.

Four American tourists first thought of this significant affair—George L. Mages, of Chicago; Dr. H. Tombocken, of Chicago, and two others. In a little hotel room they conceived the idea of going to the cemetery and leaving a wreath, thus beginning a custom for all visiting Americans to honor their nation’s dead. They had no flag, but one bought some cloth, as previously cabled to The World, and some Cuban women made it up into a red, white and blue flag of the correct proportions. Their meeting ended, but they had “builted better than they knew.” They have made a national holiday.

Gen. Lee aided, and Capt. Sigsbee and Capt. Cowles, of the Fern, also were present.

Some speeches had been prepared, but simplicity was the main idea, so Mr. Mages simply said, as he laid down a wreath upon a little flag, both on dirt heaped over the heroes:

"Fellow-citizens—representing the American visitors in Havana and those resident here, I lay these flowers upon the American flag they honored as a little token of remembrance to our dead sailor lads. May all Americans visiting Cuba in the future remember the two hundred and sixty here buried."

Then Chaplain-Chidwick prayed.

The tears came, and then the little file of carriages went their two miles back to Havana with better men inside.

The fifty who went were tourists, members of the American colony and representatives of the American press.
The affair was hastily arranged and many members of the American colony were not notified, but it meant a great deal.

Senator Proctor was present.
One body was saved to-day. Thirty rifles and one unexploded ten-inch shell were also taken out of the wreck.
OQUENDO JOINS VIZCAYA AND HAVANA IS OVERJOYED.

Boats crowded with people shouting and firing bombs escort the frowning warship to an anchorage near the ruins of the Maine.

(By Cable from a World Staff Correspondent.)

The World, Sunday, March 6, 1898, p. 1, second edition

HAVANA, Cuba, March 5.—The first-class armored cruiser Almirante Oquendo, a sister ship of the Vizcaya, arrived to-day.

Chartered boats filled with royalists shouting and firing bombs and with bands of music playing met her and escorted her into the harbor, where the water was covered with small craft gayly decorated, and the wharves were packed with people.

As the Almirante Oquendo entered the Vizcaya dressed ship and saluted. Morro and Cabanas saluted, too.

A proper response was made by the Almirante Aquendo, which dropped anchor near the Vizcaya and the remains of the United States battle-ship Maine.

Honore Laine was arrested last night and is again in the dreary Cabanas prison, where he already has spent fourteen slow months.

Laine is a French citizen. He was imprisoned first on a charge of being a rebel leader. Life was guaranteed to him from the first by the French Minister of Foreign Affairs, but the trial dragged for more than a year, ending finally in acquittal.
CONSUL BARKER RESIGNS HIS POST AT SAGUA IN DISGUST.

-----

Can No Longer Stand Our Government’s Inactivity
And Indifference to the Horrors of the Spanish
Policy of Extermination in Cuba.

-----

RESIGNATION OF OTHER CONSULS
EXPECTED DAILY FOR THE SAME REASON.

-----

The World Correspondent Wires that If the Consular
Reports Were Made Public an Angry Shout Would
Go Up from Maine to Texas.

-----

(Special from a World Staff Correspondent. Sent
from Havana to Key West by The World’s Despatch Steamer.)

On Board The World’s Express Steamer Confidence,

The World, Monday, March 7, 1898, p. 2

Havana, Harbor, March 6.

Consul Walter B. Barker, stationed at Sagua La Grande,
has resigned. He feels that the American Government, in
its inactivity regarding Cuban affairs, has ignored all the
Consular reports, and that the Consuls, to all intents and
purposes, are useless as channels of information.

The present Spanish Minister of the colonies when a
Senator quoted the American Consular reports in the Spanish
Cortes to show that war in Cuba was inevitable unless great
reforms were granted. Consul Barker’s reports especially
were referred to, and all the reports were characterized as
“calm statements of cool-blooded men used to telling the
truth to their Government.”

Senor Moret was right. War did come.

But the American Government paid less attention to its
own agent’s reports than even Spain did, or the war would
have ended long ago. Some hundreds of millions and
hundreds of thousands of lives would have been saved and
the Maine would not have been blown up unawares if the
American Government had acted on the reports of the
American Consuls in Cuba.

IF THE REPORTS WERE GIVEN TO THE PUBLIC.

If the detailed, exact information of eye-witnesses
officially received from Cuba were unreservedly given to
the American people an angry shout would rise from Maine to
Texas.

In face of horrors beyond description, in face of the
loss to American interests despite the now known fact that the Cuban war is hopeless for both sides, and in the full consciousness that its intervention will be forced finally, anyhow, the Government of the United States simply has allowed Spain to drag, drag along and starve to death much more than a third of her still loyal Cuban subjects, while meanwhile she has been utterly unable to crush the revolutionists.

Consul Walter B. Barker fought throughout the civil war: He has a considerable fortune, which is safely invested. He is neither timid nor rash.

Leading Wall street men and Senators signed for his retention in office, and he earnestly wished “to see the war through.” But Mr. Barker has two things—a heart and a conscience. And no man with those two things and courage could be brought into daily contact with the cold-blooded horror of Cuba’s war (or rather Cuba’s premeditated starvation) in one of Cuba’s smaller towns without doing just what Mr. Barker has done—just refuse to lend official countenance, even though but a very humble official, to further American toleration of Spain’s cruelty in Cuba.

CAN STAND IT NO LONGER.

Walter B. Barker simply has reached the position in regard to the general attitude of the United States Government toward the hopeless destruction in Cuba called “war” that Gen. Lee did regarding the treatment of American citizens when he cabled to Secretary Olney: “I cannot stand another R[...] murder.”

The Spanish press in Havana generally tries to discredit the American Red Cross efforts and to stop the arrival of American food in order to thus complete Cuban extermination. The Spaniards themselves admit that to be Spain’s only hope for a stable Spanish Cuba.

They allege that Consul Barker’s resignation is on account of friction with Gen. Lee over the improper distribution of American charity. Although Sagua, on account of its distance from Havana, is one of the last places reached, I am able to state that Mr. Barker is a warm friend of Gen. Lee, and, further, of the present Administration at Washington. He writes personally: “I have received from the present Administration marked attention, for which I shall ever feel grateful.”

Mr. Barker has no personal motives. His resignation is a noble protest against a shameful governmental policy.

OTHER RESIGNATIONS EXPECTED.

Other resignations are expected daily.

In these times the position of a United States Consul
is most trying even if prompt support always came from Washington.

Senator Quay’s nominee for the Matanzas Consulate, Mr. Saylor, came, looked the ground over, spoke of renting the handsomest house in town, told Consul Brice all about the Cuban war, and then took a steamer back to Quay’s private car, which he said awaited him in Tampa, not at all sure he wanted the place.

And solid Mr. Brice hangs on against his personal wishes because there are hundreds of hungry American citizens to feed and protect from insult and injury.

Capt. Hyatt, of Santiago, is another able representative who feels keenly his Government’s apathy.

MAINE DISASTER HAD NOTHING TO DO WITH IT.

A general resignation may be expected of American officials ashamed of the Government which once was honored in Cuba. The Maine horror, whether caused by an ultr Spaniards’ boiler torpedo or the Spanish Government’s submarine mine, has had nothing to do with their resolution.

It took the loss of two hundred and sixty murdered American sailors to fix American attention upon Cuba. May the brave action of Walter B. Barker and the attitude of his fellow-Consuls drive public insight further into the Cuban question until every man, woman and child understand that the Cuban war is the starvation of a peaceful population, the impotence of the armed sections and the destruction of everything material. And that they may fully appreciate that further war in Cuba is useless to Spain, ruinous to Cuba and finally means war for the United States in any event, let them demand the publication in full of all the Consular reports.

Spaniard Moret said: “Remember that these men are accustomed to tell the truth to their governments.”
SPAIN ANGRY BECAUSE THE TRUTH IS TOLD ABOUT THE MAINE

Havana’s Police Chief Calls Yankee Correspondents Liars and Pigs, Says They Must Leave Havana And Thrusts One Into Cabanas.

NO ACCUSATION HAS BEEN MADE; ONLY APPARENT FACTS PRINTED.

But Blanco Seems to Be Dominated Now by the Fury of the Loyalists, Who Have Grown Jubilant on Seeing Two of Their Best Fighting Ships Beside the Maine Wreck

(Special from a World Staff Correspondent, Sent from Havana to Key West by Steamer.)

On Board The World’s Despatch Steamer Confidence.

The World, Monday, March 7, 1898, p. 3

Havana Harbor, March 6

The daily tirade against the American correspondents here has taken a more active form.

Honore Laine has been arrested and placed incommunicado, “charged” with being a representative of New York newspaper and with having said that the Maine was blown up by a mine or a torpedo.

Chief of Police Paglieri was frank to rudeness in his remarks on the subject. He seemed to feel that the mere statement of a universally apparent fact incriminates the Spanish Government, though no Havana correspondent has even hinted at such a thing.

Laine’s imprisonment indicates that Gen. Blanco is yielding to the popular clamor which Col. Pagliari voices.

There is no charge of complicity with the rebels nor of forwarding insurgent correspondence—nothing but stating facts objected to. The harder the fact the keener seems to be the sting.

No correspondent claims that the patent fact that the Maine was blown up is a calumny against Spain. But Col. Paglieri informed me that Laine was to be expelled and that I and others were to follow him shortly.

Laine, a cultured musician, linguist and inventor, wore away fourteen anxious months in a Cabanas dungeon, and the very thought of reincarceration there appalled him. He
told me once that he would rather shoot himself than endure
the torture again.

I saw him at 2 o’clock yesterday morning. Although he
was incommunicado, he hadn’t yet been put behind the bars.

“Are you arrested, too?” he asked quickly.

“Why here?” I popped out.

“Don’t know,” he answered. “See Gen. Lee first thing
in morning.”

GEN. LEE FELT COMPLIMENTED.

That was all. I saw Gen. Lee at once. He knew
nothing of the affair, but seemed pleased that Laine, a
French citizen, had claimed his energetic protection rather
than that of his own Consul.

I hunted up Chief of Police Paglieri, who gave me to
understand that Laine was to be sent to the United States.
If I understood correctly, then Laine’s incarceration in
the awful Cabanas was exquisitely cruel.

Co. Paglieri’s comrades were ashamed of his coarse
attacks on the correspondents, and several of them left.
He continued outlining a new Government policy.

If what the incensed Chief of Police said of Gen.
Blanco is true, then even James Gordon Bennett’s men will
have to go.

NOT TO BE INTIMIDATED BY BLUSTER.

I told Col. Paglieri, just as I had previously told
Gen. Solano, Gen. Pando, Secretary-General Congosto and
others, that when they produced in print over my signature
any statement of any fact non-existent or twisted I should
take the hint and the next northbound steamer.

Co. Paglieri’s words were strong as well as coarse.

“Spain has got tired of you American correspondents—
you canaille, you pigs!”

Right here I had to stop him.

Then he explained how cordial the American-Spanish
relations are and how the countries would love each other
if it were not for the newspapers.

If Gen. Blanco was quoted correctly—and other recent
statements of high palace officials indicate that he was—
the garrote is to be applied to the truth in Cuba with more
torsion than ever Weyler knew how to apply, and the
 correspondents are to be under an espionage as rigorous as
is the censorship of their cable dispatches. In fact, it
is hardly safe now for a Cuban to talk with an American
 correspondent.

PRESSURE OF IGNORANCE AND INTOLERANCE.

Thus it is that the “great reforms,” “liberal policy”
and “Cuban home rule” are “progressing.” It is not Gen.
Blanco’s fault. But he cannot stand the pressure of those people who honestly believe that the Maine’s officers were all ashore Feb. 15, that her discipline was lax, that she was badly built, that she exploded in consequence of the carelessness of her officers and men, and that any other explanation or even theory is an insult to “gentlemanly Spain” from the Americans—a race, as their illustrated papers tell them and their journals state, which is “composed principally of fat pigs only fit to be struck with Spanish bayonets.”

This is no fable. A glance into any local paper shows it clearly.

Now that the rockets have ceased to whiz, the bands to play, the cheers to roar and the cannon to salute the Almirante Oquendo and welcome her to an anchorage near her big twin, Vizcaya, the same ignorant people look at them, then at the Maine’s scrap-iron pile and the United States “man-of-war” Fern and laugh.

Their papers print meanwhile new clamors for the suppression of truth from Cuba—that thing which is the hardest to get—and to demand the wholesale expulsion of American correspondents.

POWELSON TESTIFIED TO PRECISELY THE WORLD’S NEWS. I am able to state that Ensign Powelson did not testify before the Court of Inquiry that the Maine’s keel was blown upward. That would have been a remarkable statement and would have proved clearly an outside explosion, by the testimony of a Government witness, of large size. What the clever officer did find was—exactly as was stated in The World—that one of the Maine’s port bottom plates, with a stiffening plate attached, was blown up, apparently from the port side, and that the ship’s side had simply straightened until it protruded several feet above the water.

American naval officers are indignant at the use of Powelson’s name. They say that although one correspondent of the paper in question says he doesn’t know the officer in question, yet there are half a dozen others who do, and the general public idea would be that Powelson had disobeyed orders and talked. This I am sure he did not do.

Another New York newspaper tale of an electric wire, merchants of Muralla street and native divers who mysteriously disappeared has proved on investigation to be a mistake.

The day after the disaster a man came to The World correspondent, saying that he had an Italian friend who was willing to swear before Gen. Lee to an incriminating
conversation heard on the Regia ferry-boat between Spanish naval officers on the morning of the explosion. He was sent to Consul-General Lee. His friend testified and talked later.

The rumor of a rope—since confirmed by The World—was mistaken by the other daily as a wire, and the story of "just how the Maine was blown up" was sprung upon a long-suffering public.

**ALL HAVANA DIVERS ACCOUNTED FOR.**

Careful search reveals the fact that all the Cuban and Spanish divers are accounted for. The alleged mysterious deaths were from natural causes, and one occurred six weeks before the Maine disaster. The other, on Feb. 21, was that of a man who had been partly bedridden for two years.

Mrs. Bustillo, the mother of the young ladies reported to have been warned against visiting the Maine Feb. 6 because the ship might be blown up, tells The World that her daughters never accompanied Mr. Dionesco Suarez, nor saw any Spanish naval officer at Machina.

Perhaps the highest American naval expert here, and one who knows all that the investigation has proved, says The World has secured all the important proofs which have been found. The articles brought up now only tell corroborative tales, though they would be most important as evidence before an international board of investigation, which The World's exclu-... shippers. They add that the distress here is not so extreme nor the charity sent of such extent as to relieve our own citizens.

They assert that the legal sale of condensed milk by importers is impossible, as a box of it costs $14 in gold with the duties, while it is sold in many stores at $10 in silver, and in single cans is offered for sale by persons unknown to the commercial houses.

They assert that the medicines are received in quantities for annual consumption, quinine being offered for sale by weight, whereas doses are given in grains.

It is asserted also that in the warehouses of San Jose, where the Red Cross supplies are received and stored, the authorities have discovered a package imported on the steamship Seguranca containing watches, jewelry and other dutiable articles. The package is said to be held by the customs officials.

The papers call for vigorous action on the part of the director of the Custom-House to enforce the laws for the punishment of the offenders.

Nobody is openly accused, but the papers sound a note of alarm.
It is a continuation of the howl made daily on seeing the *reconcentrados* sell milk for cigarettes. It is universal now, owing to the increase of Spanish arrogance following the arrival of Spanish warships.
CONGRESS TO VOTE A WAR FUND OF FIFTY MILLIONS
NAVAL BOARD OF INQUIRY TO FINISH IN THREE DAYS.

Naval Board Report Will Reach Washington Next Week,
It is Now Believed, and It Will Be Unanimous
as to Cause of Explosion.

PRESIDENT HAS OPTIONS ON CRUISERS BUILT FOR JAPAN.

One by the Cramps in Philadelphia,
the Other in San Francisco;
Both Can Be Got in Three Months—More Large
Torpedo Boats Wanted.

(By Cable from a world Staff Correspondent.)

The World, Tuesday, March 8, 1898, p. 1

HAVANA, Cuba, March 7, 10 P.M.

The Maine Court of Inquiry will finish its work within
three days, I am reliably informed.
The members are satisfied, I am certain, of the cause
of the disaster. All indications still point to a
unanimous report, but the Court maintains great reserve.
Capt. Chidwick did not don the diver’s helmet, it now
appears, and descend into the Maine’s wrecked interior. He
accepts the divers’ reports as true.
Consul Barker’s resignation asks for its immediate
acceptance. Probably his request will be granted.
Mr. Barker’s inflexibility is well known.
Senator Proctor and Miss Barton are with Mr. Barker
now. They will try to persuade him to stay. He did noble
work.
The city is still full of rumors of the wholesale
expulsion of American newspaper men. Probably there is
more smoke than fire, as these men have never blamed the
Spanish Government for the Maine disaster.
The latest navy Department news reports that an
American schooner has been seized on the south coast on
suspicion of being a filibuster.
The big wreckage tug Right Arm left to-day for some
unknown destination. Her captain expects to return soon.
I am fortunately able to definitely state the exact position of Gen. Lee in respect to real Spanish attacks upon his official conduct and alleged Spanish demands for his recall. Lee knows nothing officially about the demand for his recall. What he gathers from the scanty and often contradictory cable notices in the local press constitutes his sole information on that subject.

Not a word has been received from the State Department on the subject up to the present hour.

And Lee considers an actual Spanish official demand for his recall pure imagination, as even the cable notices here make Sagasta deny having sent such a message. Local papers also quote McKinley as being satisfied with Gen. Lee, as indeed he must be if he has not changed from the original opinion he expressed to me last year.

"We are well satisfied with Gen. Lee and we hope he will be satisfied with the support this Administration will always give him."

As would any experienced military man whose duty it is to fully inform his Government, Gen. Lee has noted some things decidedly not favorable to Spain’s course of war and has sometimes thus informed the State Department. This has been particularly so regarding Spain’s offer of alleged autonomy, which now even its own originators regard as a farce and so state.

Lee’s views on this question were only confidentially expressed to the State Department, yet somehow they leaked to the Havana Government’s ears. The Spanish [...] at Washington had been doing good work, and the result was
absolutely the only official exchange of correspondence between Gen. Lee and the palace as to the American Consul-General’s views and their bearing upon his official acceptability to Spain.

CONGOSTO QUESTIONS LEE.

About six weeks ago Congosto either through the source mentioned or from the American newspapers quoting an alleged report of Lee to the Department, saw fit to write a note to Lee wishing to know if it was true that Lee’s views did not prognosticate a glowing victory for the extensive autonomy reforms lately in process of emplantation in Cuba.

In itself this query was a grave breach of diplomatic etiquette. A government official’s reports to his superiors are supposed to be sacred. However, Congosto seemed to think that had Lee such ideas, especially that the present autonomic government is not desired by either Spaniards or Cubans and that not fitting the wishes of any element it can hardly ever become adopted by all, his position in the eyes of Spain would be decidedly “persona non grata.”

He plainly threatened Lee with a Spanish demand for his recall if he would rescind such predacious ideas.

Lee smiled and grasped Congosto’s “bull” by the horns. He answered that should an official document be inscribed containing the mentioned reasons for his recall, and should it be then signed by all officials of Havana and Madrid, he (Lee) would then take great pleasure in affixing to the document his own signature, and would forward it thus completed to the Government of the United States.

MAY BE ANOTHER GRIEVANCE.

Immediately Congosto subsided and the incident became closed.

Gen. Lee considers that another sore point with new autonimical “secretaries” may be Sigsbee’s alleged oversight in not having called in turn upon each of the men though he had already completely and exactly fulfilled the naval regulations and his instructions in calling officially upon Gen. Parrado and Spanish Admiral Manteroia.

Before any visits were made Gen. Lee wrote to Congosto and the General Secretary asking at what time and upon whom should Sigsbee call in obeying his instructions to officially visit the supreme power in the island or its representatives.

Congosto answered in writing, name Gen. Parrado, then, Acting Governor-General in Blanco’s absence, as the proper person.

Sigsbee thereupon called upon Parrado in due and
proper form, and upon Manteroba as well.

But the Autonomical Cabinet, whose power lies chiefly in its title, did not like it and Congosto investigated Gen. Lee and Capt. Sigsbee into an informal call at Cabinet headquarters in the palace after an official visit upon Blanco.

The Autonomical secretaries were quickly gathered together and every effort was made to give an official tinge to a strictly accidental visit. Capt. Sigsbee, of course, said he would be glad to receive the gentlemen personally aboard the Maine.

TRIED TO ENTRAP SIGSBEE.

They went en masse and proposed an absolutely unexpected toast of official significance. Sigsbee rose to the occasion and returned their personal sentiments without one word of reference to either government or autonomy.

A typewritten report of his answer made at once thereafter shown this, although the Havana press quoted him as drinking to the success of Cuban autonomy. The cabinet of secretaries did not like that either.

And Lee as the man of most prominent position has been covertly attached ever since the occurrence of the three episodes mentioned.

As regards the charges of communicating with the insurgents. Gen. Lee dubs them absolutely false.

He has not followed De Lome’s methods; has not written letters on Cuban affairs, even in response to queries of important legislators, nor even mentioned political matters in letters to his family.

Outside of sending an agent in an attempt to save Col. Ruiz’s life as authorized by Blanco, Lee has sent no work to the filed.

As to receiving “presendados” and captured rebels in the consulate, Lee considers it his duty to send all possible information from both sides to Washington and receives all callers at the consulate during his regular office hours.

Gen. Lee and Consul Barker, just resigned, have always been good friends, Spanish attempts to insinuate to the contrary notwithstanding. Barker was not dissatisfied with the tardy receipt of American food at Sagua, for he understands the situation. Lee hopes that if Barker persists in resigning, which course he has personally advised Barker against, some good, strong man may be sent to take the vacant position.

Lee admires Barker’s fearlessness in the discharge of difficult and delicate Consular duties.
Americans have not yet been advised by their Consul-General to leave Havana.

He smilingly likens his position to that of the Senator from Rhode Island in 1861, when State after State was seceding, and who said in Congress:

“...you’re all going to secede from the Union and leave Rhode Island to pay the national debt.

Gen. Lee laughs at the story in a New York daily, of family fears causing the arrival of Fitzhugh Lee, Jr., in Havana. The son has only come to visit his father during a short vacation, and returns home this week.

Lee will not leave.

One thing may be very definitely understood: Gen. Lee does not intend to leave Cuba until after the present crisis. He is firm and cool. He knows both sides here and although hated by Spaniards, is just as much feared.

The most skeptical member of the Court of Inquiry objected this morning vigorously to the free manner in which the New York dailies report the Maine affair. He particularly criticized the Herald’s mistaken quotation as to the Maine’s Keel being blown out of water.

The board inspected the wreck again this morning. Constructor Hoover made a detailed examination of the most significant portions above water.

The Fern is now moving to a new moorage, to make room for an expected American warship, probably the Montgomery. Congosto said today that the correspondents were to be expelled with the “authorization of Gen. Lee,” whatever that may mean. It is reported that Clara Barton has discharged several agents for the distribution of reconcentrado food on account of dishonesty. They sold canned goods to grocery store keepers. Miss Barton is doing nobly, and is seeing that every pound of American charity goes to suffering ones. She is ably seconded by practical assistants now.

The Government buoy is all ready for the Montgomery. The Fern, which was there has been moved out to make way for the Alfonso XII. Now the three Spanish warships are close together. The full typewritten text of Sigsbee’s answer to the toast of the Autonomical Cabinet upon their visit to the Maine was as follows:

“I have the honor, on behalf of myself and the officers of the Maine to reciprocate the very friendly sentiments which you have just expressed. It is my wish and effort in my position to do all within my power to continue the friendly relations so long existent between
Spain and the United States. I beg to express my admiration for the high purpose of your honorable body, and assure you that the officers of the Maine welcome you on board in both your official and private character.”

This speech the autonomistic cabinet thought was an American greeting to the new autonomy: It was so called in the local press. The Board of Inquiry had a secret meeting to-day. It is not known what it was about.

Four witnesses were questioned; Carpenter Helm, an important witness, was held for over an hour. He is said to know the Maine’s hull better than any one else aboard her. Naval Constructor Hoover was also closely questioned.

There is an impression in naval circles that the Maine question will probably be referred to an international board for investigation. Some members of the American board say they are sorry the first investigation was not so made.

Contradictory reports are certainly to be expected from the two commissions now at work.
MONTGOMERY IS AT HAVANA, MOORED NEAR THE MAINE.

Guns of Morro Castle and Cruiser Alfonso XII.
Answer Her Salute and She Is Led Into the Centre of a Circle of Spanish Warships.

SIGSBEE AND OTHER NAVAL OFFICERS TAKE UP THEIR QUARTERS ON BOARD.

Fern Leaves for Key West to Receive Cargo of Relief from New York and Distribute It Among the Ports on Cuba’s Northern Coast.

(By Cable from the World Staff Correspondent.)

The World, Thursday, March 10, 1898, p. 2

Havana, Cuba, March 9

The United States cruiser Montgomery’s saluting cannon have been answered by those of Morro Castle and of the Spanish cruiser Alfonso XII., and the second modern warship of the United States has been thus “welcomed” to Havana Harbor.

Her commander, G.A. Converse, an officer of skill and long service, may be depended upon to conduct himself with the intelligent tact so necessary under the present circumstances.

The Fern sailed at 5 P.M. under orders to meet at Key West the merchant steamship bringing from New York supplies of food and other relief for the suffering Cubans. The relief cargo will be transferred to the lighthouse tender, which will distribute it to Sagua la Grande, Matanzas and possibly other ports of northern Cuba.

The Fern leaves here one of her watch officers, Ensign Powelson, who is an important aid to the Court of Inquiry on account of his technical knowledge of matters pertaining to the investigation into the cause of the destruction of the Maine.

I am able to deny absolutely the sensational statement of a New York paper and of El Yara of Key West that Diver Barquin blew up the Maine. Indeed I am able to definitely deny the whole diver proposition.

All the Havana Harbor divers are accounted for.

The diver variously supposed to have been killed while under water, or poisoned at home, or mysteriously lured away, proves to be Pepe Barquin. His brother Pablo, the
chief of The World’s divers, says Pepe died a natural death in his own house Jan. 21, and had suffered from heart disease two years.

The only other diver not at home now in Havana or its suburbs is Pepe Taco, who died from starvation two months before the Maine was blown up.
HAVANA OMINOUSLY QUIET,
LIKE A POWDER MAGAZINE.

Populace Inflamed by Clamor
For Action Against So-Called
“American Aggression.”

LEE WANTS THE NEW YORK AND IOWA TO CALL.

Brief Visit of Those Powerful Warships Would Be
A Needed Object Lesson to Spaniards, Who
Think Our Navy Was Crippled.

POLICE ARRESTING MEN WHOM WEYLER
BANISHED AND BLANCO PARDONED.

(Special from a World Staff Correspondent, sent from Havana
to Key West by the World’s dispatch steamer.)

The World, Friday, March 11, 1898, p. 1

Havana Harbor, March 10

The situation is growing more and more serious
although Havana continues ominously quiet.

The police are arresting men whom Weyler had banished
and Blanco pardoned.

The Government censor is almost halving the local
press by red-penciling and cutting out inflammatory
articles. The conservative as well as the sensational
dailies here are yielding to public clamor for action
against “American aggression,” as it is called.

Gen. Blanco is doing his best to stem the tide of
public anti-American sentiment, but two big Spanish
warships afloat and one American warship sunk in Havana Bay
are having an influence which is growing daily.

Inflammatory circulars are increasing. The last one,
really written by a Spanish bodeguero (an illiterate
person), is bitterly anti-American. Most of the others AS
has been cabled, evidently were the work of Cuban
sympathizers, and had little effect. But when persons of
the low class of Spaniards begin exciting each other
trouble is imminent.

The widely circulated illustrated paper, Don Quixote,
pictured Americans as inoffensive pigs, dripping with gore
from Spanish bayonets; and the lower classes know no
better.
VOLUNTEERS NURSING THEIR WRATH.
The Volunteers are boiling internally—not especially against Americans now, but they are tumultuously objecting to the proposition of the Radical Autonomists that the Volunteers must be disarmed before elections will be possible or at least that each man must deposit his rifle in a common armory instead of keeping it at home as heretofore.

As autonomy can never be anything but the hollowest farce as long as one party (the Conservative party) goes to the polls an organized, armed body, and as Gen. Blanco means to make it as little of a farce as possible, he must intend to disarm the Volunteers. If this is done it must come soon, and when it comes it is almost certain that American blood will flow.

Even to-day the slightest accident might send thousands of ignorant, prejudiced, naturally cruel, armed men into great anti-American riots. And Gen. Blanco has not men enough to stop them if the Volunteers really break loose. Each of their 30,000 men in Havana is a menace to international peace.

SNEERING AT THE MONTGOMERY.
The compact, heavily armed Montgomery, which has entered the harbor looks like a toy ship beside the Almirante Oquendo and the Vizcaya. I overheard the remark ashore:

"Ah, the Yankees have really sent another battle-ship! How small she is!"

The speaker wore the dress of a dock laborer and believed that the Montgomery really was Uncle Sam’s best ship.

The following sentences were censored from my dispatch filed last night to be cabled:

"It is now foretold that there will be a general expulsion of American correspondents next Saturday."

The news that the American Government has abandoned the plan to send relief supplies to Cuba in warships is exciting much interest here. The American colony is sorry for it.

LEE’S SUGGESTION FOR A NEEDED OBJECT-LESSON.
In consultation with the Court of Inquiry on Monday, Gen. Lee suggested an admirable thing. It was to have the armored cruiser New York and the battle-ship Iowa just drop into the bay for their captain and commander respectively, then drop out again.

That would be an object-lesson to Havana which is greatly needed, without any danger of losing another ship,
for neither would stay long enough.

The Spanish naval officers seem to feel confident that the American court’s verdict will be “No accident.” They are outspoken in the statement that their own verdict will be just the contrary, and they talk freely of an international commission.

A leading member of the American court, foreseeing this, said at Monday’s conference:

“It is rather a pity that an international board did not take hold first.”

The court examined yesterday the two Americans who on the night of the explosion found a tightly-stretched rope running from near the floating dock toward and near to the Maine. As has been cabled to The World, the rope was missing the next morning.

EVIDENCE OF THE BOW PLATES.

The Maine’s bow plates, originally from the third longitudinal frame to the seventeenth, are still being examined by experts. They are most important evidence.

There are some doubting Thomases yet. One of the highest experts on explosives in the American Navy, who has not seen the wreck, says:

“I see nothing absolutely proving that the explosion could not have occurred from the inside.”

He holds that the port side of the ship might have been forced inward by a vacuum at the place where Diver “John Doe,” of the American ship Falcon, found armor plates bulged inward.

But all others say that, admitting the possibility of a vacuum strong enough to collapse the ship’s side, the aperture would be more or less regular and there would not be the smashed, battered and twisted mass of beams and plates now forming the Maine’s port side at the point of impact.
The discovery of the Maine's ram and its position relative to the rest of the wreck is the crowning proof that the ship was blown up by a mine or a huge torpedo. There no longer is room for doubt, reasonable or unreasonable.

The ship is absolutely broken in two.

Her heavy ram to-day points almost at right angles from the point of impact two-thirds of the way back. It points under water squarely at the Spanish cruiser Alfonso XII., which is at anchor away to the left of the wreck. It should point right ahead, at La Machina.

The queer phenomenon of the present position of the visible portion of the wreck is thus explained:

On Feb 15 the Alfonso XII. and the City of Washington immediately after the explosion lay very near the Maine, but pointed away to the left of the direction in which the visible portion of the wreck was found to point the next
morning. Experts said that either an unaccountable current had held the Maine in a different position from that of the others while all were at anchor or the Maine was hurled away around toward the right by the force of an outside explosion against the port side well toward the forward end.

She was hurled away. And the explosion against her port bottom was powerful enough to break the ship bodily and hurl it up and over to starboard at the point of greatest impact—about 100 feet (or one-third of the ship's length) from her ram.

The Maine's extreme forward point was a massive steel ram, a tremendously heavy structure. It moved but little, and the portion of the ship between it and the point of explosion swung upon this ram, like a weight upon a fulcrum, away from the awful force applied against the port side.

In the same manner the stern of the Maine was uninjured and moved little, while two hundred feet of the ship forward to the point of impact swung around to the right, away from the force.

And the Maine lies broken in two by a blow against her side as one might lay down a stick he had broken across his knee.

The discovery of the Maine's port bottom plate, with its split "Z" bar braces, its gusset plate, its sluice valve, its two inches of protective cement on the inside and its Higgins's green anti-fouling paint upon the outside, was proof enough.

It protrudes from the water fully twenty feet toward the centre of the ship from the proper position, and moved exactly toward the only interior explosive force of the ship powerful enough to do much damage there. It was hurled into the ship and above the water by a tremendous explosion against it from the outside.

And now that the discovered ram shows the original position of the ship, the awful effects noted on great and small things are known to have come from exterior causes, aided, perhaps, by a single small interior magazine, as has been cabled.

Dinner hour for the naval men, the non-appearance of the Spanish divers and the fortunate absence of the patrol boats allowed The World's correspondents to work two hours with a sounding lead, compass and tape line.

For some time I had noticed that the navy divers were working away to port of the apparent position of the Maine's sunken bow. They evidently had found something
big. They did little work where the bow usually was supposed to lie.

To-day's soundings show nothing but mud and light wreckage where the bow ought to be. But they do show a massive pointed object lying some eight feet above the mud, and pointing as indicated. In the widest place it is about fourteen feet and runs to a point.

It is the Maine's ram, and now, by answering indirect questions, the experts admit it.

Careful soundings in approximate fourteen-foot squares show no wreckage on the port side of the forward portion of the wreck except the big iron ram. Naturally, the mass of upper works went away to starboard, and this the Spanish divers probably have mistaken for the Maine's bow in its proper position.

The ram's position finally and definitely fixes the fact of a mine or a torpedo.
MAINE COURT WORKING ON THE WORLD’S DISCOVERY.

(By Cable from a World Staff Correspondent.)

The World, Sunday, March 13, 1898, p. 2

Havana, March 12.

The American Naval Court of Inquiry did little work this afternoon.

It probably is awaiting further reports from Ensign Powelson as to the exact position of the Maine’s telltale ram.

All the latter part of the day Olsen’s air bubbles were rising.

Capt. Chidwick and Lieut.-Commander Potter were on the Government barge for an hour early this morning. Immediately after their arrival diving began in the peculiar locality described in my despatch yesterday to The World.

The members of the court watched the operations with great interest.

They also listened attentively to Associated Press correspondent Johnston’s explicit account of what the head of the Spanish court, Capt. Peral, had told him as to the discoveries of the Spanish divers, the great difficulty of working in the deep mud and why the Maine’s magazines blew up and destroyed her.

Capt. Sampson is looking better.

Grave members of the Court of Inquiry laughed heartily to-day. The lines which have deepened in their faces within the last two weeks broadened into wrinkles of jollity over the report in a New York newspaper that Lieut.-Commander Potter—is under the thumb of Capt. Chidwick, his superior officer when on board the warship New York, and that the junior in rank will be influenced unduly.

The sensational report seems to have no foundation whatever.

The risibilities of the board were provoked again by a report in the same newspaper that some of the Maine’s guns probably had been so badly [ . . . ] by the explosion as to require to be annealed or practically recast. The guns in question never were cast; they were built up from a centre tube by shrunken rings of steel.

The cruiser Montgomery’s discipline is exquisite. No one is allowed on board except representatives of the
American press and Spanish officers on visits of courtesy.

Capt. Converse has fulfilled punctiliously all the requirements of etiquette, even calling upon the Autonomist-Cabinet, which returned the call immediately.

The harbor is gay with brightly cleaned warships. The English gunboat Cordelia is expected daily.

Miss Barton's hospital for children is a pronounced success, of course, and the general condition of the island is somewhat ameliorated, but four times the present outflow of American charity could be well and humanely expended.

The Bishop of Havana is much pleased with the charity work.
SPAIN WILL DEMAND INTER-NATIONAL COURT OF INQUIRY.

-----
Seeking to Gain Time to Avert the Consequences of the Finding of The United States Board that the Battle-Ship Was Blown Up from the Outside.

-----
President McKinley May Oppose the Appointment of an International Board—All Preparations Point to Prompt Action.

-----
(Special from a World Staff Correspondent, Sent from Havana to Key West by The World Despatch Steamer.)

On Board The World's Despatch Steamer Confidence,

The World, Monday, March 14, 1898, pp. 1, 2


The report of the United States Naval Court of Inquiry upon the cause of the destruction of the Maine will force a demand by Spain for an international investigation.

And from the delicacy of its own position the American court must favor it officially, was welcoming any expert examination of its own findings.

The mass of the testimony sworn to before it has been all one way. One by one the hypotheses of the most conservative members as to a possible inside initial cause of the explosion have been absolutely refuted by the labors of the intelligent naval divers, and the proofs of their findings have been reasoned out graphically and clearly on paper by expert constructors, also of the navy.

There seems to be no possibility of misconstruing their report, if it is not modified in obedience to hints from Washington.

If that report comes out in full, without modification, it will remain with the American people to say whether any foreign investigator shall decide whether our own investigations are correct, and whether the officers and men of our navy are honest and capable.

The principal Spanish cry from now on will be, "Time; give us time," just as it has been their war cry for three dragging years of a uselessly destructive Cuban revolution. And they look to our Navy Department for certain compliance.

WORLD’S DISCOVERY VERIFIED BY SPANISH DIVER.
The Spanish divers' reports verify The World's
announcement that the Maine’s ram has been found much out of line.

Although their superiors’ report, which is prepared already, shows the contrary, the men themselves frankly admit that the Maine’s ram is pointing off to the left of the direction in which the intact rear portion of the ship points. They indorse The World’s statement that the Maine practically was blown in two, and thus confirm the fact that the ship was demolished by a tremendous explosive force from outside against the port side.

The Spanish divers worked late Friday night about the protruding bottom plates where the bow ought to be. The day before they reported finding the Maine’s ram on the port side, pointing away from the wreck. Friday they “thought” they found the bow intact—ram and all—in its proper, relative position.

Their float is now within fifteen yards of the sunken ram. They may be further examining it.

Their attention was attracted by The World’s soundings, and they descended in the same place a few hours later. Their report is the result.

Already it is being modified.

The Spanish officers’ official sketch of the divers’ investigations Friday shows the outlined ram in its proper position—exactly contrary to the reports of their own employees.

Our naval experts think the ram lies as I cabled to The World, but that it is possible the Spanish divers have mistaken a portion of the upper part of the boat for the heavy ram. It has about the same slope and, as stated, probably was blown off to starboard from the solid steel of the ram. This would place it in about the proper relative position.

I report the findings of these Spanish divers according to what they really discover, and not what their officer’s report. It is but just, however, to state that they really think to-day that the Maine’s bow is intact and in line. By to-night they may discover their error.

SUPREME IMPORTANCE OF THIS EVIDENCE.

Much depends on the real position of the ram. If it is in line with the intact portion of the wreck the theory of an exterior explosion, of course, would not be disproved nor really weakened. But if it is found out of line then any small boy can know that something must have hit the Maine on her port side and smashed her in two ways from the shock.

Capt. Sigsbee displayed great interest in the report
of The World’s “fishing trip” about the forward end of the wreck, and Commander Converse, of the Montgomery, jocularly remarked that next time the small white gig of the Confidence is seen there he will open fire with a one-pounder previously trained on the spot to keep it clear at dinner hours.

The Spanish divers now at work are not naval men but the more experienced hands of the local Harbor Commission, who operate regularly in these foul, obscure waters.

They soon found the big forward turret in the mud under the wrecking tug Merritt, where it was hurled away to starboard on the night of the explosion, as The World predicted it would be found. They admit that its top is intact.

This forever does away with the theory that the big magazine exploded, for the turret sat directly over the twenty-five tons of powder, and had that exploded its comparatively thin top would have gone sky high.

The Spanish Inquiry Board expects to take more than a month to finish investigating the wreck. Its men work about two hours a day, and not hard then.

But the American Court of Inquiry has all the evidence it needs.

The position of the ram was the keystone to the arch of evidence which frames the flaming words, "Mine or Torpedo."

THE WORLD HAD ALL THE NEWS.

The highest naval expert here, perhaps, says: "The World has printed almost all the important proofs discovered."

The Spanish policy, it is known, will be delay—anything to gain time; to give autonomy and the starving Cuban pacificos longer time to die; to put off the day of national apology and heavy indemnity as long as possible.

The Spanish Government now expects, as I am conservatively informed, to delay the work of its divers and the operations of its own inquiry Board until well into April, and then to bring up points, the answers to which would require further investigation by an American board. The season then would be too unhealthy for our men to work or our ships to stay here longer than a few days at a time.

Then when (as has already been decided by the Spanish Government) the two commissions report diversely, Spain will demand an inter-national board of conservative slowness.

If eventually the verdict would be "an outside cause," then Spain would pay, after months of postponements and
excuses.

All this would take at least six months, and time, time, time is just what Spain has secured for three years of Cuban starvation.

She still wants it—and needs it worse every day. The insurgents refuse to be seduced by an autonomy so farcical that the majority of its own officers ask for radical changes, and its bitterest opponents, the Volunteers, are being decorated by Spain instead of being disarmed.
EXPLOSION OF HATRED EXPECTED IN HAVANA NEXT.


(Special from a World Staff Correspondent, Sent from Havana to Key West by The World’s Despatch Boat Confidence.)

On Board The World’s Despatch Boat Confidence.

The World, Monday, March 14, 1898, p. 2


The feeling here is uneasy. The air is heavy with vague rumors and every one prays for a quick finish to the American Inquiry Court’s labors.

The anti-American sentiment is growing day by day. Scurrilous pamphlets increase and some really are written by Spaniards.

The censor whom Gen. Blanco keeps to cut just such things out of the local press is unable to prevent veiled threats and abuse of Americans daily in the local columns, though he does cut out reams and reams of highly inflammatory matter. The censor’s waste basket is jammed full of red-penciled matter written for the Havana press.

Our navy is especially attacked. Even La Lucha, Havana’s brightest daily, intimates that our ships are poor and our discipline is poorer.

The lower classes thought the little lighthouse tender Fern was a regular battle-ship, and now that the Montgomery is here, they are sure the cruiser must be the biggest fighting vessel left in our fleet.

The suggestion was most timely that the Iowa and the New York should steam into the harbor here for the members of the Board of Inquiry, and then steam right out again. Of course such ignorant ideas are not shared by the Government, but it would not be Government officials who would kill Americans in a public riot.

The Government is allowing the local press to assume a more belligerent tone daily.

The Correo, a Conservation paper, printed a warning to Spain to be on the alert, as President McKinley was “securing England’s promise of non-interference in America’s Cuban policy.” Certain war is foreshadowed.
This was in connection with a Madrid dispatch which the censor allowed a morning paper to print. It said that although war seemed improbable, still Spain was fully prepared for it.

Taken together with the recent attacks upon Capt. Sigsbee, the Maine’s officers, the American Navy and Americans in general, these belligerent expressions are very significant.

Spanish business men are much excited over the great drop in Spanish values. The published statement of the fact is qualified by a claim that the fall was caused by false news from Havana.

The truth is, however, that the local correspondents of the Madrid press are awakening to the facts of the Maine affair and their gravity.

When not abusing everything American the Havana dailies are still explaining that the Maine explosion was “accidental.” Their theories range from the one generally advanced—that the Maine’s officers were all ashore and that the discipline aboard was indifferent—to the affirmation that the rats got out matches stored in the magazine and that their nibbling detonated the sulphur; then the ship blew up.

The World’s disclosure that the ship was broken in two is publicly acknowledged to be true in the Commercio, a rabid Spanish shopkeepers’ journal. The report of the Spanish divers secured by The World must have reached it, as such a paper would take no American’s word touching a fact so much against the accident theory. The article begins: “But supposing the Maine’s keel is broken,” and then it undertakes to show that an interior explosion did it, although acknowledging that an exploding force surely would take the course of least resistance—which would be upward.

Curiously, every Spanish theory is based upon an explosion of the big 25-ton 10-inch magazine. Even the Havana editors see that nothing else aboard the ship could have so eaten her up.

But the same men refuse to listen to the number of filled powder cases found, even though, as The World has shown in photographs, their own divers have discovered, raised and examined just such final proofs of the big magazine’s integrity.

While working on the ruins of the superstructure of the Maine, a large part of which still lies under the sluggish waters of Havana harbor, Diver Olsen found an unrecognizable mass of flesh, attached to which was a small
patch of hair. It was the head of one of the Maine’s sailors. The body to which this head belonged probably was blown to atoms.

A large case of surgical instruments belonging to Surgeon Henneberger, of the Maine, was found on the hills of Cabanas, half a mile from the wreck. A small looking glass was the only thing in it that was broken. The case was found by a woman who sold it to another person for $3, from whom it was secured by Dr. Henneberger. The case is worth more than $100.

The members of the American Court of Inquiry are indignant at the anonymous interviews ascribed to them constantly printed by the daily newspapers. They say the interviews mostly originate in the brains of irresponsible reporters.
CONGOSTO THOUGHT TO HAVE PLOTTED FOR LEE'S RECALL.

Blanco's Secretary-General Has Been Unable to Dictate to the United States Consul-General, and Is Not Admired by Spaniards, Cubans or Americans.

(Special from a World Staff Correspondent. Sent from Havana to Key West by The World's Dispatch Steamer Confidence.)

On Board The World's Dispatch Steamer Confidence.

The World, Monday, March 17, 1898, p. 2


Spain did request Consul-General Lee's recall unofficially, it now comes to light, and then denied it when the matter became public.

Basing his action on Gen. Lee's opinions regarding the farcical nature autonomy, as has been cabled to The World fully, Senor Ambler took up the cause of the Autonomist Cabinet, or, as it is called here, "The Cabinet of the Autonomatons, which he thought had been slighted. He wrote to his friend Moret, the Spanish Colonial Secretary, whom he persuaded to intimate to Washington that Gen. Lee's recall would be agreeable to Spain.

President McKinley replied vigorously that Gen. Lee was here to stay.

The general impression here is that General Secretary Congosto was at the bottom of the whole affair. He can do nothing with Gen. Lee, even by writing to him decoy notes, as has been cabled, to which Gen. Lee's answer would furnish ammunition to be used against him.

From the moment of the disaster the Maine's officers have been disgusted with Congosto. Their messages, they say, were mysteriously held, and on any matter involving a discussion between the State Department and the Spanish Legation Congosto's telegraph somehow always got through in time for Charge d'Affaires Du Bosc in Washington to rush to the State Department and get promises which proved only advantageous in gaining time for Spain, when Capt. Sigsbee's or Lee's advices on the same subject got to the Secretary of State or of the Navy.

Neither Spaniards, Cubans nor American admire Congosto. He does not seem to be the man for his important position. Almost all of Gen. Blanco's American views are
obtained through Congosto's eyes.

The local press is full of reiterated statements of the friendliness of President McKinley to Spain. It says Senor Du Bosc considers the latest incident favorably closed.
SICKENED BY HORRORS, CONSUL BARKER RESIGNED.

(Special from a World Staff Correspondent. Sent from Havana to Key West by The World's Despatch Steamer Confidence.)

On Board The World's Despatch Steamer Confidence.

The World, Monday, March 14, 1898, p. 3


"I do not propose longer to be a party to a useless sacrifice of lives."
That is what Walter B. Barker, the United States Consul at Sagua in Grande, wrote Jan 2, and it is the ground upon which he lately sent his resignation to Washington.

The date of the letter, as well as the tone of it, proves that he did not resign on account of any friction with Gen. Lee, as has been reported, over the distribution of relief supplies.

Sagua is a hotbed of ultra Spaniards. Thousands of Cubans have starved to death there without a helping hand from a Spanish merchant. Even the American Government relief for its destitute citizens only came in pitiable driblets.

Mr. Barker has seen nothing but Cuban misery and Spanish hatred, and he is sick of it. Like a brave man, he says so and acts so.

Here is a sample of Spanish generosity in Sagua which I can vouch for:

With the reconcentrados dying like rats, some Cuban women directing a children's dispensary asked ex-Mayor Noneigo, a lawyer named Badia and a merchant named Garcia for donations. These men had never given anything, and just before that had drawn more than $1,000 in gold in a lottery prize. Between the three they contributed about $3 worth of condensed milk.

The same ladies asked Senor Tonilla, the Mayor of Santander, Spain, and his brother-in-law for contributions. Both men were fresh from Spain and had come to Cuba to look after the sugar estates their Cuban wives had brought them as dowries. Each gave $1.26.

I have quoted these two true incidents to show what goes on in every town in Cuba, and why Cuba is already half depopulated by hunger, not by war.
Starving Cuba is a blot upon civilization. May the two hundred and sixty American sailor martyrs dead in Cuban soil so fire the American mind upon this cold fact that the American people shall feel its horrors and its shame, and shall rise in their might and say, "Let there be no more of it!"
MAINE THE FIRST SHIP MOORED TO THE FATAL BUOY.
-----
Capt. Rouse, for Years a Frequent Visitor to Havana
In Command of Steamers, Often Wondered
Why No Vessel Was Ever Allowed
To Lie in That Berth.
-----
SIGSBEE INSISTED ON HAVING MONTGOMERY CLOSE TO VIZCAYA.
-----
Special from a World Staff Correspondent, sent from Havana
to Key West by The World’s Despatch Steamer Confidence.)

On Board The World’s Despatch Steamer Confidence.

The World, Tuesday, March 15, 1898, p. 2

Havana Harbor, March 14.

I have received a very significant letter from Capt. Rouse who until ten months ago was first officer and commander for years of a Plant Line steamer running in and out of Havana harbor twice a week. He writes:

“I have never seen a vessel of any description moored to the buoy the Maine was tied to on the night of the explosion. I have often wondered at it.”

An energetic investigation of Capt. Rouse’s statement is now on foot. If his observation is proved to be fact it will be tantamount to proof of a Spanish Government mine.

MONTGOMERY SHIELDED BY VIZCAYA.

The Spanish were greatly irritated by the way in which the Spanish cruiser Alfonso XII. was towed helplessly from buoy to buoy to make room for the American cruiser Montgomery. It was only accomplished by Capt. Sigsbee’s firmly maintained request.

He wants the Montgomery to be as close as possible to the big Spanish cruiser Vizcaya. “Accidents” are less likely to happen under such a condition.

The ships ride now very close together. Should the Montgomery blow up the pride of the Spanish Navy probably would go with her.

The Fern was formerly moored to this adjacent buoy. When the Montgomery was hourly expected and the Fern was about to sail north, Capt. Sigsbee asked that the Fern should be given an extra buoy temporarily. This was done, but as soon as the little Fern moved, a puffing tug slowly ranged the Alfonso XII. to the coveted iron box.

Capt. Sigsbee politely but firmly protested. The
Admiral thought a while, then said a mistake had been made and the Alfonso was towed back again, leaving the buoy for the American cruiser.

WOULD WANT TO GO DOWN FIGHTING.

The Montgomery’s men are a little nervous, but, as one of them said:

“We’d not mind it if we could only get a chance for one broadside afore we sank.”

It is a magnificent crew and full of pluck.

It is not yet explained here why Admiral Sicard requested Secretary Long to empty the little Fern to carry supplies to the reconcentrados, instead of the Montgomery and Nashville, as original ordered. It seems to have been either ready compliance with Spanish demands or Admiral Sicard’s fear of allowing two valuable cruisers in Spanish-controlled harbors at the same time. Now only the Montgomery is so exposed, and she is lying snugly cheek by jowl with the Vizcaya.

The littler Fern is not thought to count.

HURRYING OF FLOTILLA SIGNIFICANT.

Spain’s hurrying little torpedo boats to Cuba against the first orders and in face of the annual hurricanes is regarded here as most significant.

Japan threatened March 7 to precipitate the pending war.

The Fern has in her crew a wiry little fellow from the land of the chrysanthemum whose name is Tack. He went ashore, got hold of much strong liquor, rode several hours about town and then belligerently refused to pay more than 20 cents. At La Machina Wharf he broke away from the hackman and signaled enthusiastically for a boat.

The Fern’s officers saw the signal and also saw Tack vigorously lashing out at several policemen.

Being overpowered, he disappeared. Ensign Bookwalter hurried to the rescue: found Tack still fighting around the corner, punctuating his punches with pigeon-English curses of “Spain!” and shouting:

“Me Japanese—can lick ‘em easy!”

The policemen were polite, Tack was yanked aboard ship and the “incident” was “closed.”
SPANISH VERDICT ON MAINE IS FIXED UP ALREADY.

Finding of the Spanish Divers Themselves Are Ignored and the Report is Framed to Suit The Exigencies of the Spanish Case.

(Special from a Staff Correspondent of the The World, sent from Key West by The World Despatch Steamer.)

On Board The World’s Despatch Steamer Confidence.

The World, Tuesday, March 15, 1898, p. 2

Havana Harbor, March 14.

The Spanish divers have worked but little yet. Our men say the Spaniards have slept three hours for every hour they have worked.

What they find really has no bearing on the finding of their own Court of Inquiry. Lieut. Peral and his associates have their verdict arranged already.

But what the Spanish divers really find is of the utmost importance for the American court to possess should the American people allow the Maine question to go before an international board of investigation.

The Spanish court will cite their divers’ discoveries as evidence of interior causes. But so far they have not indicated this.

Their achievements to date fully and marvelously confirm The World’s reports and the American divers’ interior work. They consist of the locating of the big turret just where The World first reported its position and the raising of powder casks yet full of unexploded hexagons of brown powder.

WORLD PHOTOGRAPH UPSETS SPANISH CLAIM.

The World’s photograph of the chief Spanish diver looking intently at a handful of powder he had just taken from an intact case will be given to the American Court of Inquiry and will make it hard for the Spaniards to claim before an international board or anywhere else that the Maine’s own magazine destroyed her. The sun proved that the Spanish know better and the American court can do likewise.

It is now determined that the Maine’s ram is off to port and the broken condition of the wreck is so pronounced that school children can see the ship was struck and smashed—not self-destroyed.
The Spanish divers thought they were wrong in their first report about the ram being in port. They thought they afterward found the Maine’s bow in line and in proper condition. In reality they are diving fully thirty-five feet aft of where the bow would be if the ship were intact.

If they should search the harbor bottom where the ram naturally should lie they would find just what The World’s soundings showed—nothing but mud and a few stray plates. Their own report confirms this statement.

They have found an anchor lashed or secured fast. Where they found it is fully 60 feet aft of the position of the anchors which were at the Maine’s bow, but it is just where the Maine’s sheet or spar anchor was fastened to her starboard upper works just forward of the big turret. It must be this anchor, for it was the only one of the Maine’s three anchors that was lashed and no sheet anchor was carried on the port side.

If it is the starboard sheet anchor that they have found then the Spanish divers’ claim to have found the Maine’s bow intact, is disproved:

THOUGHT THEY HAD FOUND THE BOW.

The Spanish divers also thought they had found the bow by meeting a very heavy curved plate. This they thought was the ram, but it lies exactly in the proper position of the detached “billboard” or the big piece of steel which protects the ship’s side from injury by the flake of the 7,000-pound sheet anchor.

The divers also reported a hole in the ship’s side near the anchor, a hole closed by a shutter. This coincides with the position of the torpedo tube forward of the big turret on the starboard side, and as the wreck at that point is canted to starboard, the curve of her bottom and this hole caused the divers to think they had found the slope of the bow.

With the bow torpedo tube or hawse holes and dead lights discovered in a rof [sic], they were in the main exactly in conformity with the position of other things remarked upon.

The fact is the Spanish divers have found nothing belonging to the Maine’s tell-tale bow. The places they have worked in are fully sixty feet back of where the bow would have to be where they think it is.

I cabled the Spanish ideas to The World in order to do them justice. It is evident now that they were mistaken. The discovery by American tars of the awfully indicative ram stands as fact.

Nothing of the Maine’s forward mast has been found yet
by Americans. The Spanish claim to have found a head to
the left of the protruding port bottom plates.

Our men have located the port bow anchor near the
twisted ram.

A BOOMERANG DISCOVERY.
The local press made a great feature of the discovery of
exploded cartridge cases for six-pound fixed ammunition.
They forgot that lots of this was distributed over the ship
on deck for quick use in case of a night attack.

One evidence of Capt. Sigsbee’s precautions in
distrusted Havana Harbor was the exploding of this extra
ammunition, which the sailors of the Alfonso XII.
disregarded in their manly search for mangled Maine
sailors, even after ordered away by Capt. Sigsbee.

The Spanish censor is passing now upon the literary
merit as well as the facts of American correspondents’
dispatches. A short report of the routine doings of the
Court of Inquiry was handed to him last night. He poked it
back with the comment, “Stupid!” It was only news, and was
not unfavorable to Spain nor an insult to Spain’s officers.

Another correspondent offered a thousand moderate
words about Weyler’s sub-executioner, Fondaviela, of Ruiz
fame. The despatch was highly complimentary to Gen.
Blanco, but Weyler is popular now, and as the despatch
reflected upon his policy Censor Mendes cut out every page.
MAINE COURT MAY NOT LEAVE HAVANA THIS WEEK.

Its Members Are Impatient to Finish Their Work, However, and Will Close Their Sessions as Soon as They Have Obtained All the Evidence They Need.

(By Cable from a World Staff Correspondent.)
(Despatch Passed by Havana Censor.)

The World, Tuesday, March 15, 1898, p. 2

Havana, Cuba, March, 14.

The American Naval Court of Inquiry, judging from present indications will remain here until the latter part of this week--possibly longer.

The court was in secret session this morning reviewing the testimony. No witness was examined.

At the afternoon session Lieut.-Commander Hutchins, the executive officer of the Montgomery, was called for expert testimony, and Commander Converse, of the Montgomery, was again before the court.

The members of the court seldom go ashore. They spend the time mostly on board the Mangrove.

They are much pleased with the recently received issues of the American papers, because the correspondents do not quote them as giving out information concerning the proceedings of the court.

Diver Dwyer, of the Merritt Wrecking Company, will go before the court to-morrow again.

The court convenes now earlier in the morning than heretofore, being anxious to finish its work.

Capt. Chidwick visited the wreck to-day again, together with Commander Converse, of the Montgomery.

Capt. Samson, the President of the court, has entirely recovered from his recent attack of the grip.

HADN'T HEARD THE IOWA IS GOING TO HAVANA.

In regard to the report that the battle-ship Iowa is coming down to Havana, he laughingly said:

"I think I should have known something about it, and your report is the first I have heard of it."

Capt. Sigsbee authorizes me to deny the report that he is breaking down, and the Montgomery's officers say that he, their guest now, is well.

The truth is that Capt. Sigsbee has been recovering for two weeks from the awful shock of the Maine disaster, getting better daily.
There was a time—about seven days after the catastrophe—when Capt. Sigsbee was dangerously near nervous prostration. Some of his men were slowly dying in Havana hospitals. The flood of piteous pleas for information about lost relatives which Capt. Sigsbee received then and his courteous attempts to at least listen to the hourly questions of a horde of newgatherers, helped to exhaust him, and these things, combined with the incessant rattling of Havana's thousands of cabs over the stony streets about the hotel brought on insomnia.

At one time Gen. Lee really was alarmed for Capt. Sigsbee's reason. But then the Captain moved on to a ship in the harbor and from that day Capt. Sigsbee has improved steadily. With no one to disturb him he sleeps well.

A vigilant sentry at the Montgomery's gangway lessens the number of anxious correspondents who call on him. He seems perfectly satisfied with the progress of the Court of Inquiry.

The Bishop of Havana, Santander y Frutos, true to his promise, will not allow the American Government to spend one cent in the leveling of the Maine sailors' graves or in admiring them, except by a monument, which he hopes will be erected.

Two Spanish visitors to the Montgomery on Saturday extended to the officers an invitation to a ball in the Casino, to be given by the Spanish marines. The invitation was declined promptly. The reason given was that they are still in mourning for the Maine's dead.

The insurgents fired a train at Jaruco, bound to Havana from Matanzas. George Barnum, of Savannah, Ga., a passenger, was wounded slightly in an arm. One other passenger was badly wounded.
MORE DELAY BY NAVAL BOARD.

Mangrove Suddenly Goes to Key West--Result, More Delay.

MEMBERS WILL RETURN.

More Testimony of Divers Will, It is Said, Be Then Taken.

WORK TO BE CONTINUED.

While the Board Is Away the Work of Examining the Sunken Wreck Will Go On.

IMPORTANT PROOF PROMISED.

The Departure of the Board Causes Surprise and Will Postpone the Report.

(Special from a World Staff Correspondent, Sent from Havana to Key West by The World's Despatch Steamer Confidence.)

On Board The World's Despatch Steamer Confidence,

The World, Wednesday, March 16, 1898, p. 1

Havana Harbor, March 15.

The Court of Inquiry left Havana suddenly to-day at 5:30 P.M. on the lighthouse tender Mangrove for Key West. They will remain there for a few days and will then return here, as there is further testimony to be secured from the divers on the Underwriter and the wrecking barge Chief.

Capts. Sampson and Chidwick, Lieut.-Commander Potter and Judge Advocate Marix paid their respects to Gen. Lee just before departure.

The wrecking tug Underwriter is expected to leave for the North to-night, to return with a 3,000-ton lighter, and will then push the work vigorously. During the absence of the board in Key West the divers will occupy the barge Chief together. The divers are now working, and say they will be prepared to lay lots of additional evidence before the court on its return.
COURT'S WORK IN HAVANA IS FINISHED.

-----

Leading Member, Being Asked by The World's Staff Correspondent if the Board Expected to Return, Answered, "We Hope Not."

-----

(By Cable from a World Staff Correspondent.)

The World, Thursday, March 17, 1898, p. 2

Havana, Cuba, March 16.

The general impression here is that the Naval Court of Inquiry will not return to Havana unless the divers make some great unexpected discovery.

Naval officers generally think the court's verdict should reach the Navy Department inside of ten days, as the points which will be included in it were thoroughly discussed as they came up, and there should be no necessity for a prolonged deliberation after all the evidence is in.

A leading member of the court said to me just before leaving, in answer to my question if he and his colleagues expected to return:

"We hope not."

Another member intimated rather than said that after a week of taking additional testimony and reviewing the mass already in hand the court might have to return to Havana to hear the testimony of the divers in regard to their last gleanings.

Capt. Sampson expects to hold court upon the battle-ship Iowa. As the ship is six miles off shore the court's doings will be easily kept secret and nothing at all will be learned of its deliberations or intentions.

Drawings of the results of the divers' investigations will be sent to the court at Key West within two or three days. They are practically completed, but Ensign Powelson wishes to get more conclusive measurements. Until he has them he will not be satisfied with his work, which has been arduous and creditable both to the Construction Department, in which he first worked, and to the line which he afterward joined.

He prefers sea service to the constructor's draughting board. So well-equipped and well-balanced an officer would handle a torpedo-boat splendidly in case of need.

In addition to the portion of a body found by the Montgomery's men, another was brought up yesterday. Both were unrecognizable. A third has been located below the
surface of the water.

Commander Converse has not left his ship yet except for ceremonial visits.

The Court of Inquiry has no piece of submarine cable with conductors. I am able to state this authoritatively.

The articles the tug Merritt's dredging anchor brought up were principally rigging and ropes. The bit of cable found was identified immediately as belonging to the ship's equipment. The Maine had regular submarine cables on board for use in counter-mining. No mistake about this is possible.

The court is satisfied that nothing of a kind to indicate a mine has been found. The finding of pieces of cable was reported to The World several days ago. The wire mentioned probably was a piece of heavily insulated electric [. . .] running to the masthead and used to light the signal lanterns.
SPAIN’S OWN DIVERS POSITIVELY PROVE WORLD DISCOVERY.

Though Sent Down to Find the Maine’s Ram Where It Ought to Be, They Report Again that It Points Away from the Rest of the Shattered Ship.

LATEST SPANISH THEORY TO ACCOUNT FOR INSIDE EXPLOSION.

(From One of The World’s Staff of Special Correspondents in Cuba. Sent from Havana to Key West by The World’s Despatch Steamer.)

On Board The World’s Despatch Steamer Confidence,

The World, Thursday, March 17, 1898, p. 2

Havana Harbor, March 16.

Spain’s own divers corroborate The World’s report of the position of the Maine’s ram. They find the bow of the ship pointing nearly east, while the remainder of the wreck points almost south.

They thought they had discovered this the first time they descended in the place where The World’s men had been seen measuring and sounding. But when their employers objected strongly to that report, knowing full well that it was absolute proof of an exterior explosion, the divers again sought the Maine’s bow, where it ought to be if the ship is unbroken and untwisted.

As I cabled, they then found an anchor and thought the bow was there. But when the Maine’s plans—always open to their inspection showed that the anchor was sixty feet back of the bow, and when they found nothing but mud—as The World had already discovered—where this sixty feet of bow and ram ought to be, then they started around again to port.

MAINE POSITIVELY BROKEN IN TWO.

Yesterday afternoon they told their officers that the Maine surely was broken in two—that they were convinced they had found her bow where first they thought it was.

These men tell truth to their superiors. And as The World is able to produce competent sworn testimony as to what their reports actually have been, it will be most interesting to see how near to their men’s truthful statements the Spanish board of investigation will keep in their patriotic efforts to show an innocent cause for the Maine horror at variance with every present known fact.
The American court left for Key West yesterday too early to receive this last and most important corroborative Spanish testimony, but it is at the court’s disposal.

And now it seems almost beyond the peradventure of doubt that the capable, patriotic gentlemen of the United States Court of Inquiry will forget Wall street, will remember only their duty and the evidence presented and will report to the Government what our navy divers and the Spanish divers find, what the American navy experts declare, and what the Maine above water tells to every tourist visitor—that our battle-ship was blown up, that very likely her reserve magazine’s ton of powder aided, but of itself could not change the ship’s position nor cause so great damage. In short, that the Maine was hit by something strong.

QUESTION STILL IS: MINE OR TORPEDO?

The question is the same now as for the past three weeks. Was it a mine or a torpedo?

The only vestige of proof of a mine seems to be the heavy secret shipments of dynamite and the reported finding of submarine cables. The World’s investigation shows that the explosives sent here were used openly, and that the insulated wires found have been identified positively as having belonged to the ship.

The only conjecture seemingly in harmony with all this observed phenomena undisputed by anybody, as has been cabled to The World, attributes the initial explosion to a boiler shell torpedo submerged and towed by a rope.

The Spanish officials and press continue giving wonderful causes of an interior explosion. The last is that the paymaster’s stores exploded and set off the adjacent six-inch service magazine, which detonated the others and the Maine pulverized herself, molasses and tomatoes fomented and did the damage.

This theory is based on the finding of battered tin cans in the wreck.

On the day when the Spanish divers thought they had found the Maine’s box in its proper position I tried to cable that fact. It certainly was not detrimental to Spain, and was rather in their favor. But the censor cut it out. Why did he do it?
MONTGOMERY LEAVES HAVANA.

-----

Lighthouse Tender Fern Returns from a Charity Trip and Takes the Cruiser’s Place.

(By Cable from a World Staff Correspondent.)

The World, Friday, March 18, 1898, p. 1

HAVANA, Cuba., March 17,—The United States cruiser Montgomery left Havana harbor this afternoon.

The little Fern, which returned from a quick business-like trip to Matanzas and Sagua la Grande with supplies for the reconcentrados, takes the cruiser’s place as headquarters for the naval officers here.

When the Montgomery unmoored her tars and marines were lined up facing the nearest Spanish ship, the handsome Vizcaya. The latter’s marines were drawn up also, in accordance with accepted naval usage.

The Montgomery rounded the Viscaya’s bow and passed also the bow of the Almirante Oquendo, whose marines also stood at attention.

I saw the dipping of colors here, but am unable now to say which ship lowered first. Somebody made a mistake which will cost some officer his commission.

International usage demands that a warship shall lower its flag to another, no matter what the circumstances may be.

The Montgomery’s flag was lowered and raised, and so was the Oquendo’s. I was too late to verify which dipped first, and upon this point—so great a breach of naval etiquette is it—depends the official head of some lieutenant and, perhaps, an international argument.
THE MONTGOMERY’S SALUTES PROVOKE MUCH CRITICISM.

Apparently Dipped the Colors to the Vizcaya and Almirante Oquendo When Leaving Havana Harbor In Violation of Regulations.

CAPT. CONVERSE’S EXPLANATION AWAITED BY NAVAL OFFICERS.

Officers and Men of the Austrian Warship Donau Place a Wreath of Flowers on the Graves of Their “Comrades,” the Maine Dead.

(Special from a Staff Correspondent of The World. Sent from Havana to Key West by The World’s Despatch Steamer)

On Board The World’s Despatch Steamer Confidence.

The World, Saturday, March 19, 1898, p. 2

HAVANA HARBOR, March 18.—Until Capt. Converse’s explanation appears it must be considered disagreeably true that the American ship Montgomery has violated naval usage in general and the United States Navy Blue Book in particular. It seems she dipped her national colors to the Vizcaya and Oquendo, and that they merely answered the unprecedented salute.

Section 118 of the American naval regulations says: “No ship of the navy shall lower her sails or dip her ensign unless in return for such compliments.”

But one flag can ever be placed above the national banner, and that is the church flag, with its blue cross, which denotes that there are religious services aboard.

In fact, on no occasion is a man-of-war supposed to lower the colors, except as a signal of surrender in battle. The Montgomery’s action is unacceptable.

NO CRITICISM OF CAPT. CONVERS.

American officers here say that the adept Capt. Converse could not possibly have known about it, even though he could not fail to see the Vizcaya’s and Oquendo’s flag salute in passing. It is argued that Capt. Converse might have thought the Spaniards saluted first, not having seen some stupid quartermaster raising and lowering the American colors. On the little Fern the most important American officers here were seated. They saw the Montgomery’s ensign dipping. One exclaimed: “My God, what’s that ship doing!”
AMERICAN OFFICERS WERE CHAGRINED.

There followed exasperated comment.

Both Admiral Manterola and Capt. Eulate, of the Vizcaya, courteously received a World correspondent early this morning. Mantirola said that he had gone aboard the Oquendo to see that the usual formal forming of the marine guard was properly done in honor of the Montgomery’s departure. He saw the American ensign dipped three times to the Vizcaya. She had hardly finished answering when the Montgomery dipped again three times to the Oquendo. The little cruiser was passing so fast that her dipping was practically continuous.

The Spanish Admiral appeared very much pleased and concluded:

“We considered it, and do consider it, a very great compliment.”

Capt. Eulate said: “The Montgomery honored us with a salute.” He was also rejoiced.

TWO BODIES AND A GUN RECOVERED.

Two bodies were brought up to-day from the forward part of the wreck. One was fully dressed and can probably be identified. The body is in a wonderful state of preservation, and, like all the others bears no marks of fish nibbling.

The wrecking company diver, Edward Hickman, brought up the bodies. He also broke out the six-pounder rapid-fire bow gun which was recovered to-day. It was hanging downward from the superstructure of the deck upon which it had been located, having been folded over. The navy divers are working aft, clearing the cabins of valuables. They expect to hoist the six-inch guns Monday.

DRY GUN-COTTON FOUND BY A DIVER.

Gunner Morgan found the dry gun-cotton to-day. Its place was in the captain’s cabin and it was put up in glass tubes. It was the most detonative material aboard. It is still dry. The bottles are uninjured.

Now that gun-cotton has been secured, dynamite may be used in releasing the big, valuable ten-inch guns. They may not be seriously damaged. The small guns brought up are in fair condition, except those near the point of greatest heat.

Spanish divers were down a long while this afternoon. They say they are still looking for the Maine’s ram.

AUSTRIANS PLACE A WREATH OVER MAINE’S DEAD.

Only now has the most thoughtful action been discovered. Tuesday a beautiful wreath of flowers was placed upon the graves of Maine’s dead in Colon Cemetery by the officers of
the Austrian training ship Donau. The raw mounds of earth bear their flowers and six-foot streamers of red and white ribbons bearing the words, “Our unfortunate comrades of the Maine.”

The Donau was at New Orleans when the Maine disaster occurred. Her captain immediately half-masted his colors, and now most gracefully finished the act of honor by this floral touch of sympathy.

A committee composed of Capt. Ludwig Ritter von Hohnel, Lieutenant-Commander Baron Wetsler von Plankerstern, Lieut. Ritter von Thierry, the chief engineer, the paymaster, two junior lieutenants, four midshipmen and four sailors in fatigue uniform, left the ship, drove to the cemetery and placed the wreath on the graves of their comrades.

The ceremony took place Tuesday. This act of courtesy on the part of the officers and men of the Austrian warship will forever live in the minds of our people as a gracious act.
HAVANA IS LIKE A VOLCANO
ON THE VERGE OF ERUPTION

Americans in Hourly Danger and Wholesale Assassination
Might Follow a Declaration of War—Open
Hostilities Generally Expected by the Public.

(Special from a Staff Correspondent of The World, Sent from
Havana to Key West by The World’s Despatch Steamer.)

On Board The World’s Despatch Steamer Confidence.

The World, Sunday, March 20, 1898, p. 3

Havana Harbor, March 19.

Havana for Americans is still a volcano that may break forth at any moment. Quiet it cannot be truthfully called.

There are no riots in the streets, no direct insults to Americans. Only scowls and murmurings whenever an American passes a group of volunteers or orden publicos.

In Spanish restaurants waiters will bring an American’s dinner a little bit slower than they will any one else’s. Spanish officers at the little round tables will nudge each other and whisper “un Americano,” while they look at you with an expression of combined pity and scorn.

A rich Cuban, a conservative man of great refinement, whose family are now in New York and who expects to return there himself, said to-day: “I asked a Spanish colonel at the Union Club last night whether he expected there would ever be war between Spain and the United States. ‘No,’ he replied, ‘because the Yankees are afraid to fight. But I want to tell you, though, that if their Government in Washington ever does declare war, on the first night the news reaches Havana we will rise, and beginning with Gen. Lee, we will do to every American and every reconcentrado this’—and he threw back his head and drew his thumb across his throat. ‘You Americans do not realize how a Spaniard can handle a knife. When the storm breaks your heads come off quick, sir.’”

That is it, when the storm breaks! Everybody seems to take it for granted it certainly will break, and quickly too, in spite of all Blanco and the moderate Autonomists can do to postpone it.

Dr. Congosto said to-day: “Yes, there are rowdies and rascals in Havana. As there are everywhere else in the
world. Men have been sandbagged within three blocks of the Waldorf, haven’t they? Is the United States Government to blame? In just the same way, if some of the lower elements here attack an American do not blame us for it. We have done all in our power to protect Americans and every one else.”

Every one at the palace, in the mediaeval blindness that characterizes all Spanish minds, is ridiculing the idea of the Maine explosion being caused by any exterior cause. Blanco will not even allow the subject to be broached to him. He regards as a personal insult to him an expression of the slightest doubt that the Maine disaster was the result of an accident.
A FINAL SUMMARY OF NAVAL COURT’S FACTS AND EVIDENCE

-----

The World’s War Correspondent, Who Witnessed
The Maine Explosion, and Whose News Has Been All
Along the Most Accurate Cabled from Havana.

-----

(Special from a Staff Correspondent of The World, Sent
from Havana to Key West by The World’s
Despatch Steamer Triton.)

On Board The World’s Despatch Steamer Triton.

The World, Tuesday, March 22, 1898, p. 4

Havana Harbor, March 21.

Here are all the facts of the Maine calamity, in
comprehensive form, as they were gathered by The World,
from the time the explosion shook Havana until the American
Naval Court of Inquiry left here full of facts and expert
testimony, and, in fact, up to the present time.

They are not matters of hearsay: they are not figments
of the imagination. They are cold facts in iron and steel
and flesh.

When George Bronson Rea and I reached the wreck, with
Havana’s Chief of Police, Col. Paglieri at 10 o’clock on
the night of Feb. 15, we found Capt. Sigsbee just stepping
from the still dry quarter-deck into his gig.

Our first question was:
“Did the magazines go up?”

CAPT. SIGSBEE’S ONLY STATEMENT WAS MADE TO THE WORLD.

Capt. Sigsbee, then in the supreme moments of a
captain’s agony, gave the only bit of information he has
ever given. He said:
“It is impossible that the magazines could explode.”

If the big twenty-five ton powder room forward was
intact everybody knew that the other small magazines
forward could not alone have annihilated that part of the
ship; something must have helped. The thing was to prove
the condition of that one big deposit of explosives.

Daybreak the next morning showed a condition of
affairs which each succeeding day has only seemed to
clinch. We noticed:

FIRST—That everything movable or wrenched apart had
been thrown from the left side of the ship to the right
side.

Had the big magazine gone everything would have moved
just the other way. It was on the right side of the ship and, although nobody can lay down a law for the exact direction an explosion of steam or powder will take, anybody knows that nothing would approach twenty-tons of powder in the act of explosion.

SECOND—That the rear part of the wreck canted to port, exactly as it would if it had been struck and fractured from that side.

THIRD—That three men had been sleeping in the ship’s cutter moored to the starboard boom not thirty feet from the big magazine. Had this exploded the very rush of gas, it seemed, would have killed those men. Yet they were little hurt and two left for Key West the next morning.

FOURTH—That another man had been sleeping over the 6-inch service magazine forward and still survived. Although this powder-holder was too far forward to produce the effects observed, yet the incident tended to prove that not even it had exploded.

FIFTH—That the rear visible portion of the Maine had been slewed away from its known position at the time of the explosion: by some great force applied from the left.

HAVANA’S WATER FRONT WOULD HAVE BEEN WRECKED.

SIXTH—That filled, unexploded 10-inch powder cases were brought up from the vicinity of the big magazine. The highest experts here said it would be impossible for several such packages of 125 pounds each to explode without all in the magazine exploding, and that if they did the magazines aft as well as all the forward magazines would go off, the Maine would completely disappear and the Havana water front would be badly wrecked. No debris fell upon the nearest point—the Machina. A few gas lamps put out and a few mirrors broken by the shock were the only signs of the Maine disaster on shore in any direction except from port to starboard. In that direction articles were thrown a quarter of a mile into Casa Blanca—another indication of a stroke on the port side.

SEVENTH—Divers found the floor of the magazine and large portions of the walls practically intact.

EIGHTH—The 10-inch shells which had been stacked between the 10-inch powder-room and the reserve magazine were found thrown, unexploded, into the powder-room from left to right.

NINTH—There were many such shells in the loading-room, just above the powder. Had it exploded Havana’s water front would have been covered with fragments of them.

EVIDENCE OF INNER EXPLOSION, TOO.

TENTH—Both ten-inch and six-inch powder cases were found
empty, burned and discolored. Experts said they might have exploded, but they might also have gained such an appearance from an exterior force and fire. Some plainly had been split open by pressure upon the ends. This raises suspicions of an interior explosion.

ELEVENTH—It was discovered that the reserve magazine (containing saluting powder) probably did explode, and that empty powder cases of both sizes were kept there. Experts said the ton of black powder stored there could not alone have so eaten up the ship. By this time the innocence of the big magazines had been thoroughly determined and it had been discovered also that there might have been a few loaded six-inch shells in the reserve magazine which would aid in the general destruction to some extent and would account for some of the apparently exploded six-inch cases found.

TWELFTH—The boiler explosion theory was finally dismissed, because the boilers under steam that night were found intact in the part of the ship remaining whole.

THIRTEENTH—The spontaneous combustion of coal theory was thrown out, for the coal itself was found by divers intact and unburned—so solid, in fact, as to be mistaken for the turret in the preliminary soundings.

FOURTEENTH—The gun-cotton explosion theory had been dismissed long before, as the gun-cotton was stored in the after, intact portion of the wreck.

FIFTEENTH—The electric contact theory was not considered, because where the wires went through the coal bunkers the coal was found undamaged and no wires touched the magazines.

TESTIMONY OF THE TURRET TOP.

SIXTEENTH—The turret was found with its thin top unburned. Had the big magazine under it exploded the top would have been ripped open or blown to splinters.

SEVENTEENTH—Much of the fixed ammunition discovered in this magazine was immediately forward of the big ten-inch powder room, big-shell room and the reserve magazines. The second explosion was just between these and the six-inch service magazine away forward in the very eyes of the ship. Most of the cartridges found were whole but some were exploded. All had primers in them: evidently some had been hit thereon and some had not. Much of the exploded six-pounder and one-pounder ammunition probably was what remained of the liberal supply of it that the alert Capt. Sigsbee had about the decks for ready use in case of a night attack. The fact was fixed that but little destructive force had come from the “fixed ammunition”
THE BOTTOM PLATE TOLD THE STORY.

EIGHTEENTH—A protruding plate was identified completely as being a bottom plate from the port side of the keel about frame No. 17 from the bow to the stern and at about the ship’s second longitudinal and second fore and aft keel, counting from the middle of the bottom toward the port side. This plate and the corresponding plate of the Maine’s inner bottom were proved to have been driven upward by some tremendous force which could not have come from the interior of the ship, for into the same interior, as well as upward, had they been driven. They had, however, been close to the reserve magazine and the shock which tore them up seemed to have detonated the primers of the several boxes of loaded brass saluting cartridges which that iron room contained and that explosion seemed to have fired the ton of powder stored there also. Just such an occurrence would have given to the bottom plate its peculiar curl outward.

The discovery of these plates was cabled to The World two days before any other newspaper mention of them reached New York. They seemed to absolutely clinch all previous evidence that the Maine had been torpedoed or mined against the port bottom, well forward, as was cabled to The World three days after the explosion when the direction and force of the explosion upon every visible thing seemed fairly to cry out.

NINETEENTH—The American Navy divers found that the bodies forward of the rear magazines were not mangled by the explosion, but all were, with arms up stretched toward the beams over their hammocks, in an evident effort to jump out. This seemed to confirm the double explosion testified to by passengers of the steamer City of Washington first to The World and then to the Court of Inquiry. The men were caught by the rushing in of the water—then the big explosion broke up the ship—too quickly for them to more than reach upward.

TWENTIETH—The Spanish divers confirmed the American Navy divers’ discoveries up to that time.

POSITION OF THE RAM LEFT NO ROOM FOR DOUBT.

TWENTY-FIRST—The navy men made the startling discovery that the Maine was broken in two from a blow against the port side as The World first mentioned. The ram was found out of line, and the Spanish divers found the starboard bow anchor just where it should be had the ship slewed about from a shock. The navy divers found the port bow anchor in its proper relative position. The peculiar direction of
the intact portion of the wreck was then explained. The mooring chain aided in holding the ram and part of the bow in the original position, while other parts of the ship were blown off to one side.

TWENTY-SECOND—The Spanish divers found the Maine’s starboard bow intact from under the bow anchor to “the dead lights,” or within forty feet of the point of the ram. They claim to have found a big hole where the extreme bow and the ram ought to be. This was their discovery of yesterday. It simply confirms the American divers’ work.

These facts are hastily thrown together without time for reference to memorandums made day by day. There have been many other discoveries by The World.

To disprove the Spanish accusation of carelessness, which alone could have allowed an interior explosion which could demolish the ship, we have Capt. Sigsbee’s record, his coolness in trying situations and the fact of his coming into Havana with ammunition hoists in readiness, gun cylinders filled and turrets manned—simply prepared for emergencies. Other indications of his watchfulness were the double guard constantly kept and the fact that no visitor was allowed aboard unattended.

As to the splendid discipline of the crew I need but to note the individual actions of a few survivors, such as Bill Anthony’s “Sir, I have to inform you that the ship has been blown up and is sinking,” others marines loading rifles first at the explosion and for orders afterward, &c. Had the Maine blown herself up the indicative facts must surely have leaked out, even if not discovered by the newspaper investigations. The members of the Court of Inquiry, had they known it, surely would have so stated to allay the great popular excitement and save the Government vast sums of money.

SPANISH REPORT WILL CONFLICT.

The members of the Spanish Board of Investigation frankly say they will report interior causes, but do not and cannot explain why except to claim that no fish were killed and no water was seen blown into the air. As to fish, there are few about the spot of the wreck. No dead bodies have shone their marks. I learn from an expert who has blown up many wrecks that even with fish abounding only the few immediately on contact would really have been killed, that most of them seen are only stunned and come to life readily and disappear, and that there always are fewer fish about the clean bottom of a recently docked iron man-of-war than about the weed grown [. . .]

Capt. Sigsbee has known the course of the court’s
investigations. It seems incredible that he could recover his health so rapidly and keep cheerful did he feel that the court would render a verdict of “accidental cause” and so end his brilliant career, for he says:

“America does not keep captains to lose battle-ships!”

In short, not one fact has appeared to point to interior explosion alone as annihilating the forward portion of the Maine.

As to columns of water, experts declare that if a torpedo or a mine were exploded so far under the ship as the second longitudinal, or only a few feet from the keel, there would not necessarily be much water raised, particularly if the explosion were almost immediately counteracted by an inside explosion—as of a reserve magazine.

There are fifty great and five hundred small things, physical and logical, which show that the battle-ship Maine was hit hard from the outside. Whether by a mine or torpedo is the thing for Spain to explain.
In a zinc-lined pine box upon the stern of the Spanish floating morgue barge lies the American sailor Bergensen. All the morning efforts were made to secure permission for The World's despatch boat to take the body to Key West for burial. The health authorities there were wired early. No answer was received. It is now too late for transportation by The World boat, and the men on the wrecking tugs and barges are undecided whether to bury their comrade in Havana or to send the body by the Plant line to-morrow morning for burial in Key West's American soil.

The whole wrecking crew objects to the idea of the man being buried here under existing circumstances. They say:

"Bergensen was an American seaman in the employment of the United States Government and his body should rest in American soil as well as the Maine victims."

The death has cast a deep gloom over the wreckers. Even although not one minute of work has been lost and half masted flags only show that a man has died, still the sight of the pine box only a few hundred yards distant has taken the sap out of the men. Their work has been frightful at best, and now that they labor in the midst of new death as well as old they do it mechanically.

To-morrow Chaplain Chidwick is to read the services for the dead aboard the death barge which has borne so many American sailors. All hands will knock off work for the moment, and proper observance will be made. The ceremony will occur whether the body is taken ashore or to Key West for burial.

Dr. Dudly asserts positively that Bergensen's death was not from yellow fever or other infectious disease. It is well that such is the case, for the sickly season is rapidly approaching, when work will be extremely hazardous for unacclimated Northerners, and as the Spanish divers now
say:

"We will have the work all to ourselves."

The Spanish divers are now hardly working at all. They descend every other day for not over an hour at a time. When the Americans are forced to cease work then the Spanish board may be expected to report that the investigation is incomplete and demand time for further work. The World is able to produce testimony, and the American divers know that the Spanish investigations up to date have only indorsed the discoveries of our own men.

But when Americans are unable to keep check upon Spanish work statements may be expected which the Spanish divers working alone will be easily able to create foundations for.

In short, if Spain is allowed time to finish her investigations before the United States make reclamation the strong probability is that they will then be presented with Spanish claims backed by alleged Spanish discoveries which will be used as ground for demanding an international board and the delay which Spain so badly needs.

The Maine's first steam cutter raised shows her side smashed in by a blow from heavy wreckage. The forward part is uninjured. The cutter was riding moored to the starboard boom about opposite the big magazine. Had this exploded not only would the men not have been saved, but experts believe every bit of the cutter would have been demolished.

Already two 6-pounders and two 6-inch breech-loading cannons have been raised. Even one which had been on the forward superstructure and which has been scorched seems uninjured. Experts think all are practically undamaged. Two more 6-inch guns it is expected will be raised tomorrow. Mr. Klopech asks for 300 tons of cornmeal and 50 tons of bacon weekly to feed all. This class of food only hungry people will eat. It is not likely to be stolen and will save the starving country people of Cuba. It would cost $15,000 weekly.

The Havana press again breaks out against American correspondents. American food for Cubans is also objected to in a vigorous manner. It is evident that a daily propaganda has been established in favor of letting Cubans starve.

Much anxiety is felt here over the effect of the expected report that the Maine was blown up. The volunteers are not yet persuaded to deposit their arms in armories.

The general situation is most depressing.
CUBA ALREADY SAVED FROM EXTINCTION BY OUR CHARITY.

-----

Food for All the Starving and Enough to Last Until Crops Can Be Raised Is on the Island Now or Soon Will Be.

-----

FOR THE FIRST TIME IN HISTORY ONE PEOPLE IS SUSTAINING ANOTHER.

-----

(Special from a Staff Correspondent of The World, Sent from Havana to Key West by The World's Despatch Steamer Triton.)

On Board The World's Despatch Steamer Triton,

The World, Wednesday, March 23, 1898, p. 4

Havana Harbor, March 22.

The Americans are feeding all the starving Cubans now. Spain must stop complaining or allow them to work. The tools and the seed and the ground are here; all that is needed is permission.

Half a million possible Cubans had starved up to last October, and half a million more were starving.

The farms set apart by Weyler for their support were not cultivated except in tobacco and sugar. Absolutely nothing was being done for the hundreds of thousands of innocent persons, mostly women and children, who were perishing slowly and miserably. A few bits of food from the few Cuban families who had it to give and slim charity from one out of a thousand Spanish merchants was something --and yet nothing.

Since then hundreds have died. They were too far gone for food to help them.

But hundreds of thousands have been saved. They could eat.

Within ten days, as fast as railroads and steamships can carry it, there will be American food in Cuba for every destitute person. A whole starving people will be fed by another people. For the first time in history one nation will be taking sole and complete care of the charges of another.

Other famous relief movements have succeeded many, but this feeds all.

SPANIARDS GNASH THEIR TEETH.

The very Spanish press admits it and is bitter over the fact. La Lucha of yesterday says:
"We have been unable to find in history a case of one state sustaining the necessities of another state."

What the Spaniards hate intensely, what The World foretold long ago, and what the most brilliant Havana daily is the first paper here to confess, is, as La Lucha puts it, "not that starving Cubans are being made well, but that they are being made into Americans."

That paper continued: "A stomach full of cornmeal is a stronger bid for allegiance than twenty thousand banded forts and two hundred thousand soldiers. And the fact that American bacon and cornmeal are now as general over Cuba as Spanish flags and bayonets makes the Cuban feeling universal."

After noting the sharp contrast between the great governmental carnivals in Spain and the great American succor to starving Spanish subjects in Cuba, La Lucha says:

$50,000 APPROPRIATION THE ENTERING WEDGE.

"Not only have our neighbors not forgotten, but they have augmented their charity, which is immense, and each day it promises to be greater in attaining the ends which its beginners and supporters have in mind. The truth is it began in a small Government donation of $50,000. Later there was a distribution of small quantities of food, then of clothes, medicines and other things. To-morrow this charity will have organized throughout the island great economic kitchens and hospitals capable of feeding and sheltering each its hundred of persons.

"How beautiful is charity! Do you not think so? And all this has been realized without noise, without machinery of any kind, with a modesty which really causes admiration and respect, and which we all ought to applaud—that is to say, all of us who are not men of government. We ought not to see in these great humane actions which our neighbors are doing with the greatest disinterestedness and solely upon impulse of their generosity, any other end, than humane actions, frequently forgotten in their own country."

NEWSPAPERS ARE VIRULENT IN OPPOSITION.

The Spanish papers have been virulently attacking American charity for some time. All have repeatedly made the point that in feeding all the hungry Cubans, America is making a permanent and great pauper class.

This is the one great fact used by all to force the liberal-minded Gen. Blanco to curtail the privileges already granted and to refuse any new requests.

This clamor has caused the Captain-General to decide not to allow the Americans to completely cure the ill. He now refuses to allow the hungry to work, refuses to permit
Cubans to use American tools and American bought seed in raising their own food.

Cuban soil is not to be allowed to support Cubans. Spain will condemn every one of the destitute to die unless she permits American charity to continue. Spain forces the very thing she objects to by refusing to allow Cubans to support themselves.

Blanco seems to have been compelled to outdo Weyler. Weyler established zones of cultivation about the concentrated towns, but Blanco so far has refused to let the American Cuban Relief Committee put tools and seeds in the reconcentrados' hands.

SELF-SUPPORT VIRTUALLY FORBIDDEN.

Were Weyler's zones of cultivation only cultivated, were the people allowed to help themselves, American charity would soon become superfluous in Cuba. There would be no pauper class, as indeed there never was on the rich Cuban soil in peace times, and the Spaniards could then demand the withdrawal of outside assistance without insulting humanity.

The present great work is the result of publicity, knowledge, sympathy, money, and lately of vigorous and good management.

When Weyler ordered the country people into the towns many prophesied sad results, but not one foretold Cuba's losing half her population by starvation and its attendant diseases. No one paid attention even to the facts sustaining such a prophecy. It took the proofs of photographs, of Spanish prelates, of Spanish statements, and even of the Spanish press, to convince, and conviction came after half a million unarmed people had died.

Then The World printed daily actual photographs and hard facts.

Soon President McKinley issued his appeal and appointed a good committee, after which food began coming in all forms and in quantities.

Then Clara Barton arrived, and food came in greater quantities and in much more acceptable quality.

Now seven hundred and fifty tons of cornmeal and bacon are on the way to the hungry ones by sea, and hundreds of tons more are passing through Cuba by rail, so that the two hundred and twenty reconcentrado towns of Cuba will be supplied within a week with food for all.

EXTENT OF BENEVOLENCE NOT REALIZED.

Since then American charity has poured forth to an extent which I believe is not generally understood.

It is true that within ten days no one in Cuba need
hunger. Their food will be coarse, but sufficient.

From the time when a humane Cuban doctor took me to Los Fosos, in October, when Weyler was still here, and well-to-do Cubans smuggled a few cots and food into that charnel-house, fearing expulsion if found out, American charity has come with a rush.

First a few boxes of old clothing were sent by New York women to Gen. Lee.

Next came a quick answer to the good Bishop Santa Ander's plea.

President McKinley's Cuban relief committee has done wonderful work. Its representative here, Mr. Louis Klopsch, arrived a week ago to find large quantities of foodstuffs undistributed, and some friction between Gov. Bruzon's government committee and Miss Barton's assistants. Mr. Klopech immediately reduced the committees to two men—one American and one Cuban—whom he personally knew had experience and who understood one another. The piled-up provisions were sent out immediately, and what was lacking was purchased.

Mr. Klopsch had done similar work before. When a Spanish milk dealer came with bitter complaints that the price of that article had declined from 20 to 8 cents a can, Mr. Klopsch said:

"Is that so? Then I will take all you have at that price."

The merchant never came back.

To each reconcentrado town is being sent cornmeal and bacon sufficient for ten days at a pound a day for each person.

EFFICIENT DISTRIBUTION ASSURED.

The names of good people have been secured in most towns, and where none are available the Mayor has been made the consignee. Almost all the Mayors under the new regime are Cubans and naturally will see that the food goes to its proper destination.

But if some should be dishonest, the sort of provisions sent, though sufficient to save life, are not very salable, and the Mayor could much better afford to give it away than to steal it.

Corps of inspectors from among willing workers in Havana are to make tours to inspect the food. There is plenty of it. Now that America feeds the Cubans, let Spain allow them to plant and cultivate the food which in two months of rapid growth in this climate will be ample to sustain them.
TO OFFSET MAINE'S LOSS, SPAIN WILL CLAIM MILLIONS.

Should President McKinley Demand $50,000,000 Indemnity, Premier Sagasta Will Ask $100,000,000, It Is Thought, for Damages Through Filibustering.

SUCH COURSE TO BE TAKEN TO ENLIST EUROPE AND FORCE ARBITRATION.

If the Delay Sought For Is Obtained, America Will Have to Feed Starving Cubans for a Year at Least, at an Expense Far Greater Than the Maine's Cost.

(Special from a Staff Correspondent of The World. Sent from Havana to Key West by The World's Despatch Steamer.)

On Board The World's Despatch Steamer Triton,

The World, Thursday, March 24, 1898, p. 3

Havana Harbor, March 24

It is most probable, indeed it is almost certain, that if the United States Government claims indemnity for the loss of the Maine, Spain will put in a counter-claim for hundreds of millions of dollars for damages through filibustering expeditions fitted out in America and permitted to sail from American ports.

In Madrid last June Colonial Secretary Moret told me frankly that only a desire to avoid plunging the country into war kept the Spanish Government from demanding these same damages. He said:

"Your Government says it is trying to stop filibustering, yet it allows the Cuban Junta to solicit funds for arms and ammunition openly and to ship them to Cuba in steadily increasing quantities. Your Government is responsible for the actions of its people--American money is carrying on the war against Spain, and the American Government is responsible for its continuance."

Gen. Blanco said the same thing in his message to The World.

Sagacious old Gen. Gomez saw it long ago and foretold it as a sure cause finally of war when Sagasta found Cuba to be surely lost, and his Government was lost also if Cuba was lost to the Cubans and not to the United States.

Yesterday I saw one of the highest Spanish officials in Cuba. He admitted to me that Spain's answer to an
American demand for Maine indemnity would surely be as indicated.

He reluctantly admitted that a blank refusal to pay for the battleship would not be backed by Europe, but he seemed assured of the fact that should Spain offer to pay promptly say fifty millions for the Maine if the United States would pay one hundred millions for Spanish loss through Cuban filibustering, Austria and France would at least endeavor to make the matter one of arbitration and thus to give to Spain the thing she has been clamoring for for the last three years, and the only thing she has gained--time, time, time.

Should Spanish indemnity for the Maine disaster become a question for an international board, and should its decision be the deciding point of American intervention, either America will have to feed Cuba at least a whole year more or the Cuban race will become practically extinct. For delay after delay will surely consume that much time.

If the Cubans are to live, the United States will have spent by that time as much for their food as the cost of the Maine. If they are to die the quicker their misery is ended the better.

Although hundreds of tons of food have now been distributed to starving Cubans, and the good Bishop of Havana blesses America for its saving, Christian use, the Spanish Government in Cuba still denies that there is misery in Cuba. The censor might as well deny that Spain has lost 150,000 brave soldiers in the Cuban rebellion.

At the World's request Mr. Klopsch, the directing member of President McKinley's Central Cuban Relief Committee, wrote a brief, business-like, unimpassioned cablegram, explaining what work was being done.

Naturally he mentioned hunger, for hunger is what Mr. Klopsch and his cornmeal and bacon are here for. But the Government censor objected, and The World's readers did not get all that Mr. Klopsch wrote. He said:

"And two hundred thousand hungry men, women and children will be sustained."

The censor vigorously red-penciled the word "hungry."

Again Mr. Klopsch wrote:

"Four hundred and two towns and villages are hopelessly destitute."

The censor cut out all but two words. The sentence then was absolutely meaningless, but if the censor, by erasing words, meant to erase the fact, his action was as futile as it was foolish.
PROJECT ABANDONED BY ORDER OF NAVAL SECRETARY LONG.

(By Cable from a Staff Correspondent of The World.)
(Despatch Passed by Spanish Censor.)

The World, Friday, March 25, 1898, p. 4

Havana, Cuba, March 24.

I am able to state definitely that Spain has not yet officially objected to the wreckers using dynamite in removing the Maine’s turret top, so as to secure the big 10-inch guns.

Consul-General Lee has received no information from Captain-General Blanco as to what answer the Government at Madrid has made to Capt. Sigsbee's request.

The project has been temporarily abandoned through direct instructions to Capt. Sigsbee yesterday from Secretary of the Navy Long.

Without the use of dynamite it will be almost impossible to secure the valuable big guns before a rapid submarine growth ruins the bores.
OUR OFFICERS IN HAVANA GLAD AT SAMPSON'S CHOICE.

-----

They Construe It as the President's Advance Approval of the Work of the Naval Court of Inquiry into the Loss of the Maine.

-----

(By Cable from a Staff Correspondent of The World. Despatch passed by Spanish Censor.)

The World, Friday, March 25, 1898, p. 2

Havana, Cuba, March 24.

The American naval officers here are all pleased over Capt. Sampson's reported appointment as fleet commander. It is regarded as signifying the President's approval in advance of the report of the Naval Court of Inquiry.

Although all the officers here except Lieut.-Commander Wainwright have been ordered home by Saturday's steamer, Capt. Sigsbee has asked that Chaplain Chidwick and Surgeon Henneberger be retained in Havana.

Since the new director took hold things have gone with a jump.

For almost the first time in the history of Cuba's customs service a ship-load has been passed before the arrival of the vessel. This was done for the reconcentrado's food on the Santo Domingo.

To-morrow will be a holiday, but Saturday will see hundreds of tons of food unloaded, and on Sunday it will start in solid train loads over the Cuban railroads for Cuba's hungry ones.

The local press continues to object to American charity, but it suggests no other means of feeding the starving thousands.

Havana's splendid floating dock will now be finally tested, it is reported, by loading it with the big Vizcaya with her bunkers full of coal. So far the dock has acted very well. It is a most valuable acquisition for the Spanish Navy.

If Spain had had it sooner more filibustering expeditions would have been caught. Iron vessels foul very rapidly in these intensely salty tropical waters.

The good Bishop of Havana's blessing of the American Hospital for Children is supplemented by local objections and rumors that the hospital is to be run under Protestant rules, and that children are to be proselyted.
GOMEZ WRITES OF MAINE'S FATE AND SPAIN'S WAR OF REVENGE.

Says Peace of the World is Menaced by Continuance of Spanish Methods in Cuba, and Lasting Peace Not Possible Except Through Freedom.

(Special from a Staff Correspondent of The World. Sent from Havana to Key West by The World's Despatch Steamer.)

On Board The World's Despatch Steamer Triton.

The World, Monday, March 28, 1898, p. 2

Havana Harbor, March 27.

Here is Gen. Gomez's first letter after learning of the blowing up of the Maine.

It is the first authentic news from the insurgent Commander-in-Chief since The World correspondent, armed with a pass from Captain-General Blanco, saw the veteran leader last December.

The letter was written to an American in Cuba who had sent to the General the full details, all the theories and a statement of the possible effects of the Maine affair, and had requested an opinion from Cuba's long-headed chief.

Although the American is a warm personal friend of Gen. Gomez, he received no answer to his Maine questions except the intimation that Spain or Spaniards blew up the ship, realizing the hopelessness of their Cuban affairs.

The letter is characteristic of old Gen. Gomez. He seldom opines and never prophesies. The letter reads:

GEN. GOMEZ'S LETTER.

"Las Villas, March 9, 1898.

"Dear Sir and Friend: It is very agreeable for me to answer your favor of the 20th the contents of which amuse me and gave me great pleasure.

"Spain's impotence to subdue this revolution, either by military force or by political action, is clearly shown by the recent events, while our determinations and purposes have been too widely proclaimed and too well proved to require that I should reassert them here, much less to a person, like your good self, who has formed a complete judgment by his own experience and knowledge of the respective situations of both belligerent forces.

"At the state which affairs have reached now, every man of sense understands that Spain's continuing of this war is iniquitous, inhumane and a menace to the peace of
the world. No just or noble end is pursued now; the object is to kill and destroy for revenge.

"The great American Republic is destined to intervene sooner or later in some way to stop the Cuban war, but her mediation can only bring permanent peace if Cuba obtains absolute independence.

"On that basis and the payment of several millions as indemnity it is possible that our Government would treat of peace with Spain.

"That is the unanimous feeling of the Cuban people, particularly of the Army of Liberation, which I have the honor to command.

"With the highest esteem, consideration and friendship, I am yours, the Commander-in-Chief."

"GOMEZ."

NEITHER AUTONOMY NOR ANNEXATION.

What Cuba's chieftain really means to say—and what I know he feels strongly—is this:

The Cubans in the field desire annexation as little as they do autonomy. They have fought three years for independence, three years of horribly uphill war, and they want nothing less. Their flag has become a reality to them and they wish no other. Their proper desire is like that of other Americans in 1776. It by no means contemplates that the United States should conquer Cuba after defeating Spain, which is what would have to be done if the United States should annex Cuba.

I am informed that Gen. Calixto Garcia has the same idea on this subject as has Gen. Gomez.

If annexed Cuba would be an awfully troublesome white elephant for twenty years. Both Gen. Gomez and Gen. Blanco have said in effect to The World:

"If you had Cuba there is not a single American statesman who would know what to do with it."

Consideration of this point is unnecessary, since commercial association only is what the United States wish. That would naturally follow Cuba's independence. Besides, it has been guaranteed in signed statements to The World from Gen. Gomez and Gen. Maceo.

The moment Spain evacuates the island the Cuban republic will need money for schools, roads, current expenses and to pay pensions and the dollar a day for three years of hard-earned but so far only imaginary pay of the Cuban soldiers.

CUBA WOULD PLEDGE TO US HER COMMERCE.

The United States would be that natural lender. By lending and by accepting control of the Cuban customs to
secure the loan the United States would have commercial Cuba, while the Cubans would have political Cuba and their flag from the beginning and later, when the loan has been repaid to the United States, Cuba would be independent in fact as well as in name.

Both Gen. Gomez and Gen. Maceo agreed in writing to recommend such concessions to the United States. Both promises were given in 1896, at the height of a successful invasion when Cuban success seemed certain to be a matter of only six months.

The Cubans are more favorable to this style of an American protectorate now than they were then. Outright annexation of Cuba would be wrong, would be foolish.

A protectorate as outlined would be acceptable to the Cubans and would give the United States all the benefits annexation could bring and few of its vexations.
SPANISH SAY AMERICANS MUST LEAVE HAVANA.

-----

At the Palace War Is Certainly Expected and an Inflammatory Circular Invites Loyal Spaniards to "Kill the Yankee Pigs."

(Special from a Staff Correspondent of The World, Sent from Havana to Key West by The World's Despatch Steamer Triton.)

On Board The World's Despatch Steamer Triton.

The World, Monday, March 28, 1898, p. 2

Havana Harbor, March 27.

At last the Spanish Government of Cuba expects war with the United States. The officials openly say so. I know that a staff officer close to Blanco said:

“All you Americans will have to leave Havana in a few days. No special edict will be made about correspondents, all will go together."

The American colony is prepared to move into the harbor on short notice.

The elections are now progressing quietly under a heavy guard. If there is trouble the little fleet of little vessels composed of the Fern, Mangrove and Bache will be jammed to overflowing.

There are about eight hundred United States citizens here, of whom about one hundred are native born Americans. How they are to be even herded aboard the three little vessels is a problem.

In the political section of the palace the whispers of war have changed to direct frank admissions that it must be and will come in a few days. All this is before the report of the board is finally known and is said by men who have constantly claimed that no war with the United States could arise from Cuban questions or the Maine horror, or both together.

That Sagasta has made up his mind to do what Canovas would have done months ago is seemingly indisputable.

As one of the highest Spanish authorities said this morning, neither Sagasta nor McKinley is able to withstand the clamor for war of both their peoples. The Cubans here naturally hope for any struggle which will make their own the shorter, and now all Havana considers an American-Spanish war certain.

No great outflow of Americans has yet started from
Havana. The one little Plant steamer is still able to accommodate the bi-weekly traffic between here and Key West.

But when something happens no one knows where the refugees are to go to.

A most remarkable incendiary circular was put out yesterday, calling upon all good Spaniards to assemble today in the public square and kill the big Yankee pigs responsible for the war, represented by Lee, and the little pigs of correspondents also.

The World correspondent was particularly honored by a personal assault as an aide on Gomez's staff and a defamer of Spain.

Such a heavy guard is now over the square and the recent developments were so quick that the lower element has not yet had time for an uprising.

No disturbance has taken place up to the present hour, and none is likely to-day.

American food was started out in a train of fourteen box-cars to Matanzas, Sagua and Cienfuegos.

To-day Klopsch's diet kitchen and dispensary were opened. They will feed two thousand from the central distributing stations. They are now feeding three thousand daily.
AMERICANS IN HAVANA ARE IN GREAT DANGER.

Rumor that United States Have Told Spain to End Cuban War Causes Great Excitement in the Cuban Capital.

(Special from a Staff Correspondent of The World, Sent from Havana to Key West by The World's Despatch Steamer.)

On Board The World's Despatch Steamer Triton, Havana Harbor,

The World, Monday, March 28, 1898, p. 2

Havana, March 26, by way of Tampa, Fla., March 27.

Havana is at a white heat over a report that the United States have demanded that Spain end the war in Cuba. Trouble is looked for.

The Spaniards here are too ignorantly patriotic to be cowed. They are of a brave race and they do not understand the power of the 70,000,000 people and the untold millions of money of the United States.

They see in the harbor the Maine, a pitiful wreck, the insignificant Fern and the splendid Spanish warships the Vizcaya, and the Oquendo. They feel that they would be equal, if not superior, in a conflict, and as nothing could be worse than present prostration they welcome even the prospect of a battle for a change.

Americans here have never been in such danger as they are to-day.

Ignorant, prejudiced and cruel, the armed Volunteers refuse still to be coerced by Blanco into giving up their rifles for deposit in a common armory. Indeed, it is said that the armory cannot be finished for a year.

The Volunteers are now more dangerous than ever. Inflammatory circulars are becoming genuine Spanish-written documents. They are growing vulgar which is a sure sign of Spanish middle-class authorship, and they insult American loan women, wives of American Congressmen, and correspondents now of [ . . . ] in Havana.

It is not unlikely that the presence of an American here may within thirty hours bring war in fact.
HAVANA TAKES NEWS OF THE MAINE REPORT QUIETLY.
-----
La Lucha, However, Attacks Its Conclusions, and
Insinuates Lack of Discipline--Two More Bodies
Recovered, As Well As Four Six-Inch Guns.

(Special from a Staff Correspondent of The World. Sent
from Havana to Key West by The World's Despatch Steamer.)

On Board The World's Despatch Steamer Triton,

The World, Wednesday, March 30, 1898, p. 7

Havana Harbor, March 29.

Havana received the news to-day very quietly. All the
newspapers stated that the Board of Inquiry found proofs
that the Maine was blown up by a mine under the port side.
There was very little comment upon this point, but
much writing over the statement that "the commission is
unable to form a concrete idea of the form of the casualty
from the divers' testimony."
They say that if the board has no idea of affairs how
can it know that a mine was exploded.
La Lucha bitterly attacks the report and repeats all
the stock insinuations of the Maine's officers all dining
aboard the City of Washington on the night of the disaster;
that the torpedoes had war heads on; that the Maine's
cannon were loaded; that there had been two mutinies among
the sailors over refusals to grant them shore leave; that
an officer had said he was disgusted with the United States
Navy and wished that all the ships might sink anyhow; that
the crew were so paralyzed on the night of the explosion
that they refused to lower the boats, this proved by
finding some boats fast to their davits--in short, that
there was so much carelessness aboard the Maine no wonder
she blew up.

Spanish divers worked again to-day for about two
hours. They were laboring on the starboard side near the
protruding plates.

Two more bodies were recovered to-day. They were
clothed and can probably be identified. It is regarded as
simply marvelous how well preserved are the bodies even
after this lapse of forty-five days under the filthy
waters.

All the navy divers have now departed. The wreckers
are working well and have already secured four valuable
six-inch guns and are now after the two bow ones. They think Capt. Chidwick has reported the inadvisability of further work after the machinery without explosives.

All candidates were elected according to slate. The election went through as smoothly as in smaller New York's smoothest Tammany ward. There wasn't an objection.
Consul-General Lee refuses to believe the cabled despatches which report that time is to be given Spain to report on the Maine disaster. He says:

“I refuse to believe anything they say until I receive further news, meaning official news from Washington.”

He knows that time is what Spain wants and what she has had for three murderous years—“murderous” is the only word to use. Cuba's death-roll of innocents closely touches 700,000, not including the men, women and children who disobeyed Weyler, remained on the farms and died through sickness or massacre. Only the obedient Cubans are counted.

Gen. Lee has seen all the despatches cabled yesterday and to-day.

He received in cipher a short synopsis of the report of the American Court of Inquiry and was rather surprised that those most conservative gentlemen went so far as to state explicitly that a mine caused the catastrophe. This seemed to put upon Spain the responsibility of apprehending and delivering to justice the miscreants in their employ who touched the fatal button, for there was an electric connection, and The World hopes to produce soon conclusive evidence of that fact.

HAVANA NEWSPAPERS REJOICE.

All the Havana dailies are jubilant, some guardedly, others openly, over the apparent American retreat and retraction before what they term “Spain's firm action, her power, the justice of her cause in Cuba and her strong support by Europe.”

The news received here yesterday and to-day actually
warrants the idea of an American backdown. But the American colony refuses to believe the news received. It thinks the cable dispatches, even from the New York dailies to their correspondents, have been tampered with in the Palace. From the highest American representative here to the brawniest naturalized citizen all refuse to believe that the Maine massacre has been shelved, unexplained and unavenged.

Neither will they accept the cabled statement that Cuban affairs are to be allowed to drag under Spain's blighting hand until next October, when the new dry season will be on, and Spain can claim one more chance and the Cubans can continue to struggle and starve a year longer.

SPANISH DIVERS CONSUMING TIME.

As if in confirmation of the Spanish intention to delay their final report from day to day, the Spanish divers worked a few hours yesterday after a rest of one week. They always go down in one spot. They find nothing. Their work only serves as an excuse for time, time, and more time.

Yesterday's despatch said:

"The court was unable to form a concrete idea of the condition of the wreck from the divers' evidence."

Navy men here who have seen and worked upon the figures, plans and statements submitted say the cable must have got twisted; that a commonsense human being, even though not a naval expert, could not see the drawings without forming a most complete "concrete idea" of the Maine's present shape, position and condition.

This misleading cable has been seized upon by the Havana press and the Government officials as disproving all the American claims. The newspapers ask:

"If the court could not form an idea of the wreck, what was the use of their reporting anything?" They do not seem to be far wrong.

The six insinuations printed in the Lucha yesterday are copied to-day in all the other papers except one. As was cabled to The World, they are in substance that the Maine's men mutinied; that an officer of the Maine said he wished to see the whole American Navy destroyed; that all the officers except Jenkins and Merritt were dining aboard the steamer City of Washington on the night of the disaster; that the cannon were loaded and the torpedoes also; that no torpedo has been found, and that consequently they blew up the ship; and, finally, that the sailors were so scared and so poorly disciplined that they refused to lower the boats.
This stuff, which they know to be untrue, never would have been printed in the local papers had they not believed that the United States are afraid.

They teem with other reasons for what they term "Uncle Sam's backdown."

EUROPE BELIEVED TO BE AT SPAIN'S BACK.

European hatred of the Monroe doctrine, which is an "obstacle to the colonial development of the Old World," supported Spain, it is asserted, and frightened the United States.

The statements of the Havana press would be ridiculous were they not readily Spanish official utterances. Every editorial printed in every Havana daily must first bear the stamp of the approval of the Captain-General and of Cuba. Spaniards here accept the press statement as being official and act accordingly.

Foreign Minister Hanatoux's speech in the French Chamber of Deputies, the attitude of the Emperors of Austria and of Germany, and the recent difference between the Russian Ambassador and the Queen Regent of Spain are said to have been so favorable to Spain as to prevent "Yankee aggression."

Lieutenant-Commander Wainright denies positively the wild but persistent report that American divers have been arrested for trying to use dynamite on the Maine wreck in order to release the big guns. I have been out to the Maine and find no diver missing.

It is a fact, however, that Spanish vigilance has been redoubled. Two boats, each with a commissioned officer, constantly patrol close to the wreck, always keenly watching the divers.
SPANIARDS ARE BRAVE, LOYAL AND HARD FIGHTERS.
-----
All Their Historic Valor Would Be Brought Into
Play in a War With Intensely Hated United States.
-----
(By Cable from a Staff Correspondent of The World.)
(Despatch Passed by Havana Censor.)

The World, Saturday, April 2, 1898, p. 4

HAVANA, Cuba, March 28.

War with the United States would be extremely popular
in Spain.
That Spain would lose ultimately is generally
admitted, even by Spaniards themselves, but her soldiers
and sailors would fight hard and fast as long as they have
the men and the ships.
The unhappy experience of the Spanish army in Cuba has
been wrongly attributed to cowardice and stupidity. Those
traits seem to form the prevailing American idea of what
constitutes a Spanish soldier.
Spain is the most glorious loser in history, especially on the sea. At Trafalgar the Spanish were
heroes. In books and in actions even England acknowledges it.
It is well that the people of the United States should
realize fully that Spain has good ships and brave sailors
to man them.
The World has clearly pointed out the real, the
financial reasons, why Spain has not suffocated the
insurrection in Cuba. The Spaniards are not stupid, and
from personal observation I can most emphatically state
that Spanish soldiers and officers are not cowards, while
in discipline and drill the Spanish sailors are better
still.
I have seen Spaniards in action many times during my
three years' experience in the Cuban war, but I never have
seen a cowardly Spanish soldier.
Against the United States the peasantry of Spain would
be united. Even last June I found among the common people
there, both in town and country, the same indignant
rejection of the idea of selling Cuba to any one, the same
resenting of American aid to the insurgents, the same
eagerness to repel any foreign interference with their
beloved "patrin."
From an intimate acquaintance with the historic,
warlike spirit of Spain and the innate bravery of the people of the bull-fight, I believe that in case of war with the United States the Spanish soldiers of all ranks will put patriotism above the pocketbook and fight to the limit.
SPAIN IS TRYING TO PROVE INTERNAL EXPLOSION.

Havana Officials Said to Have Offered Capt. Wylie, of the Wrecking Tug Underwriter, a Large Sum of Money to Testify that He Believed the Maine Blew Herself Up.

(Special Cable Despatch to The World.)
(Special from a Staff Correspondent of The World, Sent from Havana to Key West by The World's Despatch Steamer Triton.)

On Board The World's Despatch Steamer Triton,

The World, Sunday, April 3, 1898, p. 3

Havana Harbor, April 2

In determining how the Maine was blown up, there are facts which should not be overlooked:

Was it known in Washington within a few days after the explosion that it was external?

The condition and location of the keel plates were apparent. The World correspondent anticipated the testimony of Lieut. Powelson on this point.

The finding of the cement on the deck of the City of Washington occurred almost directly.

It has been proved that mines and mine cable had been stored in the arsenal, which disappeared shortly before the Maine's arrival.

Buoy No. 4 had not been used for some time before the Maine was moored to it.

Spain is grasping at each straw of possible evidence to buttress her feeble claims of an interior cause for the Maine's annihilation.

This morning Spanish Inspector of Ships Perez and Second Inspector Puri boarded the wrecking tug Underwriter, as she lay careened against the mammoth barge Lone Star, alongside the Maine's disintegrating wreck. The Spanish press had cabled the authorities here that Capt. Wylie, of the Underwriter, had stated at Newport News upon his return from Havana that he was convinced upon a superficial examination that the Maine had blown herself up.

So Perez and Puri boarded the tug asked for the captain, and requested him to appear before the Spanish Investigating Committee to reiterate his former statements and swear to them. It is understood that a considerable consideration was offered. Capt. Wylie refuses to say whether he still thinks the Maine disaster was accidental.
or whether he will swear to it before the Spanish Board.

It is not likely, though, that he will. To a Fern officer he said that his Newport News remarks were misquoted. He intimated now that he is convinced that the Maine was blown up as shown by the divers’ and experts’ evidence. The straits in which Spain is forced to secure any testimony on her side of the question is shown by this attempt to secure alleged testimony from a tug captain, who had only been in Havana harbor two or three days and who is far from an expert in such matters.

I have just discovered some slashing by the Spanish censor. I cabled a full account, couched moderately, of the Legaspi's flag episode. I told how her officers made an international code mistake in displaying any national colors over those of another nation, and how they speedily complied with Ensign Bookwalter's vigorous protest, authorized by Capt. Cowles, of the Fern. I now find that not one word of this was allowed to reach the cable office. The censor also eliminated the statement of the difficulty of extracting the valuable ten-inch guns from the wreck without the use of some dynamite, which being used in very small quantities, could not change the position of or destroy the remains of the Maine. The officered launches of Spain still keep close vigil over the wreck. They watch every movement.

The Havana newspapers now are proved guilty of deliberately falsifying the cable synopsis of the board's report. They quoted the board as unable to form a definite idea of the condition of the wreck, clearly meaning all of the wreck while the real report as it now reaches Havana in The World shows that only the rear position of the Maine is to be meant by the phrase.

The divers, Lieut.-Commander Wainwright says, had not then investigated this part of the ship. But the Havana press, seizing upon the statement, vociferously objected to the board's conclusions in every report if "they could not form definite ideas."
BLANCO EXPECTS WAR AND RIOTS IN HAVANA.

-----

He Has Made Preparations for the Former and Will Try to Prevent the Latter.

(Special from a Staff Correspondent of The World, sent from Havana to Key West by The World's Despatch Steamer.)

Sunday, April 3, 1898, p.3.

On board The World's Despatch Boat Triton, Havana Harbor, April 2.

Havana is now excited over the news leaking from the Palace that Spain will not accede to McKinley's demands. It is said she only has until Monday to decide. I am in a position to state that Blanco expects war. Not only does this information come through unimpeachable channels, but recent preparations for war were greatly hurried. Blanco also expects anti-American and anti-autonomy riots in Havana. Last night he called all the colonels of the Havana volunteers. He told them that in the troublous times now to come he relied upon their coolness and patriotism to suppress disorders. Inasmuch as Blanco is unable to secure the volunteers arms under the regular army guard the speech seems a forlorn hope. The public shows symptoms of expectation of internal disorders. The regular Thursday concert was very slimly attended. Usually the promenade is filled with gayly dressed women. Last night there was hardly one. There were only men principally officers, and few of them. The rumor here that Congress has given McKinley sixty hours to act aggressively has aided greatly in intensifying the present excited condition of affairs.

The World correspondent was politely received this morning by Capt. Eulate, of the Vizcaya before the Spanish warship sailed. When asked his destination he replied: "I have sealed orders. They are to be opened when clear out at sea."

He was then asked if he was going to Puerto Rico. Eulate looked at the deck and said "No," and changed the subject.

The Secretary of the Treasury yesterday afternoon paid $2,000,000 for rushed supplies for the army and navy. I am informed that both services now have two months' rations. This information comes from headquarters.
Again, a large force of boilermakers are working on the Alfonso XII. If the steam-making apparatus is ever put in condition, this cruiser will be in very good shape. Although larger, she carries only about the same armament as the Montgomery.

The floating dock is now in readiness for cleaning the Spanish auxiliary cruiser Colon, one of the best boats of the company and of Spain’s merchant marine.
SPAIN PLANTS 40 MINES IN HAVANA HARBOR.

Two Lines of the Spherical Sort Floating Twenty-four Feet Below the Surface in the Channel at the Entrance.

SECRETLY LAIRED AT NIGHT, AND ANCHORED TO CABLE BETWEEN MORRO AND PUNTA.

But an Attacking Fleet Might Clear the Way for Its Advance by Means of Counter Mines or Torpedoes Fired from the Bows of Advancing Vessels.

(Special from a Staff Correspondent of The World. Sent from Havana to Key West by The World's Despatch Steamer.)

On Board the World's Despatch Steamer Triton.

The World, Monday April 4, 1898, p. 1

Havana Harbor, April 3.

Forty floating submarine mines were secretly planted in Havana Harbor last Wednesday night by the Spanish Government.

This information comes from official sources and is absolutely correct.

The mines were laid in the narrowest part of the channel between Morro and Punta, in two lines of twenty mines each.

They are spherical and float about twenty-four feet under the surface.

Each is attached by an anchor chain to a heavy cabled anchored at the bottom.

The detonating wires run up the chains.

There is sufficient force there to paralyze the biggest ships afloat.

But if an entering fleet should use counter-mines or bow torpedoes on approaching the narrowest part of the entrance to the harbor the mines could be exploded.

Havana is in a state of tremendous but suppressed excitement.

War with the United States is regarded as certain. It has been expected at the Palace for a week, as has been cabled to The World.

The steamer Mascotte was crowded Saturday with refuges of the more timid sort.

English, French and German business houses have cabled
their representatives to prepare for war.
HAVANA GUNNERS COULD NOT HIT ONE OF OUR WARSHIPS.

Practice of Coast Defense Batteries Showed Such Lack of Skill that Spanish Spectators Were Disgusted.

(Special from a Staff Correspondent of The World. Sent from Havana to Key West by The World's Despatch Steamer.)

On Board The World’s Despatch Steamer Triton,

The World, Tuesday, April 5, 1898, p. 3

Havana Harbor, April 4.

Spain has just spent half a day, at least $10,000 and twenty-seven modern properties to show the naval authorities of the United States just how poorly Spanish artillerymen can handle good guns.

Capt. Sampson, of the Key West fleet, is now in possession of the results.

Everything was favorable. Wind, weather and water were easy, and the artillerymen were not being shot at. They had plenty of time to leisurely load, [. . .late] and sight.

Their batteries had an exceptionally fine, long base line from Morro Castle to figure angles from.

Yet the four big Krupps and the two bigger Ordones rifles were so bunglingly handled that only two shots fell close enough to the mark to have been even uncomfortably close visitors to an American battle-ship of the largest size.

The following table tells the tale. It is calm, and cruel and true:

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>No. of shot</th>
<th>No. of gun</th>
<th>Range in metres</th>
<th>Results.</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>1</td>
<td>2</td>
<td>6,000</td>
<td>200 yards to the right and short.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>2</td>
<td>2</td>
<td>2,000</td>
<td>150 yards to the right and short.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>3</td>
<td>3</td>
<td>6,000</td>
<td>300 yards to the right and short.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>4</td>
<td>4</td>
<td>5,860</td>
<td>Struck 500 yards from gun.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>5</td>
<td>5</td>
<td>5,843</td>
<td>400 yards to the left and short.</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
SPECTATORS CHEERED, THEN WERE CHAGRINED.

Fully five hundred Spaniards watched the practice. After the first shot they ceased cheering.

Before that they had amused themselves making insulting and coarse remarks about the World correspondent and his companions. Later the full force of the inefficiency of their coast defense penetrated even into their inexpert brains and they kept quiet.

The burden of their early remarks was a vigorously expressed wish that the big guns could only carry as far as Key West. I felt like saying that if they could and were as badly aimed they would hit Tortugas Island instead, about sixty miles off.

Here is an expert report upon the above results:

"At 4:10, April 4, 1896, the Spanish batteries immediately to the westward of the entrance to Havana Harbor engaged in target practice. Three batteries were engaged: the mortar battery Reina, the heavy modern battery Santa Clara, and a mortar battery a few hundred yards to the windward of Santa Clara.

"The Reina battery consists of six obsolete muzzle-loading mortars with a bore of eight inches calibre, mounted on old stone forts of little value. This battery was manned by the volunteer artillerymen of Havana. Six shots were observed from this battery from a point behind the Santa Clara battery, and all of them fell far short of the target. The official range as indicated by the figures
of the Santa Clara range board was 6,000 metres (about three miles and a quarter). None of the shots from this battery fell within half a mile of the target.

"The Santa Clara battery is the principal defence of the western side of the entrance. It consists of four 11-inch Krupp guns, two 12 1/2-inch guns and two mortars estimated at 3 inches.

MISERABLE MARKSMANSHIP.

"The practice of this battery was decidedly poor. Out of thirteen shots observed, one struck the water at about 500 yards from the battery, another struck the water a full mile to the left of the target. Nine were from 100 to 500 yards out of line, as observed from directly behind the battery.

"While the error in range could not be determined, it is more than probable that these shots were not within 500 yards of the target. One shot was a line shot, but was observed to fall short, and one was observed to fall about 90 feet to the right and with good range as far as could be determined from my position.

"It is scarcely probable that more than one shot from this battery would have struck a target the size of one of our battleships at anchor. The ranges changed very slowly. The targets were not anchored, but drifted to the eastward at the rate of about one mile per hour.

"The practice from the mortar battery to the westward of Santa Clara was exceptionally poor. Out of twelve observed shots from this battery only one struck in the vicinity of the target, and the other eleven did not strike within 700 yards at the very least estimate.

"The fire was slow. The shortest interval between shots of the Santa Clara battery was two minutes, but no two consecutive shots were from the same gun. It is not known whether the batteries fired with the greatest speed consistent with accuracy.

"The time of flight of the heavy rifles' projectiles was 14 seconds, and the mortar projectiles 23 seconds.

"The target practice was conducted under the most favorable circumstances. The sun was behind and to the left of the batteries and the sea was smooth. A gentle breeze was blowing across the line of fire at an angle of 60 degrees. The practice was in no way obstructed by smoke.

"As a whole the shooting was poor."

WAS BELOW AMERICAN REQUIREMENTS.

To realize how poor, it should be understood that in the United States naval practice an error to right or left
of 75 feet at this range scores zero. In general, the
gunner who doesn't always make a line shot is severely
censured. These standards obtain when the shooting is from
a rolling ship. The Spaniards shot from the solid,
immovable earth.

Capt. Sampson need have no fear in bombarding Havana.
There are only two big guns here which we did not see in
actual operation. They form one-third of the new batteries
in construction of the other side of Morro Castle.

Even had our biggest battle-ship been at anchor only
two shots were close enough to be uncomfortable, yet the
Havana papers, with the fatuous self-deceit Spain always
has had and will have, proudly print that “All the officers
were delighted with magnificent results obtained.’’

All the guns save the odd-line mortars were manned by
regular artillerymen.
MINE CABLE MISSING FROM SPAIN’S ARSENAL
IN HAVANA HARBOR.

-----
It was There in Large Quantities Until About a Month Before the Arrival of the Maine; Then It Disappeared.

-----

BUOY TO WHICH THE BATTLE-SHIP WAS MOORED HAD BEEN SHUNNED FOR MONTHS.

-----

Fact That “Buoy No. 4” Appears on the Harbor Charts In Another Location Not Explained By the Spanish Authorities.

-----

(Special from a Staff Correspondent of The World, Sent from Havana to Key West by The World’s Despatch Steamer.)

(On Board The World’s Despatch Steamer Triton)

The World, Wednesday, April 6, 1898, p. 2

Havana Harbor, April 5.

Careful investigation proves that buoy No. 4 was not used during two months prior to the Maine’s arrival in Havana Harbor.

The Assistant Superintendent of Havana’s Harbor Commission went to the arsenal for mine detonating cable about a month before the Maine’s arrival.

Before the arrival here of the mammoth floating dock the Harbor Commission was dredging a place for emplacement and operation.

The last two weeks’ work was day and night. Electric light was needed, and the assistant superintendent in charge of the dredgers asked the local electric light plant managers for the cost of furnishing it.

The answer showed very great expense for the long submarine cable necessary. The superintendent well knew the Spanish arsenal, its contents and their uses. He said: “Would a mine cable do?” He was answered “Yes.” Then he said there was plenty of it in the arsenal.

Next day he told the electric light people that all such submarine cable had been used up. So a small electric plant was put upon the dredge itself, and night work went on without shore connections.

Had there been any submarine cable in the arsenal it is very certain that it would have been forthcoming for its loan only was asked. It was Government work and time was precious.
Where was this cable used?

Buoy No. 4, when the Maine was moored to it, had been shunned for months. Capt. Rouse’s letter noting the fact printed in The World was true. It has been later corroborated by the printed testimony before the board.

I have seen almost every American captain entering the harbor since the Maine disaster. All say the same.

I do not use their names, because if Spain continues here and the captains resume regular traffic things would be made very hot for them. Spanish pilots refuse absolutely to speak of the affair. They will not even explain why the Maine’s pilot gave the navigating officer one number as proper while the plotting of the harbor charts showed its location to be much nearer another section.

The board reports the Maine’s annihilation from a submarine mine—which would absolutely have to be a Government mine—perhaps accidentally detonated, perhaps not.

The World can produce sworn testimony to the two facts here stated.

In regard to the use of the mine cable Spain must answer the question, “What did you do with it? And Spain must say why no other ships had been anchored to what their pilot called buoy No. 4, or, there can be but one answer to “Who blew up the Maine?”
LEE IN HAVANA, UNTERRIFIED, BUT OTHERS FLY.

-----

Three Steamers So Crowded
That People Were Forced
To Sleep on Deck.

-----

AMERICAN PAPERS SEIZED BY PRESS CENSOR.

-----

Possibly No Regular Steamers
Between Key West or New York and
Havana After This Week.

-----

On Board The World’s Despatch Steamer Triton.

The World, Thursday, April 7, 1898 p. 1

HAVANA HARBOR, April 6.

Gen. Lee has not left Havana.

The Mangrove will leave at 6 o’clock this evening for
Key West and will carry many Cuba-Americans who expect that
war will be declared and who are anxious to escape from
Cuba before hostilities commence.

The Mangrove will be crowded far beyond her regular
capacity. Many Cubans will have to spend the night on deck
as there is no room for them in the cabin.

The Plant line steamer Mascotte left to-day for Tampa
with more passengers than she ever carried before. The
Plant line agents here have cabled requesting permission to
have the Mascotte discharge her passengers at Key West and
return to Havana to-morrow for another load though, acting
on Gen. Lee’s advice, the Plant line management has given
official notification that the visits of their steamers to
Havana would be discontinued after the Mascotte’s
departure.

The Ward Line steamer Orizaba leaves this afternoon
with twenty more passengers in the first-class cabin than
she can accommodate with staterooms. The agents of the
Ward Line are hourly expecting notice from New York that no
more Ward steamers will stop [. . .] Havana.

All American newspapers that arrived on the Mascotte
early this morning were seized and taken to the palace.
They have not yet been released by the censor. The result
is that it is impossible to obtain American newspapers to-
day in Havana.

The American colony is in a state of great excitement.
The [. . .] and Bache are lying ready to steam out at a
moment’s notice when [. . .] Lee gives the word to hundreds
of scared naturalized citizens.

   Lee, as usual, is cool, calm and easy-going. His well
worn advice is: “Keep cool and say nothing.”

   He has full confidence that Blanco is strong enough to
hold down the disorder and conduct the departure of
Americans, if such has to be with all the possible
international courtesy. Politeness is now pushed to the
last exquisite notch.

   I am informed that a crowd of excessively goaded
Americans privately hung Godkin in effigy here last night.
He is regarded as a traitor.
MINE PRACTICE AT HAVANA BEFORE MAINE ARRIVED.
-----
Experiments After Spanish Government Had Been Notified That Our Warship Would Make a Friendly Visit.
-----
FIFTY FLOATING MINES IN ARSENAL TO-DAY, LOADED WITH GUN COTTON.
-----
Eighteen “Mine Torpedoes” Like Those Planted Last Week In the Channel at the Harbor Entrance Have Been Put Aboard the Spanish Torpedo Catcher Filipinas.
-----
(From One of The World’s Staff of Special Correspondents in Cuba, Sent from Havana to Key West by The World’s Despatch Steamer.)

On Board The World’s Despatch Steamer Triton.
The World, Thursday, April 7, 1898, p. 1

Havana Harbor, April 6.

I have learned the kind and sizes of torpedoes and mines in the Spanish naval arsenal here.
I have learned also that some were experimented with the week before the Maine arrived.
Two strings of torpedoes were run across the narrow harbor entrance recently, as telegraphed to The World. They are placed as described, and are small floating boxes, two feet by one foot. They are called here “mine torpedoes.”

There are in the arsenal to-day fifty “buoy” mines loaded with gun-cotton.
They are two shallow head spears placed together four feet each in diameter and each about two and a half feet thick.

Eighteen mine torpedoes similar to those recently placed in the entrance to the harbor were put aboard the torpedo chaser Filipinas yesterday.
The rumors that the officers of the Spanish transport Legazpi hauled down the Maine’s half-masted ensign are false. The American colors were first hoisted clear to the peak, then taken down by Chief Quartermaster Hulgren, by order of Capt. Cowles, of the Fern. The Spanish Admiral was notified of the fact.
The ceremony took place at sunset. Then the Spanish banner dipped from the Alfonso XII, and the day formally
closed. The officers and crew of the light-house tender Fern passed toward her, lowering the national flag and saluting. Meanwhile the fluttering strips of bunting, all that was left of the Maine’s ensign, were being hauled clear to the top. Then the crew of the Fern faced about and stood at a silent salute, while the historic tatters came slowly down.

A sinewy seaman descended the Maine’s single mast. He had Capt. Sigsbee’s pennant between his teeth. The insignium of command and the national colors reached the deck together.

The saluting hands on the Fern dropped and the United States battleship Maine ceased to officially exist.

She is no longer a bit of United States “soil,” according to naval usage; she is no more than the abandoned hulk of a wrecked merchantman.

There is half a million dollars’ worth of uninjured machinery within her and four 10-inch guns still lie in the turrets. They could not be secured without the use of prohibited explosives. The guns when new cost $40,000 each.
AMERICANS IN HAVANA ARE NOT IN DANGER.

Gen. Lee Thinks There Will Be No Rioting Until the First Gun Is Fired or War Declared—Gen. Blanco Is Taking Every Precaution to Preserve Order.

(Special from a Staff Correspondent of The World, Sent from Havana to Key West by The World's Despatch Steamer.)

On Board The World's Despatch Steamer Triton,

The World, Monday, Friday, April 8, 1898, p. 1

Havana Harbor, April 7.

Any reports saying that Havana is turbulent, or that the Volunteers are excited or are drilling, or that recruits are menacing, or that American life is in peril are sensational inventions.

Havana is quiet. Lee apprehends not the slightest danger until after the first gun or a declaration of war.

Gen. Blanco states that he will vigorously punish rioting.

Gen. Arolas, now in charge of the Havana regulars, is a good officer and understands his business. He has plenty of troops, and no general attack against Americans seems possible to-day.

The streets are strangely but innocently silent once a year. No vehicles operate, and now this city, in which there are often a thousand cabs, is queerly quiet. Out in the bay the Spanish ships all like with yards, booms and guns "cockbilled," and all flags are at half-mast.

Havana, land and harbor, is officially recognizing Holy Week.

The Mangrove went at 6:30 o’clock to-night without any manifestation of public interest. She carried a load of refugees. These are people of the lower class, whom Spaniards hate and educated Spaniards despise. Yet there was not remark on their going.

No well informed resident here of the many I have seen on the question, thinks any anti-American trouble is at all probably, except as mentioned.
LEE AT LAST GETS ORDERS TO RETURN.

He Will Leave Havana To-Day Between 2 and 5 O’Clock on One of the United States Vessels Now There, with Many Other Americans.

PRESIDENT’S MESSAGE, SCOVEL SAYS, WAS DELAYED AT LEE’S REQUEST.

He Thought that the Embarkation of Citizens of This County Could Be Better Accomplished if More Time Was Given Before War Was Made Imminent.

(Special from a Staff Correspondent of The World, Sent from Havana to Key West by The World's Despatch Steamer.)

On Board The World's Despatch Steamer Triton.

The World, Saturday, April 9, 1898, p. 3

Havana Harbor, April 8.

A World correspondent has just started off to the Fern bearing Gen. Lee’s orders to Capt. Cowles for the departure to-morrow between 2 and 5 o’clock in the afternoon.

Gen. Lee’s long-looked-for instructions came finally this evening.

There are two American schooners, one steamship, the Evelyn, and the Bache and Fern here. They will all go together.

The Olivette is expected to carry the balance of the reluctant naturalized American citizens. Already 100 saloon passage tickets have been sold and by 5 o’clock to-morrow the little yacht-like boat will go out packed, jammed and packed again.

According to the instructions received by Gen. Lee from Washington any American citizen who cannot pay his passage will be carried free.

BRITISH CONSUL WILL GUARD OUR INTERESTS.

Day before yesterday British Consul-General Gollan received the formal instructions from Lord Salisbury that had been expected for several days and had been asked for by the State Department through Gen. Lee’s recommendation, and to-morrow morning, it is said, at 10 o’clock, will occur the formal transfer of the American consular papers and effects to the protection of the British representative.
As yet the news is only out partially, but there is
great excitement amidst the Americans and their adopted
brothers.
Ample protection is assured them by the Spanish
authorities, and the embarkation promises to be made
quietly and in order.

LEE REQUESTED TIME FOR EMBARKATION.
I now can absolutely state why the President’s message
was delayed until Monday. It was owing to the strong
He thought the embarkation of Americans could be more
quietly conducted if more time was given. Such has been
the case.
There is no excuse for any one who is left behind.
GEN. LEE LEAVES HAVANA ON THE FERN.

She Is the Last Vessel to Go—The Consul-General Sees That All Americans Are Safe—Tremendous Welcome Awaits Him.

(Special Cable Despatch to The World.)

The World, Sunday, April 10, 1898, p. 3

HAVANA, April 9—9:30 P.M.—United States Consul-General Lee and his staff, with Consuls Springer and Barker, left Havana at 6 o’clock to-night on the lighthouse tender Fern. The wharf was crowded but no discourtesy was shown. The American flag flies no longer in Havana. It disappeared at 8 o’clock as the Fern’s flagstaff turned round Morro.

The Evelyn led the way. The Olivette followed and the Bache and Fern closed the line carrying Lee, the Consulate staff and the American correspondents. Far off in the horizon three American warships awaited the American refugee flotilla. Lee goes away sorry he was unable to see Blanco, who was ill when Lee called at the palace.

Gollan, who will have charge of the American Consulate, is a good friend of Blanco and had a friendly conference with him to-day.

At 2:30 o’clock to-day Gen. Lee boarded the Fern. At noon he lunched with Capt. Cowles and it is yet generally thought he is in the consulate, where Vice-Consul Springer is just finishing the issue of some tickets to refugees.

There has been not one anti-American demonstration, and street discipline is as fine as in London.

No increase of the police force is evident. The high wind blowing in the harbor makes difficult the work of embarkation in small sailboats, and all steam launches are taxed to their utmost capacity.

Ensign Powelson has just finished his visits of official courtesy ashore and to the Alfonso XII., on behalf of the Fern’s commander.

Gen. Lee has ordered all American ships out of the harbor as quickly as possible. The Fern will leave last. The British Consul, Gallon, is on the point of sealing the effects of the United States Consulate although Springer may stay over to-morrow to despatch the remainder.

He wishes to take the Seneca, due to-morrow for New York, direct. One American schooner is now getting under
Censor Mendez ruthlessly red pencils all hostile articles.
By 6 o’clock the red, white and blue will disappear from Havana Harbor.
At 9 o’clock this morning all American citizens who had money to purchase tickets began to crowd the Consulate and the Plant line ticket office.
It was the evacuation day of the American colony, and promised to be a big affair.
Nothing being done at Sagua to care for American citizens.
Consul Barker says he had neither ship nor money; that even if he had had a steamer, not five families out of the 400 American citizens there have money enough to pay the eleven miles railroad fare to Sagua’s seaport.
Gen. Lee and Mr. Gallon, the British Consul-General, met before noon and arranged the transfer of the American consulate to England’s care.
The two Consul-Generals then went to the palace to bid official farewell to Gen. Blanco and pay their respects.
At noon the signal was given and soon hundreds of boats were dotting the harbor between the shore and the little refuge fleet, and the American exodus begun.
At 5:30 the American vessels began leaving port. The Spanish tug Susie towed out the schooner James H. Dudly, which arrived here on Thursday last from Pensacola with lumber, but did not discharge her cargo.
The steamer Evelyn followed with about fifty passengers and after her came the Olivette, with 247 passengers, among whom were Miss Clara Barton and the other representatives of the Red Cross Society who have been engaged in relief work in the island.
She was followed by the Bache, with ten passengers, and last of all came the Fern, which left at six o’clock, having on board Consul-General Lee, Consuls Johnstone, Peiper, Redding, Akers, Franke, Dunning, Nichols and Scovel: Messrs. G. Lawton Childs and William Lawton and Dr. Brumer.
The Fern is commanded by Lieut-Commander Cowles.
Ensign Powelson was also on board.
There was shipped to-day by the steamer Orizaba $424,000 in French gold for New York. El Correo asserts that sixteen electors from the suburb Chaves who voted at the last election left to-day, having been supplied with
passports as American citizens.
PRESIDENT M'KINLEY WILL NOT WAIT.
HIS MESSAGE GOES TO CONGRESS TO-DAY.

"Look Well at Those Flags," Says Consul-General
Lee, Pointing to the Spanish Bunting Over Havana.
"You Will Never See Them Again in Cuba."

"YOU WILL WHISTLE ANOTHER TUNE."
IS HIS COMMENT ON SPANISH JEERS.

Gen. Lee Has Lived in Daily Danger of Assassination
Two Years and Has Suffered Insult and
Neglect for Duty’s Sake.

(Special from a Staff Correspondent.)

(On Board U.S.S. Fern, Key West, Fla. April 10.)

The World, Monday, April 11, 1898, pp. 1, 2

When leaving Havana yesterday afternoon Consul-General
Lee turned to veteran Consular Clerk Doiz, who has been in
the Consulate longer than any one remembers, and said:

"Doiz, look at those flags." He pointed to the masses
of yellow and red bunting all jubilantly fluttering in
officially religious honor of Holy Saturday. Every stick
of Havana afloat or ashore had its colors. "Doiz," said
Lee, "Look at those flags, look close at them. You’ll
never see them again in Cuba."

This saying is General Lee’s real heartfelt view of
the present situation. He awaited the compensating moment
for two years of treachery and starvation.

A soldier, he saw, from the first Havana day, the
awful massacre quick and slow, by sword or by hunger, of
non-combatant Cubans which in Cuba has dishonored the name
of war and of civilization. He once said:

"Yes, I have sometimes almost lost heart. The
struggle promised to be so long drawn out as to only weary
the American people. I thought action impossible at
times."

When personally warm and officially cool Gen. Fitzhugh
Lee saw Morro astern, he felt like one freed from a fetid
cell.

LEE OVERJOYED AT HIS RELEASE.

When he left foul Havana Harbor and its howling
ruffians and its monumental coffin of murdered Americans,
and when he first realized that neither he nor any one was
the official representatives of the United States to Spanish Cuba, in short, when Fitzhugh Lee realized that finally the plain people of the United States had, through the reluctant but still obedient government, refused to longer be even officially the friends of the filth, the ignorance and barbarity of Spanish rule in Cuba, Gen. Fitzhugh Lee of Virginia became the happiest man on land or sea, and he said so.

Remember that this soldier and gentleman has seen and has been forced to officially countenance two years of miserable, sordid bloody national crime.

Remember that this proud man has for twenty-four months endured Spanish aggravation and insults on one side and American governmental apathy and shameful pusillanimity on the other, and you can appreciate what I heard the same man whisper to himself when Havana was a thing passed, "At last, thank God!"

This was the vindication and reward of official patience and personal misery, and it is here printed so that the American people may know what their representative has borne from a condition of affairs at their doors which has required martyrdom of 266 sailors to make them understand it and to act.

LEE WOULD RETURN AS AN AVENGER.

Lee earnestly wishes to get back and at them. He feels to-day in full accord with the college girls’ message to the President.

He said when the Spanish whistling was at its shrillest, fullest volume.

"Wait till we come back. You’ll all whistle another tune."

Such remarks show an angry man. Lee has been [ . . . ] his every day in Cuba, and his official calm correctness becomes the more remarkable.

Yesterday morning when British Consul-General Gollan and Gen. Lee went to the Palace to officially transfer American interests to the unwilling but commanded Englishman, and when Blanco was said by crafty Congosto to be too ill to receive them, Lee was much relieved.

He feels a personal regard for Spain’s veteran Captain-General and relievedly left Gollan alone.

If the scowls and the malignant glances which were shot at Lee could kill, our Consul-General would be annihilated.

But he just put carelessly his hand in his trousers pocket and carefully upon his revolver and, alone, walked calmly on.
GLAD THAT THE SHAM WAS OVER.

It was positively refreshing for him to feel the strain of official courtesy and of official smiles to be over.

In these last trying days great credit must be given to Vice-Consul Springer. He has worked hard in consular service for over twenty years, and during the last weeks of anxious, excited bombardment of the Havana consulate he has stood the brunt of it.

When he boarded the Fern last night after having himself closed doors and windows, Springer could hardly stand from sheer exhaustion and loss of sleep.

When Havana’s American Consulate changes to an American legation, each of the old employees should be retained, promoted and well paid.

Between handling reconcentrado supplies and feeding American citizens and regular consular business, they have worked and overworked. They should be rewarded.

Gen. Lee has been deluged the last few days with letters from people ranging from Senators to sweeps. Cables from newspapers all [. . .] curious composition or unique method of proposed killing made them worthy of preservation.

But with the stormy intensity of the Spaniards and their whole [. . .] hate Gen. Lee has for two years been in really great danger.

And he has thought so little of it that few even of the Havana correspondents of American dailies have heard him mention it.

The Olivette will leave by noon with Lee and most of his consular force. It is understood that to-morrow morning when the party reaches Tampa a special train will be in waiting.
KEY WEST CREWS FRET AT DELAY.

-----

Men Are Impatient at Inaction And
Discipline Grows Irksome.

-----

WISH FOR WAR OR PEACE.

-----

If Nothing Happens Within Four
Days the Strain May Be Relieved.

-----

SHORE LEAVE FOR WEARY MEN.

-----

Naval Authorities Favor Sending
Them to Land for a Little “Rough Liberty.”

-----

(Special from a Staff Correspondent.)

The World, Saturday, April 16, 1898, p. 2

KEY WEST, Fla. April 15.—Long delay at high tension point
has affected the steadiness of the squadron’s crews.

All expected war last Monday. All wanted it. They
were eager to try modern guns, ships and American skill
against also modern guns, forts and Spain.

Officers and men—marines, jack tars, oilers, firemen
and apprentice boys—were tuned to concert pitch. Day after
day dragged by. Nothing but suspense.

There was a little war news one day, a little peace
news the next.

All the men and many of the officers are rasped into
irritability.

Discipline is beginning to be somewhat hard to enforce
to the highest notch.

All hands want some decided action, war preferred, but
definite peace would be better than the strained
uncertainty.

The officers are really disappointed. Even the
Commander-in-Chief and Chief of Staff are baffled. One of
these said to-day:

“The longer it goes the less it looks like war.”

Then he sighed and looked melancholy.

The most important naval men here agree that if there
is no war within four days the men should be sent ashore
for a little “rough liberty” or the fleet should steam
south far enough to get shot at.

If there is no let-up in the nervous strain for four
or five days more it will be difficult to immediately
restore the cool, incisive discipline that makes machine men for machine guns.
UNDER GUNS OF THE MORRO.

-----

World Men Land from The World Tug Triton and Inspect the New Fortifications Of Havana City.

-----

FEARLESS AND PATRIOTIC DEED IN THE FACE OF DANGER.

-----

Then The World Tug Scouted Along the Coast, Noting For Capt. Sampson Landing Places for Seventy Miles.

-----

(Special Cable from a World Staff Correspondent.)

The World, Tuesday, April 19, 1898, p. 1

KEY WEST, Fla., April 18.—After work had stopped for the night upon Spain’s new Havana batteries, a young man landed before them. A big breaker threw him upon the sharp coral within one hundred yards of the 29-inch gun muzzles. Morro Castle’s eighteen mile sea light threw beams upon him. He was within Havana’s inner guard lines and within her most jealously guarded fortifications.

To reach the city proper, after inspecting what new teeth Spain’s dogs of war may have, this daring young Government scout and World courier had to keep back from the beach between two doubly-guarded forts up the hill to the edge of Cabanas Fortress Prison, a mile distant. His situation was then no less perilous. Two sentry lines must be passed and then some boatman found gritty enough to row an unknown man across patrolled Havana harbor and smuggle him upon some dock. Then, the watchman evaded, the streets of Havana are gained.

DANGERS HE HAD TO FACE.

This World correspondent on his mission had first to risk capture by the Spanish coast patrol boat, then by the infantry coast patrol, then by the sentries of four forts, then by two guard lines, then by harbor police, and finally by customs guards, before he could breathe safely.

He did it. He examined the new fortifications and he arrived safely in Havana. The next morning at daybreak he crawled, walked and ran over the three miles of picket-covered country and overhauled the batteries in five hours' tremendous patriotic work. His name must for the present be George Heilberg.

Note the great odds faced as he landed, then consider that the man was that moment dizzy and faint from seasickness, and you can perhaps appreciate what Heilberg did last Saturday night, and what nerve it took to do it.
DANGEROUS LANDING FROM THE WORLD TUG.

The landing of Heilberg was made from The World tug Triton. The Triton ran blind. There wasn’t a glimmer of light except as the boilers were stoked. The heat was too severe to completely close the fire-room. Three miles out of Havana the big tug was slowed down and her surfboat got overboard by Mate Benjamin and his volunteer crew.

When the land loomed black between the twinkling little village of Gojimar on one side and Morro light on the other, the tug stopped. The towing boat was hauled alongside and crew, passenger and coxswain jumped in as quietly as possible. There was a keg of water and a basket of provisions to provide for emergencies should a Spanish gunboat chase The World steamer away.

Not five minutes’ fast rowing brought the white of the breakers looming through the night. At once Mate Benjamin took charge. The boat’s head was thrown to the rollers, and stern was drifted toward the foaming beach. It was “give way” as each big white horse came racing in, and “back her” between them.

At last the shore wasn’t over fifteen yards away. Benjamin jumped overboard after sounding. The water was up to his waist or over his head, as he was upon a rock or off it, but he took slender Heilberg on his shoulders and dashed for shore. A racer caught them. Heilberg was hurled clear upon the coral platform of a beach and Benjamin was cut against it. But they had made the landing.

Benjamin struggled to the boat. We hauled him aboard, and with a good, strong good-by to drenched, nauseated, but plucky Heilberg, we started for the Triton, the mate at the helm and the rest of us pulling the four oars. Alongside, all hands swarmed up her sides. The falls were made fast, the boat hauled up by the rim and the “jingle bell” started the smart tug Triton seaward at full speed.

INSPECTION OF THE COAST.

The landing had taken only forty minutes, and they had been tense ones.

Next morning at 7 o’clock began a more exciting service. We started at Matanzas, fifty miles east of Havana, and steamed westward at full speed close ashore, noting the coast line. Each sandy beach, each gap between the coast hills, each cleared ascent itself practicably for infantry, cavalry, artillery, or all three together, were careful noted.

Knowing the speed of the Triton and of the opposing Gulf Stream, approximate distances were noted. Afterward
these have been rectified by naval charts, and to-day
Commander-in-Chief Sampson has detailed knowledge of the
best landing places and the worst ones from Matanzas to
Mariel, a distance of seventy miles. He knows the
landmarks for day and those for night approach to each from
Matanzas to Havana, and the trip excited no shore
attention. Vessels bound for Savannah often hug the coast
to avoid the strong Gulf current. But when the little
Triton shot by Havana Harbor’s narrow neck instead of
entering, when she hoisted no flag, then black specks
dotted Morro Castle and a new filibuster must have been
reported.

To allay suspicion Capt. Chase hauled out a bit to sea
as if bound for Tortugas, until directly north from Mariel.
Then with wheel hard-a-port the Triton spun around on her
keel and back we flew, almost touching the shore, toward
Havana again, but out of sight from Morro’s observatory.

The Gulf current with her, the big tug stepped lively,
and The World staff was kept busy noting the coral coast
and sand beach and buoys and coast hills and good camping
localities and little Spanish forts.

We were close, so close that the Spanish garrisons
tumbled out. Buglers shrilled “to arms” and captains waved
swords. But nobody pulled trigger.

Back toward Havana we steamed. One pair of binoculars
was constantly on Morro, looking for a speeding white
object and pouring black smoke which would mean an
investigating Spanish cruiser or gunboat. None came.

We kept on until right abreast of Vedado, Havana’s
swell suburb, and within range of Santa Clara’s six-
pounders the Triton hauled up north by east and the trip
began across the Gulf for Key West, rest and report.

FLEET COMMANDER PLEASED.

Commander-in-Chief Sampson and Chief-of-Staff Chidwick
both expressed themselves in behalf of the Government
greatly pleased with The World’s detailed information, and
congratulated the officers and men of the Triton for their
behavior.
THE WORLD EXPLORES CUBA NEAR HAVANA
FOR UNCLE SAM.

Sylvester Scovel and The World Despatch Boat
Have a Perilous Adventure In Sight of Spanish Guns.

BIG TUG HARD AGROUND ON CORAL REEFS.

Heroic Work Frees the Fine Vessel as Day Breaks with
Added Danger—Pictures and Charts Then Made
to Guide the American Navy.

(Special from a Staff Correspondent.)

April 22, 1898, p. 4.

KEY WEST, April 20.—It is 5:30 P.M., and the Triton is
homeward bound. Thirteen hours ago, at daybreak, saw the
happiest, tiredest seventeen men afloat, looking over the
vessel’s stern at a dwindling coast. Five hours and
twenty-three minutes of the supremest toll and keenest
anxiety had been endured. The men were The World
correspondents, officers and crew of The World’s famous
despacht boat Triton.

From 11 P.M. Tuesday until 4:30 A.M. Wednesday the big
tug had been hard aground on the north coast of Cuba. We
were one mile from a Spanish fort and less than thirty from
Havana. We were helpless. Unarmed and immovable, our
seventeen men and the valuable boat were at the mercy of
any three Spanish peasant boys with Mausers, or any one
little coast patrol launch fast enough to get out of its
own way. Neither Spanish cruiser nor patrol boat nor
soldier came.

The continuous full speed astern of the steamer’s
powerful triple expansion engines, and hour after hour of
tremendous strain on a towing hawser, fast to a 1,200-pound
anchor astern, had done their work. The Triton was
snatched from Spain by hard, swift, quiet work. It was
done by triple pressure American “hustle.” An apparently
hopeless situation was triumphed over by the same
resourceful energy, by the ability to do things quickly
which puts the American sailor and soldier above his
fellows.

Frenchmen would have got the anchor down quickly, but
in the wrong place; Germans would still be hoisting coal,
“by the numbers;” Englishmen would have said “Let’s stick
to the ship, mates,” and principally made ready to fight.
But the Triton’s crew just “hustled,” and how they did it!

HINTS FROM CAPT. SAMPSON.

Yesterday morning we boarded the flagship New York, carefully, to receive Commander-in-Chief Sampson’s last intimation as to what he would not object to knowing about Cuba’s northern coast. At noon we steamed south. Making the Cuban coast about midnight we expected to pick up the courageous World courier Heilberg, who, as already cabled last Saturday night, safely reached Havana city through Spain’s new batteries under Morro lighthouse. He has most important information for the Government, and carried for The World readers the uncensored despatches of its special correspondent in Havana, giving the interesting truth of what has happened in that sealed city since its American exodus.

The night was starlit, the horizon moderately clear, with the wind from the southeast. The Cuban northern waters were unusually calm. With lights out the Triton approached the coast, and proper landmarks were picked up. In case of war, and from World information, weather-driven American torpedo-boats can now gain many snug little shelters by the same means.

Our position on the coast determined, and well out from shore, the Triton steamed west at full speed until the requisite number of four-minute periods had marked the proper number of miles to the point where Heilberg was to be in waiting. Then at one-third speed we put in toward the dark strip of coast. No Spanish cruisers had been sighted.

The engines stopped, and the big, throbbing silent tug rippled closer.

Heilberg was not there. Nobody swore. No one complained, for the crew had seen him land last Saturday night. Some of them had rowed him ashore, and all hands knew that if not at the appointed place Heilberg was dead, captured, wounded, or that events of such importance were happening in Havana as to keep him there. I hope to have him and his information in Key West within the week.

For fear that the daring courier might have missed the proper point, we turned the Triton’s bow toward Havana and steamed along at half speed. We strained our eyes through powerful binoculars, but no figure was relieved by the beach’s white sand. The shore grew misty, as if receding. I said: “Keep her as close in as you dare, Capt. Chase.”

THE TRITON GOES AGROUND.

The Triton’s nose poked more inward, when suddenly, right on our port bow, the shore shot up distinct and clear
and right upon us. The mist had lifted at the same instant that we struck the sunken reef. We were going very slowly, and the first tremble set all bells and gongs in the engine-room shouting “Back her wide open!” But the heavy boat rose twice and then settled firmly. The coral rocks grip as with fangs.

The Spanish fort was almost visible up the hill, and the engine bells had made a pandemonium of racket. No one spoke. The big engines ground and the propeller churned water into yeast. No motion. Hardly a tremble. We were fast. Then the men realized it all. They knew how little Spain just now wished the landing places to be located for American vessels or landing places to be selected for American troops. But they kept quiet.

The temperature of the engine and fire rooms had risen to 150 or 160 degrees. But the firemen and engineers stayed at their posts. No window could be opened for fear of showing light. A coast patrol boat was expected at any moment, but the Triton’s officers didn’t stop to figure on the probabilities. They worked. Correspondents, Photographer Hare, of Collier’s Weekly, and all the spare hands went at the deck load of coal. Two-hundred-pound bags flew like footballs. Every few moments I looked up to see if the Spanish soldiers had been brought down by the heavy splashing. Thirty tons went, but the Triton was pitifully solid as ever.

HEROIC WORK FOR LIBERTY.

Meanwhile Mate Benjamin began unshackling the big anchor. The large life-boat was got down as quickly as possible, and with the big stern lantern rigged into a bull’s eye lamp the delicate and difficult work was begun of putting the half-ton anchor into a twenty-foot skiff, so as not to sink it while being loaded or upset it while being dropped to proper position. In broad daylight in New York Harbor it would have been a difficult job. But they did it. The boat dropped to the stern and the big twin hawser was carefully made fast. Poor work would have lost both anchor and tug. Double purchase blocks were rigged. The boat pulled away to stern and off to starboard; 400 feet away the anchor was dumped over and the rear capstan strained at the big line. The engines churned back again. No movement. It was nearly 1 A.M. when the discovery was made that the tide was falling. Hope vanished, but the crew kept at it. Blocks were fastened to the cable and taken to the most powerful forward windlass. It rattled and puffed, but the soldiers did not come and neither did the Triton.
Now Chief Engineer Trivett set all hands laboriously hoisting coal in buckets from the bunkers. The iron blocks were so hot that they burned, but the sailors kept at it.

About 3 A.M. the capstan was grinding and the engines throbbing, when the Triton gave a gentle bump upon her coral chocks. Blaisdell said:

"The tide's coming!"

A soft ground swell came in about 4 A.M. The wind was changing. The bump became slightly more decided. The Triton could be got off in a few hours. But forty minutes meant daylight, and that meant plain sight from the Spanish fort, capture, confiscation and Cabanas.

The World correspondent knew that clearing the ship of themselves and all naval notes, photographic apparatus, plans, &c., would leave her officers more apparent grounds for explanation. We took the smaller of the boats, and with two sailors prepared to strike out north across the gulf. We had reason to believe that a United States cruiser might be found half way. If not we meant to keep on to Key West, weather and strength permitting.

AT LAST THE TRITON IS FREE.

Capt. Chase could then, if boarded, show clean papers and perfectly innocent crew and cargo. The engineers, sailors and firemen, almost to a man, decided to stick to the ship. They felt that even Cabanas would not be for long, with the American Navy soon to arrive off Havana. Few of them wanted to go ashore.

It was now 4.15. Dawn was beginning to break as we said good-bye to the haggard, coal blackened, brave officers and crew. We began to row north. If the Triton came off after daylight and escaped, she was to pick us up out in the stream.

The rudder became unshipped. It took some time to rehook it. Then the field glass was discovered to have been forgotten. We turned, rowed back toward the Triton. We saw her roll slightly.

Then her engines suddenly stopped and her highly-stocked boilers roared through the safety valves, and higher than the clanking windless and rushing steam, came the shout:

"Come aboard, boys, we're off."

The tide had risen, and four hours of high-pressure steam upon the propeller and anchor had won. The Spanish soldiers must have heard the finale to our labors of the night. Nobody cared. Capt. Chase spun the wheel about to port, the Triton swung on her heel, the safety valve ceased roaring as the steam found its work to do, and seventeen
happy, haggard men shook hands together.
SAMPSON’S BIG FLEET INVESTS HAVANA.

Twelve Warships of the Great Fleet, at 5.30 P.M., Inside the Range of Morro Light, Fifteen Miles from Havana.

CAPT. SAMPSON REPORTED TO HAVE CAPTURED A SPANISH SHIP.

Left the Fleet Mysteriously at 5 P.M. and Sailed Eastward—the Prize, It Is Said, Will Be Brought to Key West.

(Special from a Staff Correspondent on Board The World Despatch boat Triton, Accompanying the United States Fleet to Havana.)

The World, Saturday, April 23, 1898. p. 1

KEY WEST, April 23.—At 5:30 P.M. yesterday twelve United States war vessels had penetrated three miles inside the range of Morro light.

They were not over fifteen miles from Havana.

In a beautifully correct single line of battle the powerful Iowa and Indiana were flanked by the Cincinnati, Detroit, Machias, Nashville, Castino, Wilmington and the monitor Amphitrite, with her crew of expert gunners.

Two torpedo-boats followed. Two more were there, but invisible on the flanks.

It was a squadron without a flagship. The big, high fighter, carrying the commander-in-chief and the signal flags, mysteriously left its ranks half an hour before.

At 5 o’clock sharp the New York turned about and steamed east, paralleling the Cuban coast.

The Mayflower and the newspaper flotilla followed.

An incoming tug reports that the New York has captured a Spanish passenger steamer plying between Havana and Porto Rico.

The torpedo fleet is coming in.

Havana will be delirious to-night. An English accent will be a dangerous possession.
WAR SPIRIT HIGH IN CUBAN CAPITAL.

-----

Even Fifteen-Year-Old Boys Enlisting—The City Streets Turned Into Drill Grounds.

-----

THE PEOPLE WILDLY EXCITED
BY ALL SORTS OF RUMORS.

-----

Capt.-Gen. Blanco Making Frenzied Efforts to Put Defenses in the Best Possible Shape, Looking For Bombardment and Invasion.

-----

(Special from a World Staff Correspondent.)

(By courier from Havana to Mariel, on the coast, by World’s Despatch Boat Triton to Key West, and thence by cable.)

The World, Sunday, April 24, 1898. p. 3

On board the Triton, fifteen miles north of Mariel, Cuba, daybreak.

April 23.—Havana is making a tardy, frenzied effort to prepare for war with the United States.

When The World correspondent left there last night—running the gauntlet of city guards, regular troops massed outside the city and the scouting guerillas—to get this uncensored dispatch to The World, the whole city of Havana was in a state of the wildest excitement.

Ten ships of the United States Navy were off Havana at sunset. People expected the bombardment to begin this (Saturday) morning. The wildest reports were circulated in Havana and were credited. It was believed that the whole United States Army was on its way in transports from the Gulf ports.

There were predictions that the actual invasion of Cuba might begin by Sunday. The newspapers have no reliable news. Cable communication with Key West is not cut off, but of course the Spaniards refuse to believe any news that now comes to them over that cable from Key West. They suspect that it is cooked at the American end to fool Havana.

The World’s Havana correspondent met near Mariel the venturesome World correspondent Heilburg, whose landing on the coast was made from The World’s dispatch boat Triton last Tuesday, as described in a previous despatch. These two correspondents not only got the first real news from
Havana since the departure of Gen. Lee, but they secured confidential information for Rear-Admiral Sampson.

HAVANA’S ANTIQUATED DEFENSES.

In Havana men are at work day and night adding to the fortifications. Old-time brass cannon which saw service many years ago are being put in place to splice out the sea batteries. They would not be dangerous, as a matter of fact, even if Secretary Long should allow Rear-Admiral Sampson to do his fighting at 800 yards instead of 3,000, as Sampson wished.

But no extra armament of modern style and weight has been added to the fortifications. The Spaniards have not the guns.

The rumor that four new twelve-inch Krupp guns had been mounted to the east of Morro is without foundation. The truth is the guns are on their way and the mounts for them are rapidly nearing completion, and if the attack upon Havana is delayed much longer the Cojimar batteries will really be formidable.

A pontoon bridge has been built across Chorrera Inlet, in the western suburbs of Havana, for the transportation of sand for the embankments of the two-Vedido and Santa Clara batteries. This work is not completed and as matters now stand one twelve-inch shell might disable the two big guns if it struck the still bare masonry.

A two-inch water pipe is being laid under the neck of Havana Harbor to supply Morro, Cabanas and the Cojimar batteries. Alarm was spread in Havana at the beginning of this work by the display of a signal on Morro reading, “Harbor closed.” Every one thought at once that the American fleet was at hand, but the signal was only for the protection of the pipe layers.

There are hourly drills in all the batteries, but there is no more firing of the guns in target practice, on account of a lack of ammunition. Gen. Blanco deems it wise to save all his projectiles and powder for the day of actual need. He is reported to be short of ammunition already.

With the single exception of the sand protection then, the defenses of Havana have not been materially strengthened thus far, although long lines of work are underway.

SPANISH WARSHIPS AT HAVANA.

On April 21 these Spanish warships were in the harbor: ALFONSO XII., second-class cruiser.—This vessel will not be able to move for a month on account of tubes for her boiler or condenser having been stolen. They cannot be
replaced here.
LEGASPI.—This is a transport. She is very slow and carries only two small guns.
NUEVA ESPANA.—This second-class gunboat came out of the floating dock only four days ago.
FILIPINAS.—Torpedo gunboat. Her machinery is useless. It was ruined by Spanish engineers on her first trip from the shops in England.
MAGELLANES.—Gunboat. Her machinery is still repairing. The machinists at work on her are waiting for parts that cannot be made in Havana.
INFANTA ISABEL.—Second-class cruiser. The work of repairing her machinery is progressing slowly.
MARQUES DE ENSENADA.—Second-class cruiser. Under repairs.
ANTONIO LOPEZ.—Fourth-class gunboat. The only serviceable craft in the harbor. She has been doing patrol duty along the coast.
The Spanish authorities on April 21 claimed that there were 25,000 soldiers in the city of Havana able for service in defending the land approaches. The truth is that there are probably less than half that number. One battalion reached Havana on the 16th, one on the 17th, two on the 18th and four on the 19th and 20th. Allowing five more for the 21st, and adding the regular Havana garrisons, the total is less than 12,000.
The arriving troops are filthy and ragged, but they are strong and full of patriotism. In fact, there is a warlike spirit everywhere. The streets of the city have been turned into drill grounds and offices have been opened for enlistment.
Courier Holmes says:
“Don’t make the mistake of thinking they won’t fight. Why, even fifteen-year-old boys are enlisting; and they mean business too.”
Prices of all kinds of food shot up 20 per cent on the 13th, 5 per cent on the 15th and 10 percent on the 21st. And even at these high prices it is almost impossible to buy.
Army rations, however, and coal are pouring into Havana.
On April 18 the steamship Reina Maria Christina brought as a gift from the Spaniards in Mexico 6,534 sacks of cornmeal, beans, rice and coffee.
On the same day there was a panic over a tremendous drop in silver. Even before that $4.75 in gold brought $7 in silver and about $14 in paper money. Really no business
is being done, as all the men are either drilling or
counting their losses.

On April 20 there were over 85,000 tons of coal on the
wharves besides the cargoes of three big vessels which were
discharging. Four other vessels with coal are on their way
to Havana.

The consurate of the press is now stricter than ever.
Unfavorable cablegrams about the action of the American
Congress and the President were held for days and then
allowed to slip out gradually.

UNCHANGED ABUSE OF AMERICANS.

The abuse of Americans is now universal and unchecked.
The World and its correspondents are particularly
remembered.

News of the final action at Washington caused a great
popular burst of indignation, followed by a whirlwind of
patriotism. The Spaniards in Havana declared that they had
been insulted, and had there been any Americans left in the
city, and known as such, they would surely have died.

Great crowds surrounded the Governor-General’s palace
and thronged the parks. La Guerra (war) was the frenzied
word.

One man became so delirious that, to show what he
would like to do to the hated Yankees, he sank his teeth
into his bare arm and swallowed the blood.

The rebel forces have received large accessions. The
native Cubans feared there would be a draft by the Spanish
officials, and they preferred to fight with their friends
rather than against them. It is estimated that more than
2,000 have gone into the field since April 13, and many
have been sent back by the leaders.

There is no food for some and no arms for many. The
Cubans that have been sent back rejected have gone into the
Spanish mobilized forces, but they won’t fight very hard.

CUBANS ANXIOUS TO FIGHT.

Col. Pedro Delgado, who is in command of a band of
insurgents operating near Mariel, told The World courier,
Mr. Heilburg, “that all he wanted was good guns and plenty
of ammunition.” He said he wanted to fight some. He was
tired of running away.

As matters now stand he and almost every other Cuban
leader is compelled to confine resistance to mere outpost
skirmishing and to retreat when only a few of the precious
cartridges have been fired.

If these men, who have fought three years of the
hardest war in recent history, were supplied with the
discarded but accurate Springfield United States Army
rifles and sufficient cartridges, but few American regulars would be needed to take Havana from the land side.

All that the Cuban soldiers ask is arms. All they want to do is to help. Several thousand suits of cheap drilling would make them more comfortable these chilly nights.

The territory covered by Delgado’s band has been mapped and described in The World as “the hardest place in Cuba for the Cubans.” It is swarmed over by Spanish foot and horse from many nearby towns and fortified villages, yet there are more Cuban soldiers there now than there were when I last reported on the district in October, 1897.

When I landed at Mariel to receive the courier despatches from Havana there were a dozen insurgents from Delgado’s band on the shore.

Spanish papers claim that the Cubans do not want American intervention. But when I told these ragged, earnest men what the President had said to Spain they could not believe it for sheer joy. They embraced all around, and I felt it was worth while to carry such news to such men.

As for Gen. Blanco’s armistice, so solemnly talked about in Europe and enunciated in Cuba, it is a farce; more so, even, than Cuban autonomy.

Col. Delgado had two skirmishes yesterday, his camp being attacked by a Spanish column. Several men were killed on both sides, and Mr. Holmes helped to bury them.

The comic-opera side of Spanish official peace in Cuba is shown by the fact that after the promulgation of Gen. Blanco’s decree an uninstructed news bureau sent out official statements of several brilliant Spanish victories. One of them, it was announced, was won not four miles from the spot where The World’s dispatch boat made its landing.

TREATING WITH THE INSURGENTS.

On April 17 the Autonomy Commission, composed of Senors Dolz, Giberga, Rabell and Sola, left Havana for Santa Cruz del Sur, which is close to the stations of the Cuban Government. It was no secret that they went officially to inform the Cuban leaders that American intervention was only a mask for speedy annexation.

It is not thought, however, that they will make any impression even if they are not put to death, in accordance with the Cuban rule, which applies the death penalty to all that endeavor to treat with Cubans on any basis other than complete independence.

The condition of the reconcentrados is horrible, and Weyler’s plan of extermination will succeed if invasion is
long delayed. The American rations already issued from the warehouses lasted until April 17. Since then they have had nothing, as the Government has confiscated all the food for the troops.

The gift of supplies from the Spaniards in Mexico was also for the army and navy, although at the time of its presentation the Havana press stated that it was for the poor.

Still, with all their mediaeval manners, their childish vanities and their windy bombast, the Spanish residents of Havana have to a man responded to their country’s call. They will be beaten. I believe, not through their cowardice, but through their Dark Age ignorance. They are not alert and up to the times.

THE WORLD BOAT’S CRUISE.

For example, The World’s despatch-boat Triton has made four daylight trips, almost in touch with the Cuban coast near Havana, studying and noting strategic points. During the last week representatives of The World have explored, noted and photographed every rod of Cuban coast from Matanzas to Mariel.

Commanders of the Spanish forts have seen me disembark. The Havana newspapers have howled over “the Triton in Mariano Bay.” We were aground half of one night, and yet only one feeble attempt was made to catch us, although the Spanish officials knew we were illegally within the three-mile limit, and although they knew the work we were doing would damage them when war came.

Even though they knew the Triton would be a desirable acquisition for the Spanish auxiliary fleet, they came for us only in a lazy sort of way, which a New York schoolboy could easily have baffled. As Mr. Holmes says:

“The Spaniards are as cruel as they are brave, and they are as stupid as they are cruel.”
WORLD’S TUG TRITON REPORTS TO ADMIRAL SAMPSON.
-----
(Special from a Staff Correspondent of The World.)

On Board The World’s Despatch Steamer Triton,

The World, Monday, April 25, 1898, p. 2

Key West Harbor, April 24.

The Triton ran close to the flagship New York early Saturday morning carrying maps and information for Commander-in-Chief Sampson.

The liberty was taken of running close to the fleet while signaling was in progress, because the Triton, with the ten Lee straight-pull navy rifles and the Colt’s navy revolvers, which had been furnished us by the commander as some protection in the coast work we had been doing was for the time a species of Government vessel.

The answer to our hail came megaphoned out:

“We’ll take you aboard when we get nearer shore,” and we knew Havana was to be blockaded. This was the first time the Triton had been with the fleet since the warships had left the Key West anchorage, the Triton having been engaged in scouting duty along the coast of Cuba for Admiral Sampson. In all three trips had been made.

The big ships were strung out in line, headed for Morro. The torpedo-boat Porter followed the flagship like a hunting dog at heel.

The warships were stripped of all superfluities and trimmings. Hatches, boats and woodwork generally had been left at Key West. The battleships forged along at half speed in the full beauty of their naked stead. The crews were restless. They didn’t know that the propellers would stop before the puffs of smoke and the grinding whizz of Santa Clara’s big projectiles would bring them into action and to their guns. What they had discussed in the forecast and on watch, ashore and afloat, for years, they thought was going to happen. There was to be a fight.

The men didn’t lean over the rail, for there was none to lean upon, and instead of squatting on deck they kept moving, moving. Men have to get tuned up higher in these days of steel.

So when the American jackies saw Morro Castle’s gray walls and the yellow streaks of the newly banked sand of Cojimar’s modern batteries, and then looked about upon the
stripped steel of their ships, they were restless.

They had been on edge for two months waiting for the great day when they would go under full steam for Havana.

When these lads found that there was only to be a blockade they were mad all the way through. A moment before they had been willing to drop dead by the gun or to sink with the ship; now they began a lusty swearing. They foresaw a scarcity of "fresh grub" and absolutely no shore leave.

The morale of the officers and men is high, but they do want to get at the Spaniards.
KEY WEST, April 26.—The watch kept by the American blockading fleet is intensely alert. Triton, The World’s tug, would be a very small blockade runner, yet while steaming rapidly the length of the Cuban blockade she was flooded with light and brought up with a round turn by at least two ships on every station. They seemed to turn up from every point of the compass.

No sooner had the Triton’s course been quickly changed, so as to approach the big investigating eye and an authoritative “What ship is that?” had been meekly answered by “Triton sir,” than we ran into another actively inquiring mass of brain-directed steel.

One time the Triton had shells fired at her before she could round to. The ship was the armed yacht Hornet.

The Terror was also wide awake and fired four shots. The Triton just escaped the last projectile. Capt. Sudlow had never seen The World’s despatch boat and sent a boarding officer, who finding her papers correct, departed.

Major Smith’s small arsenal was in plain view and the Triton’s navy rifles were in evidence. The ensign remarked: “Hump, this is the darned newspaper boat I ever saw,” and went over the Triton’s side into his gig.

The Admiral has instructed Lieut. Staunton to arrange signals for newspaper boats, that no more coal nor ammunition be wasted chasing them.

There is no danger that Havana will be fed for long or often. The Terror captured a good-sized Spanish coasting steamer this morning about 1 o’clock. She was heavily loaded with sugar and general merchandise and was anchored near the shore for the night. To-day she started for Key West.

A big sugar-laden schooner has also been captured. A prize crew is sailing her north.

Matanzas is sealed as tightly as Havana. Many large Spanish sailing vessels are there, loaded with sugar. Sagua La Grande also has Spanish schooners, but the water is too shallow to risk going in for them.

Cardenas has a most complicated ship channel, which at
night is almost impassable. Mariel has a winding ship
channel, and Bahia Honda, the extreme western port to be
sealed, has no railroad connection with Havana. Even
should American land forces not occupy and intercept
provisions landed here, the Cubans will.

The first real prisoner of this war is Second Lieut.
Juan Pino Fernandez. He commanded the sentinel fort at the
mouth of the River Canasi, on the northeast coast, and its
twenty men. His wife in Matanzas, thirty miles away, bore
him a son. The lieutenant embarked in a fishing schooner
to visit his wife and was captured in the act. The Hornet
brought him and his servant aboard the flagship.

Capt. Chidwick discovered the mission of Pino, and
asked him to breakfast. The lieutenant said he had no
appetite. Capt. Chidwick consulted with the Admiral and
smilingly told the captive he was a free man. The
Spaniards took his release as philosophically as he had
born his capture and bowed courteously. By parole, written
by Capt. Chidwick, translated to him by the World
correspondent, and signed by Lieut. Fernandez, he promised
not to bear arms against the United States during the
present war unless regularly exchanged. Lieut. Pino was
then shown over the ship.

Capt. Wallack’s marines opened his eyes in admiration.
They were doing bayonet drill, and did it well.

“How great the men are!” he said on noting the tall
sailors on the right of a drill squad.

“Are there more of these?” he asked, when I explained
as well as I could the eight-inch guns.

Some one said to him: “You will have to go to Spain
for the rest of the war”

His face lit up. “Ah, the happiness of it!” said he.

“Here it is marching and sweating and suffering, and to no
use; the enemy won’t fight.”

Capt. Chidwick sent him ashore at Cojimara under a
flag of truce. He is probably now telling Blanco that all
Americans are not pigs, and that some American ships are
not made of pasteboard.
WORLD'S COMMISSION LANDS IN CUBA.

By This Time It has Reached Gomez and Learned
His Plans for Co-operating with Our Troops.

(Special Cable Despatch to The World.)

On board The World tug Triton,
Off Matanzas, Cuba, April 26.
(Via Key West, Fla., April 27.)

The World, Thursday, April 28, 1898, p. 3

The World's commission has started for Gomez. It
landed within forty miles of his usual camping grounds,
forcibly persuading a Spanish fishing smack to quickly put
them there.

The American people will, therefore, soon know whether
the veteran Cuban commander needs the American infantry in
doing ashore what our fleet does afloat, and if so, what
number and how equipped. Gen. Miles will know how many of
our discarded but excellent Springfield rifles and how much
ammunition the Cubans need to help themselves. Armed, they
will need but little other assistance.

With our field batteries and mountain guns, with a
couple of troops of our cavalry and a couple of regiments
of our infantry for taking towns and serving as stiffening
examples, the thirty-odd thousand Cuban revolutionists can
and are willing to themselves capture Spanish towns and
bases, one after another. With American artillery and
plenty of ammunition, some food and pack animals with which
to move both, Garcia could clean eastern Cuba of Spanish
troops in three weeks. American transports could take him
what troops and supplies he needs in ten days' time.

There are a multitude of important points the United
States Government might have settled with Gomez within one
week from the historic morning of our fleet's departure
from Key West. Questions covering many or most of these
have been taken in to Gomez by a World correspondent, F.H.
Nichols, accompanied by Mr. Hare, Collier's Weekly
photographer, and Mr. Whigham, the golf champion and
correspondent of the Chicago Tribune.

The party is in charge of Major W.D. Smith, second in
command of Gomez's body guard, who has been home on
furlough. He carries the Cuban Junta's official
notification to its commander-in-chief of the action of
Congress, the President, the American fleet and the surety
of Cuba Libre.

The warmth of the welcome party will have can be but slightly guessed. Haggard, war-worn men suddenly informed that their three years of hopeless, heartless, up-hill struggle has succeeded; that their mirage, Cuba Libre, is a thing, a fact, backed by solid men of war, will be a scene of moving intensity.

What the Cuban revolutionists have endured will never be fully appreciated. One couple of figures though tells it; "30,000 against 250,000" is the thing itself. There have been many more Cuban rebels than that, but the number of useful guns has never exceeded the comparative nothing of 30,000.

From the answer the Cuban lieutenant in charge of a vidette gave me the other night on Cuba's coast. "Give us rifles and cartridges; we don't want soldiers," may perhaps be foreshadowed Gomez's ideas.
BRAVE WORLD CORRESPONDENT MAY BE KILLED OR CAPTURED.

(Special Cable Despatch to The World.)

On Board the United States Torpedo-Boat Porter,
en route to Key West, April 27, via Key West.

The World, Thursday, April 28, 1898, p. 3

The World's daring Havana correspondent, Holmes, and his important information are missing. He failed to appear at the meeting place the two appointed nights. This light-draught flyer was sent to meet him by Admiral Sampson the night of April 23.

J. C. Fremont, the lieutenant commanding, ran toward the north shore cove carefully and signaled in the manner previously agreed.

No answer.

For hours the Porter's officers watched. The moon was not yet risen, coast and sky were of the same inky black. The loom of the shore a few hundred yards distant, although obscuring the coast line did not obstruct the view seaward. The Porter could be seen, and any moment the near-by Cojimar field artillery might begin puncturing the thin-skinned, valuable, almost defenseless torpedo-boat.

Holmes was to be waited for three hours. The officers watched longer and then reluctantly gave up.

On the night of the 24th the hour set was "soon after dusk as possible."

Again the swift Porter ran into the shaded bay. The moon enabled them to find it easily. This was the second trial.

The officers, to give Holmes every chance to reach them and the Admiral every chance to learn the facts about Havana's sealed interior, decided to go right to the beach.

Ensign Gillis took an eighteen-foot boat, four willing jackies swept the oars and the sandy beach was almost touched.

Gillis signaled. No answer.

It is now known that this point was patrolled that night.

The signals of the previous evening had been seen, and Holmes either could not approach the beach or had attempted it and been captured. Gillis held to the shore for an hour, then, after his return, the Porter's electric masthead light itself shot the white beams in proper intervals; but no Holmes.
Whether he is killed, captured or was accidentally prevented from furnishing World readers with most interesting news and his Government with much-needed information we will find out at once. Courier Heilberg is ready for another dash.

The World will penetrate Havana, learn of its condition and print the news.
HOW U.S. WARSHIPS SHATTERED SPAIN’S FORTS AT MATANZAS.

(Special Cable Despatch to The World.)

The World, April 29, 1898, p. 3

On Board The World’s Despatch Boat Triton, off Matanzas,
April 28, 3 P.M., via Key West, April 28.

The Matanzas sand banks weren’t much to lose, but yesterday’s rousing half hour is really great. It proves that an American flagship’s, a monitor’s and a cruiser’s guns and gunners can hit a little thing a long way off a great many times, in a very few minutes. And that’s the whole story.

Yesterday’s 23 minutes showed what a fury of iron hail would sweep the open embrasured Havana big guns clean of their men, could Admiral Sampson have his wish and were the Iowa, Indiana, Terror, Puritan and Amphitrite, followed by the less protected but plentifully armored flagship, cruisers and gun-boats, to team along and form just a short five hundred yards from Havana’s coast batteries a procession of human mowing machines.

Only during their rapid approach would the leading ships be exposed, and then to a bungling fire from guns trained at extreme and unaccustomed angles. They could hold their own advancing, and once in the third of a mile range, and with every gun, from thirteen-inch to one-inch, and even every rifle, pouring steel, human life ashore would be impossible. Havana would be taken with little loss.

The world would have learned the real destructive power of modern ships. International naval armament would advance a big step, and Cuba would be physically free and independent.

They are of the same training as the gunners at Morro, and if the Matanzas gunners lost precision, even if not their valor, at the partial fire of three ships at 700 yards, what fear need be had of Havana’s guns before fourteen ships with full broadsides at 500 yards. Matanzas Harbor, its forts and positions of our warships are taken from the chart used officially and cabled by The World’s exclusive method of transmitting maps and plans by wire.

Upon learning from its blockading station that
Matanzas Harbor was being fortified, Admiral Sampson yesterday morning determined to stop the work. Arriving off the mouth of the harbor, the Puritan and Cincinnati joined the flagship New York and all slowly entered.

When at a point 3,000 yards west by north from Maya lighthouse, on the eastern bank of the harbor, the New York slowly swung to starboard, her bow pointed about northwest, and the port eight-inch guns looked at Punta Gorda, two streaks of new yellow sand 4,000 yards distant.

No earthworks were visible at Morro Castle, 7,000 yards or nearly four miles away, across Matanzas to the sea. The port had no other fortifications.

Quarters were sounded and the lithe jackies sprang with a will and a cheer to their posts. The neat gray ammunition boxes of the rapid-fire guns and the long, dull-looking "common shell" of the 8-inch guns were there.

The gun crews looked at these, then at the yellow white sand, shifted their quids and waited.

It was the high tension of the other day’s approach toward the Italian man of war Giovanni Bausan, when Sampson yet thought her the Oquendo, but the men knew something had to happen this time. Earthworks in Cuba don’t hoist Italian colors.

It happened at 12.59. The port waist 8-inch gun sent its whirring projectile and for the first time in years the United States ships had begun shooting to hit men and guns instead of targets. The sullen Puritan and the smart Cincinnati to N.E. and N.W. and close to the New York signalled enthusiastically.

The Cincinnati’s crew sometimes had kicked at Capt. Chester’s devotion to daily gun practice but now they saw the point and wanted to impress it upon the Spanish.

Harrington, too, thought the Puritan’s 13-inchers were the proper machines to smash hostile batteries and Sampson signalled “Yes.”

Then things got interesting. The New York’s eight-inch shells had already begun to shoot whitish spumes of the yellow sand, and the Spanish had answered. Their shots flew high and appeared to Capt. Chidwick as if from field pieces at extreme elevation. The swarming laborers who vacated after the second shot were probably preparing to install these and the big brass Nanopeon guns The World has said were lately sent from Havana to constitute together the defenses of the port of Matanzas. Four minutes after the New York’s first big gun, her four-inch and the Cincinnati’s five-inch guns and the Puritan’s thirteen-inch beauties let loose, and there was music.
SHOTS FROM THE OTHER SIDE.

After five minutes' firing upon Punta Gorda battery shots came from Morillo, on the other side, supposedly from the old-fashioned eight-inch breechloading cannon. All fell short an average of 500 yards.

Thereupon the New York and the Cincinnati turned their attention and their hulls toward the western side of the harbor, and now spouted flame and iron from both broadsides.

Seventeen minutes had passed, and the Punta Gorda stopped. The Spanish had been plucky, but outclassed. The Cincinnati ceased firing at 1.21 and the New York fired the last shot of all at 1.22, and yet tenacious Spaniards in Morillo kept plunking away, doing the best they could and no damage.

They were still [...] when the ships steamed out. Two hundred and twenty-four shots had been fired in twenty-three minutes from nothing [...] four-inch guns. Almost all had struck [...]..

The position of the ships was carefully selected and the usual ship channel [...] and probable mines were avoided.

Admiral Sampson did not want even legitimate Maine episodes.

The Spanish fired twelve shots and their guns were very slowly served. The Cincinnati did the best work.

She caught the range on the first shot and kept it. On the New York Gunner’s Mate Myers is said to have done excellent work, and the crew of the after turret and its 8-inch piece. Some seaway was on, but unusually good work was done.

The Puritan was left very near the scene of action and instructed to reopen fire at the first appearance of pernicious activity in the damaged earthworks and battered castle flanks.

Nothing has been done there to-day, but some one is setting fire to everything burnable on the coast from Matanzas to Havana.

The Spanish troops have often vowed they would leave Cuba, if ever forced to, a mass of ashes.

They may now be [...].
GIVE US ARMS! SAYS GEN. GOMEZ.

There Is No Need of Sending Many United States Troops Into the Island of Cuba, If Only That Be Done and Done Quickly.

GOMEZ’S MEN WILL HAMMER AT HAVANA’S GATE.

With the Interior Cut Off and Sampson’s Fleet Thundering From the Sea, Spain’s Power in Cuba Will Speedily Come to an End.

(Special to The World.)

The World, Thursday, April 30, 1898, p. 1

KEY WEST, Fla., April 29.—No volunteer troops are needed in Cuba and very few regulars will be sufficient. It would be criminal to send 50,000 American soldiers over the Gulf Stream. Not because of epidemic disease. There is no such a thing in the country in Cuba. Not because of loss of life in great engagement. There is no necessity in having them.

But to send many men to Cuba would be criminal because useless. They are not needed. Rifles, cartridges, food, clothing, mules—yes, most emphatically yes! There are 30,000 there to use them. They are native born. They have learned Spanish military methods, until they seemingly only have to hear of a column of troops six miles away to know just what it will do, just when and just how. They have learned it by thirteen years of practical experience. They are brave. “Thirty thousand against 250,000” proves that, without going into relative armament, food supply, transportation and communication, all immensely in favor of the greater numbers.

The World’s commission has not yet returned from Gomez. It is certain he will say, “Give me artillery, munitions and mule trains, and I can do the rest.” He can. He could not, were Cuba’s topography and climate European or American. He could not, had Blanco intelligent officers and good supply bases.

But the exact military situation in Cuba to-day is just the condition for Gomez to utilize if armed and supplied. He has at the lowest estimate 30,000 men who have handled arms and are accustomed to Spanish fire. The enthusiastic Cuban Junta probably claims 100,000. The truthful Gomez put it last January at 25,000. There are
undoubtedly 150,000 in Cuba available for armament.

But the estimate of 30,000 men now ready for business only includes Cuban soldiers, neither employees of the civil government organizations nor "rancheros." The fathers and the supporters of families living in the woods having failed to obey Weyler’s reconcentration bando are included. They, however, would be very useful as they now are as scouts, and many would undoubtedly join the [. . .] forces.

Fully armed, equipped and supplied, Gomez and Garcia [. . .] little physical assistance clear the island of Spanish bases and Spanish food, and of themselves compel the quick surrender of all the outside of Havana, Matanzas and Cienfuegos. These ports and their corralled forces can be starved or taken at Sampson’s will.

Take a map of Cuba and note the fact that all Spanish supplies come first to Havana. That is Cuba’s military heart. The further away from that the [. . .] is each Spanish post in food and munitions. And they are absurdly weak at their best. Ex-Spanish Minister Canalejas admitted last November that the Spanish troops were starving. There never was a surplus in any base except the three mentioned. There is less now. There will be nothing soon. This means death to Cuban non-combatants—our protegeo—as well as to Spanish military movement and the island should be taken quickly.

This is what Gomez can do. Ask him what he wants, then send Gomez what he wants and where he wants it, and at once.

Knowing that cartridges in plenty are soon and surely to come, Gomez can see what ammunition he has in the total disablement of every railroad in Cuba. They have only been allowed to run heretofore because they have paid heavy insurgent taxes. There is now no Spanish water transportation, and with the railroads gone, the poorly supplied Spanish bases would be absolutely isolated.

This can all be accomplished by the time breech-loading Springfield rifles, cartridges, supplies and mules can be got to the Cuban coast.

Eastern Cuba need not be considered. Spain is weakest there. Garcia has perhaps 12,000 men. Spain’s best fighting General, Seguara, told me last December that Garcia had 16,000 armed soldiers. As soon as supplied Garcia could desert Eastern Cuba and march as only Cubans can march, due west. His is the best discipline considerable force in Cuba.

Garcia would need four companies of United States
cavalry. Our infantry could not wisely attempt to keep up with hardened Cuban foot soldiers. I have seen these march forty miles a day for seven days, and on almost nothing but sugarcane for food. No artillery would seem necessary to this eastern chief. There is no important town in that department but Santiago, and that is located and can last be considered.

One transport landing at a point on the south coast nearest Garcia would equip him. One Government tug or torpedo-boat could keep abreast of his position and maintain communication between Garcia and Gomez and the United States Government. Remember, the island is a ribbon, and the quickest way, other than by rail, to communicate between the eastern and western or central portions is by ass.

Gomez could march at once. He might have twenty-five pieces, one troop of cavalry and one regiment of regular infantry from the States. What are called forts in Cuba are square holes in the ground with wooden covers. None have artillery. A few are small masonry guardhouses. The average garrison is about thirty men. There are none of these which cannot be quickly reduced by a 27-inch field-piece, and no town has over a dozen of them.

Our cavalry and infantry would serve as stiffening examples to the native troops. The only reason these two are necessary is just that. They are needed in Cuba for nothing else. And their moral effect is all Gomez requires to make good soldiers of his men if once armed.

Arms and munitions can be easily landed within forty miles of Gomez’s present position. He will need little forage while crossing Santa Clara Province. There is excellent grazing there. Matanzas has remaining much sugarcane also. Gomez could take Sancti Spiritus. Santa Clara and every smaller town on his line of march without much interfering with his progress, and Garcia, marching light, could catch him in two weeks near Matanzas. If quicker junction were desired, Garcia’s men could be put aboard transports and landed near Gomez in a very few days.

Gomez can pick up all the local Cuban forces on his march, and, with Garcia from the east, and meeting Mayla Rodriguez from Pinar del Rio, arrive behind Havana in three weeks with 20,000 men.

From the moment the railroads are broken the smaller cities of Cuba will hold, practically useless, fully two-thirds of the Spanish Army of about 30,000 able-bodied men. There is nothing to eat in the country that Spanish troops could find or that would support their numbers ten days if
they did discover its hidden plantation. Every incident of three years’ observation of Spanish military characteristics show that once cut off from communication with the interior the Spanish forces will simply stay in the towns, or, if they march at all, it will have to be toward Havana, and they could easily and separately be intercepted and detained.

Once at Havana, if 20,000 Cubans and United States artillery is not enough, combined with the marine forces, then more United States regulars can be sent.

They need not go before. There never was a struggle so little understood as the Cuban-Spanish one. Spain’s troops are not generally known to be now practically useless, from a military point of view, though the crass stupidity of Spanish officers. They are brave, but they do not know how to conduct troops. The men themselves are magnificently steady and calm, but they have never been drilled. They do not know how to shoot. Add to these radical and blighting defects the starved condition of the troops and clearly we are overestimating the Spanish army in Cuba, and we greatly and criminally underestimate the Cubans if we do not immediately enable them to fight vigorously.
SAMPSON CHECKED BY ADMINISTRATION.

Analysis of the Plan of Attack Favored By Admiral Sampson and His Chief of Staff.

THEY HOPE THE ADMINISTRATION WILL SEE THE WISDOM OF IT.

It Would Mean Quick, Hot Work at Short Range and Certain Capture of the Spanish Stronghold.

(Special Cable Despatch to The World.)

On board The World Despatch Boat Triton,

April 27, 2.30 P.M. (via Key West. April 29).

The World, Saturday, April 30, 1898, p. 2

The blockade is a fact. Havana is fenced in by steel. But the misery of it all is that the Cubans will starve before the Spaniards feel one hunger pang. Big transatlantic liners have for two weeks been crowding into Havana harbor, laden and deck-loaded with food. It has been only for Spaniards, who are those who have the money, and for Spanish soldiers who at least must be fed by their Government. Cubans must starve. They cannot buy; they have no money, and their only means of obtaining food for wives and little ones will now be to shoulder Spanish rifles.

The World’s latest Havana despatches show the earnestness of the Spaniards. Naturally and doggedly tenacious, they will resist mere blockade indefinitely. And American ships will be starving the very people whom America sent them there to save. To live, Havana Cubans must turn traitors to their own country and be armed enemies to their benefactors.

Admiral Sampson obeys his blockading orders with energy and with sorrow. He feels, however, that the Administration will soon see the futility of a plan which starves our allies before it touches our enemy, and will allow him to act. The Admiral’s real wish, and the plan most vigorously held by his chief of staff, Capt. Chidwick, was to make quick, hot work at short range. Eight hundred yards and 13-inch guns these officers hold, would make short work of Havana’s only defenses against approach from the northwest, the Santa Clara and Vedado batteries. It
must be all over in two hours.

Strategic objectors in Washington influenced Secretary Long and President McKinley, and a week ago they absolutely forbade any direct attack. Their idea was that should we lose one or two battle-ships, and were Spain’s combined navy to cross the seas and attack we would be out-weighted. Secretary Long also stated the impossibility of buying battle-ships. Ready-made “tin ships” are all that can be bought, he thinks.

Admiral Sampson readily gave up carefully-studied, minutely-detailed and cherished plans for attacking Havana’s new batteries, and formulated the Mariando Bay scheme of a demonstration and an ultimatum, and the consequent speedy Spanish evacuation of Havana or its safe bombardment.

This plan seems perfect. It may now be fully described.

Capt.-Gen. Blanco has neither the guns, the torpedoes nor the time to prepare further against it. Mariando Bay’s position would enable Admiral Sampson to capture Havana infinitely sooner than by blockade, and with a thousand times more humanity.

The Vedado battery possesses only four guns which could bear upon any battle-ship and monitor inside Mariando Bay or at its mouth. They are not over eight-inch. Holmes puts them at six, and so do our Government drawings. Nothing else in Havana bears far enough westward except the second Vedado battery of rifled mortars. Even these would have to be remounted to point properly and all the complicated calculations for their fire would require careful revision. Before this could be done Gen. Blanco would have had to surrender or sustain hopeless, useless bombardment from a powerful fleet at short range for the ships, but at an impossible angle for the good guns of Havana’s only formidable (Santa Clara) battery. No gun, mortar or otherwise east of Morro could be used at all. Even with his Vedado mortar battery Gen. Blanco would be pitifully powerless. He would have six eight-inch rifled mortars, bunglingly handled as if proved by the recent projectile practice cabled to The World, and four modern guns, not over eight-inch. The main batteries of the Iowa and Indiana and three monitors alone count twenty guns, all ten-inch or over in caliber.

With his five big-gunned ships in Marianao Bay, Admiral Sampson would, indeed, have Havana at his mercy. Lying to in smooth water, well sheltered from prevailing easterly winds, and undisturbed by any but comparative
pellets from the enemy, well-trained American gunners could
demolish Havana's defenses east and west of Morro as calmly
and accurately as if on big-gun target practice.

There is plenty of water in the bay for five widely-
separated fighting ships. The World's tug Triton has
called in there three times returning from coast
appointments with World correspondents and has taken
frequent soundings each time. The shallowest water we
could find twelve fathoms (60 feet) was not over half a
mile from shore, at the end of the bay. Out one hundred
yards into the bay the man at the lead line habitually sang
out: "No bottom," which meant a depth of over fifteen
fathoms. Our big ships could almost tie up to the banks in
Marianao Bay. And this great depth of water according to
Capt. Chidwick, renders most difficult the proper placing
of torpedoes, especially with the strong tide which exists
here.

Should Admiral Sampson be allowed to take this sure
and speedy road to Blanco's palace, his ships would enter
from the northwest and would be exposed to Santa Clara's
big guns for only about half an hour, and that at a six to
seven mile range: five is thought to be enough. Ensign
Powelson and I saw them make just two line shots out of
twenty at three-mile range, and they were shooting right
out at sea, not at the extreme angle of the embrasures.

Once in the bay and completely sheltered from the big
guns, Admiral Sampson could demand surrender within twelve
hours. In case of refusal he could begin bombardment
within twenty-four hours, and our projectiles could be so
directed as to do greatest damage to the defenses and very
little to non-combatants. Havana's water front and her
batteries would lie all in line from the fleet, and every
good line shot would hit something belonging to the Spanish
Government and almost nothing of private property, which
would all lie off to the right of the line of fire.

If after bombardment a landing is deemed advisable, it
could be easily effected. The bay furnishes a splendid
beach, large enough for the simultaneous disembarkation of
20,000 men, right under the guns of the fleet, which could
then anchor within one hundred yards of the shore.

Spain's grave military blunder in placing her modern
batteries may be made the most of and Havana can be taken
without Cuban starvation, without loss to non-combatants,
with moderate loss of life to the Spanish soldiers, and
almost free of casualties on our side.

I submitted to Admiral Sampson the soundings, the
bearings and the characteristics of the bay. Mr. Hare's
photographs reached him by a torpedo-boat from Key West, where the Triton took them when she carried the first news of the fleet’s approach to Havana for The World.

Our fleet can now enter at night, if necessary, and avoid Havana’s big guns altogether.
HEILBERG WILL MAKE A SECOND DASH INTO HAVANA.
-----
Brave Courier Goes to Get News of the Blockaded City and to Learn the Fate of Intrepid World Correspondent Holmes.
-----
(Special Cable Despatch to The World.)

On board The World's despatch boat Triton, off the Cuban coast, via Key West, April 29.

The World, Saturday, April 30, 1898, p. 4

That bravest of men, Courier Heilberg, is to be landed again to-night.
He faces the fact that Spanish troops are all along the coast and patrols and guerilla scouting parties are everywhere.

Heilberg goes to communicate with World correspondent Holmes or at least discover his fate. This daring correspondent, it will be remembered, failed to appear the two appointed nights of this week for him to have been taken off by the Admiral.

Both he and Heilberg had made one successful trip in and out from Havana. Their information was valuable, and no effort will be spared to get them both back again.

The outlying cruisers are hungry for news.
"Where's the flying squadron?" they ask. "What are the Spanish doing?" "Have they left Cape Verde?" and principally, "Are we ever going to fight?"

These questions are megaphoned at the Triton by every ship passed.

In running down the coast we were brought up to each ship by an authoritative puff of white cannon smoke and each officer in charge [. . .] said:
"We can't tell, you know, who you are any distance off."

But the Triton's mate said:
"I'll be durned if them fellows don't round us up to get the news."

If they did, no blame to them, for on the blockading steel hulls [. . .] for action, on choppy water, and under a tropical sun, with no news, is not a life of luxurious ease.
SCOVEL GOES TO SOLVE FATE OF CO-WORKERS.

Brave Correspondent Starts to Join Gomez and to Find, if Possible, Some Trace of The World's Special Commission.

TORPEDO-BOAT PORTER LANDS HIM SAFELY ON CUBAN COAST.

Has a Secret Commission from Admiral Sampson to Fulfill—How He Hopes to Reach the Insurgent Camp—Porter Chases Two Spanish Gunboats.

(Special Cable Despatch to The World.)

NORTHERN COAST SANTA CLARA PROVINCE, CUBA, April 30.

By Way of Key West, May 2.

The World, Tuesday, May 3, 1898, p. 8

I am off to find Gomez and The World's commission. For two hours the torpedo-boat Porter has ranged along the coast, but no sign of The World's men have been seen. We have signalled and signalled. No answer. Not a flutter of white anywhere.

So a small boat has been launched and willing tars have pulled five hard, broiling miles to this point. It is a small town, called El Embarcadero de Mayajagua. There are Spanish forces near. They may have captured Major Smith, of Gen. Gomez's bodyguard, who was in charge of The World party.

They may have captured the party itself, composed of Nichols, Hare and Whigam.

The last I saw of them they were sailing shoreward near Caibarien in a little fishing smack on April 24. Everything seemed in their favor then, but one of the two gunboats we sighted to-day may have captured them.

At any rate, there is no sign of them at this, the appointed place.

Wright and myself are going in after them—Wright because he thinks little of hardship and danger, and I because I have the Admiral's commission to fulfil.

H. C. Seppings-Wright is the war artist of the London Illustrated News.

The men are now hiding our saddles. If we meet the Cubans soon we expect to return with horses and then easily get off for Gomez.
If not, we go on foot to the southeast, hoping to meet Cubans on the way.

At 10.45 this morning the Porter entered the Caibarien Canal.

Two little Spanish gunboats hurried away to a Caibarien port. They did not like the looks of the Porter. The Porter brought war to this part of the Cuban coast. She chased the gunboats. They flaunted the yellow and red bunting.

The crew of the Porter were wide-awake and anxious for fight. Even the engineers poked their heads above the hatches to get momentary glimpses of the gunboats, but they are safe.

Lieut. Fremont was watching the shore closely, and after the chase was over the Porter moved slowly for several miles along the coast, looking for some sign of The World's party, but in vain.
GOMEZ SAYS GIVEN WEAPONS CUBANS CAN DRIVE OUT SPAIN.

-----

(Special Cable Despatch to The World.)

The World, Monday, May 9, 1898, p. 1

IN CAMP PUNTA DE CAGUANES, near Moron Trocha, north coast Cuba, May 5 (via Key West, May 8).--The veteran Maximo Gomez, the backbone and brain of the Cuban revolution, gives to the American people, through The World, Cuba's thanks for freedom.

He writes in his firm hand:

"CUBA LIBRE, 30 of April, 1898.

"I am much delighted at the action of the people and Government of the United States in doing justice to the cause of this heroic and exhausted people.

"For me, and in the name of my loyal soldiers, I authorize you to extend most heartfelt thanks for the protection which is offered us. It [. . .] all constitute a bond of solidity and eternal friendship between both peoples.

"I am ready, and thus I know my government will be, to accept the alliance which is offered us, and therefore I await the official commissioned by Gen. Miles, (Lieut. Whitney, of the Bureau of Military Intelligence), to discuss the basis of the plan of campaign to be adopted against the common enemy.

"But Gen. Miles should know that he need not venture his ships too far in perilous enterprises, for in this, our own ground, we need no more than munitions with which to finish with the Spaniards, as the Island of Cuba is in such a condition that they cannot resist six months of rigorous siege.

"M. GOMEZ"

In another letter, dated Barracones, April 29, Gomez states his real personal gratitude.
GEN. GOMEZ'S LETTERS BROUGHT BY WORLD MAN.

-----

Willing to Co-Operate with an American Landing Force--Replies to Admiral Sampson's Questions.

(Special Cable Despatch to The World.)

The World, Tuesday, May 10, 1898, p. 1

KEY WEST, May 9.--In one of the letters brought back from Gomez's camp by The World commissioner, the insurgent Commander-in-Chief expresses his gratitude to the American people for their sympathy and proffered aid. Under date of Barracones, Santa Clara Province, April 29, he writes:

"You understand with what tenacity the Cuban people have fought, and, knowing their heroism, you have been able to comprehend that those who, with exemplary self-abnegation have defended their rights, cannot forget their duty to appreciate as brothers the sons of the Union who from the beginning of this struggle have been upon our side. The love and the thankfulness of peoples cannot be translated into words; but, expressing my sentiments, which are those of the Cuban people, receive my embrace, the warm salute which those who have known how to break their chains send to the worthy citizens of the great North American Republic.

"M. GOMEZ."

To Gen. Miles Gen. Gomez writes expressing his desire to co-operate with him.

To Admiral Sampson, by special courier, he gives definite replies to questions carried to him by The World correspondent--how many men he can concentrate at different points of Cuba in different lengths of time, how many rifles Cubans want and what kind, what class of artillery and how many guns, what class, kind and quantity of food, medicine, clothing and equipment the Cubans can best use--all the questions carried to Gomez by The World correspondent for Admiral Sampson. The courier's name is Jorer. He was United States Vice-Consul at Sagua under W. B. Barker. When the Americans left, Jorer went into the woods and Gomez seized this opportunity of sending Jorer home to testify to the United States Government the condition of the Cubans, civil and military, and to more
fully conform to military etiquette than would have been the sending of state despatches by a newspaper correspondent, as was first contemplated.

Gomez is rather nettled that a military attaché should be sent to Garcia before he himself was notified that the United States expected his co-operation.

The Cubans can use now about thirty thousand rifles with ammunition for them, mules to transport it, and some packers to run the pack trains. The desired food weights about half that of American soldiers' rations. It consists of beef, bacon, rice, cornmeal, sugar and salt. The medicines asked for are chloroform, for gunshot wounds, and quinine, for malarial fever. There is no small-pox or yellow jack in the fields of Cuba, and remedies for such are unasked for. Clothing, if sent, should be two washable suits of three pieces each—shirt, trousers and coat, with several belt pockets. The Cuban leaders don't wish uniform hats to be sent, probably fearing that Cuban privates might too closely resemble Spanish soldiers. Pack saddles should be of the “saw-buck” pattern. No horses are needed, nor cavalry animals of any kind.

Gomez's letter to Admiral Sampson also treats of landing places.

The World correspondent brought Coast Pilot Broche to the fleet. He belongs to Carillo's forces, and is put at Sampson's disposal by Gomez. He will conduct the first American expedition to Cuba.

Gomez's letters to Miles and Sampson express his warm desire to aid in any manner and at once.

To President McKinley he expresses for Cuba the official thanks of the new republic.
YANKEES WIN FIRST BATTLE FROM DON S.

United States Troops, Covering the Landing of Government Scouts Near Mariel, Attacked by Spanish Forces, Which Were Repulsed.

SHARP FIGHTING DROVE THE ENEMY INLAND, LEAVING THEIR DEAD BEHIND.

American Loss Was None, with One Man Slightly Wounded, While a Lieutenant and Two Privates Were Killed on The Other Side, Besides Unknown Casualties.

On Board The World’s Despatch-Boat Triton, Bound for Key West, May 13.

The World, Saturday, May 14, 1898, p. 4

The transport Gussie was shelled to-day by the Spanish field batteries at Baracoa and Banes, on the north coast of Cuba, fifteen miles west of Havana, and also by infantry fire. The Gussie, with the Manning and Wasp, has approached the shore to land supplies for the Cubans under Baldomero, Acosta and Delgado.

The shelling began at 9 A. M. by batteries on a ridge three-quarters of mile inland. It was sharp work. The first two shells narrowly missed the transport. The Manning and the Wasp answered and silenced both batteries after a half hour’s raid firing. The Manning’s crew was new to the guns. The Wasp’s shooting was excellent. There were no casualties on either side. Spanish total, if any, is unknown.

The American troops fought their first fight on Cuban soil three days ago, and they won.

There were not many of them landed from the transport Gussie for the initial conflict, but they went into the fight with a will and there was no question as to the result.

This is the first encounter of American troops with a foreign force on its own ground in many a year, and it proves conclusively their bravery. The Spanish war is now on both by land and sea. The landing party that stood on Cuban soil this morning shot to kill, and it shot well. The Spaniards left three of their dead behind them, which is unusual, and shows the haste with which they were compelled to abandon the position they had occupied.

The Americans lost not a man and not one of the
landing force was seriously wounded. In its little way this attack upon the Spanish was as completely successful as Commodore Dewey’s assault upon Manila.

The best proof of the good showing made by the bluecoats is the fact that they were taken utterly by surprise, but stood their ground like veterans although many of them were smelling powder for the first time in their lives.

The fight occurred on the shore of the harbor of Cabanas. It has been arranged to send couriers to the Cuban leaders to convey plans proposed by the American generals. It was most important that the despatches should reach their destination, and a special force was selected to protect the couriers until they were placed in safety on Cuban soil.

It was known before starting from Key West that the whole north coast of Cuba was dotted with the Spanish forces. In small companies they could be found anywhere, and it was possible for them to concentrate a large force at short notice. From the city of Havana to Cabanas, in the province of Pinar del Rio, there is not a stone ruin or cave that is not the rendezvous of from two to three hundred of the Spanish infantry. The shore line is guarded from end to end, and it is almost an impossibility for a vessel to approach the coast without being discovered.

The landing of couriers or small forces, or even considerable amounts of ammunition, can therefore best be done at night.

Such was the plan of Capt. Dorst, who was in command of the present expedition. He is commander of Company E. of the First United States infantry, and he had his own men with him.

The couriers and troops were carried by the transport Gussie. This is a venerable side-wheeler of Mississippi River glory. She did not reach Key West until 5 P.M. yesterday, although it had been expected she would get there much sooner, and Capt. Dorst had arranged to leave Key West not later than 6 P.M.

There were other mistakes in the arrangements, and it was 9 P.M. before a start was finally made.

THE WORLD’S TUG TRITON IN THE EXPEDITION.

The fine armed revenue cutter Manning led the expedition. She went ahead with only her stern light showing, for the guidance of the Gussie, which was towed out of the harbor by The World’s despatch-boat Triton.

Not another vessel was near and not another was permitted by the regulations to leave the harbor. It was
all done in the quiet and darkness of night.

The troops on the Gussie were exceedingly happy. They were thoroughly tired of railroading across the continent and the doleful camping at Tampa. To their minds any change was acceptable. These bluecoats are all Westerners, and they chafe under the restraint of camp life. They were glad they had been given the honor of engaging in the dangerous expedition.

But it was not happy weather. In less than an hour after the start had been made the rain began to fall. It came down in sheets and it was impossible to see more than a cable’s length ahead. The Manning disappeared in the darkness and Capt. Dorst hailed the Triton to carry to the Manning the announcement of a change in the plans that had been made necessary by the delay at Key West.

The Manning’s stern light could not be seen, and it was impossible to do anything but steam back to the Gussie and her anxious commander. He heard the word and the answer came ringing back.

All right. Take your course. We’ll go ahead on ours.”

It was 9:30 A.M. when the north coast of Cuba was reached.

The Manning was now again sighted, having laid to in wait for her convoy. She steamed to a position abeam of the Gussie, and then they turned westward toward the port of Cabanas, with the Triton in close company.

The lookouts on the Triton were the first to sight Spanish troops on the shore, and the information was promptly conveyed to the Manning. Her crew went to quarters with the agility of acrobats.

The captain of the Manning was patient. The guns were shotted, but there were no orders to fire, although there could be plainly seen the head of a Spanish column emerging upon a yellow road leading from the brush down to the beach.

The gunners waited. The captain could not be sure whether the soldiery were hostile Spanish or friendly Cubans. The vessels drew nearer the shore, and then it was easy to distinguish the light blue uniforms and straw hats that mark the Spaniards from the Cubans in their mud-colored dress.

Still it was not time for shooting, and the Manning forged ahead. The captain remarked that he would shell that force on the return trip, and it is probable that it has felt the weight of American projectiles long before this has reached the readers of The World.
It was 11 A. M. when the Manning and Gussie passed Mariel, the head of Weyler’s famous trocha. Just west of this harbor the coast hills rise high, and it was easy with glasses to distinguish bodies of cavalry moving along their edge.

WARSHIPS OPEN FIRE ON SPANISH CAVALRY.

Twenty minutes later the Gussie slowed up off a strip of sand that seemed a likely place to put the couriers ashore and send their horses swimming after them. The Gussie and Manning steamed in toward the shore.

In plain sight were four Spanish cavalry scouts and the guns were trained on them. There was a discharge, and the scouts hurried back into the bush. They were armed with Mauser rifles and the ships were well within their range, but the Spanish aim was bad, and no bloodshed followed their fire. It was the first small-arm episode of the present war, and it [...] a tiny prelude to the heavier skirmish that was soon to follow.

Those on board the Gussie had made preparations for disembarking and these were stopped as soon as the firing began. The Cuban couriers had no desire to land in a nest of their enemies and Capt. Dorst agreed they were right.

He gave orders for further steaming westward and no stop was then made until Punta Fria, the harbor entrance of Cabanas, was reached. This was the landing-place that had been first selected.

It was about 1 P.M. when the lookouts sighted a large, stone-walled, roofless sugar mill that was seen to be jammed and fringed by the inevitable men in the blue cloth and straw hats.

The captain of the Manning signalled.

“Shall I shell them?”

Capt. Dorst responded:

“With pleasure.”

The gun crews on the Manning had been at quarters for nearly three hours and they were restless. In fact, they have not had their guns very long and they wanted a chance to use them.

Their first shots were unsteady and apparently did no damage. There were no dust jets from the stone masonry, but it was seen that the Spanish troops deemed it best to evacuate.

When Punta Fria was reached, the veteran Cuban coast pilot Blanco cautiously dropped the unwieldy Gussie inshore until she lay 300 yards from the beach. The brush back of the sand was so dense that it was impossible to find an opening in it with glasses. In front of the beach there
was a coral reef with long rollers breaking over it. The Gussie’s anchor was dropped overboard and it seemed to be the signal for firing from the shore. From the eastern end of the harbor entrance, possibly 2,000 yards away, there came a heavy rifle fire. The weapons again were Mausers and the ships were within range, but not a bullet struck the Gussie. Occasionally there were heavier discharges, as if from the old-style guns, but it was impossible to make out any forces.

One of the Gussie’s long-boats was lowered, no one paying any attention to the firing. Six soldier oarsmen and a soldier coxswain made the crew.

No one knows where these California fighters learned to row, but they do it well.

FIRST LANDING ON CUBA OF UNITED STATES REGULARS.
Capt. Dorst was short of boats, and he requested the Triton to help putting the couriers on shore. There were two of them with a guide. Capt. Donator Soto, who was formerly with Maceo, is in charge of the expedition and with him is his secretary, Antonio Maria Canas. Their guide is Padron. They carry the latest official’s news of the war and instructions for the future to Gen. Pedro Diaz, who commands the insurgent forces in the province of Pinar del Rio.

There were hushed moments while the boats were tumbling through the surf to the shore. On the deck of the Gussie were men with ready rifles pointed to the brush back of the beach. Capt. Pfister stood ready to command them to fire. Lieut. Tracy was half way up the shrouds, peering down upon the tangled undergrowth. But not a Spaniard was to be seen.

The long boats reached the shore and the couriers jumped out upon the beach. The bluecoats followed them, the first men to land on the first fighting day between American and Spanish soldiers.

About a hundred yards down the beach there was a small clump of trees back of which the brush was very dense. It looked to be a good lurking place for expectant Spanish soldiers, and it was. They were in safe ambush and watched the Americans land.

A second boatload started from the Gussie and quickly made the beach. In all there were twenty American soldiers on Cuban ground. Some of the men started forward to beat the bush in true Indian fashion.

They had scarcely reached the jungle when there came the sharp crack of Mausers, followed by the quick whistling of bullets.
It was just 2.50 P.M. and the fight was on. The men on the Gussie poured a steady fire into the trees and shrubbery. The Spanish fire became hotter, but none the less wild. Bullets whistled everywhere. Those on the Gussie thought there must be a whole column of Spaniards in the ambush.

The Americans who had gone forward to scout could not be seen. In five minutes they came tumbling back upon the beach. The firing was incessant.

Capt. Dorst tried to signal for the Manning and the auxiliary yacht Wasp to come and shell the Spanish position, but there was a delay. The men on the beach kept up their fire, although it looked as if they were opposed by at least 400.

Finally the Manning got into range and opened fire. At first her shells burst half a mile beyond the Spanish position, but this was soon corrected and the deadly projectiles struck where they were directed.

Capt. Pfister’s marksmen on the deck of the Gussie shot magnificently, and in less than ten minutes the Spanish fire ceased. They had been driven from their stronghold.

The men on the shore under command of Capt. O’Connell had meantime been having a hot time, notwithstanding the protection they received from the fire from the ship. The captain had placed his men well. About fifty yards inland from the point where the second boatload landed lived a fisherman. He was also a charcoal burner, and in a small clearing in front of his cabin had completed an excavation for a new kiln.

It made a splendid rifle pit, and Capt. O’Connell posted most of his men there. Their steady fire did much toward driving the Spaniards from their position.

When the enemy’s firing ceased scouts were sent forward to make sure that the Spaniards had retired. It was discovered that they had moved further inland toward their blockhouses.

The dead they left behind were a lieutenant and two privates.

Capt. Dorst ordered a recall and went ashore in person to superintend the re-embarkation.

COURIERS OFF WITH ORDERS FOR GOMEZ.

The couriers mounted, shook hands and galloped down the beach on their perilous journey to the Gobernado Hills. They had borne themselves well in the encounter.

It was now 5 P.M. The bluecoats were thoroughly tired. They had fought and scrambled through the jungle
and all were wet by landing in the surf. They were glad to get back to the ship.

The only man wounded was James F. Archibald. He is correspondent of the San Francisco Post. He was struck in the left arm, but the wound was not dangerous.

Capt. O’Connell speaks most highly of his bravery, for although hit, Archibald worked right through the fight as messenger or soldier, as was needed. He wears the regulation uniform and carries a rifle. The members of Company E are fond of him, and Capt. Dorst mentions his wound in his official report.

The men under fire were all from Company E. They were in two squads while entering the jungle. Capt. O’Connell led one of fourteen men. With him were Lieut. Nolan, Sergt. Rush, Sergt. Linterbrandt, Sergt. Salter, Fighting Correspondent Archibald, Corpl. P. O’Brien and among the privates were Charles Nolan, James Nolan, Stingley and Ammon.

Lieut. Crofton commanded the other party of eight men. He had Corpl. Eagen and privates Powell, Zuckerman, Olsen, Rudolph, Daily, Jabelman and Doyle. These squads were later mixed in the rifle pit.

One of their members called out:

“Don’t you forget to say that E. Company fired the first shot in Cuba.” J. Ralph Paine, The World correspondent, lay in the pit alongside a strapping frontier soldier and answered:

“You bet we won’t.”

One prisoner was taken. He was the fisherman, and the Cubans vehemently accused him of having notified the Spanish of the American arrival. It is not likely, however, that Capt. Dorst will treat him severely.
THRALL AND JONES TO BE EXCHANGED.

These Two World Men Entered Cuba on Their Own Responsibility, and Were Captured By Spanish Cavalry.

BUT BLANCO WAS GENEROUS AND WILL SOON SET THEM FREE.

Story of the Negotiations in Havana Harbor, Under a Flag of Truce, for Their Exchange.

(Special to The World.)

The World, Tuesday, May 17, 1898. pp. 1, 2

KEY WEST, Fla., May 16.—The first Americans made prisoners by the Spaniards during this war were Charles H. Thrall, The World’s Cuban correspondent, and Haydon Jones, The World’s war artist, who are now in grim old Cabanas. These intrepid men, zealous in their patriotism, entered upon this expedition on their personal responsibility, thoroughly aware of the risks they were bound to encounter.

They were captured on Cuban soil after they were seen landing from The World’s despatch boat Triton. Had they been hanged as spies the ethics of war would have justified the Spaniards.

But the men were treated with kindness, consideration and courtesy. Within forty-eight hours they will be free men aboard a United States war vessel. Captain-General Blanco has agreed to exchange them for two Spanish officers.

On learning of their capture The World set about speedily and with great energy to save them. The Government in Washington and the naval officials did all within their power. Captain-General Blanco and the officers under him have been most humane and generous.

When the news reached me that Thrall and Jones had been captured I sent a cable message to a Spanish colonel who is a member of the Cortes and to Mendez, the Government censor in Havana, asking for full particulars. When I returned this morning I found the reply awaiting me. Here is a translation:

SENOIR MENDEZ’S COURTESY.

“Scovel, Key West:

“The correspondents were yesterday captured by our
forces. They were attempting to disembark, as is always impossible. Salvador Jones and Charles H. Thrall were saved. They say they are your companions. They have been treated with the generosity which, you know, is habitual with us. They are in a fortress, where they are treated with distinction.

"Do you remember my advice? What a mistake you have made and how foolishly you have acted! It is said that you escaped by swimming. Is this the truth?

"When will your real fighters come? Hurry up the campaign. Oh, let it come quickly! Here we are very tranquil, and assured of giving you a disagreeable surprise. We’ll see what comes of it.

"I take much pleasure in giving you the facts you ask, doing so with the smile that is habitual with me.

"RAMON MENDEZ, Censor."

The advice to which Mendez refers was a friendly word to me not to return to Cuba.

It was just ninety-six hours ago that Thrall and Jones were landed. The Triton had taken a swing around westward and then stood in toward Havana, as if coming up the coast from Mariel. Approaching Banes Cove, fifteen miles west of Havana, we saw the ancient stone blockhouse swarming with Spanish soldiers. Three miles further east projected a small coral point which appeared to offer an admirable landing place.

We searched the land with our glasses. We could see no sign of soldiers in the stately palm orchards. No one shot at us. The Triton’s battered lifeboat was lowered for landing. Thrall, Jones and myself jumped into the stern. I had a navy rifle. On landing the two men started alongshore, under cover of the dense vegetation. It was Thrall’s purpose to strike inland about half a mile from where we landed. We saw the two disappear into the jungle as the boat was hoisted on to the Triton.

The Spaniards no doubt saw the Triton draw close to the shore. Possibly they saw the men leave the boat. A detachment of cavalry was sent after them. The troopers came upon The World’s men about a mile from shore. There was no chance of escape.

AMERICAN DIPLOMACY WON.

Thrall speaks Spanish as he does English, and he knows the Spanish character. He frankly acknowledged that he and Jones were World correspondents, and threw himself upon the generosity of the lieutenant in charge, relying upon the vanity and weakness of his captors.

His diplomacy succeeded. He and Jones were treated
with courtesy and consideration.

The next morning they were taken to Havana. They were cross-examined at the palace and then sent over to Cabanas Fortress.

The news was cabled to Madrid and from there cabled to The World. The names had been misspelled, but they did not conceal their identity.

When Commodore Remy learned that The World’s men had been captured he cabled to Secretary Long, saying that if arrangements for exchange were made immediately their lives could be saved.

Commodore Remy’s despatches probably reached Washington about the same time that those from The World arrived—about 4.30 P. M. Within an hour and a half the answer was flashed back to Commodore Remy. It said, in effect:

“Send warship under flag of truce immediately to Havana, with Mr. Knight on board. Have officer in command negotiate with Gen. Blanco for prisoners.”

Knight is the London Times correspondent. He wished to go to Havana, having received permission from Gen. Blanco to remain there, and he was anxious to do his utmost, with Mr. Gullon, the British Consul General, to save the prisoners.

Lieut. Brainard was detailed to open the first negotiations with the Spaniards since the war began. He was to carry the first flag of truce, and his mission was to save the lives of two World men.

The armed tug Uncas was almost ready to steam to her station on the blockade when Lieut. Brainard and his crew went aboard. It was just sixty-four hours after the landing in Cuba and twelve hours after The World received the first news of the capture that the Uncas started for Havana. I stowed away. I thought they might need an interpreter. I didn’t come forth from my hiding place until the Uncas had left Sand Key light astern. Brainard could not turn back, and he couldn’t very well throw me overboard.

EMPOWERED TO TREAT WITH BLANCO.

Brainard had sealed orders for the senior officer of the Havana station, Capt. McKenzie, of the Mayflower. The Uncas paused beside the yacht that had been converted into a warship about noon yesterday. The lieutenant went aboard and stayed about five minutes. He returned with power to treat with Gen. Blanco for the exchange of any two Spanish officers now prisoners of war for Thrall and Jones.

“Turn her nose for Havana and rig up one of my sheets
for a flag,” he commanded.

There was mutiny at once. Quartermaster Kelly was ordered to hoist the sheet.

“I’ll not hoist a white flag, sir,” said Kelly, with a deal of respect and more determination.

“Hoist that flag of truce,” commanded Brainard sternly, but there was a glint in his eye that belied his sharp command.

“I’ll not do it, sir,” said Kelly, with equal firmness. And he held out his hands as if he expected the irons to be placed on them. “I’ll be—if I do it,” he added under his breath.

Brainard turned away. Another man hauled the white sheet to the foretop, and the Uncas sped toward the harbor at top speed.

Powerful telescopes showed companies of soldiers working like ants on Morro’s eastern batteries and brought the big guns uncomfortably close.

Presently spots of color fluttered from Morro’s signal mast. They could not be read. Then they were lowered, and we set signals which read: “I wish to communicate with you.”

An answer was raised from the fortress: “Await orders.”

The engines were stopped and the Uncas rolled in the seaway. Through the glasses we could see the gunners beside the big cannon.

We waited for an hour and a half before we saw a grayish speck develop into the little fourth-class gunboat Flecha, with a white tablecloth floating from her stem. Meanwhile the Uncas had drifted about two miles from shore. The Flecha rounded to about a mile away, broad-side on as if inviting the Uncas further in. Probably she didn’t like the looks of the Mayflower and Vicksburg, who were about two miles seaward.

We ran toward the batteries again.

“Come close,” hailed the Spaniard.

It was Lieut. Ro[. . .] y Lopez, of the Admiral’s staff who spoke. He speaks English.

“I’ll come alongside in my small boat,” answered Brainard, and at once stepped into it, followed by Knight.

A few minutes later Brainard and Knight stepped on to the Flecha. The American officer shook hands in a hearty fashion, while Knight preserved his British conventionality. The Spaniards were punctiliously polite.

Brainard and Knight went below and the speedy gunboat rounded Morro’s rocky point, stopping just outside the
mines in Havana harbor. The docks and quays were jammed with people.

The Admiral’s launch came up and Brainard and Knight were invited on deck to meet Gen. Blanco’s representative, a Colonel of Infantry. Brainard explained his mission and Knight showed his credentials.

Mr. Gollan, the British Consul-General, came on board and said that Thrall and Jones were safe.

The colonel of the infantry departed with Brainard’s despatch. Within half an hour he returned with Gen. Blanco’s compliments saying that Thrall and Jones would be willingly exchanged the moment that Gen. Blanco had received by cable, through Consul-General Gollan, the formal notification from the American Government that Spanish officers held prisoner were sent in their place. The ship that brought the Spanish officers to Havana would convey the Americans to Key West.

Knight prepared to land, but the Spanish officers and Consul Gollan dissuaded him, saying that the police and soldiers could not protect him from the mob. Knight thereupon decided to come back and take another opportunity for landing in Havana.

Matters having been thus satisfactorily arranged, Brainard and Knight retired to the Uncas, which then headed for the Mayflower, and Brainard reported to Capt. McKenzie, and subsequently they returned to Key West.

Brainard is now in communication with Commodore Remy. If the Spanish prisoners are started south from Atlanta today there is no reason why Thrall and Jones should not be free men by Wednesday.
TWO COURIERS SENT TO THE INSURGENTS.

-----

Exciting Attempt of the Tecumseh to Land the Messengers on a Guarded Portion of the Island’s Coast.

-----

SMALL BOAT FIRED UPON BY AN ALERT SENTINEL.

-----

A Second Landing Made Without Incident—Great News Taken to the Cubans by the Messengers of the United States.

-----

(Special Cable Despatch to The World.)

The World, Saturday, May 21, 1898, p. 2

KEY WEST, Fla., May 20.—The smart little steamer Tecumseh has conducted two landings upon the Cuban coast, thirty-five miles apart, and both within six hours.

Cuban surf, clear daylight and Spanish sentinels made the undertaking difficult. For fifty miles east of Havana every sheltered cove, every projecting point and almost every unfrequented strip of practicable sand beach has its guard detail of Spanish cavalry. These are in constant touch with the massed Spanish infantry and artillery occupying the crest of the low coast ridge. The large units of the enemy are there posted from half a mile to a mile and a half from the beach. They are in readiness to be thrown against the daily expected disembarkation of American troops in force, and they keep a sharp lookout.

Yesterday afternoon the Tecumseh sheered away from Cuba. Gen. Nunez was on board in charge of four Cuban couriers. One pair was Col. Baldomero Acosta and Estaban Delgado: the other Major Alfredo Sims and Olympia Trivices.

Acosta is a brave man. He has been repeatedly wounded. He kept Havana’s western suburb in excitement for two years, until his uncured injuries all but paralyzed his body. Now he is in eager, active service of the United States forces.

Sima arrived in Key West only a week ago. With his companion he had captured a Spanish fishing boat and sailed to the blockading squadron.

It was decided that one pair of couriers was to be landed at one point, and if resisted there the other couple was to be put ashore at a new place. Somehow or other communication was to be established with certain insurgent forces, and that has been done.
Cuban Coast Pilot Blanco saw the black coast line shortly before daylight this morning. Lieut. G. R. Evans, commanding the renamed tug Edward Luckenbach, of New York, quietly called the engine-room through the speaking tube. Gongs would have made too much noise, he said.

"Turn her over as slow as you can,"

There are unknown, uncharted and steadily-building coral reefs along Cuba’s north coast.

Barefooted sailors tried each shutter and window and door to see that each was tightly shut or had its smoke-colored canvas shade firmly drawn. One little beam from the binnacle occasionally threw into relief the strong lines of the helmsman’s face as he peered at the compass figures. Evans blinded this light streak as well, and the Tecumseh rippled toward shore with her lights most completely "doused."

Old Blanco screwed his eyes into the night glasses. He looked for the blackening strip of shore to stand out into trees. He found his landmark.

We had a league of coast to pass. Arriving at the proper point midway between two Spanish outposts the tug slowly closed in and the sounding line kept softly splashing. "By the mark, ten, sir." was whispered up to the dark pilot.

The wherry had been lowered further out and hung almost touching the phosphorescent rolls of water from the vessel’s bow. Half a gale of wind was paralleling the coast from the eastward. Right under the land a long swell was breaking in spurts of white water against the coral beach of the shore.

Four sturdy young fellows of the ship’s crew took their seats upon the thwarts. Acosta, Delgado and the Cuban pilot crouched in the boat’s bottom. The falls were softly let go. I took the steering oar and we pulled toward the surf.

At the edge of the breakers the light boat was swung about, bow on to the seas. As each white racer came curling on it was "Give way together!" In the hollows between them it was "Hard astern!"

Steadily in we backed until the gray light showed the shore to be a six-foot vertical wall of coral. The breakers hit it like trip-hammers and the white foam flew.

We got out of that and found a gentler beach a quarter mile further on. In again through the breakers we backed. As a nine-foot roller fell, the Wheery’s stern pounded the coral. We could approach no closer. Acosta sprang out, rifle in hand, and stumbled and was rolled by the water.

302
ashore. We saw him clamber the solid bank and disappear in the bushes. Almost instantly he emerged hastily and plunged into the sea again. We waited and hauled him dripping aboard.

"Vamos habra faego pronto," he said ("Let’s get out of this; there will be shooting soon.")

And there was. Hardly had the boat’s crew bent their ashes when the peculiar flat smack of a Mauser rifle discharge sounded. The sentinel on the point had seen us. He only shot once and hastened into the bushes, probably to notify his outpost of the fact of a Yankee landing.

We reached the Tecumseh: the wherry was hauled up hand over hand and the Tecumseh steamed out at full speed.

The other brace of couriers was landed without incident and in full daylight. The surf was not so heavy and a sand beach was backed in upon. Major Sima and his comrade to-night will have carried great news to their companions and superior officers.
PLUCKY LONDON TIMES MAN
STARTS FOR HAVANA IN A PUNT.

Carried by The World Despatch-Boat Triton Within
Seven Miles of Havana, He Departed on His
Perilous Trip to the Enemy.

(Special Cable Despatch to The World.)

The World, Wednesday, May 25, 1898, p. 2

KEY WEST, Fla., May 24.—E. W. Knight, correspondent of
the London Times, left The World despatch boat Triton in a
small boat between Key West and Cuba yesterday for a
perilous trip to Havana. He had Secretary Long’s
permission to land. Blanco has acquiesced, and to-day he
is safe in the blockaded city, if he was not upset.

Mr. Knight once sailed half around the globe in a
twelve-ton sloop and wrote a book about it. He embarked
to-day in a twelve-foot flat-bottomed, low-sided cockle
shell of a skiff. The wind was blowing half a gale against
the Gulf Stream.

The Triton lay near the shore, but the sea was still
nasty. Knight, moreover, had the usual Englishman’s quota
of baggage. The rowing thwart was too high for his long
knees to clear the oars. He thereupon sat flat in the
skiff’s bottom and from the side looked as though he were
seated upon the seat, the boat’s sides were so low.

Besides his baggage, Knight’s alleged boat bore three
bottles of mineral water, some whiskey and a white flag. A
British ensign he carried in his pocket.

Off Barcurinao Cove, at 2 o’clock in the afternoon,
Knight and his outfit were manoeuvred into the little
craft. He started paddling vigorously for Havana, seven
miles distant, westward along the coast.

The mate said: “That feller will never see shore.”
Indeed, the second sea which raced by us completely doused
him. But up he bobbed upon it, saying as he paddled away:
“Good-by and thanks. I fancy I am all right now, you
know.”

The Triton’s crew and passengers saluted him, and in
less than five minutes so frothy and so high was the sea
that Knight disappeared from sight. He is to make every
effort to see that The World correspondent and artist,
Thrall and Jones, are speedily forthcoming when the two
Spanish prisoners reach Havana under a flag of truce.

If he tired of rowing and made for shore short of
Havana, he probably ran into Spanish cavalry and was sent to Cabanas to meet The World men as their fellow-prisoner, before his documents were examined.

Officers of the blockading fleet are earnestly watching for something to capture and are anxious for news of the expected south coast naval battle. Their opinion is that as now divided either Sampson’s or Schley’s ships are more powerful than Spain’s four protected cruisers and three destroyers.

By this time the busy Tecumseh will have picked up Major Sima, his escort and his information. As cabled exclusively, these Cuban couriers were landed by Lieut. Evans two days ago to communicate with important Cuban forces.

While approaching shore yesterday afternoon, heavy clouds of white smoke rolled out from Santa Clara battery. They were followed by a lesser one from San Diego battery, on the hill between Morro and Cojima. No American ships could be discovered within range, and no shells dropped near the Triton. The Spaniards seemed at target practice.
WORLD’S DESPATCH BOAT SAILS AROUND CUBA.

No Spanish Warships Interrupt the Trip, but United States Men-of-War Dotted the Seas and Harbors, Keeping Up an Effective Blockade.

(Special Cable Despatch to The World.)

The World, Friday, June 3, 1898, p. 3

KEY WEST, June 2.—On Board The World’s Despatch Boat, June 1.—This little vessel has just finished the first complete tour of the Cuban coast made by a newspaper boat and has discovered no Spanish warships in harbor or on the high seas other than the minor vessels which have been in port since the war began. In all 1,586 miles were covered.

Tuesday noon, May 24. The World’s despatch boat steamed from Key West eastward. Next day the wind blew half a hurricane. The despatch boat was supplied with extra provisions and has a heavy deckload of coal besides full bunkers. She made very bad weather, but wallowed and pitched safely through while the fine fruit steamer Belvedere was piling upon the rocks to the south of Cape Maysi.

When two nights later we passed the cape’s lighthouse it was alit. Whether it was in operation when the Belvedere ran ashore we do not know. Wednesday afternoon Admiral Sampson’s fighting ships in line, flanked by light cruisers, came foaming westward along toward Havana. They were about twenty miles north of Frances Key and the monitors were seas under half the time. Following the warships was the usual flock of newspaper dispatch boats.

Leaving the fleet plunging westward, we continued bucking the sea toward Cape Maysi. Wednesday night a big fine-looking craft sent a shot across our bow, and, ranging up alongside, proved to be the New Orleans. None but a land lubber could mistake the new cruiser, with her searchlight above her fighting troops, for any other American ship afloat.

Shortly after daybreak Thursday morning, with Puerto Padre port deserted on our starboard beam, a pursuing smoke rapidly developed into an American warship. The usual mandatory white bow puff of smoke from the chaser was quickly followed by the shriek of a six-pounder between the masts of our boat and not fifteen feet above the deck. When the Dolphin came close past us her officer of the deck, Lieut. Coles. megaphoned quietly:
“How near did we come to you?”
For three miles’ range they came near enough.

Thursday afternoon Neuvitas Lighthouse strung signal flags as we passed. Although some steamer smoke appeared to rise from the harbor, no Spanish gunboat came out. They probably had not recovered from their narrow escape the other day from two American cruisers. Nuevitas Lighthouse has the word Colon upon it. There is where Columbus first touched America.

Friday afternoon a northbound “tramp” steamer proved to be the Kong Frode of Norway, bound from Port Antonio, Jamaica, to Philadelphia. I signaled: “I wish to communicate with you,” and the steamer changed her course to approach us. Her decks were full of miscellaneously clad people. They were the shipwrecked crew and passengers of the wrecked steamer Belvedere.

On board was the manager of the well-known American bookstore of Havana. He had escaped from its chief of detectives, Trufilo Monaga, six days before, and had reached Jamaica via Cienfuegos and a refugee ship. The Kong Frode refused to stop, and the only answer we had time to receive as to how Havana is faring was, “Everything gone.”

Saturday afternoon The World’s despatch boat was steaming along the south coast. No warship of either combatant had been seen in the eastern passage. Suddenly from under the very base of the high mountain “cordillera” came black smoke. Soon the hull of a ship came into vision as a black speck. It was Spanish gunboat colors, and the place the pursuer came from was Santiago, where there are several Spanish cruisers. So the big engineer screwed down the safety-valve, and three stokers trebled the fireroom force and she pushed water toward Jamaica at full ten-knot speed. The pursuing ship began to grow as her fires took hold, and in about half an hour had gained fully ten miles on us. She was the St. Paul. We tempered the disappointment of her crew by packages of late New York newspapers.

Capt. Sigsbee said that he had been close under Santiago’s guns but had not been fired at. Upon hearing that the Dolphin had told us that official news placed the Spanish fleet in Cienfuegos, where Schley had it fast, Sigsbee smiled and asked how in the world they knew. Some wag answered: “The Board of Strategy put ‘em there,” and Sigsbee smiled.

The St. Paul’s crew were elated over their capture of the British collier Restormel just as she was entering
Santiago.

They also were rejoiced to receive newspapers and they gave three hearty cheers for The World’s despatch boat as we left them. We came about Cape Santa Cruz and close to the shore toward Cienfuegos at dawn of Monday. Not a sail nor smoke was in sight. Another Montserrat, with tons of armor-piercing projectiles and food, or even the looked-for Alfonso XIII., might have easily entered and unloaded its cargo just twelve hours by rail from Havana on the same line which supplies Matanzas, Santa Clara, Caradenas, Sagua la Grande and all of Spain’s principal bases. The St. Paul was distant over twenty-four hours’ steam even at top speed toward Cienfuegos. A blockade runner from Jamaica would have had an easy trip.

Yesterday afternoon a steamer passed us hull down apparently bound for Jamaica. To-day, as we skirted the north coast opposite Mariel, an armed lighthouse tender shot close across our bows. The six-pound shell was well timed and burst even with our position. Our captain had neglected to fly his ensign, nor was our vessel signal flying. Neither did he change our course at once, but kept on straight for the tender, exactly as a Spanish gunboat might have done, and it was rather exciting.

Finally, before the tender turned her bow gun loose again to hit, the captain threw the despatch boat’s bow around. She stopped and all hands breathed more freely. We had been out of the world for eight days. Havana or even Key West might have been bombarded for all we knew. We asked what had occurred, and the answer, “Nothing at all,” came floating over the Gulf Stream.
WORLD WAR CORRESPONDENT LANDED NEAR SANTIAGO.

Found that the Spaniards Are Removing the Merrimac Wreck—Guns Fired at the Fleet—Sampson Anxious for Troops.

(Special Cable Despatch to The World.)

The World, Saturday, June 11, 1898, p. 1

ON BOARD THE WORLD DESPATCH-BOAT TRITON, PORT AntonIO, Jamaica, June 10.—I landed from The World despatch-boat near Santiago yesterday. Neither Spaniards nor insurgents could be seen.

I learned that the Spaniards are trying to destroy the wreck of the Merrimac, which was sunk in the channel at such great risk by Lieut. Hobson and his gallant men. The masts and the stack of the Merrimac have disappeared.

Not all of the guns of Santiago were silenced by the terrific fire of our fleet. Two of them were fired at the fleet yesterday.

Admiral Sampson is impatient over the non-arrival of troops at Guantanamo, where the outer harbor has been seized for their landing.

A report has been made to the Admiral that a Spanish warship has been sighted off the north coast of Cuba. He discredits it.
FLAG OF TRUCE SENT BY
SAMPSON TO SANTIAGO.

(Special Cable Despatch to The World.)

The World, Tuesday, June 14, 1898, p. 1

PORT ANTONIO, Jamaica, June 13.—The collier Kingston, Lieut. Speyers, arrived this noon with Admiral Sampson’s despatches about the Guantanamo cable cutting and the fight yesterday; also the mission of a flag of truce at Santiago yesterday afternoon, supposedly carried by the Vixen. Lieut. Speyers said he knew nothing of the character or object of the mission.

The Kingston expected to return immediately to Santiago, but Washington cabled her to wait further orders. No objection was raised by the authorities to the Kingston taking ship’s provisions.

The officers of the British war-ship Indefatigable were prompt in making an official call on the Kingston. Jamaica sentiment is strongly American.

The authorities anticipate Spanish objection to having Port Antonio used as an American base. The press boats are carefully watched to prevent them from carrying despatches and have been warned that if caught they will be allowed to take on no coal or supplies.
HEROIC MARINES SLEEPING IN TRENCHES ON THEIR ARMS.

(Special Cable Despatch to The World)

Wednesday, June 15, 1898, p.2.

ON BOARD THE WORLD DESPATCH BOAT TRITON, OFF GUANTANAMO, Monday, June 13, via Port Antonio, Jamaica, Tuesday, June 14.—

After three sleepless, anxious nights and days, being bushwhacked from the densest undergrowth, the First Marine Battalion is stretched in groups in the stupor of weariness under bushes, blankets, boards—anything for shade.

A few sappers are completing the intrenchments, which were not begun until after the men had passed two nights undefended on an exposed hill.

The men acted bravely and cannot be too highly praised.

A parallelogram has been laid out on a small plateau, with shallow trenches, the dirt banked outward and patched with lumber and barrels. Field pieces are at the corners facing the land approaches. Two Colt automatics are at the sides. Lee rifles are stacked in two lines. The colors are flying from the top of the foundation of the burned Spanish blockhouse. Tired men are everywhere.

The officers now realize what the Cuban manigua is.

To-night (Monday) no close attack is expected.

Perez’s Cubans, well armed with navy rifles, have arrived. They will take the guard, supported by three platoons of marines.

The line will be thrown well out toward the Spanish position at a well. This our men expect to take to-morrow morning destroying the Spanish water supply and rendering further annoyance in small numbers unlikely.

The marines long for Maxim guns. Their two Colts broke down. They are now being repaired.

Lieut.-Col. Huntington’s position is backed by the Dolphin and Marblehead. It is practically impregnable. No attempts to burn the undergrowth have succeeded so far.

The cable-ship Adria has grappled the end of the French cable. Instruments are expected Wednesday, when the line will be opened.
CAUGHT A HIGH SPANISH OFFICER
ON THE COLLIER TWICKENHAM.

(Special Cable Despatch to The World.)

The World, Thursday, June 16, 1898, p. 3

ON BOARD WORLD DESPATCH-BOAT TRITON, off Santiago, June 11, via Port Antonio, Jamaica, June 15 (delayed in transmission).—The English collier Twickenham, captured by the St. Louis off Kingston - yesterday (Friday) has been sent to Key West in charge of Ensign Payne and a prize crew. A mysterious passenger on the Twickenham, Juan Fornires, is believed to be a Spanish officer of high rank charged with the duty of delivering the vessel’s cargo of coal to Spanish warships, besides conveying to Spanish officials in Cuba several bags of mail and a large sum of money found in his possession. He has been sent to Key West a prisoner.
CERVERA’S SQUADRON DISCOVERED BY WORLD.

Intrepid World Correspondent Passes Spanish Lines with Cuban Escort and Sees the Fleet Resting in Santiago Harbor.

FOUR BIG WARSHIPS THERE AND TWO TORPEDO-BOAT DESTROYERS.

Expedition Started Thursday Last and Passed Through Many Perils.

CUBAN GENERAL FURNISHED THE GUIDES.

(Special Cable from a World Staff Correspondent.)

The World, Monday, June 20, 1898, p. 1

THE WORLD’S HEADQUARTERS, CUERO Cuba, June 18, via PORT ANTONIO, Jamaica, June 19.—I have just returned from an expedition into the mountains behind Santiago de Cuba. I have succeeded in getting a good view of Santiago harbor, and saw [. . .] Spanish warships riding at anchor there, and learned a good deal about their condition.

The start was made Thursday from The World’s new Cuban headquarters at Cuero, about thirteen miles west from Santiago. We reached Gen. Cerbrico’s camp of Cuban soldiers with comparative ease.

He gave us an escort of five men when told our mission. With them we rode six miles over steep mountains to another insurgent camp, where we slept. The commandant increased our escort to fifteen men, and we started again at daybreak.

Another ride of about six miles over a difficult mountain path brought us to another Cuban outpost, encamped on some hills. Across a little valley on the crest of opposing hills were the Spanish lines. The camps were within easy rifle range of each other.

The insurgents were ragged and hungry. For eight days they had subsisted on wild fruit, eked out with the flesh of a horse they had killed, and which, with their appetites, they had found very palatable.

About 5 A. M. we began to creep with as little noise as possible down the mountain, prowling through the lines of Spanish pickets. We were forced to follow the beds of streams, as the dense chaparral was almost impassable. We succeeded in escaping observation, and tramped for about
twelve miles without interruption. These Cuban soldiers move through the woods silently and stealthily as Indians. Their brown, naked shoulders and dirty garments show no color contrasts against the rocks or tree trunks.

Not a word was spoken above a whisper throughout the twelve miles. Once we deployed into the woods to escape a Spanish detachment. Then came a climb up a mountain 2,000 feet high. At its summit success crowned our efforts. Clean and bright before us lay Santiago Bay, with every object pictured to our eyes with photographic distinctness.

There upon the bosom of the green-fringed harbor lay Cervera’s once dreaded squadron. There were the four big warships, easily recognized—the Cristobal Colon, Vizcaya, Almirante Oquendo, Infanta Maria Teresa, and the old Reina Mercedes. Behind them lay the torpedo-boat destroyers and several small craft.

We could see the soldiers working on the fortifications and had an excellent bird’s-eye view of the city and its surroundings. I climbed a tree and made a rough sketch of the scene before me, so that a working map could be made from it, and to fix the location of all important points firmly in my memory.

This done, our Cuban scouts began to show signs of nervousness at so long a stay in such close proximity to their enemies, the Spanish soldiers, and we began the weary homeward march. The twelve hard miles were finally re-traversed, but not without adventure. We passed within a few yards of a Spanish vidette post without alarming them. Nearing the insurgent camp we were fired on by our own friends, fortunately without injury. The return to Cuero was without incident.

I have reported to Admiral Sampson the facts that we discovered.
CERVERA’S SHIPS MAY BE EASILY DESTROYED AND SANTIAGO TAKEN.

(Special Cable Despatch from a Staff Correspondent.)

The World, Tuesday, June 21, 1898, p. 2

CAMP OF COL. CEBRECO, ON THE OUTSKIRTS OF SANTIAGO, June 18, via Port Antonio, June 20.—I to-day plainly saw from Mount San Augustin Admiral Cervera’s squadron placidly at anchor in Santiago Harbor. All of the warships were unharmed, sensational reports to the contrary notwithstanding.

I saw in the harbor five Spanish warships, two torpedo-destroyers and one gunboat, only two leagues distant. A powerful telescope brought the well-known masts, turrets and funnels of the Vizcaya, Oquendo and Maria Teresa into bold relief against the glassy water.

The three sister ships were anchored one and a half, two and two and a half miles north of Morro Castle. The southward one was riding half a mile north of Smith Key, with a torpedo-boat destroyer nestled alongside.

The middle one was just east of Central Key, where the harbor narrows.

This key is occupied by an ancient low powder magazine, which was mistaken by the only previous American observer for a destroyer.

Within 100 yards northeast of the key is a gunboat, with one funnel and two pole-masts. According to the Adjutant-General’s circular, she may be any one of six similar gunboats in Cuban waters.

Northward, one-quarter of a mile due north of Central Key, the Cristobal Colon rides, three miles from Morro Castle.

Unless they are moved daily it is possible that all might be annihilated by a concentrated, plunging fire over the coast bluffs from Sampson’s big guns or by their guns stationed at the point used to-day by The World correspondent. It would be impossible for the Spaniards to take the point in less than a week. There are too many determined Cubans for that.

In the mean time it might be used as a signal station from which to direct the fire of Sampson’s ships accurately at each shot.

To-day three of Cervera’s ships were without steam and greatly endangered. Especially exposed was the Reina Mercedes, with useless boilers, which was anchored just
behind Smith Key, with a destroyer near astern. The Cubans say all her guns are still aboard her, making her a most valuable floating battery.

There are two accurate charts of Santiago Harbor. Two copies could be plotted into squares, one to be taken to the mountain, with a screened wig-wag or [. . .] and the other to be kept on the New York. With these it would probably be possible to telegraph accurately enough to determine constantly Cervera’s positions and sink his ships.

If they should be withdrawn from the entrance to the northern part of the bay the entrance could be dragged to clear it of torpedoes, and Sampson’s giants could enter and battle with the Spaniards on their own ground.

In any event the operation of the plan, which is entirely practicable, would keep Cervera’s ships in constant movement or compel their sure loss. The constant movement would exhaust soon his slender stock of coal. Then his destruction would be an easy matter. It probably would mean his surrender and with Cervera’s ships goes Santiago.

Gen. Linares is energetically entrenching, outposting and trying to occupy heights, as I exclusively cabled; commanding the best landing places for the Americans. He has not enough troops to accomplish all this.

If the transports stop fifty miles west and out of sight of Santiago and land all the Americans, mountain guns, cavalry and sharpshooters in the night time at a base on the coast near the hills, which The World correspondent mapped to-day, they can easily capture all the outlying forces, and from a commanding mountain side shell the city’s defenders from their trenches.

These trenches are extensive. They extend behind the coast bluffs and are protected thereby from Sampson’s fire, which must have a big elevation at the short range necessary to cover the troops landing. But by outwitting the Spaniards it is possible to annihilate them as indicated.

The Spanish hill posts necessary to be taken are: Coletta, the cleared crest of a hill six miles inland, northwest of Cubana, to-day in process of fortification by infantry with a small force of cavalry; Bartolon, on the same line, eight miles inland, garrisoned with fifty infantrymen; Monte Real, on the same line, ten miles inland, a stone block house garrisoned by 100 men.
BATTLE-SHIP TEXAS DESTROYED
THE SOCAPA BATTERY.

(Special Cable Despatch from a World Staff Correspondent.)

The World, June 24, 1898, p. 2

OFF SANTIAGO, Cuba, June 22, via Port Antonio, Jamaica, June 23.—While Gen. Shafter's army of invasion was landing at Daiquiri to-day (Wednesday) the battle-ship Texas made a demonstration at Matamoras, west of Santiago, aided by a Cuban land force of 2,000 men, commanded by Jesus Rabi.

While it failed of Gen. Shafter's purpose to attract the mass of the Spanish soldiers west of Santiago, it brought about the finest naval incident of the war.

The Texas alone silenced and apparently destroyed, a battery which Schley's whole division had twice fiercely, but unavailingly, bombarded.

In accomplishing this deed she did not go unscathed. A Spanish shell perforated the battle-ship, killed one of the crew and wounded eight others.

During the battle the great battle-ship went so close to land that she almost touched the shore, taking the Socapa battery on the flank. One hundred and thirty-five 6-inch and 12-inch shells were fired.

The Spanish forces were driven from the Matamoras field batteries, and the Socapa battery was destroyed.

The aim of the Texas gunners was splendidly accurate. The Vesuvius's officers were stationed opposite the Texas's target. They say hers was the finest marksmanship of the war.

The Admiral is delighted with Capt. Philip. He told me: "We have destroyed them."

The Texas is the first American vessel to be perforated in Cuban waters by Spanish shells. Naval Expert Rea cables a technical description in his official capacity.

The Texas left the fleet at 8.15 A. M. Her object was to shell the Blockhouse a quarter of a mile inland at Matamoras. It had been arranged at Monday's council of war that Gen. Rabi, with 2,000 Cubans lying in the woods back of Matamoras, should attack the Spaniards occupying the plateau adjoining Santiago. Fifteen colliers had been made to look like transports, with a view to deceiving the Spaniards into the belief that a landing was to be made at Matamoras or Cabanas, west of Santiago.
The Texas passed up to within half range of the western battery and slowly swung around half broadside opposite the narrow entrance of Cabanas Bay. After a moment a puff of smoke came from her side, and puffs of fire flashed from three of her openings. Three range shots hurtled through the air.

The battery answered with a single big gun. But the shell went far above the Texas and dropped into the sea a quarter of a mile beyond her.

The Texas responded with her bow gun. It was a splendid shot, landing just in front of the battery.

The next shot from the battery struck a quarter mile short of the big battleship, but the next shell from the Texas's bow gun struck the battery, and the responding shell from the Spaniards dropped within fifty yards of the battle-ship. The Spaniards were finding the range.

At that moment, 8.30 o'clock, the men on the Texas could discern the advancing front of the Cubans, firing as they advanced. It was then that the real battle was begun. From the deck of The World despatch boat it was a sight never to be forgotten.

The guns of the secondary battery of Cervera's ships opened upon the advancing Cubans. The Spanish shots went characteristically wild.

The cannonading was incessant. The air was filled with smoke that hung over the water like a white veil, with scarcely a breath of air to dissipate it.

With the boom of each of the Texas's big guns spouts of water, evidently from inland springs, would shoot high into the air with huge quantities of earth.

Suddenly from the plateau to the left there came a volley of rifle shots fired by the Spaniards. Mauser bullets pattered about the Texas like hailstones. About forty volleys were fired in rapid succession.

The Texas then moved to a point within less than 500 yards. As the big battle-ship began hurling shells into the Spaniards the land batteries returned the compliment with uncomfortable results. It was then apparently that the battleship was hit. Several shells struck close to her.

Just then the Texas was lost in a cloud of smoke. A moment later she opened up with her rapid-fire guns.

The fire had the desired effect. The Spaniards galloped to a new position along the protected road just over the crest of the hills.

Through a gap in Cabanas bay it could be seen that the Cubans, anticipating the move of the Spaniards, had taken a
position so as to engage the enemy at closer quarters.

A quarter of a mile from the Texas a Spanish field battery opened fire on the Cubans from the bushes. This was the second attack by the field battery. The firing was from a point 500 yards west of the first position.

The Texas all this time was keeping up an incessant attack with her big guns and rapid-fire battery. Every shot appeared to go straight to the target and never did American gunners do better work.

At 9:40 o’clock it became evident that the Socapa fortifications had been completely silenced. Not a shot had been fired from her guns since 9 o’clock. The other batteries, too, were then badly damaged, only an occasional shot coming from them.

The Texas at 10 o’clock completed her work, with probably tremendous losses to the Spaniards.

At that hour the Spanish and Cuban forces were still fighting. The Texas drew away.
ONLY 200 CUBANS IN THE ATTACK WITH THE TEXAS.

(Special Cable Despatch to The World.)

The World, June 24, 1898, p. 2

COL. CEBRECO’S CAMP, six miles west of Santiago, Cuba, June 22, via Port Antonio, June 23.—This (Wednesday) morning 200 Cubans under Col. Cebreco, brother of Gen. Cebreco, attacked the Spanish outposts west of Santiago.

Gen. Shafter’s plan contemplated an attack by 2,000 men. Had they obeyed, Gen. Shafter’s hope of drawing the Spaniards in force westward while he disembarked to the eastward would have been successful.

But the Spaniards moved in neither direction, staying intrenched at Santiago.

The rifle fire of a handful of Cubans and the presence of two transports and one schooner, with the accustomed bombardment from the sea, was not enough to convince them of an American landing.

The Cubans claim that the non-arrival of promised food prevented them from concentrating 2,000 men.

They claim, however, to have driven 400 Spaniards from Coletta, the most important outpost.

As exclusively cabled to The World, there are five of these outposts on a north and south line running twelve miles inland. By taking these Gen. Shafter can control the hill nearest to Santiago within half range and upon the flank of the harbor.

The harbor entrance defenses could be completely and cheaply destroyed, allowing Admiral Sampson to drag for torpedoes and capture or destroy the Spanish ships. Incidentally he would have Santiago and the Spanish troops at his mercy.
OUR MEN MUST FIGHT ALL THE WAY TO SANTIAGO.

(Special Cable Despatch from a Staff Correspondent.)

The World, Friday, June 24, 1898, p. 2

BIVOUAC OF THE UNITED STATES ARMY AT DAIQUIRI, Cuba, June 22, via Port Antonio, Jamaica, June 23.—At 10 to-night (Wednesday) the engineers have finished repairing the dilapidated pier. Huge barges of supplies have been rolled over its iron track and piled symmetrically about a villainous-looking dynamite gun. Working parties with lanterns are picking their way toward bivouacs where a thousand fires are flickering, and the first day of the first debarkation of American troops in force in Cuba is most luckily ended.

Gen. Linares ignored this morning's firing both east and west, and the little Spanish guard of fifty men placed over the iron company's property—less than one to each American ship here—not being reinforced, retreated without effective shooting.

The formidable hills were occupied. The blockhouse is empty, but there are fifteen miles of mountain road to Santiago, meaning almost inevitable heavy bushwhacking over each spur and each hill.

The coast path it is possible to protect from the sea, but it is almost impracticable. The only other fair road is the Sevilla road, running inland and winding about a most broken country.

The march to Santiago is a serious affair, especially as Gen. Shafter hasn't mule batteries to take through the bush and shell bushwhacking bodies. This lack is most seriously felt and cannot soon be remedied.

The soldiers are in fine form. The miraculously easy landing is joked about at every little bivouac fire. The ground is sandy, the night dry, and the men in dog tents and comfortable. Groups and squads are still searching the houses and smoldering beams of the iron company's machine shops for relics. I even saw foragers, two privates, each with a bunch of chickens.

The Cubans are extremely happy, despite the loss of a man's arm. Gen. Castillo's party was mistaken for Spaniards and twenty shells were fired before the Cuban flag was recognized. The nearest and largest Spanish force is at Siboney, six miles west. Five hundred are entrenched there. North are 200 Cuban scouts. No news has yet been received of a Spanish advance from Santiago and nothing
except a slight skirmish is possible to-morrow.
OUR ARMIES WAITING FOR SUPPLIES TO COME UP.

(Special Cable Despatch to The World.)

The World, Tuesday, June 28, 1898, p. 2

SIBONEY, Cuba. (nine miles from Santiago). June 24, via Playa del Este, June 27 (delayed in transmission).—At midnight (Friday) Gen. Chaffee’s brigade composed of the Seventh, Twelfth and Seventeenth Regiments of the United States regular army is in the extreme American advance.

It occupies a position at Hicaco, eight miles by road from the City of Santiago.

The army will pause in its forward movement to-morrow (Saturday) to await the bringing up of subsistence stores.

To-day’s advance has been extraordinary in view of the lack of transportation facilities.

Another brigade is marching back to a new base at Siboney for rations. This will probably relieve Chaffee’s which would march back for the same reason to-morrow had not the brigade arrived from the distant base at Daiquiri behind Chaffee’s stupefied and exhausted bivouackers.

Spurs were worn to-day, by the First Volunteer Cavalry (Roosevelt’s Rough Riders) on a hardly gained hill. The First regular cavalry are sleeping about the graves of their dead in the valley. On the Spanish side all the fighting was done by the First Cabanas Regiment, the First Infantry of Guantanamo and the First Marine Batallion. The battle of La Guasimas also was the first land battle in which the two armies have engaged.
LAST STAND OF THE SPANISH ON LA CRUZ HEIGHTS.

They Are Preparing to Make a Forlorn Hope Sally with 3,000 Men, It Is Said Mounting Cervera’s Guns on the Heights.

(Special Cable Despatch to The World.)

The World, Tuesday, June 28, 1898, p. 2

OFF SANTIAGO, June 27, via Kingston, Jamaica.—When The World Despatch boat left the seat of war the situation had become most acute. It was evident both the forces under Gen. Shafter and those of the enemy were about to [. . .] face to face for the grand and final struggle.

Gen. Shafter’s forces were busy all Sunday repairing the roads and hurrying the great siege guns to the front.

The pickets of the American forces have advanced to within three miles of the city of Santiago, and are occasionally exchanging shots with the outposts of the Spaniards.

Great stores of commissary supplies have been landed from the transport ships and army trains loaded with subsistence stores are pushing along toward the [. . .] of operation and are being concentrated around Sevilla.

The culmination of all those warlike preparations may be expected at any time within the coming week. There will be a combined bombardment of the land and sea forces, and it is not difficult to foretell the results.

A report has come to Gen. Shafter from a spy, who left Santiago Sunday morning, that the Spaniards are preparing for a sally by 3,000 men—a sort of forlorn hope.

The system of harassing warfare continues. Bushwhacking parties take pot shots from time to time at our men who are at work on the corduroy roads, and the supply trains as they go forward are continually harassed.

The Harvard was expected at Guantanamo to-day with reinforcements which sailed from Newport News several days ago.

All accounts agree that an attack to-morrow may not be expected. It will be toward the latter part of the week, in my opinion, and I base this upon good information.

The Osceola ran into The World’s despatch boat Three Friends off Guantanamo last week and smashed her hull badly.

Gen. Young knew the Spanish positions Friday, but his men advanced faster than the Cuban flanking parties, which
accounts for the ambush. The Cubans advanced by difficult mountain paths.

The Cubans are now taking a position, 700 strong, in the extreme advance beyond Hicaco.

The fight of Friday covered the Spanish retreat. The main body had four field pieces in the fight with the Cubans of the 23d. These were unused yesterday.

The final stand of the Spanish in force will be made, it is expected, on La Cruz heights. These are two miles southeast of the city of Santiago. They have an elevation of 300 feet.

It is supposed that the Spanish are posting Cervera’s rapid-fire guns on these heights.

The army is resting and the men are in good spirits.
Bugler playing "Taps" over his dead comrades sobbed aloud.

(Special Cable from a Staff Correspondent.)

The World, Wednesday, June 29, 1898, p. 2

Guasimas, Cuba, June 24. via Playa del Este (delayed in transmission).—The First and Tenth Cavalry buried their dead at twilight this evening where Spanish bullets swept overhead most furiously.

The burial place was in a small clearing in the dense undergrowth. A thousand bared heads bowed as Gen. Young and a staff cavalryman read the service.

When the words "And now we commit them to earth" were spoken there was impressive silence.

The men as they stood under the trees in the growing darkness sobbed when the band played the dead march after the reading of the Scriptures, and the bugler playing the beautiful "taps" at the close of the service was overcome by his emotions and fairly cried.

There was no volley fired over the trench where seven men lay, completely blanketed, a row of silent exclamation points of the war. It was feared that the shots might attract the enemy. Five of the men buried came from Troop K, First Cavalry.

While the services were being read the Second Massachusetts and Fourth United States Infantry were vigorously marching to the front past the sad, motionless body of mourners.

It was the epitome of life and death.

First there was the dead march and the chudding of shovels—and then a lively two step took the soldiers' minds from the dead comrades to the living Spaniards ahead.
GEN. SHAFTER MAY CAPTURE SANTIAGO JULY 4.

-----

Gen. Toral, in Command of Spanish Forces, Says the Americans Will Be Defeated—He Has 30,000 Troops.

-----

(Special Cable Despatch to The World.)

The World, Friday, July 1, 1898, p. 1

SIBONEY, OUTPOST AT HICUCOS, June 29, via Port Antonio, June 30.—Gen. Shafter may make July 1898, as memorable as the same day during the civil war, when Gettysburg and Vicksburg were won. The battle of Santiago may be fought next Monday. There is little doubt as to the result. But the Spaniards will fight [. . .] they have a courage akin to fanaticism. Gen. Toral, one of the commanders at Santiago, is reported as having said:

"The Americans cannot force entrance into Santiago. The entrenchments are too strong."

He said this to Eusebio [. . .], one of his intimates, like himself a native of the Canary Islands. Young Luis Mendoza, Eusebio’s son, for whose reliability some of the [. . .] conservative Cubans have personally vouched to me, heard the remark and repeated it here to-day, having run through the Spanish picket lines.

Young Mendoza brings details and plans of the Spanish positions. The extreme Spanish outposts run [. . .] the point where the Caney road leaves Santiago on the south, along the harbor bluffs in a circular line to Morro. The entrenchments curve about the city into the high hills, stopping at El Cobre, six miles to the northwest where the water system begins.

There are no defenses on the western side, the mountains constituting what the Spaniards consider the natural fortifications.

Mendoza says that none of Cervera’s rapid-fire guns has been landed except four small pieces. The artillery in the entrenchments consists of a few mountain howitzers and half a dozen muzzle-loading bronze cannon.

This weakness in artillery was confirmed to-day by Cuban scouts. It shows that there is no need of siege guns on our side. Major Dillenback with his brigade of light batteries can do the work.

According to Mendoza food conditions in Santiago are fast approaching a crisis. Horse meat is now exhausted. The soldiers are subsisting on rice and cornmeal, of which
they get quarter rations. The people are eating mangoes as a steady diet. Prices of food articles have gone up to fabulous figures. Shelled corn is $20 a barrel, and rice 35 cents a pound. There is no pork. All vegetables are scant, the cultivated zone having been seized by the soldiers. There is plenty of water, owing to the number of wells and cisterns which were dug after the ten years’ war, when the Cubans cut off the supply.

Young Mendoza, who has been present at confidential interviews between his father and the generals, says the Spaniards have been expecting a general assault ever since the fight of June 24.

Linares has 10,000 men in the trenches. Toral has 15,000 regulars, 5,000 volunteers (on which he places little reliance) and 1,200 men from Cervera’s fleet.

Toral is positive that the Americans cannot storm these defenses.

Mendoza says that Toral’s explanation of the failure to oppose the landing of Shafter’s army was:

“I haven’t enough men without leaving trenches unguarded on one side so the Americans could enter.”

Toral, it appears, blames Gen. Blanco bitterly for moving the bulk of the Santiago troops to Havana. What is left is a mass of convalescents.

A Santiago newspaper, speaking of the fight of June 24, says: “Our force was but a small one, composed of small detachments from the block-houses in the Juragua Valley. It made a heroic stand, but was compelled to retire before superior numbers.”

According to the latest information Cervera’s ships are anchored in the same position ascertained and cabled ten days ago.

POSTSCRIPT.—Outpost four miles beyond Hicucos—From this point Santiago is in plain sight, a mile ahead. The Spanish outposts are swarming among the trees. The rolling space is dotted with Cuban detachments acting as buffers between the two big bodies of armed men about to collide. Chaffee’s brigade holds the last American position before the entrenchments are finally attacked.
FIRST DAY’S FIGHTING RESULTED
IN VICTORY FOR AMERICANS.

(Special Cable Despatch from one of The World’s Staff of
War Correspondents at the Front.)

The World, Sunday, July 3, 1898, p. 2

PLAYA DEL ESTE, July 1.—After a day of fierce
fighting, in which Shafter’s army made a series of
desperate assaults upon the Spanish outposts, from
Aguadores, on the coast, to and beyond El Caney, four miles
inland, the American troops have carried everything before
them, are within a mile of the city of Santiago, and the
final attack upon that city is only a question of a few
hours.

The victory has been a grand one, but it has cost
dearly in the killing and wounding of men on both sides.
So far as the fighting before El Caney is concerned, the
heavy loss on the American side was largely due to the
mistake of massing infantry behind the position taken by
the battery.

The attack on El Caney was made by the Second
Division, under Gen. Lawton. Last night his 5,000 men
bivouacked without fires close to the Spanish lines. The
break of day found the army ready for action.

Gen. “Joe” Wheeler’s cavalry corps took the centre of
the line before San Juan. The General was so sick that he
put Gen. Summer in command, but as soon as the fighting
began “Fighting Joe” insisted on being carried upon the
field on a litter, borne on the shoulders of four of his
men. Thus he watched and directed the movements of his
troops.

In a slight valley near by Grimes’s battery of four
guns took position. The Second Artillery was placed on a
hill at El Pozo Ranch, somewhat more than a mile and a half
from the first defenses of Santiago City. Capt. Capron’s
battery was placed on an elevation about the same distance
from El Caney.

Gen. Duffield’s brigade advanced along a ridge to make
a feint, while the brigades under Gens. Chaffee, Ludlow and
Miller supported the advance of Lawton’s troops. Gen.
Pearson’s brigade took a position in the rear of Gen.
Wheeler’s cavalry and waited for orders.

The day was clear and the sun scorchingly hot, but a
cooling sea breeze made the conditions a little more
bearable for the Americans.
Before 7 A. M. the fighting was opened by the booming of a gun from Capt. Capron’s battery, fired at the Spanish block-house, in which a battery was strongly fortified. There was a cheer from Capron’s men when they saw that they had the range, for the Captain is the father of young Capt. Capron of Roosevelt’s Rough Riders, who was killed at Sevilla, and they wanted to avenge his death.

Without delay the Spanish guns began to answer from the forts and trenches. Grimes’s battery soon joined in the cannonading, directing its fire upon the Spanish works on the side of the hill at San Juan and working its shot toward the block-house, from which the enemy were delivering a terrific fire.

The firing on both sides was very accurate. The shells burst like clockwork. The Spanish gunners had a great advantage in that our forces were using common powder, the smoke of which enabled the Spanish gunners to get a perfect range. Our gunners could only approximate the positions of the Spanish guns, as they were using smokeless powder. Yet their firing was remarkably accurate.

Our batteries fired one hundred rounds each, about two-thirds shell and the rest shrapnel. Within an hour the Spanish fire began to be less regular and before 9 A. M. it had ceased altogether.

Just prior to that hour Wheeler’s cavalry had been ordered to advance, but scarcely had the order to march been given when they were brought to a halt by information that the Spaniards were in retreat toward Santiago.

During the fight the First and Tenth companies of Roosevelt’s Rough Riders were stationed along the hillside in the bushes. They were in the line of the fire from the Spanish batteries at San Juan, which were using shrapnel almost exclusively, yet the men kept cool and actually joked and laughed as they speculated on their chances of escaping injury. Several of them were wounded.

The balloons of the Signal Corps were doing splendid work securing accurate information concerning the exact location of the enemy and the character of their defenses. One sent out yesterday floated just over the tree tops and was easily guided for three miles along the road toward the enemy’s lines. It halted to take photographs, and the Spanish sharpshooters tried their best to bring it down with their guns.

Battery A of the Second Artillery deserves no little credit for the work it did against the El Caney batteries, particularly as they had to fight an enemy using smokeless
powder, while they were using the common article. For about three hours they were engaged in hot fighting.

This battery was supported by about 200 Cubans, with a Hotchkiss gun. The Cuban leader Gonzales reports that about twenty of the Cubans were killed or wounded.

At the end of three hours there was no return firing from El Caney and only scattering shots came from San Juan.

All morning the wounded have been limping and crawling to the rear or being brought in on stretchers carried by their comrades.

It has been a procession such as would make strong men shudder.

Yet these heroes bear their wounds and their agony with a silent fortitude that arouses the greatest admiration. Their patience while waiting for surgical attendance in a heat so intense that fever is sent surging through their veins is simply marvelous. Groups of the wounded sit wherever they can find a shady spot and do what little they can for each other. It is heartrending.

So far about one hundred have passed to the rear since the firing began. Owing to the fact that the road is in the line of fire and packed with soldiers it is impossible to get the ambulance or hospital corps within a mile and half of the front, else much suffering might be relieved. It is a miracle that there are so few casualties along the road.

The courage of our men is superb. I passed through the ranks of the Seventy-first New York. The men, waiting orders to advance, with occasional shells bursting over their heads, were in good spirits. On all sides I heard the men exclaiming, referring to the enemy:

"Oh, if we could only see them and get at them!"

When it was evident that the enemy was breaking all along the line hearty cheering marked the advancement of the American forces.
GARCIA SAYS PANDO HAS JOINED
THE SPANIARDS IN SANTIAGO.

-----

(Special Cable Despatch from One of The World’s Staff
Correspondents at the Front.)

The World, Sunday, July 3, 1898, p. 4

PLAYA DEL ESTE, Cuba, July 2.—Late last night I had a
correspondence with Gen. Garcia. From him I learned that
Gen. Pando, who has been hurrying by forced marches from
Manzanillo, has succeeded in entering Santiago with 6,000
men.

There was a force of but 800 Cubans to stop his march
to the city and they were unable to do so.
SIBONEY, July 3, via Port Antonio, July 5.—I have just returned from a trip to the front, having made my way nearly along the entire distance of the long thin line, as the commanding general calls it, with which Santiago is invested, and which reaches from El Caney to the coast.

It is now known definitely that Gen. Pando and his 6,000 men have formed a junction with the Spanish forces at Santiago. Gen. Garcia was unable to furnish sufficient opposition with the few hundred men he had at his command. This reinforcing put great heart into the Spaniards inside of the beleaguered city, and this morning they were very proud and haughty. They knew that we had met with tremendous losses, and they felt confident that our troops had not yet mastered the true inwardness of Spanish bushwacking, guerilla warfare.

Therefore when Gen. Shafter in the morning sent in a demand for a surrender there was not very much hesitation in sending out a reply that they would die in the last ditch if necessary, but that they would never haul down their flag.

But this haughty feeling soon vanished. Cervera made his great dash for liberty and the Spaniards on land felt for a time that he would succeed. Lookouts had been placed, who flashed the news of the progress of the naval engagement from time to time straight to the military headquarters in the city of Santiago. The besieged Spaniards knew of the fate of Cervera’s fleet even before the intelligence had reached the American forces on land.

Immediately a hasty conference of Spanish generals convened, and at this time they are in conference, and it is believed that they will at once reopen negotiations for the surrender of the city and will communicate their decision to Gen. Wheeler. Their surrender is deemed possible to-morrow.

I have this information from Col. Astor, of Gen. Shafter’s staff. He has just passed a courier, who gave him the news.
TORAL’S INCLINATION TOWARD SURRENDER.

Believed that He Will Take Advantage of the First Opportunity to Do So, Although He Refused Shafter’s Demands.

SANTIAGO STARVING AND ABLE TO HOLD OUT BUT A FEW DAYS LONGER.

Volunteers Charge that Their Officers Showed Cowardice Under Fire, and a Thorough Investigation of the Accusation Is Under Way.

(Special Cable Despatch from a Staff Correspondent of The World.)

The World, Sunday, July 11, 1898, p. 2

MAJOR-GEN. SHAFTER’S HEADQUARTERS, Before Santiago, Cuba, July 9—Via Port Antonio, Jamaica. July 10.—Gen. Toral will soon surrender unconditionally.

Deserter’s and prisoners report that this is inevitable, and that the surrender will be made as soon as Gen. Toral thinks he can take this action with honor.

Yesterday Gen. Toral offered to capitulate if he were permitted to take his artillery and march his force in safety to Holguin, one hundred miles to the west of Santiago.

In answer Gen. Shafter briefly repeated his ultimatum, “Unconditional surrender.”

To-day Gen. Toral informed Gen. Shafter he was willing to leave his artillery in the city if his men could retain their rifles and march to Holguin.

Gen. Shafter and his aides expect that to-morrow Gen. Toral will ask only that his officers be allowed to retain their side arms, and that his men, disarmed, be permitted to march to Holguin.

SHAFTER WILL NOT YIELD

It is as certain as that to-morrow will come that Gen. Shafter will again repeat, “Unconditional Surrender.”

Every day that passes greatly strengthens the Americans’ position without helping the Spaniards.

No further method of defense is left to Toral: he has exhausted all his resources.

He may construct more mines in the closest approaches to the city and in the very streets, but his mines can easily be avoided or countermined by artillery.
Prisoners and deserters report that Toral has thrown up barricades in the streets and is turning the houses on the street corners into temporary forts as strong as he can make them.

But the English cable operators who were admitted to the city so that Toral might consult with Madrid by cable declare the Spaniards cannot possibly hold out for a week longer.

The Spaniards, they say, are praying for rain; the walls and cisterns which supplied water since the water pipes running into the city were cut are exhausted.

So close were the Spaniards to starvation that biscuits were selling for five dollars a pound.

Deserters say the Spaniards have never recovered from the fierceness of the attack of July 1.

Unwilling to call the American soldiers brave, they call them fools.

"SAY OUR TROOPS DON'T UNDERSTAND DANGER."

"The pigs charge up the hill like fools," say the Spaniards. "They're madmen, imbeciles! They don't know what danger is."

Outside the city six of our batteries are in such position as to necessitate Toral's unconditional surrender.

The hills which flank Santiago are occupied by our artillery placed behind sand bags and bomb-proofs.

The United States field mortars are extremely well placed and must do great execution. The American lines have been pushed forward on the flanks, so that the central Spanish trenches will be nearly in a cross fire.

Said Gen. Shafter's principal aide to-day:

"Whatever damage they may do us, when we open fire on them we can kill every one of them."

SAMPSON SENDING GUNS ASHORE.

Admiral Sampson is sending ashore his rapid-fire guns to add to the deadliness of the land bombardment.

On July 7, three deaths occurred in the field hospital:

Silas A. Eagart, private, Troop L, First United States Volunteer Cavalry (Roosevelt's Rough Riders).

Patrick O'Conner, private, Company D, Seventh United States Infantry.

On July 8:

Charles R. Schwartz, private, First United States Cavalry.

On July 9:

Noah Prince, private, Troops S., Ninth United States Cavalry.
Only fifty-four sick and wounded men remain in the hospital. They are convalescing, and unless there are unexpected complications all should recover.

Gen. Linares’s wound is healing.

There is no yellow fever among the United States troops.

Clara Barton’s Red Cross physicians and nurses are doing noble work. The army surgeons say they would scarcely be able to properly attend the wounded without the aid of the Red Cross.

Miss Barton is of invaluable service too in attending to the feeding of the refugees from Santiago, for Gen. Shafter is kept busy furnishing supplies to his own men and the Cuban soldiers.

GEN. KENT, THE SAN JUAN HERO, THANKS THE WORLD FOR ITS CONGRATULATIONS.

(Special Cable Despatch to The World.)


The World, Thursday, July 14, 1898, p. 1

Gen. Kent, the real hero in the capture of San Juan, cables The World the thanks of himself and his division for its congratulations upon his brilliant achievement.

He says the splendid discipline of his men told in the critical work, and that they are now standing the strain well.
TORAL DIPLOMATICALLY REFUSES TO SURRENDER, BUT GAINS TIME.

(Special Cable Despatch to The World.)

The World, Thursday, July 14, 1898, pp. 1, 2

GEN. SHAFTER’S HEADQUARTERS, near Santiago, July 12, via Port Antonio, July 13.—Gen. Toral, in command of the Spanish forces in Santiago, has again declined to surrender to our army unless he is allowed to march his men with arms and equipment to Holguin. This stipulation is regarded as ridiculous by Shafter, who knows that it would mean a junction with another Spanish force, which would surely serve to prolong the war.

A desultory fire was kept up all yesterday. Every few minutes shells were tossed into the Spanish trenches. The greatest damage was inflicted by Hallett Alsop Borrowe’s dynamite gun, worked by a number of Rough Riders. One shell blew a Spanish gun into fragments and another tore an immense gap in one end of a Spanish trench, causing the Spanish soldiers who were not killed to rush pell-mell out at the other end.

Here they were met by an accurate volley from the men of the Sixteenth Infantry, who had a perfect range on that end of the trench. The first volley killed and wounded many and drove the others back again into the trench in great disorder.

The field mortars are being tried, but the results are not yet entirely satisfactory, owing to the difficulty of getting a perfect range.

On the whole, yesterday’s offensive operations were weak so far as giving a basis for a new proposition to surrender.

Gen. Toral, with profuse politeness, told Gen. Shafter that surrender under the American conditions was ridiculous. He reiterated his conditions, as originally stated by him.

The first of the six new field batteries has arrived at the front, and the others are on the way. Although the rain has ceased, the roads are barely passable. The new artillery is to be posted north and south in flanking positions. When they are in position and all of the army is in general action, the American troops will so completely envelop the Spanish positions that a proposition to surrender will in all likelihood come from the Spanish themselves.
Should the enemy not surrender drastic measures will be taken. A general assault, with its certainty of bloodshed is regarded as cheaper for us in the end, owing to the great danger confronting the troops from disease by the delay.

Siboney and Altares are being burned, and this improves the sanitary outlook somewhat. Had this been done at first the conditions would now be much better.

The burning of the two villages is enlivened by frequent explosions, caused by forgotten ammunition for Mauser rifles left in the houses.

Prominent staff officers attached to Gen. Shafter say that there will be no general attack until all of the new artillery is in position. This cannot be done within three days at least, owing to the fearful condition of the roads. This would bring the time of the general assault up to Friday.

The siege guns are still hidden away somewhere. Artillery officers concur in the statement that the siege guns ought to be placed in position at once. The horses of the light batteries could move the siege carriages without fear that the enemy would make sorties to capture the guns during the operation.

The divisions of Gen. Kent and Gen. Henry are now well to the front. The First Illinois Volunteers broke all records by landing and occupying a position at the front in one day. The only Ohio regiment here is the Eighth.

A terrific storm raged all last night. The volunteers stood the terrible discomfort nobly, as did their officers. Every one was soaked through and through.

Col. Wagner has been in conference with Gen. Miles on board the cruiser Yale, reporting to him the conditions at the front.

When the time for the final action comes the Spaniards will be warned to evacuate the nearest hospital barracks, which stand immediately behind the principal trenches. A slightly overtimed shell would strike the buildings, which are filled with wounded and would give the enemy a much prayed-for chance to criticize our methods of warfare.

Sharp shooting has ceased. It is now evident it was done chiefly by stragglers.

Men and officers are suffering greatly for a change of clothing. It is now seventeen days since they have had a change of underclothing. There is little opportunity for the men to wash or bathe. The extreme labor they have been forced to do in the tropical sun must have unhealthy results.
CONDUCT OF 71st NEW YORK
AT CHARGE OF SAN JUAN.

-----

Investigation Shows that the Men Were Ready to Fight,
but the Officers, Perhaps, Were More Modest.

-----

(Special Cable Despatch to The World.)

The World, Saturday, July 16, 1898, p. 1

PORT ANTONIO, Jamaica, July 15.—The report several
days ago in regard to the officers of the Seventy-first New
York Regiment has been patiently investigated by The World
correspondent.

I am authorized by Lieut. Jackson and Major Reade, of
Gen. Kent's staff, to make the following statement:

"When reinforcements were necessary to support the
charge up San Juan heights Reade encountered the Seventy-
first among the bushes to the left of the San Juan roads.
He called: 'If there is a man among you wearing shoulder
straps who is not a coward, come out and show yourself.'
On being further urged by Capt. Ayres, in command of
cavalry, Capt. Malcolm Rafferty stepped forward saying:
'I'll obey any order coming from Gen. Kent.' He led four
companies up the hill, but after its capture by others.

"Reade also highly complimented Major Frank Keck,
commanding the Third Battalion of the Seventy-first, for
promptness in obeying the order to advance on the left road
below Balloon Forks. This battalion was also urged by
Reade, assisted by Lieuts. Teyman, of the Twenty-fourth
Infantry, and McArthur, of the Second. Eight companies
finally arrived at the top of the hill.

"After the action, while the regiments were formed
along the road at night, Reade passed seeking the
commanding officer.

"'Where is the colonel?'
"'Don't know,' was the genial answer.
"'Where's the lieutenant-colonel?'
"'Don't know.'
"'Where's the major commanding the first battalion?'
"'Major Keck responded, saying he didn't know he was
in command of the regiment, owing to the ranking officers
not responding.

"The men of the Seventy-first are considered excellent
raw material. Many cases of individual courage and
determination are cited.

"During the action, out of a total of sixty-two
missing in the entire division, forty-three were from the Seventy-first.

"Reade specially commended private Edwards, of Company 1, for voluntary, efficacious and unremitting care of the wounded and sick under fire."

The following facts are scrupulously gathered: Col. Downs' orders on reaching the road near the hill were to take the regiment as far as possible. This was passed along the line from the Second Cavalry. Downs sent the answer along the line: "I have taken the regiment as far as I can go."

The Seventy-first at the time had the Second, Ninth, Tenth, Thirteenth and Twenty-fourth Regiments directly behind. The regulars cursed the men of the Seventy-first and called them cowards. They shouted:

"Let us go ahead, then!"

All this while the Spaniards were pouring in a fire of shell and Mausers.

The Seventy-first opened its ranks and the regiments above named passed through in double swing, jeering the Seventy-first, whose men showed good discipline, but were without orders. They were stung by the jeers and boiling to go ahead. The major of the Second Infantry, name unobtainable at present, shouted in passing: "For God's sake, boys, don't let it go back to New York that the Seventy-first didn't do its duty. They need you--need you badly. If officers won't take you," he said, "either go as companies or go yourselves!"

Major Wills, of the Second Battalion of the Seventy-first, while the above officer spoke, told Capt. Goldsborough, Company M:

"I make you acting major of this battalion."

Goldsborough formed the Second Battalion and part of the first in perfect order and led them through a break in the barbed-wire fence. The orders were, "watch for the sharpshooters." Having some one to lead them, they went up the hill in good order.
AT THE FRONT, July 14, via Port Antonio. July 15.—The news of the surrender of Santiago spread like lightning along the three miles down the road toward Siboney.

The regiments camped along this road were cheering for the surrender even before it was accomplished. The Eighth Ohio gathered in mass and made the hills ring. The fever patients in the ambulances shouted the good news to one another.

After the jubilation many sorrowful remarks were heard. "The Spaniards are getting out of it dead easy," seems to be the burden of the American soldiers.

The fever is not on the increase. Surgeon Jones reports two deaths on account of the men having been brought to the hospital from the front in a moribund condition.
SANTIAGO, July 17.--At noon to-day the American flag was hoisted over the city of Santiago, while in the streets of the ancient town our bands played “The Star-Spangled Banner.”

Officers and men reverently saluted the colors as they went sailing up the tall staff which a few hours before had supported the yellow and red emblem of Spain.

At 9 A. M. the Spanish flag was lowered from Morro Castle.

Steam launches from the New York, Brooklyn and Vixen entered the harbor and examined the batteries, the wrecks of the Merrimac and the sunken Spanish cruiser Reina Mercedes, and the torpedo-firing stations. They discovered six Spanish merchant steamers and one small gunboat in the harbor, and a prize crew was placed upon the latter.

This afternoon the torpedoes were taken up or exploded, after which the Red Cross steamer State of Texas entered to give assistance to the sick and wounded in the city. The warships may not enter the harbor for several days.

The hoisting of our flag over the city meant its actual occupation by our troops. At 11 A. M. the official entrance to the town began. As soon as possession had been taken Gen. Chambers McKibben was appointed Military Governor of Santiago.

NINTH INFANTRY FIRST.

The first troops to enter were the men of the Ninth Infantry. The position of honor was given them as a reward for their heroic assault on San Juan hill during the first days of the fighting against Santiago.

Gen. Shafter and his staff as they rode into the town
were escorted by the Second Cavalry.

As the Ninth entered the city the spectacle was thrilling. The balconies of the houses were crowded with people. Many of them waved a welcome to our men. Others showed their satisfaction more quietly.

From none came threats or words of discontent. Even the Spanish soldiers massed about took the arrival of our men, their victors, calmly.

GOOD ORDER IN THE STREETS.

The best of good order reigned in the streets. Our men with a splendid sense of the fitness of things, tempered their exultation so as not to wound the pride of their beaten enemies, and the Spaniards philosophically accepted the new condition of affairs.

Gens. Shafter, Wheeler, Kent, Lawton, Ames, Sumner and McKibbin rode straight to the Captain-General's palace, where they were met by the municipal authorities, the Archbishop of Santiago and the generals of the defeated Spanish army.

Gens. Toral and Yacario and their staffs received our generals with every possible courtesy.

GEN. LINARES'S REGRETS.

Gen. Toral apologized for the non-appearance of Lieut.-Gen. Linares who was prevented from being present by a serious wound. He will call and pay his respects to Gen. Shafter as soon as he is able to leave his cot.

An elaborate dinner was prepared at the Captain-General's palace for fifteen generals, and at this banquet many of the details of the surrender which have not been settled were discussed.

For the present the Spanish municipal authorities will remain in charge of the city.

While our troops were marching into the city the vanguard of the defeated army began to march out, the Spanish soldiers depositing their arms at the edge of the city. All of the Spanish troops are going into camp on open ground between the former firing lines, where it will be comparatively easy to keep them under control until the arrival of the transports which are to carry them back to Spain.

SPANIARDS LOOK HUNGRY.

The Spanish soldiers appear to be upon the verge of starvation. They have been terribly underfed for weeks, and their general emaciation shows it. They have had nothing to eat but rice, a little coffee and sugar.

Our troops found the entrance streets to Santiago wonderfully entrenched, and all are thanking God they did
not have to take the city by assault. It would have meant fearful slaughter on both sides.

Across each of the main entrance roads were four wire entanglements and six barricades.

To have broken through the wire and carried the barricades one after the other would have meant terrible fighting. On the San Juan road in particular an assault would have been disastrous.

PRAISE FOR SHAFTER.

Gen. Shafter is being congratulated by every one for the capitulation he enforced. It has certainly saved hundreds of good American lives.

Lieut. Rathers, of the Ninth Infantry, was the first American officer to enter the town. He went in at the head of a small detachment of troops.

El Caney road, leading to Santiago, is terribly congested by returning refugees. Some of the scenes along this road make the heart ache.

Clara Barton and her Red Cross assistants are doing noble work in relieving the distress. This afternoon they are feeding hundreds of the poor starved once in the town.

Admiral Sampson will begin the work of clearing the mines from the harbor at once.
To the Editor of The World:

Gen. Shafter struck me in the face. The blow was stinging, quick, and absolutely unlooked for. I answered it.

Such was my offense in the public square of Santiago after the close of the entrance ceremonies July 17, 1898. I had not signed the "Articles of War," never having applied for a military license. Nevertheless, I was under military control, and should have borne Gen. Shafter's blow. Whether Gen. Shafter had any provocation for striking me appears in the following detailed account of the whole affair. Enough men cognizant of the matter are now in New York to substantiate this presentation of an incident whose occurrence I naturally greatly regret. I have awaited their coming before making any statement whatsoever to the public. Meanwhile, the published accounts have been false, inasmuch as they have told only half the truth.

Had I really done the things generally ascribed to me I should and certainly would have been shot. Grant would have ordered a court-martial for that purpose. Shafter would surely have done so.

Shortly before the American flag was to be raised over Santiago palace I assisted Lieut. Miley to gain the roof where was the flagstaff. Gen. Shafter's son-in-law, a civilian appointee, [.. .] Lieut. Wheeler, son of Gen. Wheeler, were already there. There was no prohibition, expressed or implied, as to my going upon the roof. Soon after Lieut. Miley ascended I gained the extreme rear portion of the roof--practically another part of it. My head and shoulders alone were above the ridge. I was fully thirty feet from the flagstaff, was out of sight from the officers in the square below, and could been seen only from the extreme opposite side of the square. In no sense was I an intruder and certainly I had no such intention. I had chosen that position to be able to observe accurately every movement in the raising of the flag, and make that the feature of my account of the ceremonies. This minute observation could not be had from the square below on
account of a low parapet.


I answered, giving my name. Lieut. Miley ordered me down. Why this staff officer disliked me is another story, entailing as it does the telling of the shameful reasons why we lost so many men at the taking of San Juan, Cuba.

I obeyed the order to leave the roof, but did not move as quickly as Lieut. Miley wished, and he called down to Gen. Shafter: “There is a man on the roof who won't get down.” The answer was: “Throw him down.” But even before Lieut. Miley had spoken to the General I was upon the tree which served as a ladder. Before he had finished I had descended and stood in the palace door, where a throng was gathered watching the soldiers.

The flag ascended, the band played the “Star-Spangled Banner,” and then every one formally congratulated Gen. Shafter as representing a victorious nation. After the principal congratulations Mr. De Armas, of the Sun, proposed to Gen. Shafter that the soldiers be allowed to cheer the flag. I seconded the suggestion made by Mr. De Armas.

Gen. Shafter seemed pleased and stepped toward the ranks.

All the men watched him. He spoke to an officer there. That officer turned about, faced the lines, and called for “three cheers for Gen. Shafter.” The men smiled. They cheered faintly. The commander-in-chief became intensely irritated. Apparently the officer had misunderstood Gen. Shafter's order, and either that fact or the faint response to the call for cheers infuriated his chief.

Although I noticed Gen. Shafter's anger I did not heed as much as I should have that he was very angry. What chiefly concerned me at the moment was that presently I should have to leave the palace to forward my despatches, and I sincerely desired to make an early explanation to Gen. Shafter concerning my presence on the roof. Had I paused to consider how Gen. Shafter was more than merely annoyed by the blunder as to the cheering, I should, of course, have recalled that it was an inopportune moment to make my desired explanation to him. And so unfortunately, while he was yet angry I approached him.

Before I had finished explaining to him that I was the man who had been on the roof, but that I certainly had no
intention of causing any trouble there, he used the most
violent language in denouncing all correspondents as liars
and nuisances. His exact words are not fit for
publication.

I should have remained silent. According to military
custom a subordinate should put his feelings in his pocket.
But I told Gen. Shafter he should not use such language to
me. He had taken a step away while I spoke, but now he
turned very quickly for one of his weight—he weighs 310
pounds and I weigh 130 pounds—and with the force of his
swing and an advancing step William R. Shafter Major-
General, commanding the Fifth Army Corps, struck me a full-
arm blow in the face.

Of the previous thirty hours I had been in the saddle
eighteen, had slept four and had worked hard the others. I
had neither the strength nor the nerve to stiffen
myself against such a sudden, unexpected blow, and
thoughtlessly, without premeditation and on the natural
impulse of the moment, I returned it. I was quickly drawn
away by several staff officers, and I said to Gen. Shafter
exactly this: "You—a major-general—commanding a United
States Army—you ought to be ashamed of yourself." I said
nothing else. Many heard and saw all that took place.

The General then said, "Take a file of soldiers and
detain that man. Let no one see him." He took a step
toward the palace, stopped, turned, and said, "Let no one
speak to him." Another step. Gen. Shafter stopped and
said, "Let no one come anywhere near him."

And finally, the fourth time, the General, now quite
near the palace door, shouted. "You be sure that no one
comes near that man."

I was handed over to the Spanish authorities and
placed, incommunicado, in the town jail.

If I had been the aggressor, if I had been alone in
the wrong, I cannot doubt nor will any one who knows Gen.
Shafter doubt, that I would have been court-martialed for
my life.

The next morning I was courteously conducted to
Siboney by officers of Gen. McKibben's staff and the next
day my detention ceased, as I boarded the transport Hudson,
bound North.

Such is the full and true story of my encounter with
Gen. Shafter.
“Autobiographical Sketch.” Sylvester Scovel Papers, Missouri Historical Society, St. Louis.


Scovel, Sylvester. “All the Board of Inquiry Now Sure the Maine was Blown Up Externally.” The World (New York). February 25, 1898, 1, 2.


---. “Capt. Zalinsky Says a Torpedo was Used.” The World (New York). February 17, 1898, 2.


---. “Experts at Havana Say Some Great Exterior Force Rent
and Sunk the Ship.” The World (New York) February 24, 1898, 1.

---. “Explosion from Port to Starboard, as Might Have Been From a Torpedo.” The World (New York). February 19, 1898, 1.


---. “Fifty Physical Proofs that Maine was Blown Up By Mine or Torpedo.” The World (New York). February 24, 1898, 1.

---. “Final and Clinching Proof That Maine was Blown Up by Design, by Mine or Torpedo, as Told in World Three Days After the Disaster.” The World (New York). March 12, 1898, 2.


---. “‘It was a Torpedo.’ Cables Sylvester Scovel.” The World (New York). February 18, 1898, 5.

---. “It was a Torpedo, not a Submarine Mine, that Sunk the Maine.” The World (New York). February 26, 1898, 1.


---. “Maine Court May Not Leave Havana This Week.” The


---. “Send Maine Away Begged a Stranger at Our Consulate.”

---. “Spain Angry Because the Truth is Told About the Maine.” The World (New York). March 7, 1898, 3.


---. “Spain Will Demand Inter-National Court of Inquiry.” The World (New York). March 14, 1898, 1, 2.


---. “Thrall and Jones to be Exchanged.” The World (New York). May 17, 1898, 1, 2.


---. "World’s Divers Again Offered to Recover the Dead." The World (New York). February 21, 1898, 1, 2.


BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH

Darien Elizabeth Andreu was born in Jacksonville, Florida, in 1960. She earned her B.A. and M.A. in English from Florida State University in 1982 and 1987, respectively. She joined the faculty at Flagler College in St. Augustine, Florida, in 1987, and teaches composition, fiction writing, and a course in the literature of the South. She has been honored as Phi Alpha Omega’s Woman of the Year and the Student Government Association’s Teacher of the Year. Darien Andreu is married to James Robin King (FSU ’77).