HOW IT WAS DONE.

THE STORY OF THE DESTRUCTION OF THE SPANISH FLEET AT SANTIAGO DE CUBA.

ALL TO HAIL AMERICAN SAILORS.

THE DESPERATE FIGHTING OF THE SPANIARDS AVAILETH NOTHING AS AGAINST UNCLE SAM'S BOYS.

A DETAILED ACCOUNT OF THE GREAT NAVAL BATTLE

THERE WERE NO COWARDS IN THIS FIGHT—MANY INSTANCES OF GREAT PERSONAL BRAVERY.

When It Was All Over Our Boys, the Demons in the Fight, Became Tender Angels of Mercy Even Before the Smoke of Battle Had Cleared Away.

With Admiral Sampson's Fleet, Off Santiago, July 3.—(By the Herald's Dispatch Boat Golden Rod to Port Antonio, Thence to Kingston, Jamaica)—Special—Scattered along the shore for a distance of ten miles to the west of Morro castle now lie the four armored cruisers and two torpedo boat destroyers that composed Admiral Cervera's fleet.

In a running fight of two hours these vessels, the cream of the Spanish navy, wer almost annihilated Sunday morning by the powerful ships of Admiral Sampson's fleet under the immediate command of Commodore Schley.

Admiral Cervera, after making as plucky a fight against overwhelming odds as is recorded in naval history, was compelled to surrender. He was taken as a prisoner of war, together with every man in his fleet not drowned or killed in the action. The Spanish admiral was wounded in one of his arms.

His splendid ships, the Cristobal Colon, the flagship, the Vizcaya, Almirante Oquendo and Infanta Maria Teresa, and the torpedo boat destroyers Furor and Pluton, lie on the Cuban rocks, shell-ridden, smoking hulks.

Cervera, on the Colon, made the longest run toward liberty. He yielded to fate only in the face of death, and is a prisoner now on the Gloucester, which before the war was J. Pierpont Morgan's yacht Corsair.

As the Golden Rod steamed past the flagship after the battle, I was informed by an officer on the deck that Admiral Cervera, with 1,300 of his men, had surrendered. Of the prisoners, more than 400 of the crew of the Vizcaya were taken by the Iowa, Captain Evans.

Every vessel in Admiral Sampson's fleet went through the fierce engagement without injury. But one man in the American fleet was killed, and two were injured.

From the very first of the fighting the little Gloucester was in the thickest of it. At one time she was pouring her six-pounder shells against the entire Spanish fleet, while the guns of Morro castle were making her their target. She riddled the Spanish destroyers and fought the Vizcaya and Oquendo as fiercely as if she were a battleship.

Magnificent beyond description was the bold dash by which Cervera attempted to get his fleet out of Santiago harbor. Cervera himself led the way with his flagship, the Cristobal Colon. It was a dash to liberty or to

Sunday quiet rested over the entrance to Santiago harbor. No signs of life were visible about Morro. Beyond and toward the city of Santiago all was still. After two days of fighting the armies of both nations were resting in their trenches. Off this way, for a distance of half a dozen miles from shore, the vessels of Admiral Sampson's fleet lay lazily at anchor.

Admiral Sampson, desiring to ascertain the exact condition of the Spanish coast defense about Aguadores, ordered the flagship to go that way. Weighing anchor, the New York leisurely steamed off to the eastward. Idle thoughts occupied the minds of the men in the fleet. They were speculating as they had been for weeks, when would come their opportunity to "get at" the Spanish fleet in the inner harbor.

Suddenly as a flash, at 9:30 a vessel appeared near the entrance to the harbor. She was throwing out great black clouds of smoke and was pointing straight toward the American fleet.

A SURPRISE PARTY.

It Put Every American Captain on His Metal.

The ease of the American officers and sailors was rudely disturbed. They grabbed their glasses, scanned the harbor entrance, and were amazed to discover that an armored cruiser was coming out. In the absence of Admiral Sampson, Commodore Schley, from the Brooklyn, ordered the American ships to rush in shore. In a few moments it was seen that the vessel emitting such great clouds of smoke was the Cristobal Colon. Admiral Cervera's flagship. She had passed the wreck of the Merrimac and was making for the sea at full speed.

Before Commodore Schley and his men could recover from their surprise other clouds of smoke came into view beyond the Cristobal Colon. With a rush fully equal to that of the Spanish flagship, the Almirante Oquendo came throbbing toward the open sea. Behind her came the Vizcaya, also at full speed, while the rear was brought up by the Infanta Maria Teresa and the two torpedo boat destroyers, the Furor and Pluton.

This stirring scene, so dramatic and so unexpected, quickly put the captain of every American vessel on his mettle. "Cervera's trying to escape," was the cry that resounded through the fleet.

Every American vessel quickly weighed anchor. The engines were started, and one by one the great American warships made ready for battle. Every man scampered to his gun and the captains, knowing that Admiral Sampson had gone along the coast, eagerly watched the Brooklyn, Commodore Schley's flagship. In a few moments the Resolute was speeding to the eastward after the New York, but the advance of the Spanish fleet was so rapid that our men could not wait for Admiral Sampson to get back.

Just as the Cristobal Colon was poking her nose out into the open sea, Commodore Schley sent the Brooklyn rushing to the westward to head off Cervera's flagship. He ordered the Massachusetts and Oregon to follow after, at the same time ordering the Indiana, Iowa and Texas to intercept the other vessels of the escaping fleet. Then began one of the greatest sea fights in history.

DASH FOR LIBERTY.

But the American Fleet Was Soon in Motion.

Admiral Sampson this morning set out to dislodge the Spanish from their works at Aguadores, where the Michigan troops were repulsed on the line of the railway Saturday morning while they were marching westward to seize the Morro battery and blow up the fort after the fleet had driven the Spanish from the guns. Our torpedo boats were not with the fleet, and when Admiral Sampson left the Morro the battleships and the cruiser Brooklyn were grouped off the harbor mouth. It is not known whether Admiral Cervera had blown up the Merrimac or passed it in single column. His ship, the Cristobal Colon, glided out of the harbor and shot to the westward, her two funnels and high black bulwarks showing plain against the green of the hills, her pennant and the Spanish red and yellow ensign in lashing above.

In a few seconds the American fleet was in motion, the Indiana, which was closest, heading straight in shore to get close range. The Spaniard opened fire with an eleven-inch Hontoria, and mighty fountains of water rosé above the battleship and wet her decks. The shell fell near her bow. The Indiana replied with her thirteen-inch guns, and a moment later let go everything she could bring to bear. One of the first shells fell on the Spanish cruiser's deck. Cervera was going past and the Indiana rounded to give him a broadside, and then as the Iowa and the Texas opened on him the doomed admiral turned to the harbor mouth, where the Almirante Oquendo was just coming into view.

At first one could scarcely believe his eyes, but when the Oquendo appeared and steamed swiftly westward into the smoke and lightning, where Cervera's flag still flew, it flashed upon us that there was to be history making indeed. It was a sublime spectacle of a desperate animal who had decided to give battle against overwhelming odds in the open water rather than remain and blow up his own ships in the harbor of the beleaguered city.

Cervera's flag was hidden for a time and he fled westward, his port broadside emitting flashes and tongues of flame, which marked his progress. For the next five minutes he ran a gauntlet such as no ship had ever run in history, and when his consorts were burning and he surrendered his ship, he still had a gun or two capable of action.

The Indiana fell on the Oquendo, paying no heed to the Morro battery, whose gunners tried hard to protect the cruiser as she moved to the westward. The Iowa let Cervera go on into the hands of the Oregon, Massachusetts and Brooklyn and then turned with the Texas to pound the Oquendo. Then every American ship was in action and smoke shrouded the coast and blew away lazily, revealing geysers about the ships where the Spanish shells from the cruisers and Morro tore the water.

Another ship emerged from the harbor. It was the Vizcaya, coming at full speed, the smoke curling over her ward and brought her bow guns into play. Behind her came Spain's two much dreaded torpedo boat destroyers, perhaps 200 yards apart.

The Iowa steamed for a time forward with the Oquendo and the Indiana did the same with the Vizcaya, but as the fight thus moved westward it became clear that the Americans were willing that the Spanish ships should run far enough away from Morro to lose the aid of the guns, and in twenty minutes this was done. This was a bit of strategy which was developed under fire and which was accepted at once by all the American ships without orders. In fact the smoke often made it impossible to see the signals which Commodore Schley was making from the Brooklyn, so tremendous was the firing all along the line. Both the Oquendo and the Vizcaya were sometimes within 1,000 yards of the Indiana. They varied, but as a rule it was short and extremely deadly. Nevertheless, the high speed and thick armor of their class stood the Spanish in good stead, as they followed in the path of honor marked out by Admiral Cervera.

CARNAGE WAS TERRIBLE.

Crashing Sounds Heard Midst Thunder of Great Guns.

Three-quarters of an hour after the action began it was evident that the Spanish had many guns disabled and would have to surrender. There were terrible casualties on the enemy's ships. As the smoke cleared a little one could see the Spanish flagship, herport broadside spouting smoke still holding on to the westward. The Texas and Massachusetts joined the Indiana and the Iowa. The Oquendo and the Vizcaya hugged the shore and steamed after Cervera, pledged to go with him to defeat and death. Shells burst on the decks of the Spanish cruisers at short intervals. Often they were on fire, but again and again they extinguished the flames and manned again and again the guns from which they had been driven. The green coast on their starboard side smoked with the shells which flew over them, and crashing sounds heard amidst the thunder of great rifles told of armor-piercing shells driven into an through their protected sides.

Still they fired. Their shots fell about the Indiana and Iowa thickly. The Golden Rod was close enough to see all that thick smoke did not hide. She was too close sometimes for comfort. I could not see that our battleships were hit. No doubt they were, but it seems that none of their guns were silenced, so terrific continued their fire. Once free of the Morro battery the range of the Golden Rod stopped abreast of the Spanish destroyers to see what would be the fate of the Gloucester.

Lieutenant Commander Wainwright, like Nelson, seemed to have the blind eye. If he were signalled to put out he remained with his six-pounders, to work which was heroic and astonishing. At one time the Gloucester was being fired at by the Vizcaya, both torpedo boat destroyers and the Morro battery. That she was not sunk and that she had enough men left to work her guns was marvelous. She lay close in to where the Vizcaya came out and ran along parallel, firing at the cruisers fiercely, in proportion to her size, as did the Indiana and Iowa. Captain Eulate of the Vizcaya probably feared a torpedo from the Gloucester, for he turned loose his secondary battery at her as he passed on into a storm of shells from the battleships.

The destroyers came out, and the Gloucester accepted them at once as parts of her contract. These destroyers were strong in machine guns and guns of our three and six-pounder class. It seemed that smoke jets burst from the destroyers in twenty places as they slipepd along after the Vizcaya, and the water all about the Gloucester was kept splashing by shells and by bullets from machine guns, but the yacht steamed ahead, keeping the destroyers directly between her and shore and hammering them. The Morro was throwing shells from behind, and occasionally the Viscaya turned a gun or two to aid her followers. The yacht was often completely hidden by smoke. I could not but wonder if she had been sunk, but she always forged ahead and appeared again busier than ever. In ten minutes the fire of the destroyers slackened, but, although some of their guns were disabled, their machinery was all right, and they moved on till Morro could no longer take part in the battle. Then the New York appeared, hurrying on the news from the Resolute that Cervera had ashed his wedge of cruisers into the American fleet, and was dying gloriously. The New York was six miles away when the destroyers saw her.

TRY TO RUN TO COVER.

American Fire was too Fierce for Human Beings.

The Morro thundered at Sampson as he came within range, but the admiral never heeded, seeing only in the distance the dim form of Vizcaya and the Oquendo, hopelessly hemmed in by a circle of fire, and in the foreground the Gloucester fighting two destroyers at short range. When the destroyers saw the flagship they sped away from the Gloucester and tried to overtake the Vizcaya and get into shelter on her starboard side. If that could not be done, there ought to be a chance to torpedo the Indiana and break through our line to the open sea, where speed would save them, but the Indiana steamed in shore, and the Iowa, too, but farther away.

The Indiana's secondary battery had the first destroyer range and rained shells upon it. Splintered and torn, but still with their steering gear and machinery intact, both destroyers turned back to run for the mouth of the harbor and seek safety inside. The fight had been carried nearly four miles west of Morro and the New York was already past the harbor mouth.

The Gloucester was ready for them close at hand. She and the destroyers and the Indiana formed a triangle, of which the destroyers were the apex, and American fire converging was too fierce for human beings to withstand. One destroyers drifted into the surf of fire a battered wreck and then crept on toward the Gloucester and the New York with guns silent and showing a flag of truce.

DESTROYER BLOWS UP.

Wonderful and Gamy Work of the Gloucester.

She was on fire, too, and her crew ran ashore to save the lives of those who had escaped our shells. She blew up soon after they abandoned her. I was standing behind Dr. Simonds of the Iowa when the Gloucester was in greatest peril, and he could not help turnig from the main battle to watch her heroic work and shouting his hope that she would not run short of ammunition. Her commander's skill and courage was simply magnificent. The Spanish admiral was lost in smoke to the westward, when, at 10:45, the Vizcaya hoisted a white flag. This was followed by the Oquendo going ashore with the flames bursting from her decks. The Iowa, Indiana, Texas and Massachusetts ceased firing, the Massachusetts going at once to join the Oregon and the Brooklyn in pounding up and smashing Cervera's ship. Once headed off, the Oquendo turned into a small bay four or fire miles west of Santiago, where she lay close to the land. With an ever-weakening broadside, the Vizcaya followed, first heading out as if to break through the line of battle.

The Indiana and Iowa closed in and their formation made her escape in that direction impossible. Captain Eulate then attempted to reach the east side of the bay, followed by the Oquendo but in vain. With a glass I could see that the Vizcaya's bulwarks near the stern had been torn away. Smoke poured in her side, and she was on fire. Her guns, with the exception of those forward, wer out of action. Her bow guns were still fired at intervals. Those who were not working the bow guns crowded forward to escape the smoke and fire aft.

CERVERA'S GAME FIGHT.

He only Wished to make his Defeat Glorious in the Eyes of the Public

The Oquendo was ashore, her guns silent and smoke rising in thick black clouds.

There was a thunderin gof guns to the westward now, and flashes in the smother told that Cervera still fought, but to the eastward of his ships lay the burnig wrecks of his two destroyers.

The torpedo boat Ericsson was seen coming along with the New York. The Oquendo was helpless, the Indiana and the Iowa wer closing, and shell after shell burst above and aboard the Vizcaya.

Eulate hoisted a white flag on his ship, went ashore to save the remnant of his men, and simultaneously up went a flag of white on the Oquendo, and down came the flag of Spain.

An hour and a half had elapsed since Cervera left the harbor, and of the five vessels which came out only his flagship was still in action.

The American army, with the 1,200 dead and wounded, was not yet in Santiago, but Cervera's fleet was destroyed and Cervera himself was only struggling because he wished to make his defeat glorious in the eyes of the attentive world. He had proven, at least, that he was not bottled up so tightly as was supposed. He had lost four vessels and perhaps more than half of his men, but his pennant was still flying and some of his guns were still in action.

Cervera passed the bay in which the Oquendo had sought refuge and held on a due westward course close to the land, but evidently nourishing the desperate hope that he might break through the line and reach free water. He had passed in succession the Indiana, the Iowa and Texas, not to speak of the Gloucester, which spouted six-pound shells at him.

HOLDS TO HIS COURSE.

They Might have Bettered Their Plan of Escape.

Since his flag had appeared outside the harbor his ship had been struck again and again. By this time the Vizcaya and the Oquendo were practically beaten, but in spite of the twelve and thirteen-inch shells that were rained upon him at a range which was very short for such guns, in spite of the fact that his boilers and machinery were damaged, he held to his course. From a point a mile west of Morro the Cristobal Colon was invisible frequently in low hanging smoke from her own guns and also that which drifted in shore from the battleships.

Clearly now it might have been better if they had moved in circles and given battle under the Santiago batteries, whose aid would have lessened the odds against him, but the Spaniards, through splendid strategy, had not been headed off until the batteries could no longer train their guns on our fleet.

At half past seven Cervera saw the Oregon cutting in short ahead of him to round him to. The smoke was very thick. The fighting was incessant. Cervera's available guns were no longer well served. Shells had set fire to the ship near the stem and the flames were controlled with difficulty, but the Spanish admiral altered his course and headed off from the coast as if to attempt between two ships and run for it.

It was impossible. The Iowa and the Texas were already moving down to close the gap and the Spanish flagship, raked by the Oregon and the Brooklyn at from 1,000 to 3,000 yards, and by the Iowa and Texas at longer range, turned in shore again and ran for the rocks, where the surf was breaking. He still replied occasionally, and I wondered when the smoke hid his ship if he would be afloat when it lifted. The Golden Rod, leaving the burning cruisers on the beach, bore at full speed down on the Iowa as she closed in on the doomed admiral.

GUNS DISABLED.

Flagship Aflame and all Hopelessly Lost.

I could still discern the Spanish flag from time to time as the smoke drifted away and a flash of a gun at intervals proved that the Spaniard was consistently following the idea which led him to quit the harbor—which was to make a glorious end. But his ship moved slowly now, as if disabled, and in a few minutes more his guns were silent. The black smoke replaced the swirling white. The flagship was aflame. Her men had been unable either to work the guns or smother the flames caused by bursting shells and she was headed for the rocks. She struck bow on and rested there, red flames burst through the black smoke and soon a pillar of cloud rose straight up 1,000 feet and then bent against the green mountain.

Cervera's ship was so hopelessly lost that the American battleships ceased firing before she struck and ran in apparently with the intention of saving the survivors as prisoners. This was evidently expected by the Spaniards, notably by the Vizcaya's men, hundreds of whom thronged the forward deck watching the flames eating their way toward them.

Mr. Simonds of the Iowa, who accompanied me and assisted me during the engagement, said that a fourth Spanish cruiser was unable to leave the harbor with the others because she was disabled.

The casualties will not be accurately determined until tomorrow. Evidently the American loss was slight in comparison with the tremendous importance of the accomplishment of annihilating Cervera's squadron.

The Golden Rod was the only dispatch boat near the ship in action. I would have gone to Guantanamo with a bulletin had not the Resolute headed all non-combatants to the westward by strange warning of a Spanish ship coming from the eastward. As the Resolute ran toward the New York with this warnig after the engagement, a shell from the western battery, at four-mile range, passed a few feet over and ahead of the Golden Rod.

The Spanish ships had now reached a point about seven miles west of Morro, and a mile or so beyond where the torpedo boats were burning and broken in two. The flagship and the Oquendo were the first to show signals of distress. Two 13-inch shells from one of the battleships had struck the Marie Teresa at the water line, causing it to fill rapidly. The Oquendo suffered the same fate, and both headed for a small cove, and both went aground 100 yards from the shore, flames springing from them.

The officers and crew must have been aware of the fate which seemed before them, but it was not until the ships were on fire that the men ceased firing.

The Gloucester steamed along the coast to where the armored cruisers were stranded and went to their rescue. There was danger from the magazines, and many on board swam for shore, and many were unable to reach the small strip of sandy beach in the cove, but were thrown onto the rocks. Many of the wounded were taken ashore. But this task was a difficult one.

An American swam through the surf with a line from the Marie Teresa to the shore, making it fast to a tree. The Spaniards could then land. The wounded were taken to the Gloucester, and soon the yacht was full of Spanish wounded. The Gloucester's crew gave them every attention possible.

The shore was lined with those who had escaped from the Almirante Oquendo and the Marie Teresa.

There were still two commands, both reach the magazines and the boxes of ammunition on deck. A dozen or more explosions followed the firing, the smoke from which covered the hillside, running down almost to the water's edge. Another column of smoke two miles further to the westward was observed. The Vizcaya was also in flames and was obliged to run ashore to keep from going down. The Iowa and the Indiana were keeping up a terrific fire upon it and its condition was as bad as that of the others.

The Brooklyn, Oregon, Massachusetts and several smaller vessels continued the chase after the Cristobal Colon, and in less than an hour were lost to view of the burning ships on shore. The Iowa and Texas both gave assistance to the imperiled crew of the Vizcaya. Its captain surrendered his command, and the prisoners were transferred to the battleships. The Vizcaya probably lost about sixty men, as it carried a complement of 400, and only 340 were taken aboard the Iowa.

Soon after Admiral Cervera reached the shore and surrendered he was taken to the Gloucester at his own request. There was no mistaking the heart-broken expression on the old seaman's face as he took the proffered hand of Lieutenant Wainwright and was shown to the latter's cabin, but he made every effort to bear bravely the bitter defeat that had come to him. He thanked the commander of the Gloucester for the words of congratulation offered on the gallant fight and then spoke earnestly of his solicitude for the safety of his men on shore. He informed Lieutenant Wainwright that Cuban soldiers were on the hills preparing to attack his unarmed men, and said he thought his sailors had suffered enough in their battle with the American forces and that he was willing to surrender his entire command, but he asked that some protection be given to his men until they could be taken off in the American vessels. Captain Wainwright had heard similar reports from his own officers regarding the presence of Cubans in the brush, and he sent a guard of armed sailors ashore to prevent the Spanish prisoners from being molested.

Four hours after Admiral Cervera went aboard the Gloucester the Infanta Maria Teresa, Almirante Oquendo and Vizcaya continued to burn, and every now and then a deep roar, accompanied by a burst of flame and smoke from the sides of the ships, would announce the explosion of more ammunition or another magazine. As the flame shot higher and higher above the decks of the magnificent vessels that had composed Admiral Cervera's fleet, many of those who witnessed the scene felt it had a strong connection with the destruction of the American battleship Maine in Havana harbor five months ago. Lieutenant Commander Wainwright, the commander of the Gloucester, was executive officer of the Maine at the time of the disaster, and, although he remained in Havana harbor two months after the explosion, he lived on board the dispatch boat Fern, and steadfastly refused to set his foot in the city until, to use his own words, "the time should come when he could go ashore at the head of a landing party of American bluejackets." Today it was his ship that sank two Spanish torpedo boat destroyers and afterward received the Spanish admiral aboard as a prisoner of war.

An amusing trial has just come to a happy termination in Paris, in which Mlle. Angele Thiebeau has obtained a verdict against certain newspapers which accused her of a singular method of cheating the public. This lady, who commenced her career some years ago as a successful opera singer, has been obliged, owing to partial loss of voice, to appear upon the music hall stage at the Moulin Rouge. Here she won great applause for what Sister Jane called her "top note," which, according to L'Art Lyrique, she produced not by natural means, but by the means of a sort of popgun concealed in the bosom of her dress.

WATERY GRAVES.

COLLISION AT SEA WITH APPALLING LOSS OF LIFE.

553 PEOPLE ARE DROWNED

SAILORS FIGHT LIKE DEMONS TO SAVE THEMSELVES.

Two Hundred and Fifty Women Went Down--Only One Woman Among the Saved--Greatest Disaster that ever Happened on Sea

Halifax, N. S., July 8.—The loss of life in the Bourgogne sea tragedy exceeds by seven souls the loss attending the terrible wreck of the steamship Atlantic to the eastward of Halifax a quarter of a century ago, which has heretofore held its place in history as the most appalling ocean disaster that ever occurred on or near the coast of Nova Scotia.

Five hundred and fifty-three are the number of those whose lives were brought to a sudden end sixty miles south of Sable island last Monday morning, after the big liner speeding Europeward at a furious gate through a dense fog, crashed into the British sailing ship Cromartyshire and met destruction, for which, from all the accounts gathered from the survivors, her officers, who met the fate of most of those on board, were mainly responsible.

In the many appalling stories told by those from the lost Bourgogne, no feature of the harrowing accounts stands out more conspicuously than that of the fierce, fiendish conduct of the steamer's crew, who fought like demons, and did not hesitate at any act in order to escape the fate which overwhelmed so many others.

Of the 167 survivors only fifty-three were passengers. There were over 200 women, of whom only one, Mrs. LaCasse, of Plainfield, N. J., is alive today, and of more than fifty children among the passengers not one survives.

MCKEOWN'S STORY.

Patrick McKeown of Philadelphia, who had a fearful struggle to save himself, gives a graphic account of his experiences and of the fearful fate which befell another Philadelphian.

McKeown was asleep when the crash came. He jumped from his berth and thought there was time to don his clothes, so he was fully dressed when he hurried on deck, but forgot his wallet, containing $110, which was put under his pillow when he went to bed. McKeown found indescribable confusion reigning on deck. The captain was on the bridge, but the officers had evidently lost entire control of the crew, nearly all of whom appeared to be engaged in a desperate struggle with the passengers to gain possession of the life boats and life rafts in order to save themselves. Passengers and seamen surrounded the boats and rafts, crowding them to overflowing. Half dressed shrieking women were rushing to and fro with children clinging to their night robes.

McKeown says he saw a number of men forced back by frantic, half-crazed seamen, striving to get away from the steamer, without offering to lend a helping hand to the passengers and resisting the latter as much as possible. McKeown got into a boat hanging in the davits. A sailor threw him out and he slipped down the now slanting deck to the starboard side, the rail of which was now on a level with the water. As he was forced over the side of the boat a handsome Italian girl waved her down her cheeks. This boat, like most other boats, never got away from the steamer.

PUSHED HIM OFF.

McKeown fell into the water close to a crowded life raft, which had got afloat. He caught hold of the side and somebody pushed him away. He grasped it again and drew himself out of the water, managing with great difficulty to secure a foothold. There he remained until the boats of the Cromartyshire directed the survivors to the side of the ship. A few minutes after McKeown gained the life raft he witnessed the tragedy which sent another Philadelphian to his death.

He is unable to recall the name of the man, having made his acquaintnance only after the Bourgogne started on her disastrous voyage, but he knows he was a tailor living in Philadelphia. The tailor, pushing his way through the mad mass of humanity struggling in the sea, slowly approached the raft gained by McKeown. As he drew near and attempted to grasp the side one of the steamer's seaman raised a heavy oar and struck him three fearful blows on the head. He sank from sight without a groan or a sound and McKeown is firmly convinced that the blows killed the man. Shortly afterward the Bourgogne plunged out of sight, her boilers exploding with a terrific roar as she went down. McKeown states, and his statement is confirmed by others, that the steamer's engines were not running at full speed until just before she foundered, but he says that the vessel's headway did not slack until some time after the collision. He says it was not more than half an hour between the time the two ships crashed together and when the Bourgogne disappeared in the ocean.

The last scene which impressed itself most vividly on McKeown's mind as the steamer sank was that of the three priests moving about the panic-stricken people on deck, administering the rites of absolution. He saw the captain on the bridge just before the steamer sank from view, but did not see him commit suicide by shooting, as one passenger states was the case.

Albert Gaidet, a native of Paris, who was returning to his home, was lying in his berth, almost at the point where the Cromartyshire struck La Gourgogne. He was dressed at the time and seizing his waterproof coat, rushed on deck. The doomed vessel was already beginning to list to the starboard, the side which he was on, and he got a good view of the extent of the damage to the Bourgogne by the contact. The ship, he said, struck the steamer at a sharp angle on the starboard, the blow glancing toward the stern, and a portion anywhere from twelve to fifteen feet being gouged out of the French liner. The sailing vessel was just falling away in the fog when M. Gaidet reached the deck. He turned his attention to assist in lowering a life boat, which some sailors were clearing just opposite where he stood. This was accomplished without difficulty, the water then being up to the deck rails on that side.

EVERY MAN FOR HIMSELF.

M. Gaidet was non-committal when questioned concerning the conduct of the crew toward the passengers, but did not deny that it was a case of every man for himself.

Those in his boat, numbering about twenty, were among the first picked up, and M. Gaidet afterward returned to assist in picking up the others. This gentleman retains as mementoes of the eventful occasion the board bearing the name of the life boat in which he was rescued and also the flag which was flying at her stern.

The survivors agree in their statements that not more than two boats and four rafts got away from the steamer and all of the occupants of these were picked up by the Cromartyshire. The weather was clearing when the Bourgogne sank and had there been any other survivors they would certainly have been seen by the men on the ship.

The only surviving woman passenger told a very sad tale of the struggle she had for life. Mrs. LaCasse and her husband were second-class cabin passengers and were going to visit relatives in France. Her husband is a teacher of languages in a college at Plainfield, N. J. As Mrs. LaCasse was narrating her sad story her eyes were filled with tears.

When the ship went down she and her husband sank in the water. They managed to get into a boat, but there were no oars in it and shortly afterward the boat capsized. She was sinking when her husband caught hold of her and kept her afloat. Then they got on a raft, on which they stayed for about eight hours.

ONLY WOMAN SAVED.

She said that out of over 200 women and children she was the only woman saved. All the children, numbering about fifty, were lost. Several of these were babies. In Mrs. LaCasse's opinion the La Bourgogne sank within half an hour after the collision.

In one boat, a short distance from the raft on which Mrs. LaCasse was, there must have been nearly forty women. After floating around for half an hour she saw the boat suddenly capsize, and the women wer thrown into the water and almost immediately they disappeared from sight beneath the waves.

One of the passengers said the Bourgogne was going about eighteen knots when the collision occurred. As far as could be accounted for there were 550 lives lost, but, according to this passenger, there were a number of others who came on board just previous to sailing, and these had not been included in the number lost.

Give Thanks to God.

Washington, D. C.—Special—President McKinley has issued the following proclamation to the American people:

To the People of the United States of America: At this time, when to the yet fresh remembrance of the unprecedented success which attended the operations of the United States fleet in the bay of Manila on the first day of May last, are added the tidings of the no less glorious achievements of the naval and military arms of our beloved country at Santiago de Cuba, it is fitting that we should pause and staying the feelings of exultation that too naturally attend great deeds wrought by our countrymen in our country's cause, should reverently bow before the throne of divine grace and give devout praise to God, who holdeth the nations in the hollow of his hand and worketh upon them the marvels of his high will, and who has thus far vouchsafed to us the light of his face and led our brave soldiers and seamen to victory.

I, therefore, ask the people of the United States, on next assembling for divine worship in their respective places of meeting, to offer thanksgiving to Almighty God, who, in his inscrutable ways, now leading our hosts upon the waters to unscathed triumph, now guiding them in a strange land, through the dread shadows of death to success even though at a fearful cost, now bearing them without accident or loss to far distant climes, has watched over our cause and brought nearer the success of the right and the attainment of a just and honorable peace. With the nation's thanks, let there be mingled the nation's prayers, that our brave sons may be shielded from harm alike on the battlefield and in the clash of fleets, and be spared the scourge of suffering and disease while they are striving to uphold their country's honor, and withal let the nation's heart be stilled with the holy awe at the thought of the noble men who have perished as heroes die, and be filled with compassionate pity for those who suffer bereavement or endure sickness, or wounds and bonds by reason of the awful struggle.

And above all, let us pray with earnest fervor that he, the dispenser of all good, may speedily remove from us the world affliction of wars, bring to our dear land the blessings of restored peace, and to all the domain now ravaged by the cruel strife the priceless boon of security and tranquility.

WILLIAM M'KINLEY.

Executive Mansion, Washington, D. C., July 6, 1898.

Transports Arrive at Manila.

Washington, D. C.—Special.—The Navy department received a cablegram from Admiral Dewey confirming the Associated Press dispatch of the arrival of the American transports at Manila.

Admiral Dewey also states that the gunboat Leyte, which ran up a river on May 1, the day of the battle, has come out and surrendered, having on board fifty-two army and navy officers and ninety-four men. The Leyte has a battery of one 3½-inch Hontoria gun and several 2.5-inch rapid fire guns. The admiral says the situation is satisfactory, that the troops are debarking, and the health of the men in excellent.

Manila, July 1.—(Via Hong Kong.)—Special.—The United States troops on the transports City of Sydney, City of Pekin and Australia, convoyed by the United States cruiser Charleston, arrived off Cavite at 5 o'clock yesterday evening, after an eventful voyage. On the way here the Charleston called at Guahan, the largest of the Ladrone islands, the group in the Pacific which belonged to Spain, took possession of the whole group, made prisoners of Governor General Marina, his staff and the entire military force and raised the stars and stripes over the ruins of Santa Cruz fort in the harbor of San Luis de la Paz.

The troops are in good condition, our only loss being Private Hutchinson of the First Oregon, who died on the City of Sydney on June 20 and was buried at sea on June 21.

The Ladrone group comprises about twenty islands, only five or six of which are inhabited, the rest being mere dots on the ocean, the tops of volcanoes which have sunk beneath the sea as the crust of the earth at this point subsided. The principal islands of the group are Guahan, Rota, Aguijan, Saypan and Tinian, but the largest, Guahan, which has an area of only 200 square miles, forms nearly one-half the land area of the entire group. Lying as they do, almost directly under the equator, they have every variety of tropical product, and under proper conditions their population might become wealthy from agriculture alone, for no finer cotton coffee, sugar or tobacco can be grown in the world than are raised in the Ladrone islands, but the curse of Spanish rule has blighted every industry. The people labor no more than they are obliged to and in the tropics no one is really compelled to work, for an abundance of food grows without cultivation, and clothing and shelter are almost unnecessary.

Following the precedent of the Nelson mug, which must have dated from somewhere about Trafalgar, the Lambeth Pottery has produced a mug, bearing round it the words, "England's Great Commoner—William Ewart Gladstone," and, surmounting an excellent portrait, the scroll, "Effort—honest, manful effort—succeeds by its reflective action upon character, better than

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An instrument for seeing objects under water has been invented by a hydrographic engineer of Russia. By its aid the bottom of rivers to a depth of from 45 to 60 feet, can be distinctly viewed. In the examination of wrecks this submarine telescope will be of great service.

A Welshman has accomplished the feat of walking 4,000 quarter miles in 4,000 successive periods of nine and a quarter minutes each at Leeds, a world's record. Twenty thousand persons looked on at the finish. He had previously walked the distance in intervals of nine and a quarter minutes.

SENATE FOR ANNEXATION.

TEXT OF THE NEWLAND'S BILL TO ANNEX HAWAII.

Passes the Senate by a Vote of Forty-two to Twenty-one--The President will Sign the Resolution Immediately.

Washington, D. C.—Special—The joint resolution which passed the senate providing for the annexation of Hawaii was originally introduced in the house by Mr. Newlands of Nevada, and passed that body June 15. Two days later it was reported favorably to the senate. Its full text is as follows:

Whereas, The government of the republic of Hawaii, having in due form signified its consent in the manner provided by its constitution, to cede absolutely and without reserve to the United States of America all rights of sovereignty of whatever kind in and over the Hawaiian islands, and their dependencies, and also to cede and transfer to the United States the absolute fee and ownership of all public government or crown lands, public buildings or edifices, ports, harbors, military equipment and all other public property of every kind and description belonging to the government of the Hawaiian islands, together with every right and appurtenance thereto appertaining, therefore,

Resolved, By the senate and house of representatives of the United States of America in congress assembled, that said cession is accepted, ratified and confirmed, and that the said Hawaiian islands and their dependencies be and they are hereby annexed as a part of the territory of the United States and are subject to the sovereign dominion thereof, and that all the property rights hereinbefore mentioned are vested in the United States of America.

SPECIAL LAND LAWS.

The existing laws of the United States relative to public lands shall not apply to such lands in the Hawaiian islands, but the congress of the United States shall enact special laws for their management and disposition, provided, that all revenue from or proceeds of the same, except as regards such part thereof as may be used or occupied for the civil, military or naval purposes of the United States or may be assigned for the use of the local government, shall be used solely for the benefit of the inhabitants of the Hawaiian islands for educational and other public purposes.

Until congress shall provide for the government of such islands, all the civil, judicial and military powers exercised by the officers of the existing government in said islands shall be vested in such person or persons and shall be exercised in such manner as the president of the United States shall direct, and the president shall have power to remove said officers and fill the vacancies so occasioned.

TREATIES ANNULLED.

The existing treaties of the Hawaiian islands with foreign nations shall forthwith cease and determine, being replaced by such treaties as may exist or as may be hereafter concluded between the United States and such foreign nations.

The municipal legislation of the Hawaiian islands not enacted for the fulfillment of the treaties so extinguished and not inconsistent with this joint resolution, nor contrary to the constitution of the United States, shall remain in force until the congress of the United States shall otherwise determine.

Until legislation shall be enacted extending the United States customs laws and regulations to the Hawaiian islands, the existing customs and regulations of the Hawaiian islands shall remain unchanged.

The public debt of the republic of Hawaii, lawfully existing at the date of the passage of this joint resolution, including the amounts due to depositors in the Hawaiian Postal Savings bank, is hereby assumed by the government of the United States, but the liability of the United States in this regard shall in no case exceed $4,000,000. So long, however, as the existing government and the present commercial relations of the Hawaiian islands are continued as hereinbefore provided said government shall continue to pay the interest on said debt.

IMMIGRATION OF CHINESE.

There shall be no further immigration of Chinese into the Hawaiian islands, except upon such conditions as are now or may hereafter be allowed by the laws of the United States and no Chinese, by reason of anything herein contained, shall be allowed to enter the United States from Hawaiian islands.

The president shall appoint five commissioners, at least two of whom shall be residents of the Hawaiian islands, who shall as soon as reasonably practicable, recommend to congress such legislation concerning the Hawaiian islands as they shall deem necessary or proper.

Sec. 2. That the commissioners hereinbefore provided for, shall be appointed by the president, by and with the advice and consent of the senate.

Sec. 3. That the sum of $100,000, or so much thereof as may be necessary, is hereby appropriated out of the money in the treasury not otherwise appropriated, and to be immediately available, to be expended at the discretion of the president of the United States for the purpose of carrying this joint resolution into effect.

Omaha, July 4.—At Fort Omaha yesterday an unusually active day, for Sunday, occurred, inasmuch as the entire Third regiment is now in quarters, except one company from the western part of the state, which still lacks its quota.

Colonel Bryan was engaged nearly all day in issuing orders, attending to the wants of the officers of the various companies, who needed information, wanted requisitions made for everything, and in receiving many visitors who desired the opportunity of seeing him as a military officer.

The strong incident of the day was the afternoon divine service, conducted by ev. Mr. Sisson of the Hanscom Park Methodist church. Nearly 3,000 persons attended the services. The sermon was patriotic and encouraging to the new soldiers, who, at a well pointed, favorable reference to Colonel Bryan, burst forth into unrestrained and unrestrainable cheers for their leader.

At the various quarters men were at work making themselves more comfortable sleeping places, practicing on folding their blankets and arranging their accoutrements, or reading up on "tactics."

In the pleasant days of old the cavalry was the most important factor in warfare. The knights composing this branch of the military, encased in armor, went forth to fight against bare-legged peasants, poorly armed and on foot. These they would "pit" on their lance point after the gallant manner of the chival f