

HERE IS ALL THE FLEET

Veiled in Mist the Martial
Lines Move In.

INTERNATIONAL SALUTES BEGIN.

To day the Ships will Run the Forts
with a Roar of Cannon and
Anchor in North River.

Interesting Scenes as the Ships Popped Out
of the Fog and Came to Anchor in Gravesend
Bay—Naval How-de-dos Uttered by
Big Guns—The First Squadron of Yankees
Hit the Wrong Anchorage, but the Second
was Right to a Dot—An Impressive Show
Made by the Foreigners When the Mists
Lifted—Exchanging Salutes with Each
Other and the Forts—Story of the Parade
Up the Coast—Arrival of the Russian Ad-
miral—Secretary Herbert Comes to Town
in Great Style—The City Sends Down In-
vitations to Come and Dances—Columbus's
Caravels Strike Navigators Hereabouts
Dumb—Too Dumb Even to Salute.

The naval review fleet of thirty-five vessels,
representing in its show of war not only
the sovereignty of nations and their great
ideas of international fraternity, but also
the growth in 400 years of science as typified
in marine construction, came to anchor yester-
day afternoon at half-past 3 o'clock at the
gates of New York harbor below Forts Wad-
sworth and Hamilton. Most of them came in
out of the fog and mist that spread itself over
the water and made the ships look like phan-
toms. They seemed to push aside the hazy
curtains and to pop into view as though some
wizard were playing at magic with them.

They came in by squadrons, rather than in
two long files, as had been expected. The
Spanish fleet, with the caravels, had arrived
the night before; the Russian flagship came
in early in the morning; the Argentine Repub-
lic's cruiser Nueve de Julio was awaiting
the others; the Miantonomoh was ready to
greet them all. With these exceptions, the
vessels of the combined fleet came in from
the run from Hampton Roads in rapid succession
and sought the anchorages that had been ar-
ranged for them.

This big fleet reached here primarily to do
honor to the memory of Christopher Colum-
bus, but it came also to honor to and to be
honored by the city of New York. To-day the
fleet will move up the North River in
two columns, the Americans on the New Jer-
sey side and most of the visitors on the New
York side, and take their official stations,
from which, on the following day, they will
salute President Cleveland as he passes be-
tween the columns. Then the official salutes
which began yesterday and will be repeated
to-day at the Narrows will be ended, and the
visitors will be in the category of war vessels
visiting in the harbor.

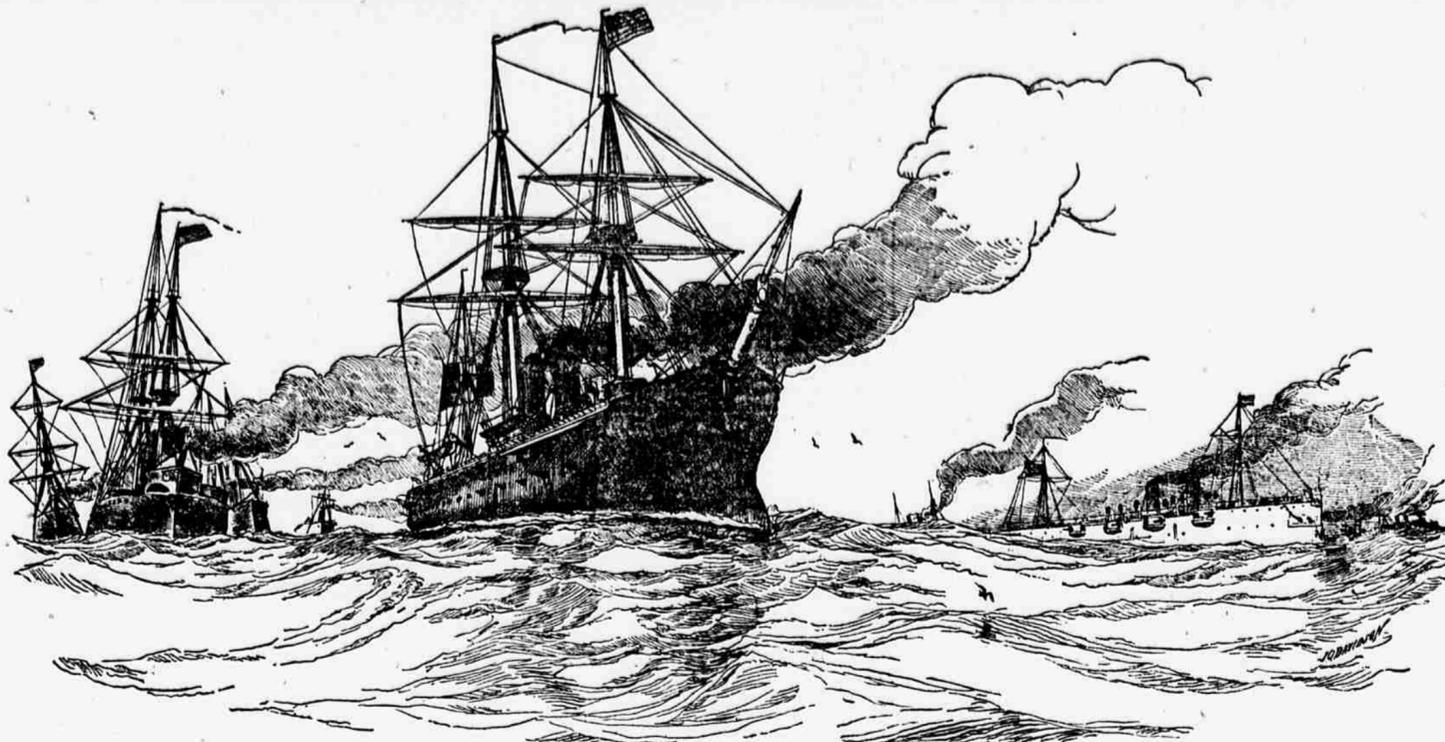
STORY OF THE OCEAN PARADE.

A Striking Naval Show on a Perfect Day
and Not a Mist.

ON BOARD H. M. S. BLAKE, April 24.—
"Now, isn't that a beautiful sight?" Admiral
Sir John Hopkins asked as the combined
squadrons of eight nations stood out to sea on
Monday morning. "I doubt if you ever saw
such a sight or ever will be likely to see an-
other like it."

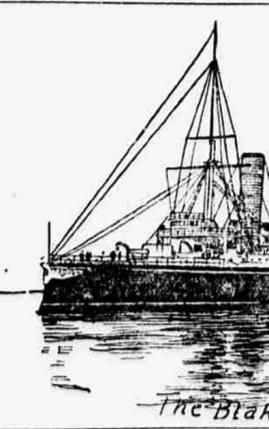
The Blake, at the head of the starboard or
fore column, was followed by the Admiral
Gherardi's flagship, the Philadelphia, and both
were forging ahead with twenty-nine primo
warships in their wake in two long drawn-out
columns. As Admiral Hopkins said, it would
not have been any grander sight if there had
been twice as many vessels, for the additional
craft could not have been seen. It was an
absolutely perfect day. The sun bathed all
the sea with brilliance out of a cloudless
sky, and, though a fresh breeze blew and
shaved off the razor-like edges of the
ocean's myriad wavelets, the deep blue
expanse was practically smooth—as near
to smooth as it ever gets without
being actually calm. The sea was blue
and the sky was blue, and the sun was
afterward there was not a sail or hull in sight
beyond or behind the paraders, and their effect,
as they cut a double path across the great
Progressive circle within the horizon, was
wonderfully beautiful and soul-stirring. On
the one side was the long, white line of the
Yankee cruisers, and on the other side, by
little bunches of blue water. On the oppo-
site side, as each man often did on our treas-
ureless plains out West, was the foreign column
of ships that were mainly black. Each line
was just so far from the other. Each ship was
just as far from its companions. It was not a
quaint scene, as the national flags had all
been pulled down, and the colors were oc-
casional chromatic dots or lengths of crazy-
quitting wind one of the racers that had Ad-
mirals aboard ran up an instant's signal to his
commander.

It was a steady, somewhat solemn, march of
huge, silent masses. They seldom showed
even the smoke that was, as they had been
of them. Now and then the column of ships
that had sailed at Halifax sent out a long
cloud of smoky black that seemed to smudge
both sea and sky, but, as a rule, it was only a
thin, light veil that hung over the great
double line of stacks, suggesting that at ten or
eleven knots they were still doing and had not
been roused to any exertion worth mention-
ing. They splashed up very little foam from
their bows, and they sent out no perceptible
combers to spread away from before them. It
was a quiet, steady, unexciting march, as
like an unexciting sea, under a summer-
like sky, a great troop of Neptune's horses
went to the surface for a long, deep breathing.
The start was to have been made at sharp
9. The great watering place hotel at Old
Point, so jammed and busy the night before,
was a dead-and-alive place when the few who
were to go on the war ships were taking their
coffee, sending their luggage and making
the last preparations for departure. The
sweet-faced belles and the watchful mammae
had been kept up on Sunday night, and were
following the fashionable custom of sleeping
late. The great double chain of warships in
roads sent out few boats to the shore,
and those that were generally man the
grand boats and kept the general pace. Next
to the shore commissions, making the last
letters, gathering the day's provisions, collecting
the men and officers who had stopped ashore
the night, and performing whatever else
was to be done. From every funnel in every
of the freshened fires that roared from
ordered made. That was the most notable sign
of the reviving life of the great international



THE COLUMBIAN FLEET COMING UP THE COAST.

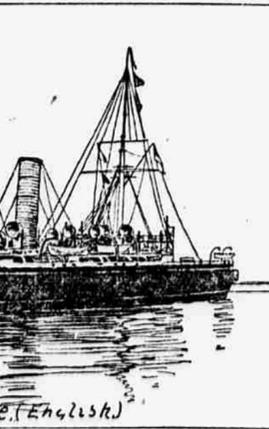
squadron that had been sleeping there for
days like a great covey of tired sea birds.
The bulk of invited Senators and correspond-
ents were aboard the ships at half past 7
o'clock. The last to leave shore did so at 8
o'clock. Breakfast busied all of them during
the hour that followed, and in the course of
that meal the orders aboard all the foreign
ships reported to the Admirals and the cap-
tains that the Americans were getting under
way. On board the Blake Vice-Admiral Hop-
kins explained that, in order to get his line in
the proper order and form, Rear Admiral
Gherardi had said he was going to make a
wide turn higher up the Boreas with all his
ships and bring them down again with his
flagship, the Philadelphia, in the lead. The
Government charts showed that the Blake
could not perform this evolution. She is a
9,000-ton ship, twice as big as our cruisers,
and she draws twenty-four feet of water, or
considerably more than is to be found where
our American vessels made their great
semi-circular sweep. The English ships had
to turn about, however, and they did so
by working their twin screws
in opposite directions. The Blake is as tracta-
ble and easy to manipulate as a riding mas-
ter's horse, and she was turned as if upon her
heels, with her stern almost in one place,
while the rest of her swung round upon it.
The Australia was far less easy to manage,
but she and all the other visiting ships got
around in one fashion or another, and were
headed seaward when the beautiful long white
column of Yankee cruisers came sweeping
down the Boreas to begin the journey to New
York. It was wonderful to see how swiftly and
with how little apparent effort the Americans
moved. It was not to be expected that they
would make any noise or commotion, and yet
their easy, gliding motion was as surprising
as that of a line of swans that propel them-
selves without a tremor or a hint of how they
do it. Indeed, the view of all the moving ships
was like a view of a gigantic gliding panora-
ma.



The Blake (English)

In his steam chest, and the Admirals of Great
Britain, France, Italy, and the United States
returned his greeting. With the ashon smoke
turn into streamers by the fresh land breeze
and floating far away, the great aggregation
of marine warriors showed the mass in a
double line of white, and the colors were oc-
casional chromatic dots or lengths of crazy-
quitting wind one of the racers that had Ad-
mirals aboard ran up an instant's signal to his
commander.

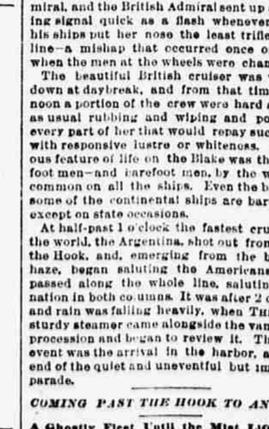
Grand Republic, loaded jet-black with slight-
sneers. One by one, before Cape Charles and
Henry were passed, these craft that speeded
the parting guests of Old Point Comfort
draggled behind and disappeared.
Only one vanished in the forward direction,
ahead of the martial ocean paraders. That
was the Dolphin. She suddenly shot ahead
until she was abreast of the Blake, from whose
deck could be seen several of the Secretary's
lady friends. Then she flung up a signal that
read: "Good-by; wish you a pleasant voyage."
All the Americans believed that Secretary
Herbert was being victimized by the ground-
swell in his too buoyant little ship and was
going to turn about, put in at Cape Charles,
and take the Pennsylvania Railroad to New
York. Sure enough, the Dolphin dropped be-
hind as if to confirm the suspicion. But in an-
other fifteen minutes she began to forge ahead
again, and this time she kept on as if on the
leas of a greyhound, until she left the great
squadron far behind and out of sight over the
edge of the water hill that slowly rises be-
tween all who stray apart at sea. Mr. Herbert
was braving the dangers of the deep in order
to stick to his programme and go to the me-
tropolis in state. As the double column of
ships came abreast of Cape Henry the great
sea-keeper on that spit of sand signalled
"good-by." When this was reported to Sir
John Hopkins he looked pleased. "That's a
pleasant man over there," said he. "When
we came past on our way in he signalled
"Welcome to our shores." Such are the
trifles that make epochs in a mariner's voy-
ages—red-letter days or black-letter days, as
the case may be.



The Australia

The wheel horses of the marine cavalry had
set the pace for the rest at half past ten.
Inside the capes, when the commander-in-chief
had bowled his speed signal up to the fore-
mast, to show that he was at the full of
his prescribed speed of nine knots an hour.
That was less than half speed for the Yankee,
the English and several other ships, but all had
to accommodate themselves to the slowers
in the parade, so nine knots was set as the
rate of speed for all. In leaving a harbor, as
in entering one, the Admirals go down dock
with a distinguished company. The next day
they did to-day, Admiral Gherardi and Ad-
miral Hopkins being abreast of one another,
each on the after bridge of his flagship. All
the ships kept their nation's colors flying, as

night was that the squadrons should separate,
each squadron opening the distance from its
neighbors and from the opposite column "as
much as thought proper." Vice-Admiral Hop-
kins decided to put ten cables between his
column of foreigners and Rear Admiral Gher-
ardi's line of Americans. A cable is 200 yards,
so the distance between the columns was to be
widened from 100 feet to 1,000 feet, or more
than a mile. This was done, and on that ar-
rangement the sun set and the moon and stars
popped out, but soon afterward the Russians
pulled off and formed a third column, and by
8 o'clock there were four separate columns of
ships riding over the water, one another and
covering a great area of the sea.
As the sun went down the waning light
showed the effect of turning our gallant
white squadron as black as the ebony hulls of
the foreign file of ships. Next little heads of
electric light began to twinkle at the tops of
the mastheads in what had been the forest
of masts and other lights gleamed at the ends
of the yards and in the optic-like ports of the
ships. Then the English dropped the pennant
and some other methods of signalling, and took
to the use of flash lights on their foremast
peaks—making dots and dashes of electric
flashes came abreast of Cape Henry and set
and set fire to it, as they really had. The
Americans used their Ardois system of
making alphabetical characters with strings of
five electric white and red lights each
main or mizzen mast. The English system of
flashing beads of light produced the effect of
flashes on the water and the Yankee flag of
decorative colored lights suggested a Christ-
mas tree simile. The night was clear and
moonlit, and the ocean, instead of being a
lonely and desolate waste, was criss-crossed
by beams of light from as many lamps as one
would see on a block of Broadway or a bit of
the main street of New York.



The Blake (English)

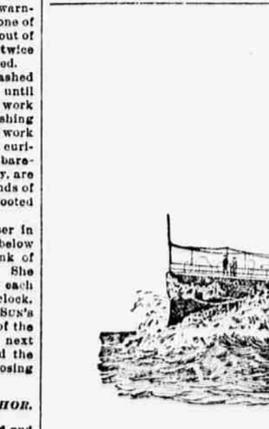
That was the case until Tuesday morning
when day broke, but the sun did not once
piece the clouds that hung like a gray cur-
tain enclosing the horizon. The parade still
moved in four columns, the two original ones
and two others formed by the French on the
left and the Spanish on the right. The Austri-
an in little side column of the center, and
right of all the rest. There was no incident
during the forenoon except that Admiral Gher-
ardi asked after the health of the British Ad-
miral, and the British Admiral sent up a warn-
ing signal quick as a flash whenever one of
his ships put her nose the least trifle out of
line—as they may do in a heavy sea, or twice
when the men at the wheels were changed.
The beautiful British cruiser was washed
down at daylight, and from that time until
noon a portion of the crew were hard at work
as usual rubbing and wiping and polishing
every part of her that would rouse such work
with responsibility and whiteness. A curi-
ous feature of life on the Blake was the bare-
foot men and barefoot men, by the way, are
common on all the ships. Even the bands of
some of the continental ships are barefooted
except on state occasions.

COMING PAST THE HOOK TO ANCHOR.

A Ghostly Fleet 'Till the Mist Lifted and
the Setting Sun Showed Out.

It was off Scotland Lightship that the
Sun's tug first sighted the Philadelphia. The
streaked water and the drifting clouds
matched each other in color, but the skipper
of the tug caught a bit of cloud or fog which
was a shade lighter than the rest. He said it
was white smoke, and that it came from the
steamer, upon the dim outlines of a white
craft could be made out. It was a ghost-like
vessel. Stronger and stronger became the
lines of the white ship in the perspective,
and at last with a bound she jumped
into full view. She was very stately. Her
white hull, her white funnels, her white
seemed very frail. A long pennant of
smoke, six or eight yards broad, and white
as Irish bleached linen, stood away hori-
zontally toward the Jersey coast for a hundred
yards. At the end where it frayed itself to
pieces it became ruffled like wavy ribbon with
its strands loose and ready to be torn away.
The yellow smokestacks and funnels gave a
touch of color to the mist-veiled craft.
Every one of her sentinel-like funnels that
are crowded together in the centre of the ship
was turned toward the bow, and seemed to be
watching eagerly for land. Admiral Gherardi's
flag was at the mainmast and the national
colors hung lazily over the rail.
The Philadelphia did not seem to disturb the
water as she glided along, thus heightening

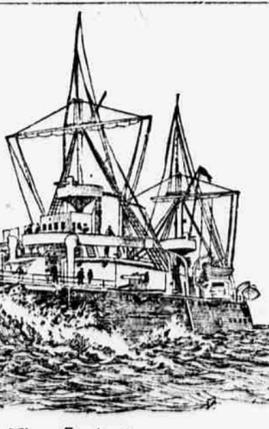
the ghost-like character of her approach.
There was no suspicion of the turning of
twin screws pushing 4,000 tons of metal
around without effort or even tremor. She
came up out of the horizon like a white bird,
and swept over the smooth sea as easily and
gracefully as a central park swan glides about
the lake there.
The Philadelphia passed on, and next there
appeared another ghost. This was elaborately
rigged with masts, yards, and stays. She
was the bark-rigged Newark, the swiftest and
loveliest of the sailing-bark craft of the new
navy. She was 500 yards behind the Philadel-
phia and could not make out the wig-wag sig-
nals that Admiral Gherardi was sending down
the line. Admiral Benham's flag was at the
foremast, and he returned the Sun's salute
promptly as Admiral Gherardi had done. Al-
most exactly the same interval followed, and
the Atlanta, out low fore and aft, passed
along. Then came the new navy's
pride, the San Francisco. She did not look
quite so smart as the Newark,
but there was a rakishness about her that
boded no good for an antagonist, whether the
contest be a race or a battle. She did not keep
the interval as well as those which had pre-
ceded her. Then came the little Hancock,
stocky and almost fussy, the craft on which
the naval cadets will learn practical seamanship,
and on which they will frolic up and
down the Chesapeake and along the Atlantic
coast as they learn it. It was her first trip in
company with other war vessels, and she kept
the pace proudly and looked the smart young-
ster that she is.
After the gunboat Bennington and the Balli-
scler's squadron, but kept close the Com-
mander-in-Chief's flagship and was making
port in great style. With the exception of
the San Francisco the Atlanta and the San
Francisco the intervals were as regular as
though marked off by a tape. Admiral
Walker's flag was at the foremast, and he
was taking advantage of the order to go off by
himself in case of thick weather, and could not
be seen.
Soon a black hull loomed up to port of the
Sun's tug. It was an immense brooding bird,
with wings spread sweeping through the white
mist. As it came closer it looked like a glister-
ing white ready to chase up the delicate-
looking ships that had gone before, and sport
about them in deluge. It was the far-famed
British cruiser Blake. When her outlines be-
came clear it was seen that the vessel over-
approached this harbor with a greater show
of confidence than any other vessel had her-
etofore, and about her face, she was "Britannia
ruins the waves" personified. She was not
precisely the new aggressive and arrogant
type.
Directly behind the Blake, with intervals
about equal to those of the Yankee ships that
had preceded her, came the other English ships,
were the three other English men-of-war, all
black-hulled and wicked-looking. The Aus-
trian came next, and the Russian flag was
so stately, was second in the squadron, and
she was followed by the Magicienne and the
Holland.



The Blake (English)

Before the full English squadron had come
nomol, which had been lying at Sandy Hook
to salute the fleet, sounded out a welcome.
From Godley's Channel the line of vessels
turned into the main channel, and one by one
they were swallowed up in the mist. The
English squadron rounded the great sweep in
the curve of the main channel and gave a salute
away for the final run to the anchorage in
Gravesend Bay, just as Capt. Rodgers' most
Admiral Gherardi's close by the anchorage
pennant with a red ball center, as the mark for
the anchorage of the port column of vessels.
Admiral Gherardi's wig-waggers swung and
waved their flags violently, and the signals
were run up to create an anchor. The port
column was far over to the east side of the
channel, almost in the places where the star-
board column was to find a berth for the night.
It was necessary to deploy into position. No
mist, however, was made for this until Ad-
miral Gherardi had responded with ostenta-
tious promptness to the salute of the Russian
Admiral, whose flagship had been anchored
since noon in the bay to the east of the chan-
nel and slightly out of the vessel's correct po-
sition. The Yankee band played the cheer
and stately strains of the Russian national
hymn, and dwelt with a swaying cadence upon
the minor parts of the music.
Thus the vessels of the first squadron, faced
to the west, crept slowly across the channel,
and their commanders, with eyes on the Phila-
delphia to get the line straight, and on the
Hancock to get the interval correct, gave the
instant proper alignment and distance was
made.

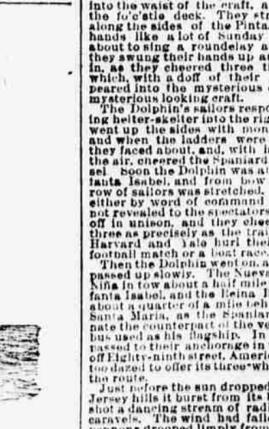
All got into their berths with surprising
skill and speed except the Hancock and the
Baltimore. The Hancock was a little too far
to the west, and the Baltimore a little too far
to the east.
Before the Baltimore had even got into her
proper position Admiral Walker, with his ac-
tively war of doing brilliant things and
shown a bit of his abilities as a tactician by
slipping up to the line with his whole
squadron, and he was in the line in the
proper place and with a Yankee finish,
just as so many fishermen would throw out
their line and haul in a haul of fish.
The sharp rattling of anchor chains as the
new-fangled anchors, that look like so many
huges from crabs with claws turned under, cut
from their anchor beds into the water, was
heard from ship to ship and the Yankee fleet
at rest for the night. The guardboats dashed
up to the Philadelphia, orders were sent by
signal, and through the afternoon
and early evening the dispatch of the com-
mander-in-chief was as busy as on sailing day
of a three-year cruise.
Just before the English squadron came to
rest, the Russian flag broke out on
the Hancock. The Russian flag was
clearly a little. As the Blake approached
the anchored Dimitri Donskoi there was great
activity on the English side. The Russian
were piled to quarters and the musicians as-
sembled. A salute to the American flag was
fired, and through the afternoon
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The Blake (English)

noted on the English fleet as soon as they
came to anchor. On the rigging of each was a
wooden standard of alternating black and
white bands. Some one pulled a string on the
Blake, for instantly there sprang from the sides
two rigid black arms, which, as they were
gasolene lighted, and in so furious a man-
ner that it would have caused the ordinary
Christians to think the arms were
sticking to the rigging.
The arms stood out like a scorpion's, they
went through the motions of twisting into
clubs, they threatened, they coaxed, they got
in a rage, and the story they were telling the
English fleet was probably that Sir John Hop-
kins, Vice-Admiral of her Most Gracious Ma-
jesty the Queen of England, had been spec-
tacularly pleased with the maneuvering of the
fleet, and wished to express his compliments.
When all the vessels were at anchor, the
rear of the anchored had died away. It was
seen that the Americans had by far the smartest
looking boats of the ocean to be seen, and
the English fleet was completely obliterated
by the American fleet. It had been
expected that the caravels would be
given over to the charge of Capt. Rodgers,
superintendent of the harbor, and that, towed by
three of the tugs which the Navy command-
er had provided, would be taken on to their anchorage
for the review. Capt. Rodgers, his assistants,
Lieuts. Nickels and Marix, and three tugs
were down in the lower bay bright and early.
Capt. Rodgers on the Stiletto went on board
the flagship in order to present his compli-
ments with the offer to relieve Admiral Lono
of his charge. The Admiral thanked the
Captain and said that if it would be all the
same he would like to tow the caravels up the
river himself. Capt. Rodgers said certainly,
and detailed the tug Nina to show the way.
It was just before 10 o'clock that the pro-
cession of white ships started. The
Infanta Isabel came first, and behind her,
at the end of a black tow line, bobbed the
caravel Pinta, bobbling and limping along like an
old man across from his sleep and started
unwillingly on his way. Behind the Pinta
of ferocious, or steamer of high and low
degree were slung a dozen of the fifteenth
century war too much for them, and the
Infanta Isabel, the Pinta, the Niña, the
Pinta were in their jackets and her officers
were muffled within their overcoats.
Lower down the river the Sun's tug met
this combination of May and December
shipping and saluted. Instantly the Spaniards
answered and saluted. The Pinta and the
Niña also saluted. All along the route
shipping men were seen to strain their eyes,
and the Infanta Isabel, the Pinta, the Niña,
what sort of a chicken-coop craft Columbus
had sailed across the ocean in their satisfac-
tion found a ready answer in the fact that
they were in their jackets and her officers
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The Blake (English)

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