PONCE UNDER OUR RULE.

GEN. WILSON ORGANIZES A BOARD OF HEALTH.

To Establish a New Cemetery for Sanitary Reasons—The Town to Be Americanized, but Its Laws and Customs Will Be Respected—Appointment by Gen. Wilson of a Chief Magistrate and Registrar.

PONCE, Porto Rico, Aug. 2.—When Gen. James H. Wilson stepped ashore at Port Ponce last Thursday morning and the people caught him in their arms, hugged him, and shouted for joy, it was a fitting tribute to the kindliness and friendliness of the man who is now their Military Governor. How, why, or in what form the belief originated among the Porto Ricans that the Americans were coming to take Porto Rico from the Spanish it would be hard to tell, but such is and has been for months the firm conviction of the natives and the secret dread of the Spanish, and both have done what they could to prepare for it. Porto Ricans in Ponce began to learn English over four months ago because of this belief, while the Spanish either left the island or made preparations for going at short notice.

The manner in which the American forces assumed the reins of Government, almost immediately after the landing, could have left no doubt lingering in any mind that it is our intention not only to govern the island wisely and well, but also to keep on governing it in the future. Gen. Miles took the first steps toward assuring the people—Spanish as well as Porto Rican—that law and order would be maintained and local traditions respected when he came, on the day of landing, to Ponce, and, sending for the Alcalde or Mayor, assured him that he should remain in power over the municipal Government, unless he did some overt act against our Government.

After issuing a proclamation, in which he assured the people that we had come to make war only upon the Spanish Government and not against the people, Gen. Miles turned the control of all civil affairs for the district over to Gen. Wilson. Gen. Wilson's first act under this authority was to appoint Col. F. A. Hill of his staff as Collector, and to seize the Custom House and its receipts. The Custom House is the place where all the revenues collected in Porto Rico for the Spanish Government are kept. Here Col. Hill found not only above $6,000 in Porto Rican money, but also a large amount of stamped paper, which has to be used by the islanders in making various kinds of official communications.

If you want to write to one official here, you must use a paper which has a 50-centime stamp on it; if to another, paper with a 25-centime stamp, and so on down, the cost of the stamp decreasing in proportion as the dignity of the official decreases.

There was no business done at the Custom House that day, and in fact the merchants and the three foreign ship Captains who were found in port were very uncertain whether any could be done, but the following day they learned that the only change that had occurred so far as they were concerned was that Col. Hill took charge of their money instead of the old collector, and they paid in more than $7,000 that day. The rate of duties, as with all other matters before regulated by law, remain the same as those levied by the Spanish, and no change will be made unless it is ordered from Washington. To-day Gen. Wilson declared the port open for the vessels of all neutral nations.

Gen. Wilson also took the important step of filling the offices of Chief Magistrate of the city and Registrar, and to-morrow he will probably fill the places of the two subordinate Magistrates and that of Fiscal or Prosecuting Attorney. As soon as these places are filled the courts for the trial of both civil and criminal cases will be opened.

Gen. Wilson had been engaged for several days, during a considerable part of his time, in determining who were the best men to fill these important places. The four places had been filled by Spaniards, but as soon as we took possession of the city these men declined to serve longer. After consulting with all the leading citizens and foreign residents, Gen. Wilson selected for Chief Magistrate Rosendo Matienzo Cintron, and for Registrar José de Gazman Benitez, both Porto Ricans. Before the oath of office was administered to these men each was required to take the provisional oath of allegiance which was embodied in General Orders No. 100, issued in 1863 by President Lincoln, "For the Government of the Armies in the Field."

This order was prepared by Dr. Francis Lieber, and it marked an era of great advance in the rules of conducting modern warfare. The order has since been adopted almost as it was issued by nearly all the countries of Europe. The oath of allegiance exacted under it differs from the usual one for aliens only in that it begins: "During the occupancy of the island of Porto Rico by the United States of America I renounce and abjure all allegiance to any foreign sovereign, prince, or potentate," and ends with: "And I do promise to faithfully support the Government of the United States as established by the military authorities of the same on the island of Porto Rico."

The oaths were prepared by Col. Clous, Deputy Attorney-General of the United States on Gen. Miles's staff. When Gen. Wilson presented his commission to Mr. Cintron he said:

"I hand you this commission as Chief Magistrate of the Court of Ponce and hope that you will administer the laws with justice and equity, and that you will continue to administer the office until the island of Porto Rico becomes a part of our great republic, and that after that you may be appointed to fill the same place by the President of the United States or some other competent authority."

According to the terms of the cartel for the surrender of Port Ponce and Ponce, there was to be no disbandment of either the police force or the battalion of firemen or "Bombas," as the latter are called, but there was really no need of there having been any such provision. Both forces are well organized and would have been preserved under the plans which Gen. Wilson is carrying out of simply superseding the powers of the Spanish Government by those of the United States. The Bombas form the largest organization here and they are all friendly to the United States. At the landing of the troops, dressed in their uniforms and armed with axes, drawn up in military order, they formally surrendered to Gen. Wilson. When our troops arrived in Ponce they found the firemen guarding all the hastily abandoned public buildings and in every way making themselves useful and keeping order.

The police had mostly hidden themselves, but before night on the first day they began to reappear, and, on the second day, were all on duty. To make sure that good order should be maintained, and particularly to see that none of our own troops should get into liquor stores or houses and make trouble, the port and city were put under command of Capt. W. B. Allison, Jr., provost officer on Gen. Wilson's staff, and guards were stationed about the principal streets and squares.

But Gen. Wilson was not content with simply re-establishing the routine of civil government which existed previous to our coming. Although Ponce is far ahead of most Spanish or Spanish-American cities in public improvements and in their maintenance, as well as in healthfulness and cleanliness, there is yet too much of "manana" among its people and officials to make it a safe place in which to risk the lives of thousands of troops in a tropical climate without more strict sanitation than any town in Spanish America ever knew. People may keep clean if they like in these towns, but if they do not like there is no one who is going to bother to make them do so. Within a few days Ponce is going to awaken to a knowledge of something new in this line. It has just got a modern Board of Health. Among the first acts of Gen. Wilson was the naming of Surgeon John McG. Woodbury of his staff as Medical Director-General of the Ponce district.

Dr. Woodbury inspected the streets, the jails, the markets, the stores, and the stables, and concluded at once that there must be some organized body in authority which could clean them and keep them clean. He called together all the doctors in the city and on Sunday morning, when they met him in the courtroom of the City Hall, he told them his plans. There were exactly two dozen of these physicians, all fine specimens of well-educated Porto Ricans. Some had taken their degrees in Paris, some in London, some in Philadelphia, and some in New York. The President of the Board of Health, Major Woodbury announced, was to be a physician selected by those present from among their number. The Mayor and the Syndic of the city were to be ex-officio members, and the Syndic, who is a sort of general Chairman of all local boards, to be the Secretary. The doctors gave Major Woodbury their support, and the board was organized yesterday. The district, which includes the port, is divided into four sub-districts, and each of these has an inspector. To-day the rules of the board were published. As there is no fund out of which the expenses of sanitary work can be paid, it required considerable ingenuity to contrive the means in which to have the work done and to make the rules effective. Major Woodbury has contrived these in a clever way. The cleaning of the streets is to be done by the short-term prisoners, who are sentenced to jail in default of fines for violations of minor sorts. Stallkeepers and storekeepers in the market must each keep a given area clean on pain of forfeiture of their stands; the contractor who conducts the public slaughter house will forfeit his contract if he does not keep the place clean, and the proprietors of hacks, public stables, and such places are made subject to the loss of licenses if they do not comply with the orders of the Board of Health. All nuisances discovered on other premises are to be abated at the expense of the owners of the land. The importance of these regulations will be appreciated when it is considered that Ponce lies on a plain at the foot of the hills and is nearly flat, and, although it has an ample supply of running water, it has not a sewer, nor was there any system of cleaning the streets. Closets and bathrooms drain into cesspools, while nature cleaned the streets by rinsing them with rain and sweeping off the refuse through the brick gutters which line the streets on each side. As the streets are of fairly good macadam this is reasonably effective now when rain falls in showers every day, but in the long, dry season only the very dryness of the air would prevent the filth from breeding disease. To-day Major Woodbury has gone to inspect the watershed and the aqueduct which supplies the city with water. The water comes from the Rio Portugase, two and a half miles up in the mountains, and is brought here in an iron pipe. The jail has been disinfected, the market properly cleansed and much other work necessary to preserving public health is under way.

To-morrow a work is to be done which Major Woodbury considers the most important of all. He is going to select the ground for a new cemetery and have it consecrated. Ponce is the seat of a Bishop, and its cathedral forms, with the hall of the firemen, the north side of the public plaza. Its cemetery is within the city limits, at the east end of the town, and surrounded by habitations. Here for hundreds of years have been buried not only the residents of Ponce, but those who have died in all the territory for many miles around. Graves have been used over and over again, until corpses lie there now five deep in many parts of the ground. Thus does the coming of Americans into this ancient Spanish town inject into it a new life. In the train of these improvements will soon come the building of sewers, the adoption of permanent methods of street cleaning and public sanitation, the organized care of the parks and squares and the replacing of the rickety hacks that run from port to city with trolley cars.

With the St. Paul came a complete United States Post Office outfit under charge of H. M. Robinson of Atlanta, Ga. Mr. Robinson has with him as clerks E. H. Dawson, M. H. Saul, S. W. Kingsmore, G. M. Hunt, and Edward Jiggins. Part of the lower floor of the Custom House has been set apart for the Post Office, and it will open to-morrow for the sending and receiving of all sorts of mail, including registered letters and money orders. The cable office, which had been disabled by the Spanish by the smashing of the battery cells and removing the instruments, was refitted and opened for business yesterday, and the telegraph lines, which had been disabled in the same manner, have been repaired and are working from Guanica to Ponce and the port with signal-service operators, also at Yauco and Guanilla on the railroad.

PORTO RICO'S WELCOME OF ROSES.

The Reception Given to Americans in a Mountain Village.

PONCE, Porto Rico, Aug. 2.—Adjuntas is a little village in this province which, for a hundred years almost, has nestled quietly in a peaceful basin in the Cayey mountain range, unknown to the world at large, and entirely contented to be unknown. Surrounded on all sides by green-tipped mountain peaks, with its cane and its coffee growing luxuriantly on their sloping sides, it has moved placidly along the even tenor of its way with only now and then a word of gossip from travellers passing through its humble streets from Ponce on the south side to Arecibo on the north. Its people perchance have dreamed that some day the Spanish lords who owned the country and held their mastery by a garrison of soldiers would be driven from the land, but they let well enough alone and never sought to bring that longed-for end the nearer. They were peaceful people. War was abhorrent to them. The fierce fire of the Cubans was lacking in their nature, and so to the citizens of Adjuntas the approaching tramp of armed forces and the prospect of bloody deeds a-doing seem indeed momentous.

They realize now that the end of Spanish misrule is at hand, and in their simple country way, like children of the fields and of the mountains, as they are, they have welcomed the American invaders with a warmth and a genuineness far surpassing all the pomp and ceremony that custom might hazard as essential for so important an event. There was no blare of bands, no sycophantic protestation of loyalty to the supplanting flag. It was not a demonstration dictated by fear of force, for the Americans were but a handful whom a score of men might easily have captured. But they were glad that these big strangers, with their fine, honest faces, should come among them, and, to express that sentiment, they gathered by the roadside and showered upon them the wealth of their flower gardens. History sometimes, and romance often, tell of the march of conquering heroes along pathways strewn with roses and amid the loud acclaim of a grateful people; but certainly no such scene of fact or fiction ever surpassed in appropriateness or beauty that which was witnessed yesterday along the road to Adjuntas.

Adjuntas is twenty miles from Ponce, on the road to Arecibo, a thriving seaport on the northern coast of Porto Rico, about forty miles to the westward of San Juan—at present the city of all cities to the American Army. It is of itself of no importance strategically, but owing to information which reached the American lines to the effect that the military road to San Juan had been rendered impassable by mines near and in Aibonito pass, it became necessary to reconnoitre the road to Arecibo. Hence the fame of Adjuntas. Gen. Roy Stone was the man who undertook the task, and he did it just as though there were not a hundred Spaniards on the island. There is a telegraph office at Adjuntas, and in order to repair the line to that point and to open an office Capt. Lamar of the signal corps was sent ahead to prospect his wire. He took only a dozen men with him and started out. An hour later Gen. Stone set out. He rode in a carriage, for it was his intention to test the road for wagon trains. Only one orderly leading the General's horse accompanied him. For the first few miles the road ran through the lowlands, hard and smooth as a floor, a perfect path for wheeling. The country about was beautiful, and beautiful, too, with the works of civilization. Pretty homes appeared among the dark green trees, fields of coffee and of cane stretched out, and up into the hills cows grazed in the pastures. Wealth appeared on all sides, and Spain's desire to hold this jewel of her crown was hardly a cause for wonderment. By and by the hills came and the smooth road became rough and jagged. Up, up it went, winding and twisting ceaselessly, sometimes filled with great boulders, sometimes deep with mud. The horses sweated until they staggered with the loads. Still the ascent kept up, ever higher and higher. Behind the party the sea flashed into steam, with a score of American vessels lying in the harbor of the port of Ponce, each looking as tiny as the toy yacht of a child. Beyond was the crowning peak of the range hidden partly by little clouds of fleecy mist. Once over the divide progress was more rapid, for, while the road did not improve, it was at least downhill, and Porto Rican coachers drive with the recklessness of the devil. With whistles between their teeth they raced their horses down the steep inclines, winding sharply in and out, with great cliffs on one side and precipices on the other, whistling furiously all the time to warn any persons who might be driving in the opposite direction.

Toward night the twenty miles between Ponce and Adjuntas was almost covered. With an approach to the confines of the town came the first intimation of the reception which it would be the fortune of the newcomers to meet. At the top of a little knoll, perhaps two miles from Adjuntas, stood a cottage, thatched and patched, apparently the home of an honest Porto Rican farmhand. In the low doorway which faced the road were a woman and a girl, the latter about 15 years of age. The rapidly whirling carriages might not have noticed the humble figures, but just as they were dashing by the girl raised both her hands and motioned for the carriages to stop. The drivers hauled the horses back upon their haunches, and out from the doorway tripped the blushing young Porto Rican maiden. In each of her small brown hands she held great bouquets of roses, red and white, and fragrant as the choicest of greenhouse pets.

"Vivan los Americanos!" she piped, as she held one bouquet out to the forward carriage, and, repeating her salutation, she tossed her other prize to the travellers in the rear, and then fled to the home of her fathers.

This was but a hint of what was to follow. Groups of women gathered at the wider spaces of the roadway each with flowers picked from the Porto Rican fields with her own hand and crying "Vivan Americanos!" "Viva Porto Rico libre!" pelted the passers-by with their tokens of loyalty. The nearer the approach to the village proper the thicker became the hail of floral offerings. From the housetops, the balconies, the windows, the trees even, poured this rain of flowers. The horses shied and went tearing faster and faster, while the cocheras howled profanely and gleefully. By this time a perfect mob was trailing in the rear, and when Gen. Stone drew up at the public square the entire town surrounded him, cheering, dancing, and still raining their roses. And elbowing his way through the throng came Theodoro Figueroa, the Alcalde of Adjuntas. With the smile of a dapper dancing master and the sweeping bow of a great patriot, Señor Figueroa raised aloft an American flag which, he announced, had been made by the women of the town. They begged the American General to do them the honor to allow it to be raised, a request he granted with great zest and alacrity. The ceremony took place amid more cheers at the Town Hall, and here, too, Gen. Stone made a brief speech and had read Gen. Miles's proclamation as to our purposes in Porto Rico. This appeared to please every one immensely, and they "vivad" until the General had sought the privacy of a house and the few soldiers had scattered. Then they went away to get their suppers, only to return and gaze upon these wonderful Americans, who, in the meanwhile, had captured a number of volunteers and released them on parole. Although a dozen Spaniards could easily have taken Gen. Stone a prisoner, he was not disturbed during the night. The Spaniards had left the town the day before and were then five miles on toward Arecibo. There were 100 in the garrison at Adjuntas, and while there was no great bitterness between them and the citizens, the welcome given the Americans is testimony beyond contravention of the Porto Ricans' sincere desire to be rid of them.

PONCE THE KEY OF PORTO RICO.

Gen. Miles's Advance on San Juan Best Made from That Point.

PONCE, Porto Rico, Aug. 1.—One might justly wonder, in glancing at the map of Porto Rico and finding that Ponce was fifty miles or more from the city of San Juan, why Gen. Miles had begun his campaign at this far-away point and at the still further away port of Guanica, both on the opposite coast to that on which the capital city stands. It is only after a study of the maps, and after getting a knowledge of the roads of the island, that one can realize that far-away Ponce is really the key to Porto Rico, and that Gen. Miles made no mistake in landing here and at Guanico. To-day the whole southern coast of the island is virtually in our possession, and our advance to San Juan and the surrender of that city is as certain as any event in war can ever be.

Looking from the sea toward the interior of Porto Rico, it seems as if an advance to be made in that direction by military forces were impossible. Mountains greet the eye at every point the entire length of Porto Rico, and, although these are not high, they are of a most formidable ruggedness. Wherever trees or underbrush can find earth they clothe the rocks, but these, broken by repeated upheavals, are so jagged that their bare ribs poke through in almost innumerable places and show gray and rugged in the sunshine. Time has not smoothed them, and they are steep, angular, and sharp peaked. One could make a fair imitation of them by crumpling up a piece of writing paper and then partially stretching it out again. Only one roadway is found leading clear across the island, and that has Ponce at one end and San Juan at the other. That road has been made into a well-built highway by the Spaniards, and now it will form the means of their downfall. That it could be defended by an adequate army, which was well supplied, is true, but in the face of such a movement in force as Gen. Miles apparently contemplates, there would seem to be no course for the Spaniards to pursue except to fall back and fall back until San Juan itself is all that they have behind them except the sea.

Gen. Miles's movement thus far has been perfect in its efficiency, and we are already holding this important town and territory in as much security, comfort and confidence as one would have expected had we landed here 400 years ago instead of five days back. To-day the troops which landed at Guanica a week ago are marching through Ponce on their way to join those of Gen. Ernst's brigade on the San Juan road, and all the territory comprised between here and there, fifteen miles in length, is ours, while our outposts to the east are ten miles away, with only rumors of an enemy for miles further.

When Gen. Miles made his landing at Guanica the few regular troops which were here, said to have numbered about 800, caught up their arms and filled their belts with ammunition and went forth to meet us somewhere down the railroad line, which runs from Ponce to Yuaco, an inland town four miles from Guanica. How far they got we do not know. Five miles from here, where the railroad skirts a rocky ledge and hangs over the sea on the south side, they stopped to lay some clumsy mines and then went on. Some of the volunteers were forced to go along with them, but more of these deserted and hid themselves either in houses or among the hills and fields. When Gen. Wilson's forces landed at Port Ponce the Spanish troops were caught between the two forces and forced to beat a hasty retreat or else to surrender. There was but one road to safety, and this they took. This is a fairly good road which leads north to Adjuntas, from the road from here to Yauco, about half way between the two cities. Adjuntas is among the mountains and sixteen miles from here. At that place the road ends and is replaced by mountain trails only. Up this road the regulars went, and they were heard of at Adjuntas for a while. Yesterday it became known that they had disappeared from there. Major Flagler and Capt. Latrobe of Gen. Wilson's staff were the first to get the news. They were riding up the Adjuntas road and met about a dozen men coming in, bearing two dozen rifles and an armful of swords. Some of the men wore the volunteer uniform. When they saw the two officers they called to them not to shoot, and when they were questioned said they had been at Adjuntas, but that, the Spanish having left, they were coming back to give themselves up. A hackman from Adjuntas also reported that the Spanish had left there yesterday morning, going through the mountains to join the forces on the San Juan road, and that as soon as they were gone the citizens had raised the American flag amid cheers.

When Gen. Wilson landed he had the troops of the Second and Third Wisconsin and Sixteenth Pennsylvania, under Gen. Ernst, pushed forward along the San Juan road at once, holding back only enough of them in the port and city to do guard and provost duty. Even on the first day they advanced several miles to the eastward without meeting any of the enemy, although it was known that there were a few Spanish troops in that direction. Beyond the ford of the Ponce River Gen. Ernst established his headquarters in the field, and covered the width of the valley with his outposts. Here the camps of the regiments still lie, but every day the outposts are pushed a little more forward. Yesterday these reached the little town of Juan Diaz, eight miles away, where the American flag was run up by the citizens and the troops were greeted with the same welcome which they have met elsewhere on the island. Outposts have been pushed to the southeast on the St. Isabel road to prevent any disturbance from that quarter, and in this situation, with but slight advances, the army is likely to remain for several days more, while the work goes on of preparing for rapid work in the field. This is the work of the Commissary and Quartermaster departments. Whole shiploads of supplies and munitions of war, wagons and mules, horses and ambulances, tents, and all the other paraphernalia of a modern army came with the troops or followed them, and all of the stuff has to be brought ashore in lighters. Fortunately all the business of the port is done by this means and the lighters were found in the harbor. Without these and the help of the steam launches lent by the navy the landing of the troops and unloading of the ships would have taken triple the time or more. When stores and storehouses are ready, wagon trains distributed and the expected lot of additional troops arrive the advance will begin, which is not to be stopped until we are knocking for admission at the very gates of San Juan.

PICTURESQUE PONCE.

The Boys from Santiago Thought It an Excellent Understudy for Heaven.

PONCE, Porto Rico, Aug. 3.—"It's too easy!" That is the cry which goes up from one and all of the American soldiers now quartered in and about this most charming and picturesque of Spanish towns. Regulars and volunteers alike are bitterly disappointed. With the stories of the horrors and perils of the Cuban campaign fresh in their minds, these men on the transports had braced themselves for the worst, but these Porto Ricans—or, more properly, the citizens of Ponce—with an enthusiasm and hospitality beyond all precedent, have decided that the best is not nearly good enough for their conquerors, and they have literally strewn our paths with roses. Instead of having to hack one's way through chaparral to the front, one travels leisurely to the outposts in a cab with C springs through a country which, apparently, for peace and domesticity could put a New York county to the blush, and the officers, instead of feasting in the Cuban fashion on bacon and hardtack three times a day, are able to sip their coffee leisurely at the Hotel Français and partake of spring chicken, with clean tablecloths, real bread and bona fide butter. For the new arrivals, of course, this is simply monotonous; but for the other fellows, those who have come here via El Caney and Siboney, Ponce makes for them a very excellent understudy for heaven. But as regards the soldiers as a body, one of the Wisconsin privates summed up the sentiments of the army very effectively yesterday. He was on guard in front of the Fire Department, a building which looks for all the world like an immense Chinese pagoda, and besides being one of the most conspicuous buildings in the town seems by all odds to be the most inflammable. Well, as this soldier stood there on guard, about ten young women, with their arms full of flowers, and half a dozen youths waving red, white, and blue bandanas, marched up. The bunch of more or less beauties threw the flowers at him, and the men, as they waved their bandanas shouted: "Vivan los Americanos!" The first words which issued from that soldier's lips were not fit for publication, but after a moment he turned to the young women and remarked: "Say, look here! I ain't Sarah Bernhardt!"

That remark sums up the whole situation from the soldier's point of view. It was a fight that they expected, not bouquets, and Ponce's sweetness tires them.

But as a town Ponce is far ahead of any other place which we have visited in the West Indies. It is far more advanced and up to date even than Kingston, Jamaica, while the natives are so far ahead of both the Jamaicans and the Haytians that you can scarcely regard them in the same class. The women for the most part are sweet-faced and gentle, but while you can find them in all shades, from the lightest brown to black, the strain of the old Carib stock is apparent in them all.

The three principal hotels here stand side by side. The Hotel Français is supposed to be the best of the three, and here most of the officers and all the correspondents make their headquarters. The Hotel Inglaterra is also doing a thriving trade, for the Hotel Español is locked as tight as an oyster. The entire ménage, from the chef to the star boarders, decamped toward the interior the moment the first American ship appeared in the harbor. It is a pity that some enterprising citizen of Ponce cannot find the keys and reopen the hotel at once on the American plan, for the extra bedrooms are needed sorely. At present the landlady of the French hotel has the most charmingly original methods of doing business. She thinks nothing of renting your room over your head from three to four times a day, and when all breathing space in the two beds has given out she obligingly accommodates from three to four more, either on cots or on the floor. As madam insists upon exacting a full rental from each of the eight or nine occupants of each room, it can be seen not only that the hotel business in Ponce is looking up, but that madam is quite a bit of a George Boldt in her way.

There is a very pretty courtyard to the hotel, where coffee is served in the morning, and where a large and varied collection of Porto Rican youths disport themselves at all hours of the day. If you only get up early enough you can see the entire table d'hôte for that evening approach. The chickens usually arrive first. They are brought in a dozen at a time and are dumped on the floor of the courtyard, where they are supposed to form in line for execution. In fact, the early morning massacre of these Spanish fowl is the nearest approach to bloodshed which any of us has yet seen down here.

There is a first-rate band here which, now that it has successfully mastered the intricacies of "The Star-Spangled Banner," is practicing the strains of "Hot Time." By far the most imposing looking citizens of Ponce are the bombaros—the firemen. There seem to be hundreds of them, and in their brilliant shirts they have made a special appeal to the Massachusetts regiment. These bombaros have such a remarkable resemblance in both dress, thirst, and deportment to the Ancient and Honorable Artillery that they make the Boston men particularly feel quite at home.

The siesta is one of the most popular customs at Ponce. You realize this acutely the first time you decide to take a midday catnap and meet the other eight occupants of your bedroom all making haste to get possession.

The air here is so bracing that even those members of the Cuban expedition who were ill when they arrived here are recuperating. In fact, Capt. Lee, the British attaché, is almost the only invalid now in the hotel, and he is making rapid strides toward recovery. There is a great deal of typhoid upon the transports, however. There was a great reunion of old Troop A men in the dining room this afternoon. Townsend Lawrence, who resigned from the squadron when it was at Camp Alger in order to take a commission on Gen. Ernst's staff, was quietly eating his luncheon when suddenly there was a wild whoop and a yell, and Liddon Patterson was smacking him on the back. Two minutes later Capt. Frank Polk and John C. Breckinridge dropped in unexpectedly, and just after them another man who had come down on the transport on which the squadron also were passengers.

We were just discussing the chances of seeing the rest of the troop before the general movement toward San Juan, when suddenly two bedraggled-looking troopers appeared in the doorway. Their eyes fell on Patterson, and with a shout of "By jove! There's Pat!" the two men made a bound for the table. They were Trooper Arthur Blake and Sergeant Seymour Cromwell. It wasn't two minutes later before Gerald Benkard, the famous Little Billee of tableaux vivants fame, appeared in the offing and joined the crowd. The lines of military etiquette are drawn pretty severely down here, and the troopers and privates are obliged to keep pretty much to themselves, but it was one of the times to let military rules go hang, and we hung them. Lieut. Fred Coudert arrived at the hotel just in time to have a share of both the benediction and the benedictine. It was, in fact, almost as good as being back in New York. The rest of the squadron are on board the Massachusetts, which ran aground in the harbor this morning. She will come off easily at high tide, but in the meantime the rest of Troops A and C, like good cavalrymen, are impatiently champing their bits. Blake, Benkard and Cromwell got ashore by volunteering to row one of the ship's boats. There are many here who feel that this little "piping time of peace" at Ponce is merely the lull before the storm, the intermezzo between the acts of this Cuban-Porto Rican tragedy; but however this may be, and whatever may be ahead, it has been good, and it will give us all something bright to look back upon. For many a man here, fresh from the horrors of Cuba, the sight of all these New York boys has come like a benison and a delight. In fact, Ponce to-day has been almost as good as home.

THE ROW IN CAMP ALGER.

An Investigation Ordered Into the Conduct of the Third Virginia.

CAMP ALGER, Va., Aug. 11.—The riotous conduct of the Third Virginia on Tuesday night, when a number of the soldiers from that regiment attempted to lynch a negro who had worsted one of their comrades in a fist fight, and when order was only restored after the soldiers were driven into their camp by a detail from the Thirteenth Pennsylvania and the First Connecticut regiments, will be investigated to-morrow morning. Major-Gen. Butler, commanding this division, witnessed the disorder, and the following morning issued an order taking away the liberties extended to the soldiers and censuring them for their conduct. Guards are posted around the regimental quarters every thirty paces, and the roll is called four times a day. No one is allowed to go outside of the guards unless in the performance of some military duty. The Third Virginia men are indignant and characterize the General's action as hasty and overbearing. Col. Nalle of the Third Virginia brought the matter to the attention of Major-Gen. Graham, commanding the corps, and the following order was issued this afternoon:

HEADQUARTERS SECOND ARMY CORPS, Aug. 11, 1898.

SPECIAL ORDER.

In accordance with the 115th Article of War, a court of inquiry is appointed upon the request of Col. W. Nalle, Third Virginia Volunteers, to examine into and report upon the facts connected with the conduct of men belonging to the Third Virginia Volunteers, as charged in General Orders No. 18, headquarters First Division, Second Army Corps. The court will meet at the headquarters of the First Division at 10 A. M. Aug. 12, or as soon thereafter as practicable. In its report the court of inquiry will present its opinion on the merits of the case as provided in the 119th Article of War. Detail for the board: Col. George P. Gross, Third Missouri; Lieut.-Col. W. S. Edgerly, Inspector-General of the corps, and Lieut.-Col. William F. Duvall, Chief Ordnance Officer; Lieut. Charles P. Summerville, Ninth Artillery, Recorder.

By order of Major-Gen. Graham.

Col. C. S. ROBERTS, Adjutant-General.

That the court will uphold Gen. Butler's action is without a doubt. The order allowing no one to pass out of the lines of the Third Virginia has been in force only one day. Since then forty men have been absent without leave and several have been arrested for being drunk and disorderly. The conduct of the Virginia boys has been anything but excellent. The greatest number of prisoners brought before the court-martial comes from this regiment. One cause of the demoralization is that the men are practically in the district from which the regiment is recruited. Again, the officers do not aid Col. Nalle. Their intentions are good, but they lack the strength of character and will to enforce discipline. Col. Nalle is a fine and excellent soldier, well thought of and admired by every man in camp, but he cannot handle the regiment by himself.

It was announced at corps headquarters this evening that the Second Division, now at Thoroughfare Gap, would not go into a permanent camp there, but would push on to Middletown, Pa., as soon as the conditions would permit. The First Division will not be moved there, and there is a probability of its being ordered to Sea Girt, N. J. The most distressing stories of the condition of the men in camp at Thoroughfare Gap are being brought in by couriers and officers. The heavy rains of the last week have made the roads hub deep with mud. The men are footsore and worn out. As soon as the wagon train can be put in condition the march for Middletown will be begun. The distance to be covered is over 150 miles, and from ten to thirty days will be taken to reach the new camp site.

Major Philip, assistant to Col. Girard, the chief surgeon of the corps, went to Bristow Station, where a field hospital filled with the sick from the Second Division was left on the march. He will take charge of the hospital and will have all of the serious cases removed to Fort Myer.

Capt. John Brooks, U. S. A., Quartermaster of the First Division, and Capts. Gilbert, Bronson and Polk, Brigade Quartermasters, returned this evening from Thoroughfare Gap. They started out Wednesday morning to survey a route to be followed by the division on its march to the camp at the Gap. They give anything but a glowing description of the condition of the men of the Second Division, and express the opinion that the camp site at Thoroughfare Gap has not one redeeming feature. The men camping there are sleeping on the wet ground. The roads are a foot deep with mire, and the streams are flooded and in a great number of places impassable.

The Third Battalion of the Third New York is to be relieved of provost guard duty, and will start to-morrow to join its regiment with the Second Division. The Second Battalion of the Thirteenth Pennsylvania will also be relieved of guard duty. Col. Kirby of the Third New York will be relieved of his duty as Corps Provost, and in the future a Provost Marshal will be appointed for each division.

Capt. Robling, Company C, Thirteenth Pennsylvania, formerly Chief of Police of Scranton, Pa., was to-day presented with a beautiful sword by the members of the police force of that city.

THE CAMP AT MIDDLETOWN, PA.

Preparations Being Made for the Second Corps Men in Pennsylvania.

HARRISBURG, Pa., Aug. 11.—The Second Division of the Second Army Corps is expected to be in camp near Middletown on the famous Young farm within ten days. This morning 300 men in the employ of the Pennsylvania Railroad Company began to put in thirteen sidings at a point near the grounds and work will be rushed. The party was in charge of Vice-President Pugh, Chief Engineer Brown and General Superintendent Shepard, and it was said that there would be trackage for 300 cars. The farm to be occupied is the Oak lanb or homestead farm of the late James Young, and about 400 acres will be taken.

Water was struck yesterday at a depth of 125 feet and there is said to be an abundance. There are a number of fine farmhouses on the farm, which will be used as headquarters and officers' quarters. The camp will be about a quarter of a mile away from the railroad and there will be a parade ground of 140 acres. The camp will be accessible by steam and trolley lines, which run close to it. Middletown is a manufacturing town of about 7,000 population.

Harry Young, one of the heirs of the Young estate, secured a preliminary injunction this afternoon to restrain the railroad company from constructing sidings at the camp. A hearing has been fixed for to-morrow, and there is little doubt that the injunction will be dissolved, on the ground that the Government and not the railroad company is doing the work.

Preparing for the Camp at Lexington.

LEXINGTON, Ky., Aug. 11.—Preparations for the reception of the third division, United States Volunteers, began this morning. Major McDowell, owner of Ashland, Henry Clay's old home, has donated drill grounds near the Clay residence. The camp will comprise 500 acres or more on the western side of the city, within sight of Henry Clay's monument on the headwaters of Elkhorn Creek. Gen. Sanger and staff, who will inspect the location of the camp, are expected here on Saturday.

The New Camp at Huntsville.

TAMPA, Fla., Aug. 11.—The report that the Fourth Army Corps was to be moved from Tampa and Fernandina to Huntsville, Ala., was confirmed late to-night by Gen. Coppinger. The Government has asked the competing railroads to submit bids for the transportation of the troops and equipage. The movement will begin within four days from both places.

To Hurry Work on the Missouri.

Major William H. Arthur, who is superintending the fitting out of the hospital ship Missouri at Pier 24 in Brooklyn, received instructions yesterday from the Quartermaster's Department to have the work hurried. The Missouri was booked to sail for Porto Rico on Aug. 21, but her departure may take place within a few days. She will take along forty-five nurses, ten doctors and some hospital corps men. She can accommodate 400 patients.

YALE OFF TO SANTIAGO.

SHE CARRIES MOST OF THE EIGHTH ILLINOIS, COLORED.

One Squad Caught Her in a Tug Off the Hook—A Few More Left Here—Six in Hospital—Hospital Supplies and Provisions Aboard—An Ice and Distilling Plant—Perry Tiffany and Cambridge Livingston Go to Bring William Tiffany Home.

The steamship Yale, with the Eighth Illinois Volunteer Infantry, twenty immune nurses, five Sisters of Charity, and a cargo of subsistence stores, medical and hospital supplies and delicacies for the sick and wounded, sailed from the American line pier, foot of Fulton street, at 12:55 o'clock yesterday afternoon. She got as far as Sandy Hook, where she was signalled to stop, and she hove to just outside the bar. That was at 3 o'clock. Two hours later the steam tug America ran alongside the big ship and put on board a squad of men and several officers of the regiment who had been left behind. The Yale finally started south at 6:05 for Santiago.

The Eighth Illinois is made up of 1,326 officers and men, all colored. The field and staff officers are: Colonel, John R. Marshall; Lieutenant-Colonel, J. C. Johnson; Majors, Robert R. Jackson and Franklin A. Dennison; Adjutant, Harvey A. Thompson; Quartermaster, James S. Nelson; Chief Surgeon, Major Wesley. The regiment was mustered into the service of the United States about two weeks after war was declared. Its nucleus was the Ninth Battalion of the Illinois National Guard, of which Col. Marshall was the Major. It was mustered in at Camp Tanner, Springfield, and was held there until ordered, a few days ago, to relieve the First Illinois Volunteer Infantry, now at Santiago. The regiment left Springfield on Monday night. Along the road from Springfield to Jersey City the colored soldiers were cheered by the people of the towns through which they passed. At Chillicothe and Athens, O., the townspeople provided luncheons for them.

The first section of the train reached Jersey City about 1 o'clock yesterday morning and the last section at 3:30 o'clock. As soon as the soldiers reached Jersey City they evinced a desire to see the town. A few managed to get out of the cars and disappeared. Before others could get away guards were posted. At this there was much grumbling, but the guards had their orders and obeyed them.

At 9:30 o'clock the regiment was ordered aboard the Jersey Central ferryboat Central. The troops were landed on this side at the foot of Liberty street and were marched from there up West street to the American line pier. At the ferryhouse the order was given to fix bayonets, and up West street the regiment marched with every bayonet fixed. On the second story of the pier shed the men were drawn up in regimental front and stacked arms.

Before the order to break ranks the regiment was counted off and several men were missing. It was concluded that they must be in Jersey City and Sergeant Dallas and Corporal Martin were detailed to hunt them up. They went into a saloon at Henderson and Gregory streets, Jersey City, and found Privates Henry and Mathews. Sergeant Dallas ordered the men out of the saloon and over to the American line pier. They told him to go somewhere else. When the Sergeant and Corporal undertook to take the privates away by force, the latter resisted. The non-coms. had their guns, to which the bayonets were fixed. The privates had their bayonets in the scabbards. The Sergeant charged on one private and the Corporal on the other. A Jersey policeman was called to separate the combatants, and when he had done it found that Henry's wrist had been cut by a bayonet. The policeman promptly marched the four men to the Gregory street police station, where Henry's wound was dressed. The police sergeant said to the privates:

"Now you fellows go along peaceably and do what your told or I'll send one of my men with you who will see that you do."

They agreed to join their regiment without giving any more trouble and they reached the Yale about noon.

In the meantime, after the order to break ranks had been given at the pier, there was a general scattering into West street. Nobody had received permission to go on a sight-seeing tour, but that didn't make any difference. When a soldier saw a chance to slide away he slid. By 12 o'clock all the regiment that had not managed to get away had been put aboard the ship. All the freight had been stowed away some time before. Capt. Wise said he was ready to sail. Col. Marshall begged him to wait until a provost guard, under Lieut. Jamison, could bring in the wanderers. Capt. Wise said he would wait until 1 o'clock and then he would sail.

Lieut. Jamison and his guard were sent out. They scoured the saloons and houses for two or three blocks above and below Fulton street, and rounded up about for