

LETTER FROM HAVANA.

Continued from last week.

Our situation was indeed grotesque. There were groping around—dishabille—searching for our personal effects, all of which had been lost in the wreck. We found articles here and there of which we were sorely in need, and used all haste to find shelter from the wind and rain. Before setting out for no definite place, but any kind of shelter we could find, we called the roll to find out our losses. Everybody responded but some who were covered up the most answered rather weakly. We learned that no one had been injured so we struck out for the mud road for the village, arriving there in a short time shivering and bespattered with rain and mud. There was not enough Spanish vocabulary in the whole outfit to state our case to the Cuban proprietor of the grocery we had stopped at, and being suspicious of us, left us to deerie our fate until break of day. Our woes were manifold. Poor Cuba had to stand the blurt of our feelings that morning. It was a poor beginning everybody will admit and one that justified a few exclamations not found in the American dictionaries. We went back to camp as soon as the rain was over and assisted the boys to crawl out of their crowded quarters. They seemed to enjoy the experience better than we had, but they had dry skins besides daylight to work with. The next time any tent raising was to be done, we intended to look on, which we did. We will not be responsible for the next accident of this nature I assure you. Sunday was to be the great day—an epoch in American history—when time will never erase. An Independence Day is celebrated by all true Americans, so will Sunday, Jan. 1, 1899 be the greatest day in Cuban history. Our colonel had generously provided for the use of his clerks a four mule Dougherty Wagon with driver to convey us into the City Sunday morning to witness the events. We made our departure about eight o'clock passing several regiments of our soldier boys trudging "On to Havana." The sight of these boys marching to our dear old American music, on foreign soil, conquered by the strength of our own arms, entering a conquered city as victors, aroused the deepest feelings in the breast of every patriot of the stars and stripes. America Forever was the thought uppermost in the mind of every one of those brave sons marching us to victory. But we were not the only ones who felt this pride of spirit. Along the entire route a continuous ovation was given our boys in blue by native Cuban and Spanish—"Vive la America!"—"Vive la Cuba!" was heard on every side. Children joined in the cry holding above their heads the flag of Glory in one hand and that of their Cuba in the other. Triumphant arches had been erected by patriotic Cubans along the line of march, beautifully adorned with tropical plants, the colors of America and Cuba side by side. Houses were profusely decorated—the American flag always present. The principal event in our minds was to see the Spanish rag come down from Morro Castle and old Glory take its place. By getting an elevated position close to the Governor General's palace we would be enabled to witness not only this part of the ceremony but all that took place at the Palace formerly occupied by Weyler (the Butcher) and Conservative (?) Blanco whose pride would not allow him to remain in Havana to see the last of Spanish rule. A strong cordon of guards had been placed a couple of squares in all directions from the Governor General's Palace with strict orders to allow no one to pass. This promised to be a very bitter disappointment to us as it looked as if we were to be cut out of seeing what our hearts craved for. Facing the Palace to the right of the Plazo is a large Convent which if we could enter into details would afford the grandest view of the proceedings obtainable. Under escort of the Guard we marched to one of the entrances and asked that we might occupy one of the balconies facing the Plaza. The kind Sisters gladly accorded us this privilege and we were soon lucky sons of a lucky country placed in a position to see all that transpired in the transfer of the Island to the U. S. I wish I could give a real picture of the scene that presented itself to our eager eyes from the balcony of this Convent. I will try to give it simply and without exaggeration. It may be well to state in this connection that the much

talked of Palace of the Spanish Governor of Cuba is not an imposing structure to be compared with some of the palatial residences of American aristocracy, but might be considered from an exterior view on a par with the home of our own Chief Executive at Washington. The style of architecture is not unlike the White House. This Building like nearly all you see in Havana bear the mark of time and its situation is without doubt in the oldest quarter of the City. About two companies of Spanish Infantry guarded the exit to the Palace, lined up in double file, while on the other three sides of the open court facing the bay were several companies of the 8th Regiment of Regular U. S. Inf. all dressed in regulation blue. A regimental band occupied a position in the centre of this square facing the Palace and rendered patriotic airs at frequent intervals. At about 11:35 Generals Brooke and Wade, with staff officers, etc. rode up to the Palace and dismounted. This was a signal for prolonged applause and appropriately recognized by the Spanish soldiery by the order of present arms and bugle call adopted by that nation for such occasions. We had not long to wait until General Lee, staff and others rode up and dismounting began mingling and hand-shaking with their fellow American officers. Perhaps ten minutes elapsed before the entire party filed into the Palace where the turning over the keys of the Island and City was to take place promptly at 12 o'clock. This part of the event we were unable to see but there was no regret on this account when from the outside one of the most inspiring scenes ever witnessed was to take place in a few short minutes. All eyes were now turned toward Morro, Cabanas and the tall flag staff over the Palace itself. Promptly at 12 o'clock a flutter as of some bird striving to release itself from bondage was noticeable across the Bay at the foot of the flag staff on Morro—this was old Glory shaking herself loose before her ascent skyward to proclaim liberty over this land. Simultaneously the cry went up see she rises and the noise that followed was deafening. It was a signal for prolonged cheering, cannon on the Brooklyn, Texas, Cincinnati, etc. thundered out their welcome, Morro answered with her heavy batteries joined by old Cubans and the battle of peace and liberty was on. Where was the grand old Liberty Bell, the priceless treasure of our own country? Ought she not to have taken a part in this grand proclamation? Me thinks I heard her ring above the din of cannon, the tumultuous cheering and blowing of whistles. It not the sense of liberty was near to me as it must have been in the days of 1776 when our forefathers witnessed just such event. Gradually the noise subsided and the Palace was again the center of attraction. We had not long to wait for other events were to follow in quick succession. At a preconcerted moment the Spanish Infantry, who had been standing like images of stone throughout all this excitement with hearts doubtless as cold toward all Americans, rapidly fell into columns of four and marched to the landing where transports awaited their coming to carry the last remnants of Spanish soldiery from the fair Island, closely following in the wake of the Infantry under escort of American officers came the Ex-Governor General, Castellanos, his body guard, suite, restrainers, etc. while marching in the rear were our own brave boys in blue. It was a touching scene to look upon notwithstanding all were glad to see the last Spanish sovereignty depart to the mother country. The succeeding hour or so was taken up by different city departments waiting on the new Governor General, General Brooks, prominent individuals, representatives of foreign countries, etc. Some one suggested that we make haste to get a position near the Ingle Torre Hotel and see the review of the American troops, which we complied with at once and the complete ownership of the town was more fully demonstrated as we sited the greeting received by the soldier boys all along the line of march. The review was novel to the Havaneans and doubtless had the effect of insuring greater respect and reverence to the flag than otherwise might have been the case. It seemed as if the whole American army had taken Havana judging from the length of the parade, and these boys deserve great credit for endurance when it is considered that they had marched from points seven miles distance to participate and had this long march

before them returning. The day, however, could not have been pleasanter and the very hot days experienced previous to Sunday gave way to a nice cool, partially cloudy weather. It was a disappointment to a good many that no Cuban troops were to be seen in the parade but the good judgment of our American officials cannot be questioned as to this. Bodies of Cuban officers came after the parade and received great applause while it should not be overlooked that General Lee, former consul at Havana, fairly won the day. He is so well known in Havana that his presence was quickly detected and the crowd surged out of bounds to grasp his hand and kiss it as was repeatedly done. No disorder of any kind was seen as we rode through the streets, a remarkable thing when you consider the elements that were thrown together that day. For a Sunday, it was hard to believe that Havana knew any Lord's day. Everything is wide open, except the churches. It did not strike me that Havana contained as many churches as there ought to be. It is a great field for missionary work. We left the city late in the afternoon campward, stopping at Cemeterio Christopher Colombo, I believe, the most beautiful cemetery I ever saw. We reached camp after dark and fell into our bunks exhausted. When I write again I will try and give some descriptions of the manners and habits of the Cuban, sketches of camp life, the advantage of locating in this country, etc.

A. W. W.

ADAMSBURG.

Mrs. Edward Knepp and son, Roswell of Lewistown accompanied by Miss Eva Rothrock of Middleburg, were visitors in town on Monday. Miss Gertrude Knepp is spending the week in Lewistown. Mrs. C. H. Klose is on the sick list. Miss Carrie Middelwarth has returned home from Sunbury where she had been employed in the silk mill. Miss Mary Dreese spent Sunday in Bamerville. Messrs. Crouse and Engle of Middleburg spent several days last week at this place. Miss Mamie Mechtley has gone to Harrisburg, where she has secured employment in the asylum. Mrs. A. M. Smith spent last week in Harrisburg. Hurley Roanig and wife were visitors in Lewistown and McClure recently. Chas. McElrath is employed by the Pennsylvania Railroad as brakeman.

CENTREVILLE.

C. M. Showers transacted business at Middleburg last Saturday evening. Rev. Price of the U. E. church is attending conference at Lewistown this week. C. A. Fessler and Emanuel Hackenberg purchased horses at the Middleburg horse sale last week. O. W. Reichly of C. P. C. was at home over Sunday. Miss Hettie Shinkel is visiting friends at Millinburg. W. F. Sanders made a trip to Shamokin and other places last week. A. A. Loss of Hartleton visited his sick father last Saturday. L. A. Stine and P. C. Hartman made a trip to Sunbury last Thursday. F. J. Boyer, who is working on a sawmill in the west end of Union Co., was at home over Sunday. John Mohm and son H. F. and H. B. Wagner were to Lewisburg on business last Saturday.

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HUMMEL'S WHARF.

On Monday evening of last week two sleighing parties passed through this place on their way to Shamokin Dam to attend a dance. James Young and Daniel Sessman, Jr. were at Middleburg as jurors this week. Quite a number of our citizens attended the horse sale at Selingsgrove on Thursday. Peter Bailey came near losing his horse one evening last week. The horse got his hind feet over the halter chain and Mr. Bailey discovered it just in time to save the horse. On Tuesday evening a party from Northumberland spent a pleasant evening at Levi Dressler's. Mr. Dressler cut a severe gash in his arm while breaking the ice for the cream. On the 22nd of February the lady Bible Class of the Trinity Lutheran church of Selingsgrove spent the day with Mrs. John Schoch. The school teacher, Brian Teats, and his father spent a few days in Philadelphia last week. Hiram Stephen, who has been farming for P. M. Teats for the last two years, intends to move on A. W. Potter's farm near Verdilla. The people of this neighborhood are sorry to see them move away as they are kind neighbors. George A. Foltz and wife last Wednesday attended the sale of Mrs. Bilger, deceased, near New Berlin. Mrs. Peter Bailey, who had been on the sick list, is able to be about again. Ammon Trutt feels highly elated because a little son came to his house on Washington's Birthday. The babe will be called George Washington Trutt.

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