

firing line was no snap for a delicately nurtured gentleman like me—(laughter)—and I doubt whether the firing line was the best place apart from other considerations, because the whole field being covered with what is known as manigua, composed of cactuses, mimosas, Spanish bayonet and all that species of tropical plants, a man in the firing line would be aware of what was going on in that line and nothing else. To anything else he would be oblivious. Considering the two things, the greater safety of the eminence and the better chances of seeing the fight, I made my choice of following the foreign military representatives who accompanied the army to the field. They chose the position where an American battery of four quick firing guns was placed. That battery opened up on the entrenchments of Santiago about half past six o'clock on the morning of July 1. We were all gathered around—foreign representatives and newspaper correspondents—watching the effect of the shots fired at that peaceful city that seemed to sleep in the valley below. However, all through that campaign, I may say, the whole trend of events seemed to my mind to show that the Spaniards, whether they were desirous of fighting or not, were incapable of fighting. That seemed to be the feeling that prevailed, because they allowed us, in the first place, to equip a great flotilla at Tampa, without disturbing us at all, although the flotilla was at the mercy of any daring gunboat that dared to sail into Tampa bay. A gunboat with three or four guns could have broken the whole thing into match wood in three or four hours. Telegrams all over the world were telling what was going on. Sagasta at Madrid must have known what was going on as well as we did. But they allowed us to proceed 900 miles past their doors, without disturbing our peaceful procession. When we came to Daiquiri we found that they had constructed rifle pits for one and a half miles along the shore—an enormous work—for in that country the soil is of the subsistence of brick; and yet they had rifle pits deep enough to cover a man up to the neck, but they had fled, and seemed disinclined to protect them at all. So, at Santiago, when Grimes' Battery on the hill had fired 21 shots, there was no reply, and we concluded there would be no reply, and that all we would have to do would be to march down with flags flying and capture the city. But, just as we were drawing this picture, there was an unusual boom in the air, and suddenly there was a thrilling sound, such as I had never heard before, and following that sound, there was something that burst in the vicinity of the war correspondents. That was the greatest scattering ever seen since Adam was a boy." (Laughter) "That shot killed some Cubans in a sugar-house, but it also caused a retreat more masterly than that of Sir John Moore before Corunna." (Renewed laughter.) "Our fellows were all armed with revolvers, kodaks—(laughter)—and water-bottles and field glasses, but, after that, there were many notices on trees for people to return a certain kodak, or field glass, that had been left on the field of battle. I have no doubt that, if any person here went there to day they would find it worth their while in kodaks and field glasses. I had no kodak, but I had my poncho, and, in the sudden movement to the rear—(laughter)—I forgot that valuable piece of property. When I got a distance away, reason resumed its sway. I said I might as well be killed by a shell as lose my blanket, because you cannot do without your blanket. You might say: What does a man want a blanket for in that hot climate? But you cannot do without your blanket, because about half-past three or four o'clock in the morning, any man who sleeps without a blanket over him will have to get up and walk about till the sun warms him. It is a succession of hot and dry, warm and cold that is very trying. I had some experience without a blanket, and I was indisposed to suffer any more on that account, so I proceeded in a very circumspect way, and, while I was going, the second shell from Mr. Spaniard burst. I had

been told that the best way was to lie down, and I lay down with religious scrupulosness—laughter—and just as I was going along in this way, the third shell burst and killed two of the gunners, who, I think, were the first two men killed in action. I seized my blanket and moved off with great celerity. The detachment we were with plunged down a precipice at this point, and there we had to remain, and each time Mr. Spanish Gunner came along with his shell we bowed to the earth with great solemnity and reverence." (Laughter.) "What I wanted to say, with regard to the two methods of seeing the battlefield, is this: On that escarpment, the whole fight was within our view, so far as the underbrush would allow any man to see it. But we certainly had a better view of the two battles than we would have had by being in the firing line. Some of our men, who were not the only representatives of their papers present, were able to do both—to have a man in the firing line and one on the heights. One of these men, Mr. Creelman, whom I got to know very well, and who has relatives in this city, got shot in the shoulder, and, from the vicious nature of the wound, I should say it was not from a Mauser rifle, evidently, but from a more murderous weapon. Another correspondent who got wounded in the battle was Mr. Marshall, also a reporter on The Journal. There was a Mr. Brandenburg, with whom I got very familiar on the Olivette, representing a syndicate of American papers, a fine young American, who left Daiquiri the day we landed, and went out with the forces and kept up with the very advance guard of the army until Santiago surrendered. I did not see him after we left Daiquiri, but we heard a great deal about him. The men from the front told us that this man Brandenburg had performed deeds that might well be described as deeds of valor, in the way of helping fellows who had fallen down in the pits wounded, and exposing himself, in many cases, to great danger. I just mention this, for, although it was well known around our camp, I think The Globe was the only paper in America which had the generosity to give that young man his due." (Applause.) "The fierce rivalry of the American papers would not even allow them to mention his name. Let us hope that that spirit, at least, will be kept out of the Canadian press." (Hear, hear.) "As I mentioned the fact that the Spaniards showed so little efficiency in meeting the Americans, I think it is only right to refer—although, perhaps, it has nothing to do with war correspondence—to the village of El Caney, which was one of the points on the battlefield which was well supplied with rifle trenches and had a stone blockhouse on one corner of the village and wooden blockhouses on the other two corners which faced the field of battle. There were six hundred Spanish soldiers at that village. The Americans made up their minds that they could not afford to leave that village behind. So, the plan of campaign was to attack that village in great strength, and then proceed and join the other half of the army and take Santiago. They thought they would do that in an hour and a half. They began the assault at six o'clock in the morning, and immediately thereupon our battery opened up, and they kept battering at that little village from six in the morning till four in the afternoon. The battery which conducted operations against that little village had nothing to fear from them, because they had no battery to reply, and could keep going as long as the guns were cool. And they did so, and it took six thousand men to capture that little village, with six hundred soldiers, from six till four, and I think that is a deed which should give the Spaniards credit for a really heroic defense of that very trifling hamlet—a deed worthy of being put on record, in so far as the Spanish character for bravery and devotion to duty is concerned. I don't know that I need take up your time any further with these few rambling remarks. I must apologize for not having prepared them more fully, but sickness in my family and business engagements prevented me from doing justice to the subject. But, before I close, I