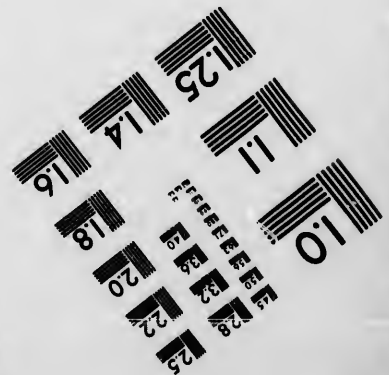
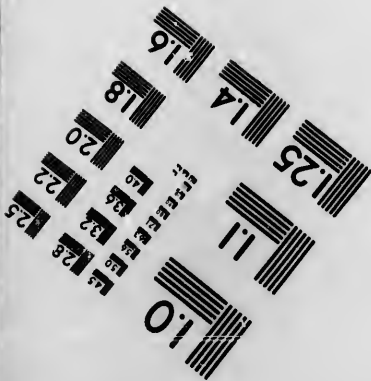
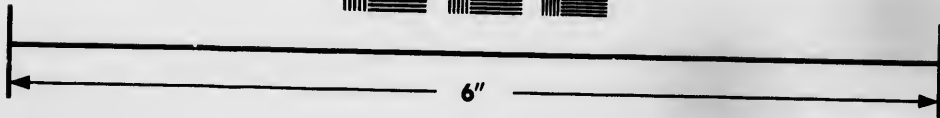
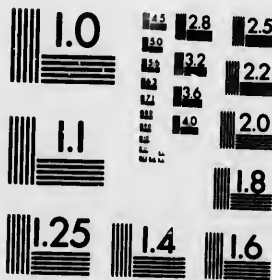


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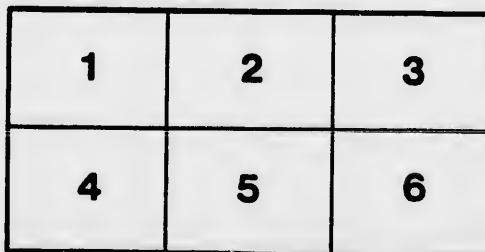
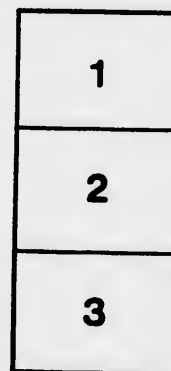
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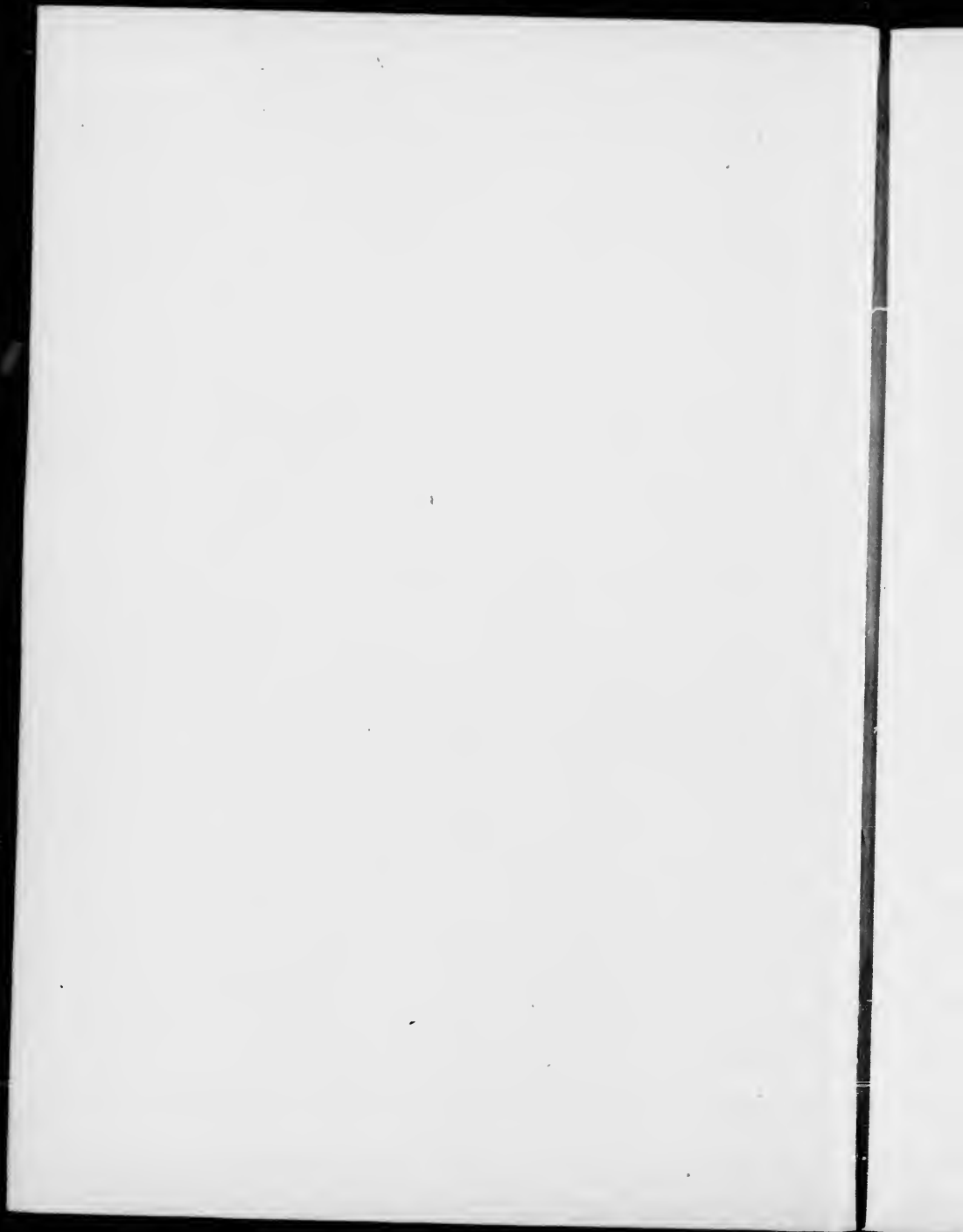
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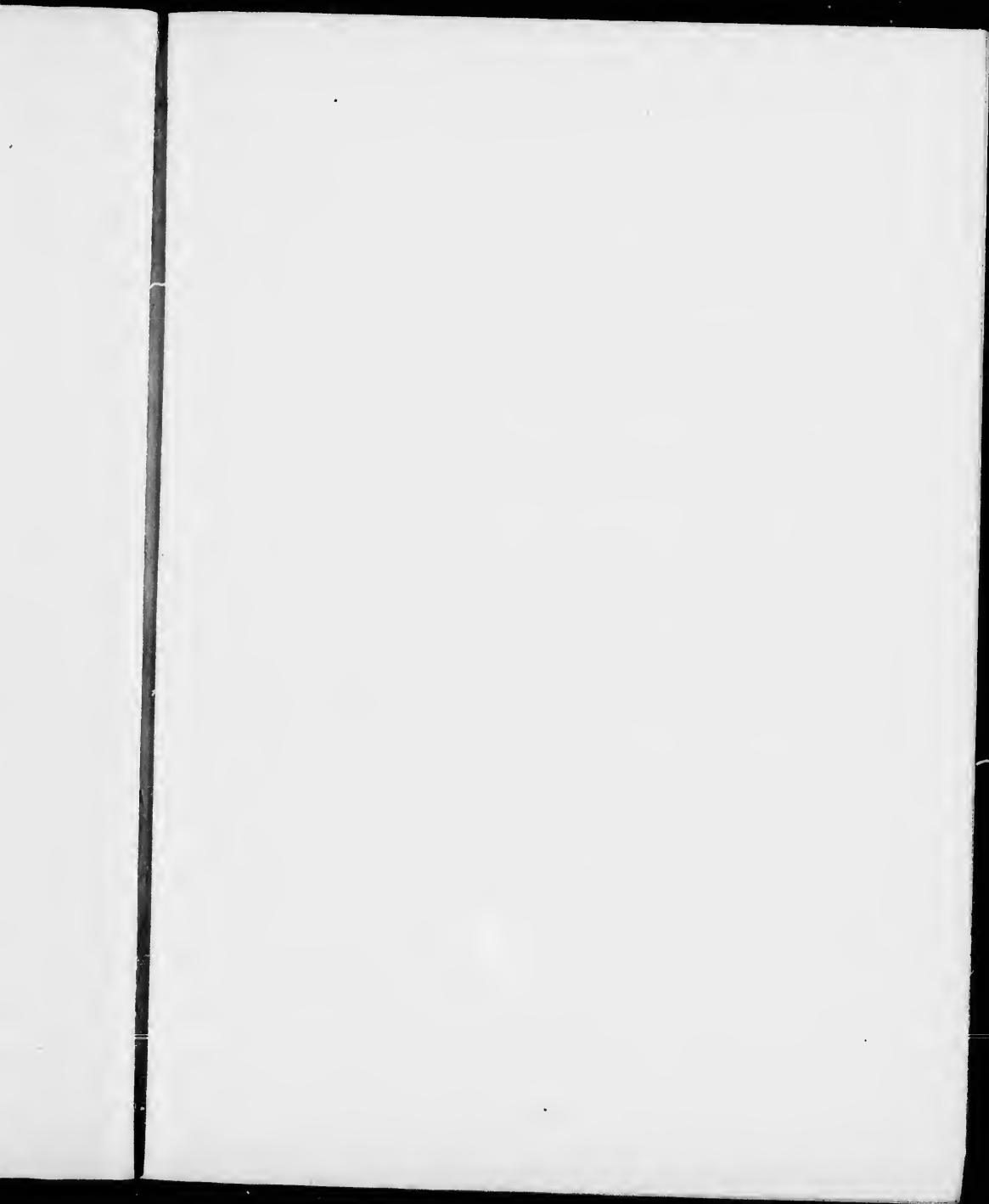
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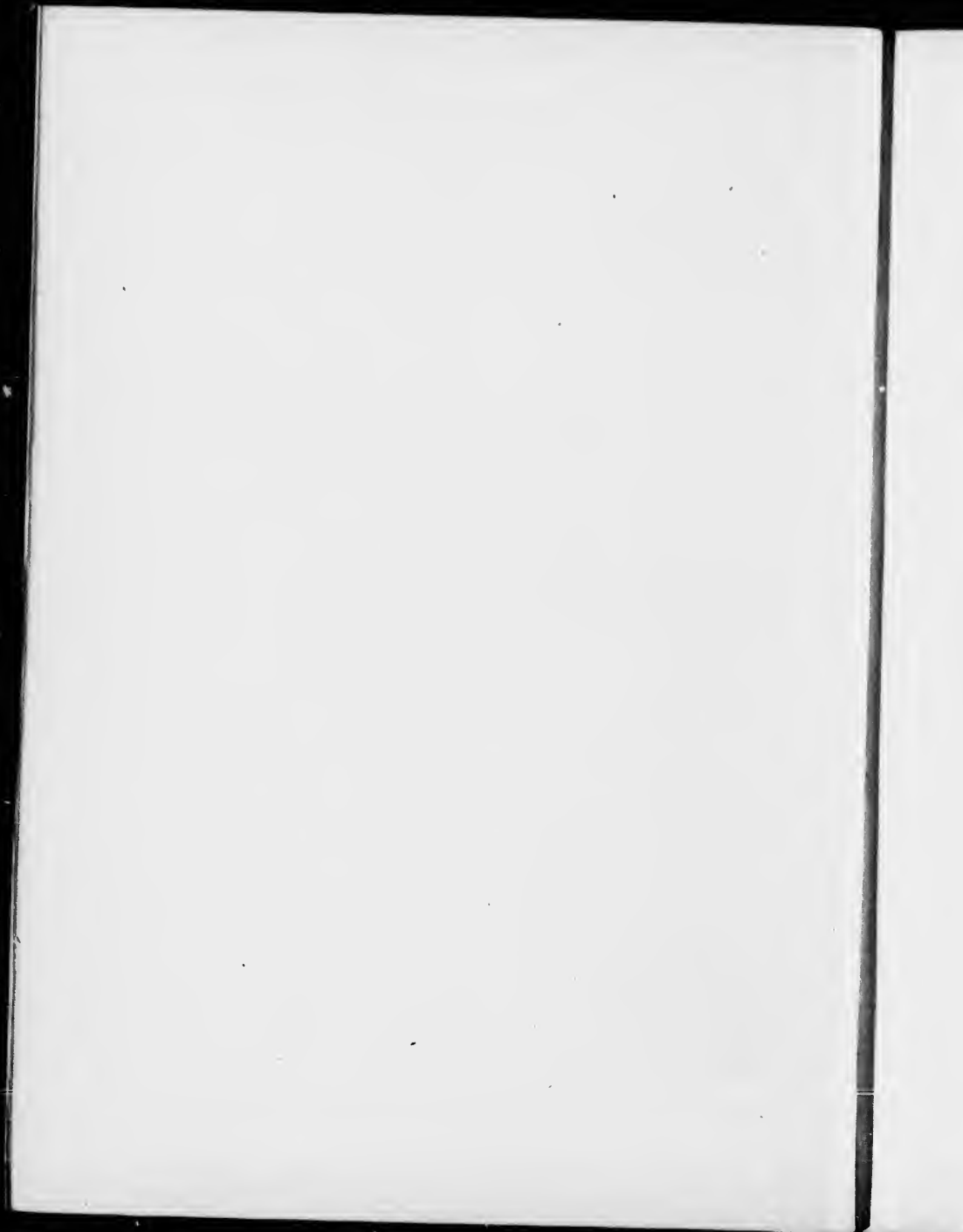
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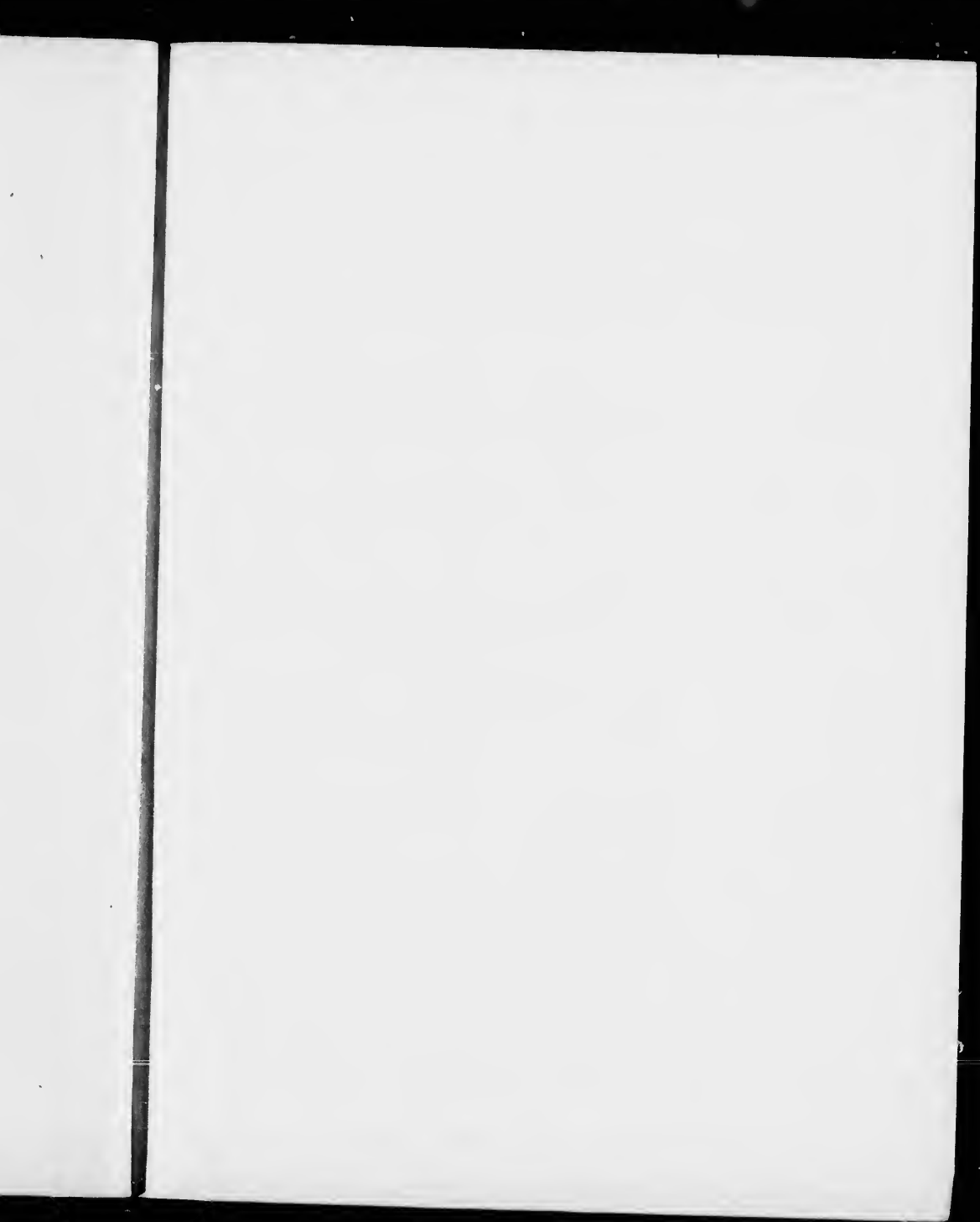
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UNITED STATES BATTLESHIP OREGON.

REMINISCENCES
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THRILLING STORIES OF THE WAR
BY
RETURNED HEROES

CONTAINING

Vivid Accounts of Personal Experiences
by Officers and Men

ADMIRAL DEWEY'S REPORT OF THE FAMOUS NAVAL BATTLE AT MANILA;
GRAPHIC ACCOUNT BY ADMIRAL SCHLEY OF THE NAVAL BATTLE
AT SANTIAGO; GLOWING DESCRIPTIONS OF THE BATTLES
BY THE OFFICERS OF THE VESSELS ENGAGED

Daring Deeds of our Brave Regulars and Volunteers at
Santiago, in Porto Rico and the Philippine Islands

REMINISCENCES OF LIFE IN CAMP, FIELD AND HOSPITAL

THRILLING SCENES ON THE RETURN OF OUR BRAVE HEROES;
SOUL-STIRRING POEMS AND SONGS OF THE WAR, ETC.

INCLUDING FULL ACCOUNTS OF OUR BATTLES WITH THE FILIPINO
INSURGENTS NEAR MANILA

BY **HON. JAMES RANKIN YOUNG**
Member of Congress and for many years Clerk of the United States Senate

IN COLLABORATION WITH

J. HAMPTON MOORE

The well-known Author and Newspaper Correspondent

Profusely Embellished with Superb Engravings

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TO THE
GALLANT SOLDIERS AND SAILORS
OF
OUR ARMY AND NAVY

WHOSE HEROIC SACRIFICES AND SUPERB ACHIEVEMENTS
GAINED FOR THE STARS AND STRIPES SUCH MAGNIFICENT
VICTORIES IN OUR WAR WITH SPAIN

THIS VOLUME

WHICH NARRATES IN GLOWING TERMS THE THRILLING STORIES
OF THEIR SPLENDID TRIUMPHS

IS RESPECTFULLY DEDICATED

AS A HEARTFELT TRIBUTE BY THE AMERICAN PEOPLE

TO THE

HEROISM THAT PERFORMED PEERLESS DEEDS OF VALOR
IN THE GREAT BATTLES ON SEA AND LAND

IN

CUBA, IN THE PHILIPPINES, AND IN PORTO RICO

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INTRODUCTION.

WHEN war with Spain was forced upon us, a sense of horror ran through the people of the United States, and particularly those whose recollections carried them back to the terrible days of our Great Civil War. By many people the wisdom of a war, in which it was contended we had no direct interest, was seriously doubted.

The United States had never engaged in a war upon foreign soil, except our trifling war with Mexico, and the conservative people of the country were fearful that the government was about to involve itself in an unnecessary quarrel which threatened enormous expense and great loss of life and valuable property.

Congress, however, was not slow to grasp the situation, yielding promptly to the appealing cries of the down-trodden and oppressed people of Cuba, and to the aggressive patriotism which was steadily gaining ground throughout the United States in favor of the emancipation of the poor wretches around whose necks the yoke of Spain was fastened.

When war was finally declared and the scene shifted from one of argument to one of fact, there was no voice strong enough to stem the wave of enthusiasm which swept like wildfire all over our great country. It now became purely and solely a question of maintaining the honor of the flag. As to that there was positively no dispute and the call to arms found a ready and generous response from the sturdy patriots of every State of the Union.

Battles followed in quick succession on sea and land, always with increasing honor to the gallant men who marched to the attack under the Stars and Stripes. Our brave soldiers did not know what would be the ultimate outcome of the war. They were fight-

ing for the glory of their country, for humanity, and the applause of their friends at home.

Step by step the war progressed, until the startled world saw the youngest of the great nations reaching out, in spite of tradition, over Eastern seas and far away Islands, which the average American never dreamed would fall to the lot of his country.

All Europe stood amazed at the sweeping victories wherever the American flag was planted. The wonderful success of Admiral Dewey at Manila stirred the interest, if not the fear, of foreign potentates, as it had never been stirred before. The destruction of Cervera's fleet near Santiago, and the irresistible onslaughts of the American troops at La Quasina, El Caney and San Juan, not only excited to its highest pitch the enthusiasm of Americans at home and abroad, but rattled the dry bones of European monarchies, and necessitated an extension of the scope of the war from the mere liberation of Cuba, to one of the broadest humanitarian import.

The hand of destiny guided the civilizing influences of the American spirit and gave point to the thought that the great cause of Christianity itself was to finally triumph over the benighted countries of the earth.

One of the surprising results of the steady progress of the American arms was the effect upon the mother country, England. Never since the establishment of the colonies in America, did the British sentiment bring itself so heartily in accord with American purposes. It resulted in the suggestion of an alliance, which many of the great thinkers of the day look forward to, as an irresistible compact against which the assaults of the heathen world would be as paper bullets against the stoutest armor plate.

Every incident of the war contributed to make it one of the most remarkable in history. The traditionally conservative United States government at one bound took front rank. The change in foreign policy was as startling as it was sudden, and the return of peace with great honor to the chivalry and the diplomacy of our nation, opened up new and broad questions which will command the attention, not so much of politicians, as of the wisest statesmen the country can produce.

INTRODUCTION.

The glory of the war is fresh in our minds. The names of Dewey, Schley, Sampson, Miles, Roosevelt, Wheeler and Hobson, with many others, have become household words throughout the land. Their thrilling experiences and the daring of the brave men, both regulars and volunteers, who joined with them in the perilous exploits of the war, have made an imperishable impress upon the whole country, teaching a lesson in patriotism, which speaks volumes for the stability of our great country.

No parallel exists for the unbroken series of victories that followed fast the opening of actual hostilities. The Spaniards were good fighters and "foemen worthy of our steel," but they were outclassed in every attribute of the soldier and sailor. The opportunity for the display of American courage was one for which the regular forces of the army and navy had long been waiting; it was one which the volunteers were only too eager to embrace.

Words cannot adequately describe the emotions of the strong and active young men of America, who, being called, shouldered their arms, full conscious of the gaze of the friends they held most dear in life. To use a homely expression, they had been "given the dare," and they soon demonstrated that death upon the field would be preferable to a return in dishonor. It was the full force of American pluck and pride, as well as the strong physical force and unfailing skill of American brain and brawn, which wrested victory from the Spanish forces.

In Manila, in Cuba and Porto Rico, the coveted chance for a test of American mettle was eagerly seized by those who had gone forth at great sacrifice for the glory of the flag. In no battle fought, in no deed done, daring and perilous as it might be, were men wanting to undertake the gravest and most dangerous exploits.

The sinking of the Merrimac in the harbor of Santiago, standing as a monument to Lieutenant Hobson and his daring crew, tells but half the story. There were hundreds of men upon the vessels of that fleet who would have given all their pay to have taken the place of any one of "the chosen few," but such was the eagerness of those who had been accepted to risk what seemed a certain death, that no money was sufficient to induce any one of

them to yield his privilege. When an army and a navy is made of stuff like this, the result can never be in doubt.

Deplorable as war is, it may not be without its compensations. Our brief and glorious struggle has resulted in material advantages of conquest, but more than all, it has imparted to the rising generation a lasting lesson in civic duty. The spirit of loyalty has never been more thoroughly aroused. The sectionalism, which threatened the disruption of the Union in 1861, has been banished forever. The cries of an enthralled and afflicted people have been answered and humanity has been redeemed. The government of the United States has shaken off its lethargic conservatism, and, yielding to the demands of civilization, yea, to the slogan of Christianity itself, has established a new and lasting prestige throughout the world.

The best history is that which is based upon truth, and the history of the war with Spain has been told from day to day through the great newspapers whose correspondents, with commendable fearlessness, have kept in daily touch with the marching soldier, and whose daring spirit has followed the gallant sailor in all his battles upon the sea. There is no testimony like that of the eye witness, and there is no story so thrilling as that narrated by an actual participant.

In the succeeding pages, both History and Reminiscence have been collected in attractive form. The stories given have been gathered from the lips of the heroes themselves; stories which once woven into the text books of the schools of the nation, will obtain for the brave contemporaries of our own times, places in history along with those of our heroic forefathers. To these reminiscences, gathered fresh from the field, replete with interest, and breathing in every line the dutiful devotion of American soldiers and sailors, the historian of the next century must turn for his narrative.

J. R. Y.

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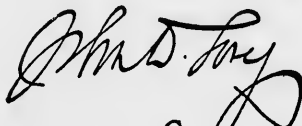
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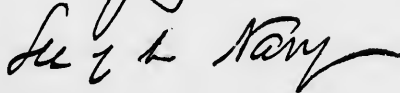
AUTOGRAPHS OF DISTINGUISHED AMERICANS.

Recognizing the very general desire of the readers of this volume to possess the Autographs of our Government Officials and Army and Navy Officers who have been prominent in our War with Spain, we append the following Signatures, which will always be regarded as valuable mementoes of their gallant and heroic services :


PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES.


SECRETARY OF STATE.



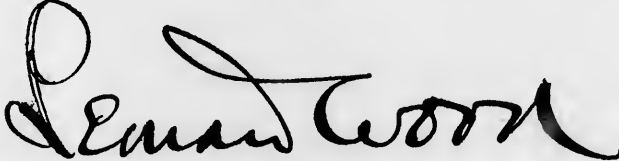

SECRETARY OF THE NAVY.

Mar 11 1898

William R. Day

Aug. 12. 1898.

EX-SECRETARY OF STATE AND PRESIDENT OF PEACE COMMISSIONERS.



COLONEL OF THE ROUGH RIFLES IN THE BATTLES AROUND SANTIAGO

Richard Mainwright
 Lt. Comdr. U.S. Navy,
 Comdg. U.S.S. Gloucester.

Wm. H. Shafter
 Major General
 U. S. Army

Henry Lee

MAJOR-GENERAL U. S. V., FORMERLY U. S. CONSUL AT HAVANA.

A. W. Lawton,
 Major Genl U.S.A.

R. D. Evans
 Captain U.S.N.
 Comdr "Iowa"
 July 3/98.

Myhily Gs
 Francis John Higginson
 Commodore U.S. Navy
 Commanding
 Battleship Massachusetts

Captain
 H. C. Taylor U.S.N.
 Comdr.
 Battleship "Indiana"

W. S. Schley

Rear Admiral

Aug. 31 - 1898 N. Y. C.

W. S. SCHLEY, REAR ADMIRAL U. S. N.

U. S. S. Texas,
New York, New York,
November 12th, 1898.

C. D. Sigsbee
Captain, U. S. Navy.

COMMANDER OF THE ILL-FATED BATTLESHIP MAINE.

Very sincerely yours,
C. D. Sigsbee
Captain U. S. Navy
Commander U. S. S. Brooklyn

J. E. Chaowick
Captain U. S. Navy
Flagship New York.

Yours truly,
J. W. Philip
Commodore, U. S. Navy.
J. W. PHILIP, COMMANDER OF BATTLESHIP TEXAS.

John R. Brooke
Major General
JOHN R. BROOKE, GOVERNOR-GENERAL OF CUBA

Wesley Merritt
Major General
WESLEY MERRITT, MAJOR GENERAL U. S. A.

W. D. Sampson U.S.N.

Rear Admiral.

Very Sincerely yours
C. S. Clark.
Captain U.S.A.

Samuel S. Sumner
Colonel 6th Cavalry
Major General I. & C.

William Ludlow
Maj. Genl. U.S.A.

WILLIAM LUDLOW, MAJ. GEN'L U. S. V.

TS.

Mc

Wesley M. Miles

H. S. Hamlin
Major General

Alvan C. Harper
Major General, USA

J. G. Bates
Maj. Genl. Vols.
Comdg. 1st Div. 1st Corps.

A. M. Young
Maj. Genl.

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HERO OF MANILA.

R. H. Hobson

HERO OF THE MERRIMAC.

J. H. Mullen

Captain.

U. S. Navy.

COMMANDER OF THE MARBLEHEAD.

Joseph Wheeler

JOSEPH WHEELER, MAJOR-GENERAL U. S. A.

Theodore Roosevelt

COLONEL OF THE ROUGH RIDERS.

Henry M. Duffield
Brig. Gen. U. S. Fols

J. Ira Stone -
Major. Gen. & Col.

ONE OF THE GALLANT LEADERS IN BATTLES AROUND SANTIAGO

Worth Bagley

ENSIGN WORTH BAGLEY, KILLED ON THE WINSLOW, IN CARDENAS HARBOR.

Victor Blue.

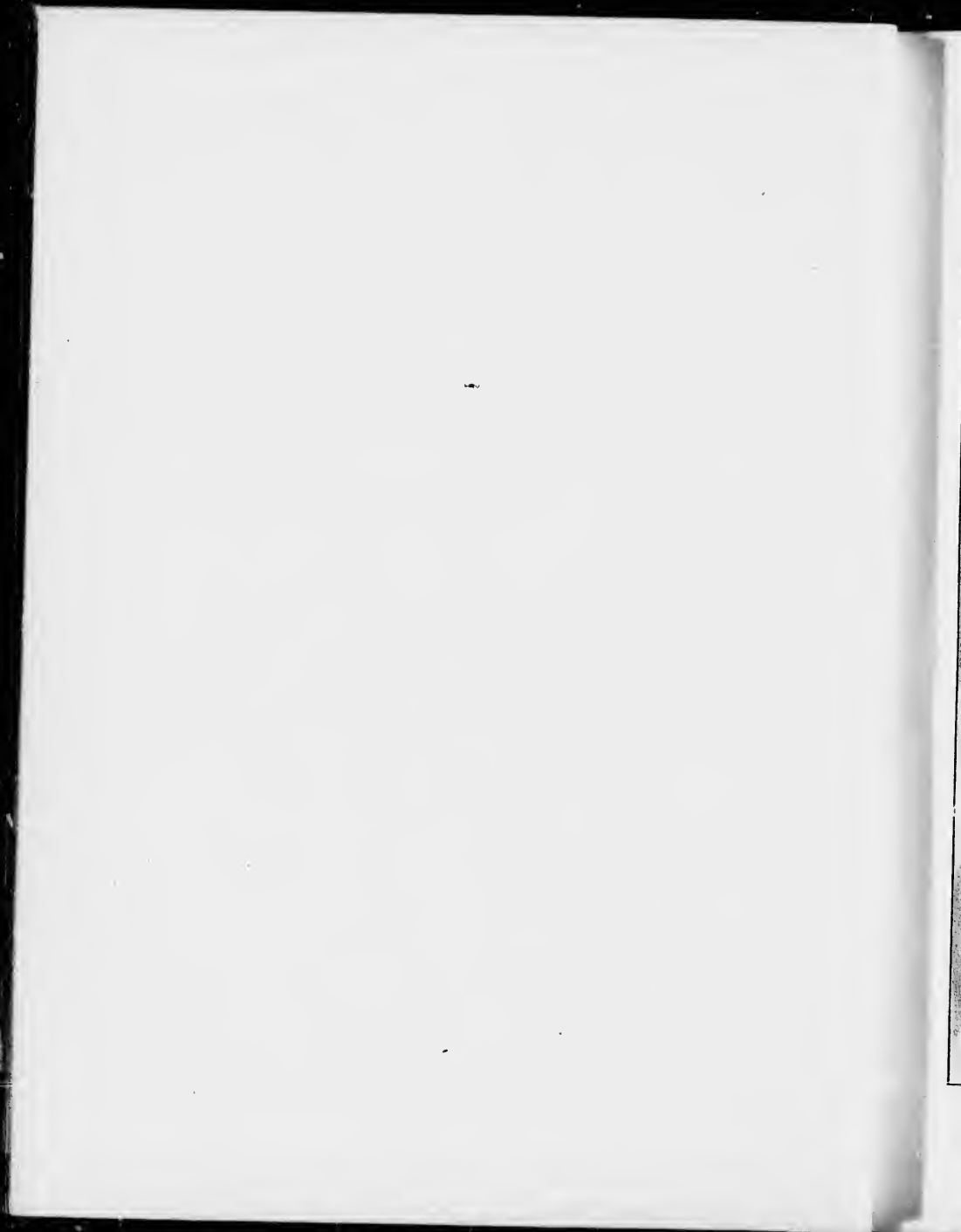
LIEUTENANT VICTOR BLUE, OF THE NEW YORK, WHO DID VALUABLE SCOUTING SERVICE DURING THE BLOCKADE OF SANTIAGO.

Joseph Dwight Powell -

WHO COMMANDED THE LAUNCH SENT TO RESCUE HOBSON AND HIS MEN WHEN THEY SUNK THE MERRIMAC

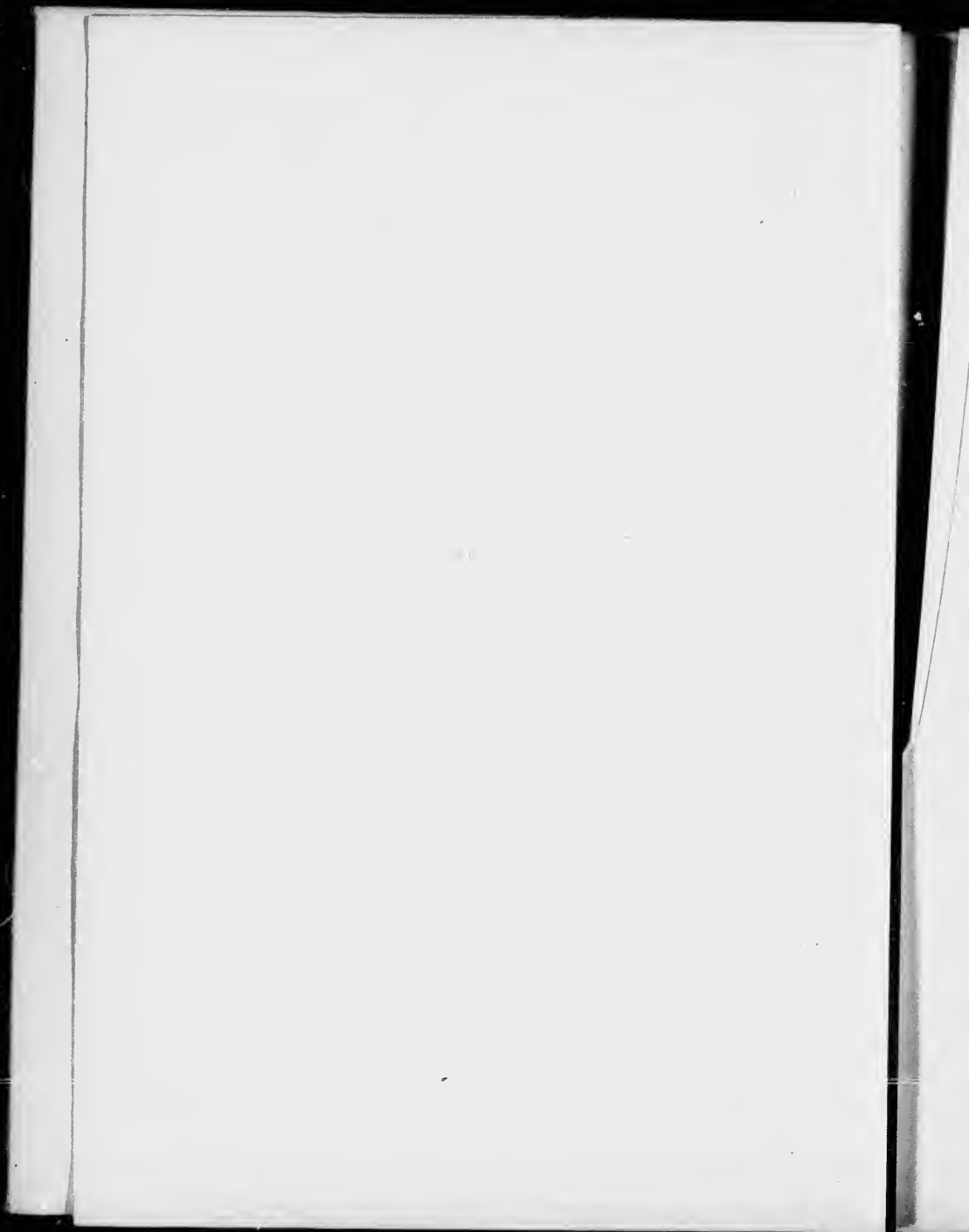
J. Shafter

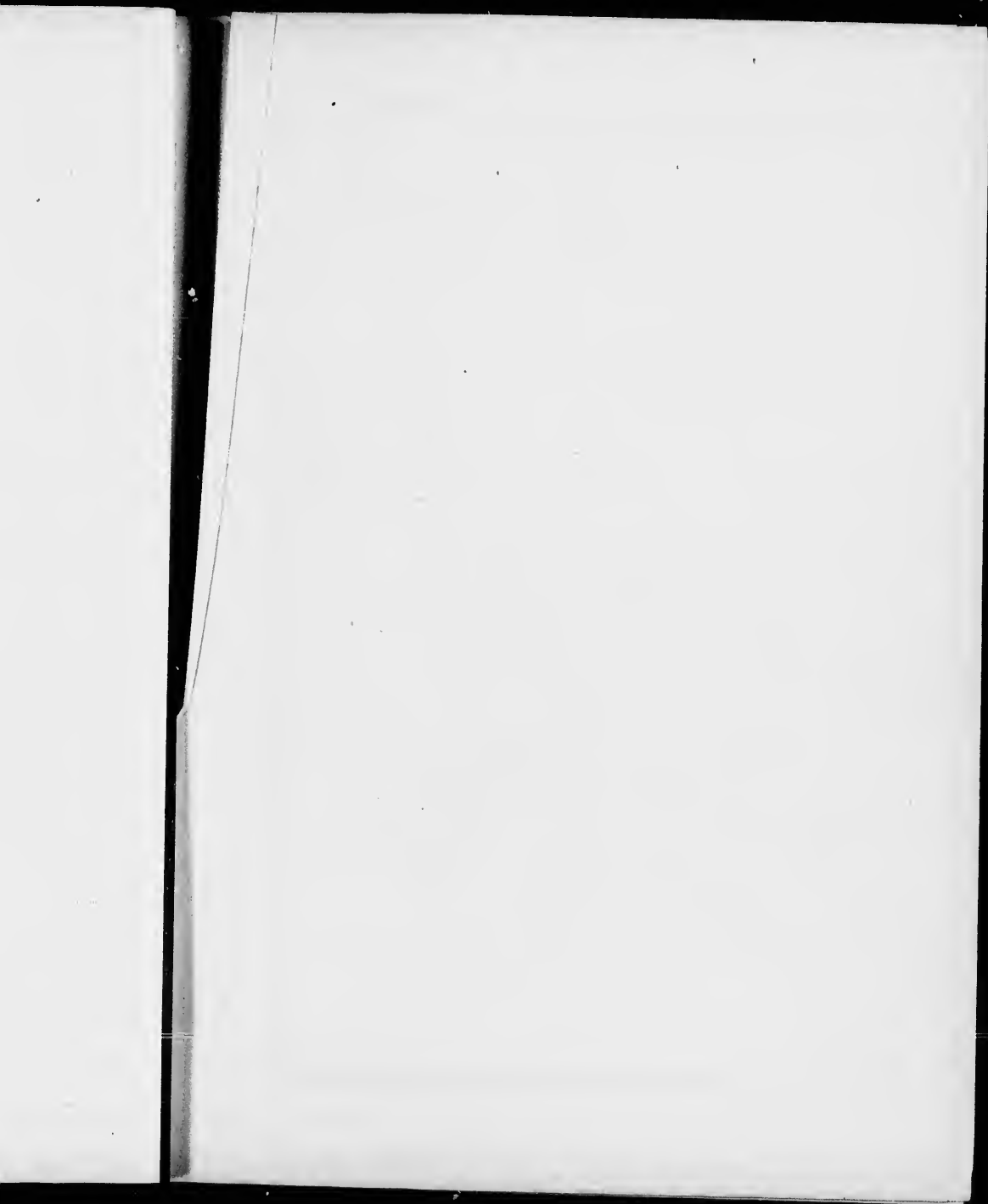
A MEMBER OF GENERAL SHAFER'S STAFF, WHO RAISED AND EQUIPPED A BATTERY AT HIS OWN EXPENSE, WHICH WAS SENT TO THE PHILIPPINES.





UNITED STATES TORPEDO BOAT WINSLOW.









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STORIES OF THE WAR.

CHAPTER I.

Admiral Schley's Vivid Account of the Destruction of Cervera's Fleet.

THE thrilling narratives of their experiences in battle which were furnished by many of our brave heroes on their return from the war will be read with intense interest. These are the statements of men who were in actual conflict and took part in the gallant deeds which have won the admiration of our whole country. The graphic stories of heroism and suffering have a wonderful reality when they come from the lips of those who were participants in the scenes they so vividly describe.

Admiral Schley gave a description of the destruction of Cervera's fleet which contains facts not hitherto related. The Admiral said: "I am certainly glad the war is over. I can tell you there is no fun in being under fire. When you hear a man say that he likes to fight you can tell him with truth that the liars are not all dead. I have been under fire many times, and let me say that I never knew what my emotions were during the ordeal. I realized after it was over that I was glad. But a man does not have an opportunity to like fighting.

"How do I feel? I have not yet recovered from my illness. I lost twenty pounds in two months. I attribute this to the awful strain while blockading Cervera's fleet and the engagement off Santiago. The concussion of the big guns on my own vessel was simply terrible. The feeling is indescribable, but my head is still buzzing, and it will be some time before I get straightened out.

"I knew of Cervera's proposed move twenty-four hours before the squadron dashed out of the harbor. How did I know it? By intuition. I had studied the situation carefully, and was certain that Cervera must move within forty-eight hours. I watched every vessel in that fleet for three days before the dash was made. I not only watched them, but I knew every move they made.

"You see, we discovered that by watching a certain space away across the hills; we could see columns of smoke rise up into the air at certain periods. It was not hard to connect this smoke with the funnels of the vessels of the squadron, and thus I was kept informed as to their whereabouts. Every time one of the vessels moved the tell-tale smoke followed her course, and so did I. So all the night before the dash was made a thousand pairs of sleepless eyes on board our vessels watched the mouth of the harbor as a cat watches a mouse. Not for one minute did we lose track of the Spanish squadron, and we were fully prepared for the dash.

Ready to Give a Hot Reception.

"One hour before the Spaniards appeared my quartermaster on the Brooklyn reported to me that Cervera's fleet was coaling up. This was just what I expected, and we prepared everything for a hot reception. Away over the hills great clouds of smoke could be faintly seen rising up to the sky. A little later and the smoke began to move towards the mouth of the harbor. The black cloud wound in and out along the narrow channel, and every eye on board the vessels in our fleet strained with expectation. The boys were silent for a full hour and the grim old vessels lay back like tigers waiting to pounce upon their prey. Suddenly the whole Spanish fleet shot out of the mouth of the channel. It was the grandest spectacle I ever witnessed. The flames were pouring out of the funnels, and as it left the channel the fleet opened fire with every gun on board. Their guns were worked as rapidly as possible, and shells were raining around like hail.

"It was a grand charge. My first impression was that of a lot of mad-dened bulls, goaded to desperation, dashing at their tormentors. The storm of projectiles and shells was the hottest imaginable. I wondered where they all came from. Just as the vessels swung around the Brooklyn opened up with three shells, and almost simultaneously the rest of the fleet fired. Our volley was a terrible shock to the Spaniards, and so surprised them that they must have been badly rattled. When our fleet swung around and gave chase, we not only had to face the fire from the vessels, but were bothered by a cross-fire from the forts on either side, which opened up on our fleet as soon as the Spaniards shot out of the harbor. The engagement must have lasted three hours, but I hardly knew what time was. I remember crashing holes through the *María Teresa*, and giving chase to the *Colon*.

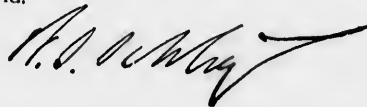
"I was on the bridge of the Brooklyn during the whole engagement, and at times the smoke was so dense that I could not see three yards ahead of me. The shells from the enemy's fleet were whistling around and bursting everywhere, except where they could do some damage. How did I feel? I seemed

to be the only thing on the vessel not protected by heavy armor, and oh! how I would have liked to get behind some of that armor! I don't know how I kept my head, but I do know that I surprised myself by seeing and knowing all that was going on, and I could hear my voice giving orders to do just what my head thought was right, while my heart was trying to get beneath the shelter of the armored deck. How do I account for such a victory with so little loss? That would mean how do I account for the rain of Spanish shells not doing more execution? They fought nobly and desperately, but they had had no target practice, and did not know how to handle their guns.

Shells Whistling and Bursting.

"I tell you I was proud of the boys in our fleet during that engagement. They knew just what their guns could do, and not one shot was wasted. Their conduct was wonderful. It was inspiring. It was magnificent. Let me tell you that men who can stand behind big guns and face a black storm of shells and projectiles as coolly as though nothing was occurring; men who could laugh because a shell had missed hitting them; men who could bet one another on shots and lay odds in the midst of the horrible crashing; men who could not realize that they were in danger—such men are wonders, and we have a whole navy of wonders.

"I am proud to command such a gallant lot of fellows. They are the grandest set of fighters in the world.



On another occasion while talking of the destruction of Cervera's fleet off Santiago, Rear Admiral Schley said: "I took it for granted that every man on the ship was just as much interested in how the fight was going as I was, but the men behind the casements and those below decks, of course, could not see what was going on. During the battle I sent orderlies among them telling them what was happening, and what effect their shots were having.

"Then, when the Vizcaya struck and only the Colon was left, I sent orderlies down to the stokeholes and engine-room, where the men were working away like heroes in the terrible temperature. 'Now, boys,' I sent them word, 'it all depends on you. Everything is sunk except the Colon, and she is trying to get away. We don't want her to, and everything depends on you.' They responded nobly, and we got her."

Of the death of young Ellis, the only man killed on the Brooklyn, the Rear Admiral said: "He was a bright lad, from Brooklyn, who enlisted to go before the mast, but he was a hard worker, studied navigation with the younger officers of the ship, and had risen to the rank of yeoman.

"As I stood talking with Captain Cook, while we were finishing the Vizcaya, it seemed that our shots were falling a little short. I turned to Ellis, who stood near, and asked him what the range was. He replied, 'Seventeen hundred yards.' I have pretty keen eyesight, and it seldom deceives me as to distances, and I told him I thought it was slightly more than that. 'I just took it, sir, but I'll try again,' he said, and stepped off to one side about eight feet to get the range.

Head Shot Away by a Shell.

"He had just raised his instrument to his eye when a shell struck him full in the face and carried away all of his head above the mouth. A great deal of blood spurted around, and the men near were rattled for a moment.

"Shells are queer things," said the Rear Admiral, after a moment's silence. "I noticed one man standing with his hand grasping a hammock rail as a shell struck the ship, ricocheted and burst. One piece of the metal cut the rail on one side of his hand, another on the other side, so that he was left standing with a short section of the rail still grasped in his hand. Another portion of the shell passed over his shoulder and another between his legs. He was surprised, but wasn't hurt."

"If we could have gotten by the Brooklyn, and I believed we could," said Admiral Cervera to Commodore Schley and Captain "Bob" Evans, in the cabin of the Iowa, "I could have gotten away. My orders to concentrate fire on the Brooklyn were carried out, but your ship has a charmed life, sir;" and the sad-faced admiral, with tears in his eyes, added: "My career is ended. I shall go back to Spain to be killed or die in disgrace."

Commodore Schley put out his hand and rested it on Cervera's shoulder. He speaks Spanish, and the liquid language flowed easily as he said: "Admiral, you are a brave man, and coming out, as you did, in the face of a superior force, is but an exemplification of that bravery. Your country can't but do you honor."

Commodore Schley added: "It is my opinion that the Spanish Admiral might have escaped with possibly one or two of his ships had he adopted different tactics in coming out of the harbor. Had he diverted the course of his ships, sending some to the east, and others to the west, it is my belief that he might have escaped with one or possibly two of the vessels. Such a

course, naturally, would have compelled us to separate our fleet, and some of Cervera's ships might have been able to reach Havana."

Rear Admiral Schley was the guest of honor at a banquet given by the Lotos Club, at its magnificent home on Fifth avenue, New York. Seated at the guests' table were Bishop Potter, Admiral Erben, Captain Sigsbee, Chauncey M. Depew, Colonel Robert G. Ingersoll, Rev. Minot J. Savage, Captain A. T. Mahan and Admiral Schley. When Admiral Schley arose to speak he was accorded a tremendous ovation. He said:

"I do not think I deserve so much praise as you are willing to accord me. I am simply a sharer in a great event and had the pleasure of assisting others to a result which has been glorious in our history.

"It ought to be said that the matchless victory of the peerless Dewey on May 1 and that of July 3 at Santiago, supported by the beautiful work of our army in the field before Santiago, culminated the vigilance of the Navy Department and its officers. How well our work was done the wrecks lying on the eastern end of Cuba tell the better story.

Felt Cervera Was Coming Out.

"Curious how little things determine results. It had been the determination of the fleet of Admiral Cervera to have left on the night of July 2. By some strange motion of telepathy I felt that an outward movement had been determined and decided to connect the after and forward engines of my ship. Yet I feared to be caught in an operation of hardly an hour; but I was told that the full speed of four engines and one half boiler power was greater than two engines and full boiler power, so I risked it. Much has to be risked in battle. It appeared that at the very hour I was occupying my mind with this question Cervera had planned his attempt to escape.

"The discipline was so complete and the men off Santiago so vigilant that the movement of the enemy's fleet was simultaneously discovered on every ship. The moment chosen by Admiral Cervera was 9.30 o'clock in the morning. He assumed that we would be at quarters and we were. In three minutes the action had commenced. They came out in beautiful order, technically a column under high pressure of steam. Signals were made to close in and clear for action, followed by a general inward movement. Guns were opened.

"Such a bombardment as followed in the next fifteen minutes rarely falls to the experience of any one. The batteries east and west of the harbor opened on the vessels. The firing was of a kind that can only come with modern rapid-firing guns. The storm of projectiles that passed about us was simply terrific.

"I stood on the bridge to better determine which of three methods to

pursue. The movement was made westward, the most vulnerable to the enemy. We followed at high speed until we determined that the attitude of the enemy was flight rather than fight. Fifteen minutes would have been lost had not this been the case, masking the enemy against our fire. The result in 29 minutes was that four of the enemy's ships were destroyed and on fire and in retreat to the beach and two remained, the Vizcaya and the Colon, who put their helms port and attempted to escape to the west, pursued by all our fleet except two, who remained behind for humanity's sake and to save life, which is common to civilized warfare. Fifty-nine minutes from the time the Teresa and the Oquendo commenced flight they suffered terribly.

"It was the first time I have ever seen shingles literally fly from a ship. They were pierced by 100 projectiles, the water mains cut and set on fire. One shell alone killed and wounded thirty persons. The Colon steamed up out of range, and I directed Captain Cook, of the Brooklyn, to go to dinner, and the same signal was sent to the Oregon. Then I set to work the firemen and coal-heavers, those noble, silent, effective workers, upon whom effects were to depend. I stood on the bridge and I heard coming through the hatchways the song of 'Old John's body goes marching on,' while those sterling fellows were shoveling coal and we bounded forward.

One of Clark's Railway Trains.

"After thirty minutes of good feeding we gained so much on the Colon that I signaled Captain Clark, of the Oregon, to let go one of his railway trains. One of his thirteen-inch guns was fired and fell just astern. Then the Brooklyn fired an eight-inch shell, which fell about an equal distance ahead. Clark wig-wagged to me 'A little ahead.' I wig-wagged back, 'A little astern.' Then came the query from Clark 'if she were not an Italian ship,' and I replied that I thought she wore other colors now. These were the pleasantries of the battle.

"The third shot struck. Then the Brooklyn fired an eight-inch shell which struck on her quarter and wrecked the cabin and everything in it. We were then coming up within range. Seeing the dangerous ground he fired a gun to leeward and then ran his ship ashore. Captain Cook, flag captain, was sent to demand an unconditional surrender, which was granted. Some time after the commander-in-chief came and the prize was turned over to him and a substantial report turned in. Commander Eaton at this juncture reported that the Pelayo had been seen on the coast and Admiral Sampson said: 'Schley, take the Oregon and go east and finish up the job.'

"We started and saw a vessel ahead which bore all the earmarks of a Spaniard, and we felt that any Spaniard was on dangerous ground that day.

A second report came from the Vixen that she had been examined from close range and that she was the Pelayo, and I signaled the commander that I would go west and engage her. She turned southwest. Then we thought we had a fight sure. Then we saw it was a turreted ship, not a battleship, such as the Pelayo. Our men were so educated, by having the pictures of Spanish ships posted about our ship that one of them came up to me and said:

" 'Admiral, that is not the Pelayo, but the Cardinal Cisneros,' and I said that was easy. We approached within 2,500 yards, and I saw a signal go up, and I wondered what the Spanish meant by signalling to us. Cook suggested that she wanted to know what had happened up on the beach.

"Then we made her out the Marie Teresa, an Austrian battleship. Her commander visited us and said he wanted to go into Santiago to carry out German refugees. We told him to see the commander-in-chief the next morning. He asked what was a safe distance to remain off shore. I told him ten miles and he said: 'I'll make it twenty to be sure,' and he did. Next day he sent a steam launch into the harbor.

Our Gunners 'Without Peers.

"It ought to be said of the men of our navy that our gunners are without peers. War shortens life, but there is no doubt that it broadens it. It has been said that every generation of men should defend the spurs they inherited. The same authority also said: 'Point me a nation that two generations have passed without war and you will point to one whose decadence has begun.' War is a necessary evil. It is to the modern body politic, medicine the same as the natural and corporal body has to take."

An officer of our fleet at Santiago said the glory of this battle was not all due to the men on deck, but was equally due to the men below, "upon whom dropped the hot saltpetre water from the sponging of the guns, making the decks slippery and burning blisters on the bare backs of the men underneath, who, groping and choking, feeling their way through the dense smoke, go silently and obediently about their work with but one thought and aim in view—to keep those continually empty cars and hoists filled with powder and projectiles, not knowing how the battle is raging until a cheer is finally heard from deck; their spirits brighten, and an old salt will exclaim, 'I guess they must have hit 'em that time.'

"Then he goes up and sits on a large shell for good luck, or, as a yell is heard, 'Armor-piercing, quick!' and the shells are quickly changed, he takes an oily rag and rubs the cap of the projectile, saying: 'That'll make 'er bite better,' and the young boy of the new navy, who has been in the

service as many months as the old salt has years, exclaims to his shipmates, 'Ah, what's he giving us?'

"There were other heroes that day, men who never see the battle, but do the work that keeps everything in the ships in motion and take a risk greater than commodore or captain. When the *Vizcaya* had been sunk and beached that day, Captain Cook, having been ordered by Commodore Schley to cease firing, called the men from the handling rooms and the turret to take a breath of air while the chase of the *Colon* went on. But the battle was on for men not visible. Down beneath the protective belt, informed only of the glories of the day's fighting by Captain Cook's bulletin, through the speaking tube, men worked in a pit below the water in a temperature of over 160 degrees.

"From the funnels the black smoke pouring forth told that stokers and coal-passers and firemen were working like fiends to give the ship more momentum, so that the foe would be captured. At the engines Engineer Carter and his assistant, Mr. Patton, watched every pulsation and encouraged the men to greater effort to produce more steam. In the stoke holds men toiled amid fierce flames that licked out at them each time the doors opened for coal or the long slice bars went in.

"Slowly the *Brooklyn* gained on the *Colon*, until the last Spanish flag went down. So did the *Oregon*. The fire and engineers' corps of the two ships had won the day and caught the last of the Spanish fleet."

"Fighting Bob's" Story.

Captain Evans' account of the battle, as he told it in the cabin of the battleship *Iowa*, after the fight, is more interesting possibly than his official report. He said:

"At the time 'general quarters' was sounded, the engine bell rang 'full speed ahead,' and I put the helm to starboard, and the *Iowa* crossed the bows of the *Infanta Maria Teresa*, the first ship out. As the Spanish admiral swung to the westward, the 12-inch shells on the forward turret of the *Iowa* seemed to strike him fair in the bow, and the fight was a spectacle. As the squadron came out in column, the ships beautifully spaced as to distance, and gradually increasing their speed to thirteen knots, it was superb.

"The *Iowa* from this moment kept up a steady fire from her heavy guns, heading all the time to keep the *Infanta Maria Teresa* on her starboard bow, and hoping to ram one of the leading ships. In the meantime the *Oregon*, *Indiana*, *Brooklyn* and *Texas* were doing excellent work with their heavy guns. In a very short space of time the enemy's ships were all clear of the

harbor mouth, and it became evidently impossible for the Iowa to ram either the first or the second ship on account of their speed.

"The range at this time was two thousand yards from the leading ship. The Iowa's helm was immediately put hard to starboard, and the entire starboard port side was poured into the Infanta Maria Teresa. The helm was then quickly shifted to port and the ship headed across the stern of the Teresa in an effort to head off the Oquendo. All the time the engines were driving at full speed ahead. A perfect torrent of shells from the enemy passed over the smoke-stacks and superstructure of the ship, but none struck her.

"The Cristobal Colon, being much faster than the rest of the Spanish ships, passed rapidly to the front in an effort to escape. In passing the Iowa the Colon placed two six-inch shells fairly in our starboard bow. One passed through the cofferdam and dispensary, wrecking the latter and bursting on the berth deck, doing considerable damage. The other passed through the side of the water line with the cofferdam, where it still remains.

Ship Crowded to Utmost Speed.

"As it was now obviously impossible to ram any of the Spanish ships on account of their superior speed, the Iowa's helm was put to the starboard, and she ran on a course parallel with the enemy. Being then abreast of the Almirante Oquendo, at a distance of 1,100 yards, the Iowa's entire battery, including the rapid-fire guns, was opened on the Oquendo. The punishment was terrific. Many twelve and eight-inch shells were seen to explode inside of her, and smoke came out through her hatches. Two twelve-inch shells from the Iowa pierced the Almirante Oquendo at the same moment, one forward and the other aft. The Oquendo seemed to stop her engines for a moment and lost headway, but she immediately resumed her speed and gradually drew ahead of the Iowa and came under the terrific fire of the Oregon and Texas.

"At this moment the alarm of 'torpedo-boats' was sounded, and two torpedo-boat destroyers were discovered on the starboard quarter at a distance of four thousand yards. Fire was at once opened on them with the after battery, and a twelve-inch shell cut the stern of one destroyer squarely off. As this shell struck, a small torpedo-boat fired back at the battleship, sending a shell within a few feet of my head. I said to Executive Officer Rogers, 'That little chap has got a lot of cheek.' Rogers shouted back, 'She shoots very well all the same.'

"Well up among the advancing cruisers, spitting shots at one and then

at another, was the little Gloucester, shooting first at a cruiser and then at a torpedo-boat and hitting a head wherever she saw it. The marvel was that she was not destroyed by the rain of shells.

"In the meantime the Vizcaya was slowly drawing abeam of the Iowa, and for the space of fifteen minutes it was give and take between the two ships. The Vizcaya fired rapidly but wildly, not one shot taking effect on the Iowa, while the shells from the Iowa were tearing great rents in the sides of the Vizcaya. As the latter passed ahead of the Iowa she came under the murderous fire of the Oregon. At this time the Infanta Maria Teresa and the Almirante Oquendo, leading the enemy's column, were seen to be heading for the beach and in flames. The Texas, Oregon, and Iowa pounded them unmercifully. They ceased to reply to the fire, and in a few moments the Spanish cruisers were a mass of flames and on the rocks, with their colors down, the Teresa flying a white flag at the fore.

Two Spanish Ships on Fire.

"The crews of the enemy's ship stripped themselves and began jumping overboard, and one of the smaller magazines began to explode. Meantime the Brooklyn and the Cristobal Colon were exchanging compliments in lively fashion and at apparently long range, and the Oregon, with her locomotive speed, was hanging well on to the Colon, also paying attention to the Vizcaya. The Teresa and the Oquendo were in flames on the beach just twenty minutes after the first shot was fired. Fifty minutes after the first shot was fired the Vizcaya put her helm to port with a great burst of flame from the after part of the ship, and headed slowly for the rocks at Accerodos, where she found her last resting place.

"As it was apparent that the Iowa could not possibly catch the Cristobal Colon and that the Oregon and Brooklyn undoubtedly would, and as the fast New York was also on her trail, I decided that the calls of humanity should be answered and attention given to the 1,200 or 1,500 Spanish officers and men who had struck their colors to the American squadron commanded by Admiral Sampson. I therefore headed for the wreck of the Vizcaya, now burning furiously fore and aft. When I was in as far as the depth of water would admit, I lowered all my boats and sent them at once to the assistance of the unfortunate men, who were being drowned by dozens or roasted on the decks. I soon discovered that the insurgent Cubans who were on the shore would not allow the men who were struggling in the water to reach the shore. I immediately put a stop to this, but I could not put a stop to the mutilation of many bodies by the sharks inside the reef. These

creatures had become excited by the blood from the wounded mixing in the water.

"My boats' crews worked manfully and succeeded in saving many of the wounded from the burning ship. One man, who will be recommended for promotion, clambered up the side of the Vizcaya and saved three men from burning to death. The smaller magazines of the Vizcaya were exploding with magnificent cloud effects. The boats were coming alongside in a steady string and willing hands were helping the lacerated Spanish officers and sailors on to the Iowa's quarterdeck. All the Spaniards were absolutely without clothes. Some had their legs torn off by fragments of shells. Others were mutilated in every conceivable way.

Superb Examples of Heroism.

"The bottoms of the boats held two or three inches of blood. In many cases dead men were lying in the blood. Five poor chaps died on the way to the ship. They were afterwards buried with military honors from the Iowa. Some examples of heroism, or more properly devotion to discipline and duty, could never be surpassed. One man on the lost Vizcaya had his left arm almost shot off just below the shoulder. The fragments were hanging by a small piece of skin. But he climbed unassisted over the side and saluted as if on a visit of ceremony. Immediately after him came a strong hearty sailor, whose left leg had been shot off above the knee. He was hoisted on board the Iowa with a tackle, but never a whimper came from him. Gradually the mangled bodies and naked men accumulated until it would have been almost difficult to recognize the Iowa as a United States battleship.

"Blood was all over her usually white quarterdeck; and 272 naked men were being supplied with water and food by those who a few minutes before had been using a rapid-fire battery on them. Finally came the boats with Captain Eulate, commander of the Vizcaya, for whom a chair was lowered over the side, as he was evidently wounded. The Captain's guard of marines was drawn up on the quarterdeck to salute him, and I stood waiting to welcome him. As the chair was placed on deck the marines presented arms. Captain Eulate slowly raised himself in the chair, saluted me with grave dignity, unbuckled his sword belt, and, holding the hilt of the sword before him, kissed it reverently, with tears in his eyes, and then surrendered it to me.

"Of course, I declined to receive his sword, and, as the crew of the Iowa saw this, they cheered like wild men. As I started to take Captain Eulate into the cabin to let the doctors examine his wounds, the magazines on board the Vizcaya exploded with a tremendous burst of flame. Captain Eulate,

ADMIRAL SCHLEY'S VIVID STORY.

extending his hands, said: 'Adios, Vizcaya. There goes my beautiful ship, Captain;' and so we passed on to the cabin, where the doctors dressed his three wounds. In the meantime 30 officers of the Vizcaya had been picked up, besides 272 of her crew. Our ward room and steerage officers gave up their state rooms and furnished food, clothing and tobacco to those naked officers from the Vizcaya. The Paymaster issued uniforms to the naked sailors; and each was given all the corned beef, coffee and hard tack he could eat. The war had assumed another aspect.

Wounded Prisoners on the Gloucester.

"As I knew the crews of the first two ships wrecked had not been visited by any of our vessels, I ran down to them. I found the Gloucester with Admiral Cervera and a number of his officers aboard and also a large number of wounded, some in a frightfully mangled condition. Many prisoners had been killed on shore by the fire of the Cubans. The Harvard came off, and I requested Captain Cotton to go in and take off the crews of the Infanta Maria Teresa and the Almirante Oquendo, and by midnight the Harvard had 976 prisoners aboard, a great number of them wounded.

'For courage and dash there is no parallel in history to this action of the Spanish Admiral. He came, as he knew, to absolute destruction. There was one single hope. That was that the Cristobal Colon would steam faster than the Brooklyn. The spectacle of two torpedo-boat destroyers, paper shells at best, deliberately steaming out in broad daylight in the face of the fire of battleships can only be described in one way. It was Spanish, and it was ordered by Blanco. The same must be said of the entire movement.

"In contrast to the Spanish fashion was the cool, deliberate Yankee work. The American squadron was without sentiment apparently. The ships went at their Spanish opponents and literally tore them to pieces. I took Admiral Cervera aboard the Iowa from the Gloucester, which had rescued him, and received him with a full Admiral's guard. The crew of the Iowa crowded aft over the turrets, half naked and black with powder, as Cervera stepped over the side bareheaded. Over his undershirt he wore a thin suit of flannel, borrowed from Lieutenant-Commander Wainwright, of the Gloucester. The crew cheered vociferously. Cervera is every inch an Admiral, even if he had not any hat. He submitted to the fortunes of war with a grace that proclaimed him a thoroughbred.

"The officers of the Vizcaya said they simply could not hold their crews at the guns on account of the rapid fire poured upon them. The decks were flooded with water from the fire hose, and the blood from the wounded made

this a dark red. Fragments of bodies floated in this along the gun deck. Every instant the crack of exploding shells told of new havoc. One of the 12-inch shells from the Iowa exploded a torpedo in the Vizcaya's bow, blowing twenty-one men against the deck above and dropping them dead and mangled into the fire which at once started below.

"The torpedo boat Ericsson was sent by the flagship to the help of the Iowa in the rescue of the Vizcaya's crew. Her men saw a terrible sight. The flames leaping out from the huge shot holes in the Vizcaya's sides licked up the decks, sizzling the flesh of the wounded who were lying there shrieking for help. Between the frequent explosions there came awful cries and groans from the men pinned in below. This carnage was chiefly due to the rapidity of the American fire. Corporal Smith, of the Iowa, fired 135 aimed shots in fifty minutes from a 4-inch gun. Two shells struck within ten feet of Smith and started a small fire, but the Corporal went on pumping shots into the enemy, only stopping to say, 'They've got it in for this gun, sir.'

Eight Shots a Minute.


"From two 6-pounders 400 shots were fired in fifty minutes. Up in the tops the marines banged away with 1-pounders, too excited to step back to duck as the shells whistled over them. One gunner of a secondary battery under a 12-inch gun was blinded by smoke and saltpetre from the turret, and his crew were driven off, but sticking a wet handkerchief over his face, with holes cut for his eyes, he stuck to his gun. Finally, as the 6-pounders were so close to the 8-inch turret as to make it impossible to stay there with safety, the men were ordered away before the big gun was fired, but they refused to leave. When the 8-inch gun was fired the concussion blew two men of the smaller gun's crew ten feet from their guns and threw them to the deck as deaf as posts. Back they went again, however, and were again blown away, and finally had to be dragged away from their stations. Such bravery and such dogged determination under the heavy fire were of frequent occurrence on all the ships engaged.

"During his stay on the Iowa Admiral Cervera endeared himself to all. After Blanco's order was issued he wanted to come out on the night of July 2d, but General Linares said, 'Wait till to-morrow morning. You will catch them at divine service then.' The Spaniards say that no torpedo boats ever came out to attack Admiral Sampson's fleet.

R. D. Evans

CHAPTER II.

Admiral Dewey's Story of the Famous Naval Victory at Manila.

HE whole country was startled by the unexpected news of the great American naval victory at Manila. It was not known that naval operations were going on in the far East, yet, while the popular attention was focused on events in Cuba as being nearer home, Admiral Dewey had been grimly carrying out the orders given him.

On May 1st the world was astounded by a brief cablegram—unofficial—that Admiral Montojo's fleet, at Manila, had been utterly destroyed. The cable to the Philippine Archipelago was a Spanish one, and the ominous silence at Madrid served to corroborate the early rumors. It was not until Dewey's messenger reached Hong Kong two days later, however, that the news of his victory was officially confirmed.

"Not one Spanish flag flies in Manila bay to-day; not one Spanish warship floats except as our prize," was Admiral Dewey's soul-stirring message that enthused the nation and startled the European powers.

An echo almost of Perry's famous bulletin, "We have met the enemy and they are ours," and in truth Dewey's achievement proved to have no other parallel in history than Perry's famous victory on Lake Erie in 1813, unless it be Farragut's attack on the forts in Mobile Bay in 1864, for which the creation of the office of vice-admiral was not deemed too high a reward, and in which the gallant hero of Manila had taken part.

Through the British Colonial Secretary Joseph Chamberlain, who desired him to leave Hong Kong Harbor without delay, did Commodore Dewey first hear, on Sunday, April 24th, that a state of war existed between this country and Spain.

His squadron, consisting of the *Olympia*, *Baltimore*, *Raleigh*, *Petrel*, *Concord*, *Boston*, with the revenue cutter *McCulloch* and the supply ships *Nanshan* and *Zafiro*, was ordered to rendezvous at Mirs Bay, thirty miles distant, and being compelled to wait there for the arrival of the United States Consul at Manila, did not leave anchorage until the 27th; but when it did so, it was with the commander's openly expressed determination to fight the enemy the very first day he could get at them.

The Island of Luzon was passed on April 30th, and the arrival of the

American fleet was at once cabled to Manila, even as their leaving Hong Kong had undoubtedly been announced in hastily written despatches to the Spaniards at that place.

Still, the commander of the Spanish fleet either miscalculated our speed or perchance doubted our coming, for, when the Concord and Boston were sent forty miles away to reconnoitre Subig Bay (where he had planned to meet and annihilate us), not a ship of his was found there.



ADMIRAL GEORGE DEWEY.

On receipt of this information the commodore signaled for a council of war and it was decided to run the batteries at the entrance of Manila Bay at midnight.

Corregidor Island, at the mouth of the bay, many miles from the city, was reached at the appointed time; and now, cautiously, noiselessly, and without any light but a hooded sternlight on each ship to guide the following one, our squadron entered the channel.

Rockets fired from the summit of the Corregidor and answered from the mainland prompted the fear that we had been discovered; it was a false alarm; but presently, when the six fighting ships had passed the island fort, and now showed their sternlights not to their followers only, but to the enemy, blinding flashes from the outermost mainland battery, immediately followed by a shot, and another and a third, made it plain that we no longer advanced unseen.

Three shots from the Concord, the Boston and the McCulloch, however, silenced the fort; and through the darkness of the cloudy night we steamed slowly forward, the men lulled to rest at their stations on deck by the peaceful rolling of the midnight tropical sea, the commanders bending their every thought on the encounter which was now felt to be imminent and of uncertain duration.

By five o'clock Manila lay four miles ahead of the advancing fleet to the eastward; Cavite, with its arsenals and naval depot, was on their right, seven miles from the capital. A harmless shot greeted them from Manila, while on their starboard a roar of guns was heard, from Cavite; there it was that the enemy lay; there they should attack him forthwith.

Ships Were Kept Moving.

And now, the faithful pupil of Farragut, who had displayed such judgment in the planning of the nightly invasion of the bay, his selection of the channel south of Corregidor Island, and his safe piloting of his squadron within sight of the foe, now set about giving the world one more illustration of the advantage possessed by battling ships kept in motion over vessels at anchor.

Swinging round in Indian file, our six battleships first made straight for the fort, under whose protection the Spaniards lay; then facing the fire that poured upon the batteries, and soon after from the Spanish ships, to and fro they steadily wheeled in front of the little harbor, describing a weird figure eight in that cyclone of shell and shot, and belching forth incessant broadsides now from the port-side and then from the starboard.

Out of her hiding-place came the Spanish admiral's flagship, the Rein-Christina, only to prove her inability to withstand the storm of steel directed upon her; and as she endeavored to make a hasty retreat, a shell from the Olympia completely wrecked her. A second sortie by the Spanish admiral aboard another flagship (the Isla de Cuba) shared the same fate, and the deathly havoc went on with appalling relentlessness for two hours, when lo, the United States flagship Olympia was seen moving towards the centre of the bay, followed by her subordinates.

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ADMIRAL GEORGE DEWEY
THE HERO OF MANILA



**THE SPANISH SHIP REINA CHRISTINA ATTACKING THE AMERICAN FLAGSHIP OLYMPIA
AT THE BATTLE OF MANILA, AS SEEN FROM THE GUNBOAT PETREL**

THE SPANISH SHIP REINA CHRISTINA ATTACKING THE AMERICAN FLAGSHIP OLYMPIA
AT THE BATTLE OF MANILA, AS SEEN FROM THE GUNBOAT PETREL



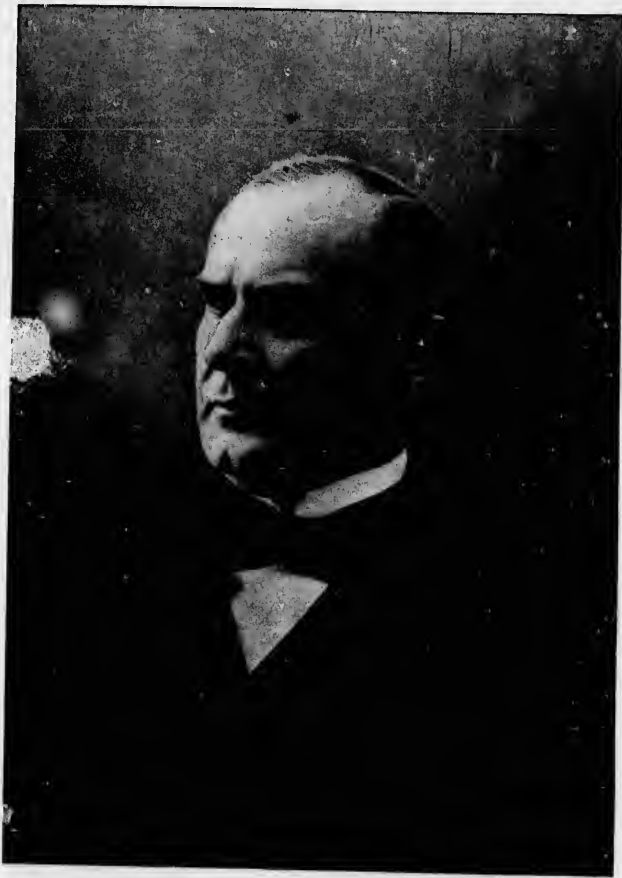
ADMIRAL DEWEY ON THE BRIDGE OF THE OLYMPIA DURING THE
GREAT NAVAL BATTLE OF MANILA

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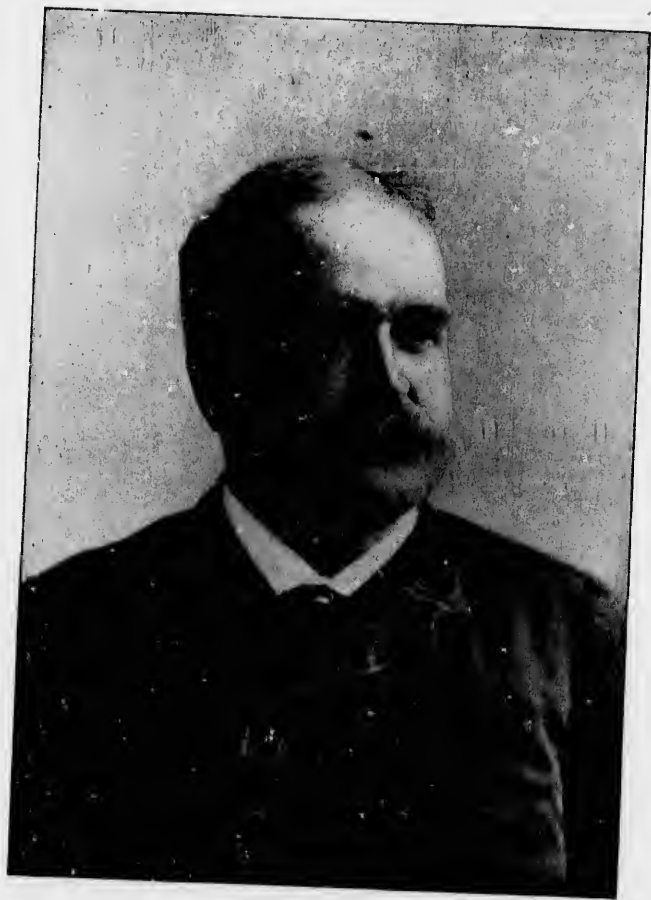


THE SPANISH FLEET AFTER THE BATTLE OF MANILA

THE SPANISH FLEET AFTER THE BATTLE OF MANILA



WILLIAM MCKINLEY
PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES



JOHN D. LONG
SECRETARY OF THE NAVY



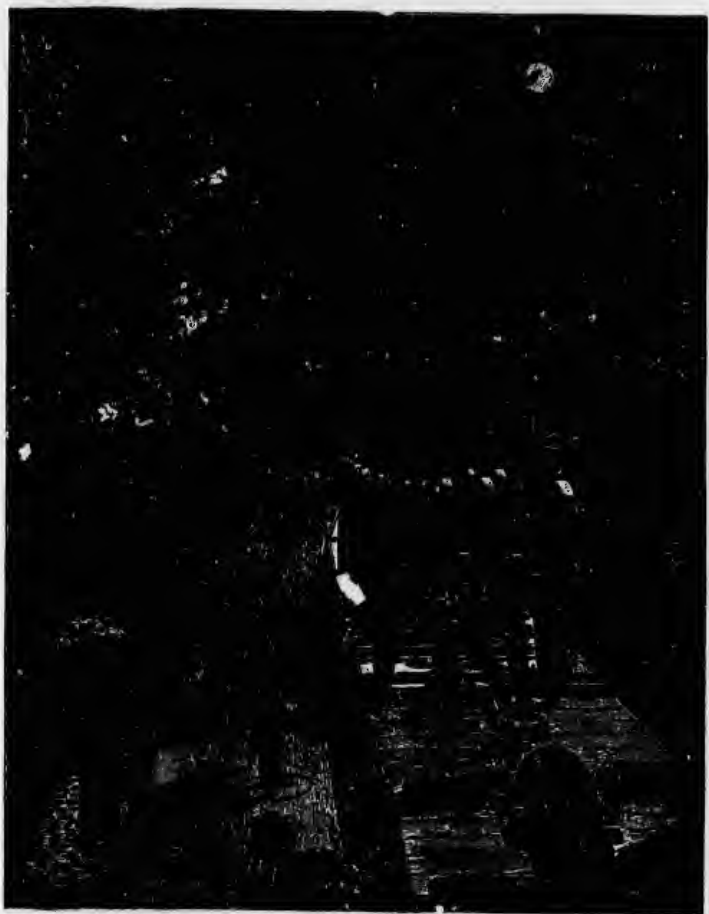
MAJOR-GENERAL NELSON A. MILES
FIELD COMMANDER OF THE ARMIES OF THE UNITED STATES



EMBARKATION OF MULES AT TAMPA FOR CUBA



EMBARKATION OF MULES AT TAMPA FOR CUBA



LOADING ARTILLERY ON SHIPS AT TAMPA



MANTANZAS, CUBA, BEFORE THE BOMBARDMENT BY ADMIRAL SAMPSON'S FLEET

MANTANZAS, CUBA, BEFORE THE BOMBARDMENT BY ADMIRAL SAMPSON'S FLEET



BOMBARDMENT OF SAN JUAN, PORTO RICO, BY ADMIRAL SAMPSON'S FLEET



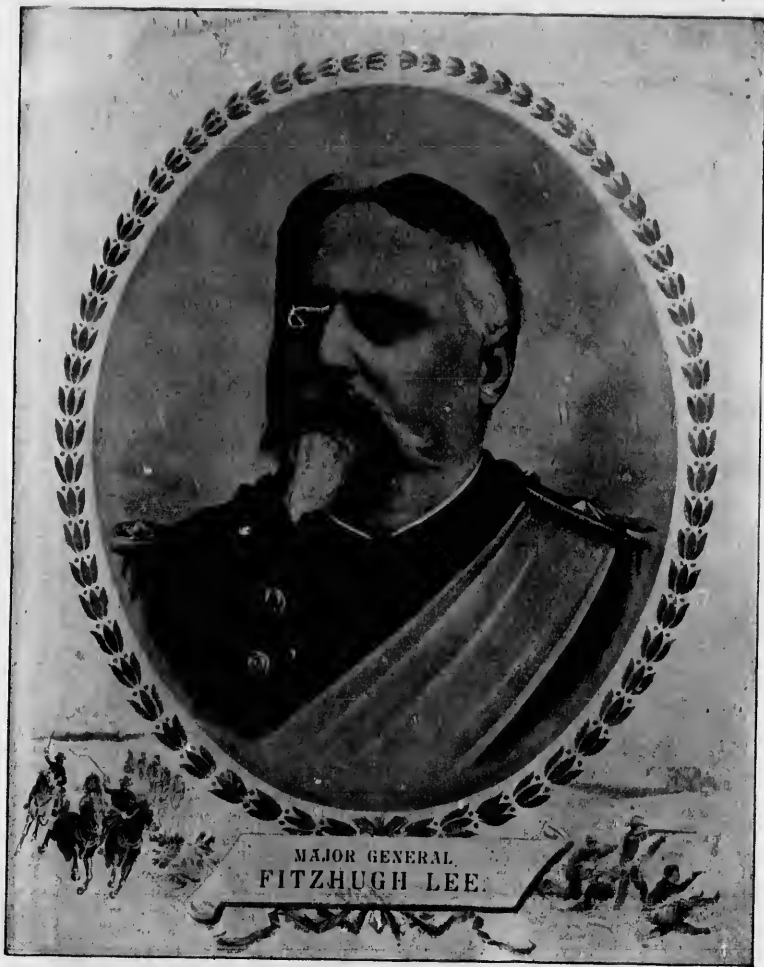
THE LAST MAN ON BOARD—TROOPS LEAVING CALIFORNIA
FOR MANILA



ORIGONIA



SPANISH FLEET UNDER COMMAND OF ADMIRAL CERVERA, BEFORE ENTERING
THE HARBOR OF SANTIAGO, CUBA



MAJOR GENERAL
FITZHUGH LEE.



HEROES OF THE MERRIMAC



LANDING PLACE OF OUR TROOPS AT GUANTANAMO

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What could the Spaniards conclude but that, calamitous as the encounter had proved to them, it must have been equally disastrous to the Americans? The up-to-date Krupp guns on yonder shore batteries had evidently chastised the invader's temerity; for were not these finer and larger than any gun in their fleet? And see, the "Yankee pigs" were, one and all, retiring from the fray. Not one of the gallant ships, however, had been seriously injured; among our brave fellows not one precious life had been lost; their commander had simply come to t' e conclusion that they had earned a little rest, and he was taking them out of the clouds of smoke and the stifling heat of the battle for the commonplace, unheroic purpose of giving them their breakfast.

The foe had apparently forgotten, if ever they had read of it, how, on the 1st of June, 1794, the British admiral, Earl Howe, hove to for an hour, so as to enable his men to fortify themselves with a substantial meal, before attacking the French off Ushant and routing them, as they subsequently did. Our gallant and indomitable Dewey was now but perpetuating the traditions of Anglo-Saxon humaneness and Anglo-Saxon practical forethought in Manila, —that was all.

Back to the charge our men returned with renewed energy at 10.45, after a three hours' recess; back to the duel of desperation on one side and the composure of self-confidence on the other, which was soon to shatter the last remnants of Admiral Montojo's hopes.

One after another his ships were sunk, burned, or captured; one by one his batteries were silenced, and in the noon-day sun of that May day, the last of the Spanish flags struck on Cavite fort. In one day Spain had lost ten warships, not to speak of her torpedo boats and transports, and some 1200 of her defenders were killed or wounded. Not one death on our side had marred our victory; eight of the Baltimore crew had paid for their bravery with more or less trifling wounds, and the injury done to our nine battleships was not thought to exceed \$5,000.

An Insolent Spanish Governor.

Exactly seven days before this epoch-making engagement, Governor-General Basilio Augustin y Davila had issued a proclamation to the Philipinos, in which the following passage held a prominent place:

"The North American people, constituted of all the social excrescences, have exhausted our patience and provoked war with their perfidious machinations, with their acts of treachery and with their outrages against the laws of nations and international treaties.

"A squadron, manned by foreigners, possessing neither instruction nor

discipline, is preparing to come to this archipelago with the ruffianly intention of robbing us of all that means life, honor and liberty.

"The struggle will be short and decisive. The God of victories will give us one as complete as the righteousness and justice of our cause demands."

Verily, one portion of General Augustin's prophecy had proved remarkably accurate. The struggle had been indeed "short and decisive;" one single battle had sufficed to wrench from Spain the unholy dominion she had held continuously over those islands (save for the British occupation of Manila for a few months last century) ever since the name of Philip II. was bestowed upon them three hundred years ago.

"You may fire when ready, Gridley," will pass into history as the quiet order from Commodore Dewey to the captain of the flagship, which heralded one of the greatest naval battles the world has ever seen.

Admiral Dewey's orders were to capture or destroy the Spanish fleet, and never were instructions executed in so complete a fashion. At the end of seven hours there was absolutely nothing left of the Spanish fleet but a few relics.

The American commander had most skillfully arranged every detail of the action, and even the apparently most insignificant features were carried out with perfect punctuality and in railroad time-table order.

At the end of the action Admiral Dewey anchored his fleet in the bay, before Manila, and sent a message to the Governor-General, General Augusti, announcing the inauguration of the blockade, and adding that if a shot was fired against his ships he would destroy every battery about Manila.

Spanish Advantage Unavailing.

The position occupied by the Spaniards, the support which their ships received from the land batteries, and the big guns they had ashore, gave them an enormous advantage. Therefore, when it is considered that the Spaniards lost over six hundred men in killed and wounded, that all their ships were destroyed and that their naval arsenal at Cavite was also destroyed, with its defences, it is apparent that the victory of the Americans is one of the most complete and wonderful achievements ever yet recorded in the history of naval warfare.

Not a man on board the American fleet was killed, not a ship was damaged to any extent, and only six men were injured slightly on board the *Baltimore*.

This grand achievement is quite as much due to the generalship of Admiral Dewey as to the fact that the American gunners, ships and guns are superior to anything in the same line afloat anywhere. Credit must also be

given to the fullest extent to the officers under Admiral Dewey, for, to a man, they seconded their gallant commander in every way possible and thus helped him earn the laurels which are so justly his.

When the squadron left Hong Kong it touched at a point in the Philippine Islands near Bolinao, as Admiral Dewey wished the insurgent agents to disembark there, ascertain the strength and disposition of the insurgent forces, arrange to prevent needless bloodshed and inform the insurgents of his intention to change the government of the Philippine Islands, the Admiral strongly objecting to giving the rebels a chance to commit excesses.

Hunting the Spanish Fleet.

The insurgent leaders, however, refused to disembark under any consideration, and the American ships coasted in search of the Spanish ships, but failed to find them. Admiral Dewey arrived at Subig Bay, about thirty miles north of Manila Bay, on Saturday, April 30th, and sent the Baltimore and Concord to reconnoitre the enemy. They found no Spanish ships at the entrance of the bay, and so the Admiral decided to risk the mines and proceed that same night after it became dark into the bay of Manila, which he accordingly did.

The order of battle taken up by the Spaniards was with all the small craft inside the stone and timber breakwaters of Cavite harbor. The larger ships of Spain cruised off Cavite and Manila. The American fleet entered Manila Bay on Saturday night with the greatest of ease. The Spaniards had not established a patrol and there were no searchlights at the entrance of the bay. In fact, the American ships would probably have passed inside the bay without any challenge, had it not been that some sparks flew up from the McCulloch's funnel. Thereupon a few shots were exchanged with the batteries on Corregidor Island, but the fleet did not slow down and soon took up a position near Cavite, awaiting dawn in order to commence hostilities.

The early hours of the morning revealed the opposing ships to each other and the Spanish flagship opened fire. Her action was followed by some of the larger Spanish warships, and then the Cavite forts opened up and the smaller Spanish vessels brought their guns into play.

The American squadron which had been led into the bay and through the channel by the flagship Olympia did not reply, though the shells of the Spaniards began to strike the water around them, but moved majestically onward. When nearing Baker Bay a sudden upheaval of water a short distance ahead of the Olympia showed that the Spaniards had exploded a mine or a torpedo. This was followed by a second and similar explosion. They were both utterly unsuccessful. The American fleet was then drawing nearer

and nearer to the Spaniards, whose gunnery was very poor, the shots from the Cavite batteries and from the Spanish ships being equally badly aimed, either falling short or going wide of the mark. It was a tremendous waste of ammunition just when most wanted.

The Order of Battle.

When the American fleet entered the bay, coming through the southern channel between Caballo and Frile Islets, the following was their order: the flagship Olympia, the Baltimore, the Raleigh, Concord, Boston, Petrel and McCulloch, with the two store ships, the Nanshan and Zafiro, bringing up the rear. And in that order they swept grandly before the city and faced the enemy in column line. Though the Spaniards had opened fire at 6000 yards, the Americans reserved their fire until within 4000 yards of the enemy, when the real battle began. The Reina Christina, Castilla, Don Antonio de Ulloa, Isla de Cuba, Isla de Luzon and the Mindanao were in line of battle outside of Cavite at that time, with four gunboats and the torpedo boats inside the harbor. The American ships then passed backward and forward six times across the front of the Spaniards, pouring in upon the latter a perfect hail of shot and shell. Every American shot seemed to tell, while almost every Spanish shot missed the mark.

After having thus scattered death and demoralization among the Spanish fleet and in the Spanish batteries, the American fleet retired for breakfast and, incidentally, a council of war was held on board the Olympia. By this time the Spanish ships were in a desperate condition. The flagship Reina Christina was riddled with shot and shell, one of her steam pipes had burst and she was believed to be on fire. The Castilla was certainly on fire, and soon afterward, their condition became worse and worse, until they were eventually burned to the water's edge.

The Don Antonio de Ulloa made a most magnificent show of desperate bravery. When her commander found she was so torn by the American shells that he could not keep her afloat, he nailed her colors to the mast and she sank with all hands fighting to the last. Her hull was completely riddled and her upper deck had been swept clean by the awful fire of the American guns, but the Spaniards, though their vessel was sinking beneath them, continued valorously working the guns on her lower deck until she sank beneath the waters.

During the engagement a Spanish torpedo boat crept along the shore and round the offing in an attempt to attack the American store ships, but she was promptly discovered, was driven ashore and was actually shot to pieces. The Mindanao had in the meanwhile been run ashore to save her

from sinking and the Spanish small craft had sought shelter from the steel storm behind the breakwater.

The battle, which was started at about 5.30 A. M., and adjourned at 8.30 A. M., was resumed about noon, when Admiral Dewey started in to put the finishing touches to his glorious work. There was not much fight left in the Spaniards by that time, and at 2 P. M. the Petrel and Concord had shot the Cavite batteries into silence, leaving them heaps of ruins and floating the white flag.

The Spanish gunboats were then scuttled, the arsenal was on fire and the explosion of a Spanish magazine caused further mortality among the defenders of Spain on the shore. On the water the burning, sunken or destroyed Spanish vessels could be seen, while only the cruiser Baltimore had suffered in any way from the fire of the enemy. A shot which struck her exploded some ammunition near one of her guns and slightly injured half a dozen of the crew.

Spaniards Shot at Dewey.

Several shots passed dangerously close to Admiral Dewey, but little or no damage was done on board the flagship. On the other hand, about 150 men are said to have been killed on board the Spanish flagship, which was totally destroyed. Admiral Montojo, the Spanish commander, transferred his flag to the Isla de Cuba when his ship caught fire, but the latter was destroyed also in due course of time. The Reina Christina lost her captain, a lieutenant, her chaplain and a midshipman by one destructive shot which struck her bridge.

About 100 men were killed and sixty wounded on board the Castilla. Indeed, some estimates place the number of Spanish wounded during the engagement at over a thousand men. The Olympia was struck five times about her upper works, and a whaleboat of the Raleigh was smashed. Although the Krupp guns on the esplanade of Manila were fired continuously during the engagement, Admiral Dewey did not reply to them, and the battery afterward hoisted a white flag in token of surrender.

Says an eye-witness: "Throughout the great battle of Sunday, the fleet acted splendidly. No ship failed to cover itself with glory. The greatest execution was done by the Olympia and Baltimore, owing to the greatest weight of the guns.

"The little Petrel, 'no bigger than a minute,' had a most spectacular part. She went in like a battleship, and, lying close to the shore, completely whipped a good-sized fort unaided. Every officer ought to have promotion for gallantry, and Woods, commander of the Petrel, should receive the thanks of Congress.

"The Spaniards' information regarding our fleet was grievously faulty. They believed the Boston was a battleship, and concentrated their fire on her. She lies so low in the water that they could not hit her effectively. They believed the Olympia was the Oregon, which had come directly across to join the fleet, and the first report from Manila after our fleet was sighted was that the Philadelphia comprised part of the fleet. Notwithstanding their lack of knowledge, they fought like the brave men they were, only they could not shoot straight.

"Admiral Dewey fought the fleet from the top of the pilot house. During the action ninety signals were given and all were answered by the other ships. The forward rigging was cut four feet above Dewey's head by a six-pound shot. The signal halyards were shot away while Lieutenant Brumby was signalling.

"On the Boston seven men were on the bridge with Captain Frank Wildes. A shell crossed the bridge two feet above their heads and burst beyond the rigging, driving the base plug back on board. Wildes stood at his post, his glasses in one hand and a palmleaf fan in the other, and smoked. Between the shots Paymaster Martin made and served out coffee. Ensign Doddridge's room was on fire by the bursting of a shell.

"The Olympia shows nine shots, none of which pierced her hull. The little Petrel is now the pride of the fleet. Her light draught enabled her to get close to the forts, where Woods fearlessly ran in. She has been christened 'The Baby.' The cruiser Baltimore led the fleet to the forts. In the second engagement she was ordered to go at top speed and silence the batteries. She went directly over the mines. Two exploded on each side, the nearest within 100 yards. No damage was done. While Wildes was absent at conference Woods heard of his close call, and on his return the whole ship cheered Captain Frank to the echo."

Admiral Dewey's Own Account.

Among the first mail advices from Manila the War Department at Washington received the following letter from Admiral Dewey:

"FLAGSHIP OLYMPIA, CAVITE, May 4, 1898.

"The squadron left Mirs Bay on April 27. Arrived off Balinao on the morning of April 30, and, finding no vessels there, proceeded down the coast and arrived off the entrance to Manila Bay on the same afternoon. The Boston and Concord were sent to reconnoitre Port Subig. A thorough search of the port was made by the Boston and the Concord, but the Spanish fleet was not found.

"Entered the south channel at half past eleven P. M., steaming in column at eight knots. After half the squadron had passed a battery on the south side of the channel opened fire, none of the shots taking effect. The Boston and McCulloch returned the fire. The squadron proceeded across the bay at slow speed and arrived off Manila at daybreak, and was fired upon at a quarter past five A. M. by three batteries at Manila and two near Cavite, and by the Spanish fleet anchored in an approximately east and west line across the mouth of Baker Bay, with their left in shoal water in Canacao Bay

Beginning the Attack.

"The squadron then proceeded to the attack, the flagship Olympia under my personal direction, leading, followed at a distance by the Baltimore, Raleigh, Petrel, Concord and Boston, in the order named, which formation was maintained throughout the action. The squadron opened fire at nineteen minutes of six A. M. While advancing to the attack two mines were exploded ahead of the flagship too far to be effective.

"The squadron maintained a continuous and precise fire, at ranges varying from 5,000 to 2,000 yards, counter-marching in a line approximately parallel to that of the Spanish fleet. The enemy's fire was vigorous, but generally ineffective.

Quite early in the engagement the two launches put out towards the Olympia with the apparent intention of using torpedoes. One was sunk and the other disabled by our fire and beached before an opportunity occurred to fire torpedoes.

"At seven A. M. the Spanish flagship Reina Christina made a desperate attempt to leave the line and come out to engage at short range, but was received with such galling fire, the entire battery of the Olympia being concentrated upon her, that she was barely able to return to the shelter of the point. Fires started in her by our shells at this time were not extinguished until she sank.

"The three batteries at Manila had kept up a continuous fire from the beginning of the engagement, which fire was not returned by this squadron. The first of these batteries was situated on the south mole head, at the entrance to the Pasig River; the second on the south bastion of the walled city of Manila, and the third at Malate, about one-half mile further south. At this point I sent a message to the Governor General to the effect that if the batteries did not cease firing the city would be shelled. This had the effect of silencing them.

"At twenty-five minutes to eight A. M. I ceased firing and withdrew the squadron for breakfast. At sixteen minutes past eleven A. M. returned to the

attack. By this time the Spanish flagship and almost the entire Spanish fleet were in flames. At half-past twelve P. M. the squadron ceased firing, the batteries being silenced and the ships sunk, burnt and deserted. At twenty minutes to one P. M. the squadron returned and anchored off Manila, the Petrel being left behind to complete the destruction of the smaller gunboats, which were behind the point of Cavite. This duty was performed by Commander E. P. Wood in the most expeditious and complete manner possible.

"The Spanish lost the following vessels: Sunk—Reina Christina, Castilla, Don Antonio de Ulloa. Burnt—Don Juan de Austria, Isla de Luzon, Isla de Cuba, General Lezo, Marquis del Duero, El Correo, Velasco and Isla de Mindanao (transport). Captured—Rapido and Hercules (tugs), and several small launches.

"I am unable to obtain complete accounts of the enemy's killed and wounded, but believe their losses to be very heavy. The Reina Christina alone had 150 killed, including the captain, and ninety wounded. I am happy to report that the damage done to the squadron under my command was inconsiderable.

George Dewey

Another Account of the Battle.

The story of the battle of Manila Bay was retold officially by United States Consul O. F. Williams, in a report to the Department of State, dated on board the United States steamship Baltimore, in Manila Bay, May 4. Because this story is told by a civilian as he saw the events of May day from the bridge of the Olympia and from the quarter deck of the Baltimore, it has a special and captivating interest of its own which makes it additionally forceful. He begins by telling how the American ships slipped into the harbor and lined up for battle off Cavite.

He adds: "At about 5.30 A. M. Sunday, May 1, the Spanish guns opened fire. With magnificent coolness and order, but with the greatest promptness, our fleet, in battle array, headed by the flagship, answered the Spanish attack, and for about two and a half hours a most terrific fire ensued.

"The method of our operations could not have shown greater system, our guns greater effectiveness, or our officers and crews greater bravery, and while Spanish resistance was stubborn and the bravery of Spanish forces such as to challenge a demonstration, yet they were out-classed, weighed in the balance of war against the methods, training, aim and bravery shown on our decks, and after less than three hours' perilous and intense combat one of Spain's

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war ships was sinking, two others were burning and all others with land defences had severely suffered when our squadron, with no harm done its ships, retired for breakfast. At about 10 o'clock A. M. Admiral Dewey renewed the battle, and with effect most fatal with each evolution.

"No better evidence of Spanish bravery need be sought than that, after the castigation of our first engagement, her ships and forts should again answer our fire. But the Spanish efforts were futile, ship after ship and battery after battery went to destruction before the onslaught of American energy and training, and an hour and a half of our second engagement wrought the annihilation of the Spanish fleet and forts, with several hundred Spaniards killed and wounded and millions in value of their Government's property destroyed. While amazing, almost unbelievable as it seems, not a ship or gun of our fleet had been disabled, and, except on the Baltimore, not a man had been hurt.

"One of the Baltimore's crew had a leg fractured by slipping, and another hurt in the ankle in a similar manner, while four received slight



MAP OF THE PHILIPPINE ISLANDS.

flesh wounds from splinters thrown from a 6-inch projectile, which pierced the starboard side of the cruiser. But in the battle of Manila Bay the United States squadron of six war ships totally destroyed the Spanish fleet of eight war ships, many forts and batteries, and accomplished this work without the loss of a man.

"History has only contrasts. There is no couplet to form a comparison. The only finish fight between the modern war ships of civilized nations has proven the prowess of American naval men and methods, and the glory is allegory for the whole people. Our crews are all hoarse from cheering, and while we suffer for cough drops and throat doctors we have no use for liniment or surgeons.

Praise for Officers and Men.

"To every ship, officer and crew all praise be given. As Victoria was answered years ago, 'Your Majesty, there is no second,' so may I report to your Department as to our war ships conquering the Spanish fleet in the battle of Manila Bay, there is no first, 'there is no second.' The cool bravery and efficiency of the commodore was echoed by every captain and commander and down through the lines by every officer and man, and naval history of the dawning century will be rich if it furnishes to the world so glorious a display of intelligent command and successful service as must be placed to the credit of the United States Asiatic Squadron under date of May 1, 1898.

"It was my lot to stand on the bridge of the Baltimore, by the side of Captain Dyer, during the first engagement, and to be called to the flag ship Olympia by the commodore, at whose side on the bridge I stood during the second engagement."

Special interest attaches to the account of the great naval battle at Manila by the Spanish commander. In his official report Admiral Montojo speaking of the recent naval engagement in Manila Bay, refers to it in the following language:

"The Americans fired most rapidly. There came upon us numberless projectiles, as the three cruisers at the head of the line devoted themselves almost entirely to fight the Christina, my flag-ship. A short time after the action commenced one shell exploded in the fore-castle and put out of action all of those who served the four rapid fire cannon, making splinters of the forward mast, which wounded the helmsman on the bridge, when Lieutenant Jose Nunez took the wheel with a coolness worthy of the greatest commendation, steering until the end of the fight.

"In the meanwhile another shell exploded in the orlop, setting fire to the crew's bags, which they were, fortunately, able to control. The enemy short-

ened the distance between us, and, rectifying his aim, covered us with a rain of rapid-fire projectiles.

"At half-past seven one shell destroyed completely the steering gear. I ordered to steer by hand while the rudder was out of action. In the meanwhile another shell exploded on the poop and put out of action nine men.



ADMIRAL MONTOJO, COMMANDER OF THE SPANISH FLEET.

Another destroyed the mizzenmast head, bringing down the flag and my ensign, which were replaced immediately.

"A fresh shell exploded in the officer's cabin, covering the hospital with blood, destroying the wounded who were being treated there. Another exploded in the ammunition room astern, filling the quarters with smoke and preventing the working of the hand-steering gear. As it was impossible to control the fire, I had to flood the magazine when the cartridges were beginning to explode.

" Amidships several shells of smaller calibre went through the smokestack, and one of the large ones penetrated the fire-room, putting out of action one master gunner and twelve men serving the guns. Another rendered useless the starboard bow gun. While the fire astern increased, fire was started forward by another shell, which went through the hull and exploded on the deck.

" The broadside guns, being undamaged, continued firing until there were only one gunner and one seaman remaining unhurt for firing them, as the guns' crews had been frequently called on to substitute those charged with steering, all of whom were out of action.

" The ship being out of control, the hull, smokepipe and masts riddled with shot, half of her crew out of action, among whom were seven officers, I gave the order to sink and abandon the ship before the magazines should explode, making signal at the same time to the Cuba and Luzon to assist in saving the rest of the crew, which they did, aided by others from the Duro and the arsenal.

Ships Battered and Sunk.

" I abandoned the Christina, directing beforehand to secure her flag, and, accompanied by my staff, and with great sorrow, I hoisted my flag on the cruiser Isla de Cuba. After having saved many men from the unfortunate vessel, one shell destroyed her heroic commander, Don Luis Cadaraso, who was directing the rescue. The Ulloa, which also defended herself firmly, using the only two guns which were available, was sunk by a shell, which entered at the water line, putting out of action her commander and half of her remaining crew, those who were only remaining for the service of the two guns stated.

" The Castilla, which fought heroically, with her artillery useless, except one stern gun, with which they fought spiritedly, was riddled with shot and set on fire by the enemy's shells, then sunk, and was abandoned by her crew, in good order, which was directed by her commander, Don Alonzo Algaro. The casualties on this ship were twenty-three killed and eighty wounded.

" The Austria, was very much damaged and on fire, and went to the aid of the Castilla. The Luzon had three guns dismantled and was slightly damaged in the hull. The Duro remained, with one of her engines useless, the bow gun and one of the redoubts.

" At eight o'clock in the morning, the enemy's squadron having suspended its fire, I ordered the ships that remained to us to take situations in the bottom of the roads, at Bacoor, and there to resist to the last moment, and that they should be sunk before they surrendered.

" At half past ten the enemy returned, forming a circle to destroy the arsenal, and the ships which remained to me, opening upon them a horrible

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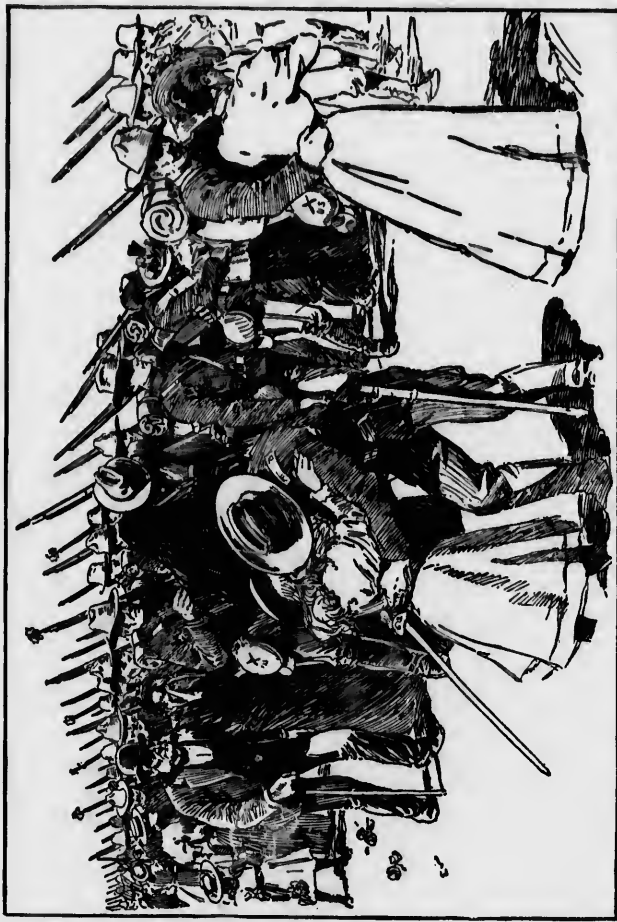
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UNITED STATES TROOPS LEAVING SAN FRANCISCO FOR MANILA.

fire, which we answered as far as we could with the few cannon which we still had mounted.

"There remained the last recourse—to sink our vessels—and we accomplished this operation, taking care to save the flag, the distinguishing pennant, the money in the safe, the portable arms, the breech plugs of the guns, and the signal codes, after which I went, with my staff, to the convent of Santo Domingo de Cavite to be cured of a wound received in the left leg, and to telegraph a brief report of the action, with preliminaries and results.

"The inefficiency of the vessels which composed my little squadron, the lack of all classes of the personnel, especially master gunners and seaman gunners, the inaptitude of some of the provisional machinists, the scarcity of rapid-fire cannon, the strong crews of the enemy, and the unprotected character of the greater part of our vessels, all contributed to make more decided the sacrifice which we made for our country."

Story of a Jolly Sailor.

In Admiral Dewey's fleet there was a sailor man named William Savage, familiarly known to his fellows, no doubt, as Bill. The said Bill, who was a member of the Raleigh's crew, was so delighted with the victory of the fleet over the Dons that he proceeded to get gloriously full. He was found by his superior officers in a condition where about the only thing that could be got out of him was "Hurrah and hurroo," and a summary court-martial was summoned to try him.

The court-martial found that Bill's conduct was in serious violation of the discipline of the fleet, and sentence was passed that Bill should be confined for fifteen days in chains, with an allowance of but one ration a day. Before the sentence was put into execution the findings of the court were submitted to Commodore Dewey. This is what Commodore Dewey wrote on them, as shown by the record which arrived in Washington later.

"The proceedings of the court are approved; the sentence is disapproved, and the accused, William Savage, is ordered to return to his post in consideration of the glorious victory won by the fleet under my command.

"COMMODORE DEWEY,

"Commanding the American Asiatic Fleet."

There are no particulars given in the proceedings as to where Sailor Savage got the whiskey with which he had his glorious celebration. Probably he brought some of his guns to bear upon one of the bars of Cavite. Be that as it may, the opinion of the officials at the Navy Department was one of approval of Admiral Dewey's course in overlooking Sailor Savage's breach of

discipline, under the circumstances. The incident has convinced the officials at the Navy Department that, while Admiral Dewey has been most modest in all his reports bearing upon the achievement of his fleet, he is concealing a vast amount of jubilation.

The following graphic account of the battle, under date of May 1st, is by an eye-witness who was on board Admiral Dewey's flagship, and furnishes details of the engagement supplementary to those given in the foregoing pages:

"Not one Spanish flag flies in Manila Bay to-day. Not one Spanish warship floats except as our prize. More than two hundred Spanish dead and five hundred to seven hundred wounded attest the accuracy of the American fire.

"Commodore Dewey gallantly attacked the Spanish position at Cavite this morning. He swept five times along the line, and scored one of the most brilliant successes in modern warfare. That our loss is trifling adds to the pleasure of victory without detracting from its value. The number of hits our vessels received proved how brave and stubborn was the defence made by the Spanish forces. Miraculous as it may appear, none of our men were killed, and only eight wounded. Those who were wounded suffered only slight injuries.

"Commodore Dewey arrived off Manila Bay last night, and decided to enter the bay at once. With all its lights out, the squadron steamed into Bocagrande, with crews at the guns. This was the order of the squadron, which was kept during the whole time of the first battle: the flagship Olympia, the Baltimore, the Raleigh, the Petrel, the Concord, the Boston.

Rapid Exchange of Shot and Shell.

"It was just eight o'clock, a bright moonlight night, but the flagship passed Corregidor Island without a sign being given that the Spaniards were aware of its approach. Not until the flagship was a mile beyond Corregidor was a gun fired. Then one heavy shot went screaming over the Raleigh and the Olympia, followed by a second, which fell further astern. The Raleigh, the Concord and the Boston replied, the Concord's shells exploding apparently exactly inside the shore battery, which fired no more. Our squadron slowed down to barely steerage way, and the men were allowed to sleep alongside their guns.

"Commodore Dewey had timed our arrival so that we were within five miles of the city of Manila at daybreak. We then sighted the Spanish squadron, Rear-Admiral Montojo commanding, off Cavite. Here the Spaniards had a well-equipped navy yard, called Cavite Arsenal. Admiral Montojo's

flag was flying on the 3,500 ton protected cruiser *Reina Christina*. The protected cruiser *Castilla*, of 3,200 tons, was moored ahead and astern to the port battery, and to seaward were the cruisers *Don Juan de Austria*, *Don Antonio de Ulloa*, *Isla de Cuba*, *Isla de Luzon*, *Quiros*, *Marquis del Onero*, and *General Lezox*. These ships and the flagship remained under way during most of the action.

"With the United States flag flying at all their mastheads, our ships moved to the attack in line ahead, with a speed of eight knots, first passing in front of Manila, where the action was begun by three batteries mounting guns powerful enough to send a shell over us at a distance of five miles. The *Concord's* guns boomed out a reply to these batteries with two shots. No more were fired, because Admiral Dewey could not engage with these batteries without sending death and destruction into the crowded city. As we neared Cavite two very powerful submarine mines were exploded ahead of the flagship. This was at six minutes past five o'clock. The Spaniards had misjudged our position. Immense volumes of water were thrown high in air by these destroyers, but no harm was done to our ships.

Dashing Ahead in Spite of Torpedoes.

"Admiral Dewey had fought with Farragut at New Orleans and Mobile Bay, where he had his first experience with torpedoes. Not knowing how many more mines there might be ahead, he still kept on without faltering. No other mines exploded, however, and it is believed that the Spaniards had only these two in place.

"Only a few minutes later the shore battery at Cavite Point sent over the flagship a shot that nearly hit the battery at Manila, but soon the guns got a better range, and the shells began to strike near us or burst close aboard from both the batteries and the Spanish vessels. The heat was intense. Men stripped off all clothing except their trousers.

"As the *Olympia* drew nearer, all was silent on board as if the ship had been empty, except for the whirr of blowers and the throb of the engines. Suddenly a shell burst directly over us. From the boatswain's mate at the after 5-inch gun came a hoarse cry. 'Remember the Maine!' arose from the throats of five hundred men at the guns. The watchword reverberated through turrets and firerooms, and was caught up wherever seaman or fireman stood at his post.

"'Remember the Maine!' had rung out for defiance and revenge. Its utterance seemed unpremeditated, but was evidently in every man's mind, and, now that the moment had come to make adequate reply to the murder of the *Maine's* crew, every man shouted what was in his heart.

"The Olympia was now ready to begin the fight. Admiral Dewey, his chief of staff, Commander Lamberton, and aide and myself, with Executive Officer Lieutenant Rees and Navigator Lieutenant Calkins, who conned ship most admirably, were on the forward bridge. Captain Gridley was in the conning tower, as it was thought unsafe to risk losing all the senior officers by one shell. 'You may fire when ready, Gridley,' said the Admiral, and at nineteen minutes of six o'clock, at a distance of 5,500 yards, the starboard 8-inch gun in the forward turret roared forth a compliment to the Spanish forts. Presently similar guns from the Baltimore and the Boston sent 250-pound shells hurling toward the Castilla and the Reina Christina for accuracy. The Spaniards seemed encouraged to fire faster, knowing exactly our distance, while we had to guess theirs. Their ship and shore guns were making things hot for us.

Showers of Fragments.

"The piercing scream of shot was varied often by the bursting of time fuse shells, fragments of which would lash the water like shrapnel or cut our hull and rigging. One large shell that was coming straight at the Olympia's forward bridge fortunately fell within less than one hundred feet away. One fragment cut the rigging exactly over the heads of Lamberton, Rees and myself. Another struck the bridge gratings in line with it. A third passed just under Dewey and gouged a hole in the deck. Incidents like these were plentiful.

"Our men naturally chafed at being exposed without returning fire from all our guns, but laughed at danger and chatted good humoredly. A few nervous fellows could not help dodging mechanically when shells would burst right over them or close aboard, or would strike the water and passed overhead, with the peculiar spluttering roar made by a tumbling rifled projectile. Still the flagship promptly steered for the very centre of the Spanish line, and, as our other ships were astern, the Olympia received most of the Spaniards' attention.

"Owing to our deep draught Dewey felt constrained to change his course at a distance of four thousands yards and run parallel to the Spanish column. 'Open with all guns,' he said, and the ship brought her port broadside bearing. The roar of all the flagship's 5-inch rapid firers was followed by a deep diapason of her after turret 8-inchers. Soon our other vessels were equally hard at work, and we could see that our shells were making Cavite harbor hotter for the Spaniards than they had made the approach for us.

"Protected by their shore batteries and made safe from close attack by shallow water, the Spaniards were in a strong position. They put up a

gallant fight. The Spanish ships were sailing back and forth behind the Castilla, and their fire, too, was hot. One shot struck the Baltimore and passed clean through her, fortunately hitting no one. Another ripped up her main deck, disabled a 6-inch gun and exploded a box of 3-pounder ammunition, wounding eight men.

"The Olympia was struck abreast the gun in the wardroom by a shell which burst outside, doing little damage. The signal halyards were cut from Lieutenant Brumby's hand on the after bridge. A shell entered the Boston's port quarter and burst in Ensign Doddridge's stateroom, starting a hot fire, and fire was also caused by a shell which burst in the port hammock netting. Both these fires were quickly put out. Another shell passed through the Boston's foremast just in front of Captain Wildes, who at the time was standing on the bridge.

"After having made four runs along the Spanish line, finding the chart incorrect, Lieutenant Calkins, the Olympia's navigator, told the Commodore he believed he could take the ship nearer the enemy, with lead going to watch the depth of water. The flagship started over the course for the fifth time, running within two thousand yards of the Spanish vessels. At this range even 6-pounders were effective, and the storm of shells poured upon the unfortunate Spanish began to show marked results. Three of the enemy's vessels were seen burning and their fire slackened.

Stopping the Battle for Breakfast.

"On finishing this run Admiral Dewey decided to give the men breakfast, as they had been at the guns two hours with only one cup of coffee to sustain them. Action ceased temporarily at twenty-five minutes of eight o'clock, the other ships passing the flagship and the men cheering lustily. Our ships remained beyond range of the enemy's guns until ten minutes of eleven o'clock, when the signal for close action went up. The Baltimore had the place of honor in the lead, with the flagship following and the other ships as before.

"The Baltimore began firing at the Spanish ships and batteries at sixteen minutes past eleven o'clock, making a series of hits as if at target practice. The Spaniards replied very slowly, and the Admiral signalled the Raleigh, the Boston, the Concord and the Petrel to go into the inner harbor and destroy all the enemy's ships. By her light draught the little Petrel was enabled to move within one thousand yards. Here, firing swiftly but accurately, she commanded everything still flying the Spanish flag. Other ships were also doing their whole duty, and soon not one red and yellow ensign remained aloft, except on a battery up the coast.

"The Spanish flagship and the Castilla had long been burning fiercely, and the last vessel to be abandoned was the Don Antonio de Ulloa, which lurched over and sank.

"Then the Spanish flag on the Arsenal staff was hauled down, and at half-past twelve o'clock a white flag was hoisted there. Signal was made to the Petrel to destroy all the vessels in the inner harbor, and Lieutenant Hughes, with an armed boat's crew, set fire to the Don Juan de Austria, the Marquis del Duero, the Isla de Cuba and the Correo. The large transport Manila and many tugboats and small craft fell into our hands.

"'Capture and destroy Spanish squadron,' were Dewey's orders. Never were instructions more effectually carried out. Within seven hours after arriving on the scene of action nothing remained to be done. The Admiral closed the day by anchoring off the city of Manila and sending word to the Governor General that if a shot was fired from the city at the fleet he would lay Manila in ashes."

The foregoing account by an eye-witness conveys a clear idea of Dewey's tactics, courage and overwhelming triumph. It describes a naval engagement and victory that will live in the annals of our country.

CHAPTER III.

Admiral Dewey's Men Tell of the Great Battle of Manila.



AMONG the passengers who arrived at San Francisco on the Belgic from Hong Kong were four men who participated in the fight of Manila, on May 1. They were paymaster G. A. Loud, of the dispatch boat McCulloch; Dr. Charles P. Kindleberger, surgeon of the Olympia; Ralph Phelps, secretary to the captain of the McCulloch, and J. C. Evans, gunner of the Boston.

They all spoke of the valor and determination of their opponents in the battle of Manila. They said that the Spaniards fought bravely, even after the last vestige of hope had gone, and stayed by their guns as long as they could be used. Dr. Kindleberger gave a graphic account of the terrific fight. He was on the Olympia through it all. In the first assault the flagship took the lead, the other vessels following in her wake at four ships' lengths. At one time the smoke became so dense that it was necessary to draw aside, allowing the cloud to lift. The vessels were examined, and it was found they had sustained no damage.

Breakfast was then served to the men, and in a few minutes they re-entered the fight with the greatest enthusiasm. The second fight was even more fierce than the first. It was in that that the Baltimore was struck.

During the first fight the Spanish admiral's ship put bravely out of the line to meet the Olympia. The entire American fleet concentrated fire on her, and she was so badly injured that she turned around to put back. At this juncture the Olympia let fly an 8-inch shell, which struck her stern and pierced through almost her entire length, exploding finally in the engine room, wrecking her machinery. This shell killed the captain and sixty men and set the vessel on fire.

In the heat of the fight the two torpedo boats moved out to attack the fleet. They were allowed to come within 800 yards, when a fusilade from the Olympia sent one to the bottom with all on board and riddled the other. The second boat was later found turned upon the beach covered with blood. In the second fight the Baltimore was sent to silence the fort at Cavite. She plunged into a cloud of smoke and opened all her batteries on the fortifications. In a very few minutes a shell struck the ammunition and the fort blew up with a deafening roar.

The work on the Baltimore was glorious. After the principal ships of the enemy had been destroyed, the Concord, Raleigh and Petrel, being of light draught, were sent in to handle the remaining vessels of the fleet. They made quick work of them. In taking possession of the land forts several hundred wounded Spaniards fell into the hands of the Americans and nearly 200 dead were accounted for on the spot. Holes in which numbers had been hastily buried were found. The dead were returned to relatives so far as this could be done, and the wounded were cared for in the best manner by the American surgeons.

After the first battle the Americans were greatly fagged out by heat, and the rest and breakfast allowed them by the Commodore was of inestimable benefit. When the men were at breakfast, a conference of all officers was held on board the Olympia, when the plan of the second battle was made known by the Commodore.

Several shots struck the Olympia and she was pierced a number of times. One shell struck the side of the ship against the hospital ward. The chaplain and nurses who were watching the fight through a port hole a few inches away were stunned by the concussion.

Experts have figured out the fighting volume of the guns of the respective sides of the battle was three for the Americans against seven for Spaniards. It is clear then, that the superiority was in the ships and the men, the latter having the experience and nerve. Gunner Evans, of the Boston, directed the fire of one of the big guns. Not a man on the Boston received a scratch.

Steady Thunder of Cannon.

Paymaster Loud, who was on the McCulloch, during the battle and was a witness of events on both sides, furnishes an interesting account of the battle. From his position he could see every movement of the American ships and could also see the Spaniards.

"For two hours," said Mr. Loud, "the steady thunder of cannon was kept up. The roar was something terrible. At one time, I really thought we would be beaten. This was after the fire had been kept up an hour. It looked like every gun on the Spanish ships had turned loose on us all together and the shore line was a veritable blaze of fire from the batteries. The din was simply indescribable. Tons upon tons of shot fell over our ships. There was steel enough to have sunk our entire fleet.

"Our salvation was in the bad marksmanship of the Spaniards. They handled their pieces like children. Nearly all of their shots went wide. Most of them were high, flying over the fleet and falling into the bay beyond. Some of the batteries, however, were better trained. Several guns maintained

a raking fire on the fleet. Nearly all of our ships were struck by both large and small shot, but no damage of consequence was done.

"We left Manila on the 5th. At that time Commodore Dewey was in possession of the shore forts and arsenal. Considerable ammunition and some fair guns were captured.

"Manila, on the opposite side of the bay, had not been taken, and it was not the intention of the admiral to do so at that time. Of course the city and its suburbs were completely at the mercy of our guns and we could have laid it in ruins in a very short time. But the force on the warships is too small to land and take possession."

A letter from Manila said the Spaniards were so sure of whipping the Americans that they had prepared a prison for them. It was the infamous Black Hole of Manila, where so many insurgents were smothered to death in 1897.

The letter briefly adds: "Living aboard the vessels is simply awful on account of the extreme heat which we are bound to endure. In addition to the heat of this place everything on board ship is at fever heat, with fires kept constantly up in four boilers and everything closed up. You can have no idea what it is."

Spaniards Sure They Could Defeat the Yankees.

In a letter to a friend in New York an engineer of the Baltimore wrote, a week after the fight: "The Spaniards were absolutely confident of victory. No other outcome was anticipated by them: no preparations were made for a different result. I think that their ships, combined with their forts, made them equal to us, so far as powers of offence and defence were concerned. They had as many modern guns approximately the same size as we had, and more men to fire them. They should have been able to fire as much weight of shot in a specified time as we did.

"The whole thing, in other words, lay in the fact that it was the American against the Spaniard, the Anglo-Saxon against the Latin. Every shot fired from our fleet was most deliberately, coolly and pitilessly aimed. The Spaniards fired an enormous number of times, but with apparently the most impracticable aim. Shells dropped all around our ships; we were in action for over four hours; hundreds of shot and shell fell close to us. Only five or six pierced us and they did no damage.

"The damage done by our ships was frightful. I have visited all of the sunken Spanish ships, and, had I not seen the effects of American marksmanship, I would hardly give credit to reports of it. One smokestack of the Castilla, a 3,300-ton Spanish ship, was struck eight times, and the shells

through the hull were so many and so close that it is impossible that a Spaniard could have lived on her deck. The other large ship, the Reina Christina, was perforated in the same way.

"The lesson I draw from the fight is the great utility of target practice. The Spaniard has none; we have it every three months. Strength of navies are compared generally ship for ship; the personnel is just as important. I am confident that, had we manned the Spanish ships and had the Spaniards manned our fleet, the American side would have been as victorious as it was. The Spaniard certainly was brave, for he stuck to his guns till the last.

"The hard part of this engagement was not the fighting part, that was all right, but it was in getting ready for it. I was thirty-two hours without relief or rest in the engine-rooms of the Baltimore, the temperature varying from 120 to 160 degrees. Since the fight we have eased down on work and are taking it easy, except for a strict watch."

Too Late to Save the Islands.

A most gloomy message was received by the Government at Madrid, on May 8th, from the Governor General of the Philippines. As the result a member of the Cabinet admitted that the despatch of Spanish troops could not save the Philippine Islands. He added: "We could send six thousand troops; but, if the natives are against us such a force would be inadequate. If they were with us, it would not be necessary to send troops to the Philippine Islands."

A communication from Captain General Augusti was as follows: "The situation is very grave. Aguinaldo has succeeded in stirring up the country, and the telegraph lines and railways are being cut. I am without communication with the provinces. The province of Cavite has completely rebelled, and the towns and villages are occupied by numerous bands. A Spanish column defends the Zapote line to prevent the enemy from invading the province of Manila, but the foe has entered through Bulacon, Lagina and Moron, so that Manila will thus be attacked by land and sea.

"I am striving to raise the courage of the inhabitants, and will exhaust every means of resistance, but I distrust the natives and the volunteers because there have already been many desertions. Bacoor and Imus have already been seized by the enemy. The insurrection has reached great proportions, and if I cannot count upon the support of the country the forces at my disposal will not suffice to hold the ground against two enemies."

An interesting letter was received at Easton, Pa., by Judge Scott from his son, Ensign W. Pitt Scott, of Admiral Dewey's flagship Olympia, describing the great victory in Manila Bay on Sunday morning, May 1st.

Ensign Scott was especially commended by Admiral Dewey in his official report for his efficient work during the conflict. The letter is dated on board the Olympia, at Cavite, Manila Bay, on May 11th. The writer, telling of the opening of the famous fight, said:

"The Spaniards had ten ships fighting to our six, and, in addition, had five or six shore batteries, some of which bothered us a good deal. We steamed by the line and fired some deadly shot at them. We had anticipated that once across their line would be sufficient to silence them, but they did not yield, and so when we got to the end of the line we turned and went back at them again. It was getting real interesting now, for many of their shots were coming close aboard, and the screech of the shots as they whistled over our heads was anything but pleasant.

"Now and then we would see a shot strike in the water ahead of us and explode and the pieces of it come at us. I will never forget it. I was surprised to find how little it disturbed us. I never believed that I would ever feel so entirely unconcerned while the shots were falling all around. No one seemed to care an iota whether the shells dropped on us or fell a long distance away, and in the intervals between which we were making signals, the most commonplace remarks were made.

"We passed across the enemy's line the second time, but that did not seem to silence them any more than the first, and we had to try it a third time, with no better result, although perhaps their fire was not so heavy as at first. A small torpedo boat came out and attempted to get within striking distance of the Olympia, but our secondary battery drove her in; a second time she came out and at us, but again our fire was too much for her, and some of our shots striking her she had barely time to get back to the beach, or she would have sunk.

Flagship Bore the Brunt.

"It soon became apparent that the Spaniards were concentrating their fire on the Olympia (as flagship), and we then received the brunt of the fight. At one time the Reina Christina, the Spanish flagship, attempted to come out from her position and engage us at closer distance, but we turned our fire on her and drove her back. A fourth time we steamed across their line, and a fifth, and it began to look as if they were not going to give in until after all our ammunition would be exhausted, which would leave us in a very serious predicament, in the midst of the enemy and in one of their ports, being over seven thousand miles from supplies; so after the fifth time across their line we withdrew to count up our ammunition, to see how we stood and to get breakfast.

"It was only 7.30, but it seemed to us all as if it were the middle of the day. Then we began to count our casualties, and found that no one had been killed and none injured, with a few slight exceptions. But it was the dirtiest-looking crowd that I have ever seen, and by far the oddest. It was so hot that many had stripped off nearly all their clothes; in fact, in the turrets they did strip off about every thing except their shoes, which they kept on to protect their feet from the hot floor.

"The Commodore himself, the most dressed man in the battle, was in white duck; the rest of us appeared without collars and some without shirts, an undershirt and a white blouse being more than sufficient for our needs, and, if our blouses were not off, they certainly were not buttoned.

"We were a mighty dirty crowd. Our faces and clothes were full of smoke and powder and saltpetre, and the perspiration rolling around in that way made us picturesquely handsome. I would have given a good deal for a picture of the ship's company, men and officers. Then we looked around to see where the ship had been injured, and found that she had been struck several times, none of which materially hurt her. On the bridge, where we stood, was perhaps the hottest place of all, for at least four shots struck within thirty or forty feet of it.

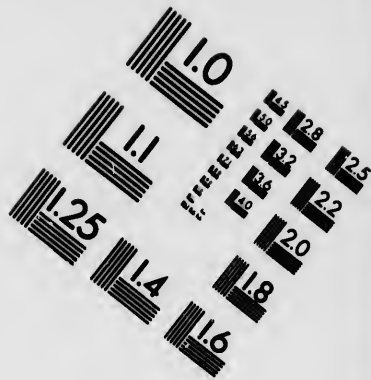
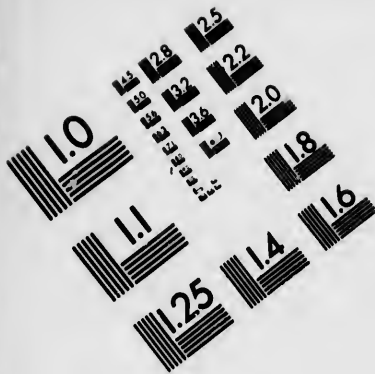
A Shot Cuts Through the Rigging.

"One of the shots with an ugly screech flew over our heads, but its cry was a little different from most of the others, and several of us said, 'That hit something,' and we looked aloft to see if it had, and found the halliards on which we had a signal flying cut in two and the signal out to leeward; another shot cut the wire rigging ten feet over our heads, while any number flew close over us without striking anything.

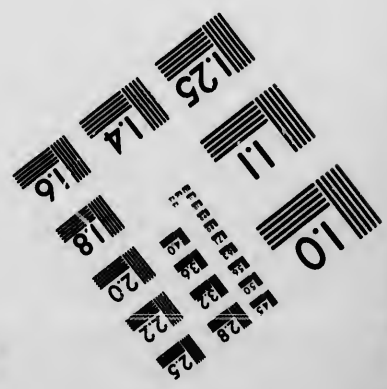
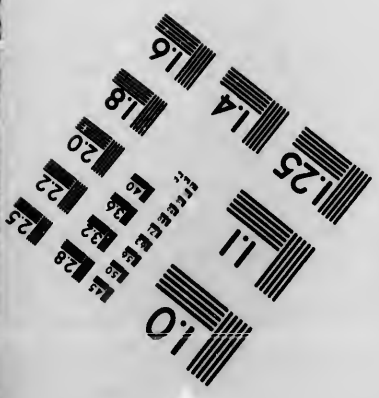
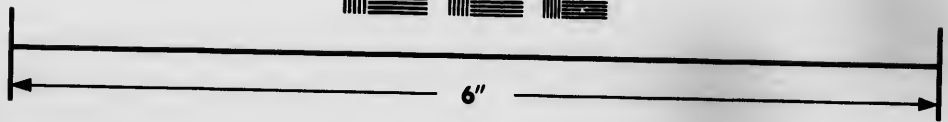
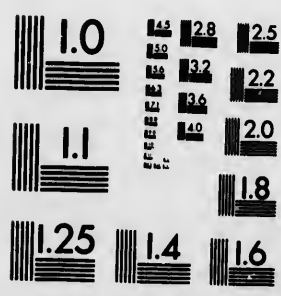
"About half-past ten we returned to the attack and gave the Baltimore the post of honor in leading the attack, as we were very short of 5-inch ammunition, and the way that the Baltimore did fire into the Spanish batteries was a caution. It was not long before the enemy was completely silenced and the white flag run up. Two of their ships were on fire and burning fiercely, and one was sinking. The Don Antonio de Ulloa was the last to give in, and after she was abandoned by her crew still kept her flag flying, which necessitated our firing at her until it was lowered, but as no one was left on board to lower it we kept firing at her until she slowly began to sink. It was a grand sight to see her slowly settle aft, with the flag of Spain with her.

"Then we sent some of the smaller ships in to destroy those that were still afloat and the Petrel burned and sunk four or five of them, while the Concord





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fired a large transport, which we afterwards learned was quite full of coal and stuff for the Spaniards. Altogether our six ships, the Olympia, Baltimore, Raleigh, Boston, Concord and Petrel, burned and sunk almost the entire Spanish fleet, that is in the East, as follows, viz.: Sunk, the Reina Christina (flagship), Castilla and Antonio de Ulloa, and burned the Don Juan de Austria, the Isla de Cuba, the Isla de Luzon, the Marques del Duero, the Velasco, the General Lezo, the El Correo and the transport Isla de Mindanao.

"There is still one small vessel, the Argus, on the ways, but she is so badly damaged by shot that I doubt if she would float if we tried to put her into the water. Besides, we captured the Manila, a splendid 1,900-ton vessel, which they used as a transport, and on which we expect to send home our trophies in the way of captured guns, etc. We also captured any number of tugs and steam launches, some of which we burned, and others which we are now using. Some of them are very fine tug boats.

White Flags Flying Over the City.

"The city is still in the hands of the Spanish, although there have been two or three white flags flying in the city. We have complete possession of the city of Cavite, which is their principal naval station, and is about four miles below the city, and have gone ashore and quietly helped ourselves to all kinds of stores that we might need, and of which we found large quantities in the navy yard.

"By half-past one o'clock Sunday afternoon, eight hours after the first shot was fired from Cavite, we had entire possession of the place, and we again withdrew and anchored for a rest. I did not get a chance to get below to get anything to eat until nearly three o'clock, and it hardly seemed as if I was going down to dinner. Every one has said the same thing, and they all speak of the first half of the engagement (that from 5.35 to 7.35 A. M.) as the forenoon fight, and the second half, which commenced about 10.30 A. M., as the afternoon fight. We could hardly bring ourselves to realize that it was so early in the day.

"Every one seemed proud of the wounds, that is to the ships. The evening of the fight I had to go around to the different ships on an errand for the Commodore, and on each one all hands made it a point to take me around and show me where each shot hit them. The Raleigh was hit in one of her boats, the shot going through both sides and striking a gun on the opposite side, which it twirled around on its pivot like a top, but glanced off and injured no one.

"The Baltimore had a shell strike her on one side, go through her, exploding a box of rapid-fire ammunition, then going through two sides of

the engine room hatch, and striking a six-inch gun on the other side, which it put out of commission, then glanced off and returned to the other side of the deck again and carried away a piece of an iron ladder, when it fell down on deck, and later was picked up. The course of this shot was very eagerly pointed out to me by Cone and two others, who were all very proud of it. They told me they also got two other bad shots.

"The Boston got a hole in her foremast, just over the captain's head, while a shot struck her in the wake of Doddridge's room, went into his room, where it exploded, set fire to it, and burned his clothes. The fire and water made a pretty bad wreck of his uniforms. The Concord and the Petrel, I believe, were neither of them hit, but as I said before the Olympia was hit eight times, and we were as proud as peacocks of the shots. One or two of them, I believe, were photographed by the newspaper correspondents, so you may see how slight they were, and how much fuss we made over them. We considered the scars very honorable.

Batteries Captured and Guns Destroyed.

"We do not know exactly what we are going to do now. We sent some of the ships down to Corregidor, where we captured the batteries, paroled the garrisons and destroyed the guns. We can take the city of Manila at any time we choose, for they have but two or three batteries left, but we have not troops enough here to hold it. We hear that troops are to be sent out from San Francisco, but do not know whether they are coming or not. The rebels have risen and have completely surrounded the town, and I believe the inhabitants are much more afraid of them than they are of us, for the rebels, if they could only once get a chance, will show no mercy to the Spaniards.

"The thing that we were most afraid of was that the North Atlantic fleet would get in some big engagements before we had a chance, but from the scanty news which we get I guess we have them on the hip this time.

"The harbor presents quite an unusual appearance with eight or nine ships showing just above water, the masts charred and their upper works (those that can be seen) nothing but a twisted mass of iron. It looks as if we had done something to pay the debt we owe them for the Maine. I got ashore several days after the engagement and walked through the navy yard. It presents a woful sight. The barracks had any number of holes in the sides and things were strewn all over. In one room of the commandant's house we saw where a large eight-inch shell had gone through the roof, and after carrying away the thick planking had exploded, knocking down the side of the room and wrecking everything in it. In another building I saw where a

shell had gone through the side of the building, and had scattered the bricks all over the room.

"We are very busy all day, and part of the night, too. It is extremely hot, and everybody is suffering from it. We cannot sleep below, but take our bedding on deck at night, and sleep there, but the rainy season is coming on and then I don't know what we will do. Even now it rains occasionally at night, and we have to hurry below, or else spread a rain coat over us. We go around without collar or shirt, and even then the heat is something fearful. To-day there were over fifty people on the sick list from the entire fleet, which is a very large number, and many who are not on the sick list are really sick and hardly fit for duty.

Suffering From the Heat.

"Both the captain of this ship and the captain of the Boston are down, as is also the chief of staff. I am in first-rate health, but don't believe I ever felt the heat half so much. It is lucky we have an ice machine aboard, but the sea water is so warm that we make only about enough to have ice water around meal times. We also get enough to keep cool what fresh provisions we may have left. We are living pretty much on sea stores now. It is too hot to take a bath with fresh water, for it will almost scald you, and even the salt water is very warm."

Other features of the battle in Manila Bay are described by an eyewitness on one of Dewey's ships as follows: "When decks cleared for action, guns shotted, crews all at quarters and eagerly peering through the portholes, Commodore Dewey having previously made signal to follow the flagship, headed for the entrance of Manila Bay, between the batteries on the islands of Puto Cabello and El Fraile at 10 P. M., on Saturday night, April 30th. Here were the guns that were to blow us out of the water, and the much-vaunted torpedo mine field that was impossible to pass over without a skilled pilot. At 10.20 a signal light and a gun on the beach announced that we had probably been seen.

"The night was bright, moonlight and unfavorable for us, but the dark gray green paint, and the inky darkness on board ship, prevented any estimate of our character being made.

"The Olympia and Baltimore slipped through unseen by the gunners on El Fraile, but a sudden roar, a flash, and an eight-inch shell whistled over the Raleigh, and exploded close alongside. The ball was opened, and a five-inch shell from her broke the silence of the American fleet, but the course or speed was not changed. Three more shots were fired at the Concord and Boston, and they were promptly replied to, after which the fleet was out of

range. Speed was then slackened, and the column headed up the bay for Manila, thirty miles distant.

"The Commodore skirted the city at early dawn, but the Spanish fleet was not there. Soon afterward it was distinguished, drawn up in line of battle, off the strongly fortified arsenal of Cavite, seven miles from Manila. The signal 'prepare for general action and close up' was then floated from the flagship Olympia, and, in unison, bugle and drum called to 'general quarters' and the glorious Stars and Stripes waved out from every masthead and gaff of the six ships of the squadron as the Olympia headed for their line of battle. Our formation was in column, four hundred yards apart, with a slackened speed of six knots.

"The fullness of the day revealed the Spanish fleet of nine vessels, the Reina Christina, flagship; the Castilla, Don Antonio d'Ulloa, Isla de Cuba, Isla de Luzon and four small gunboats. The Spanish mail steamer Mindanac was also in line, having been hastily fitted with guns. Each end of their line was protected by batteries of six and eight-inch guns on the peninsula of Cavite. The Castilla was moored head and stern, and the other ships had steam up in order to be able to retreat behind the mole and batteries of Cavite to repair accidents and take a breathing spell. Preparations were thus made for carrying on the conflict.

Spaniards Poor Shots.

"The shore batteries opened on us long before we were in range. Our guns were silent until at 4,500 yards, when the Olympia swung around her port broadside and let drive her four eight-inch turret guns. The Baltimore, Raleigh, Petrel, Concord and Boston, in succession, followed the flagship and opened fire as soon as their guns would bear on the enemy.

"The engagement was general as the Americans swept down parallel to the Spanish line, but was fought at long range, owing to our ships being kept away from the enemy by shallow water. The modern high power guns and excellent gunnery of the Americans soon showed its effects, while the Spaniard's shots either fell far short or flew wholly over our heads without doing any damage.

"The end of their line being reached, we turned, shifted our batteries and stood down the line until we were at from 3,000 to 2,500 yards. It is hardly conceivable with what rapidity and accuracy our guns were fired. The sides of the Raleigh, which has a battery of ten five-inch rapid-fire guns, were a continuous sheet of flame, and the eight-inch guns of the Olympia, Boston and Baltimore hurled an unbroken stream of 250-pound shell at the doomed ships of the enemy. Five times the Commodore led the fleet up and down the

Spanish line, after which we hauled out to breakfast, but not before we realized that the victory was ours.

"The Castilla was riddled and burning. A shell through the steam pipe of the Reina Christina showed she was in trouble. Two hours later she burst into flames and both ships were burned to the water's edge. The other Spanish craft had been handled so severely that they had retired behind the mole of the navy yard. The Mindanao was beached.

"One torpedo boat, early in the fight, tried to slip out and attack our reserve squadron, composed of the McCulloch and the transports Nanshan and Zafiro, which we had left out of range of the action. She had hardly made clear her purpose before the small rapid-fire guns of all our ships were concentrated on her, and she was fairly blown out of the water onto the beach

Stopped to Eat Breakfast

"At 7:30, the Commodore made signal to retire, in order to give the crews a rest and breakfast. They had been standing by their guns all night, and had been fighting them for three hours. The rest was welcomed by all. After breakfast and the council of war, it was decided to attack and destroy the shore batteries at Cavite. On signal, the Baltimore led the way, ran up to within two thousand yards, received their concentrated fire, and literally smothered them with shell. The other ships quickly took their places, and within the brief space of thirty minutes not another shot was fired from the shore.

"The Don Antonio d'Ulloa still floated the flag of Spain and fired a few shots. Her decks were swept of every living soul, and she sank riddled with shell. The work of the big ships was over. The Raleigh, Concord, and Petrel were then ordered inside to "destroy shipping." But the draft of the Raleigh, twenty feet, was too great to allow her to get over the shoal water, and after getting aground twice the attempt had to be abandoned. The Concord ran over and found the Mindanao, while the Petrel went up to the navy yard. The enemy, however, had anticipated them, and all the gunboats were on fire or scuttled. The arsenal was in ruins from the shelling.

"At 1:30 the Spanish flag was hauled down, and the Petrel signalled: "The enemy has surrendered."

"A mighty cheer went up from all the ships. A most extraordinary victory was ours—not one man did we lose, and there were only six men slightly wounded, on the Baltimore, while from last accounts the Spaniards lost between 900 and 1100 men killed and wounded.

"The Spanish Commodore was wounded, and the captain, a lieutenant, the chaplain, and a midshipman were killed by a shell striking the bridge of

the Reina Christina.—She lost beside 80 men killed, and had 60 men wounded. The Castilla lost 110 men killed and wounded. The shore batteries suffered badly. Had we been able to engage their ships and batteries at short range, the battle would have been more quickly over; but our loss of life would in all probability have been considerable.

"On the Lunetta in front of Manila is a battery of ten-inch Krupp guns. These guns opened on the fleet as it passed in the early morning, and by so doing exposed the city to a merciless bombardment, which but for the humanity of our commander might have put to death thousands of inhabitants, and laid the city in ruins.

"Even after the first part of the battle was over the battery kept firing. But after the final destruction of the naval station and the silencing of the Spanish ships off the city, a white flag was hoisted over this battery, and not a gun was thereafter fired.

Dismantled the Forts.

"During Monday, May 2d, the Raleigh and Baltimore were sent down to demand the surrender or to destroy the forts at the mouth of the bay. Arrived off the principal fort and headquarters on Corregidor Island, a flag of truce was sent in and the surrender of the Spaniards was demanded, whereupon the Governor and the colonel commanding the forces came on board and arranged the terms with Captain Coghlan, of the Raleigh. We have since dismantled their guns, destroyed their ammunition and put all the Spaniards on parole not to bear arms against the United States during this war, or to attempt to fire a shot at our ships entering or leaving the bay."

One of the arrivals at the port of Philadelphia recently, and one which was of more than passing interest to the American people at large, was the fine British ship Dalcairne, direct from Manila. She was on the scene of the great naval battle which resulted in Dewey's annihilation of the Spanish fleet under Admiral Montojo. She dropped anchor at Girard Point one hundred and forty-one days from the harbor of Cavite, landing a cargo of 10,998 bales of hemp.

The Dalcairne was the first vessel to arrive at Philadelphia bearing eye-witnesses of the thrilling scenes of May 1st, and only the second one which up to this time had reached the United States. She had on board a most interesting collection of souvenirs of the battle. In her hold were securely packed away two guns of historic interest. One from the cruiser Baltimore, presented by Admiral Dewey to the Monumental City to commemorate the deeds done by its namesake, and the other from the ill-fated Reina Castilla, which is the property of the Navy Department at Washington.

Besides these invaluable mementos of the engagement Captain Jones was the possessor of relics and trinkets galore from the abandoned hulks of the defeated Dons. While in harbor at Manila the *Dalcairne* was visited by Admiral Dewey, who presented several gifts to the captain. The guns were secured at Cavite from Consul-General Williams. Captain Jones would have secured many more articles had it not been for the depredations committed by the crew of a Nova Scotian bark in the vicinity, who quickly and summarily looted the shattered vessels of all portable articles with the skill of accomplished wreckers.

On the morning of the naval battle, about 2 o'clock, all were sleeping on the *Dalcairne* except the watch and the steward, who notified Captain Jones in his berth of the approach of the American squadron. Very little time was consumed by the ship's company in tumbling out of their hammocks and berths.

The position of the *Dalcairne* was a perilous one, being directly in the line of fire of the Spanish ships. Their guns, apparently elevated too high, however, hurled their destructive missiles slightly above the Britisher, and she was consequently struck only once by a shell, which tore away a portion of her top hamper. Still, had it not been for the fact that the American ships manœuvred so constantly, Captain Jones thinks that his vessel must have sustained serious damage. The smoke hung so heavily that it was difficult to see anything of the engagement after it was well on, but the crew saw one thing distinctly, and that was the heroic work of Admiral Montojo in transferring his flag to another vessel under a rain of death-dealing projectiles. They could but admire his bravery.

A Feat of Superb Courage.

"How that little boat escaped utter destruction," said Captain Jones, "is a mystery. Every man on her was a hero, but the Spanish admiral discounted for coolness anything that has ever come under my observation. During that perilous passage of a mile or more he stood upright in the stern perfectly unmoved, although splashes of water flew repeatedly over the little craft from the fragments of shell and larger shot which exploded frequently within a few yards of her. We all held our breath until Montojo was safe out of the frying-pan into the fire, as the saying is, and we all devoutly hoped he would cross that expanse of water in safety. It was an example of unparalleled heroism."

Admiral Dewey is one of those prudent men who never like to go into battle unprepared. Before entering the harbor of Manila, he had every part of his fleet in fighting order, as he stated in a letter from Hong Kong.—Mr. Charles Dewey, brother of the Admiral, celebrated his fiftieth wedding anni-

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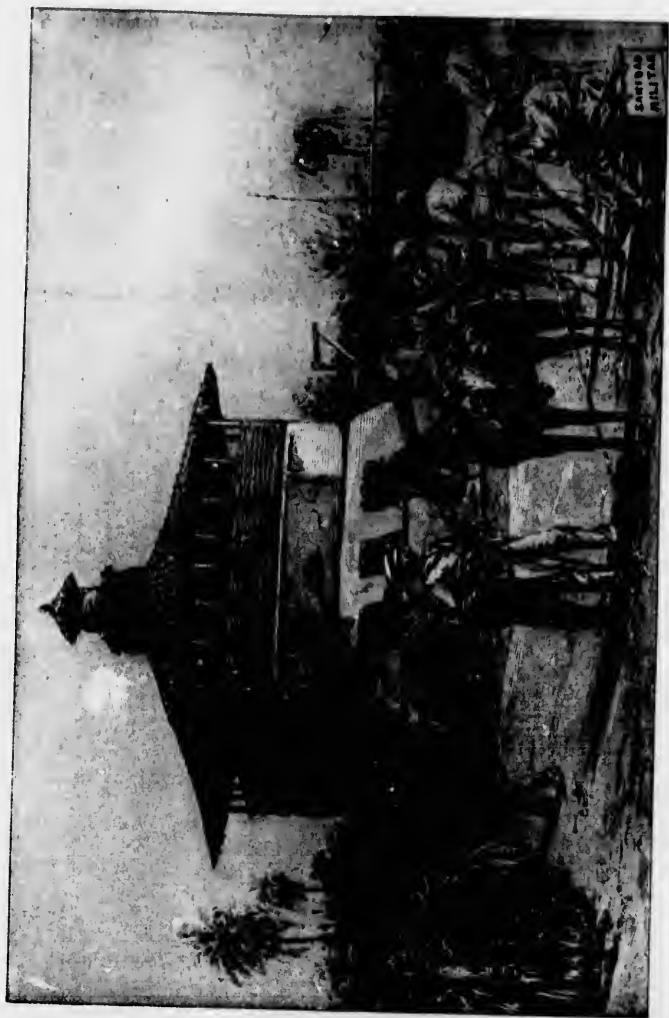
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HEROIC CHARGE OF THE TENTH CAVALRY (COLORED) AT SAN JUAN



SOLDIERS IN CUBA DURING A TROPICAL RAIN



SPANISH BLOCK HOUSE



CAVALRY SKIRMISHERS OF THE TENTH COLORED REGIMENT

CAVALRY SKIRMISHERS OF THE TENTH COLORED REGIMENT



GENERAL FREDERICK FUNSTON
FAMOUS FOR HIS CHARGE ON THE TRENCHES OF THE INSURGENTS



UNITED STATES FORCES CAPTURING THE INTRENCHMENTS AT SANTIAGO



GENERAL S. B. M. YOUNG
COMMANDER SECOND BRIGADE, CAVALRY DIVISION AT SANTIAGO



MAJOR-GENERAL A. R. CHAFFEE
COMMANDER OF THE FIRST BRIGADE, SECOND DIVISION AT SANTIAGO



GENERAL LOYD WHEATON
THE RENOWNED COMMANDER IN THE PHILIPPINES



TROOPS IN CUBA DURING THE RAINY SEASON



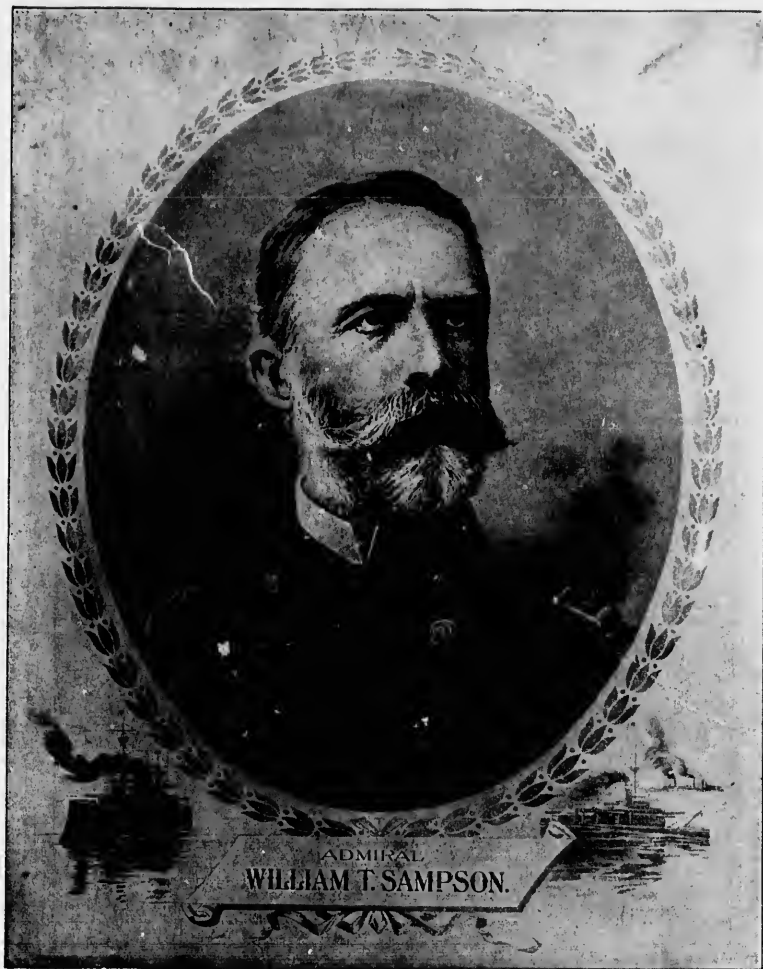
ADMIRAL
W. S. SCHLEY.



WORKING RAPID-FIRE GUNS IN THE GREAT NAVAL BATTLE
OF SANTIAGO



TOTAL DESTRUCTION OF THE SPANISH FLEET NEAR SANTIAGO



ADMIRAL
WILLIAM T. SAMPSON.



CAPTAIN ROBLEY D. EVANS
COMMANDER OF THE BATTLESHIP IOWA



CAPTAIN FRANCIS A. COOK OF THE FLAGSHIP BROOKLYN

versary two days after the Battle of Manila. On the evening of the celebration he received a letter from the admiral. It was postmarked Hong Kong, and had been written before the declaration of war. It was the last bit of correspondence that passed between the hero of Manila and his relatives in this country before the battle. After treating of private matters the Admiral went on to say that he had not had a good night's sleep for nearly thirty days. All the time had been spent in preparing his fleet for action. Word was expected at any minute to move on Manila, and he expressed confidence that he would have the city at his mercy within twenty-four hours. This letter, written before the battle, was no vain boast, as the result showed.

Celebrating Dewey's Victory.

The people of Montpelier, Vt., hailed his victory with demonstrations of rejoicing. When a press correspondent called on his sister, Mrs. Greely, he found her writing to her beloved brother. On the table and on the wall were pictures of him.

"I am just writing to my dear brother," said she, "and telling him of the magnificent manner in which his native town celebrated his victory. I know he will be greatly pleased to hear about it. These are the proudest days of my life!" and her eyes welled with tears.

All accounts show that in his early life Dewey was full of energy, fond of fun, was not averse to playing tricks, had a strong will, and gave promise of one day becoming a rugged personality who would not be afraid to wage relentless warfare upon any obstacle that stood in his way. His grand achievement at Manila was what might have been expected from a man of his sterling qualities. One of the qualifications of a great commander is the ability to gain the confidence of his men and inspire them with his own courage. In this respect Dewey is pre-eminent, as is shown by his success.

Admiral Dewey christened the cruiser Baltimore "The Tiger." So says Chief-Engineer John D. Ford, in a letter to his wife, who lives in the Maryland metropolis. Mr. Ford thus tells of some narrow escapes during the battle:

"A 5.2-inch armor piercing shell entered the hammock netting, just abaft the starboard after 6-inch gun sponson. This space was stowed full of brass canopies, rails, etc., so that it made a great racket. Lieutenant Kellogg was just coming up the starboard hatch to see if the three-pounder Hotchkiss gun mounted on the rail there had plenty of ammunition. The shell struck two of the three-pounder shells that were on the deck besides the gun, exploding them. Kellogg ducked, as a man will involuntarily; one piece ripped his coat right down the back without leaving a scar on him, and another cut his shin.

"Ensign Irwin was standing on a grating of this hatch, fighting his guns, between two of the gratings that were knocked down, but was uninjured. The shell struck the recoil cylinder of the port after six-inch gun, putting that gun out of commission for the rest of that day, glanced and struck the shield, glanced down and struck the gun carriage, glanced up again against the inside of the shield, traversed inside of it circumferentially, hit a ventilator, and finally an iron ladder on the starboard side again, where its force was expended and it dropped to the deck without exploding. The most of our wounded were injured by this shot.

"Earlier Ensign Irwin was standing on the engine-room hatch fighting his guns, when a shot skimmed his head so close that he took off his cap to see if it was cut. While he was holding it in his hand looking at it another shot struck it, carrying it out of his hand overboard.

"One man worked at his gun for an hour with a broken leg, not knowing it was broken. Doesn't it seem almost miraculous that there should have been so many narrow escapes without a person in the fleet being killed and with so few wounded?"

CHAPTER IV.

The Captain of the Hudson Tells of the First Americans Killed in Our War with Spain.

IT was in the bay of Cardenas, on the north coast of Cuba, that the first heroes of the war lost their lives. This was in a bloody engagement on May 11th between the torpedo boat Winslow, the auxiliary tug Hudson, and the gunboat Wilmington on one side, and the Cardenas batteries and four Spanish gunboats on the other. The battle lasted but thirty-five minutes, but was remarkable for terrific fighting.



THE LATE ENSIGN WORTH BAGLEY.
Killed at Cardenas.

The Winslow was the main target of the enemy, and was put out of service. The other American vessels were not damaged, except that the Hudson's two ventilators were slightly scratched by flying shrapnel. The Winslow was within 2,500 yards of the shore when the shells struck. How it came to be so close was told by its commander, Lieutenant John Bernadou. He said:

"We were making observations when the enemy opened fire on us. The Wilmington ordered us to go in and attack the gunboats. We went in under full steam and there's the result." He was on the Hudson when he said this, and with the final words he pointed to the huddle of American flags on the deck near by. Under the Stars and

Stripes were outlined five rigid forms.

List of killed: Worth Bagley, ensign; John Daniels, fireman; Elijah B. Tunnel, cabin cook; John Varveres, oiler; George B. Meek, fireman. The wounded: J. B. Bernado, lieutenant, commanding the Winslow; R. E. Cox, gunner's mate; D. McKeown, quartermaster; J. Patterson, fireman; F. Gray.

The story of the fight, as told by the Hudson's men, is as follows:

"The Winslow, the Hudson, the Machias, and the Wilmington were among the ships off Cardenas on the blockade, the Wilmington acting as flagship. The Machias lay about twelve miles out. The others were stationed close in, on what is called the inside line. At a quarter to 9 o'clock the Hud-

son, under Captain F. H. Newton, was taking soundings in Diana Cay bars and Romero Cay, just outside Cardenas, so close to shore that it grounded, but it floated off easily into the shallow water. At half past 11 the Wilmington spoke the Hudson and the Winslow and assigned them to duty, the Winslow to start to the eastern shore of Cardenas Bay and the Hudson to the western shore, while the Wilmington took its station in mid-channel.

Batteries Playing from the Shore

This work occupied two hours. Nothing was discovered on either shore, and the boats were approaching each other on their return when a puff of smoke was observed on shore at Cardenas, and a shell whistled over them. The Winslow was on the inside, nearer the shore. The Hudson and the Winslow reported to the Wilmington, and orders came promptly to go in and open fire; but the Spaniards had not waited for a reply to their first shot. The Cardenas harbor shore had already become one dense cloud of smoke, shot with flashes of fire and an avalanche of shells were bursting toward the little Winslow.

"This was at five minutes past 2 o'clock, and for twenty minutes the firing continued from the shore without cessation, but none of the shots had at that time found their mark, though they were striking dangerously near. Meanwhile the Hudson's two six-pounders were banging away at a terrific rate. How many of the torpedo boat's shots took effect is not known. The first two of the Hudson's shells fell short, but after these two every one floated straight into the smoke-clouded shore. The Spaniard's aim in the meantime was improving and it was presently seen that two empty barks had been anchored off shore. It was twenty-five minutes before 3 o'clock when a four-inch shell struck the Winslow on the starboard beam, knocking out its forward boiler and starboard engine and crippling the steering gear, but no one was injured.

"Lieutenant Bernadou was standing forward watching the battle with calm interest and directing his men as coolly as if they were at target practice. By the one-pounder amidships stood Ensign Bagley, the oiler, the two firemen, and the cook. The little boat gasped and throbbed and rolled helplessly from side to side. Lieutenant Bernadou did not stop for an examination. He knew his boat was uncontrollable. The Hudson was a short distance off still pounding away with her guns. It was hailed and asked to take the Winslow in tow. It was a vital moment. Guns roared from shore and sea. Lieutenant Scott, in charge of the Hudson's aft gun, sat on a box and smoked a cigarette as he directed the fire.

"Captain Newton stood near Lieutenant Meed at the forward gun and

watched its workings with interest. Chief Engineer Gutchin never missed his bell. A group of sailors was making ready to heave a line to the Winslow, and Ensign Bagley and his four men stood on the port side of the latter vessel, waiting to receive it. A vicious fire was singing about them. The Spaniards seemed to have found the exact range.

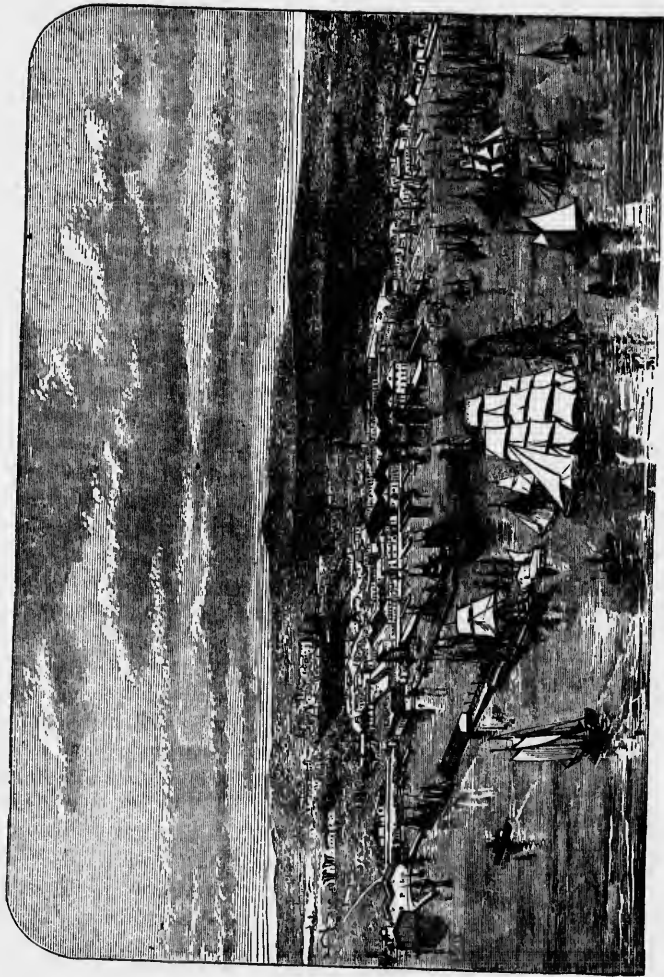
"There was a momentary delay in heaving the towline, and Ensign Bagley suggested that the Hudson's men hurry. 'Heave her,' he called. 'Let her come; it's getting pretty warm here.' The line was thrown and grabbed by the Winslow's men. Grimy with sweat and powder, they tugged at it and drew nearer foot by foot to the Hudson. Almost at the same instant another four-inch shell shrieked through the smoke and burst directly under them. Five bodies went whirling through the air. Two of the group were dead when they fell—Ensign Bagley and Fireman Daniels. The young ensign was literally disemboweled, and the entire lower portion of the fireman's body was torn away.

"The other three died within a few minutes. A flying piece of shrapnel struck Lieutenant Bernadou in the thigh and cut an ugly gash, but the Lieutenant did not know it then. With the explosion of the shell the hawser parted and the Winslow's helm went hard to starboard, and, with its steering gear smashed, the torpedo boat floundered about in the water at the mercy of the enemy's fire, which never relaxed. They saw their advantage, and were not slow to make the most of it.

Kept up the Fight to the Last.

"The fire of the Americans was of the usual persistent character, and the nerve of the men was marvelous. Even after the Winslow's starboard engine and steering gear were wrecked the little boat continued pouring shot into the Spaniards on shore until it was totally disabled. Meanwhile the Wilmington from its outlying station was busy with its bigger guns and sent shell after shell from its four-inch guns crashing into the works on shore, and their execution must have been deadly. Not a fragment of shot or shell from the enemy reached the Wilmington.

"The Hudson quickly threw another line to the Winslow, and the helplessness torpedo boat was made fast and pulled out of the Spaniards' exact range. The tug then towed it to Piedras Cay, a little island twelve miles off, near which the Machias lay. There it was anchored for temporary repairs, while the Hudson brought the ghastly cargo into Key West, with Dr. Richards of the Machias attending to the wounded. Not until this mournful journey was begun was it learned that Lieutenant Bernadou had been injured. He scoffed at the wound as a trifle, but submitted to treatment



TOWN AND HARBOR OF CARDENAS.

"When the Hudson drew up to the government dock at Key West the flags at half mast told the few loiterers on shore that death had come to some one, and the bunting spread on the deck, with here and there a foot protruding from beneath, confirmed the news. Ambulances were called and the wounded were carried quickly to the army barracks hospital. The dead were taken to the local undertaker's shop, where they lay all day on slabs, the mutilated forms draped with flags. The public were permitted to view the remains, and all day a steady stream of people flowed through the shop."

The American boats made furious havoc with Cardenas harbor and town. The captain of the Hudson said:

Story of the Captain of the Tug.

"I know we destroyed a large part of their town near the wharves, burned one of their gunboats, and I think destroyed two other torpedo destroyers. We were in a vortex of shot, shell and smoke, and could not tell accurately, but we saw one of their boats on fire and sinking soon after the action began. Then a large building near the wharf, I think the barracks, took fire, and many other buildings were soon burning. The Spanish had masked batteries on all sides of us, hidden in bushes and behind houses. They set a trap for us. As soon as we got within range of their batteries they would move them. I think their guns were field pieces. Our large boats could not get into the harbor to help us on account of the shallow water."

The death of Ensign Bagley, who lost his life in this sanguinary fight, was greatly lamented. He belonged to a well known family of Raleigh, North Carolina, and was a young man of bright promise. His funeral was the occasion of a remarkable public demonstration. An eye witness, who was at Raleigh, writes as follows:

"To be in Raleigh to-day is to be in the centre of the nation's sympathy. I heard only one subject—Ensign Worth Bagley's sacrifice and death.

"'I will be an admiral before I am 45, mother,' said young Bagley, with all the fire of an enthusiasm that we love in boys. The guns have just ceased firing the salute of a brigadier-general over his body.

"In all the dreams of fame this boy ever had he probably never realized how his name would ring all over the country; would be in every mouth; would make every heart beat faster and would bring from every man and woman honor and praise and reverence. It was not to be in the manner that Worth Bagley wanted it, but he got the thing for which he lived.

"There is a great shaft that cuts the blue sky of North Carolina, that is standing in front of the magnificent capitol, swept by the leaves of famous trees. It stands simple, impressive, heroic, a memorial to the soldiers of

FIRST AMERICANS KILLED.

North Carolina, who did their duty. The only sentence on it that catches the eye is this: 'The first at Bethel, the last at Appomattox.'

"Probably the reading every day of such a simple sentence of heroism, instilled, unconsciously, into young Bagley's mind the idea that there was only one thing in life, and that was duty to a principle. There will be another monument near it soon. It will be to the hero of Cardenas.

"So fate writes with her pencil, for young Bagley, whose ambition in life was to make his mark in naval circles and to make Raleigh proud again of another Bagley, and another Worth will, at 25, have a monument erected to him as a hero. The boy wanted a medal on his breast instead of a monument, but one cannot cavil at Providence.

"This is a truth nobly learned by Mrs. Bagley, who sits quiet and lonely in the old North Carolina home, and while feeling most poignantly her great sorrow, never questions, never complains. She comes of a stock of women who have given up their best in defense of their flag, and she has not grown weak with years. To hear her talk about Worth is to hear a hero idolized. He was to her what no other son was to any other mother, she feels. No one can blame her for this partiality toward her best beloved.

Beautiful Traits of Character.

"And, in truth, his devotion and loyalty to her were the most beautiful traits in this boy's character. When he came of age, and his share of his father's property was handed over to him, he paid the debts which he had incurred necessarily at Annapolis, and handed over the entire sum to his mother, for her use; and immediately upon entering the navy he had his life insured for \$7,000 for her.

"Every one in Raleigh who talked to me of Worth Bagley spoke of this devotion to his mother. He used to say she was a Spartan, and that no boy with so brave a mother could ever be a coward. It was this element of bravery in her, this resolute courage in her, that inspired and promoted his love for her. She is showing that courage in her fiber now. The nation knows how she suffers, but she will say nothing rebellious.

"Through all the long, hot days at Key West, waiting for something to happen, Worth's letters to his mother show his daily diversions. The two were comrades, and friends, devoted chums. People in Raleigh who know this wonder at that quiet face, which, steeped in grief, shows nothing bitter. Every other mother feels that no power on earth should stay her from crying aloud to Heaven in rebellion at this act of the war.

"It is a little odd that Mrs. Bagley has always been a Unionist. She was the daughter of Governor Worth, who was a staunch old Quaker, and her

husband, Major Bagley, like his wife, was opposed to the war. He was an editor then, and did everything in his power to cement the opening gap between the States, but, like General Lee, when his State went, he went with it.

"Mrs. Bagley was of a family that was notable throughout the war for its feeling for the Union, and now it seems rather odd that by one of those peculiar tricks of fate she should give up the first sacrifice to the Union flag!

His Ideal Heroes.

"It used to be a laughing remark in Raleigh that young Bagley moulded his conduct toward his mother after Scott's heroes, for it was known that he admired these more than any others in fiction or in real life. But if he did, it certainly was a very satisfactory example that he has set to other young men. Some one has said that great devotion to a mother is the highest indication of that glorious manhood which martyrs have, and surely Worth Bagley confirms this.

"His mother has consented to remove the secret seal attached to the letters which the young ensign wrote to her just before the engagement, and I give them here for the first time to the world. The first, written off Matanzas, was received by Mrs. Bagley after the telegram announcing Worth's death.

"Off MATANZAS, CUBA, May 8, 1898.

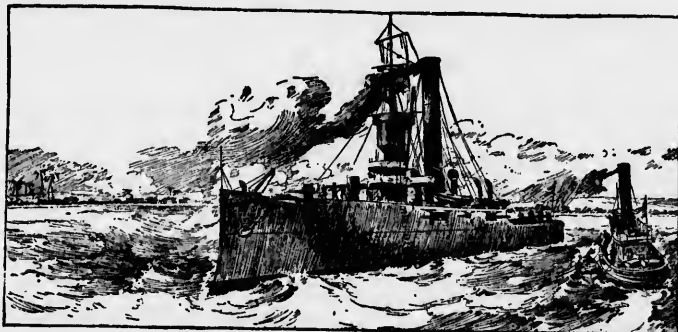
"We are now lying off Matanzas in the middle of the entrance to the harbor three miles further in. A mile and a half away on one side are the Partia Gardia and Sabanilla batteries, and at the same distance on the other are the Maya and other batteries. Matanzas is a town of about 35,000 inhabitants with an ante-bellum commerce of some value. It lies, as I said before, three miles inside the entrance at which we are lying, around a horseshoe or bend, which makes it not visible from our location. The batteries, however, are here at the entrance and made themselves very much in evidence yesterday by the firing at the Dupont, which was lying too close under their fire. She got away quickly and in return for having to run, went up the coast two miles and leveled a Spanish blockhouse. The Winslow has not been fired at. All the large ships here left the blockade, the gunboats and torpedo boats remaining to hold it. No ship has so much as hove in sight of this entrance for days. So you may judge for yourself whether the blockade is effective.

"The work, I must say, is extremely tough and unpleasant. We are in great luck when we receive newspapers from the news correspondents three days after they are published and read news greedily.

"Being without news and nothing happening within our own little sphere, the monotony is absolutely painful. There are two other warships here, the torpedo-boat Dupont, and the armed yacht Hornet. These two

boats lie over at the eastern entrance, while we guard the western. Of course it is necessary to keep a very careful lookout at night on account of the Spanish gunboats in these waters. The calibre of their guns is greater than that of our three little 1-pounders, but we wish they would come out just the same, for we would use our torpedoes and sink them. You may be sure I am well. The weather is not half bad, as we use the awnings now and get all the breeze without the sun. It is nearly always perfectly clear, and a light passing shower this morning is the first rain I have seen since the beginning of the war.

"No one knows where the armored ships of our squadron have gone, but it is supposed that they have left to intercept the Spanish fleet off San Juan, should that port prove to be its destination.



UNITED STATES GUNBOAT WILMINGTON.

"The nation, as a whole, from the tenor of the papers, has realized that the navy is our defense, our real fighting body. The Dupont is coming this way, so I must have my letter ready for her and close now. I feel that I will hear from you when the next mail comes. Bless you, dear, for your goodness.

"Love to each one, and don't forget that I am in perfect safety.

"Devotedly,

"WORTH."

"Another letter runs:—

"I am homesick to see you. It is really like sweet music to think of our home after coming in contact with the selfish world, of which I am the most selfish. Yet I actually believe I could be unselfish if I lived at home. Where is that picture of you that you said you were going to send me?"

"From the letter before the last to his mother, under date of Key West, May 4th, on board torpedo-boat Winslow (one week before he was killed):—

"We leave in a few hours for Matanzas, whence we came two days ago

for some minor repairs and necessary stores and coal. You are the sweetest mother to me for more reasons than I can ever count; but I am thinking principally about your writing to me. Every time we have received a mail there has been a letter from you, and you would be so glad if you knew how happy they make me. Each time we come into port, or get any chance whatever to send you a letter, I shall do so, and have done so up to this moment.

Anxious for Active Service.

"You need have no fears about me, for there is no danger for us now. There may be when the Spanish fleet comes, but I am sorry to say that I fear that will never be. A war comes only once in a generation, and it will be very hard if I can get no chance to do some unusual service, so it is very disappointing to have no tangible enemy to meet. You are a brave mother, so you must feel like I do whenever we are engaged in anything at all dangerous—enjoy the excitement, feel that, but nothing more. Thank Heaven, I have found that I have no fear, for I have analyzed all my feelings in danger. Don't repeat that; it would be a boast to any one but you. Your last letter made me feel so happy, and I am so proud to receive your praise, to feel that never have I 'given you an hour's trouble or unhappiness.' To hear you say that, dear angel, is more to me than any ambition in this world.

"Do you ever think that I have no heart to love because I follow a profession that keeps me nearly always from you? I know that you never do feel so, for you know I love you. Sometimes I remember and think of how you always love to have us children tell you how much we love you.

"Good-bye for a short space. This letter is hurried, for there is a great deal that I must do. Love to every one.

"Good-bye for a few days.

"Devotedly,

"WORTH."

"In a letter written on the Winslow, April 14th, he said: 'The war if it comes will be very easy. Do not be uneasy about me. I will not run into any danger I don't think proper, but can't promise you anything else; don't you know what I mean, dear? Still, I will think of you all the time. It was so sweet of you to remember me on my birthday. I was so busy on that day that I didn't know it was my birthday till three in the afternoon. The pipe is a beauty. Being your present, it will make many a peaceful, happy smoke for me whenever I smoke it.

"The little yellow buds you put in your last letter made me think of our front porch at home, and of how beautiful it must be now with its wealth of them. I send you my picture, taken the other day by an artist in Key West.

I am afraid they are not good likenesses, for I am very much thinner on account of the heat. I am well, however, and stronger than I ever was, so that you can know that I go to war in good condition. I am so glad you are well. Please don't be uneasy on my account; as I said before, the chance of war, after all, is rather a scant one.'

"On the 3d of March, just before leaving for Washington, he wrote: 'You may be sure that I am not ashamed to use the proper amount of care for myself and will think of you in the midst of 'anger.' Who can say what thoughts filled his mind at the moment of death?

Last Letter Before the Battle.

"On the 21st of April, writing to his mother, he said: 'We are under orders to stand by to leave to-night. I felt that I would like to write you a line before going, to say good-by, not that there is any danger for me—there never is any—but I knew you would wish to hear. For your sake I might almost wish there would be no war; on my own account I am happy that chance is offered me for distinction. You need have no fear for me. Nothing will happen to me with such prayers as yours to aid me. I shall have full confidence at all times, in action or wherever I may be, and that alone would keep me ready to do good service. Do not be afraid for me. Everything turns out for the best.

"You will have to get out of the habit of feeling fear for my safety. Besides, you have enough of the Spartan in you, if you wish, to say, 'With your shield or on it,' and that is what you must always say to me.'

"As the guns ceased their salute at the cemetery and the Confederate veterans and those of the Grand Army sauntered home together through the shady walks of Raleigh, the talk was ever of this one thing, 'that the South should pledge her loyalty to the flag in the first blood of the war.' Said one veteran gravely, 'There is no North, there is no South after this. We are all Worth Bagley's countrymen.'

"But the women said a different thing. One dear, old lady said, 'The shot that struck the heart of Worth Bagley struck the heart of the mothers of North Carolina. We have forgotten heroism; we have forgotten loyalty in a moment. We only remember that this is war. That it is death. This may mean giving up our boys.'

"To the men it meant glory; to the women it meant heart-ache. Not one of them knows who may be the next asked to give up him on whom all their hopes depend, those for whom they have lived and sacrificed. This is the difference between the flag and the cannon. Heretofore every one has heard the march of triumph. To-day they hear the dirge.

"Worth Bagley's boyhood, as it is revealed by those who knew him in Raleigh, was a bright one. Every one knows, of course, that he was the famous half-back on the football team of Annapolis, and that he made the famous kick of the season of '94. But every one does not know that the Board of Examiners announced that he had heart trouble from football, and all his hopes of fame in the service seemed about to be nipped in the bud. Disconsolate, he went to Washington, hoping to get some influence that would give him a chance. There he happened to meet President Ethelbert D. Warfield, of Lafayette College, a relative of Bagley's. Dr. Warfield's ill-fated chum, Ensign Breckinridge, who was swept overboard while at sea, introduced him to Assistant Secretary Roosevelt, and Roosevelt, who is a football enthusiast, said 'fudge' to the whole business, called in one of his own examiners then and there, and had young Bagley certified for with a clean bill of health; so the boy went into the navy as sound a young stripling as ever sought to do duty.

Too Manly to Accuse Others.

"They tell a very good story of him which will endear him to Annapolis students for ever and aye, about a hazing experience when he went there a new student. As soon as Bagley got there the hazers took him in tow and administered the time-honored ceremonies of blackening his face, ducking him in water and other acts of like character.

"Of course this attack on Bagley became known to the authorities, and Bagley was sent for by one of the subordinate officers and asked for the names of those who hazed him. The young cadet was entirely respectful to his superior officer, but replied that he had been taught at home never to become an informer, and that he must refuse to answer the question. His refusal was then reported to the commandant of the academy, and Bagley was immediately brought before him. He was again asked to tell who hazed him, and he again refused. He was then informed that if he did not tell that he would be put under arrest and placed on the boat Santee, then in the harbor, and shut up on bread and water until he did tell. He cheerfully accepted this alternative, and remained on the Santee until the hazers went to the commandant and informed on themselves.

"This characteristic came from the good old Quaker stock, from which he was descended on both sides of his family. All the Worths of North Carolina are Quakers. The grandfather of Ensign Bagley—Governor Jonathan Worth—was a staunch Quaker, and was in full fellowship with them until he fell in love with a beautiful girl who was not a Quakeress. His love for the girl was stronger than that for his order, and he married her, and was

expelled from the Quakers. The old Governor often told of this incident, and laughingly said that they put him out of the Quakers, but they could not put the Quaker out of him.

"It has been stated by a number of people that the first sacrifice in the Civil War was an uncle of young Bagley, but this is not true. However, what is true is very significant, and that is that North Carolina gave the first three deaths in the notable wars of our country. She gave the first in the Revolution in Allemande, March 31, 1775, nearly a year before hostilities began, and the first man killed in the Civil War, in battle, was Henry Lawson Wyatt, of Tarboro, N. C., at Bethel.

Dreamed of Being an Admiral.

"Worth Bagley never wanted to go into the army. Naval life seemed to have a hypnotic influence over him, although his friends told me that his hero and idol was Napoleon, about whom he read everything he could. He used often to tell his mother, after a great deal of analysis on the subject, that he felt fear was impossible to him. He didn't know what it was. This was not in the nature of an idle boast, but the conclusion of a man who was fond of analyzing himself.

"They tried to dissuade him in Raleigh from going into the navy by telling him how slow promotion was in time of peace, but it had no effect on him. His dream was to have an admiral's commission, and he always had a way of saying, in the oratorical manner so common to the clever Southern boy, that 'a strict performance of duty would at last bring highest promotion and permanent honors.' And he also said in that same oratorical vein that a life profession was not worthy a life's devotion unless it was accompanied by a willingness and determination to give up life whenever that sacrifice was required. And, swinging loose from the orator to the enthusiastic foot-ball player 25 years old, he would say, cap in air, when he was at home on a furlough, 'I want just one shot at the Spaniards.' He had it. They had theirs. His was hit or miss. Their's freed a soul.

"If Bagley had been superstitious he would have had every reason to be frightened. There were two reasons for this. The three close chums at Annapolis, Breckenridge, Merritt and Bagley, had like positions on the torpedo boats. Breckenridge was swept overboard from the Cushing in a big storm in February. Breckenridge and Bagley were room-mates for four years at Annapolis and served for two years together in the navy. Merritt went down with the Maine.

"Young Bagley was on the Maine until within sixty days before his death with Merritt, and when he was transferred to the Winslow his friends thought

that it was one of the great kindnesses of Providence, but it seems that death tracked the boy.

"Raleigh people say that the other reason did make Bagley a little superstitious. His four brother officers and classmates, whose names began with B, had each met with a great accident. They were the five B's in the class; Breckenridge, who was drowned; Boyd, who succeeded Breckenridge, and who is in great trouble through no fault of his own; Bostwick, the executive officer on the Ericsson, swept overboard in a storm and nearly drowned, and Baldwin, at one time executive officer of the Cushing, who was knocked down an open hatchway and nearly killed and will probably not be fit for duty before the close of the war.

Felt Certain He Would Not Escape.

"Until May Bagley was the only one of the B's in that class who had escaped danger. He spoke of this laughingly to his intimate friends in Raleigh, and said he felt certain that he would not escape; his only hope was that whatever fate was to befall him it would not be of such a nature as to prevent his fighting through the war.

"Evidently this did not keep Worth from risking his life when the time came. But he had risked it before, for one of the treasures in Mrs. Bagley's possession is the letter from Secretary Long, commending her son for his heroic action in risking his life to save the crew of a boat in a terrible storm off Norfolk.

"From childhood Raleigh watched him, feeling that here, indeed, was a man and one that was to make them think and act and be proud of. In the conversation of all I met one sentence was conspicuous above every other, that 'Worth Bagley seemed destined for no common career.' And a common career his certainly was not. A great tragedy, but the first sacrifice in this modern war.

"It was no common thing to be the hero of Cardenas. It is no common thing, although snuffed out like a candle at 25 years of age, to have a nation mourn his death, a State going in tears for him, a nation of mothers weep for his mother and the salute of a brigadier-general over his grave. For such things men have prayed to die."

CHAPTER V.

Eye-Witnesses Describe the First Battles on Cuban Soil.



HERE was spirited fighting at Cienfuegos in an attempt to cut the cables in the harbor on the same date as that of the naval engagement at Cardenas. Lieutenant C. M. R. Winslow, of the Nashville, who was in command of the expedition, was wounded in the left hand. The Marblehead, Nashville and Winslow were detailed to do the perilous work. Cienfuegos is situated some distance back from the sea in a harbor which winds and twists about between high hills, completely obscuring it from ships standing out at sea.

Near the mouth of the harbor the land is low for some distance back from the coast, and then there is a sudden rise—a sharp bluff towering up and covered with trees. The low land is covered with tall grass and underbrush. The cable house, which the Americans desired to destroy, was located within a few feet of the water. Not far from this on one side was a lighthouse, and on the other side an old blockhouse, or lookout, such as the Spanish built in former years all along the coast to intercept filibustering expeditions.

It was the plan of the Americans to send out the small boats from the ships, and, proceeding close to the shore, pick up the cables with grappling irons and cut out sections of sufficient length to prevent the possibility of mending them by reuniting the severed ends. When daylight came the three war-ships were in position a short distance out from the shore. With the first rays of light the lookouts began to scan the shore, and it was soon discovered that the Spaniards were expecting them and evidently knew the mission of the ships.

Rifle-pits were plainly distinguished at the water's edge and commanding a cruel rake over the point where the cable was supposed to be and where the Americans would have to go in their small boats. Rapid-fire guns and small cannon could be seen. Squads of infantry swarmed like insects upon the shore. Groups of cavalry were constantly racing up and down a dusty white path that led from the shore to the hill top. All this the men saw, but as if the shore were a desert the boats were lowered, the implements were put in and the perilous work was begun.

The little flotilla that did the hazardous work consisted of two small

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CITY OF CIENFUEGOS.

launches, two steam launches and a half dozen ordinary rowboats, carrying the men who did the work. The launches were armed with machine guns, and were designed to do what they could in protecting the men in the small boats as they worked, and tow them back to the ships in case the men were so badly disabled that they were unable to use the oars. With steady nerves and strong arms the sailors pulled directly in shore toward the cable house. On they went until they could see the faces of Spanish soldiers peering out from behind the buildings and over the rifle pits.

They knew it was only a matter of minutes when fire would be opened upon them. But the regular swing of the oars did not falter. At last, a point within 100 feet of the cable house was reached. They were within 200 feet of the rifle pits where the Spaniards were lying. Lieutenant Winslow stood up in the boat and gave the command for the men to throw out the anchor, and begin grappling for the cable.

Stood at Their Guns Every Moment.

Calmly as if trolling for fish the men began to work with the grappling hooks. All this time the men on the Nashville, Marblehead and Winslow stood at their guns, ready to rain shot and shell upon the shore the moment the first puff of smoke was seen to come from the rifle pits. Men in the boats bent to their work, and at last one of the grappling hooks caught something a few inches below the soft white sand, and the arms of two strong sailors soon brought the cable into view.

Then came the first shot. It was just a flash, a sharp snap, a singing over the heads of the sailors, and a splash in the water beyond. There was no white puff from the shot. The Spaniards were using smokeless powder; but it was the signal for the opening of a deadly fire upon the men in the boats. This was promptly answered by the guns on the ships. A hurricane of shells shrieked and hissed above the heads of the sailors in the boats, and tore completely into fragments the earth where the Spaniards were crouching and hiding.

Again and again the guns roared from the ships. Again and again the great clouds of dust and debris flew skyward on the shore. Another mighty crash from the Nashville, and the cable house flew into the air, torn into numberless fragments. Another crash from the Marblehead, and the block house was in ruins. Then this iron storm swung around and swept the hillside. It shattered the rocks and trees. It ploughed great furrows in the soft sand. It drove a throng of panic-stricken men rushing and raving for shelter. Then it lowered again like the rays of a mighty search-light, and raked and riddled the rifle pits.

But there came a moment's pause in the awful bellowing from the ships, and that moment was a fatal one. From a hundred different points came the fire from the Spanish rifles, and eight brave men sank down in the boats. Two were dead and six were wounded. But the Spaniards were too late. Already one cable had been hauled up and 150 feet cut out of it. This was the cable that ran to Bitabana, and connected with Havana. It was slow, laborious work. The heavy cables had to be hauled up across the small boats, and then, by slow degrees, the tough steel wires were hacked off with axes, chisels and saws.

Worked Bravely Under a Storm of Shot and Shell.

After the volley had been fired by the Spaniards, the men transferred the dead and wounded to another boat, and began looking for the other cable which ran east to Santiago. This was soon found, and again, under the canopy of shot and shell from the ships, they worked bravely on until a section of eighty feet had been taken from that one. When our ships first opened fire on the shore it was the intention to allow the lighthouse to remain standing; but when the Spaniards poured their fire in upon the boats the men on the Marblehead discovered that a large number of shots had come from the lighthouse.

The guns of the cruiser were at once trained upon the building. The marksmanship was marvelous. First the small house about the base of the tower was literally torn to atoms, and then, like an axeman cutting down a tree, one of the great guns of the ship, with shot after shot, bit off the great tower at the top. This was done at a range of one thousand yards, with a heavy sea rolling. It was just seven o'clock in the morning when the perilous work began, and it was fifteen minutes after ten o'clock when the boats were again hauled up with the dead and the living heroes to the decks of the ships.

On board the United States cruiser Marblehead there was a fine young man well known in Buffalo. This was Harry L. Coleman, a bugler. In several letters Mr. Coleman gave some interesting accounts of what he saw in the Cuban campaign. He also sent to his Buffalo friends a section of one of the cables which was cut at Cienfuegos. It was two inches in diameter, with fine copper wire in the middle of the core, surrounded by heavy steel wire. Under date of May 4th Mr. Coleman wrote from Key West:

"We went down to Cienfuegos last Thursday. On Friday about noon we sighted a mail steamer, and our captain sent the Nashville after her. After the Nashville got back with her we went on board to see what she had on her. We left the Eagle to guard the harbor while we went out to the Nash-



LANDING OF UNITED STATES TROOPS AT CIENFUEGOS UNDER THE FIRE OF THE ENEMY.

ville, and when we got away from the harbor a gunboat came out and started to fire on the Eagle.

"The Eagle returned the fire, and when we saw what was going on we got our ship back as soon as we could and then we started to fire. The fight lasted about an hour. There was no one hurt on our ship; not a single shell hit the ship, but we made a new street in that town with our five-inch guns. We have got the best ship of her size in the Navy."

On May 15th he wrote from Cienfuegos: "We are still at Cienfuegos, and I think we will stay here for a while. We sent a landing party on shore last Wednesday to cut the cables. The Spaniards killed one and wounded five from the Marblehead and wounded five men from the Nashville. We sent the wounded to Key West and the one killed we buried at sea. We shot our five-inch guns at them and you could see the Spaniards fall. I think we killed 100 Spaniards for the one they killed on our ship. I will send you a piece of the cable that we cut if I can get it. We lie near the mouth of the harbor so that we can stop anything that tries to come out. Next Sunday is the day we start to shell the city. Our captain says he has the best fighting crew on the Marblehead there is in the Navy. When we had the fight with the Spanish gunboat we put a five-inch shell in her boilers, broke three of their best guns and blew up three houses in the city.

The Lighthouse Blown Up.

"In the fight last Wednesday the Spaniards had a troop of men in the lighthouse. We did not see them at first, but when we did see them we blew up the lighthouse, and I don't think there was a man got out of the place. We could see the shore plainly, but did not see a man leave the lighthouse after we blew it up. We can stand off 1,000 yards and blow up the best house that was ever put up. They have eight gunboats in the harbor, and they have not got the nerve to come out here where we are, and we have got only three ships."

On May 18th, being at sea, Mr. Coleman wrote: "After writing the other day I got some more news. We went up to the Cubans' camp; some Cuban officers came out to see our captain, and said that in the fight we killed 350 men. In the first fight we had we killed 50 men. We cut three cables at Cienfuegos and it was a pretty hard job. The men who were wounded are doing very nicely, and we expect they will pull through all right."

He speaks of being ordered back to Key West, discusses the superior marksmanship of the Americans, and adds this incident: "We sent two of our ships out to chase a steamer last night, and our ships ran into each other,



but did not do much harm. At night we don't have a light on the ship, and on a dark night it is pretty hard to see a ship until you get up close."

The next fight of any importance was at Guantanamo, where 600 United States marines were landed June 11th. The Spaniards were there in force and made repeated attacks on the marines. Reports of the fighting came in the following despatches which were received at Washington:

"United States Camp, entrance to Guantanamo Bay, June 12, via Kingston, June 13.—Heavy loss was caused to the Spaniards by the attack on the marines' camps last evening and complete repulse. The liveliest firing began according to best accounts, after midnight and lasted until daybreak. At times there was a heavy fusillade on both sides. Lieutenants Neville and Shaw, with thirty men, were on picket duty all night and were attacked by a heavy force of Spaniards. All the men killed were in this detachment, except Dr. Gibbs, who was shot while in camp.

"Reinforcements have been landed from the Texas and Marblehead. They consisted of sixty men and two rapid-fire guns. It was decided by Colonel Huntington to abandon the position first occupied as a camp, as there were no signs of reinforcements of troops, and it was known that a force of Spaniards, six times more numerous than the marine battalion, was in the vicinity. Therefore, the crest of the hill, which the troops held last night, was given up to batteries and rifle pits, and the tents were pitched on the side of the hill near the harbor, which is protected by the warships. The men are suffering greatly from heat and thirst, but they are all behaving splendidly in and out of fire."

Story of Marines' Brave Fight.

"Camp McCalla, Guantanamo Bay, June 12, via Mole St. Nicholas, June 13.—The wonder is that the Spaniards did not drive the United States marines from this first American post on Cuban soil pell-mell into the sea. There are only 600 marines here. They fought in the open with but few rifle pits, trenches or hiding places, yet in these exposed positions they never flinched and stood their ground bravely.

"The trampled brush shows that the attack was made by a heavy body of the enemy. Their number is estimated by the Cuban insurgents at more than 2000, it being known that there are about 3500 Spanish troops in and about Guantanamo. Had the Spaniards boldly charged the devoted band of marines, they must have won a victory by sheer force of numbers, but they were reluctant to engage, and did nothing more than drive in the pickets, the men killed, with the exception of Dr. Gibbs, all being on the outer line when the heaviest attack began.

"There was never a sign of wavering nor retreat on the part of the Americans. The marines kept their formation and fired regularly at every flash. When the Spaniards made a feint of charging, the Americans sent up a cheer and plugged away at the advancing enemy with such energy and precision that the Dons were quick to retreat into the cover again.

"The greatest difficulty of Colonel Huntington and his officers was to keep the marines from charging the enemy, which in the imperfect knowledge of the country and the disposition of the opposing forces, would have been folly. But the men were eager to get to close quarters and avenge the death of their comrades. The first attack was when the men were bathing and carrying water. Then the enemy were driven off, and a beating of the bush did not reveal their line of retreat. Evidently this was a party of reconnoissance.

"About 9 o'clock at night the attack was resumed with more vigor and by a much superior force. The Spaniards made their presence known at the edge of a small island about a mile to the northeast. Their shots were fired at too long a range to be effective and their attack was evidently intended to distract attention from the main movement on the mainland and perhaps to keep the Marblehead's men going that way. Thirteen marines were detailed with a three-inch field gun to attend to this first attacking party. By the time they had got the range of the island further firing from that direction ceased.

Fighting in the Dense Brush.

"Then came the firing from the nearer woods; and Colonel Huntington got a second three-inch gun and placed it in position on the summit of the hill on which Camp McCalla is located. Skirmish lines were thrown out and the men found plenty to do in matching the Indian warfare of the enemy, who are accustomed to brush campaigning. They popped away whenever a Mauser rifle spoke from the dark and kept up their work all night, though outnumbered and at times apparently surrounded.

"There were thirty of these men under command of First Lieutenant Neville and Second Lieutenant Shaw. For eighteen hours these men withstood the first shock of the conflict, and it was supposed for a time that they were captured or killed. But in the morning all but Sergeant Smith and Privates McColgan and Dunphy came back, bitten by mosquitoes, scathed and bruised, but safe. The entire camp gave them a welcoming shout as they came up.

"'We want water, inside and out,' was Lieutenant Neville's first remark.

"'We killed five of them that we know of, and I think more than double that number were carried away with holes in their hides,' said Lieutenant

Shaw. Sergeant Smith was shot through the abdomen while scouting. His companions guarded his body after death.

"It was between 1 and 2 o'clock in the morning that Smith was killed. With Private Brown he had gone out in the first volley east of the camp. The Spaniard opened fire on them and began closing in from three sides. Both Americans fired rapidly and then retreated, returned flash for flash, shot for shot. As Smith climbed a ledge of rocks his form was brought into silhouette against the sky, and a Mauser bullet pierced him.

"'I'm done,' he called to Brown. 'Get back as fast as you can.' Brown carried the sergeant to a place of comparative safety, but understood that he was mortally hit. So the private made the best of his way back to camp, reporting Smith's loss. The body was recovered at daybreak.

"Dr. Gibbs was killed some time before Smith, or a little before 1 o'clock in the morning. It was just at this hour that the Spaniards were firing fastest and had brought most of their men into battle. Many of the bullets whizzed about the hospital tent, and it was suggested that it would be well to retire to the shelter of the ruins of the blockhouse, partially destroyed when the marines landed.

"'Well, I don't care to be killed here,' said Dr. Gibbs, and with Private Edgar and Sullivan started for the blockhouse.

Dr. Gibbs Mortally Wounded.

"He had not gone twenty feet before a Mauser bullet pierced his head and he fell into the arms of Sullivan. He was carried to the blockhouse and placed in the partly-constructed trench which the marines had thrown up there. At about this time the Marblehead's searchlight showed a party of Spaniards about 200 yards from the lower end of the camp. They had been firing rapidly, but as soon as the light was turned on them they ran rapidly for the depths of the forest. It was supposed that these men killed Dr. Gibbs.

"But Colonel Alfredo Laborde, a Cuban leader, says that Gibbs was shot by guerrillas who made a demonstration along the beach. 'As I was standing in the shadow of the hospital tent,' said the colonel this morning, 'I saw a small guerrilla party sneak out along the beach and begin firing in our direction. Just at this time Dr. Gibbs threw up his hands and fell. So I feel sure his death may be laid to the guerrillas and not to the regulars.'

"The two privates probably were killed early in the evening, but no man saw them fall, so the exact time is not known. Sergeant Smith was reported lost long before he really was killed or captured. McColgan and Dunphy were not on hand for the hasty meal in the afternoon between the

two engagements, but neither were others of the scouting party. The two men, however, may have been killed in the first engagement early in the day.

"At least a dozen attacks were made between dusk and dawn. The hottest firing was at about the time Dr. Gibbs was killed. Then the enemy had drawn a cordon about the swamp from three sides. The attacks, however, were never very bold. The Spaniards would jump out from cover, fire a volley or two, make an advance and then run, once the marines got their location and range.

Marblehead Shelled the Woods.

"There was no telling, however, at what moment the Spaniards would make a rush. So about 2 o'clock in the morning the signal officers sent a message to the Marblehead: 'Shell the woods.' Commander McCalla evidently thought that Colonel Huntington was hard pressed, for he sent reinforcements from the Marblehead's marines and at once turned his six-inch guns on the thickets, where the searchlights had from time to time shown the hiding and elusive enemy.

"This shelling was kept up until well into the day, though once the shells began to scream the Spaniards were far less bold and their fire rapidly grew fainter and fainter. There is no way of estimating the loss of the Spaniards. The scouts with Lieutenant Neville are certain they bagged five. Beyond this it is impossible to see twenty feet into the night, but the Americans shot oftener than the Spaniards and were thoroughly composed during all the night.

"The field pieces were not used after the first firing because the scouts and pickets were so far out that it was feared they would be hit. But the shells from the Marblehead may have done some execution.

"Lieutenants Neville and Shaw were publicly commended for their bravery. They and their men were eighteen hours in the hottest of it, their mouths parched, stung by myriads of insects and constantly exposed. But they not only did not waver, but went right in wherever the enemy seemed to show in greatest force. Some of the Spaniards who deployed on the beach took a few shots at the Marblehead, and Mauser bullets were found on the cruiser's decks this morning. The cruiser retaliated by keeping up the shelling of the woods and the main road until long after daylight.

"The Texas came in from the Santiago fleet this morning to replenish her coal bunkers. When told of the fighting, she sent ashore forty marines and two automatic Colt machine guns. The Marblehead also added a few men to those already sent. The Spaniards had mounted two guns on the west side of the harbor, and blazed away with them late this morning. A few shells from the Texas stopped their nonsense. The guns were not of

sufficient range to reach the Americans, and, in fact, the gunners did not attempt to fire after the Texas opened on them."

Following the foregoing account the narrative tells of the capture of the stone fort and the heroic conduct of our gallant marines:

"The next day was comparatively quiet, but when night came on things changed. The Spanish forces were greatly augmented and in the dark were bolder in their attack. By eight o'clock they began firing volleys. Some of them crept to the very edge of the brush, not more than thirty yards from the hill, behind which Fort McCalla is sheltered. From this close range they were driven by one of those heroic dashes for which Lieutenant Neville seems destined to become famous.

"With a small squad of men he was sent to dislodge the advance pickets of the enemy, and his men followed him with a will. The Spaniards, who had been popping at every shadow in the camp, fled when the American pickets came along down their way. They discharged their rifles as fast as they possibly could empty the magazines, but evidently took little aim. The marines passed on along the edge of the timber and up to the side of a precipice near the coast, from which point a spattering fire had been kept up all day, and where Lieutenant Neville had previously located a small stone house, which the Spaniards used as a fort.

Americans Ambushed by the Foe.

"As the Americans pressed along the slope, following a blind trail, they nearly fell into an ambush. There was a sudden firing from all directions, a great yelling and a charge of a numerous body. Sergeant Major Henry Goode was shot through the right breast and soon died. The Americans were forced back upon the edge of the precipice, and an effort made to rush them over.

"The rush was checked almost as suddenly as it had begun, and the Spaniards fell back, carrying their dead and wounded towards the stone house. Then Lieutenant Neville showed the fighting stuff in him. He ordered a charge. The Americans swarmed after the fleeing Spaniards, shooting and cheering as they charged. They went right up against the stone fort.

"The Spaniards evidently were not prepared for any such heroic warfare, for they left the stone fort in confusion, after the briefest kind of a stand, and Neville's men occupied the place to stave off any further rush by the enemy. Then the first effect of the American fire was seen. Fifteen dead Spaniards lay in that little stone inclosure, one of them being a lieutenant. The wounded, however, had been carried away.

"The Spaniards had had enough in that direction, and did not return to the attack. So Neville had time to gather his dead and wounded, and make his way back to camp. This was the best fighting yet. The American and the Spaniard were face to face, and the Spaniard couldn't stand the strain. The dead men in the stone house told how well the marines can handle their Lee Metfords when the enemy shows from the cover.

Charge of Spaniards Repulsed.

"During all this time the fort had not been having a quiet time. The Spaniards had pressed up again, and made a charge in force. But six field pieces were brought to bear on them, and they fled without doing any damage."

A letter dated June 15th furnishes a concise account of the bloody engagement at Guantanamo:

"Pelted by a blazing tropical sun, harassed by the persistent fire of dare-devil Spanish guerrillas, and handicapped by lack of training and absolute inexperience, the 600 marines of Lieutenant Huntingdon have within the week battered their way to what should be to them lasting fame. Schooled for the easy life of marines aboard ship, and unfitted for severe physical exertion by weeks of inactivity on the cramped decks of the troopship Panther, they have rushed into the hardships and dangers of a guerrilla campaign with the steady nerves and patient endurance of veterans of a dozen wars.

"The cowardly retreat of the enemy under the Marblehead's guns had led the American officers to believe that there was little possibility of an attack, and but slight preparations were made to repel one. Just before sunset the troops were thrown into line, and for the first time the American flag was run up a Spanish flagstaff, and the vanguard of the army of invasion saluted the Stars and Stripes on Spanish soil.

"About midnight the crack of a single rifle from the brush to the east of the camp gave the first warning of the presence of the enemy. The quick challenge of a sentry was answered by a scattering volley from the brush, and in a moment the hill was alive with startled, half-awake marines, groping for guns and acting mechanically under the sharp commands of their officers. Within two minutes 100 American rifles had sent their bullets in the direction of the enemy, and five minutes later a hail of lead was hammering through the chaparral, every man of the 600 at his post.

"The guerrillas scattered in all directions, but throughout the night their bullets whirled over the camp at intervals, each volley drawing the fire of Huntington's men. As the night wore on without a determined attack the men began to view the affair as a huge joke, and much difficulty was experi-

enced by the officers in keeping their commands under shelter. Throughout Saturday there were frequent scattering shots from the bushwhackers and returns from the hill, but no damage was done in Camp McCalla, and probably little to the enemy.

"With dawn Sunday the bushwhackers retreated into the hills, and although there was scattering fire little work was done until about 4 o'clock in the afternoon. At that hour a body of Spanish skirmishers was discovered a little more than a mile to the eastward, and the Panther and Marblehead let go their guns, apparently with telling effect. The loss of life among the Spanish must have been heavy, although there was no opportunity to accurately determine how many were killed. Towards midnight Colonel La Borda, of the Cuban army, arrived with sixty men, and their camp was pitched near the site of the burning village, a supply camp under the guard of twenty marines having also been placed there.

Bitterest Night of the Week.

"With darkness began the bitterest night of the week for the Americans. Exhausted by their unwonted exertions, without sleep for forty-eight hours and worn with intense excitement, they were in no condition for a hard fight. The Spaniards had evidently determined that the camp was to be recaptured that night. They began at 8 o'clock with heavy firing from their favorite position, on the ridge to the eastward. For an hour they poured their shot from that vicinity, slightly shifting their position frequently under the heavy fire of the marines. The latter fired as coolly and deliberately as though at target practice.

"After an hour and a half the fire from their field pieces and rifles dislodged the enemy, but within an interval of scarcely a half hour the Mauser bullets began again to whistle over Huntington's men, this time from the north. The steady work from the hilltop again silenced the Spaniards and another interval of rest succeeded. The next attack was from the ridge close to the water and to the seaward from the American position. The enemy crept right down to the beach, firing up the hill at the camp, out over the bay at the fleet, and along the shore at the supply camp and the Cubans beyond.

"The night's rest put the men in better spirits, and Tuesday Colonel Huntington decided on an aggressive movement. Five miles to the eastward lay the principal camp of the guerrillas, a little village of shacks built around a large well, the only one left within a radius of five or six miles, and therefore of the highest importance. Already a well near the coast had been destroyed by a shell from the Dolphin. At 8 o'clock Tuesday morning 200

marines started for the Spanish rendezvous, accompanied by fifty Cubans, under Colonel La Borda.

"The march was a fearful one. The sun beating viciously down on the little command was almost as much to be feared as the Spanish, and before the battle ground was reached twenty-two men had fallen affected by the heat. The surgeon in attendance was able to get them all on their feet, and not a man missed the finish. The Spanish lay on the side of a ridge facing and not more than a mile from the sea.

Spaniards Routed

"It was noon when from the top of the nearest hill Captain Elliott caught sight of the enemy on the ridge below him. The men were quickly formed in line of battle, the Cubans on the left flank, and a stealthy approach through the thick underbrush began. The Americans were within 250 yards of the camp, when a startled Spanish sentry yelled out a warning, fired his rifle and disappeared behind a shack.

"A moment later a volley burst from behind the huts and trees, and dropping on their knees the marines fired. As steadily as through a drill they settled themselves to their work. Their aim was deliberate and their firing deadly. The sun came fiercely down upon their heads, cacti pierced their clothes and pierced their hands and Spanish bullets sang continually above them, but not a hand trembled and not a man flinched. It was a splendid exhibition of cool bravery, and without a doubt it had its effect upon the enemy."

A letter received from a young marine who went from Philadelphia gives an account of the writer's experiences in the fight the marines waged with the Spanish forces who tried to drive the brave band of Uncle Sam's defenders from Camp McCalla and into the sea. The letter is as follows:

"We landed here last Friday, and from that time until now we have been fighting day and night. The Spaniards did not wait for us to get on shore before they began fighting, but while the boats were still out at sea they lined up on the hills and poured an incessant fire upon us. In the same boat with me were Jim McDonough and McKinley—you remember them—and they were as anxious to get at the Spaniards as I was. When our boat got within fifty feet of the shore the firing upon it was heavy, but we never flinched; instead, we hurried all the faster to the shore. When we reached it every man was as cool as if a Spaniard was not within a thousand miles of us.

"We were ordered to unslung our knapsacks, haversacks and canteens, and you can readily guess how long it took us to do this. And then came the order to charge upon the Spaniards. We started up the mountains

cheering wildly. It was a long climb, but every one of us got to the top at last, and in a very short time the Spaniards were fleeing in all directions.

"That was the beginning of the fight, and it has continued since then without cessation until an hour ago. Not a man has had a chance to wash or to take off his clothes. We are having a little rest now, for the Spaniards have been scattered by a heavy fire we have been directing against them all morning. But I fear it is only a breathing spell, for already we can see the enemy forming again on the mountains.

"The hardest fighting, though, we had two nights ago, when the Spaniards attacked us twice, once at 7 o'clock and again at 3 o'clock. Both times they were repulsed, but on the second attack they got quite near our stores of shot and shell. At the time I was manning a 3-inch cannon, and when they got near enough I fired the gun, and the men supporting let go with their rifles. That checked them a little.

"In the meantime I was trying to reload the cannon, but for some reason or another the breech would not work. Finally, I had to give up trying to reload, and then I began popping away with my revolver. It was not until the Spaniards had been completely repulsed that I was able to fix the cannon. The next day, when the officers heard how we had stood by the gun under such heavy fire they praised us heartily, and so did our comrades.

Ever on the Alert.

"I suppose you know already that we have buried six men. To all of us it is a seven days' wonder that every one has not been killed, and let me tell you we have had to keep our eyes wide open all the time to prevent the Spaniards from slaughtering us to the last man. Of course, all danger is not over yet, but we have determined to hold out until reinforcements come. We have planted the flag, and it would be a disgrace to haul it down."

Another letter ran as follows:

"Guantanamo, June 22, 1898.—Dear Sister: I suppose you have by this time read of our success. We are the first to land in Cuba, and put up the American flag, and keep it there. We left Key West the 7th of June, and landed on the 11th. We went up the hill and put up our tents. The Spaniards could have massacred us all that night, but they waited till the next day and crawled through the bushes and shot through the tents. We got up and fired for three hours steadily, and then went to our tents again and slept about twenty minutes, when they attacked us again. We turned out and fought for thirteen straight hours, and drove them back three miles.

"We placed our outposts at about two miles, and they sneaked up and killed two of them. They cut them all up with machetes. The next day

three hundred of us went out and attacked about six hundred of them. We came out on top, killing ninety-two Spaniards, wounding 100 and capturing nineteen. We lost two Cubans and had one of our men wounded, and they have not bothered us since.

"It is pretty hard on us. We were up the first seventy-two hours after we landed. You ought to see me. I did not wash my face for a week. In fact, I did not have the chance. When we landed, we burned the village down, for fear of disease being in it. Three days ago the ships went across the harbor and bombarded the fort and shelled the town, and killed about five hundred. Five Spaniards got past the pickets and killed our doctor. So far, we have lost four in all, out of six hundred.

Relics of the Battle.

"Enclosed you will find the shell that I killed a Spaniard with. He was within twenty yards of me. You will also find some Spanish officer's dominoes, a Spanish bullet, and an American bullet. The Spanish bullet has D. M. K., 1895-96, on it, and the United States has W. R. A. Co., U. S. N., on it. I tried to get a Spanish poisoned bullet, but I could not."

Still another of our brave sailors made a record for himself, which he reports in a letter written home to his mother. He says:

"I write you these lines to let you know that I am enjoying the best of health and hope to hear the same of the folks at home. No doubt you have read of the fight we had with the Spanish torpedo destroyer and the cruiser. It seems to me that those Spaniards had an idea that we were no good; that we did not know how to fight, but I am inclined to believe that we have succeeded in changing their opinion somewhat. I forgot to mention in my last letter to father that I had been rated as gun captain and coxswain.

"Well, to tell you about the fight. We had been finding fault with everybody and everything for the past few weeks because we were not getting a chance to see any of the fighting. Somewhere I have read that everything comes to him who waits, and in this case the old maxim proved itself true. Our first chance presented itself at Guantanamo, where we were called on to join the Cubans in a land attack. Here we had several nights of first-class fighting on shore, and although at times it grew rather hot we only lost few men. How many the Spaniards lost I cannot say, but judge that their report to Spain will read 100 Americans killed and ten Spaniards slightly wounded. That is the way they generally report their victories.

"Since being rated gun captain I am on deck and have a chance to see all that is going on. When the torpedo boat made her appearance outside the harbor the shores were lined with men, women and children who were shout-

ing and yelling like mad at the thought of the torpedo boat sinking us. They thought they would witness a sight never to be forgotten, and of course we did not like to disappoint them. They have repeatedly called us pigs, and we thought this would be a chance to redeem our reputation and show them that the American Jacks were gentlemen by birth and education.

Deadly Work of a Five-inch Shell.

"The torpedo boat came straight for us with the apparent intention of sending us to Davy Jones' locker on limited time. Unfortunately, they did not count on us having any guns on board, or if they knew it they forgot it for the moment and on they came. Well, I must say that I was somewhat surprised that Lieutenant Powelson did not order me to pull the trigger at once, but he is a cool, level-headed fellow, and he held his fire until they came within direct range, and I tell you when he gave the word I did most certainly pull, and when the five-inch shell left the nozzle she was out for trouble.

"They had opened their throttle twenty-seven knots and had ready a torpedo to launch as soon as they reached the proper place, but they never reached it. Our five-inch shell met them on the way, and there were three dead Spaniards on the destroyer—a chief engineer and a first and second assistant—minus heads, legs and arms. As soon as the cruiser saw the torpedo boat making for refuge it turned tail and did the same, and it was fortunate that it did, for we would have given it some of the same prescription, and it would have found it rather unpleasant to take.

"When they came out they both had the largest flags they could get flying, and to show them that we could do as well at display as they could we just raised our twenty-six foot one. They claim they had some French gunners at Porto Rico, and I don't know just how true it is, but whatever they were they did not know much about their business, for they could not hit within two hundred yards of us."

Lieutenant Neville, already mentioned, related as follows his part in the fight:

"I had ten men and Lieutenant Shaw had as many. We went out together to beat up the enemy and separated about a mile from camp, intending to beat back by different ways. Soon I began to hear the cuckoos sing. They called from all directions. I had heard that this was the war call of the guerrillas, and so was on the watch for enemies. But no man showed himself and at 5.30 o'clock we formed a vedette and began eating a light supper.

"Suddenly there was a volley from the mountains. My coat and hat were torn off, and without waiting to pick them up, I pushed right in with my men, going toward the direction of the firing. They kept popping away and

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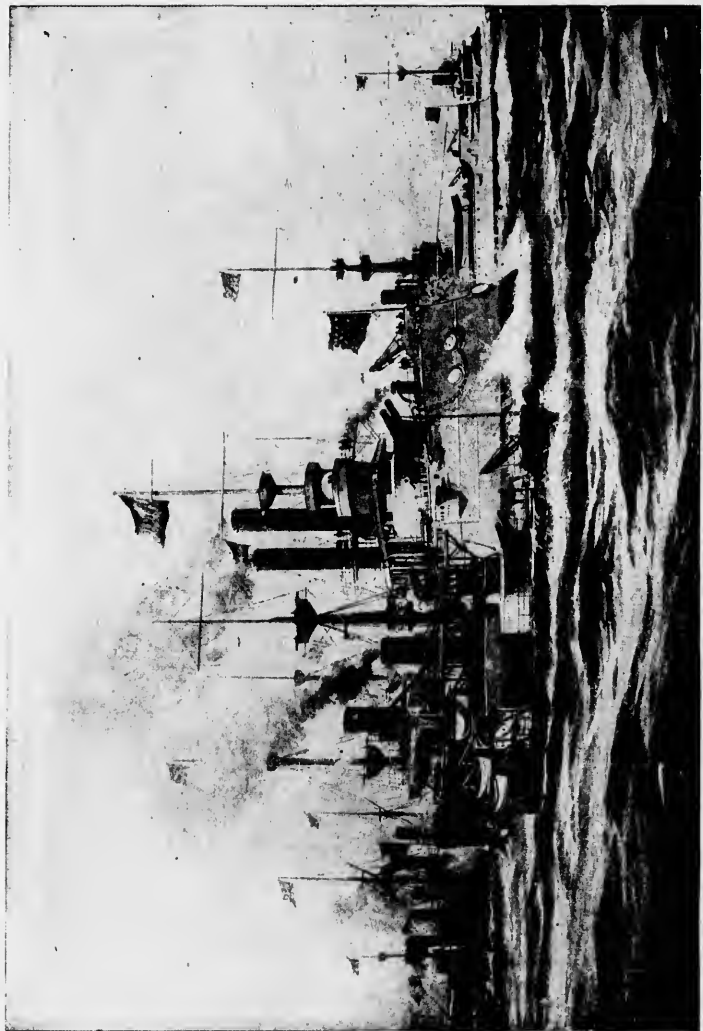
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ON BOARD AN AMERICAN TROOP SHIP BOUND FOR CUBA



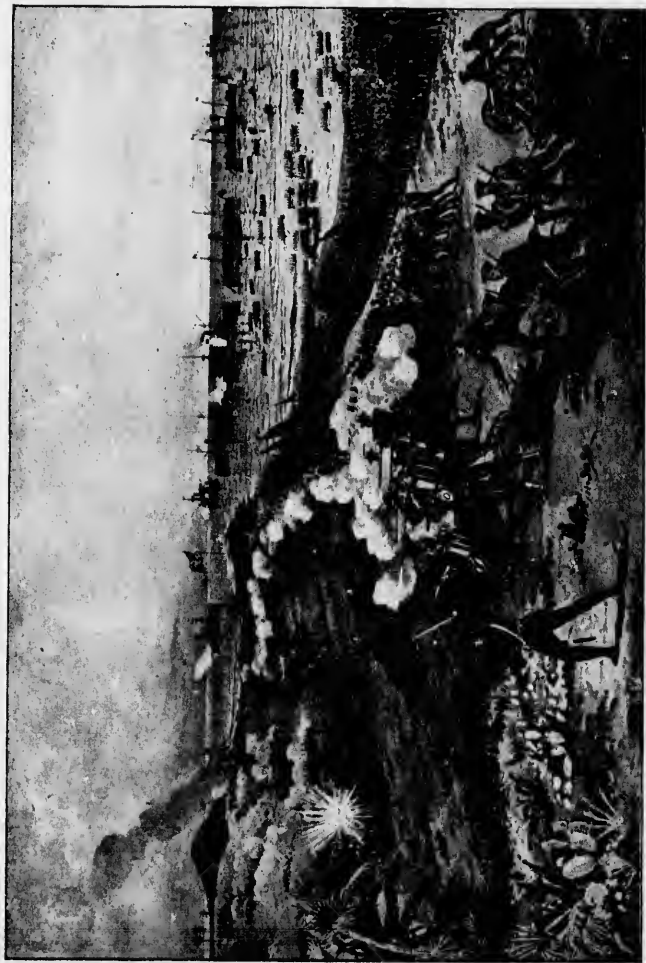
NEW YORK MARBLEHEAD TEXAS TERROR IOWA INDIANA AMPHITRITE

VESSELS OF THE NORTH ATLANTIC SQUADRON UNDER COMMAND OF ADMIRAL SAMPSON

NEW YORK MARBLEHEAD TEXAS
TERROR IOWA
INDIANA AMPHITRITE
VESSELS OF THE NORTH ATLANTIC SQUADRON UNDER COMMAND OF ADMIRAL SAMPSON



MAJOR-GENERAL W. R. SHAFER
COMMANDER OF OUR ARMY IN THE SANTIAGO CAMPAIGN



LANDING OF GENERAL SHAFTER'S ARMY NEAR SANTIAGO—CUBA

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FAM



LIEUTENANT RICHARD WAINWRIGHT
COMMANDER OF THE GLOUCESTER



ENSIGN WORTH BAGLEY
KILLED ON THE 'VINSLOW IN CARDENAS HARBOR



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LIEUTENANT VICTOR BLUE
FAMOUS FOR SCOUTING SERVICE AT SANTIAGO



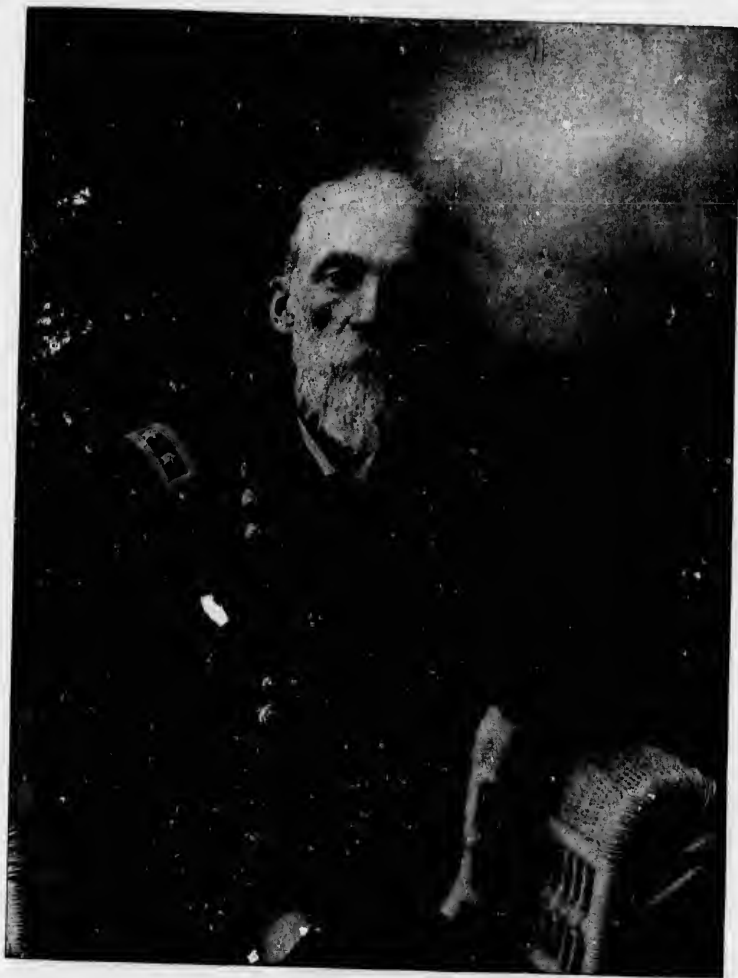
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ENSIGN JOSEPH W. POWELL
SENT TO RESCUE HOBSON AND HIS MEN



METHOD OF LANDING HORSES FROM TRANSPORTS

METHOD OF LANDING HORSES FROM TRANSPORTS



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MAJOR-GENERAL JOSEPH WHEELER
COMMANDER OF THE CAVALRY DIVISION OF GENERAL SHAFER'S ARMY



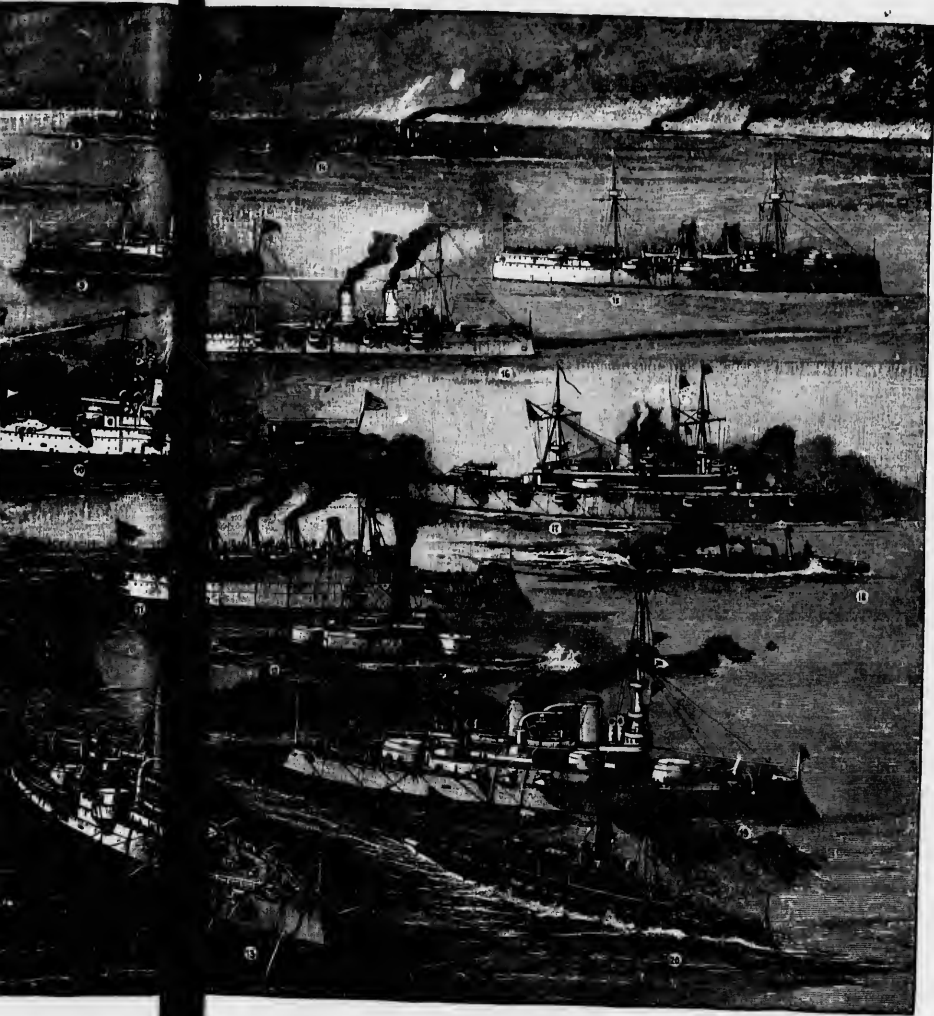
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MAJOR-GENERAL HAMILTON S. HAWKINS
HERO OF THE FAMOUS CHARGE AT SAN JUAN



CAPTURE OF EL CANEY AND FORTIFICATIONS OF SANTIAGO.
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COLONEL THEODORE ROOSEVELT
CELEBRATED COMMANDER OF THE ROUGH RIDERS



BRIGADIER-GENERAL LEONARD WOOD
MILITARY GOVERNOR OF SANTIAGO



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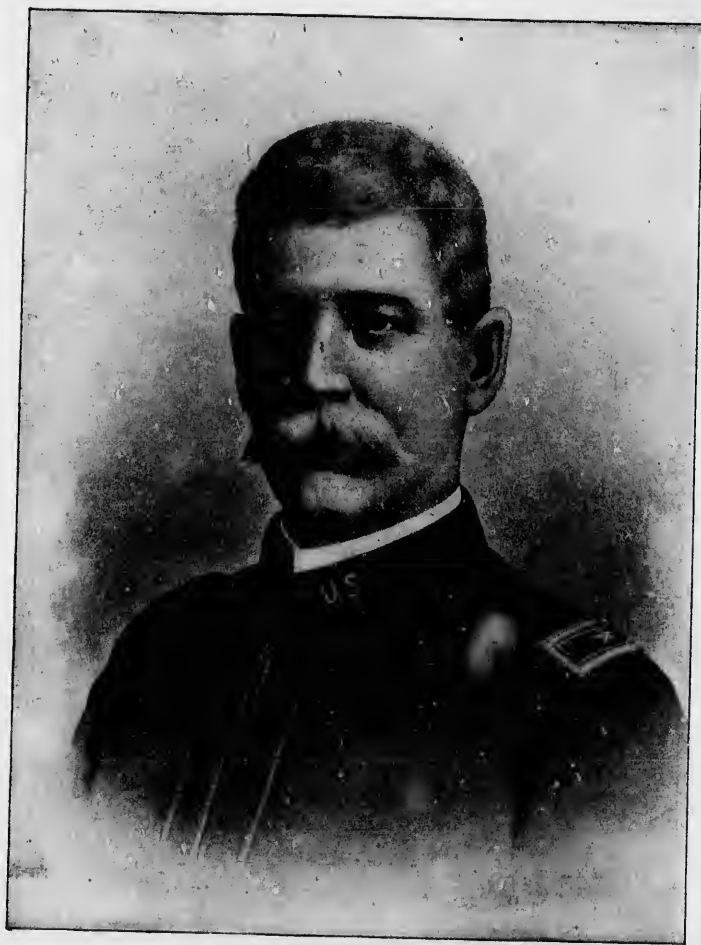
BATTLE OF SAN JUAN, NEAR SANTIAGO—CUBA

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RATTLE OF SAN JUAN. NEAR SANTIAGO—CUBA



THE BATTLE OF SAN JUAN—HELD UP AT THE CORNER
KNOWN AS "BLOODY ANGLE"



MAJOR-GENERAL H. W. LAWTON

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we cut loose at them. This went on for twenty minutes. I saw two Spaniards drop. Others that we saw running had wrapped leaves and grass and branches about their bodies, so it was hard to distinguish them from the undergrowth. Night shut in while we were still popping away. Then, at 11 o'clock, I gave Sergeant Smith a lookout station while I went on a reconnoissance. He was killed and dreadfully mutilated, while I was absent,

Had to Leave Smith's Body.

"The cuckoos now began to sing again from all sides of us, and I realized what I had suspected, that the cuckoo's song was the signal of the Spaniards. We picked up Smith's body and carried it toward the camp. The way led along a narrow path, and from either side of it the Spanish opened fire on us. I ordered my men to drop the body and to get clear of the Spaniards, which they did in about ten minutes.

"While stopping to rest among the trees we stumbled upon some bodies. They were the remains of a lieutenant and four colored men, who had evidently been shot by some of our men in one of the skirmishes of the early morning. We stuck to the woods all night. Just before daybreak the cuckoos began to sing again, and I came across Lieutenant Lucas, who said we were completely surrounded. But we held our ground, and after a time reinforcements came from the camp."

High on the ridge where the marines pitched their tents on the shore of Guantanamo Bay, the first Cuban soil taken by American troops, are the graves of the men who were killed in the first land-fighting of our war with Spain. They were buried under fire by men who overlooked no tithe of the solemn ceremony, although the singing of Spanish bullets rose clear above the voice of the chaplain.

The burial squad was composed of marines from the Texas. Wrapped in flags, the honorable winding-sheet of soldiers killed in battle, the bodies were borne from a tent, in which they had lain, to a trench dug by men who made it deep, because their fear that the drenching Cuban rains would give their comrades to the buzzards was greater than their fear of the death they risked as they plied pick and shovel.

Chaplain Jones, of the Texas, the firing squad, a few officers and some correspondents, stood bareheaded about the grave. From the thick cover beyond there came the irregular "putt, putt, putt" of skirmish fire and the regular sputter of the machine guns. There marines and Spanish guerillas were fighting from thicket to thicket. Soon there would be more dead to bury, we thought.

Gently the men of the Texas lowered the flag wound "jollies"—"Soldier

and sailor, too," as Kipling has it—into the earth. The chaplain stood with his back to the cover from which came the rattle of musketry, and began the solemn service. Slow and deliberate fell the words, and seldom has their import been realized more fully than it was there at the edge of the bullet-threshed jungle.

"Man that is born of woman"—A bullet pecked the earth at his feet and sent it flying. Others sang overhead. Some leaves and twigs fell from the nearest trees. A man or two dropped behind the earth thrown out of the grave. The Spanish were firing on the burial party.

Last Rites Over the Dead.

The marines of the Texas raised their heads for a second and bowed them again. They made no other motion. The officer in command, pale ordinarily, flushed red as if angered by the enemy's sacrilege.

The chaplain moved a pace from where he was standing, and turned his face toward the thicket from which the bullets were coming. Then his words fell slowly and gravely—"Man that is born of woman"—and so to the end.

As he faced the fire those who had sought shelter stood up instantly and bowed their heads reverently. The fire slackened—ceased. The earth fell on the flags and covered them and the heroes wrapped within. A man or two dropped a tear and a tender, parting word to his comrades, and the burial party, its duty fittingly done, moved seaward over the crest of the ridge out of range.

Half way down the crooked path which led to the landing two of the men who had stood steadily at the grave were marked by a Spanish sharpshooter, and a Mauser bullet "pinged" above them. They ran for cover like startled game, for the funeral was over and they had no desire to make another. But the men who were at the grave that day will remember long and with a solemn sense of their great lesson the words, "Man that is born of woman."

CHAPTER VI.

Hobson Tells the Story of the Sinking of the Merrimac.



THE most thrilling episode of the long blockade and one that will be marked in history as an act of the highest heroism, was the sinking of the Merrimac, early on the morning of Friday, June 3d, by Richmond P. Hobson, and seven men, in the narrow channel leading into the harbor of Santiago, thus effectively "bottling up" Cervera's fleet.

While the blockading fleet was ceaseless in its vigilance, there was danger that the enemy might come out at any time and some of the vessels, at least, escape. With Cervera's fleet were some torpedo boats, at that time, because of their speed, feared by the cruisers and battleships, and one night two of them had come out of the harbor and threatened the Texas, but had gone back without doing any damage.

The situation was a trying one, and all over our country people were anxious as to the outcome. Many wondered why Sampson and Schley did not go into the harbor, like Dewey at Manila, and "capture or destroy the enemy," to use a now famous phrase. At the same time, now and then, was to be found one to suggest that the Spanish fleet should be bottled up. In the New York *Herald*, under date of May 25th, Wittmer wrote: "The harbor of Santiago is very narrow, and at its entrance a half dozen old iron steamers laden with stone should be sunk. In this way, the Spanish fleet will be bottled up and corked up."

At the same time, the same thought had occurred to Lieutenant Hobson, at that time assistant naval constructor on Admiral Sampson's flagship, and he promptly proposed to attempt the deed himself, assisted by a few volunteers. The plan was approved by Admiral Sampson. Volunteers were called for and whole cheering crews stepped forward for the hazardous adventure. About three hundred in the New York, one hundred and eighty in the Iowa and like proportions in the other vessels volunteered. Mr. Hobson picked three men from the New York and three from the Merrimac. Besides them one man went as a stowaway against orders.

The names of these seven men, whose heroism will be traditional in naval annals were: Daniel Montague, of Brooklyn, 29 years old, chief master-at-arms of the New York; George Charette, 31 years old, of Lowell, Mass., gunner's mate on the New York; J. C. Murphy, coxswain of the Iowa; Osborn

Deignan, 24 years old, coxswain of the Merrimac; John F. Philips, 36 years old, of Boston, machinist on the Merrimac; Francis Kelly, 35 years, of Glasgow, Scotland, a water tender, and R. Clausen, coxswain of the New York, who went without orders. The Merrimac had on board six hundred tons of coal.

The plan had been well thought out by Lieutenant Hobson, and every detail had been foreseen. Sitting in his cabin on the flagship just before leaving on his perilous trip, Hobson said:

"I shall go right into the harbor until about four hundred yards past the Estrella battery, which is behind Morro Castle. I do not think they can sink me before I reach somewhere near that point. The Merrimac has seven



HARBOR AND FORTIFICATIONS OF SANTIAGO.

The star shows where the Merrimac was sunk.

thousand tons buoyancy, and I shall keep her full speed ahead. She can make about ten knots.

"When the narrowest part of the channel is reached I shall put her helm hard aport, stop the engines, drop the anchors, open the sea connections, touch off the torpedoes and leave the Merrimac a wreck, lying athwart the channel, which is not as broad as the Merrimac is long.

"There are ten 8-inch improvised torpedoes below the water line on the Merrimac's port side. They are placed on her side against the bulkheads and vital spots, connected with each other by a wire under the ship's keel. Each torpedo contains eighty-two pounds of gunpowder. Each torpedo is also connected with the bridge, and they should do their work in a minute, and it will be quick work even if done in a minute and a quarter.

"On deck there will be four men and myself. In the engine room there will be two other men. This is the total crew and all of us will be in our

underclothing, with revolvers and ammunition in the watertight packing strapped around our waists. Forward there will be a man on deck, and around his waist will be a line, the other end of the line being made fast to the bridge, where I will stand.

"By that man's side will be an axe. When I stop the engines I shall jerk this cord, and he will thus get the signal to cut the lashing which will be holding the forward anchor. He will then jump overboard and swim to the four-oared dingy which we shall tow astern. The dingy is full of life buoys, and is unsinkable. In it are rifles. It is to be held by two ropes, one made fast at her bow, and one at her stern. The first man to reach her will haul in the tow line, and pull the dingy out to starboard. The next to leave the ship are the rest of the crew. The quartermaster at the wheel will not leave until after having put it hard aport, and lashed it so; he will then jump overboard.

"Down below the man at the reversing gear will stop the engines, scramble on deck, and get over the side as quickly as possible.

"The man in the engine room will break open the sea connections with a sledge hammer, and will follow his leader into the water. This last step insures the sinking of the Merrimac, whether the torpedoes work or not.

"By this time I calculate the six men will be in the dingy, and the Merrimac will have swung athwart the channel to the full length of her three hundred yards of cable, which will have been paid out before the anchors were cut loose.

"Then all that is left for me is to touch the button. I shall stand on the starboard side of the bridge. The explosion will throw the Merrimac on her starboard side. Nothing on this side of New York city will be able to raise her after that."

Ready to Meet Death.

"And you expect to come out of this alive?" asked a companion of Mr. Hobson. Mr. Hobson said:—

"I suppose the Estrella battery will fire down on us a bit, but the ships will throw their searchlights in the gunners' faces, and they won't see much of us. Then, if we are torpedoed, we should even then be able to make the desired position in the channel. It won't be so easy to hit us, and I think the men should be able to swim to the dingy. I may jump before I am blown up. But I don't see that it makes much difference what I do. I have a fair chance of life either way. If our dingy gets shot to pieces we shall then try to swim for the beach right under Morro Castle. We shall keep together at all hazards. Then, we may be able to make our way alongside and perhaps get back to the ship. We shall fight the sentries or a squad

until the last, and we shall only surrender to overwhelming numbers, and our surrender will only take place as a last and almost un contemplated emergency."

Just before the Merrimac started on her last desperate run, she was hailed by one of the newspaper boats. Hobson's last words to the correspondents were: "Now pardon me, but in case you gentlemen write anything of this expedition, please don't say anything individually about its members until you know."

He accented the last word; and the inference was plain—until you know we are dead would have filled out the sentence.

While the correspondents were on the bridge of the Merrimac a young officer from the Marblehead came aboard on business. As he left he said:—"Shall we send you fellows over some breakfast? We would be delighted, and can do it just as well as not."

"Never mind about the breakfast, old man," responded Mr. Hobson, "but if you can send some coffee we would be very glad. You see we are swept pretty clean here, and none of us have had a drop of coffee since day before yesterday."

It was a trivial incident, but coming from a man doomed to almost certain death, it seemed to add the last touch of the pathetic to a situation heart-breaking enough in itself.

Had an Ovation on Their Return.

Mr. Hobson, after accomplishing the task he had chosen—and that it was well done was proven by the fact that the Spanish ships were prevented from navigating the narrow channel at night, when the chance to escape was better—was captured by Admiral Cervera himself, who came out in a launch for inspection. Hobson's experience is best told by Hobson and his men upon their return to the American fleet, early in July, after they were exchanged. Their return through the American lines, which had then invested Santiago, was an ovation, such as few in the world's history of battles have ever experienced.

Immediately after making his report to Admiral Sampson, upon his release by the Spaniards on July 7, Hobson described his exploit thus:

"We have been thirty-three days in a Spanish prison, and the more I think about it the more marvellous it seems that we are alive.

"It was about three o'clock in the morning when the Merrimac entered the narrow channel and steamed in under the guns of Morro Castle. The stillness of death prevailed. It was so dark that we could scarcely see the headland. We had planned to drop our starboard anchor at a certain point

to the right of the channel, reverse our engines and then swing the Merrimac around, sinking her directly across the channel.

"This plan was adhered to, but circumstances rendered its execution impossible. When the Merrimac poked her nose into the channel our troubles commenced. The dead silence was broken by the wash of a small boat approaching us from the direction of the shore. I made her out to be a picket boat.

"She ran close up under the stern of the Merrimac and fired several shots from what seemed to be 3-pounder guns. The Merrimac's rudder was carried away by this fire. That is why the collier was not sunk across the channel.

"We did not discover the loss of the rudder until Murphy cast anchor. We then found that the Merrimac would not answer to the helm, and were compelled to make the best of the situation. The run up the channel was very exciting. The picket boat had given the alarm, and in a moment the guns of the Vizcaya, the Almirante Oquendo and of the shore batteries were turned upon us.

"Submarine mines and torpedoes also were exploded all about us, adding to the excitement. The mines did no damage, although we could hear rumbling and could feel the ship tremble. We were running without lights, and only the darkness saved us from utter destruction. When the ship was in the desired position and we found that the rudder was gone I called the men on deck. While they were launching the catamaran I touched off the explosives.

Collier Almost Rent Asunder.

"At the same moment two torpedoes, fired by the Reina Mercedes, struck the Merrimac amidships. I cannot say whether our own explosives or the Spanish torpedoes did the work, but the Merrimac was lifted out of the water and almost rent asunder. As she settled down we scrambled overboard and cut away the catamaran. A great cheer went up from the forts and war ships as the hold of the collier foundered, the Spaniards thinking that the Merrimac was an American ship.

"We attempted to get out of the harbor in the catamaran, but a strong tide was running, and daylight found us still struggling in the water. Then for the first time the Spaniards saw us, and a boat from the Reina Mercedes picked us up. It then was shortly after five o'clock in the morning, and we had been in the water more than an hour. We were taken aboard the Reina Mercedes and later were sent to Morro Castle. In Morro we were confined in cells in the inner side of the fortress, and were there the first day the fleet bombarded Morro. I could only hear the whistling of the shells and the

noise they made when they struck, but I judged from the conversation of the guards that the shells did considerable damage.

"After this bombardment Mr. Ramsden, the British Consul, protested, and we were removed to the hospital. There I was separated from the other men in our crew, and could see them only by special permission. Montague and Kelly fell ill two weeks ago, suffering from malaria, and I was permitted to visit them twice. Mr. Ramsden was very kind to us, and demanded that Montague and Kelly be removed to better quarters in the hospital. This was done.

"As for myself, there is little to say. The Spanish were not disposed to do much for the comfort of any of the prisoners at first, but, after our army had taken some of their men as prisoners our treatment was better. Food is scarce in the city, and I was told that we fared better than the Spanish officers."

The next morning he recounted his experiences more fully.

"I did not miss the entrance to the harbor," he said, as Ensign Powell in the launch supposed. I headed east until I got my bearings and then made for it, straight in. Then came the firing. It was grand, flashing out first from one side of the harbor and then from the other, from those big guns on the hills, the Vizcaya, lying inside the harbor, joining in.

Tide Drifted Her Around.

"Troops from Santiago had rushed down when the news of the Merrimac's coming was telegraphed, and soldiers lined the foot of the cliffs firing wildly across and killing each other with the cross fire. The Merrimac's steering gear broke as she got to Estrella Point. Only three of the torpedoes on her side exploded when I touched the button. A huge submarine mine caught her full amidships, hurling the water high in the air and tearing a great rent in the Merrimac's side.

"Her stern ran upon Estrella Point. Chiefly owing to the work done by the mine she began to sink slowly. At that time she was across the channel, but before she settled the tide drifted her around. We were all aft, lying on the deck. Shells and bullets whistled around. Six-inch shells from the Vizcaya came tearing into the Merrimac, crashing into wood and iron and passing clear through, while the plunging shots from the fort broke through her decks.

"'Not a man must move,' I said; and it was only owing to the splendid discipline of the men that we all were not killed, and the shells rained over us and minutes became hours of suspense. The men's mouths grew parched, but we must lie there till daylight, I told them. Now and again one or the other of the men lying with his face glued to the deck and wondering whether the

next shell would not come our way would say, 'Hadn't we better drop off now, sir?' but I said, 'Wait till daylight.' It would have been impossible to get the catamaran anywhere but on to the shore where the soldiers stood shooting, and I hoped that by daylight we might be recognized and saved. The grand old Merrimac kept sinking. I wanted to go forward and see the damage done there, where nearly all the fire was directed. One man said that if I rose it would draw all the fire on the rest, so I lay motionless.

"It was splendid the way those men behaved. The fire of the soldiers, the batteries and the Vizcaya was awful. When the water came up on the Merrimac's decks the catamaran floated amid the wreckage, but she was still made fast to the boom, and we caught hold of the edges and clung on, our heads only being above water.

"A Spanish launch came toward the Merrimac. We agreed to capture her and run. Just as she came close the Spaniards saw us, and half a dozen marines jumped up and pointed their rifles at our heads sticking out of the water.

Captured by Cervera.

"Is there any officer in that boat to receive a surrender of prisoners of war?" I shouted. An old man leaned out under the awning and waved his hand. It was Admiral Cervera. The marines lowered their rifles, and we were helped into the launch.

"Then we were put in cells in Morro Castle. It was a grand sight a few days later, to see the bombardment, the shells striking and bursting around El Morro. Then we were taken into Santiago. I had the court martial room in the barracks. My men were kept prisoners in the hospital.

"From my window I could see the army moving, and it was terrible to see these poor lads moving across the open and being shot down by the Spaniards in the rifle pits in front of me.

R. H. Hobson

Hobson was overjoyed at getting back. He looked well, though somewhat worn. On the whole the Spaniards treated him better than might have been expected. Mr. Ramsden, the British consul at Santiago, was tireless in his efforts to secure comfort for Hobson and his men. The young hero knew nothing about the destruction of Cervera's fleet until he reached the army line. He could not understand his promised exceptional promotion, but was overjoyed to learn the news that his bravery had been recognized by the people. He was the same simple, unaffected, enthusiastic Hobson, more anxious to talk about the effect of exploding shells and army movements than his own brave deed. All of Hobson's men were released and returned to the

American lines with him, and all were enthusiastic over their gallant young leader.

"No braver or cooler man than Hobson ever lived," said John Kelly. "If it had not been for him matters would have gone much harder with us."

"Yes," said John P. Phillips, chiming in, "he is a wonderful man. It is simply a miracle that all of us escaped without injury. When the Merrimac ran into the harbor Hobson stood on the bridge, smiling as he looked through his glasses, and saw how well we were progressing. He kept the collier headed straight toward the channel, and never faltered when bullets and shells came falling all about him. And later on, when we were taken aboard the Reina Mercedes, dressed only in wet underwear, which we had cut off at the knees, Hobson, as calm as ever, walked up to the commander of the Spanish vessel, saluted him and said, 'I demand whiskey for my men, who have been long exposed in the water.'

"From the Reina Mercedes," Phillips continued, "we were sent to Morro Castle and kept in a vile place. Our guards kept making signs intimating that they would hang us."

Officers Beat Privates.

"During the first bombardment of Morro," said Randolph Clausen, another of the heroic band, "the Spanish guards begged the Merrimac men to intercede for a cessation of the American fire. When the Spanish fleet was captured I saw Spanish officers beat the guards, and warn them not to show cowardice before 'American pigs.'"

One of the Spanish guards told Clausen that the Spanish gunners had killed fourteen and wounded thirty-seven of their own men in firing on the Merrimac. He added that the hospitals were filled with wounded and sick men, who had been filled with rum and rushed to the front.

Hobson's men said they lived on rice and sardines most of the time they were held as prisoners. Consul Ramsden, they said, brought them extra food at times, including meat, which cost seventy-five cents a pound.

Admiral Cervera called on Hobson once, and his sailors on several occasions brought meat and other food to the Merrimac's crew.

Cadet Powell, who was the last man to see Lieutenant Hobson before his start to sink the Merrimac, and who had charge of the launch during its perilous trip, told the story of his experience. He said: "Lieutenant Hobson took a short sleep for a few hours, which was often interrupted. At 1.45 he came on deck and made a final inspection, giving his last instructions. Then we had a little lunch. Hobson was as cool as a cucumber. About 2.30 o'clock I took the men who were not going on the trip into the launch, and

started for the Texas, the nearest ship, but had to go back for one of the assistant engineers, whom Hobson was finally compelled to leave.

"I shook hands with Hobson the last of all. He said: 'Powell, watch the boat's crew when we pull out of the harbor. We will be cracks, rowing thirty strokes to the minute.' After leaving the Texas I saw the Merrimac steaming slowly in. It was only fairly dark then, and the shore was quite visible. We followed about three quarters of a mile astern.

"The Merrimac stood about a mile to the westward of the harbor and seemed a bit mixed, turning completely around. Finally heading to the east she ran down and then turned in. We were then chasing her, because I thought Hobson had lost his bearings. When Hobson was about 200 yards from the harbor the first gun was fired from the east bluff. We were then half a mile off shore, close under the batteries. The firing increased rapidly. We steamed in slowly and lost sight of the Merrimac in the smoke which the wind carried off shore. It hung heavily.

Hours of Anxious Watching.

"Before Hobson could have blown up the Merrimac the western battery picked us up and commenced firing. They shot wild and we only heard the shots. We ran in still closer to the shore and the gunners lost sight of us. Then we heard the explosion of the torpedoes on the Merrimac. Until daylight we waited just outside the breakers, half a mile to the westward of Morro, keeping a bright lookout for the boat or for swimmers, but saw nothing. Hobson had arranged to meet us at that point, but thinking that some one might have drifted out, we crossed in front of Morro and at the mouth of the harbor to the eastward.

"About five o'clock we crossed the harbor again within a quarter of a mile and stood to the westward. In passing we saw one spar of the Merrimac sticking out of the water. We hugged the shore just outside the breakers for a mile and then turned towards the Texas, when the batteries saw us and opened fire. It was then broad daylight. The first shot fired dropped only thirty yards astern, but the other shots went wild. I drove the launch for all she was worth, finally making the New York. The men behaved splendidly."

Commodore Schley paid this tribute to Hobson and his men: "History does not record an act of finer heroism than that of the gallant men who are prisoners over there. I watched the Merrimac as she made her way to the entrance of the harbor, and my heart sank as I saw the perfect hell of fire that fell upon those devoted men. I did not think it possible one of them could have gone through it alive.

"They went into the jaws of death. It was Balaklava over again, without

HOBSON'S DARING DEED.

the means of defence which the Light Brigade had. Hobson led a forlorn hope without the power to cut his way out. But fortune once more favored the brave, and I hope he will have the recognition and promotion he deserves. His name will live as long as the heroes of the world are remembered."

Admiral Sampson's Praise.

Admiral Sampson's official report of the occurrence said it was the most daring deed since Cushing blew up the Albemarle. In the course of this report, the Admiral said:

"UNITED STATES FLAGSHIP NEW YORK,
"Off Santiago, June 3, 1898.

"Permit me to call your special attention to Assistant Naval Constructor Hobson. As stated in a special telegram, before coming here I decided to make the harbor entrance secure against the possibility of egress by Spanish ships by obstructing the narrow part of the entrance by sinking a collier at that point. Upon calling upon Mr. Hobson for his professional opinion as to a sure method of sinking the ship, he manifested the most lively interest in the problem. After several days' consideration he presented a solution which he considered would insure the immediate sinking of the ship when she reached the desired point in the channel.

"This plan we prepared for execution when we reached Santiago. The plan contemplated a crew of only seven men, and Mr. Hobson begged that it might be entrusted to him. The anchor chains were arranged on deck for both the anchors, forward and aft, the plan including the anchoring of the ship almost automatically.

"As soon as I reached Santiago and I had the collier to work upon, the details were completed, and diligently prosecuted, hoping to complete them in one day, as the moon and tide served best the first night after our arrival. Notwithstanding every effort, the hour of four o'clock in the morning arrived, and the preparation was scarcely completed. After a careful inspection of the final preparations I was forced to relinquish the plan for that morning, as dawn was breaking. Mr. Hobson begged to try it at all hazards.

"This morning proved more propitious, as a prompt start could be made. Nothing could have been more gallantly executed. We waited impatiently after the firing by the Spanish had ceased. When they did not reappear from the harbor at six o'clock I feared that they had all perished. A steam launch which had been sent in charge of Naval Cadet Powell, to rescue the men, appeared at this time, coming out under a persistent fire of the batteries, but brought none of the crew. A careful inspection of the harbor from this ship showed that the vessel Merrimac had been sunk in the channel.

"This afternoon the chief of staff of Admiral Cervera came out under a flag of truce with a letter from the Admiral, extolling the bravery of the crew in an unusual manner.

Most Daring Deed since Cushing's.

"I cannot, myself, too earnestly express my appreciation of the conduct of Mr. Hobson and his gallant crew. I venture to say that a more brave and daring thing has not been done since Cushing blew up the Albemarle.

"Referring to the inspiring letter which you addressed to the officers at the beginning of the war, I am sure you will offer a suitable reward to Mr. Hobson and his companions.

"I must add that Commander J. M. Miller relinquished his command with the very greatest reluctance, believing he should retain his command under all circumstances. He was, however, finally convinced that the attempt of another person to carry out the multitude of details which had been in preparation by Mr. Hobson might endanger their proper execution.

W. J. Sampson U.S.N.

President McKinley took prompt action. He sent a special communication to Congress, in which he embodied Admiral Sampson's letter, eulogized Hobson and recommended promotion for the seven men who were with him on the Merrimac, and also for Naval Cadet Powell, who so gallantly commanded the launch, designed to rescue the Merrimac party, when they had completed their task. Hobson was transferred from the Construction Corps to the line of the Navy; Powell was made an Ensign and all of the men were given increased pay and higher rank.

Mr. Hobson showed himself as ready for emergencies in peace as in war. Scarcely had he made his report to Admiral Sampson, when he turned his attention to the saving of some of the wrecked Spanish cruisers, although it was the opinion of most of his superior officers that none of them could be raised. He so won on the authorities, however, that he was sent north to consult with various wrecking companies and devise ways and means to raise the sunken cruisers.

He was given an ovation in every northern city that he visited. Immense mobs of cheering men waited for him in New York and Boston and followed him about, compelling him to resort to strategy to escape. In the former city, he was prevailed upon to become chairman of a public meeting on August 4th, for the benefit of the families of soldiers and sailors. Never did the Metro-

politan Opera House have such a wildly enthusiastic crowd. Never were so many people turned away for lack of room. Lieutenant Hobson's mother and sister occupied a box to the right of the stage, and when Mr. Hobson entered the people stood up and cheered him enthusiastically for over five minutes.

Lieutenant Hobson spoke in a strong, clear, manly voice, that was distinctly audible in every part of the house, and, except when he was interrupted by outbursts of applause, the audience sat in breathless silence. As he spoke the listeners seemed actually to see the stirring events which he described.

Lieutenant Hobson's Speech.

When Lieutenant Hobson arose after the introduction by the temporary chairman, there was a faint smile on his face. The audience rose with him, and cheered him again and again. When he could make himself heard the first words that fell from him were heard throughout every part of the big building, for his voice was deep, resonant and clear. He said:—

"Won't you now give us 'Yankee Doodle?'"

The band struck up, but its first notes were drowned by the yells of delight that came from the audience. When the band had finished the air he continued:—

"Ladies and gentlemen:—The deck has been turned over to me, but I take objection to likening this situation to the deck of a man-of-war. As you all know, a sailor abhors words. If you follow his routine from the time he turns out in the morning until taps at night, you will know that he hears and uses but a small number of words. He has but a simple pipe or whistle for most of his orders, or else he has but the blast of the bugle. Even for those who command, or who may communicate with others, who control the forces upon the vessel, or direct the engines, or its batteries, there is but a simple signal.

"And now, when the deck is turned over to me, and I am called upon to use words and words in abundance, I feel that I am in an unknown sea. (Applause.) I must confess, however, that I knew that I should be in an unknown sea when I consented to appear here to-night. But sailors have gone into unknown seas when causes adequate have called them there. (Great applause and cries of 'You yourself, Hobson! You went into them!' and more cheers.)

"If there were ever a cause which appeals to me more than all other causes it is the cause that is closest to us all—the needs of the soldier and sailor. I have been associated with the sailor, though for a brief number of years, yet long enough to know him.

"My first experience—and it is the only thing I can talk about—are the little instances of his life. I was on a practice cruise shortly after entering the Naval Academy. One of the cadets ventured to swim out too far from the old Constellation—I think the ship was about three-quarters of a mile from the shore. I was on deck and saw my comrade about 500 yards away. There was a call for a boat, but before it was lowered a comrade went overboard to the rescue without a thought. Then another and another went, then more from the boom, others from the quarter-deck, and still others from the bridge. Then the officer in command had to give the order:—'No more men jump overboard!' (Applause.)

"I had seen the same kind of a thing in a heavy gale. A lifeboat had been called away while the same old Constellation was sailing or running before the wind with close reefed topsails, not waiting to bring to to the wind to make a lee, so as not to have the lifeboat too far away. The man overboard was a dear classmate of mine, who had dropped from the topsail yard, we thought lifeless.

"As the boat was called away the sea was running high, and suddenly the whole crew were swept out of the boat into the sea. It was no longer one man in the sea, but seven men. Was it necessary to call away the other lifeboat? No. No need to give the order to muster each man in his place. The boat was lowered without hesitation. This is my introduction to my first acquaintance with what we call 'Jackies'—the sailor.

"A number of years passed and every subsequent association confirmed these first impressions. If I have had occasion to see Jackie when he was seriously——" here the speaker paused as if doubtful of how he ought to express himself upon what all knew about his own part on the Merrimac. Then he braced himself and continued:—

Jackie Played His Part Well.

"I feel that certain features of the incident, in which Jackie played his part well, should be referred to. It is known that when the call was made for volunteers to go on the Merrimac"—(the name evoked a storm of applause)—"that literally the men fell over each other to volunteer. (Applause.) On the New York there were 100, on the Iowa 140, before the order was passed that no more volunteers were needed. (Applause.)

"When the few out of this number had been assigned to stations on the Merrimac, the directions were for those who had certain duties to lie flat on their faces, to others to stand by the anchor gear, and others by the torpedoes, and there were two in the engine room. The directions were that no man should pay any attention to the fire of the enemy.

"It was agreed and understood by all that no one should look over his shoulder to see where the projectiles came from—that no attention was to be paid to them. It was understood that if wounded no attention should be paid to it; that the man should place himself in a sitting, kneeling—in any posture, so that when the signal came he would be able to perform his special duty.

"And, friends, they lay there, each man at his post, until the duty of each was performed. Out of seven torpedoes we had, five with their connections had been shot away. When the steering gear had been shot away, the projectiles were coming in one continuous stream, but the men quietly lay there doing their duty as they had been instructed. (Cheers.)

"Then again, when the duty was done, and the group had assembled at the rendezvous on the quarterdeck, and when an explosion came from under the starboard quarter and we began to sink, and the anchor had been carried away, and we were settling slowly, because only two torpedoes had remained intact; when for ten minutes or more the group lay on their faces, and actually the fire of the enemy made the deck tremble, and the plunging fire from the batteries was making shells explode in front of them; when it was a question whether the fragment of a shell would end the lives of all—(applause, suppressed)—then the simple order was given, 'No man move till further orders.'

Not a Man Quailed.

"If there ever was a condition when the principle of 'each man for himself,' or *sauve qui peut*, or jump overboard, was justified, it was at that moment. But not a man quailed."

The audience could not contain itself—it rose and cheered wildly again and again. Voices all over the house shouted "Three cheers for the Jackie!"

"A few moments later," continued the young orator, for such his delivery showed him to be, "when the same group was in the water clinging to the catamaran, and the enemy's boats came peering about with their lanterns to find something of what they thought was left, then again the impulse to get away was strong and justifiable.

"Then again the simple order was given, 'No man move till further orders!'

"And then for nearly an hour these men stood, every one of them self-contained. (Cheers.)

"When that afternoon—the same afternoon of the sinking—by the kindness of the gallant commander of the Spanish forces—Admiral Cervera—(great applause)—the effects of the sailors were brought from their ships under a flag of truce, the chief of staff allowed one of the men to come over to myself,

and this man, who was the spokesman of the others, said, 'They would do it over again to-night, sir!' (Tremendous cheering.)

"The next day, when there was a reminder of the inquisition to get information from the prisoners, when it seemed to be uncertain what the enemy would do, when it was unknown whether he had sunk a battle ship with five hundred or six hundred men, an impertinent question was put to the prisoners by an officer. One of the men, Chareth, spoke French. The Spanish soldiers made a significant sign (the speaker indicated the levelling of a musket), but our seamen laughed. (Applause.) When the question was asked, 'What was the object of your coming in here?' Charette, drawing himself up, said:—

"'In the United States Navy it is not the custom for a seaman to know, or to ask to know, the object of his superior officer!' (Tremendous applause.)

Ready for Any Service.

"Now, friends, if you will draw the proper deductions and regard these men as single types of the whole fleet; if you will properly look upon these little incidents as the condition in the fleet, where the personnel was ready, and is ready, to do anything, then I will not have spoken in vain and you will have a complete idea of the sailor. (Great applause.)

"My experience with the soldier has been limited. Recently I saw him under conditions that conveyed to me a proper estimate of the American soldier. From my prison at Santiago I saw the whole advance of our troops. I was but a few hundred yards behind the Spanish intrenchments.

"On July 1st and 2nd, when the battle opened, I watched with breathless interest. Our infantry advanced and practically drove the Spaniard into his trenches. The American troops did not stop. They went into the very trenches of the enemy. I saw the unsupported infantry go on. I saw the first assault. I said, 'Surely now the artillery will take it up.' But instead it was the enemy's artillery which opened fire, and then my heart sank.

"The first belch of his guns caused our fire to slacken and our men to fall. Then it was that the individuality of the American soldier came into play. He had never been under fire—each man believed the next shrapnel would take him away. Then I noticed that our fire became more rapid and the trenches were won. (Applause.) One lad was following another. I counted six assaults before the trenches were won, in spite of the lack of artillery. We had taken them by our intrepid infantry. (Cheers.) And now, friends, I have nothing further to say."

But yet he spoke for twenty minutes longer. He told of the interest with which he scanned the features of the soldiers when being exchanged and noticed that they were men who had left responsible duties to fight for their

country. Of those who remained in camp the only fear among them was that their regiment or company would not be sent to the front. (Applause.) Only a handful of citizens, comparatively, had been called out. The whole nation would be ready when the question of honor and liberty was involved. (Applause.) He grew more eloquent in picturing the glorious future of the nation.

"I can only say," he concluded, "that I thank Heaven it has been vouchsafed to me to devote my exertions to the service of my country."

Once more he got an ovation, and cheer upon cheer shook the building. At Long Beach, a pretty summer resort on Long Island, the cottagers presented him with a handsome sword, and his speech in accepting it displayed the same qualities of unaffected simplicity and modesty.

"It is with the profoundest emotion," he said, "that I receive and accept this beautiful token, so spontaneously offered by this generous group. I cannot adequately express my appreciation and my thanks. I have only to say that as long as my career shall continue, this emblem shall be dearly cherished and I shall ever recall this occasion, this spot on the Atlantic, and when, perhaps, I am far away occasion may arise to use this sword, I cannot but feel, that the thought of this occasion will inspire its use in honor of my country.

"I have to beg of you that you will recall this simple and absolute fact—that the little incident at the front simply indicates the status and conditions of your sailors at the front. (Tremendous cheers.) Let me add that at that time, and I believe forever hereafter, they were and will be found willing to perform whatever duty may appear and at whatever cost."

Lieutenant Hobson closed abruptly, and at the conclusion he held a reception in the parlors. The first to greet him were the children. An hour afterward the Lieutenant was writing autographs for those present.

Lieutenant Hobson Kissed.

While the reception was in progress one of the handsomest young women in the hotel, Miss Emma Arnold, of St. Louis, approached the Lieutenant and took his hand.

"May I kiss you?" she asked, blushing.

The Lieutenant blushed, too, but he retained his composure and gallantly replied, "I would be very proud to comply," and he did.

"Of course, I kissed him on the spur of the moment," said Miss Arnold, explaining to a reporter at the Long Beach Hotel about the famous kiss. "You don't suppose I had planned it a long time beforehand, do you?"

"I am a patriot. It just made my blood tingle when I read about Hobson taking the Merrimac and sinking her so coolly under that fearful storm of

fire. To me that seemed the greatest feat of bravery in the whole war. It made me proud to think that I was an American. I had thought a great deal about the heroism of the men who sank the Merrimac so the Spanish could not sneak away. So you see it was Hobson's deed I kissed and not Hobson. Mr. Hobson was merely the embodiment of his courage—the intermediary. You understand now, don't you; I made it perfectly clear?"

As a consequence of this incident, Miss Arnold became the most widely discussed young woman in the newspapers for a fortnight or more. She returned to her home to find herself a heroine.

Assistant Engineer R. K. Crank, who was chief engineer on the collier Merrimac, and as such assisted in putting the vessel in condition to perform the valuable service for which she was selected, in a letter to an officer on duty in the Navy Department, at Washington, gives some interesting details. He says:

Hobson's Cool Announcement.

"On Wednesday, June 1, while the officers of the Merrimac were sitting at lunch, Assistant Naval Constructor R. P. Hobson came aboard from the flagship with the startling announcement that the Admiral had decided to run the Merrimac into the entrance of the channel leading to the harbor of Santiago and sink her there. Mr. Hobson roughly outlined his plans, and preparations were immediately begun for putting them into execution.

"The four transverse bulkheads of the ship were located approximately and their positions marked on the port side of the ship at the rail. The length of the Merrimac is about 344 feet; her breadth of beam about 44 feet, as nearly as can be outlined. A line was run along the port side of the ship, parallel to the waterline. This line was supported by 'hogging lines' that were run over the rail outside.

"Along this line were to be suspended in eight inch copper cases ten charges of ordinary brown prismatic powder, each charge weighing about eighty pounds; over this an ordinary igniting charge of brown powder was placed and the whole covered with pitch for protection against the water, with a primer and wire for exploding the charge.

"The ship at this time contained about 2,000 tons of coal. As far as possible all stores were removed. About dark the powder charges were brought on board and lowered into position over the port side.

"The wire for exploding the charges was run and connected and the dry battery made ready. The first plan contemplated the simultaneous explosion of all ten charges. It was found that the battery on hand was sufficient to explode with certainty only six of the charges; so only six were connected. Meanwhile one of the ship's anchors had been taken aft to the starboard quar-

ter and lashed over the rail, ready for dropping as soon as the lashings were cut.

"The chain of this anchor had been held aft forty-five fathoms, led along the deck clear for running, and the chain stopped at the after starboard bits. The starboard bow anchor and chain were also made ready in a similar manner for letting go. The cargo ports (of which there are two on each side, one forward and one aft) were opened. The ship was drawing about sixteen feet of water aft, and there was about three feet freeboard from the water to the lower edge of the cargo ports.

"Below, in the engine room, the nuts holding the bonnets of the main injection valve and the sea-suction valve of the big fire pump were slacked off, ready for instant removal, and wooden props were wedged into the top of the bonnets, so that after the nuts should be taken off one blow with a sledge would knock out the prop and allow the bonnet to fly off, admitting the sea.

"Arrangements were also made for cutting two smaller pipes leading from the sea to the pumps and donkey boiler. All water-tight doors were opened, and, where it was possible, plates were taken off from the athwartship bulkheads to give the water free access to all parts of the ship.

"All these preparations were made with the greatest haste, as it was desired to send the ship in before daybreak of the morning of the 2d. One of the ship's lifeboats was to be towed from a line amidships on the starboard side. All cans containing stores were knocked open.

Each Man Had a Post.

"The officers and crew, with the exception of Captain Miller, Assistant Engineer Crank, Machinist Phillips, Ordinary Seaman Diegnan and Acting Water Tender Kelly, were sent to the flagship New York. Mr. Hobson, of course, was to remain aboard to take the ship in. In addition, Coxswain Murphy, Gunner's Mate Charette and Coxswain Montague came aboard in the afternoon from the New York to form part of the crew to take the ship in. The preparations were not completed until nearly daylight. Diegnan was stationed at the wheel.

"Boatswain Murphy stood by with an axe to cut the lashings of the starboard quarter anchor; Charette was to explode the charges on signal. Two signals only were to be sent to the engine room. At the first of these Phillips was to knock out the props from over the bonnets of the sea valves. Kelly was to cut the small sea pipes before mentioned. Then Kelly was to run on deck to haul in the lifeboat. At the second signal Phillips was to stop the engines, then run on deck and jump over the starboard side.

"Mr. Hobson wished to creep in and approach the entrance from the

westward, until he could shape his course, as nearly as possible, directly for Estrella Point. He wished to put the bow of the ship near this point, and then swing her across the channel abreast of this point.

"When the ship was near enough, in his judgment, the bonnets were to be knocked off the sea valves and the engines stopped. The helm was to be put hard to port, and the starboard bow anchor let go. This would swing the ship across the channel and check her headway. When she had swung far enough, the quarter anchor was to be let go to check her, and the mines exploded. The strong flood tide was relied on to heel the ship to port and assist in sinking her. The powder charges were about thirty-five feet apart and ten feet below the water line.

"The Admiral was aboard until nearly daylight. The signals to the men at the anchors were to be given by means of a rope attached to their wrists and leading to the bridge. It was the intention for Mr. Hobson to remain on the bridge until he felt the ship settle. The other men, as soon as each had done the duty assigned to him, were to jump over the side and make for the boat.

"Mr. Hobson expected that a mine would be exploded under the ship by the enemy, thus materially aiding his plans for sinking the ship."

Completing the Preparations.

Daylight breaking before all the plans were perfected, the ship was not allowed to go in. Mr. Crank continues:

"Some slight changes in the original plans were made during the day. Additional batteries were obtained, and an additional charge was made ready on the port side. As the lifeboat had gotten adrift on the first attempt, the large catamaran of the ship was slung over the starboard side by a single line, with towing and steadying lines. The lifeboat was slung in a similar manner, just abaft the catamaran. The boats on the port side were cast loose, so that they would float when the ship sank.

"Mr. Hobson decided, also, that it would be safer to explode each powder charge separately, and the men in the engine room were directed to come on deck as soon as they had completed their duties below, and lend a hand in exploding the four after charges.

"About half-past one Mr. Hobson came on the bridge. All the men who were to go in with the ship—Montague, Charette, Phillips, Diegnan, Murphy and Kelly—were called up and given final instructions as to their duties. Everything was made ready below. The ship was steaming in towards the entrance at 'dead slow,' so as to enable the launch to go over to the Texas, and then catch her. This was about half-past two A. M.

"The big black hull of the Merrimac could be easily followed from the other ships. At a quarter past three the first shot was fired, coming from one of the guns on the hill to the left (west) of the entrance. The shot was seen to splash seaward from the Merrimac, having passed over her.

"The firing became general very soon after, being especially fierce and rapid from the batteries inside, on the left of the harbor, probably from the batteries on Smith Cay. The flashes and reports were apparently those of rapid-fire guns, ranging from small automatic guns to 4 inch or larger. For fifteen minutes a perfect fusillade was kept up. Then the fire slackened and by half-past three had almost ceased.

"A close watch was kept on the mouth of the harbor in order to pick up the steam launch. There was a little desultory firing until about a quarter to four, when all became quiet. At about a quarter past five the launch was seen, steaming from west to east near or across the mouth of the harbor. She steamed back from east to west, and then began skirting the coast to the west of the entrance. The battery on the hill to the left opened fire on her, but did not make good practice. The launch continued her course as far westward as a small cove, and then headed for the Texas. Mr. Powell reported that 'No one had come out of the entrance of the harbor.'

Almost Ran Aground.

"Cadet Powell said that Hobson missed the entrance of the harbor at first, having gone too far to the westward; he almost ran aground. The launch picked up the entrance and directed the Merrimac in. From the launch the collier was seen until she rounded the bend of the channel and until the helm had been put to port to swing her into position across the channel.

"Apparently the inner batteries opened fire just as the collier rounded the bend and was swinging into position—probably when she was first seen by the men at the batteries on Smith Cay. It was from this side that the heaviest fire came. A large number of projectiles whistled over the launch. The batteries on Estrella Point kept up a very hot fire.

"Powell heard or saw and counted seven explosions, which were undoubtedly those of the powder charges under the collier. Powell remained in the entrance as long as he deemed it safe to do so. No wreckage or bodies floated out, everything being swept inside by the strong flood tide. The enemy evidently had a large number of automatic and rapid-fire guns, from the number and rapidity of the shots.

"There was probably no one in the fleet who did not think that all seven of the men had perished. In the afternoon, much to the surprise of

every one, a tug, flying a flag of truce, was seen coming out of the entrance. The Vixen, flying a tablecloth at the fore, went to meet the tug. A Spanish officer went aboard the Vixen from the tug and was taken aboard the flagship.

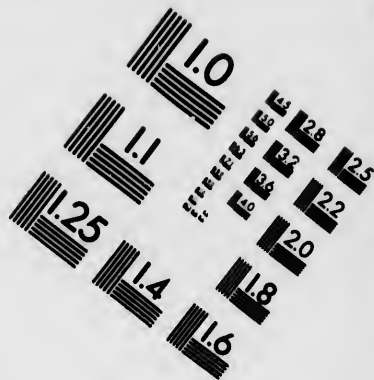
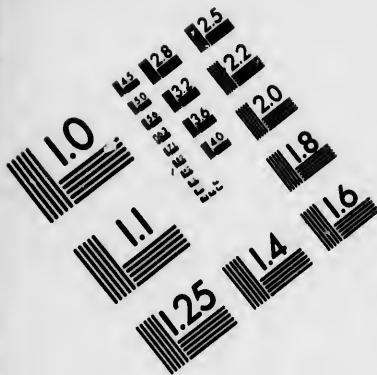
Were Mourned as Dead.

"Not long afterward a signal was made that Murphy, of the Iowa, was saved and was a prisoner of war. About four o'clock another signal was made from the flagship, 'Collier's crew prisoners of war. Two slightly wounded. All well.'

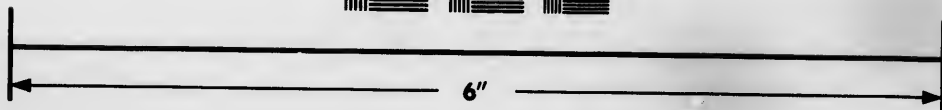
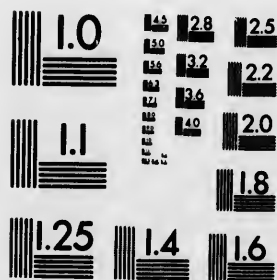
"It can be easily imagined what relief this signal brought to all hands, who had been mourning the death of all these men. The Spanish officer said also that the prisoners were confined in Morro Castle. He said, further, that Admiral Cervera considered the attempt to run in and sink the Merrimac across the channel as an act of such great bravery and desperate daring that he (the Admiral) thought it only proper that our Admiral should be notified of the safety of these men.

"Whatever the motive for sending out the tug with the flag of truce, the act was a most graceful one, and one of most chivalrous courtesy. The Spanish officer is reported to have said:—'You have made it more difficult, but we can still get out.'"





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CHAPTER VII.

Admiral Cervera Tells of the Great Naval Battle Near Santiago.

N Sunday morning, July 3rd, our watching ships lay rolling in the easy surges off the entrance of the harbor of Santiago. Their distances from the guarded haven varied from four to six thousand yards, and there, with an unsparing alertness, they waited for that promised dash, which all hoped for, but feared might never come. However, they were now to wait no longer.

A little after three bells in the forenoon watch the inspection of the ship Iowa had been concluded, and as Lieutenant Van Duzer, the officer of the watch, was relieving the navigating officer, Lieutenant Scheutze, then officer of the deck, he heard a quick cry to call the captain, followed by a shout, "There come the Spaniards out of the harbor."

The trained eye of the alert officer had marked the thin trail of drifting smoke, and before the signals, "Clear Ship for Action," had been given, the bows of the Spanish vessels, rushing in "line ahead," were seen darting around Socapa Point for the open sea.

In a moment all was bustle and trained energy. Men rushed to their quarters, guns were trained, and in less than twenty seconds the whistling shriek of a rapid-fire gun warned the startled fleet of the hot work awaiting. In two minutes every gun on shipboard was cast loose, manned, loaded and ready for the long-expected signal to fire.

At the yardarm of the Iowa a string of signal flags warned the fleet the enemy was trying to escape, but even before the answering pennants of the other ships announced their understanding of the message every vessel was dashing to the stations long before allotted for the emergency which had come at last.

It was a splendid spectacle. The Spaniards with bottled steam cleared the harbor's mouth seemingly in a moment. Under their eager prows a column of foam whitened the long billows and their bubbling wakes left a furrow as straight and sharp as a racing yacht making a winning run for the finish line.

Their course was shaped for the westward, but as fast as they sped in their desperate break for freedom, faster flew the shells of the pursuing Americans. The first heavy shell from the Iowa's battery fell short, and then,

by an unlucky mischance, so did the second, but afterward the rain of shot fell surely and unsparingly upon the fleeing foe.

Not a whit behind in this eager fusillade roared the batteries of the Spanish ships. Their port broadsides flamed and grumbled, but it was more a splendid display of fireworks than a successful effort to damage the unharmed targets of the Yankee ships. In fifteen minutes after they were discovered the four Spanish armored cruisers had cleared the wide entrance, and five minutes later the torpedo boat destroyers, hugging the beach and seeking the sheltering broadside of their sister ships, flew into the turmoil of the action.

At this time every gun of the American squadron that could be brought to bear was pumping projectiles into the enemy. In an instant it almost seemed one ship of the Vizcaya class burst into flames, caused, undoubtedly, by a long, sure shot from the Oregon or the Texas.

A minute later a 12-inch projectile sent from her forward turret struck the flag-ship Maria Teresa near her after smoke pipe. A tremendous explosion followed. Then she was all shrouded in smoke and was lighted with lurid flames; and then when the powder cloud blew down the wind she was seen helm hard a-port rushing for the beach.

Twenty-five minutes after the first ship had been sighted half the Spanish fleet had surrendered or was on fire. As our vessels rushed toward them every ship was hulled time and again, and it almost seemed, in the sureness and directness of our batteries, as if it were the target practice of a summer morning, and not the annihilation of a squadron. Even this interval would have been shortened measurably, for aiding them and hindering us was the cloud of smoke which concealed and at the best only half revealed the wrecked enemy.



ADMIRAL CERVERA.

It was a grand, sad sight, a pathetic one to seamen, who know how much patient thought and patriotic effort had gone into the construction of these splendid vessels, now lying bruised and burning, on the shores they had hoped to defend. There was no time, however, to indulge in emotions of sympathy or of pity, for still rushing eagerly westward, closely followed by the New York, and at a further distance by the Indiana, came the torpedo destroyers. In the hot eagerness of destruction we turned loose our smaller guns on these loudly heralded and ineffective craft, and finally by a lucky hit dropped a 12 inch shell into the bow of the leading destroyer. At the same instant the little Hist was rapidly closing upon them, pouring a sickening fire into their fragile hulls.

Destroyers Quickly Vanquished.

The Gloucester joined in this splendid assault, and so sure and effective was their rain of rapid-fire projectiles that both torpedo boats swung their helms hard a-port, ran for the shore and buried what was left of them among the pitiless rocks of the coast. By a quarter past ten we were in full cry after the other Spanish ships, then about four miles ahead and busy with hot replies to the determined assault of the Oregon, Texas and Brooklyn.

Bending every energy to overtake the Colon, which was then five miles away and perhaps two miles ahead in a direct line and a and a half further in shore, we picked up the flying Vizcaya. The gun must have seemed up to her then, for with a quick turn to starboard she ran shoreward, and we saw in an instant that she was flaming fore and aft. A beautiful Spanish flag floating from her gaff and another higher still, from her main topmast head, showed her to be the flagship of the second in command. She lagged heavily in the water; no longer did she carry the bone in her teeth, and her foaming wake was gone.

When we drew near we saw something had gone amiss with her, for just as we swung with a touch of our helm to give her a finishing broadside, the beautiful flags drifted from truck and gaff end and the white flag of surrender went up, and the cheers of our ships went with it. We stopped our engines when close aboard and hoisted out our boats to save her people. We received on board 250 of her crew, the Hist took another hundred, and that was all that was left of them, the other hapless sailors were lying dead and wounded on her burning decks.

The conflagration aboard this ship was astounding, and even now, when the opportunity for calm reflection has come, it is impossible to explain where so much inflammable material could have been collected on board an armored vessel. Through the air ports and gun ports of the doomed ship quivering

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fires shone with a blood-red light upon the light woodwork of the bridge and upper deck, and long tongues of flame licked the towering masts.

Over the ship a cloud of rosy light hovered, and when, after a time, the explosions of the free powder were added, great volumes of smoke shut out the sky. Several explosions of terrific force followed, but notwithstanding this, and while the flames were still quivering through every outlet and encircling the hull, our boats were busy with the rescue of the unfortunate wounded and those more lucky survivors who had sought the water or the shore as their only refuge from a dreadful death.

Let Eulate Keep His Sword.

When the Spanish Captain of the *Vizcaya*, that courteous Eulate, of whom we heard so much when his ship was in the harbor of New York, was lifted over the side and half carried aft, he presented his sword to Captain Evans; but Evans, gentle as he is brave, declined to receive it, and, waving it back with a friendly gesture, he grasped the hand of the Spaniard and welcomed his brother officer to the hospitality of the ship.

Much affected by his reception, Captain Eulate asked permission to meet the *Iowa's* officers, and to each he gave a warm grip of his hand and a friendly word of gratitude before he was carried below. The *Oregon* and *Brooklyn* joined in the attack, but were a little too far out to get into the best of it, and their efforts were directed more to head off and catch the *Colon* than to join in the general action. There was a wisdom in this, approved of all good sailors, for they knew what work was cut out for them, and in what good hands the other ships were left.

The glorious *Texas*, no longer the "hoodoo" of the fleet, gave its principal attention to the *Vizcaya*, and one of her 12-inch shells, smashing through the fire-room of the Spaniard, caused her to make that quick turn to the shore, which at first we did not understand. The *New York* was so far to the eastward that she had a long chase, and a stern chase, before she got into the action, and she passed us just after the *Vizcaya* surrendered. She made a splendid marine picture as she rushed eagerly by in a hot chase after the *Colon*, and as she shot past we gave *Sampson* cheer after cheer, and cheer after cheer came back to us from as gallant a crew as ever served a gun or fed a rearing furnace.

Some of the crew swam to the beach, but finding the hostile shores commanded by alert parties of Cuban soldiers, they fought in a mad endeavor to get on board the ship's boats rather than surrender to an enemy whom they knew to be pitiless. Every officer and man on the *Iowa* gave clothes of some sort to the rescued sailors, and their reception must have taught them that

the much despised Yankee was not the inhuman brute their officers had pictured them.

The paymaster's stores of the ship were drawn on lavishly to clothe the Spanish officers and men, and when after a while they were dried and fed it was interesting to note the relief all seemed to feel now that their long suspense of so many weary weeks was over and done.

At one time the Iowa was engaged with all the ships single-handed. The Spanish officers said later that their orders were to concentrate their fire on her, and every effort must be made to disable her, as she was the most dangerous antagonist of all awaiting them. But, as one of the Spanish officers added, with a fine air of perplexity: "We found that all the ships were equally dangerous, and that, after all was said and done, it was four ships against four, and one of these, the Brooklyn, was much more lightly armored and gunned than any of ours."

Reckoning up the data of this memorable fight, we find that: In less than twenty-five minutes two of their ships were wrecked. In less than three-quarters of an hour the third surrendered. In fifty-six minutes from the time the first dashing Spaniard was sighted all hands were piped down, the guns were secured and our boats were in the water to save what was left of the Vizcaya's crew.

Reception of Admiral Cervera.

At five o'clock in the afternoon of that memorable Sunday the Iowa arrived off the entrance to Santiago, the Gloucester keeping company with her, after speaking the Indiana and exchanging cheers that made the welkin ring. When alongside the Indiana, Captain Evans hailed his brother-in-law, Captain Taylor, of that ship, and told him to send Admiral Cervera on board and he would put at his disposal the vacant Admiral's cabin of our ship.

The gallant but defeated sailor came alongside in the Gloucester's boat and was received with all the honors due his rank and station. The full marine guard was paraded, the bugles flourished a salute, and when the official side was finished the reception accorded him by the captured officers of the Vizcaya showed the affectionate regard with which this fearless gentleman was held by those who served under him.

Captain Eulate wore the sword Captain Evans had refused to accept, and he pointed to it with a pathetic pride as he told of the reception accorded him by the Iowa's captain. It was an affecting and a heart-warming sight, and made a fitting close to a day that will be memorable for the glories it yielded to our arms at sea.

Concerning the battle, Admiral Schley wrote to a friend in St. Louis:

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"Many thanks for your kind letter and the things you say. I only wish I could feel that I deserve all you say, but I do not deserve more credit for the victory of July 3rd than any and all of my brave comrades. It was a glorious day for our country, and a grand achievement for our navy. I am glad to have had a chance to help to such a grand result, and if it shall result in peace the battle may be regarded as among the epoch-making battles in history."

An eye-witness of the fight who was on the battleship Texas describes it as follows:

"At 9.30 o'clock this morning, while the battleship Texas was lying directly in front of Santiago harbor, Lieutenant M. L. Bristol saw smoke arising between Morro Castle and La Socapa. An instant later the nose of a ship poked out behind the Estrella Battery. Clash went the electric gongs calling the ship's company to general quarters. Full speed ahead plunged the Texas toward the enemy, and up fluttered the vari-colored flags signaling: 'The enemy is trying to escape!'

Bold Dash of the Spanish Ships.

"The Brooklyn, Iowa and Oregon responded immediately. All headed toward the harbor entrance, being then about two and a half miles away. There was much suppressed excitement aboard all the vessels as they sped in the direction of the enemy. The first of the Spanish squadron to come into view was a cruiser of the Vizcaya class, the Almirante Oquendo. Closely following her came the Cristobal Colon, which was easily distinguishable by the military masts between her two smokestacks. Then came the other two cruisers, Vizcaya and Infanta Maria Teresa, making desperate efforts to escape our bulldog fleet and get into the open sea.

"Almost before the leading ship was clear of the shadow of Morro Castle the fight had begun. Admiral Cervera started it by a shell from the Almirante Oquendo, to which he had transferred his flag. It struck none of the American vessels. In a twinkling the big guns of the Texas belched forth their thunder, which was followed immediately by a heavy fire from our other ships. The Spaniards turned to the westward under full steam, pouring a constant fire on our ships, and evidently hoping to get away by their superior speed. The Brooklyn turned her course parallel with that of the Spaniards, and, after getting in good range, began a running fight.

"The Texas, still heading in shore, kept up a hot exchange of shots with the foremost ships, which gradually drew away to the westward under the shadow of the hills. The third of the Spanish vessels, the Vizcaya or Infanta Maria Teresa, was caught by the Texas in good fighting range, and

it was she that engaged the attention of the first battleship commissioned in the American navy—the old hoodoo, but now the old hero.

“The Texas steamed west with her adversary, and as she could not catch her with speed, she did with her shells. Captain John W. Philip directed operations from the bridge until the fire got so hot that he ordered the ship to be run from the conning tower, and the bridge contingent moved down to the passage surrounding the tower. This was a Providential move, for a moment later a shell from one of the Spanish cruisers tore through the pilot house. It would have killed the wheelman and perhaps everybody on the bridge had they remained there.

“Captain Philip directed every move throughout the heat of the fight. For half an hour the shells whistled all about the ship, but only one other struck it. This tore a hole through the ash hoist amidships, and exploded inside her smokestack. No one was injured.

“The din of the guns was so terrific that orders had to be yelled close to the messengers' ears, and at times the smoke was so thick that absolutely nothing could be seen. Once or twice the twelve-inch guns in the turrets were swung across the ship and fired. The concussion shook the great vessel as though she had been struck by a great ball, and everything moveable was splintered. The men near the guns were thrown flat on their faces. One of them, a seaman named Scarm, was tumbled down a hatch into the forward handling-room. His leg was broken. Other casualties occurred, but none of them were serious.

Oregon and Iowa Join In.

“Meanwhile the Oregon had come in on the run. She passed the Texas and chased after Commodore Schley, on the Brooklyn, to head off the foremost of the Spanish ships. The Iowa also turned her course westward, and kept up a hot fire on the running enemy.

“At 10.10 o'clock the third of the Spanish ships, the one that had been exchanging compliments with the Texas, was seen to be on fire, and a mighty cheer went up from our ships. The Spaniard headed for the shore, and the Texas turned her attention to the one following. The Brooklyn and Oregon, after a few parting shots, also left her contemptuously, and made all steam and shell after the foremost two of the Spanish ships, the Almirante Oquendo and the Cristobal Colon.

“Just then the two torpedo-boat destroyers, Pluton and Furor, were discovered. They had come out after the cruisers without being seen, and were boldly heading west down the coast. ‘All small guns on the torpedo boats!’ was the order on the Texas, and in an instant a hail of shot was pouring all

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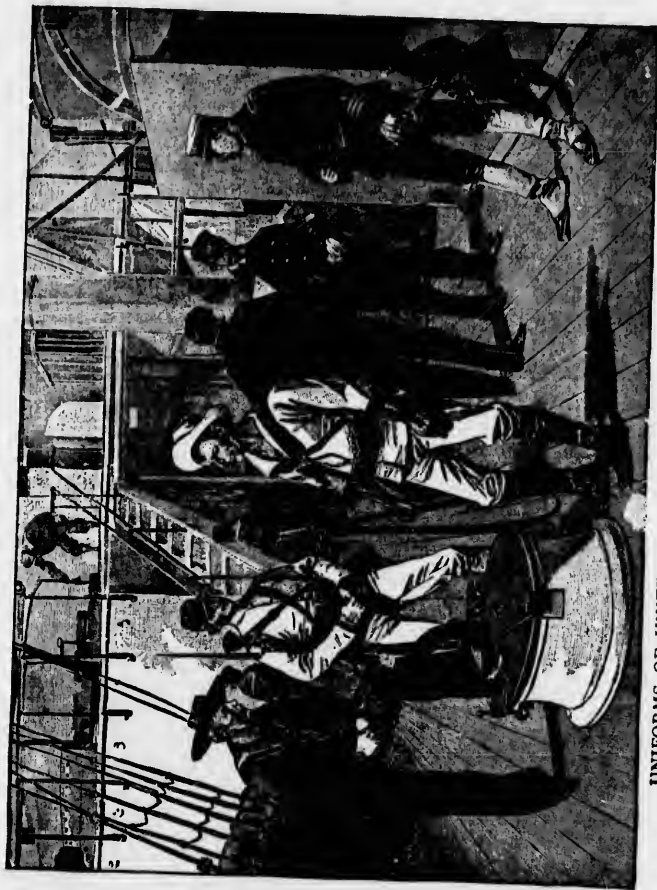
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UNIFORMS OF UNITED STATES MARINES AND NAVAL OFFICERS.

about them. A six-pounder from the starboard battery of the Texas, under Ensign Gise, struck the foremost torpedo boat fairly in the boiler.

"A rending sound was heard above the roar of battle. A great spout of black smoke shot up from that destroyer, and she was out of commission. The Iowa, which was coming up fast, threw a few complimentary shots at the second torpedo-boat destroyer, and passed on. The little Gloucester, formerly J. Pierpont Morgan's yacht Corsair, then sailed in and finished the second boat.

"Gun for gun and shot for shot the running fight was kept up between the Spanish cruisers and the four American vessels. At 10:30 o'clock the Infanta Maria Teresa and Vizcaya were almost on the beach, and were evidently in distress. As the Texas was firing at them, a white flag was run up on the one nearest her.

"'Cease firing!' called Captain Philip, and a moment later both the Spaniards were beached. Clouds of black smoke arose from each, and bright flashes of flame could be seen shining through the smoke. Boats were visible putting out from the cruiser to the shore. The Iowa waited to see that the two warships were really out of the fight, and it did not take her long to determine that they would never fight again. The Iowa herself had suffered some very hard knocks.

A Race for Dear Life.

"The Brooklyn, Oregon and Texas pushed ahead after the Colon and Almirante Oquendo, which were now running the race of their lives along the coast. At 10:50 o'clock, when Admiral Cervera's flagship, the Almirante Oquendo, suddenly headed in shore, she had the Brooklyn and Oregon abeam and the Texas astern. The Brooklyn and Oregon pushed on after the Cristobal Colon, which was making fine time, and which looked as if she might escape, leaving the Texas to finish the Almirante Oquendo. This work did not take long. The Spanish ship was already burning. At 11:05 o'clock down came a yellow and red flag at her stern. Just as the Texas got abeam of her she was shaken by a mighty explosion.

"The crew of the Texas started to cheer. 'Don't cheer, because the poor devils are dying!' called Captain Philip, and the Texas left the Almirante Oquendo to her fate to join in the chase of the Cristobal Colon.

"That ship, in desperation, was ploughing the waters at a rate that caused the fast Brooklyn trouble. The Oregon made great speed for a battleship, and the Texas made the effort of her life. Never since her trial trip had she made such time. The Brooklyn might have proved a match to the Cristobal Colon in speed, but was not supposed to be her match in strength.

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CAPTAIN CHARLES E. CLARKE
COMMANDER OF THE BATTLESHIP OREGON



COMMODORE JOHN W. PHILIP
COMMANDER OF THE BATTLESHIP TEXAS



CAPTAIN F. J. HIGGINSON
COMMANDER OF BATTLESHIP MASSACHUSETTS



CAPTAIN B. H. McCALLA
COMMANDER OF THE MARBLEHEAD



ADMIRAL CERVERA
COMMANDER OF THE SPANISH FLEET AT SANTIAGO



SURRENDER OF ADMIRAL CERVERA, JULY 3, 1898, ON BOARD THE BATTLESHIP IOWA

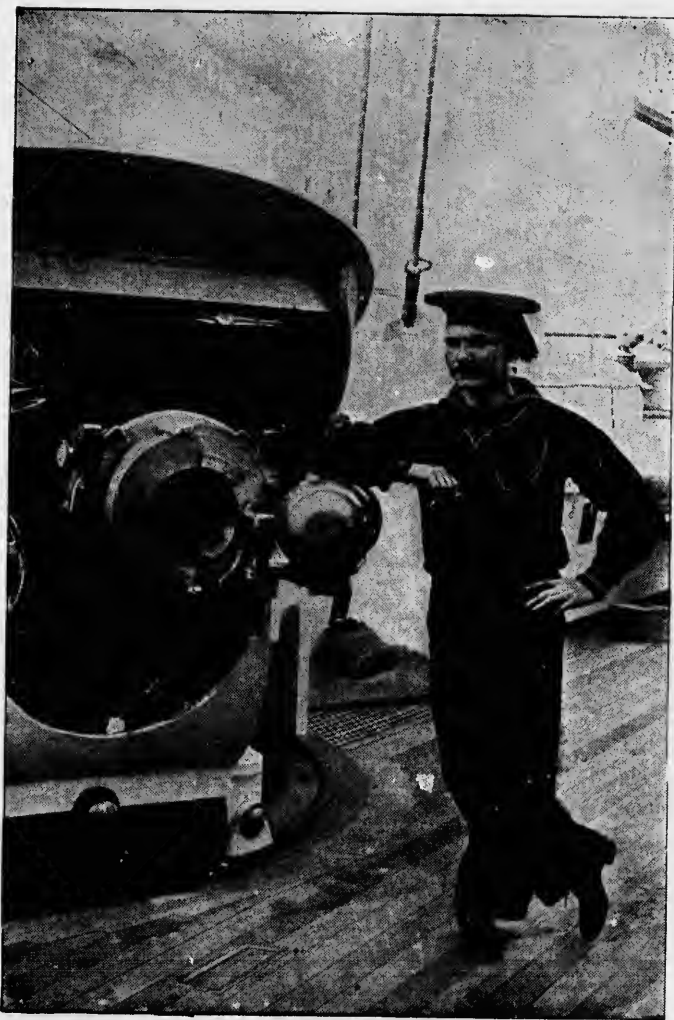
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SPANISH WAR VESSEL OQUENDO AFTER THE BATTLE OF SANTIAGO



HOLE MADE BY A SPANISH SHOT IN THE ARMOR PLATE
OF THE BATTLESHIP TEXAS



A YANKEE SAILOR AND A YANKEE GUN



CAPTAIN CHARLES D. SIGSBEE
COMMANDER OF THE BATTLESHIP MAINE



1. MARIA DE MOLINA 2. GALICIA 3. DESTRUCTOR 4. ALFONSO X
9. FILIPINAS 10. FUROR 11. EMPEROR CARLOS V. 12. YANEZ P
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6. ALFONSO X
14. LEPANTO
17. ISLE MARIA TERESA



SHIPS SH NAVY

4. ALFONSO XII 6. ALFONSO XII 7. REINA MERCEDES 8. DON JUAN DE AUSTRIA
12. YANEZ P... 14. LEPANTO 15. CARDINAL CISNEROS 16. CRISTOBAL COLON
17. ISLE... 18. MARIA TERESA



THE FALL OF SANTIAGO—GENERAL TORAL SURRENDERING TO
GENERAL SHAFTER IN THE GOVERNOR'S PALACE



GENERAL SHAFTER RECEIVING THE FORMAL SURRENDER OF SANTIAGO FROM GENERAL TORAL
On the morning of the formal surrender of Santiago, General Shafter, his staff and a troop of the 2d Cavalry, met General Toral and his staff officers. The Spanish Infantry were drawn up in a line, in two detachments, leaving space in the centre for four buglers. They were faced by the United States Cavalry, while the Spanish buglers sounded "Retreat."

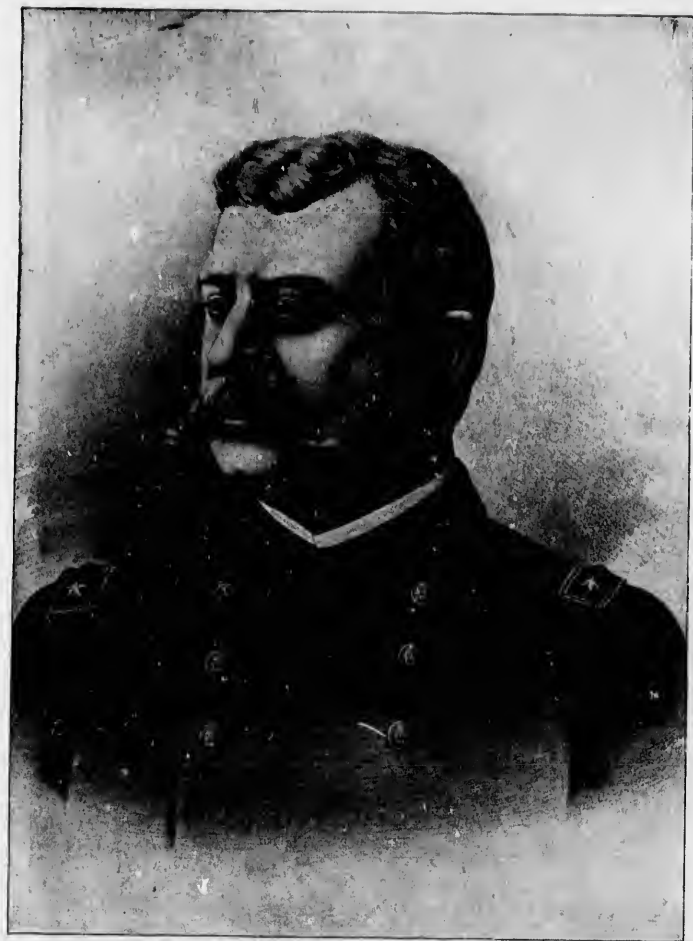


HOISTING "OLD GLORY" ON THE GOVERNOR'S PALACE IN SANTIAGO

HOISTING "OLD GLORY" ON THE GOVERNOR'S PALACE IN SANTIAGO



FRIENDLY GREETINGS BETWEEN THE AMERICAN AND SPANISH SOLDIERS AFTER
THE SURRENDER OF SANTIAGO



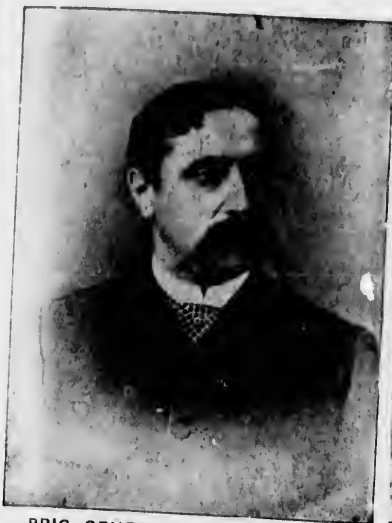
MAJOR-GENERAL J. R. BROOKE



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MAJOR-GEN. J. C. BRECKINRIDGE
INSPECTOR-GENERAL OF THE ARMY



BRIG. GENERAL T. H. STANTON
PAYMASTER-GENERAL



BRIG. GENERAL GUIDO N. LIEBER
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BRIG. GENERAL JOHN A. WILEY
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GREAT NAVAL BATTLE NEAR SANTIAGO.

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"It would never do to allow even one of the Spanish ships to get away. Straight into the west the strongest chase of modern times took place. The Brooklyn headed the pursuers. She stood well out from the shore in order to try to cut off the Cristobal Colon at a point jutting out into the sea far ahead. The Oregon kept a middle course about a mile from the cruiser. The desperate Don ran close along the shore, and now and then he threw a shell of defiance. The old Texas kept well up in the chase under forced draught for over two hours.

"The fleet Spaniard led the Americans a merry chase, but she had no chance. The Brooklyn gradually forged ahead, so that the escape of the Cristobal Colon was cut off at the point above mentioned. The Oregon was abreast of the Colon then, and the gallant Don gave it up. At 1:15 o'clock he headed for the shore, and five minutes later down came the Spanish flag. None of our ships was then within a mile of her, but her escape was cut off. The Texas, Oregon, and Brooklyn closed in on her and stopped their engines a few hundred yards away.

"We Have Won a Great Victory."

"With the capture of the Cristobal Colon the battle was ended, and there was great rejoicing on all our ships. Meantime the New York, with Admiral Sampson on board, and the Vixen were coming up on the run. Commodore Schley signalled to Admiral Sampson: 'We have won a great victory; details will be communicated.'

"The victory certainly was Commodore Schley's. Then for an hour after the surrender in that little cove under the high hills was a general Fourth of July celebration, though a little premature. Our ships cheered one another, the captains indulged in compliments through the megaphones, and the Oregon got out its band, and the strains of the 'Star Spangled Banner' echoed over the lines of Spanish drawn up on the deck of the last of the Spanish fleet, and up over the lofty green-tipped hills of the Cuban mountains.

"Commodore Schley, coming alongside the Texas from the Cristobal Colon in his gig, called out, cheerily: 'It was a nice fight, Jack; wasn't it?'

"The veterans of the Texas lined up and gave three hearty cheers and a tiger for their old commander-in-chief. Captain Philip called all hands to the quarter-deck, and, with bared head, thanked God for the almost bloodless victory.

"'I want to make public acknowledgment here,' he said, 'that I believe in God the Father Almighty. I want all you officers and men to lift your hats, and from your hearts offer silent thanks to the Almighty.'

"All hats were off. There was a moment or two of absolute silence, and

then the overwrought feelings of the ship's company relieved themselves in three hearty cheers for their beloved commander. The Brooklyn later in the afternoon started east to chase a report that another Spanish warship had been seen. The vessel turned out to be the Austrian cruiser Maria Teresa. The Resolute came up, and the work of transferring the prisoners from the Cristobal Colon to her was begun. Five hundred and thirty men were taken off. Eight were missing.

The Colon a Complete Wreck.

"It was hoped that the Cristobal Colon might be saved as a Fourth of July gift to our navy. She was beached now on a sandy shore, and her stern was afloat. She was not materially damaged by the shots that had struck her. One thirteen-inch shell and one eight-inch had hit her, but it was found that the Spaniards had taken every mean measure to destroy her after they themselves were safe. They had opened every sea valve in the ship, and had thrown the caps overboard. They had opened all the ports and smashed the deadlights. They had even thrown the breech plugs of their guns overboard.

"The Colon floated off at 7 o'clock in the evening, and drifted 500 yards down the beach to the westward, swinging bow out. The New York pushed her back stern on the beach, but the water was already up to her gun deck. At 11 o'clock she lurched and turned over on her starboard side, with her port guns pointing straight up to the sky. She lies only in four fathoms of water, but it is unlikely that she can ever be saved."

The ease with which the Americans won the fight with Admiral Cervera's squadron was not due to strength of numbers. They fought the enemy ship for ship. Cervera had shrewdly waited until the blockade was weakest. He had seen the fast cruiser New Orleans leave; the outlook reported that the New York was down the coast, and that one of the battleships had gone to Guantanamo for coal.

"We thought," Captain Eulate, of the Vizcaya, said, "that it was the Oregon which had left for coal. We knew that we could outrun the Massachusetts or the Indiana, the Iowa or the Texas, and believed, if we could lead the Brooklyn a long chase, we could close in and sink her. She was the only ship on station on the American side which we believed could equal us in speed."

Admiral Cervera reasoned shrewdly, but he did not know the temper of the American ships' crews, and the Oregon, which he supposed he was to evade, was on hand, and ran him down in a long chase, heavy battleship though she be. All of the American fleet's yachts and torpedo catchers were away, except the little Gloucester. Only the Oregon, the Iowa, the Brooklyn

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and the Texas were near enough to the entrance of the harbor to engage the Spanish ships if they made a dash to the westward. This explains why Cervera chose to make the desperate attempt at 9.30 o'clock in the morning rather than under cover of night.

At night while the New York was returning to the blockade from the wreck of the Cristobal Colon, just as eight bells marked the beginning of the Fourth of July, a terrific explosion on the port bow shook her and brought the entire ship's company to the decks. A volcano of flames and blackened debris went skyward. The forward magazine of the Vizcaya had exploded, making a magnificent pyrotechnic display to greet the Fourth.

The armistice relieved the men from fighting and gave opportunity to celebrate the day and the victory. Flags decorated all mastheads, and at noon the national salute was fired.

Soon after Admiral Cervera reached the shore and surrendered he was taken to the Gloucester at his own request. There was no mistaking the heartbroken expression upon his face as he took the proffered hand of Lieutenant-Commander Wainwright and was shown to the latter's cabin, but he made every effort to bear bravely the bitter defeat that had come to him. He thanked the captain of the Gloucester for the words of congratulation offered on the gallant fight, and then spoke earnestly of his solicitude for the safety of his men on shore.

He informed Lieutenant-Commander Wainwright that Cuban soldiers were on the hills preparing to attack his unarmed men, and said he thought his sailors had suffered enough in their battle with the American forces and that he was willing to surrender his entire command, but he asked that some protection be given to his men until they could be taken off in the American vessels. Lieutenant-Commander Wainwright had heard similar reports from his own officers regarding the presence of Cubans in the brush, and he sent a guard of armed soldiers ashore to prevent the Spanish prisoners from being molested.

Cervera Appeals for Protection to His Men.

This was only one of many instances in which the American troops treated the enemy with the greatest consideration. Our officers were unwilling to sacrifice any more lives than were necessary to obtain a victory over their foes. The Spaniards evidently expected to be treated with the utmost severity, and many who were captured were afraid they would be put to instant death. Hence their surprise was all the greater when they found the Americans had no intention of turning their victory into a massacre.

The concern which Admiral Cervera felt for his men in the hour of his terrible defeat was most creditable to him, and he was delighted with the

instant response to his request that his men should be protected. Orders were immediately given to cease firing upon the unprotected Spaniards, and save as many lives as possible.

The story of Cervera's attempt to escape is an interesting one, and is told briefly by the commander of the frigate Adolpho Centrores, a prisoner on board the converted yacht Vixen, taken off the battleship Cristobal Colon. Chief Engineer Stanford E. Moses, of the Vixen, acted as interpreter for the correspondent, the conversation being in the international language of the navy, French. Commander Centrores told this story:

"It is not true that the heavy fire of the American ships drove us out. Besides the accident to the Reina Mercedes, we had no casualties. The dynamite shells of the Vesuvius did no damage except to terrorize people. A shell did not strike Smith Cay at all, but hit near the base.

Bombarded by American Ships.

"We arrived in Santiago harbor on the 19th of May. We did not know that our whereabouts were a secret. We made no attempt to hide or to cover up our plans. We simply took easy stages to get to Cuba. It was frightfully hot in the harbor, and we suffered greatly. We made no attempt to get out, and did not use our torpedo boats, as all our machinery was defective, and we were trying to repair it. The frequent bombardments by the American ships resulted in quite a loss of life, but did little other damage. The batteries were not harmed to any extent.

"It is not true that we dismantled our ships' guns. The Reina Mercedes' guns were all on the forts when Commodore Schley arrived. On Saturday, the 28th of May, we got word that Schley had left Cienfuegos for Santiago. We started to get out. The news had come too late, for Schley had left a couple of his ships to act as decoys before Cienfuegos, and in the meantime had come down here. On Sunday morning, May 29th, we found Schley blocking our way. It was then Cervera's intention to come out and give battle. But General Linares and the citizens objected, and we stayed."

"What about the Hobson expedition?" was asked.

"Well, we were very much surprised, and at the first alarm believed that a torpedo-boat attack was going on. The shore batteries opened up, and the ships used their rapid-fire guns. The dynamos were not going, however, and we had no searchlights, so that we could not find the object. We did not sink her with our batteries or our mines. She sunk herself with her own torpedoes by blowing out her bottom. Admiral Cervera, in making a tour of the shore batteries in a steam launch a little later, found Hobson swimming in the entrance and trying to get out to sea. He had on a life preserver,

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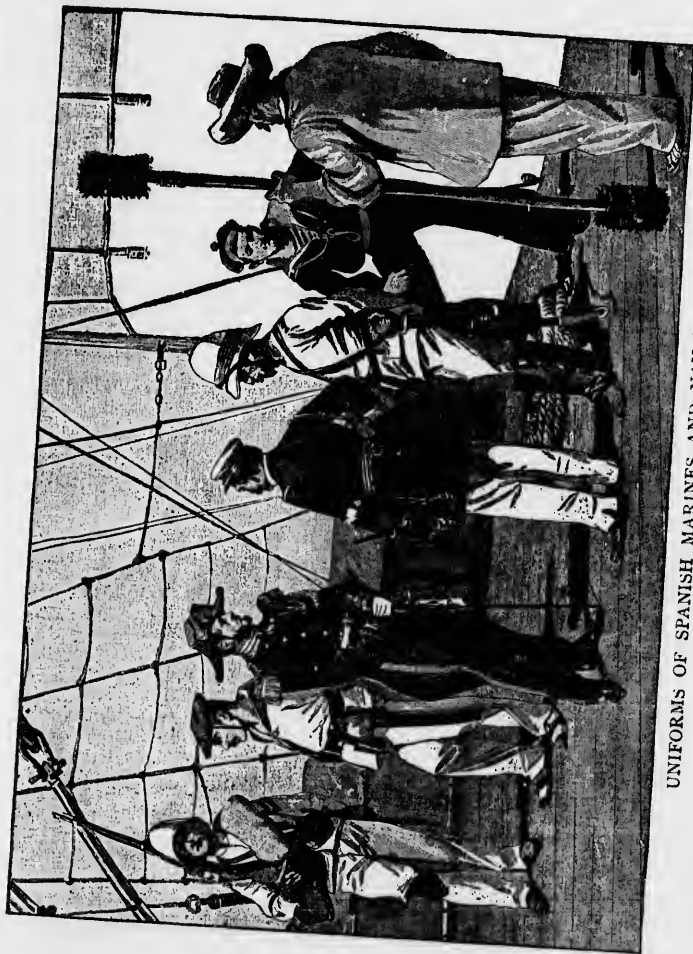
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GALLANT CHARGE OF AMERICAN TROOPS AT SAN JUAN.





UNIFORMS OF SPANISH MARINES AND NAVAL OFFICERS.

and when picked up asked that they save his companions. This was done^d all of the men being in the water, and not on a raft as has been said."

"Are Hobson and his men well?"

"No. Mr. Hobson is all right, but all of the men are down with fever, and have been sick for some time. I believe they are well taken care of, however."

Then Centrores began the most interesting part of his narrative, relating to the movements of Cervera. He said:

"Admiral Cervera, after the arrival of the great American fleet, did not believe it wise to go out and try to fight it. He argued that the best policy for the fleet was to hold the harbor against the enemy, and be ready, by an enfilading fire over the hilltop, to drive back the invading army. At first the people in Santiago believed this wise, but provisions ran short, despatch after despatch came from Madrid, and it was found that public sentiment demanded a naval battle. On Saturday last a conference was called on the flagship Maria Teresa, and all the officers of the fleet were present. Admiral Cervera announced his intention of going out.

Deceived by False Lights.

"It was decided to try it that night. Just after dark, and after the ships had got up their anchors, ready to start, beach lights were seen on the western hill, and it was decided that the American fleet had been warned of our intention and would close in on us. In addition to that, it was found that the searchlights flashed in the entrance from the American ships would prevent us steaming by the Merrimac wreck in a very narrow channel. It was afterward, too late, learned that the supposed signal lights were insurgents burning up block houses.

"The order of coming out and the tactics to be employed were these: The Maria Teresa, carrying Admiral Cervera's flag, was to go first. Then was to follow the Vizcaya, the Oquendo and the Cristobal Colon. The torpedo-boat destroyers Furor and Pluton were to come out last and run inside of the ships, which were to hug the shore to the west. The west end of the blockading station was chosen because it was thought that the Brooklyn, being light in protection, would be the easiest to sink and as she was fast would be best out of the way."

Then one of the other officers added: "We never thought that the Brooklyn's battery was so terrible, or that she would attempt to fight all of us. She was a frightful sight when all her guns were going."

Continuing, the commander said: "On Sunday morning the lookouts reported that the Massachusetts, New Orleans and New York were not in

sight, and it was concluded that it was a good time to make the start. We were the last ship out, and we saw at once that the Brooklyn, Texas and Oregon were doing dreadful work with the two leading ships.

"That is all I know of the battle, except that two eight-inch shells from the Brooklyn went through us and a thirteen-inch shell from the Oregon hit us in the stern. We saw no other ships than those in the last two hours; but we had to make such a long detour in going out that we thought it best to surrender."

He waited for a moment, and then said: "Brassey's 'Naval Annual' puts the Oregon down at fifteen knots, but she was doing more than that when she chased us."

All of the officers captured were pretty well broken up over the affair. They said that they had not heard from home for three months. None of the officers of the Colon was killed.

Admiral Cervera, after he was made a prisoner of war and arrived at Portsmouth, N. H., said he had received three cablegrams from the Minister of Marine at Madrid, ordering him to leave Santiago. Knowing the force he would have to encounter, he felt convinced that obedience to these orders would spell "suicide" to the imprisoned fleet that faced it, and he hesitated about taking the risk.

Ordered to Fight the Enemy.

Then came another despatch, a peremptory one, that left no choice but to obey. It said—"No matter what the consequences are, go to sea at once and fight the enemy."

"So I went out," the Admiral said. "My plan was to attack your Brooklyn, sink or disable her if possible, then run to Havana, raise the blockade there and seek refuge in the harbor, but I failed in my purpose, as you know, lost all I had, my fleet and everything. My country's misfortune and my own are very great."

The conversation turned to Hobson and his forlorn hope, and the Admiral had no word of praise too high for that little band of heroes and their world-renowned exploit.

Cervera then spoke of Captain Wainwright, of the Gloucester, and his brave, big-hearted executive officer, Lieutenant H. Mc. L. P. Huse. Cervera thanked them both from the bottom of his heart for the manner in which they had stood by the fire-imperilled Maria Teresa, whose heated guns made a fearful danger zone and whose magazine threatened to dash the life from every one near by.

Seeing the danger, Cervera begged Lieutenant Huse to shove off from

the flaming wreck. "That gallant and noble officer," said Cervera, "replied and said: 'No, Admiral, not until I have rescued all your wounded!'"

"I jumped overboard," said the Admiral, speaking of his own adventures, "and my son followed me. I could make no headway and would have been drowned had not he helped me and borne me up with his younger and stronger arms. While we were struggling in the water the Cubans on shore fired at us, but the Americans drove them away and would not allow them to molest us again. Then I was taken on board the Gloucester and then to the Iowa."

The Admiral was asked about the first bombardment of Santiago. "It was a great surprise," he confessed. He had feared that the Cristobal Colon would have been sunk, as the rest of the fleet was not within supporting distance, and the forts at that time were but imperfectly defended, mounting but a few guns.

He could not understand why the American ships did not close in and strike the Colon en masse, as she had none of her big guns on board.

Weakened by Lack of Big Guns.

"Did not have her big guns? Where were they?" was the question that interrupted the Admiral's talk.

"In Italy—or perhaps in the pockets of our chief of ordnance," was the reply, given with an expressive shrug.

Continuing, the Admiral said that during the attack of June 6th the Reina Mercedes was struck several times, and that the captain and four of the vessel's crew had been killed. He was greatly impressed by the battery practice of the Texas during the fight of June 22d, and gave high praise to that vessel for the splendid way in which her guns were handled.

Of Captain Robley D. Evans, of the Iowa, the Admiral spoke in glowing terms. On board that vessel he had been received more as a conqueror than a captive, had been allowed to retain his sword, and had seen the marine guard of the ship stationed to receive him as though he was a visiting admiral instead of a half-drowned and sadly beaten hostage of war.

Eulate, captain of the Vizcaya, also spoke in high terms of Captain Evans, and appreciated the courtesy of "Fighting Bob" in allowing him to retain his sword, and also for the way in which he allowed the Vizcaya's dead to be buried. After the Spanish flag had been wrapped around the bodies the padre of the Vizcaya committed them to the deep, the Iowa's guard of marines firing three volleys over the dead.

Cervera told Commodore Schley that one shell which had burst on board the Maria Teresa killed and wounded eighty men

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Captain Eulate, of the *Vizcaya*, wounded, halt of limb and depressed in spirit, said he had saved his honor, although he had lost his ship. That was the wording of a despatch which he had sent his wife after the destruction of the *Vizcaya*.

"When you think of the odds I encountered, you will see that I could not do more than I did," Captain Eulate said. "I had only one ship against four. My enemies were the *Brooklyn*, the *Oregon* and the *Texas*, and, I think, the *Iowa* was the other. All four punished us severely, but it was the *Texas* that gave us our *coup de grace*—a shell fired from that vessel entering our port bow and exploding one of the forward magazines. My men stood by their guns and fought like true Spaniards."

As the Spaniards had lost all their ships and half their number in killed and wounded, and had inflicted no damage in return, there was none to gainsay Captain Eulate's claim that his men had fought like Spaniards.

"But naval conflicts now are not determined by courage," sighed the mournful Captain. "The victory is to the finer machine, and the American machines were better than ours. The *Vizcaya*, ah! she was a fine ship! And now what a wreck! Poor Spain!"

A Battle Relic for Admiral Schley.

There were a couple of curious incidents on July 10th. A boat's crew with diving apparatus was sent from the *Brooklyn* to examine the *Infanta Maria Teresa*, the flagship of Admiral Cervera. Among the terrible wreckage made by the big guns and the exploded magazines, they found a standard compass by which the ship was steered, and which had tumbled down with the bridge. It was a heavy thing, but they brought it over, and, by permission of Captain Cook, presented it to Admiral Schley.

It was a curious sight and withal a pleasing one to see these men, bubbling over with affection for the commander, shuffle on to the quarterdeck, where Admiral Schley was reading. One of the men representing the entire crew, and two men following him and carrying the thing, stepped close to the Admiral, and then the spokesman, in a stammering way, said: "Sir, the crew would like to make you a present."

Schley was on his feet in an instant, his glasses in his hand and his paper on the deck. The spokesman hesitated.

"Well, my men," said the Admiral, with an encouraging smile, and the spokesman hitching at his trousers, continued: "We found this compass on the Spanish Admiral's ship, and we thought as how we would like to give it to you to remember how you whipped them."

"Well, my men," said the Admiral, with a tremor in his voice, "I am

much obliged to you, but the great credit of that victory belongs to you boys—the men behind the guns. Without you no laurels would come to our country. Thank you."

There was a hearty three cheers from the men, and the gunner's mate, Donnelly, thinking that something should be said in answer, touched his cap and blurted out: "We hopes, sir, as how you'll steer a straighter course than the other fellow who owned it," and there was another approving cheer as the men dispersed.

With the usual twinkle of his eye bejeweled with a tear, the Admiral said, as he turned away: "I'd rather have a thing like this than the adulations of my entire country."

For the first time since the blockade opened, Yankee commercial ingenuity was visible. The lookout on the Brooklyn saw a steamer on the western horizon line, and the big cruiser immediately started on a chase. A shot fired from a six-pounder hove her to, and Lieutenant Doyle and a crew from the Brooklyn boarded her. When he returned he wore a broad smile, and when he reported to Captain Cook there was a hearty laugh. The ship was loaded with provisions, and had permission to remain outside of Santiago until the city was captured by the Americans, when it was expected that the populace would pay splendid prices for the goods. She was allowed to remain outside of the blockade line.

Praise from a Marine for "Fighting Bob."

A letter from a sergeant of the Marine Corps on board the battleship Iowa, gave an interesting account of the fight and the destruction of Cervera's fleet. It was as follows:

"I understand you want me to give you an account of the big naval fight, which is causing so much excitement in the United States. I am not much at writing, but will try and give as correct an idea as I can. My station on the pride of the navy in action is on the main deck or gun deck. The marines man all the guns on this deck including the four and six-inch rapid-firing guns, eight in all, besides two ten-inch pieces. I had, therefore, a good opportunity of seeing how things were on that eventful day. We had just assembled on the quarter deck for quarters, and were in hopes of having a quiet Sunday, when at 9.35 general quarters sounded. Our ship, whose station was opposite the entrance, was the first to discover the Spanish escaping and notified our fleet. I was one of those who first saw the ships coming out. There seems lots of trouble in the fleet as to what ship gave the alarm, but if those ships claiming the honor should let the officers know why they did not display the proper signal of the men on the Iowa, who were on watch

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"While at our quarters on Sunday inspection, general quarters were sounded, and as every one, except the officers and men on the forward bridge, were in the dark as to why it was sounded, it was a case of what's coming now, but we were all soon informed as almost immediately we fired a gun to draw attention.

"In ten minutes after that we forgot our excitement and settled down for a little target practice at the Spaniards' expense. Admiral Sampson, who was with Shafter for a conference to determine an attack by land and sea, hearing the shot and seeing the signal, hastened with his ship. The Iowa steamed into the mouth of the harbor, and engaged the Vizcaya, Maria Teresa and Almirante Oquendo. While fighting we shaped our course the same way as the enemy. The Oquendo shortly after starting was set on fire by our shells and headed for the beach. Just then we noticed the vessels which gave us most concern, the torpedo-boat destroyers Furor and Pluton. All our secondary battery was turned on them, and also our four-inch, and in a few minutes they were on fire and beached.

Spanish Ships Driven Ashore.

"A shell from the Vizcaya landed in our coffer-dam, just forward of our starboard 4-inch gun, and Corporal Smith, who was pumping into them, looked up and smiled, but never stopped. In keeping at it he has a record of 135 shells in forty-five minutes from a main battery gun.

"Another shell from the same vessel landed in our middle berth deck compartment and exploded, tearing to pieces ditty boxes and chain lockers. It also started a small fire, which was promptly extinguished. The Maria Teresa shared the same fate as the Oquendo, and beached half a mile from her. The Vizcaya got the same dose, and lies about four miles to the westward of them on the beach. The Cristobal Colon got away from us on the start, but we paid little attention to her, thinking that the Brooklyn would hold her. She got away to a distance of seventy miles from Santiago, hotly pursued by the Oregon, Texas, and New York. At the time of the fleet coming out, the Brooklyn was 5000 yards south of her station, but of course she came in for a share of glory.

"The Massachusetts was at Guantanamo coaling, but had an able representative, Captain Robley D. Evans's son, who was left out on picket duty. He came on the Iowa naturally, as his father was in command. I learned from one of the Spanish prisoners, who happened to speak English, that they were to concentrate their fire on the Iowa.

CHAPTER VIII.

Naval Officers Narrate the Story of Cervera's Defeat.



HE naval battle of Santiago was fought on Sunday, July 3d, but it was not until the next morning that Admiral Sampson's despatch announcing the destruction of Cervera's fleet was received in Washington. It was as follows:

"Playa, via Hayti, July 4th.—Secretary of Navy, 3.15 A. M., Siboney, 3d.—The fleet under my command offers the nation as a Fourth of July present the destruction of the whole of Cervera's fleet. No one escaped. It attempted to escape at 9.30 A. M., and 2 P. M. the last, the Cristobal Colon, had run ashore sixty miles west of Santiago and has let down her colors. The Infanta Maria Teresa, Oquendo and Vizcaya were forced ashore, burned and blown up within twenty miles of Santiago; the Furor and Pluton were destroyed within four miles of the port. Loss, one killed and two wounded. Enemy's loss probably several hundred from gun fire, explosions and drowning. About 1300 prisoners, including Admiral Cervera. The man killed was George H. Ellis, chief yeoman of the Brooklyn. "SAMPSON."

The following message was sent in reply to Admiral Sampson by the President:

"To Admiral Sampson, Playa del Este:—You have the gratitude and congratulations of the whole American people. Convey to your noble officers and crews, through whose valor new honors have been added to the Americans, the grateful thanks and appreciation of the nation.

"Any doubt that may have existed that the *Maine* was blown up by an outside explosion has been dissolved by the examination of the destroyed Spanish ships," said a member of the Board of Survey that examined the remnants of Admiral Cervera's fleet.

"Of four ships examined three had been blown up by their magazines," he continued, "and of these one had every magazine exploded, and torpedoes in addition, yet on none of them was the same effect as that produced by the explosion on the *Maine*. There was no upheaval of the keel and little bulging of the plates except in the immediate vicinity of the explosion.

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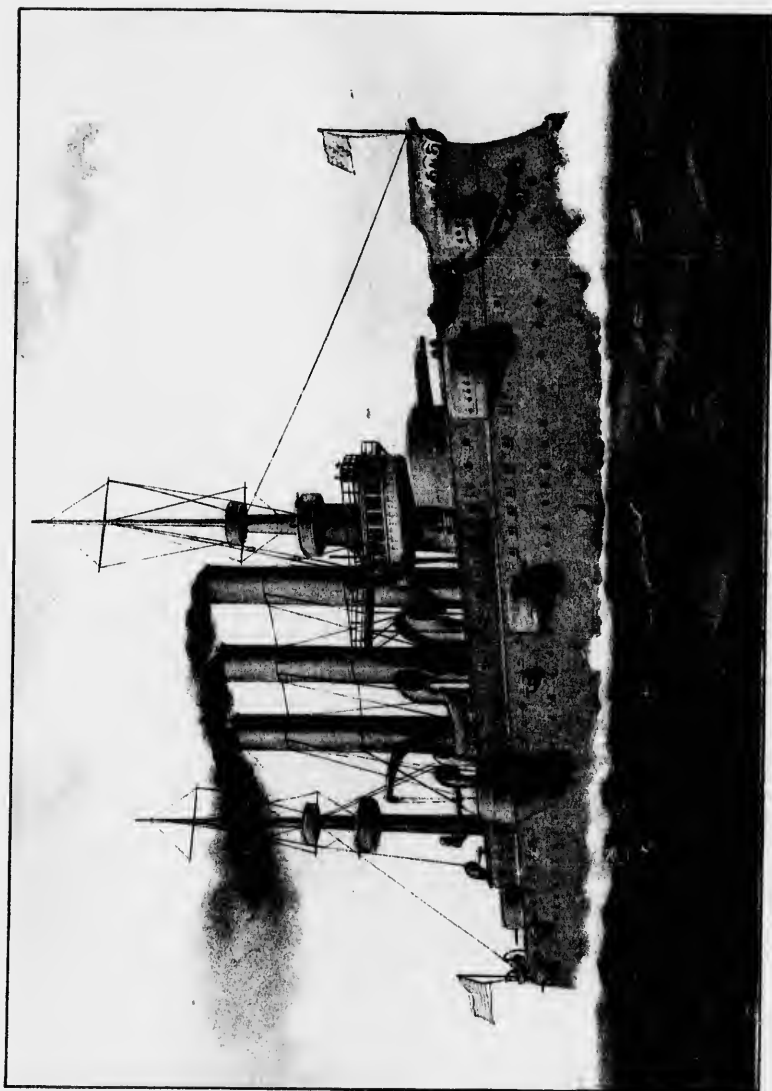
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The examination of the wrecks of the Spanish ships, three of which were burned and all their magazines exploded, was made, first for the purpose of ascertaining the effect of American gunnery, and secondly to find the effect of internal explosion. Both subjects bore upon the Maine incident as noted above and the awful effect of well-aimed shots was demonstrated in the rapid sinking of the fleet.

When it is remembered that the *Almirante Oquendo* and the *Infanta Maria Teresa* were both sunk within forty minutes of the time they left the entrance of Santiago harbor, the work of the American gunners may well be considered remarkable. The *Almirante Oquendo* was struck over fifty-five times and the *Infanta Maria Teresa* thirty-seven times, but by larger projectiles than the other.

The record of the damage to these ships is one of great interest. The fight started at a range of 6000 yards, or three miles. At 2000 or 2500 yards two torpedo boats and two cruisers were annihilated. The closest fighting was done at 1100 and 1000 yards by the *Brooklyn* and *Vizcaya*, with annihilating effect on the Spanish ship.

Only two projectiles larger than 8-inch struck a vessel, both of these, either twelve or thirteen inch, being put through the *Infanta Maria Teresa*. The 8-inch, 6-inch, 5-inch and 6-pound projectiles did the bulk of the work and were frightfully destructive.

Summary of the Injuries.

Some idea of the effect can be obtained from a brief summary of the injuries to each ship by the Examining Board. The board had upon it such capable men as Executive Officer Rogers, of the *Iowa*; Executive Officer Mason, of the *Brooklyn*, an expert on the effect of shells on armor; Lieutenant Huessler, of the *Texas*, who has made some splendid improvements in gun firing on that ship, and Naval Constructor Hobson, of *Merrimac* fame, who has a reputation for knowledge of ship construction.

Briefly these officers found as follows: *Cristobal Colon*, battleship, first-class, with six inches of steel for protection not only on the water line, but around the 6-inch guns. This ship was hit by large projectiles but six times, as it kept out of range nearly the whole time, passing behind the other ships for protection, and finally making a run for it.

The hits were made by the *Brooklyn* and *Oregon*. One 8-inch shell went into the port side of the wardroom and left on the starboard side without exploding, but cleaned out everything in the room. A 5-inch hit just above the armor belt, and a 6-inch struck her on the bow. None of the injuries was sufficient to put her out of action nor as serious as those received by the

Brooklyn, at one time her sole antagonist. The assertion that the Brooklyn was overhauling her and that the Oregon's terrific 13-inch guns were shooting



DAMAGE DONE TO A BATTLESHIP BY A TORPEDO.

nearer and nearer, and that escape was impossible, seems to be the correct solution of her surrender.

The Vizcaya, armored cruiser, is of the same class as the battleships Texas and Maine. She carries two 11.5-inch guns and ten 5.5-inch guns

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This ship was the special prey of the Brooklyn and the Oregon, although the Texas, after her destructive work on the Almirante Oquendo and Teresa, aided a little at long range. The Vizcaya, exclusive of one-pounders and rapid-fire hits, which swept her deck, was hit with large projectiles fourteen times and by six-pounders eleven times.

The 8-inch guns of the Brooklyn and Oregon, the 6-inch guns on the Oregon and 5-inch on the Brooklyn tore her structure above the armor belt almost into shreds, while the six-pounders and one-pounders made it too warm for men to stand at the guns. The Texas got in a few 6-inch shots and the Iowa landed a couple of 4-inch shells. No 13 or 12-inch shells struck her.

The Infanta Maria Teresa, the flag-ship, of the same build as the Vizcaya, was badly punished. She has two 12 or 13-inch projectiles clean through her, and the position of one would tend to demonstrate that it was fired by the Texas. An 8-inch shell, undoubtedly from the Brooklyn, because she was the only ship in line with the Maria Teresa as she turned west, entered just forward of the beam on the port side, and, exploding inside, cleaned out the deck with four gun crews. This is the shot that Cervera said came from the Brooklyn and set fire to the ship.

The Teresa's great difficulty, and one that compelled her hurried surrender, was that all her fire mains were cut and she was unable to extinguish the fires that were driving her men from the guns.

Oquendo Worst Hit of All.

The Almirante Oquendo, armored cruiser, same class as Vizcaya and Teresa, went through the most terrible ordeal of any of the ships except torpedo boats. Her upper works were one ragged mass of cut-up steel, and her decks were covered with dead and dying.

She was hit on the port side four times by eight-inch shells, three times by four-inch shells, probably from the Iowa, two times by six-inch, and forty-two times by six-pounders. The innumerable number of one-pounders that struck her show that she met the fire of the entire fleet as she turned last out of the harbor. The secondary battery shots intended for the torpedo boats hit her. When she turned to the shore it was in a dilapidated condition.

One of the findings of the Board of Survey was that an eight-inch shell had struck the forward turret just where the gun opening was, and that every man in the turret was killed, the officer standing in the firing-hood being still in that position. Another fact learned was that the torpedoes in some of the ships were already loaded in tubes and prepared to fire.

Rear-Admiral W. S. Schley reached Washington on August 27th. The news of his coming had been published, and an enthusiastic crowd was waiting at the station to welcome him. As he stepped from the train, his admirers broke into applause, and a delegation on bicycles preceded his carriage, informing the people along the route that Schley was coming. In an interview Admiral Schley gave an interesting account of the battle of July 3 and the bombardment of Santiago.

"My mind, in regard to the battle," he said, "is like a camera full of instantaneous photographs, the negatives of which have not been fully developed. It has been so far impossible for me to form a correct impression of the entire engagement, but in thinking it over from time to time, I remember new circumstances and impressions that were made on my mind at the time, but which had not before been remembered. In the course of time I will have the negatives well developed, and be able to give the correct history of the engagement as I saw it.

Not Taken by Surprise.

"As far as our being in the least unprepared for the battle, it is all nonsense. We could not have been more prepared for them if they had notified us that they were coming out. Our men watched the harbor night and day so closely that a rat could not have slipped out without being seen.

"On the morning the enemy left the harbor my quartermaster reported to me that columns of smoke were shifting about the harbor, and were denser than usual. It looked as though they were preparing for a dash. I was positive that they would come out within twenty-four hours. Public opinion everywhere is the same, and public opinion was sure to force Cervera to fight. So sure were we that they were coming out of the harbor that we were at quarters when they appeared, and three minutes later we had begun firing. It was the same on the other vessels, and the signal that the enemy was coming out appeared on all the ships almost at the same instant."

In speaking of the relative merits of the eight-inch and thirteen-inch guns as shown in the engagement, Admiral Schley said: "I think the relative merits of the two guns are about the same. The only difference is that when you are too far away with the eight-inch guns for them to pierce the armor of the enemy you must get nearer. If they are near enough they will shoot through anything put before them. It is like the case of Admiral Farragut when he sent a commander to bombard a fort. When the commander had reached the station assigned he signaled, 'I cannot reach the enemy.' 'Go nearer,' signaled back Admiral Farragut."

To the American sailor and "the man behind the gun" Admiral Schley

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says he cannot give enough praise. "I consider it the highest honor to command such a splendid body of men. No better sailors and fighters can be found in the world, and I doubt if they can be equaled. During moments when a rain of iron hail was pouring all around us the men laughed, and when a shot struck near them they gave a cheer. They were absolutely fearless, even in the face of death.

"How we escaped with such little loss will always be a marvel to me. From the instant the nose of the first ship appeared beyond the harbor entrance the Spaniards poured into us and about us a terrible and continuous fire from all their guns. They were prepared to fire as rapidly as possible and did so in their desperate hope of escape. I do not think the result was due to any confusion on their ships, but to a lack of practice. They simply could not hit us, while our men were so well trained that they could almost hit a mosquito. For seven or eight years they had been practicing for such an opportunity, and they pumped shot after shot into the enemy, and after they secured one range every shot told.

Spanish Admiral's Mistake.

"The Spaniards under-rated the Americans and America from the beginning. As a matter of fact they were never in our class at all. The ships that sailed out of the harbor were the finest that could be put together, yet they never had a chance of escaping. If I had been in command of the enemy's fleet I would never have adopted the tactics employed by Admiral Cervera.

"If they had scattered as soon as they had come out, one or two might have escaped, which would have been a victory for him, even if the others had been sacrificed. If he had taken a dark night he would have had a better chance. If I had been in his place I should not have let a dark night pass without trying to escape. As it was, he could not have suited our convenience better. When he came out we were prepared to fight and, if necessary, to chase him. I had coal and provisions enough to follow him to Cadiz."

Admiral Schley said he thought the surrender of Santiago was due to the bombardment by the navy. If it had not surrendered when it did the town would have been wiped from the map. "Out of 106 eight and six-inch shots fired over the hills at the city," he said, many fell in the city itself. If the city had not surrendered the next day we would have brought up the other vessels and dropped the ten and thirteen-inch shells into the city. They had no alternative but to surrender. The distance was four and a half miles, and the intervening hills were about 250 feet in height. It shows how accurate

was our gunnery. I saw no listing of the vessels for the purpose of bombarding the town. It was not necessary in the case of the Brooklyn, as we simply elevated the guns with the ordinary elevating apparatus. I do not believe that the Indiana and the Texas were listed for this purpose, as no thirteen-inch shells were fired. They would have been brought into service the next day if it had been necessary."

Says a special correspondent who was on board the Indiana: "We were at quarters for muster on Sunday, July 3rd, when the Oregon, lying off the mouth of the harbor of Santiago de Cuba, sent up the signal, 'Enemy's ships coming out,' firing a gun to attract attention. Our ships cleared for action and closed in toward the mouth of the harbor. We were in the following order:—The Indiana to the eastward and nearly opposite Morro, the Iowa next, and then the Oregon, the Texas and the Brooklyn. The little Gloucester was lying to the eastward of the Indiana and close inshore; the other ships were at varying distances to the westward. The New York and the Massachusetts were at Siboney and Guantanamo respectively.

"The Infanta Maria Teresa, bearing the flag of Admiral Cervera, appeared in the mouth of the channel at twenty minutes of ten, quickly passing out and turning to the westward. The Oregon opened the fight, followed by the Indiana. As the Spanish flagship turned she opened on the Indiana with one 11-inch and five 5-inch rapid-fire guns, only two of the shells coming near. The other Spanish ships followed in quick succession, turning toward the flagship, the Vizcaya, the Cristobal Colon and the Almirante Oquendo being in the order named.

No Signal Was Hoisted.

"The battle that followed was without plan, signal or direction on our part, yet our success is unequaled in the records of naval warfare. After a short interval the torpedo-boat destroyers Pluton and Furor came out of the harbor and followed in the wake of the larger ships of the fleet. Lack of speed in most cases is a great drawback in naval warfare, but in this case the slower speed of the Indiana gave her glorious results.

"Our ships turned to the westward on a course parallel with that steered by the Spanish ships, the Brooklyn leading and well out to sea. The Oregon, the Iowa and the Indiana closed in toward the enemy, running in to about 3,000 yards range. The flagship received the fire of all our ships. The Indiana concentrated her fire on the succeeding ships as they appeared, until the Almirante came out; then the battle was a series of duels between the ships, in the order mentioned, on each side. The Spanish flagship soon dropped to second and then to third place, and the Cristobal Colon drew up

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to first place. The Oregon, in hot chase, making splendid speed, hung to the leaders.

"The fire of the Infanta Maria Teresa slackened visibly. A column of white smoke rose from her forward part and she headed for the shore on fire. About 1,000 yards astern, the Almirante Oquendo was receiving the full fire of the Indiana's main battery, with the 6-pounders playing a devil's tattoo about her sides and upper works. Word was passed for the 6 pounders to concentrate on the destroyers, then hotly engaging the Gloucester.

"Never was a better fight made, than by the Gloucester, at short range with these two terrors. A sheet of flame seemed to pour from her sides as she drove an incessant fire of rapid-fire projectiles at them. The Indiana's 6-pounders, having played havoc with the Almirante Oquendo up to 4,500 yards' range, now turned on the Pluton. The guns were worked at their best and their fire was deadly. Soon, a cloud of white smoke went up from the forward part of the Pluton and she turned for the beach.

"A wild cheer from our men called attention to the fact that the Almirante Oquendo was also heading for the beach, about five hundred yards from the spot where the blazing hull of the flagship lay. Her colors were flying and our fire was kept up, dealing death and destruction. She finally struck her colors and hoisted the white flag. The 6 pounder fire had been kept up on the Pluton, resulting in another explosion. Now the main battery opened on these two terrors, one shot striking the Pluton just as she struck on the beach, breaking her back.

Lay Panting Like a Dying Animal.

"The Furor was struck in the forward boiler, but turned and made for the Gloucester in a last effort. It was futile, for the rain of steel kept up, and there was another explosion. Turning broadside to the Gloucester, she lay like a wounded, dying animal, panting and breathing in her death throes. The Gloucester ceased firing and approached her. We could not see where she sank, but she was not afloat fifteen minutes after the last shot.

"The Texas and the Iowa meanwhile were pounding the Vizcaya. Nothing of the Oregon could be seen through the smoke, except now and then the top of her military mast. She was chasing the flying Cristobal Colon. The Brooklyn, further ahead and to seaward, was heading her off and pouring in her fire.

"The Vizcaya turned and seemed inclined to run back, but the Indiana headed in to cut her off, whereupon she headed toward the beach. The fire from the Texas and the Iowa was kept up until she struck her colors. Everything forward was a mass of flame. Now, within twelve miles of the Morro,

lay the burning, exploding wrecks of three fine armored cruisers and two dreaded destroyers. By half-past one o'clock the Colon surrendered, and ran ashore to keep from sinking, sixty miles from Morro.

"After the Vizcaya headed for the shore the New York came flying from Siboney, and sent the Indiana back to guard the harbor. On the way we stopped near the Almirante Oquendo and the Infanta Maria Teresa to help care for the wounded and prisoners. A newspaper tug approached us, and, after cheering, said: 'You have an armored cruiser and a destroyer to your credit.'

"At this time a scurrying line of transports was seen flying from Baiquiri and Siboney, the Resolute firing guns and displaying the signal 'Enemy's battleship approaching.' From the eastward came speeding under all steam, with men again at their guns and with the prospect of a history-making fight before them, the Indiana, headed for the reported battleship.

"The Harvard approached and reported that a Spanish battleship was approaching. We saw her and headed in shore to keep her from escaping into the harbor. Keeping her under the guns we discovered that she was an Austrian. We returned to a point near Morro, and sent boats for wounded and prisoners. A near view of the Almirante Oquendo and Infanta Maria Teresa showed their upper works and sides pierced by scores of shells, mostly six-pounders.

Suffocated by Escaping Steam.

"A prisoner, the Admiral's aid, told me their water mains had been cut by the first shell entering. The second cut a steam-pipe and set fire to the ship. The escaping steam suffocated the wounded, and the fire got beyond control. The fire from our 6-pounders drove the men from their guns.

"The Indiana, during the action, fired twenty-one hundred 6-pound shots. We had 209 men and seven officers as prisoners, while there were about 500 more on the Iowa and the Yale. Admiral Cervera and two captains were taken by the Gloucester to the Iowa. We estimate the Spanish loss at 1,200 officers and men.

"The Indiana was hit twice on the after turret, but no damage was done. Our fleet's total losses were one man killed and five wounded, all aboard the Brooklyn. The enemy, on the night of the Fourth, sank a vessel in the channel at Santiago. During the firing to prevent this the Indiana was fired upon by the Zocapa battery, and struck by a mortar shell in the wardroom passage, wrecking officers' rooms, but doing no other damage.

"The secondary battery fire of the Brooklyn was really terrible. It drove my men from their guns, and when you were at close range did frightful work," said Captain Eulate two days after Schley's defeat of the Spanish

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squadron, and a rescued officer of the Oquendo said that nearly one-half of the terrible damage to that ship was done by one and six-pounders, which constitute the secondary battery. The Board of Survey ordered by the Commander-in-Chief found forty-six six-pounder holes in the Oquendo above her armor belt, and evidence that nearly all had entered and exploded.

In the Vizcaya there were eleven six-pounder holes and dozens of one-pounders, and on these two ships the tattoo of death-dealing shells must have been appalling. The terrible work of secondary batteries on the Oquendo is somewhat explained by the fact that she was the last ship out and nearest the torpedo boats, and the Brooklyn, Texas, and Iowa simply riddled her as she attempted to defend the two destroyers.

The work on the Vizcaya was apparently done by the Brooklyn alone, because no other ship was near enough to her to use the small guns. The men on board the ships who man these batteries are marines, and they fight them in the most exposed parts of the ships with little or no protection.

Captain Murphy's Story.

Captain Paul St. Clair Murphy, of the Brooklyn, was the senior marine officer present on the ships that did the fighting on July 3, and he commended greatly the valiant work done by the men in his corps. Speaking of the men on the Brooklyn, he told one very thrilling incident. He said:

"The men were full of enthusiasm, but there was no excitement or disorder, and apparently no concern for personal safety. The battery was handled with admirable coolness and deliberation. Greater care could not be taken in getting sights and aiming if the men had been at target practice and each man striving to make a record score.

"Considering the fact that the enemy was within effective range during the greater part of the action, the fire of the secondary battery must have been most destructive to his men and material, and contributed its full share to bringing the battle to an end so speedily, and with so little loss to ourselves.

"When all did their duty manfully it is a difficult matter to select individuals for special mention. There are some, however, who deserve to be brought to notice by name for conduct that displayed in a conspicuous manner courage, intelligence, and devotion to duty. During the early part of the action, a cartridge jammed in the bore of the starboard forward six-pounder, and in the effort to withdraw it the case became detached from the projectile, leaving it latter fast in the bore and impossible to extract from the rear.

"Corporal Robert Grey, of the port gun, asked and obtained permission to attempt to drive a shell out by means of the rammer. To do this it was

necessary to go out on the gun, hanging over the water, and the undertaking was full of difficulties and danger, the latter due in a great measure to the blast of the 8-inch turret guns firing overhead. The gun was hot, and it was necessary to cling to the 'Jacob's ladder' with one hand while endeavoring with the other to manipulate the long rammer. After a brave effort he was forced to give up and was ordered in. Quarter Gunner Smith then came, sent by Executive Officer Mason, and promptly placed himself in the dangerous position outside the gun port, where he worked and failed as the corporal had done. Neither had been able to get the rammer into the bore, and there seemed nothing left to do but to dismount the gun.

"At this juncture Private MacNeal, one of the gun's crew, volunteered to go out and make a final effort. The gun was so important, the starboard battery being engaged, that as a forlorn hope he was permitted to make the attempt. He pushed out boldly and set to work. The guns of the forward 8-inch turret were firing, almost knocking him overboard, and the enemy's shots were coming with frequency into his immediate neighborhood. It was at this time the chief yeoman was killed on the other side of the deck.

"MacNeal never paused in his work. The rammer was finally placed in the bore and the shell ejected and MacNeal resumed his duties as coolly as if what he had done were a matter of every day routine.

Other Heroes in Exposed Positions.

"The battle orderlies will merit a place among those whose conduct is worthy of special mention. They were on the move constantly, bearing battle orders from Commodore Schley and Captain Cook, and in no instant did they fail in the prompt and intelligent performance of their duty. The signal men occupied very exposed positions during the action and rendered excellent service. Signal halyards and numbers and speed cones were riddled by small projectiles and fragments of bursting shell, casualties that showed in what zone of danger the signal men performed their duties.

"Signalmen Coombs and McIntyre and Battle Orderlies Ball and Davis were so near Yeoman Ellis when he was killed that they were spattered with blood. None showed more unflinching courage than the men in the military tops, who stood by their guns, delivering their fire with unerring precision, undismayed by the projectiles that were flying about them and striking in their immediate vicinity. Private Stockbridge, the only man on the sick list, climbed into the main top at the signal for battle and there he remained until the end of the action, doing work at his gun."

Captain Cook officially reported the movements of the Brooklyn as follows:

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STORY OF CERVERA'S DEFEAT.

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"At 9 A.M., July 3, I gave orders and arrangements were made for general muster at 9:30 A.M. At 9:30 A.M. the enemy were telegraphed by the Iowa as coming out. At the same time they were discovered by the quartermaster on watch, N. Anderson, of this ship, and reported to the officer of the deck. The executive officer, Lieutenant-Commander Mason, who was on deck about to execute the order for general muster, immediately gave the order 'Clear ship for action and general quarters!' Signal was made at the same time, 'Enemy coming out—action!' I went immediately forward, stood for the enemy and gave orders to get steam on all boilers.

"We started with steam on three boilers, at about twelve knots speed.

"The head of the Spanish squadron, in column, was just outside the entrance of the harbor of Santiago, heading about southwest. The Spanish squadron consisted of the Maria Teresa (flag), Vizcaya, Oquendo and Colon, and two torpedo-boat destroyers. We opened fire on the leading ship in five minutes from the discovery.

"The port battery was first engaged, as we stood with port helm to head off the leading ship, and giving them a raking fire at about 1500 yards range. The enemy turned to the westward to close into the land. We then wore around to starboard, bringing the starboard battery into action. The enemy hugged the shore to the westward.

"The Brooklyn, leading, was followed by the Texas, Iowa, Oregon, Indiana and Gloucester. The Vixen, which had been to the westward of us on the blockade, ran to the southward and eastward of us and kept for some time off our port side, distant about 1000 yards, evidently intending to guard against torpedo attacks upon this ship. The shell passing over us fell very thickly about her, some passing over her. At this time the firing was very fast and the whistling of shell incessant, and our escape with so little injury was miraculous, and can only be attributed to bad marksmanship on the part of the enemy. The Maria Teresa, which had dropped astern while we were wearing, under the heavy firing of our fleet ran ashore.

An Inspiring Sight.

"The Vizcaya, Oquendo and Colon continued on and gaining in the distance. The Brooklyn was engaged with the three leading ships of the enemy, which was forging ahead, the Texas, Iowa and Indiana keeping up a heavy fire, but steadily dropping astern. The Oregon was keeping up a steady fire and was coming up in the most glorious and gallant style, outstripping all others.

"It was an inspiring sight to see this battleship, with a large white wave before her and her smokestacks belching forth continued puffs from her forced

draft. We were making fourteen knots at the time and the Oregon came up off our starboard quarter, at about 600 yards, and maintained her position, though we soon after increased our speed to fifteen knots, and, just before the Colon surrendered, were making nearly sixteen.

"The Oquendo, soon after falling out of the Teresa, dropped astern, and, on fire, ran ashore. The Vizcaya and Colon continued on, under fire from the Brooklyn and Oregon. The other vessels of our fleet were well astern and out of range. The Texas was evidently coming up fast. At about 10.53 A.M. the Vizcaya was seen to be on fire, and the Colon passed inside of her with increased speed, took the lead and gradually forged ahead.

"The Vizcaya soon after ran on the beach, ablaze with fire.

"We signalled the Oregon to cease firing on the Vizcaya, as her flag was down. Firing immediately ceased, and we both continued the chase of the Colon, now about 12,000 yards away. The ranges ran from 1500 to 3000 yards with the Vizcaya, as she kept in and out from the coast. We steered straight for a distant point near Cape Cruz, while the Colon kept close to the land, running into all the bights. She could not have come out without crossing our bows, and we were steadily gaining on her. We were getting more steam all the time, and now had four and one-half boilers on and the remaining one and one-half nearly ready.

Received the Colon's Surrender.

"After running for about fifty miles west from the entrance the Colon ran into a bight of land, beached, fired a gun to leeward and hauled down her flag. The Oregon and Brooklyn has just previously begun to fire upon the Colon, and were landing shell close to her. I was sent on board by Commodore Schley to receive the surrender. The Captain spoke English and received me pleasantly, though naturally much depressed.

"He surrendered unconditionally. He was polite, shook hands and said that his case was hopeless, and that he saw that we were too much for him. I was on board about fifteen minutes. As we came from the Colon the flagship New York came in with the Texas. I reported on board the flagship to Rear Admiral Sampson. I stated to him that I believed the Colon could be gotten off the beach.

"During the entire action I was in constant communication with you, so that I was enabled to promptly execute your orders and instructions.

L. A. Cook

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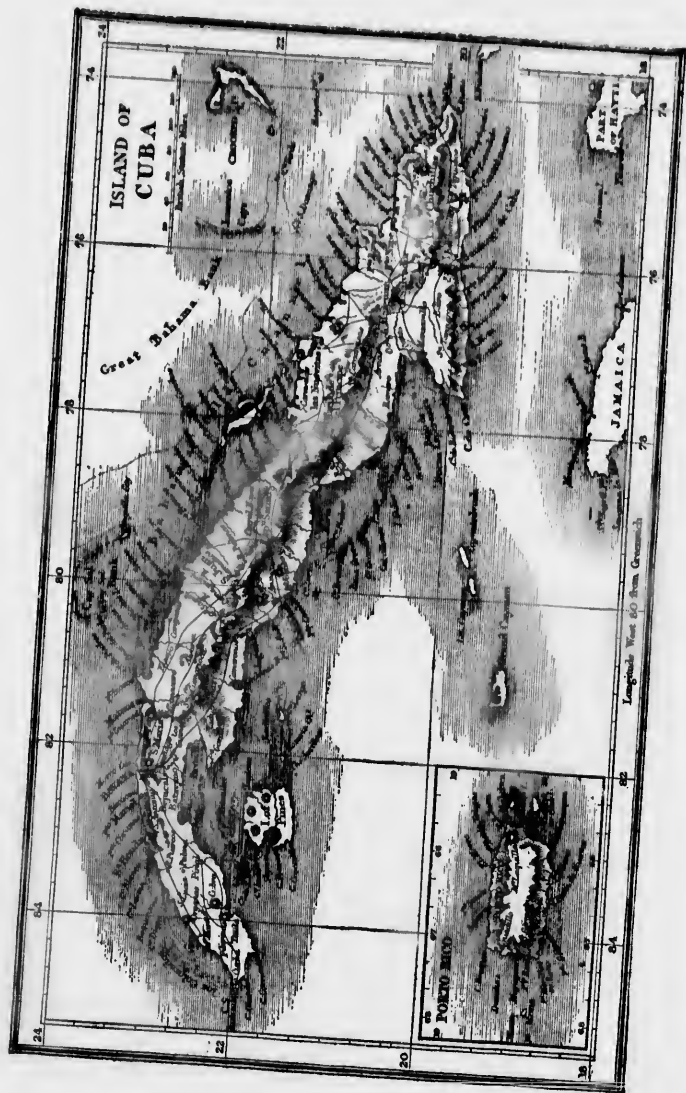
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Captain Cook commended the work of the officers and men and concluded with a reference to the death of Chief Yeoman George H. Ellis, who was killed by a passing shell, while assisting in taking ranges on the bridge.

Ericsson Under Fire.

Lieutenant Usher's official report of the movements of the torpedo boat Ericsson is given as follows :

"In obedience to Article 437, page 98, United States Naval Regulations, 1896, I respectfully report that on the morning of July 3rd, 1898, the United States torpedo boat Ericsson was proceeding under half speed on the star-board quarter of the United States flagship New York towards Siboney, when the enemy was sighted coming out of Santiago entrance, we being then five or six miles to the eastward of Morro. The vessels of the fleet were firing on the enemy. The helm was put hard aport at once and full power on as speedily as possible, and the course directed towards the enemy's ships, the crew at quarters and the vessel in all respects ready to deliver torpedo attack.

"By the time we had turned to the westward two of the enemy's vessels were out of plain sight. They were followed at short intervals by the other two cruisers, and then, after a longer interval, by the two torpedo-boat destroyers. The fire of the shore batteries supported the enemy's fleet, and the fire of both fleets was rapid and continuous. The flagship New York had hoisted signal 260: 'Close in towards harbor entrance and attack vessels.' The Ericsson proceeded as fast as possible, the steam pressure and speed gradually increasing.

"The shore batteries at entrance to Santiago were directing their fire on the Gloucester at this time, which was hotly engaged with the two torpedo-boat destroyers. At full speed we drew near the entrance, and as we passed and afterwards the fire of the shore batteries was directed on us. Several shells struck near us, short or beyond, and two burst overhead and near. The Ericsson was not struck. The Brooklyn, Texas, Oregon, Iowa and Indiana were closely engaged with the Colon, Vizcaya, Oquendo and Maria Teresa.

"The firing was furious. As we drew near the two torpedo-boat destroyers were seen to strike the Gloucester and the Maria Teresa and Oquendo to run ashore, strike their colors and display white flags. They were both on fire, and clouds of steam arising from their hatches and ports. The Indiana remained near them, the Iowa directed her fire on the Vizcaya and the Oregon joined in the chase of the Colon. The course of the Ericsson was directed towards the Vizcaya, prepared to deliver torpedo attack, but

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before we could arrive within striking distance the Vizcaya was seen to strike to the Iowa, run ashore and burst into flames, her engines being left running and clouds of steam issuing from all her openings on deck and in her sides. The course of the Ericsson was then set for the Colon, which was running very fast to the westward, pursued by the Brooklyn, Texas and Oregon."

Lieutenant Usher concludes with describing the rescue of men from the burning Spanish vessels.

Joseph Wright Graeme, a cadet on board "Fighting Bob" Evans' battleship, the Iowa, who was in charge of the forward port turret, sent to his father, at Wilkesbarre, Pa., a story of the destruction of Admiral Cervera's fleet. He describes the sounding of the alarm at the appearance of the first Spanish ship, and says that the guns were manned instantly, continuing:

"A splendid, big, dark-colored cruiser, flying a very large Spanish flag, was coming out past Morro at full speed. I jumped to my turret and saw everything ready in a hurry. The Spanish ships came out in the following order, as we afterward learned from the Vizcaya's officers: Infanta Maria Teresa (flagship), Vizcaya, Cristobal Colon, Oquendo, and the torpedo-boat destroyers Pluton and Furor. The Iowa was headed in toward Morro at about six thousand yards' distance.

Narrow Escape From a Big Shell.

"When the first ship came out she fired an eleven-inch shell at us which passed just over the bridges from the bow to the starboard quarter and struck the water near the quarterdeck. If it had struck us the effect would have been terrific, as it was a raking shot. The enemy fired a great deal of shrapnel at us, and the whistling of the rifle balls as the shells burst could be heard plainly.

"The two destroyers followed the Oquendo out, and they met with a warm reception, I can tell you. We were only 2000 yards from the ships, and even closer to the destroyers. One of the twelve-inch shells struck the Pluton on the port quarter, and her after part at once blew up, a cloud of steam and splinters going in the air. Just previous to this, both boats turned as if to re-enter the harbor, but their fates were sealed. The Pluton drifted helpless on the beach, a flaming mass, and the Furor was riddled by six-pounders and by shots from the Gloucester, which ran toward them, firing with great rapidity.

"The Oregon and Brooklyn kept up a hot fire at the two fleeing Spaniards, and the Texas fired an occasional long-range shot. We were too far astern to fire at them, but we began to gain slowly on the Vizcaya. Our first action lasted fifty-four minutes, and it seemed we were to have another taste

of battle, so the men were sent to their guns again. However, it was not to be, for the Vizcaya put her helm a-port and headed in for the beach in a sinking condition. She was also on fire. Two heavy shells had hit us on the starboard bow forward of the armor. The watertight doors had all been closed at the beginning of the action, so the leak was not serious. We let the ships chase the Colon and we turned in toward the Vizcaya. We left our guns, and the word, 'Out all boats!' was passed.

Hard to Keep the Men From Cheering.

"While we were thus employed, the New York came astern. The men felt so happy it was almost impossible to keep them quiet. They yelled and shouted in hysterical glee. They had licked the Dons; it seemed too good to be true. The bugler sounded 'Silence!' and the men crowded to starboard side and waited for the flagship to pass. When the New York passed us Captain Evans sang out, 'Three cheers for the Admiral!'

"I never heard three such cheers in my life. The very heavens echoed the inspiring shouts. The New York's men manned the rail and returned the salute.

"We now continued hoisting our boats, and a cutter and a whaleboat soon got away. I slid down a rope to the steam launch, and was soon off for the Vizcaya, towing a cutter. We were about three miles from the wreck. She lay with her bow about northeast, just touching bottom, for only a foot of her boot topping showed above water. She was burning fiercely inside the superstructure, and the after ports were red with flames. While we were near, the mainmast fell with a crash, the large military top falling across the after 11-inch barbette. The guns were popping as the fire reached them, the shells whistling over our heads, and by the sharp crack or sullen boom I judged we had a sample shot from every piece of ordnance in the ship.

"Every minute or so the fire would reach a box of rapid-fire ammunition, and an explosion very much like a 'flower pot' would occur, thin, feathery trails of smoke shooting far heavenward in a dozen different directions. While we were some distance off even from the Iowa, one could see the men going down the side on ropes, and swimming ashore in little groups. Our first boats took men right from the ship's side, while some hung on to ropes and refused to let go, fearing they would drown.

"Several had to be pulled away by main force. We had three boats at work when I got there, and the United States yacht Hist had two small skiffs employed in the rescue. I headed for the bow, but could see no one on board. Anyway, it was at this time too hot for a human being to live aboard of her. The ship was a crackling mass of flame. I saw a great gaping shot

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hole in the forward barbette, and a good many shreds of clothing about the bridge and fore-castle.

"The paint, dark green, was beginning to peel off the ship, and showed a dirty yellow side, the color of the hot steel. It was sad, indeed, to look at a fine ship in her death throes, but I did not stop an instant, as there was much to be done. On a reef between the Vizcaya and the beach were a dozen or so of naked men up to their waists in water. As I was afraid of going ashore in the launch, I cast off Hepburn's cutter and left him to pick those up, while I went on towards others to the westward."

"There were men swimming, some with and some without life-preservers, men clinging to wreckage singly and in groups, and nearly all were yelling for me to come to them. We went along from one man to another and cast lines to them, hauling them on board. Many were nearly exhausted when we reached them. They were all as naked as the day they were born.

"After a long steam back we arrived at the ship. We hoisted the dead aboard and laid them aft, covered with the Spanish flag. One of the wounded died soon after he got aboard. He was from one of the other boats; so there were five dead under the flag. The rescued men were fitted out with canvas suits as soon as possible, and we gave the officers some of our blouses, etc., to help out.

"Some of the officers got off in a boat, which came over to the ship. The Captain (Eulate), however, was picked up by our first cutter. As he neared our gangway he looked back at his burning ship, once so proud and strong, and now a wreck, and, taking off his cap, he waved it sadly towards the ship in a last salute, murmuring:—'Ah! Vizcaya, Vizcaya,' with great feeling. He was wounded in the head, and had a large bandage over his forehead. He came up to the side, and as his foot touched the deck he doffed his cap and mutely offered his sword to Captain Evans. The Captain said: 'No, I cannot take it from such a brave man,' and he was taken to the cabin and treated with the greatest consideration."

Ensign Powell's Narrative.

Ensign Joseph Powell, who won promotion in his effort to rescue Hobson and his men, thus described the battle of July 3d:

"Flagship New York, the day of the battle. What a day's work! And only one American killed and two wounded! We had from one ship nearly 400 prisoners, and 200 from another; how many were taken from the other two we did not know. The majority of the Spanish crews from three of the cruisers and two destroyers were killed. What a Sunday this has been! Sunday fights always go our way, and this one beats the record.

"And it was all so unexpected. We on the New York were only on-lookers, I'm sorry to say, though we probably received more fire than any other ship, thanks to our friends, the forts. The day started with breakfast at 8—of biscuits made without flour, I guess; we thought they were made of white lead.

"After breakfast I had the extreme pleasure of putting on a complete outfit of clean clothes, and it was a luxury. I hardly knew myself in a pair of starched white trousers and a clean white blouse.

"We were about five miles from Morro when lo! a puff of smoke from the mouth of the harbor, and some one yelled: 'The ships are coming out!'

"I had reached the quarter-deck when this news was called out, and after watching the fire for a minute, I jumped below to get my glasses and started forward to my station. The men were running around everywhere, singing and laughing, and though the call to general quarters had not been given, every one was at his station. I never saw such a crowd. They were crazy to get at the 'Dagoes.' One man shouted: 'We'll kill every — of them! Where's my dirty clothes?'

"And that was the universal cry—for a fight to death. All hands took off their clean Sunday clothes and put on their dirty habiliments. After seeing that everything was all right at my gun, I went below, took off my own finery, put on my fighting suit, and was ready for business.

"I must admit that for once I caught the spirit of the occasion, and was as crazy for a scrap as any of them, though I am free to admit that ordinarily I don't like shells whistling around my ears.

Wainwright's Nerve.

"All this time the battleships were pouring in shot after shot, while the four Spanish cruisers, who turned away from us to the westward and were straining along the coast, were quite enveloped in their smoke. We could see shells splashing the water in all directions—a sight that is worth going to war to see.

"The two parallel lines of the vessels moved up the coast, but we moved faster astern of them and gained somewhat. The Spanish vessels soon turned a point and we lost sight of them. Then there was more smoke at the mouth of the harbor, and we knew that more vessels were coming out, and in a minute we saw, first one, then a second torpedo-boat destroyer appear, and head up after the other ships.

"They had nearly a clear chance to run, as all the vessels had passed to the westward, except one, the little Gloucester, commanded by Lieutenant-Commander Wainwright, a boat not as big as either of the destroyers, a con-

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verted yacht, with only six 6-pounders on a side—not as much of a battery as that of either of the destroyers.

"But that didn't phase Dick Wainwright. He sailed in and gave those boats fits, first one and then the other, and when we were about off Morro, and three miles eastward of the three vessels, a shot struck something explosive on one of the destroyers, there was a puff of smoke, followed by a cloud of white, and the vessel turned and made for shore.

"The Gloucester then turned her attention to the other destroyer, which turned and started back for Morro, but we were there, and my forward 4-inch gun was ordered to open fire on it. Seeger, the gun captain, hit that fellow the first shot, nailed a boiler, and the boat never moved again. The gun aft of ours also hit her, and then both guns fired one more shot. Then they stopped, as she was done for.

"The Gloucester had a boat in the water when we came by, and we did not stop at all, as both torpedo-boats were clearly done for, and the Gloucester was quite able to pick up the remnant of their crews and look out for the vessels, and we tore down the coast. Some of our vessels were still visible around the point and were hot at it. All the time we were crossing the mouth of the harbor we were having a serenade from the batteries. About a dozen mortars that had never fired on us in any of our bombardments sprang into life and played a merry tattoo.

Burning Ships on the Beach.

"Soon after we left the Gloucester we passed out of range of these shore guns and were all busily watching a dense mass of smoke rising from behind the point. Ten minutes later we could make out the military tops of one of the cruisers, and a minute or two later could see the ship itself, high up on the beach—and also burning! And then we saw that there was another vessel there, and, sure enough, further up, also on the beach, and also afire, was another, exactly like the first. The two were the Infanta Maria Teresa and the Oquendo. We could see men in crowds on their forecastles, the fire being all aft.

"But, as it proved, the two ships were safe enough, and on we chased after the two still ahead, with the Indiana, Iowa, Texas, Oregon and Brooklyn before us, in that order, Indiana being nearest to us. One Spanish ship, which proved to be the Vizcaya, was hopelessly headed off and taking the fire of two or three of our vessels, while we cut off all chance of her escape. She, too, was afire, and after running a mile or two more she headed for the shore, full tilt, and ran aground when we were two miles away, right off a Cuban town, where there were 1500 Cuban troops.

AMERICAN SHIPS AND COMMANDERS IN THE GREAT NAVAL BATTLE OF SANTIAGO.

NEW YORK (Flagship), Rear Admiral Sampson, Capt. Chadwick, 570 men.
 BROOKLYN, Com. Schley, Capt. Cook, 567 men.
 OREGON, Capt. Clark, 534 men. IOWA, Capt. Evans, 550 men.
 TEXAS, Capt. Philip, 400 men. INDIANA, Capt. Taylor, 534 men.
 GLOUCESTER, Lieut. Wainwright, 90 men.

SPANISH SHIPS AND COMMANDERS.

MARIA TERESA, Admiral Cervera, Capt Concas, 600 men.
 CRISTOBAL COLON, Capt. Diaz Moreu, 600 men.
 VIZCAYA, Capt. Eulate, 600 men.
 OQUENDO, Capt. Don Juan Lazago, 600 men.
 PLUTON, Vice-Admiral Villamil, Capt. Vasquez, 70 men.
 FUROR, Capt. Carlier, 67 men.

KILLED AND WOUNDED.

American loss, 1 killed, 2 wounded.
 Spanish loss, about 600 killed, 1700 prisoners.

VALUE OF SHIPS AND AMMUNITION.

Value of Spanish Fleet destroyed,	\$16,500,000.
Damage to American Fleet less than,	50,000.
Value of Ammunition used by American Fleet,	500,000.
Cost of once firing 13-inch gun,	560.
Cost of firing one 8-inch shell,	134.

American Fleet fired about 7,000 shots.

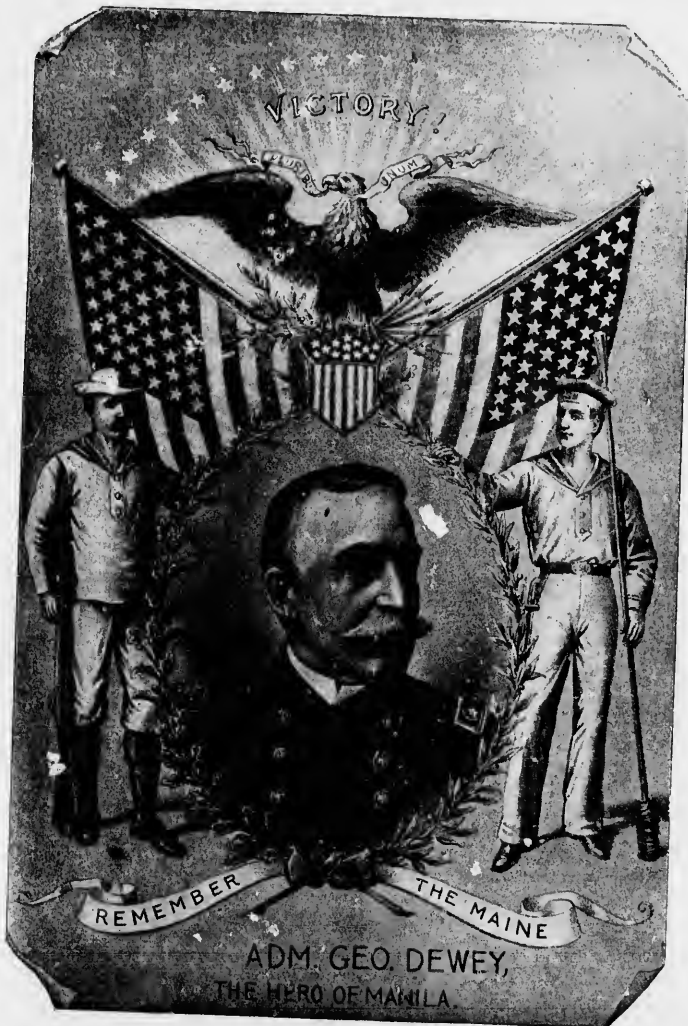
Spanish Fleet fired about 8,000 shots.

American Fleet threw about 1000 tons of metal.

Principal Spanish Ships struck (as counted from wrecks)
 162 times. Of which 27 shots took effect on the "Teresa,"
 62 on the "Oquendo," 66 on the "Vizcaya," and 7 on the
 "Colon."

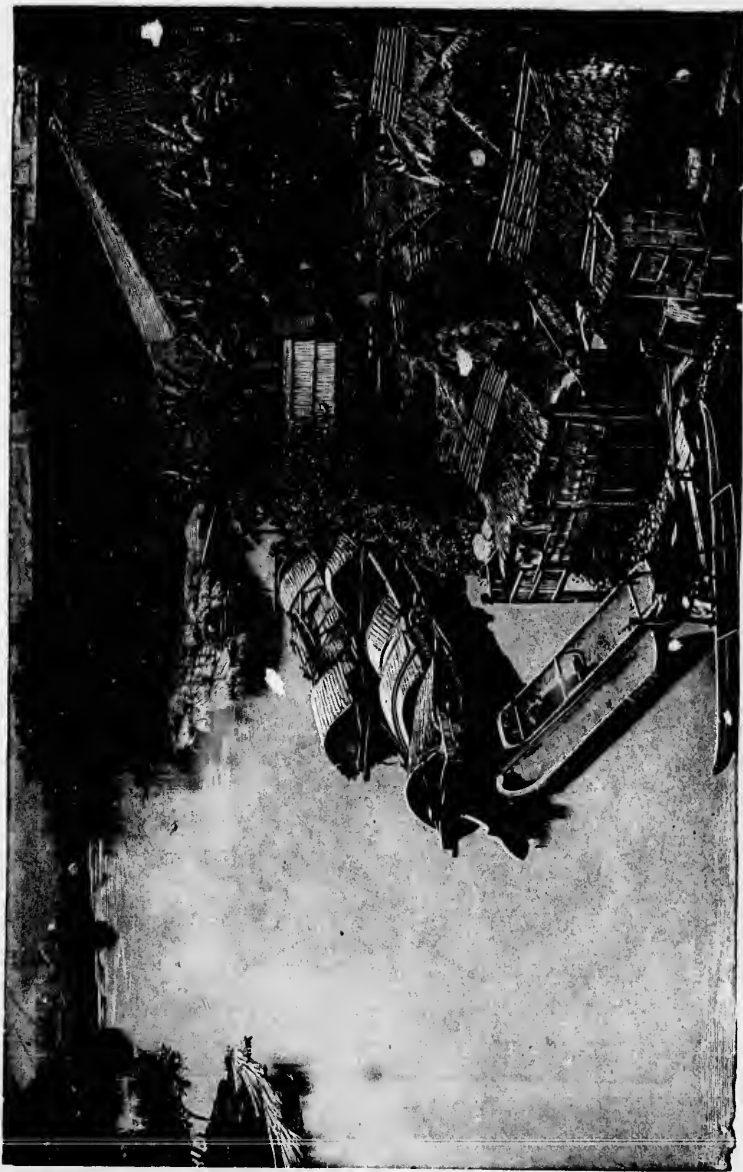
Cost of Collier "Merrimac,"	\$342,000.
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D.



VIEW ON THE PASIG RIVER, NEAR MANILA

VIEW ON THE PASIG RIVER, NEAR MANILA



MAJOR GENERAL WESLEY MERRITT



STREET. SHOWING DWELLINGS IN SUBURBS OF MANILA

STREET, SHOWING DWELLINGS IN SUBURBS OF MANILA



PREPARING TO FIRE A SALUTE



AMERICAN PEACE COMMISSIONERS



SCENE IN MANILA AFTER A SKIRMISH WITH UNITED STATES TROOPS

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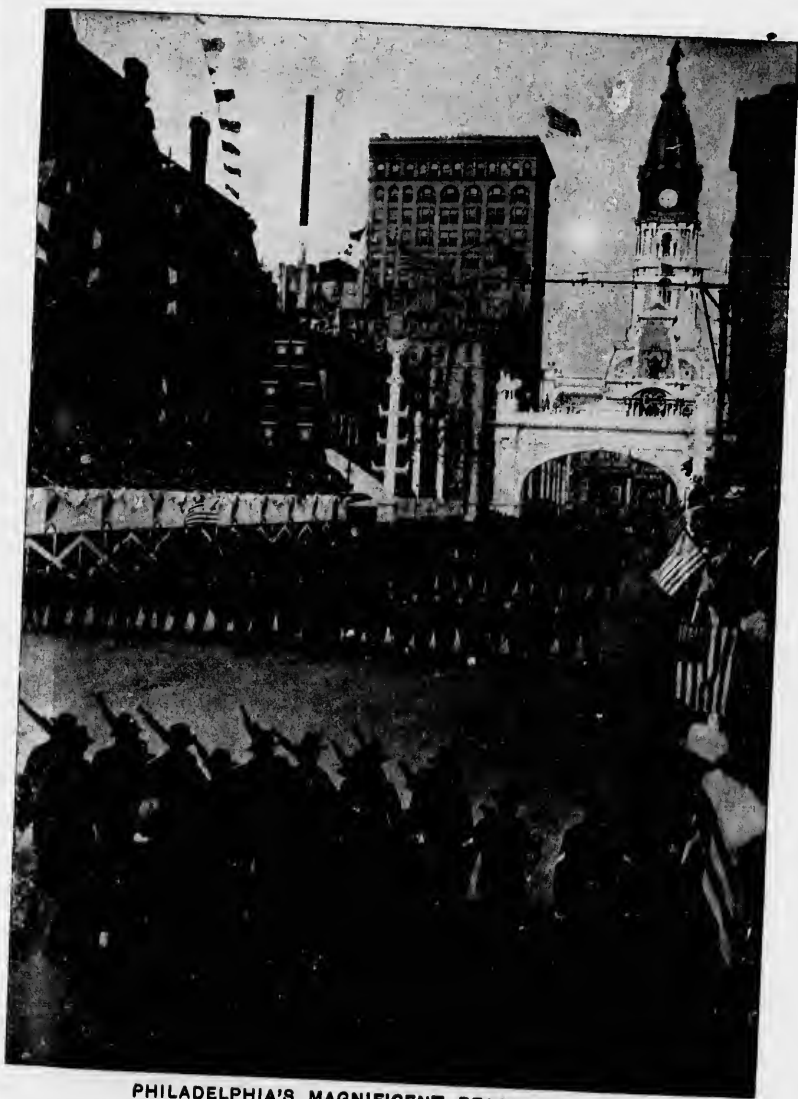


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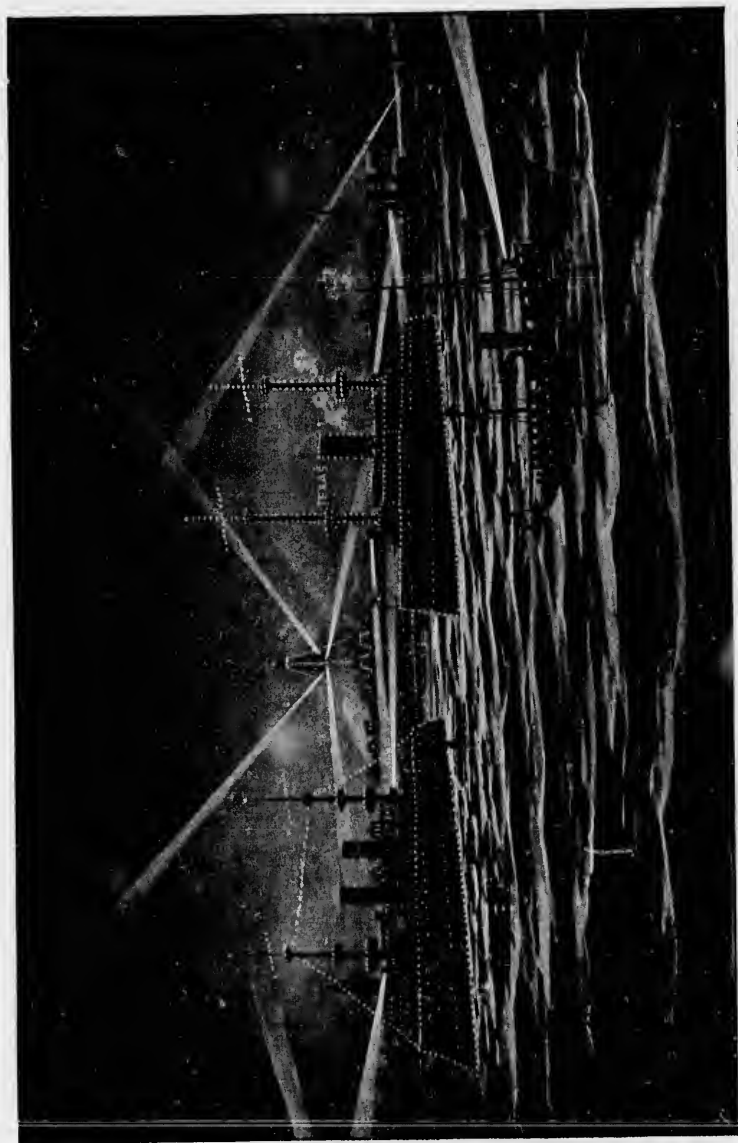
BRIGADIER-GENERAL F. V. GREENE
COMMANDER OF BR GADE AT THE CAPTURE OF MANILA



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PHILADELPHIA'S MAGNIFICENT PEACE JUBILEE
GRAND MILITARY PROCESSION MARCHING THROUGH THE BEAUTIFUL COURT OF HONOR

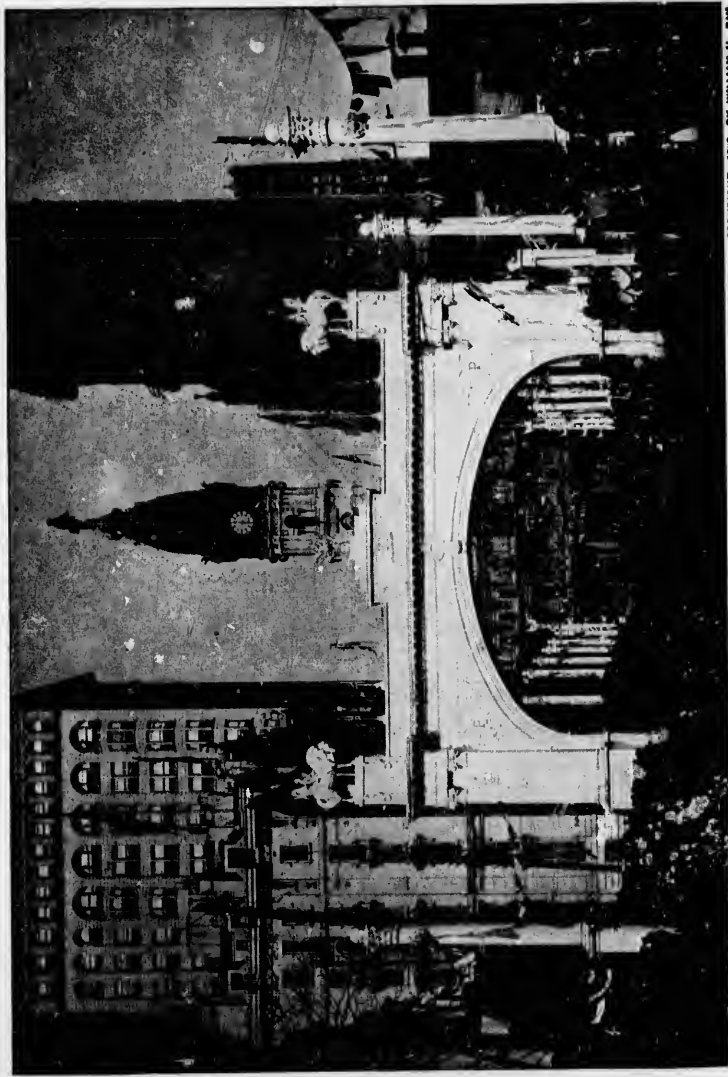


GREAT NAVAL DEMONSTRATION AT NIGHT ON THE DELAWARE RIVER IN HONOR OF THE
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GREAT NAVAL DEMONSTRATION AT NIGHT ON THE DELAWARE RIVER IN HONOR OF THE
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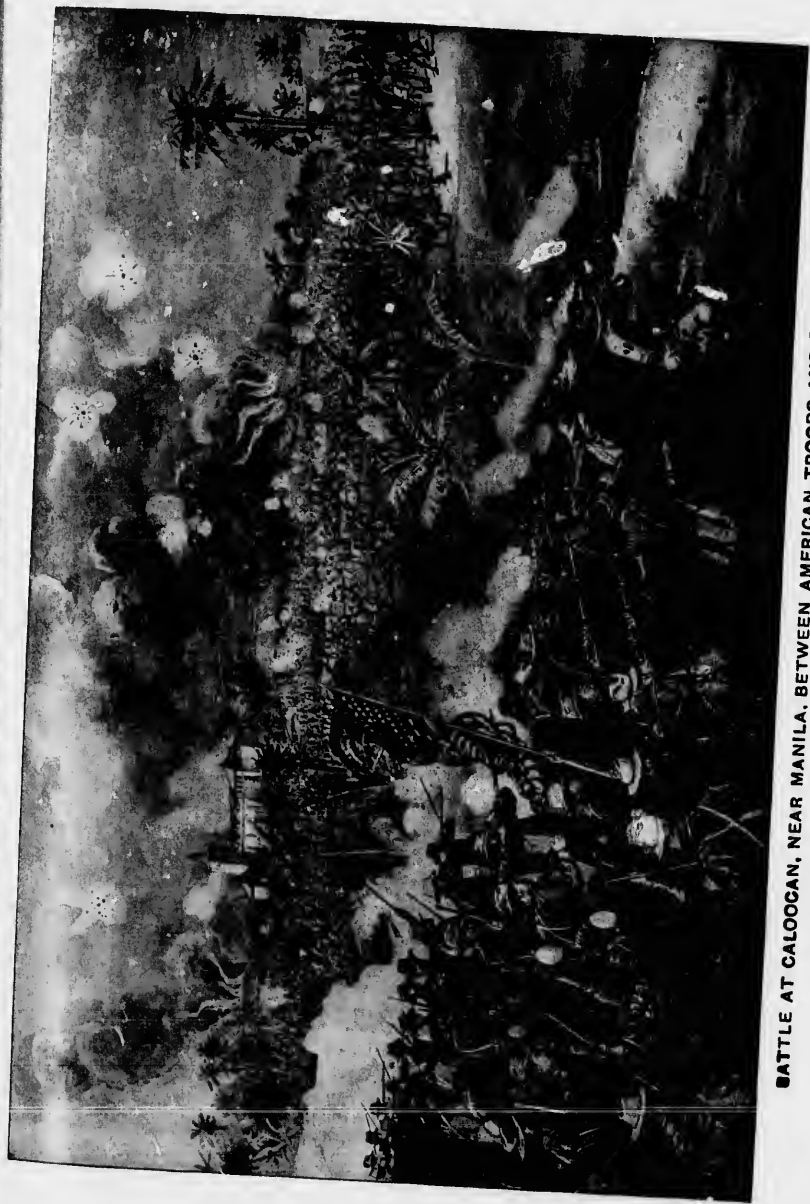


GENERAL MACARTHUR
WHO IS RENOWNED FOR HIS GALLANT ACHIEVEMENTS
IN THE PHILIPPINES



COURT OF HONOR ERECTED TO COMMEMORATE THE NATIONAL SEACE JUBILEE AT PHILADELPHIA
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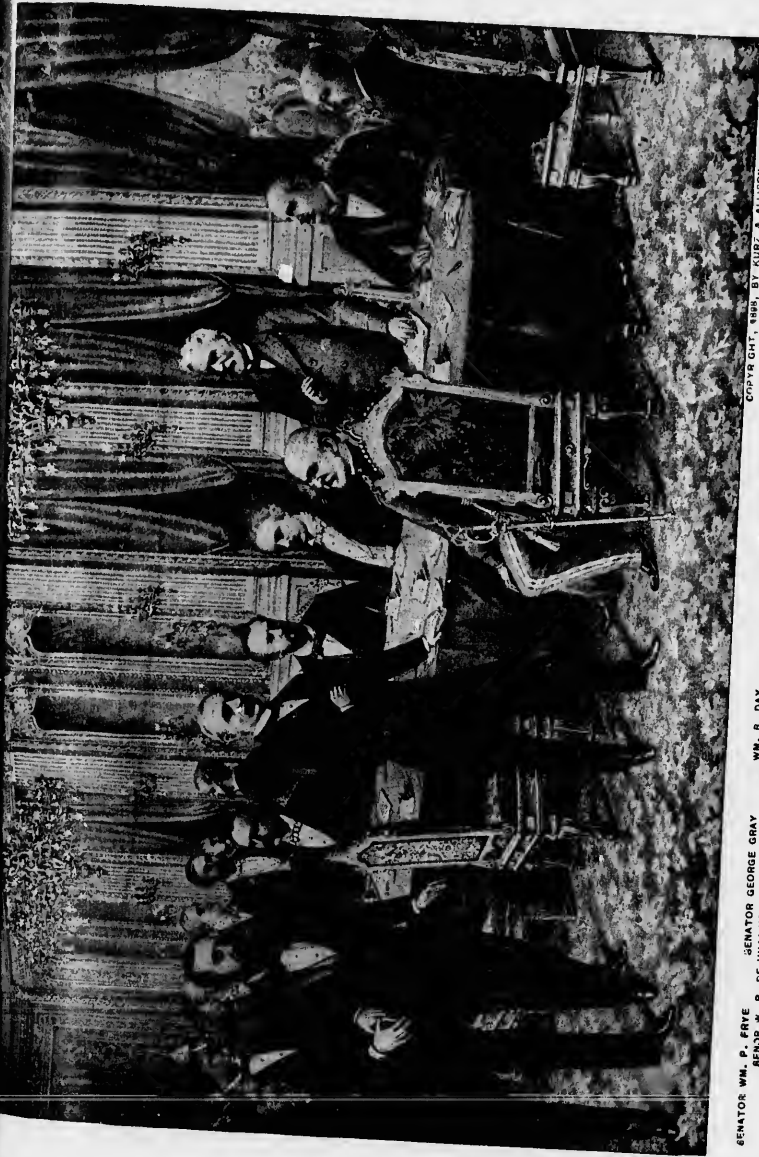
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BATTLE AT CALOCCAN, NEAR MANILA, BETWEEN AMERICAN TROOPS AND THE INSURGENTS



GENERAL MILLER
THE HERO OF ILOILO



SENATOR WM. P. FRYE

SENOR M. R. DE VILLI-URRUTIA

SENATOR GEORGE GRAY

SENOR BUENAVENTURA DE ABRARAZUA

GENERAL R. CERERO

WHITELAW REID

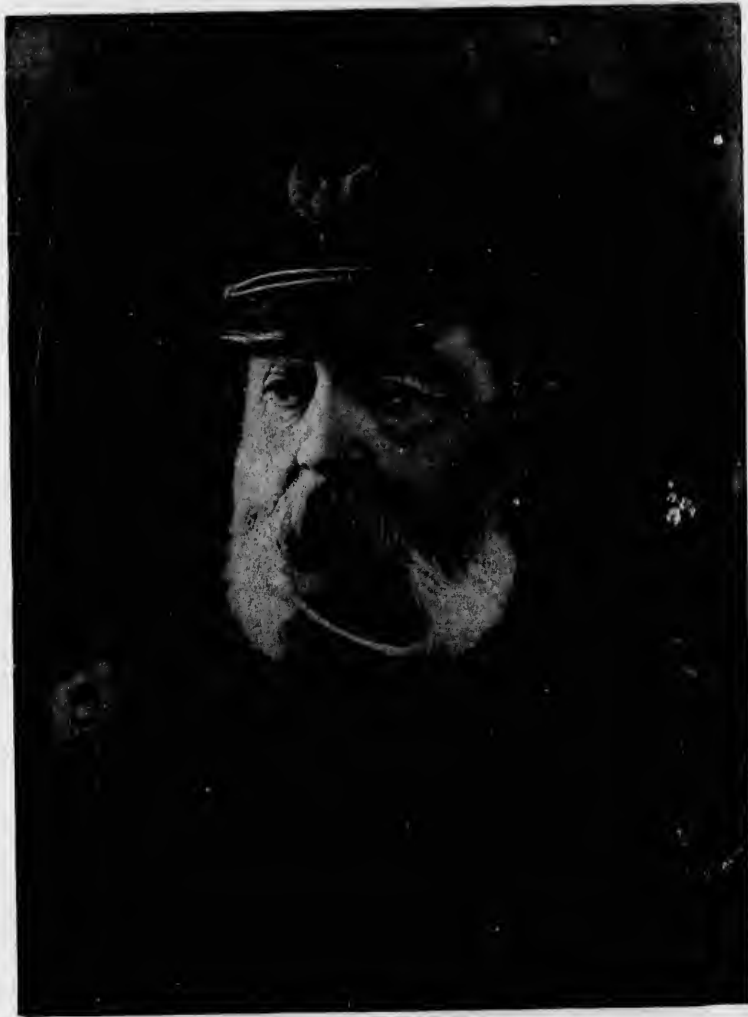
SENOR EUG. MOL. LEO RIOB

SENATOR CUSHMAN K. DAVIS

SENOR J. DE GARRICA

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AMERICAN AND SPANISH PEACE COMMISSIONERS SIGNING THE TREATY OF PEACE IN PARIS



GENERAL OTIS
COMMANDER OF THE AMERICAN FORCES IN THE PHILIPPINE ISLANDS

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CHAPTER IX.

General Wheeler Describes the Advance of the American Army on Santiago.

WITH the utter destruction of Admiral Cervera's fleet vanished the last hope of the Spanish forces in Santiago, around which the American troops had been swiftly thrown. The lines of investment were practically complete when the fleet was destroyed and the victories at Baiquiri, La Quasini or Siboney, El Caney and San Juan were but preliminary to an assault upon the town itself.

On July 3rd, the very day the fleet was destroyed, General Shafter, in command of the American troops, demanded the surrender of Santiago, and on July 14th General Toral, the Spanish commander, General Linares being wounded, surrendered the city and province of Santiago, together with all his forces.

The military campaign had been brief, but had been prolific of sanguinary encounters and deeds of unparalleled heroism. On June 14th, less than a fortnight after Hobson's daring feat had corked up Cervera's fleet in the bottle formed by Santiago harbor, the Fifth Army Corps of 16,000 men, commanded by Brigadier General Shafter, sailed from Tampa, Florida, in twenty-nine transports, arriving off Santiago on June 20th.

There is a commodious bay, Guantanamo by name, on the southern coast of Cuba and some fifty miles east of Santiago Bay. A good strategical point it looked; and, in the event of a storm, a safe retreat for such of our ships as might be spared from the Santiago blockading station.

Again, in the deep and clear harbor of Baiquiri, twelve miles east of Guantanamo, a well-built iron pier, the property of an American mining company, had been noticed, projecting some 500 feet into the sea. From available indications little resistance was likely to be offered us at that point, and our Cuban allies were close at hand to give us assistance.

Meanwhile, awaiting the arrival of our army of invasion, each busy hour was improved in endeavors to pave its way.

The forts at the mouth of Santiago harbor were bombarded for three hours on June 6th and again on the 10th; the Marblehead reduced the antiquated forts of Guantanamo on the 7th; 600 marines under Lieutenant-Colonel R. W. Huntington, were landed on the eastern side of Guantanamo harbor on the 10th. raised the Stars and Stripes on the old Spanish flagstaff

of the place and subsequently repelled a force of 1500 Spaniards, which endeavored to drive them back.

On the 14th the first aggressive movement against the Spanish guerrillas was made by Lieutenant-Colonel Huntington's and Captain Elliott's marines with the co-operation of the Cubans, under Colonel Laborde, when the Spaniards were driven with great loss from a camp five miles from Guantamano, which contained the only well of water for several miles around, and on the night following this gallant exploit, the Vesuvius gave the first illustration of her terrific power



GENERAL WILLIAM R. SHAFER.

as a destroyer by firing three shells from her dynamite guns on a fort at the western entrance of Santiago. "Earthquakes," the Spaniards called the projectiles which came without noise or other warning. A pathetic scene was witnessed on the 21st, when General Shafter with his staff, and Admiral Sampson, with his chief of staff, met the Cuban General Garcia for a first conference on a little point of land twelve miles west of Santiago. On the 22d, while the New Orleans, Detroit, Castine, Wasp and Suwanee shelled the vicinity of Baiquiri, while a feint of landing was made at Cabanas, west of Santiago, while the Cubans engaged the attention of the enemy to the westward and the Texas bombarded the western batteries, 6000 troops were safely landed at Baiquiri, the remainder of the force following within the next two days. Never had the United States sent out so large an expedition; and for the first time also, in our history our regular army was entering upon a campaign in which it was numerically stronger than the volunteer force, the latter being represented only by the Seventy-first New York Regiment, the Second Massachusetts and a portion of the First Volunteer Cavalry (Roosevelt's Rough Riders).

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Lieutenant George J. Godfrey, Twenty-second infantry, who had the distinction of being the first member of General Shafter's invading army to set foot on Cuban soil, was wounded in the head by a Mauser bullet, from the effects of which he recovered.

In speaking of his exploit he said: "It was very unexpected on my part, being one of the fortunes of war that you can never account for. The Eighth infantry had been designated to make the first landing. The warships early in the morning began to shell the shore in the vicinity of Baiquiri. When the transports neared the shore each of the warships sent a launch to the transports to help in the landing of the troops. Each launch towed three boats.

Bold Rush for the Shore.

"Ensign Halligan, of the Brooklyn, was assigned to tow the boats with the men of Company A, Twenty-second infantry, of which I had command. Apparently simultaneously a whole flotilla of launches with boats full of our boys, eager to get ashore, left the transports for the beach. As our boats moved away from the transports several auxiliary cruisers and gunboats went in ahead of us to clear the way. When it became evident that the Spaniards had been driven out the firing ceased, and we got the word to go in. Ensign Halligan crowded on a full head of steam, and the way we went sailing in there made the blood of the men, already stirred to action, just sizzle within them.

"When we got within half a mile of the shore we noticed the launch towing the ordnance boats of the Eighth infantry, almost on a parallel line with us, several hundred feet east.

"We cheered them on, but unconsciously a desire to reach the beach first, in spite of the orders to let the Eighth go in first, sprang up among our men. Ensign Halligan appreciated the situation, and put the launch to a test.

"Then as pretty a race as ever was seen in progress between the launches of the two regiments. At one time it looked as if the Eighth's launch would get there ahead of us, but slowly we forged ahead until with a mighty leap over the waves we came up alongside of the old pier at Baiquiri, fifty feet or more in front of the Eighth's launch, which went to the opposite side of the pier. I ran along the gunwale of my boat, and, with the help of two sailors, was lifted upon the pier. Soon afterwards the rest of my men scrambled on the pier, and then the Eighth's boys landed.

"As soon as Company A landed I got them in line and advanced with them to the hill, which commanded the beach on which the troops were landing. From this hill I was able to protect the troops while disembarking from the fire of any Spaniard on the hill opposite.

"We saw no fighting until July 1st, when we got within sight of Santiago. That morning the Eighth and Twenty-second infantry were ordered to advance on El Caney. Three hours after the commencement of the fight I was shot in the head and was picked up unconscious. At first some of my comrades thought that I was dead. I was taken back to the field hospital, where I recovered consciousness."

On the very day of their landing our troops began the advance toward Santiago. The next day they met the enemy at Jaraqua, but the latter fled. On June 24th the first battle was fought at Siboney or La Quasina, and is to be credited to a party of 924 men of the Twenty-third United States Infantry, the First and Tenth United States Cavalry and the First Volunteer Cavalry, popularly known as Roosevelt's "Rough Riders."

The Enemy Lying in Wait.

On the densely wooded slope near La Quasina, the Spaniards had erected two block-houses flanked with intrenchments of stone and lumber; and there a force of 1500 men with two machine guns, presumably obtained from Cervera's fleet, awaited the coming of our troops as they toiled along the rough hill roads—mere gullies, at times almost impassable—on the morning of June 24th.

Some said it was an ambush into which our men blindly fell; others lauded them for deliberately storming a stronghold, the terrible defences of which they were well aware of; in either case, nothing short of their unflinching bravery could have withstood the storm of bullets which fell upon them from the front and sides on this desperate march.

For almost two hours their invisible foe directed upon them a fire which should have decimated them at the hands of cooler headed marksmen, when at length a daredevil charge by Colonel Wood on the right and Lieutenant-Colonel Roosevelt on the left, turned the tide of the battle; the Spaniards turned and fled; for the first time in those two hours our troops were enabled to shoot at an enemy in sight; the position was carried. Sevilla was ours next day, but the victory had cost us sixteen lives.

Now began the advance on Santiago proper and the encompassing of the city within an armed crescent which would leave its defenders no chance of escape save to the seaward; and there our squadron would see to them.

One week was consumed in the landing and sending forward of the artillery, the construction of roads through the jungle, the building of bridges, the cutting off of the pipe line supplying Santiago with water, to the benefit of our toiling soldiers, and the establishment of telephonic connection between the front and headquarters and of cable communication with Washington.

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TYPES OF UNIFORM IN THE UNITED STATES INFANTRY.

Not any too soon was the latter completed either, for as early as July 1st, fresh laurels had been won, and the glad tidings were immediately cabled home by General Shafter.

A heavy engagement had been raging from 8 A. M. to sundown, he said. All the outworks on the march of our troops toward Santiago had been carried; the enemy had been driven from San Juan and El Caney, and the Stars and Stripes floated within three-quarters of a mile of Santiago.

What the short telegram did not tell was the many deeds of heroism of that all-day fight, from early morning until 4 o'clock, by which time 15,000 American troops were thundering at the outer fortifications of Santiago de Cuba.

The attack involved the whole line, but the broken nature of the country gave a tremendous advantage to the defenders and proportionately handicapped the aggressors, preventing, as it did, co-operative tactics on the part of our divisions.

Taking of El Caney.

Two points in particular had to be occupied, El Caney, the possession of which would give us a hill whence we could bombard Santiago, of which it is a suburb, and San Juan, the occupation of which by our troops would cut off the city of Santiago from its sea fortress, the ubiquitous "Morro" to be found at the mouth of every Spanish bay; and at these points the two chief battles of that eventful day took place.

To General Lawton's command was given the taking of El Caney; it included Chaffee's brigade, the Seventh, Twelfth and Seventeenth Infantry, who were to move from the east; Colonel Miles' brigade, made up of the First, Fourth and Twenty-fifth Infantry, from the south, and Ludlow's brigade, consisting of the Twenty-second Infantry and the Second Massachusetts, from the southwest.

The first shot, fired by a battery of the First Artillery, under command of Captain Capron (whose son, Allyn K. Capron, was killed) fell in the centre of the town; and as it was twenty minutes before the Spaniards got ready to make any response, the cavalry division moved forward on the main Santiago trail, headed by a light battery of the Second Artillery under Captain Grimes.

Here began the hardships of the day. The movement of this battery was a heartbreaking task, owing to the mud in the valley and the steepness of the hill on the other side; yet onward they bravely pushed, and it was not long ere the Spaniards in the little town of El Paso retreated under the musketry fire of the cavalymen, and Captain Grimes' battery, taking up a position there, began a rapid firing into Caney.

Here, too, the response from the Spanish guns was delayed for awhile; but when it did come, it came with unexpected accuracy, the shots being from

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three and five-inch rapid-fire rifles evidently taken from Admiral Cervera's warships and mounted behind the fortifications. The enemy literally raked the hill on which El Paso stands and which meantime had been made the headquarters of General Sumner and the Cuban Generals Garcia, Castillo, Capote and Rabo.

But neither their accurate gunnery nor the desperation with which they now endeavored to save their last stronghold near the city could check the stubborn advance of the American and Cuban forces; foot by foot the unwilling Spaniards were driven back; and evening found us in possession of their intrenchments at El Coney, although it must be said, not without heavy loss.

Storming San Juan Heights.

The storming of the San Juan heights, on the other hand, was one more laurel added to the wreath of the Rough Riders, the First, Third, Sixth, Ninth and Tenth (dismounted) Cavalry, and also the Sixth and Sixteenth Infantry, who made a brilliant charge at the crucial moment.

From early dawn their fierce assault was met by the Spaniards with a tenacity born of despair, and "hour after hour," eye-witnesses said, "the troops on both sides fought like mad men, like demons," the Americans pushing on with such "irresistible fury" as to be well along towards San Juan by noon. The fighting now became more terrific than ever, the assailing party succeeding at this time in uniting in a mighty rush which carried the Spaniards off their feet, and by 3 o'clock the gallant troops were able to send word to General Shafter that they were masters of the important position which he had given them a whole day to capture.

A foreign correspondent (C. E. Hands, of the *London Daily Mail*), who witnessed this "Balaclava of Cuba," as he termed it, described it as follows:

"Suddenly, as we looked through our glasses at the long, steepish ascent crowned by the blockhouse upon which the artillery had opened fire in the morning, we saw a little black ant go scrambling quickly up this hill, and an inch or two behind him a ragged line of other little ants, and then another line of ants at another part of the hill, and then another, until it seemed as if somebody had dug a stick into a great ant's nest down in the valley, and all the ants were scrambling away up hill. Then the volley firing began ten times more furiously than before; from the right beyond the top of the ridge burst upon the ants a terrific fire of shells; from the blockhouse in front of them machine guns sounded their continuous rattle.

"But the ants swept up the hill. They seemed to us to thin out as they went forward, but they still went forward. It was incredible, but it was grand. The boys were storming the hill. The military authorities were most sur-

prised. They were not surprised at these splendid athletic daredevils of ours doing it. But that a military commander should have allowed a fortified and intrenched position to be assailed by an infantry charge up the side of a long exposed hill, swept by a terrible artillery fire, frightened them, not so much by its audacity, as by its terrible cost in human life.

"As they neared the top the different lines came nearer together. One moment they went a little more slowly; then they nearly stopped; then they went on again faster than ever, and then all of us sitting there on the top of the battery cried with excitement, for the ants were scrambling all around the blockhouse on the ridge, and in a moment or two we saw them inside it. But then our hearts swelled up into our throats, for a fearful fire came from somewhere beyond the blockhouse and from somewhere to the right of it and somewhere to the left of it. Then we saw the ants come scrambling down the hill again. They had taken a position which they had not the force to hold. But a moment or two, and up they scrambled again, more of them, and more quickly than before, and up the other face of the hill to the left went other lines, and the ridge was taken, and the blockhouse was ours, and the trenches were full of dead Spaniards."

Kent's Story of the Three Days' Fight.

Brigadier General J. Ford Kent's official report of the operations of the regiments under his command, during July 1st, 2d, and 3d, before Santiago, was as follows:

"HEADQUARTERS FIRST DIVISION, FIFTH ARMY CORPS, IN THE FIELD,
FORT SAN JUAN, NEAR SANTIAGO DE CUBA, JULY 7, 1898.

"TO THE ASSISTANT ADJUTANT GENERAL, FIFTH ARMY CORPS:

"SIR: I have the honor to submit the following report of the operations of my command in the battle of July 1:

"On the afternoon of June 30, pursuant to orders given me verbally by the Corps Commander at his headquarters, I moved my Second and Third brigades (Pearson and Wikoff) forward about two miles, to a point on the Santiago road near corps headquarters. Here the troops bivouacked, the First brigade (Hawkins) remaining in its camp of the two preceding days, slightly in rear of corps headquarters.

"On the following morning (July 1), at seven o'clock, I rode forward to the hill where Captain Grimes' battery was in position. I here met Lieutenant Colonel McClernand, Assistant Adjutant General, Fifth Corps, who pointed out to me a green hill in the distance, which was to be my objective on my left, and either he or Lieutenant Miley, of Major General Shafter's staff, gave me directions to keep my right on the main road leading to the

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city of Santiago. I had previously given the necessary orders for Hawkins' brigade to move early, to be followed in turn by Wikoff and Pearson. Shortly after Grimes' battery opened fire I rode down to the stream, and there found General Hawkins at the head of his brigade, at a point about two hundred and fifty yards from the El Poso sugar house. Here I gave him his orders.

"The enemy's artillery was not replying to Grimes' battery. I rode forward with Hawkins about one hundred and fifty yards, closely followed by the Sixth infantry, which was leading the First brigade. At this point I received instructions to allow the cavalry the right of way, but for some unknown reason they moved up very slowly, thus causing a delay in my advance of fully forty minutes. General Miley, of General Shafter's staff, was at this point and understood how the division was delayed, and repeated several times that he understood I was making all the progress possible.

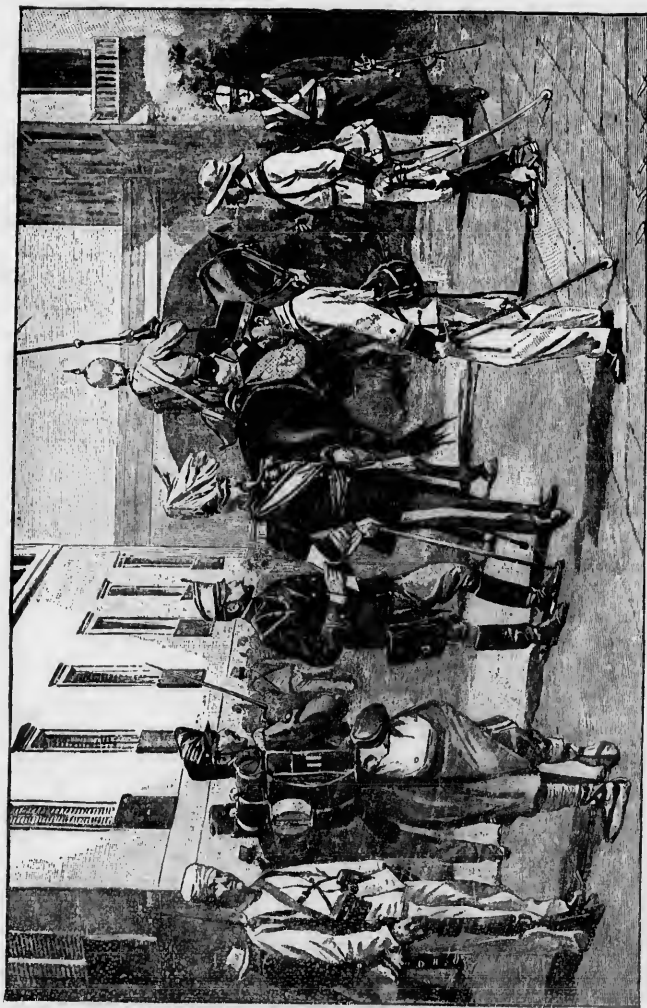
"General Hawkins went forward, and word came back in a few minutes that it would be possible to observe the enemy's position from the front. I immediately rode forward with my staff. The fire of the enemy's sharpshooters was very distinctly felt at this time. I crossed the main ford of the San Juan River, joined General Hawkins and, with him, observed the enemy's position from a point some distance in advance of the ford.

"General Hawkins deemed it possible to turn the enemy's right at Fort San Juan, but later, under the heavy fire, this was found impracticable for the First brigade, but was accomplished by the Third brigade coming up later on General Hawkins' left. Having completed the observation with my staff, I proceeded to join the head of my division, just coming under heavy fire. Approaching the First brigade I directed them to move alongside the cavalry, which was halted. We were already suffering losses caused by the balloon near by attracting fire and disclosing our position.

Fire from Front, Flank and Rear.

"The enemy's infantry fire, steadily increasing in intensity, now came, from all directions, not only from the front, and the dense tropical thickets on our flanks, but from sharpshooters thickly posted in trees in our rear, and from shrapnel, apparently aimed at the balloon. Lieutenant Colonel Derby, of General Shafter's staff, met me about this time, and informed me that a trail or narrow way had been discovered from the balloon a short distance back leading to the left of a ford lower down the stream.

"I hastened to the forks made by this road, and soon after the Seventy-first New York regiment, of Hawkins' brigade, came up. I turned them into the bypath indicated by Lieutenant Colonel Derby, leading to the lower ford, sending word to General Hawkins of this movement. This would have



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speedily delivered them in their proper place on the left of their brigade, but under the galling fire of the enemy the leading battalion of this regiment was thrown into confusion, and recoiled in disorder on the troops in the rear.

"At this critical moment the officers of my staff practically formed a cordon behind the panic-stricken men, and urged them to again go forward. I finally ordered them to lie down in the thicket, and clear the way for others of their own regiment, who were coming up behind. This many of them did, and the Second and Third battalions came forward in better order and moved along the road toward the ford.

"One of my staff officers ran back, waving his hat to hurry forward the Third brigade, who, upon approaching the forks, found the way blocked by men of the Seventy-first New York. There were other men of this regiment crouching in the bushes, many of whom were encouraged by the advance of the approaching column to arise and go forward.

Delay Under a Galling Fire.

"As already stated, I had received orders some time before to keep in rear of the cavalry division. Their advance was much delayed, resulting in frequent halts, presumably to drop their blanket rolls, and due to the natural delay in fording a stream. These delays, under such a hot fire, grew exceedingly irksome, and I therefore pushed the head of my division as quickly as I could toward the river in column of files or twos paralleled in the narrow way by the cavalry.

"This quickened the forward movement and enabled me to get into position as speedily as possible for the attack. Owing to the congested condition of the road, the progress of the narrow column was, however, painfully slow. I again sent a staff officer at a gallop to urge forward the troops in the rear. The head of Wikoff's brigade reached the forks at twenty minutes past twelve o'clock P. M. and hurried on the left, stepping over prostrate forms of men of the Seventy-first.

"This heroic brigade (consisting of the Thirteenth, Ninth and Twenty-fourth United States infantry) speedily crossed the stream and were quickly deployed to the left of the lower ford. While personally superintending this movement Colonel Wikoff was killed, the command of the brigade then devolved upon Lieutenant Colonel Worth, Thirteenth infantry, who immediately fell, severely wounded, and then upon Lieutenant Colonel Liscum, Twenty-fourth infantry, who, five minutes later, also fell under the withering fire of the enemy. The command of the brigade then devolved upon Lieutenant Colonel E. P. Ewers, Ninth infantry. Meanwhile I had again sent a staff officer to hurry forward the Second brigade, which was bringing up the

rear. The Tenth and Second infantry, soon arriving at the forks, were deflected to the left to follow the Third brigade, while the Twenty-first was directed along the main road to support Hawkins.

"Crossing the lower ford a few minutes later, the Tenth and Second moved forward in column in good order toward the green knoll already referred to as my objective on the left. Approaching the knoll, the regiments deployed, passed over the knoll and ascended the high ridge beyond, driving back the enemy in the direction of his trenches. I observed this movement from the fort, San Juan Hill.

"Colonel E. P. Pearson, Tenth infantry, commanding the Second brigade, and the officers and troops under his command deserve great credit for the soldierly manner in which this movement was executed. I earnestly recommend Colonel Pearson for promotion.

Troops that Took San Juan Hill.

"Prior to this advance of the Second Brigade, the Third, connecting with Hawkins' gallant troops on the right, had moved toward Fort San Juan, sweeping through a zone of most destructive fire, scaling a steep and difficult hill and assisting in capturing the enemy's strong position, Fort San Juan, at half-past one P. M.

"This crest was about one hundred and twenty-five feet above the general level, and was defended by deep trenches and a loop-holed brick fort, surrounded by barbed wire entanglements. General Hawkins, some time after I reached the crest, reported that the Sixth and Seventeenth infantry had captured the hill, which I now consider incorrect, and credit is almost equally due the Sixth, Ninth, Thirteenth, Sixteenth and Twenty-fourth regiments of infantry. Owing to General Hawkins' representations, I forwarded the report sent to corps headquarters about three P. M. that the Sixth and Sixteenth infantry regiments had captured the hill.

"The Thirteenth Infantry captured the enemy's colors waving over the fort, but unfortunately destroyed them, distributing the fragments among the men, because, as was asserted, 'it was a bad omen,' two or three men having been shot while assisting Private Arthur Agnew, Company K, Thirteenth Infantry, the captor. All fragments which could be recovered are submitted with this report.

"The greatest credit is due to the officers of my command, whether company, battalion, regiment or brigade commanders, who so admirably directed the formation of their troops, unavoidably intermixed in the dense thicket, and made the desperate rush for the distant and strongly defended crest.

"I have already mentioned the circumstances of my Third Brigade's

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advance across the ford, where, in the brief space of ten minutes, it lost its brave commander (killed) and the next two ranking officers by disabling wounds. Yet, in spite of these confusing conditions, the formations were effected without hesitation, although under a stinging fire, companies acting singly in some circumstances and by battalion and regiments in others, rushing through the jungle across the stream, waist deep, and over the wide bottom, thickly set with thick barbed wire entanglements.

"I desire to particularly mention First Lieutenant Wendell L. Simpson, Adjutant Ninth Infantry, Acting Assistant Adjutant-General Third Brigade, who was noticeably active and efficient in carrying out orders which I had given him to transmit to his brigade commander, who no longer existed.

"The enemy having retired to a second line of rifle pits, I directed my line to hold their positions and intrench. At ten minutes past three P. M. I received almost simultaneously two requests, one from Colonel Wood, commanding a cavalry brigade, and one from General Sumner, asking for assistance for the cavalry on my right, as they were hard pressed. I immediately sent to their aid the Thirteenth Infantry, who promptly went on this further mission despite the heavy losses they had already sustained.

Personally Named For Heroism.

"Great credit is due to the gallant officer and gentleman, Brigadier-General H. S. Hawkins, who, placing himself between the two regiments, leading his brigade, the Sixth and Sixteenth Infantry, urged and led them by voice and bugle calls to the attack so successfully accomplished. My earnest thanks are due to my staff officers present at my side and under my personal observation on the field, especially to Major A. C. Sharpe, Assistant Adjutant-General; Major Philip Reade, Inspector General; Captain U. G. McAlexander, Chief Quartermaster, and my aids, First Lieutenant George S. Cartright, Twenty-fourth Infantry; First Lieutenant William P. Jackson, Second Infantry; also to Mr. Adelfo Carlos Munez, the latter a volunteer aid, subsequently wounded in the fight of the 2d inst., who richly merits a commission for his able assistance without pay.

"The officers enumerated should at least be brevetted for gallantry under fire. I also personally noticed the conduct of First Lieutenant T. J. Fitzpatrick, Assistant Surgeon, U. S. A., on duty with the Twenty-fourth Infantry, giving most efficient aid to the wounded under fire. I observed several times First Lieutenant J. D. Miley, Fifth Artillery, aid to General Shafter, who was conspicuous throughout the day for his coolness under fire, delivering instructions with apparent unconcern.

"The bloody fighting of my brave command cannot be adequately

described in words. The list of killed, wounded and missing tells the story of their valor."

General Kent reports 5 officers and 38 men killed in the First Brigade, 1 officer and 10 men killed in the Second Brigade, 12 officers and 77 men killed in the Third Brigade 13 officers and 224 men wounded and 49 men missing in the first Brigade, 10 officers and 62 men wounded in the Second Brigade, and 32 officers and 463 men wounded and 58 men missing in the Third Brigade. Continuing, General Kent says:

"At daylight on the morning of July 2, the enemy resumed the battle and firing continued throughout the day, part of the time in a drenching rain. At nightfall the firing ceased, but at nine P. M. a vigorous assault was made all along our lines. This was completely repulsed, the enemy again retiring to his trenches. The following morning firing was resumed, and continued until near noon, when a white flag was displayed by the enemy and firing was ordered to cease."

General Kent reports the casualties of July 1 in his division as nine men killed, four officers and ninety men wounded, and four men missing, and of July 2 one man killed and eight wounded. General Kent's report concludes:

"I desire, in conclusion, to express my gratitude to Major-General Joseph Wheeler for his courteous conduct to me, and through me to my division under the trying circumstances enumerated. Though ill and suffering, General Wheeler was so perfectly at home under fire that he inspired all of us with assurance.



"Fighting Joe" Wheeler's Report.

The following was the report of Major General Joseph Wheeler on the operations before Santiago de Cuba:

"Before Santiago, Cuba, July 7, 1898.

"TO ADJUTANT GENERAL, Fifth Army Corps:

SIR:—After the engagement of June 24th, I pushed forward my command through the valley, Lawton's and Kent's commands occupying the hills in the vicinity of that place. After two days' rest Lawton was ordered forward, and on the night of the 30th instructions were given by Major General Shafter to that officer to attack Caney, while the cavalry division and Kent's division were ordered to move forward on the regular Santiago roads. The movement commenced on the morning of July 1st. The cavalry division

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advanced and formed its line with its left near the Santiago road, while Kent's division formed its line with the right joining the left of the cavalry division.

"Colonel McClernand, of General Shafter's staff, directed me to give instructions to General Kent, which I complied with in person, at the same time personally directing General Sumner to move forward. The men were all compelled to wade the San Juan River to get into line. That was done under very heavy fire of both infantry and artillery. Our balloon having been sent up right by the main road, was made a mark of by the enemy.

"It was evident that we were as much under fire in forming the line as we would be by an advance, and I therefore pressed the command forward from the covering under which it was formed. It emerged into open space in full view of the enemy, who occupied breastworks and batteries on the crest of the hill which overlooks Santiago, officers and men falling at every step. The troops advanced gallantly, soon reached the foot of the hill and ascended, driving the enemy from their works and occupying them on the crest of the hill. To accomplish that required courage and determination on the part of the officers and men of a high order, and the losses were very severe.

Praise for Officers.

"Too much credit cannot be given to General Sumner and General Kent and their gallant brigade commanders, Colonel Wood and Colonel Carroll, of the cavalry; General Hamilton S. Hawkins, commanding first brigade, Kent's division, and Colonel Pearson, commanding Second brigade. Colonel Carroll and Major Wessels were both wounded during the charge, but Major Wessels was enabled to return and resume command. General Wikoff, commanding Kent's Third brigade, was killed at ten minutes past twelve o'clock. Lieutenant Colonel Worth took command and was wounded at a quarter past twelve o'clock. Lieutenant Colonel Liscum then took command and was wounded at twenty minutes past twelve o'clock, and the command then devolved upon Lieutenant Colonel Ewers, Ninth infantry.

"Upon reaching the crest I ordered breastworks to be constructed, and sent to the rear for shovels, picks, spades and axes. The enemy's retreat from the ridge was precipitate, but our men were so thoroughly exhausted that it was impossible for them to follow. Their shoes were soaked with water by wading the San Juan River, they had become drenched with rain, and when they reached the crest they were absolutely unable to proceed further. Notwithstanding that condition, these exhausted men labored during the night to erect breastworks, furnish details to bury the dead and carry the wounded back in improvised litters.

"I sent word along the line that reinforcements would soon reach us,

that General Lawton would join our right and that General Bates would come up and strengthen our left. After reaching the crest of the ridge, General Kent sent the Thirteenth regulars to assist in strengthening our right. At midnight General Bates reported, and I placed him in a strong position on the left of our line. General Lawton had attempted to join us from Caney, but when very near our lines he was fired upon by the Spaniards and turned back, but joined us next day at noon by a circuitous route.



TELEPHONE COMMUNICATION ON THE BATTLEFIELD.

During all the day on July 2d, the cavalry division, Kent's division and Bates' brigade were engaged with the enemy, being subjected to a fierce fire and incurring many casualties, and later in the day Lawton's division also became engaged.

Pos Wheeler

"JOSEPH WHEELER, Jr., Aide."

"Major-General Volunteers."

Accompanying the report is a copy of the despatches which were sent to General Shafter by General Wheeler, beginning June 25 and ending July 2.

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On July 1, at twenty minutes past eight P.M., General Wheeler, writing from San Juan, has the following to say about withdrawing from the position we had won:—

"I examined the line in front of Wood's brigade and gave the men shovels and picks and insisted on their going right to work. I also sent word to General Kent to come and get entrenching tools, and saw General Hawkins in person and told him the same thing. They all promised to do their best, but say, the earth is very difficult, as a great part of it is rocky. The positions our men carried were very strong and the intrenchments were very strong.

"A number of officers have appealed to me to have the line withdrawn and take up a strong position further back, and I expect they will appeal to you. I have positively discountenanced that, as it would cost us much prestige. The lines are very thin, as so many men have gone to the rear with wounded and so many are exhausted, but I hope these men can be got up to-night, and with our line intrenched and Lawton on our right we ought to hold to-morrow, but I fear it will be a severe day. If we can get through to-morrow all right, we can make our breastworks very strong the next night. You can hardly realize the exhausted condition of the troops. The Third and Sixth Cavalry and other troops were up marching and halted on the road all last night and have fought for twelve hours to-day, and those that are not on the line will be digging trenches to-night.

"I was on the extreme front line. The men were lying down and reported the Spaniards not more than 300 yards in their front."

Charged Instead of Retreated.

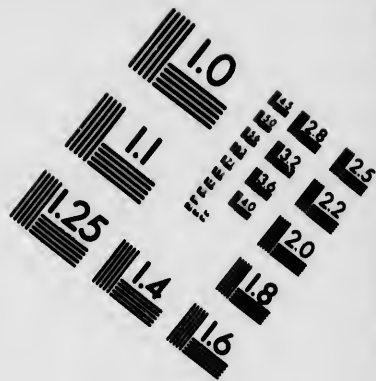
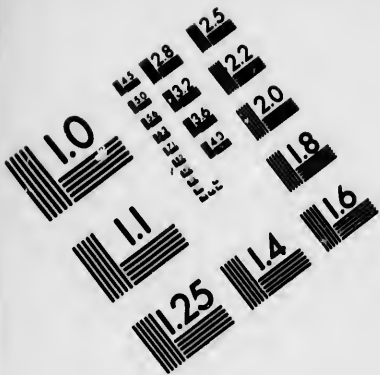
General Wheeler's assertion as to the desire of the men to fall back is borne out by the statement of Captain McGinnis, Company I, of the Rough Riders, of Oklahoma, who asserted that General Shafter gave an order for the American forces to retreat at Santiago. It was not carried out because countermanded by General Wheeler, in charge of the cavalry division.

According to the story told by Captain McGinnis, he was standing near General Wheeler when an orderly from General Shafter brought to General Wheeler an order to retreat from the advance position the American forces then occupied.

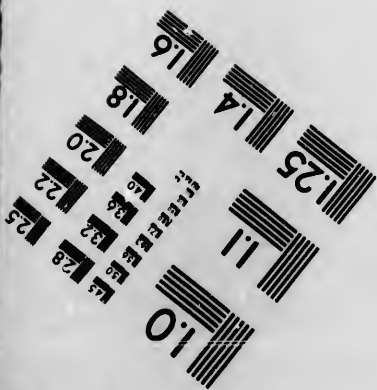
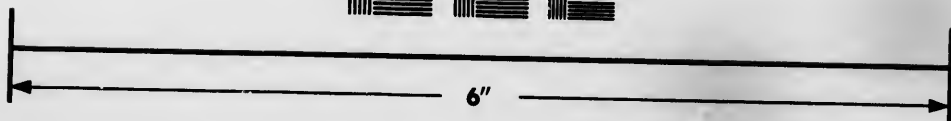
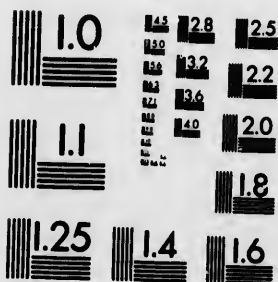
Lieutenant-Colonel Roosevelt was with General Wheeler when he received the order. General Wheeler sent for General Bates and General Kent to come and confer with him about the order.

"Can't you countermand the order?" Lieutenant-Colonel Roosevelt asked, according to McGinnis' story.





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"Yes," said General Wheeler; and he thereupon ordered a charge instead of a retreat.

W. G. Thurman, of the Sixteenth Regiment, says the charge at San Juan Hill was the work of a bugler.

Charged Without Orders.

"When the Sixth and Sixteenth Infantry had gained a point of 150 yards from the foot of the hill, after a series of short rushes across the plain, they dropped to fire and load. They were flat on the ground awaiting the bugle call to make another rush. Suddenly the notes rang out. Instead of the short call 'forward!' which they expected, came the longer thrilling call of 'charge!' With a yell that would have done credit to the bronzed warriors of the West the soldiers sprang to their feet, and swept up the hill. With a rush they carried it, and on the top stood shooting down the fleeing Spaniards.

"The commanding officer of the brigade, General Hawkins, was astonished at the charge and the bugle call which ordered it. After the hill had been gained General Hawkins started an investigation to discover who was the bugler. He had no success until he said he did not wish to punish the man, but to compliment him and get him a promotion, if possible. Then the man was pointed out by his willing companions. He was Bugler Schroeder, of the Sixth Infantry. He received the commendation of his chief modestly. The fact that Bugler Schroeder ordered the charge was not noised about, but the men in the brigade knew it, and it was common talk with them. He was a hero with them, for they considered his act the only thing to do. At each short rush more men were falling. As they neared the foot of the hill the Spanish fire was getting more deadly and demoralizing. The order to charge would doubtless have come from the commander after a few more short rushes and rest, but Bugler Schroeder hastened matters."

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CHAPTER X.

Account of the Battle of La Quasina by Colonels Wood and Roosevelt.



GENERAL WHEELER'S official account of the first battle at Santiago, officially known as the battle of Siboney, or La Quasina, was as follows :

"To the ADJUTANT GENERAL of the Fifth Army Corps. " IN CAMP, JARAGUA, June 29.
"SIR—I have the honor to report that, in obedience to the instructions of the major general commanding, given me in person on June 23, I proceeded to Siboney. The enemy had evacuated the place at daylight that morning, taking a course toward Sevilla. A body of about one hundred Cubans had followed and engaged the enemy's rear guard. About nine of them were wounded.

"I rode out to the front and found the enemy had halted and established themselves at a point about three miles from Siboney. At night the Cubans returned to the vicinity of the town. At eight o'clock that evening, the 23d, General Young reached Siboney with eight troops of Colonel Wood's regiment, A, B, D, E, F, G, K and L, five hundred strong; troops A, B, C and K, of the First regular cavalry, in all 244 men; and troops A, B, E and I, of the Tenth cavalry, in all 220 men, making the total force, 964 men, which included nearly all of my command which had marched from Baiquiri, eleven miles.

"With the assistance of General Castillo a rough map of the country was prepared and the position of the enemy was fully explained, and I determined to make an attack at daylight on the 24th. Colonel Wood's regiment was sent by General Young, accompanied by two of his staff officers, Lieutenants Tyrree, R. Rivers and W. R. Smedburg, Jr., to approach the enemy on the left hand, or more westerly road, while General Young, myself and about fifty troops of the First and Tenth cavalry, with three Hotchkiss mountain guns, approached the enemy on the regular Sevilla road.

"General Young and myself examined the position of the enemy, the lines were deployed and I directed him to open fire with the Hotchkiss guns. The enemy replied and the firing immediately became general. Colonel Wood had deployed his right, nearly reaching to the left of the regulars. For an hour the fight was very warm, the enemy being very lavish in expenditure of ammunition, most of their firing being by volleys. Finally the enemy gave

way and retreated rapidly, our side keeping well closed upon them ; but our men being physically exhausted by both their exertions and the great heat were incapable of maintaining the pursuit.

"I cannot speak too highly of the gallant and excellent conduct of the officers and men throughout my command. General Young deserves special commendation for his cool, deliberate and skillful management. I also specially noticed his acting adjutant general, Lieutenant A. L. Mills, who under General Young's direction, was at various parts of the line, acting with energy and cool courage.

"The imperative necessity of disembarking with promptitude had impelled me to leave most of my staff to hasten this important matter, and unfortunately I only had with me Major W. D. Beach and Mr. Mestro, an acting volunteer aid, both of whom during the engagement creditably and bravely performed their duties. I am especially indebted to Major Beach for his cool and good judgment.

Brave Rough Riders.

"Colonel Wood's regiment was on the extreme left of the line and too far distant for me to be a personal witness of the individual conduct of the officers and men ; but the magnificent bravery shown by the regiment under the lead of Colonel Wood testifies to his courage and skill and the energy and determination of his officers, which have been marked at the moment he reported to me at Tampa, Fla., and I have abundant evidence of his brave and good conduct on the field, and I recommend him for the consideration of the government. I must rely upon his report to do justice to his officers and men, but I desire personally to add that all I have said regarding Colonel Wood applies equally to Colonel Roosevelt.

"I was immediately with the troops of the First and Tenth regular cavalry, dismounted, and I personally noticed their brave and good conduct, which will be specially mentioned by General Young. Major Bell, as he lay on the ground with a broken leg, said :—

"I only regret I can't go on with you further."

"Captain Know, though severely wounded, continued as long as possible to exercise his command, and insisted to me that he was not much hurt, and Lieutenant Byram also made light of his wound to me and continued upon the line until he fainted. I recommend these officers for the favorable consideration of the government.

"I cannot state positively as to the size of the Spanish force which we engaged or to the extent of their casualties, further than that the force was much greater than ours, and that information I have would indicate that their

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killed and wounded very far exceed the loss which our troops sustained; but our estimate on these points can only be verified when we have access to the reports of the Spanish commanders. The engagements inspired our troops and must have had a bad effect upon the spirits of the Spanish soldiers. It also gave our army the beautiful and well-watered country in which we have established our encampments. It has also given us a full view of Santiago and the surrounding country, and has enabled us to reconnoitre close up to the fortifications of that place.

"The casualties in the engagement were: First United States Volunteer cavalry—strength, 500; killed, 8; wounded, 34. First United States Regular cavalry—strength, 244; killed, 7; wounded, 8. Tenth United States Regular cavalry—strength, 220; killed, 1, wounded, 10. Total strength, 964; killed, 16; wounded, 52. "Respectfully submitted, JOSEPH WHEELER,
"Major-General United States Volunteers, commanding."

Colonel Wood's Account.

Colonel Wood's report of the Rough Riders' work in the battle of La Quasina, gives a graphic account of that engagement. It was as follows:

"Camp First United States Volunteer Cavalry, six miles out Santiago, June 27, 1898.—Dear General: Thinking that a line about our fight and general condition would interest you, I take this opportunity to drop you a line. We are all getting along very comfortably thus far, and find the climate much better than we expected. Also the country, which, aside from being awfully rough and full of undergrowth, is rather picturesque and attractive.

"We commenced our advance from our first landing place, on the 23d, and that night General Young and I, as second in command of the Second Cavalry Brigade, had a long war talk about taking the very strong Spanish position about five miles up the road to Santiago. He decided that he would make a feint on their front, and hold on hard, while I was to make a detour by trail under a couple of Cuban guides, and take them in flank, and try to get them out of their very strong position, which was in the wildest and roughest part of the trail toward the town.

"Our little plan worked. I located the Spanish outpost and deployed silently, and when in position fired on them. Shortly after I opened I could hear Young on the right down in the valley. The fight lasted over two hours, and was very hot and at rather close range. The Spanish used the volley a great deal, while my men fired as individuals. We soon found that instead of 1500 men we had struck a very heavy outpost of several thousand. However, to cut a long story short, we drove them steadily, but slowly, and finally threw them into flight.

"Their losses must have been heavy, for all reports coming out of Santiago report a great many dead and wounded, and that they—the Spanish—had 4000 men and two machine guns (these we saw), and were under two general officers, and that the Spanish dead and wounded were being brought in for six hours; also that the garrison was expecting an assault that night, that the defeated troops reported that they had fought the entire American army for four hours, but, compelled by greatly superior numbers, had retreated, and that the army was coming, etc.

"My men conducted themselves splendidly, and behaved like veterans, going up against the heavy Spanish line as though they had the greatest contempt for them.

Yours sincerely,

LEONARD WOOD.

"To General R. A. Alger, Secretary of War."

Roosevelt Praises His Men.

"There must have been nearly fifteen hundred Spaniards in front and to the sides of us," said Lieutenant-Colonel Roosevelt just after the fight. "They held the ridges with rifle pits and machine guns, and hid a body of men in ambush in the thick jungle at the sides of the road over which we were advancing. Our advance guard struck the men in ambush and drove them out. But they lost Captain Capron, Lieutenant Thomas and about fifteen men killed or wounded.

"The Spanish firing was accurate, so accurate indeed that it surprised me, and their firing was fearfully heavy. I want to say a word for our own men," continued Lieutenant-Colonel Roosevelt. "Every officer and man did his duty up to the handle. Not a man flinched."

From another officer who took a prominent part in the fighting, more details were obtained. "When the firing began," said he, Lieutenant-Colonel Roosevelt took the right wing with Troops G and K, under Captains Llewelyn and Jenkins, and moved to the support of Captain Capron, who was getting it hard. At the same time Colonel Wood and Major Brodie took the left wing and advanced in open order on the Spanish right wing. Major Brodie was wounded before the troops had advanced one hundred yards. Colonel Wood then took the right wing and shifted Colonel Roosevelt to the left.

"In the meantime the fire of the Spaniards had increased in volume, but, notwithstanding this, an order for a general charge was given, and with a yell the men sprang forward. Colonel Roosevelt, in front of his men, snatched a rifle and ammunition belt from a wounded soldier, and cheering and yelling with his men, led the advance. In a moment the bullets were singing like a swarm of bees all around them, and every instant some poor fellow went down. On the right wing Captain McClintock had his leg broken by a bullet

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from a machine gun, while four of his men went down. At the same time Captain Luna, of Troop F, lost nine of his men. Then the reserves, Troops K and E, were ordered up.

"There was no more hesitation. Colonel Wood, with the right wing, charged straight at a block house eight hundred yards away, and Colonel Roosevelt on the left, charged at the same time. Up the men went, yelling like fiends and never stopping to return the fire of the Spaniards, but keeping on with a grim determination to capture the block-house.

"That charge was the end. When within five hundred yards of the coveted point the Spaniards broke and ran, and for the first time we had the pleasure, which the Spaniard had been experiencing all through the engagement of shooting with the enemy in sight.

"When we took Baiquiri we found an unfinished letter in the house of the Spanish commandant. It was addressed to the Spanish commander at Santiago and read in part as follows:

"I am well fortified and prepared to resist all the forces the American pigs can bring against us."

Theodore Roosevelt

Were Not Ambushed.

Captain John R. Thomas, Jr., of Chicago, who had charge of Troop L, after Captain Capron was killed, is the son of Judge John R. Thomas, of the United States Court, Indian Territory. He told an interesting story of the fighting of the Rough Riders.

"I am sorry," said he, "that I did not have a chance to see more of the fighting, but what I saw was of the warmest kind. On the 24th of June I was with Troop L, at La Quasina, under Captain Capron. We formed the advance guard, and went out on a narrow trail toward Siboney.

"On the way we met some of the Twenty-second men, who told us that we were close to the enemy, as they had heard them at work during the night. Captain Capron, with six men, had gone on ahead of us, and had come across the body of a dead Cu' Ten or fifteen minutes later Private Thomas Isbell, of Indian Territory, saw a Spaniard in the brush ahead of him and fired.

"This was the first shot from our troop, and the Spaniard fell dead. Isbell himself was shot seven times that day, but managed to walk back to our field hospital, which was fully four miles in the rear. He was painfully but not dangerously wounded, and is now on the hospital ship City of Washington, suffering from a badly injured thumb.

"It has been said that we were ambushed, but that is not so. Poor Captain Capron received his death wound early in the fight, and while he was lying on the ground dying he said, 'Let me see it out; I want to see it all.' He lived an hour and fifteen minutes after the bullet struck him, and up to the moment that he fell he had acted fearlessly, and had exposed himself all the time to the enemy's fire.

"I was then next in command of the troop, and I noticed that some of our men lay too closely together as they were deploying. I went down the line ordering them to their proper distances, and as I passed along poor Hamilton Fish was lying, mortally wounded, a few feet from me.

"When he heard my voice Fish raised himself on his elbow and said, 'I am wounded, I am wounded.' That was the last I saw of him in life. He was very brave, and was very popular among the men of the troop.

"Sergeant 'Joe' Kline, of Troop L, was wounded early that day, and was ordered to the rear with several other wounded men. On his way to the rear Kline discovered a Spanish sharpshooter in a tree and shot at him. The Spaniard fell dead, and Kline picked up a silver-mounted revolver which fell from the dead man's clothing, as a souvenir, which he highly prizes.

Wore Stolen Uniforms.

"Several of the Spanish sharpshooters had picked up cast-off clothing of the American soldiers, and they wore these while they were at their deadly work. As soon as we discovered this orders were issued to all our men to avoid climbing into the trees, so that any person who was discovered in that position was picked off by our men, with the result that several of the Spanish sharpshooters died with American clothes on.

"These sharpshooters seemed to take intense delight in shooting at wounded men as they were being brought to the rear in litters, and several of our poor wounded brothers were killed outright by these marksmen. The Spaniards are pretty good fighters, but when our men charged on them they quit their trenches. Several members of our troop had Indian blood in their veins, but they were all brave fellows, and good fighters.

"Sergeant Dillwin Bell, of our troop, who is a son of M. E. Bell, supervising architect of the Treasury at Chicago, was badly injured from an exploding shell while on the firing line. He was ordered to the rear, but quickly came back again. He was ordered away a second time, but a few minutes later he was to the front again firing away. For a third time he was sent back, and once more he insisted on going to the front, and when the other men saw him they greeted him with rousing cheers, and he fought till the end of the day, although painfully wounded in the back.

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"There were many similar cases among our fellows, and none of them who could handle a gun relinquished their position until they fainted or had to be carried to the rear. Young Walter Sharp of Chicago was reported killed, but he is very much alive to-day. He was only missing for a short while.

"I cannot speak too highly of Colonel Theodore Roosevelt. He is every inch a fighter, and led a charge of dismounted cavalry against men in pits at San Juan successfully. It was a wonderful charge, and showed Roosevelt's grit. I was not there, but I have been told of it repeatedly by those who saw the colonel on the hill.

"Colonel Leonard Wood, who is now brigadier general, walked up and down the firing line in the first fight in the most fearless manner, all the while giving commands to his men. He was absolutely fearless, and, though very much exposed, escaped without injury. After the first fight we found a number of Spaniards on the field and in the chaparral, but they were all dead. Our men shot well and most of their bullets took effect.

"While lying in the hospital I heard a young man named Hall, of Carlisle, Pa., who belonged to the Twenty-second infantry, tell a story which will illustrate better than anything else the accuracy of the American shooters. He, with five other men, had crossed a bend in a road to get some water in their canteens. As they got into the open they were attacked by thirty-two Spanish cavalrymen, who cut them up badly with their sabres. Hall was the only man who was not killed. He was badly trampled by the horses, and had some sabre wounds on his body.

"Later on Hall was picked up by some comrades, to whom he told his story. These men located the Spaniards who had done the work and opened fire on them. When they had ceased firing there were thirty live horses, two dead ones, and thirty-two dead Spaniards. This was pretty good shooting, wasn't it?"

Captain Thomas was wounded in the first fight at La Quasina, when the fight had lasted but two hours. He was struck in the right leg with a Mauser bullet, and was unable to take an active part in the fighting after the first day. He said there was no reason to find fault with the treatment of the wounded, and that, considering everything, the wounded men were fairly well taken care of.

Regulars at El Caney.

Lieutenant W. H. Wassell, of the Twenty-second Infantry, tells a thrilling story of the attack upon El Caney. He says:

"On the night of June 30th we bivouacked on the crest of a hill a mile and a half from the village of El Caney. Directly east of us were the lights of Santiago, the Mecca of our bloody pilgrimage.

"We had broken camp early in the afternoon. The march to the hill had been a short one, but we had been held up along the machete-cut trail to allow other troops to pass, and knee-deep creeks had made the men footsore.

"Our principal meal for the day had consisted of tightening up our belts. Tired, wet and hungry, the men threw themselves on their blankets just off the roadside. We were not allowed to light fires. A piece of hardtack, a slice of bacon and a pull from the canteen—this was the last supper of many a poor soldier. But the meal was made with a brave spirit, and brave hearts there were within the men who gulped down the scant fare.

"We were awakened before daylight on the morning of the 1st by troops passing along the road. Soon came the order for us to fall in, and in a few minutes we were on the march.

"The Twenty-second United States Infantry formed the extreme left of a line that was to march through the village of El Caney. We had been told that we would encounter about five hundred Spaniards in the village—that we would have little or no opposition.

"The original plan of battle seems to have been to have our right sweep the village of El Caney, and then, swinging to the left, get to Santiago on the north, while the main force attacked from the east, but this plan fell through when the Spaniards were found in force at El Caney, General Linares commanding the forces there in person.

Cutting Through Undergrowth.

"At about half-past six o'clock in the morning the Second battalion of the Twenty-second regiment was deployed near the road leading to Santiago and about two miles south of El Caney. We were then pushed due east for half a mile, over wire fences and through country overgrown with tough vines and Spanish bayonets.

"Meeting no opposition in this direction, our march was changed to the right. It was impossible to keep the men in the extended order formation by squads. They cut their way through the undergrowth for a mile and a half. The easiest marching we had was when we pulled ourselves up the vertical banks of a twenty foot ravine.

"At about nine o'clock we found ourselves within five hundred yards of El Caney. During the last hour we had been under a slight but persistent fire from the Spanish sharpshooters, a fire that we could not return on account of the impossibility of locating it. The greater part of it came from guerrillas concealed in tree tops, which easily concealed the slight puffs of smoke made by their Mausers.

"During the morning we found a Spanish morning report showing that

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from one company twenty-five men were detailed as scouts and twenty-five as guerrillas. The latter, after being convinced that capture by Americans meant sure and sudden death, were given bags of ammunition and sent up trees and told to pick off American officers.

"These guerrillas were all over the field—behind us, in front of us, to our right and to our left—and how well they did their work is shown by the number of killed and wounded officers. Company officers on the firing lines and general officers manœuvring their commands from the rear all suffered alike from guerrilla warfare.

"As we came in view of El Caney we were greeted with a fusillade of

shots, but, with a splendid disregard of death, the battalion officers calmly surveyed the field to locate our enemies—and this was a difficult task.

"About five hundred yards north of us lay the village. We could see a few houses in a group, the largest banked with earth and loop-holed for rifle fire. Between the village and us was what had been a cultivated field. Save for a few straggling bushes it gave a clear field for firing on us.



NEW GATLING GUN READY FOR ACTION.

"In the rear of the village was a large stone blockhouse, flying a Spanish flag. Our artillery soon demolished this. To the right of the village was a lone red building, with earthworks in front of it. To the right of this was an intrenched blockhouse. All around our part of the town was a small intrenchment, from which the Spaniards poured a deadly rain of bullets.

"Had we had artillery to shell these fortifications our task would have been easy. As it was, we lay on the ground for two hours, officers working with might and main to locate the foe.

"Our fire discipline was perfect. During all this time the men hugged the ground, while the bullets rained onto them and over them. Such was the condition of the battle field that we were afraid to fire, fearing to hit our own men.

"It was a trying time. Several officers and a number of men had been

struck. Men lost from their commands joined us. Once we heard a good old American cheer come from right in front of us.

"Men and officers were exhausted from short rations, hard marching and the Cuban sun. Our left was wholly unsupported. We were only a thin skirmish line, almost touching the enemy, but knowing the location of neither friend nor foe. And so for hours manœuvred our lines to find the Spanish position.

"About noon we succeeded in doing this. In an ordinary battle on ordinary ground we would have entered the engagement with all the information that to gain here took two hours under a fire of hitherto unknown ferocity—a fire that cost us our colonel killed, our lieutenant colonel and one lieutenant wounded. The loss among the men had been equally severe.

Americans' Turn at Last.

"Shortly after noon we had the Spanish works in our immediate front well located, and, after a few changes of position, it came our turn to hurl every one of our hundred cartridges per man at a living Spanish target. Part of our line was stretched across the cultivated field, the other part, at right angles, occupying the commanding crest of a hill.

"Our first fire acted like magic on the men. For two hours they had been inanimate targets, now it was their turn. We could see forces that outnumbered us. Not till later in the fight did we discover what greatly superior numbers on the left we had to contend against.

"Our first shots were directed against the blockhouses, the fortified houses and the entrenchments. It was infantry in the open against infantry under cover, and it must go down to the credit of the American soldier—the private soldier—that we lay on open ground, and, by a fire that was as coolly directed and as well aimed as though on the target ground, we kept the Spanish heads below their entrenchments.

"Every art known to warfare was used by the Spaniards in the location of their intrenchments. Apache, Sioux, Cheyenne could not teach them craft in this bush warfare.

"As we had only one hundred cartridges per man and as our position was greatly exposed it was a matter of primary importance that no shots should be wasted, and so officers lay on the firing line as far to the front as any man of their companies. With their field glasses the officers kept a constant watch on every visible part of the Spanish works.

"All at once an officer's head would pop up from behind the enemy's works. Ten seconds later the intrenchments would be alive with heads and pointed Mausers. One-tenth of a second later our company officers would

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BATTLE OF LA QUASINA.

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caution our men, and then it was a question as to who should get in the first fire.

"With a crash our fire was delivered. A moment later came the 'ping' of the Spanish bullets. We are Americans, and we gave the prey long odds behind their breastworks.

"We were the well-trained pack of hounds in Montana. The Spaniard was the coyote. On ground he would stand no chance. In his protected coulees the odds were in his favor, but still we would run him till one of us dropped.

"The long red house gave us the greatest trouble, but through all the hot afternoon it was give and take. That night a wounded Spanish prisoner stated that of four hundred men in the building and trenches at noon only two were without wounds at the close of the fight. So much for American marksmanship.

"More than marksmanship—it was grit that took the dose of Spanish bullets and without a murmur gave back more than it received. All along the crest of the earthworks by the red house were placed straw hats. Around the house were hung shirts and trousers and undergarments.

"Without field glasses in the hands of company officers each man might have shot his hundred rounds of ammunition and done no more damage than puncture Spanish headgear. But as it was, never a swarthy head appeared above the crest without receiving the ringing report of a Krag-Jorgensen, and many a bullet struck its mark.

Prayed for Artillery.

"This was the fight on our end of the line. Weak and tired, we dared not risk the charge that would have been so welcome, but oh! how we longed for a support that would have allowed us to charge! How we prayed for artillery, even one little piece, to shell our intrenched foe!

"But the glory and glamour of the fight were not for us. We were to hold our position, silence the enemy's fire, and take our medicine, to watch for a momentary glance of Spanish heads, to give them a quick volley, to take their deadly fire without retreating an inch—this was the task allotted us.

"To our right we could hear great firing all the afternoon. All we could do was to hope that there our lines were heavier, and that there the turning point on the village would be made. At about half-past four in the afternoon one Mauser bullet succeeded in making four holes in my left hand, one in my cheek, and one half way down my back. I was carried down behind the hill we occupied.

"At about six o'clock I heard the grandest sound that has reached the ears

of an American. First, the firing all along our line became one incessant, never-ending report; then a wild, exultant cheer went up from our right, as our lines swept the town. It was a cheer from white throats and from black throats, a cheer that thrills, caught up and echoed back to doomed Santiago, and right in view of the lines of the Twenty-second the Spaniards retreated.

"It was our turn now. All day long we had waited for it. Now we sent bullet after bullet at them—not at their heads alone, but at any point from sole of foot to crown of head, so long as it was Spanish. So the fight ended.

"We went out in the morning to march through a little village that would give no opposition. We struck a fortified position, commanded by the ranking General at Santiago, but though it cost the Twenty-second alone a colonel killed, six officers wounded, two sunstruck, and many men killed and wounded, yet by sunset the village and many prisoners were ours."

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CHAPTER XI.

Rough Riders' Stories of their Grand Achievements.



AN interesting story of the life of the Rough Riders in Cuba, with a description of the first brush of this dashing organization with the enemy, is told by Private Arthur Fortunatus Cosby, one of the participants, in a letter to his father, who is pay director of the navy. Private Cosby was in the fight at La Quasina, on June 24, and came out without a scratch, but telegraph reports included his name in the list of wounded in the storming of San Juan. This is the story the boy had to tell of his first war experience :

"To day we had the first brush with the enemy. We were marching in double file on a path through the woods, when the Spaniards set on us. There was a tremendous popping, and L troop suffered severely. On each side was a dense jungle. We charged as skirmishers in the direction where the shooting was. It was awfully hard, as the chaparral was very thick with cactus, overhanging vines and other growth.

"It was about eight A.M., and we had been marching since five, with our heavy rolls and haversacks. We went blindly down a hill. I heard the scream or whirr of bullets, saw dust fly and heard little explosions. I did not see the enemy or smoke, but we fired a couple of rounds in their direction to try our guns. We continued this sort of work for three hours, tramping up and down as fast as we could. The perspiration simply rolled off us, and the boys got reckless and threw off everything but their cartridge belts.

"Mentally, I felt perfectly cool—never more so. Meanwhile, poor L lost Captain Capron, their first lieutenant, Sergeant Hamilton Fish, Jr., and about six others, with seventeen wounded. The Spaniards fled, but not until we lost twenty killed and forty wounded. They ought to have done better with our extended line and their numbers. Poor Marcus Russell, of Albany, was also shot. He enlisted at the same time I did.

"It is a great honor for our regiment to be in the first scrap, and we did as much as any one could do. I threw my roll away with the rest, but noted the spot, and afterward tramped back and got it.

"We landed day before yesterday at a little port twelve miles from Santiago. The fleet did a little shelling, but practically there was no opposition. The real work began yesterday, when we got into marching rig and tramped from four till eight. This, after the two weeks on shipboard, and loaded down

with guns, cartridge belts filled with 100 or 125 cartridges, rolls containing each a blanket, half a shelter tent and a poncho, and haversacks, with three days' rations, was very hard. Half of my squad of eight fell out, but I stuck it out. The load to carry is hard.

"On reaching camp I was put on guard, got a soaking in a shower, and nearly missed supper; but I finally got dry, and slept till one A.M., when I again went on guard till three. At four we were up, and off, as I have said, by five. Then another tramp up hills and over mountains, until we had the fight. I was so sleepy that, during the engagement, whenever I sat or lay down, I nearly went to sleep. I feel all right now. I have my tent up and will sleep to-night splendidly. I enjoy the cooking part of it. We make a fire, boil water in cups, fry a little bacon, soak hardtack in the grease, and have a good meal.

"I enclose a few souvenirs from the field of battle. The ground is covered with empty shells from cartridges fired by the Spaniards. I don't know how many of them were killed. We found a few bodies, but they say that the woods to Santiago are lined with all sorts of stuff, showing where they fled. They ran in great shape when the first troops got started to return the fire. The Tenth cavalry (colored), did very good work.

Picturesque and Fertile Country.

"Cuba certainly seems healthy. It is a beautiful, hilly country about here, and there are cocoanut palms, cactus and other tropical-looking plants in abundance. We have only had two or three showers of ten minutes each a day. The nights are cool, with a heavy dew. I find that by covering myself with a poncho I can keep dry.

"We are encamped on a hill where we cannot be surprised. We get fine spring water, and have whatever breeze there is, and are happy at the prospect of a rest. I evidently stand it much better than most of the boys, as I am absolutely sound. As for the climate, do not worry; it really is not bad."

Mr. Cosby, who is a lawyer, was taken to the hospital at Tampa, where, speaking further concerning his experiences, he said:

"I was struck in the left hand on July 1st, while waiting for orders to charge a Spanish blockhouse. The ball passed through the brim of my hat, which I was holding in my hand, struck my hand and then entered my chest, where it now remains.

"A number of officers were killed and wounded through their own foolishness. They remained standing after ordering the men to lie down. The entrenched enemy had blazed the trees around their breastworks so as to get the range perfectly with their artillery as well as rifles, and they picked off

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Spaniards Good Shots.

"There is no discount on the manner in which Spanish sharpshooters can use a rifle. They are splendid shots.

"You should have seen the Ninth and Tenth cavalry regulars go into that fight. The men are all colored and have had experience on the plains. They started in laughing and talking to each other about picking off every Spaniard they could see. They seemed to think the whole thing was a lark, but the poor fellows soon found out that it wasn't, for many of them were killed and wounded.

"The Spaniards used no explosive bullets—that is, the regulars—but the Spanish volunteers, who were few in number at Santiago, did use a copper bullet. The volunteers were such poor shots, however, that very few of our men were struck with these bullets.

"The firing grew quite monotonous, and all were anxious for a charge. A cheer came from the ranks of the Seventy-first New York, and was immediately answered by the cowboy yell of the Rough Riders. A moment later came the command to charge, and nothing could stop us. Hundreds of men went down, but the remainder swept on, and that July 1st will live in history." Private Cosby was not allowed to express any opinion regarding the management of the campaign. The surgeon stood by, and whenever he was disposed to express an opinion stopped him.

Sergeant Cash, one of a party of wounded soldiers, who called on Secretary of War Alger, a few weeks after the engagement, was the first participant in that famous charge to tell his experiences to the Secretary. In talking on the situation at Santiago and of the engagements which had occurred before he left, he said:

"The fighting was hard and the narrow and rough mountain trails made it difficult to move in any military formation. In the daytime it was pretty hot, and the rains at night were disagreeable. At first there was some difficulty about supplies, but everything seemed to be done the best it could be, and the men took care of themselves as well as they could and did not see any reason to complain."

In speaking of the first engagement near Siboney, Sergeant Cash was high in his praise of the bravery of the American troops. He said: "At the first engagement near Siboney, where the Rough Riders were first subjected to such a galling fire, and where we lost a lot of our men, we were not surprised. We knew that the Spanish were in ambush, and we were trying to

beat them out. We knew that at any minute they were likely to open fire on us, and when they did so from two or three quarters we were expecting it and went at them.

"We were in the short cane, where the Spanish could easily locate us and keep track of us. The bullets from the Spanish rifles cut the cane around us and picked off our men incessantly.

"We were ordered not to discharge our guns until we reached the line of fire, and for several hours crawled up the face of the hill among the short cane, the bullets flying thick among us, without returning the fire.

"We were half way up the hill, and near the line of fire, other troops being ahead of us, when I was struck. I then crawled back to the creek, where there was a field hospital, and had my arm dressed.

"A good many wounded had to lie down in the damp edge of this creek all day long because we were in the line of fire, and the Spanish were constantly firing at the hospital."

The wounded Rough Rider spoke in the highest terms of the conduct of Colonel Roosevelt during the engagement. He said the then Lieutenant-Colonel was always at the front and cheered his men on to the well-deserved victory. He did not take account of danger, but set a bold example of bravery.

Some of the Wounded Talk.

Sergeant Kline, of Troop L of the Rough Riders, a wiry little man, with light blue eyes, was shot in the second fight—that at San Juan—through the knee cap, the bullet coming through the hip. He was standing beside Lieutenant Thomas—a son of Judge John R. Thomas, of Vinita, Indian Territory—who commanded the troop after the death of Captain Capron. When Thomas fell with a bullet through his foot, he at first refused to be moved, but lay on the ground, cheering on his men, until he was picked up by two privates. He was carried off the field after Kline had cut off his trousers and tied the string of his canteen around his leg as a tourniquet to check the bleeding, in all probability saving the lieutenant's life.

In describing the first fight of the Rough Riders—that at La Quasina—Kline said it was no ambush and that Roosevelt's men deliberately charged the Spaniards, knowing that they were probably outnumbered ten to one. "And I want to say right now," said Kline, "that the colored troops of the Tenth Cavalry backed us up in splendid style. No men could have fought more gallantly than they did, and if it hadn't been for their assistance I'm not sure what might have become of us.

"We found when we capture'd the trenches that the enemy had been primed with liquor in order to make them fight the harder, for in many of the

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trenches we captured quantities of rum and brandy in bottles and flasks, and even barrels of wine."

Private Edward Culver, who belongs to the Cherokee tribe in the Indian Territory, was struck by the same bullet which killed Hamilton Fish. After passing through Sergeant Fish's head the Mauser missile struck Culver under the left arm and traversed his body, lodging in the muscles of the right side, where it still remains.

He was thought to be mortally wounded, but rallied rapidly. Culver lay where he fell for twenty-six hours, and managed to fire forty-five shots at the enemy before he became too weak from loss of blood. Culver was lying wounded on the Olivette and from his berth witnessed the destruction of the Spanish fleet. "I tell you it did me good," said he, "to see the way our people wiped them out. The boys on the Olivette who were lying in their bunks got up and crawled up on deck and cheered until they couldn't stand. I think that sight did us all more good than all the surgeons in the army, although I don't want to say anything against them, for all of us who were hurt received the very best of attention as soon as we could be carried off the field."

Beef Stew Renews Spirit.

An incident illustrating Colonel Roosevelt's devotion to the men of his regiment was told by Trooper Burkholder, of the Rough Riders, who belongs in Phoenix, Ariz. Burkholder was all through the active campaign with the Rough Riders, and returned with them to Camp Wikoff. He was away on furlough on account of a slight attack of swamp fever when the Rough Riders were mustered out, and thus missed, as he puts it, "an opportunity to say good-bye to the most gallant commander and the truest man that a soldier was ever privileged to fight under."

"Only us few men who were with him," said Burkholder, "know how considerate he was of us at all times. There was one case in particular that illustrates this better than any I can recall. It happened after the fight at La Quasina. The men were tired with the hard march and the fighting, and hunger was gnawing at every stomach. Besides, we had our first men killed there, and, taking it all in all, we were in an ugly humor. The usual shouting, cracking of jokes, and snatches of song were missing, and everybody appeared to be in the dumps.

"Well, things hadn't improved a bit, in fact, were getting worse along toward meal time, when the Colonel began to move about among the men, speaking encouragingly to each group. I guess he saw something was up, and no doubt he made up his mind then and there to improve at least the humor of the men. There's an old saying that a man can best be reached

through his stomach, and I guess he believes in that maxim. Shortly afterward we saw the Colonel, his cook, and two of the troopers of Company I strike out along the narrow road toward the town, and we wondered what was up.

"It was probably an hour or so after this, and during a little resting spell in our work of clearing ground and makings things a little camp-like, that the savory and almost forgotten odor of beef stew began to sweep through the clearing. Men who were working stopped short and began to sniff, and those who had stopped work for a breathing spell forgot to breathe for a second. Soon they joined in the sniffing, and I'll wager every one of us was sniffing as hard as he knew how. Oh, but didn't that smell fine! We weren't sure that it was for us, but we had a smell of it anyway. Quickly drooping spirits revived, and as the fumes of the boiling stew became stronger the humor of the men improved. We all jumped to our work with a will, and picks, shovels and axes were plied in race-horse fashion, while the men would stop now and then to raise their heads and draw a long breath and exclaim: 'Wow! but that smells good.'

Had "Real Onions" in It.

"We were finally summoned to feed, and then you can imagine our surprise. There was a big boiler and beside it a crowd of mess tent-men dishing out real beef stew! We could hardly believe our eyes, and I had to taste mine first to make sure it wasn't a dream. You should have seen the expressions on the faces of the men as they gulped down that stew, and we all laughed when one New York man yelled out: 'And it's got real onions in it, too!'

"After we had loaded up we began to wonder where it all came from and then the two Troop I men told how the colonel had purchased the potatoes and onions while his own cook secured the meat from Siboney.

"You probably won't believe it, but the bushel of potatoes cost Colonel Roosevelt almost \$60, and he had to pay thirty odd good American dollars to get the onions, but then he knew what his men wanted, and it was always his men first with him. There was a rush to his tent when we learned this, and if you ever heard the cheering I'm sure you wouldn't wonder why the Rough Riders all love their colonel.

"I see," said Burkholder, "that in his address to the men at Camp Wikoff the colonel told how he had to hurry at the San Juan Hill fight to save himself from being run over by the men. That's just like him to say that; but he probably forgets that more than half of the men never ran so fast before and never will again, as they had to run to keep up with him. If Colonel

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Roosevelt lived in Arizona we would give him any office he wanted without any election nonsense."

Mason Mitchell, an actor and a member of Troop K, was wounded at Santiago on July 1st, during the artillery fire just before the famous charge of San Juan Hill. He was lying down when a piece of shell struck him on the shoulder and ploughed its way around, following his ribs, lodging in his right breast.

"I was just about to rise," he said, "when the shell struck me. Pieces of it also struck two other men. It toppled me over and sent me sprawling down the hill until I rolled up against another Rough Rider, who had been a New York policeman. He also was wounded, and we lay there until another member of my troop named Van Schaick, also a new Yorker, came along. He wet his handkerchief from his canteen and bathed my wounds. After that I was picked up and taken to a field hospital and later transferred to Key West.

"Colonel Roosevelt displayed conspicuous courage. He was in sight all the time, cheering on his men, and constantly exposed to the Spanish fire."

How it Feels to be Shot.

Lieutenant J. R. Thomas, a Rough Rider, who received a wound said: "A Mauser bullet hole through the tibia caused a dull, deadened sort of shock, with the pain mainly absent, but a fellow knows that he is shot the minute it strikes him. There is more pain in binding the limb to stop the loss of blood than in the mere injury. The shot makes one feel like he had been hit with a baseball bat with the pain left out."

Here is a sketch of "Buckey" O'Neill by the man who caught him as he fell, William Buling.

"'Buckey' was not a cow-puncher at all, and not a 'bad' man, as the papers make out. 'Buckey' went to the territory as a court stenographer, and since then he has always held public positions. He was quiet and gentlemanly always. Did you know he wrote? You ought to read some of his stories printed in the *Hoof and Horn*, his own paper; stories of life out there that make tears come into your eyes. 'Buckey' told his men to lie down, but he stood up himself, which was like 'Buckey,' and he had just made a remark when a bullet caught him in the mouth. He died instantly. His body fell forward, and we caught him before he reached the ground. Afterward I kept the buzzards from his body."

A Spaniard who was captured in the fight at La Quasina said of the American volunteers: "They did not fight as other soldiers. When we fired

a volley they advanced instead of going back. The more we fired the nearer they came to us. We were not used to fighting with men who act so."

This comment touches a gratifying feature of the engagement. Five hundred volunteers surprised on a narrow trail successfully drove back four times their number, under a fire which killed or wounded every tenth man. This is what is called a decimating fire and one under which, according to military tactics, troops are expected to retreat. The credit of the engagement is, therefore, all the greater for the reason that instead of a retreat there was a steady, cool advance, which only ceased when the enemy's base was taken and they were seen retreating, carrying their wounded. Forty dead Spaniards were afterward found.

The charge of the Tenth Cavalry of the regulars, and the First Cavalry, who, coming up by the other trail, cleared the ridge upon which the enemy was entrenched, assisted equally in the repulse. The Spaniards had selected the position with care. The two trails from Siboney approach Quasina like the halves of a wish bone, with the Spanish position at the meeting point. The enemy were accordingly so placed that they were able to see down the valley and cover the approach of the Americans whichever way they came.

General Young arranged to meet Colonel Wood at this spot, and, as his trail was longer, he started from Siboney with the regulars half an hour in advance of the volunteers. His scouts saw the Spaniards on the ridge long before those in the brush were discovered by Colonel Wood. The losses in killed and wounded were for this reason greater among the volunteers, because of the ambush, which brought them to from thirty to fifty yards of the enemy.

One feature of the fight which illustrated the spirit shown by our men was when one man fell out wounded, three or four others did not fall out also to help him to the rear, a service which is, as a rule, most popular. On the contrary, the wounded lay where they dropped, unattended except by the hospital corps. In three cases there were men wounded in the arm or leg who cared for others fatally wounded. There was no one else near to help them, for no one of the volunteers who was able to shoot did anything else.

Marshall's Devotion to Duty.

The spirit shown by Edward Marshall, the newspaper correspondent, was as admirable as that of any soldier on the field. He was shot first on the firing line, and, though the bullet passed within an inch of his spine and threw him into frequent and terrible convulsions, he continued in his intervals of consciousness to write his account of the fight, and gave it to a wounded soldier to forward to his paper. This devotion to duty by a man who be-

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lieved he was dying was as fine as any of the many courageous and inspiring deeds that occurred during the two hours of breathless and desperate fighting.

The conduct of all the men in the fight cannot be over-praised. It must be remembered that not for one minute during the two hours did the strain slacken nor the officers call a halt. The movement was as fast and incessant as if at a ball match. The ground was uneven and the advance impeded by vines an inch thick, trailing bushes, cactus plants, known as "Spanish bayonets," which tear the flesh and clothing. Through all this the men fought their way, falling, stumbling, wet with perspiration, panting for breath, but obeying Colonel Wood's commands instantly.

They disproved all that had been said in criticism of them when the organization was formed. The cowboys observed perfect discipline, and the Eastern element in Troop K from the clubs and colleges acted with absolute coolness and intelligence.

Bravery and Hairbreadth Escapes.

Cowboy Rowland, from Deming, New Mexico, who was shot through the thigh, the bullet coming through the side, going out at the back, limped to the temporary hospital, where he was told nothing could be done for him at that moment. He accordingly walked to the front and crawled along on his belly firing volleys with the rest.

Colonel Wood, who was at the front throughout the entire action, saw a trooper apparently skulking fifty feet in the rear of the firing line and ordered him sharply to advance. The boy rose and hurried forward limping. As he took his place and raised his carbine, he said: "My leg was a little stiff, sir." Colonel Wood looked and saw that a bullet had ploughed twelve inches along the side of the trooper's leg. One had three bullets pass so close that he has marks in three distinct places as though a hot poker had been drawn across the flesh and blistered it.

Color Sergeant Wright, of Omaha, who walked close to Colonel Wood, carrying the flag, had his hair clipped in two places and his neck scorched by three bullets that passed through the flag. Two officers standing on either side of Colonel Wood were wounded, but nothing seemed able to reach him.

He was cool and deliberate always, but the move that won the fight was a piece of American bluff, pure and simple. The Spanish position was at an old ruined distillery, shut in by impenetrable bushes. In advance of these bushes were a hundred yards of open ground, covered by high grass. At the edge of this grass Colonel Wood ordered the line to cease firing and rise and charge across. The men did so under a heavy but fortunately misdirected fire.

To the Spaniards they looked like a skirmish line thrown out in advance of a regiment. The Spaniards could not believe that so few men would advance with such confidence, unless supported in force, so they turned and ran. What had looked to the enemy as an advance line was every man Colonel Wood had at his disposal. As the Spanish fire slackened and ceased, those far to the left saw them retreating. The men cheered with a long, panting cheer, as the charge was led by Lieutenant Colonel Roosevelt and Colonel Wood some twenty feet in advance. That ended the fight.

The Splendid Charge.

John Fox, Jr., the young novelist, who was with the army of invasion in Cuba, wrote the following brilliant account of the heroic work done by Roosevelt's Rough Riders in the deadly ambush at La Quasina:

"This I was taking in when the Riders were fighting their way forward, foot by foot, and making the charge that won the day.

"Cease firing and advance!"

"No wonder the Spaniards ran—they must have thought that the superb nerve of that charging line had the muscles of the whole army supporting it close behind.

"At a big spring I was overtaken by two men. One had a smooth face that suggested subdued temptations, and the other called him, I thought, 'captain.' The one was a trooper, but the other, the smooth-faced man, was a chaplain. He wore a six-shooter, handled it with loving familiarity, said he asked no odds of any man, could settle a Spaniard at fifty paces, did not mean to be taken by surprise, and, therefore, mounted on a mule as high as a dromedary, he carried his 'gun' drawn, and almost wept next morning when his colonel told him that the articles of war forbade him to carry a weapon; and yet he was a man of the cloth, from Arizona, and to the Rough Riders—chaplain.

"The chaplain was much disturbed when he first heard of the fight of La Quasina, and groaned in genuine distress when he was told that the adjutant had seen Colonel Wood fall, and had got from his lips a dying message to his wife. The rumors were so thick, conflicting and wild, however, that we were not sure there had been any fight at all. But by-and-by we met a white man on foot with his arm in a sling. Then came, on a litter, a negro with a shattered leg; then another with a bullet through his throat, and another and another. On horseback rode a sergeant with a bandage around his brow—I could see him smiling broadly fifty yards ahead—and the furrow of a Mauser bullet across his temple and just under his skin.

"After him we passed a camp of insurgents, little, thin, brown fellows,

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ragged, dirty, shoeless—each with a sugar-loaf straw hat, a Remington rifle of the pattern of 1882, or a brand-new Krag-Jorgensen donated by Uncle Sam, and the inevitable and ever-ready machete swinging in a case of embossed leather on the left hip. They were very young and very old, and were wiry, quick-eyed, intelligent for the most part, and in countenance vivacious and rather gentle. There was a little creek next, and, climbing the bank of the other side, I stopped short, with a start, in the road. To the right and on a sloping bank lay eight gray shapes, muffled from head to foot, and I thought of the men I had seen asleep on the deck of the transport at dawn. Only these were rigid, and I should have known that all of them were in their last sleep but one, who lay with his left knee bent and upright, his left elbow thrust from his blanket and his hand on his heart. He slept like a child.

Rough Riders' Camp.

"Beyond was the camp of the regulars who had taken part in the fight. On one side stood General Young, who himself had aimed a Hotchkiss gun in the fight, covered with grime and sweat, and with the passion of battle not quite gone from his eyes, and across the road soldiers were digging one long grave. Half a mile further, on the top of the ridge, and on a grassy sunlit knoll, was the camp of the Riders, just beyond the rifle pits from which they had driven the Spaniards. Under a tree, to the right, lay another row of muffled shapes, and at once I walked with Colonel Wood to the hospital, a quarter of a mile away. The path, narrow, thickly shaded and dappled with sunshine, ran along the ridge through the battlefield, and was as pretty, peaceful and romantic as Lovers' Walk now is at White Sulphur.

"Here and there the tall grass along the path was pressed flat where a wounded man had lain. In one place the grass was matted and dark red; near by was a blood-stained hat marked with the initials "E. L." Here was the spot where Hamilton Fish fell, the first victim of the fight; there brave young Capron was killed. A passing soldier bared his left arm and showed me three places between his wrist and elbow where the skin had merely been blistered by three separate bullets, as he lay in front of Capron after the latter fell. Farther on lay a dead Spaniard with covered face. A buzzard flapped from the tree over him as we passed beneath. Beyond was the open-air hospital, where were two more rigid human figures, and where the wounded lay.

"That night there was a clear sky, a quarter moon and an enveloping mist of stars, but little sleep for any, I imagine, and but restless, battle-haunted sleep for all. Next morning followed the burial. Captain Capron was carried back to the coast. The rest were placed side by side in one long, broad

trench, with their feet to the east. In the bottom of the grave was a layer of long, thick, green, cool leaves of Guinea grass, and over the brave fellows were piled the green plumes of the royal palm as long as the grave. At the head of the trench stood the chaplain; around it the comrades of the dead, along the road straggled a band of patient, ragged Cubans, and approaching from Santiago a band of starving women and children, for whom the soldiers gave their lives. No man could ask a braver end, a more generous cause or a kindlier grave—a soldier's death, a brother's freedom, and a last resting place in leaves and white sand.

"Nearer, my God to Thee," sang the soldiers.

"And the tragedy of La Quasina was done.

The Cavalrymen Themselves.

"Everybody has perfect faith in the American regular, and knows what he can and what he will ever do. General Young did, then, what the nation knew he would do, and his colored troopers fought bravely and well. But the interest of the fight would centre in the gallant conduct of Roosevelt's Rough Riders—or Wood's Weary Walkers, as they were dubbed at Tampa after their horses were taken from under them—even if they had not borne the brunt of the fight. Never was there a more representative body of men on American soil; never was there a body of such varied elements; and yet it was so easily welded into an effective fighting machine that a foreigner would not know that they were not as near brothers in blood, character, occupation, mutual faith and long companionship as any volunteer regiment that ever took the field.

"The dominant element was the big game hunter and the cow boy, and every field officer and captain had at one time or another owned a ranch. The majority came from Arizona, New Mexico, Oklahoma and Indian Territory, though every State in the Union was represented. There were graduates of Harvard, Yale, Columbia, Princeton, Cornell, University of Virginia, of Pennsylvania, of Colorado, of Iowa and other Western and Southern colleges. There were members of the Knickerbocker Club of New York, and the Somerset of Boston, and of crack horse organizations of Philadelphia, New York and New Jersey. There were revenue officers from Georgia and Tennessee, policemen from New York City, six or eight deputy marshals from Colorado, half a dozen Texan Rangers, and one Pawnee, several Cherokees and Chickasaws, Choctaws and Creeks.

"There were men of all political faiths, all creeds—Catholics, Protestants and Jews. There was one strapping Australian and one of the Queen's mounted police, though ninety per cent. of all were native-born Americans.

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"Such were the men who fought the good little fight at La Quasina, and would to Heaven I had been with them! And so, once more, to the Riders, one and all, Hail!

"June 30.—Quiet, modest, forceful Colonel Wood moves on Santiago to-morrow in command of a brigade. Roosevelt's Rough Riders go as Roosevelt's in fact as well as in name. Colonel Roosevelt has made his word of peace good in war."

Death of Two Heroes.

"In the two hours' fighting during which the volunteers battled against their concealed enemy enough deeds of heroism were done to fill a volume," said an officer who was in the battle. "One of the men of Troop E, desperately wounded, was lying squarely between the lines of fire. Surgeon Church hurried to his side, and, with bullets pelting all around him, calmly dressed the man's wound, bandaged it and walked unconcernedly back, soon returning with two men and a litter. The wounded man was placed on the litter and brought into the lines.

"Sergeant Bell stood by the side of Captain Capron when the latter was mortally hit. The Captain had seen that he was fighting against terrible odds, but never flinched. 'Give me your gun a minute,' he said to the sergeant, and, kneeling down, he deliberately aimed and fired two shots in quick succession. At each a Spaniard was seen to fall. Bell, in the meantime, had seized a dead comrade's gun, and knelt beside his captain and fired steadily.

"When Captain Capron fell he gave the sergeant parting messages to his wife and father, and bade the sergeant goodbye in a cheerful voice as he was being borne away dying.

"Sergeant Hamilton Fish, Jr., was the first man killed by the Spanish fire. He was near the head of the column as it turned from the wood road into range of the Spanish ambuscade. He shot one Spaniard who was firing from the cover of a dense patch of underbrush. When a bullet struck his breast he sank at the foot of a tree, with his back against it. Captain Capron stood over him shooting, and others rallied around him, covering the wounded one. The ground this afternoon was thick with empty shells were Fish lay. He lived twenty minutes. He gave a lady's small hunting case watch from his belt to a messmate as a last souvenir."

CHAPTER XII.

Thrilling Stories told by the Regulars.



AMONG the soldiers who contracted typhoid fever and who were brought to Philadelphia for medical treatment was James L. McMahon, a private in Grimes' Battery, First United States Artillery, which command protected the advance of the Rough Riders during their memorable charge at San Juan, and also participated in the engagement at El Pozo. In speaking about the treatment of the men and the engagements, he said that the soldiers only had the experiences that were anticipated. What complaints were made were those coming from the volunteer regiments.

"Of course the regulars had the bulk of the fighting to do," said McMahon, "and being better prepared we did not feel the inconveniences of war so glaringly as did the volunteers. We went there to fight, and we did fight. I am proud, now that I am home as solid as I left, except for my fever, which I might just as easily have contracted here as where I did.

"The fighting of our troops in the four battles in which I took part was superb. I cannot imagine how men could display more valor. Grimes' battery occupied one of the most exposed positions on the hill at El Pozo, and protected the advance of the Rough Riders. Let me tell you right here, those men of Roosevelt's were the pluckiest fellows I ever saw under fire. They did not appear to realize how near death they were. As they charged up the hill the air was filled with bursting shells fired from guns with smokeless powder.

"As the Rough Riders used the old-style powder, the same as we did, we were easy marks for the Spanish sharpshooters, who were secreted in every nook and corner of the swamps, and who were attired in clothing that appeared grotesque to us after we had captured some of them. Their disguise in clothing the color of the trees and large palms that almost surrounded us was one of the tantalizing features of the campaign. This so stirred us that it is a wonder to me how we behaved as merciful as we did. The Spaniards are treacherous men and we had treachery to combat as well as to fight smokeless powder and good guns. Handicapped as we were, we whipped them at their own game. Had their fighting been open and their warfare as honest as ours we would have annihilated the Spanish forces quicker than cable messages could have carried the news to our homes.

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"It is not amiss here for me to say a word about our officers. Every one of them is a hero. Without flinching they led charges in the face of what looked to be sure death, and with the kindest words for their men, They suffered just the same as we did, and fared no better. What they had we had. Above all, we had confidence in them, and I am sure that they had confidence in us. We were not urged into any place; we were led by them.

"They were constantly in the front, and I do not think there is one soldier in the regular army that is not proud of his superior officers. As I lie here and have time to think over the struggles in Cuba, I am proud to be classed as an American soldier. The volunteers did excellent service. You must recall the fact that they were new and untrained, and, to an extent, saw difficulties which we would have brushed aside. But for this they cannot be blamed. I think if the war had been continued for six months the complaints of the men would have materially diminished."

A Fight to the Death.

Of the 75 men of the Twenty-fourth infantry, who led the charge on the San Juan block house, 53 were killed or wounded.

W. R. Weichert, of New York, a member of the Ninth infantry, was one of the fifteen men who captured the blockhouse at El Caney, occupied by thirty-five Spaniards, by entering through the roof.

"It was certain death, we thought, but not a man flinched," he said. "The Spaniards had been shooting us through the holes in the blockhouse, and we could not penetrate their heavy timbers. We were ordered to the roof, nineteen of us. The first four jumped in and were as quickly slaughtered, and then we all dropped in at one time, and for twenty minutes the fighting was most desperate.

"I engaged a Spaniard in a hand-to-hand bout, and was wounded in the arm. I wrenched his pistol from his hand and shot him dead.

"Here is a souvenir," he added, displaying a Madrid-made revolver. "Every one of the thirty-five Spaniards was killed; of the original nineteen Americans only the first four were killed. This attack was made on July 1st."

Harry Zitsch, a member of the regular army, in a letter to his parents in New Jersey, described graphically the fight before Santiago. He said:

"I don't doubt but you saw the account of the battle we had on the 1st of July. From 7 to 11 o'clock A.M. we were in a hot fire, the Spaniards were on the hills above us, and from there they fired down on us. They thought they had the best of us, but they didn't have. The Seventy-first Regiment, of New York, were ahead of us—at the very front, and as soon as the Spaniards fired, they were ordered to retreat. Our Colonel (Worth) then ordered us—

the Thirteenth regulars—to the front; there was no halt for us, but onward toward the enemy.

“When we were half-way up we were ordered to charge, and charge we did—and that won the battle; but let me tell you what an awful condition it left the companies in. My company (D) had just twenty-five left out of sixty men, and that is the way it was through the whole Thirteenth Regiment. We were on the battlefield for thirty-six hours, without food, drink or sleep. We dug holes in the ground large enough for our bodies to lie in for slight protection, thus enabling us to pick off most of the Spanish sharpshooters who were hiding in trees.

“Colonel Worth was shot in the arm and breast, and the Major was shot through both knees, the oldest captain through the right leg, and two lieutenants were killed and many others wounded. On July 2 the Spanish tried to break through our lines, but we drove them back, and their loss was five hundred dead and wounded.”

Back from the war with a bullet hole in his breast, a shattered right arm and notice of promotion to be a brigadier general for gallant conduct on the field, Lieutenant Colonel William S. Worth, the returning hero of the Thirteenth infantry, was modestly welcomed when he set foot on Governor's Island.

Brigadier General Gillespie, commanding the Department of the East, hurried to the wharf and shook the left hand of Colonel Worth when he stepped from the ferryboat. Other soldiers, officers and privates, gathered about him. Colonel Worth shook hands with them all, two army prisoners known as “trusties” included.

The Colonel Badly Wounded.

Colonel Worth was accompanied by his orderly, Corporal John Keller, who, like his chief, was wounded at San Juan hill. They were brought North on the City of Washington, which landed them at Old Point Comfort. From there they proceeded by boat to Baltimore, and reached New York by rail.

There were two wounds in Colonel Worth's chest, which were believed to have been made by one bullet, which entered the left side, was deflected and passed out at the right side. The right arm was fractured near the shoulder and again just above the elbow. Whether either or both of these fractures was made by the bullet that passed through the chest is not known.

Colonel Worth was in command of a brigade at the beginning of the battle on July 1st. Colonel Wyckoff, of the Twenty-second infantry, who arrived after the fighting had begun, superseded Colonel Worth, but fell at the attack on San Juan hill. Colonel Worth resumed command and was

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wounded while charging up the hill. Colonel Emerson H. Liscum, of the Twenty-fourth infantry, who succeeded Colonel Worth, was also wounded.

When asked to give his account of how he received his wounds, Colonel Worth said:

"All I can say is that I was shot going up San Juan hill. I am too weak and tired to tell you about it. See my orderly. He will tell you about it. Was I leading? Well, it took a good runner to keep up with the men in that charge, to say nothing of leading them. The conduct of the men was magnificent."

Colonel Worth's orderly, Corporal Keller, who is constant in his attentions upon his chief, told the story of the fight.

"It was an awful charge up San Juan hill," said he. "Officers who went all through the civil war and had been in half a dozen Indian campaigns said they never saw anything like it. Those Spaniards on that hill were well entrenched, and they knew how to shoot, too.

"We had eight rows of barbed wire fence to cut through to get at them. The wires were laid on top of each other so closely you could hardly get your fingers between them. In places the wires were twisted so as to form a cable, and our wire cutters were almost useless in such places. We tried to get the Cubans to go ahead and cut the fences, but they declined. We had to advance up that hill, cutting fences and firing as we went, and all in the face of a fierce fire. If you've ever been in a heavy hail storm trying to dodge hail stones, that is what it was like.

"San Juan Hill was five hundred yards long, and the slant was thirty degrees. The Spaniards on top had rifle pits and artillery, giving us shrapnel, solid shot and Mauser bullets. The Thirteenth had to stand the brunt of it. We were regulars and were put in front. They mowed us down at a terrible rate. I can't tell you who led the regiment. I was in Company B.

Colonel Worth's Pluck.

"It was fire and advance, fire and advance, as regular as clockwork on our side, and we taught those Spaniards something about rapid fire. They said afterward they never saw anything like it before. We went up that hill and drove them out in a very short time, but it was long enough to lose a lot of our men.

"I saw Colonel Worth when he was shot. He did not fall. His sword dropped from his right hand, but he picked it up with his left and, waving it in the air, encouraged the men to press on. Afterward loss of blood made him so weak that he was sent to the rear.

"I was struck on the left side of my back by a shell, which passed over

my head and exploded behind me. A fragment struck my cartridge belt, driving the cartridges against my spine. I felt as though I had had an electric shock and was sent sprawling on the ground. I lay there for a while. When I came to I found that we had dislodged the Spaniards and were driving them down the hill. I was sent to the rear with the wounded and found Colonel Worth.

"We were hauled eight miles in a wagon over a very rough road to Siboney, where the Colonel had his wounds dressed and his arm set. We were in the hospital there until the City of Washington was ready to take us North."

Colonel H. C. Egbert, who was wounded in the San Juan Hill fight, near Santiago de Cuba, in an official substitute report to the Secretary of War of the part the Sixth Infantry Regulars took in that famous action on July 1st, concludes with the following graphic summary:

"What has been said of the English, 'that they never fight better than in their first battle,' I believe I may justly claim for the Sixth Infantry, very few of whom had ever before been under fire. Yet they acted from first to last of this trying day like veterans of many battles. Never at Gettysburg, nor in the lines of Spottsylvania Court House, have I ever but once seen as hot a fire as the ten minutes in the grass field when the Sixth entered it the first time, and where the regiment sustained most of its loss, the highest in percentage of any regiment in the army of invasion. Yet officers and men fought with a steady and determined valor worthy of their country and race. The regiment took into action 463 officers and men, and its loss was eleven officers and 114 men.

"Very respectfully, your obedient servant,

"HARRY C. EGBERT, Colonel Twenty-second Infantry."

Bullet Put Him to Sleep.

Colonel H. C. Egbert, who was shot through the left lung, was through the Civil War, and was wounded at Bethesda Church. He said he had seen the storming of intrenchments in that war, but had never seen anything like the storming of the Spanish intrenchments before Santiago.

"It amazed the Spaniards," said Colonel Egbert. "They had not been accustomed to such foes. They were no match for our men, every one of whom is an athlete. The men in the regular army have muscles like iron. They have for years been training in athletics, and the Spaniards have not.

"When the bullet struck me I fell, but our men passed on. The sensation I felt was different from what I felt when wounded before. In a few

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minutes I fell asleep. I had a most pleasant dream. What it was I do not know, but I know it was very pleasant. I slept for fifteen minutes.

"In what formation did we fight? There was no formation. Every company fought as best it could. It was just like all the battles I have been in—confusion everywhere. Of course, a general has his plan, and the subordinates carry out the details as best they can. I had no opportunity to judge of the fighting qualities of the Cubans. General Garcia is a very courteous gentleman."

William Smith, of Company C, Sixth regiment, was shot through the abdomen. Smith stated that he had seen service for eighteen years. "No officer," he said, "will get me to carry my bundle, roll, haversack and all into battle again. It's hot enough without that weight. How did I get hit? We were all lying down, shooting away, and bullets flying all around us. 'There's a nice fence over there,' says I to myself; 'I'll be so much nearer them Spaniards and out of harm's way.' Well, sir, I no sooner got comfortably settled behind that nice fence than I got a bullet through me. When I was carried away those Spaniards fired on the Red Cross. One of the men carrying me gave me a chew of tobacco and a drink of water, and then the poor fellow was shot in the head and killed. I want to get out of this, and go back to my regiment."

Wounded, but Stuck to the Colors.

Color-Sergeant J. E. Andrews, of Troop B, Third cavalry, was shot in the abdomen. His regiment was going up the hill at San Juan when he was hit. He rolled down several yards and brought up in a ditch, but stuck to the colors he carried. He called out to his lieutenant to take the colors, but in the roar of battle the officer did not hear him. "I was in front of the firing line," said the color-sergeant. "We were ordered to advance, and we moved forward about one hundred and fifty yards. About four o'clock in the afternoon the hill had been carried by the Rough Riders and the Third cavalry. When I stopped rolling I sat up and could see the line of battle for a mile. I'll never forget the way our boys walked up that hill, from the top of which came a storm of bullets. I don't know how the men could have done it. I never saw anything like it. They were yelling all the way up.

"The nippers would not cut the flat wires of the barbed fences we found in the way. Some of the men would jump on the wires and hold them down till other men had passed over them. Sergeant Mulhearn planted our colors on the top of the hill. In a few seconds two hundred shots flew around it, and it was nearly riddled. My clothes were almost cut to pieces by bullets which did not harm me. I was shot about three hundred yards from an

intrenchment. There our boys captured a Spanish flag with the letter 'K' on it.

"Lieutenant-Colonel Roosevelt and Major Westervelt, of the Rough Riders, were with us. I told them to lie down or they would be shot, but they wouldn't. Then Major Westervelt was shot in the neck. He was carried to the rear, and after being bandaged sat down to smoke his pipe. The hospital people wanted to keep him there. When his pipe was finished he said, 'Well, I guess I'm boss; I'm going.' They tried to prevent him from going to the front, but they couldn't. When he got to the front he was wounded again."

He Shot General Linares.

It was Sergeant McKinnery, of Company D, Ninth Infantry, who shot and disabled General Linares, the commander of the Spanish forces in Santiago. The Spanish general was hit about an hour before San Juan Hill was taken, during the first day's fighting.

Our men saw a Spanish officer, evidently a general officer, followed by his staff, ride frantically about the Spanish position rallying his men. Sergeant McKinnery asked Lieutenant Wiser's permission to try a shot at the officer, and greatly regretted to find the request refused. Major Bole was consulted. He acquiesced, with the injunction that no one else should fire.

Sergeant McKinnery went for a shell, slid it into a rifle, adjusted the sights for 1,000 yards and fired. It fell short. Then he put in another, raised the sights for another thousand yards, took careful aim and let her go. The officer on the white horse threw up his arms and fell forward.

"That is for Corporal Joyce," said McKinnery, as he saw that his ball had reached the mark.

The officer on the white horse was General Linares himself. It was afterward learned that he was shot in the left shoulder. He immediately relinquished the command to General Toral.

"What kind of a sting is it that a Mauser makes?" said Corporal Williams McFarlane, a Boston boy of the Seventh regulars, home from Caney on a sixty days' furlough. "It is a hot, burning sensation from the time it goes in until the time it comes out."

"But sometimes it is not noticed, is it? For instance, you hear of a man being hit and keeping right on with his fighting?" was asked.

"Yes, you do," said the corporal, "on paper. I don't believe there's much more thought of fight in a man after he is once hit. I know there was not in my case. We were up on the corner, at the trench, where one road ran down into the town of Santiago and the other ran off at right angles with it, and they had their trench there with the wire fence each side to keep us off

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I was just jumping forward to lie down in obedience to orders when a Mauser bullet struck me right under the shoulder. It seemed to pass right through to the back and arch round until it came out under the right side. It is a singular thing about those Mausers; their bullet seems to twist in its course sometimes. Yes, it is a more humane bullet than some others."

"But didn't it pass through your lungs?"

"Well, yes; down through a little corner of one of them, but it was nothing serious."

"Tell us about it?"

"I was an English soldier and served in the Royal Scots before I came out here. I was two years in one of their battalions. I had three uncles in the Coldstream guards, who used to be called the 'big McDonalds,' they were so tall. I came to this country about six years ago, and I was working in Boston when the war came. I determined to be in it. So I presented myself to Captain Quinton, down on Kneeland street, was accepted and mustered and found myself assigned to Company A, Seventh United States infantry, Captain Frederickson, who made me a corporal.

"On the 10th of May we were at Tampa. Time slipped away from me there, but we went in the first expedition after the marines, and with the Twelfth and Seventeenth formed General Chaffee's brigade of Lawton's division.

With the Seventh Regulars.

"We were at Baiquiri I should say on the 22d. We camped over night, and broke camp in the afternoon of the next day. The weather was warm, but it didn't rain much until the 26th of June. We marched through Siboney over an up country, behind the Rough Riders. On the 24th of June we marched from 5 A. M. to 8 or 9 o'clock P. M. over the hills, on a soft road which we made ourselves as we went along. There were other regiments on our flanks, moving in the same direction; the Twenty-fourth and Seventeenth on one flank and the Twenty-fifth and Twelfth on the other, so we did not throw out flankers of our own; there was no occasion to do so. We went by La Quasina, and saw the Rough Riders and where they had made their fight. We went on toward Caney on the right. San Juan was another point at the left and the line covered a long front.

"Our young soldiers had a great deal of trouble about their rations. We had three days' rations issued on the ship, and the soldiers ate them right up in two days. It was the travel ration of hard tack, coffee and canned corned beef, and the young fellows had not learned how to husband it. But we had six days' rations issued to us afterward, which lasted us till we got to Caney and had to leave them behind for the Cubans to eat up."

"What is your opinion of the Cuban soldiers?" was asked.

"No good," was the prompt response. "They only ate up our rations. General Chaffee found an empty patch and turned them into it. I never saw a wounded Cuban. The only time I saw them going anywhere was when they were marching into the town of Caney after we had captured it.

"We had to advance for about five miles on going into the fight at Caney, and all the time the bullets were falling thick. We went the best way we could, bushwhacking all the way. There wasn't any line, because of the thick bushes and the nature of the country. Just squads here and there, that was all, and, indeed, there was more danger from the fire in the rear at times than from that at the front, because sections would get into the bushes and, getting confused, would fire at anything they saw moving in front, no matter what it might be. There was no organization nor advance by rushes. It was not until we got up to their trenches, which they had cut near the blockhouse, that we got anything like a semblance of a line, and there we managed to form a fairly good one.

Firing from the Blockhouses.

"We didn't see them for most of the way up, but when we got on the line we were within 200 yards of Caney and could see the Spaniards very well. That was the place where I saw a gate through the wire trocha, which they used to get through themselves to the blockhouse. It was the only gate that I think I ever saw in the barbed wire defenses. They opened fire on us at 7 o'clock in the morning, and we were the first to return with small arms fire after the artillery.

"It was there that young Crocker of Cambridge, my 'bunkie,' was killed. He was in my company. They opened first from the blockhouses, and after that some of the Spaniards began to fire down upon us from a church tower. Captain Frederickson wanted volunteers to act as sharpshooters, and so I went up with Tom O'Rourke, one of the most noted skirmish line sharpshooters in the whole army. He was all Irish, but he came from the British army, and had been a sergeant and about everything, but was in the ranks, whether because of his love for the old stuff or not I couldn't say."

"A regular Mulvaney?"

"I guess so. There was Sergeant Barrett, who also held the Buffalo medal, and George Smith, who won the prize at the Chicago exhibition. We could see the Spaniards, and when we fired we generally saw them drop. I was close by Lieutenant Wansboro when he was killed. He was shot through the heart. When I was hit I stayed in the trenches for some minutes, and then I walked down to the field hospital, and thence to the division hos-

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pital, which was General Shafter's headquarters for a time. There I got transport to Siboney, and then we were sent on the Cherokee north and taken to Atlanta, where I have been in the hospital for two weeks. I had to walk about two miles to the hospital at Caney. There was a young fellow named Murray, who had been poisoned so that he couldn't handle a gun, who came with me out of the trenches.

"We were under a cross fire there at Caney. We had no artillery, but the Spaniards had the fire of their fleet, and I believe that if it had not been for a high bluff, which partly protected us, Lawton's whole division would have been annihilated by that fire.

"Now I have come north to drink milk and eggs. I have no trouble from the wound except a stiffness of the shoulder muscles as though I had suffered a sprain, but that doesn't worry me; I took the chances of war and don't think I have any reason to complain."

A Fighting Chaplain.

The Rev. Dwight Galloupe, rector of St. Paul's Episcopal Church in Newark, N. J., who was wounded before Santiago while serving as chaplain of the Ninth United States Infantry, tells this story:

He said: "Two days before the battle, which occurred on the 1st of July, I was half a mile from the head of the firing line, and attending to my duties as chaplain of the Ninth regiment, when I was affected by sunstroke. This necessitated my removal to the hospital at Siboney, eight miles away. While lying on a cot in the hospital word was received that the battle was on. I determined to go to the front and attend to the wounded of my regiment. Permission was not given me, and while the surgeon had his attention turned in another direction I slipped out of the hospital and walked to where the Ninth regiment was stationed, just outside the city of Santiago. I did my best to care for the sick and wounded. I did not wear the Red Cross badge on my sleeve, for it did not matter, as the Spaniards did not respect it.

"During the latter part of the battle an immense shell burst right in front of me. It hurled the earth against my breast and threw me for a considerable distance. I was not rendered unconscious, but knew I should be no further use during the battle. When I saw others fall about me I decided that the best thing would be to try to reach the hospital.

"There was only one ambulance on the shore during the battle, and army wagons without springs had to be called into use to bring those most dangerously wounded back to camp. The ride over the hard roads in rough wagons was awful. Those unable to get into the wagons started to crawl back to the hospital at Siboney. It was eight miles distant, and the men had

to go through jungles on their hands and knees. There was groaning all the way, and blood was everywhere to be seen. The Spaniards did not slacken their firing, but kept it up on us, sharpshooters in trees trying to pick off the wounded."

"Did you kill a Spaniard?" was asked.

"I don't know, but I tried to," was the answer.

"Had they known that we were wounded I believe they would have killed us all, but to give the impression that we were all in fighting condition I took the rifle of one of the men who fell and fired it. I shot from one place, then would drag myself about a hundred yards in another direction, fire the rifle again, and then go in a third direction, to give the appearance that men in the lines were able to shoot from all directions. It took us all the night of the first and until the middle of the next day to reach the hospital. The sufferings of the wounded were beyond description, but all bore up manfully, and those injured not as severely as the others tried to cheer up their more unfortunate comrades.

"Some of the wounded with me became exhausted after going a few miles, and fell flat on the ground. Vultures could be seen soaring in the air above them, in a hurry to get at their prey. The other soldiers did not desert the men whose strength gave out, but lay down on the ground, and with their pistols kept the vultures away from their comrades until the latter were picked up and hurried out of the way.

"I only did what I could for the soldiers, and hope to be able to rejoin my regiment without delay.

"The newspaper men in and about Santiago covered themselves with glory. They helped wounded soldiers, carried them to the hospitals, and when the soldiers were unable to leave their place in line they brought food and provisions to them. They were constantly in danger, but did not mind it, and were always ready and willing to do anything they were asked to do.

Fired on by Friends.

"We left Siboney on the transport Cherokee for Tampa. We were instructed not to carry lights, as there was a report that Spanish vessels were about, and our failure to carry lights nearly cost us dearly, for we had two exciting encounters with two of our own auxiliary cruisers. Shortly after leaving Siboney we saw what we thought was a Spanish gunboat. The Cherokee put on steam, but the stranger began to fire shots at us. The first and second we paid no attention to, but when solid shot came, then we hove to. The wounded were between decks, and when they learned that we were being chased by a supposed Spanish vessel they shouted and cried that they

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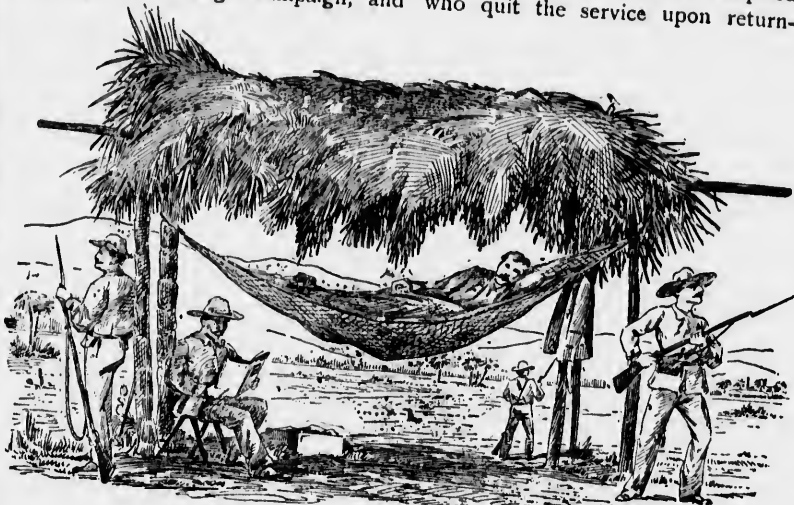


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would be killed. When the vessel which had been chasing us came alongside we learned through the megaphone that she was the cruiser Scorpion. When her officers learned who we were one of the men on the deck of the Scorpion shouted: 'Why in —— don't you carry lights?'

"We explained the reason and proceeded, and a short time later had an encounter with the Dixie. She, too, fired at us, and did not know who we were until we came alongside."

Among the United States regulars whose terms of enlistment expired during the Santiago campaign, and who quit the service upon return-



AN OUTPOST OF THE CUBAN INSURGENTS.

ing to this country, was a man of the Ninth Infantry, known to the members of the regiment as Johnson of Maryland. He was a tall, lanky Southerner, and the pride of the Ninth, because of his marksmanship, which was so true that Johnson was head and shoulders over all the others in handling a Krag-Jorgensen. He appeared to be the most contented man in Uncle Sam's service, and often spoke of re-enlisting, until an event occurred just after the first day's fighting at San Juan, which caused him to change his mind, and he vowed never to handle a gun again. He would never speak of it to his comrades, but they all knew why he quit; and although they argued and tried to persuade him to remain, Johnson only shook his head and said, "No, boys, I can't stay with you any longer. I'd like to, but don't ask me again. I can't do it. I must get out."

One of the members of Johnson's company tells the story of what caused the Ninth to lose its crack shot :

"We had been engaged in the hottest kind of work for some hours, and after taking the first line of Spanish trenches we were fixing them up for our own use. The Spaniards had been driven back, but their sharpshooters were still at it, picking off our men here and there. The Mauser bullets were whizzing around us pretty lively, and I noticed that Johnson was getting more and more impatient every minute, and acting as if he was just aching to get at those Spanish sharpshooters, and finally he turned to me, and in his drawing tone, said: 'Say, its tough we can't get a chance at them.'

"He soon got his chance, however, for just as dusk began our captain ordered a dozen of us to advance a short distance ahead, and well beyond the trenches our forces had captured. When we arrived on the spot we were halted on the edge of a dense wood. Just ahead of us was an open space of clear ground, and on the other side of that a low, thick brush, which extended as far as I could see.

Startled by a Sound.

"Just before night came on we received our final orders, which were to pay particular attention to the brush just ahead of us on the other side of the clearing, and to shoot at the first head we saw. We had settled down to our tiresome occupation of watching and waiting, but always prepared for anything, and Johnson and I were talking in low tones of the day's fighting we had just passed through, when we heard the sound of a dry twig breaking. We were alert in an instant, and all the men in our line were looking straight ahead with pieces half raised, ready for use. As I looked at Johnson I could see him smile, apparently with the hope of a chance to shoot. The sound repeated itself, this time a little nearer, but still quite indistinct. An instant later we again heard it, and it sounded directly ahead of Johnson and me, and was, beyond a doubt, a cautious tread, but too heavy for a man. While we waited in almost breathless silence for something to happen we again heard the cautious tread, now quite plain. It was the tread of a horse and was just ahead of us. Suddenly, as the head became plainer, a dark object appeared just above the top of the brush. Dozens of guns were raised, but Johnson whispered :

"'I've got him.'

"He crawled a few paces forward and we saw him raise his gun, his fingers nervously working on the trigger. At that instant the brush parted and a horse and rider stepped out. We saw Johnson stretch out his piece and we expected to see a flash, but just then the rider turned in his saddle

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and by the dim light from the dull red glow that still tinged the sky we saw a pair of eye-glasses flash. We all knew at once who it was, but not one of us spoke. We were probably too horrified, and before I could say a word Johnson turned to me and with a look on his face I shall never forget exclaimed, in a hoarse voice:

"My God, Ben, Roosevelt! And I nearly plucked him."

"With this he threw his gun from him and just sat there and stared at the place in the brush where Colonel Roosevelt and his horse had entered. The latter, when he heard the voices of our men, came straight up to us, and appeared surprised to find us so far beyond the trench. When he heard of the orders about shooting at the first head we saw he smiled and said:

"That is the first I've heard of the orders. They were probably issued while I was away on a little reconnoitering on my own hook."

Roosevelt's Narrow Escape.

"He spoke cheerily to the men about and passed on, little thinking how near he was to death a few minutes before. The more we thought of it after he passed the more in the dumps we got, for every one of us loved the Colonel of the Rough Riders, particularly for his kindness to his men, and I tell you it was a gloomy crowd that sat there watching Johnson, who, with his head supported by his hand, was either praying or thinking hard.

"We were relieved shortly afterward, and as we marched back in silence Johnson walked with bowed head and none of us spoke to him, for we imagined that he felt as if he would like to be alone. From that day Johnson showed a restlessness that was new to him, and I never saw him so happy as the day he stepped aboard the transport bound for home.

"I don't know whether any word of the affair ever reached Colonel Roosevelt's ears, but it was a mighty narrow escape, and I tell you that I would rather have twenty-five Spaniards with a bead on me at 100 yards than for Johnson to pick me out for a target at 300 yards. In the first case you would have a good chance of escaping injury, but with Johnson shooting it was a clear case of cashing in your chips."

CHAPTER XIII.

Army Officers Praise the Heroism of Our Soldiers at the Battles Around Santiago.



ANY who knew the late Captain John Drum, Company E, United States Infantry, will be interested in a letter describing his heroic death, as written by First Lieutenant O. Murphy, of his company, in the trenches before Santiago, July 5, 1898. The letter is addressed to John D. Drum, eldest son of the late captain, and says in part:

"Starting at 6 A.M., July 1st, we reached our place on the field of battle at 11 A.M. The artillery battle commenced about 9 A.M. Captain Drum was well and seemed in good spirits.

"We wheeled to the west and drove the Spanish from several hills in succession, till we reached the top of a hill 400 yards from their main line of intrenchments, where we halted.

"Your father was for firing on some men near these trenches, whom other officers pronounced to be Cubans. Finally Captain Drum ordered his company to fire, and the Spaniards in the trenches immediately returned a volley which killed your father, who was the first man in his company to fall.

"I was within ten feet of your father when he fell, and immediately ran to him and helped carry him to the rear, where I examined his wound and found that he was shot through the centre of the breast, the ball passing directly through from the front to the rear.

"He was standing up giving the order for his men to fire when it occurred. He fell immediately, and all the words he uttered were, 'I'm done.' He lived for a few minutes, and took a little water, but did not revive sufficiently to recognize any one.

"We were still under a very destructive fire, and I sent a detachment to carry the captain further to the rear, while I assumed command of the company. He was taken to the hospital, but was dead when he reached there.

"We were under fire or digging trenches for three days, and I could not see to the burial, but sent word to Chaplain Fitzgerald, while one of our men remained to assist. To-day I had the body taken up, incased in a board coffin and buried by some men from the company.

"We put up a board at his head and feet, with name and rank carved on it, and covered the grave with tiles from a neighboring house, so that the grave may be readily found."

Captain William E. English, of General Joseph Wheeler's staff, came

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home on the transport Seneca, one of the hospital ships that was widely criticised: "We had a bad trip up, as you know," he said. "The wounded suffered terribly, as there were no hospital equipments. The doctors had to use penknives for surgical instruments. Had it not been for Miss Jennings, the Red Cross nurse, I do not know what the poor fellows would have done.

"No one who has not been on the ground can understand the hardships the men have undergone; and I want to say, I do not believe there is a finer or braver lot of men to-day than the soldiers who took Santiago. I speak particularly of the regulars, though I have heard the volunteers praised by regular officers."

Captain English spoke enthusiastically of General Wheeler, who was carried to the front in an ambulance on July 1st and stayed there, though he was suffering from fever. "Everybody down there has malarial fever in a mild or severe form," he said.

Captain English was severely injured in the first day's fighting. A shell exploded near Grimes' battery, killing two men. His horse swerved, stumbled and fell on him. He lay for an hour under fire, and was then carried to the rear. When transferred to Siboney he became ill with malaria and dysentery, and was finally ordered home.

Private Louis Carpenter, of Philadelphia, a member of the Sixth cavalry, thus told of the attack on Santiago: "We were riding up the hill when suddenly we received orders to dismount and flatten ourselves out on the ground. Well, now, that ground is pretty rough there,—a mass of brush consisting of chaparral, a kind of cactus called Spanish bayonet, and all sorts of creeping vines. We were sights when we got up later, our faces all scratched and torn, and after we got back to the camp some of the fellows' faces were poisoned and began to swell.

Killed in Saving a Comrade.

"After we got up there was a lull in the firing, and we lounged around a stone house, a little way up the hill. The roof was covered with tiles made of clay and baked hard and then glazed. They were very pretty, and we climbed up and walked gingerly, so as not to break them. There were a lot of Cubans in the yard, and we sat up there watching their antics for some time. Pretty soon there came a little rumble and bang! A shell exploded in the yard. You should have seen those Cubans scatter. Then there came another shell. Well, yes, we did scatter too; and, do you know, we didn't give a rap for those tiles in getting down."

In the list of dead sent out after the battle of El Caney, on July 1st, was the name C. D. Jacob. Charles D. Jacob, Jr., enlisted in Louisville in the

First cavalry. He was a son of Charles D. Jacob, four times Mayor of that city. His parents could not believe it was their son, until the following telegram was received:

"I learn from a wounded trooper of the First cavalry in the hospital here of the death of Charles D. Jacob, Jr., July 1st, while attempting to carry First Sergeant Barry, of his troop, who had been wounded by Spanish sharpshooters, out of the line of fire of the enemy. At the time of the death of Jacob four troops of the First cavalry were lying concealed behind an embankment about a half mile from the trochas surrounding San Juan, where were located the heavy batteries protecting the approach to Santiago, awaiting commands, when an observation balloon settled just in the rear of them and attracted the fire of the Spanish sharpshooters and light infantry. First Sergeant Barry, being upon the embankment, was wounded, and Jacob, seeing he would be killed unless promptly brought to cover, ran forward and was attempting to carry him out of the line of fire when he was struck in the head by shrapnel and instantly killed. He also received bullet wounds.

"I have this information from several eye-witnesses, all of whom were comrades in his troop and well acquainted with him. Jacob was buried about two miles from El Caney, between El Caney and San Juan. His grave is marked by a wooden head post. "E. M. HEADLEY.

"Fort McPherson, Ga., July 12, 1898."

Private J. D. Hoekster, of Troop C, First United States Cavalry, who was wounded at Siboney, said:

"The Spaniards fight well in trenches and in trees. Get them in a blockhouse and they are stubborn. We rarely got nearer to them than 1,000 feet. Now and then we closed up and surrounded their blockhouses. They did not get away when we did this," and Hoekster's blue eyes had a glint of satisfaction.

Badly Wounded, but Fought On.

Hoekster was shot in the neck while lying in the trenches. He said it felt as if some one had knocked him in the back of the head with an axe. He reached for his "first aid" bandage, which every man carries in his knapsack. A comrade bandaged him up, and he returned to the firing lines. Pretty soon he began to bleed so badly that an officer took away his gun and cartridge belt, and sent him to the rear.

Joseph H. Whitman, of Reading, Pa., a member of the Twelfth United States Infantry, was badly wounded in the charge of the heights of El Caney, July 1. Whitman is 23 years of age, and comes from fighting stock. Young Whitman gave a graphic description of the great charge, and how he was

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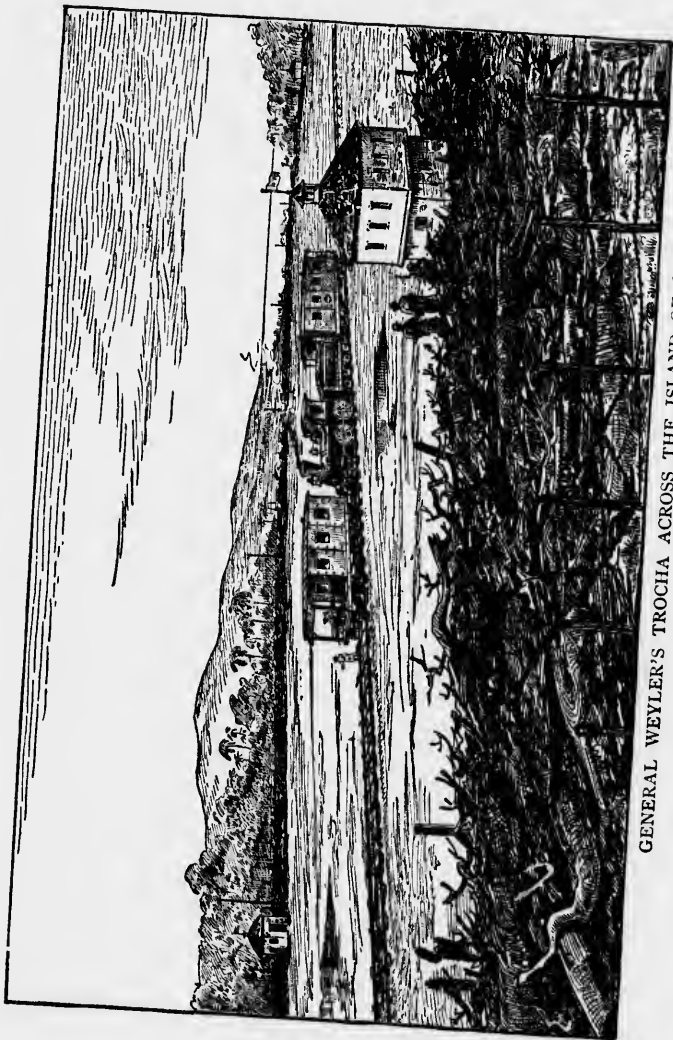
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GENERAL WEYLER'S TROCHA ACROSS THE ISLAND OF CUBA.

nearly shot to death by a Spanish sharpshooter. He said that his company had just reached the heights, and the Spaniards had been routed and were fleeing in all directions when he received a bullet wound in the left shoulder. The ball penetrated the flesh and passed across his back and out on the opposite side. While preparing a temporary bandage, another struck him on the left arm, passing through the muscles. A second later he was struck on the left leg. This was followed by two more, which passed through the fleshy part of his right leg. "I thought that sufficient punishment," said Whitman, "but the spiteful devil, who was concealed in a tree, seemed determined to finish the job, and kept pegging away, and finally landed the sixth shot. This took effect in my right leg, just below the knee, and taking a downward course passed out through my heel. I lay on the field all of that night until the next day, when I was removed to the hospital at Siboney."

"Ever hear how an old army mule saved the Fifth Army Corps at Santiago?" asked a Captain in the Third Cavalry. There was a general murmur among the captain's auditors that signified that he couldn't tell too much about the wonderful exploit of the much-maligned animal, and with a few more puffs at his cigar he began:

Story of an Army Mule.

"We had taken San Juan hill and our line holding it was too thin for safety, though the talk about withdrawing came only from people who gave all the orders, but were not at the front. There was a feeling of nervousness and restlessness among the men that didn't help the situation. An order to retreat would probably have meant a frightful panic and all the officers were filled with anxiety and sending back urgent messages that the line should be held at all hazards, but that reinforcements must be pushed forward at once in order to hold the position. This was the situation when an army mule began to get in his work.

"Perhaps it was a snake or one of those big land crabs that started him, but whatever it was he began to kick as though determined to level the whole camp. Crash after crash sounded through the camp in his immediate vicinity as camp chests, kettles and accoutrements went flying in all directions from the force of his rapidly working heels. Some recruits nearby were awakened and thrown into confusion and they rushed about yelling and screaming in the full belief that they had been surprised by a night attack of the Spaniards. In their terror they began firing in all directions, and in ten minutes the aroused officers had the whole camp under arms and ready for the momentarily expected attack.

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his work of destruction. It seemed providential and I'm fully convinced that heaven inspired the act, for the Spaniards did attempt a surprise a short time afterward, but the mule had the camp under arms and fully prepared for the enemy ten minutes before the scared sentries came tearing in with the news and found to their surprise and joy that the officers had the men well in hand with their faces to the enemy.

"Coming after the defeat of the day before, it must have taken all the heart remaining out of the Spaniards to find us all up and ready for them. A storm of bullets met the first rush, and they were thrown back, utterly defeated and demoralized. The attack was well planned, and with our men worn out with their constant fighting for days and lack of sleep, it would not have been difficult to start a panic that might have ended in the utter rout of the Fifth Army Corps.

Linares Changed His Mind.

"I think this story of the San Juan fight is new," continued the captain. "We learned it after the surrender. General Linares was present in person during our charge at San Juan. His dispositions was made in accordance with the best military science. His troops occupied one of the strongest positions he could possibly have found. His orders were to hold the position to the last, and it was his intention to strike us on the flank with cavalry after we had advanced up the hill, and crush us then and there. The cavalry was concealed in a thick wood near the crest of the hill and we didn't know it was there. The plan was a magnificent one. Linares himself watched the charge from this place of concealment.

"At first he was overjoyed at the prospect, being fully convinced that his troops from their entrenched positions could hurl down and demoralize any force sent against them. Had he commanded American troops I think his hope would have been sustained, but his first surprise came when he saw our men break from cover and begin, with long, steady strides, their awful charge up to the crests from which death reached out in all directions for victims. Up and up they went, cheering eagerly at every step, heedless of those who fell beside them, a resistless wave of blue and brown. As regiment after regiment broke from cover and followed those in advance and the perfect hail of fire his men poured into the advancing lines hadn't the slightest effect in checking them, Linares' heart sank, and he quickly changed his order to hold the hill at all hazards to one saying that the hill must be held as long as possible, and if it was necessary to retreat to the second line of defence to do so. He himself ordered the flanking movement by the cavalry to be abandoned and retired to the second line.

"When fighting was going on up the hill, Lieutenant Parker, with his battery of machine guns came up and exclaimed to one of the officers: 'Where in hell are the Spaniards? I've been fighting all day and haven't seen a damned one!' A captain volunteered to point out the Spaniards to the lieutenant, and soon Parker's guns were sending torrents of bullets into the Spanish lines, he having gotten into a position where he could sweep the trenches. Each gun fired 600 shots a minute, and I think Parker's guns killed ten times the number of the enemy that the Krag-Jorgensens of the regulars did. When we got to the top of the hill the trenches were full to the top with dead and wounded. It was war in its most hideous aspect."

First Officer Up San Juan.

Major William Auman, at the head of the Thirteenth United States Regulars, was the first commissioned officer to reach the top of San Juan hill, after the three senior officers of the command had been shot down. He seized the Spanish flag as the prize of the regiment. Of the 420 men who went into that action, two officers were killed and five wounded and sixteen men were killed and eighty-five wounded.

"We were the last of General Shafter's division," said Major Auman, "to land at Siboney, on June 25th. We were ordered to proceed to Santiago and encamped on the main road four miles from the city. The Rough Riders had already engaged the enemy at Quasina. We formed part of General Kent's brigade, and were immediately ordered to support the cavalry division under General Wheeler, taking the left flank. Early on the morning of July 1st we came under fire before we had time to deploy. Owing to the dense woods we had to march in column along the road, and for one hour were under continuous fire in this position.

"It was on this road we came upon the Seventy-first New York. This regiment was in confusion, owing to the difficult position which it occupied, as it was being shot at and hit without being able to locate the enemy, owing to the smokeless powder used by the Spaniards. After we passed it, we marched to the left, over the San Juan creek and into action.

"While marching along the road Senior Major Ellis was wounded, and had to retire. We had no sooner formed into line than Lieutenant-Colonel Worth was severely wounded, and about the same time Brigade Commander Wykoff was killed, which left me in command of the regiment. Ours was the first regiment to come out into the open, and as we did so, the Spanish artillery and infantry opened a heavy fire from the crest of San Juan Hill. Men fell on every side. About 100 yards ahead of us was a gentle rising. I ordered the battalion to advance to shelter. The Spanish lines were only 600

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yards away. Here we remained until the other regiments of the brigade had formed on our left. As soon as the four regiments had got into line, I gave the command to my regiment to make the assault. We advanced up the hill under a galling fire.

"Time and again the enemy tried to repulse us, but, seeing that we kept straight on, they ran. I immediately sent the message along the line, 'The Spaniards are running.' This encouraged the men, and between running and climbing, we reached the summit; but not until we had cut our way through two wire fences. Then we seized the Spanish flag, entrenchments and block house, while the Spaniards were running down the other side of the hill with their artillery.

"I was the first commanding officer to reach the brow of the hill, and when the men of the different regiments asked if they should follow, seeing a second line of intrenchments beyond, I ordered them to hold what they had and fire at the fleeing enemy. We realized, however, that the Spaniards in the trenches beyond were firing at us. The smokeless powder kept us in ignorance of this for some time. Then I ordered the men to lie down and open fire.

A Target for Sharpshooters.

"A bugler was shot down within a foot of where I was standing, and for a time I was the target of the Spanish sharpshooters. Later we were ordered by General Hawkins to support the Rough Riders, who were being hard pressed, and while engaged in this we were under fire all night, where more of our men fell. The following day our brigade was replaced by a brigade of the Second Division under General Chaffee, and we returned to the trenches on San Juan Hill, where we remained until July 17, when the city surrendered. In taking San Juan Hill twenty-five per cent. of my men were shot down. It was a close call for every man in the engagement.

"All prisoners, numbering 7,000, were received by my regiment. With one battalion I entered the city, while I stationed the other battalion out in the field to receive them. After the surrender I was stricken down with fever and sent to the fever hospital. On August 8 I left Cuba for Montauk Point, where I was given sick leave, and returned home to Buffalo."

The experience of the Sixth Regulars was thus told by one of them: "We had a hot time in Cuba, any way you look at it. We landed in Cuba over 800 strong, but there are only about 425 of us here to-day. Some men lie dead in the trenches at Santiago, over 200 were wounded, about 30 killed; 10 of our officers were badly wounded. The rest of us are sick, 100 in the hospitals of New York alone.

"They were mighty plucky fellows, those Rough Riders, but a little too

reckless, and if it wasn't for us and the Twenty-fourth it would have been all up for them that day. We were on the left of them and the Twenty-fourth on the right. Those colored fellows were the lions, afraid of nothing; the hotter the fire the greater the sport for them.

"Well, the toughest day of the lot was on the third day of July. All night long we slept in the open, rains falling and drenching us to the skin. Up we got to march. It was five o'clock in the morning when we started. That march up San Juan Hill was awful, but those were our orders, and up we went. There they were, the Spaniards, intrenched behind a line of trenches, another line of blockhouses, and another line of barbed wire. Up we went; some of us fell down worn out, dead tired; but our orders were to take that hill and we took it, somehow,—God only knows how!"

Brave Colored Troops.

The two colored cavalry regiments, the Ninth and Tenth Regulars, were among the most popular soldiers in Cuba. They are quiet, well-mannered, cheerful fellows, these negro troopers, and far sooner than any of the other Cuban veterans they recovered their spirits and vitality after the campaign. In an encampment made up chiefly of the sick and half sick, it was inspiring to meet on the road a group of these soldiers jogging along in lively conversation, their white teeth gleaming in smiles. As to their abilities in battle but one opinion was expressed, and almost invariably in the same words:

"Those colored chaps fought like devils."

Many are the stories of their prowess, told by the men of the other regiments. A company of the Tenth went into action singing. Two men of another company enlivened their comrades during a very trying halt under fire by executing a double-flop dance, to which the whole company began presently to clap out the time; their officers, meanwhile, being wisely blind and deaf to these rather unusual tactics. The Rough Riders were enthusiastic over the Ninth regiment. When Roosevelt's men had made their rush up San Juan Hill they found themselves in a very bad position, pressed by a superior force of the enemy on both flanks and in front. It is generally admitted that they could not have held their position but for the splendid charge of the black men to their support. After the worst of the fighting was over, a Rough Rider, finding himself near one of the colored troopers, walked up and grasped his hand, saying:

"We've got you fellows to thank for getting us out of a bad hole."

"Dat's all right, boss," said the negro, with a broad grin. "Dat's all right. It's all in de fam'ly. We call ouahselves de Colored Rough Riders."

"It was a matter of considerable doubt," an officer of the regular infan-

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try says, "whether the colored troops would acquit themselves well. We of the army knew them to be good Indian fighters, but this Cuban business was no more like Indian fighting than a game of marbles is like billiards. Probably it was because I am from the South that I didn't think much of the colored regiments, but having seen those fellows in action I've changed my mind completely. They were the best, the readiest, the most cheerful, and, I believe, the deadliest fighters in the war. In the charge up the hill a volunteer who had got separated from his company, who looked pretty badly rattled, got caught in the rush and carried along. A big fellow behind him kept spurring him on and trying to encourage him, but the man was badly rattled and tried to get away. That settled him with the troopers, who began to guy him, asking his name and address for purposes of identification, and assuring him that he would be readily distinguished among the other dead on account of his color. Presently a Mauser bullet clipped the sleeve of the man next to him. The trooper turned to the volunteer:

"Honey, dat bullet was a-callin' youah name, shuah," he said.

No Shrinking Under Fire.

"They tell me that the volunteer finally plucked up his spirits and fought so well that the negroes assured him that in the next battle he'd be an honor to any regiment. One thing I noticed about the negro troopers was that they evinced less inclination to duck when the bullets whistled over them than the other soldiers showed. A sergeant explained it to me this way:

"W'en de bullet go along it say, 'Pi yi-yi! Pi-yi-yi!' Nobody ain' goin' to min' dat. But de shrapnel, dat's different. Dat say, 'Oo-oo oo-oo; I want yeh, I want yeh, I want yeh, mah honey!'" Dat's w'at makes a man's head kindah shrink like between his shouldahs."

"However, I didn't see any shrinking that could be identified as such among those men. There wasn't an instant during the fighting that they didn't look as if they were in the very place of all places on earth where they most wished to be."

At Camp Montauk the colored men assiduously cultivated the gentle arts of peace. Every night they sat outdoors and sang. The Ninth men staked out a baseball diamond on the flat near the Life-saving Station and played a most tumultuous game of ball, which would have resulted more definitely if in the third inning the runs hadn't piled up so high that the scorer collapsed with exhaustion and fell asleep. As no two of the players agreed on the score, the game was declared "no contest." The Tenth Cavalryman who had his guitar with him was the centre of a large audience every afternoon, and he was hustling around trying to persuade some of the banjo and

mandolin players to beg or borrow instruments which could be sent to them, so that he could get up a string orchestra. Certain sportsmen of the Ninth organized cross-country hunts after the frog, which abounds in the marshes. They stalked him to his lair, and then swathed him with the unpoetic but substantial club, whereupon he croaked his last croak and rendered up his muscular legs to make a dainty feast. Two hunters who beat along the little stream flowing back of the Signal Corps bagged no less than forty-seven batrachians, not counting six toads which they killed by mistake. On the whole, the colored soldiers got more out of camp life than any one else in the place.

Some Trouble About Fires.

A volunteer whose regiment was brigaded with the Twenty-fourth (colored) Infantry through the Cuban campaign said that the "niggers were better Christians than the white men."

"We had a lot of trouble about fire wood on the island," said he. It was hard to find, and it often had to be carried two miles to our quarters. Gathering it was a heavy job for our fellows, for most of them were pretty weak on account of the fever. The fellows in the white regiment in our command were a little better off than we were—they were regulars, you know—and managed to have fires pretty regularly. If we had had to depend on them we would have put cold rations in our stomachs all the time.

"Say, old man," I heard said to them, 'let's cook a little stuff on your fire when you're through with it; won't you, please?'

"And what do you think they'd say?"

"Aw, go hang," one of 'em said to me. 'We ain't got enough for ourselves.'

"It was a good deal to ask of a man, I'll admit. Why, I've seen half a dozen sick men wait around a fire until the men who owned it were through, and then make a rush for the embers, like seven dogs after one bone. But the niggers were different; they had bigger hearts. They stood the campaign in great shape, you know, and it wasn't much for them to gather firewood. They'd build a fire six feet long, and they never crowded a poor devil of a weak man out if he wanted to use it.

"Gimme a chance at your fire?' the fellows would ask them.

"Co'se,' they'd say, 'what yo' think we made a big fire fo', anyway? T' cook our own grub o'ny? Come on, honey.'

"That's just the way they'd say it, and as jolly as you like. The niggers are all right; and I've got a place in my heart for the Twenty-fourth Infantry, I tell you."

The men tell many instances of like kindnesses. They do not begrudge

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credit to the colored soldiers for their bravery through the campaign. And the negroes appreciate this show of good feeling. "Why," one of them said not long ago, "them Rough Riders are like brothers. I've et with 'em; I've slep' with 'em; I've fit with 'em, and I feel as if I was one of 'em."

A regular who came into close contact with the Ninth cavalry (colored) said:

"I remember once we were standing in the bushes along the trail when the Ninth came by us. The men were in great spirits—laughing and talking, though the fight was just a little way before them.

"'Hello, boy,' one big fellow yelled to me, 'any fruit on the trees 'round yere?'"

"'I ain't seen any,' a man behind me says. 'An' I ain't looking for any—not in my state.'

"Well, the niggers burst out laughing, and they kept it up—'haw, haw, haw.'

"'What kind of fruit?' says I.

"'Oh, sharpshooters,' says the big man that spoke to me. 'Haw, haw, haw.' I've heard they found some."

It has often been said that a negro regiment must be well officered and well "pushed," or it will not give a good account of itself on the firing line. The white privates at Montauk, however, seem to think that the "nigger is a fighter" for the pure love of it.

Over a Shot-Swept Hill.

"In the trenches at San Juan," said a volunteer corporal, "the Twenty-fourth relieved us, and we them. Lying in the trenches there was hard and nervous work, and it was a happy time for the squad when the relief came. I've heard our men kick when they had to go into the fight again, but I never heard a colored soldier do it. It was coming hard one evening, and I guess the colored fellows knew it and thought we might need a little support, though things hadn't got critical at all. All at once I was startled by two big men scrambling in nearly on top of us. They were colored soldiers.

"'What the ——?' the man I was with began.

"'All right, boys, don't get asca'd; it's all right. We thought yo' might want a niggah er two, an' we come up t' see.'

"'Come up,' said I, 'over the hill?' The bullets were skimming over our trenches, you know, and sweeping the top of the hill behind which the reserves were lying.

"'Co'se, we didn't come nohow else,' says one. 'There was three of us sta'ted.'

"Where's the other one?' says I.

"We carried him back,' says they, 'an' come on ag'in.'"

This volunteer comrade told the story of a negro sergeant whose name he did not know:

"It was in that same fight," said he, "and, as bunkie here has told you, we took turns in the trenches with the Twenty-fourth. You must understand that we held both sides of the hill, and that the trenches were high up on the one side, and the place where the reserves were pretty well down on the other; the Spaniards were firing on our line from the bottom of the hill, so the bullets went over the crest low down, and it was a darned dangerous place to be. When we were relieved we had to get over that spot to reach our reserve position. There was no cover, and the Spaniards had the range down fine, and, what's more, they knew just about when they could get us there.

"Well, there was a blockhouse on the top of the hill, with a door in the side of it. That door was in sight from both sides; so it took a nervy man to dodge in or out of it. One morning, when we were about to go back to rest, a negro sergeant, who was in charge of the relief squad, dodged in from behind without getting hit. We were waiting to make a run for it when we saw him. The Spaniards caught sight of him as he ran in, and fired hot. Out he jumped and yelled:

"Now's our chance, boys; come on.' Then he got in again.

"A couple of the boys ran out and over, and the shooting went on. They were firing in volleys; and every time that sergeant would hear a volley he'd be out waving his hand and yelling:

"They can't hit yo'; they can't hit yo'. Now's your chance.'

"I thought I'd see him drop every time; but they couldn't hit him. I tell you, he helped us out. He was like a base-ball coacher, trying to rattle the other side, and getting his own men around the bases. It was so like it that I could pretty near hear old Bill Joyce yelling: 'Lead off there; lead off! Now slide! slide!' And I swear I could see the old diamond at the Polo Grounds. Well, we only lost one man wounded."

A Big Fellow's Bracelets.

A strapping negro, who had a silver bracelet on his thick, black wrist, and another in his pocket, "because it was too small to go 'round," and some gold and silver trinkets hanging on his bosom, was riding toward the station on a mule wagon at camp. He was a strong man, with a slight moustache and a woolly chin beard, and he was as black as ebony.

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that from a Cuban lady. She was one of these re—re—recon—cen—trados. We were on a forced march, and she come along—and stood by the road. She grabbed me by the arm, and made signs that she was hungry. Then she handed me this thing out. I had six hardtack, and gave her three. And say, she kissed my hand. I'm keeping the jewelry for my sister. That's how I got it; and that's how lots of the boys come by theirs. What you laffin' at man? Eh!"

"Didn't you see that mule wag its ears?"

"Oh! huh!"

"It was after the fight at Caney," said another witness of the colored soldiers' bravery, "the boys were all tired out, you know; they had been keyed up to concert pitch so long that when it was all over and the relaxation came they were like dishrags. Everything was quiet and only now and then would a Mauser bullet sing in our ears, for the sharpshooters were still at their deadly work. It was necessary that they should be dislodged from their perches in the trees, and to bring about such an end a means was adopted that was original and grimly humorous.

"With us, before Caney, was the Tenth United States Cavalry, a regiment of colored troops, seasoned fighters, and as brave and soldierly a crowd of men as ever snapped a Krag-Jorgensen. Upon them devolved the duty of cleaning out the sharpshooters. They were ordered to take up their rifles and go out gunning for the Spaniards, singly and in little parties of two and three and four.

Looking for "Squirrels."

"When the order was given these colored boys let out a yell of delight that it seems to me must have been heard in Havana. They started helter-skelter from the camp. The delight they took in the work was deadly humorous. It was simply a 'coon hunt' or a 'squirrel shooting bee' to them. One would duck in and out among the bushes and wriggle on his body through the grass, his eye fixed on some tree or other. He would spot a sharpshooter half concealed up there in the branches, and creeping up would pop a bullet at him. The aim was, in every case so far as we were able to learn, astonishingly accurate. Down from out the tree would tumble the Spaniard, and the colored trooper would laugh and shout across to a mate across the field: 'Dar's annuder squirrel, Gawge!'

"Then he would wriggle along a few rods farther and bring down another. The sport of picking off those sharpshooters was better than a coon hunt in Georgia to the colored troopers, and in less than half an hour they had knocked out eighteen of the Spaniards. When they came back to camp they sat around for an hour telling each other how they'd fetched 'em, and

they'd laugh till their sides ached in recounting the gyrations the sharpshooters would go through in the air and when they struck the ground. After that the Tenth Cavalry came to be known as the 'squirrel hunters' among the other soldiers."

Our colored troops gave an excellent account of themselves at Santiago, and proved that in fighting qualities they are inferior to none. Lewis Bowman of the Tenth Cavalry, who had two ribs broken by a bursting Spanish shell before San Juan, said, after describing the landing and marching to the front:

"The Rough Riders had gone off in great glee, bantering us and good-naturedly boasting that they were going ahead to lick the Spaniards without any trouble, and advising us to remain where we were until they returned, and they would bring back some Spanish heads as trophies. When we heard firing in the distance our captain remarked, that some one ahead was doing good work. The firing became so heavy and regular that our officers, without orders, decided to move forward and reconnoitre.

"When we got to where we could see what was going on, we found that the Rough Riders had marched down a sort of a canon between the mountains. The Spaniards had men posted at the entrance, and as soon as the Rough Riders had gone in had about closed up the rear, and were firing upon the Rough Riders from both the front and the rear. Immediately the Spaniards in the rear received a volley from our men of the Tenth Cavalry without command. The Spaniards were afraid we were going to flank them, and rushed out of ambush, in front of the Rough Riders, throwing up their hands and shouting, 'Don't shoot; we are Cubans.'

Fighting under Great Difficulties.

"The Rough Riders thus let them escape, and gave them a chance to take a better position ahead. During all this time the men were all in tall grass, and could not see even each other, and I fear the Rough Riders in the rear shot many of their men in front, mistaking them for Spanish soldiers. By this time the Tenth Cavalry had fully taken in the situation, and, adopting the method employed in fighting Indians, were able to turn the tide of battle and repulse the Spaniards.

"I was in the fight of July 1st, and it was in that fight that I received my wound. We were under fire in that fight about forty-eight hours, and were without food and with but little water. We had been cut off from our pack train, as the Spanish sharpshooters shot our mules as soon as they came anywhere near the lines, and it was impossible to move supplies. Very soon after the firing began our colonel was killed and the most of our other officers

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were killed or wounded, so that the greater part of that desperate battle was fought by some of the Ninth and Tenth Cavalry without officers; or, at least, if there were any officers around, we neither saw them nor heard their commands. The last command I heard our captain give was: 'Boys, when you hear my whistle, lie flat down on the ground.'

"Whether he ever whistled or not I do not know. The next move we made was when, with a terrific yell, we charged up to the Spanish trenches and bayoneted and clubbed them out of their places in a jiffy. Some of the men of our regiment say that the last command they heard was: 'To the rear!' But this command they utterly disregarded and charged to the front until the day was won, and the Spaniards, those not dead in the trenches, fled back to the city.

Raising the Stars and Stripes.

"At San Juan it was I who had the pleasure to take some of those block-houses you hear so much about, and it was I who had the privilege of hauling down the Spanish flag and planting the Stars and Stripes in its place. The sides of the blockhouse gave absolutely no place for a foothold or to catch with the hands. One member of the Seventy-first New York placed his old Springfield rifle on the ground, and, by placing my foot on the hammer, I climbed upon it and was pushed up on the stock to the roof of the house. After I had hauled down the Spanish flag, and was about to plant the Stars and Stripes, a bullet came whizzing in my direction. It cut a hole through my hat, burning my head slightly. That's what I call a close shave.

"In the charge before San Juan my twin brother, who was fighting at my side, was wounded, and I could stop only long enough to drag him off the firing line. I returned to the fight, and in a few minutes a shell burst directly among us, and a portion of it broke two of my ribs.

"Our men didn't care at all about the small shot, but they feared the shells from the large Spanish guns, and there was often a lively struggle among us over the proprietorship of a particular tree to which several of us would flee at once for refuge. We were greatly worried by the sharpshooters. In going toward the front I noticed at one point that several of our men and officers were shot, and that no one seemed able to locate the marksman. I concluded that I should not go around that way, so I turned in another direction. As I went near an old tree I noticed that the dirt had been washed from around its roots. Happening to look under it I spied a Spanish sharpshooter. He it was who had been picking off our men. I slipped up behind him and whacked him on the neck, breaking it. Our men were no longer molested in that locality."

Willis, of the Ninth Cavalry, told of his experience in picking off a sharpshooter who was hidden in a cocoanut tree.

"They had been getting our officers in great shape," he said, "and we couldn't for the life of us locate a man or men who were doing it. Finally a bullet struck one of my comrades near me. I decided that it was about time to look after that sharpshooter, so I kept a sharp lookout and all at once I saw the part of a head peeping out from behind a bunch of cocoanuts. I drew a bead on it and instantly a Spaniard tumbled out of that tree. As a memento of the occasion I hold in my hand a watch with an iron case and a brass chain, which I took from the man who had played such havoc among our men."

"For Heaven's Sake Don't Go Up that Hill."

William H. Brown, of the Tenth Cavalry, said: "A foreign officer, standing near our position when we started out to make that charge, was heard to say, 'Men, for heaven's sake, don't go up that hill. It will be impossible for human beings to take that position. You can't stand the fire.' Notwithstanding this, with a terrific yell we rushed up to the enemy's works, and you know the result. Men who saw him say that when this official saw us make the charge he turned his back upon us and wept."

One of the men, in answering a question as to the equipment of the Spaniards and Americans, spoke of the difference between Springfield, Krag-Jorgensen, and Mauser rifles, and incidentally gave a bit of interesting fact.

"We were near the Seventy-first New York," he said, "who were at a great disadvantage, owing to the fact that they were fighting with the old Springfield rifle—'old smoke guns,' we call them. Every time they fired a volley the Spaniards, by the volume of smoke from their guns, could easily locate the American shooters. And how the Mauser bullets were flying and doing execution among the members of the Seventy-first! However, we took advantage of this, and under cover of the smoke from these old smoke guns, upon which the Spaniards had concentrated their fire, we were able, without attracting much attention, to creep almost upon the Spanish works before drawing their fire."

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CHAPTER XIV.

Stories of Camp, Field and Hospital by the Volunteers.



QUARTERMASTER SERGEANT JAMES S. LONG, Seventy-first New York volunteers, was shot through the thigh. Of the conduct of the regiment he said:

"Our officers were exposed to the murderous fire of the sharpshooters in the trees. It was exceedingly dangerous to stand even half upright, and most of us were flat on our stomachs during all of the time we were held back. Colonel Downs, Major Keck, Captain Rafferty and Lieutenant Blawvelt moved about at their full height constantly, and every one of them faced possible death without the slightest tremor.

"Colonel Downs stood upright repeatedly in a perfect shower of bullets, and used his glasses as coolly as though he were looking at a landscape from a summer hotel piazza. Major Keck walked along the lines encouraging the men, and exposing himself without a show of hesitation. I expected to see the Colonel shot at any moment, and Major Keck led in person that fearful charge up San Juan hill.

"There was so much bravery shown that it is hard to single out any particular feat, but the officers I have named showed themselves to be without fear and obedient to the highest sense of duty. As to the men in the ranks, you know something about what their position was, and, considering the fact that they were entirely without any previous experience of the kind, I think their steadiness was remarkable."

Thomas J. Dixon, Jr., a schoolboy, who cast aside his books to enlist in the Seventy-first regiment, and went through the hottest fighting of the war, returning home with two wounds, resumed his studies among his schoolfellows. While on furlough he attended school every day in uniform, and went through his recitations as calmly as if he had never heard the singing of Mausers or felt the stunning blow of bullets.

The outbreak of the war roused his ardor, and he gained his parents' consent to enlist, joining Company A of the Seventy-first, Captain Townsend, on April 30th. He was at Camp Black, at Lakeland, at Tampa, and over the battle grounds of Cuba.

His company, he said, advanced on San Juan hill on July 1st, on the left of the Sixteenth infantry, forded the creek and finally occupied a small house on the slope. Bullets rained upon the little structure. One man was killed

and nine were wounded before the troops left the place that night. They moved toward the right and then laid down to sleep. They were awakened about one o'clock in the morning to dig trenches. Dixon was one of a detail of twelve men who went to the rear to get packs which had been left behind. They returned at dusk.

Struck Twice by Bullets.

"When we got back," he said, "we were tired and wet, having forded the creek twice. I dried myself at a campfire and lay down. Firing woke us up about ten o'clock, and Major Whittle ordered Company A to the firing line. We started for the trenches, and I felt a blow just behind my right ear. It stunned me for a moment and I staggered. Putting my hand to my head, I found that the bullet had only grazed me, but it bled pretty freely."

There is a white scar on Dixon's head to show how narrow was his escape.

"The bullets were coming thick when we reached the trench," he said. "For some of us there was no room, and we lay down on the ground. I had hardly stretched myself when I felt a sharp blow on the right shoulder. The bullet entered at the top and came out at the back.

"I got up and walked back a short distance and met one of the hospital corps. He tied up my head and my shoulder pretty well, but bandaged them so tightly that I was dizzy. I stayed near the trenches until ten o'clock in the morning of Sunday, July 3d, when Major Whittle ordered me to the rear. Two men helped me to walk to the emergency hospital, and later I went in an ambulance to the division hospital, where my wounds were dressed for the first time. They started me for Siboney, then, in an army wagon, but I couldn't stand it. I got out and walked, and finally reached Siboney."

Dixon went to Tampa in the transport Cherokee, and thence to Fort McPherson, Ga., where, eleven days after he left Siboney, the wound in his shoulder was again dressed. It was then in pretty bad shape. He stayed at Fort McPherson three weeks, and then came home. His wound was attended afterwards by the surgeons at Fordham Hospital.

When school opened young Dixon gathered his books together and went back, as a matter of course. The presence of a wounded soldier among the pupils would have caused enough sensation, but when he was one of themselves, the studies were almost demoralized. Had he had a thousand buttons and bullets, he could not have satisfied the demands for souvenirs, and the number of times he was asked how it felt to be shot would not bear calculation.

Lieutenant Herbert Hyde True, of Company L, Seventy-first regiment,

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New York, the first man to ascend San Juan Hill, on July 1st, tells an interesting story. Before Santiago could be besieged San Juan Hill must be taken. On its summit was a Spanish blockhouse, while artillery was so mounted that a deadly fire could be poured down its slopes. Trenches had been dug, and barbed wire fences had been strung to impede approach. The dense underbrush also afforded Spanish sharpshooters places of concealment that could not be detected.

To prepare the way up this hill for the advance of troops not only required daring, but physical strength and endurance. General Hawkins selected Lieutenant True to command the pioneer corps of the First Brigade of the First Division, composed of picked men from the Seventy-first regiment, the Sixth and the Sixteenth Infantry. This advance up the mountain side was the fiercest engagement of the war.

Spanish Sharpshooters in the Underbrush.

"I remember," said the Lieutenant, "that when we started I called out to the boys: 'Come on, pioneers! We've got to take this hill. Let's do our duty, no matter what happens.' The hill was very steep; so steep that we had to cling to the long grass to keep ourselves from falling backward. The Sixteenth and Sixth Infantry and the Seventy-first regiment fellows circled to our left and right flanks. The higher up we went the more dangerous became our path.

"When we left Saville we started in column of fours, but we had to go in Indian file up the mountain road, over brooks and through ravines. We got along at a fair pace until we struck thick underbrush that was almost impenetrable, behind which were concealed Spanish sharpshooters with Mauser rifles and smokeless powder.

"We knew our position was dangerous and the quicker we got out of it the better. The quickest way was to go ahead and get at the Spaniards by cutting the barbed wire of the trocha. It was like trying to find a needle in a haystack, this locating the Spanish sharpshooters, for while their bullets kept singing in our ears, we couldn't see them, hidden as they were by the trees and bushes.

"I saw an opening and we rushed through it. I called out: 'We've got so far and we'll go the rest of the way.' The boys cheered, and on we went with a rush. The Spanish artillery was at work in earnest, but every time we saw shrapnel coming the men would shout 'low bridge,' and we'd throw ourselves flat. It was pretty warm work. Three men were shot beside me, but I was lucky enough to get off without being hit.

"The Spanish put up a good fight. I'll give them credit for that. The

big balloon that followed the Seventy-first along the charge helped to locate our men, and their fire, although generally wild, was sometimes effective. The Americans had really underestimated their fighting ability. They knew how to shoot, and they had the advantage of knowing every inch of the ground.

"Still, they gave way when our men charged, and retreated in a hurry. Our pioneer corps cut the wires with clippers and axes, and not a man was killed. I was the first man to reach the summit of San Juan hill, and I think it was our quick action that saved our lives. The Spaniards were not expecting such an impetuous charge, and we took them by surprise.

"The greatest strain came upon us the night after the first day's battle. I didn't sleep a wink, but spent the night looking after my men. The smell from rotting vegetation accumulated for years was almost overpowering as we lay in the trenches, but there was not a murmur. The second day's fighting was really more exciting than the first, but we had got used to being under fire and didn't mind it. Bullets flew about us like hailstones, and men fell all around us. We had to cross a couple of creeks, in which we waded waist deep against strong currents, and it was at the creek near the field hospital that the Spaniards did the most damage. Even our wounded and the Red Cross nurses carrying disabled men were shot down.

"I want particularly to praise the Twenty-fourth Infantry, colored. They did everything in their power to help the Seventy-first boys, and some of them even gave up their places and rations to our men."

Sang "Yankee Doodle."

Quartermaster's Sgt. J. S. Long, who received a bullet wound in the thigh, in a letter descriptive of his experiences at the charge of San Juan hill said:

"I was shot by a Mauser bullet in the right thigh, just below the hip bone—the ball going right through my leg, just grazing the bone. It is healing up nicely now and I am able to hobble around. The transport which brought us from Cuba was not prepared for us; we had nothing to eat out of or to eat with except the old tomato cans and corned beef tins, which we had to beg for from the cook. I suppose you have read all about the charge up San Juan hill and about the bravery of the Seventy-first boys.

"The battle commenced at about half-past five on the morning of July 1st. We were obliged to lie flat in the weeds and creep, inch by inch, to places of shelter or high ground. In front it was impossible to see ten feet for cactus plants and wild and dense growth of foliage. Then at noon the artillery opened up strong, and under their heavy fire we silently advanced. Men dropped on all sides; groans and death rattles were heard at almost

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every step. Officers were not at their posts, as a great many had been killed and wounded. Our company became scattered, but they never stopped firing. It was a soldiers' fight. Where any one went the others followed.

"The Sixth, Sixteenth and Seventy-first were all mixed up together, but we took up the song 'Yankee Doodle,' and it gave us new life. We dashed up the hill, and in the face of a blinding, whistling storm of fire and bullets up we went. We never stopped. The Spaniards lost their heads; the block-house was ours. Just then I was shot, and as I went down I saw our flag floating out grandly over the scene where so many brave American lads went down."

James Carroll, a private in Company G, Seventy-first New York, was wounded twice in the right hand in the charge up San Juan hill on July 1st. He said his battalion was on post duty on the Wednesday night previous, and that four times during the night the guard was called out by pickets, who took moving land crabs for Spaniards. The big crabs flopped about in a way that resembled the walk of a man, so far as the sound went. The pickets would look out among the bushes in vain to see who was coming; they would challenge, and, receiving no reply, would fire in the direction the squad seemed to come from. The guard would rush out in answer to the shots, and, after a search in the bushes, would find the crabs. Some of the boys were inclined to laugh at the pickets, but the officers and the Cuban scouts advised them to shoot whenever they heard sounds, as the Spaniards knew the "crab walk" and would fool the pickets if they got careless and thought every sound came from the crabs. The Spaniards did not fire much on the pickets.

Long Fight With Sharpshooters.

Carroll said that on the Thursday evening preceding the first battle the battalion to which he belonged was marched back to a village, the name of which he could not recall, and given three days' rations. It took till twelve o'clock to get all the men supplied. Then the boys laid down on the ground for two hours' sleep. At two o'clock they were called and put in motion on the eight-mile march toward San Juan hill. The Spaniards soon began firing on the marching soldiers.

The fighting began at eight o'clock, and it was hot till five o'clock in the afternoon. About two o'clock the Seventy-first boys made a charge up the hill at San Juan. Half way up the hill they received a hot volley from the Spaniards, but nobody wanted to run. They kept steadily on. Carroll was shot in this charge. Both bullets came practically at once, and he knew nothing of either till he felt blood spurting. He became weak, and was ordered by his captain to go to the rear.

Most of the men who were wounded did not wait to be carried back. They simply rolled down the hill. Carroll walked to the hospital, but the doctors were so busy with men who were more seriously wounded than he that he went on back till he reached a hospital in the rear.

John E. Keller, of Company A, Seventy-first regiment, was wounded in the right hand in the San Juan charge. The Spaniards left their intrenchments when the boys made their charge, and left ammunition, which was given to the Cubans. Keller said he was shot at as he was going to the rear after being wounded, but as he was carrying his gun the Spaniard couldn't be blamed. He saw Spaniards firing at our troops from windows in Santiago. He thought some of these were women.

F. C. Kuehne, of Company D, of the same regiment, received two bullet holes through his hat, and said one of them knocked it off his head. In his opinion, seventy-five men must have been killed in the Seventy-first at Santiago. It was almost impossible for one to keep track of one's friends in the regiment, he said, because details were constantly taken from one company to go in another, or to assist some other army organization. He fought with Company F, although he was a member of Company D. He said some of the boys at the front were short of rations, mainly because they did not take care of what they had.

F. A. Scandlen, of Company G, Seventh United States infantry, was just putting his bugle to his mouth to sound the call to cease firing when the Spaniards made an unexpected charge, and he was shot in the hand. He dropped the bugle.

Eager to Get into Action.

Coming as a message from the grave, a letter written by Corporal G. Immen, Company C, Seventy-first New York volunteers, was received by a friend a few days after the brave Corporal had fallen in the attack on Santiago. Telling, as it does, the eagerness of the soldiers to get into action and the hardships they were forced to put up with, the letter is of unusual interest.

When the letter was received the writer lay dead upon the battlefield, according to reports from the front. This is the letter in part:

" FIRMEZA, CUBA, Saturday, June 25th, 1898.

" DEAR FRIEND:—We arrived at this place two days ago, but did not land until they bombarded the place. We disembarked Thursday midnight, under the searchlights from the liner St. Louis. We landed on a beach on which there is a large coconut farm, and indulged in this fruit for supper, or, rather, breakfast. Got little sleep that night, and woke up tired that morning,

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after being sixteen days on the transport *Vigilancia* without much exercise. It is very much like work. Yesterday (Friday) morning we got a hurry call 'to arms,' and grasped our guns and a hundred rounds, and went off with our brigade, the Sixth and Sixteenth United States infantry and Seventy-first New York volunteers, to reinforce 'Teddy's Terrors,' who had got into a muss.

Looking for Fight and Got It.

"The First and Tenth cavalry were with Teddy's regiment. We went on double time through the mountains and along shrub paths, through which one could not see twenty-five yards ahead. Roosevelt's people were looking for a fight, and unluckily they got into a trap and were fired on by the enemy fifty yards distant. The Spaniards retreated, and we were kept on a run after the outfit for six miles, but they finally got away. The paths are so narrow, the shrubbery so thick, that not more than two hundred men could get into the formation at a time, and it is a cinch for the Spaniards to ambush us. They fired on the ranks of our people and ran as the cavalry fired.

"After the tussle our troops found two heaps of dead dagoes, fifteen in one and six in the other. We came back without having had a fight. The heat was fierce, and I myself came near dropping. This is hell for fair. The fellows threw their rolls, blankets and shelter tents away on the march.

"This morning we have discarded everything we did not actually need. I was on picket duty this morning. It's a tough country. One has to be very careful, as the shrubbery is so thick that a fellow could get up to within ten yards of you before you could see him. I had my gun loaded and my ammunition handy so I could do my part if it came to anything.

"We have not received any mail since June 10th, so I am almost dead to get to New York, and to see what is going on. Well, I guess I'll close this and hope to be able to write you after our next scrap. I'll do my share to avenge the Maine. For God and country, as ever your friend.

"GEORGE."

The letter was written with pencil on old sheets taken from a ledger of the Juragua Iron Works, and the envelope was one found in the building.

Private Charles P. F. Cushing, Company C, Seventy-first Regiment, a young clerk in the Produce Exchange, was killed before Santiago. He was a brother of James A. Cushing, a clerk in the Post Office, to whom he addressed his last letter, which is here reproduced:

"MY DEAR BROTHER: I have not time to write but one letter home, so decide to send it to you, for at last we have become engaged in actual warfare, and I have heard the moans of the dying and the cries for the dead.

Yesterday Roosevelt's Rough Riders were caught in a trap, and but for the timely interference of reinforcements would have been wiped out of existence. Altogether, I counted sixty wounded, and I saw five dead. I am, however, informed there are many more. Yesterday afternoon I was detailed after the battle to help carry in the wounded, and last night was on picket duty, and this morning we were away at seven o'clock over the mountains after the Spaniards.

"We have just returned, and are to start out again at a quarter to six, and shall continue on until we come to Santiago, which is but seven miles from here. This town, Juragua, we bombarded the day we landed and cleaned out the Spaniards entrenched in the hills which abound around here. Our soldiers are not up in bushwhacking warfare, and unless we meet the Spaniards in open fight we will have a hard time, and I assure you that, though the transports expected to carry us in a few days to Havana or Porto Rico, they will not do so, for it will take some time to clean the Spaniards out of this one spot. We did not have the good fortune to have an actual battle, as the Spaniards took flight at our approach and escaped us.

"A captain of the Rough Riders was killed, and I believe young 'Ham' Fish is reported dead. I cannot tell the exact number of dead and wounded, but expect a full report before we leave to-night. Many regulars have succumbed to the heat and to the Spaniards' bullets, but the Seventy-first remains intact to a man, for how long the Lord only knows. However, they seem to be able to stand more hardship than the regulars. We have thrown away blankets, coats, underwear—everything but the clothes on our backs, ammunition, canteen and rifle—and carry nothing not absolutely necessary. The heat is terrific, but the nights are cool and we sleep in the open air, just where we find ourselves.

In the Deserted Iron Works.

"We are now in the Juragua Iron Works, which were blown to pieces by the American war ships. It is a very extensive establishment, and the proprietor and his employees fled for their lives, leaving books and all the office stationery and ledgers scattered around. This is a beautiful country, and while fruit is abundant, we are afraid to eat it for fear of poison. The photographs of the starving Cubans are correct. Such sickening sights you would not want to see. They are terrible. Little children with big swollen stomachs and emaciated limbs starving to death. Say, it's awful, and if we don't knock the tar out of the Spaniards we will never go back to New York.

"Well, dear brother, good-bye, and though I may not have a chance to

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write again for some time, don't worry about me. I am well and happy. Fondest love to mother and all others at home. Your loving brother,

"CHARLIE."

Donald C. McClelland, private in Company E of the Seventy-first regiment, who was wounded, was a student in the class of '98 in the College of the City of New York, and was studying law, preparatory to entering the law school of Columbia College, when the first call for volunteers was made. He visited Camp Black, and became so enthusiastic that he telephoned home for permission to join Captain Stoddart's command at once.

Immediately after the battle of La Quasina young McClelland wrote on the field the following letter to his mother, dated Siboney, five miles from Santiago de Cuba, June 26th:

"After being over two weeks on the transport, sailing all around Cuba, witnessing several bombardments, we landed at this place yesterday morning at four o'clock. We had been here but a few hours when the bugle call to arms was sounded, and, with over a hundred rounds of ammunition each, we started at a double-quick up the mountain.

Victory for the Rough Riders.

"We met scores of the wounded and dead as they were brought down the mountain, and we redoubled our efforts. The Rough Riders were in a terrific engagement with the Spaniards, and we were their support. The Rough Riders fought so well, however, that they soon put the Spaniards to flight, and we were not called upon to shoot.

"I had the honor of being the first guard in our regiment in Cuba. I patrolled a lonely post all night, every nerve on the alert. No Spaniards showed themselves, however, and the night passed without incident.

"We have received orders to throw away everything but ammunition, and we start in a few hours to capture the Spaniards in Santiago. I feel that I will get through all right, but if I don't you know that I died like a man."

Sergeant David Werdenschlag, of Company F, Seventy-first regiment, gave an interesting account of his experience at the battle of San Juan Hill.

"I shall never forget July 1 and 2, 1898," he said. "We were called to assemble at three A. M., not knowing that a battle was to be fought on that day, although it was daily expected, it being nothing unusual to be called at that hour, as all our marches were made during the night, owing to the intense heat of the day. We received three days' rations the night previous. We left camp, about eight miles from Santiago, expecting to camp further on toward the front. At a quarter to seven a cannon shot was fired some distance from us; then another and another, and then we knew that the 'ball'

had opened. On and on we marched, together with thousands of other soldiers; nearer and nearer could the roar of the cannon be heard.

"The heat from the sun was intense, and, with our burden of 200 rounds of ammunition, three days' rations and haversack roll of tent and blankets, and a canteen of water, we struggled along without a halt. At ten A. M. we were close upon the enemy. Eleven A. M. everything was confusion. We now knew what was before us. The roads were covered with thick brush, through which we had to crawl. Bullets were flying thick and fast over our heads and shells singing past us.

"At times we were compelled to lie upon the ground until our march was resumed. 'To the front, charge!' was given, and then we went at double quick out upon the field, and through brooks, with water up to our armpits. The sight was terrible. Men were met with at every step coming back to the rear wounded; others lying about us. Up the hill, with the Spaniards only three hundred feet before us, bullets falling all around us thick as raindrops, shells bursting over our heads, while our dear comrades were falling fast around us, some never to rise again and others crawling to places of safety. It was awful! The battle continued for two days and a half. Many men are sick with fever, and if they do not take us out of this very soon there will not be many left to tell the tale."

A Death-Dealing Place.

Frank Gaughran, a private in Company I, Ninth Massachusetts regiment, wrote to a friend under date of July 31 that the boys at the front were all expecting and praying to be sent away from Santiago.

"It's a death-dealing place," he said, "and there will be very few of us left to tell the tale of Santiago's surrender if the government continues holding us here. The prevailing disease is swamp fever. I have already fallen a victim to it. The fever was preceded by a painful sore throat. The only thing that buoys up the feeling of the men is Cervera's defeat and the surrender of Santiago. I suppose Boston had a great time when they heard the news. We had a Fourth of July time here. The officers of the Ninth have suffered terribly. Major Grady's death broke us all up. Colonel Bogan has gone home sick, and we all fear for his death.

"This is a pest hole here. In the day you are roasted alive, and at night drowned. For several days we camped on the banks of the San Juan river, and the dread malaria worked its havoc among the boys. We all have had a taste of war. The Spaniards are good fighters, and they made it hot for us for a brief period. The Ninth has tried to do its duty. Our awkward rifles and dirty powder kept us away from the brunt of the battle. I have had lots

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of narrow escapes as did all the boys. Bullets and shell flew all around us. We soon got used to them, and as long as we escaped being hit we were thankful.

"I will be ashamed to look hardtack and raw bacon in the face when I get back. You don't know how dear Boston is to us boys now. When we tramp down School street once again, dusty and footsore, we hope that those who bade us godspeed will welcome us just as heartily. We did the best we knew how. We have given up one good officer on the altar of our country. I hope to keep alive till I see Boston once more, and I think I will, for if we are removed from here within a week or so everything will be all right. Don't forget to write, as the soldier boys appreciate letters very much, and read and re-read them."

Our Men Suffer Great Loss.

Mrs. George W. Ott, of Philadelphia, received a letter from her son George, a member of Company A, Tenth regiment, United States Volunteers, while he was in the hospital at Key West, Fla. In the letter he said: "You must not worry about me; our company was in Cuba since June 24. On July 2 we went into battle with the Spanish, about eight miles from Santiago. We had a terrible fight and had to march through a narrow trail over the mountain, and through the jungle, and were exposed to the Spanish fire until we got up on the line of battle. I cannot describe the scene. There were about 1000 men, dead and wounded, most of them being killed or wounded before they had an opportunity to fire a shot at the enemy, who kept behind the intrenchments.

"We could not get our artillery up in time, and were fighting from 4 o'clock in the morning of July 1st, till 7 o'clock in the evening. I did not get injured until about 3 o'clock in the afternoon, when I was shot through the left shoulder with a Mauser 44-calibre bullet, which hit my shoulder and passed through the shoulder blade.

"On the following day, with others who were wounded, I was placed on a transport and arrived here, at Key West, on July 5th."

George Andre, a member of Company K, Seventy-first New York regiment, wrote to his sister as follows: "I am now at the hospital at Fortress Monroe, Va., among the wounded, having been shot in the right arm during the battle before Santiago. We arrived in Cuba on a transport on June 23d, and as we landed the Spanish fired upon us.

"The day after our arrival the Rough Riders had their skirmish, and we were ordered at once to the front to support them. We arrived too late, for the Tenth regiment of regulars, colored cavalry, had driven the Spanish back

to within seven miles of Santiago. I do not know how many of our men were killed or wounded, but there were seventy-five Spanish soldiers killed.

"As we advanced the heat was so intense that we threw away all our clothing except shirts, trousers and shoes. The road we took was narrow, and we passed through woods in single file exposed to the enemy's fire. On the night after the fight many of the soldiers, on learning that a mail was to be sent to New York, wrote cheering letters while lying down in the trenches to relatives and friends at home. Soon after landing we were joined by 5000 half-starved and poorly-clothed Cubans. I am doing very well in the hospital, where everything is made as comfortable as possible."

General Lawton, in his report after the assault upon and capture of El Caney by his division during the first day's fighting, said:

"It may not be out of place to call attention to this peculiar feature of the battle. It was fought against an enemy fortified and intrenched within a compact town of stone and concrete houses, some with walls several feet thick and supported by a number of covered solid forts, and the enemy continued to resist, until nearly every man was killed or wounded, with a seemingly desperate resolution."

A. W. Lawton,

Balloon Brought Down by Shell.

Sergeant Bonazinga, member of the balloon staff of the Fifth Army Corps, at Santiago, was in the military balloon, and was the only one hurt when it fell riddled by the Spanish. He said:

"Our ascent was made just before daylight. Major Maxfield, a telegraph operator, and myself were the only persons in the car. We went up about 2,000 feet and were held in position by four cables. That height gave us an excellent view of the San Juan Hill forts and trenches. We could see troops moving cannon into position and hauling ammunition and the bringing up of infantry from the direction of Santiago. We made careful note of everything—the position of every field piece, its approximate calibre, the number of troops about the blockhouse, and, in fact, everything our army needed to know. This was worked out on charts, and the general information was telegraphed below to the officers.

"We had been at work a couple of hours before the enemy discovered us. Then the sharpshooters began popping away from the treetops, but somehow they didn't hit us. Suddenly we noticed a commotion in a battery near a blockhouse. Their big guns were trained our way and a shell went

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screaming over the top of the balloon. They soon had the whole battery working and our position became decidedly uncomfortable.

"Shot and shell whizzed around us for hours, but did not hit us. Suddenly, about 5.30 P. M., the balloon jerked violently to one side and a cloud of silk tumbled about us. A shell had struck the gas bag, and we were sent whirling to the ground. I crashed into a tree-top and lost consciousness. When I came to I was on a stretcher being borne to the hospital. Here it was found that two of my ribs had been broken and I was bruised from head to foot."

Sergeant Thomas C. Boone, a Second-regiment man, who was also in the war balloon, tells the particulars of the disaster, the result of the sad mistake in sending the balloon up from the skirmishing line instead of from the rear. In a letter Mr. Boone said:

Balloon Came Down with a Rush.

"I have not told you of my accidents before while in Cuba, because I did not care to arouse the anxiety of my friends at home, and although I have been unable to walk for some time, still I did not consider my condition as serious as the surgeons here claim it to be. I will tell you how I got hurt. It was a streak of continuous bad luck. On the first day of July I went up in the balloon on the battlefield at 7 A.M., and the balloon was being moved all over the field when shot to pieces eighty yards from the Spanish line at 1 P.M.

"We thought our height, together with their bad marksmanship, afforded us protection. We were badly mistaken. At least two hundred bullets and four shrapnel shots went through the inflating bag, allowing the gas to escape, and we came down with a rush, striking the top of a tree alongside a creek, throwing us out. In falling I was caught in the abdomen by a point of the anchor of the balloon, was suspended for a moment—it seemed a lifetime—then dropped into the creek, with the water up to my shoulders. I was badly bruised and shaken up, but owing to the excitement of the time I did not notice the pain.

"Three of our detachment were killed and four wounded out of twenty-one men, which shows that we were in a pretty warm place. Well, I did not go to the hospital about my injury until July 14, and I was then so weak I could scarcely walk. The surgeons at the field hospital placed me in an old army wagon without springs at nine o'clock one night, to be taken to another hospital seven miles away, over the worst road in the world without doubt. At this hospital I was told that I would have to go to the United States for an operation, and here I am."

CHAPTER XV.

General Shafter Tells of the Downfall of Santiago and Surrender of the Spanish Army.

BY July 2d, it became evident to all that Santiago was a doomed city, and this became a certainty the next morning when Cervera's fleet made its disastrous effort to escape. El Caney and San Juan commanding Santiago were in our possession and help could no longer be expected from without.

General Shafter, thereupon, immediately demanded the surrender of Santiago on pain of bombardment, a demand which was promptly refused by General Jose Toral, the commander of the city.

The United States were not waging war against defenseless women and children; the Spanish general was informed that, for their sake, the bombardment would be postponed until July 5th, at noon.

Negotiations for "honorable" terms of surrender were now carried on for several days by the Santiago commander in the course of which Hobson and his crew were exchanged (July 6th) and the line of our intrenchments was carried closer and closer to the city.

At last, on the 16th of the month, the beleaguered general bowed to the inevitable.

With the surrender of the province of Santiago, Cuba was lost to Spain.

On July 18th, General Shafter wrote to Secretary Alger of the surrender as follows:

"Camp before Santiago, Cuba, July 18th.

"I take the liberty of sending to you this morning a copy of the agreement between the Commissioners on my part and the Commissioners on the part of the Government of Spain for the surrender of eastern Cuba. The schedule just submitted shows there to be a little over 22,000 men and officers, about 6,000 more men than I have had myself, and I am glad to say that we have got all these men with very little loss of life, compared with what it would have been had we fought them.

"The city of Santiago is simply a net work of fortifications at every street corner. I had no proper conception of its strength until I went into it, although I knew these old stone towns were naturally very strong. Everything is going admirably, so far as the transfer is concerned, and the Spanish troops are behaving well, as they are perfectly delighted at the thought of getting home.

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"I send to you personally a copy of a telegram of General Linares to his Government, which one of the Consuls gave me. It shows the straits to which they were put and the feelings that animated them. He stated the case exactly; I did have him so surrounded that it was impossible for him to get away; and I could wait and he could not.

"I send out to-morrow morning to receive something over 2,000 men up in the interior, a short distance, about thirty miles, and in two or three days will send to Guantanamo to receive the 7,000 that have surrendered there. They should be shipped from Guantanamo Bay direct to Spain. There are also about 800 men each from Baracoa and Sagua de Tanamo, on the northeast, who will come into the port there for shipment. I will send an officer around with a Spanish officer to take their arms and military supplies.

"We have gotten a great deal more than I had any idea of getting in the way of munitions of war. In everything but food they were well supplied. Have got a few beautiful modern high-power guns, about a dozen.

Plan to Remove Our Soldiers.

"My only fear is that we shall have some sickness, and it is for that reason that I have wired you so earnestly about getting these prisoners away, so that we can go up in the mountains with my command fifteen or twenty miles, at the end of the railroad at San Luis, which is said to be very healthy. It is, at any rate, about 1,500 feet above the sea, and has communication by rail with Santiago.

"So far there is no fever in Santiago, I suppose because there is no one there except immunes. Three cases only so far this year, and the English Consul tells me there was very little last year.

"Of those here who served throughout the Civil War, all declare they never had anything that could compare with it for hardships. With only one set of clothes, officers have been until now rained on nearly every day, carrying three days' rations, like the men, on their person, and suffering every privation that any man can; added to all these privations, all the horrors of disease in an unknown land, and very limited accommodations should they be wounded.

"The spirit shown by them and by the whole army was simply grand. I can recall no instance where a greater surrender has been made than this. The final surrender of General Toral and his generals to myself and my generals was highly dramatic as well as the hoisting of the flag over the city of Santiago, one of the oldest cities in this continent.

"I want to thank you and the President for words of cheer that have come to us, and to say that none of us have ever doubted that every effort

possible to make our lives as secure and our situation as comfortable as is possible would be made."

General Shafter's report of the campaign briefly recounts the organization of the expedition and its embarkation and then devotes the main body of the report to the active operations about Santiago. General Shafter says the expedition was undertaken in compliance with telegraphic instructions of May 30 from headquarters of the army, in which it was stated:

"Admiral Schley reports that two cruisers and two torpedo boats have been seen in the harbor of Santiago. Go with your force to capture garrison at Santiago and assist in capturing harbor and fleet."

The Start from Tampa.

The report gives in detail the troops assembled at Tampa. The cavalry was dismounted because of lack of transportation for the animals and because it was believed mounted cavalry could not operate efficiently near Santiago. This, General Shafter says, was found subsequently to be correct. After reciting the delay at Tampa, due to inadequate facilities, General Shafter says that on June 7 he received orders to sail without delay, but not with less than 10,000 men.

After some of the transports had already reached the lower bay telegraphic instructions were received from the Secretary of War directing that the sailing of the expedition be delayed waiting further orders. This delay was occasioned by the navy reporting that a Spanish war vessel had been sighted in the Nicholas Channel. The ships in the lower bay were immediately recalled. The expedition sailed on June 14 with 815 officers and 16,072 men.

General Shafter briefly covers the trip and landing, and his first meeting with General Garcia, adding:

"During the interview General Garcia offered the services of his troops, comprising about 4000 men, in the vicinity of Aseraderos, and about 500 under General Castillo, at the little town of Cujababo, a few miles east of Daiquiri. I accepted his offer, impressing it upon him that I could exercise no military control over him except such as he would concede, and as long as he served under me I would furnish him rations and ammunition."

After conferring with Admiral Sampson and General Garcia the plan of campaign was outlined by General Shafter. The disembarkation was to commence on the 22d at Daiquiri, with feints by the Cubans on Cabanas, and by the navy at various shore points, in order to mislead the enemy as to the place of landing.

"These movements," General Shafter says, "committed me to approach-

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ing Santiago from the east over a narrow road, at first in some places not better than a trail, running from Baiquiri through Siboney and Sevilla, and making attack from that quarter. This, in my judgment, was the only feasible plan, and subsequent information and results confirmed my judgment."

Of the early operations, and the skirmishes in which the rough riders participated, the report says:

"General Young's brigade passed beyond Lawton on the night of the 23d-24th, thus taking the advance, and on the morning of the latter date became engaged with a Spanish force intrenched in a strong position at La Quasina, a point on the Santiago road about three miles from Siboney. General Young's forces consisted of one squadron of the First Cavalry, one of the Tenth Cavalry, and two of the First United States Volunteer Cavalry, in all, 964 officers and men.

"The enemy made an obstinate resistance, but were driven from the field with considerable loss. Our own loss was one officer and fifteen men killed; six officers and forty-six men wounded. The reported losses of the Spaniards were nine killed and twenty-seven wounded. The engagement had an inspiring effect upon our men and doubtless, correspondingly, depressed the enemy, as it was now plainly demonstrated to them that they had a foe to meet who would advance upon them under a heavy fire delivered from intrenchments. General Wheeler, division commander, was present during the engagement and reports that our troops, officers and men fought with the greatest gallantry. This engagement gave us a well-watered country farther to the front, on which to encamp our troops."

General Shafter's Plan of Attack.

The report continues: "It was not until nearly two weeks after the army landed that it was possible to place on shore three days' supplies in excess of those required for the daily consumption.

"On June 30 I reconnoitered the country about Santiago and made my plan of attack. From a high hill, from which the city was in plain view, I could see the San Juan hill and the country about El Caney. The roads were very poor and, indeed, little better than bridle paths until the San Juan River and El Caney were reached."

General Shafter explained at a meeting of generals his plan of battle, as follows:

"Lawton's division, assisted by Capron's light battery, was ordered to move out during the afternoon toward El Caney to begin the attack early the next morning. After carrying El Caney, Lawton was to move by the Caney road toward Santiago, and take position on the right of the line.

Wheeler's division of dismounted cavalry and Kent's division of infantry were directed on the Santiago road, the head of the column resting near El Pozo, toward which heights Grimes' Battery moved on the afternoon of the 30th with orders to take position there early the next morning and at the proper time prepare the way for the advance of Wheeler and Kent on San Juan hill. The attack at this point was to be delayed until Lawton's guns were heard at El Caney and his infantry fire showed that he had become well engaged.

Forced the Fight.

"The preparations were far from what I desired them to be, but we were in a sickly climate; our supplies had to be brought forward by a narrow wagon road which the rains might at any time render impassable; fear was entertained that a storm might drive the vessels containing our stores to sea, thus separating us from our base of supplies, and lastly, it was reported that General Pando, with 8000 reinforcements for the enemy, was en route from Manzanillo and might be expected in a few days. Under these conditions I determined to give battle without delay.

"Early on the morning of July 1, Lawton was in a position around El Caney. Chaffee's brigade on the right, across the Guantanamo road; Colonel Evan Miles' brigade in the centre and Ludlow's on the left. The duty of cutting off the enemy's retreat along the Santiago road was assigned to the latter brigade. The artillery opened on the town at 6.15 A.M. The battle here soon became general and was hotly contested. The enemy's position was naturally strong and was rendered more so by blockhouses, a stone fort and intrenchments cut in solid rock and the loopholing of a solidly-built stone church.

"The opposition offered by the enemy was greater than had been anticipated and prevented Lawton from joining the right of the main line during the day, as had been intended. After the battle had continued for some time, Bates' brigade of two regiments reached my headquarters from Siboney. I directed him to move near El Caney to give assistance, if necessary. He did so and was in position between Miles and Chaffee. The battle continued with varying intensity during most of the day and until the place was carried by assault about 4.30 P.M. As the Spaniards endeavored to retreat along the Santiago road, Ludlow's position enabled him to do very effective work and to practically cut off all the retreat in that direction.

"After the battle El Caney was well opened, and the sound of the small arm fire caused us to believe that Lawton was driving the enemy before him. I directed Grimes' battery to open fire from the heights of El Pozo on the San Juan block house, which could be seen situated in the enemy's intrench-

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ments extending along the crest of San Juan hill. This fire was effective, and the enemy could be seen running away from the vicinity of the blockhouse. The artillery fire from El Pozo was soon returned by the enemy's artillery. They evidently had the range of this hill, and their first shells killed and wounded several men. As the Spaniards used smokeless powder, it was very difficult to locate the position of their pieces, while, on the contrary, the smoke caused by our black powder plainly indicated the position of our battery.

"At this time the cavalry division under General Sumner, which was lying concealed in the general vicinity of the El Pozo house, was ordered forward, with directions to cross the San Juan River and deploy to the right on the Santiago side, while Kent's division was to follow closely in its rear and deploy to the left.

"These troops moved forward in compliance with orders, but the road was so narrow as to render it impracticable to retain the column of fours formation at all points, while the undergrowth on either side was so dense as to preclude the possibility of deploying skirmishers. It naturally resulted that the progress made was slow, and the long-range rifles of the enemy's infantry killed and wounded a number of our men while marching along this road, and before there was any opportunity to return this fire.

"At this time Generals Kent and Sumner were ordered to push forward with all possible haste and place their troops in position to engage the enemy. General Kent, with this end in view, forced the head of his column alongside of the cavalry column as far as the narrow trail permitted, and thus hurried his arrival at the San Juan and the formation beyond that stream. A few hundred yards before reaching the San Juan the road forks, a fact that was discovered by Lieutenant-Colonel Derby, of my staff, who had approached well to the front in a war balloon. This information he furnished to the troops, resulting in Sumner moving on the right-hand road while Kent was enabled to utilize the road to the left.

Wheeler at the Front.

"General Wheeler, the permanent commander of the cavalry division, who had been ill, came forward during the morning, and later returned to duty and rendered most gallant and efficient service during the remainder of the day.

"After crossing the stream the cavalry moved to the right, with a view of connecting with Lawton's left when he could come up, and with their left resting near the Santiago road.

"In the meantime, Kent's division, with the exception of two regiments

of Hawkins' brigade, being thus uncovered, moved rapidly to the front from the forks in the road previously mentioned, utilizing both trails, but more especially the one to the left, and crossing the creek, formed for attack in front of San Juan hill. During this formation, the Second Brigade suffered severely. While personally superintending this movement, its gallant commander, Colonel Wikoff, was killed. The command of the brigade then devolved upon Lieutenant-Colonel Worth, Thirteenth Infantry, who was soon severely wounded, and next upon Lieutenant-Colonel Liscum, Twenty-fourth Infantry, who five minutes later also fell under the terrible fire of the enemy, and the command of the brigade then devolved upon Lieutenant-Colonel Ewers, Ninth Infantry.

"While the formation thus described was taking place, General Kent took measures to hurry forward his rear brigade. The Tenth and Second Infantry were ordered to follow Wikoff's brigade, while the Twenty-first was sent on the right-hand road to support the First brigade, under General Hawkins, who had crossed the stream and formed on the right of the division. The Second and Tenth Infantry, Colonel E. P. Pearson commanding, moved forward in good order on the left of the division, passed over a green knoll, and drove the enemy back toward his trenches.

A Gallant Charge.

"After completing their formation under a destructive fire, and advancing a short distance, both divisions found in their front a wide bottom, in which had been placed a barbed wire entanglement, and beyond which there was a high hill, along the crest of which the enemy was strongly posted. Nothing daunted, these gallant men pushed on to drive the enemy from his chosen position, both divisions losing heavily. In this assault Colonel Hamilton, Lieutenants Smith and Ship were killed, and Colonel Carroll, Lieutenants Thayer and Myer, all in the cavalry, were wounded.

"Great credit is due to Brigadier-General H. S. Hawkins, who, placing himself between his regiments, urged them on by voice and bugle calls to the attack so brilliantly executed.

"In this fierce encounter words fail to do justice to the gallant regimental commanders and their heroic men, for, while the generals indicated the formations and the points of attack, it was, after all, the intrepid bravery of the subordinate officers and men that planted our colors on the crest of San Juan hill and drove the enemy from his trenches and block-houses, thus gaining a position which sealed the fate of Santiago.

"In this action on this part of the field most efficient service was rendered by Lieutenant John H. Parker, Thirteenth Infantry, and the Gatling gun de-

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tachment under his command. The fighting continued at intervals until nightfall, but our men held resolutely to the positions gained at the cost of so much blood and toil.

"I am greatly indebted to General Wheeler, who, as previously stated, returned from the sick list to duty during the period. His cheerfulness and aggressiveness made a good impression on this part of the battlefield, and the information he furnished to me at various stages of the battle proved to be most useful.

"My own health was impaired by over-exertion in the sun and intense heat of the day before, which prevented me from participating as actively in the battle as I desired, but from a high hill near my headquarters I had a general view of the battlefield, extending from El Caney on the right to the left of our lines on San Juan Hill."

General Shafter follows in detail the movements of the troops and the intrenching done during the night. He says:

"General Duffield, with the Thirty-third Michigan, attacked Aguadores, as ordered, but was unable to accomplish more than to detain the Spaniards in that vicinity. On the night of July 1st I ordered General Duffield, at Siboney, to send forward the Thirty-fourth Michigan and the Ninth Massachusetts, both of which had just arrived from the United States. These regiments reached the front the next morning.

Furious Battle.

"All day on the 2d the battle raged with more or less fury, but such of our troops as were in position at daylight held their ground and Lawton gained a strong and commanding position on the right. About 10 P. M. the enemy made a vigorous assault to break through my lines, but he was repulsed at all points.

"On the morning of the 3d the battle was renewed, but the enemy seemed to have expended his energy in the assault of the previous night, and the firing along the lines was desultory until stopped by my sending a letter within the Spanish lines."

General Shafter then gives the dispatches passing between him and General Toral. He proceeds:

"I was of the opinion that the Spaniards would surrender if given a little time, and I thought this result would be hastened if the men of their army could be made to understand they would be well treated as prisoners of war. Acting upon this presumption, I determined to offer to return all the wounded Spanish officers at El Caney who were able to bear transportation and who were willing to give their paroles not to serve against the forces of the United

States until regularly exchanged. This offer was made and accepted. These officers, as well as several of the wounded Spanish privates, twenty-seven in all, were sent to their lines under the escort of some of our mounted cavalry. Our troops were received with honors, and I have every reason to believe the return of the Spanish prisoners produced a good impression on their comrades.

"The cessation of firing about noon on the 3d practically terminated the battle of Santiago; all that occurred after this time may properly be treated under the head of the siege which followed. After deducting the detachments retained at Siboney and Baiquiri to render those depots secure from attack, organizations held to protect our flanks, other acting as escorts and guards to light batteries, the members of the hospital corps, guards left in charge of blanket rolls which the intense heat caused the men to cast aside before entering battle, orderlies, etc., it is doubtful if we had more than 12,000 men on the firing line on July 1st, when the battle was fiercest and when the important and strong positions of El Caney and San Juan were captured.

"A few Cubans assisted in the attack at El Caney, and fought valiantly, but their numbers were too small to materially change the strength as indicated above. The enemy confronted us with numbers about equal to our own; they fought obstinately in strong and intrenched positions, and the results obtained clearly indicate the intrepid gallantry of the company, officers and men, and the benefits derived from the careful training and instruction given in the company in recent years in rifle practice and other battle exercises.

Our Losses at Santiago.

"Our losses in these battles were 32 officers and 208 men killed, and 81 officers and 1203 men wounded; missing, 79. The missing, with few exceptions, reported later."

General Shafter says the arrival of General Escario at Santiago was not anticipated. He says: "General Garcia, with between four and five thousand Cubans, was intrusted with the duty of watching for and intercepting the reinforcements expected. This, however, he failed to do, and Escario passed into the city on my extreme right, near the bay."

After speaking of Admiral Cervera's sortie and the destruction of his fleet, General Shafter says he again called on the Spanish commanders to surrender. He continues:

"On the same date I informed Admiral Sampson that if he would force his way into the harbor the city would surrender without any further sacrifice of life. Commodore Watson replied that Admiral Sampson was temporarily absent, but that in his (Watson's) opinion the navy should not enter the harbor.

"The strength of the enemy's position was such I did not wish to assault

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if it could be avoided. An examination of the enemy's works, made after the surrender, fully justified the wisdom of the course adopted. The entrenchments could only have been carried with very great loss of life."

General Shafter gives the varying efforts towards securing a surrender, and his reopening the engagement on the 10th when the truce ended. On the 11th the surrender was again demanded.

"By this date," the General continues, "the sickness in the army was increasing very rapidly, as a result of exposure in the trenches to the intense heat of the sun and the heavy rains. Moreover, the dews in Cuba are almost equal to rains. The weakness of the troops was becoming so apparent I was anxious to bring the siege to an end, but in common with most of the officers of the army I did not think an assault would be justifiable, especially as the enemy seemed to be acting in good faith in the preliminary propositions to surrender.

"July 12th I informed the Spanish commander that Major-General Miles, Commander-in-chief of the American army, had just arrived in my camp and requested him to grant us a personal interview on the following day. He replied that he would be pleased to meet us. The interview took place on the 13th, and I informed him his surrender only could be considered and that as he was without hope of escape he had no right to continue to fight."

Obstacles Encountered.

General Shafter then gives the details of the final surrender, his entry to the city, and the raising of the American flag. In closing, he says:

"Before closing my report I wish to dwell upon the natural obstacles I had to encounter, and which no foresight could have overcome or obviated. The rocky and precipitous coast afforded no sheltered landing-places, the roads were mere bridle paths, the effect of the tropical sun and rains upon unacclimated troops was deadly, and the dread of strange and unknown diseases had its effect on the army.

"At Baiquiri the landing of the troops and stores was made at a small wooden wharf, which the Spaniards tried to burn, but unsuccessfully, and the animals were pushed into the water and guided to a sandy beach about 200 yards in extent. At Siboney the landing was made on the beach and a small wharf erected by the engineers. I had neither the time nor the men to spare to construct permanent wharves.

"In spite of the fact that I had nearly 1,000 men continuously at work on the roads, they were at times impassable for wagons. The San Juan and Aguadores Rivers would often suddenly rise so as to prevent the passage of wagons, and then the eight pack trains with the command had to be depended

upon for the victualing of the army, as well as the 20,000 refugees, who could not, in the interest of humanity, be left to starve while we had rations.

"Often for days nothing could be moved except on pack trains. After the great physical strain and exposure of July 1st and 2d, the malarial and other fevers began to rapidly advance throughout the command, and on July 4th the yellow fever appeared at Siboney. Though efforts were made to keep this fact from the army it soon became known.

"The supply of quartermaster and commissary stores during the campaign was abundant, and, notwithstanding the difficulties in landing and transporting the rations, the troops on the firing line were at all times supplied with bread, meat, sugar and coffee. There was no lack of transportation, for at no time up to the surrender could all the wagons I had be used.

"In reference to the sick and wounded, I have to say that they received every attention that it was possible to give them. The medical officers, without exception, worked night and day to alleviate the suffering, which was no greater than invariably accompanies a campaign. It would have been better if we had more ambulances, but as many were taken as were thought necessary, judging from previous campaigns.

"The discipline of the command was superb, and I wish to invite attention to the fact that not an officer was brought to trial by court-martial, and, as far as I know, no enlisted men.



Linares Foresaw Santiago's Doom.

Upon the destruction of Cervera's fleet, General Linares saw the hopelessness of further resistance. On July 12th, he addressed a pathetic appeal to the Spanish War Minister, strongly picturing the desperate condition of his troops and offering to assume the responsibility of surrendering to prevent more bloodshed. The letter, which was referred to by General Shafter in the foregoing, was sent by way of Havana, under date of July 12th, and probably had the endorsement of Captain General Blanco. It was as follows:

"To the Minister of War:—

"Although prostrated in bed by excessive weakness and sharp pains, I am preoccupied to such an extent by the terrible condition of these long-suffering troops that I consider it my duty to address your Excellency, the Minister of War, in order to expose the true condition of affairs.

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the limits of this city. The natural formation of the surrounding country gives our besiegers great advantages.

"Our lines extend fourteen kilometres. Our troops are attenuated and the proportion of sick is considerable, but they are not allowed to go to the hospital owing to the necessity of our keeping them in the trenches. Our horses have no grain or forage.

"Under a veritable deluge we remained for twenty hours at a stretch in the trenches and breastworks, soaked to the marrow, with no earthly shelter or protection possible for the unfortunate soldiers, who eat nothing but rice, and cannot even change or dry their clothes.

Could Not Break Through Our Lines.

"The great losses among our officers—either dead, wounded, sick or disappeared—deprive our men of the necessary direction and command at critical moments.

"Under such conditions it would be impossible to attempt to break through the enemy's ranks, as one-third of our men are too feeble to walk and would have to be left behind, while the rest of us would be decimated and routed by the superior forces of the enemy. The result of such an attempt would be a wholesale slaughter and national disaster.

"In order to attempt a sortie under the protection of the Holguin division, it is in the first place necessary for those forces to break through the enemy's ranks and reinforce ours before we could move. On the other hand, the Holguin forces would have ahead of them eight days of forced marches, and would have to bring a great quantity of commissary supplies and rations, which it would be impossible for them to do.

"Altogether the gravity of the situation is appalling. The surrender of the town is inevitable. A prolonged resistance would simply mean a protraction of our death agony. The sacrifice would be sterile and fruitless.

"The enemy appreciates our position perfectly, and, with our lines circumvented and walled in as securely as they are, he is able to drain and wipe out our forces without exposing his own, as he did yesterday—cannonading us with vertical fire, while we could not see or make out his batteries. Moreover, his navy has our range down to so fine a point that his ships can bombard the town by sections with mathematical precision.

"Santiago de Cuba is not Gerona, which was defended inch by inch to the last drop of blood by women and children, by the old and by the feeble, all moved by the sacred spirit of independence and animated and encouraged by the hope and promise of relief, which they did actually receive.

"Here solitude alone reigns. The total population, native as well as

Spanish, has left the city. Not only have private individuals abandoned it, but public officials and government employees as well. The clergy alone remain within our walls, and they, too, are preparing to flee to-morrow, with their prelate at their head.

"Our troops are not starting to-day, fresh and vigorous, full of energy and enthusiasm, on a campaign. They are men who have struggled three long years against climatic perils, fatigue, hardships, disease and hunger, and who to-day, when called to face these trying and critical conditions, are wasted away in body and soul, with no earthly means or possibility of relief.

Further Sacrifices Needless.

"The honors of arms and of war have limits, and I appeal to the judgment of the government and of the whole nation as to whether these troops have not given repeated illustrations of courage, valor and devotion, and whether they are to be further sacrificed for a lost cause.

"If for reasons of which I am ignorant their sacrifices demand it, or if some person is required, who will assume responsibility for the inglorious end already predicted in my former dispatches, I offer myself loyally on the altar of my country, to assume command and responsibility in either case, and I will, if necessary, be alone answerable for the surrender of this place, as my modest reputation is of small value, compared with the national welfare.

"LINARES."

An unpleasant incident, following the surrender of Santiago, was the withdrawal of General Garcia and his troops, on the allegation that they were ignored officially during the ceremonies. As a consequence Garcia was relieved of his command by the Cuban Provisional Government. General Garcia's report as to the movements of his troops was as follows:

"On the 6th of June the steamer Gloucester brought a communication from General Miles, Commander-in-chief of the American army, in which he informed me of the project to attack by land and sea the city of Santiago de Cuba, and that it was necessary that the greater part of the Cuban forces should advance on that city to co-operate with him. Immediately I gave orders that the forces that had been armed should move forward toward Santiago, a very difficult operation, the infantry being almost worn out, and on account of the scarcity of food for so many people.

"Surmounting these difficulties the forces arrived at Palma Soriano, and on the 18th I marched to Asseradores, where I arrived on the 19th at 7.30 A.M., having been summoned there to confer with the Admiral of the American navy, Sampson, to decide on the best plan of attacking Santiago de Cuba. This conference took place on board the flagship New York. I must now

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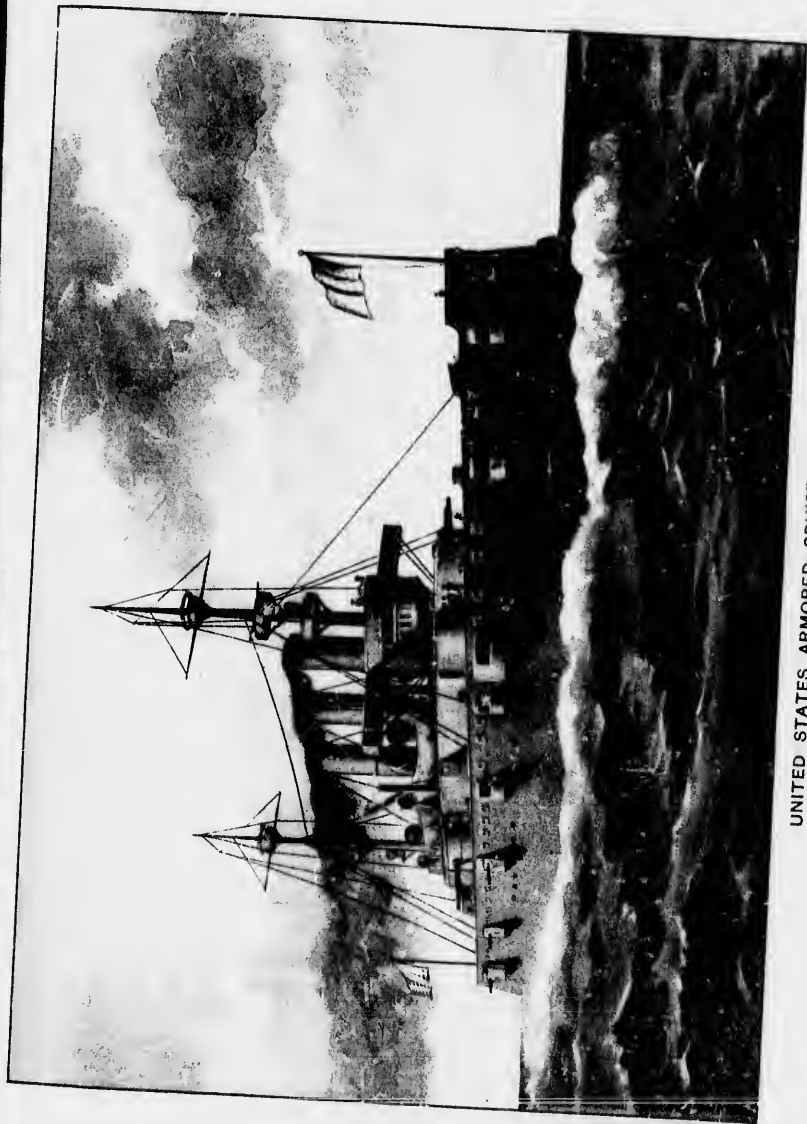
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declare that my object in moving my forces on Santiago de Cuba, and meeting the Admiral of the United States navy, has been to obey the orders I received from the Council of Government to obey and respect the orders and instructions of the commanders of the American army on their commencing operations in the territory under my command.

Conference with Shafter.

"On the 20th, at half-past two o'clock, the General of Brigade, commander of the brigade of Ramon de las Taguas, Demetrio Castillo, landed in Asseradores from Sagua, brought over by an American man-of-war, to receive my orders. A short time after I was advised that Major General William R. Shafter, commander of the Fifth Army Corps of the United States Army, had landed to confer with me on the attack by land of Santiago de Cuba.

"After a long conference, and after the American general had accepted the plan I laid before him for the landing of his troops, he returned to the ship. The following day the General of Division, Augustin Cebreco, marched toward the west of Cuba with the forces of his division, with the object of preventing the enemy from reinforcing its garrisons of the coast in that part, and at 8 P.M. a force of 530 men, belonging to the division of the Bayamo, and commanded by Brigadier General Demetrio Castillo, was shipped on board an American transport to go to the reinforcement of the brigade of Ramon, to protect the landing of the American army, and advance on Santiago by the east.

"These forces landed in Sigua and advanced at once upon Baiquiri, with their commander, Colonel Carlos Gonzalez, and with 500 men of the brigade of Ramon, under Brigadier General Castillo. The Spaniards, in a great hurry, abandoned Baiquiri, which Castillo occupied as the American navy began to bombard it, but firing was suspended as soon as our flag was hoisted.

"The Americans landed their first regiments at Baiquiri and advanced on Firmeza and Siboney, with the Cuban forces always in the vanguard, they being the first to occupy said village. In Siboney the landing of American troops was continued, while the Cuban forces under Colonel Carlos Gonzalez, advancing on Santiago, sustained a severe encounter with the enemy in La Quasina; suffering some losses, but inflicting greater upon the Spaniards.

"In my conference with Admiral Sampson and Major General Shafter we decided that I should embark with 3000 men at Asseradores and land east of Santiago. With this object I sent for the forces at Aguacate (near Palma), and on the 25th, at 7 A.M., we began to embark, which operation was finished in the evening.

"I was on board of the Alamo with my staff and some officers, invited

by General Ludlow, who had superintended the embarkation. Brigadier General Sanchez, with a force of 800 men, who embarked first in the steamer *Leona*, landed at 5 o'clock P.M. in Siboney. There were already camped the Cuban forces which had arrived before, as well as many thousands of the American army."

A Spanish Officer's Story.

One of the few surviving Spanish officers at the battle of Caney, fought on July 1, who was an aid on General Vara del Rey's staff, and was present at the death of that officer, gives the following narrative, which is told in the officer's own words, furnishing the Spanish view of one of the hardest fought battles of the war :

"Brigadier-General Joaquin Vara del Rey, in command of the brigade of San Luis, composed of three companies of the Twenty-ninth regulars, numbering 467 men and 47 guerrillas," said the officer, "was ordered by General Linares to proceed from San Luis to Santiago, there to reinforce the garrison in the city.

"We left San Luis on June 23, marched to El Poso, and thence to Santiago, where we stayed forty-eight hours, when we were ordered out to Caney to strengthen the left flank of the Spanish lines. We arrived there on the 28th, in the evening, after an uneventful march.

"The 514 men of General Vara del Rey's command were the only troops at Caney, and were never reinforced. The 467 regulars were armed with Mausers, and the 47 guerrillas with Remington rifles.

"On the afternoon of the 30th, we noticed a balloon ascending in the air about a quarter of an hour. After its descent, we saw the enemy pick up their tents and move their camp, but as the night was falling we were unable to locate their new position, although we guessed at it pretty correctly.

"We hurriedly dug trenches about three feet deep, in which the men fired kneeling. We worked in the trenches and breastworks all through the night, assigned the men to their posts, and placed thirty regulars in the fort or block house known as El Paraiso, fearing a surprise from the enemy. Our fears proved only too well grounded, for at daybreak the next morning, July 1, the first shell from the enemy's guns fell in the town.

"The Americans simultaneously opened with four rapid-fire guns, and kept up a volcanic fire until three o'clock in the afternoon. We had no artillery with which to reply, and soon realized that we had the fight of our lives on our hands. All the ammunition we had were twelve mule loads of eight cases each, a total of 66,000 rounds.

"The enemy's fire was incessant, and we answered with equal rapidity. I have never seen anything to equal the courage and dash of those Ameri-

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cans, who, stripped to the waist, offering their naked breasts to our murderous fire, literally threw themselves on our trenches, on the very muzzles of our guns.

"Our execution must have been terrible. We had the advantage of our position, and mowed them down by the hundred, but they never retreated or fell back an inch. As one man fell, shot through the heart, another would take his place with grim determination and unflinching devotion to duty in every line of his face.

"Their gallantry was heroic. We wondered at these men, who fought like lions and fell like men, courting a wholesale massacre, which could well have been avoided had they only kept up their firing without storming our trenches.

"Our stock of ammunition was dwindling fast, we were losing men rapidly, and were fighting the battle of despair, the inevitable staring us in the face. General Vara del Rey was standing in the square opposite the church when word was brought to him that the last round had been served to the men. This was about three o'clock in the afternoon.

"He at once gave the order to retreat, crying to his men, '*Salvese quien pueda!*'

"Hardly had he given the order before he fell, shot through both legs. One of his aids, Lieutenant Joaquin Dominguez, turned to the General as he fell, exclaiming, 'General, what slaughter!' A bullet took the top clean off his skull, killing him on the spot.

The Death of General Vara Del Rey.

"In the meantime I had secured a stretcher and ordered four men to place the general in it and carry him to a place of safety. Bullets were whizzing past us and falling like hail all around. It seemed that fate was against us. As they placed him in the stretcher General Vara del Rey was shot through the head and killed. All four litter bearers were shot, and Lieutenant Antonio Vara del Rey, a brother and aid to the General, was wounded and taken prisoner. Earlier in the day Majors Aguero and Aragon, both on the General's staff, had also been killed. Besides these, ten other officers were shot, and we had 230 men killed and wounded.

"At General Vara del Rey's death all took flight, running down the hill and toward the woods and underbrush, in a mad effort to save their lives.

"Toward evening small bands of straggling, worn-out soldiers began to arrive in Santiago, and at half-past eight o'clock that night Lieutenant Colonel Punet came in with 103 men, whom he had been able to rally and bring into the city in some sort of order.

"None of the blockhouses in the surrounding country was engaged that day, but in the early morning a shell from the American lines fell in the San Miguel blockhouse, setting it on fire and killing seven men. We estimated the enemy's forces engaged at Caney on July 1 at three thousand men and their artillery at four rapid-fire guns.

"It was the hardest fighting I have ever seen or ever care to see. The brilliancy and daring of the American attack was only equalled by the coolness and stubbornness of the Spanish defence.

"The report that the body of General Vara del Rey had never been recovered is untrue. It was buried by the American troops, and his grave was marked by a wooden cross. A decoration found on his breast was unpinned, and later handed to General Toral by General Shafter."

Spanish Soldiers' Gratitude.

The generous treatment of the Spanish soldiers by the victors before Santiago resulted in the production of a document entirely unique in the annals of warfare. It was in the form of a farewell address issued to the American soldiers by Pedro Lopez Castillo, a private Spanish soldier, in behalf of the 11,000 men who had surrendered. No victorious army since history was written has ever received such a document from the foe.

The following is the full text of the address as cabled by General Shafter
 "SANTIAGO, August 22, 1898.—H. C. Corbin, Adjutant General United States Army, Washington: The following letter has just been received from the soldiers now embarking for Spain:

"Major General Shafter, commanding the American army in Cuba: Sir—The Spanish soldiers who capitulated in this place on the 16th of July last, recognizing your high and just position, pray that through you all the courageous and noble soldiers under your command may receive our good wishes and farewell, which we have no doubt you will grant, you will gain the everlasting gratitude and consideration of 11,000 Spanish soldiers, who are your most humble servants.

"PEDRO LOPEZ DE CASTILLO,
"Private of Infantry."

Also the following letter addressed to the soldiers of the American army:

"Soldiers of the American army: We would not be fulfilling our duty as well born men in whose breasts there live gratitude and courtesy, should we embark for our beloved Spain without sending to you our most cordial and sincere good wishes and farewell.

"We fought you with ardor, with all our strength, endeavoring to gain the victory, but without the slightest rancor or hate toward the American

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nation. We have been vanquished by you (so our generals and chiefs judged in signing the capitulation), but our surrender and the bloody battles preceding it have left in our souls no place for resentment against the men who fought us nobly and valiantly.

"You fought and acted in compliance with the same call of duty as we, for we all but represent the power of our respective states. You fought us as men, face to face, and with great courage, as before stated, a quality which we had not met during the three years we have carried on this war against a people without morals, without conscience and of doubtful origin, who could not confront the enemy, but hidden, shot their noble victims from ambush and then immediately fled. This was the kind of warfare we had to sustain in this unfortunate land.

Our Troops Praised by the Enemy.

"You have complied exactly with all the laws and usages of war as recognized by the armies of the most civilized nations of the world, have given honorable burial to the dead of the vanquished, have cured their wounds with great humanity; have respected and cared for their prisoners and their comfort, and lastly, to us, whose conditions were terrible, you have given freely of food, of your stock of medicines and you have honored us with distinguished courtesy, for after the fighting the two armies mingled with the utmost harmony.

"With this high sentiment of appreciation from us all there remains but to express our farewell, and with the greatest sincerity we wish you all happiness and health in this land, which will no longer belong to our dear Spain, but will be yours, who have conquered it by force and watered it with your blood, as your conscience called for, under the demand of civilization and humanity, but the descendants of the Congo and of Guinea, mingled with the blood of unscrupulous Spaniards and of traitors and adventurers, these people are not able to exercise or enjoy their liberty, for they will find it a burden to comply with the laws which govern civilized communities. From 11,000 Spanish soldiers.

"PEDRO LOPEZ DE CASTILLO,

"Soldier of Infantry."

Upon the return of the repatriated soldiers to Spain, with their accompaniment of disease, exhaustion, misery and destitution, they expressed sentiments of the highest esteem for the American troops.

What was considered to be a fair representation of their impressions and opinions upon the subject was summarized in an article which was published in all the Spanish newspapers. It was as follows:

"Nearly all the American soldiers appear to be over twenty-five years of

age, and are very robust in appearance. The regular army fights very well, and has an excellent fighting spirit. Among the battalions there is much rivalry, the men advancing with chests bare, striving which shall plant the colors furthest forward.

"The soldiers are of three colors—black, brown, and white. In campaign the uniform of the generals, chiefs, and officers is the same as that of the troops, distinguished only by the stripes worn at the shoulders. Camp uniform is dark, with a flannel shirt similar to that of our sailors, and a tunic of impermeable cloth. For campaigning the costume is of impermeable cloth.

"In the felt hat the majority of them carry to the left a toothbrush, and in the front a small shield, on which are embroidered crossed carbines and the number of the battalion. Generally the soldier carries with him his provisions and a flask full of vinegar, the latter as a preservative against the ague.

"The armament of the soldier is good. He carries a rifle similar to the Mauser, only charged with seven cartridges in place of five, of the same calibre, and in a case of white metal a sword bayonet like that of the Mauser, but shorter.

"The battalions are very full, and the number of companies to each superior to ours. They said, in speaking to our (Spanish) officers, that they did not mind having heavy losses, as there was an over-abundance of population in their country.

Bands of Music in Camp.

"Their regular alimentation consisted of coffee in the morning, two other meals and iced drinks—ice which they brought in large cars to the camps—and a two-pound loaf of bread. In their camps they had their bands, which played until nine in the morning, and until nine at night.

"The sentinels in the camps conducted themselves with the most extreme care and vigilance, not allowing themselves any distractions nor smoking; but when, on the other hand, they were on the march, they smoked and chatted, and sat while they placed their guns up against a wall.

"The soldiers were not allowed to enter the same places as the officers. For example, in the boulevard of Santiago, where a battalion had been posted, sentinels were placed at the doors of the cafes, and the soldiers could only obtain refreshments by permission. To avoid scandals and scenes, the American Generals had decreed that the drinking establishments should be closed, so that the soldiers should not drink alcohol.

"Among the volunteers, as is known, were some of the representatives

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of the highest families in the United States, and some millionaires. There were some medical volunteers, who, together with the Red Cross Society, were at Santiago at the disposition of the Spanish soldiers. There were also some ladies, and young ladies, elegantly dressed, and who were devoting themselves to the cares of nursing the wounded and sick, from highest to lowest.

"Religion being free, there were entire battalions of Roman Catholics, and on Sundays they went to mass at Santiago.

"The Generals convey their orders in the simplest possible manner, and they are obeyed with mathematical rapidity.

"The sanitary train is excellent, and for the transport of the repatriated (Spaniards) from the hospitals outside the walls the Americans gave all their ambulance coaches, which are very well equipped, and drawn by six mules, with automatic brake, and driven by one man.

"The regular army always fights in the vanguard. In marching they go whistling or singing. From the moment they reached Santiago they never missed a moment in practising with arms and drilling. Their infantry is very well instructed, and one of their battalions distinguished itself by the extreme rapidity with which it dug and formed trenches.

"Their activity is so great that they have not occupied a place more than half an hour before they have it fortified. Of cavalry there is little. The mounts are poor."

It must be remembered that the above are not expert opinions, but a number of impressions taken from many mouths, and from the soldiers as they arrived.

CHAPTER XVI.

Graphic Accounts by Naval Officers of the Bombardment of San Juan, Porto Rico.



COME now to narratives concerning Porto Rico. Early in the blockade, before Admiral Cervera's fleet was definitely located, it was rumored to be at various harbors in the Caribbean Sea, among others at the strongly fortified harbor of San Juan on the island of Porto Rico.

To establish the truth of this report, Admiral Sampson bombarded the place, reaching the harbor at daybreak on May 12th. As soon as it was sufficiently light an attack was begun upon the batteries defending the city, and the bombardment was continued three hours. One man was killed on the New York, and seven were wounded on the fleet. The fact was established that the Spanish vessels were not in the harbor, and the American squadron withdrew without damage.

At Key West, lying in the convent, which had been turned over to the government, were several battered heroes of the Iowa at San Juan. First was George Merkle, of New York, a private of marines, who was so badly wounded in the right arm that the doctors cut it off. Only two of the men there were able to tell their story. They were John Engle, of Baltimore, and John Mitchell, of New York, both able seamen. Mitchell was wounded by a fragment of shell that tore to his ribs on the right side, and Engle carried crutches because of a damaged right foot.

"The bombardment of San Juan," said Engle, "was only amusement for the men on the Iowa. We didn't lose a shell we sent toward the batteries, because, you see, ever since the Maine was blown up we have had target practice nearly every day, and we had no excuse for wasting ammunition.

"I remember that I heard one man who was at a gun with me say every time she was fired, 'I wonder how many Spaniards that hit?'

"How did we feel under fire? Why, just full of fun. The boys were singing, and down on the berth deck, where the batteries were being held in reserve, they had a series of waltzes while we were at work in the turrets, and on the spar deck. There was singing and cheering, and some of us enjoyed good smokes while the firing was going on.

"Suddenly a shell burst over our heads and there came a rain of metal. The doctor rushed up from the sick bay and asked the chaplain if anybody had been hurt. The chaplain said, 'Yes,' and they took three of us below.

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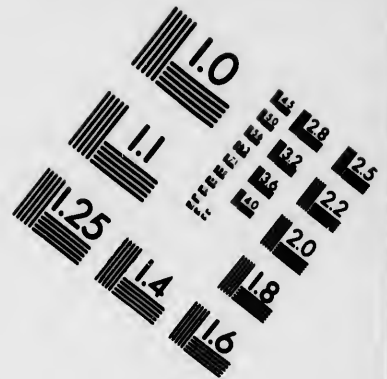
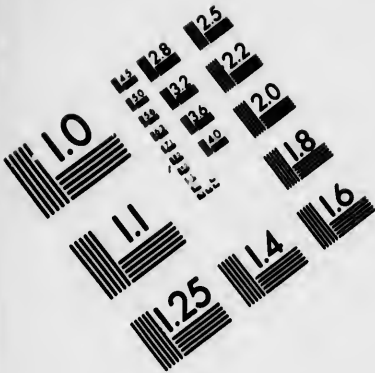
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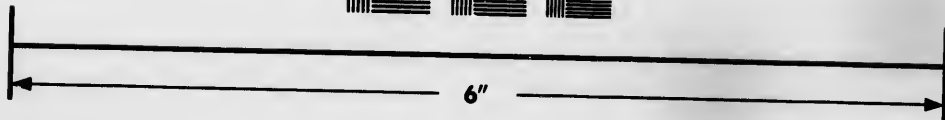
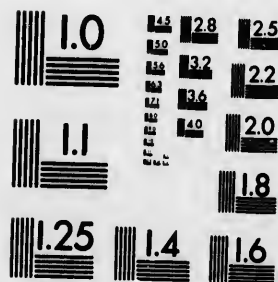
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LANDING OF MARINES AND DESPERATE FIGHT NEAR GUANTANAMO.

LANDING OF MARINES AND DESPERATE FIGHT NEAR GUANTANAMO.



HARBOR AND FORTS AT SAN JUAN—PORTO RICO.

That stopped the gayety for a while, and some of the boys crowded down to see how badly we were hurt. They went back to work in a minute, though, and as soon as they saw the damage done by the next gun they cheered harder than ever.

"We didn't fire so many shots at the forts. The Spaniards wasted an awful lot on us. We just fooled them. The ships on which pieces of shells fell were not the ones they aimed at. We were sailing in column in a circle and firing when we got in line with our object. At first we went by at twenty-one hundred yards. The Spaniards tried to get that range, and I suppose they got it, but our next move was to go in at eighteen hundred yards, and the shells from the forts went over us. Of course, some of the ships going around the circle were at the twenty-one hundred yard distance while we were further in. That was how the New York and Iowa happened to be hit by bursting shells. The Spaniards aimed at the inside ships, they thought, and went away over them."

The New York was Hit.

How San Juan was bombarded by Admiral Sampson's fleet is told in a letter written by Stephen Raybold, an officer on the *Indiana*, which is dated on board the *Indiana*, off the Haytian coast, May 10th, and says in part:

"We left Key West at midnight on May 3. Porto Rico, to meet the Spanish fleet. Off Porto Rico at two o'clock on Thursday morning, all hands were piped to get coffee, hard tack and ham. The first shot was fired at twenty minutes past five by the *Indiana* and we finished firing at ten o'clock.

"The Spanish have good guns and plenty of them, but are poor shots. The only ship hit was the *New York*—ventilator broken, one man killed and two wounded. *Old Glory* I saw with a shot hole in the lower inside corner, but our flag was still there.

"The *Indiana*'s marksmanship was praised by the Admiral. Captain Taylor, of the *Indiana*, made a speech the day before the battle praising his men. The Admiral did not want to take the fort, only to size up his men under fire, and they were all there and earned his praise.

"The ships withdrew in good condition to meet the Spanish fleet, but we cannot find it. We do not want to sacrifice our ships in taking the port. We want the Spanish fleet.

"Say, old chum, by the light of the moon, the yellow jacket and the blood of the sacred mouse, do send me the *New York Herald* with the account of the battles of Matanzas, the Philippines and Porto Rico, and others that may be fought. You will do me a heavenly favor, for which I will repay you some day.

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"The Indiana blew the whole side of the fort out with her 13-inch shell. That dashing sea lion, John C. Fremont, of the torpedo boat Porter, fired his toy pistol 1-pounder. Don't forget the papers."

A. V. Drake, who has been secretary of the United States Consulate at Mayaguez for three years, reached New York in May, in the *Arkadia*, the first vessel to come north from Cuba after the bombardment of San Juan.

Mr. Drake said that in making the harbor of San Juan the *Arkadia* passed within four hundred yards of Morro Castle, which is situated on a point commanding the entrance of the harbor, and is the chief of the city's two fortifications. The outer walls of this stronghold showed the marks of between eighty and one hundred shots from the bombarding fleet.

Right Under Morro's Guns.

Four big gaps were apparently from the heavy guns. One gun on the lower battlement had been cast into the sea, either from an American shell or through its own discharge. Mr. Drake believed the former, for the supporting works had been demolished. Half a mile to the eastward of Morro is the smaller fortification, and this showed externally the play of the American guns.

"The firing began at half-past five o'clock in the morning and lasted until nine," Mr. Drake said. "The agent from whom I learned of the bombardment lived outside the city, but, awakened by the heavy cannonading, he got up and watched the engagement from a safe distance. One vessel, which he said he believed was the *Iowa*, left the fleet, and accompanied by a small boat, steamed fairly under Morro's guns. She stationed the small boat, and going slowly around it, let fly her shells at every revolution.

"This was actually so close that the guns on the fortifications could not be trained on the warship, and volleys of musketry were showered upon her. Soon the fleet was enveloped in such a bank of smoke that Morro's guns must have been absolutely helpless. Under cover of the smoke, the daring vessel joined the fleet again.

"Another daring warship was believed to be the monitor *Terror*. She, too, came within easy reach of the shore guns, and every shot from her seemed to have taken effect. Once when the seas were breaking over her deck, the gunners on Morro, unused to her type, cried in glee, 'See, we have sunk her!'

"According to Spanish reports, there were eleven vessels in the bombarding fleet, and the most serious damage was the dismounting of one gun and the killing of one of the gunners. Conflicting stories of the number killed in San Juan were current. It was reported soon after the fleet had

retired, that sixty had met death, but later reports put the number at six. These six, it was said, were the men at the guns.

"Several shells struck the town, but I have not been able to learn that any persons were killed by them. One shot passed through the third story of the Hotel Inglaterra, driving the persons inside to the street in their night-clothes. No one was hit, however. Another shell went through a large warehouse on a dock, shattering a timber pile and lodging in the side plates of the Spanish mail steamship Manuela. It nearly sunk her.

"A French gunboat lying in the harbor had her smokestack pierced by a shell and quickly got out of the range of the guns, with the French flag flying at both staffs.

"It seemed strange to me that the American fleet did not continue the bombardment until all the fortifications were demolished. The pilot, who boarded us off Sandy Hook, said that the fleet had gone to San Juan to engage the Spanish fleet, and his statement goes to explain several incidents of the attack.

Trying to Draw Out War Ships.

"A quantity of small shots were fired in the harbor at first to draw out, as I now understand, any Spanish ships that might have been there. Although there were in San Juan at the time the cruisers Isabella II. and Alfonso XIII. and the gunboat Concho, not one of them took any part in the engagement, and the American vessels retired.

"After it was all over the Alfonso XIII. put to sea to give chase to the American liner Paris, as was learned afterward. She returned in three hours alone. We saw the same liner fifteen miles away, off Fajardo, on Friday morning. She was cruising to the southeast.

"There was much surprise in San Juan when the American fleet retired. If the warships had continued their attack two hours longer the town would have surrendered. The authorities, both naval and military, were unable to learn how much damage had resulted to the American ships, but it was not generally believed in San Juan that the fleet had been compelled to withdraw under the fire from the fortifications.

"There was much disappointment, too, that the Spanish fleet had not arrived to protect the town. The warships had been looked for every day for two weeks preceding the bombardment, and there were several British vessels unloading coal for the fleet when we were at San Juan. The guns which we saw on the fortifications in entering the harbor seemed to be of ancient design, and I am told that what modern guns the American fleet left are not in fighting order. Several Krupp guns, which were landed at San Juan a year ago, were not removed from the wharf until a couple of weeks ago.

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"Under Spanish sovereignty, affairs in Porto Rico are anything but prosperous. There is little money in circulation, and there have been many failures during the last two years. There is a strong feeling among the business men of the island in favor of self-rule, a protectorate under some foreign power, or anything that will end Spanish rule. The masses are densely ignorant, the majority not being able to read or write.

"Subscriptions are being sought all over the island for carrying on the war. There are 5,000 regular troops and about 3,000 volunteers in Porto Rico. They are armed with Remington rifles. The civil guard, 300 strong and mounted, have great power. The volunteers could be put to shame, so far as discipline and drill are concerned, by the school cadets of this country. The military authorities bought large quantities of food when war was imminent, and it is supposed they have enough for three months' rations for the troops. The others have to pay double now for their provisions."

The Porter's Close Shave.

When the torpedo boat Porter returned to New York from blockade duty at Cuba, she brought home as a relic an eighteen-foot \$3000 torpedo of German construction, which she recovered from the sea off the south coast of Cuba, fourteen miles east of Santiago, on June 3rd last. It is supposed that this projectile was fired at the Merrimac while Hobson was taking her into the narrow neck of Santiago harbor. The Porter sighted two torpedoes, but lost one, the projectile sinking while the crew was trying to get it on deck. The relic on the deck of the Porter weighed 1100 pounds.

"We left Santiago," said Ensign I. V. Gillis, "on July 9th, sailed from Key West northward on July 14th, and from Savannah three days later, arriving in New York ten days out from Santiago. The Porter has proved herself staunch, swift and capable. We came here for repairs.

"We were in action at San Juan. It seemed as if the entire shore opened fire on us at once. When it is considered that a bullet from a Mauser rifle would go clear through our hull, the effect of a shell striking us may be imagined. We immediately opened fire, however, with our one-pounders, and are confident one battery was made much less valuable by the attentions of the Porter. We were signalled to retire to safer quarters, and made our way out at once. While retiring I saw a six-pounder shot coming and remarked that it looked as though it would land. The shot passed three feet above my head and fell into the water astern, scarcely clearing the after portion of the Porter. Another shot came from the same battery while we lay broadside toward it, and went over our heads by only a little.

"Immediately after the destruction of Cervera's fleet we were near Santiago. When that Austrian war ship came sailing up from the southeast it was interesting to see the great flotilla of transport ships, mistaking the flag of Austria for that of Spain, go scurrying off to where the Iowa was lying and huddle behind her like a brood of chickens seeking shelter."

Lieutenant John C. Fremont had charge of the Porter.

Spanish "Terror" Disabled.

One of the interesting events of the blockade was the disabling of the Spanish torpedo-boat destroyer *Terror*, by the unarmored cruiser *St. Paul*, a former American liner, commanded by Captain Sigsbee.

In defeating the *Terror* Captain Sigsbee rendered a most important service to our navy, and, indeed, to all navies. He not only deprived Sampson's fleet of apprehension of an attack in the rear some dark night by this vicious little boat, but he demonstrated that an auxiliary cruiser is amply able to take care of herself against a torpedo gunboat, showing that the offensive power of this craft had been very much overrated. The torpedo gunboat was an untried quality in naval warfare up to this time. Swifter than a torpedo boat, seaworthy and possessed of the armament of which the torpedo boat is void, the torpedo gunboat had been a terror in imagination to all naval men. The presence of such a Spanish gunboat, the *Temerario*, in the River Platte in the pathway of the *Oregon* on her cruise around South America, had been for several weeks a cause for great anxiety at the Navy Department. Captain Sigsbee showed, with an unarmored cruiser, armed with only five-inch guns, that torpedo boats are not to be feared, at least in daylight.

Captain Luke, of the British steamship *Ravensdale*, which was in San Juan harbor on the day of the fight, thus describes it:

"I was on a hill and saw the whole affair," the skipper said. "It was a fine sight. The flashes from the guns, the puffs of smoke, and the bursting of the shells made a grand picture.

"Why, I never saw such a plucky fight as the *Terror* made, and the firing from the *St. Paul* was as reckless as any I ever heard about. She threw shots and shells for at least two hours, while the daring little torpedo boat steamed as close as three-quarters of a mile to her antagonist. Her torpedo tubes could not carry the range. Finally, a shot from the *St. Paul* struck the *Terror* on the port side, abaft of her third funnel. It crashed into the engine room, where it exploded. The chief engineer, who was a Spaniard, was hit in the head by a piece of the flying shell, as he held the throttle. He was hurled into the machinery, and met his death in that manner. The assistant engineer had both his legs cut off by fragments of the shell, and died next day.

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"The killing of the engineer, and the disabling of his assistant, left no one to work the engines. But for this the Terror would have made a dash to torpedo the St. Paul, and she would not have been in port to-day.

"Another of the American's shots struck the Terror's deck. The latter had a hole in her side about two feet high and eight inches wide, but I don't believe her machinery was disabled by the American fire. Her exhaust pipe was hit, and that caused her to leak. When I left San Juan on June 26th repairs to the torpedo boat had nearly been completed, and I guess she is now as good as ever. There were no more than two killed, and about four or five wounded on the Terror."

The New York's Midnight Danger.

One dark night toward the close of May the torpedo boat Porter mistook the flagship New York for a Spanish vessel, and but for the courage and coolness of the officers the latter might have been blown out of the waters. Here is the story as told by a correspondent who was aboard the Porter:

"They met one dark night under strange circumstances which would have justified either in destroying the other, and for a few seconds the lives of five hundred men were in the hands of one. The torpedo boat lay so close under the cruiser's side that one could have tossed a biscuit against it. One turn of a wrist and the New York and her crew must have met the fate of the Maine and hers.

"But, inviting death while he waited, Lieutenant John C. Fremont, of the Porter, hailed once more—a lion's voice ringing clear above the churning screws and humming blowers—and that final hail averted the catastrophe. It is memorable that duty scarcely demanded this last warning.

"No one has printed this story before. It is told everywhere in the fleet. It was stifled at the time lest brave men be censured. Now it may be told freely and brave men may be praised. I was on board the Porter.

"There are some things about it which have never been explained. It appears that the New York was some distance from her blockading station. For the rest you must know that the fleet was displaying no lights except an occasional electric signal; that the night was dark; that Cervera's fleet was not accounted for, and that his cruisers and destroyers were expected at any moment; that the Porter was on scout duty, and, more important yet, the usually infallible night signal apparatus of the New York played Sampson false for once and brought him and all who sailed with him nearer to death than they have been before or since.

"There was steadfast courage on the flagship, too—the courage which bids a man wait when it is easier to fire and have done. Captain Chadwick,

of the New York, thought he could have rammed and sunk the torpedo boat that night. Lieutenant Fremont knew he could blow up the cruiser, that nothing could save her if he loosed his port torpedo, which was trained and ready and had not fifty yards to run. But both men waited that extra second which marks the hero, and the nation escaped an occurrence awful enough to have changed materially the history of which it is so proud to-day.

Narrow Escape for the Flagship.

"An officer who was beside me on the Porter that night when we expected to be riddled by the cruiser or to go down with her when our torpedo tore her asunder summed up something of the gravity of that midnight meeting when he said to me next morning: 'Young man, you will never have a closer call than that before you die.' I believed him then. I had even more reason to believe him later on when we learned more of the flagship's side of the story.

"On both vessels next day it was known and acknowledged that the torpedo boat had come within an ace of sinking the New York, and that the flagship, her men at the guns, would have rammed or sunk the Porter had the disclosure of her identity been delayed a few seconds longer.

"Of the many strange encounters during those nights of cruising, when sometimes as many as twenty ships moved along without lights in hostile waters, this was the strangest and most momentous. A mere tug with a six-pounder or two, the *Leyden* it was, held up one of Her Majesty's cruisers on the high seas, firing across her bows and demanding sternly, with that rising inflection known to all who were with the fleet: 'What ship is that?' The astonished British captain, thus bearded by a mere towboat, replied with natural choler: 'This is Her Majesty's ship *Talbot*.'

"The man on the bridge of the *Leyden* saw something humorous in the situation, and shouted, facetiously:

"'Good night, *Talbot*!'

"In solemn tones there came from the outraged cruiser the reply:

"'You may go, *Leyden*.' And the *Leyden* went. The *Talbot*'s commander was not disposed to think the thing funny, and his opinion, like his battery, was the weightier.

"Commander Todd, of the *Wilmington*, confessed that he was about to sink the *Herald* dispatch boat *Albert F. Dewey* one night when he discovered her close inshore and mistook her for a Spanish gunboat. All the port guns were trained on her, but, holding her safe, he waited a second or two before giving the order to fire, and that space sufficed to give him a better view of her. The *Dewey*'s men did not know for a week or more how near they were

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BOMBARDMENT OF SAN JUAN, PORTO RICO, BY ADMIRAL SAMPSON'S FLEET.

to death. Some of them never knew, for there are tales one never tells to firemen and deck hands who pine for simple towing in peaceful waters.

"So much to show you how ticklish was navigation by night off the coast where Sampson's unlit ships watched the Spanish batteries on the one hand and scanned the sea on the other for Cervera's torpedo-boat destroyers. Men were sent to general quarters time and again these wakeful nights, and in time the continued tension began to tell. The *Furor* and the *Pluton* were held almost incredibly fast in those days, and the orders were to sink any suspicious craft which prowled about the fleet and failed to answer the night fleet signal.

Grim Scout Duty.

"It was the Porter's business to prevent any Spanish vessel from creeping upon the blockading squadron upawares. The American ships, at all hazards, must be apprised of the approach of an enemy. The Ardois system of signal lights includes a signal which, flashed for a second in the darkness, means, 'Enemy's vessel in sight.' That might be used if the scout were within signal distance of Sampson's ships when he discovered a hostile craft. But as fog and darkness are pre-eminently the conditions favorable for torpedo work, the Porter's business was to investigate the character of any strange ship, and, if satisfied that she was Spanish, to blow her up.

"When we rounded up the New York that night there was every reason to believe that she was one of Cervera's ships, at least for a few awful seconds, and Lieutenant Fremont was between two fears—one that he might allow an enemy to escape, the other that he might destroy a friend.

"On that dark blockade the American ships recognized each other in two ways—one being the position in which a vessel appeared, which should be her night blockading station, and the other being an Ardois signal, which was changed from night to night. So if, for instance, the New York, cruising slowly westward, sighted another ship running without lights and not occupying one of the blockading stations, she would flash, let us say, two red lights above one white one. If the stranger answered properly and promptly the New York could go about her business. Otherwise the batteries would be manned, a signal warning all vessels within signal distance would be set, and the flagship would close in and get the stranger's range.

"It was grim work in the dark, but Lieutenant Fremont, ever cheerful, went about his scout duty with the complacency of a man whose mind is easy. I recall an odd conversation that night which seemed still more odd when I thought of it later. It sheds a curious light on what followed.

"'These Spanish destroyers have heavier batteries than yours,' I said. 'What would you do if you ran across one of them out here?'

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"Well," said the son of the Pathfinder, 'it's my business to keep them from getting in among the fleet. I'd try to do it. I'd engage a destroyer, and if I found his battery was too heavy for me I'd close in. If a chance offered I'd torpedo him. If not—well, this boat has made twenty-six knots. I'd go at him full speed. I think the Porter would go half way through him before we stopped.'

"And then?" I asked, with perhaps a pardonable curiosity as to our fate in a contingency which might arise before morning.

"And then," he said, 'I think there would be a swimming match. It saves time to have your mind made up in advance in such matters.'

"A light on the port bow," the lookout announced.

"The Lieutenant looked at it for a moment and spoke to the man in the conning tower. We were going along gently, making only about five knots an hour.

"How's your head?" he asked.

"Nor'west by west-half-west," was the reply.

"The course was altered until we steered for the light. 'Three-quarters speed,' said Fremont. The long craft quivered, seemed to hesitate for a second, and then shot through the dark seas at eighteen knots. We ran thus for half an hour—swift, invisible, a black-shape on the dark water. We approached the coast. The speed was slackened, and we crept into a narrow bay. The men went silently to the guns—two 1-pounders. Silently the Porter moved in until we made out the shore line. The light was beyond it, and as it was on shore we had no business with it, and we steamed back to our station and began to sweep in great circles again over the area of water which we were to guard.

"Sometimes lights flashed from invisible signal masts here and there. The ships were talking—challenging one another and making sure that only friendly keels were near.

Cruiser and Torpedo Boat.

"As we crept out from the bay, ourselves invisible, to approach the invisible fleet, the ray of a searchlight at the Morro flashed out in the darkness, a shaft of light, dimmed by distance. Away to starboard of us, where one saw only empty night one moment, a signal burned above some cruiser the next. The Spanish searchlight disclosed nothing to Spanish eyes. Like Kipling's destroyers, we were unseen.

. . . Stare well, oh hooded eyne,
Save where the dazed rock pigeons rise,
The lit cliffs give no sign.

"We cruised westward. I lay down on deck near a 1-pounder—too near. Lieutenant Fremont went below for a nap. Ensign Gillis—it was he who picked up a Spanish torpedo afterward by springing overboard and unscrewing its 'war nose' so it could be hauled aboard safely—was in charge of the Porter for the time. There was quiet until half-past two in the morning.

"Then the 1-pounder beside me woke me as thoroughly as if it had been a 13-inch gun, and I raced to the conning tower to see what had happened, and saw what seemed to be the very biggest ship in the world looming up on our port bow, indistinct in the gloom, but close enough to sink us without fail a second after the order to fire.

"We had fired across her bow to stop her and learn if she were friend or foe. Foe it seemed she was, for our guns were trained on her, and the port torpedo was ready to leap from its tube and do for her what we expected she would do for us in a second or two.

"Lieutenant Fremont stood before the conning tower. Gillis had made out the loom of the stranger when we were a quarter of a mile away and had awakened his commander. Silently the Porter stole upon the dark warship. When we were but two hundred yards away or less, and so within easy signal distance, the night fleet signal was flashed by the torpedo boat.

"Two white lights and one red. It burned for a second or so, and then it was turned off. There was no reply. The stranger, dark and unheeding, moved slowly westward. That she had not seen it was inconceivable, for there were twenty men looking out for signals on every American warship at this time, and no one could believe that they had overlooked that well-known signal flashed clear so close at hand.

Close to Death.

"The Porter shot close, so close that every man on her felt that desperate work was in hand, and that now we were in for it beyond recall. The New York is, perhaps, the easiest of the American ships to recognize, but so dark was it that she was strange to practiced eyes. Moreover, the direction from which we approached was such that we had her masts and smoke-pipes in a confusing line, and so were unable to distinguish the marks which, if seen clearly, would have proclaimed her identity instantly.

"Our blowers were making a loud, droning noise. The movement of both vessels through the water added to the difficulty of hearing. Fremont's voice rose so that I thought it must have rung through the strange ship. But the crew of the strange ship were rushing to their guns.

"'Stop those damned blowers,' Fremont said.

"He was calm; even deliberate. His eyes swept forward and then aft.

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"Are the guns trained on her?' he asked.

"Aye, aye, sir,' came from both 1-pounders. The torpedo, too, was ready. It had been tested for pressure but a few hours earlier. At each gun a jackie stood like a statue, his shoulder bent against the rest, his eye on the enemy. In such moments the eye notices queer details. I remember wondering that jackie at the bow gun could stand there so quietly, ready to fight the great ship which towered above us with that absurd 1-pounder. As Jackie answered 'Aye, aye, sir,' his commander's voice rang out again. This time he was hailing. The voice was very stern and menacing, and the inflection rising: 'What—ship—is—that?'

"No answer. 'Fire across her bow.' Bang! went our bow gun, and the metal rattled as the men shoyed another shell home, and trained the piece again.

"Show the night fleet signal,' Fremont said, and it flashed again—two white lights above a red one. We were under the stranger's quarter now, close aboard. For one of us there was no escape. At that range a torpedo must destroy the big ship inevitably.

"A second after our signal burned, the stranger's signal mast blazed, and there hung an answering signal, but not the right one. Instead of two white lights and a red one, there burned two red ones and a white one. For a moment it flashed through Fremont's mind that an enemy might be attempting to use the American signals.

The Highest Courage.

"There was no time to think about it. There was a flash from the stranger's forward fighting top, and a shell whistled over us. Some man in the top had fired without orders, it seems, but of that we know nothing. We saw only the flash of the gun, and believed that rifles and machine guns would be riddling us a second later. The big guns could not be depressed enough to bear on us, so close were we. Fremont had been hailing at the moment, and his face had been turned away from that top from which the gun was fired.

"Did that shot come from her?' he shouted.

"Yes, sir,' said a jackie and I in the same breath.

"All these things had occupied but a few moments, passing with unconceivable rapidity. For a second, perhaps, Lieutenant Fremont stood still and silent, and his men and those on the decks high above us held their aim and their breath, and waited for a word which would turn loose a torpedo from the Porter, and a hail of fire from the flagship.

"In that long second Fremont, holding the great cruiser at his mercy, even more than the cruiser held us at hers, weighed the chances and gave

them one more chance. It was to be their last. I read it in the sudden straightening of his form and the menacing hail which I hear yet: 'What—ship—is—that?'

"On the heels of that hail came an answer from the cruiser, and at the first English word our men let go the breath they had been holding in one great sigh of relief, for the answer rang clear and loud: 'This is the New York!'

"On the cruiser's deck there was a sound as of men shifting their feet, and a confused murmur as they fell away from their guns.

Mutual Explanations

"The Porter's commander spoke again, and this time there was no menace in his voice, but wonder only: 'Is that Captain Chadwick?'

"'Yes,' answered the New York's captain; 'is that the Porter?'

"'Yes, sir.'

"'Why didn't you show the night-fleet signal?'

"'We did, sir, twice. There was no answer the first time. The second time—just now—the New York displayed the wrong signal.'

"Captain Chadwick thought that could not be so, but every one on the torpedo boat knew it was; and after some more explanation, which did not approach recrimination, the Porter swung away from the flagship and glided off into the night. I recollected then that I had stooped below the conning tower when the New York's gun flashed, though it was obviously too late, and the light structure would have afforded no protection. I recalled, too, that neither the jackies nor the officers near me had attempted to dodge, and I wondered at that.

"As was customary, several captains met in the admiral's cabin on the flagship in the morning, and I was told afterward that the night encounter was the subject of considerable talk. It appears that Admiral Sampson himself had been awake. And I was informed, when some one said to Lieutenant Fremont that the Porter should have been more careful about the night-fleet signal, the Admiral said gravely: 'I saw the Porter's signal displayed, and there was no answer from this vessel.'

"There was an end to that argument at least, but a torpedo man from the Porter and an officer of the flagship asked each other what would have happened if the Porter's hail had not been answered just when it was.

"'Do you know what our next order would have been?' asked the flagship man.

"'No,' said his friend from the Porter. 'What would it have been?'

"'Full speed ahead and ram!' was the reply.

"The torpedo man laughed. 'You'd never have rammed us,' he said, and indeed he was right. But for the discovery which came like a reprieve at the last second of endurance the New York was doomed. The Porter might have been sunk; the flagship must have been.

"It was said afterward that there was some defect that night in the New York's signal outfit. That an appalling catastrophe was averted by the courage of men who held their hands at the risk of sacrificing their lives there can be no doubt. The story is told in ward rooms over a social glass nowadays, and told lightly, for now there is no need to run without lights and Cervera's fleet is no more. It is known, too, that the Furor and Pluton were not as fast or as dangerous as they were thought to be. And anyway the war is over.

"But there in the night, when the enemy, an unknown quantity, was expected off Havana, when men had grown nervous from long tension, lack of sleep and much watching, the midnight encounter needed but a touch to turn it into a tragedy of the sea which would have been more lamentable, more heart-breaking, than that of the Victoria and the Camperdown.

"It is noteworthy that the men most concerned said little of the affair, and nothing publicly, careful of the good of the service. They who had dared so much in the dark did not accuse each other when the incident was closed, but let the affair sleep. Yet I think it is well that it were told; for higher and rarer surely than the courage which animates a man in open fight by day is that spirit which bade men wait, and which averted a national calamity that dark night off the Cuban coast."

CHAPTER XVII.

General Miles' Campaign in Porto Rico.

HAVING wrested the Pearl of the Antilles from the Crown of Spain, it was not expected that we should leave her in quiet possession of a beautiful island just half-way from New York to Cadiz, half-way from Newport News to the Canaries, and equi-distant from Key West and from Colon. During the time that elapsed between the issue



GENERAL NELSON A. MILES.

of the Santiago campaign and the departure of the Porto Rico expedition under command of Major-General Nelson A. Miles, its proposed movements and methods of attack, with a view to secure a foothold on Porto Rican soil at the earliest date, had been so widely circulated that its commander made up his mind to turn this very publicity to advantage.

The reading public of the two hemispheres knew for a fact that when General Miles left Guantanamo Bay on Thursday evening, July 21st, his immediate destination was San Juan, impregnable as the latter

fondly claimed to be behind her rock-ribbed fortresses, and the Spaniards accordingly made all possible preparations for his reception at that point.

On the following Monday, however, as the fleet steamed at full speed along the northern coast of Porto Rico, straight for the capital, a consultation was suddenly signaled for, at the conclusion of which the ships were ordered to veer about, and their course was retraced to the northwestern extremity of the island; southward they then went through the Mena Passage, which sepa-

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rates Hayti from Porto Rico, then eastward around Point Aquila, and the next morning, July 26th, they lay in five fathoms of water in the quiet bay of Guanica, one of the only three safe harbors in the island of Porto Rico.

A few hours later the following report was cabled to the Secretary of War at Washington:

"Circumstances were such that I deemed it advisable to take the harbor of Guanica first, fifteen miles west of Ponce, which was successfully accomplished between daylight and 11 o'clock. Spaniards surprised. The Gloucester, Commander Wainwright, first entered the harbor; met with slight resistance; fired a few shots. All the transports are now in the harbor, and infantry and artillery rapidly going ashore.

Wesley A. Miles

Occupied by American Troops.

Thus easily had the commander of this expedition outwitted the foe. In an hour after Lieutenant Hughes and his blue jackets from the Gloucester and the men of Battery B, Fifth Artillery, had landed and driven the guardia civile out of Guanica, the town was as much an American village as Marion, Massachusetts, wrote a special correspondent.

American telegraph wires were hanging from the roofs, American soldiers were gathering starfish along the shore and American music was being played by the Sixth Massachusetts Band in the plaza. Rows of white tents stretched along the level lowlands and camp-fires burned on all the surrounding hills. The inhabitants returned to find their homes guarded by friendly sentries. Nothing had been touched. No one's house or grounds had been invaded.

It was a masterly, well-ordered occupation, and while the Spaniards were hurrying with forced marches to San Juan Point to meet the invading forces, the American army was comfortably encamped at Guanica, and was there to stay.

Two days after the City of Ponce, having previously surrendered to Commander C. Davis, of the auxiliary gunboat Dixie, was formally given over to General Miles and General Wilson. Having made so successful a debut, our expedition was not slow to improve upon it.

General Brooke, with General Haines' brigade, effected a landing at Arroyo, a point on the south coast practically opposite San Juan, on the

north coast; and thence advanced to Guayama, a town of considerable importance, in direct communication by road with the capital, on the 5th of August.

General Wilson picked out the turnpike which begins at Ponce (five miles east of Guanica) and ends at San Juan, marched twenty-five miles northward to Coamo, which he occupied, and took up a position a few miles farther, before Abonito, where a large Spanish force was collected.

Further to the west of the route selected by General Henry, with a part of General Garretson's brigade and a small force of regulars, was a more arduous one. It lay over the highest mountain range in the island, and before the first twenty-five miles of their march had been covered the men had climbed to an altitude of 5,000 feet above sea level. Thus notwithstanding and despite the hardships incidental to roads deep in mud or beset with rocks, the command obtained possession of Adjuntas, then of Utuada, and pushed their way to a point fifteen miles from Arecibo.

Lastly, on the extreme west, General Schwann, with the Eleventh Infantry, two regular batteries and a troop of regular cavalry, had the good fortune to have the railroad to help him on his way to Yauco, a distance of fifteen miles from Ponce; and thence marched along the coast to Mayaguez, the principal port at that end of the island, and took it after a sharp skirmish with a force considerably larger than his own.

In nineteen days the American line had thus far advanced across the island an average distance of twenty-five miles from the southern coast, and each command was ready for a forward march upon San Juan when the tidings of peace negotiations abruptly stopped their progress within sight of the goal.

Captured a Royal Flag.

The liveliest battle of the brief campaign was that which resulted in the capture of Coamo, at which a royal Spanish flag was captured. This flag was sent to President McKinley.

"This is, I believe," said Captain Hall, in speaking of his mission, "the only standard captured in actual battle, and we had a bit of a tussle for it. From the time we landed until we reached Coamo we had practically nothing to do in the way of fighting. We simply marched in at one side of the towns and the Spaniards marched out of the other side. But when we came to Coamo we found it fortified and partially entrenched.

"Here also the Spaniards made a very determined stand. The fortifications were on the eastern side of the place. So leaving the artillery to open the attack on that side my regiment proceeded to execute a flank movement with the object of getting in on the west side. In order to do this we had to

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march up a very steep mountain pass—it was not even the pretence of a road—and we had to march the whole distance, which was about five miles, in Indian file."

Captain Hall smiled a little grimly at the remembrance of that march in the darkness between two and four o'clock in the morning.

"Just as we got into position," he continued, "we heard our artillery open fire on the east side of the place, and we began to get disappointed, for we thought we should be too late. But we were not. A detachment of the Spaniards had come out on the western side, and were lying ambushed behind a stone wall, with a thick hedge of cactus in front of it, and no sooner did we reach their hiding place than they poured a volley right into our midst. I don't know how it happened, but somehow, though they seemed good enough shots, though they had the range all right, and the bullets whistled in amongst us, yet only eight of our men were wounded.

"We didn't allow that sort of thing to go on without very complete retaliation," he went on, between cigar puffs. "We had to fire through the cactus hedge, where the Spaniards were hidden, but whenever a man showed any portion of his body that man was instantly killed. The officers must have been very brave fellows. They exposed themselves to our fire repeatedly and unhesitatingly. We killed three. The commandant was wonderfully brave. Three times he rode in front of his men, giving them orders and cheering them on. When at last he was killed we found eight bullets in his body. Immediately after his death the Spaniards surrendered. They lost seventy-five men. That little fight was short, but sharp. It only lasted about an hour."

It was with half a twinge of regret in his voice that Captain Hall went on to tell how, just when they were about to storm the fortified position of Albonito, the orders for suspension of hostilities reached them.

"We should have taken it, I feel sure," he said, grimly, "though there would probably have been considerable loss of life."

How Lieutenant Haines was Wounded.

Lieutenant Haines, commanding an artillery platoon under Captain Potts, in Porto Rico, was wounded on August 12th. Talking with his brother, Captain T. Jenkins Haines, who was at his bedside in St. Luke's Hospital, New York, Lieutenant Haines gave the facts about the engagement in which he was wounded. He said:

"Captain Potts was ordered to proceed up the San Juan road with five guns for the purpose of shelling the Spanish trenches at Asomanta. Four guns, which included my platoon, were mounted into position in a field near

the San Juan road, at a range of 2,000 yards, the fifth gun being sent ahead 100 yards to our right on the road.

"Just before we came into action the enemy opened on us with infantry volleys and two three-inch howitzers. This hastened us into action. The two howitzers were soon silenced and the Spaniards were soon running from their intrenchments. Then we slackened our fire, and shortly after we did so the enemy took heart and began to return. General James H. Wilson sent me with a gun some distance up in the road in advance of the rest to try and enfilade the enemy. I proceeded up the road on horseback about 200 yards nearer and found a company of Wisconsin infantry on a bend of the road which formed a cover from the Spanish fire. I passed beyond them and the gun was unlimbered in the next turn of the road in a somewhat sheltered position. Some of my men told me the enemy was advancing within 200 yards in force, and that we must get out or lose the gun.

"The firing at this time was very heavy. As I could see no Spaniards nearer than five or six hundred yards, I had the sergeant run the gun out on the road a little. We had no sooner done this than the fire suddenly increased fiercely, so the gun could not be served. We hauled the gun back to the next turn in the road, but were still unable to do any great execution, owing to the sheltered position of the enemy.

Courier Stopped Battle.

"The fire continued with fierceness, but from our new position we brought a house into view. I had the gun instantly trained upon it, as I saw several Spaniards there. The very first shot landed fairly upon its side and, penetrating, burst inside, sending things flying. The enemy broke cover, and I turned to the sergeant, saying:—'That was a good one; now give them —.' As I turned something struck me through the body. I knew I was badly hit, but felt no pain. It was like being struck over the shoulders with a club. I passed my hand to my side and brought it away full of blood. The sergeant saw me and ran to my side. 'They've got me this time,' I said, and he put his arm around me and led me away and let me lie down."

If the courier, whose message informed General Brooke that hostilities had been suspended between the United States and Spain, had not pumped his horse and galled himself, the Philadelphia City Troop's name might be figuring in history by the side of the Six Hundred, who astonished the world at Balaclava. The Troop is home now, and it did not get in a serious fight during its entire stay in Porto Rico, but its men are heroes just the same. They left everything that is dear to men in the world and went to roughing it. And theirs was not a toy campaign, either.

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Dr. N. C. Lott was quartermaster of the Troop. He is a modest man, and one of the few men in the Troop who is not extremely wealthy; but when the call came he left his practice, his wife and their child, and went to the front. It is interesting to note at this point that when Pennsylvania's soldiers were ordered out, every man in the City Troop, but four, went to Mt. Gretna. One of the four was in Japan, one in Montana, one in the Klondike, and one was critically ill of pneumonia. The Klondike man and the trooper in Montana got back as fast as they could come and joined their command. The man in Japan, much to his sorrow it was learned afterward, could not be reached.

A Soldier's Lot.

The trip to Ponce, Dr. Lott said, was a nightmare, but it was a soldier's lot, and none of the men complained. They expected things of that kind. Porto Rico was not a bad place, and as the troopers knew how to take care of themselves there were but two cases of serious illness in Captain John C. Groome's command, and they were at no time considered critical.

"There was little chance to fight," continued the doctor, "until we arrived near Guayama. The City Troop had been encamped at Arrago ever since the march from Ponce. On August 12 it was determined to take Aibonito, on the other side of Guayama, and San Juan's strongest outpost. Orders were issued that night, and at four o'clock on the 13th we were in the saddle. The City Troop marched through Guayama. Orders to trot were given, and we passed seven regiments of infantry and some artillery drawn up along the road. Two miles beyond we were ordered to halt.

"The Spanish position at Aibonito was on the top of a hill. It commanded all the roads. I heard guesses at the Spanish strength ranging all the way from 2,000 to 6,000, but I think 4,000 men was about right. Their defenses were complete.

"When we halted our artillery was unlimbered, the guns shotted, and the gunners had the lanyards in their hands ready to fire on the enemy. General Haines' brigade had been ordered to make a demonstration upon the Spanish flank, while General Brooke, with the main command, attacked them in the front. We were waiting for Haines and his men to get in position. Everything was in readiness for the fight, and General Brooke was about to give the command to open, when through a cloud of dust came a trooper riding as though his neck would break. Foam dripped from the horse, perspiration streamed down his limbs, and when the soldier jerked the animal up it stood there and quivered. Out of breath himself, the man saluted and handed General Brooke a message. He was a courier from the telegraph station five miles away, and the message was an order announcing the suspension of

hostilities. General Brooke looked at him a minute and then growled: 'You might have saved your horse a little.' I think the general was a little angry, for I believe that he wanted that fight to go on. It would have been a stiff one, though, and we would have lost a good many men."

A City Trooper's Experience.

A member of the First City Troop, Philadelphia's crack command, wrote the following account of his experiences in Porto Rico a few days before sailing from Ponce, for home on the transport Mississippi:

"The troop is once more at the Port of Ponce, ready to move. Home is the destination this time, though. The camp at Guayama dragged, or rather waded, along its existence of outpost work, special duty, some orderly jobs, and the men knew that General Brooke had requested the War Department to assign the City Troop permanently to him until negotiations were concluded with Spain.

"This would have meant a march across the Island to San Juan, acting with Company H, of the Sixth, as the commanding general's escort. It would mean that the troop would have had the unquestionable pleasure of presenting sabres to the grand old flag as it went up in the capital of Uncle Sam's new colony, never to yield place to any other ensign.

"The troop greatly appreciated the honor done them by General Brooke's request, and the equally great honor of General Miles's endorsement, and it is needless to say that the organization that served as the immortal Washington's headquarters guard and whose standard first bore the glorious thirteen stripes of alternating red and white, which standard served in that particular as Betsy Ross's model for the dearly loved national flag, would only too gladly have remained in the service and taken part in the ceremonies at San Juan. But governmental plans did not permit of this.

"The troop's active service was abruptly brought to a close on Wednesday, August 24th. The alcalde had been amusing himself by collecting from the natives various assessments in the name of the United States. It is needless to say that he was without authority, and equally needless to say that the natives objected. They appealed to General Brooke. Late at night on the 23d an order reached Captain Groome, directing him to detail sixteen men to make the march to Selinas, twenty-five miles from Guayama, and restrain the avaricious Spaniard.

"As ordered, Lieutenant McFadden and Corporal Rosengarten, with fifteen men with rations for thirty-six hours, reported at headquarters at 6 o'clock on Wednesday morning. There they were nearly knocked speechless by the order to return to camp at once and prepare to proceed to Ponce to

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take transports for home as soon as ready. They also carried instructions to Captain Scott, lately assigned to the command of H Troop, that he supply the Selinas detail.

"Immediately packing up began. The troopers seemed to be uncertain whether they were glad to get back or sorry to miss the San Juan duty. But, glad or sorry, they went to work with their usual will, and the energy of officers and men was rewarded by the completion of the work by retreat, although not forced to this step by the enemy.

Great Downpour of Rain.

"Everything was ready for an early start. But it sometimes rains in Porto Rico. And Thursday, the 25th of August, opened up with the entire bottom out of the heavens, and the pent-up floods of ages came down in a solid phalanx of water. By 11 o'clock the rain had subsided enough to make it possible to move in the troop street without being either mired or drowned. So 'boots and saddles' sounded, and in less time than it takes to tell, the bedraggled column of fours was sloshing away to the cheers of H Troop, followed by the pitching and tossing 'sea-going' army wagons, drawn by the phlegmatic, pensive, long-eared slaves of the soldier. Reams have been written about the army mule, but you can't wear that subject shiny.

"As the old troop ploughed its way along in the stifling heat—the kind that makes a man gasp like a thirsty young chicken—passing General Brooke's headquarters, his guard presenting arms, through the splendid B Battery's camp, with the men cheering to beat all things, out through the old Fourth Pennsylvania's lines, officers and men cheering and howling, guards presenting, bands blowing themselves breathless, as the City Troop passes along its triumphant way to the lonely road to Ponce, and as the troopers ride, or dismount and lead along that scorching, smothering roadway, the troopers cannot but feel that what they have done has been appreciated highly by their comrades in arms, and they return the cheers with a will.

"It was not to be expected that such terrible sufferings as the splendid soldiers at Santiago were compelled to endure would fall to the lot of the army that invaded Porto Rico. The failures of various departments in Cuba were atoned for in Porto Rico. It is probable that everything that could be done for the health and comfort of the soldiers under Miles and Brooke was done. But they could not change the climate.

"What the City Troop endured is what every other command, which arrived in time for active service, must have endured, except that the men are stronger physically; that the cleanliness of all their surroundings is eternally watched and demanded by their officers, and their tremendous esprit de

corps keeps them up through those crucial moments when to give up means to be ill.

"Up to the day of the 'Battle of Peace' (the 13th) the prospect of the fighting kept the men keyed up; but in that disappointment to the troopers began their tour of routine work, and then the climate showed itself. The continued wearing of wet clothes, steaming in the sun, the odors and stenches that seemed to pervade the whole beautiful little island began to produce pale faces; the dread malaria showed its mark on several sturdy fellows, and day after day you would see men go up at roll call and do their full share of the work when they were not fit to be out of a hospital.

"Yet, not only the ordinary discomforts of campaigning—nothing to a soldier—but enough to kill the average stay-at-home, these troopers shared with the other Americans here to seize Porto Rico for their country; but they shared, as well, some proportions of more than mere discomfort. That their proportion was the smallest in the expedition, perhaps, and that no rough box, covered with Old Glory, passed, as many did from other commands each day, through the streets of Ponce or Guayama from the Philadelphia Troop is due, some thought, only to the watchful care of officers, personal cleanliness, grit and physique.

It Was No Picnic.

"This has been no picnic—no holiday. But let us join the troopers again, for by this time they are passing through Selina, and are making for Hacienda de Magdalena, where they spent last night on the road to Arroyo. At 1 o'clock they reached it, unsaddled, eat mess of hard tack and canned beef, and rest an hour. At 2 o'clock eight of the troops started off again, glancing with interest at the various places they halted on the way east to throw out their skirmish lines and endeavor to come up with the fleeing Dons.

"It was 5.30 o'clock when the City Troop and its three wagons—not to mention the four-in-hand ox-carts—turned into the Hacienda del Carmine, where they were to bivouac for the night. The laborers had an epidemic of small pox; but, needless to say, Captain Groome, after consulting his medical staff, selected a safe place, and a dismount brought down some tired and some pretty sick men, too.

"A slight divertissement took place here in the shape of a good, old-fashioned 'kill-if-you-can' fight, between two of the mule skimmers. The sentries promptly placed them both under arrest, and stopped the show abruptly. The negroes on the plantation treated us to 'Marching Through Georgia' with words in Spanish at night; and later, an active invoice of land crabs, lizards and spiders—all of herculean proportions—served to while away the hours of darkness and keep our thoughts away from home.

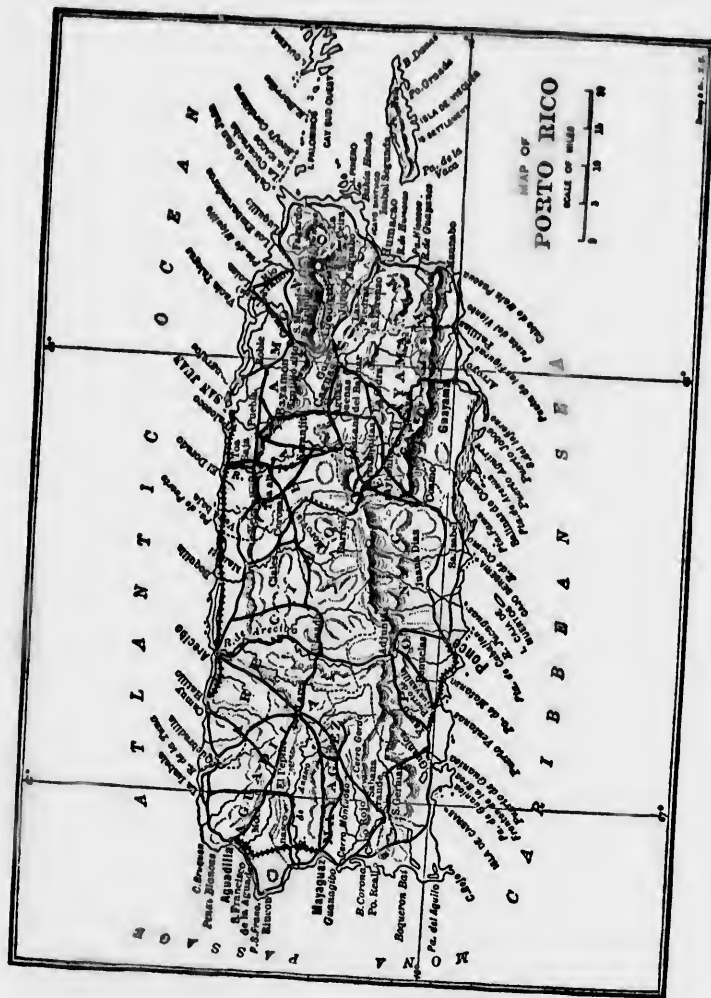
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"At 5 Trumpeter Geiger produced the 'first call,' and after the horses were fed, Corporal Biddle fed the men—milk appearing on the menu. The milk brought to some one's lucid brain the fact that we had not had a scarcity of butter since leaving Newport News, and up to that moment everyone had forgotten all about it.

"At 6 the march was continued; at noon Santa Isabella was passed, and at 3 the weather-beaten guidon jerked and fluttered into Ponce."

Here occurred a long delay with several showers thrown in, while the captain interviewed General Wilson. The march was later taken up to a point about a mile from Playa. There the troops went into camp on Friday the 26th at 6 o'clock, putting up their canvas and preparing for a long stay. The troopers and their horses were tired and ready for sleep. Mess was served at 7 o'clock, when lo!—the Rumor Committee had been persistently off the track in Porto Rico, but it nearly expired in a paroxysm of joy when the rumor that the river below Ponce was overflowing its banks, was almost immediately substantiated by the Signal Corps, which informed the captain that the camp would be three feet under water in half an hour. How those tired fellows did sail in and load the wagons, saddle and get equipment together! and the last wagon which they pulled out with water nearly to its hubs.

It was now pitch dark and too late to make another camp. So the troopers rode into Playa, tied their horses along the refuse laden alleys—called streets—and dropped themselves down on the yard wide pavements, and there they slept in hour after hour of downpour. The next morning, bright and early, the captain set forth for a camp. This he found in a lumber yard, where, after the men had drunk their coffee, the troop went into camp. Here with a big iron roof overhead, lying on the lumber, the men have at last some chance to get dry, and, may heaven grant it, stay dry.

A Batteryman on Porto Rico.

Charles L. Hofmann, a member of Battery A, Pennsylvania Light Artillery, which was recruited almost entirely in Philadelphia, in a letter to his sister, under date of August 13th, gave an interesting account of the leading and early experiences of the battery in Porto Rico. The letter, which was dated from Port Ponce, was as follows:

"Here we are, just after having slept on the plaza around an old Spanish cathedral, on the hard cement pavement. This is the most curious place I have ever even read about, and I'll try to give you an idea of some of it. To begin with, we had four horses to die on our trip and wound up by being shipwrecked. We sighted land at 'seven bells,' or 3.30 A.M., Wednesday, which

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proved to be the Island of Mona, no more than a big rock, about 400 feet high and not a mile in circumference.

"About 4.15 we sighted the Island of Porto Rico, and steamed along the southern coast until we sighted Porto Ponce, dropped anchor about two miles out at 10 A.M., and started on again at 11.30, only to go aground on a reef about a mile outside of Porto Ponce.

"Well, we were badly strained and began to settle on the reef, but fortunately for us, we could go no further down, but as our plates were strained we began to take in water. The sea was very heavy and the ship would roll from one side to the other and stop very abruptly, nearly throwing us overboard.

Pounding on a Reef.

"We pounded on that reef till Thursday night about 9 o'clock, when we were transferred to the gunboat Annapolis, and I slept on deck with an iron cleat for a pillow; then about 7 A.M. we were taken ashore and I first set foot on Porto Rico at Porto Ponce, at 7.30 A.M., Thursday, August 12th. We were at once corraled at this old church, and at 11 A.M. we were given run of the town.

"At first a few of us went over and made a trip through the Governor's palace. The island is a regular Garden of Eden. The Governor's palace is one story high, as are all the houses here. It looks like a big stable on the outside; but the inside is something rich and grand—everything that a king could desire. The courtyard is enclosed in a wall eight feet high, the top of which is covered with spikes, for fear some one might steal their daughters, for they are very beautiful. All the walls are alike here and all the daughters are protected by their mistresses, and they are not allowed to see even their lovers until the day before they are married, but strange to say, they are allowed to see us, and some who speak broken English are allowed to talk to us.

"I was in a house yesterday, the courtyard of which was paved with beautiful tiles; it had fountains, all manner of gorgeous birds and tropical plants—a regular heaven.

"The way I happened to get in this place was, I wanted a match to light my cigarette which everybody smokes here, even the women of the better class, so I sailed right into the open portal and asked for my match as well as I could in Spanish, which by this time we are all beginning to get on to; it is very easy.

"Business hours here are 10 to 11 A.M. and 2 to 4 P.M., and to live here all you need is about four or five dollars a week, of our money. Things are very cheap except bread; flour is \$32 a barrel and we pay five cents for a

loaf of rice bread not larger than an ordinary breakfast roll, but they are delicious.

"The people live mostly on fruit, but for a while, all that we are allowed are oranges, sugar-cane and bananas. The natives can't do enough for us. For instance, all you have to do is to say 'pan' or hold your canteen up and the boys all make a break to buy us either bread or water.

"The milk men drive their cows up to a front door and milk them for just as much as you want to buy. You can buy the best cigars here for two cents, such as you would pay ten or twenty-five cents for at home, and their cigarettes are good and strong.

"Yesterday afternoon I took a carriage, for six cents, and went up to Ponce city. It is of 32,000 people and one of the finest places you ever saw. Fakirs by the hundreds, and such a jabbering you never heard. If you want a carriage you have to jump into one while it is going, they can't wait for you. Everybody is on the hustle. The driver may ask you \$1, but we never give him more than 12 or 13 cents and away you go like the wind and never think of smashing into one another.

"I was in the Spanish (or now American) barracks at Ponce and saw a lot of Spanish prisoners. They are all little runts, not over five feet high and stood at attention and took off their hats and saluted us when we entered.

"There is not much danger from the Spanish regulars, but the country is full of guerillas and bushwhackers and they make lots of trouble. Although the Ponce papers said yesterday that peace had been declared, no doubt it will be many a day before we see God's country again, for I believe we are to be garrisoned here somewhere.

"There is a road from Porto Ponce to San Juan, over 80 miles long and it is better than the Chester pike. You should see a Spaniard run from us—you would think we were going to cut their heads off. Back in the country we can have everything we want for nothing, and if I could only carry them, I could get all the souvenirs I wanted."

A Cavalryman with Miles.

The following letter from a young New Yorker, who enlisted in Troop A, Fifth United States Cavalry, at the beginning of the war, gives a graphic picture of the experiences of the private during the advance from Ponce into Porto Rico, with Major-General Miles:

"DEAR FATHER AND MOTHER: Received all of your letters and papers last Monday and they were a perfect godsend to me. I had been wishing and longing for some news from home and the outer world, and the letters came just in time to make me feel good. We had been scouting through the coun-

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try, which is hard work, ever since we left Ponce, and I have had no time to think of anything but Spaniards and sleeping—with precious little of the latter—and a couple of meals a day, consisting of hardtack, bacon and coffee. But with all our hunting and scouting we only had two brushes and the Spaniards didn't do a thing but run away both times. Of this I will speak later.

"After leaving Ponce—pronounced Pon-cay—on the 8th we marched into a small town, of which I do not know the name, and camped for the night with no supper, for our cook-wagon had turned over a short distance out of Ponce. Next morning we started out and struck Gauco about 12 o'clock, when the last company of the Eleventh Infantry was leaving to meet the artillery about ten miles distant. Five o'clock that afternoon—the 9th—we broke camp again and started to catch up with the artillery and dough boys—infantry—and reached their camp about 9 o'clock that night with a couple of hardtack and a piece of bacon to sup on.

"Next morning, the 10th, we all expected to have some kind of a scrap, and we did, as you will learn later on. Our troop started out ahead of the column as scouts and advance guard to find out the Spanish position. About 11 A. M. we were fired on by the Spanish outpost, which we located in a sugar plantation. We threw out our skirmish line—dismounted—and advanced on them. Well! You should have seen them scoot. They didn't stop till they reached the town of Homoguerez, about three miles away.

Dislodging the Enemy.

"About 12.30 we were told by our scouts—native Porto Ricans—that the Spaniards were a short distance on the other side of Homoguerez. We rode into the town to reconnoitre and found nary sign of any Greaser and were riding leisurely out again when, right in front of a banana plantation, the bullets came singing over our heads like so many birds, and it must have looked comical to see us duck and fall off our horse and make for shelter. We held back 700 of those Greasers until the infantry came up on double-quick about an hour later. They were just in time, too, for if they had not made their appearance when they did we would surely have been annihilated, for the Spanish line was advancing, and they had been reinforced by 200 men against our sixty-five.

"It did not seem possible to dislodge them from the position they had taken, for it was behind a large hill and just as soon as an American showed himself he was fired on. They—the Spanish—were finally driven back by a series of rushes which the infantry made with our troop on the right flank. But they kept on retreating from one hill to another, and, as there was no sense in keeping up such a hare and hounds' chase, we halted un'til the artillery

came up, and then they did some of the most terrific work I ever saw in the way of destroying things with their shell and shrapnel.

"One cannot imagine the damage those engines of war can do until one sees them in action. When a shell bursts it covers everything within a radius of a hundred yards with hot iron, so you can picture to yourselves the terrible havoc it created in the Spanish ranks. So ended our first battle of the war, and it was gloriously victorious for Uncle Sam. Two hundred and ninety-eight Spanish killed and wounded; two killed and thirteen wounded on our side. Not one of our troop was hurt, which was miraculous, as we were right in the hottest part of the fight.

"Of course we fought dismounted, as the country is too hilly to permit a mounted charge. But there was one time when we made a charge on them mounted, to take a hill for the artillery, and there was not one of us touched. I can't understand it, and the boys can't either. We learned afterward that the Spaniards were deathly afraid of the cavalry, and called us 'Yankee devils.' I know that we gave a terrible Indian yell when we charged them.

"I suppose you want to know how a fellow feels on the firing line. It is a mighty queer sensation,—not fear exactly. I think it is pride more than anything else that makes a fellow keep a stiff upper lip, and, of course, one can't run away when all his comrades are fighting alongside of him. But, take it all in all, I would rather be at home, lounging in that large armchair in my room, smoking some Old Gold tobacco,—but it will never do to become reminiscent, for it won't do me any good. We camped on the battlefield that night, and started the next morning, the 11th, for the town of Mayaguez (pronounced My-o-way), where it was reported the Spaniards had thrown up intrenchments. Arrived there about ten o'clock A.M., but found no Spaniards, and talk about enthusiasm!

Acting as Scouts.

"American flags were flying from every large building, and the natives collected on every corner and shouted 'Viva Americano,' etc. We had all the cigars, cigarettes, wines, cakes, coffee and fruit we wanted, and Captain McComb made a speech. We then marched a short distance out of town to reconnoitre and to look for a camping place. We saw some Spaniards on the hills in the distance, but they were so badly scared that we could not get near enough to give them any shots. We then pitched our tents and camped for two days to rest our horses. The captain then called for volunteers to go out on detached service. I and twenty others offered our services.

"On the morning of the 13th we started, with Lieutenant Valentine in command. We were the scouts and the advance guard of the Eleventh In-

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fantry and the artillery, always keeping a couple of miles ahead of the column, and taking notes of the surrounding country. It is a surprise to me that our small band was not snuffed out, as the Spaniards could have fortified themselves in hundreds of places, and with the smokeless powder that they use, it would have been well-nigh impossible to have located them; but they did not have the courage and sense to do so.

"We kept on advancing very cautiously for two days until we came in sight of this town—Las Marias—in which we were told by our scouts that there were 1200 Spanish, with two pieces of artillery. We camped about five miles from the town that night. Next morning we advanced slowly, with the infantry and artillery a mile in the rear, till we came just outside the town, and there was the most ideal place imaginable for a breastwork. It is a very old cemetery, just outside of the city gates, and commands the whole road for a couple of miles.

"If the Spaniards had only had the pluck and sense they could have blown us, twenty-one men, out of existence, but, as usual, they were not in the place where we were looking for them. We advanced again very slowly till we arrived in the town, and then the Lieutenant had a pow-wow with our scouts and some of the notables of the town. I forgot to mention that as soon as we entered the city gates the bells in the one church here commenced to ring, and we all naturally thought that it was in welcome to the American soldiers, as every town we had passed through had shown its joy and enthusiasm in the same manner, but we afterward found out that it was a signal to the Spaniards that we were in the city.

"We passed through the town by order of Lieutenant Valentine, and when about half a mile on the other side of it our scouts came up helter-skelter, jabbering and making all sorts of faces and signs that there were 200 Spaniards—the rear guard of their main force—waiting for us to give us a warm reception. Well! We didn't do a thing but about face and gallop out of that confounded town to meet the infantry and artillery.

Spaniards Ran Away.

"We advanced again and caught those Greasers as they were fording a river, and played terrible havoc in their lines. At first they returned our fire very steadily, and we thought that we would have considerable trouble to dislodge them from the surrounding hills, but after awhile they fell back and retreated with a loss of 55 killed, between 150 and 200 wounded, and 50 prisoners. The only damage on our side was a finger shot off. So you can imagine what miserable fighters and shots the Spaniards are. Siegel was lucky enough to pick up a Mauser carbine from the field, and I managed to get a

couple of wooden plates and a cup. Some of the fellows got musical instruments that their band had left behind in their flight, ammunition, underwear, surgical instruments, paper and envelopes, etc. There was almost enough to equip a whole regiment.

"Next morning we camped in Las Marias, and have been here ever since. I can't find out when we leave. We've heard from a reliable source—the Captain—that peace has been declared, so I wish that father would make application for my discharge as soon as he thinks best, for I know he can get it a deal quicker than I can and I have no use for army life. It is too lazy, and anyway I want to get home to see you all again.

"The horses did suffer on the voyage from the lack of fresh air and one died when we arrived at Ponce, but I had managed to get Bouncer near a large porthole when we loaded at Tampa, so he did not suffer so much as the rest did. They were all fairly crazy with delight when we landed them at Ponce, capering all around, and we had a tough job that night in using them on the picket line.

"Could you send me some paper and envelopes, please, also some cigarette paper and tobacco, as the native tobacco is miserable stuff. An American dollar is worth \$1.50 in Spanish money, but there is nothing worth buying, as everything is old and musty. Hope we are sent back to Mayaguez, where one can buy anything almost the same as in New York. This is a purely Spanish town. Everywhere one looks, scowls and grimaces meet him, but they are rapidly getting over their likes and dislikes. We are quartered in a small building and sleep on our blankets on the floor. It is dry and it is better than sleeping in a wet tent.

"Peace has been declared, for which I am very thankful, and I know you are, too. Army life is all very well as long as the country is in danger, but now the only thing I want is my discharge, and that pretty quick."

A Famous Foot Ball Volunteer.

Samuel A. Boyle, Jr., the famous foot ball player on the University of Pennsylvania team, who enlisted with Battery A, at Philadelphia, and served with it as a sergeant in the Porto Rico campaign, gives the following animated description of the experience of the command:

"The part played by Battery A in the Porto Rican campaign under Major General Nelson A. Miles was not prolific in memorable experiences. The battery saw for the most part only the disagreeable side of campaigning—the exposure to the vagaries of the tropical climate and the hardships incidental to short rations and insufficient provisions. However, this was not true of all the Pennsylvania troops landed on Porto Rican soil, nor, indeed,

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to all of the battery. A small detachment of the latter was sent forward to convoy a provision train, soon after their arrival at Ponce. This detachment had the good fortune to witness a half dozen brushes with the enemy in the van of the advancing army, and was at the extreme front when the announcement of the signing of the protocol put an end to further hostilities. There were several regiments of Pennsylvania cavalry and infantry which shared these experiences, and these, with a small selected body of troops from the regular and volunteer armies, bore the brunt of the main work of the Porto Rican campaign. What they accomplished and had had outlined for them to do when the protocol put a stop to their advance is of general interest to their friends in this city and throughout the State.

Off for Porto Rico.

"When the battery left Newport News, shortly after the fall of Santiago, it had been preceded by several detachments of infantry and cavalry. This delay in starting was accentuated by an accident on arriving in Porto Rico. The transport in which the battery sailed ran aground some three miles from Port Ponce, and a three days' delay was so occasioned before the troops and men could be safely landed. The men were readily placed on shore, but to land the horses and mules from the boat in its rather precarious position was a matter of considerable delicacy. Of these animals there were over twelve hundred, but they were all safely landed, save three, by use of lighters, to which they were transferred by means of derricks, which lifted them over the side of the ship. It was five full days before the work of unloading the guns and supplies was completed, and during this time the van of the army, already two days in the lead, was drawing constantly away.

"During the days consumed in landing the supplies the men were encamped with no canopy but the sky to cover them—a sky that was constantly pouring down its rains upon their unsheltered heads, alternating them with a burning sun as enervating and exhausting as the tropics furnish. For a bed they had the hard stones of the old Spanish Catholic Church to rest upon. This lasted for four days, during which time the other Pennsylvania troops were steadily advancing.

"One of the first encounters which the latter had was at Guayamo. The Sixteenth Pennsylvania and the Fourth Ohio were ordered to attack the Spanish forces there. The Pennsylvanians led the way, but found themselves confronted by a break between the hills, beyond which the town lay. Through this they must pass, commanded by the enemy's guns, all of which were trained upon the spot. Nothing daunted, they were forced to drop on all fours and crawl through to avoid decimation by the artillery fire.

" Reaching the ravine beyond successfully, however, they charged up the hill, and by the sheer force of their attack drove the Spaniards from their position, captured their guns and took possession of the town.

" The success of the charge was due to the bravery and ferocity of the men, and the skill and daring of Captain Harry Hall. The latter led the charge from the moment they entered the little ravine until they reached the enemy's position, exposing himself to the hot fire fearlessly and continually, and urging on his men by his word and example. The result, however, might have been different in spite of him had not the volley firing of the charging troops been so deadly. On the first volley the Spanish commander fell dead, and with him several of his leading officers. This disconcerted the Spaniards, and though they desperately resisted the attack their resistance was ineffectual. After a fierce fight they were compelled to yield their position and surrender upwards of five hundred of their number to the victors.

" This telling victory was really more important than appeared at first sight, and that it was due almost entirely to the Pennsylvania boys is a source of pride to the entire body of Pennsylvania troops. It was the only severe engagement which was encountered by General Miles' command, though repeated skirmishes occurred and kept them continually on the alert. The real work of the campaign, however, was before them, and, had not the protocol interfered, would have been entered upon at once.

Armistice Stops an Attack.

" This was the projected attack upon Aibonito. When the announcement of the armistice was received the troops were drawn up in battle array. The word was only wanting to send them forward to the attack. This would certainly have been given had the message from Washington been delayed ten minutes. Had it been given the decisive battle of the Porto Rican campaign would have been fought, for Aibonito enjoyed a particularly valuable strategic position, the capture of which would certainly have insured the success of the American expedition. As at Guayamo, the Pennsylvanians would have borne the brunt of the struggle.

" To understand properly the importance of Albonito it is necessary to describe its position. It lies on the road from Ponce to San Juan, and must be passed through by an army in order to go from one city to the other. The cavalry and infantry might have succeeded in passing around it, but to take the artillery by any such circuitous route would have been out of the question. To pass Aibonito was, therefore, necessary in order that our forces could march on to San Juan, to co-operate there with the naval forces in taking the city.

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"Aibonito stands just behind a crest of a steep hill, quite as steep as that at El Caney. Upon the brink of this hill the entire Spanish forces available in the island had been concentrated for the purpose of combatting the American advance. There were over seven thousand there, gathered from San Juan and other towns in the eastern end of the island. They were admirably entrenched, with a strong force of artillery, and seemed to enjoy an almost impregnable position.

"The only possible means of taking the position was by directing artillery fire against it, and so driving the Spaniards from their trenches, unless they could be surprised, and the end thus accomplished by strategy. The former plan was tried by the Americans for three days. The elevation of the guns necessary to throw shells up the hill, however, compelled the artillery to be brought close to its base. To place the guns there would be to sacrifice a host of lives, since the men behind the guns must necessarily be exposed during the entire time to the Spanish gunners, to say nothing of their sharpshooters. The plan of dropping shells into the trenches was tried from a distance, but this was unsuccessful, since the shot all fell behind the crest of the hill.

The Line of Battle.

"After trying thus for three days to direct artillery fire against the position without success, an attack was determined upon with the idea of surprising the enemy. A flank movement was ordered against the hill, the Fourth Pennsylvania being assigned to this task. They were to reach the rear of the position by a circuitous route, and gaining it were, on a given signal, to attack the enemy in the rear and, distracting the attention thus from the front, give the cavalry a chance to charge up without subjecting it to the decimating fire which the enemy could pour down upon it. Under cover of these two attacks the artillery could be brought forward within range and render valuable assistance.

"At best it was a hazardous plan. It meant the sacrifice of many lives, probably a greater number than had been killed before Santiago. Still delay was almost as serious, and after careful deliberation it was decided to strike the blow.

"It was at this time that the detachment of Battery A, in charge of the supply train, reached the scene. The Fourth Pennsylvania had started the previous night on its two days' march to encircle the town. They had accomplished their purpose successfully, and had gained the position in the rear of the town from which they were to strike their blow. They had signaled their readiness, and only awaited the answering signal to send them forward.

"Drawn up for the charge up the hill was the cavalry. Five troops were

selected to lead the charge. On the left was the Philadelphia City Troop, adjoining them Troop A, of New York, next a detachment of regular cavalry, then the Brooklyn Troop, and the Buffalo Troop. Behind the cavalry was the infantry selected to support the first charge. These were the Sixteenth Pennsylvania, the First and Third Wisconsin, and the Second Regulars. The artillery waiting to take their new positions were Battery B, Pennsylvania; Battery A, Missouri, and six regular light batteries.

"It will be seen at once what an important part Pennsylvania was to have played in the fight. Upon these troops would have fallen a large share of the losses. The City Troop in the van would have suffered frightfully, and one hundred lives would not likely be too large an estimate to place upon their probable losses. Fortunately, however, the carnage was avoided by the timely arrival of the peace message.

"After the notification of the armistice was received the troops went into camp. Battery A was stopped and encamped short of Guayamo. The City Troop remained before Aibonito. The Battery was comfortably situated in the San Juan road, near the base of a hill, beside which flowed a pretty stream furnishing excellent water for men and beasts. The only discomfort was from the constant rains and from the hot sun. The thermometer ranged as high at times as 140 degrees in the sun. The ground was damp and marshy and the air heavy and murky. All were more or less affected by the combined influences, and fully a dozen were sent to the hospital at Ponce with malarial or typhoid fever. Some twenty others threatened with one or the other were ordered home at once, and left with the yacht May.

"The orders to the entire command to march to Port Ponce and await the Mississippi were very welcome, and there was a very general rejoicing when the men were at last aboard the big transport awaiting the order to sail."

Hardships on Transports.

Here is a letter from a Battery A man, who wrote to a friend in Philadelphia, concerning the hardships of the trip from Newport News to Porto Rico on the transport Manitoba, under date of August 8th:

"This is our third day out, and we will probably sight land after to-morrow. We are now a thousand miles off the coast of Florida, off the Province of Matanzas, on the eastern coast of Cuba, heading between Hayti and Porto Rico. We have had three of the finest days imaginable, with the sea as smooth as glass, and until this A.M. without a breath of air, making the heat almost unbearable.

"I think I told you we started to load the transport last Tuesday, and continued without a break until Friday afternoon. Two mules were loaded

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on board with a swing, which lifted them fully thirty feet from the dock, and, during the process, we had some very funny and thrilling experiences. One mule dropped through the swing into the water; another fell thirty feet to the dock and had to be shot. Many of the men were badly kicked. Major Casselman came very near being kicked in the head by a mule.

"We passed Old Point at dusk, and were hardly out to sea when the cargo shifted decidedly to port, giving the boat a list, which, in itself, was not without danger. Smoking is prohibited; the first three days out we had many rumors of fires among the hay, etc.; there was, however, no stampede. Our quarters are in the stern, the best place, with two decks of horses over us. The air is forced down by an electric fan, giving a little relief. There are two more tiers of stock below us, and the ammonia makes the place almost unbearable.

Provisions Buried Beyond Reach.

"We can wear scarcely any clothes, and I think the men who endure this trip can go through anything. The men clean out all the stalls every morning, and water and feed the horses three times a day. We are down to hard fare; nearly all the provisions are buried in down in the hold by mistake; so we have had to be satisfied with a little coffee and hard tack, and for dinner salt meat. The dirt and filth is beyond your imagination; we had a little relief at 6 o'clock this morning, when we each had a stream of salt water turned upon us on the quarter deck. Several horses and three mules have been thrown overboard, and, in the event of the sea getting rough, we will lose many more.

"You should see our 'kaki' suits now; they are black and greasy beyond recognition. There is one satisfaction, notwithstanding the dirt, they are cool.

"Since commencing this letter, the weather has become cool, and we are all on the upper deck enjoying the breeze, which is a regular trade wind.

"There are a number of Philadelphians going down on our transport, who represent a syndicate to buy land.

"August 9, 1898.—Probably two hundred men are sick on board and also most of the horses and mules, making it all the harder for those of us who are in first-rate condition.

"We will land in front of Ponce, but cannot get within a mile and a half of the dock; will have to unload with lighter, which will take us several days. We spent all day yesterday trying to get down in the hold to our provisions, with only partial success.

"Aug. 10, 1898.—We sighted the high hills on the west coast of Porto Rico at 3 A. M. and lay to until daylight, when we continued at a low rate of

speed between Hayti and Porto Rico through the Mona Passage, and are now going along the southern coast, which is very beautiful.

"We can see mountains very numerous in the distance, and the whole country seems to be wild and rugged.

"Last night I swung my hammock on the top of the deck on the after bridge and had a fine sleep. It was blowing a gale and very rough. I have felt first-rate the whole voyage. It will probably take us several days to unload, from the fact that we cannot get within a mile and a half of the dock.

"Will seal this letter now, as a boat is going back. Will write another later.

Hard Aground Off Shore.

"August 11, 1898.—We are hard aground a mile from shore and three miles from Ponce, where we see the inner harbor crowded with transports, together with the Columbia, Cincinnati, Prairie and two monitors. The city of Ponce seems to be a large place about two miles inland, at the base of a high range of highlands, which run east and west the length of the island.

"The most wretched management and blundering occurred before we struck the bar. The Columbia signalled us to go around a certain buoy, but the captain, who thought he knew it all, went by his charts and grounded in the exact place the Massachusetts and Cincinnati grounded on the first expedition.

"We are within a hundred yards of a small island, upon which is a light-house. A large Government tug went aground last night in trying to pull us off. Our boat is pounding frightfully, and should a very bad storm come up the stores would be in a very bad condition. If we cannot get off by the next high tide we will unload by lighter. Shortly after we landed, Mr. Wadsworth came up to give us the news. Mr. Wadsworth is officially attached to General Miles's staff. Last night, with fifty cavalry and two companies, he crossed the island and took a town on the other shore. He informs us one gets a soaking regularly once a day from a hard rain.

"The City Troop, with Troop C, of New York, with Sixth Regulars, are forty miles from here scouting. There was heavy firing yesterday behind Ponce and we distinctly hear the volley firing, being very aggravating to think we could not get in it.

"Grant's transports are hourly expected, and we may be landed farther up the coast. General Miles is sixty miles from here, near San Juan, where there are 10,000 Spaniards. The food had better not be written about—it is all salt; the horses and mules in an awful condition. The weather here cool and very damp at night.

"The boat is pounding so hard that it is only possible for me to write. Will write you as soon as we land ashore."

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CHAPTER XVIII.

Victorious March of Our Soldiers to San Juan, Porto Rico.



CORPORAL in Company B, First Regiment of Volunteer Engineers, gave the following graphic pen-picture of the march to San Juan:

"MY DEAREST MOTHER:—Our first long march is over. We are now in sight of the Spanish lines. We left Ponce Saturday at noon, and marched about nine miles. It was something awful, as it was just in the heat of the day, and you can imagine how the sun is here. We passed through the town that was burnt down by the bandits. You know there are 4,000 or 5,000 of them scattered through the mountains. They are really the only enemy we have to keep on the lookout for. Just as we struck this town it started to pour down rain, so we got under the best shelter we could find. After it was over we started on.

"As most of the bridges are torn down or worn away, we had to get over the streams the best way we could, and that was to walk. Well, it had rained so hard that they were swollen twice their usual size. We had a very hard time to get through, the water being above our waist. Then we had to march right on in our heavy, wet clothes.

"In our march we had to cross four of these rivers, and when we struck our first stopping-place for the night we were nearly dead with fatigue. It was pitch dark. We did not bother to pitch tents, but just put our ponchos and blankets on the ground and went to sleep after we had our supper, which consisted of a cup of black coffee with some hardtack—all we had that day was in the morning, some beans and coffee, and the supper I speak of. Early the next morning we started again, and marched twelve miles, but in this I did not walk, as I was detailed to look after the wagons, we bringing up the rear.

"As we went along we passed man after man that had dropped from the heat. We reached the next camp in the afternoon, and stayed there two days. When our company was first ordered out we struck tents that night at 12 o'clock, and marched six miles, and really it was a beautiful march, with the moon for our light, and when we passed under the trees out into the open it seemed like going into a small-sized paradise.

"We reached the camp where we are now early in the morning, then rested and had a late breakfast. After that we marched on to see if we could

get a better camping ground, and, by mistake, found ourselves right at the Spanish lines, and then we had the pleasure of walking all the way back. The camp we have now is beautiful, right in a valley surrounded by large mountains. F. and I tried to climb one, but we got tired.

"To-morrow we start work in repairing bridges; that will take us about two weeks; then I hope to turn my face towards the United States. I am feeling first-rate, except that I feel a little weak now and then from the height of the atmosphere, for it was a steady uphill climb all the way. The road winds like a snake around and through the mountains. The road here is great for a bicycle. I have only seen one as yet, and it does seem odd to see any one riding it here. This morning I took a swim in a mountain stream where there was a deep hole. The water was nice and cold. I felt as if I could eat mule, but, sad to relate, I went to sleep and missed my dinner, and I am now most beautifully hungry. Bright trick, was it not?"

"We use our little shelter tents; only two men sleep in these, for, as I have told you, each man carries half of the tent. I am gradually turning into a regular pack mule, so I will come in handy the next time you move, if I am there. The officers mess with the 'common soldiers,' all eating the same food. I hope some day to get another letter from you. I suppose the letters are at some post waiting to be sent on. The wagon goes into Ponce to-day, so this letter will go with it. With much love to all and don't worry. Your loving son."

A Pennsylvania soldier wrote as follows from Porto Rico: "I have a chance to write the letter that I promised in my last postal. It is not the first time that I have had leisure—heavens knows we have enough of that—but because I had no place to write in, as you shall see.

"I told you that we were packed together rather closely in the transport City of Chester. Since I have met other regiments here I have come to the belief that we were not worse off than they; but, at the time, it seemed a perfect hell. We had on board two hundred mules, and they traveled second class; we had twelve hundred men, and we traveled steerage.

Too Bad for Mules.

"One of the officers was asked why the relations were not changed—the men above, the mules in the hold. 'Why,' said he, naively, 'the animals would die down there!' This may seem to you horrible, but, really, I enjoyed it, and grew fat on it. If we had had a little more to eat and drink, I should have been quite contented. As for eating, conditions improved as soon as half of the men became seasick. Those who suffered generally remained below, where the air was so foul that it took all of the strength out of them,

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and at the end of the voyage they came up as weak as infants. While they were sick those who were well had their rations.

"Well, we arrived all right, and, on the whole, the regiment was in fair condition. We came ashore in boats, in danger of being upset in the rough sea that was running, and found ourselves in a collection of decayed buildings called *Porte de Ponce*. Here we found fragments of other regiments—the red-striped artillery, the yellow cavalry and the white infantry—all dirty. It was a pleasure to see our fellow-citizens; it made us feel more thoroughly at home. The natives were hospitable enough, only they would cheat whenever the opportunity offered.

"That evening we were marched into camp in what looked like a beautiful field. The sun was setting, and the tall coconut palms were swaying in a soft breeze. All around us the rugged hills rose gradually into the mountain chain that formed the horizon on the land side, and the air was full of tropical sounds. Nothing could be more inviting; nothing could have more quickly stifled our fear of fever, or more effectually have smothered caution. Nobody thought to notice that the camping ground was three feet below the level of the road, and that there was no lower ground in the vicinity. However, we bivouacked there. The general orders on shipboard gave careful instructions about keeping off the ground—'hammocks must be swung three feet above the ground.'

"The sponsors for the order left us, however, without tents, hammocks or firewood, so we tried to forget general orders, rolled ourselves in our blankets and lay down on our ponchos. Of course it rained several times during the night, and that made the arrangements a little awkward. But before it rained the night was charming.

A Camp "Drunk."

"I lay on my back looking at the stars, as happy as a lark, and my thoughts wandered off to home and home folks, as they very often do, when all of a sudden there burst out from the midst of the camp the most agonized shrieks, 'Take it away! Take it away! For God's sake take it away!' Then there was the sound of running guards and I thought that some one must be wrapped up with a snake—and so he was, but the snake was in his own head.

"The poor fellow had been without a drop on shipboard, was alcoholic by inheritance, was wild for drink, had consumed a large quantity of native firewater, which is something terrible for our men, and had fully developed delirium tremens of the worst kind before midnight. Considering that it was 5 o'clock before we landed that was pretty rapid work. He kept the whole

camp awake for an hour or so while they were injecting morphine into him. Finally, by gagging him and drugging him, they succeeded in getting him fairly quiet. I mention this to show the way the men rush for drink. The result was a camp like a madhouse for a day or two.

"I was saying that it rained that night. In the morning it poured, and in half an hour that beautiful camping ground worked up into a clay swamp of the worst kind. Had the rain lasted, as it will in a week or so, for days at a time we should have been up to our waists in water. As it was we were over our shoe tops. It was two days before anybody knew what it was to be dry. Then the swamp stunk like a pestilence, and I gave about a week for the whole affair to turn into a fever hospital. Of course the officers knew all this, and doubtless were doing their best to get us out of the hole into which some one had run us, and to-day we move to what is said to be a much better place for a camp.

"Yesterday I obtained a pass and went with a comrade back to the town of Ponce. We 'struck' a native Porto Rican who had traveled in the States, and was full of enthusiasm for everything appertaining to them. He was a poor patriot, a newspaper man, who had been under the Spanish ban for some time. When he remarked that peace had been declared, he sighed. The pleasure of seeing the Spaniards thrashed was too great a treat—he couldn't bear to have it over. As for fighting, we shall probably see more of it. There is still skirmishing, but we are so far back of the line that nothing short of a miracle could expose us to any danger—all of our dangers are internal."

Might Be the Last Letter.

A letter from Dwight L. Rogers, of Northampton, Mass., who was in charge of the Young Men's Christian Association tent with the Sixth Massachusetts volunteers in Porto Rico, is full of interest. It was dated Guanica, Porto Rico, July 31st, 1898, and said:

"Last Sunday when it was learned that General Miles would give our regiment the honor of leading the invasion we got one of our boxes of paper out of the hold. Stationery was very scarce, 25 cents being offered for an envelope. When we distributed ours free and broke the corner the price fell. The boys each knew that it might be the last letter he would ever write, and it seemed as if every man in the regiment made up his mind to improve the opportunity.

"This is a great grazing country, apparently hundreds of cattle and horses being kept within a few miles hereabout. All the better class of natives seem to be mounted. Our commissary department has kept the army supplied with fresh beef, and the troops have fared very well here, compara-

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tively speaking. The government rations are very poorly adapted to this climate. Bacon, hardtack, and poor coffee are the staples.

"I have been messing with Company I (Concord), but they, with the other troops here, except companies D and B (Fitchburg), have moved on to Ponce. I did not go because all facilities for transportation, ox teams and pack mules, were impressed into the service of the government. The brigade commander in charge of transportation assures me that he will try to get my stuff over soon. I have not much, as only one box was unloaded here, the others going on to Ponce with the regimental staff.

"I had no shelter at all from the weather, as even the officers' tents were not unloaded. All were using the 'pup' tents, so I borrowed a small wall tent from the Sixth Illinois regiment. I expect to be able to return it later. It is fortunate I had it, for Friday we had quite a little rain, and it not only sheltered me and my stuff, but Colonel Woodward, Chaplain Dusseault and Lieutenant Colonel Chaffin put some of their things, as well as themselves, in there for shelter. The latter slept with me.

"I find the officers very cordial. Major Priest, who was left in command here, ordered his men to bring my stuff over in their team. We changed our camps again, this making the third, and I think the best place, as it is on dry, sloping ground, a little above the level of the plain.

"The men have been so busy fighting, doing outpost duty, changing camp, unloading stores, etc., that they have had no time even to sleep. Yet I have been able to help some of them here, I hope. One or two have decided to serve the Lord since we landed, and some others to be more faithful in his service. One boy came in and wanted me to see one of the Fitchburg Y. M. C. A. boys in the hospital. He is a great athlete and basket ball player, I believe—Cairns by name—and is, I understand, in bad shape with lung trouble. I hope to see him to-day.

"Downey, who used to be physical director in Clinton, and some other place, I think, is in company B. I first met him yesterday. I hope to be able to have some sort of a service here to-day. The men have had no religious service since July 3d.

Fired On From Ambush.

"Seven companies were fired on while marching in column of fours on a road running along a valley between two hills. The Spaniards were in ambush with superior force, and had their markmanship been anything but of the most wretched character our force would have been cut to pieces. As it was, only two men were wounded, and they are around. One had a bullet graze his neck, and another a moment after pass clean through his neck just

back of his jugular vein. He is now here in my tent feeling pretty well, though, of course, lame and sore.

"The natives are very friendly. They are glad of deliverance from Spanish rule. As I sit in my tent here I see in front one of the soldiers giving a group of some twenty-five natives the "setting up" drill, much to the enjoyment of the boys. In the rear is a native cabin, perhaps twelve feet square. It is a frame structure, sides covered with rough boards, and thatched with palm leaves. In the rear is an open shed of poles roped with palm leaves also. This shed is used for cooking.

"Instead of a stove a rough stand is made of poles. This shed is about four feet high, and stones are placed on it. Among these stones the fire is made and the food cooked. The houses all stand on posts from three to six feet above the ground. Most of the houses on the main street are roofed with corrugated iron, a few shingled, the rest tiled. Some of the houses are very good, and nicely painted both outside and in. Pigs, chickens and naked children roam through the camp unmolested and apparently at home. After the children are five years old or so they are all dressed.

"The men wonderfully appreciate the stationery part of our work, and over and over I have heard it said: 'The best thing the association ever did. The thing that has done me the most good, though, has been the heartfelt thanks of these soldier boys for the spiritual help they have felt from our effort.'

A Chaplain's Impressions.

Rev. Geo. A. Knerr was chaplain of the Fourth Pennsylvania regiment in Porto Rico. Upon his return, he preached at Lebanon. He said, in the course of his remarks:

"The hand of God caused the destruction of the Armada, and surely the Almighty's power has been shown in our struggle with the haughty Spanish nation—a war for civilization and the uplifting of men and women. And now let us send men to our new possessions armed with the gospel of Christ. Porto Rico was characterized by all the tropical magnificence of God's wonderful works. How we rushed to the sides of the vessel when the mountain scenery burst on the view. And yet how sad we felt, for one of our number was dead. The rich soil, the salubrious climate, the trade winds blowing from the east, and the prolific growth of its products make this island wonderful.

"We had sickness among us because we were compelled to camp in the lowlands and swamps. We could not move higher, for the flag of truce forbade it. The inhabitants are of five classes—the original Indian of a high type, the negroes or slaves, the Porto Rican, small of stature, yet of a docile temperament; the French people and the Spaniards. The latter's selfish

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characteristics always assert themselves. You give them the finger, they want the hand.

"It is possible to see blossoms, the embryo fruit, and the ripened fruit all at the same time, and the mango is the common food of the lower classes. Fruit grows all the year round. The people lead a quiet, innocent life, and are docile and affectionate, but the Porto Rican is the taxpayer, and the Spanish assessments are despotic. The Spanish soldiers simply take everything. The oxen are magnificent beasts, with a great spread of horns, and their large eyes seem to plead against the heavy weights they carry. The natives have them under control.

"The horses are small, so small that when the City Troop appeared on the island the natives ran away in terror. In the jails instruments of Spanish torture were common; there were even spikes for enclosing the form of a woman; speaking of religion the poor had no access to it; only the rich. It was the same with marriage, the rich conducted it with great pomp; the poor had none. It was the same even with burial ceremonies; the way the poor were treated was disgusting. Let us evangelize these people and inaugurate a religion which shall be free for all, and not made especially for Spaniards."

To Get a Square Meal.

Ridgeway D. Hall, Company F, First Regiment, U. S. Volunteer Engineers, wrote to his Philadelphia home from Ponce, Porto Rico, as follows:

"I am on pass from 9 o'clock A. M., to 3.30 o'clock P. M. Said pass having been obtained by virtue of the fact that I have just completed a tour of guard duty lasting twenty-four hours. When we come off guard duty we are entitled to a pass for six and a half hours. A pass, by the way, is written permission to leave camp.

"The Plaza where I am now seated is a small park in the center of the town, situated much the same as Rittenhouse and Logan Squares are in Philadelphia. In the middle of the square is a large round open building of Moorish architecture, much resembling an enormous band stand, in which there are tables and chairs, and where you can get excellent cold lemonade. The square or plaza is filled with banyan trees and palmettos. The only modern object within range of my vision at the present moment is a Ridgeway refrigerator.

"Our chief interest at present is centered in the prospective visit of the paymaster. A census of the company's funds taken night before last disclosed the sum total of \$11.85 Spanish, \$5.97½ American, three suspender buttons and a plugged Canadian dime. I am about the wealthiest man in the company, with \$3.05 Spanish.

"I have loaned various small sums throughout the company, so expect to be a bloated capitalist after pay day. I do not wish to boast of my good health, but I can only say that so far I could not have wished for better, and yet we have the reputation of being the most neglected and worst taken care of regiment that has landed on the island.

"S. received a letter from his home last night. Oh, how much these letters from home mean to us, and how many fond thoughts of these same homes, with their dear inmates, come to the soldier boy, when far away.

"I am now going around to get a good square meal, for which I shall pay 75 cents Spanish money (37½ cents American). It has just rained here. When it rains a cloud comes drifting along in a lazy sort of fashion, and when it catches you in an exposed position, it simply turns inside out and gives you a bath. It is a very cheap and effective system of free bathing, and it enables the natives to keep clean without much effort. I must have that dinner, so good-bye."

The following is a copy of a letter from a non-commissioned officer in the U. S. Volunteer Engineer corps, a graduate of the University of Pennsylvania, who was for over a year engaged in railroad work in Mexico :

Climate and Temperature.

"To-day we are having it decidedly hot—98° in the shade—wind, with a stinging rain every few moments; some indigoish, cyclonic-looking banks of clouds have just broken on the mountains, and a strong sea is running outside.

"We have about 220 men out of 1100 sick, mostly with diarrhœa and remittent fever, caused at this season by the condition of the water, and helped out by the U. S. Commissary Department. My own health has been pretty good, though I take quantities of quinine and muriatic acid, and eat but little, for I cannot go the salt pork and bacon constantly served out, and frequently condemned and buried before cooking. The mildest campaigning on the coast in August, is no child's play, and when it comes to marching with heavy order—forty pounds strapped on, the labor is very severe.

"The nights are slightly cooler now, and after twenty days lying on the ground at night, we are getting in board floors to the tents, which keep us off the earth. Fortunately we get in food from outside, such as milk, bread and eggs, at high prices, through native children.

"The administration of the island will remain for the time under the local Porto Rican Jefes (chiefs) and Alcaldes, supervised by military chiefs from our army. We are now a part of the American Provisional Army," and addressed in orders as such.

"For the present the Spanish import and export duties remain in force, and the 'boom' will not come until they are rerated. In the interior the climate is good, and land extraordinarily fertile. J. J. Astor is said to be buying up the best plantations and getting many concessions, but on the coast at this season the climate is a hell from seven to six P.M. You should see the artillery going through the mountains, men, horses and guns plastered with a sand that dries as hard as concrete, while the sun beats down at 140°. Some of the infantry have had only hard tack and coffee for three weeks."

Garretson's Official Report.

Brigadier-General G. A. Garretson made the following official report of the action on Yauco road, Porto Rico, July 26th:

"The brigade landed at Guanica on July 25th, at about 11 A. M. to 12 M. During the afternoon of that day I made a reconnoissance with two of my staff officers and Major W. C. Hayes, of the First Ohio Cavalry, of the roads and trails leading out of the valley in which the camp was situated. This valley runs nearly north and south, and is about a mile wide. There are mountains on either side about 400 feet high. About three miles from the camp is a low range of hills, varying from 50 to 100 feet high, running at right angles with the valley. Narrow valleys debouche to the north, east and west. Along the latter runs the road to Sabana Grande and S. German. Along the northeastern valley runs the road to Yauco.

"As the enemy were reported at these places by the inhabitants of the valley, the roads were carefully reconnoitred and the body of the enemy was discovered at the Hacienda Santa Decidera of Antonio Mariana, at about 4 P.M. This hacienda is situated nearly in the centre of an oval plane, about one mile by one and a half miles in diameter, surrounded for the most part by low hills, and separated by the hill from the Valley of Guanica.

"The distance between the two plains mentioned, measured through the base of the mountain, is about 1,400 yards. The Yauco river runs through the plain of Hacienda, the Valley of Guanica, and through the narrow valley connecting them. This narrow valley, constituting a defile, was the scene of the early action. A banana field lies on the east side of the road and the hill, covered with chaparral, to the west.

"The small hill on which the house of Ventura Quinones is situated, afforded a view of the Hacienda. Here and along the road outposts consisting of one company of the Sixth Illinois were posted.

"At about 6 P.M. a report was sent in from this outpost that the enemy in considerable numbers had been observed. I sent out two companies of the Sixth Massachusetts as a reserve.

"During the night the enemy opened fire on the outposts, and their commander sent in a report, which arrived at camp at 2 A.M., July 25th, that an attack on the outposts was expected. At 3 A.M., I, with my staff, and Major W. C. Hayes, First Ohio Cavalry, and five companies of the Sixth Massachusetts, left camp for the outposts on the Yauco road. The command arrived there shortly before daylight, at about 4.30 o'clock. From the reports of the outposts, the enemy were supposed to be in the field to the right of the road to Yauco. Packs were thrown off, and the command formed for attack. The company of the Sixth Illinois remained on the hill on which the house of Ventura Quinones is situated, and protected our right flank.

"The remaining companies were collected, two as support and three as reserve. After advancing to within 200 yards of the plain of the Hacienda Santa Decidera, the advance guard of our attacking force was discovered by the enemy, who opened fire from a position on the hill to the west. The north and east slopes of this hill intersect each other, forming a solid angle. It was along this angle that the enemy was posted. The reserve, posted in a road leading from the Hacienda to the east, also opened a strong fire on the road.

"A body of the enemy moved against the company on our right, Company G, Sixth Illinois, stationed on the hill of Ventura Quinones. This company had entrenched themselves during the night, and after repulsing the attacking force, directed their fire against the enemy on the hill to the west.

Enemy Driven from the Hill.

"This conformation of the ground was such that the fire of the enemy's reserve and party on the left was effective in the seemingly secure hollow in which our reserves were posted. The heavy volume of fire, the noise of shots striking the trees and on the ground and the wounding of two men among the reserves caused a momentary confusion among the troops. They were quickly rallied and placed under cover. The fire of the advance party and supports was directed against the party of the enemy on the hill, and temporarily silenced the fire from that direction.

"Our advance guard of two companies, ignoring the enemy on the hill, then deployed mainly to the right of the road, and with quick and accurate military judgment and brave personal gallantry by Lieutenant Langhorne, First Cavalry A, against the reserves of the enemy. The supporters of one company of the reserves, under the direction of Captain L. G. Berry, charged against the party on the west of the hill, through the barbed wire fence and chaparral. The reserves were deployed along the barbed wire fence running at right angles to the road, conducted through the fence, and brought up in

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the rear and to the left of the attacking party, conducted by Lieutenant B. Ames, of the Sixth Massachusetts.

"The enemy were driven from the hill and retired to the valley, disappearing behind the Hacienda. The reserves of the enemy ceased firing and retired. It is supposed that they had retired to the Hacienda, as this house was surrounded on the sides presented to our view with loophole walls. The troops on the hill were collected along the road. A reserve of three companies was established at the intersection of the road to Yauco. The two companies in advance which were deployed wheeled to the left and advanced through the cornfield on our right. The remainder of the command deployed and advanced to the Hacienda, enveloping in on the left. It was then discovered that the enemy had retired from the Hacienda in the direction of Yauco, along cleverly concealed lines of retreat.

"As the object of the expedition was considered accomplished, and in obedience to instructions received from Major-General Miles, no further pursuit was undertaken. The battalion of recruits of the regular army under Captain Hubert reported for orders, having heard the firing, but were not needed, and were returned to camp.

"The force of the enemy engaged in the battle consisted of Battalion Twenty-five, Patria of the Spanish army, and some volunteers, in all about 600 or 700 men.

"The casualties on our side were four slightly wounded. After the occupation of Yauco the casualties of the enemy were found to have been one Lieutenant, one cornetist killed, eighteen seriously and thirty-two slightly wounded.

A Staff Officer's Story.

The following letter from an officer on General Brooke's staff describes the march of the latter across the island of Porto Rico to join his colleagues on the evacuation commission:

"We left Guayama September 3d, and rode to Cayey, some seventeen miles across the mountains. We traveled over the military road connecting the two places. It is a splendidly built and well-kept highway, showing excellent engineering both in location and construction. Time and money have been lavished on it, and everything has a most finished look. It is a macadamized road bed, about twenty-five feet in width, thoroughly drained and graded. It winds and turns through the mountains behind Guayama in a most picturesque way, gradually approaching the summit, which it reaches some six miles by the road from the centre of the town.

"From that point a beautiful view of the valley of Guayama and the ocean is obtained, and, what was most gratifying to us, cool and refreshing breezes.

We consumed about two hours in reaching that point, our horses walking. The Spaniards had blown up the small brick arches across two small streams over which the road passed. These had been temporarily repaired the day before by our engineers, after permission had been secured from the Spanish authorities. The damage was outside of our lines. Entrenchments along the crest adjoining these obstructions had been thrown up, and they covered this part of the road very thoroughly.

"In forcing their way along this part of the road our men would have been subjected to a front, flank and rear fire. The Spanish positions were well chosen. They were almost inaccessible from the road, and it would have required hours of the hardest kind of climbing to have outflanked them. Remember, the road is cut out of the side of the mountain, with precipitous banks along and below. There was no place for artillery to move except along the road, with here and there small flat spaces, where a gun or two might have been planted.

"When General Brooke started to move against Cayey, on August 13th, there were about 600 Spanish infantry and cavalry, with two mountain guns, in these entrenchments. Our men would have had a hard job forcing them back to Cayey, would have lost heavily in doing it and would have occupied more than one day in the work. There are numerous bridges and culverts along the road, which would no doubt have been destroyed as the enemy retreated. Men on foot could have succeeded in passing these obstructions, but vehicles could not. We found also an earthen barricade in the road beyond the damaged bridges.

Impression of Spanish Soldiers.

"Beyond the top of the mountain we came upon the Spanish outpost, where we found three companies of regular infantry, and were received with due honors and courtesy. Refreshments were offered and accepted, after partaking of which we proceeded on our way. The Spanish soldiers impressed me much more favorably than I expected.

"They look small beside our men, but they are generally well set up, bright and alert, and look ready for business. They wear a uniform—blouse and trousers—of a bright homespun material, without any facings, but with brass buttons and collar ornaments. For the head they wear a white straw hat, wide brim and a cockade on the left side. They are armed with the Mauser and short knife-bayonet.

"The cartridges are carried in a clip in bunches of five, and these are carried in small leather pouches attached to the belt, several in a pouch. The leather trimmings are all of fair or tan leather, and far superior in appearance

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to our black leather trimmings. For the feet the men wear sandals with rope soles. Many, however, had on black leather shoes, and some of them wore moccasins. Each man had a blanket slung over the left shoulder, and carried a fair-leather bag or haversack. I saw no tents and no wagon train.

"They evidently do not depend on mules and wagons to help them conduct a campaign. I saw a company marching along the street, and noticed that they move with a quick, springy step, that enables them to cover ground quickly. The *Guarda Civile* appears to be a selected body of men; and, I understand they are all men who have served their time with the colors, and have been selected on account of good conduct and faithful service.

"The regulars appear to be very young men, from 18 to 21, but the *Guarda Civile* are mature men, and make a very good appearance. Their uniform is similar to that of the regular troops, but of a blue-gray color. They carry the Remington rifle, with the old-fashioned bayonet, and use brass-coated bullets in the cartridges. We found them strung along the road, both foot and mounted.

Hospitably Received by the People.

"At Cayey we were hospitably received by the residents and were provided with quarters in the town. There was a company or two of infantry there, but the officers kept in the background. Cayey is the principal point for the manufacture of cigars. Sunday morning, September 4th, we took the main military road between Ponce and San Juan, and went as far as Coguas, where we were again most hospitably received by the residents.

"At Coguas we found some 1200 infantry stationed, besides a company of the *Guarda Civile* and a troop of the same body. Coguas is an attractive little town of several thousand inhabitants. On Monday we continued our march, and arrived at Rio Piedras about 12.30. We were met outside of the town by an aide of the Captain General, with a small cavalry escort. General Brooke and his personal staff were conducted to the summer residence of the Captain General, which is located at Rio Piedras.

"The remainder of the staff and escort provided themselves with quarters as best they could. On Tuesday afternoon we accompanied General Brooke to San Juan to call on General Macias. We went on the steam tramway which runs between Rio Piedras and San Juan. At the Hotel Inglaterra we picked up Admiral Schley and General Gordon, and their respective staffs. Our call was entirely formal, and lasted only a few minutes. Most of the party returned to Rio Piedras the same afternoon, but some of us remained to attend to a few business matters, and to see the town. At the hotel we had the best dinner we have known since leaving Newport News."

CHAPTER XIX.

Story of the Gallant Fight of Our Army and Navy at Manila.

THE fate of Manila lay in Admiral Dewey's hands from that May day, when the destruction of Admiral Montojo's fleet had so brilliantly inaugurated our war with Spain. He waited, however for reinforcements, in command of Major General Wesley Merritt. It would have been easy for him to reduce Manila to ashes, and shell its defenseless citizens; much easier still would it have been subsequently for the insurgents to indulge in barbarous retaliations on their helpless enemies and give way to excesses which, with the limited force at his disposal, he would have been utterly unable to quell, and for which, none the less, he would have been held responsible by the European powers whose local interests were at stake.

The first expedition under Brigadier-General Greene, reached the Philippines on June 30th, after taking possession, on its way, of the Ladrones, a group of some 20 islands with an estimated population of 10,000, lying 1200 miles east of the Philippines. A second instalment arrived on July 17th, and a third under General McArthur on the 31st, General Greene having meanwhile taken up a position within rifle range of Malate, a suburb of Manila, and called it "Camp Dewey," a name to conjure with.

The arrival of the third expedition filled the Spaniards with rage, and they determined to give battle before Camp Dewey could be reinforced. The trench extended from the beach, three hundred yards to the left flank of the insurgents.

Sunday being the insurgents' feast day and their left flank having been withdrawn the American right flank was left exposed. Here was an opportunity not to be despised. Companies A and E, of the Tenth Pennsylvania, and Utah Battery were ordered to reinforce the right flank.

In the midst of a raging typhoon, with a tremendous downpour of rain, the enemy's force, estimated at 3000 men, attempted to surprise the camp. Our pickets were driven in and the trenches assaulted.

The fight in the trenches south of Malate, on the night of Sunday, July 31st, which cost the Pennsylvania troops so dearly, began by the usual evening firing by the Spaniards, and continued against the Americans just as it had been kept up against the insurgents, when only Filipinos occupied the trenches. The Americans, regardless of personal danger, replied, as they

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always did, standing up and exposing themselves fearlessly so as to make their fire more effective. The Spaniards shot more accurately than usual, and the Americans suffered largely from the sharpshooters.

The most dangerous place was the open ground just behind the trenches, which our reinforcements crossed fearlessly, and it was there, where much of our loss occurred. The enemy suffered severely, although the Spaniards themselves did not know how many they lost. One man said he saw five carloads of dead soldiers hauled into Ermita.

The battle was precipitated apparently by the eager desire of the Pennsylvanians to get into action. When the men kept in the trenches the Spanish fire was harmless and merited no reply. The First Colorado men, who began the trench and the First Nebraska troops, who finished it, worked steadily at throwing up the parapet during the day and night, and suffered no loss. There was desultory firing at them, but it was wild, and they made no response. They paid no attention to the enemy and went on with their work.

"The day after the fight," an officer who took part in the battle, writes a few days after the engagement, "I went over to Camp Dewey from Cavite, and spent that night in the trench with the First Colorado, Utah Batteries, and Third Battalion, First California. The Spaniards keep up a terrible fire nearly all night. For a few minutes after it began the Utah boys kept up a lively fire with their 3-inch guns, and the Colorado boys showed the Spaniards a trick in volley firing. Then our fire ceased, and thereafter from the main trench not a shot was fired all night.

"Not a man was hurt after our firing stopped. They sat behind their parapet and let the Spaniards blaze away. Bullets and shells flew over our heads in whistling chorus until daylight, and then there was a tremendous outburst. Colonel Hale, however, kept his men down, and after a while the Spaniards got tired and ceased firing.

Our First Advance.

"It was on the morning of Friday, July 29th, that our men first went forward to the trenches. From the time, about the middle of July, when the first battalion of California men located the camp at Tambo, which General Anderson afterward named Camp Dewey, outposts had been stationed regularly somewhere near the insurgent line. When the Colorado men were sent to camp with the other battalions of the First California they sent outposts out also and got into the trouble of which you have been told. Finally, when the camp grew to its present size and there was prospect that it would grow still larger, it became undesirable to have the insurgents in our front. There was no telling when the Spaniards might make a rush and drive them back,

as they were reported to have done that night the Colorado men turned out the whole camp.

"So General Greene sent to Aguinaldo, in General Merritt's name, and asked to have the insurgents restrained from stirring up the Spaniards every night. The high firing sometimes dropped shells and bullets among our outposts, and it wasn't a good thing anyway to have another force between us and our enemy. So the insurgents were withdrawn from their outposts all along our front, clear over to Pasai, as the maps have it, or Pineda, as the people call it, and on Friday our troops were sent forward to take their place.

"It was the lot of the Colorado men first to take position directly in front of the enemy. Two battalions went forward under Lieutenant-Colonel McAvoy and the third battalion was held in reserve. Colonel McAvoy saw at once that the old insurgent trench was untenable. It was in a bad place, easily flanked, and there was good cover in front of it. Beyond the right end there was thickly wooded country, through which the enemy could make an advance with good chance of escaping observation. Colonel McAvoy decided to advance the line to the old Capuchin Chapel, which stood in the middle of the field in front of the old insurgent trench. He looked over the ground with his engineers and then laid out the line of the intrenchment.

Digging Under Fire.

"It was 1 o'clock in the afternoon when the men went to work on the ditch. It had been raining pretty steadily for a week, and there were heavy squalls at frequent intervals that afternoon, but most of the time the Spaniards had an entirely unobstructed view of the Americans and what they were doing. They took note of it occasionally in a disinterested sort of way by sending a Mauser bullet down now and then to investigate. The messengers were almost all very high and no damage was done to our men, who kept at work, undisturbed by the desultory shooting. The Colorado boys had the making of a good breastwork done when they were relieved in the morning by the First Nebraska regiment.

"The ditch, trench, outwork, or whatever you might call it, was simply a lot of dirt piled up in a line that ran at right angles to the beach and the main road to Manila—Camina Real—and extended across the 250 yards, more or less, between them. It crossed fairly open country, on ground that is reasonably called high for that locality. It is level and perhaps six feet above the sea, highest just at the beach line. A line of bamboos fringe the east side of the Camina Real and a similar line runs all along the edge of the beach.

"The Nebraska boys kept up their work on the breastwork all day Saturday, and the Spaniards paid them no more attention than they had paid to the

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Colorado boys the day before. The Nebraska men worked on both sides of the parapet, making two ditches, the dirt from both of which they heaped on the long pile that gradually rose to a height of nearly seven feet all along the line. Behind the parapet the ditch was made wide but shallow, so that water would not stand in it. Vain hope! Water will stand in a boot track anywhere on that field after such rains as we are having now.

The Old Capuchin Chapel.

"About seventy yards west of the road stands the ruin of an old Capuchin chapel. It was in good condition when this rebellion began, but many bullets and shells have wrecked it almost completely. In the centre of it north and south a wide hall runs through from east to west. On the east the trench began just north of the big double door that opened into this hall and ran straight to the road. On the west, on the sea side, the trench joined the chapel at the north corner. Earth was piled against the north end of the chapel to the height of six or seven feet, up to the level of the two iron-barred windows.

"At the beach the parapet jumps forward about five yards and then swings across the eight or ten yards of beach to the wreck of an old caisson, such as the Spaniards used in Cavite to fill with rocks and put in front of their ships as improvised armor. At the base of the inside of the parapet there is a solid shoulder projecting out about two feet all along the line for the men to stand on when they rise up to fire over the earthwork. Along the top of the parapet there are notches and peepholes for the lookouts.

"On Saturday, July 30th, the work was far enough advanced to place some artillery in position, and light batteries A and B of the Utah Battalion sent forward two guns, each with eight men to a gun, under command of their lieutenants. The guns of Battery A were placed on the right of the chapel, about equidistant from it and the road. Battery B's guns were placed at the left of the chapel, a little to the east of the line of bamboos that fringes the beach.

"The Spaniards kept whacking away at our boys occasionally on Saturday, but did no damage whatever at the trench. Further down the road, however, at the barricade where the footpath crosses the road north of the Pasai road, they drew the first American blood that was let in the conquest of the Philippine Islands. Private W. H. Sterling of Company K, First Colorado, was the man hit. His regiment had been relieved by the Nebraska boys at 10 o'clock and was returning to camp. As he was marching along a bullet that had been fired high came down the road and took him in the muscle in the upper part of the left arm. It stung and it bled, but it didn't hurt very

much and did no serious damage. Sterling will soon be about his work again as if he never had been hit by a Spanish bullet.

"Saturday afternoon the report came over to Cavite that the Astor battery had been moved up into the trenches, but it was a mistake. The Astor battery had no ammunition. When the Astors were landed from the Newport there was a nasty surf running and their cascos could not get in to the beach. They waded ashore and dragged their guns through the surf. Their ammunition was soaked. It had been bought as waterproof, but Captain March took no chances and examined one of the big brass shells. He found that the water had got into it and turned the powder to mush. So he had the whole lot examined and found nearly all spoiled. The bad powder was taken out and thrown away and the Astors are now reloading their shells with powder given them by Admiral Dewey.

Spanish Fire Gets Lively.

"On Saturday night the Spaniards put a little more spirit into their work, and peppered away in lively fashion. The breastwork was nearly finished, and the Nebraska boys took no chances by trying to go on with their work at it. Colonel Breit had them all inside the parapet. They kept as sharp a lookout as was possible in the nasty night, and for the rest sat tight, making no reply to the Spanish fire. The result was that no one was hurt. They had thrown pickets out to their right, across the road beyond the line of intrenchment. There was no effort to flank them, and the pickets had no work to do. The Utah artillerymen tore up part of the floor of the old chapel and built platforms for their guns to keep them out of the mud and water as much as possible, and to make a comparatively easy place for landing them.

"The embrasures were strengthened and closed up as much as possible, and when that was done the rest of the lumber was turned into shacks beside the guns, into which the young artillerymen from Utah crawled and went to sleep, sheltered from the rain, and as little concerned about the Spanish bullets as they were about the water, which fell in torrents from the unfriendly skies upon the Nebraska infantrymen.

"On Sunday morning, July 31st, the Tenth Pennsylvania relieved the First Nebraska in the trench, and a new detachment of Utah men went up to man the four guns of their batteries. The men worked along that day completing the parapet and strengthening it, and were undisturbed by the Spaniards, who were hardly wide enough awake to keep up the desultory fire with which they had tried to annoy the Colorado and Nebraska men on the two previous days.

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Americans. It begins at the beach south of the Polvorm, outside the old fort at Malate, and runs northeast until it clears the fort, then it turns to the east and runs in a straight line well out beyond the Camina Real. It is a solid-looking fortification, with plenty of rocks in the parapet, and topped with sandbags. In front of it, to the south, a small creek wriggles about over the low, swampy field. A road which leads from the fort to the Camina Real crosses this creek by a stone bridge, which has been piled high with sandbags.

"About 150 yards in front of our trench a little strip of tall grass runs across the open field from the beach to the road. Further north about 150 yards runs the trench the Spanish occupied at first, but from which they retreated a couple of weeks ago when the insurgents got their battery of old smoothbores at work down the road a little way. The country between the two trenches is low and level. About the Camina Real the field, which is fairly open nearer the beach, is full of bunches of scrub, here and there a banana growing wild, a clump of acacias or a bunch of bamboos. It's just the kind of country for men who are game enough to sneak up on their enemy and try to pot him when he doesn't suspect any danger.

"East of the Camina Real, behind our position, the country is low and swampy, with a few paddy fields, and much bamboo and banana scrub. In front and to the right of our position the field is fairly open, but there is considerable scrub. There the ground is higher. Ultimately our work will extend across this field. Just now the trench is little more than begun.

Spanish Try to Turn Our Flank.

"Of just what happened on Sunday night there always will be many stories. There are a great many going about now, some of them decidedly contradictory, and more of them are fulminating. The one which has perhaps more supporters than any other, and enjoys besides the merit, or at least the fact, of having been accepted by General Greene and published in General Orders, is that the Spaniards attempted to flank our line. That may be true. It has one fact in its support and there are two against it.

"The one fact in confirmation is that in the fight which occurred our men going up as reinforcements were subjected to a cross fire. There is no doubt that some Spaniards had left their trench and crawled out into the scrub in front and to the right of our right line, then resting in the Camina Real at the end of the trench. The pickets of the Tenth Pennsylvania were driven in. They had been posted for the most part directly in front of their regiment, but some of them were east of the road and ahead of the line.

"The two facts against this theory are, first, that the fire of the Spaniards

was very heavy and that most of it was by volley, which it could not have been from men scattered about in the scrub brush and grass; second, that the outposts of the second platoon of Battery K, Third United States Artillery, were not driven in and did not come in until they were relieved at their station on Monday morning. This platoon of K Battery was stationed on the Pasai road in reserve. Lieutenant Kessler sent forward four or five Cossack posts—four men and a non-commissioned officer. These outposts were stationed to the right and ahead of our line, but through all the heavy firing of the night they made no report. No Spaniards came their way, a very singular fact if there was an effort to turn our right flank.

Enemy Opens the Attack.

"It seems much the most probable of all the stories that this is what happened: The Spaniards, having recovered from their lethargy of a few days, concluded to stir things up. They had not been stirred up themselves for several days. The insurgents had not been there to harass them, and our men had orders not to begin an engagement. The Spaniards must have known that the insurgents had been withdrawn from the trenches and that the Americans were in. There is no more resemblance between our trench and the insurgents' affair than there is between a clipper ship and a coal barge.

"Accordingly, about 10 o'clock on Sunday night, the Spanish fire took on a regularity which showed that there was definite intention and purpose somewhere in the camp. The bullets began to whistle about our fellows in droves. The guns at Malate opened up also, and their roar, the shriek of their shells, and the loud cracking report of bursting shells added to the other general evidence to the Pennsylvanians that they were under fire. The Spanish fire, heavy as it was, was harmless as long as they kept down behind the earthwork. But the Pennsylvanians could not resist the temptation to return the fire, and straightway the trouble arose.

"It was a terrible night. Rain fell incessantly and in torrents. A fierce wind drove it across the fields and into the trench, under the little shelter the men had thrown up. A quarter moon struggled to force a little light through the heavy clouds, and succeeded only in making a ghostly glow through which all objects showed black and awful. The long bamboos were tossed about by the wind that roared through giant acacias and mangoes with the rush and noise of a Niagara.

"The little clumps of bamboo and acacia, that dotted the field in front of our line, bobbed about in the gale, and were beaten down by the rain in such fashion that they made the best kind of cover for venturesome devils—if there are any such among the Spanish—in crawling out to attack our line. The

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ditch behind our parapet filled up with thin mud. Little streams of mud ran down the embankment into this little lake. The platforms built by the Utah boys for their guns were four inches under mud, and still the rain drove down in blinding sheets.

"Soon after the Spaniards began their regular and heavy fire the Pennsylvania pickets began to come in. They had been posted in Cossack outposts almost directly in front of our line, about seventy-five yards distant. Some of the posts extended over to the right of our line, and should have been in touch with the posts set by Lieutenant Kessler from Battery K. They were not in touch with the regulars, however, because they returned to the trench and reported that they were driven in, whereas the regulars never were heard from, and were relieved next morning at their stations. There had been heavy firing on their left nearly all night, they reported, and they had taken some part in replying to it, but no enemy had appeared before them and they had suffered no loss.

Danger on the Right.

"When the Pennsylvania pickets came tumbling back into their trench, they reported that the enemy was in force on our right front and was trying to flank us. That was serious business. Major Cuthbertson brought K and B companies up the Camina Real into the trench at once and sent word to Major Bierer to come forward with D and E companies and go in on our right across the road. While this was going on, the firing of the Spanish was maintained at a terrific rate. The crack of their Mauser rifles, short, sharp, spiteful, was like the long roll beaten on a giant bass drum. It was punctuated continually with the bursting of the shells they were throwing from the fort at Malate.

"The American reply was as vigorous. At the start the Pennsylvania men fired by volley and did it well. The roar of their old Springfields all loosed off together was like the report of a 10-inch rifle. It was almost impossible to tell here in Cavite whether it was volley firing or rannonading. At times it sounded as if the Raleigh, which had taken the Boston's place off Camp Dewey, had moved up opposite Malate and opened on the Spaniards with her 8-inch rifles. The artillery men from Utah were as cool as if they were bathing in their favorite salt lake. They got their four guns into action in a hurry, and kept them there with a regularity that was undisturbed by the terrific assault made on them by the Spaniards. Small as they had made the embrasures for their guns, they were yet large enough for a hailstorm of Mauser bullets to sweep through.

"How more of the men were not hit can never be explained. The steel-

cased bullets kept up a constant ringing on the metal of the cannon, but only one struck a gunner, and he got off with a flesh wound in the arm. Lieutenant Gibbs, of Battery A, standing with his right hand resting on the wheel of one of his guns, got an illustration of how close one may come to being hit. A bullet struck the tire of the wheel just inside his thumb and passed under his hand, leaving a little burned strip across his thumb where it passed.

A Storm of Steel.

"By this time it was a business fight. The Spanish were using their magazines and firing by squads. A great deal of the fire was high, some of it very high, but never before had any of our boys seen the Spanish anywhere near so accurate, and some of the Americans had been under their fire in the insurgent trenches many times.

"The bullets were flying over their heads in swarms. They whizzed, they whistled, they sang as a telegraph wire does in a wind. They zipped, they buzzed, they droned like a bagpipe far away, like a June bug seeking a light on a hot night, like a blue bottle buzzing against a window pane. They beat against the outside of our embankment with a sound like hailstones striking soft mud, like the faint hoofbeat of the horses going up the backstretch in the Suburban as it comes to you on the patrol judge's stand at the middle distance. They rattled against the old Capuchin chapel and ripped through its iron roof with a noise such as children make with a stick on a picket fence running along and drawing the stick across the pickets, or like a man drumming on a window blind.

"Did you ever hear the cook beating up eggs on a platter with a big spoon? If that noise were magnified a thousand times it would give a suggestion of the tattoo the bullets beat on that old chapel. And all this time there were the shells. Men who were in the civil war say the shells came through the air saying 'Where is you?' 'Where is you?' all run together. They sound like the ripping of silk, and they give you the same feeling down the back that it does to pull a string through your teeth.

"The shells smashed through the poor old chapel and burst inside. They burst as they struck its heavy brick walls; they burst short; they struck our embankment and burst; they burst over the heads of our men; they flew high and went down the fields, bursting sometimes among our men hurrying up to reinforce the Pennsylvanians; they burst along the Camino Real; they were almost as thick as bullets, and yet strange as it seems, there is record of only one man who was hurt by a shell, and he was not at all seriously wounded. He was Second Lieutenant A. J. Buttermore, D Company, Tenth Pennsylvania. A shell burst just in front of and over him. A piece of it hit

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him over the left eye and knocked him down. It made an ugly cut, but that was all. He got up and went on about his work, too busy to stop and hunt in the dark for the piece that hit him.

"All this time—it seemed long, but it wasn't—our fellows were pumping away at a great rate, and the roar of our volleys was warning the officers and men in Camp Dewey that there was hot work at the front. The Spanish were giving us a practical lesson of the value of smokeless powder. Every time our guns cracked a line of flame ran along the top of our embankment. Every sheet of flame drew a fresh hail of Mauser bullets. Every time a Utah gun cracked a Spanish cannon was aimed at the flash. There our boys had as good a mark as the enemy, and they did their best. It was only guessing at the range by the time between flash of gun and burst of shell, and there wasn't a stop watch on the line to give greater accuracy.

"But they did good work, and they fired as coolly as if they were at target practice. Their work was invaluable. Not only were they perfectly calm and in command of themselves, but they helped to steady their friends from Pennsylvania, who were beginning to get excited. Reports began to go along the line that the enemy were getting around the right flank. The infantrymen thought they could detect a change in the direction of the bullets that were whistling over their heads. More of them seemed to be coming from the east, down our line, instead of from the north, across it.

First American Killed.

"While this was going on Major Bierer was taking D and E Companies into action on our right. To do this he had to cross the open field in rear of our trench. It was a perfect hell he had to go through, a hundred yards of open ground, without sign of protection, swept by a storm of Mauser bullets that came from left, from front and from right, with shells from the Spanish guns bursting among and around them all the time.

"Then the first American soldier in the Philippines fell before Spanish bullets. He was Corporal W. E. Brown of D Company. A Mauser bullet struck him through the body, and he fell dead in his tracks. All about him men were dropping with bullets in the legs or arms. Some who were wounded kept on toward the enemy. A little beyond where Brown fell, Private William E. Stillwagon of E Company got the bullet that cost him his life. Still the men went on with fine courage, and into position in the open field across the road at the right of our line. There they held their ground, pumping away at the Spaniards as hard as they could.

"Now a perfectly natural thing occurred with these green troops. Their pluck was as fine as man could ask. They were game to try to do anything

They were told, but they had never been 'shouted over,' as the English say, and they got excited. They lost the regularity of their volley fire and their effectiveness decreased tremendously in consequence. They could not see their enemy in the terrible night, and they could not see the flash of his rifles. They could not locate him and they were firing absolutely in the dark. With the roar of your own guns in your ears it is hard to judge by the crack of the enemy's Mauser where he is. It is difficult to tell where a Mauser is fired when you have quiet and daylight. How almost impossible it is in the dark with battle raging about you, and a howling wind driving a terrific rain in eddies and gusts into your face and down your neck!

Brave Captain O'Hara.

"For an hour the fight had been going on fiercely. The noise of it got out to the ships of the fleet, drifting against the wind, and the searchlights began to wink and to travel over toward the Spanish position. Blessed relief to our men. It gave them now and then a glimpse of the country ahead of them. They could see something of where they were shooting, but still they could see no enemy. Camp Dewey had been awake a long time.

"Lying in his tent, almost at the north end of the camp, Captain O'Hara, in command of the battalion of the Third Artillery, unable to get sleep, had been keeping track of the firing. He knew our men had but fifty rounds of ammunition with them, and he realized that at the rate they were shooting that would soon be expended. He didn't know what the trouble was, but he did know that if they were attacked they would want help when their ammunition was gone, and they would want it mighty badly.

"Battery K of his battalion was in position as supports; but the orders were not to go in unless the Pennsylvanians were in a pinch. Captain O'Hara counted the volleys until the firing became indiscriminate, and he understood that the boys were getting rattled. He had no orders, but he took a chance, and he took it just in time.

"He sounded the assembly. As the bugle-call rose over the camp, out of their tents tumbled the men of battery H, and into line they ran, Krag-Jorgensen rifles in hand and 150 rounds in their double belts. Down the camp below the Third Artillery another bugler picked up the call. The First Colorado men heard it and swarmed out with their guns. Nebraska followed suit, and soon half the camp was in arms.

"Leaving Captain Hobbs, in command of Battery H, with orders to be ready to advance at the bugle-call, and to bring 10,000 rounds of extra ammunition, Captain O'Hara, with his orderly and his bugler, started up the road toward the front. A little beyond the corner of the camp he met an orderly

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from Major Cuthbertson coming on the dead run. The orderly was blown and frightened. He had run through a rain of bullets on his way back for help, and it had increased his excitement and enlarged his notion of what had occurred.

"'We're whipped!' he shouted to Captain O'Hara. 'We're'—

The Rush to the Rescue.

"But O'Hara didn't care what else had happened. His bugler was already putting his soul into the command, 'forward!' O'Hara heard the answer from Hobbs's bugler, and captain, orderly and bugler charged up the road to the front with all the speed their legs would give. The bugles sang along the road in the steady, reassuring song of 'Forward!' and the men of Battery H, toiling up through the dreadful mud, answered with a cheer and a fresh spurt.

"Somewhere ahead O'Hara knew Kraysenbuhl and his own battery were. If they had not gone in already he would take them. He met men coming to the rear with wounded, and some coming without wounded, straggling.

"'We are beaten!' they shouted, and the ready bugler shouted the single reply of 'Forward!' The shame-faced stragglers fell in with the captain, the orderly and the bugler, and the little procession swept on towards the fight.

"It was hot work in the Camino Real. Much experience had given the Spaniards a first-class idea of the range, and they lined the road with bullets, for they knew that reinforcements would be likely to come that way. The mud was ankle deep most of the way, and, in spite of the rain, which was unceasing, the heat was awful. But there was trouble ahead, and on they went, with the exultant bugle singing its single word 'Forward!' Every time the answer came sharp and clear from Battery H, and up the road they doubled for dear life. At the cross-road and the first barricade, where Kraysenbuhl had been posted with his regulars, there were only some stragglers, and Captain O'Hara thanked God and sounded 'Forward!'—the regulars had gone in. The stragglers swung in with O'Hara, and they went on up the road.

"The bullets spat the mud in their faces and they hugged the bamboos at the sides of the road. They advanced in double column, one on each side of the road, and so they escaped harm. Just beyond this barricade Hobbs and his men of Battery H overtook them. The bugles commanded 'Forward!' and on they ran. The song of the bugles carried down the wind to the trenches. The hard-pressed Pennsylvanians heard it and answered with a cheer that drifted back to the hurrying regulars and put strength for a new spurt into their tired legs.

"As they went along Captain Hobbs felt a sudden sharp sting in his

right thigh. He put his hand down and felt blood and knew he was hit. But his leg worked all right and he had his bugler sound 'Forward!' and went on.

"O'Hara was right about Krayenbuhl. The young lieutenant had been keeping sharp watch on what was going on in his front, and when the American firing ceased to be by volleys and ran into an indiscriminate helterskelter, he concluded that it was about time for him to go in. Then a man came back with the report that everything was going to the dogs, and Krayenbuhl started, sending a message to Kessler, over on his right, to come along in a hurry. Kessler was expecting the order and was ready for it, and in went the men of Battery K on the jump. Krayenbuhl got there first and he was none too soon. The Pennsylvanians were almost out of ammunition. Some of them had four or five rounds left and some of them had none. Those who still had cartridges were popping away indiscriminately, firing at will.

"Nothing was the matter with them but rattles. They had not been hurt. There had been reports from across the road of the loss D and E Companies were suffering, and some of the men had seen their dead, but in the trench they were all right, and the Utah artillerymen, cool as a New England Christmas, were serving their guns with clock-work regularity, undisturbed by rumor or shell.

"As the regulars went in and Krayenbuhl realized what was going on he drew his revolver and jumped among the excited men, who were firing at will, shouting to them to get together, and threatening to shoot the first man who fired without orders. His own men swung into action, and his command and their work had the desired effect.

The Frightened Courier.

"The Pennsylvanians steadied down at once. The first volley of the regulars, fired as if it was only one gun, brought the volunteers back into shape, and they cheered the men of Battery K with a cheer that rang back along the road to O'Hara and Hobbs, puffing up with Battery H. The roar of the Krag-Jorgensen volley told O'Hara and Hobbs that their own men were in action, and the cheer that followed let them know that it was all right. But they did not slack up. Their bugles sounded the old command of 'Forward!' and they kept on.

"In the meantime the frightened courier had stumbled through the camp and into the tent of Major Jones, the master of transportation. The major had been up and about for some time, expecting that reinforcements would be sent forward and ready to send extra ammunition as soon as the orders came from General Greene. The courier was almost in hysterics when he found

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the major, and he was exhausted with his hard run of two miles through the mud.

"Somebody take my gun," he cried. "Help me to General Greene! Where's the General? Somebody take me there! We're whipped! We're whipped! Oh, it's awful!"

"They almost picked him up and dragged him across the lot and up the steps to the General's quarters in a native hut just in front of the camp. The General was up, expecting a message from the front.

"General," cried the wretched courier, "send reinforcements—send every man, send every company. We're whipped, we're whipped! The whole battery is wiped off the face of the earth. We're out of ammunition. Send help—send!"

"General Greene put his hand on the frightened messenger's shoulder, and said, steadily:

"Keep cool, young man. It's all right. We'll take care of you."

Bugles and Bullets.

"After a little he got a more explicit report, but already he had ordered the general call to arms to be sounded through the camp and ammunition to be sent forward. At the general call the bugles rang all over the camp, and every man answered with his rifle and his belt full of cartridges. Colonel Smith of the First California was ordered to go forward with his regiment at once, and before the miserable courier had half finished his dreadful story, the first battalion under Major William Baxter was doubling up through the fields and the Colonel in the road was overhauling the two artillery Captains and the men of Battery H. The Second Battalion, under Major Hugh Sime, followed, to be held in reserve, and the Third Battalion, under Captain Cunningham, in the illness of Major Tilden, was left in camp, it being booked for duty in the trenches the next day.

"At last General Greene got the messenger's story as fully as the badly scared soldier could give it, and dismissed him. The poor fellow started through the camp surrounded by men who were eager to hear the news from the front.

"Did you hear any bullets?" some one asked him.

"Bullets!" he cried; "they're like hail."

"General Greene at once ordered Captain Febiger of the Twenty-third United States Infantry to go out to the Raleigh and tell Captain Cogan to be ready to engage the Malate battery. A terrific surf was booming in on the beach in front of the camp, and Captain Febiger had no boat. After a lot of work he succeeded in signalling to the little Callao, which was lying in shore

off the Raleigh, to send a boat. Finally the boat got through the surf and Captain Febiger put out.

"It was a tremendous task, but the Callao's men were equal to it, and the Captain, wet as if he had been dragged in on a lifeline, boarded the Raleigh. Captain Coglean's orders from Admiral Dewey put him practically under General Greene, and he at once prepared to respond to the General's command. The ship was cleared for action and the crew went to quarters. Meantime Captain Febiger had returned to General Greene, who sent word back to the Raleigh by the Callao's boat that a rocket would be the General's signal for the Raleigh to go in. So the Raleigh stood by with guns shotted and the crew at quarters waiting for the rocket, but to the great disappointment of the jackies it was not fired. The regulars in the trenches settled the matter, and no help was needed from the navy.

Californian's Dreadful Mistake.

"Before Captains O'Hara and Hoff got to the trench with Battery H, Kessler had joined Krayenbuhl with the second platoon of K. The steady, heavy volley of the Krag-Jorgensen rifles of the regulars warned the Spaniards that reinforcements had come, and that a new force was against them. Then came Boxton's battalion of California men and made a terrible mistake. They marched up through the open field under the hailstorm of shells and bullets from the Spanish. Captain Reinhold Richter of Company I was the first to fall, hit on the top of the head on the right side by a bullet which made a pulp of the outer layer of the skull. The doctors hope he will recover, but his condition is very critical.

"As the men advanced First Sergeant Morris Jurth of Company A fell, instantly killed by a bullet through the body. Every few yards some man fell, but the battalion kept on until they reached the old insurgent trench. They had not been at the front before since our own outwork was built and they thought this old trench was ours. They saw firing ahead of them and heard the bullets whistle by. They did not stop to ask what had become of our men, but opened fire by volley straight into the backs of the Pennsylvanians and the regulars in the trenches ahead of them.

"Colonel Smith, who had caught up with the regulars of Battery H and was with Captain O'Hara in the trench, at once sent one of his officers back to warn Major Boxton of his mistake. The officer went on the run, but before his message was delivered three volleys had been fired. It was impossible to tell what the result of the shooting was or whether any of our men were hit. The surgeons say that they cannot distinguish a Mauser wound from a Springfield, but that no man was killed by a shot from behind. One man was hit in

the back, but that was by a Mauser bullet that struck him as he was lying down in the advance across the open field. The bullet stuck in his cartridge belt, and that's how it was shown to be a Mauser.

"When the California Battalion finally got to the front it was sent out with part of the regulars to the support of D and E companies of the Pennsylvanians on the right. There and in the march up through the open field most of our loss was met with. But there were some casualties in the trench. Private Brady, of J Company, Tenth Pennsylvania, was killed in the trench, and Private McIlrath of Battery H, got the wound there from which he died the next morning. McIlrath had been in the regular army for fifteen years, and was a first-class man. He was acting Sergeant in command of twenty men. When his men got to the trench there was a great deal of confusion and excitement among the Pennsylvanians, and McIlrath jumped up on top of the parapet and shouted:

"It's all right, boys, now we've got 'em. Get together and give it to 'em in volleys."

"He was walking back and forth on top of the parapet steadying the men, when he was hit in the head by a Mauser bullet, and fell back among his comrades. He died in the brigade hospital early on Monday morning.

Private Finlay's Heroism.

"Private J. F. Finlay, of C Company, First California, especially distinguished himself. For such work as his Englishmen get the Victoria Cross. Finlay is detailed to Major Jones's transportation department as interpreter. His mother was a Mexican, and he learned Spanish before he did English. When ammunition was sent forward Finlay was in charge of the train. He had eight carromatta loads of it, each carromatta with a native driver. He started when the Spanish fire was hottest and went straight up through the open fields. The bullets buzzed and whistled all about him. They ripped through the tops of his carts, and one of them hit one of his drivers in the leg.

"Finlay kept on as if he were going after corn on a pleasant afternoon until he reached the old insurgent trench. Then he halted his train and went forward alone to find some one from the Tenth Pennsylvania to whom he could deliver the ammunition. That last hundred yards into our trench was what Captain O'Hara, a grizzled veteran who has seen a-plenty of hot work, called a 'very hot place.' It was swept incessantly by Spanish bullets. But Finlay hunted around until he found his man, went back and got his carromattas, and started forward. One of his ponies was shot just in the rear of our trench. Finlay took it out of the cart, and, with the native driver, hauled the cart along to its place, delivered his cartridges, and started back.

"On the way he found Captain Richter lying in the field where he had fallen. He jumped out of his carromatta, put the Captain in, and started on. Pretty soon he found another wounded man. That one was picked up, too, and back he went to camp. Then he turned the wounded over to the surgeons and got orders to take ten carromattas to the front and bring back the wounded. Back over that bullet-swept field he went again, as cool and unconcerned as if on a drive through Golden Gate Park, did his work, brought in the wounded, and turned in to get what sleep he could before the hard day's work began soon after daylight.

"After he had sent forward everything that he could to help the men at the front, General Greene went out himself. By this time it was after 2 o'clock, and the worst of it was over. The regulars were pumping in heavy volleys, and the Utah boys were cracking away at their undisturbed target practice, and the 'attempt at flanking' was repulsed. General Greene stayed at the front until after 3 o'clock, and then returned to camp. At daylight there was a sharp burst of firing by the Spaniards, but our men did not respond, and there was no damage done. The wounded were all brought into camp, and the serious cases were treated at the brigade hospital; the others were taken care of at regimental hospitals or went to their tents.

Burial of the Dead.

"In the afternoon the eight dead were buried in the yard of the old convent at Maribacan, back of the camp. There were no coffins available, so each man was sewed up in his blanket, and an identification tag was sewed fast to it. They were buried all in one trench, and headboards were set up to mark the graves, bearing the names of the dead. The chaplain of the Tenth Pennsylvania took a careful description of the place and the graves, with the names and records of the dead.

"The surgeons worked all day over the wounded, and did not get through until 9 o'clock in the evening. They found several very serious cases, some of which have since resulted in death.

"On Monday two battalions of the First Colorado and the third battalion of the First California were sent into the trenches with a new detachment of the even-tempered Mormons. They finished the work on the embankment, and the California men, who went in on the right of the road where D and E companies of the Pennsylvanians suffered so severely the night before, began to dig a trench for themselves. It was a nasty, slimy place they had, and hard work intrenching. Just as they had got a ridge of mud about two feet high thrown up in front of them, the Spaniards cut loose again. A red hot fire was kept up all night, and the Californians responded with vigor.

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One man was shot through the left shoulder, but it was only a flesh wound, and not serious.

"When the evening performance opened, the Colorado and Utah men in the trenches replied hotly, the infantrymen firing volleys that were hard to tell from big-gun firing, and the Utah men blazing away in their old, level-headed fashion. The practice of the Spanish gunners was excellent, and the shells burst all about the intrenchment. The Spaniards left their trench and advanced into the scrub. Apparently they had one field gun with them, and it paid particular attention to the guns of Battery B of Utah.

"Finally, one of its shells came through the embrasure and burst on top of the gun, knocking off the sights. The Utah men had a shrapnel shell in their gun at the time, and they let it go. It burst right where the flash of the Spanish gun had been seen, and the Spanish gun was heard no more that night. Whether it was disabled or not cannot be told.

"Just after the firing began, Private Fred Springstead, D Company, First Colorado, was killed. He was posted at lookout, and was peering over the top of the trench. A Mauser bullet struck him in the left eye and went through his head, killing him instantly. His head dropped on his hand, but that was a common action with the lookouts, and no attention was paid to it by his comrades until he collapsed and fell down. The ball struck him so quickly that it did not mark the eyelid, and when the lid was closed no mark of the wound showed. One man in G Company was shot in the thigh that night. That sums up the loss.

"Most of the night the Colorado men sat still and let the Spaniards waste their ammunition. At daylight there was a sharp fire by the Spaniards for twenty minutes. They shelled the old chapel with excellent aim, their shells bursting in and around it constantly, but doing no damage to our men. Their advance had crawled to within fifty yards of our trench, and Major Bell, of the Engineers, Chief of Office of Military Information, on General Merritt's staff, urged Colonel Hall to go over the breastwork and capture them. But Colonel Hall wisely refused. Some of his men surely would have been killed, and the loss of one man would not have been compensated for by the whole Spanish advance. We have more prisoners now than we know what to do with, and the capture of these would not have done any good; it wouldn't have put us any nearer Manila."

Tales of Heroism.

Corporal Hudson, of the Utah Battery, performed a notable act of gallantry on the night of July 31st. A gun embrasure had been wrecked by a shell which rendered the gun useless. Another shell entered, carrying away

the sights. Hudson jumped over the trenches, exposed himself to the heavy Spanish fire, reconstructed the embrasure and in five minutes the gun was again working. He was cheered by his comrades and congratulated by his commander. This brave man was the American whom the insurgents attempted to arrest in Cavite on August 26th. He resisted and was shot dead.

E. E. Kelly, a Chicago telegraph operator, had charge of the wire from General Greene's headquarters in camp to the trenches. During the attack a shell cut the wire behind the trenches. Kelly seized the line outside the camp and ran along the line in the darkness under a hail of bullets clear up to the trenches, where he found the break and repaired it. Communication was instantly opened and the troops in the trenches were notified that reinforcements were advancing to their assistance. Kelly was made a sergeant in the Signal Corps by General Greene.

A corporal of the Tenth Pennsylvania, single-handed, captured seven armed Spanish soldiers near the Luneta battery. He marched them five hundred yards to a company commander, where they were disarmed.

Two nights after the capitulation two hundred armed insurgents attempted to enter Binondo. They encountered a guard of thirty men of the Nebraska regiment. This detail disarmed them, arrested them and marched them prisoners to headquarters.

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CHAPTER XX.

Surrender of Manila After Attack of Dewey and Merritt.

TWO weeks after the fight in the trenches at Malate, or to be exact, on Saturday, August 14th, Manila surrendered, before either the American or Spanish commanders had received any news of the peace protocol. This fact was to figure afterwards in the peace negotiations. For an hour, Admiral Dewey bombarded the city, while the army under General Merritt, drove the enemy into the town. The story of the day is graphically told in the following extract from a letter written by a staff officer, who was very active in the advance, to his wife, giving her an account of his personal doings.

It gives also a very clear picture of the work done by our men, of the way in which the city was entered, and of the manner in which the insurgents were dealt with. It recounts the observations as well as the acts of a trained army officer, who, as aide to General Greene,

was obliged to go over very much of the ground, and was therefore in position to see probably more of the day's work than any other one man:

"Two days before I had made my reconnoissance of the position in our front and accurately located the cannon in the defences. One of them pointed directly up the beach on the edge of the bay, and this one we were unable to see with glasses on the morning of the bombardment. As General Babcock was wondering whether it was still there, I offered to go down and again re-



GENERAL WESLEY MERRITT.

connoitre the position to ascertain with certainty whether the cannon had been removed. I started down the beach, concealing myself in the brush on the way, and had approached nearly to the river, when the bombardment suddenly opened from the ships. All the shells fell short, and as they struck the water they ricocheted and whistled over my head in such number that I was compelled to retreat about 100 yards in order to get out of the line of fire. A slight lull then ensued in the firing, and I returned to my former position, not having had a chance to use my field-glasses while there first.

"A second time the ships opened fire, and the shells, again falling short, drove me from my position, but I returned a third time and finished the reconnaissance, then ran back to our trenches, reporting to General Babcock that the gun had been removed. I also made this report to General Greene, and he said: 'No, you are mistaken; the gun is still there. I can see from here about eight feet of it,' and he pointed out the place to me. Raising my glasses, I thought, sure enough, there is the gun. On our arrival at the trench, however, after the assault, I found the gun General Greene and I thought we saw was a bent piece of corrugated iron lying in such a fashion on top of the trench as to closely resemble a cannon a thousand yards away.

"During the early part of the bombardment I climbed to a site on the flat tin roof of a white house, through which our trench ran, and from there could plainly see and report to the gunners the effect of the shots from our three 2-inch rifles, which were being served by the Utah Light Battery. They did excellent shooting and much execution on the fort, but the principal damage was done by two large-sized shells landed square in the fort by gunners from the fleet. They created havoc and must have killed and wounded many Spaniards.

Race for a Spanish Flag.

"Seeing two companies of the Colorado regiment ordered to advance from the trenches, I hastily descended and joined them. After advancing about a hundred yards or so this line concealed itself behind good cover to await the bombardment from the ships to grow less dangerous. Pretty soon, however, we were ordered to advance, and I, accompanied by three citizens, led the line through the brush. We stopped once more about 350 yards from the enemy's position and fired a number of volleys. We then made a rush across the mouth of a small river which separated us from the powder magazine at Malate. We then stopped on the further side of the stream, the men lying down behind cover, and very shortly the rest of the Colorado regiment began to advance in our rear in support.

"As we neared the fort I was anxious to be the first to arrive and take down the Spanish flag as a trophy for you; so when the advance began

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again I, accompanied by the three citizens, rushed forward in advance of the line, but it halted again, and the Colonel called us back, as he desired to fire some volleys before approaching nearer. We reluctantly returned to the rear of the line, which just at that time began another advance, and the Lieutenant-Colonel of the regiment (McCoy) ran ahead of his line, and getting the start of me beat me into the fort and secured the flag for his regiment.

"As I ran up on the parapet I noticed a very pretty little trumpet lying on the bed in a small room and I seized that and several machetes (called *bolas* by the natives here) as trophies. Lying under a small nipa shed behind the fort was a poor Spaniard badly wounded in the head and still breathing. I called him to the attention of the first hospital corps man I saw and continued in rapid advance with the line.

"As we proceeded from the fort back to a building which had been occupied as a barracks by the officers, we came under such a heavy fire from the enemy that the men took to the trenches and stopped to return the fire. I kept on to the house and there captured some valuable papers, among them one document which earned for a small native boy a reward of \$25, a fee I had promised him on the contingency that certain information he gave me should be found to be correct. This was a very bright boy who came into my camp several weeks ago peddling cigars. He said that his father was an American who had now left the country and he was living with his mother, a native woman, in Manila.

Some Lively Firing.

"He spoke Spanish fluently, and so I questioned him to know if he thought he could bring me certain information I was desirous of obtaining. He thought he could, and returning to Manila, came back in four days with just what I wanted. I paid him liberally, and then sent him again to count the number of Spaniards who served in the trench immediately in our front. He came back with a report that there were seven trenches, served by about fifty Spaniards each, with a certain number of guns. Knowing the trench was a continuous one, I considered his information valueless and thought he was trying to play a native trick on me, so paid him nothing. When I captured the paper I discovered that the Spaniards themselves had divided this continuous trench into seven parts, numbering them from one to seven, and that the regular garrison of these trenches was as the boy had stated, about fifty men each. Why they should so divide a continuous trench I cannot see, but they did. The number of cannon he had reported was exactly right.

"While I was at this house there was considerable skirmishing between our men and the enemy, and a poor fellow of the Colorado regiment was shot

in the neck as he stood near me and has since died. Hearing some Mauser rifles popping behind a wall I got a Captain of the California regiment to have his men hold their guns at arm's length above the wall and discharge them into the yard beyond to drive the Spaniards away. They were making it uncomfortably warm for men on our side who were approaching along the beach from the rear. The California regiment at this point passed the Colorado regiment and took the advance. Joining the California regiment I proceeded down the street with it and saw Sam Widdifield's squad (he is a corporal) very gallantly advance on the run and drive some Spaniards out of a yard who had been firing on our men approaching on the left.

"Engleskjøn, General Babcock's orderly, had gone back for our horses, which we left in the rear, but not being able to wait I borrowed a captured horse and soon wore him out carrying messages for General Babcock and General Greene. All this time I was galloping around the streets of Malate (that suburb of Manila through which we were then advancing) in which our men were skirmishing with the enemy. I requested Colonel Smith of the California regiment to leave a small guard over every house flying the English flag, which he did. The English have been very friendly to us in this war, and I wanted to see the compliment returned.

Insurgents Open Fire.

"I returned and reported to General Greene for duty. He immediately directed me to ride to the front, and, selecting a patrol of ten men from the California regiment, to advance upon the walled city, reconnoitre it and see whether they would fire on me. As Engleskjøn just then returned with my horse I got on it, and taking him with me we galloped to the front to make the reconnoissance; but just as we came out on the Lunetta, an open space between the walled city and Malate, one company of the Twenty-third Infantry debouched from Malate along the beach and the First Battalion of the California regiment came out of the streets of Malate onto this open space. I followed them, and before we reached the walls of the city we observed a white flag flying on its corner. They marched to the street which encircles the wall, called the Calle de Bagumbayan, and there halted.

"As soon as we had seen the white flag I had sent Engleskjøn to report the fact to General Greene, and after we had advanced to the foot of the wall I returned myself and reported to him that the enemy had ceased firing. General Greene's orders required him to march around the walled city and take possession of the suburbs across the river on the other side. Before starting back myself I directed the halted troops, by his order, to move about a half mile around toward the river and then halt to await further orders

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from him. They did move down opposite the road which leads up to the walled city from a small town in the country called Santa Ana. It had been our whole plan entirely to prevent the insurgents from getting into the city, in order to protect the inhabitants and houses against their looting propensities, but at Santa Ana a number of insurgents, seeing the Spanish falling back, had been too quick for our troops and had approached the walled city from that direction.

"Coming up within rifle range they began to fire indiscriminately at our troops (who had halted between them and the Spaniards) and at the Spaniards behind them. This caused the Spaniards to return the fire and for a few minutes here stood our helpless troops (four companies of the California regiment) between two fires, knowing there had been an error and powerless to correct it. They deserve much credit for being cool enough not to return the fire on either party, for such an action might have precipitated what could have been nothing but a bloody and useless carnage.

"During this firing three men were wounded and one shot in the head so badly that he died soon afterward. The others were not severely wounded, one being shot in the shoulder and the other shot in the hand. I myself afterward helped to dress the wound of the one shot in the hand, as no physician was near at the time, all being occupied with wounded in the rear. All the men carried on their persons small packages of emergency dressings, and now I hope you will never again say that that little package of emergency dressing which I have been carrying to your discomfort in my grip and trunk for ten years is a nuisance and useless.

Greene Enters the City.

"When I reported to General Greene and he galloped to the front, followed by his staff and myself, and as we were crossing the Lunetta, a number of shots were fired at us from Mauser rifles by Spaniards concealed in native huts off to the right of the open space from which our men had previously advanced. I think these were native soldiers in the service of the Spaniards, who had been cut off by our rapid advance and were trying to make their way into the city. They had been pressed pretty hard by the columns which had advanced through the streets of Malate which were furthest away from the beach, but they had been unable to fall back as fast as our men had advanced along the beach and that street which was nearest the beach.

"General Greene rode up to the wall and had a consultation with an official who came forward to meet him near its corner. Then we turned to the right and started along the Calle de Bagumbayan to go around the city. When we reached that gate of the wall which enters from the road to Paco

we met a number of mounted Spanish officials, whom General Greene stopped to interview. They brought a request that he enter the city to see the Captain-General, and accompanied by his Adjutant-General, Captain Bates, and by Dr. Bourns as an interpreter, he went into the city, leaving us to await his return.

"The men were halted, and while resting on their arms freely talked with the conquered Spaniards. It is very strange how soon soldiers of opposing sides will affiliate with each other after one side has given up. While General Greene was in the city, General Anderson and General Babcock arrived and soon afterward General Greene came out of the city and had a conference with these two generals.

Insurgents Pulled Up Short.

"We then resumed our progress around the walled city, and having reached another road leading into the city from Santa Ana, we found another gang of insurgents in our way, whom General Greene directed two companies to force out of the road on to another street, so as to let his command pass by. One man with a red sash tied around his shoulders and very much excited was haranguing the crowd, and when directed to move his men into the side street by Dr. Bourns, who spoke to him in Spanish, pursuant to General Greene's orders, he said: 'No, we are not going anywhere. We are going into the walled city. That's what we came for, and that's what we are going to do.'

"I jumped off my horse and pulling my pistol out, shook it in his face and told Dr. Bourns to say to him that if he wanted trouble he could have it right off, but if he didn't want trouble he had better move his men where ordered to, and move them damned quick. He suddenly became very polite, and with many salaams, said 'Si, si, señor.' In the meantime two companies had marched up to the side of the insurgents, and, wheeling into line in front of them, pressed them out of our way back into the side street. Then the insurgents went back that street and approached from another direction, but were headed off by Colonel Smith of the First California, to whom I carried an order to force them back across a bridge over the river and hold them there.

"General Greene sent me with a battalion across the Puente de España, the main and principal bridge leading from the corner of the walled city over into the suburbs of Binondo and Tondo. On coming back he sent me with another battalion across the bridge leading into Quiapo. Returning from this duty, I informed him there was another bridge just above the one leading to Quiapo, and he sent me back with orders to direct Colonel Smith to guard that bridge also. Returning to General Greene, I again got a message to carry to the colonel of the Nebraska regiment, who was awaiting orders in

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the rear, and bringing him up to the front, I accompanied General Greene and his staff until all the troops were posted in positions to guard the principal buildings of the towns and all the main approaches into the outskirts, so that the insurgents could be prevented from entering and looting the place. This they were very keen to do.

Hot Work for General MacArthur.

"All this time, while General Greene's brigade was fighting through the city and afterward posting itself for protection against the insurgents, General MacArthur's brigade, which had entered the outskirts of the city to the right and rear of ours, had been fighting near Santa Ana, Concordia, Paco and Cingalon with Spanish skirmishers, and following up in our rear to take the positions on the outskirts abandoned by our troops, in order to prevent the insurgents from following in our rear. A portion of his command had rather a tough fight near Concordia, and lost in about five minutes several men killed and fifteen or twenty wounded. He, however, succeeded in cutting off all but a few of the insurgents, who slipped in too quick for him at Santa Ana.

"All along the north side of the town extending from Santa Ana, around in a northerly direction to the bay at Malabon, near Caloocan, the Spanish held their positions and did not fall back; so we took up our positions in their rear, and although they had surrendered they were not relieved from duty in these trenches until four o'clock on the following afternoon. I don't suppose there ever was another case on record where two armies opposed to each other fought out their differences and agreed to a plan to join hands for the protection of a helpless population against the evil propensities of a third armed party.

"The following day General Greene sent me to make a reconnoissance and report on the Spanish line extending from Santa Ana around northward, and the Spanish still being in these trenches, I came in contact with all of them. All the officers appeared very friendly and not resentful, except one, a Colonel Carbo, who was a fire-eating Spaniard and Colonel of the Guías Rurales. He was very theatrical in his manner and objected to surrendering as he did, stating that he much preferred fighting to the death for his beloved country.

"That evening late, as I was returning from my duty, I found a drunken American soldier on the street with a rock in his hand, having an altercation with three or four Chinamen who were trying to keep him out of their house. They complained that he wanted to drink the alcohol out of their shellac. They were dealers in oils, paints, varnishes, shellac, etc. He was accompanied by a citizen who spoke English and said he was an Englishman, but I think

he was probably a discharged American soldier who had remained with the command. He also was drunk. I asked him if he was a soldier and he said no, so I arrested the soldier he was with and ordered the citizen to move on and go about his business. He followed me up, abusing me for arresting the soldier, and I again went back and drove him away, saying that I would arrest him, too, if I had any more trouble with him.

"I delivered the soldier to the guard, and as I was turning away I encountered the citizen again coming to the rescue of the soldier. My Irish was then up and I started for him, but he ran away. I soon overtook him and arrested him, but he resisted, and I struck him over the head with my pistol, which cut his scalp and made the blood flow freely. He then accompanied me to the guard. He had told me that 'no damned American officer could arrest him because he was an English citizen,' and I concluded that it was best for the community that this erroneous impression should be removed.

"Here is an incident of the entrance into Manila which I forgot to relate. While I was advancing down the streets of Malate with the California regiment some Mauser rifle shots were heard from a small building between the Calle Real and the beach. About a dozen California men rushed into the yard in which the building was situated, and, kneeling down, pumped a rain of bullets into the house. I turned away to another place where sharp firing was going on, and presently I saw these men bringing out of the yard three badly scared natives, soldiers in the Spanish army, whom they had captured in the house and one of the men remarked that one man in the house had been killed, and that there had been four of them altogether. They carried their prisoners along with the advancing troops.

Big Bluff by Major Jones.

"While we were waiting on the Calle de Bagumbayan, Major Fitzhugh came into the street from the road leading toward Paco and reported to me that some insurgents had entered Malate in that direction and were advancing on the city, and that he saw Major Jones, of the Quartermaster's Department, had taken the flag of the California regiment, and, going down the street in front of them had planted the flag and ordered them to halt, at the same time pulling their pistols and threatening to shoot the first man who dared to advance. Major Jones afterward remarked that it was simply a bluff on his part, as he didn't have a single cartridge in his pistol at the time.

"They halted, however, and Major Fitzhugh had returned to report that they were threatening to come in anyhow and kill everybody—Americans or anybody else—who tried to prevent them. He thought some troops should be sent there, and I referred him to General Greene, who just then came out

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of the walled city. He reported to General Greene, and I understand some troops were immediately dispatched to prevent their further advance.

"I have never before realized what a demoralizing thing it is to be shot at and not know where the bullet is coming from. The Mauser rifle used by the Spanish has a very small calibre, and as the Spanish used smokeless powder the noise was very slight. There was no flash or smoke at all. The flash could not even be seen by night. One could only judge of the direction from which the bullet came by the small popping noise of the explosion. This gave one a general idea, but no indication of where to shoot. It gave the Spanish a most decided advantage over all our volunteers, who were armed with Springfields, the fire from which made a great noise and much smoke, as old-fashioned powder was in the cartridges.

"The other day I was sent by General Greene to guide certain officers to the water-works, the reservoir, and the pumping station. We found both in the hands of the insurgents, and at neither place would they allow us to examine the works until I had shown them an old pass that I had obtained from Aguinaldo when I started to make my first reconnoissance around the city. This proved to be an open sesame, and we had no further trouble. They would not give up the water-works, however, without an order, and so on the following day General Merritt directed me to go and see Aguinaldo concerning the matter, but just as I was making preparations to start, in the worst storm and over the worst roads I ever saw, two emissaries from Aguinaldo came to see General Greene about the same question, so I was saved a disagreeable journey. Everything is still in considerable confusion, but I believe it is straightening itself out as rapidly and as smoothly as could well be expected under the circumstances."

General Merritt's Report.

The report of Major-General Wesley Merritt of his operations about Manila is dated on board the transport *China*, August 31. After giving briefly the story of his embarkation and arrival at Manila, and the disposition of the troops there, he says:

"I found General Greene's command encamped on a strip of sandy land running parallel to the shore of the bay, and not far distant from the beach, but owing to the great difficulties of landing supplies the greater portion of the force had shelter tents only, and were suffering many discomforts, the camp being situated in a low, flat place, without shelter from the heat of the tropical sun, or adequate protection during the terrific downpours of rain so frequent at this season.

"I was at once struck by the exemplary spirit of patient, even cheerful,

endurance shown by the officers and men under such circumstances, and this feeling of admiration for the manner in which the American soldier, volunteer and regular alike, accepts the necessary hardships of the work they have undertaken to do, has grown and increased with nearly every phase of the difficult and trying campaign which the troops of the Philippine expedition have brought to such a brilliant and successful conclusion.

The Insurgents' Strength.

"The Filipinos, or insurgent forces at war with Spain, had, prior to the arrival of the American land forces, been waging a desultory warfare with the Spaniards for several months, and were at the time of my arrival in considerable force, variously estimated and never accurately ascertained, but probably not far from 12,000 men. These troops, well supplied with small arms, with plenty of ammunition, and several field guns, had obtained positions of investment opposite to the Spanish line of detached works throughout their entire extent."

General Merritt then speaks of Aguinaldo's operations previous to his arrival, and continues:

"As General Aguinaldo did not visit me on my arrival nor offer his services as a subordinate military leader, and as my instructions from the President fully contemplated the occupation of the islands by the American land forces, and stated that 'the powers of the military occupant are absolute and supreme, and immediately operate upon the political condition of the inhabitants,' I did not consider it wise to hold any direct communication with the insurgent leader until I should be in possession of the city of Manila, especially as I would not until then be in a position to issue a proclamation and enforce my authority, in the event that his pretensions should clash with my designs.

"For these reasons the preparations for the attack on the city were pressed, and military operations conducted without reference to the situation of the insurgent forces. The wisdom of this course was subsequently fully established by the fact, that when the troops of my command carried the Spanish intrenchments, extending from the sea to the Pasay Road, on the extreme Spanish right, we were under no obligations, by prearranged plans of mutual attack, to turn to the right and clear the front still held against the insurgents, but were able to move forward at once and occupy the city and suburbs.

"To return to the situation of General Greene's brigade as I found it on my arrival, it will be seen that the difficulty in gaining an avenue of approach to the Spanish line lay in the fact of my disinclination to ask General Aguinaldo

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to withdraw from the beach and the 'Calle Real,' so that Greene could move forward. This was overcome by instructions to General Greene to arrange, if possible, with the insurgent brigade commander in his immediate vicinity to move to the right and allow the American forces unobstructed control of the roads in their immediate front. No objection was made, and accordingly General Greene's brigade threw forward a heavy outpost line on the 'Calle Real' and the beach, and constructed a trench in which a portion of the guns of the Utah Battery was placed.

The Spanish Night Attack.

"The Spaniards, observing this activity on our part, made a sharp attack with infantry and artillery on the night of July 31st. The behavior of our troops during this night attack was all that could be desired, and I have, in cablegrams to the War Department, taken occasion to commend by name those who deserve special mention for good conduct in the affair. Our position was extended and strengthened after this, and resisted successfully repeated night attacks, our forces suffering, however, considerable loss in wounded and killed, while the losses of the enemy, owing to the darkness, could not be ascertained.

"The strain of the night fighting and the heavy details for outpost duty made it imperative to reinforce General Greene's troops with General MacArthur's brigade, which had arrived in transports on the 31st of July. The difficulties of this operation can hardly be over-estimated. The transports were at anchor off Cavite, five miles from a point on the beach, where it was desired to disembark the men.

"Several squalls, accompanied by floods of rain, raged day after day, and the only way to get the troops and supplies ashore was to load them from the ship's side into native lighters (called 'cascos') or small steamboats, move them to a point opposite the camp, and then disembark them through the surf in small boats, or by running the lighters head on the beach. The landing was finally accomplished, after days of hard work and hardships; and I desire here to express again my admiration for the fortitude and cheerful willingness of men of all commands engaged in this operation.

"Upon the assembly of MacArthur's brigade in support of Greene's, I had about 8,500 men in position to attack, and I deemed the time had come for final action. During the time of the night attacks I had communicated my desire to Admiral Dewey that he would allow his ships to open fire on the right of the Spanish line of intrenchments, believing that such action would stop the night firing and loss of life; but the Admiral had declined to order it, unless we were in danger of losing our position by the assaults of the

Spanish, for the reason that, in his opinion, it would precipitate a general engagement, for which he was not ready.

"Now, however, the brigade of General MacArthur was in position, and the Monterey had arrived, and under date of August 6th Admiral Dewey agreed to my suggestion, that we should send a joint letter to the Captain-General notifying him that he should remove from the city all non-combatants within forty-eight hours, and that operations against the defences of Manila might begin at any time after the expiration of that period.

"This letter was sent August 7, and a reply was received the same date to the effect that the Spanish were without places of refuge for the increased numbers of wounded, sick, women and children now lodged within the walls. On the 9th, a formal joint demand for the surrender of the city was sent in. This demand was based upon the hopelessness of the struggle on the part of the Spaniards, and that every consideration of humanity demanded that the city should not be subjected to bombardment under such circumstances. The Captain-General's reply, of same date, stated that the Council of Defence had declared that the demand could not be granted; but the Captain-General offered to consult his Government if we would allow him the time strictly necessary for the communications by way of Hong Kong.

"This was declined on our part, for the reason that it could, in the opinion of the Admiral and myself, lead only to a continuance of the situation, with no immediate result favorable to us, and the necessity was apparent and very urgent that decisive action should be taken at once to compel the enemy to give up the town, in order to relieve our troops from the trenches, and from the great exposure to unhealthy conditions, which were unavoidable in a bivouac during the rainy season.

The Plan of Assault.

"The seacoast batteries in defence of Manila are so situated that it is impossible for ships to engage them without firing into the town, and as the bombardment of a city filled with women and children, sick and wounded, and containing a large amount of neutral property, could only be justified as a last resort, it was agreed between Admiral Dewey and myself that an attempt should be made to carry the extreme right of the Spanish line of intrenchments in front of the positions at that time occupied by our troops, which, with its flank on the seashore, was entirely open to the fire of the navy.

"It was not my intention to press the assault at this point, in case the enemy should hold it in strong force, until after the navy had made practicable breaches in the works and shaken the troops holding them, which

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could not be done by the army alone, owing to the absence of siege guns. This is indicated fully in the orders and memorandum of attack hereto appended. It was believed, however, as most desirable, and in accordance with the principles of civilized warfare, that the attempt should be made to drive the enemy out of his intrenchments before resorting to the bombardment of the city.

"By orders issued some time previously, MacArthur's and Greene's brigades were organized as the 2d division of the 8th Army Corps, Brigadier General Thomas M. Anderson commanding; and in anticipation of the attack General Anderson moved his headquarters from Cavite to the brigade camps and assumed direct command in the field. Copies of the written and verbal instructions, referred to above and appended hereto, were given to the division and brigade commanders on the 12th, and all the troops were in position on the 13th at an early hour in the morning.

Dewey Opens the Fight.

"About 9 A.M. on that day our fleet steamed forward from Cavite, and before 10 A.M. opened a hot and accurate fire of heavy shells and rapid-fire projectiles on the sea flank of the Spanish intrenchments at the powder magazine fort, and at the same time the Utah batteries in position in our trenches near the 'Calle Real' began firing with great accuracy. At 10.25, on a prearranged signal from our trenches that it was believed our troops could advance, the navy ceased firing, and immediately a light line of skirmishers from the Colorado regiment of Greene's Brigade passed over our trenches and deployed rapidly forward, another line from the same regiment from the left flank of our earthworks, advancing swiftly up the beach in open order.

"Both of these lines found the powder magazine forts and the trenches flanking it deserted, but as they passed over the Spanish works they were met by a sharp fire from a second line situated in the streets of Malate, by which a number of men were killed and wounded, among others the soldier who pulled down the Spanish colors still flying on the fort and raised our own.

"The works of the second line soon gave way to the determined advance of Greene's troops, and that officer pushed his brigade rapidly through Malate and over the bridges to occupy Binondo and San Miguel, as contemplated in his instructions. In the meantime the brigade of General MacArthur, advancing simultaneously on the Pasay road, encountered a very sharp fire, coming from the block-houses, trenches and woods in his front, positions which it was very difficult to carry, owing to the swampy condition of the ground on both sides of the roads and the heavy undergrowth concealing the enemy. With much gallantry and excellent judgment on the part of the brigade commander

and the troops engaged, these difficulties were overcome with a minimum loss and MacArthur advanced and held the bridges and the town of Malate, as was contemplated in his instructions.

"The city of Manila was now in our possession, except the walled town, but shortly after the entry of our troops into Malate a white flag was displayed on the walls, whereupon Lieutenant-Colonel C. A. Whittier, United States Volunteers, of my staff, and Lieutenant Brumby, United States navy, representing Admiral Dewey, were sent ashore to communicate with the Captain-General. I soon personally followed these officers into the town, going at once to the palace of the Governor-General, and there, after a conversation with the Spanish authorities, a preliminary agreement of the terms of capitulation was signed by the Captain-General and myself. This agreement was subsequently incorporated into the formal terms of capitulation, as arranged by the officers representing the two forces.

American Flag Unfurled.

"Immediately after the surrender the Spanish colors on the sea front were hauled down and the American flag displayed and saluted by the guns of the navy. The Second Oregon regiment, which had proceeded by sea from Cavite, was disembarked and entered the walled town as a provost guard, and the Colonel was directed to receive the Spanish arms and deposit them in places of security. The town was filled with the troops of the enemy driven in from the intrenchments, regiments formed and standing in line in the streets, but the work of disarming proceeded quietly, and nothing unpleasant occurred.

"In leaving the subject of the operations of the 13th, I desire here to record my appreciation of the admirable manner in which the orders for attack and the plan for occupation of the city were carried out by the troops exactly as contemplated. I submit that for troops to enter under fire a town covering a wide area, to rapidly deploy and guard all principal points in the extensive suburbs, to keep out the insurgent forces pressing for admission, to quietly disarm an army of Spaniards more than equal in numbers to the American troops, and finally by all this to prevent entirely all rapine, pillage and disorder and gain entire and complete possession of a city of 300,000 people, with natives hostile to the European interests and stirred up by the knowledge that their own people were fighting in the outside trenches—was an act which only the law-abiding, temperate, resolute American soldier well handled by his regimental and brigade commanders, could accomplish.

"It will be observed that the trophies of Manila were nearly \$900,000, 13,000 prisoners, and 22,000 arms."

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General Merritt then details the inauguration of the military government of Manila by the Americans. Further he says:

"On the 16th a cablegram containing the text of the President's proclamation directing a cessation of hostilities was received by me, and at the same time an order to make the fact known to the Spanish authorities, which was done at once. This resulted in a formal protest from the Governor-General in relation to the transfer of public funds then taking place, on the ground that the proclamation was dated prior to the surrender. To this I replied that the status quo in which we were left with the cessation of hostilities was that existing at the time of the receipt by me of the official notice, and that I must insist upon the delivery of the funds, which was made under protest.

"After the issue of my proclamation and the establishment of my office as Military Governor, I had direct written communication with General Aguinaldo on several occasions. He recognized my authority as Military Governor of the town of Manila and suburbs, and made professions of his willingness to withdraw his troops to a line which I might indicate, but at the same time asking certain favors for himself. The matters in this connection had not been settled at the date of my departure.

"Doubtless much dissatisfaction is felt by the rank and file of the insurgents that they have not been permitted to enjoy the occupancy of Manila, and there is some ground for trouble with them, owing to that fact, but notwithstanding many rumors to the contrary, I am of the opinion that the leaders will be able to prevent serious disturbances, as they are sufficiently intelligent and educated to know that to antagonize the United States would be to destroy their only chance of future political improvement.

"I may add that great changes for the better have taken place in Manila since the occupancy of the city by the American troops.

Thomas M. Merritt
Major General

General Anderson's Statement.

The following extracts are taken from the reports of General Thomas M. Anderson, commanding the second division of the Eighth Army Corps, as to the operations about Manila:

"On the 1st day of July I had an interview with the insurgent chief, Aguinaldo and learned from him that the Spanish forces had withdrawn, driven back by his army, as he claimed, to a line of defense immediately around the city and its suburbs:

"He estimated the Spanish forces at about 14,000 men and his own at about the same number. He did not seem pleased at the incoming of our land forces, hoping, as I believe, that he could take the city with his own army, with the co-operation of the American fleet."

General Anderson thus describes the attack on Manila, which was under his immediate command, subject to orders from General Merritt, whose headquarters were on a dispatch boat:

"The fleet opened fire at 9.30 A. M. The first shots fell short; but the range was soon found, and then the fire became evidently effective. I at once telegraphed General MacArthur to open on blockhouse No. 14 and begin his attack. At the same time seven of the guns of the Utah Battery opened fire on the enemy's works in front of the Second Brigade, and two guns on the right of this brigade opened an oblique fire toward blockhouse No. 14.

"Riding down to the beach, I saw two of our lighter draft vessels approach and open on the Polvorin with rapid-fire guns, and observed at the same time some men of the Second Brigade start up the beach. I ordered the First California, which was the leading regiment of the reserve, to go forward and report to General Greene. Going to the reserve telegraph I received a message from MacArthur that his fire on the blockhouse was effective, but that he was enfiladed from the right.

"I knew from this that he wished to push the insurgents aside and put in the Astor Battery. I then authorized him to attack, which he did, and soon after the Twenty-third Infantry and the Thirteenth Minnesota carried the advance line of the enemy in the most gallant manner, the one gun of the Utah Battery and the Astor Battery lending most effective assistance.

Colorado Men Charge.

"In the meantime the Colorado Regiment had charged and carried the right of the enemy's line, and the Eighteenth Regular Infantry and the Third Heavy (regular) Artillery, acting as infantry, had advanced and passed over the enemy's works in their front without opposition. The reserve was ordered forward to follow the Second Brigade, and a battery of Hotchkiss guns was directed to follow the Eighteenth Infantry.

"Soon the men from Nebraska and Wyoming came on shouting, for the white flag could now be seen from the sea front; yet the firing did not cease, and the Spanish soldiers at the front did not seem to be notified of the surrender. In the meantime the reserves had been ordered forward, except one regiment, which was ordered to remain in the Second Brigade trenches. The seven Utah guns were also ordered to the front, one infantry battalion being directed to assist the men of the batteries in hauling the guns by hand.

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"The field telegraph wires, extending in a wide circuit to the extreme right, for a time gave discouraging reports. The front was contracted, the enemy entrenched and the timber thick on both sides of the road. Only two regiments could be put on the firing line. The Fourteenth Infantry was brought forward, but could not fire a shot. Under these circumstances I telegraphed MacArthur to countermarch and come to Malate by way of Greene's intrenchments and the beach. This was at 12.25 P. M., but soon after I learned that MacArthur was too far committed to retire. The guns of the Astor Battery had been dragged to the front only after the utmost exertions and were about being put into the battery.

"At the same time I received a telegram stating that the insurgents were threatening to cross the bamboo bridge on our right, and to prevent this and to guard our ammunition at Pasay I ordered an Idaho battalion to that point. It was evidently injudicious under these circumstances to withdraw the First Brigade, so the order was countermanded and a despatch sent announcing our success on the left.

"In answer, the report came that Singalong had been captured and that the brigade was advancing on Paco. At this point it was subsequently met by one of my aides and marched down to the Cuartel de Malate by the Calzada de Paca. I had gone in the meantime to the south bridge of the walled city, and learning that the Second Oregon was within the walls, and that Colonel Whittier was in conference with the Spanish commandant, I directed General Greene to proceed at once with his brigade to the north side of the Pasig, retaining only the Wyoming Battalion to remain with me to keep up the connection between the two brigades."

O'Connor's Adventures.

General Anderson, in describing the remarkable adventures of Captain O'Connor of the Twenty-third Infantry, reported:

"A remarkable incident of the day was the experience of Captain Stephen O'Connor of the Twenty-third Infantry. With a detachment of fifteen skirmishers he separated from his regiment and brigade at blockhouse No. 14, and striking a road, probably in the rear of the enemy, marched into the city without opposition until he came to the Calle Real in Malate. Along this street he had some unimportant street fighting until he came to the Paseo de la Calzada, where, learning that negotiations were going on for a surrender, he took post at the bridge north of sallyport, and the whole outlying Spanish force south of the Pasig passed by this small detachment in hurrying crowds. Captain O'Connor deserves recognition for the coolness and bravery he displayed in this remarkable adventure.

"The opposition we met in battle was not sufficient to test the bravery of our soldiers, but all showed bravery and dash. The losses show that the leading regiments of the First Brigade, Thirteenth Minnesota and Twenty-third Infantry, and the Astor Battery met the most serious opposition and deserve credit for their success. The Colorado, California and Oregon regiments, the regulars and all the batteries of the Second Brigade showed such zeal that it seems a pity that they did not meet foemen worthy of their steel."

MacArthur's Narrative.

General Arthur MacArthur, who commanded the First Brigade, Second Division, Eighth Corps, in the operations against Manila, in his report on the surrender of that city said :

"Several hours before the operations of the day were intended to commence there was considerable desultory firing from the Spanish line, both of cannon and small arms, provoked no doubt by Filipino soldiers, who insisted upon maintaining a general fusilade along their lines. The fire was not returned by our troops, and when the formation of the day was commenced things at the front were comparatively quiet.

"By 8 o'clock the position was occupied, about 9.35 the naval attack commenced, and some twenty minutes thereafter the gun of Battery B, Utah Artillery, opened on Blockhouse 14, the guns of the Astor Battery having engaged an opposing battery some minutes after the opening of the naval attack. There was no reply from the blockhouse or contiguous lines, either by guns or small arms. The opposition to the Astor fire, however, was quite energetic ; but after a spirited contest the opposition, consisting probably of two pieces, was silenced.

"This contest was the only notable feature of the first stage of the action, and was especially creditable to the organization engaged. The position, selected by Lieutenant March, after careful personal reconnoissance, was perhaps the only one possible in the vicinity, and it was occupied with great skill and held with commendable firmness, the battery losing three men wounded, one of whom has since died.

"At about 11.20 a United States flag was placed upon Blockhouse 14, thus concluding the second stage of the action without opposition and without loss.

"The general advance was soon resumed. At a point just south of Singalong, a blockhouse was found burning, causing a continuous explosion of small arms ammunition, which, together with a scattering fire from the enemy, retarded the advance for a time. All difficulties were soon overcome, however, including the passage of the Astor Battery, by the determined

efforts of Lieutenant March and his men, assisted by the infantry of the Minnesota regiment over the gun emplacement which obstructed the road.

"In the village of Singalong the advance fell under a loose fire, the intensity of which increased as the forward movement was pressed, and very soon the command was committed to a fierce combat. This strong opposition arose at Blockhouse 20, of the Spanish defenses.

Minnesota Men in Advance.

"The advance party, consisting of men of the Minnesota regiment, reinforced by the volunteers from the Astor Battery, led by Lieutenant March and Captain Sawtelle, of the brigade staff, as an individual volunteer, reached a point within less than eighty yards of the blockhouse, but was obliged to retire to the intersecting road in the village, at which point a hasty work was improvised and occupied by a firing line of about fifteen men. Aside from conspicuous individual actions in the first rush, the well-regulated conduct of this firing line was the marked feature of the contest, and it is proposed, if possible, to ascertain the names of the men engaged with a view to recommend them for special distinction.

"At about 1.30 P.M. all firing had ceased, and two scouting parties voluntarily led by Captain Sawtelle and Lieutenant March, soon thereafter reported the retreat of the adversary. The city was entered without further incident."

In his report, Major General F. V. Greene, who commanded the Second Brigade, describes in detail the part performed by his command in the battles about Manila, recapitulating in the following:

"This brigade reached Manila Bay July 17th; landed and established camp July 19th-21st; was attacked by the Spaniards July 31st, August 1st, August 2d, and August 5th; led the advance in the attack and capture of Manila, August 13th. Our losses were sixteen killed and sixty-six wounded. It is impossible to give any accurate figure of the losses of the Spaniards, but it is probably safe to say that their losses from August 1st to 13th were at least forty killed and 100 wounded.

"The manner in which the troops performed their duties, whether fighting, working in the trenches or sitting still under fire, with strict orders not to return it, is worthy of the very highest praise."

General Greene's brigade consisted of the First Colorado, First Nebraska and Tenth Pennsylvania, and the First and Battalions of the Eighteenth Infantry; Batteries A and B, of the Utah Artillery; a detachment of Company A, Engineer Battalion; First California, First and Third Battalions, Third Artillery; Company A, Engineer Battalion.

Rev. Joseph L. Hunter, Chaplain of the Tenth Pennsylvania Volunteers,

in a letter to a friend gives an interesting picture of life in the Philippines since the fall of Manila. He writes:

"Since we left Mt. Gretna for the Philippines we have lost our regimental number and have throughout been known and honored as the 'Pennsylvania boys,' and all classes unite in the effort to make it pleasant for the Keystone State soldiers. While we have thus been the recipients of the favors that belong to the State, we have tried to merit them and reflect honor on our State.

"We have met Pennsylvanians everywhere, and we think at least 100,000,000 people have told us that they or their parents or grandparents lived in or passed through Pennsylvania at some time in their lives. These all know us and want to know us, and we want to know them. When we go back to Pennsylvania, as we hope and pray we soon may, many will appreciate it as they never did before, and they will settle down and end their days in some part of our grand old Commonwealth. We are fond of Philadelphia, because we have met the most genial people from Philadelphia everywhere.

"But I must tell you about ourselves. At present the Tenth Pennsylvania Volunteers' headquarters are in the municipal building, Parque de Bomberus, Santa Cruz, District of New Manila. Companies B and K are also here. Companies D and E are 100 yards north, at a bank on the Escolta. Major Bierer and the others are at the Presidio, guarding the prison. They have over 2,000 prisoners for various crimes. Yesterday 152 were released by the United States investigating officers, and you cannot imagine how they made the air ring with their 'Viva Americanos!' They were political prisoners, and some of them were in for life.

"The United States cannot keep men in prison who tried to gain their country's liberty. The St. Paul arrived yesterday with more troops and much mail. The free copies of your paper sent us have been a great boon to all of us. Nearly all are out of money, and even if we had it we could not very well send for papers, as we were unable to pay for them. Pay day will be here soon.

"The pay rolls are all ready now, and as soon as we get our pay we are ready to go home; but the transports are being sent home and we are now resigned to a two months' sojourn here at least—we will be glad to get away then."

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CHAPTER XXI.

Chief Government Detective's Story of the Spies of Spain and How they Were Captured.



ON May 26th Lieutenant Ramon Carranza wrote from Montreal to a friend: "We have had bad luck, for they have captured the two best spies, one in Washington—who hung himself or whom they hung—and the other, day before yesterday in Tampa. There is extraordinary vigilance on the part of the Americans."

Carranza directed the operations of the Spanish spies from Montreal, until ordered out of Canada by the English government, and his tribute to the American Secret Service was deserved. The important work of these American agents is best told by John Elbrot Wilkie, chief of the Secret Service, who himself prepared the following article:

"It is hardly necessary to say that such a tribute to the efficiency of the American Secret Service from a judge so well informed as the former naval attaché of the late Spanish Legation was highly gratifying to those of us who had been lying awake nights trying to make trouble for the Spanish agents. But as our activity was simply a reflex action, due to the tireless energy of the zealous subjects of the boy king, Lieutenant Carranza will have to bear part of the responsibility for the watchfulness which he so gracefully compliments.

"As the mysterious is always attractive, and as much secrecy necessarily was observed in the operations of this branch of the government service, curiosity concerning its work has been generally manifested. There are, however, many matters associated with its administration which cannot properly be made the subject of publication.

"Possibly the very thing about which one wishes most to know may not be touched upon in this paper. If so, it is doubtless because that particular thing is one about which the writer may not write.

"When it became apparent that a conflict with Spain was inevitable steps were taken, under the advice of Secretary Gage and Assistant Secretary Vanderlip, to organize an auxiliary force of the Secret Service division of the Treasury Department. This was necessary because the regular force of that branch of the government is maintained by an appropriation which may be drawn upon only for the expenses incurred in the suppression of counterfeiting. As soon as the defence fund became available, the President made a preliminary allotment of \$5,000 for our use, and some weeks later increased this

by \$50,000, which, it was estimated, would be sufficient to maintain the force for several months.

"The publication of the fact that there had been a special allotment for an addition to the secret service made it wholly unnecessary to advertise for men. The applications during the first thirty days exceeded a thousand, and the pressure for appointment became embarrassing; but the peculiar nature of the work the men would have to do made it essential that they should be thoroughly familiar with Spanish. This quickly disposed of more than ninety per cent. of the applicants, and of the remainder there were few who possessed the other qualifications—detective experience, rugged health, strength, courage and enthusiasm.

There's No Money In It

"It is morally certain that when the force was completed there was not a man among them who was there for what there was 'in it,' the pay being four dollars a day and traveling and living expenses, the latter being limited to three dollars a day. With one exception they were under forty years of age. All of them fairly bubbled over with loyalty, were determined to make a record, and were prepared for any emergency that might arise.

"It may surprise a great many persons to know that the auxiliary force of the Secret Service during the war was smaller than the local staff of a large metropolitan newspaper; but as the men were unusually intelligent and reliable, it was possible to satisfactorily cover the country with a comparatively small number of operatives.

"Thanks to a patriotic public, the division was early supplied with much information relating to suspicious strangers. A realization of the danger to the country from these internal enemies placed every one on the alert, and letters fairly poured into the office. Most of them were founded on trivial suspicion, but more than a thousand of the 'suspects' reported by mail were investigated. The greater number of these were found to be persons who were injudicious in expressing sentiments not entirely loyal, but only when they went so far as to threaten what they would do if they had an opportunity were they warned that they were simply making trouble for themselves.

"When it was possible the men were kept at headquarters in Washington for some time before being assigned to independent work outside, and as the capital was a prolific field for mysterious foreigners, there was an excellent opportunity to test the ability of the agents in various ways, especially in the important matter of 'shadowing,' a fine art in itself. They were also enabled to obtain a general idea of their duties, but such an arrangement was not always convenient.

"However it is pleasant to record but one failure. In that particular case

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I was unable to foresee the exact conditions under which the agent would have to work, and explicit advance instructions were impracticable. The man was unable to grasp the situation when he reached his station, and had to be replaced.

In Touch with Washington.

"Each operative was provided with a cipher code for telegraphic purposes, and when his territory had been assigned was expected to keep in constant touch with Washington. In my private office at headquarters I had a large map of the United States, mounted in a flat cabinet, and by means of small numbered flags attached to steel pins was able to locate every man on the force at a glance.

"Montreal, Toronto, New York, Philadelphia, Washington, Newport News, Savannah, Jacksonville, Tampa, Key West, Mobile, New Orleans, Galveston, San Francisco and the army camps were the principal points of activity.

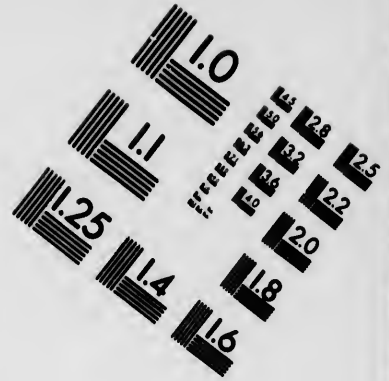
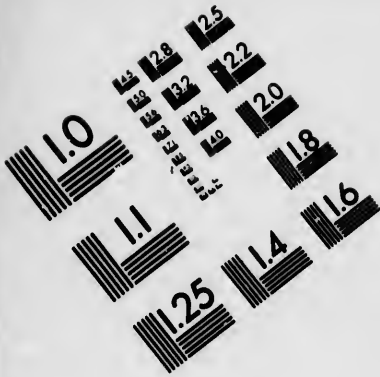
"Tampa was a particularly lively district, for in addition to the Secret Service men in the field there a branch of the Military Information Bureau, under the jurisdiction of the War Department, was maintained, and during the latter part of the war was useful in looking after thefts of army stores, deserters and military offenders of all classes. Montreal was a good second in the matter of activity, though there were times when Washington led them all.

"Occasionally, when the pressure was particularly heavy, it became necessary to detail the regular members of the division to run out certain lines of investigation, their expenses at such times being defrayed from the defence fund. Of the thousand or more 'suspects' something over six hundred men and women were at one time or another under close surveillance for varying periods, among them professors, diplomats, doctors, merchants, cigar-makers, mariners, electrical experts, government employees of foreign birth and uncertain antecedents, capitalists, milliners, dressmakers, society women and servants. Every man in the service was required to make a detailed daily report covering his operations, and there were revealed a great many interesting things that had nothing whatever to do with the Spanish-American war.

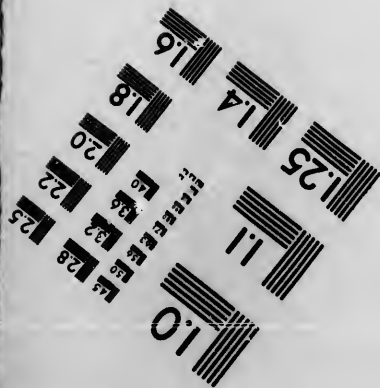
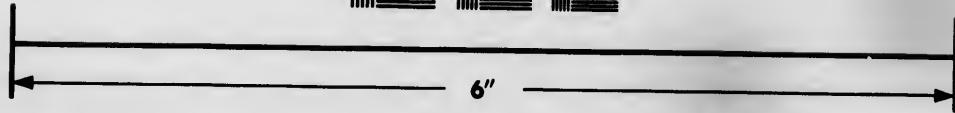
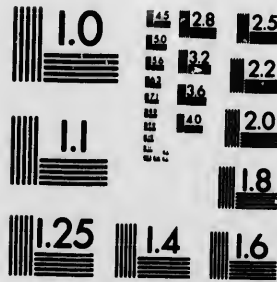
"Most of the applications for appointment, which came from every State in the Union, and from England, Canada and Mexico as well, bore evidences of having been written by intelligent men, actuated by a loyal ambition to serve their country. About half of them were addressed to the War Department, but there being no Secret Service in that branch of the government they were referred to the Treasury Department for consideration.

"Many of the writers confessed to an absolute ignorance of detective





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work, and apparently overlooked the fact that we were dealing with a foe whose language was not our own; but among the hundreds and hundreds of letters there were many whose authors were even more at sea as to the general qualifications necessary for the work.

"One man advanced the statement that he had been married four times—possibly to emphasize the fact that his courage was beyond question. Another pointed out that, being the fortunate possessor of 'Spanish whiskers,' he could work among the enemy with absolute safety. As an example of the queer applications received the following is a gem well worth quoting:

"i wood be glad to render my servises to the government at anyey time or in aeny capassity that i might be abel to do i am a man 42 years of age and traveled quite a grate deal and at the present travel and get in with all classes of peopel my occupation is sharpening saws for butchers or anyey body else that has them to so i get among all classes of peopel i usue 2 langwages german and the american or english spoken langwage as for writeing you can see for yurself.'

"The early establishment of a 'crank' box was a necessity, hardly a day passing without a letter or two from some irresponsible visionary or out and out lunatic. There were stacks of anonymous communications threatening death and destruction to every one connected with the 'unholy' war, and scores of suggestions from demented persons who had 'inspired' plans for the annihilation of all Spanish emissaries. Then there was a class of cranks with hallucinations that they were being dogged by Spanish spies and in danger of assassination, while others had overheard plots to blow up the President and public buildings.

Cranks were Numerous.

"Where such letters were signed and it was possible to locate the writers the matter was always investigated, but in no instance was the author found to be a responsible person. Not all the cranks stopped at writing to the department. Many of them called at the office and were led gently away, and introduced to the guards at the doors of the Treasury Building and thereafter refused admittance. One enterprising woman succeeded in getting in to see me, however, with a unique scheme to ascertain the identity of the leading Spanish agents in this country.

"'This is my plan,' she said enthusiastically, after introducing herself. 'As soon as you engage my services I shall go to New York and look about among the theatres until I find where the most patriotic audiences gather. Then at one of the evening performances, when they are all cheering for the United States, I shall stand up in my seat and cry, 'Spain forever! Hurrah

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for Alphonso! Of course I shall be arrested, and the matter will get into the papers, and I will be visited by the friends of Spain, who will be convinced that I am a sympathizer. So, gradually, I shall be able to worm my way into their confidence until I shall have gained all their secrets. Now won't that be lovely?'

"The chances being that if she tried it the audience might not leave enough of her to sympathize with, and as she looked as if her children might need attention, she was advised to go home. She departed reluctantly, thoroughly convinced that the government was making a fatal mistake in declining her services.

"When the 'emergency men,' as the temporary employes of the division were termed, were instructed in the use of the cipher code they were told that in communicating with headquarters they should use, instead of my name, 'John Ehlen,' which I had registered with the telegraph companies. This was simply a precautionary measure intended to protect the operatives by eliminating the chance that some one might discover the message was for the Secret Service, identify the sender as a member of the division, and destroy his usefulness in that particular locality, if nothing worse.

An Intercepted Telegram.

"Out of this arrangement grew a curious incident. In the latter part of May a young Western newspaper correspondent, stationed in Washington, sent in his card, asking to see me on important and confidential business. When admitted, he explained that a telegraph operator, whom he had known for years in the West, and who had been transferred to the capital, had intercepted a cipher message from Montreal the night before, and believed it was from the Spanish headquarters to an agent here.

"We were particularly interested in the Spanish messages at that time, having possession of a cipher that was being used in some of their correspondence, and the newspaper man, knowing this, had suggested to his friend the operator that the suspected communication be submitted to our office.

"He had tried to translate it, but was unable to succeed, and he wondered if we would have better luck. The copy of the mysterious message, which he then produced and placed before me on the desk, was addressed to my alias, the original, from one of my men, being in a drawer at my side. Under the circumstances I felt moderately certain that we could get at its meaning, but without explaining to the correspondent, I told him that if we did succeed in deciphering it, and the contents were of such a character as to permit of their publication, he should have a 'scoop' on it. This satisfied him and he went away.

"A little later I called up the telegraph company and asked that the operator in question should be sent to the office for a moment. In a few minutes he was ushered in—a young, bright-faced fellow, with plenty of color in his cheeks, and an air of suppressed excitement. I only guessed that he felt his discovery had been of value to the Government, and he was to be rewarded in some way. In reply to my interview, he detailed how he had received the message, and how, when it occurred to him that it might be from one Spanish agent to another, he had surreptitiously obtained a copy of it. The fact that it bore no local address had made it doubly suspicious, as it indicated that it was to be called for.

An Awkward Interview.

"'Didn't it occur to you to see if the person to whom it was addressed was registered in the office with delivery directions?'

"'No, sir.'

"'Well, if you had consulted your company's books you would have discovered that I am 'John Ehlen,' and that this is a Government message.'

"The poor fellow's face was a study when he realized that he had held out an official telegram and had turned it over to a newspaper man. He appreciated the gravity of the offence in violating his oath as an operator, and felt that his position was as good as gone, under circumstances that would make it impossible for him to obtain employment with any company. He said nothing, but his eyes filled with tears.

"'Have you a family?'

"'No, sir, but I am supporting my old father and mother.'

"'Your motive was the best in the world,' I said, finally, 'but your methods are open to criticism. Now, nothing shall be said to the company about this, but if in the future you catch any mysterious messages, just bring them straight to me without intrusting them to any outsider. If your newspaper friend had succeeded in translating this message, it might have been awkward for all of us.'

"This was quite true, for the message in question detailed briefly, but completely, the capture of the Carranza letter. He gave me a grateful pressure of the hand, and the incident was closed. You see, we often run very near the danger line.

"Apropos of ciphers, there were several employed by the Spanish. There was a 'figure' cipher, which we were unable to translate, and there was another whose mystery we solved. This was rather ingenious, and as simple as it was clever. The day of the month on which the communication was written was the key. For instance, if the letter was dated on the 6th,

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the sixth letter of the alphabet, 'f,' was used in place of 'a,' 'g,' instead of 'b,' and so on. This gave a change for every day in the month.

"Among the letters seized on the steamer Panama we found several in which, after completing what looked like an ordinary, commonplace letter, the author had written the secret information between the lines in sympathetic ink, which developed only on being subjected to a temperature almost high enough to scorch the paper. There were a number of these from Mexico to suspected individuals in New Orleans, relating to the purchase of supplies to be shipped to the open ports of Cuba, and up to the time that the blockade was extended to include the whole island there was a large and constant movement of supplies from this country to Vera Cruz.

"Some of the most delicate and interesting work of the department was that involving the 'testing' of suspects. Given a clever operative, who could speak Spanish like a native, and the right opportunity, it was moderately certain that within a comparatively short time the subject of the investigation could be induced to declare himself. There were a few cases, however, where the conditions were peculiar and the accomplishment of the task decidedly difficult.

"One of these, with a touch of comedy in it, was that of a certain German doctor in an Eastern city, whose social position was of the highest and whose reputation was the best. Several letters had been received warning us that the doctor was a most dangerous spy. He was not naturalized, and before hostilities broke out had been an avowed friend of Spain. It was stated that last year he had gone abroad, ostensibly to visit Germany, but that as a matter of fact he had gone to Austria, and afterward to Spain, and now was certainly acting as an agent for the enemy.

Investigating the Doctor.

"After sending to several of the writers of the warning letters and establishing the fact that they were reputable and responsible persons, arrangements were made for a careful watch upon the doctor. His associations were found to include no suspicious individuals, his actions were rational, and he seemed to be behaving himself like an ordinary mortal. The facts against him were that he was an outspoken advocate of Spain, writing and speaking in her behalf, openly denouncing this country for its part in the conflict, and expressing the hope that victory might rest with the Spanish arms.

"Yet this was in a sense in his favor, for it seemed more than likely a secret agent would cloak his operations under a pretended friendship for this country. But he was an influential man, with many acquaintances in governmental positions, and if the charges were well founded would be a dangerous

enemy, because he was so situated as to easily obtain very important information. It was therefore extremely desirable to fix his exact status. The question was whether he was doing more than employing mere moral force in behalf of Spain. Any one could obtain his friendly view of the Dons for the asking, but if he was engaged on a secret mission it would require exceedingly delicate work to ascertain the truth.

"It chanced that the first week in May I had made a short trip to the West, and on the 'limited' formed the acquaintance of a foreign gentleman, an Austrian, en route to Mexico. He had given me his card, a very formidable black bordered affair, identifying him as Count L——, of Vienna, an officer of the Society of Jesus. I had kept the pasteboard, and one day, while the case of the German doctor was under consideration, a glance at it in my desk suggested a plan which was soon given a trial.

"I assigned to the work an operative speaking all the Continental languages, thoroughly familiar with Austria, Germany and Spain, and otherwise especially well equipped for the task before him. He called upon the Doctor, addressed him in German, begged a private interview, and then confided to him that he was anxious to do something for Spain. He alluded touchingly to the natural sympathy for his beautiful countrywoman, who was being so sorely tried. He had met Count L——, who was here on a political mission, and had spoken to him of his desire.

A Bit of Strategy.

"The Count had told him of the great friendship of Austria for Spain, and had advised him that if he wished to serve her he could not do better than call upon the famous Doctor X., who was in a position to instruct him; because, as the Count had intimated to him in the strictest confidence, the Doctor was doing a little quiet secret work for Spain. The Count had written the doctor's name and address on one of his own cards. Here it was. Now would the good Doctor tell him how he could serve poor Spain? No mission would be too dangerous for him to undertake.

"The Doctor was much agitated during his visitor's recital, which was carried on in a cautious whisper, and when it was finished was silent for a time. Finally he said that though he felt honored at the confidence displayed in his discretion, and would be glad to advise his friend, he himself dared do no more than write and speak for the down-trodden nation.

"We were satisfied from the result of the test that the Doctor was not a spy, and thereafter disregarded the warnings concerning him. A curious sequel to the agent's call was that a few days later the Austrian Minister was obliged to deny a foolish story to the effect that his government was pre-

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paring to make a friendly demonstration in behalf of Spain. I fancy the origin of the rumor might have been traced to my friend the Doctor, who over-estimated the Austrian Count's revelation to the nervous man who was so anxious to do something for an unhappy people.

"Strangely enough, the two best spies to whom Lieutenant Carranza refers in his more or less famous letter to his uncle were not Spaniards. Both were of English birth, and neither even spoke Spanish. Both are dead—one destroyed himself in prison and the other fell a victim to deadly typhoid while incarcerated in Fort McPherson.

"The circumstances leading up to the arrest of these men are interesting in that they illustrate two widely different phases of the work of the agents of the emergency forces of the Federal secret service.

Shadowing the Former Minister.

"One of the first men employed in the special investigation was a young New Yorker of fine family and excellent social position. A long residence abroad had given him a fluent command of modern languages. He was the possessor of much natural shrewdness, and his courage was unquestioned. He was sent to Toronto immediately after the departure of Senor Polo y Barnabe from Washington, with instructions to keep headquarters advised of the movements of the former Minister's party, to look carefully after those who might connect with them in any way, and to do both without arousing suspicion.

"He was fortunate in securing a room adjoining that occupied by Lieutenant Carranza, and as there was a connecting door, against which the head of his bed was placed, he was beautifully situated for his purpose. Early on the morning of Friday, May 6th, an earnest conversation, this time in English, was being carried on in the Lieutenant's room. It lasted for an hour or more. The Lieutenant's visitor showed an intimate knowledge of the American navy and referred to his own services on the Brooklyn.

"Carranza first satisfied himself that the man knew what he was talking about, and then arranged for him to go to Washington, where he was to secure certain information and forward it to Montreal, for which point the former Minister was to leave that afternoon. Instructions were given in the use of the code for telegraphing, and there was much further talk in a tone too low to be understood; but the stranger was finally heard to say, "Then I am to write to this address in Montreal."

"Carranza assented, and our agent, believing the visit was at an end, opened the door and stepped into the hall. He had timed his movements well, for Carranza was just bidding his visitor farewell. Together the secret

service man and the stranger walked through the hall, the former asking a light for his cigarette as they passed down the stairway. At the door they separated. The suspect was shadowed to an obscure hotel, where it was ascertained that he had registered as 'Alexander Cree' and that he was to leave the city that evening.

"That afternoon the following telegram in cipher was delivered to me:

"'Young Southerner, Alexander Cree, of Hillsboro, I think, leaves for Washington to-night. My height and build, dark, small mustache, black soft felt hat, black sack coat, black sailor tie, somewhat shabby, evidently served on Brooklyn; has intimate knowledge of naval matters. Just had long interview with naval attache. He is to write to Montreal.

Every Movement Watched.

"The next morning arrangements were made to 'cover' incoming trains in Washington, and by the aid of the description our man was picked out of the crowd at the Baltimore and Ohio depot with as much ease as if we had been furnished his photograph. From the moment of his arrival every movement was watched. He was evidently familiar with the city, for he asked no questions in going about. One of his trips included a call at the Navy Department, after which he returned to his boarding house, No. 916 E street, N. W., where he remained for an hour or so, going thence to the post office, where he mailed a letter. This was promptly secured and taken to headquarters. It bore the address 'Frederick W. Dickson, Esq., 1248 Dorchester street, Montreal,' and was as follows:

"'WASHINGTON, Saturday, May 7, 1898.

"'A cipher message has been sent off from the Navy Department to San Francisco, directing the cruiser Charleston to proceed to Manila with five hundred men and machinery for repairs for Dewey. A long cipher has been received from Dewey at department at 3.30 P.M. They are translating it now. Cannot find it out yet. Have heard important news respecting movements of colliers and cruiser Newark at Norfolk Navy Yard, also about the new Holland boat, as to what they intend to do with her, and her destination. I shall go to Norfolk soon to find important news. My address will be Norfolk House, Norfolk, Va., but shall not go until Tuesday.

"'Respectfully yours,

"'G. D., in haste."

"This fully confirmed the suspicion that he was a hired spy, and warranted immediate action. As this offence was a military one I laid the fact before the Assistant Secretary of War and the Judge Advocate General, with

the result that a military arrest was decided upon. Captain Sage, of the Eighth artillery, with a corporal and one man, was ordered to report to me at the Treasury Building, and at eleven o'clock that night we arrested the suspected man in his room.

"We rather anticipated a lively time, but much to my surprise he wilted completely when I placed him under arrest and he was led away without resistance.

"A search of the apartment resulted in the seizure of partly finished letters to the same address in Montreal, and documents establishing the identity of the prisoner as George Downing, naturalized citizen and formerly yeoman of the cruiser Brooklyn. In one corner of a bureau drawer, otherwise empty, I found a scrap of letter paper, upon one side of which was the address in Dorchester street, and on the other these words:—'Slater's Code. To send add 100; to receive subtract 100.

Collecting the Evidence.

"This was the key to the cipher he was to employ, the system being one in which thousands of ordinary words arranged alphabetically have fixed consecutive numbers of five figures each. In preparing a telegram under the cipher indicated on the slip, the desired word having been found on the list, one hundred would have been added to its corresponding number, and the word opposite the higher number thus obtained would have been used in the cipher message. In translating the cipher, after ascertaining the number associated with the word on the message, the subtraction of a hundred would disclose the figures opposite which would be the real word desired.

"The evidence secured in Downing's room, considered in connection with the consultation with Carranza and the letter mailed to Montreal, would have been sufficient to insure conviction, and the prisoner evidently appreciated the fact, for two days later he hanged himself in his cell, at the barracks.

It may be added that the Dorchester street house had been rented furnished by a Spanish agent the day before Senor Polo left Toronto, but it was soon after given up.

"The operations of the Spanish agents in Canada were materially aided by a private detective agency of the Dominion, through which an attempt was made to carry out an extensive and rather ingenious scheme for the collection of information about our forces. Young men who had had experience in the Canadian or English military organizations were to proceed to various points and there enlist in the American army, San Francisco and Tampa being selected as the advantageous points from which to operate. The spies were quietly to collect all the facts as to troops, guns and so on, to proceed with the

army of invasion to Manila or Cuba, as the case might be, and upon reaching the foreign port were to escape at the first opportunity and deliver themselves into the hands of the Spaniards.

"Each was to be provided with a plain ring, of gold or silver, upon the inner circumference of which were engraved the words 'Confianza Augustina,' and this token was to be sent by a messenger to the commanding officer as soon as possible after reaching the Spanish lines. The general, or whoever received the ring, having been instructed that these would be sent by spies in their service, would summon him and hear his report. He would then be permitted to make his way back to the American lines to establish such other means of communication as might suggest themselves.

Experience of Two Englishmen.

"The first of these agents to be secured was a young Englishman in Montreal, whose name might have been Atkins. He was down on his luck, out of work and desperate. He was treated liberally with liquor, and the scheme unfolded to him at the office of the detective agency when he was in a properly receptive mood, and where he was accompanied by another young Englishman, Frederick Elmhurst, who had just served his time in one of the Canadian batteries, and who was also willing to go into the plot.

"The following day they were taken to the London House, in Montreal and there met Lieutenant Carranza, who, after looking them over, asked if they understood what they were to do and were willing to undertake the mission. Both agreed to the proposition. They then separated, and Atkins, was to go to San Francisco, was given \$100 with which to pay his transportation, provide himself with the ring and have something left over for emergencies. He bought his ticket, but fortunately waited until he was sober before packing up. When his brain had sufficiently cleared to enable him to realize what he was doing he decided to wait awhile.

"In the course of a few days he hunted up his old colonel, made a clean breast of the whole matter, and was advised to have nothing to do with it. Then he called on a former employer in Montreal and told him of the proposition and of his determination to fight shy of it, adding that he was 'an Englishman and he'd be blowed if he'd fight against white men for any—foreigner.'

"One of the Spanish-Canadian private detectives, meeting Atkins some time later, decoyed him to a cheap hotel, where he beat and threatened to kill him, and the victim, fearing further violence, left the country in a cattle steamer bound for Liverpool. His Montreal friend who was an American, having redeemed the unused railroad ticket and taken possession of the ring,

reported the matter to the United States consuls, who forwarded the information to Washington.

"Just before this information reached us one of our men at Tampa found that a man known as Miller had attempted to enlist there, but had been refused, as no more men were being taken at that time. Miller was stopping at the Almeria Hotel, and it was soon learned that he was in telegraphic communication with Montreal. Tuesday, May 24, the following message was intercepted by the military censor:

"'Cannot telegraph money to-day. Move from where you are and telegraph from some other town. Write fully re stocks at once. Will wire money and instructions on receipt.

SIDDALL.'

"This being considered sufficiently suggestive to warrant his detention, he was taken in by our agents. Papers in his possession included a declaration of intention, from which it appeared that his correct name was Frank Arthur Mellor, and that he came from Kingston, Ontario. Other messages on his person were not satisfactorily explained, and he could not tell what was meant by the order to move to another town and 'write fully re stocks.'

"Suspicion became a certainty on the Sunday following his arrest, when I received the Carranza letter, captured in Montreal, and found the reference to the second of the best spies who had been arrested 'day before yesterday in Tampa.' The Carranza letter was written Thursday, May 26, and the date referred to would therefore have been Tuesday, when Mellor was taken into custody. However, as it would have been hardly fair to prosecute Mellor on the Lieutenant's unsupported statement, copies of telegrams, with other information obtained from Tampa, were forwarded, and the agents at Montreal were set at work confirming the Canadian end of the conspiracy.

The Death of Mellor.

"It was soon established that Mellor had been intimately associated with the Spanish-Canadian detective agency, and was the man who approached Atkins on behalf of the firm to go into the scheme of enlisting and carrying information to the enemy. Siddall, whose name was signed to the message, was found to be a barkeeper in a Montreal dive, and, through a woman had been induced to loan his name to the detectives. Atkins was brought back to this country, and in a sworn statement fully corroborated the mass of evidence already in our hands.

"In the meantime Mellor, who had been sent to Fort McPherson, had been visited by a Montreal attorney, who had been seen in close consultation with the private detectives, and Siddall acknowledged that he had given this attorney an order on the telegraph company for copies of the original mes-

sages sent from Canada. In various other ways the connection between the Spanish headquarters in Montreal and Mellor had been established, and the evidence was in the possession of the Judge Advocate General, who had the charges prepared when the protocol was signed.

"Had Mellor lived it is quite likely that peace would have given him his liberty, but typhoid claimed him about ten days after the cessation of hostilities. Frederick Elmhurst, the Canadian who had succeeded in enlisting at Tampa, was arrested and held at Fort McPherson until some days later, when he was sent North and released.

"It was generally believed that when Señor Polo's party lingered in Canada it was the intention to establish an information bureau, and one of the principal tasks of the division was the breaking up of that institution. While many facts ascertained by the agents of the American secret service made it certain beyond question that a regular system of espionage was being conducted on neutral territory, there was not enough on which to approach Great Britain with a request for the expulsion of the offenders, and we were anxious to obtain something conclusive upon which action could be based. The men in Montreal were particularly alert for the right sort of evidence, and never left the Spanish combination alone for a moment.

Detective's Trick.

"When the former Minister returned to Spain, Lieutenant Carranza and Señor du Bosc rented a furnished house at No. 42 Tupper street. They took it for two months only, and having ascertained this fact, one of our men secured a card from the real estate agent, requesting that the tenant kindly permit the bearer to see the house. A party of three was then made up, including a lady, and about eleven o'clock in the forenoon of Saturday, May 28, they called, were admitted by the maid and shown slowly through the various apartments.

"Carranza and Du Bosc were at breakfast in the lower part of the house, and as the visitors passed through the sleeping room of the former one of the men saw an official looking letter, stamped and ready for the mail, lying upon a dresser. The lady and one of her companions moved out toward the hall with the servant, while the third member of the party slipped the letter into his pocket. In the lower hall, just before they left, the postman passed in three large letters, and these would have also been in our possession in a moment but for the sudden appearance of the maid, who took charge of them.

"As quickly as possible after leaving the house the letter was enclosed in another envelope, bearing both American and Canadian stamps, and was

intrusted to an American locomotive engineer about to start upon his run, and who was instructed to take it as far as Burlington, Vt., and then mail it. He carried out his share of the work perfectly, the letter coming through all right and being delivered to me late Sunday night.

"Immediately after leaving the Tupper street place one man and the woman left for Toronto and the other operative went out into the suburbs to look after another suspect. The excitement in the vicinity of the Spanish headquarters when the loss was discovered may well be imagined. Carranza knew what damaging admissions he had made, and if, as he feared, the American Government had his letter, his usefulness to his own was practically ended. He first denied that the letter was of any special value, and when a translation was printed claimed that certain of the published statements were not in his letter, asserting that interpolations had been made and whole sentences wrongly translated.

"He secured the arrest of a Montreal private detective, whom he charged with the abstraction of the letter, but as the prisoner looked about as much like the man who really got it as young Sothern does like Buffalo Bill, the case fell through. The public is familiar with the legal proceedings that followed when the detective tried to recover damages for false arrest, and the subsequent action of the British and Dominion Governments in dismissing the Spanish agents is well known. It is only necessary to say that the letter gave the finishing stroke to the Spanish spy service in America."

Rowan's Brilliant Scouting.

Lieutenant Alexander S. Rowan was sent by the United States Secret Service Bureau early in April to carry plans of the United States military operations in Cuba to General Calixto Garcia, of the insurgent army. He also carried instructions for the junction of the forces of Gomez and Garcia with the United States army of invasion.

Lieutenant Rowan was graduated from West Point in 1877, and after several years of service in the West was assigned to the Secret Service Bureau. He left Jamaica on April 9th, arrived in Kingston on April 15th and departed from Stann's Bay on April 24th, in a sailing vessel, bound for Cuba. It is reported that he landed and succeeded in reaching the insurgent camp.

He reached Tampa on the steamer Mascotte in the middle of May and breathed a sigh of relief and satisfaction at being safely back from the perils of his visit to the insurgent camp of General Calixto Garcia, in the Province of Santiago.

"I can assure you I am glad to be back in civilization and on American territory," he said. "I left Washington about a month ago on a mission of

secrecy to the camp of General Garcia. I went to Bermuda, and from there to Cuba, where I made my way to General Garcia's headquarters under the guidance of several Cubans. You will, of course, understand that I am not permitted to reveal the object or results of my visit to the camp of the Cuban leader further than to say that it related to the contemplated junction of his forces with those of the United States when the invasion of Cuba is made "

In an Open Boat.

Additional details of Lieutenant Rowan's visit to General Garcia were given by Lieutenant Colonel Carlos Hernandez, aide to General Enrique Collazo, both of whom accompanied the intrepid American officer from the interior of Cuba to the sea coast, and who shared with him the dangers of the four days' journey in an open boat from the coast to Nassau, Jamaica.

"Lieutenant Rowan has seen more of the island of Cuba in a shorter time, and endured more hardships, than any other American," said Colonel Hernandez. "From where Lieutenant Rowan landed, on April 29th last, near Port Portillo, on the south coast of Santiago de Cuba, to where he left on the north coast, is across the widest part of the island. With a guard of only four men he pushed through, part of the way on foot, and through one of the wildest parts of the island.

"With hardly a stop for rest, he reached Bayamo on May 1st, where he met General Garcia. Five hours afterward we started for the north coast. Lieutenant Rowan did not stop for an instant until his mission was accomplished, exhausted though he was. For four days and nights we hardly left our saddles. It is a ride I do not think Lieutenant Rowan will ever forget. But, like the soldier that he is, he never complained. When we finally reached the coast near Port Maniti, on May 5th, the only boat procurable was a little dory, hardly more than sixteen feet long, yet our orders permitted no delay, and six of us embarked on this little cockle shell. We were picked up by a sponger, and reached Nassau early on May 8th."



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CHAPTER XXII.

Thrilling Stories of the War by Our Brave Heroes.



HERE is a budget of stories, some grave, some gay, that are told of or by the soldiers who saw service in camp or against the Spanish. Troop K, of the Rough Riders, displayed a silken banner given to it before the war by a San Antonio woman, with this message: "I want you to carry it wherever you go. Take it into your fights with you, for I made it for fighting men." The banner was in tatters, cut by Mausers and shrapnel until there was nothing left of it but shreds. But Troop K sent word back to Texas that not one moment was the beautiful creation allowed to go backward, and life after life was given that it should go onward until Santiago was entered. This gift of a woman was baptized in human blood.

When the American line had fought its way to the top of the hills at El Paso and San Juan and Caney, General Wheeler issued an order that every command should dig trenches in preparation for the conflict that he knew would break out again in the morning. But the soldiers had thrown away most of their trenching tools during the fierce rifle charges, and as darkness fell upon the scene of battle they threw themselves upon the ground and went to sleep from sheer exhaustion. Adjutant Hood, of the Rough Riders, noting this condition of affairs, rode over to General Wheeler's tent and informed the good old veteran that the men were played out. Wheeler at the time was lying upon his cot more dead than alive, but there was a smile upon his lips, and his never-failing good humor twinkling in his eyes, when Adjutant Hood said:

"General, I am afraid our men can't dig the trenches?"

"What men?" asked the General.

"The cavalry division," said the Adjutant.

General Wheeler sat up in bed and began pulling on his boots.

"Send me the man," he directed.

"What man?" asked the Adjutant.

"The man who can't dig trenches."

"But it is not one man; it is many men. They are just played out."

"But you can surely find one man who says he can't dig the trench. I only want one. Go get him and bring him to me."

"But there are—"

"I don't care how many there are, go get me one."

The Adjutant had never faced such a man as Wheeler before, and he did not know just what to make of the conversation. The little old General was as smooth and suave and courteous as could be, and Hood had nothing to do but ride back to the line. In some way he managed to round up a colored trooper belonging to the Ninth Cavalry, and brought him back to the division headquarters. He stood looking sheepishly at the ground, when Wheeler addressed him.

"Are you the man who says he can't dig these trenches?" asked the General.

The negro's feet shuffled uneasily in the ground.

"I'se one of 'em, boss, but there's a—"

The General stopped him, and walked out of his tent.

"You can go to sleep now, my man, and I'll go up and dig your trench for you. When the sun comes up to-morrow morning the Spaniards are going to open on us, and every man who isn't protected is not only in danger of being killed, but will be unable to help us maintain our own position. The trenches have to be dug, and if you are unable to dig yours I'll just go out and do it for you. Where's your pick?"

General Wheeler Digging Trenches.

With the most business-like air in the world, Wheeler slid into his coat, and turned toward the big cavalryman. The latter's eyes opened as he saw the proceedings, and they began to bulge out when the General motioned to him to lead the way to his camp. For half a minute his voice stuck in his throat, and then he said:

"Boss, you ain't fit to dig no trenches. If they done got to be dug, I'll just naturally do it myself. I'm dog tired, but that ain't work for you."

Wheeler stopped and looked at the man with a flicker of amusement in his eyes.

"I know it isn't work for me to do," he said, "but I am going to need soldiers in the morning, and I am going to save your life, if possible. Do you think now that you can dig the trench?"

The negro started up the hill without a word. Then the General turned to Adjutant Hood, with a voice as pleasant as sunshine in May.

"He seems to have changed his mind," he said. "Now you go find me another man who can't dig the trenches."

The Adjutant bowed and rode off. He never came back. In the morning the trenches were dug.

A Maine soldier boy wrote home an interesting account of a reunion of

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the blue and gray in the trenches at Santiago. The Arkansas sentry expressed his sentiments in these words :

"S'near as I can see, there ain't much difference atween we uns and you uns, 'cept that we uns reckon and you uns guess."

"That's about all, neighbor," replied the Maine man, "'cept that we can guess a darn sight better than you can reckon."

"It is entirely too bad," complained an ardent Prohibitionist, whose devotion to the cause is of the deepest and most conservative character.

"What's the matter now?" he was asked.

"I have just been reading in this paper," he replied, "that among the supply and other ships accompanying the naval expedition from San Francisco to Manila is the *Iris*, a distilling ship. Although I abominate liquor in every shape and under all conditions, I can, I hope, restrain my wrath; but when I learn that, not content with the liquor stores they can ordinarily carry along, the fleet must have a distilling ship as well—why, then, with me patience ceases to be a virtue. Great grief, but what a mass of liquor these naval folk must consume when they have to take along a floating distillery to keep up the supply!"

He was relieved when informed that a distilling ship was used for converting salt water into fresh.

Manners Outside the Navy.

The ordinary seaman's respect for rank and station when not connected with his beloved vessel is decidedly meager. When the President of the United States visits one of our men-of-war, he is received at the gangway by the Admiral, commanding officer, and all of the officers of the ship, in full uniform, the crew at quarters for inspection, the marine guard drawn up with the band on the quarterdeck, the national flag is displayed at the main, the drummer gives four ruffles, the band plays the national air, and a salute of 21 guns is fired. The same ceremony also takes place on his leaving.

On one occasion the President visited one of the ships informally, dispensing with the salute and ceremony, when one of the men rather indignantly asked another who that lubber was on the quarterdeck that didn't "douse his peak" to the Commodore.

"Choke your luff, will you," was the reply, "that's the President of the United States."

"Well, ain't he got manners enough to salute the quarterdeck, if he is?"

"Manners! What does he know about manners? I don't suppose he was ever out of sight of land in his life."

There came into a Brooklyn hospital one day a young woman who

seemed in great mental distress. She told the hospital authorities that she was looking for her brother, who was a sick soldier, and of whom all trace had been lost. The brother had gone to Santiago, had become sick there and had been taken to Montauk Point. From there he had been sent to a hospital in New York or Brooklyn, but no one could tell where.

The young woman and her mother had come from the far West on a search for the soldier boy. They had spent several days at Camp Wikoff and found finally that he had been sent to a hospital in this city. Mother and daughter came here, took lodgings and went through all the hospitals, examining ward after ward. The search was without avail. They moved over to Brooklyn, and there the mother became so exhausted and unnerved that the daughter continued the work alone. When she came into the hospital she said that she feared her brother was too ill to give his name or that he had been entered on the books under a wrong name. She scanned the death list closely, and after a struggle with her courage, and did not find her brother's name.

Then, under proper guidance, she started through the wards, peering into the face of every man. She went through them all, and in an effort to control her disappointment and to overcome her complete despondency she stepped over to a window overlooking a yard where a dozen convalescent soldiers were sitting taking the air.

A Pathetic Scene.

"Perhaps he's among them," said her guide.

The young woman shook her head and stood watching the soldiers, at the same time trying to keep back the tears. Suddenly she gave a scream.

"There's Tom now!" she cried. "How can I get to him? Let me go to him at once!"

There were no stairs in sight and in her excitement the young woman began to climb out of the window. She was seized and taken to a doorway. She dashed out to the group. They were in each other's arms in a jiffy and the soldiers joined in the tears that were shed—all except one. After the young woman had taken her brother off this one growled out:

"I don't see why all you fellows had to cry because that girl found her brother. What d'je want to blubber for?"

"Ain't you got a mother or a sister?" asked one of the group.

The man bit his lip and fairly shouted:

"Naw!"

The other soldiers turned their backs on him for the rest of the day. He felt it, however, and the next morning he said:

"Say, fellows, course I had a mother. I didn't mean anything. I didn't want to give way, that's all. It doesn't do a man any good. I was just trying to be a soldier, that's all, and I"——

Then that man broke down and soldierly stoicism went to the winds.

Another Wichita story becomes highly seasonable in view of the charge by the yellow journals that the typhoid convalescents were being starved to death in the army hospitals. Mr. Richey, a well-known Wichita railroad man, had been very sick at the local hospital with typhoid fever. His doctor visited him the other day and found him greatly depressed in spirits, and he said very solemnly :

"Doctor, I have been praying all night."

The doctor thought this a little strange, as Richey was not a religious man, but he replied sympathetically :

"You have been feeling pretty bad, haven't you?"

"No, it isn't exactly that."

"What is it then?"

"Well, I've been praying that the egg you said I could have to-day would be an ostrich egg."

A Dog Deserter Returns.

One of the returned soldiers from Santiago told this story of an army dog : "May be you remember Harry, Troop K's shepherd dog? Well, people who saw us drill at the horse show last fall do, for the dog took part in the drill and created quite a small sensation by the way he obeyed the commands given the men. Harry went to Tampa and from there to Santiago with the men. He stayed with the troop after we landed until the day we got in the fight on San Juan Hill. Then he disappeared. Three hours after we had been engaged one of the wounded men from K saw the dog back in the creek, lying in the water, where he was protected by a high bank. Overhead the bullets were whistling, and every time a shell or shrapnel came whistling and hissing by he crouched lower in the water. Next day, when the fighting was over, he came back on the firing line within an hour after the flag of truce was seen. If that wasn't a case of deserting in the face of the enemy I don't know it. When the fighting was resumed again he disappeared and did not get back until the armistic was declared.

"Other dogs belonging to the different regiments did not fare as well as our deserter. The mascot of the Sixth Cavalry was a fine bulldog. He was wounded in the jaw and for a time was thought to be beyond hope. He got better before the Sixth started back. But he stayed behind. Orders were issued compelling the men to leave their pets behind. One of the Third's

men had been detailed to act as clerk at General Wheeler's headquarters. He managed to smuggle the dog on board the Olivette, and so he got through to Montauk Point. He'll be back with the regiment."

That the pen is mightier than the sword, and the pen's successor mightier than either, is conclusively proven by the exhibition of a typewriter in the window of a store in Philadelphia, which did valuable service in Santiago during the late war. The notice attached to the machine gives the information that after nine years of service, and over 20,000 miles of travel through tropical countries, it was taken to Santiago de Cuba by its owner—a war correspondent. It went to the front in an army mule wagon, laid in the trenches before Santiago, wrote letters for the wounded, printed a proclamation for the Cuban Brigadier-General Castillo, and was tumbled around in reckless style.

It wrote 20,000 words a week for its owner, and more for other correspondents who borrowed it, and all this on locomotive oil taken from the Spanish. It never "got cranky." The veteran machine came home on the Seneca, was tossed by a careless deck hand into the Health Officer's boat at New York, and after being fumigated it turned up still in working order. The owner believed the machine indestructible.

Chaffee and the "Kid" Soldier.

It was at the canteen that the following story was told by a regular stretched luxuriously on the grass in the midst of foam-bedecked schooners:

"Talk about your generals, Chaffee's the old boy for my money. I found out what he was at El Caney. My company was at work digging trenches, and while we were finishing up one the Spaniards began to fire and the bullets sang their little tunes pretty nigh to our heads. Well, there was a kid in the company that couldn't have been over eighteen. Never ought to have let him enlist at all. He was always complaining and kicking, and at the first fire down he went flat on his face and lay there. One of the men kicked him, but he didn't stir. Then along came Chaffee, cool and easy, and sees the kid.

"Hello, there!" said Chaffee. "What's the matter, you fellow down there?" Get up and fight with your company."

"No, I can't," whines the kid.

"Can't?" says Chaffee, jumping down into the trench and hauling the boy up. "What's the matter with you that you can't? Are you hurt?"

"No, sir," says he. "I'm scairt. I'm afraid of getting hit."

"Well, you're a fine soldier," says the General. Then he looked at the boyish face of the kid and his face kind of softened. "I suppose you can't help it," he said. "It ain't so much your fault. I'd like to get hold of that fellow that took you into the army."

"I suppose any other general would have sent the kid to the rear in disgrace, and that would have been the end of it; but Chaffee stood there with the bullets ki-ying around him beside the boy, who had crouched down again, and thought, with his chin in his hand. By and by he put his hand on the boy's shoulder.

"There isn't so much danger as you think for,' he said. 'Now, you get up and take your gun and fight, and I'll stand here by you.'

"The boy got up, shaking like a leaf, and fired his first shot pretty near straight into the air.

"That's pretty high,' says the General. 'Keep cool and try again.'

"Well, sir, in three minutes that scart kid was fighting like a veteran and cool as a cucumber, and when he saw it the General started on.

"You're all right now, my boy,' he said. 'You'll make a good soldier.'

"God bless you, sir,' said the youngster. 'You saved me from worse than death,' and he was pretty close to crying when he said it.

"After a while the order came to retire from the trench, and we just had to collar that kid and haul him away by the neck to get him to retreat with his company. And, at that, he got a bullet through the fleshy part of his shoulder an hour before. In the rest of the fights there wasn't a better soldier in the company, and not only that, but we never heard a grumble or a kick from him from that day."

The "Black Hobson."

This is the story of Bill and the fight before Santiago. Those who knew Bill in antebellum days of pristine glory when, as a faithful disciple of Episcurus, he attended the famous banquets at the Battle House in Mobile, where he was wont to serve quail on toast with the grace of a French Count, would scarcely recognize him as the "striker," who serves a young Second Lieutenant of the Twenty-second Infantry just now. But there is a new glory to Bill and a greater grandeur. His ebony countenance is fringed with patches of scant beard, a trifle lighter in shade than his sable skin, and his hirsutes have attained a prodigal growth more complete than the fastnesses of Guantanamo chaparral. Napoleon was never prouder of his crown than this Southern darky of his extravagant display of encircling hair. It is to him a halo of heroism, an aureole of endeavor. Bill explains that his unkemptness is proportionate to his hardships in the Cuban campaign and the extent of his hair in direct ratio to his valor. To those who know him well and who have been associated with him during the campaign he tells a different tale.

"Will yer tek supper for two?" asked Bill the other afternoon, poking his head in the officers' tent, where he observed a visitor.

"Yes, make it for two. There's a crate of eggs sent down by the Red Cross to-day, and some apples sent over here by those Massachusetts people. Tell the cook to make up one of his drum-head omelettes and to reinforce it with one of his thirteen-inch dumplings," ordered the officer, as Bill pulled down the draperies of the tent wings and silently disappeared.

"Queer darkey that," continued the officer. "Picked him up on the transport one day out of Tampa, and he's proved a perfect treasure. I firmly believe I owe my life to Bill."

"Nursed you through yellow fever?" suggested the guest.

"No; did mor'n that. He fed me; kept me stocked with the best in the country. Many a time I was about to give out from weakness and sheer hunger, when that infernal nigger would pop up in some mysterious way with a strip of fresh meat or something of the kind, and once he came in with eggs. Where he got them I could never understand. On the day after the fight at El Caney, he rustled me up a suit of new underclothes. I was afraid this was the property of some dead man, but Bill assured me it was 'live stuff.'"

"Case of smooth fingers, was it?" asked the guest.

"Yes, very smooth fingers, but Bill is not a thief. Truth is, I believe I got on his game in a neat way. One day I noticed a crowd of Cuban insurgents haunting the commissary wagons like buzzards. They would flock around, chattering and rubbing their eternally empty stomachs, with the invariable remark: 'Me moocha hongry—me moocha hongry.' I was gazing at this collection of harpies when I made out a seemingly familiar face in the very vanguard of the push. It flashed on me in a moment. There was Bill made up in the wildest Cuban style, looking hollow-eyed and sad and rubbing his fat paunch to the tune of: 'Me moocha hongry—me moocha hongry.' I saw him get a bountiful supply, but I have never intimated that I had worked his combination. Bill would feel disgraced for life if he thought that I knew he even associated with the insurgents. He hates them worse than a rattlesnake."

Couldn't Stand Shooting.

The Lieutenant stopped long enough to roll up a cigarette according to the style taught him by the Spanish officer after the surrender and began to puff meditatively.

"But there is one thing I could never understand about Bill," he resumed. "On the day of the fight at El Caney he disappeared and for two days was gone. I thought he had been killed, but he showed up all right. I have never been able to find out what became of him. I think—"

"Dis here omelette ain't cooked zactly ernuff, but I 'low hit'll do, bein' ez de lard gin out."

Bill had returned with two smoking platters and a pot of redolent coffee.

"I ain't used to waitin' on white fo'ks wid tin pans an' sich lac, but ef yer come down ter de Battle House, whar I wu'ks, in Mobile, I'll show you what waitin' is, right," exclaimed Bill, by way of reparation for spilling some of the coffee on the table.

"I'se gittin' nerv'os ez er possum what bin treed sence dat battle er Sam—Sam—Samtiago," he added.

"Were you very much frightened at the time of the fight?" asked the guest.

"Ax de Lieutenant, here," replied Bill, evasively. "He wuz right dar. He seen it all, fum A to izzard."

"Didn't see you for two days and a half," answered the officer. "How do I know what you did?"

"I wuz right dar, dough, boss. I wuz right dar, sho' an' sartin. I wuz campin' 'bout dat place wurs'n Grant camped eroun' Richmond."

"What becamed of you on the day of the big fight?" insisted the guest.

A "Nigger" Very Much Scared.

"Now, boss, I'se gwine tell yer de Lord's truf. I ain't neber let on ter nobody whar I wuz dat day, an' I ain't gwine 'spond ter nobody else erbout it, 'ceptin' Marse Ike an' you, but fo' de Lawd I was de skeerdest nigger dat eber drawed de bref er life. I wuz ez skeered ez Brer Rabbit when he slapped de tar baby, an' a lots skeerder, kase Brer Rabbit had de brier patch ter hide him, but fo' de Lawd, dis nigger didn't hab nuffin' 'ceptin' runnin' water."

"How's that?" asked the guest.

"I'se gwine tell yer, man. Don't argufy wid me an' I'll tell yer de whole bizness. C'os I'se gwine tell dem Mobile niggers an' all dat gang down dar, how I grabbed er gun outen de han's ov er dead man an' killed forty-seven dozen Spaniards, an' dat's what I tells dese niggers in de 10th an' 9th Cal'vry what axes me what I did, but I'se gwine tell yer all erbout it.

"Did yer eber hear one er dese here sky-rockets, at Christmus time what goes whe-e-e-e-z-z-bomb? Well, dat wuzn't nuffin' ter dem bum-shells dat day. Dey flashed sam' ez lightnin' an' growled sam' ez thunder. Time I heard 'em comin'! I sed, 'Luk here, nigger, dis am no place for you,' an' I put out lac er cal'vry horse on de charge. I gits down ter dat branch what runs twixt El Caney and San Juan, an' I squatted right dar in de water. I heard de folks yellin' an' de guns er shootin' an' de bullits hittin', zip-zip, an' ping-ping-ping, an' de cannons spoutin' out fire an' brimstone, an' I 'gin ter say muh prayers an' shout ter de Saviour. After while de guns gits louder,

an' de bullits gits thicker, an' de ball 'gin ter drap all around an' I squat down lower an' lower in de water, till fust thing I knowd I wuz almost drowned. I flopped erbout in de water sam' ez er fish an' I dived lac er terrapin, but I come out alright, an' atter it wuz all done I crawled out an' dried off."

"How about the night attack, Bill?" asked the officer. "Did you get through that safely?"

"Lord! sho wuz skeered den. I wuz sleepin' wid one er dese 10th Cal'vry niggers what's used ter fightin', and when dat noise comes I jumps up, an' takes erway dat shelter tent same ez der win'. I run right fru evy'thing, an' I didn't stop good till daybreak.

"Is yer finished wid dem plates?" asked Bill, gathering up the debris of dinner. "I spec I done let on too much already, but don't yer gib me erway ter none er dem Mobile niggers. I'se gwine ter be black Hobson when I gits home, an' dat's de Lord's truf."

As it Looked to a Volunteer.

Some of the volunteer soldiers who were put under the command of regular army officers soon after the beginning of the Cuban war, found it a little hard to learn all the lingo of the camps. An officer sent a young volunteer orderly to requisition at the quartermaster's stores some tentage, and when he returned questioned him:

"Orderly?"

"Yes, sir."

"Did you get the tents I ordered?"

"Yes, sir."

"Did you get the wall tents?"

"Yes, sir."

"And the A tents?"

"Yes, sir."

"And the dog tents?"

"Yes, sir."

"And the flies for the wall tents?"

"Flies, sir? No, sir."

"What? Now, why didn't you get the flies?"

The soldier saluted respectfully; at any rate, he combined a salute and a motion which brushed away a cloud of flies from in front of his nose.

"Camp is full of them, sir," he answered.

Henry Laun, twenty-seven years old, a member of Battery B. First United States heavy artillery, with his leg bandaged and a bullet wound in his arm, left Montauk on a furlough, one day in September, eager to let his

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old father and mother know he was alive. They lived at No. 400 Palisade avenue, Jersey City, but there he was told they had moved to Hoboken. When he found his home at last he learned that both parents had died almost a month ago.

On one of the government transports from Porto Rico, Laun arrived at Camp Wikoff, where he was immediately stricken with typhoid fever. He recovered after an illness of ten days, and they had to discharge him from the hospital, so eagerly did he insist on getting home. A piece of shrapnel had struck him in the left leg in Porto Rico, and a Mauser bullet had pierced his arm during the charge up San Juan Hill, in Cuba, and neither of the wounds was healed.

Laun was an only child, and he felt that his parents must be almost frantic for news of him. He had not heard from them since his battery had left Key West for Cuba, although he wrote five or six times. When he reached his home he was surprised to see a strange face at the door.

Thought they Must be Anxious.

"I want to see Mrs. Laun," he said.

"Oh, she doesn't live here any more," was the reply. "She and her husband moved to Hoboken."

Laun took a trolley car to Hoboken, and limped through the streets, making inquiries. At last he found where his mother and father had lived. He rang the bell, but again a stranger came to the door.

"Doesn't Mrs. Laun live here?" asked the artilleryman, with a sinking heart.

"Why, no," said the young girl at the door. "Havn't you heard? She died weeks ago."

"But Mr. Laun, her husband?"

"He's dead too. Died two weeks after his wife. Are you a relative?"

"Yes," answered the young man, faintly, "I'm their son."

Laun was almost heartbroken. He was without a home now, and had no other relatives in this country, his next of kin living in Germany.

"I always corresponded regularly with my mother," the young man said. "I received my last letter when we were at Key West. It was not in my mother's handwriting, and it told me she and father were ill. I wrote frequently after we reached Cuba, but no reply came. Naturally, I didn't worry about that, although I was very anxious to hear from home. My father was eighty-six years old and my mother fifty."

"It was about three weeks after I sailed from Key West that mother was taken with pneumonia. She died, and then father followed her. They had

not even left a note for me, and the landlady only knew that they had a son somewhere in the army."

When Laun's furlough expired, he set off at once for Port Royal, S. C., where his battery was stationed. "I can't bear to stay here any longer," he said.

A Young Hero of San Juan.

"A great round moon rose slowly over the tree-tops and cast soft, long shadows over that seeming solitude of death," says a writer in *Truth*. "I climbed the hill of San Juan, sad and heavy-hearted, to look for the body of my 'bunkie,' Lieutenant Garesche Ord. For seven weeks we had lived in the same tent in Tampa, and for over a week had shared the hardships and fatigue of the Cuban campaign together. On the morning of the last day of his life he came to me in the creek bottom of the San Juan River, as the men of General Hawkins' brigade were marching through to go into action, and, with a happy, joyous laugh, begotten of the excitement and the martial spirit that imbued him, he slapped me on the back and said in a stage whisper, 'Bunkie, old man, I'll come out of this either a colonel or a corpse!' I shook hands with him and wished him good luck, and, as he left me, called after him, 'Be careful, Garry!'"

"Poor Garry! I found him that night, lying in the white, pure moonlight, fast asleep, with his head pillowed on his arm, and I imagined, as I patted his face in a fond farewell, that the same old boyish smile rested there. He lay on the farthest Spanish trench of the San Juan hill, dead. Killed by the hand of a wounded Spanish soldier in the trench. It seems that Ord was many yards in advance in that wonderful charge up the hill, and that as he stood on the edge of the trench he turned and shouted to the men behind, 'Don't shoot the wounded men. Make them prisoners,' and at the same instant he fell by a pistol-shot from the hands of the very man whose life he attempted to save.

"Too high a tribute cannot be paid to this gallant fellow—there were many that day who deserved as much. He knew no sense of fear. His highest aim in life was to support a widowed sister—widowed by the loss of her soldier-husband at Wounded Knee—and to emulate the historic military career of his famous father, General Ord.

"It was Ord who furnished the generals who stood in San Juan Creek with the first definite information as to the position of the enemy in front of them. He climbed a high tree and reported to General Hawkins from this lookout point the location of the fort, the direction of the trenches, and the apparent force of the enemy. During the entire time he was under fire from the sharpshooters, but gave no evidence of the slightest trepidation.

"It is related that Ord climbed two more trees in the death-trap jungle, far to the left, where Hawkins' brigade was forcing its way to the final charge, reporting each time valuable information. Ord's bravest act—the one which never will be forgotten by those who witnessed it—was the leading in the charge of a handful of Sixteenth Infantry men to the top of the hill. General Hawkins gave him permission to organize and get in position for the final desperate assault some bodies of soldiers on the right who had become confused by their devious windings in the underbrush. He was next seen after the sounding of the 'Forward!' far in advance of the line, waving the men on in the charge. It was the unanimous opinion of officers and soldiers alike that to this young hero unquestionably belongs the honor of first scaling the entrenchments of San Juan. He lies buried on the hilltop, under two waving palms, rolled in a blanket—the soldier's coffin—promoted in the hearts of those who loved him to a rank far higher than the colonelcy he coveted, to the rank of a hero born, a hero dead! An honor to the name he bore, to the soldiers by whose side he fought, to his family and himself, he will long be remembered for his manliness, his fidelity to duty and the noble part he acted on the battlefield."

"The Dead Came to Life Again."

For a long time after August, when he was reported to be dying at Tampa, Fla., Mrs. Lina Hoerner, of Newark, N. J., had no word from her son, Private B. Hoerner, of the Sixth Cavalry, and she had mourned him as dead. Yet, hoping to the last, as mothers will, she prepared a place for him at the table every day, allowing no one else to sit in it. Every day, from early morning until late at night, in the faint hope that he might come back to her, she kept a pot of coffee warm on the range and a few delicacies ready to serve at a few minutes' notice. One afternoon she remarked to a neighbor that it was no use, and she guessed she wouldn't keep it up, because it served as a constant reminder of her dear boy who was dead.

However, that night the coffee was steaming on the range, and the knife, fork, napkin and other table utensils were neatly arranged at the place where her son had sat in days gone by. Mrs. Hoerner was sitting alone in the parlor. She was reading the last letter that had come to her from her son. It told her that perhaps she would not get another or see him again. She folded it in an agony of grief.

At that instant there was a heavy step at the front door and a pull at the bell.

Mrs. Hoerner asked: "Who is it?"

"Only me," came a hoarse voice. In its tones were something familiar

to her ear. She threw the door open, and the rays of light fell upon what at first appeared to her to be the apparition of her son. She started back in alarm, and then, with a cry of joy, threw herself into his arms. The coffee and the delicacies in the pantry found a use at last.

The headlines in the morning papers recounting the daring dash of the "Rough Riders" furnished an interesting theme for the passengers on a Cambridge car which left Harvard Square via the subway in Boston, a few days after the attack at Quasina.

Two men boarded the car near Cambridge City Hall, the elder quickly buying a *Morning Globe* to get the news. His eyes had scarcely scanned the first page before an agonized groan was heard, and the next instant he said: "My God, my boy is dead! I told him not to go, but he was bound to go to the front."

The man's companion pulled the bell, and after the car came to a full stop he helped the heart-broken parent from the car. He was deadly pale and tottered rather than walked, assisted by his companion. The man's name could not be learned, but some one had heard him talking about reaching town only yesterday and also commenting on the class-day exercises at Harvard, so it was taken for granted that his son must have been a Harvard man. It was a touching scene and furnished the passengers with a realization of what war means to many a saddened heart.

Taunted with Cowardice.

Taunted because of his alleged cowardice, driven to shame by the cruel jests of his comrades, bearing at the same time the awful wounds of a Mauser bullet in his chest, and with two fingers of his right hand shot away, brave William McComas, a private in Company D, Second United States Infantry, plunged headlong from the deck of a transport at the government wharf at Fort Monroe upon his return from Santiago in August.

Of all the acts demonstrative of quiet, unassuming heroism which have been brought to the surface in the deadly conflict in the southern end of crimson-stained Cuba, this remarkable act of Private McComas will long claim the attention of the boys in blue who were fighting shoulder to shoulder in the defense of their country's honor.

McComas was but a stripling, barely out of his teens. He had lived all his life on a farm in Western Massachusetts and had not been accustomed to the continuous element of tinsel glory which was the feature of his new environments. His parents were well-to-do country folks whose sole ambition in life was the rearing of the boy who had been driven to his death by the thoughtlessness of his comrades.

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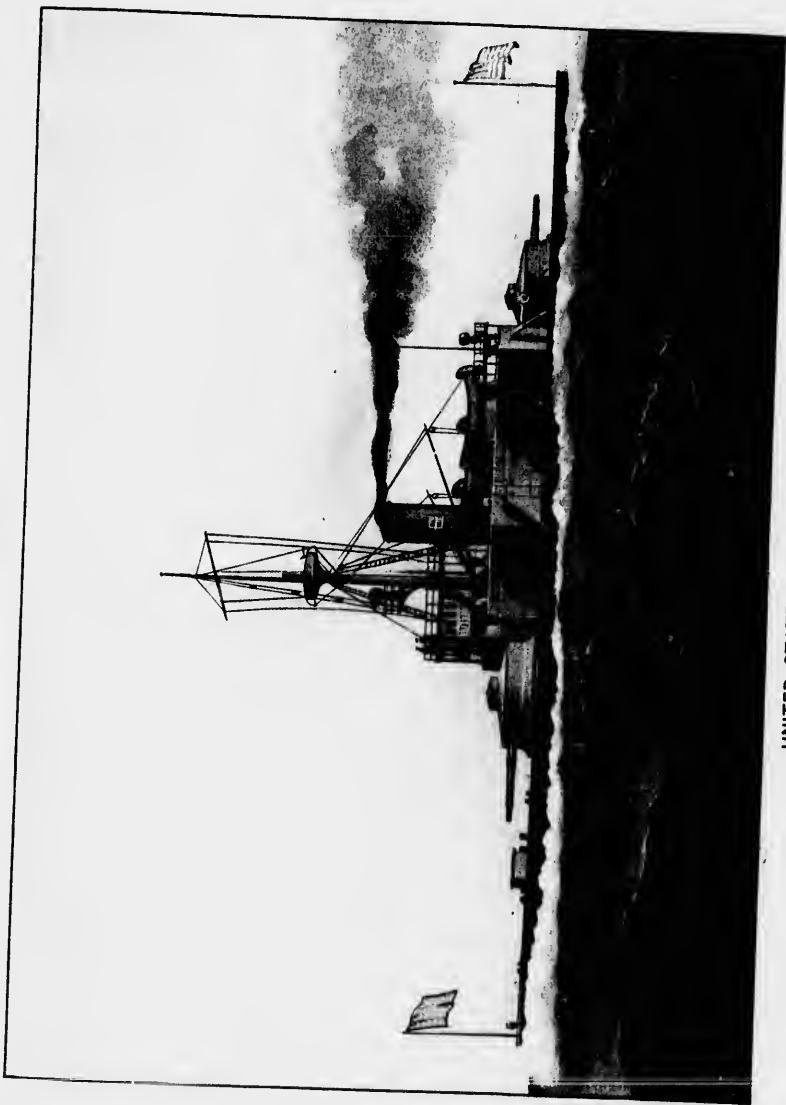
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It was openly claimed that McComas was a coward of the rankest type. It was even said that he had purposely inflicted the wounds upon his hand in order to escape duty upon the battle line. His comrades learned to loathe him; they had no time for a man who played what they called the "baby act," and the remarkable attitude assumed by the soldier boy from the old Bay State was proof conclusive in the minds of his comrades that McComas was an arrant coward.

The circumstances attending the general bearing of McComas may have justified the boys of the Second in placing the young recruit under the ban, but later developments have placed an entirely different aspect upon the calibre of the "Greenhorn," as he was generally called, and to-day there is not one man in all Company D who has not expressed sorrow for the many unkind acts which they had thrust upon the forbearing farmer boy.

When the first call for troops was made by President McKinley, McComas although but nineteen years of age, was among the first to offer his services to the government. He was accepted and assigned to Company D, Second U. S. Regulars, and within one week's time he had given his last farewell to his father and mother and friends and was on his way to join his regiment at Tampa.

As Strong as an Ox.

Of all the men in that particular regiment there was not one among them who proved a better physical specimen than did McComas. His out-door country life had given him a constitution of iron, he was strong as an ox, and performed the hardest duties with an ease which won for him the admiration of all his messmates.

It was this strength that the boys of the Second admired. They talked among themselves of what McComas could do in an emergency; they naturally thought that he would be a fearful adversary if aroused to anger, and for the first few weeks in the army every man in Company D let McComas strictly alone.

When the Second Regiment was removed to Key West some of the boys of Company D took advantage of the saloons in that place and imbibed too freely of the poisonous rot which is called pure whiskey and sold at twenty cents a drink. McComas had been detailed to guard duty, and it was while in the pursuance of this particular branch of his military duties that he acquired the sobriquet of "Coward McComas."

It was said that he halted a party of men from his own company who were straggling into camp after hours. He marched them to the sergeant of the guard, and the following morning each of the seven disturbers were sentenced to three days in the guard house on bread and water.

After the men were liberated they all began to quietly abuse McComas. He said nothing and the men noting his action became more forcible in their unpleasantries, and finally one of the number stepped up to McComas and dared him to fight. McComas, much to the surprise of his admirers, flatly refused to engage in any such encounter, whereupon the belligerent soldier struck the inoffensive lad a sharp blow in the breast.

In explaining afterwards why he did not resent the open insult, McComas quietly replied that he had not joined the army for the purpose of indulging in brawls, and "besides," he added, "should I have struck McCarthy the chances are that I would have killed him."

When the Second Infantry arrived in Cuba almost the first accident to befall a member of the regiment was in the shooting away of two fingers of McComas' right hand. He stopped in the midst of the downpour of leaden bullets and coolly wrapped a handkerchief around his hand and was about to resume his place in the ranks when the sergeant of the company ordered him to the rear for treatment.

The first skirmish lasted but an hour and then the firing ceased, and it soon became whispered among the men of Company D that in order to escape being sent to the firing line McComas had deliberately inflicted the wounds in order to keep out of the more deadly fire. McComas with two fingers amputated and his hand done up in bandages heard the taunting remarks of his comrades, and although the tears mounted to his large brown eyes he said nothing, but turned sadly away and sought comfort in solitude.

Wounded, but Fought Like a Demon.

An hour later the second skirmish started and the soldier boys of the Second started on a run for the trenches. McComas seized a rifle from the hospital tent and running across an open patch directly in the line of fire, managed to reach the ranks of the Second Massachusetts. With these brave men he fought like a demon despite the fact that he could only use one of his hands in manipulating the heavy rifle. He was at the front during the whole of that eventful second of July. He never faltered neither did he waver from the path of duty, but with the fortitude of a veteran he returned shot for shot with the coolness and precision of a sharpshooter.

When the firing had ceased and the roll call of Company D was held, it was found that William McComas, private, was missing. An hour later when McComas walked into camp looking weary and haggard, he was immediately court martialed as a deserter; and it was only through the testimony of the men of the Second Massachusetts that he escaped capital punishment.

The order of General Shafter, which directed that all wounded soldiers

be removed to the United States, was the direct cause of McComas leaving Cuba. His injuries had become apparent to the eyes of the surgeons and they decided that the best place for the soldier was a Northern hospital. He was hastily placed aboard a homeward bound transport.

On the homeward passage McComas kept aloof from his companions, all of whom had received injuries in the battle before Santiago. They called him "coward," they taunted him beyond endurance, and when the government wharf was reached at Fort Monroe the most dejected man aboard the transport was William McComas.

Brooding, He Killed Himself.

He became despondent and brooded over the unkind remarks of his comrades. He was told that he would be kept at the Fort until his recovery and then he would be given his discharge. He thought of his presumed disgrace, and finally unable to bear his troubles any longer, he leaped over the side of the transport and, without a struggle, forfeited his bright young life.

Two days later the body of the suicide was recovered in the lower basin of the river and it was taken back to the Fort for disposition. Then an examination was made of the remains and the startling discovery was made that a Mauser bullet had ripped its way through the youthful soldier's left lung, making a ragged, irregular hole directly beneath the breast bone.

That the wound was received at Santiago was proved by the physicians who examined the body, and they claim that the pain caused by the undressed injury must have been awful in its intensity. The bullet was found imbedded in the muscles of the back.

When the fact became noised about the barracks at Fort Monroe that McComas had been shot in the chest at Santiago the soldiers immediately adopted a different tone when speaking of their dead comrade. He had said nothing about his injuries, preferring to bear the pain until he reached his home; anything to be away from the maddening jeers of the men whom he looked upon as ideal soldiers.

McComas was laid to rest beneath the shades of grim old Fort Monroe. His former companions paid him the tribute due one of his sterling worth. They formed an escort and followed the remains to the little grave; and when the body was lowered to its last resting place they fired a salute over the mound, and the bugler blew for "lights out," and then all sorrowfully returned to their barracks to talk in subdued tones of the remarkable youth whose sterling qualities they had been unable to justly appreciate. He left behind him a shining example of a soldier who only knew how to do his duty and leave consequences to themselves.

Blair, a regular, said to be of the Seventeenth, was shot at El Caney, July 1st. Two wounded men of the Seventy-first New York fell beside him in worse shape than he. They could not move. He could a little.

A Spanish sharpshooter had the range of them where they lay, their comrades having pushed on. Although down, the three men were his target.

"Spit!" and one of the bullets cut a lock of hair from Blair's forehead.

"Spit!" again, and one of the New Yorkers winced as his shoulder was cut.

Blair for a time could not locate the fellow, but finally discovered him 300 yards distant, up a tree. He was incautious, and displayed himself in taking aim. Blair had his gun beside him, and with one shot brought him down. Then, wounded in the groin as he was, he crawled 900 feet to his enemy to get his canteen of water and 900 feet back, not touching it himself, and poured it down the throats of the two New Yorkers. He died holding the drink to the lips of one of them. His only remark as to his journey was:

"I'm a regular. You fellows have homes."

One of the New Yorkers survived to return home and tell the story of this hero's end.

Detecting Blanket Thieves.

That the discomforts of camp life were not always due to governmental neglect, was shown by a clever little bit of detective work done by Major Ira C. Brown, the executive officer of the hospital at Camp Meade. For some time he has been missing blankets at the hospital. Those sent to the hospital laundry failed to return, and at first he was inclined to think it was because of the recent stormy weather. But one night he heard something which aroused his suspicions, and, donning a suit of old clothes and taking a revolver, he started out with a guard at his heels. At the laundry the guard remained outside while the Major went in. One of the laundry employees was standing behind the counter.

"What do you'se want. Do you want to buy a blanket?"

The Major asked the price.

"Seventy-five cents, if you take half a dozen."

The Major decided to take that many and handed a bill over in payment.

The laundry employee got out a bag of silver to make change.

"That was full," he said, "but I got it changed in bills."

"Are you doing a pretty good business?" the Major asked.

"Bully. If you've got any friends who want blankets bring 'em around. I can get lots more where these came from."

At that stage the Major drew his revolver, and, covering the fellow, said: "You are under arrest." At the same time he summoned the guard. The

look upon the fellow's face was beyond description. He sank back upon a pile of blankets, protesting at first, and finally confessing, implicating another employee. This man was immediately hunted up, found, and also arrested. No more blankets disappeared thereafter.

In the Enemy's Country

"There were five of us, all newspaper men," said one of the number, "and all very dirty, very brown, very disreputable looking, and more than very hungry," says the correspondent of the *Minneapolis Times*. "We were packed into a carriage drawn by a couple of Porto Rico frames for horses and were en route from Porto Ponce to the city itself, the hour 10 A. M., and the date July 27th, on which day the principal city in the island fell into the hands of the avuncular Samuel. There was a good bit of excitement in the four miles of drive over the well-kept road fringed with cane fields, cocoanut palms, sugar mills, blue and white houses, and flowering shrubs.

"Native Porto Ricans were either wild with delight at being rid of the Spanish soldiers, or simulated joy to a marvel. They ran (not fast, it wasn't necessary with that team) beside the carriage, shouting 'Vivi Americanos!' and now and again some particularly dirty specimen would gain a perilous foothold on the crazy step of the ramshackle vehicle and insist on shaking hands all round. He would have kissed us, Spanish fashion, if we had shown any willingness that way. Some of the women did. But that's another story.

"We were in search of breakfast. It is not necessary to grow prolix over what that word meant to us. Suffice it, we would rather have found a good meal than a big nugget. Inquiry elicited the fact that Ponce had two cafes of note, that of the Hotel Inglaterra and that of the Hotel Francois. The latter was the nearest, and, for that reason, chosen.

"The city had been in the possession of American troops less than half an hour, so we were the first of the army of occupation to grace the quiet precincts of the Cafe Francois. How cool it was, with its fountains and marbles, how bright with its ponciana tree in bloom, its huge flowery shrubs and its bright plumaged parroquets, how comical its frescoes of Daphnes, Chloes, Phyllises, and Strephons, yet how dainty withal, for the table napery was spotless, the glass, china, and (alleged) silver shining with cleanliness and the cafes glistening with (Ye gods, could it be possible?) real ice.

"Madame the Mistress (a veritable polyglot) backed by three buxom maids, jabbered away at us, as we threw aside revolvers and field glasses and seated ourselves at a round table near the fountain, in a Franco-Hispano-Anglo dialect, out of which we gathered that if we would not kill the women and burn the hotel the resources of the cafe were at our disposal.

"We promised that death and destruction should follow only in case the breakfast did not appear speedily and bountifully. It did. What a breakfast! Its memory will abide while those five palates preserve their functions and recollection hold its seat. Cold bouillon, fresh fish, a Spanish omelette (huge in proportions, exquisite in accessories), fruit of the freshest and most succulent, coffee like amber and cigars that had been made in Havana before the declaration of war.

"Instead of harming that hostess or any of her household, after eating that breakfast, we would have attacked with gusto any one who failed to treat her as the queen of providers and dispensers. We call for the bill—and then came chaos.

"What! You will pay?' almost screamed madame. As evidence of honest intention each man produced his canvas sack and emptied its store of American half eagles and British sovereigns on the table in front of her.

"Henri! Henri!" yelled the excited woman. 'Come here, my heart. Come quickly and behold these men, these angels. They will pay. They do not complain. They compliment me on my cooking. Sancta Maria, it is too much,' and the good woman threw herself into the arms of her fat and hitherto invisible husband, as he appeared in the doorway, while down her red cheeks streamed tears of veritable delight.

"There isn't any moral to this morning glimpse of Ponce at the surrender unless it be found in the comment madame's surprise created upon the probable methods and manners of the Spanish officers who had hitherto been her principal patrons."

Brave Correspondents.

One particular class of hero of the late war—the newspaper correspondent—has been almost overlooked in the blaze of glory that greeted the homecoming of our victorious troops, but Admiral Sampson has written the following tribute of praise to the gentlemen of the press. The valor of the American newspaper man, as exhibited in the late war, has rightly excited universal comment. The old-time war correspondent, who remained with the commander-in-chief, miles behind the firing line, has been conspicuous by his absence in the most recent war.

The chronicler of battle preferred to march where the fiercest of fighting was in progress, risking his life for the sake of duty as nobly and readily as the soldiers. The world has wondered almost as much at this heroism of the modern newspaper man as at the reckless bravery of the soldiers and sailors who carried Old Glory so impetuously to victory. Admiral Sampson writes:

"It gives me great pleasure to reply to your question regarding the behavior of newspaper men under fire.

"I take it for granted that newspaper men are not more fond than other mortals of being under fire, but I have yet to see one who did not behave in the best manner possible. They seem prompted by a sense of duty to obtain all the news without regard to any personal exposure.

"I know of many cases where they have sought to gather news first hand under circumstances which could be explained in no other way."

Courtesy Made Him Cry.

The steamer *Australia*, one of the transports which sailed on the first expedition to the Philippines, and returned last week, brought an interesting story in connection with the capture of the *Ladrones*, says the San Francisco *Examiner*.

When the Governor of the islands went on board the *Charleston* to apologize for not returning the latter's salute, he was in earnest about the salute. Doubtless, he attributed the two shots through the fort at Guam to the bad marksmanship of the Americans. Before the war all Spaniards thought all Americans were poor shots, but that, as Rudyard Kipling would observe, is another story.

Captain Glass, of the *Charleston*, bade the Governor write letters to his officers on the islands, telling them that he was a prisoner, and that the *Ladrones* were now American property. The Governor obeyed, and as he finished each letter, he handed it to the Captain to read. The epistles were satisfactory, and they were sent ashore in a small boat. Just before the boat left, the Governor called the Captain aside.

"Your Excellency," said he, "will you permit me to write a letter to my wife?"

"Why, certainly," replied Captain Glass, and he gave orders to hold the boat.

"Take your time, old man," said Captain Glass, noticing his haste; "take all the time you want. There is absolutely no hurry."

The Governor mutely thanked the commander. He appreciated, but could not understand such courteous treatment. When he finished his letter, he held it out to Captain Glass.

"What's this?" asked the *Charleston's* master.

"It is my letter to my wife. It is for you to read."

"Read!" repeated Glass, looking from the letter to the Governor's face.

"Read that letter! Why, man, we are Americans. What's in that letter is between you and your wife. It is as sacred to us as the honor of our flag."

The Governor gazed at Captain Glass in bewilderment. Slowly he sank into a chair and mechanically inclosed the letter in an envelope and addressed

it. He handed the envelope to Captain Glass, looked at him for a moment, then buried his head in his arms on the table and burst into tears.

Differences of patriotic sentiment caused a disruption in the family of Vincente Hauria-Martens, of New York. Believing that duty called him to Madrid to take up arms for his native land, for he is a Spaniard, Mr. Martens enlisted in the Spanish army, while his son, Richard, joined the Seventy-first Regiment to fight against him.

Mr. Martens was well known in New York years ago as the agent for a brand of champagne, but recently he has been in the insurance business. He lived in comfortable circumstances at No. 228 West Twenty-first street with his daughter Elsie, who is an actress, and Richard, the son. He came to this country from Spain thirty years ago with the then famous Martens cat duettists, of which his wife was a member. He never returned to Madrid. When his wife died, not long ago, he expressed a desire to go back to Spain. "It is my country, and I love it far better than this land," he said to his son.

"Well, this is my native land, and to my thinking the Stars and Stripes float over the best people on the earth," Richard replied.

This display of feeling angered the old man. When the Maine was blown up and the Spaniards were censured for it Mr. Martens said he would return to Madrid and help wipe out the insult with blood. His son remonstrated, but he was firm.

"I am a Spaniard, and so are you, even if you were born in this country," Mr. Martens once said.

"Indeed, I am not. I am a New Yorker and stand ready to fight for my flag," Richard responded. The quarrel became bitter and terminated by the father taking the first steamer for Madrid after war was declared.

"I go to fight the Yankees," he said, as he left his house.

"I shall enlist to oppose you," Richard quietly replied. The next day he joined Company G, of the Seventy-first Regiment, and in a letter to his sister he said he hoped to see his father in the ranks of the enemy.

A Spartan Mother.

"Mrs. John Maroney, of New Haven, Conn., performed an act of patriotism that places her among the Spartan mothers of the country. When the war broke out Mrs. Maroney's son John enlisted in Captain Beach's battery of heavy artillery, which was recruited in that city. The battery, although a finely drilled organization, has never gotten any further than the State camp, at Niantic. The men of the battery have grown very tired of their monotonous camp life. Young Maroney became homesick, and one day took French leave of his company. He turned up at his mother's home, and

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Mrs. Maroney questioned him severely in regard to his absence from the battery.

John evaded his mother's questions at first, and it was not for several days that she elicited a confession from him that he had deserted. Mrs. Maroney at once told her boy that she was ashamed of him and would have him arrested and sent to prison. John ran out of the house when he realized the possibility of occupying a military prison.

Mrs. Maroney pursued him into the back yard. He attempted to scale a high board fence, and she grabbed a clothespole and beat him over the back and head so severely that he surrendered. Then Mrs. Maroney, whose hair is white with age, marched her son to the police station, called up Captain Beach at Niantic on the telephone and told him that she had her son and she wanted the Captain to send a guard for him and give him the full punishment for deserting.

The Captain thanked Mrs. Maroney and sent a guard to take the young man back to camp. Mrs. Maroney's husband was a soldier, and he fought bravely in the Civil War. Mrs. Maroney is proud of the fact, and was proud of her son when he enlisted, but was heartbroken over his desertion.

Humor of Grim War.

Grim-visaged war has its humor as well as its terrible side, and Captain General Blanco was not the only humorist in the recent conflict. The cablegram to Madrid from that redoubtable commander about the mule that was killed at Matanzas set two continents a-laughing and thousands of rhymers to writing verses. And it was a dull day when he did not in a dispatch to the Spanish Government destroy several American men-of-war.

But as a humorist, the Captain of Manila who requested a cessation of hostilities while he went ashore for more ammunition, is entitled to the cake. The Petrel, of Dewey's fleet, chased a gunboat up the Pasig River. Seeing he was cornered, the Captain of the Spanish gunboat went to the Petrel in a small boat under a flag of truce to make terms. The American Captain told him he must surrender or fight. "We are willing to fight," replied the Spaniard. "Please allow us to send for ammunition, because our store is exhausted."

There was decidedly no humor, however, in the misuse of the flag of truce by the Spanish Captain Sasta, at the Cavite Arsenal. He hoisted a white flag when he was sore pressed, and when the Americans, believing he had surrendered, came to take possession, they found the Spaniards still under arms. The withdrawal of the troops, with their arms, pending negotiations for surrender, was an instance of treachery and bad faith.

The coolness with which Commodore Dewey interrupted the battle for breakfast is decidedly humorous. The crews of the war ships were shut up below decks, with hot boilers within and a tropical sun without, and the intense heat would possibly have done more damage than the Spanish guns. So breakfast time came most opportunely. But it is not likely that a great battle was ever deliberately interrupted before by the sound of the breakfast bell.

An incident took place at the battle of Mobile Bay, when a breakfast was kept waiting for the close of hostilities. Rear Admiral James E. Jouett, of Montgomery County, Md., then a lieutenant-commander, was in command of a vessel. A lieutenant named Murphy, who had resigned from the United States Navy, had command of one of the small Confederate boats in the bay. Jouett and Murphy had been warm friends before the war at the Naval Academy, so Jouett had a delightful breakfast prepared, and then set themselves to capture Murphy's boat. This he succeeded in doing after some delay and Murphy came aboard with his arm in a sling to surrender his sword in the most formal manner. Instead of taking the sword Jouett reproached Murphy for keeping breakfast waiting. Upon seeing the feast, Murphy, who was very hungry, said: "Jouett, if you had only sent me word about this breakfast I would have surrendered an hour ago."

Origin of "Yankee Doodle."

A correspondent writes: "It may be news to most people to be apprised of the fact that the air of the American national song, 'Yankee Doodle,' was originally that of a Cavalier ditty, and was possibly whistled by the London street arabs of Royalist sympathies with the object of irritating the Roundheads. Only it was 'Nankee Doodle' then, an unmeaning appellation applied to no less a personage than Oliver Cromwell, who rode into Oxford with a single plume in his hat, fastened in a knot, called at the period a 'macaroni.' 'Nankee Doodle' crossed the Atlantic at a convenient time. Then the term Yankee, applied originally strictly to a New Englander, was beginning to be used colloquially, having been derived from 'Yenghee,' the Indian fashion of pronouncing 'English,' when the initial 'N' in 'Nankee' in the effusion was discontinued and 'Y' substituted.

"The tune was adopted by the Revolutionary Colonists more in the spirit of retaliation than anything else. When Lord Percy's brigade marched out of Boston the bands played 'Yankee Doodle' as a mark of contempt for the inhabitants. But the Colonists uttered a threat, and carried it out, that before the war was over Percy's brigade would have to dance to the despised tune, and they had to. It has been contended that in 1755 Dr. Shuckburgh

wrote 'Yankee Doodle,' but the best authorities are agreed that in its original form it was composed to deride Cromwellians. It may be noted that the late President Grant was so innocent of music that he only knew two tunes. One was 'Yankee Doodle' and the other wasn't."

A Missionary Guide.

Dr. A. J. Diaz, who was appointed as an interpreter on the staff of General Miles, Commander-in-Chief of the United States army, and who accompanied General Miles in the advance upon Cuba, is well known to Baptists, and has an interesting history. He comes of good family and is a graduate of the University of Havana. He cast in his lot with the rebellion against Spanish rule in Cuba ten or more years ago, and when that effort failed only made his escape by throwing himself into the sea, where, on the second day, he was picked up by a passing vessel and brought to New York. In New York he united with a Baptist church, and finally accepted an appointment under the Home Board of the Southern Baptist Convention, with Havana as his headquarters.

A large theatre was purchased for him in that city, which was arranged as a house of worship. He also secured a hospital building for the treatment of the sick and a cemetery for burying the dead. Beside these enterprises he established and maintained a school for the education of girls. At Havana he gathered a church of more than 1000 members, and at various places throughout Cuba planted missionary stations and churches.

Under Weyler's regime in Cuba Dr. Diaz was arrested as a sympathizer with the insurgents, sent to jail and summarily condemned to death. He managed somehow to get a telegram to his friends in America apprising them of his condition. These friends called the United States Government to their aid, and as he was an American citizen he was released and banished from Cuba. Shortly after his enforced return to America he entered the service of the American Baptist Publication Society, of Philadelphia, as a manager of one of their chapel cars, then in the State of Texas. Subsequently he became a Colporteur Missionary of the same society in Mexico. While in the service of the Government he still retained his connection with this society, it being the understanding that he shall incidentally continue to do missionary work. He is thoroughly familiar with the Island of Cuba.

There was a pleasant little story in Jacksonville as to how the prisoners in camp, confined under field court-martial sentences, obtained their freedom July 4th. Little Gertrude Hammett, the pretty seven-year-old daughter of a citizen here, while playing at home the morning previous, said to her mother:

"I am so happy now that I wish all my soldier boys to be happy, too.

I am so sorry to see them in jail (guard house), the tents are hot and stuffy and I want them out."

"Why not go and see General Lee?" asked her mother, with a smile, to quiet her.

The little girl jumped up highly elated. "I will see him at once," she said. To please the child the mother drove her to the Windsor Hotel. She went alone to see General Lee.

"General Lee," said she with some bashfulness, "I want to get my soldier boys out of the guard house. They don't like it, these hot days, and I'm sure they will be good if you let them out for a Fourth of July present. I am so happy that I want my boys to be happy too."

The General was so pleased with the little girl's eagerness that he sent her to General Arnold with a note. The latter thanked the little girl for her interest in the soldiers, and at once issued an order that was read that afternoon at parade, releasing all soldiers confined for court-martial sentences.

The soldiers were pleased at this, and during the Fourth they paid their little friend many compliments. Whenever she appeared in camp they cheered her and called her the "Daughter of the Division." She took it all for granted, and when in camp lorded it over the boys with a pretty air that made all of them her slaves.



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CHAPTER XXIII.

Stories of the Camp, Battlefield and Hospital.



WHEN a soldier entered the hospital at any of the camps, his clothes were all burned, so as to prevent infection. At Camp Wikoff, a pathetic incident occurred. One man who had been furloughed asked for his clothes and \$12 that he had left in his shirt pocket. It was all of his funds, and he relied on it to pay his fare home. He was told that his clothing had been burned and the \$12 also, as no one had thought to look in the little pocket. At this news the weak and miserable fellow collapsed, and it was necessary again to put him on his cot. He was lying semi-unconscious, overcome with disappointment and the hopelessness of his position, when a nurse went to his bedside.

"It was all a mistake about your money being burned," she said, "and here it is."

With that she handed him \$12. The poor fellow could not at first realize his good fortune, but finally he smiled and then fell asleep. The nurse was Miss Harriet E. Hawley, daughter of General Hawley, United States Senator from Connecticut, who cast her lot in the detention hospital when help was greatly needed there. The \$12 was really burned, and Miss Hawley had collected the money from doctors and nurses, subscribing the most herself.

He is one of the unknown dead. A plain wooden cross marks the grave where he lies by his comrades on the hillside overlooking the lake. There was none beside him at the last to whom he was anything more than a dying soldier; yet he died with the smile of a hope realized when hope was all but gone. From the time he was brought in there was no hope for him. The deadly poison that oozes from the Cuban soil had permeated his system. They call it pernicious malarial fever. It doesn't matter much what they call a hopeless disease. The soldier alternated between unconsciousness and delirium, and all efforts to find out who he was were unavailing. His one glimmering of reason was when he called in plaintive iteration for his mother.

"Mother! mother! Isn't she coming at all?"

Across from him was another soldier suffering from malarial fever in a lighter form. His mother had come on from the West, and had found him already on the road to recovery. She sat on the edge of his cot, holding his hand and talking in low, happy tones. When the surgeon came along on his rounds she rose and half turned. The unknown soldier turned on his side

and saw her standing there. For a moment there could be seen in his eyes the struggle of returning consciousness; then a great peace shone on the wasted face. "Mother," he said meekly, "you've come at last."

The woman turned and saw a stranger feebly holding out his arms to her. She stood amazed, but it was only a moment before the mother heart comprehended. "Yes, dear boy," she said, softly, "I've come."

"Lift me up," he said, "I want to go home. You've come to take me home; haven't you, mother?"

She stooped over and kissed him, then sat on the edge of the cot and took the emaciated form in her arms. He leaned back, his eyes closed, and he smiled. But soon he opened his eyes again.

"I don't believe I can go," he whispered. "Don't you mind, mother; but—I—don't—believe—I—can—go."

His breathing grew slower and softer. His head dropped back, and he half turned in the woman's arms. "I've longed for you so, mother," he said, and died.

The woman laid the body down and went back to her own son.

Quizzed the Wrong Soldier.

The soldier boys who were sent to Montauk Point got anything but a cheering first impression of the place. An arid stretch of sand, dotted with tents and a few rough buildings were all that could be seen. At the station the returning soldier saw a crowd, but that crowd was in no ways interested in him or in the company of which he was a member. In other places he had been accustomed to some little attention and notice, as an integer of the military organization, but at Camp Wikoff where everything was military and the civilian the noticeable exception, nobody turned around to look at him. After clambering down the sandy embankment he and his companions "fall in" and wait while their commanding officer hustles around for instructions. The soldiers look about them and their hearts sink, for the camp itself is hidden beyond the line of hills, and what they see is as unattractive a centre of activity as ever sprung up from nothing in a few days. Such of the Camp Wikoff soldiers as deign to say anything to them do not furnish encouragement.

"Better write home to your folks, Johnny," is the remark that one man tosses at them over his shoulder. "You may not get another chance."

"Hope you brought plenty of grub," says another. "You'll only get one meal a day here."

"You chaps have got a nice place for a camp," says a third. "Right in the middle of a swamp."

"Well, the burying ground is handy by," remarks another, reassuringly,

Longer and longer grow the faces of the new men, and they begin to grumble among themselves, for they don't understand that they are being "jollied," and that if matters were really in bad condition these experienced soldiers would never say a word to them about it. Should they happen to encounter a departing regiment on its way to the station with sick in ambulances and wagons, and its convalescents trailing out behind, the sight will not cheer them, for they attribute the condition of the men to the nature of this camp instead of to its real cause, the devastating Cuban climate, from which the Northern men recover so slowly.

As soon as they get started, however, and from a rise in the road look out across Fort Pond to the ocean beyond and see the orderly lines of tents and breathe in the fresh ocean air, they begin to feel better and to realize that their trip here is a change for the better. On the bluff just west of Newspaper Row is a new encampment which rejoices in as pleasant a site as can be found on Montauk Point. After passing through the hands of the Job's comforters at the station they marched up here as if they were going to their own funerals. Later, when in the surf, a more light-hearted aggregation it would not be possible to imagine.

"Call this military duty?" cried one of them as he rode in on the top of a big wave. "Why, this is a blooming picnic!"

The Soldier's Hardships.

Occasionally it happened that the "jolliers" at the station got hold of the wrong men. A small detachment of regulars came in one day, most of them seasoned veterans, and two young cavalymen rode up and proceeded to try them out.

"Say, Buddy," said one of them to any one who chose to consider himself addressed, "did you bring heaps of grub?"

"Cause they don't feed new men here," said the other. "Ain't got 'nough grub for us fellows that's here right along."

"You want long-legged cots, too," remarked the first. "If your cot ain't on stilts it'll sink in the swamp and let you into the water."

After this sort of thing had gone on for about five minutes a Corporal of the incoming company turned and scanned the two cavalymen intently.

"Sickly looking whelps, Con," he observed to the man next to him.

"Ain't they!" said Con, cheerfully. "Wonder how they ever got into the army!"

"Say, you," said the Sergeant, pointing a thick finger at the cavalryman, "you measly, yellow-faced, ague-shiverin', bony, washed-out sand-peeps, you don't know when you're well off. Where we've been livin' we ate pine needles

with sand on the side. We slept in the mud by the lakeside an' when we were cold we pulled the waves up over us. This place here is Coney Island and the Waldorf House rolled into one, for us, and next week me and my bunkie 'll come around and dance jig-steps on your grave."

The cavalrymen looked at each other and passed on.

At Camp Alger, a visitor going through the company streets was apt to hear some choice effects like this :

"Who found the cow?" one chap would howl.

"Twenty-second Kansas" was the answer from another group.

"Who killed the cow?"

"First Rhode Island!"

"Who ate the cow?"

"Sixth Pennsylvania!"

A Third New York man, who claimed to have helped the Sixth eat it, and said it was good, told this story :

"It was while we were—well, before we started for Bristow last week. Some nature-loving Kansans were out viewing the scenery, and came across a cow in the woods. It was a lost cow, and they were sorry for it—better dead, they said, than live in a country where there's nothing to eat or drink, and, leaving one of their number on guard, they went back for the axe and things.

"Meanwhile, a squad of Rhode Islanders, with axes, 'out for wood,' came, and to make sure the killing was humanely done, did it themselves, and leaving their guard over the remains, went to camp for knives and things. Next came the Sixth Pennsylvania, who, to save it from spoiling, shouldered the carcass 'they had found,' carried it into their camp and dined that day.

"But they paid for it. Next day in the march to Bristow the Rhode Island boys were on guard, and the Sixth were kept in line at the point of the bayonet, if need be. Not a drop of water could they have had if the wayside had been rivers, and, the story was, that two miles march out of the way was from the direction the little Rhodys gave to the leaders."

Troopers and Their Horses.

The Troopers at Camp Wikoff, at Montauk Point, managed to extract considerable amusement out of the camp routine. They evidence a keen liking to get "tenderfeet" upon their arrival.

"That horse? Why, he's gentle as a lamb. Needn't be afraid of him."

This was the invariable recommendation given by the trooper to his horse or anybody else's horse upon whom he seeks to mount the unsuspecting stranger. Other troopers stand about and say: "Sure, he wouldn't hurt nobody."

As for the horse, he stands with mild eyes and drooping ears, the picture of equine respectability, until he feels a strange form in the saddle and a strange hand on the bridle. Then up go his ears, the eyes widen and the animal begins to prance and waltz. Woe to the stranger then if he be not an experienced horseman. He will do well to slip off any way so that he lands on his feet before he is shunted off upon his head.

But if he maintains his position successfully for the space of a minute and a half the horse will understand that the rider knows his business, for he is usually an intelligent beast, and will behave himself thenceforward in a circumspect manner. There were cavalry horses that were really mild-mannered, but they were scarce, and by no means popular. The trooper wants an animal with some life in him, and if he is a little flighty or vicious into the bargain, it makes no particular difference, for the cavalryman is commonly imbued with the idea that he can boss any horse that ever tried to turn hand-springs with the rider in the saddle. Also he is almost invariably eager to have any friends who come around try the animal's pace. If the friend protests that he isn't a horseman, the assurance regarding the mount's pacific nature is immediately forthcoming.

Jackies on Bronchoes.

When the monitor Jason was at the camp the jackies got shore leave and proceeded to fraternize with the cavalrymen. It wasn't long before there were sailor boys all over the place, their wide white trousers flapping sharply against the flanks of their horses as they sped along the roads or across the country. Some could ride and more couldn't, but a life on the ocean wave teaches Jack that the first law of nature is to hang on tight, and the sailors hung on—some to the neck of the horse, some to the pommel of the saddle, some to the jerking reins, thereby inviting the animal to fresh endeavors. Occasionally a horse would go galloping past with a terrified, but determined sailor boy in the saddle and a trooper on behind, digging the animal in the ribs to keep him going.

One such combination came to grief in a ditch, for when the seaman observed the ditch looming up ahead his courage deserted him, and with a yell he swung around in the saddle and clasped his companion around the neck, whereupon both fell off. The horse, relieved of the burden, galloped gayly on and turned up at his quarters that night. Another jacky the same day furnished entertainment for the soldiers by hanging to the neck of his steed and alternately yelling "Back Water!" to the animal and appealing to whomsoever he passed:

"Hey! how do you steer the blasted craft?"

Some few horses were reported to the Provost Marshal as missing, but nearly all of them were recovered by that officer, who, with his men, formed a highly efficient detective service. In all cases it appeared that the horse either got loose or was taken by mistake. Horse stealing did not flourish, though the opportunities would seem to be unlimited, as the men simply tied their horses at the rack near the station or at the hospital or wherever they chanced to have business and left them there unguarded for hours. There were, however, few animals without brands, which was in itself a vital discouragement to the horse-stealing business.

But though a man's horse was safe, the saddle and bridle were regarded by the trooper as his rightful prey, when found unguarded; much as an umbrella is regarded in city communities. To acquire a saddle and bridle without payment was a fine joke. To the owner thereof the joke may not have been quite so apparent, as this outfit cost \$18.50. It must not be supposed that the troopers went around to the racks where the horses were hitched and coolly stripped them of their trappings. This would not be etiquette, nor would it be safe. It was the wandering horse that lost his outfit, and there were many wandering horses, for the cavalry steed is an adept at getting loose by a process in the performance of which nobody ever discovers him. A double slip noose would seem to be a sufficient guarantee of stability, but it isn't.

Horses Got Well Quickly.

When a horse wanders with his saddle and bridle the loss of these equipments is considered a proper penalty for the owner's carelessness. He was a foolish man, too, who left his horse out after 9 o'clock at night saddled and bridled. The chances were that, unless he kept a sharp watch, he would be out the value of \$18.50. The average soldier had no conscience in this matter. A trooper who, if he found your purse with \$500 in it would return it to you intact would steal your saddle and bridle the next hour and think himself none the worse for it. He does not steal it to sell it, but to keep against the time when somebody steals his, and if the feelings of the owner arouse compassion he soothes his sensibilities by the reflection that the loser can go and steal somebody else's horse outfit.

From the arrival of the troops in camp the horses picked up much quicker than the men. To the good air and fine grazing ground this was due. Montauk Point had been used chiefly as a grazing ground, and thousands upon thousands of heads of cattle grew fat on the juicy herbage, their owners paying a small rent for the grazing privileges. All this grass was at the disposal of the army horses, who got pretty short rations much of the time in the

South. Few horses went to Cuba, as there were no adequate means of transportation, but those that did go had the advantage over their companions who stayed at Tampa and Fernandina.

"The death rate there among the cavalry animals was extremely high in most of the regiments. Many of the horses swallowed quantities of sand in grazing on the juiceless sand grasses and died from that. Many others died of heat prostration. Almost all were more or less blistered on the back by the intense heat, and these blisters often formed sores which finally rendered the horse useless. The Tenth Cavalry suffered smaller loss than any other regiment there, mainly because their veterinarian, who is an experienced hand in the management of army horses, having been in the civil war in that capacity, insisted on light work and the best care for them. As soon as a horse showed the least sign of sickness or weariness he was relieved of all work and turned loose to pick what he could in that arid country. The result was that the Tenth lost only one-eighth as many horses as the average of the other regiments encamped near them, and it came north with as sturdy-looking a lot of animals as one would wish to see.

Heroism in Camp.

Camp life sometimes furnished some opportunities for heroism, as great, if not so glorious, as the field of battle. Robert Peter, a private in Company A, Third New Jersey Volunteers, came face to face with a dangerous situation, and demonstrated that he is made of the material that gives us our heroes. During a heavy thunder storm one day a pier at Sandy Hook was set on fire. At the pier was moored a float loaded with high explosives. Peter realized that a destructive explosion was imminent unless the float was removed to a place of safety. On the pier were two mines, each containing 102 pounds of dynamite, which further added to the danger of the situation.

Peter discovered the fire when the tongues of flame were almost licking the barge. He ran to Lieutenant McGregor, of the Engineer Corps, and breathlessly exclaimed:—"Lieutenant, the pier is on fire. The float, with explosives, is fastened there."

"Yes, I know it," the Lieutenant replied, "but the fire has made such progress that nothing can be done—"

"Yes, something can be done," Peter replied, saluting. "We can cut the hawsers and set the float adrift."

"That's impossible," the Lieutenant replied. "It would mean death to the man who attempted it."

"Can't I have permission, sir," the private pleaded, "to cut the ropes and save the float?"

Lieutenant McGregor hesitated, and Peter continued: "Give the order, sir, I'll do the job."

"No, I shall give no orders to that effect," the Lieutenant replied.

Peter only listened long enough to understand no order would be given and then determined to act. He got Arthur Crowell and Thomas Ortell to come to his assistance.

Peter leading the way, the three men ran on to the pier with open knives in their hands. They threw themselves on the string-pieces and began hacking at the hawsers that held the float. One after another the severed ropes dropped into the water, and the float, released, moved silently out of danger.

Then the three men ran for their lives. The float was at a safe distance when suddenly there was a terrific explosion. The dynamite bombs had exploded and the heavens were lighted with a blinding flash. Peter and his two comrades were safe; so, too, was the float and its cargo.

Faced Death Three Times.

Peter was born in Dundee, Scotland, on November 30th, 1863. He would have joined the British army when he was seventeen years old, but his parents objected and pleaded with him not to. It was his mother's entreaties that led Peter to say: "All right, mother, I won't join the army but I would like to become a soldier."

Peter faced death three times. His life was nearly crushed out a few years ago when he stopped a runaway, to save from harm, perhaps death, two women who were taking an afternoon drive. Peter has a scar on one of his cheeks. It was caused by a bullet.

On the day before his departure for Manila, Brigadier General Harrison G. Otis had occasion to visit the headquarters of the Seventh California Regiment. Now, it should be understood, for the better appreciation of this story, that the Seventh hails from Southern California, and that Los Angeles of that section also has the distinction of being the home of General Otis. It should also be understood that the general is recognized down there as a—well, his friends refer to him as a statesman, while his enemies allude to him just as if nothing had happened.

General Otis, clad in that military splendor of costume which Solomon and his lilies knew not, approached the guard and the guard knew him. Now it was the duty of the sentry in a case where the camp was thus honored to announce the fact in the following words:

"General officer! Turn out the guard."

But General Otis still was a little distance away and the sentry thought he could safely vary the form of the words a little. He did so:

"Here comes the main guy. Turn out the push!"

That was what he said, and that was what the general heard. But the latter was equal to the occasion.

"Never mind the push," he said; "the main guy says nit."

But, just the same, the push turned out to meet the main guy.

The Jelly Went Astray.

A Wisconsin regular, who was among the convalescents at the Medico-Chirurgical Hospital, Philadelphia, related an incident that bore out the charge that supplies sent to individual soldiers in service at Santiago and in Porto Rico did not always reach the destination intended. This soldier while at Santiago wrote home and was gratified to learn that a box of jellies had been sent to him in care of his regiment. The box was watched for eagerly, but it never showed up.

A few days before he left Santiago to come home he went into a store and purchased a glass of jelly which attracted his attention because of its having been put up in truly royal style. The price paid was ninety cents. On leaving the store the soldier happened to turn the glass upside down, and there written on a scrap of paper and pasted on the bottom was his mother's name. The poor fellow had paid ninety cents for a fragment of what should have reached him days before.

Among the volunteer regiments called out for service in this war was one very good one from Ohio, the men of which had never seen military leggings before. The regulation dobooy leggings were issued to them, and they put them on—all with the lacings on the inside of the legs! The result was that, as they marched out for parade, the looped lacings on each leg caught on the hooks of the leggings on the other leg, tripping some of the men up completely and making most of the rest stumble comically at every few steps. The volunteer colonel thought that the whole regiment was drunk, and was in a state of mingled rage and consternation, which added greatly to the interest of the occasion.

A thousand pens were busy describing the sad sides of Montauk camp, but it should not be forgotten that even at the bedside of the sick there were happy exhibitions of camp philosophy, the memory of which must furnish amusement at many a fireside where the brave boys are once more among their friends.

From the soldier in the band of whose army hat was stuck his tooth-brush, bearing upon its handle, in bold, black letters, the admonition, "Don't lose me, Charlie," to the Virginia soldier in Ward O, whose remonstrance to his wife, who was rubbing his thin body with alcohol, was, "Hold on, Anna!

Look out for those ribs. You ain't rubbin' on your washboard!" one found a tendency, on the part of even very sick men, to see the bright side and make light of the sufferings they bore willingly for love of the flag.

There were many curious characters to be seen at Camp Wikoff. Not the least of these was "Bang." That was the name he went by in Company I, of the Rough Riders. Before his enlistment he was a chemist, and soldiering did not alienate his affections from his old pursuits. His tent was the scene of many an experiment, and in the peaceful evenings, when he had time to devote himself to his chemicals, the spectacle of his bunkie emerging from the tent with smouldering night-shirt, pursued by a burst of composite flame, was by no means infrequent. Later came the experimenter himself, with hair and eyebrows singed, somewhat pained and very apologetic.

A Chemist in Camp.

The regiment hadn't been in camp five days before the chemical trooper had supplied himself with all kinds of vials, retorts, graduated glasses and a considerable assortment of chemicals, the labels of most of which were washed off by the rain, which may account for results. The very evening that the shipment arrived he utilized the opportunity of solitude in his tent, while his bunkie was in another man's quarters, to mix himself a fancy concoction of acids and precipitants and alkalies and other substances which go to make the life of the chemist an exciting one.

There was a loud explosion, and he exuded informally from the rear of the tent in a blaze of red flame, "like a fancy devil straight from hell," as Bunkie unfeelingly observed. After the third explosion the company nicknamed him "Bang," and the name spread. It also became customary to greet him, upon meeting, with the polite inquiry:

"Had any arms or legs blown off to-day?"

For some time his tentmate endured with patience, but having sacrificed most of his spare clothing in the cause of science, he exacted a promise from Bang that thereafter all clothing should be removed from the tent whenever an experiment was going to be undertaken, a condition to which the chemist agreed with a sigh. Next the other trooper sought to interest his companion in botany, thinking to draw his mind from the other pursuit, and in an unlucky moment called his attention to the wild arsenic plant, which grows abundantly hereabouts.

"Green fire from Bang's tent to-night," was the rumor that went through the company, and a small crowd gathered at a respectful distance to await results.

"Come in and watch, boys," said the chemist. "This is entirely harm-

less. Can't possibly explode. It isn't the very best arsenic, because I haven't got the appliances, but it's pretty good."

He pointed to a mass of green liquid in a sort of frying-pan, and as the circle drew near, a pan of witches' broth, which had been simmering near by, exploded, scattering the arsenic in splotches over everything. The burst for freedom nearly tore down the tent, and green-spotted troopers tore through the company streets with whoops of dismay, and Bang in pursuit, vehemently explaining that it wasn't the arsenic that had exploded, but another mixture.

Tale of a Typewriter.

A typewriter belonging to the commonwealth of Pennsylvania was the innocent cause of a court-martial of one of Uncle Sam's commissioned officers. First Lieutenant Weller E. Stover, Company C, Eighth Pennsylvania Infantry, of Chambersburg, had been, prior to his enlistment, instructor at the Scotland Soldiers' Orphan Industrial School of Stenography and Typewriting. While his regiment was at Camp Alger he was appointed Acting Adjutant, and borrowed from Gen. Frank J. Magee, the superintendent of the school, the typewriting machine to facilitate the work of that office. After the troops had been removed to Camp Meade, the Lieutenant declined promotion to the position of adjutant, and John G. Gilbert, a Harrisburg lawyer, succeeded him.

Stover returned to his company, and, as the Scotland School authorities had need of and asked for the return of the typewriter, he arranged to send it to them, consulting General Gobin, Vice-President of the Orphan School Commission, in relation thereto. The new adjutant, desiring the use of the machine in making out his pay rolls, sent an orderly to Stover for it, telling him it was to be sent home. Stover refused to deliver. Then the orderly returned with an order from Colonel Hoffman for the machine, to receive the same answer. The next order put Stover under arrest, and took his sword from him. The charge against him was violation of No. 21 of the Articles of War, the maximum penalty for which is death. The court-martial extended over three days, and General Gobin was called for the plaintiff, but proved the best witness for the defence. Lieutenant Stover was his own counsel. He was acquitted, and went again on duty. The typewriter was again at the Scotland School.

Here is a moving letter from a young woman, describing what she saw at Montauk in her search for a brother, who had enlisted in the Seventy-first New York Regiment:

"Easthampton, Long Island, August 23, 1898.—My Dear Mrs. —: I am afraid I shall scare you with a long letter this time, for I have lots to

write. I thought you would be interested to hear about Jack, and what I saw at Montauk. Sunday we got a telegram from Jack, saying he was out of detention camp, and we could see him. We went up Monday morning. Mamma and — and I drove from here—twenty miles—and the rest went by train. We were told, for heaven's sake, not to go without taking something, and we loaded up the carriage with bread and hard-boiled eggs and fruit, and forty or fifty sandwiches, as well as some dozens of handkerchiefs and socks and towels. We were glad we had done so. When we got within a mile or so of the camp, we began to meet soldiers, both regulars and volunteers. The first I saw was a young boy—he could not have reached eighteen years—who was leaning against the fence. He was white as death, thin, with dark lines under his eyes.

"I called to him, and he came walking over—not walking, shuffling, like an old man. 'I'm awful hungry,' he said, when I asked him. His voice was low and weak, and he steadied himself against the carriage as he spoke. We gave him a good meal to take away with him. He wanted to pay us. * * *

"They tell me the suffering in the regulars' camps, is as great as, or greater, than that in the volunteers'; but I can't say myself, for I did not go beyond the lines of the Seventy-first. I saw enough there. Men lying in their tents so weak that they cannot drag their canteens toward them, though they are frantic for water. Men, aching in every bone, who have to lie on the bare ground, with nothing but a poncho under them.

Wasted by Disease.

"Many of their blankets were stolen by the Cubans, and they have had no others issued to them. Big six-foot bearded fellows, so weakened by starvation and illness, that they burst into tears at a kind word or action. Boys sitting outside their tents with a look on their faces it is terrible to see—a fixed, blank look that asks nothing, but tells an awful story of suffering and despair. It is fearful.

"We passed on, more and more sick at heart, until we reached Jack's company. I asked the first man I saw if he were there, and he said yes, and called his name. From in front of one of the tents, a tall, thin, shaky figure got slowly up and came toward us. I thought, 'Good heavens, I hope that's not Jack!'

"It was Jack.

"We rushed up to him, and he caught hold of us, as though he would never let go again. Mamma came up just then, and Jack smiled at her, and the next moment rolled over at our feet in a dead faint.

"A dozen men were around us at once, and they bathed Jack's head and

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gave him brandy, and tried to cheer us up. But it was long before we could bring him to. Then the men carried him to the carriage, and told us to drive him up to the hospital and make the Major there give him leave. It was two miles there, and a rough drive, but mamma succeeded in getting thirty days' furlough, as soon as the surgeon saw him, and I stayed back, and the rest came up just at that moment.

"We spent the time doing what we could for some of the sick men. Jack was a well man, and was to go on guard that night. He had almost died of fever in Cuba, and if it had not been for Dr. Froelich he would have been left behind—forever. He had frightful chills and fever on the boat coming home. Before that he had bloody dysentery. The men told us that he worked so hard nursing his tentmates who fell ill first that he made himself much worse. They said that long after he ought not to have stood up, he was working over them night and day, and would not give up. When they were out of danger, he collapsed. I told you I felt sure he was ill, you remember.

"Well, we got him home, and he fainted four times—though not such a faint as the first—before we could get him into bed. There he has been ever since, and the doctor fears it will be weeks before he can get up. The men's vitality has gone. They are wrecks. And there was no finer, healthier young fellow on earth than Jack four months ago.

Cure for Impoliteness.

"Captain —, of Jack's company, came up just as Jack fainted.

"'That's nothing,' he said, 'he isn't sick; it's just the excitement. He's perfectly well.'

"I looked at him. He was stout and rosy and healthy, comfortably buttoned up in a new uniform. Around him stood a group of pale, sick fellows, dirty, unshaven, hollow-eyed, and terribly thin—his men.

"'We suffered awfully,' he remarked, smiling at me.

"'Yes, the men have,' I answered, and turned my back on him.

"He walked off; but one of the men came up and told me not to make the brute angry, or he would find some way to keep Jack back. 'And he will take it out on us, anyway,' he added.

"I can tell you that frightened me, and I was polite enough after that, and left him in a beaming humor. He looked over what we had brought, and said he thought he'd take a watermelon we had there, and also a box of small cakes. These he put under his arm. Afterward one of the boys came and said he had requisitioned most of the towels and handkerchiefs for himself, saying they were too good for the men.

"I left him with mamma, who could keep up the game. I was afraid I should say something true if I stayed longer. He wanted me to come up to his tent, but I would not have entered it for anything on earth. Mamma went, and took the paper for him to sign, so that Jack could go. He had a beautiful big tent, board floor, nice cot, with all the trimmings, and at least four blankets, mamma said.

"Jack lay on the bare ground, as he had given his blanket to his tent-mate, who was sicker than he, and had lost his in Cuba. The boys had their winter uniforms all during the campaign there, and were given their present thin ones on the boat. So they nearly freeze at Montauk, which is a very cool place.

"Jack and some other men spent Saturday morning—the day they got out of the detention camp—in taking the board floors of the officers up a hill and back again. You can imagine how weak Jack was, and the rest weren't very much better. They were detailed to lug sections of floor, which are very heavy, up this hill and make the platforms.

"They finished this and then received the order to take them back again; that the officers weren't satisfied with that kind. They got them back, and Jack said he went to his tent and fell into it, exhausted. In about ten minutes came the order for the detail to fall in and bring those tent floors back up the hill again. This was the morning.

Absurdities of Red Tape.

"The night before and most of the preceding day Jack had been taking care of one of his tentmates, who was dying of exhaustion. On the afternoon of this day Jack feared the boy would die any moment, if he couldn't be taken to the hospital, two miles off. There was no ambulance to be had, and so Jack asked the Captain if he and some other men could not carry the boy up on a stretcher. This they did, with infinite toil. They came back with almost as heavy a load of medicine, and it was late at night before they got back to camp.

"Later.—The doctor tells us that if we had not brought Jack back the day we did, we would probably never have brought him home at all. And to think that there are hundreds and hundreds as badly off as Jack, and who cannot get off. They are afraid to muster out the regiments who have been through that Cuban campaign. They are afraid of what the boys are going to say.

"The horror of some of the men for their officers and the camp amounts almost to a mania. Jack says that after the fighting, when they had been a long time without food, the quartermaster at last gave out some hardtack, but

very little, so that the famished men were still frantic for more food. There was a lot of hardtack left—they got nothing else—and the men went back and asked for more. The quartermaster refused to give them any.

“Go to the Captain, if you aren't satisfied—he'll settle you,” he remarked.

“Jack, his tentmate (the man who is now dying), and some others went to the Captain. This was his reply:

“You clear out of here — — — quick. If I hear any more of this talk I'll put you all on — little hardtack and water, and nothing else.” So they kept on starving.

“Later.—I have been off tending to Jack. He fainted again. His weakness is something terrifying.”

CHAPTER XXIV.

Vivid Account of the Siege of Santiago.



VERY few stories are of greater interest than that contained in the following letter to a friend, written by a Spanish woman, who was in Santiago during the time it was besieged by the American forces. The terror and sufferings of the imprisoned inhabitants are vividly portrayed; and while the writer's family fared much better than the people in general, yet its members were harassed by fear and anxiety, had insufficient food, and underwent thrilling experiences. Her letter is as follows:

"DEAR E.: I will endeavor to tell you in this letter all that happened to us while the city was besieged, and the stirring though bitter days we passed before it was finally surrendered.

"On May 18th, there was some firing upon the Morro by one or two small auxiliary vessels of the American navy. However, no harm was done. On the following day, and very early in the morning, the first division of the Spanish fleet steamed into the harbor, and a few days after American war ships began to dot the waters off Santiago. They did not attempt to fire upon the shore batteries until the 30th day of the month, at two o'clock in the afternoon, the fire lasting about three-quarters of an hour. For a time there was a shower of projectiles upon the bay, since all were directed upon the war ships anchored near the mouth of the harbor. The latter did not go out to give battle, because the Spaniards were 'all cowards,'—so the brave Cubans said.

"There was no more firing after this until June 4th or 5th, and then it was very light. We were all up early on the morning of the 6th, and as I was about to serve breakfast, as usual, at eight o'clock, we heard the booming of heavy artillery, but so consecutive and long that it seemed to us like the prolonged peals of thunder we hear so often in this country. The firing lasted about two hours and a half, and was resumed in the afternoon from one till two. It was the first real heavy engagement I had ever heard, and it was terrible and awe-inspiring beyond description.

"The shells were all directed at the Morro Aguadores, Socapa, Punta Gorda and the war ships. The projectiles, of heavy calibre, were falling all around the ships, though by good fortune none struck them, and no guns were dismounted on the shore batteries. They estimated that the Americans

fired about two thousand shots that day, though it seemed much more to me. In this engagement the second commander of the *Reina Mercedes* was killed, with six of his marines, while many more were injured. These were the first victims of the war.

"A few days after this attack, which was the worst that the shore batteries sustained, we were informed that there had been some lively firing at four o'clock that morning, though we heard nothing. Father hurried out, and on returning told us that an American collier had forced its way into the entrance, under cover of the night, though she was sunk immediately after. No lives were lost, and an officer and several sailors of the vessel were picked up and taken prisoners.

"After this day we could hear firing about midnight now and then, and we got quite accustomed to the sound, for one will get used to anything, though at first we suffered greatly, thinking of our own danger and that of the poor unfortunate ones who were exposed to so terrible a fire.

Sinking the *Merrimac*.

"From about the middle to the 20th of June we were awakened every morning about five or six o'clock by the booming of cannon. After a few days of such nervous excitement I grew so faint that I could scarcely bear to hear the roar of artillery without thinking that I would go insane. Imagine my condition when we heard the news that the food supply was giving out, and I could see the poor thronging the streets, at first asking for alms and then demanding food with the desperation of hunger. At home, we only had one meal a day, and at first I thought that I could hold out but a few days more of this agony.

"One must find himself in a besieged city with scarcity of food, with less hope of getting more, and the roar of artillery to be soothed by, to realize what the sensation is.

"I think it was on the 19th or 20th we were told that there were about sixty-three vessels now before us, and we instantly realized that an army of invasion would soon co-operate with the fleet. The next day they disappeared, only to return again on the 23d, if I remember correctly. All the morning of that day the squadron bombarded the batteries of Aguadores to protect the disembarking of the forces. General Linares retreated with his troops, since there was no defence possible against the firing of the American fleet. He was greatly criticised for this move, especially as he did not destroy the dock at Baiquiri, since this allowed the enemy to disembark with all ease and comfort. Nobody slept that night, for it seemed to us that the attack on the city would follow immediately.

"On the 24th we had our usual 'birthday party,' and B—— and E—— came to breakfast with us. A real party it seemed indeed, for we had bread that father procured I know not where, for hardtack was the best we had seen for many days. We heard firing that day in the direction of Firmeza, though very distant.

"The next day we knew that a force of Yankees had exchanged fire with the Spanish troops, though nothing was gained.

"From the 24th to the 30th we heard no firing whatever, yet in spite of all this I could not sleep well till early in the mornings. I could hear the clock strike the hours every night till three. Of news items we had more than plenty, serving only to alarm the people. 'Perhaps to-day the Yankees will enter the city, perhaps to-morrow,' etc. However, I knew well that before the invading army could enter there would have to be a desperate struggle.

Attack on El Caney.

"The morning of July 1st, about five o'clock, we commenced to hear volleys. It was one of the most beautiful mornings imaginable, and it seemed impossible that men could be striving to take each other's lives on such a day. We found out that the fire was going on about El Caney, and we anxiously awaited any news that might tell how the fray was progressing. About half-past eight or nine that morning we noticed an unusual movement and stirring on the streets, and later we could hear blasts of cornets as the trumpeters upon the corners called the various corps of volunteers to assemble.

"Then I felt the worst was yet to come. The volleys seemed to be nearer and nearer, and soon we heard the roar of artillery on land. By ten o'clock the firing was quite heavy, and we did nothing but rush constantly to the windows; everybody was excited and restless, and from that moment the paralyzation of Santiago commenced; everything was chaos.

"Once when I went to the window I heard a passerby remark that a shell had dropped in the Plaza de Armas. It startled me greatly, and by and by we found out that a shell had fallen on the Iglesia del Carmen, but fortunately it did not explode, while the damages were very slight. H—— was at the time with the French Consul and their colony, in the house next to the church, and had the shell exploded there would have been a fearful disaster, for very many were collected there.

"We were all worked up to the greatest excitement when the firing ceased; we made the best of the temporary silence and had a hurried breakfast. We had just finished, and it must have been about noon, when once more the firing commenced on land, accompanied by the heavy guns of the fleet directed at the city. I was at the time in the patio, wiping the

dishes, when I heard a fearful roar and a shower of projectiles screamed over me.

"The children commenced to cry, the older people seemed to lose all their calm, and you can imagine the effect it all had on my poor nerves. I cannot describe the sensation, and only one who has been for hours under a heavy fire can form any opinion of the terrible moments that we passed that afternoon.

"The volunteers who took part in that day's engagement conducted themselves with valor, and much credit is due to them for exposing their lives and all they had to defend a land that was not their mother country. One thousand marines and sailors from the war vessels also took part in the fray, under the command of the principal officers of the fleet.

"At dusk the firing ceased, and we tried to have some supper, though our appetites were not of the best. Every sound seemed to us the roar of fire-arms; the slamming of a door, the fall of a chair, etc., all tended to excite my nerves in a way that I cannot describe.

Nights Without Sleep.

"At ten o'clock we retired, with the exception of father, who had gone out to obtain particulars, and on his returning we found out some of the results of the day's engagement. General Vara del Rey, Colonel Rubin and many officers were killed, while Zustamante (the inventor of the torpedoes of that name), the commander of the naval forces, and General Linares, the Military Governor of Santiago, were wounded.

"From that day to the 5th I scarcely slept a wink. We passed that night without being disturbed, and on the morning of the 2d, I think it was about five o'clock, we commenced to hear volley after volley, and soon shells were whistling over the houses. We all got up as rapidly as possible, and from the windows we could see the frightened people hurrying through the streets, telling of the misfortunes that had befallen their homes by bursting bombs. Fortunately the artillery fire against the city was of short duration, though it continued for more than an hour against the Morro.

"After that all was quiet again until about ten o'clock, when the excitement on the streets once more arose, and this time it was indeed a panic. Nobody could tell what had happened, yet all hurried to and fro, not knowing whither they were going or what they intended doing. At length we found out that a rumor was circulated that the American fleet was going to bombard the city at half-past ten; that the admiral had notified the consuls, and that the French Consul was already calling his subjects, prior to their departure on a special express train.

"Father arrived at this time, and told us he had heard the rumor, but

discredited it, since no such measure could be taken until the city actually fell into the hands of the invaders. At any rate, if the rumor should prove true, there was very little time to lose. We fixed up a little, got together one change of clothing, something to eat, and got ready to go—where? That was indeed the question. Father knew not which way to go. It was enough to drive anybody crazy.

Panic in the Streets.

“Meanwhile the panic-stricken people flocked through the streets like frightened sheep. People sick with high fever were there; women weak from malaria and dysentery dragged themselves along with the ‘drove.’ I asked many if they credited the rumor, and all I got in reply was ‘Quien sabe?’ At this moment the chief of police and a large body of guards appeared on the scene, and after much trouble succeeded in quieting all, telling them it was simply the work of the French Consul and certain evil-doers. The fact is that the former was the cause of all the disturbance, though perhaps without any bad intention.

“At any rate he lost his head, and made his exit to Cuebitas with all his followers. On the way he found himself between two fires, for at that time there was heavy fighting at El Caney. This village and Cuebitas were the two places selected as the neutral rendezvous for non-combatants. H—— will tell you all the particulars of the trip, as he fled with the Consul at the time. We all returned home, since the rumor was false. Dinner that day was a farce, for who could eat in peace with so many rumors and no possible way of getting at the truth?

“At dusk the firing ceased. Father went out and we retired in a vain attempt to sleep. At half-past nine a terrific fire commenced anew, and when father came back we all got up and dressed. Mother was very much frightened when she heard the volleys so near, with the roar of cannon now and then. On her account father got the permission of M—— to spend the night at his storehouse, and this we did, sitting in chairs till about half-past eleven, for when the firing ceased we returned home.

“Then came the eventful Sunday of the 3rd. At eleven o’clock the Spanish fleet left its moorings and steamed out into the arms of the enemy, and what happened you all know by this time. The noise of the conflict was terrible. We did not know the result of this catastrophe till four o’clock in the afternoon, for a rumor was circulated that it had finally evaded the enemy and was now on its way to Havana.

“Late that same afternoon a friend of ours, serving at the time in one of the volunteer regiments, called upon us, and told us that the American admiral had issued a proclamation saying that if the city did not surrender the next

day at ten o'clock he would bombard it. The Consuls, however, succeeded in delaying this measure till the 5th, in order that they might have the necessary time to get their subjects into neutral territory.

"When father heard this news his one idea was to get out of the city immediately. Knowing that a British man-of-war was coming here the next day, he visited the British Consul and begged him to take us away. He gave us to understand that he would do all that was possible, and that there were good chances, and at that we commenced to get together all our household goods, not with the idea of taking them away, but rather that they might be ready to move in case of fire.

"By this time it was dark. We had no supper, for who could eat? All we did was to put away our goods. I cried bitterly that evening as I put away the things that I thought I would never see again. At ten father came home and told us to put our clothes in bags, in case we were admitted aboard the vessel. At one o'clock I gave out completely, though mother and T— worked all night without a moment's rest.

"I will never forget the day of the 4th, when our only hopes were completely shattered. Until ten o'clock that morning we thought we could get away on the ship. However, it was of no avail, and when I realized what it would be if the city should be bombarded I could refrain no longer, but cried till I cared not whether I lived or died.

"Having lost all hope, we tried hard to decide which way to go—whether to Cuebitas or El Caney. The idea of going into the country struck us with terror, for we knew well the magnanimity of the heroic black patriots! Anything was preferable to that, and the very thought of those hours of anguish makes me shudder now.

Preparing to Resist.

"It was now already dusk, and father was at his wits' end. First it was go to Cuebitas, then to El Caney, then Las Dos Bocas, then stay at home and pull through as best we could during the bombardment. We had at last decided to stay when a friend of father advised us not to do so, as it would indeed be most imprudent. So we decided to go into the country. We were just getting ready to leave when H— arrived most opportunely and told us all the hardships the French party had encountered. He told us to do as we pleased, but said that the trip would be unendurable, and that we could not return then until all had been settled.

"This at last decided us, and we gave up the country idea once more. Father planned to go aboard a steamboat and take refuge in some of the inlets that abound in this harbor. There was to be no more vacillating!

"The day ended quietly. No shots had been heard, though everything was being prepared for the encounter of the coming day. All you could see were armed soldiers, rifles, and cannon. Nothing was heard but cannon, rifles, ammunition, trenches, etc., etc. There arrived this day five thousand men from Holguin, and in spite of there being so many troops in the city, not the slightest disturbance occurred. We retired simply because we ought to have some rest, and spent the time half dressed on bare beds, for everything had been packed up.

"It must have been about eleven or half-past when we heard a terrific explosion that shook the doors and windows of our house. What could it mean? Had the long-delayed bombardment commenced?

"After a while we found out that the Spaniards had blown up a cruiser at the mouth of the harbor to prevent the invading fleet from forcing an entrance. We knew a gentleman that had gone out with her, and we had grave doubts as to his safety, for some of the American vessels opened fire when they saw the boat at the mouth of the harbor. This same gentleman had lost a son in the engagement of the 4th. He had survived the American fire, but on trying to make the land he was met by the naked machetes of the negro insurgents and the cries of 'Die, coward!' a fate that befell many of the Spanish sailors.

Fleeing to the Country.

"At three o'clock the next morning the streets were once more filled with terrified people, all fleeing to the country. Nothing could be heard but the cries of women and children. We got up as quickly as possible, and at five left the house. On the street we met a poor old woman with her son, an invalid man, crying and begging for aid. How could this poor soul leave the city with such a burden! And the streets were filled with just such pathetic scenes, for how could it be otherwise when there were so many sick? Many of them died on the way.

"Once aboard the steamer San Juan we felt a little easier, and at ten o'clock we steamed away to the inlet called Cocos. We ate better that day and rested somewhat. We had been in the inlet six days when the captain received word from the commandant, and we steamed back to Santiago, though we were advised not to land, since the city had been completely sacked, and was left without lights, water, or the means of getting anything in the stores. The captains had been summoned to be informed that if the enemy forced an entrance all their vessels should be burned. More cheerful news! We returned to Los Cocos that evening, and everybody was busy getting ready their goods, as we were going ashore there the next morning to camp out as best we could.

"At dawn we went ashore, and the poor chambermaids and stewards cried as they left the vessel. I have never seen a sadder-looking aggregation than ours was that morning when we pitched our tent, which, by the way, was a very good one and extremely large. Right by us the people from the steamers *Mortera* and *Mexico* also encamped, and we were not long in getting acquainted, for we had to live like one large family. That day we had to eat rancho (soldiers' fare), for we had no time to prepare anything more elaborate.

Flying Shot and Shell.

"I forgot to tell you that the bombardment that was to take place on the 5th never occurred. There had been no attacks by the Americans, and the city had not surrendered. Finally we found out that on the 10th at four o'clock, since *Santiago* had not yet capitulated, the hostilities would commence anew. By this time we had gone back to the steamer, as the order to burn all the vessels had been countermanded. We were just going to eat when we heard a report, and a shell whistled over our heads, announcing that the attack on the city had started.

"From that moment the firing was terrible, and the shells screamed horribly. One exploded near us, and the pieces fell within a short distance of the *San Juan*. The captain seemed greatly troubled, and ordered us ashore once more as means of better protection. Great was the confusion. Some of the poor women were on their knees and the children were crying pitifully. At night, however, all was quiet again, and we found out that the attack had been very violent, and the resistance stubborn, so the Americans failed to advance that day.

"We passed the night in tranquillity, though, funny as it may sound to you, the fear of the land crabs that were in great numbers about the camp kept me awake. It was the first night that I was able to stretch myself on a bed since I had been aboard the *San Juan*, for though we had a stateroom the children occupied the berths and we dozed in chairs with our heads on pillows rested on a table.

"The next day, the 11th, the firing commenced at nine o'clock and lasted till two, and as on the previous day, the shower of bullets overhead was terrible.

"The fighting had been very heavy all day, and it was known that sooner or later the city must be surrendered, for the ammunition, supplies and water were getting very low, and without these resistance was impossible. General *Linares* sent a cable message to Spain, stating that under the present conditions it was impossible to hold out any longer. From that day on talk of surrendering was heard, and though at first *Toral* resisted he finally gave in.

The night of the 11th was a very bad one for us, as it rained in torrents and the canvas tops soon leaked profusely, drenching us to the skin, and to sleep was out of the question.

"Father went away the next morning, and when he returned told us the good news that he had found a house in Cayo Duant. Thither we hurried, and found C. V. and his family there.

Capitulation of Santiago.

"On Sunday, the 17th, the city capitulated. We saw it all from the Cayo, and that afternoon we returned to Santiago. The streets looked very desolate, and, though they are a little livelier at present, I guess it will be a long while before they take their old familiar look. We worked hard to get the house in order, though it seemed impossible that we were at last back again.

"Provisions are sold at exorbitant prices. The Red Cross has distributed many necessaries, though the people will have to go hungry yet awhile. They do not think of going to work, but only to procure that which is given them. There is much dysentery in the city, and the number of sick is enormous.

"We can, indeed, call ourselves fortunate in having passed these terrible days in good health, and I will never forget the time we spent on board the San Juan. From June 14th to July 16th we atehardtack, as the bread had all given out. On the 17th we had neither, though the next day we commenced to eat bread once more, and nothing ever tasted half so good. We thank you heartily for the provisions you sent us. I don't know how long it had been since we had seen any eggs. I have given you an account of the past, and soon I will tell you all that has happened lately, for there is yet much calamity here. I only hope that there will not be a plague. "R."

The choice of General Leonard Wood, the first colonel of the Rough Riders, promoted for bravery at La Quasina, for Military Governor of Santiago, after its capitulation, was an eminently wise one, for combining, as he did, medical skill with the very highest type of soldierly qualities and executive ability, he was able to overcome the important sanitary problems presented.

In a long letter that he sent to Secretary Alger toward the end of September, General Wood presents vividly the frightful conditions that confronted the American Army of occupation after the surrender of the city.

"I have had," writes General Wood, "a very difficult position from a sanitary point of view, and not an altogether easy one from a military and civil standpoint. When we came into the city the sanitary situation was something

frightful. There were a great many unburied dead in the houses, between 2000 and 3000 Spanish wounded and sick, and a great horde of half-famished and sick people, nearly 20,000 in number, who had just returned from El Caney, where they had gone during the siege. The water supply of the city had been cut off; there was no water to be obtained except from cisterns and a few wells, and the streets were full of dead animals and all sorts of filthy materials. I had to start in at the bottom and repair the water-works. Then came the removal of the dead. Some of these were burned, because the number was so great and decomposition had advanced to such an extent that they could not be buried. Burning is not uncommonly practiced here during the epidemic season.

Fever on all Sides.

"We had yellow fever all around us, and about twenty cases in the Spanish military hospital. The civil hospital was full of dying people, and public buildings were being used as hospitals. On the whole, it was an extremely difficult task, requiring a great deal of hard work. I have been working systematically with every means at hand to improve the sanitary condition of the city. It is in this department that a vast amount of work has been done.

"I have a force of about one hundred and seventy men constantly employed, and at many times have had nearly double this force working day and night to remove the vast accumulations of indescribable filth which has accumulated in the out-houses and yards as well as in the streets of the city, which is reputed to be one of the most unhealthy and dirty in the world. The death rate has dropped steadily since we came in, and is now about one-fourth of what it was in July. The water system has been put in order, and a great many repairs made to it, and the supply, although insufficient, is utilized to the greatest advantage.

"I have had to hire doctors for the hospitals, purchase medicine for them, and supply them with beds and bedding and food; in fact, re-establish and take entire charge of them. I have also established a strict system of house inspection and inspection of the streets and have a disinfecting department as well as a cleaning department. The city has been divided into five districts, in each of which is a relief station, where food is distributed and a physician in attendance who prescribes for those who present themselves sick and visits the sick in the houses.

"The Police Department, all doctors, and the officials in each ward have received instructions to furnish these physicians a list of sick requiring attention and also of the worthy poor in order that we may be somewhat protected in the distribution of medicines and rations. I am issuing at present about 15,000 rations per day. The physicians probably are prescribing for about

six hundred or seven hundred people, and on some days many more. These physicians are native Cubans, educated in the United States and employed by our Government as contract surgeons.

"The garbage and material which I collect in the streets I have dumped outside of town and burned. I have also had the lower and most unhealthy portion of the city ditched and drained and the ditches running into the harbor cleaned out, also the water-front system of sewerage, which was completely obstructed and in a frightful condition. It has long been the custom in this town to depend on heavy rains and the rushing floods through the streets to sweep away the accumulated filth of the dry season.

"All this has been swept down to the water front, where it has been collecting for years, choking the drains and filling the shallow waters near the shore, so that when the tide goes out masses of decomposing material are exposed to the intense rays of the sun and furnish frightful causes of disease. Later this year, when the epidemic season shall have passed, it is my intention, if I am granted funds and authority, to have the shallow places dredged out, so that at least a thin layer of water will cover them and prevent the present condition of affairs.

"The police has been re-established and its uniforms changed to one similar to that worn by the Cubans, and they will soon be entirely rid of all suggestion of Spanish rule.

He Becomes a Poo-Bah.

"The lighthouse system in the harbor I have re-established and arranged pilots, harbor masters, etc.

"As the Courts are not yet running, I have the delightful experience each day of acting as Police Judge and clearing the docket of all sorts of odd cases. Of course, the most serious cases, such as crime, are being held for trial, either by Military Commission or by the Courts when they are established and in operation.

"The receipts of the city from customs since we occupied it, I understand from Generals Shafter and Lawton, who have charge of this matter, have been about \$100,000. The expenses of the city per week, supporting the hospitals, cleansing the streets, doing the necessary engineering work, and the many little things that are required to keep up the different departments of the city of 50,000, are at present \$4500 to \$5000. Of this about \$1600 is for sanitary work and engineering, the balance for hospital, police, etc.

"I have been as economical as possible, but have felt that in this matter of sanitation expense should not be taken into consideration, as the lives of all Americans here might be said to depend upon a prompt and

thorough correction of the frightful unsanitary condition in which the city was found.

"The great expert on yellow fever, Dr. Guiteras, assured me in July that an epidemic of yellow fever of great severity was absolutely unavoidable, and that we were destined to lose a large proportion of our people here. Thus far it has been avoided, and not only avoided, but to-day I do not know any authenticated case of genuine yellow fever in Santiago de Cuba proper, and every day increases our chances of escape."

General Wood then makes some recommendations as to what he needs in the way of management of the hospitals and sanitary affairs. He also speaks of the management of the city under military and civil authority. The United States officers have been able to rule the city by a combination of both. The use of military force has been avoided as far as possible, and only when the police have been inadequate. The General continues: "I am very anxious to have the schools started in the city and get the children out of the streets; also to get the issue of rations down to such a point that we are sure we are not pauperizing the people."

Feeding the Peasants.

On the subject of rations, General Wood makes some recommendations. He thinks it would be well to get the rations out to the small places in the country, so that the Cuban soldiers, as they leave the army, may be able to get to their farms in the vicinity of these towns. These men could then have a limited amount of food from which they could be supplied while their crops are maturing. After the first crop nearly all the assistance should be brought to an end.

General Wood discusses the problem in Cuba, which is well understood here, of getting the Cuban army disbanded and the men composing it at work. In discussing this phase of the situation he seems to think that it will be necessary to discourage the idea among the Cubans that rations will be constantly issued to them, because as long as the men can get a full food supply they will not need very much else to get along.

General Wood communicates the gratifying intelligence that all indications now point to the speedy disbanding of the Cuban army. He says the feeling of the better class of Cubans towards the Americans is very kind and they appreciate what the United States is trying to do. The General is very hopeful that everything will come out all right. No one can tell, he says, how long it will take to establish a stable government, but he thinks it will be quite a period of time.

The letter from which the above extract was taken was dated September

9. On September 16 General Wood wrote another letter to Secretary Alger in which he says: "Since my last letter everything has been going on smoothly and the improvement is continued. People have all they want to eat, and I do not think there is hunger to any extent in Santiago. I have increased the number of doctors and the relief stations of food. Committees of prominent citizens in each ward voluntarily made house-to-house visits daily in addition to those made by our physicians and report in full all cases which command attention. They are authorized to give out diet also. I have located an old artesian well machine and am going to try for artesian water near the water front. We ought to find it in a basin surrounded by beautiful mountains.

"You would be delighted to see the old bronze cannon and mortars which we have taken here. Some of them go back to the Middle Ages and were evidently captured from the French. I hope they will be taken to Washington, where they will be the most interesting and ornamental in our parks."



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CHAPTER XXV.

Exciting Experiences of Our Soldiers and Sailors.



WHEN our volunteers went out to the war, they were furnished, each and every one, with a campaign hat. As it came to the young soldier this hat was a wide-brimmed, soft-crowned affair of felt in a neutral shade of brown. It cost him 87 cents. The crown was guiltless of creases, but stood up straight and sleek in sugar-loaf fashion.

For a few days the volunteer wore his hat just as he received it, and many sailed away for Cuba with their headgear in the original shape. But months of campaigning worked a wonderful change in the hat of the volunteer. There is probably not one hat out of the 50,000 or more issued at the beginning of the war that did not bear a speaking record of the wearer's individuality.

"I learned to tell what State a volunteer came from just by looking at his hat," said a returned war correspondent.

It is surprising to note the almost limitless changes which can be made in the pliable felt crowns and brims. It did not take the recruits long to discover that with a dash of water they could mold their hats to suit their fancy. And what whims did come to the volunteers during their idle hours in camp, on the transports and in the trenches!

Of course the regulars are too much creatures of prosaic habit to indulge in such caprices. The regular infantryman, no matter what his regiment, wears his hat in one particular style. He makes a careful crease in the crown, dents in the sides a little and lets the brim remain straight. The regular cavalryman, on the other hand, simply pulls the crown out to a point in imitation of the way the *gaucheros* of South America and the Mexicans wear their hats. But the untrammelled volunteer has independent notions. The boys from New York and Pennsylvania and other eastern States make a sharp crease in the crown of their hats, turn the back of the brim up and pull the front of it down. It gives them a sort of rakish look, which they seem to appreciate highly.

It was only the new soldier who adorned his superstructure with the flag or a picture of Admiral Dewey. The veteran's artistic efforts are in the direction of significance—it may be the thorn of a cactus, or the sting of a scorpion, or a Mauser bullet whose sting was misdirected, or merely a hole which

may represent either the pathway of a bullet or the action of a knife in the hands of the owner, with intent to deceive.

If the owner be a rough rider, the headpiece is likely to bear some legend: "R. R. R.," for instance, or "Roosevelt's Terrors," or perhaps merely "1st Reg. U. S. Vol. Cav.," extending half around the curve. One of "Teddy's Terrors" had two Mauser cartridges struck through loops made by cutting the side of his hat. The more battered the hat the more the soldier is apt to think of it, for a battered hat ought to be *prima facie* evidence of hard campaigning. Many of the Seventy-first New York volunteers returned without the metal insignia which serves to indicate the regiment and company and which should be attached to the front of the brim. The deficiency they supplied by marking the necessary designation in ink. Underneath many of them added the significant words, "San Juan" and "El Caney."

Slang in the Army.

"How these boys have managed to pick up such a conglomeration of slang terms in the few short months that they have been away passes my understanding," said an army officer one day. He had been listening to a couple of returned soldiers who were swapping stories of the war, and was much amused and apparently not a little perplexed by their language.

"It is certainly not Spanish," he added, "but whatever it is, it is decidedly Dutch to me. During the war (the Civil War, I mean—we have to distinguish our wars now) the boys added a great many slang words to their vocabulary, but these young 'uns beat us out of sight. It is a sign of the times, I suppose, but if they had stayed in Cuba much longer they would have had to bring back an interpreter with them. I can't understand half they say as it is."

As the officer walked off, the two privates looked at one another, winked, and commenced to laugh.

"What was the 'boss'—I mean the captain—sayin' to you?" asked one of the reporters.

"Said you were talking so much slang he couldn't understand you."

"Guess he wasn't in the South, then, but we were pitching it rather fierce, eh, bunkie?" to his companion. "Bunkie" didn't say anything, only grinned.

"But, say," continued the other. "You'd a died to see bunkie here when he came down to Cuba, an' heard the men talk. Say, it was out o' sight. He's no sweet-tempered angel at the best of times, and he's been my bunkie (that's my tent-mate), an' so I know. He was one of the last recruits to reach the island. We call the recruits 'rookies' now. At first

they was 'new boys,' but now they're rookies. The grub boss, that's the quartermaster sergeant, comes around next morning an' sees my bunkie sitting in front of the tent. 'Here, rookie,' he calls, 'tell your bunkie to come an' get his punk.' Punk means grub, bread, anything to eat, you know. Bunkie looks at him, an' then says, 'Aw, what 're you givin' us?' 'That's all right, rookie,' said the grub boss, 'jest you tell your bunkie. That's him in the tent there.'

A "Rookie" Objects.

"Then bunkie got mad. 'Now, just you look here, sergeant,' says he, 'just you mind who you're addressin' See? You ain't the whole push 'cause you got stripes on your arm. Don't you call me out o' my name, 'cause it don't go, see? I ain't no bird, an' I won't stand for it.' Gosh, he was mad! I told him rookie was only slang for recruit, but he said he didn't want any slang in his. But you got used to it 'fore long, didn't you, bunkie?"

The terms "rookie" and "bunkie," and "slops" for clothes, used so frequently by the soldiers, are all expressions in vogue in the English army, and are quoted frequently by Kipling. For instance, in "Back to the Army Again," he says: "I couldn't 'elp 'oldin' straight when me an' the other rookies come under the barrick gate."

The derivation of other expressions is doubtful, if not impossible to ascertain. Most of them probably had their genesis in the fertile brain of some soldier who described a fact in terms that amused his companions. Others "caught on" because of their literal truthfulness. As an example of the latter class, the expression "shot," except when referring to intoxication, has been changed to "Mausered." If a man was wounded otherwise he was probably "macheted." If he was killed, cause of injuries unknown, the soldiers will tell you he was "dagoed," and let it go at that. The reason for calling the Cubans "cubeb" is not hard to find, nor why the Spanish victims of their butchery were "dagoed." The Spanish sharpshooters were not lynched by the American soldiers, they were "strapped," which is a distinction with only a slight difference. Ropes were not "handy," and rifle straps always were.

The soldiers in Santiago didn't take a walk or make a march; he did a hyke. Any soldier knows what a "hyke" is, but very few seem to know why it is. A volunteer in the army building said that he had been "hyking all over looking for transportation."

"What does hyking mean?" he was asked.

"Oh, you know! Just—ah—to hyke," was his reply.

Food is, of course, grub, but bread and hardtack are often known as

"punk," while the word rations has been abbreviated to "rats." Hardtack by itself is commonly known as "angel food." A soldier who was asked the reason for this term simply laughed and replied, "Cause it ain't."

A soldier doesn't lie nowadays, at least those who have been in Cuba don't. They only "pitch you a fierce one," or possibly "give you a pipe." If the soldier has doubts as to your veracity he may insinuate that you are "dreaming," or that your "pipe is out." If he wanted you to infer that he had been locked up in the guard-house by a member of the provost guard he would probably say that he had been "cooped in the booby hatch by a bull." Should a soldier inform a civilian that his bunkie was "baked by a bull for jumpin' a gump" he would probably be misunderstood. His meaning would be that his tent mate had been arrested by the provost guard for stealing a chicken, which is not quite as bad as it sounds.

Private soldiers are known as either Jack or Pete to their comrades. Any of them will answer to either name. Lieutenants are "luffs" to the men, while the captain is "his nibs," or "cap." Any colonel, with the exception of him of the Rough Riders, is known by the appellation of "the boss."

Colonel Roosevelt is called by every man in the army simply "Teddy"—that is when they're speaking of, not to, him. In the same way General Wheeler, when he is not called "Fighting Joe," is affectionately termed "Joey." Appellations of endearment were also adapted and applied to most of the other active participants in the war, in some cases hitting off the characteristics of the recipients with startling appropriateness.

The soldiers have picked up one word from the navy. They say they "Hobsonized" the Spaniards at San Juan. Why Hobsonize? Well, they say they filled them full of holes. These are only a few of the new words that have been added to the dictionary of "Military Parlance." Others that are in vogue are old words in new dresses, so changed that their originators in the Bowery would not recognize them.

The Soldier's Pay.

During the war the United States Government paid its fighting men in the field at the rate of over \$90,500,000 a year. In 1897, the total pay roll of the army—then on the ordinary peace footing—was only \$13,830,331. It was no wonder, therefore, that with such a sudden and enormous increase in the size of the pay roll, the volunteer troops found that the visits of the paymaster to their camp did not always occur on scheduled time.

According to army regulations, the last of every month should be pay day. In times of peace the regulars are paid promptly, but the confusion resulting from the war made the regulars' pay day as uncertain as that of the

volunteers. Now the troops were lucky if they received their money once in two months. Some wounded soldiers who had been sent north from Cuba were paid off one day for the first time in three months. Most of them signed the pay roll sitting up in their cots in the hospital.

Although there was an occasional delay no soldier ever had to call on the courts to compel Uncle Sam to give him the money which he had justly earned. Wherever he was, whether stationed at some out of the way post or laid up in a hospital, the paymaster searched him out sooner or later and handed him his precious envelope.

The pay staff of the army includes a paymaster general, two assistant paymasters general with the rank of colonel, three deputy paymasters general with the rank of colonel and twenty paymasters with the rank of major. For the volunteer army this staff was increased by the creation of an additional paymaster for every two regiments. The salary of a paymaster is \$2,500, of a deputy \$3,000, of an assistant \$3,500 and of the paymaster general \$5,000.

Payment by Checks Unsatisfactory.

During peace times the paying off of the standing army is a simple matter of banking. Formerly the paymasters or their clerks paid off every month in person, sitting behind the "pay table" and handing out the amount due each man in an envelope. Recently, however, a new system has been introduced by which the paymasters send the amounts due the men to the commanding officers in the form of checks, and by them the checks are delivered to the privates and subordinate and non-commissioned officers.

This system is pronounced unsatisfactory by the present paymaster general, Brigadier General T. H. Stanton, who declares that payment by the paymaster is far more satisfactory to the troops and prevents vexatious delays. As the government has depositories in every large city, the obtaining of money for the use of the paymasters of the army at the various posts in time of peace is an easy matter. Under the war conditions the men were paid by the paymasters direct. Soldiers in the field cannot use checks, and any system of indirect payment would lead to inextricable confusion.

The right of a soldier to receive pay from the government is first established by his commission if he be an officer and by the appearance of his name on the muster roll if he be an enlisted man. When a man is paid off the first time, he signs the pay roll in receipt, and that establishes his right to another month's pay if he is not killed before the month expires. In that event the matter passes out of the hands of the pay department and is referred to the auditor for the war department, who determines how much of the soldier's month's wages was earned before his death.

General Shafter's entire army of some 15,000 men was paid up to the last day of May before they sailed from Tampa, and all the troops at San Francisco bound for the Philippines were given two months' pay, one month in advance. For this purpose about \$1,500,000 was required. The same sum was sent to Manila before August 31, when the wages for July and August were due. This money was sent from San Francisco in coin in charge of army pay officers.

Stay-at-Home Regulars' Hard Lot.

About the loneliest places in this country at present are the army posts of the frontier from which have gone the soldiers who made the life there so pleasant. By every post is a town, and to these towns the absence of the regulars is like the taking away of the charter; it means a loss of trade and of people on the streets that gives the place the appearance of having a funeral. A few trades almost compensated for the absence of the large business done just previous to the call for the movement to the front. For instance, the photographers took pictures of the soldiers and of their families day and night that all might have remembrance. But when the trains pulled out there was sincere grief and longing that was not assuaged by the passing of the long weeks.

And the loneliest men in the nation are the dozen or so soldiers who have been detailed to watch the weedy parade ground and to keep in order the quarters of the troops who are at the front. One young West Pointer, detailed for duty at one of the far Northwest forts when he expected to have a berth near Washington, had added to his disappointment the task of staying with the Indians and feeding them with beef while the other troops went to Cuba. In desperation he offered his services in any capacity to his home Governor, but there was such a pull for appointments that he was not considered. It is on record that he wept some very salty tears as he read of the bravery of his comrades at the front, and had several periods of vigorous scolding of fate for the scurvy trick she played on him. He is but a type, for to every regular in the army and navy the war was the chance of a lifetime for promotion and experience. To be deprived of these was indeed hard, and the boys who were guarding the posts felt it. Somebody had to do it, however, and not always the highest honors come from service in the field.

On the most prominent height of the beautiful Fort Riley reservation in central Kansas, and at what is called the geographical centre of the United States, stands a monument to one of the bravest soldiers of the nation's history. He did not win his laurels on the battlefield—not his brightest ones.

Major Ogden was one of the military commissioners who selected the magnificent 19,000-acre reservation. He went there with the troops, and when one day in the later '50s the plague of cholera broke out among the soldiers he was one of the men who did not leave. He stayed day after day nursing the dying soldiers and listening to their last messages. It was weary staying, but he did not flinch, and when at last he felt the numbness of the disease he gave up his life as willingly as he had his services. They buried him there on the crown of a prairie hill, and every visitor reverences the man who died in so noble a cause. The men who were guarding the reservation while their comrades were camped at El Caney, in sight of the spires of Santiago, looked at the monument outlined against the evening sky and took a new courage to meet their condition.

Deserted Forts and Posts.

There were other deserted forts and posts on the frontier that will never be occupied by troops again. They are scattered along the watercourses of Kansas and Nebraska, where once the Indians were many, but where there is nothing more to be feared than the herds of the cattlemen and the families of the settlers. There are Fort Hays, Fort Wallace, Fort Dodge, and a dozen others that were once the scene of the liveliest happenings of the frontier. The rough riders of those days were the men who rode after Custer, and Sheridan, and Forsythe. The Indian raids were frequent and severe. The tribes came down from the northern reservations and terrified the settlers, killed a few and destroyed the houses and stock.

One of these raids, headed by Roman Nose, ended in a company from Wallace and Hays following the raiders up the Republican Fork. There the soldiers were surrounded on a piece of low ground near the river, and for four days and nights held the enemy at bay, until the brave trooper who sneaked out of the camp could go to the fort and bring reinforcements. Such are the reminiscences that cluster about these forts, and the older members of the army recall them with affection. But there is now no use for the buildings, and pending the action of Congress they have stood for years, slowly rotting away. Fort Hays has a long line of officers' houses that are gradually going to decay, and the land itself is being used for a large cattle pasture.

Strange as it may seem, the soldiers like the far frontier forts best. One day a handsome cavalryman sat on his horse near the depot at Fort Riley as some companies came in from the West.

"They ought to be happy now," was remarked. "Here are fine buildings, good quarters and trees. They have been in Arizona, you know."

"Yes, I was there myself," he said. "I ain't so sure they are happy."

"Don't you like it here?"

"Oh, yes, tiptop—a soldier's duty is to stay where he is put—but somehow it isn't like the frontier. There it is so free and boundlesslike. We had a better time in Arizona than here, where there is so much style. We have to be more particular and careful, and don't have so much sunlight." He meant it, too.

An observer of the conditions on the frontier remarked concerning the close of the war:

"Some great celebrations will be held at the frontier forts when the boys return. The people of all the surrounding country will flock to see the heroes of the recent victories and will want to shake hands with the fighters at Santiago. The Sunday-school picnics to the forts have been postponed this summer for the first time since the settlement of the West. The school that gets the first date will reap a fortune. There are soldiers' and officers' wives waiting for the coming of the boys from the front, too. They have watched the death lists day after day, and some of them have found names of loved ones. For these there will be no homecoming joys. So the pleasure will be not unmixed, and when the forts take on their old-time activity and the troops are at home there will be both tears and cheers."

Didn't Want Furloughs.

Fifteen privates belonging to regiments of the regular army, discharged from various hospitals in New York, reported to the Deputy Quartermaster-General in the Army building one morning and asked to be sent to their regiments. The men were referred to Major Ewald, Chief of Transportation. One of the men stated the wants of all.

"Where do you come from?" asked Major Ewald. The spokesman named the hospitals.

"Were you in Cuba?" asked the Major.

"We were, sir; all of us."

"See any fighting?"

"Yes, sir. Each of us was wounded."

"Don't you know that all soldiers discharged from hospitals now are entitled to thirty-day furloughs?" asked the Major.

"We heard something about it, but we don't want any furloughs. We'd rather join our regiments, sir, if it's all the same. We've all been in Cuba, as I said. If things ain't much different down there now from what they were when we were there, we thought some troops would be needed there again pretty soon. If our regiments are ordered there again we want to go."

"What makes you think troops will be needed in Cuba again?" asked Major Ewald. "The war is over."

"We know that, sir, but the Cubans don't seem to catch on to our ways very quick, and we thought maybe somebody would have to show 'em. We'd like to help, sir."

"You're a credit to yourselves and the army in which you serve," exclaimed Major Ewald warmly. "You shall be sent to your regiments at once."

The men were on their way to Montauk before sunset.

Some interesting figures showing that the percentage of loss of officers is greater than that of privates have been made public by army officials. The Sixth United States infantry lost more officers and men than any other regiment which participated in the war with Spain. The percentage of the loss of officers was 36.66, and that of privates 26.32.

The regiment went to the front in April with 513 officers and men. At Montauk Point 325 men were recruited, so that the regiment had 417 privates and 15 commissioned officers. On July 19th, while the men were in the trenches at Santiago, they celebrated the one hundredth anniversary of the organization of the regiment, which was created by an Act of Congress, July 19, 1798.

Thomas Farrell, of Company B, is the biggest and the oldest soldier in the regiment. He has been in the United States service for thirty-five years, and has served both in the army and the navy. During the civil war he was on the old ship Relief. He has been told that he ought to retire, but he declines to do so, saying that when he dies he wants to die with his uniform on. At Santiago on July 1st, he was shot through the chest. He declined assistance and walked to a hospital. Farrell rejoined his regiment at Montauk. The percentage of loss of the Tenth United States infantry was: Officers, 28.57, and privates, 9.77.

Heroic Colored Troops.

Among the great number of soldiers who participated in the military parade during the Philadelphia Peace Jubilee, none attracted greater attention or were accorded a more cordial ovation than the two hundred members of the famous Tenth United States Cavalry, composed of twenty-one officers and privates, picked representatives of the eight companies of this famous colored regiment, which fought so nobly at San Juan Hill, La Quasina and El Caney in July.

Sergeant B. F. Potts, of Company I, a native of North Carolina, who is perhaps one of the oldest members of the Tenth Cavalry and who has seen twenty-seven years all told and wears a sharpshooter's medal, awarded in 1894, said: "I have nothing to regret of the past, and am glad to have lived

to return home, for never before in all my years of experience on the frontier did I witness such scenes as I did in Cuba, nor do I believe any member of the Tenth Cavalry expects to see such. I was never in an engagement of such duration, when such havoc was wrought as was among the Rough Riders on those memorable days of July 1st, 2d and 3d before Santiago. Words are inadequate; it was heart-rending to see our gallant captain killed and the Rough Riders being annihilated; it was no doubt this that made us fight the more. The Rough Riders had plenty of courage and discipline in their favor, but lacked experience like the regulars are used to. They did not use smokeless powder either as we did and, in fact, all the regular troops. Now, since this is all over, I have no wish, as some of my comrades have expressed themselves, to return to Cuba."

Cavalry Without Horses.

Corporal Miller Reed, of the same regiment, said: "We were out in Montana when war was declared, but were hurried to Chickamauga. Then we had to pack up again and go to Tampa. All this time we had no horses, and I don't know why we were called cavalry. It was June 22d when the regiment first saw Cuba.

"Before we landed the warships fired for nearly an hour, but none of us on the transports saw a Spaniard until two days later. While marching through a narrow defile on June 24th, with the Rough Riders and four troops of the First Cavalry, the Spaniards suddenly opened fire on us from a hill straight ahead. After we had fired at the smoke they made for a time a charge was made, the Rough Riders attacking their left flank and we their right.

"After the fight the officers read us a telegram telling the loss and thanking the men. In this fight I saw the first Spaniards. They were pretty good fighters, but had to run that time.

"For three days and nights following we had scraps with them each day. For my part I rather liked the Spaniards. They were always polite and kind to the boys in our regiment when we met after Santiago surrendered, and one of our men who was taken prisoner said he had been treated like a gentleman.

"Most of our men were sick all the time, but kept going just the same. We all took heaps of quinine, and I hope we will not have to go to Cuba again this winter; I was glad to get away. We were not allowed in Santiago after its surrender until the day we left for Montauk Point."

Full justice has hardly been done to that gallant command, the Twentieth Infantry. The oversight may be due to the fact that the corps commander,

General Shafter, made no mention of this command in his official report of the campaign. This unfortunate mistake is referred to in a letter from Major-General J. C. Bates to the commanding officer of the First Brigade, Third Division, to which the Twentieth was attached while recuperating at Montauk, and which letter is appended.

The Twentieth Regulars left their station at Fort Leavenworth just prior to the war and went on the transports for Cuba, at Mobile, June 4, 1898. After waiting at Tampa and "stewing" in the transports for eighteen days, the regiment landed at Baiquiri, June 22d, and marched on the 23d to Siboney. For the next week it was engaged in making roads and guarding the supplies. At 9 o'clock P. M. on June 30th it was ordered to march to El Caney, together with the Third Infantry and a squadron of the Second United States Cavalry, forming an independent brigade under General Bates. It marched all night, arriving at El Caney at 2 P. M., July 1st, and at once went into the fighting line, where the entire command was engaged until the end of the fight. Immediately thereafter the men were marched to the left of the position at San Juan, marching from 5 P. M. until 2.30 the next morning, and were awakened at 4.30 A. M. by the hailstorm of bullets that opened the fight of July 2d. During seventy-two hours they had only five hours' sleep, marched over twenty miles and fought the greater part of two days. This regiment was one of the last to leave Cuba, as it formed part of the command guarding the Spanish prisoners.

The General Praises His Men.

"Headquarters 3d Div., 5th Army Corps. Camp Wikoff, Long Island, N. Y.,
"September 9, 1898.

"To the Commanding Officer First Brigade, Third Division, Camp Wikoff,
"Long Island, N. Y.

"SIR: As the division is about to be broken up I desire to inform you that I take great pride in the bravery and excellent conduct of the officers and men of the Third and Twentieth United States Infantry during the campaign against Santiago de Cuba.

"I was surprised and pained to find that the corps commander, in congratulating the troops upon their success obtained on the 1st of July, made no mention at all of the part taken by the Third and Twentieth Infantry. General Shafter admitted to me that this was an injustice, and promised to right it.

"I was promoted shortly after that battle and cannot but feel that this was in a large measure due to the unflinching devotion to duty and the bravery of my brigade. They bore the tiresome marches and subsequent fighting and

hardships in the trenches in front of Santiago with patience and fortitude, and it is with regret that I see such excellent troops pass from my command.

(Signed)

*J. C. Bates
Maj. Genl. Vols.*

Arthur Henry, color sergeant of Company B, Thirty-third Michigan Volunteers, wrote a letter dated Santiago, July 10th, in which he said:

"I was detailed yesterday to feed some of the poor Cubans. It is awful to see the poverty of the people. They are hungry and half naked. Some of the officers gave me money, and I bought stock and made barrels of soup and fed them all. Fr. Murphy gave me a lot of hardtack and Colonel Bogan gave me a box of beef, and altogether we filled those Cubans up in great shape. I went to mass this morning, and I am writing this letter where the altar stood. We build our church in five minutes; not so nice as Boston churches, but we are not particular.

"Here I am my own boss, when we are not in a fight. I keep in the shade all I can and go in bathing every day. We have got the Spaniards where we want them, and we will give them till to-morrow to surrender. If they don't we will blow them off the face of the earth. We want to leave one Spaniard alive to tell the queen how it was done.

"In the last battle I was in, the shells and bullets flew like a hailstorm around my head, but not one touched me. I am a great dodger. We had good luck in landing, and lost but two men by drowning, and have also lost some mules. It was lucky that there were not more, so great was the crowd of horses, mules and men. I had to walk ashore with the flag. You ought to have heard the Cubans cheer when I stuck the flag-pole in the ground. I have the same old flag yet, and I will carry it till Cuba is free."

Jacky a Specialist.

Jacky, who used to be more sailor than gunner, is now more gunner than sailor. Just in proportion as he has ceased to be a part of the great engine on which he lives, so he has come more and more into the control of it, and as the cardinal purpose of a warship is to hit things with her projectiles, Jacky has become a specialist in getting that work out of her. He does it in two places—at the guns and at the engines. Correctly pointed guns are of no use unless the platform on which they rest is put in proper relation to the thing to be hit and kept there.

Accordingly, the "beach comber," or the "rock scorpion," or any other

variety of that ruck of marine refuse which drifts around the great maritime ports and ships in any craft where "grub" is plenty and work light, no longer slings his hammock on Uncle Sam's berth deck, as he used to do, to the shame of the service, in years gone by. Nor can the tramp nor the jailbird, nor even the incorrigible black sheep of the family, thus be provided for, to the relief of constables and long-suffering relatives. No man or boy can now pass the United States naval recruiting officer unless he is clean, healthy, honest, strong, and intelligent, nor can he afterward get that advancement, which is certainly open to him without fear or favor, unless he continues to show aptitude and ability.

Fighting From a Turret.

Between the guns and the sides of the turrets are stationed the men who tend the training motors, open and close the breech, and clean out the powder chambers. In rear of each gun is a powerful electric fan, intended to drive the smoke out of the turret through the bore of the gun, and a hydraulic rammer with which the half-ton projectile is forced up into the gun. At this rammer stands the gun-captain, who superintends the loading, and the first sponger, who sees to the preparation of the gun for receiving the charge. Between the platform on which these men stand and the face of the breech is a light trap-door, covering a shaft up which the ammunition lifts are hoisted from the handling-room below. On the girders between the guns are stationed the men operating the ammunition lifts, the water service, and the various signals and telephones.

There is a disposition to chatter among the apprentices; the suspense is great and inaction is hard to bear, especially as all of the light guns now seem to be engaged.

"Train on the entrance to the harbor!"

The motors utter a groan, and the ponderous cylinder swings slowly round, wheezing and rumbling. The range indicator mounts quickly to 2,900 yards and stops; the telephone rings and its attendant reports.

"Fire at will."

The telescopes are set with a turn of the wrist, while with the other hand the guns are elevated until the cross-wires sweep the horizon; but the smoke from the light guns is thick, and nothing is distinct.

Suddenly there is a rift, and in it appears the black hull of a ship—a stranger, but aft she carries a grand ensign, marked with the blood and gold of Spain. From her sides and turrets there is a continuous play of lightning flashes, but the din of nearer guns allows no sound from her to be distinguished. One questions uncertainty for a instant: "Is she fighting? Is she

firing at us? Is this a naval battle?" And then comes the eager anxiety to do one's own part, and to do it well.

The sixteen men about the guns are now silent and expectant. The turret turns slowly—slower—stops. The ship is rolling gently, while the enemy's hull between her smokestacks is sweeping on to meet the descending cross-wires of the telescope; the officer, with all his soul in his eye, awaits the culmination, and at the instant presses the firing handle. There is a deafening roar, a blinding flash, the great gun recoils wildly into the turret, and then slides smoothly out again. The air is filled with smoke; two men are already turning like mad at the plug-crank, and, as the half-ton block swings aside, a third directs a stream of water into the chamber. A turn is given the elevator-valve, and the breech swings up high, allowing the water to run down the bore and out of the muzzle. The gun-captain takes charge, and the officer turns to the other gun. He glances at the range-indicator—2600—yards—sets the sight, and a moment later the smoke lifts again.

Two Spanish ships are now out, and a third is in the entrance; the first one seems on fire. Was it from his shot? Who can tell? For a dozen heavy guns are firing at her. A second later and the trainer swings the nearest ship into his field, and he fires again. Another pair of men swing open the breech, and the hose is pointed down the bore.

Loading the Big Guns.

In the meantime, the first gun has been lowered into its loading position, the ammunition car has been hoisted in rear of it, and the rammer has forced home the shell. Twice more it enters the breech, each time pressing before it two hundred and seventy-five pounds of powder. With its last withdrawal, the empty ammunition car drops out of sight, the breech plug is swung into place, the gun-captain steps forward, slips in the primer, and connects the plugs of the firing wires.

"Ready, left!" he reports.

And so it goes, first one gun and then the other. It is hard and hot work. The firing is so fast and continuous that the fans cannot keep the turret clear of smoke. The men cough and gag; down in the handling-room they are fainting. The smoke has deposited a gray scurf on skin and clothes; its alkali has attacked the paintwork and turned it to a slimy soap; the black, drippings from the gun-washing have fallen in foul splotches down the turret walls, and lie in puddles on the floors.

John Meek, of Fremont, Ohio—father of George B. Meek, who was killed on the torpedo boat Winslow, at Cardenas, May 11th—on August 29th

received a letter and a check for one hundred dollars. The letter went to show that young Meek was the first American-born sailor killed in the Cuban war. The first officer killed was Ensign Bagley. The letter received by Mr. Meek read as follows:

"DEAR SIR: Some months ago a Cuban gentleman, who signs himself Cambresis, from the city of Mexico, sent General Thomas Estrada Palma, of New York, an order for one hundred dollars, to be given to the wife, children, or parents of the first American-born sailor who should die in the war to free Cuba. I have just now been informed that your son, George B. Meek, fireman of the first class, on board the torpedo boat Winslow, was the first hero to shed his blood for the independence of our unfortunate and down-trodden people. I beg to enclose to you the check entrusted to my care, being a proof of the gratitude of the Cubans for their friends and allies, the Americans. Please acknowledge the receipt of the same in duplicate.

"Yours, very respectfully,

GONZALO DE QUESADA,

"Charge d'Affairs of the Republic of Cuba."

Meek was offered much more than its face value by parties who wanted the check as a souvenir of the war.

Long Time Getting the News.

An American ship, the Luzon, left the Hawaiian Islands before the war started, and after being at sea 143 days reached New York, after the peace protocol had been signed. The captain, J. G. Park, breathed a sigh of relief when he entered New York harbor, for it was not until then that he learned the war was over.

"When we reached the South Atlantic," he said, "I began to look for Spaniards in earnest. All this time I was in doubt as to whether any war existed, but I took no chances. Every morning a man was sent to the mast-head to scan the ocean for signs of Spaniards. But off Platte we ran into one of those 'Pamperos,' as they call the sudden storms, and for twenty-four hours we lay hove-to under reefed lower topsails.

"It was not until August 4th that I heard of the war. Then we spoke the German bark *Thalia*, which signalled, 'War between the United States and Spain.' It gave us a sort of shock to learn that what we expected was really so; but when I looked at the matter it was clear there was but one thing to do—keep on for New York.

"We caught the northeast trades in latitude 12 degrees north, and we were bowling along under full sail and heading about nor'-nor'west on August 20th, when Douglas, the first mate, came to me and announced solemnly that a Spanish privateer was after us at last. There, to the northwest, sure enough

was a big black-hulled steamer, with two funnels, cutting through the water at fourteen knots, and apparently heading directly for us. As she came nearer I saw that her decks were fairly black with men. I was prepared to surrender, for the Luzon wasn't making more than six knots, when the stranger veered more to the eastward and crossed our bows half a mile ahead. She was probably a transport, taking home the defeated troops; but she didn't show any flag, and neither did we."

Once when Captain Sigsbee, the commander of the ill-fated Maine, was in charge of the American coast-survey steamer Blake, he saved his vessel from destruction by deliberately sinking her. It was in one of the West Indian ports, and a hurricane was blowing. Slowly but surely she was drifting on a reef, and Captain Sigsbee knew that unless heroic measures were adopted the Blake would be ground to pieces. He knew also that if her keel rested on the sandy bottom the action of the waves would be much less severe, so he resolved to sink the ship. Naval men still speak of it as a daring thing, but Captain Sigsbee did not hesitate. He opened the ship's bottom, the water poured in and she quickly settled. After the storm had subsided divers were sent down, the water pumped out and the ship raised.

Wanted to Fight.

A member of the Illinois Naval Militia passed an examination successfully, and was appointed Assistant Paymaster in the volunteer service, a rank which, in the regular service, pays about \$1700 a year. The next day the Illinois man walked up to the commander of the ship to which he had been assigned and said:

"Say, what do I do?"

The commander, overlooking the informality of his address, said: "Why, you make out pay the rolls and pay off the men."

"Well, don't I fight?"

"Oh, no, you don't fight."

"Well, to thunder with this job," said the Illinois man, "I want to fight."

He was thereupon made a petty officer at about \$30 per month with a chance of unlimited fighting, and he accepted the change joyfully.

The great naval parade at New York on Saturday, August 20, was a notable event. Seven grim, black ships, the fighting backbone of the nation's tried navy, passed in review before the eyes of the nation's chief city, steamed up the North River to Grant's Tomb, and there fired a salute to the nation's mighty dead. The event was a triumph and a tribute—a triumph for the heroes of to-day, a tribute to the hero of yesterday.

New York has seen naval parades before; it had never before seen a

naval parade that meant what this pageant meant. It had never welcomed a victorious fleet, fresh from battle and with the marks of conflict still upon it. Five years ago all the powers of the world had sent their ships there in celebration of our Columbian anniversary. There were Spanish ships there then. One of them lies shattered and riddled, a wreck on the Santiago coast. It was a beautiful celebration, that parade of 1893, but the graceful white ships that formed a shining line down the river could not stir American hearts as they were stirred on that August Saturday.

No one who looked at them could say that those ships in their war paint were things of beauty. It was to a deeper sentiment than the æsthetic that they appealed. Each one of them stood for energy and skill and knowledge rightly directed, for duty cheerfully done, for death nobly faced, for the upholding of the nation's honor and the flag's glory. The men behind the guns were there, too. The eager thousands on shore could not see them, but the saluting guns spoke for them.

Cheering Multitude on Shore.

As they passed in review—New York, Iowa, Indiana, Brooklyn, Massachusetts, Oregon and Texas—they were cheered from the shores and the boats by more people than Spain has left alive in Cuba. Not only did New York turn out, but for miles around people converged upon the city to gather on the shores of the North River, and that not for an event which had been determined upon long before and prepared for by excursions and special trains, but a parade that at best was dependent upon weather which might well have delayed the expected fleet. Not the least significant feature of the day was that never before had such an event been so promptly begun and completed. The navy was on time.

What New York could do to honor the ships it did. Not only did it turn out its millions, but it floated Old Glory on a hundred thousand buildings; it decked its shipping in gala colors and it answered the ships' salutes from the mouth of its own cannon, in forts and in the open. There was not much time for preparation, and there was not a great splendor of formality, but the day was one that New York will not forget so long as generation hands down its records to succeeding generation.

It was a simple ceremonial. There were seven ships that sailed up the river, fired their salutes and sailed back to their anchorage. That was all. But the salutes were fired from guns that have made American history, and the men behind those guns and the ships that carried them have won new glory for our country.

CHAPTER XXVI.

Hospital Work in Camp and at the Battle of Santiago.



HE report of Lieutenant Guy C. M. Godfrey, Assistant Surgeon, U. S. A., made to Surgeon General Sternberg on July 28th, is replete with interest, for it deals with the field hospital work before Santiago. The report follows:

"SIR—As commanding officer of the hospital corps company of the First Division, Fifth Army Corps, I have the honor to submit the following report:

"This company was organized at Tampa, Florida, on June 5th, 1898, just two days previous to the departure of the troops of the First Division for the transports at Fort Tampa, Florida. On the day of organization the strength of the company was eighteen privates. No non-commissioned officers were assigned to it until June 7th, 1898, when Acting Hospital Steward McGuire reported for duty. He was at once detailed as First Sergeant of the company, which place he has held up to the present date. A cook and an assistant cook, orderlies for the medical officers and a clerk were at once detailed.

"When the order came to move the men of the company performed the work necessary thereto, and the enthusiasm and *esprit de corps* with which they labored added greatly to the celerity and facility with which the task was accomplished. The personnel and supplies of the division hospital, as well as the hospital company, were placed on board the transport Santiago, and arrived off the coast of Cuba, near Santiago, on June 20th, 1898.

"The day before landing all the material was brought up from the hold by the men of the company and stored on the main deck of the ship near the forward starboard port. This was done by direction of Major M. W. Wood, chief surgeon of this division, and proved a wise and efficient measure.

"We landed on June 25th at Siboney, Cuba, and pitched camp on the beach. On this day thirteen of the privates of the hospital corps of the Seventy-first New York Volunteers joined the company. During the night of June 25th, Acting Hospital Steward McGuire and five of the men worked all night unloading the material for the hospital and storing it upon the beach under canvas.

"On June 16th the men were given a short drill to perfect organization. Hurried preparations were made for a forward movement, and, as absolutely

no transportation could be obtained from the Quartermaster's Department, these preparations consisted principally in collecting such necessary dressings and drugs as the men could carry on their backs and litters.

"On June 27th the First Division moved forward and the hospital company followed in rear of the Third Brigade, taking the ridge road towards Seville. Owing to the possibility of an immediate skirmish or battle, none of the medical officers rode their horses, but made pack mules of them, and carried as large a number of dressings, etc., as they could. The division camped in column of brigades, and the hospital company and division hospital pitched camp near the headquarters of the division commander.

"On the following morning twenty men and the steward and two medical officers returned to Siboney and brought up four litters, and as many medical supplies as possible, starting about 2 o'clock P. M.; after a soaking rain the company broke camp and was ordered to move forward two miles. This they did marching over a rocky, yet muddy road, carrying the hospital supplies with them.

"They pitched their shelter tents on the soaking ground, while the officers, who had no shelter, slept in the open air exposed to dampness and poisoning. On June 29th the company moved forward a quarter of a mile further to a beautiful spot, with the Aquadores river on one side, and the Siboney road on the other. Here, on the 29th, the division hospital was established, and here it remained all through the terrible carnage that followed. On this day six wagon loads of supplies were brought up from the beach at Siboney, and tent flies were pitched and everything arranged for the coming battle. On the 30th of June the work of establishing the division hospital continued, and more of our supplies were brought from Siboney.

Hospital Corps Inadequate.

"On the morning of July 1st, the writer rode in the direction of the firing, towards El Caney, and while searching for an ambulance, rode to the extreme right and visited the firing line of the Twelfth Infantry. He then returned and reported to Major Wood, who directed an ambulance to be at once sent in that direction. Owing to the very small number of hospital corps men present with the division, and as the number of ambulances for the entire army was limited to three, it was impossible to expect them to convey the total number of wounded from the collecting stations to the First Division Hospital.

"It was soon apparent that the entire force of the hospital corps would have to be used to man the hospital, but about noon, Acting Hospital Steward McGuire, two litter squads and an ambulance went forward up the San Juan

road. As the Spanish shrapnel were bursting around the battery on El Paso hill, near the road, it was not deemed prudent to take the ambulance beyond that point. Therefore it remained, while the two litter squads pushed forward up the San Juan road.

"One wounded man was found, who was not able to walk, about 400 yards before reaching the furthest crossing of the Aquadores river. He was at once dressed and conveyed to the rear by a litter squad. The other litter and the steward advanced about 400 yards further to the east bank of the Aquadores, and there found a wounded man who could not walk. At this time the Sixth and Sixteenth Infantry were immediately in front, and were making their advance towards San Juan hill. It can, therefore, be seen that the hospital litter squad in the rear was under the hottest kind of fire, and the bullets were cutting the leaves all around, but not one of these men faltered, or showed the least sign of fear.

Wounded Coming from the Front.

"At this time the wounded were coming back in a constant stream, and such as needed stimulation or dressing were at once attended to by the roadside. Many of them returned alone, others walked, supported by the arm of some comrade, while the more seriously wounded were borne upon litters of various kinds.

"A few of those who returned had not received medical attention, but the majority of them were dressed with first aid packages by the regimental surgeons and their hospital corps men.

"At about 1 P. M., Major Valery Havard, chief surgeon of the cavalry division, established an ambulance station on the east bank of the Aquadores, near El Paso. At this station many dressings were readjusted, and a few patients were dressed for the first time. Stimulants, medicines and dressings constituted the stock at this station, which was about a mile in advance of the first division hospital.

"No point further to the front was safe from the enemy's fire. The ambulances were worked constantly, and, considering their number, did remarkably well. Late in the afternoon ambulances were taken forward to near the furthest crossing of the Aquadores, but it was rather dangerous at all times, as the enemy kept the San Juan road enfiladed all day long. It was also very dangerous on account of Spanish guerrillas, who were located in trees overlooking the road. Several men, carrying wounded, were shot, and, indeed, in a few cases the patients themselves were hit.

"Later in the afternoon a dressing station was established at the furthest point where the San Juan road crossed the Aquadores. At this place there

was a vertical bank, about 4 feet high, beneath which was a gravel beach. Here a certain amount of shelter was obtained, but bullets frequently cut through the bushes or splashed up the water in the creek.

"At one time it was enfiladed by Spanish sharpshooters in trees up the creek. Several horses were killed here, but no patients, surgeons or attendants were injured that afternoon. It was at this place on the following morning that Dr. Danforth was killed. Late in the afternoon several escort wagons, having carried ammunition to the front, were turned to the writer by Lieutenant J. D. Miley, General Shafter's aide-de-camp. These were taken to this station and filled with the wounded, who were transported to the division hospital.

"Empty army wagons that could be found were used for this purpose, and the wounded kept coming into the hospital all night. On the following morning an ambulance and two wagons were taken to the dressing station just described, and the wounded brought in—among them being Surgeon A. A. Danforth, who was shot through the head. Major S. Q. Robinson had assumed command of this station on the previous afternoon, but at this time he, with Captain W. D. McCaw, rejoined their regiments, and left the station in charge of Captain Paul Newgarden.

Work Performed by Hospital Corps.

"Major V. Havard arrived later, and established an ambulance station at this point, which was then comparatively safe. It was customary during the battle for the writer to send litters and dressings to the front in the empty ambulances. During and after the battle the men of the hospital corps company did much of the work in the first division hospital. They assisted in operations, helped in applying dressings, made soup and coffee, carried patients to and from the operating tables, and acted as nurses to the wounded. With but few exceptions they worked all day, all night, all the following day and most of the next night. They were assisted by members of the bands of regiments and by some of the hospital corps men of the various regiments."

Many of the soldiers wounded or taken ill at Santiago were removed to Montauk Point, and afterwards taken to Philadelphia hospitals for treatment. These men had no complaints to make against Camp Wikoff Hospital, but they said the camp was not healthy, and they blamed it all on that. They told grim stories of the campaign before Santiago, though, but most of them were about the volunteers. A regular army man forgets his own troubles in regarding the troubles of the volunteers. In fact, a regular soldier is so sure that he will be well cared for that he would never be able to recognize trouble

unless it was of the worst kind. To him the words "regular army" seem like a spell that makes trouble impossible.

"Was there any trouble about short rations at Camp Wikoff?" a reporter asked.

"Not with us."

"Always got your meals on time?"

"Sure. We are the regular army, and they've got to feed us right on the minute." The idea of a hitch seemed an impossibility.

"It is a bad camp, though," they said, but without any more resentment than if they had said: "It was very rainy. You lie in your tent all night and listen to the frogs, and the doctors pour quinine into you all day long."

Commissary Supplies Sold.

"The worst commissary and hospital troubles were down there around Santiago," one of the soldiers said. "There were plenty of things sent down there for us, Red Cross stuff and that kind of things, but we never got them. They were stopped by commissary officers and sold to us. This is all hard enough to say, but we are all intelligent men, and understand things we see around a commissary depot, and although we can't give names, because we don't know them, we are sure enough about it, for all that. The Red Cross stuff and delicacies were marked care of the Commissary Department, and it was easy enough for a crooked commissary man to open them up and sell them. More than one commissary officer has been sent back to Baiquiri or on to Santiago under arrest. Of course, it was all done without any noise, and nobody knew anything about it except the soldiers who saw the arrest and the officers directly concerned. Maybe the papers are lying about somewhere in Santiago and will be dug up by and by. If you had seen your best friends sick and longing for stuff that had been sent to them, but never delivered, you'd like to see an axe fall on somebody."

Third Cavalry men said that they saw a contract physician within an ace of being strung up by his thumbs in a hospital near the San Juan Hill. The surgeon was going over his sick list perfunctorily, treating the patients as if they were a lot of hospital beats. "You get gruel, and you get broth, and you get porridge, and the rest of you fellows go and hustle for your own breakfasts."

A Sixth Cavalry captain came into the hospital one day when this had been continued some time, and found the surgeon at "sick call." He grabbed him by the arm and dragged him to a tent where a Sixth Cavalry man was lying, in woful need of care and proper food. "This won't do. I didn't send him here to be treated like this. That man is going to have proper attention

and treatment at once, or I'll know why, and you, sir, will have to stop your — — brutal neglect of my men and the other men here or I'll lead the crowd that strings you up by the thumbs."

The contract surgeon saw that the captain was in earnest, and stopped not to parley. He jumped on a horse and rode into Santiago, and the hospital at San Juan saw him never again.

"The trouble with the regular rations was mostly in the volunteer regiments," they said. "One of the regiments drew only one day's rations for four days. Their men came begging among the regulars. The commissaries in the volunteers weren't worth much. It takes a regular army officer to get the stuff out of a commissary depot."

The men spoke gently of Shafter; they had blame for very few men, but they were enthusiastic in their admiration of General Wheeler's bravery. They agreed that if anybody had enlisted for excitement and to see the war generally, he would be luckiest if he could be General Wheeler's orderly.

They said the Seventy-first New York lagged not through cowardice of its men, but through the fault of its officers. Regular regiments walked past and through them as they were trying to form at the foot of a hill, after a long dash under fire. They had gotten ahead of their officers and were all at sea. "Come on, boys," said their colonel, "don't let them call you cowards."

"But they had no officers, so what could they do?" said the man who was telling the story. "A company's no good without its officers. I guess they were sorry then that they had stuck out so strong for their own officers, and hadn't asked for regular army men.

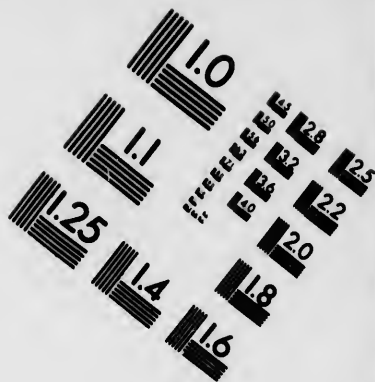
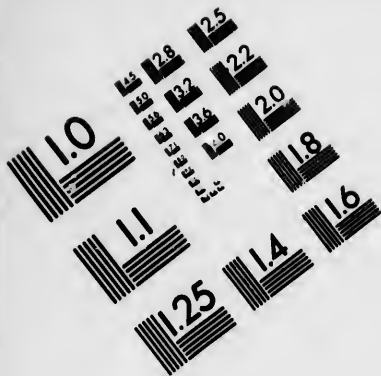
"There was a mix up all along the line the first day, and two or three regiments were all mixed together. You couldn't find more than four men of any company in one bunch. They didn't know where they belonged."

A Woman's View.

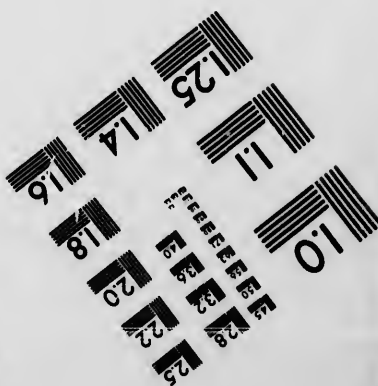
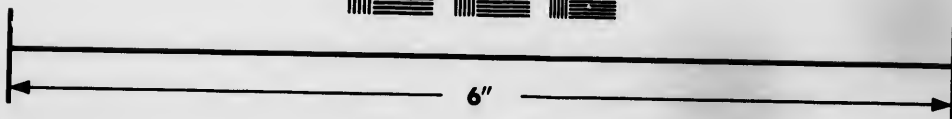
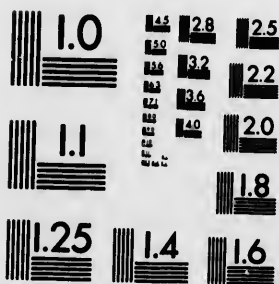
In writing of the Military Hospital at Santiago, Teresa Dean, a well-known newspaper and magazine contributor, said:

"These sick and wounded soldiers in the tents—and the officers in the hospital proper—are like little children with the nurses. The tents and cots are sweet and clean, and the soldiers themselves perfectly so. The first thing some of them asked for was finger-nail files. It was the first thing I noticed in going through the hospitals—the perfect condition of finger-nails. In my camp peregrinations of the past week finger nails had not been a specialty in the soldier's care of himself. Tooth brushes were next on the list, and pajamas, underclothing, and slippers were ready for them as they were brought into the hospital from the transports.





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"The pajamas are the only suits the wounded have at present. Their uniforms were cut from them and burned, having, in some cases, never been off since they sailed from Tampa, June 13. It took several baths to get the accumulations of Cuban soil from their bodies, but the 'first aid' dressing and only dressing the wounds had had was remarkably successful.

"One young soldier, a member of the Seventy-first New York, is hobbling around in ward '23' with five bullet wounds in his leg and three in his chest. He is the life of the tent. His name is Murphy. There is a broad smile on Murphy's face all the time. There all are happy. They say they know now what heaven is. They were all gaunt and starved when they arrived. Their faces are filling out, and they are gradually getting over the terrible hunger.

"Their eyes follow the nurses around wistfully, gratefully, and they are all patient and uncomplaining. There are only nine women nurses, but they are assisted most effectually by medical students from Harvard and from the University of Pennsylvania.

"The pajamas and many things—underclothing, slippers, sheets, and pillow cases, towels, soaps, and other necessities—are sent by different relief societies. The dear women of the country! While they do not forget necessities, neither do they omit sentiment. Some of the sheets have stitched texts from the Scriptures. Some of the nurses tuck these in at the foot of the cot, out of sight of the sick soldier, so that they will not bother him. Other nurses bring the text up to the head of the cot and dutifully call attention to it. Some of the pockets of the pajamas have pious letters tucked in; others have sentimental letters, and again there will be just the name and address of the romantic sender.

"These tender missives fall to the lot of the colored soldier as well as to the white, and help to interest or amuse one as well as the other. There is not much romance in real war. Romance comes only in the novel and in the play after war is over."

A Clergyman's Observations.

Rev. Dr. Henry C. McCook, an eminent Philadelphia clergyman and member of the National Relief Commission, was sent by President McKinley to investigate the complaints as to the condition of the soldiers at Santiago. In a letter that he wrote home, he gives a vivid picture of what he saw there. He wrote:

"SANTIAGO DE CUBA, Aug. 25, 1898.

"'Is it grip?'

"'No, *senor*,' said the Cuban doctor, shrugging his shoulders. Then

he smiled and looked thoughtful, and shook his head. 'Eet iss calenturaa. Eet iss malarial fever. Eet is——'

"'It's the devil's own disease!' broke in the major, with an emphasis that showed how personal and profound was the experience from which he spoke. By whatever name doctors call it, when folk have it they are apt to adopt the major's diagnosis with various descriptive addenda, which it would be impolite to put into print. As to details, take this invoice:

"Item—A headache, getting harder and heavier, until the head longs for a pillow on the block of 'the maiden' in the grass market of Edinburgh, or in the basket of a Parisian guillotine. Do you know what a 'sluting' headache is? That's it!

"Item—A fever, growing hot, hotter, hottest! Does the water on your brow relieve it? Yes, until it begins to boil!

"Item—Sore bones, sorer bones, break bones! Yon Tennessee hospital steward says he 'reckons it is a kind of break-bone fever, anyhow.' And he is not now vending a fairy story, like the one he signed when he declared himself a yellow-fever immune in order to be sent to Santiago.

"'Well, ye-es,' he confessed, 'I did prevairyate, I allow. But anything was kyind of axcusable to git out of Camp Alger!'

Ailments in Camp.

"Item—Nausea. And more nausea. And—O—oh! 'Seems kyndeh like old times on the Resolute off Cape Hatteras,' remarks the hospital steward. But he speaks from his own experience, for the present nauseated victim is not subject to sea sickness.

"Item—Chills; growing chillier; ch-ch-chatter; chat-chat-ter-rr-rr-oh! Did the head burst? No! If it only would, and be done with it! 'Pull up the blanket, steward. I'm freezing. No! throw it off. I'm burning up. My back! my bones! my head!'

"Item—Weak, weaker, weakest of all weak things in this wide world. How can a strong man wilt into this utter worthlessness within three days? Calentura, hey? No wonder Shafter's victorious army withered before it, and had to be returned home to recuperate. Did you ever doubt the story of the Assyrian army that came down under ancient Sennacherib 'like a wolf on the fold, and his cohorts were gleaming with purple and gold,' but was blighted in one night?

"If the angels of the Lord then and there breathed forth calentura, the deed would have been done. I shall persist in calling it grip, a horrible Cuban species. At all events, it is mean enough a monster of morbidity to bear that generic name. From calentura, grip and yellow fever, 'Good Lord deliver us!'

"The most prominent objects in Santiago as one looks at the city from the harbor are the cathedral and the military and civil hospitals.

"The former is a structure of the latter part of last century, built upon the ruins of an older sanctuary, overthrown by an earthquake.

"It sits almost in the midst of the hill upon which the town is built, and is raised upon a platform of brick work. The high blank wall of the platform faces the little square called the Plaza, on the opposite side of which is the long, low building known as the municipal palace, which will be historic in American records as the headquarters of General Shafter and the scene of the formal transfer of power from Spain to the United States. Toward the east the cathedral platform slopes down in a stepped terrace of brick to the street.

"The other sides of the Plaza are occupied by the San Carlos or Cuban Club on the west, and the Spanish Club and Venus Restaurant on the east. The high porch of the Cuban Club is a tempting refuge from the sun, and its easy chairs invite to an hour's lounge. Stepping within, one finds its cool, large hall with its white marble floor, its library and music room, all hospitably open to American visitors. Here in the evening especially citizens and soldiers sit and sip coffee and smoke and discuss politics, and chat away the lonely hours of absence from home and loved ones.

Songs of Home and Country.

"In the music room more than once I have found a soldier on the piano stool playing and singing the songs of the dear home land. At such times men gather about the musician and join in the chorus. The writer pleads guilty of having helped 'the boys' make the Cuban air vibrate with familiar American melodies. These extemporized concerts are sure to wind up with 'Star Spangled Banner,' which no one applauds more heartily than the native Cubans.

"The plaza itself often reflects the picturesque and varied life of this almost oriental town. The benches along the walks, backed by tawdry plants and shaded by the trees on the corners, are occupied by a parti-colored throng. In one corner is a squad of the provost guard. They have muskets and cartridge belts, and are therefore soldiers. Otherwise, their ugly, soiled campaign hats, blue shirts, without coats and with 'galluses,' have a scant soldierly aspect. They have rounded up a miscellaneous lot, chiefly military offenders, who await a hearing before General Wood.

"Yonder sits a group of soldiers in kharki uniforms, whose buff is sadly soiled and whose blue facings are 'fading, still fading.' Buff and blue are good historic Continental colors, but when veneered by adhesive Cuban (or Ameri-

can) soil after a few weeks' campaigning, they suggest anything rather than the pomp and glory of war.

"A priest comes over from Cathedral-way, his long black dress and shovel hat, giving, against the tropical greenery, a striking study in black, and adding a sort of dignity to the scene. Civil sits a group of soldiers in khaki uniforms, with machete at belts, who are rolling cigarettes and chatting while they wait to report. Spanish officers cross the plaza on their way to the Spanish Club or the restaurant.

"At the door of the latter is a bunch of saddle horses, whose owners are varying the camp menu by a bite and cup of civil cookery. A similar equine conclave marks the entrance to the palace, and at the head or on the saddle of every one is a boy. These future Cuban statesmen have 'caught on' rapidly—literally so, for it is the bridle rein that is here the objective point to which the lad holds.

"As a horseman's form looms in view across the plaza or around the corner, he is met by a bevy of these lads, of all sizes and divers shades from ebony to olive. They come up at full speed, bareheaded, arms flying, voices loudly clamoring, and they follow the galloping nag close alongside or like pendants to his tail. The cavalier halts. Whoop-hurrah! The Philistines be upon him!

"They rush to the horse's head. They seize the nose-band, the throat-latch, the bridle, the rein, and in high-keyed antiphonals proffer their services to hold *Senor's caballo*. *Senor* waves his whip in vain. He dismounts. He surrenders.

"His steed is committed to the care of a budding Cuban citizen. Great is *Muchacho*—the boy! Mighty is the American nickel—*cinco*! These lads are learning.

Santiago's Hospital.

"Next to the Cathedral, the most prominent building in Santiago is the hospital. It occupies the crest of the hill on which the city stands, and from the harbor its red cross flag seems to wave in the midst of a tropical garden. Let us climb the height from the little square (*placeta*) and Church of *Dolores*. Take this winding path and bear away through masses of shrubbery, festooned with spider webs, to this long steep stairway, the southern abroad.

"Stand now at the landing and view the scene. You will have little heart for it when you come out. Over the mass of wrinkled roof tops of red tiles, that seem almost to touch one another, so narrow are the streets, you see the bay, or that part which forms the harbor. The remainder is hidden by the fold in the mountains. Ships lie at anchor, among them, the *Mexico*, with General Shafter on board en route for home in the wake of his trium-

phant army. Only the sick and convalescent remnants of the army of Santiago now remain, they and the Silent Battalion of the Fallen.

"The little tug Esmeralda snorts at the dock waiting to take off Colonel McClernand, Major Groesbeck, the able judge advocate, and others of the staff who go home with their chief. Further out lies the Spanish ship that is to transport the next load of the capitulated Spanish army. Poor fellows! Thirteen of them died to-day on their way to the vessel—died with their faces toward home.

"Yonder is the Berkshire (No. 9), which will take two or three hundred convalescent American soldiers into the pure ocean air and to the happy shores of 'God's own country!' That is what the lads call it, with a quaver in their tones, and they are not far astray in their nomenclature.

"Beyond the bay the mountains rise, their rigid sides green with summer's verdure, and their tops flecked with veils of misty cloud. Whichever way one turns these beautiful mountains fill the vista, and here and there a white patch in the greenery shows a canvas city of American soldiers. It is a beautiful scene. Like Jerusalem of old, 'the mountains are round about' Santiago, and with proper use of money and engineering skill, this city could be made an exceedingly attractive residence. Even in midsummer it might be tolerably pleasant.

"The sun's fervor is indeed terrific from 11 A.M. to 4 P.M., but even during those hours one is not uncomfortable in the shade. The nights on an average are cooler than in Philadelphia at this season, and the early mornings are often cool enough for a light blanket.

Yellow Fever's Scourge.

"But, just now, do you see that tongue of land pushing out into the bay from the west side of the port? You note the hospital tents there, how they are isolated from the rest of the town. See yon boat pulling from the shore? It carries a yellow-fever patient to that tongue-like peninsula. The yellow-fever hospital is there—there and at Siboney. Beautiful as Santiago is, the presence of this pest among us has shut the world's gates against the port. Yet, somehow, we never think of it. The fact is, there are so few cases and the type is so comparatively mild that people come and go and show no concern. I have been two weeks at the civil hospital aiding General Wood to reorganize it and acting as a general inspector, and have seen but one case.

"Yet it is here. Of that there is no doubt. It is not a 'fake fever,' as the gallant and eloquent colonel of the Rough Riders declared in his 'round robin' appeal. Certainly, it is not comparable in malignancy of type or extent of distribution to some of the visitations that have scourged our own

coasts. But, as one of the special physicians remarked to me a few hours ago, there are cases tragic enough, God knows!

"If you will come with me through this rather imposing entrance to the civil hospital, you will find that yellow fever is a small factor in the troubles of this people. This is the court-yard. 'How beautiful.' Yes, that is the first impression. With singular good taste the kitchen has been placed in the center of the court, and is surrounded by tropical plants, among which towers a cocoa-nut tree with its green clusters of fruits.

"Do not fancy that any such delicacies as abound in our Philadelphia hospital diet kitchens are to be found here. No! But there is a rice-broth and plenty of it. We thank God for that and take courage. There will be canned milk to-morrow—if somebody don't blunder. And ice (think of that!)—ice, too, if something don't go wrong; for, alas, things do go wrong, and have been going wrong, and so will continue until perfect order rises out of chaos. No one who has not been through the experience can adequately conceive of the state of things which here and elsewhere General Wood has had to face in his administration of civil affairs.

"The chief diseases are dysentery, diarrhoea and malarial fever. The town is full of like cases. Two funerals passed my lodgings on the Placeta Dolores to-day. One was a white coffin, carried on the shoulders of two men, with one man following as mourner. The other was more pretentious; four bearers shouldered the black coffin, and there were two mourners in the funeral train.

In the Fever Hospital.

"What has caused this invasion? I have already said it is the aftermath of war. The notice of Admiral Sampson that the city would be bombarded drove the panic-stricken people through both Spanish and American lines to El Caney. That exodus cost thousands of lives and sowed the seeds of untold miseries. The chief sufferers were Cubans, the very people in whose behalf we took up arms.

"The sickness and death in Santiago to-day is chiefly the reflex of the El Caney exodus, with its indescribable horrors. Surely justice as well as humanity pleads with the American people in behalf of these sufferers. Let us not spare! Engage the President and Secretary of War, who are just and humane men, to send wide hands to Santiago, and encourage Major General Lawton and General Wood in their earnest and benevolent efforts to bring relief to every civil ill.

"I have left my readers standing in the corridor of the Civil Hospital. Pardon for the disrespect.' But no harm is done. You have but to look around, for the corridor is full of cots, the overflow of the wards. I will not

take you further. Those wards are crowded; every bed taken, and fifty men are lying there and dying there on the bare floor.

"To-day we got mattresses and pillows. To-morrow we shall have cots. Shall we? We have hoped so every day for a week.

"Manana—to-morrow! How soon the life-consuming torridity of this tropical sun burns out even American energy and promptitude. It is the vice of all natives; it is the sorrow of the suffering; it is doom to the sick—manana!

"Let me close this story of this new civic ward of the American nation with an incident that greatly affected me. On my first visit, while going into the place with the Sisters of Charity who had come from America to nurse the sick, we had just passed out of one of the male wards when we heard some one calling behind us: 'Americano! Americano!'

"One of the Cuban nurses stood at the ward door waving his hands frantically, pointing backward and shouting Spanish.

"'There is an American man sick in here,' explained Mr. Astwood, our interpreter.

A Joyous Greeting.

"We turned back. A handsome mulatto lad lay upon a cot with both arms outstretched toward us, his face radiant for the moment amidst his pains at the welcome greeting of our English tongue. He clasped my hands convulsively.

"'What is the matter?

"'Nothing but "yaller janders."'

"He would be all right if his head did not hurt so.

"His name was Charles Franklin, of Logan, Colorado, and he was 'the boy' of some officer in the Seventh United States Regulars.

"His mind began to wander. The pain became so severe that he rolled upon his cot, then sat up upon it.

"'Let us pray!' I kneeled at his bedside, and holding his hand commended him, body and soul, to God. The soothing influence of the devotions stilled the distracted nerves. He was quiet while I prayed. It was a striking scene. The good Sisters joined in the prayer, reverently bowing, the tall form of Mr. Astwood bending in their midst. The hospital nurses looked on with subdued mien. The sick from their surrounding cots turned to gaze at us, their wan, pallid faces lit up by a moment's curiosity.

"I left the lad with the apostolic benediction on his brow and turned away.

"'It is our only case of yellow fever,' said the Spanish Sister Superior. He will surely die; he is in the last stage.

"Did you say yellow fever?' I asked.

"Yes,' just a little startled, perhaps, said our American Sister Mary. 'I could tell it by the eyes.'

"And by the odor,' added Sister Apollonia.

"And my good doctor,' said Sister Regis, running up to me, 'you have been exposed to the infection! You held his hands. You took his breath. But do not fear. It was an act of charity, and our Heavenly Father will surely care for you.'

"Nevertheless, the kind lady whipped out of some mysterious receptacle about her dress a bottle of some disinfectant stuff, and bidding me hold out my hands, filled the palms and made me lave the skin. Like Oliver Cromwell, she 'trusted in God, but kept her remedies ready.' Good theology and good practice.

"Poor lad! He was isolated at once, and three doctors 'sat' upon him when he died. Two said yellow fever, one said malignant malarial. All the same, his campaign in Cuba is ended, and, let us hope, his spirit rests in peace."

Captain Thomas H. McKee, journal clerk of the House of Representatives, made some very interesting comparisons between the war with Spain and the Civil War, which show the casualties and sufferings of the war with Spain to have been miraculously light. The records of the War Department refute the contention of sensationalists that there have been unusual hardships, death and suffering.

Losses in Battle.

Captain McKee makes a comparison of General Shafter's loss at Santiago with that of General Hancock's at the battle of Fredericksburg as follows:

"The Fifth Army Corps commanded by Major-General Shafter was composed of six regiments of regular cavalry, nine batteries of regular artillery, eighteen regiments of regular infantry and three regiments of volunteer infantry. He had for duty at the time of the attack on Santiago, July 1st, 17,358 men and 852 officers. These were engaged through a series of assaults and battles covering more than a week. The War Department officially reports the losses as follows:

"Officers killed, 23; men killed, 222; officers wounded, 92; men wounded, 1285.

"For purposes of comparison, Hancock's division composed of seventeen regiments of infantry and one battery of artillery in the battle of Fredericksburg, 1862, while assaulting Marye's Heights, December 13th, the following losses are officially reported; Men engaged, 4,844; killed, 291; wounded, 1,581; missing, 229; a total of 2,029 or 41.7 per cent.

"The Civil War continued for four years, in which 1,882 battles were fought, being an average of more than one battle for each day of the entire war. Of this number in 112 battles there were more than 500 men killed on one side, so that, in each month of the Civil War, thirty-nine battles were fought, two of which were of the class in which more than 500 were killed on one side; making at the lowest estimate more than a thousand men killed in battle in each month of the Civil War from the beginning to the close.

Franco-German War Figures.

"Captain Otto Brendt, of the Austro-Hungarian general staff, publishes some interesting figures as to the losses of the combatants in the last great war, that between France and Germany. France, he says, lost as many as 136,000 men, of whom some 80,000 died of wounds received in battle, 36,000 by sickness, accident, suicide, etc., and 20,000 in German prisons. The statistician estimates that the French who were wounded, but survived, numbered 138,000, those injured on the march or by accident, 11,421; those who recovered from illness, 328,000, making a total of 477,421 direct sufferers. The German killed numbered 40,877; 17,255 died on the field, and 21,023 in the ambulances, making 79,155 in all. The wounded who survived numbered 18,543."

The siege of Santiago is regarded as one of the desperate struggles of the century and Captain McKee compares the losses at Santiago and those in some of the great struggles of the war. He says:

"The First Minnesota Regiment at the Battle of Gettysburg went into action with 262 officers and men, of which number 47 were killed, and 168 wounded, or a loss of 82 per cent. Of the foregoing, 17 officers were killed and wounded, including the colonel, lieutenant-colonel, major and adjutant. The 101st New York at the second Battle of Bull Run went into action with 168 men, of which number 6 were killed, 101 wounded, 17 missing, a total loss of 73 $\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. The First Maine Heavy Artillery at Petersburg went into action with 950 men, of which number 115 were killed, 489 wounded, 28 missing, a total of 66 $\frac{1}{10}$ per cent.

"The loss during the siege of Santiago in General Shafter's army was as follows: Troops engaged, 17,358 men and 852 officers; killed, 222 men and 23 officers; wounded, 1,285 men, 92 officers; less than 10 per cent.

"The victory at Santiago was one of the most brilliant in our history, but the cost in life and limb sinks into that of the most ordinary when compared to the great losses of other wars.

"The Secretary of War wanted to have an experienced officer in every company and regiment organized by detail and promotions from the regular

army, but Congress said 'No, the Governors must be permitted to appoint all volunteer officers.'

The rapid organization and equipment of the army are apparent when compared with what was done at the beginning of the war.

General George B. McClellan, after he retired from command, stated the following: "I assumed command of the army of the United States July 26, 1861; one day after the battle of Bull Run. There were about 50,000 volunteers in and about Washington. I at once commenced the organization of an army of 150,000 men, and it required until midwinter to organize and equip the infantry. The artillery was not ready for the field until spring, requiring the greater part of one year."

A Canadian's Eulogy.

A correspondent of the Toronto, Canada, *Mail and Empire*, who saw our troops returning from Cuba, wrote this glowing tribute:

"The 'boys in blue' are coming home. A couple of weeks ago I watched a splendid army embark, bands playing, colors flying, people cheering, on the mile of great ships that lay along the wharves, gangways out. Last night, by the light of a few lanterns, I watched an army of wounded men in ragged and faded uniforms, with arms, heads, feet swathed in bandages disembark and pass, limping, halt, bowed over—on litters, in ambulances, in cabs—through lines of people who stood there silent, looking at them.

"No bands, no flying colors, no cheering. Pride and grief filled every heart too full to permit the tongue to give expression. Never in the whole course of my life, never at any pageant, any procession, did I feel anything like the thrill that passed through me when the first man, with the sleeve and side of his shirt cut away and half his body wrapped about by linen cloths, moved slowly and painfully along between two stalwart marines.

"Armed with war passes, I was permitted to pass by the soldier who was guarding the long dock. At its further end lay the transport *Iroquois*, with her load of broken-down men. The hospital corps, aided by marines and volunteers, was moving hurriedly forward, carrying litters. At the foot of the wharf the Red Cross ambulances stood in a bunch, supplemented by street cars, cabs, open carriages, wagons—every vehicle that Key West could turn out. Very few of those engaged in the work of moving the wounded men were allowed at the side of the big transport. There was no bustle, no clamor, no confusion.

"Lieutenant Marix, of the marines, would call out an order, two men would mount the steps leading to a lower deck, while two more waited at the foot of the ladder. These were so placed to aid the wounded and relieve them

of their baggage and accoutrements. At a little table on the lower deck sat a couple of men taking down the names and issuing tickets. Each man got his billet to the convent hospital.

"The poor fellows could be seen descending painfully, the little ticket caught between their teeth, their arms or legs helpless, their whole bodies limp and drooping. And yet these men had, many of them, walked fifteen miles from the front to the coast, along the cruel road in Santiago, under the blistering rays of the fierce Cuban sun. And now they were done up.

Tired, Home to Rest.

"Tired, broken, weary men, coming home to rest. There was not a murmur from any of them. More than half the poor fellows were keeping up brave'y to show how little they cared about wounds. Scores of them expressed to me personally their hope that they would be made well quickly and sent down to the front again. The record they brought with them was the glorious one of splendid fighting, magnificent courage, and many, many wounds.

"Again one saw in the sporadic light of moving lanterns heaps of baggage thrown about the wharf; guns, cartridge belts, canteens, and everywhere, lying, crouching, thrown down prone, soldiers. Not now shouting 'On to Cuba!' Not singing, or laughing, or cheering as they toiled on, sweating and dusty, in the heat of a Southern midsummer day. These men, wounded, weary, sitting on their little bundles, their forms drooping, their limbs bandaged, presented a thousand times more heroic, more touching picture. They had given a cheer as the ship came in and home was sighted—just one long cheer—after that silence, and waiting with dogged patience to be told off in squads for the hospital.

"Not that they were not chatty and cheerful individually. Every man I spoke to gave me some bright story of the fighting, spoke some word of gladness at sight of home, or said cheerily how he hoped to be all right in a couple of weeks and down again at the front. No man seemed daunted; no man lacked heart and courage. Bodily pain and sickness overcame many, and the inert, listless figures on the stretchers were dreadful to see; but the fighting heart was there, and the brave spirit and the unflinching front. I take off my hat to you, soldiers of the great republic.

"Moving about among them I heard many a little story. 'Come over to the light and I'll show you the finest relic of the war,' said a soldier, half of whose body was bound up in white cloths. We stooped to the lantern. 'See this.' He took something from his pocket with his sound hand and gave it to me. It was a Mauser bullet which had struck a cartridge in his

belt, and embedded itself there, forming a perfect cross. 'That cartridge saved my life,' said the man. 'I'm pretty well chewed up, but I wouldn't be talking to you here to-night if that Mauser had got under my belt.'

"In squads those wounded who were able to stagger along somehow were marched to the waiting cars. What a march! They fell into line, indeed, and faced about at the word of command—but the step! This man hopping on one foot, holding the other bandaged one well up from the ground; that one on crutches improvised out of his Krag-Jorgensen and a small, weak stick which some one had lent him. Another stumbling forward with drooping head, between two men who supported him; another dragging a useless leg after him, and moving slowly and painfully.

"The son of a millionaire—one of the famous Rough Riders—passed with his shirt literally in rags that streamed about him, and his arm in a sling. The faces of all the men were covered with heavy growths of hair, and what you could see of these faces was pale and peaked. It seemed incredible that a few short weeks could so change men from splendid young athletes to seemingly aged and decrepit creatures. You can have no idea of the dreadfulness of war until you have seen these things.

"Three hundred and fifty maimed and wounded men were taken off the transport that night. Those who were able to hobble were taken off first. Then came the call for litters. Had you been there a shudder would have passed through you as you saw those poor helpless forms lifted to the stretchers, lowered from the deck, and laid out there, under the light of the moon, on the wharf.

Pills for all ills.

"They lay just as they had been placed—some doubled up, some stretched out straightly, with their campaign hats laid on their breasts and their tobacco pouches strung at their wrists; some with bare feet, many under the gray army blanket. A bearer stood at the head and foot of each litter, with the straps cast about his neck. The order came: 'Lift litters! Carefully now, carefully. Right foot first. March!' And the sad little regiments tramped down the wharf. Some of the poor creatures lying there seemed dead, all but the eyes, which burned with fever brightness. Those eyes turned hither and thither, as if looking for the face of a friend; eager, hungry, searching eyes. What stories they told!"

Samuel Linah, of Gettysburg, Pa., a private of Company D, Twelfth Infantry, a hero of El Caney, told a thrilling story of his experiences. His account indicated considerable neglect of the wounded and sick. He said:

"We were in the thick of the fight at El Caney block house and before

Santiago, but won't get due credit until the official history of the war is printed. A man who has gone through the suffering endured in Cuba during the three days' fight, and even after hostilities had ceased, is prepared to face any death. There was no choice of horrors, and death from a Mauser bullet was not one of the worst of them.

"I saw the slaughter of the Rough Riders, and there is no use trying to hide the facts, for we all shuddered. I did not mind viewing dead bodies as they lay unmutilated. Hamilton Fish's body was one of the first we passed, and as we went farther, we came across the men who had been caught by the brass-covered bullets of the shorter range rifles of the Spaniards. I had one of these bullets which killed a poor fellow, but when I was taken ill the Cubans rifled my knapsack, and the only curio I have left is a piece of the Spanish flag from the block house.

Rough Riders Slaughtered.

"When it became known among us that brass bullets were being used we all presented a gruesome spectacle. The wounded who lay in the path of our march presented a sickly sight. We never faltered, as the fight would indicate, but for a time our courage was of the skim-milk order. The slaughter of the Rough Riders was a sickening sight, and had it not been for the Tenth Cavalry there would not have been one of them left to-day.

"I tell you those colored cavalrymen and infantrymen are the cream of the army. It is true they are picked men, but it shows what a well-organized body of men can do. We were proud of the chance to fight side by side with them.

"After the fighting ceased and we were waiting the signing of the protocol, we began to feel the effects of the strain under which we had been laboring for so many days. I was taken ill, and there was nothing to give a sick man but quinine. The men who handed it out may have been physicians, but I doubt it. I was given thirty grains at ten o'clock at night, and next morning at eight o'clock was given another big dose. I was lying on my blanket and hay, too sick to know what I was doing, and some time in the afternoon picked up my blanket and hay and wandered off. Of course my friends thought me dead, and I don't know just how long I lay there, but presume it was about a day, when the effect of the quinine, which was a dose sufficient to kill a horse, wore off some, and I realized that I was left behind. I got back to the camp and was ill in the hospital.

"If we had dysentery, we received quinine; if we had typhoid fever, we got quinine; and the only medicine for sore throat was quinine. We all rejoiced when we were to be removed North; and after we were on the trans-

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port, en route to Montauk Point, we were all glad. I was recovering, and they placed me on an open deck, where I took more fever, and when I reached Montauk I was burning up. We got into a worse nest, for there was nothing prepared for us; and instead of the camp saving our regiment from further disease we were still exposed, and without necessary food. They are going to save the lives of the men over there, for New York people are taking charge of the camp. A man who gets into the Red Cross hospital is saved. I was a happy man when I was taken in. The surgeon said that I was not fit to travel, but if I rest here for a day I will be able to safely reach my home. My head is buzzing just as it did since the day I was loaded with those quinine pills, and I fear I will not be able to hear in my one ear for some time.

"We fought to save the lives of the Cubans and rescue the reconcentrados from starvation, while at the same time Cuban soldiers tried to starve us. If a United States soldier threw off his knapsack a Cuban soldier came up and rifled it of all he had. They were armed, and it was at first hoped that they would be able to assist us in routing the Spaniards until we became familiar with the Spanish method of fighting in ambush. I was going to say they caused us as much trouble as the Dons, and they did all but shoot us."

CHAPTER XXVII.

Story of Clara Barton and the Noble Work of the Red Cross.



HE women at home did not forget the gallant troops in the field, whether battling with foes in a tropical climate, drooping with disease in camp hospitals or suffering indescribable hardships in crowded transport ships. Numerous relief societies were organized, and everywhere the gentle touch and voice of women were there to soothe the dying and quiet the feverish.

The most prominent of these beneficent organizations was the Red Cross Society, the head and inspiring spirit of which was the gentle, heroic, famous Clara Barton, America's Florence Nightingale. She was with the blockading fleet and with the army of invasion under General Shafter. All of the Red Cross work was under her personal supervision, and the Red Cross vessel entered Santiago before the conquering American fleet, through the thoughtful courtesy of Admiral Sampson.

Miss Barton's friends claim that while she was at Santiago she did more to bring about the surrender of General Toral than any other agency. While at Siboney on the day of the first fight before Santiago, these friends assert, Miss Barton was requested to go to the front. This she did, making the long, rough journey in a six-mule team on top of an army wagon loaded with pick axes and spades. She found the American wounded lying prone on the ground, under the fierce glare of the sun, or in the narrow-chilling tropical dampness of rain, without food, water or attention.

After ministering to these as best she could, furnishing them with malted milk, cereals and other necessaries, Miss Barton turned her attention to twenty-seven wounded Spanish officers and men. She knew that in the ranks of the Spaniards the belief was general that all Spanish soldiers, well or wounded, who fell into the hands of the Americans, were massacred, and for that reason Toral's men had decided never to surrender, but to fight to the death. In order to correct that impression she called upon General Shafter, and suggested, urging her suggestion with much earnestness, that the wounds of twenty-seven Spanish soldiers be dressed, amputations made when necessary, and the wounded enemies taken carefully back into their own lines under a flag of truce.

This was done by General Shafter's direct order, and the result was magical. The wounded men told their comrades about the kind treatment

they had received at the hands of the Americans, and the news spread through the army like wild-fire. Instead of being massacred, as they expected, the wounded Spaniards had been treated most humanely, fed, and their wounds dressed before they were returned to their friends.

Conditions Changed.

Conditions were changed from that time, and Spanish prisoners stated that the men of Toral's army were ready and willing to surrender at any moment, as they no longer feared captivity in the camp of the Americans.

Her method of work and the dangers encountered are suggested by the following telegram which she sent to the New York headquarters, on July 6th, after the American troops had begun to storm Santiago:

"Came from Shafter's front in the night for food and clothing for refugees, who are leaving Santiago by the thousands, starving and naked.

"The State of Texas has gone to Port Antonio for ice to save her meat. Will return to-morrow.

"Are sending supplies to refugees—all we can from both camps—by army wagons and pack mules. It is nearly impossible to land supplies; high tides, no docks, surf terrific. Our ship yawls cannot stand in the surf. Have mended one old broken flat boat, which our men dragged ashore in the surf waist deep.

"No transportation. Horse and packers' tents would be helpful.

"Wounded men taken from our operating tables are laid on the ground, often without blankets or shelter from the rain or sun. As others die their clothing is taken to put on the naked to get them down to Siboney, ten miles over roads that upset army wagons.

"Mrs. Gardiner, myself and whole working force of the Red Cross at the front are in direct range of the sharpshooters. Lesser and the nurses are doing splendid work at Siboney. The men are brave as lions.

"Shafter is acting wisely and humanely, doing all he can. We return to the front at once."

Of the hardships the Red Cross workers encountered, Miss Barton has not yet spoken, with a view to fixing blame. However, the following letter from C. H. H. Cottrell, who was with her, gives some of her experiences:

"All the army officers received our advances politely, but rather stiffly, at first declining any aid, but eventually confessing that they had nothing but army rations of hog meat, hard tack and coffee with which to feed their sick, and that they would accept 'a few things to help them out' until their own supplies arrived. But they declined all offers of nurses and doctors.

"Refused by our own people, we next called on General Garcia, of the

Cuban army, and were most cordially received, his medical men being only too glad to accept all we had to offer. So the next morning our four Red Cross nurses and Sister Bettina went over to the Cuban hospital, which was as repulsive and forbidding a place as can be imagined, and began to work. The patients were astounded and transformed with such a baptism of soap and water as never was heard of before in this benighted region, and by afternoon that little hospital was one clean spot in town. Scoffers became believers and army officers became gentlemen who doffed their hats to our demure drab little women, who believe that cleanliness is the first essential in healthfulness.

"That little bit of practical work spread through rank and file like wild-fire, and before nightfall our poor boys in blue who had been lying on the floors, many of them without even a blanket, were asking each other and their slovenly male nurses how it was that the Red Cross came down here and gave them the go-by and put the Cubans on beds with soft pillows and blankets and clean sheets. Of course, such vigorous kicking and the terrible contrast between the Cuban and our army hospitals could have but one result, and the army surgeons are now willing and eager to have us on any terms we may suggest, and are constantly asking for more than we are prepared to give. We have opened a Red Cross hospital here and have twenty-four beds, which is the capacity of the hospital.

Efforts to Relieve Suffering.

"The United States authorities were entirely unprepared in medicines, food or services to handle wounded men, and the Red Cross has proved a perfect godsend. We are not in full accord with the military surgeons—at this end.

"Kennan and Egan went to the front last Saturday and found a deplorable condition of suffering there. The next day Miss Barton, Dr. Hubbell, Dr. and Mrs. Gardiner and McDowell joined them. Our people began work the moment they arrived on the field, and they will remain there as long as there is need for them. Lesser and the nurses have been doing fine work here in the army hospitals, though they have had to work day and night under most adverse conditions. On Sunday night, when they were coming to the ship for rest, they were asked to board the Harvard and attend a lot of Spaniards who were on the fleet when it was annihilated, and they spent the entire night there, returning to the ship in an exhausted condition. After four hours' rest they returned to the shore again.

"We have to run over to Port Antonio, Jamaica, for ice. Everything down here has come our way, and the only regret we have is that our force

is not larger, and that we have not certain things in our cargo that would be useful just now. All our potatoes have rotted, and we may lose some meal and codfish, but the remainder of the cargo is all right, so far as we know."

Miss Janet Jennings, one of the nurses with Miss Barton, came home on the transport Seneca. In speaking of her experiences, she said:

"It must be understood now that members of the Red Cross are not permitted to criticise either our army or navy departments. What I shall tell you is simply a plain narrative of the condition of things we found at Siboney when we reached there. If any blame attaches to any department it is to the Surgeon General's. Nothing but praise can be said of the Navy Department and its officers.

"The State of Texas, with Miss Barton and our party on board, left Key West. The vessel was under naval authority, and when we reached Santiago Admiral Sampson's fleet was there, and we reported to him. Admiral Sampson told Miss Barton it would be impossible to land our 1,400 tons of supplies in that neighborhood at that time, and told us to go to Guantanamo Bay, forty miles east of Santiago. The Admiral believed we could communicate there with the insurgents. Our supplies were intended for the refugees, and, strange as it may appear, the supplies really went to the assistance of our own men—that is, the hospital supplies.

"While we were lying in the bay a newspaper correspondent came on board the State of Texas and told Miss Barton that the hospital at Siboney was in great need of assistance, that men were sick and needed attendance. Miss Barton at once ordered the State of Texas back to Siboney. When we arrived there on Sunday evening Miss Barton sent members of her staff to the Siboney hospital to see what was needed. When Miss Barton's representatives returned they reported that everything necessary for a well-equipped hospital was needed. There was nothing there for men suffering with fever, dysentery and other complaints. Miss Barton ordered supplies to be unloaded, bedding, clothing and food.

Men Lying on the Floors.

"The next morning (Monday) the supplies were sent ashore. Cots were left where they could be taken ashore at a moment's notice. Two of the Red Cross surgeons, with five nurses, or, as we call them, Sisters, went to the hospital building. It was a small affair. When they entered they found that the four or five rooms it contained were in the filthiest condition imaginable. Seventy of our soldiers were lying on the dirty floors. The men had on their uniforms. There wasn't a bed or cot in the place. Some of the men had been lying there four days. Some of the men had fevers and others dysen-

tery or measles. Two men had been wounded on the day the Rough Riders had their fight.

"The Red Cross representatives at once offered the society's services, but the assistant surgeon in charge, Dr. Winters, declined the offer. He told our people that he did not need their services, but perhaps he should in a few days. He would let them know. Seventy men were lying there sick with only army rations for food. The Red Cross surgeons and nurses urged Dr. Winters to accept them, but to no purpose. They wanted to stay and make the place comfortable. Dr. Winters would not yield.

"Our party then went over to the Cuban soldiers' hospital. Here they found some patients in bed. The Cubans accepted the offer of assistance at once and very willingly. There were six rooms in this hospital, and these the Sisters at once cleaned. They did the work of servants as well as nurses. With pails of water and cloths they got down on their knees and washed the floors. The place was fixed up and proper food was prepared. That afternoon I went ashore and went to the Cuban hospital. I saw what the Sisters had done.

"I went to the American Hospital and saw the four or five filthy rooms. I found a hospital steward there. He told me he had two men to assist him, but nothing with which to make the patients comfortable. Then I saw Dr. Harvard, who is the surgeon there.

Misunderstanding Cleared Up.

"Addressing him, I said: 'You declined the service of the Red Cross to-day. Can you afford to let this story go back to the United States, that you have nothing here in the way of supplies or nurses, and still refuse the help at hand?' He replied that he had not declined our services, as he needed help very much. Then I said there must have been some misunderstanding, and I asked him if the Red Cross could come in the Hospital and do what it had been doing for the Cubans. He replied, 'Yes.'

"With that I rushed down to see Inspector General Breckenridge in his tent, near the shore, and told him the story. He was very nice to me, and I asked him if there was any hospital supplies on the ships. He did not know. He introduced me to a colonel on General Shafter's staff. He could not answer my question, either. Then I reported to Miss Barton, on the State of Texas, and the next day about one hundred cots were carried ashore in small boats. The Red Cross nurses had been in the Cuban hospital two days when Dr. Lagarde, the surgeon in charge, came back from the front. He saw the awful situation at once and sent a formal letter to Miss Barton asking for the services of the Red Cross. The order came for the troops to move on San-

tiago, and Dr. Lagarde turned over the hospital to the society. We got a better building, and the Sisters, after cleaning it thoroughly, put the patients there, and the Red Cross flag went up.

"You remember the attack was made on July 1st. In the afternoon of that day the wounded began to 'come down,' as we call it, or back from the front, a distance of eight or ten miles. Some were in wagons, others were on foot. The only accommodation the army had in the field was straw, thrown on the ground with blankets thrown over it. Dr. Lagarde asked Dr. Lesser, of the Red Cross, to come in and take the place of an army surgeon. Mrs. Lesser, with three Sisters, went in and assisted the surgeons. In twenty-four hours they operated on and dressed the wounds of 475 men. The nurses worked without stopping for meals. Coffee was carried to them.

"Dr. Lagarde came to me on Saturday, the day after the attack, and had an order from General Shafter authorizing Miss Barton to seize any army wagons for the purpose of sending supplies from the State of Texas to the front. He said he had no food for his troops and very few bandages. I asked Dr. Lagarde: 'Where are the hospital supplies for the army? Where is your service? Have you brought twenty thousand men to Cuba and hurried them to the front to fight without any preparation for the wounded?'

Could Only Say, "I Don't Know."

"Dr. Lagarde was distressed. He was desperate because the situation was so terrible. He had very little to say, but he did reply, 'I don't know; I don't know.' The tears rose to his eyes as he said, 'God knows what we could have done down here without the help of the Red Cross, and our only hope is in you and the help you can give us, and if you can get supplies and send them to the front you can do more good than I can tell.'

"Dr. Hubbell, of the Red Cross, came in, and he reported the situation to Miss Barton on the State of Texas. We got the supplies out of the ship's hold that night, and at daylight landed them. We seized two army wagons, and with another, the third load, Miss Barton rode to the front. We sent another load on Monday, July 4th. All the time I was there—and I left Cuba on July 14th—the Red Cross never heard of hospital supplies being on any of the thirty odd transports.

"There was no ice. It was much needed. I went on the State of Texas to Jamaica for it. At Port Antonio we got two tons, and fifteen tons at Kingston. That was the ice the hospitals were using when I left Cuba. There should have been four division hospitals at the front. There was only one, and that made it necessary to carry the wounded soldiers a greater distance than some of them should have been carried. The Red Cross people lived on

the State of Texas, as they could not get the proper accommodations in Siboney.

"I said the Red Cross never criticises. What I have said is not in criticism, but simply a story of our experiences. Of the navy too much cannot be said, and whatever fault is to be found with the army regulations so far as the hospital arrangements are concerned is due perhaps to the Surgeon General's department."

Condition of the Seneca.

When asked the condition of the transport Seneca, on which she came from Cuba, Miss Jennings manifested some reticence.

"The vessel was never intended for the use of sick and wounded," Miss Jennings said: "You remember how they built up cots or bunks for the men to sleep in the hold when the troops were transported? Well, the stench there was frightful.

"We had no bandages on the Seneca and no surgical instruments. Some of the physicians came to me and told me that they knew some of the men needed surgical treatment, but they were powerless to do anything because of the absence of instruments. It's a miracle that there were no deaths on board the vessel on our trip up.

"Captain Decker did everything in his power to give me assistance and make the wounded men comfortable. There was not enough water; there was no ice on the transport, and no medicine except quinine. We came away in a great hurry, and I only had time to rush to the State of Texas and gather up a few bandages and medicines that I knew would be needed.

"In addition to the foulness of the air, the decks were in a dirty, filthy state. It was not a proper transport for sick or wounded men by any means. It does not seem to me that there has been any exaggeration in the reports about the Seneca's condition.

"The Surgeon General of the Army does not approve of women nurses in the field," some one said, suggestively.

Miss Jennings' reply was a quiet smile, but in a moment she said: "The army in Cuba, both men and officers, differ with the Surgeon General. All the officers who came up on the Seneca are strong in their opinion that women are needed in the field, and that that is the place for them, as well as at the rear and in the home hospitals. They saw the devoted work done by Mrs. Lesser and those four trained nurses who were there, and they are convinced. After the first day's fighting, July 1st, at Santiago, when the wounded came down in hundreds, Mrs. Lesser and three of the nurses went right into the operating tent in Siboney and worked with the surgeons there for forty-eight hours with hardly any rest.

"After the fighting at Santiago some of the 'Rough Riders' came over to take luncheon with us on the State of Texas. There were two Yale graduates among them, plucky young men, who made light of all their hardships, but they casually remarked that they didn't know when they had had a handkerchief. They thought the possession of a blue cotton handkerchief would make them very comfortable. You notice, they did not want red; it must be blue. I told them if I ever got back to God's country I'd try to send them a big box of handkerchiefs."

Toward the close of August, just before her return to the United States, even Miss Barton became discouraged, as was indicated by the following letter which she sent to the New York headquarters:

Ice Gratefully Received.

"The Morse arrived with her cargo nearly intact. The cargo was offered to General Shafter for distribution if he desired it. There was not an icehouse in Santiago; he had nowhere to put it, and he said he could do nothing with it. The transports were just coming in for the conveyance North of the sick and wounded. The captains, learning that there was ice, immediately called for it on behalf of their soldiers. Both General Shafter and myself have made every effort to properly dispose of it, and perhaps nothing that has ever been sent here has been productive of so much good, so much comfort, so many thanks and so many blessings.

"Our goods sent by the Port Victor are still on board, there having been no means of discharging them. They are with other government supplies, and if the vessel should be ordered back on the discharge of the meat, the supplies, both the government's and ours, will probably go back to New York. The ambulances are in the bottom and cannot be reached.

"Learning yesterday that the San Juan would leave with the first troops for Baracoa, I secured the opportunity for our supplies to go with it, and fifty to a hundred tons are loaded to-day, and sail to-morrow. This is the first time that anything has yet gone to Baracoa—either troops, rations or supplies. Dr. Hubbell will go with them.

"I can get a hundred tons of supplies to Baracoa, with an agent to look to them, with no cost to any one for transportation. I can get all the Morse can carry to Gibara as soon as she can sail there. I have to-day taken out a load of thirty tons of supplies for Formosa. Within two or three days shall commence to ship up the railroad for San Luis supplies for ten thousand people in the northern part of the province. We arranged for and supply a clinic under Dr. Soloso, which treats and feeds and clothes three thousand patients a day.

"Mrs. Louise Morgan has sent me \$500, which being unable to use for the nurses, I asked Mr. Cottrell to return to her, with a letter, as kindly written as I was able to write, explaining to her that I did not return it as between herself and me, but to avoid complications with other committees. I trust that she will not take the act in a spirit other than that in which it was made. I cannot accept complications with other committees. I have no need of moneys beyond those you have already sent me. If I had, the generosity and thoughtfulness of other nations have supplied me, and they have appeared to have done it with no distrust of my management or integrity.

"I shall do faithfully all that comes to me until I can be properly released from these duties, and I will work, as I always have done, for the credit of my country, its history, its people, its government; but, so far as any personal interest is concerned in any of it, there is nothing left."

Red Cross Work for Cubans.

Toward the close of August, G. W. Hyatt, the Red Cross agent at Key West, who was a prominent Havana merchant, wrote to Stephen E. Barton, in charge of the Red Cross headquarters in New York, in reference to the work of sending small relief expeditions to the Cuban coast as follows:

"I am happy to inform you that the last two expeditions of food I sent to Cuba, one to Cardenas and one to the coast above Sagua la Grande, arrived safely, and were delivered to the hungry women and children, to their great delight. A part of that sent to the shores near Cardenas was carried on men's backs nearly to Matanzas and distributed to the hungry. My men doing this work have returned here, and are begging for more food. Matanzas, Havana, and Pinar del Rio provinces are suffering horribly. Notwithstanding you have so much work to do in the different volunteer camps in the United States, I most sincerely hope that the Cuban Relief Committee will not forget that there are many thousands in Cuba who are starving. If it meets your approval, I propose to send a small amount of provisions (say two or three tons) to Havana by the Mascotte, or other way of conveyance, to be immediately distributed.

"Work in Cuba can be carried on with perfect safety. I am only too anxious to try it, and with the least possible delay. I am surrounded constantly by persons begging for relief for their families in Cuba. Communication is now an every-day occurrence. Can anything be done to aid some of the most worthy Cuban families to return to Havana? Some have property there, and can go and live in their own houses; others have friends and relatives, but none has a cent with which to get to Havana, and they are now living on the charity distributed by the Red Cross."

The efficiency of the Red Cross nurses in the brief Porto Rican campaign was recognized in this letter to Miss Isabella E. Ratty, in charge of the nurses who were there :

" Headquarters of the Army, Office of the Chief Surgeon, Ponce, Porto Rico, July 31, 1898.—Dear Miss Ratty: I desire to express, on behalf of the Medical Department in the field, my thanks to you, and through you to the ladies under your charge, for the services you have rendered, and are still rendering, to the sick soldiers on board the Lampasas. No words of mine can express my appreciation of the sacrificing efforts you have each and all made, and your unflinching devotion. It is a source of deep regret to me that you should have been surrounded by so many discomforts and have so little material to work with, but you are all fully cognizant of the circumstances under which we have been placed since our sick were put on board the Lampasas, and it is unnecessary for me to say more regarding it.

" Wishing you and the noble association of women you represent every success, and hoping, if my duties are continued, that I may see you again at this post of duty, very respectfully, your obedient servant,

" CHARLES R. GREENLEAF,

" Colonel, Chief Surgeon of the Army."

Statement of Surgeon General Sternberg.

Surgeon General Sternberg, on August 29th, gave out a statement denying that he had been hostile to the work of the Red Cross Society. The statement, in part, was as follows :

" Owing to the pressure of my official duties I have not heretofore felt justified in taking the time to make an explanation with reference to my attitude towards the American National Red Cross. It has been repeatedly charged in the newspapers that I am hostile to this organization, and have refused to accept its assistance in the care of our sick and wounded soldiers; and that, as a result of this refusal, there has been unnecessary suffering.

" These charges are without foundation, except in so far as I have objected to the sending of female nurses with troops in the field engaged in active operations. We have a Red Cross hospital corps in the army of enlisted men, whose duty it is to render first aid to the wounded upon the field of battle, and to care for the sick in our division field hospitals; and I have been of the opinion that female nurses would be an incumbrance to troops during active operations; but as soon as serious sickness developed in our camps, and it became necessary to treat typhoid fever cases in our field hospitals, I gladly accepted the services of trained female nurses for the division field hospitals, and in our general hospitals we employed them from the first,

"The general testimony from the surgeons in charge of these hospitals has been that their services have been of great value. Very many of these trained nurses have been obtained through the kind assistance of the Red Cross Society for maintenance of trained nurses, Auxiliary No. 3, and I desire to express my high appreciation of the valuable services rendered to the medical department of the army by this organization.

Relief Organizations.

"My attitude towards relief organizations is shown by an endorsement dated May 5th, upon a letter addressed by Rev. Henry C. McCook, of Philadelphia, to the President, and referred to me for remark:

"May 5, 1898.—Respectfully returned to the Adjutant General of the army. The plan proposed for the reorganization of a relief association appears to have been well considered, and the object in view will commend itself to every patriotic citizen. But it is a question whether the President should give special privileges to any particular organization.

"Other prominent individuals in different parts of the country may be organizing for the same purpose. One such proposition has come to me from Chicago. While I approve in a general way of organization for the relief work proposed, it appears to me that it will be best not to give, in advance, exclusive privileges to any one particular organization. In case of need assistance should be accepted from any organization prepared to give it."

"This has been my guiding principle throughout,—that relief, when needed, should be promptly accepted, without reference to the source from which it comes. The relief afforded by the National Red Cross at Siboney was promptly accepted by the surgeons on the spot, but it is evident that it was entirely inadequate to meet the emergency.

"A committee of the American National Red Cross Association called upon me in my office in Washington some time in advance of the landing of our troops in Santiago, making an offer of assistance. I received them most courteously, and advised them to use their resources in fitting up a hospital ship, telling them that a hospital ship was now being fitted up for the use of the medical department, but that it was not at all improbable that an emergency would arise which would overtax our resources, and that in such an event a hospital ship, properly equipped, having on board a corps of doctors and nurses, would be a most valuable auxiliary.

"Furthermore, the American National Red Cross Association has had full authority to send agents and supplies to all our camps since June 9, 1898, and if there has been suffering for want of needed supplies, they must share the responsibility with the medical department of the army for such suffering.

"The following letter was sent by me to every Chief Surgeon of a department or independent army in the field on June 9th, 1898:

"The Secretary of War has approved of the following proposition made by the American National Red Cross Association, and the Chief Surgeons of army corps and divisions will co-operate with the authorized agents of this association for the purposes indicated:

"We can put any desired amount of hospital supplies—ice malted milk, condensed milk, etc.—into any of the volunteer camps in a few hours. Will you be kind enough to bring this letter to the attention of Secretaries of War, Alger, and ask him if there is any objection to our appointing a Red Cross representative to report to the commanding officer and Chief Surgeons of every camp, confer with them as to their immediate needs, and, if anything of any kind is wanting, open there a Red Cross station and send in the supplies? We can do this, not in a few weeks, or a few days, but in a few hours, and can furnish any quantity of any desired luxury or delicacy for hospital use. We hereby tender our aid and put our organization at the War Department's service for co-operation in the field."

Cordial Relations with the Red Cross.

"To show my cordial relations with the National Red Cross Relief Committee I venture to quote from a letter of August 11th, received by me from Mr. Cleveland H. Dodge, Chairman of the Supply Committee. Mr. Dodge says:

"I want again to assure you personally and on behalf of our committee, of our earnest desire to assist you in every possible way and to thank you for calling upon us so frankly."

"In a recent letter from Mrs. Winthrop Cowdin, Vice President of the Red Cross Society for the Maintenance of Trained Nurses, she says:

"We greatly appreciate your courtesy to us and feel most grateful to have been permitted to serve you in any way."

"GEORGE M. STERNBERG, *Surgeon General U. S. Army.*"

In addition to the foregoing, General Sternberg wrote a letter testifying to the efficiency of the Red Cross Society, and eulogizing highly the work of its nurses.

Mrs. Katherine A. Tingley, president of the International Brotherhood League, sent to President McKinley the following report on the League's hospital work at Camp Wikoff:

"To William McKinley, President and Commander-in-Chief of the Army and Navy of the United States:

"DEAR SIR:—I herewith submit the report of relief afforded at the In-

national Brotherhood League Hospital, Camp Wikoff, Montauk, Long Island, to the soldiers of the various regiments there encamped.

"This hospital, consisting of seven tents, was erected on August 23d, and removed to its new location in New York on September 13th, having thus been in operation for three weeks. The whole work of erection and removal, the whole nursing, cooking and medical work, were done entirely gratuitously by members of the League, some of whom volunteered their services as physicians, others as nurses (some lay, some professional), and others as workers in various other departments of activity.

"We acknowledge with pleasure the almost uniform courtesy and aid extended us by the officials of the army. In particular our most grateful thanks are due to General Wheeler and his staff, whose kindness was untiring and without whose aid we could with the greatest difficulty have surmounted the many obstacles that were in part incidental to the situation and in part placed in our way. We have further to extend our special thanks to Adjutant-General McClelland, Major Duval and to Quartermaster-Major Knight, and the officers of the Commissary Department. But on almost all hands our work was recognized as of great value to the welfare of the army, and as filling a gap which would otherwise have been painfully unoccupied.

Aided Exhausted Soldiers.

"This work consisted of several important branches of activity.

"1. The giving of temporary rest and nourishing food to exhausted soldiers. Many, just convalescent, or thought to be so, leaving camp on furloughs and making for the depot (in some cases a walk of two and a half miles) were, by the time they had reached our hospital, utterly exhausted under the hot sun over the hard, sandy roads, and, but for the rest and help which we were able to give them, would certainly have either collapsed by the time they reached the depot, or would have become too ill by the time they reached New York to proceed to their home destination.

"Our workers were sent on occasions to the depot at midnight, provided with food and restoratives for the succor of soldiers arriving by late trains and left behind, and required to remain all night at the depot. Many of these were brought back and sheltered.

"Others again, landing from Cuba at the wharf opposite the depot, exhausted by the grave privations and hardships and the ten days' sea journey following upon the arduous and deadly stay in the Cuban climate, and the labors incident to the management of the war, were required to march from the landing place up the hills to the camp. Many of these dropped from exhaustion near our hospital, and to these we extended the same aid and shelter

as in the former case. For all such needs, wine, milk, fluid meats, etc., were invariably kept ready for instant use.

"2. The second division of our work lay in giving outdoor medical assistance to all needing it, combined or not, as necessary, with rest and food.

"Thousands of the soldiers here encamped, tainted with the malarial and other fevers incidental to the climate they had left, and to the privations of their stay there and the journey home, though ill enough to enter the already overcrowded general hospital, yet dreading to go there, came to our camp for medical advice and treatment.

"3. We soon found that many of those who were taken in were very ill and in a few hours manifested definite disease, dysentery, some form of fever, etc. These, of course, we retained as indoor patients. They received the most careful feeding, nursing and medical assistance; they were kept cheerful, prevented as far as was possible from dwelling upon their memories of the horrors and privations from which they had suffered, and finally, save in one case (the solitary death that occurred in our hospital), brought through to such health and strength as might enable them to go on to their homes, to return to their regiments (their eagerness to do this in the face of real illness was often magnificent), or to be shipped to other hospitals of the International Brotherhood League that their places might be filled by more urgent cases.

It was a curious coincidence that of these indoor patients a considerable number belonged to the Eighth Ohio, the regiment known as 'McKinley's Own.' "4. A certain number of surgical cases were also attended to. These comprised injuries casually received on the road; some due to wagon collisions, ivy poisoning in Cuba, and other injuries to the feet.

Helped Nine Thousand Soldiers.

"As to numbers: We had from first to last sixty very serious cases in our hospital beds. From these and from the general hospital we sent about seventy-five to two other hospitals of the International Brotherhood League. We extended out-door relief, help, food, rest and medicines to about 9,000 soldiers.

"In transporting soldiers, not only from our own tents, but from the general hospital to other of the League hospitals, and in particular to that at Bridgeport, we endeavored to relieve the congestion at the general hospital.

"It should be added that for soldiers too weak to walk we maintained a carriage constantly in operation. This was kept at work partly in transporting sick and exhausted soldiers from the depot to the camp and vice versa, also picking up those found exhausted on the road and partly in carrying the medicines, restoratives, etc., which we needed in our work."

CHAPTER XXVIII.

Trophies and Mementoes of the War.



THE National Museum at Washington sent a number of special agents to Porto Rico, Cuba and the Philippines for the purpose of making collections illustrative of the war, and of the present phase of American history. It is a lamentable fact that the Government possesses scarcely any memorials of its past military struggles, and, save for the Grant relics, contributed by W. H. Vanderbilt, the rebellion is practically unrepresented in the great national repository of curiosities. Such souvenirs are too apt to find their way into the hands of private persons, just as the bell of the battleship Maine is said to have passed into the possession of a foreign consul at Havana.

Uncle Sam is very desirous of securing before it is too late a collection of memorials of the Hispano-American conflict that will possess great historical interest in days to come. It is realized that just at present this country is passing through an epoch of its development which will be regarded hereafter as most notable, and the period ought to be illustrated as completely as possible by a permanent exhibit in the National Museum.

This exhibit will be ethnologic to some extent, representing the native peoples of the Philippines, Cuba, and Porto Rico. The Philippines, of course, are specially rich in such material, being one of the least known regions in the world. Many of the tribes in the archipelago have never seen a white man, and are ignorant of the rest of the world.

In Porto Rico, objects will be gathered such as will most suitably present the picture of the primitive arts of the people. The disturbance of war has set afloat great numbers of heirlooms which have been handed down in families for hundreds of years, and these things are often of high value as curiosities. Shut off on an island as they have always been, the Porto Ricans are exceedingly primitive in some ways, and have advanced along lines peculiar to themselves. They have made their own machinery, their own arms, and their own household utensils. Examples of these objects must be obtained before they disappear with the coming influx of American civilization and Yankee improvements.

The same remarks may be made with regard to Cuba. As for the Philippines, one thing that will be done is to get to work with divers in Manila Bay. In this way, a thousand and one things of future historical interest will

be recovered from the Spanish wrecks, which lie in shallow water, where it is easy enough to get at their contents. The Navy Department would have the first right in these premises, but it will certainly do what it can to assist the purpose of the National Museum. Special requests will be addressed to Dewey, Schley, and Sampson for personal souvenirs of themselves; likewise to Hobson. Things are wanted that will illustrate victories of the "Yankospanko" war and the men who won them. Objects of this kind will possess an increasing interest as time goes on.

The various appliances used by the Signal Service of the army will be included in this exhibit; also an effort will be made to secure some of the apparatus used by Hobson in his attempt to cork the Santiago bottle. There will be objects of interest from Cervera's fleet, and the ill-fated Maine will not be forgotten—everything that will be specially prized, as, for example, swords, pistols, machine-guns, munitions of all sorts, shells, and cannon, injured or burst.

The typical weapons of the present date will be shown. Then, in the ethnologic display, there will be included the primitive arms and equipments of Filipinos and Cubans. There will be a model of the harbor of Santiago, with Sampson's fleet lying in wait outside and the doomed ships of the Spanish squadron hiding inside of formidable batteries.

Types of War Ships.

It is earnestly desired to obtain for this exhibit models accurately representing the principal types of war ships employed by the United States during the war—say a battle ship, a cruiser and a torpedo boat. Such models are built by the Construction Bureau of the navy at the shiphouse in the Washington Navy Yard from the original plans of the vessels, costing from \$2,000 to \$8,000 apiece. They are on a scale of one-fourth of an inch to the foot, so that the model of the Columbia is exactly five feet long.

The Navy Department builds such a model to represent each class of its war ships. For example, there will be one for the three battle-ships just ordered. Every detail of the great ships is reproduced in the miniature, down to the smallest parts of the guns. An 8-inch gun on this scale is just four inches long. The little boats and steam launches carried on the decks are as carefully made as their originals. Even the battle hatches—gratings of heavy steel bars—are reproduced.

The exhibit will embrace models of a war transport and a hospital ship. There will be samples of the various kinds of gunpowders used in the war—especially the smokeless powders, which are made in a variety of curious shapes. Some smokeless powders look like sheets of brown paper, others

like strings of India rubber, and so on. Half a pound of each sort of powder will be shown, and the most interesting of the samples will be a charge for a 1-pounder gun recovered from the Maine. Submarine mines raked up in Guantanamo Bay in a barnacle-covered condition will be of interest; likewise a Spanish rapid-fire projectile captured at Cavite. A few relics have been forwarded to the museum by Rounsville Wildman, our Consul at Hong Kong, one of them being a piece of a 6-inch shell that smashed the Spanish commandant's house at Cavite on May 1 and destroyed over \$100,000 worth of property, killing five men.

Hall of American History.

The Spanish-American collection is to be only a part of a great permanent historical exhibit that is being prepared by the National Museum. It is intended to establish a Hall of American History, which will illustrate the story of the development of this country from the earliest times. The display will have a sort of synoptic form, so that the visitor will be able to follow it as a series of chapters is read. Upon the left, on entering will be a statue of Lief Ericsson, the hardy Norseman, who is believed to have landed on the shores of America before the time of Columbus. Next will come a model of one of the caravels of Columbus. This part of the exhibit, illustrating the period of discovery, will appropriately contain a fac simile of the famous geographical globe made by Martin Behalm, at Nuremberg, in 1487.

The date, be it observed, was five years earlier than the discovery by Columbus, and so there is no America at all on the globe. This seems very curious, indeed, inasmuch as Europe, Asia and Africa are delineated with nearly as much exactness as on a modern map of the world. There are all the familiar names of cities, such as Cadiz and London, and even Spain is marked off into provinces as to-day, but there is no America. All that stands for it is a big island, and in the midst of the wide ocean occupying the Western hemisphere.

Edgar A. Tabbert, artificer of Company E, Seventy-first Regiment, New York, is the proud possessor of some unique Spanish relics—souvenirs of the gallant charge up San Juan hill, on July 1st, that made the fall of Santiago certain.

Relics from the Cuban campaign are plentiful, but they are usually in the line of arms, munitions or clothing, while some of those possessed by Mr. Tabbert are unique, as they are the keys to the block-house which was the immediate objective point of the Seventy-first Regiment as it hurried up the San Juan hill at the opening of the Santiago fight.

After the Spanish soldiers had fallen back and taken shelter in the first

line of trenches in the direction of Santiago, Mr. Tabbert entered the block-house, and finding the key to the huge front door in its place appropriated it as a relic of the fight. He then went to the rear door, and there found a key in a partly demolished lock the corner of which had been blown off by the explosion of a shell that struck near it. A piece of the shell had struck the key, bending it and making it all the more interesting as a memorial.

"I think more of these keys than anything else I brought from Cuba," said Mr. Tabbert, "for they are out of the usual line of relics. Lots of the boys tried to beg and buy them from me, but I wouldn't part with them. Even the officers were after them, and some regular army officers wanted me to put a price on them, but I wouldn't.

"Here is a watch that I got. It is a cheap open-faced silver one, with a fob chain and small steel horseshoe attached. The dead Spanish soldier in whose hand I found it held it with his death grip, and with it had a handkerchief in which were wrapped a few Spanish silver coins. We had to bury the body, and I took the handkerchief, coins and watch from his clenched fingers, and will give them to whoever is entitled to them, if they are claimed.

"I also have an iron stirrup that I took from a saddle found in the block-house, and a money-belt that was shot from a Spanish soldier. The shot that cut the belt killed him. I also have two machetes—a small one taken from a private and a large one that belonged to an officer—but I think most of the keys."

Our First War Trophy.

Of the first war trophy captured from the enemy the Hon. William E. Mason, United States Senator from Illinois, is the proud and fortunate possessor. It is the Castilian flag which floated defiantly from the heights of the Cavite forts and arsenal at Manila on May 1st, in the face of Admiral Dewey's squadron.

After the bombardment and surrender the flag was taken by a body of marines from the Olympia, and shortly thereafter the crew in a body sent the flag to Senator Mason in recognition of his manly and patriotic denunciation of Spanish intrigue and treachery in the destruction of the battle-ship Maine. The flag, accompanied by the following letter from the Olympia's crew, reached Senator Mason in Chicago :

"UNITED STATES FLAGSHIP OLYMPIA,
"CAVITE, PHILIPPINE ISLANDS, May 12, 1898. }

To the Honorable W. E. Mason, Senator, Illinois, United States of America.

"SIR:—Please accept the accompanying Spanish flag in the name of the ship's company of the United States flagship Olympia.

"This flag was taken (after the destruction of the Spanish fleet) from the

forts and arsenal at Cavite after the bombardment and surrender, Manila Bay, May 1, 1898.

"This is sent as a token of our esteem for your patriotic utterances in Congress with regard to the Maine disaster, which sentiments had a ready echo in the heart of every bluejacket serving under the Star Spangled Banner.

"Very respectfully, your obedient servants,

(Signed for the ship's company.)

"J. S. ECKSTROM, *Chief Master-at-Arms.*

"W. W. CREAGH, *Chief Yeoman.*"

The flag is ten by fourteen feet in length, having in the center the coat of arms of Castile, with the lion rampant and the castle tower. The bars are three feet wide, two red, the centre being of a faded yellow. The flag is rent in numerous places from pieces of bursting shells and rifle bullets, while the bunting is dimmed here and there by blotches of Spanish blood.

Senator Mason enthusiastically declares that he prizes this victorious trophy more than his seat in the United States Senate. To have so moved the hearts of an alien crew—none being from Illinois—in the far off Philippines! Surely, he says,

"One touch of nature makes the whole world kin."

A Porto Rico Boy for a Mascot.

Nearly every company that saw service abroad and was ordered home brought back with it a mascot. In some cases, it was a monkey; in other cases, a pig, more often it was a dog. A Pennsylvania company, however, imported a Porto Rico boy much against his will.

Alcádeo Debedu, fourteen years old, a native of Ponce, was induced by some of the Pennsylvania troops to go on board the transport Mississippi with them when she was about to leave Ponce. The boy was brought to New York on the steamship. When the soldiers disembarked at the Pennsylvania Railroad pier the boy, who was much frightened and very homesick, refused to go on the train. He cried bitterly and after a while became hysterical. Some of the railroad men sent word to Police Captain Cox of the Gregory street station. The captain had the boy brought to the station. The boy said, through an interpreter, that the soldiers told him that the ship was only going for a short trip and that he would be taken back home in a few hours. When the transport got out to sea and the boy learned that he had been deceived he became frantic and cried continually. Captain Cox communicated with Captain Goudie of the Mississippi, and was informed by the latter that he would take the boy on the ship on the chance that she might be sent back to Porto Rico, and that if she was not sent back he would endeavor to

have him sent home on some other steamship. The boy, accompanied by the interpreter, was sent down to the Mississippi, but Captain Goudie was not on board and the officer in charge refused to receive him. The boy was then taken to the Oakland avenue police station and placed in charge of Matron Wyatt. He was a bright, intelligent little fellow, and was able to leave for his home a few days later. His homesickness was lightened by abundant gifts of money and other things, which strike a boy's fancy, by the Pennsylvanians, who were anxious to make amends.

Quizzing Relic Hunters.

Among the volunteers and regulars, as well, existed a keen desire for souvenirs. Upon the return of the troops, they were beset on all sides for some of these historic mementos. When Sampson's squadron returned to New York harbor, in some way the women had heard that the jack tars on board Commodore Philip's fighting ship were making rings out of silver coins they had found on board the wrecked Spanish warships. Two or three girls had got some of the rings the day before and had shown their prizes around when they reached shore. Then there was a run on the ring makers. Most of the silver was blackened and twisted by fire, but this only made it doubly dear as souvenirs.

One of the most expert ring makers was Bill Davis, whose facility with his fingers was only equaled by the glibness of his tongue. When he would pound out the silver he would regale his big-eyed visitors with ghastly tales of the fight with Cevera.

"This here coin," he said, holding up a piece of metal so black it looked like iron, "is five pesetas. Look at it hard enough and you'll see the Boy King's face under the black. I was one of the first men on board the Maria Teresa. There was a man standing at a gun with the firing lanyard in his hand. He was burned to a crisp. I gave him a push and over he went on the burned deck. I heard some coins rattle and picked up these pieces.

"How much money did you find on board?" asked a pretty blonde, when she had got over shivering at the narration.

"That's giving away on myself, miss, but there's a chap not far from you that found \$600 on board the Infanta."

"And, I suppose, he turned it all over to Admiral Sampson, didn't he?" said the girl, pleased to think she could anticipate the answer.

"If the Admiral don't eat, miss, till he pays for his rations with what he got out of that \$600, he'll lose more than the thirty pounds he lost on the blockade."

"Oh! that was stealing!"

"Maybe it was, miss, but you're one of the thieves then."

"How dare you?"

"No offense, young lady, but that \$600 has gone the way of that ring you've just put in your purse. Yes'm, that's what we've been a doing with it—giving it away to visitors. I wouldn't a missed it, either, if the captain had let me have my way. I found a skeleton on the beach that had been picked so clean by the vultures that you would have thought it had been sandpapered. I wanted to bring the skeleton home. Wouldn't that a-been a dime museum curiosity? The captain wouldn't let me do it, though."

The Indiana's Punch Bowl.

A punch bowl belonging to the battleship Indiana has a dent in it which its possessors would not have removed for any consideration. It is an honorable scar, received in the war with Spain. The bowl forms part of a dinner service presented to the battleship about two years ago by the people of Indiana. It is a massive piece of silver eleven inches high and nineteen inches across the top at the widest part. It weighs twenty pounds, and has a capacity of four gallons.

The whole service of twenty pieces is valued at \$8,000, and contains no less than two hundred pounds sterling silver. Its presentation was made an important occasion by the number of distinguished guests present. The party, including Claude Matthews, then Governor of Indiana, and ex-President Harrison, were received on board the Indiana by Captain Robley D. Evans, at that time the ship's commander, and speeches were made by Governor Matthews, ex-President Harrison, and Charles R. Williams, of Indianapolis, the latter being largely instrumental in promoting the project.

During the Cuban campaign the punch bowl, together with the other pieces of the set, was stowed away in the wardroom of the ship. At midnight on July 3rd, while the Indiana was cruising near the entrance of Santiago Harbor, a shell from the Zocapa mortar battery struck near the quarter deck, pierced the armor, and burst in the wardroom. A fragment five inches long and varying from two to four inches in width hit the bowl on the engraved side, but, fortunately, not until its speed was well spent. The dent, however, covering a space of four inches in diameter, is at once noticeable, and is regarded with the greatest pride by the officers and crew. It extends over the portion of the bowl on which the State seal is engraved and a part of the inscription underneath, which reads:

"Presented to the Battleship Indiana by the Citizens of Indiana, 1896."

On the inside of the bowl, which is lined with gilt, and directly across the damaged portion, an account of how the bowl received its injury is to be

engraved. The fragment of the shell has been preserved, and will be mounted on ornamental open work of silver, which will be used as a covering for the bowl. Said a correspondent at the Capital:

"The latest invasion of Washington is by the relic hunters. From all portions of the Union inquiries are pouring in, some of them by word of mouth and some by letter, for particulars as to the disposal of materials of war captured by our army from the Spaniards. Most of the relic hunters are unwilling to trust to the honesty of the regular curio dealers, who profess to sell souvenirs of Santiago and the like; but there seems to be a general feeling that if the Government would set apart such weapons and accoutrements as it may not need for its own use, and sell them, with a certificate of their authenticity, they would command a good market. It has even been estimated that a Spanish rifle, which has been used in defending the enemy's works against the assaults of our troops, would bring a good enough price to purchase a new rifle of the best make for some American soldier.

Condemned Arms and Ammunition.

"In other words, it is believed that the Government could take the entire stock of captured arms, obsolete ammunition and equipments, and, with a little advertising, dispose of them for enough to purchase an equivalent stock of new and modern material which could be put to immediate practical use in our own army. There would be a precedent for this in the periodical advertisement and sale by the Government of quantities of condemned weapons and ammunition.

"Most of this material is new, and has never been brought into use, but has been superseded by some more satisfactory device. In this way it is often possible to pick up an excellent rifle, in as good condition as when it left the factory, for two or three dollars, which it would be impossible to purchase at first hand for less than ten times as much. Cutlasses, sabres, horse-pistols, cavalry trappings, etc., are often sold thus for a mere song, and are bought by ready-made clothing dealers and other retail merchants, who present them to their customers as souvenirs of, or premiums on, large purchases.

"Other lots are bought by collectors who make a specialty of furnishing museums, and also by junk and curio dealers, in whose hands they are smeared and battered enough to lend a color of truth to the labels pasted on them purporting to give a truthful account of the bloody engagements in which they have figured. Another trade which was pretty lively at one time, about the period when more effective projectiles were superseding the old iron balls for cannon and mortars in fortifications, was in such spheres for use on top of gate posts. It would have paid the Government at one time, looked at merely

from the pecuniary point of view, to have gone into the business of buying big mortar-balls at wholesale and selling them at retail for the ornamentation of entrances to gentlemen's country seats.

"General Flagler, chief of ordnance of the army, was advised by the ordnance officer at Santiago that our Government will come into possession of about 20,000 small arms of all kinds as the result of the Spanish surrender. Orders were issued that these weapons be placed at once on shipboard without the delay of packing them in cases. This was done so that the men who had to do the work would not be detained needlessly in the fever-infected district. The arms were brought to New York and placed in cars for shipment to the National Armory at Springfield, Mass. The ordnance officers put them on board the cars without packing them in cases, merely taking care that no gun should interfere with another. The reports from Santiago showed that there were but 8,000 Mausers in the stock of rifles surrendered by the Spanish. These were cleaned at the Springfield Armory and stored there, at least such of them as could be fitted for further use. The other guns may be sold, but the War Department officials profess to be not particularly anxious to advertise that fact, as they say they have had some unpleasant experiences with relic hunters already, though they do not specify wherein the unpleasantness consisted.

Government Gets Small Arms.

"The property turned over to the United States at Santiago included, besides the Mausers, almost every other existing type of rifle. The latter the Government will in all probability make no effort to use again. The cartridge-belts, also, which became the property of the United States, will be of little service. They are arranged to carry the cartridges in "clips" of five, and are not serviceable with our guns. In the Krag-Jorgensen rifle the cartridges are placed in the gun one by one, and the gun is so designed that it may be used as a single loader, the magazine being detached or "cut off" for that purpose. Our cartridge belts are deemed superior in style; and even in the event of our adopting the Spanish type of belt for uniform purposes, there are American designs which in construction surpass it in all the qualities desired in such an accoutrement.

"The Bureau of Military Information has prepared some interesting comparisons of the weapons used by the United States and Spanish infantry respectively. The Krag-Jorgensen rifle has a calibre of .3 inches, while the Mauser has a calibre of .276 inches. The barrel of each gun is in one piece, with wooden handguard. The weight of the Krag-Jorgensen, empty, with bayonet, is 10.324 pounds, and that of the Mauser 9.687 pounds. Both have the knife bayonet, the Mausers being an ounce lighter in weight than ours.

The shell of the Krag-Jorgensen is a flanged affair, weighing 150 grains; that of the Mauser is brass, bottle-necked, and grooved, and 157.93 grains in weight. The bullet of the Krag-Jorgensen has a jacket of cupro-nickeled steel 1.265 inches in length, cylindro-conical in shape, with ogival head, weight 220 grains, with a sectional density of 2,954 grains per square inch.

"The Mauser bullet has a jacket of steel-plated cupro-nickel 1.2136 inches in length, cylindro-ogival in shape, weighing about 178 grains, and with a density of 2,896 grains. The initial velocity of the Krag-Jorgensen is 2,000 foot-seconds, and that of the Mauser 2,338.5 at the muzzle. The range of the Krag-Jorgensen for maximum ordinate firing, lying down, is 565 yards, and that of the Mauser about 680 yards.

Storing Up Small Arms.

"It will be seen from this comparison that it will not be practicable to use the same weapons in our army except under unusual conditions. It is proposed to store the serviceable Mausers at Springfield, keeping them in order for use with the powder and bullets which must be employed with that type of guns. General Flagler believes that they may prove of service in time of emergencies, when they could be issued to special troops; these would then have a small-arm equipment unlike that of the rest of our military force; but this condition was one which confronted our army in the war with Spain, the regulars being equipped with the Krag-Jorgensens, while most of the volunteer regiments carried Springfield rifles. With the development of the army incidental to the garrisoning of our newly-acquired colonies, it may be necessary to maintain a large force at a distance from the main body of troops, just as England does; and in this event the 8,000 Mausers captured at Santiago and stored away at Springfield may come to be of real value."

Sergeant John Warner, of Philadelphia's crack City Troop, which was at Porto Rico, said of souvenirs:

"The First Kentucky had the pick, and left us very little. That lucky regiment, you know, 'went through' everything the soldiers had left behind, and they had taken very little with them; even the coffee was untouched on the tables. Chests were opened and Spanish wardrobes rifled for anything that had value from association and could easily be carried away. The officers forbade plundering, but then the officers could not be everywhere at one and the same time. It was from the First Kentucky, which we met at Ponce, that a great many of the curios brought back by the boys were obtained. Among these were the flags carried by each man of the Alfonso XIII. Regiment. Sam Goodman has one—it is two and a half feet square—made of bunting, with three stripes, a red one top and bottom and a yellow one between,

upon which is the coat of arms of the regiment. The Spaniards bundled up their clothes in them.

"They also had handkerchiefs of a unique pattern. In the centre was an outline drawing of a Mauser rifle, and around it were drawings of soldiers using it in different positions. On the border were printed full directions as to the way the arm should be handled and used. Unfortunately these were all burnt—by order. I brought home this Mauser, which, as can be seen, resembles very closely the Krag-Jorgensen. I also have these gourds, that sword-belt, and, of course, several buttons—most of which I have already given away."

Mr. Francis A. Janney has a very highly prized medal—the Isabella Cross. It is given—like the Victoria Cross in England—for bravery. As an additional inducement to "be good" it has added to the ribbon on a silver strip every year the owner has maintained his record. The medal owned by Mr. Janney has five "strips" and the years 1894, 1895, 1896, 1897, 1898, are engraved upon them, one upon each. The cross and the "strips" are hanging ribbons of red and yellow silk.

Curious Mementos.

Mr. Woodman possessed himself of the mackintosh of a garde de civile officer. It is of brown waterproof with a high standing collar of bright red with cross-lacing of narrow gold braid. Mr. Woodman declares it is his intention to use it himself upon rainy days. He also brought back, as did several others, an ox goad. They are used by the natives who drive them into the unfortunate animals for more than an inch, that is, as far as the iron point will go. The oxen carry the yoke, which is enormously heavy, on their horns, and it is a wonder their necks are not broken as well as their poor noses continually rubbed in the dust of the road. It is cruel, and a stop is going to be put to it by the American authorities. The yoke will be shifted to where it belongs. The drivers walk in front, and when the spirit moves them, turn round, and, reaching over the yoke, prod their beasts of burden in the back of the neck. They wear straw hats with "turn-up-or-down-able" brims at one end and a little bunch of plaited straws at the other.

An officer of the Texas secured some trophies from the Maria Teresa. There were the clothes-hook and speaking-tube of Admiral Cervera, a Spanish naval button, some five-peseta pieces, a "clip" of Mauser cartridges and a pair of cuff-links made of Mauser bullets. The men of the Texas were so anxious to obtain relics that they poked about with sticks among the ashes, here and there discovering a dead body.

"A sailor from the St. Paul boarded the Maria Teresa and found a pair

of shoes he thought he would keep in remembrance, but when he found that they still contained their owner's feet he changed his mind somewhat hurriedly. Later on an officer picked them up, but decided that it would not be very pleasant to step into a dead man's shoes until that gentleman's feet had evacuated the premises. The officer from the Texas also said that as he went past one of the turrets he was surprised to find Spanish soldiers standing around the guns as if about to fire them. His surprise was changed to horror when he discovered they were all headless.

"After the unpleasant experience with the shoes this certainly was going from one extremity to the other, and he desisted in his pursuit of trophies for the time being. He could a tale unfold, but the revolting and nerve-trying scenes he went through are such that he wishes to forget them as quickly as possible and objects to talking about them even to his most intimate friends.

A Handsome Ornament.

"H. G. Kimball, of Battery A, Philadelphia, may also be cited as a 'fortunate.' Among other things in his collection is a Spanish badge worn in front of the helmet. It is in two pieces, the top one representing a crown with a fan-like backing, and the lower a smaller crown above a shield surrounded by a wreath interlaced with a scroll, upon which are the words 'Plus Ultra.' These pieces fit together and slip into a groove in the helmet. It makes an exceedingly handsome ornament. He also has a button with the shield cut out, a couple of sword belt bridles, one belonging to the Royal Crown Artillery and the other to the Twenty-ninth Infantry; some Mauser, Krag-Jorgensen, Springfield and Remington cartridges, the last being the so-called 'poison bullets,' so internationally objected to. They do not contain poison, as some suppose, but, being made of brass, they corrode and superinduce blood-poisoning. One of the Mauser cartridges is a 'dummy.' That is, the powder is taken out of it. These dummies are given to the recruits to practice with when learning how to handle and load the rifle. Mr. Kimball is also well supplied with Porto Rican cigarettes. They cost 2½ cents a package, and each package contains ten 'cigarillos.' They are 'all tobacco,' being wrapped in a tobacco leaf instead of paper. They are also a very good 'smoke.' Some Spanish coins in his possession would be of great interest to an amateur of numismatics and would amply repay the trouble of deciphering the engravings upon the silver, which have been obscured by wear and time.

A less intrinsically valuable but equally interesting article is one of the needle-cases carried by all Spanish soldiers. A tailor's thimble slips part way down the lower half of the wooden tube, and is kept in place by the screwing on of the top of the case. The hat-decorating habit did not number

Mr. Kimball among its victims, but, on the other hand he became a member of the Society for the Illustration of Pipes. He has many and various illustrated pipes—one of which is sketched from two points of view. Some shells he picked up at Ponce are beautiful in their delicate coloring, while others have a bright red spot in the centre."

A Story of General Miles.

In the place of honor in the studio stands a handsome photograph of General Miles. "That," observed Mr. Kimball, quietly, but enthusiasm lighting up his face—"that is my ideal of a soldier. They say he is pompous, self-indulgent, a carpet warrior; but I know better. I saw him at Ponce, and I know he is not so." Then, after much coaxing, he continued, "Oh, it happened like this, you know. The horses were still on the transport, which was aground outside the harbor, and we had to go in details to look after them. The one I was assigned to was waiting on the pier for a lighter to take it to the transport and relieve the one on duty there already. Suddenly we heard piercing shrieks, mingled with Porto Rican oaths, and there appeared a boy of about ten or eleven years old, who was chased by a couple of men, one of whom kept up a fusillade of stones and execrations as he ran. The boy, who wore only a shirt and pants, fled screaming up the quay, and unhesitatingly plunged head-first off the pier and into the water. The men followed, and the same one coolly continued heaving rocks at the child in the water, and, had he been a good shot, would undoubtedly have killed him.

"The boy was an expert swimmer, however, and, diving, came up again under the pier, where he clung to the piles in fear and trembling. Meanwhile the sentry had arrested the man, who still held a huge stone in his hand. All this had happened very quickly, but not quickly enough to escape the eye of the commander-in-chief of the American army, whose headquarters were near the scene of action, and he now sent word to bring up all parties concerned.

"Before the messenger arrived, however, I had scrambled down to help the boy, who was being buffeted by the waves and banged up against the very shelter he had sought. He had pulled off his little shirt, in case he had to swim for his life. The tears were streaming down his cheeks and his teeth were chattering with fear. He was the most miserable-looking little object I ever saw. He tried to get further away from me at first, but by dint of repeating 'Americano' and 'not hurto you,' which was the nearest to Spanish I could get, I managed to get him to understand that I was a friend. Still he hesitated.

"Then I became inspired with a happy thought; I offered him three

cents, all I had, and eventually he accepted the princely gift and my aid, and I got him up on deck again, just as the orderly from General Miles reached the pier. I had to go too as one of the parties 'concerned.' From what I had been led to infer, I expected I should find the general luxuriously and well housed, but what I found was a small square room containing a small desk and two wooden chairs. The commander-in-chief of the United States army sat in one chair and the interpreter leaned gracefully on the back of another. The General chewed tobacco, and occasionally expectorated out of the window behind which he was sitting. He wore a blue-silk negligee shirt, open at the throat, a leathern-belted pair of blue army trousers and a pair of boots. Hardly a 'dude,' eh?

One of the Army of Children.

"The interpreter interrupted, and it seems that the poor little cuss who had been nearly stoned to death was one of the large army of children who are not wise. They do not know their own fathers. The place is full of them. The man had made him work for nothing and stoned him besides. The boy had been sick and could not work, and the man had beaten him until he ran away, upon which he had followed him and thrown a 'few pebbles' at him. The man admitted he was notoriously bad-tempered, and said he had been a little hasty, perhaps. General Miles then gave him 'Hail Columbia,' and promised that he should have the opportunity of becoming more leisurely in future in a military prison if he ever again molested the boy. Then he inquired what regiment I belonged to and told me to take the little fellow along and keep him at the Battery A quarters until we left.

"This I did, the kid helping the cook and doing odd jobs, for which he received a few pennies, and apparently getting along happily. He disappeared shortly before we left, and I don't know what became of him. But the take-pot-luck manner in which General Miles was quartered, and the way he went about, and his lack of pomposity when addressing me—a private—made an impression no amount of adverse criticism can ever efface. No, that was about the only impression of a personal nature that I carried away with me, unless, perhaps, it is one shared by Battery A in toto. We were passing a house on the road from Ponce to Port au Ponce, to which we were going at a sharp trot.

"On the piazza stood one of the prettiest girls I ever saw. Dark, of course, a pure Castilian type, and on her head she wore a large black hat with black ostrich feathers in it. Her dress was white, but at her neck and waist were touches of blue. A red rose was thrust through her sash, and red roses covered the porch beneath which she stood. She looked mournfully at us as a body, but individually she would not even notice us. The boys waved their

hats and tried to make her smile, but she probably misunderstood their motives, and returned the attention with a haughty curl of the lips and a scornful flash of the eye. We all looked back at the bend in the road, and the last I saw of her was as she dropped her head upon her hands and leaned heavily against the railing. I felt sorry for her—and—and—well, here's a little pencil sketch I made afterwards."

Richard Bagley, one of the colored cooks, who accompanied Battery A, of Philadelphia, during its Porto Rican campaign, brought back with him a bright little Cuban boy—Francisco Gonzalez—who was with the Battery during its stay in Porto Rico, and who accompanied the organization on its return to this country. Gonzalez is twelve years old, and he is a great favorite with all the members. He cannot speak a word of English, but he has an intelligent face, and is pleased to breathe the free air of America. His parents died just before the war for independence was begun by the Cuban insurgents. He was cared for by an old Cuban woman, who took him with her to Porto Rico when this country declared hostilities against Spain.

Boy's Good Fortune.

The old woman, who had been a veritable mother to the boy, only consented to part with him when assured by officers of Battery A that he should have the best of treatment, and be given an education. The lad is not the least bit homesick, and is pleased with his new surroundings. Bagley will take him to Newport News, where he will enter the family of Bagley's sister.

Among the many pets of military camp life which the boys brought home from the war, perhaps the most curious is the baby 'possum of the First Pennsylvania Regiment, which belongs to Private Al David Estoclet, a member of Company F. Private Estoclet has named her Miss Chickamauga, but the boys call her "The Daughter of the Regiment." She attended every drill, guard mount, or dress parade that her owner participated in during her sojourn with the soldiers, safely stowed away in the breast pocket of his blue flannel shirt. What she doesn't know about soldierly bearing and correct discipline it is said is not worth knowing.

One of the soldiers brought here on the Relief, and sent to his home in the West a day or two ago, had with him a long pasteboard box which he had carried all the way from Cuba. He had been in the battle of El Caney, and was shot in the knee and one arm, but he managed to hang onto the box, although he had little of his kit left. To the patrol sergeant and driver he showed what he had found, and within the box was about sixty Mauser bullets, a number of fired shells, a part of an officer's sword-hilt, an infantryman's hat, and a handful of buttons, given him by Spaniards.

CHAPTER XXIX.

Sketches of Famous Nurses on the Battlefield and in Camp.



A DISTINGUISHED soldier in the Civil War, retiring from Congress to again assume a military command, General Joseph Wheeler, gained new laurels in the war with Spain. But his name will not live because of his own achievements alone, but for the devotion, sacrifices and hardships of his daughters, who were ministering angels among our soldiers from Santiago to Montauk. It was blind destiny and incomprehensible tragedy that after the brave deeds of the father and loving deeds of the daughters, young Lieutenant Wheeler, after returning unharmed from Santiago, should be drowned at Montauk Point in a gallant struggle to save the life of a comrade who was overcome while bathing.

Here is what a correspondent wrote about Miss Wheeler, whom he met in Cuba:

"American women proved themselves grandly in the trying work of the campaign in Cuba, and at Siboney; in the division hospitals, in the tents where yellow fever cases were numbered by scores, the Red Cross nurses toiled, saving the lives of others, caring not for their own until exhaustion and loss of sleep would conquer will-power. Every one of these heroines deserves a story all her own. I tell only of what I saw of one, Miss Wheeler, after the surrender of Santiago, and when the fighting was over.

"She had come from the States to do what she could for the soldiers, and had already been of invaluable service in the first terrible and bloody days when the medical staff and hospital equipment of the army had proved totally inadequate to the needs of the sick and wounded. Then, as soon as it was possible, she joined her father, General Wheeler, and her brother, Lieutenant, in the field, at the cavalry headquarters near El Caney, and cared for them both in illness.

"Two days after the American troops had entered Santiago, I rode out the El Caney road to the Rough Riders' camp, which had been moved from the trenches to the beautiful valley along which were scattered the different regiments of the cavalry division which General Wheeler commanded. The four miles of road were in a horrible condition.

"Frequently the mud was so soft and churned up that a horse plunged in up to his knees, while at almost every hill was a six-mule army wagon mired to the hubs, and a red-faced sweating teamster cursing with the finish

and abandon of a past master. A horse must flounder, stumble, and pick his way along at a walk, and steer between bottomless mud holes and tangles of barbed wire, which has been torn out from the lines of obstructions staked out by the Spaniards.

"The streams to be forded were not deep, but the steep banks had been cut up by travel until it was even betting whether one's horse would bog his forelegs and fall or not. It was bad and dangerous riding nearly all the way.

"But a couple of hours later there came riding through the Rough Riders' camp a fresh and dainty-looking American girl, who had braved this road from Santiago, escorted by only two bronzed regular troopers, who rode behind her. But this pair of blue-shirted, sinewy troopers, sabres and carbines at side, revolvers in belt, would have cheerfully died before allowing any harm to come to Miss Wheeler, the daughter of their commander.

An American Girl.

"An American girl out in this valley, filled with thousands of rough, ragged, fighting men, within sight of blockhouses and trenches, where they had seen their comrades die; a mile or so away a captured Spanish army huddled in camp along the San Juan valley by the graves of friend and foe—well, just to look at an American girl, as trim and attractive in shirt-waist and straw hat as if she were out for a morning gallop in the park, was to doubt one's eyesight.

"If she had explained that she had just dropped from the clouds, the statement would not have been doubted in the least. The sight did the troopers good until they fell pensively to thinking of other sweet and dainty girls in shirt-waists and straw hats, who were far from the road to El Caney, and who would never come riding through camp of a morning with a guard of cavalrymen.

"The work of nursing had only begun with the caring for those wounded in battle. They were shipped North on transports as expeditiously as possible. But sickness began to surge through the camps in great black waves. Those days and nights in the trenches exacted their penalty.

"In the division hospitals at the front it was impossible to furnish the comforts which the sick require, more and more so when the sick rolls swelled to more than 4000 cases per month, the great majority of them the 'Calentura,' or malarial fever, which makes of a strong man a limp, wasted, yellow spectre in a couple of weeks. No hospitals had been established in Santiago, where public buildings could have been used for the purpose, because of the fearful sanitary condition of the city, and the great amount of sickness among the inhabitants.

"There was one suitable location, however, and here there was established the coolest, cleanest, most comfortable hospital in all the island of Cuba, and Miss Wheeler was placed in charge of the nursing. The building was owned by the Santiago Yacht Club, a large, attractive club-house perched far out over the water, always breeze-swept and cool. The winds came through the spacious dancing hall pungent with the brine of the sea.

"The little waves lapped the piles beneath and murmured a lullaby to the sick soldier, and out in the harbor the mighty fleet of transports was always coming and going. White sheets on the comfortable iron cots, American women nurses in fresh blue gowns, snowy caps and aprons, ice for the asking, food delicacies daintily prepared and served—it was like a bit of Paradise to the sick soldier brought in from the field, where there had been none of those things, and he had been burning and freezing in his illness, with only a blanket between him and the water-soaked earth.

Well Equipped Hospital.

"This was a hospital worthy the name, and was the only army hospital under a roof in the Santiago field. There were more than a hundred beds always occupied, and the work was tremendously wearing on the brave women who did the nursing. Many a life was saved in the dancing hall of the yacht club, and on its wide and shaded porches. The soldiers on duty in the city were falling victims to the fever in such numbers that this hospital was unable to furnish cots enough, and all around the porches were sick men stretched out on blankets on the floor, perhaps dozens of them; from 5 in the morning until 10 at night, Miss Wheeler worked among her patients, and bore the responsibilities of authority and oversight. The climate sapped her store of energy, and the work was infinitely exhausting to mind and body.

"Miss Wheeler took the sorrows and troubles of her 'boys' personally to her heart, and more than once her eyes filled and there was a sob in her voice as she told me of some brave young fellow who was gasping his life away, and who would not live out the day. It was very pitiful to see the victims carried in where the best of care awaited them, only to find that it was too late, and no earthly help could stay the ebbing of the tide. But there were few deaths in 'Miss Wheeler's Hospital,' as the soldiers called it. Good care and proper food pulled nearly all of the patients together, and these things were better for them than medicine.

"Miss Wheeler was a ray of sunshine in these sad and gloomy scenes, and it may be said of her as of Florence Nightingale, the soldiers kissed her shadow as it fell across their pillows. Her strength held out providentially until the stress of the work was over, and the troops were being shipped

North, when she accompanied General Wheeler to Montauk Point, where she continued her mission of mercy.

"In the midst of all the heart-rending stories of suffering and neglect among the sick soldiers, it is pleasant to make this mention of one army hospital, concerning which only praise can be said: an oasis in the Santiago desert.

"Certainly Miss Wheeler and 'her' hospital will live always in the memory of many an American soldier and correspondent, who was cared for at Santiago in the Yacht Club over the water of the blue harbor."

Miss Helen Gould.

No one woman, perhaps, accomplished so much for the comfort of the soldiers, without accompanying them to the battlefield, as Miss Helen M. Gould, of New York. Daughter of the late railroad magnate, Jay Gould, she is many times a millionaire. She started by giving the government outright \$100,000 to be applied to the expenses of the war.

She then turned her attention to sending comforts to camp and in equipping relief expeditions for the army in Cuba. She was a large contributor to all the relief organizations, including the Red Cross, and personally employed for several months a large number of women at her place at Irvington-on-the-Hudson in making bandages and hospital clothing for the sick and wounded.

When the camp was established at Montauk Point, she was its ministering angel and personally became responsible for thousands of dollars' worth of comforts for the sick in the hospital. She visited the camp daily while it was in existence.

Two young women of wealthy parentage who went out as Red Cross nurses were the Misses A. and E. Caroline Kopper, daughters of Colonel Frederick Kopper, a well-known New Yorker, whose son served with the Seventy-first Volunteers.

For generations the Kopper family has been named among the wealthy ones of New York. Both of the young women are independent in their individual real estate holdings. Their personal interest in the lives of the soldiers is probably derived from their father, who entered the militia in 1861 and continued in service until a few years ago, when he retired from the National guard.

Instructions in the duties of Red Cross assistants were received daily by the Misses Kopper and they passed a rigid examination before they provided themselves with the regulation Red Cross uniform and announced themselves ready for duty at the front either in Cuba or the Philippines. That they

might the better be prepared for this service they took up the study of the Spanish language under a competent teacher.

Secretary Long's Daughter.

In four charming volunteers at the Naval Hospital in the New York Navy Yard, the American girl born to wealth and social position had a shining example. For one was no less a personage than Miss Helen Long, daughter of the Secretary of the Navy. The other three were Miss Long's classmates at Johns Hopkins University, where they are taking a course in medicine. They were all of good family, and all left homes of ease and luxury to assume their duties as nurses.

Miss Long's companions were Miss Mabel Reid, Miss Mabel Austen and Miss Dorothy Simis. They were very much in earnest, all of them. They realized that the course they had mapped out for themselves was no child's play, but at the same time, while they had the satisfaction of knowing that they were doing a good work in the cause of humanity, they would modestly tell you, should you be so fortunate as to meet them, that they were gaining a valuable experience in the line of their chosen profession. For all four expect to become physicians.

They would tell you that they were not nurses in reality; that they didn't know enough about it to assume the dignity of the title. They would tell you that they were merely spending their summer vacations where the experience would be beneficial to them when they returned to their studies in the fall. They would admit that they "helped around," and, if you pressed the point, they would not deny assisting at operations involving the amputation of a limb. But they were not trained nurses—oh, no; they didn't claim to be that.

But there was quite another side to the story. Should you have stopped to talk with any of the battered Jackies tossing on the white cots or hobbling about the shady hospital grounds you would have heard a different tale. The hospital ship Solace had brought a lot of them from the South a short time before, and some of the survivors of the Maine were still there. Some were minus legs, some sans arms, and still others suffering from the Southern climate, quite as deadly as the enemy's shot and shell.

Ask any of those battered hulks what they think of the services of Miss Long and her companions. The modesty of the fair volunteers and their tendency to under-estimate their services, may possibly have led one to believe that, after all, their services were not a matter of much importance to anybody. But ask any of the patients, and hear what they have to say.

Every one of them, to a man, swore by the fair young nurses. One

bronzed young fellow, with his shattered arm in a sling, drew from his bosom with his remaining good hand a withered rose. He tenderly held it up for inspection. "Miss Long gave me that," he said simply, "and I intend to keep it as long as I live."

It was his first day out in the grounds. One morning, while lying on his cot, Miss Long entered the ward with the rose at her bosom. She stopped and spoke a few words of cheer to the wounded sailorman, smoothed his pillow for him, and as she moved away dropped the rose into a glass of water standing on the little table at his bedside. Do you think that chap would ever part with the rose, the gift of the daughter of the Secretary of the Navy? Not for its weight in gold.

The four girls offered their services in many little ways that endeared them to the sick and wounded jackies. One of the men told how Miss Long had written a letter home to his mother. Another told of how the young ladies would sit and read to him. And still another told of how nicely they had packed the trunk of a comrade who had been discharged a few days before. It is in these little attentions that they won the hearts of the sick and wounded.

All four of the young women wore the regulation nurses' costume. They were on duty from 8 o'clock in the morning until 6 in the evening, and had night duties to perform. Two of them were assigned to the tubercular wards.

A Regular Army Nurse.

Miss Mary A. Koeller was a regular army nurse on duty in Porto Rico. "I have been a regular army nurse ten years," Miss Koeller says, and one looks at her in sheer wonder, for her face is that of a woman of twenty-five. Her eyes are large, and there is a tinge of sadness in their expression. That Miss Koeller looks upon duty as if it were to be always spelled in capitals, is evident from her part in the recent war. Through it all she nursed the wounded and ill at Fortress Monroe, and when the war was over her ceaseless efforts had left her ill in turn, worn out, and in urgent need of a rest.

Mrs. Miles obtained a furlough for Miss Koeller, and she went with Mrs. Miles and her family to join the Commanding General in Porto Rico. As soon as she arrived, however, the army nurse took her place among the sick. She labored in the hospital day and night, almost without rest, and then came the long trip home. An extended furlough awaited her there, but Miss Koeller went to Fortress Monroe again, there to take up her labor of love.

When she tells one these things she smiles a protest.

"There will be time for rest by and by," she says, "but now all are needed. The business of war is terribly interesting; so absorbing that one

forgets all else," and the large, dark eyes of the army nurse looked just a trifle sadder than before.

"There are so many cases that are interesting from a medical standpoint," she explained. "Personalities are lost sight of. The war has brought us much that we knew nothing of before. It is fascinating to study each case, to notice the small differences, to watch the effect of medicine."

Yet Miss Koeller does not look like one who could analyze the fluctuations of a dying man's pulse. One thinks of her rather as in a white cap finding flowers to make a sick room pleasant. Miss Koeller graduated from a training school in Philadelphia. She traveled around the world, and, returning, entered the regular army.

"I am a regular," she says, "a trained army nurse," and she says it proudly. She has words of praise for the volunteers of the Red Cross, but she says she is glad that she is a regular.

"I have watched the work of the nurses during the war, and I saw it at close range in Porto Rico. They have done their duty—that is, they have done all they could do."

Such is Miss Koeller's testimony, and all one can do from her standpoint is to entirely sacrifice self.

The Nurse at Fort Myer.

Miss Elizabeth R. Kratz, daughter of Dr. Harvey Kratz, who was a former student at the West Chester (Pennsylvania) Normal School, was a nurse in the hospital at Fort Myer. In writing about her duties she said: "We are very busy just at present, with the two hundred patients from Montauk, but expect to be through with the work here in a few weeks, unless we get patients from somewhere else, which isn't likely to happen. I have enjoyed my war experience very much. It is almost as good as being a real soldier. The men are very grateful and appreciative; my section contains the regulars. My Santiago heroes I call them.

"It is a treat to hear them describe the country, the trip, and the battles. The one man I am particularly proud of was among the selected men to help raise the Stars and Stripes above the town of Santiago. In most cases the men are genuine soldiers, battling through long sieges of sickness, which requires more courage and patience than storming a town. President McKinley paid us a visit several days ago, talking pleasantly to the patients and nurses."

Dr. Anita Newcomb McGee was the first woman to receive a military commission from Uncle Sam. She was commissioned as Acting Assistant Surgeon in the United States Army, and began her official duties in New

York early in August. Her first duty was to select thirty women nurses for the army in Porto Rico.

In speaking about her commission, Dr. McGee said: "It carries the rank, pay and quarters of a second lieutenant, but I must wear a second lieutenant's uniform, which I am now having made. It will be the same as a regular officer's uniform, except that I shall wear a skirt instead of trousers. The skirt will be of army cloth, and the jacket like a man's, shoulder straps and all. My commission is for a limited period, to be renewed as my services are required. It will not alter the work I have been doing as a member of the Red Cross since the war began."

The Endless Chain.

Early in the war, Miss Natalie Schenck, of Babylon, L. I., became the heroine of the largest endless letter-chain scheme known in the world. To raise funds for relief work, it occurred to her to forward letters to her friends asking them to send her a dime and to request a half dozen of their friends to do the same in their turn.

The return was astonishing. A paid corps of assistants could not attend to the work and she was compelled to give notice through the press to send her no more money. More than \$10,000 was raised in this way.

Miss Martha L. Draper, daughter of Dr. Wm. Draper, and prominent in New York society, was matron of the Red Cross Hospital in Charleston, S. C.

Mrs. U. S. Grant was president of the Women's National War Relief Association, which sent nurses and supplies to all the field hospitals. These nurses were nearly all immunes, and being trained nurses, the Association paid them the regular trained nurse salary.

Among the contributions received were suits of pajamas, bandages, night shirts and immense quantities of other goods from Miss Helen Gould. The articles which were sent to various hospitals, were made by needy women in Irvington-on-the-Hudson, to whom Miss Gould paid liberal wages.

In a letter to the association, Mrs. Ellen Hardin Walworth made a report of her work in Fortress Monroe. She said she arrived there when the first of the wounded soldiers were received. In addition to the regular hospital, a brick building, Mrs. Walworth said there were twenty-four separate tents, each containing twenty cots. She said that the rations supplied were good, but unsuitable for invalids, on account of the cooking. The services of the French chef sent by the association were, therefore, gratefully received by the government.

Mrs. Walworth's letter continued: "This morning I was talking with a surgeon, who said an officer was unable to start home, because he could

not go away without crutches. The government does not allow them to take crutches away, nor are they allowed to buy any. Luckily, just as I was having this conversation, an expressman came up with an extra pair of crutches you had sent. I turned them over to the officer, and he was able to leave for home to-day."

Fifty pairs of crutches were sent to the hospital at once.

Another woman warrior was Josephine Rizal, one of the leaders of the rebellion against Spain in the Philippines. She was married at 20, and when she had been a bride for only one hour her husband was executed before her eyes by the Spanish. The deed aroused widespread excitement, and was one of the causes that led to the assassination of Canovas, the Spanish Prime Minister. The freizied young widow swore that she would avenge her husband's murder, and that Spanish lives by the score should pay for his life. She went to Aguinaldo at rebel headquarters and requested permission to enter the ranks, which was granted, and from the first she fought with a reckless dash and courage that made her conspicuous in every engagement. At last she fell into the hands of General Primo de Rivera, who in recognition of her bravery, released her. Later he repented his chivalrous generosity, and Spanish soldiers were sent to follow and capture her, but through the warning and assistance of friends she escaped to Hong Kong.

Clara Barton's Love Story.

Mrs. A. B. Fox, formerly a Washington woman, now living in Illinois, in a recent letter to a granddaughter living in Washington, became reminiscent about Clara Barton. Mrs. Fox knew Clara years ago, when she was a clerk in Washington. She says :

"The pleasantest part of a Washington winter centred around a young girl named Barton. She was of medium height, slender, and had a figure that indicated great powers of endurance. Though not practically beautiful, she had dark, expressive eyes that were very attractive, and she possessed, unconsciously to herself, great powers of fascination. Her voice was low, soft, and of such extraordinary sweetness that we would sit for hours listening to her. She was devoted to some philanthropic work she was doing, and she picked up sympathizers readily.

"That winter she had come to Washington from Massachusetts, and had received a position in the Patent Office. She was employed as copyist, and in six weeks she told us that she had been put upon the more responsible work of abridging original papers and preparing records for publication. In those days there were no typewriting machines, and Miss Barton had to write all by hand. She wrote a clear, round hand, and her books were marvels of neat-

ness. She was much in demand in the Patent Office, and all the nice pieces of work were laid upon her desk for the finishing touches. This made extra work, of course, but Miss Barton liked to work.

"One evening we asked her to join us at an evening revel, but she said she had other work to do. We asked her if she had to work evenings; she laughed and said no, unless she chose to do so. Then she put on her hat—a flax one, with a ribbon twisted around it—and a cape, and went out.

"She was gone until 12 o'clock. I happen to be in the hall when she came in. 'Aren't you tired?' I asked her.

"'No,' said she, 'I am not. I was tired when I went out, but I have helped two women and that has rested me.'

"And then it came out that she had been working nights upon schemes of benevolence. She had entered into the cause with an enthusiasm that was quite sincere, and often amusing. She helped with her purse and with her personal influence deserted wives, destitute women, orphan children, boys who wanted to get into business, men who had failed in business, and all others who were in trouble. She was keeping this up and doing her work in the Patent Office.

"But what has this to do with her love story, you ask! Well, in the house that winter was a Southerner, a young man of fine family, who had come to Washington—on a Government mission. He was getting a good salary and was in Washington society, more than the rest of us.

Daughter of a Leading Citizen.

"He took a fancy to Miss Barton. At first she amused him; then she interested him; finally he admired her. He was of proud family, though, and I shall never forget how systematically he went to work in his love-making.

"He wrote to Worcester county, Massachusetts, and ascertained that her father, Stephen Barton, was a man of character and position, who had fought in the early days of the Republic, and was known throughout his State for his sterling uprightness, devotion to law and order—in short he was a leading citizen.

"After he ascertained that the lady of his admiration was worthy the proud name he bore, this cool-headed young Southerner set to work to win Clara Barton.

"It was pathetic to see how he watched her and waited for her. When she came home from her work, often after the dinner hour, she would find fresh flowers in her room, and after dinner, when she appeared hatted and cloaked, ready for her evening work, she would find him at the door

begging to accompany her. At first she took him along, and very useful she found him, as she told us next day. His ready purse, his good judgment and his physical strength supplied the very qualities which she needed. But after awhile we noticed that he went out with her less.

"About this time he began to grow moody, and to take a less cheerful view of life. We asked Miss Barton what was the trouble. She flushed and tried to turn the subject. Then we knew!

"The evening missions were getting to be too much missions of love and too little missions of work, and Clara Barton would never sacrifice her work to her love. She liked him—we were positive of it—but she would not give up her work for him!

"Soon the Administration changed, and Clara Barton—strange as it now seems—was ousted. Her views were not in keeping with the Administration. Perhaps she was a little indiscreet about that time in her utterances, but in the light of later achievements, she can be pardoned.

"We never saw the young hero again, for soon afterward he went South, and when the war broke out he joined his regiment.

Off for the War.

Promptly at the beginning of the war Clara Barton 'enlisted.' She was in Massachusetts when a regiment of wounded men came home, and after seeing them made comfortable, she determined to follow the army and help others.

"We were told by a friend who visited us in Washington that winter that once on a Southern battlefield, Miss Barton came across a wounded man. He was lying with one arm across his head, a cruel hole in his side. She bent over him to make him more comfortable. Then she put his arm down, so that she could put a drop of stimulant to his lips. He opened his eyes, and a look of indescribable happiness came over his face. He sighed and breathed his last. It was her Southerner. They were united at last!

"Miss Barton went home after she lost her position and nursed her father. Then, obedient to his last instructions, she entered upon the work of nursing as a profession. The war offered her the best field, and her results were so satisfactory that she went from one battlefield to another until her name became known even before the National Red Cross sprang into existence. She was cool in the crack of guns, and cared nothing for dress or fatigue.

"A great many men fell in love with Clara Barton in the war of 1861-'65, but none ever loved her as unselfishly as did our Southerner, in Washington, that winter."

To a bright and winsome miss of twenty years, fresh from the Sunflower State, belongs the distinction of having been the only American girl to follow the boys in blue to Cuba, and to make her way to the front against many obstacles and by her own exertions. Elsie Reasoner is the name of this plucky little heroine. She does not look a day over nineteen, and is a trim little body, as dainty as a bit of rare Dresden china.

Miss Reasoner was born in Kansas, in the midst of daisies and sunflowers, and is a splendid example of the bright, cheery, breezy, self-reliant girl of the Western prairies. She writes well and she talks well, inheriting these talents, perhaps, from her father, Judge Calvin Reasoner, at one time a prominent editorial writer of Leavenworth, and later connected with the Chicago press. As a conversationalist and story-teller he has had few equals.

Was Called Foolhardy.

When the Spanish-American war broke out Miss Reasoner was at Omaha in charge of the Bureau of Publicity at the exposition. With the first sound of the bugle she was astir, and determined to go to Cuba to see for herself what a real campaign and a real battle were like; in fact, as she confided to the writer, "I had read what General Sherman said, that 'war is hell,' and I was seized with a desire to investigate on my own account, and see if he really knew what he was talking about.

"I first sought some encouragement from publishers, but got little. You see, hardly any one thought it possible that I would ever reach the scene of the conflict, and most of my friends and acquaintances who knew of my intention either laughed at me or tried to frighten me. One publisher, for whose magazine I thought I might write an interesting article descriptive of my experiences, wrote me that my proposed undertaking was 'positively absurd and foolhardy.' However, I persevered, and in due time sailed from New York for Kingston, bearing splendid letters of recommendation from quite a number of influential public men.

"I had one to General Miles, one to General Shafter, and several to officers of the fleet, from Admiral Sampson down to captains of the fighting ships. From Kingston I went by rail to Port Antonio—a beautiful spot, by the way, and one about which very little seems to be known in this country. After waiting there some time the Red Cross steamer State of Texas came over for ice for our wounded soldiers, and I was permitted to board her and go on to Siboney."

"Then you did not witness the destruction of Cervera's fleet?"

"No; but I saw some of the remains, and mighty suggestive they were of the skill and prowess of the American navy."

"Siboney, I suppose, you found attractive?"

"Well, Siboney may not have been as ugly as it has been painted. What little I saw of it was rather picturesque. Little old houses, one story, with verandas in front, all painted blue, and strung along one narrow, crooked street; wild flowers and tropical foliage all about, and high mountains for a background. Like all places I saw in Santiago Province, Siboney looked prettiest at a distance, but even at a close range I saw much to interest and some things to admire. But the place was set on fire just after I arrived, and the whole blooming village quickly went up in smoke and flame."

"Did you go into the interior beyond Siboney?"

"Oh, bless me, yes, indeed I did. I went some miles beyond. First I visited the hospitals just back of the village and then I pushed on a couple of miles. I got one of those queer little Cuban horses that had been living a long time on cacti and other delicacies of the sort, and rode out to the field hospitals near the front. I visited a dozen or more and took many pictures. Here is one now, a snap shot of a poor fellow—one of the regulars—lying on an improvised cot. That fellow was shot through the thighs and may be dead now; but look at the smile on his face. Just as I snapped for the picture he caught sight of me; he was so weak he could not raise himself, or scarcely speak, but his face fairly beamed when he saw me. 'Sister has one of those kodaks,' he said to me afterward, 'and how much you remind me of her!'"

"What was your impression as to the hospitals? Were they clean and well kept?"

General Sherman About Right.

"The field hospitals, all that I visited, were in excellent condition. They were crowded, of course, but they were clean, the nurses were attentive and gentle, and seemed to know just what to do and how and when to do it. This was particularly true of the Red Cross hospitals."

"Did you see any real fighting?"

"Well, I saw some lively skirmishes and was near enough to the front and the firing line to hear the music of the Mausers and the crack of the rifles our boys carried. I was near enough to see some of the horrors of war, and to realize that doubtless General Sherman had it about right. I got just as near to the thick of the fight as the commanding officers would permit me to go."

"Did you see our great hero, 'Teddy' Roosevelt?"

"No. I missed that pleasure, but I did see many of his troopers, some of them dead and others wounded. And that reminds me, here is a picture I took of a Spaniard lying dead on the field. He was a sharpshooter, and

from his perch in a mango tree, had been picking off some of Roosevelt's men. A big, burly negro cavalryman finally located the Spaniard, and brought him down, badly wounded. Without looking to see if he was dead or alive the enraged negro raised his rifle and battered the sharpshooter over the head until he was dead. There he is, just as he lay when I passed the place. You see I got an excellent picture of him.

"Oh, yes, I saw funny things, too. I saw a Cuban sell a horse for half of a pineapple and a piece of tobacco.

"I saw six-footers of the Michigan volunteers, who had fought Spaniards almost hand to hand, run like deer from undersized land-crabs.

"I saw General Shafter—three hundred and some odd pounds—riding a diminutive Cuban horse."

Cheerfulness the Key to Victory.

"On the whole," I asked, "what of the sights you saw made the strongest impression upon your mind?"

Miss Reasoner thought perhaps ten seconds.

"Two things," she said, "one quite as much as the other. First, the deplorable mismanagement of the transportation and commissary departments, and, second, the wonderful cheerfulness of the soldiers amid great hardships and sufferings. I never saw such a body of splendid fellows, and have no idea I shall ever see their like again. Why, I saw young men in some of those field hospitals desperately wounded who were cracking jokes with one another. I met pale-faced men, hardly able to walk, making their way to the rear for treatment, whose only complaint was of their hard luck in being hit so early in the fight. So far as I could judge, the mismanagement of the Santiago campaign on land was something awful; the bravery and cheerfulness of the rank and file were something glorious."

Miss Reasoner was unfortunate in leaving Cuba only forty-eight hours before the evacuation of Santiago.

POETRY OF THE WAR.

The many dramatic incidents of the hundred days' war, were not only an inspiration to patriotism. They inspired poetry, much of it of a very high degree of excellence. Hardly a periodical in the country refrains from bursting into song, while every incident from the "Matanzas mule," up to the great achievements of Dewey, Hobson, Schley and our Brave Soldiers, had its poet-laureate. The following are typical illustrations of verses inspired by the War.

REMEMBER THE MAINE.

WHEN the vengeance wakes, when
the battle breaks
And the ships sweep out to sea:
When the foe is neared, when the decks
are cleared,
And the colors floating free;
When the squadrons meet, when it's fleet
to fleet;
And front to front with Spain;
From ship to ship, from lip to lip
Pass on the quick refrain,
"Remember,
Remember the Maine."

When the flag shall sign, "Advance in
line,
Train ships on an even keel;"
When the guns shall flash and the shot
shall crash,
And bound on the ringing steel;
When the rattling blasts from the armored
masts
Are hurling their deadliest rain,
Let their voices loud, through the blind-
ing cloud,
Cry ever the fierce refrain,
"Remember,
Remember the Maine!"

God's sky and sea in that storm shall be
Fate's chaos of smoke and flame,
But across that hell every shot shall tell—
Not a gun can miss its aim;

Not a blow will fail on the crumbling
mail,
And the waves that engulf the slain
Shall sweep the decks of the blackened
wrecks,
With the thundering, dread refrain,
"Remember,
Remember the Maine!"
ROBERT BURNS WILSON.

A TOAST TO COMMODORE DEWEY.

At a dinner given to Commodore
George Dewey at the Metropolitan Club,
Washington, November 27, 1897, just
before he started for the Asiatic Station,
the following prophetic toast was offered,
and received with enthusiasm.

FILL all your glasses full to-night;
The wind is off the shore;
And be it feast or be it fight,
We pledge the Commodore.

Through days of storm, through days of
calm,
On broad Pacific seas,
At anchor off the Isles of Palm,
Or with the Japanese;

Ashore, afloat, on deck, below,
Or where our bull dogs roar,
To back a friend or breast a foe
We pledge the Commodore.

We know our honor'll be unstained,
Where'er his pennant flies;
Our rights respected and maintained,
Whatever power defies.

And when he takes the homeward tack,
Beneath an admiral's flag,
We'll hail the day that brings him back,
And have another jag.

FOOLISH QUESTIONS.

I SAW a sweet young mother with
Her first born at her breast;
"And what's the baby's name?" I asked
Of her so richly blessed.
She looked at me with pity, as
She proudly poised her head:—
"We call him Dewey, sir, of course,"
In tender tones she said.

I met a dainty little girl
Who led a kitten by a string,
And as I stroked her head I asked:—
"What do you call the pretty thing?"
She looked at me with wide blue eyes,
And, as she went her way,
"I call my kitten Dewey, sir,"
I heard her sweetly say.

I met a curly headed boy
Who had a brindle pup;
"And what's your doggy's name?" I
asked,
As I held the creature up.
He gazed at me in wonder, and
He proudly cocked his head:—
"I call him Dewey, sir, of course!"
He pityingly said.

I stopped beside a rustic stile,
And heard a milkmaid sing a song;
"And what's your bossy's name?" I
asked
The lassie, as she came along.
She looked at me in mild surprise,
And, as she strode away,
"Why, Dewey is her name, of course!"
I heard the maiden say.

THE HERO OF MANILA.

DEWEY! Dewey! Dewey!
Is the hero of the day.
And the Maine has been remembered
In the good, old-fashioned way—
The way of Hull and Perry,
Decatur and the rest—
When old Europe felt the clutches
Of the Eagle of the West;
That's how Dewey smashed the Spaniard
In Manila's crooked bay,
And the Maine has been remembered
In the good, old-fashioned way.

Dewey! Dewey! Dewey!
A Vermonter wins the day!
And the Maine has been remembered
In the good, old-fashioned way.
By one who cared not whether
The wind was high or low
As he stripped his ships for battle
And sailed forth to find the foe.
And he found the haughty Spaniard
In Manila's crooked bay,
And the Maine has been remembered
In the good, old-fashioned way.

Dewey! Dewey! Dewey!
He has met the Don's array,
And the Maine has been remembered
In the good, old-fashioned way—
A way of fire and carnage,
But carnage let it be,
When the forces of the tyrant
Block the pathway of the free!
So the Spanish ships are missing
From Manila's crooked bay,
And the Maine has been remembered
In the good, old-fashioned way!

Dewey! Dewey! Dewey!
Crown with victor wreaths of May;
For the Maine has been remembered
In the good, old-fashioned way;
And flags that wave triumphant
In far off tropic seas,
With their code of symbolized color
Fling this message to the breeze:
"We have routed all the Spaniards
From Manila's crooked bay,
And the Maine has been remembered
In the good, old-fashioned way."

YANKEE DEWEY.

YANKEE Dewey went to sea,
Sailing on a cruiser,
He took along for company,
Of men and guns, a few, sir.

Yankee Dewey; Ha! Ha! Ha!
Dewey, you're a dandy;
With men and guns and cruisers, too,
You're certainly quite handy.

He sailed away to the Philippines,
With orders for to snatch them,
And thrash the Spaniards right and left,
Wherever he could catch them.

And Yankee Dewey did it, too,
He did it so complete, sir,
That not a blooming ship is left,
Of all that Spanish fleet, sir.

Oh, Yankee Dewey, you're a peach,
A noble, gallant tar, sir;
You're "out of sight," you're out of reach,
We hail you from afar, sir.

We greet you with three rousing cheers,
For you and your brave crews, sir;
For the deeds you've done and the victory won,
For Yankee Doodle Doo, sir.

Yankee Dewey, keep it up,
You certainly are handy,
With men and guns and cruisers, too,
Oh, Dewey, you're a dandy.

O. H. COLE.

HOBSON'S DARING DEED.

INTO the blackness of tropical night,
Over the dark swelling water that lay
With death in its bosom and fear in its
sight,

While cannon belched down on the
horrible way—

Without tremor or sigh,
O'er the mine laden deep
Where the shark's dark fin gleams

'Twixt the rocks rising steep,
Hobson sailed with his crew.

Where guns' fiery tongues flashed piercing
the wrack,
Close followed Powell their perilous
way,

With eyes strained with love he looked
out on the track,
Perchance he may rescue and bear
them away!

When the dark shattered hulk
'Cross the channel has keeled,
With the foe fast shut in
And the great harbor sealed
May they yet come back safe.

Back! there is only a flash in the gloom:
The dim crown of fame death holds in
his grasp—

They won in that signal, a long thrilling
boom,

And over the water a silence has passed
O'er the bomb's fiery crest
Through the torrent of fires,
For the flag that they loved
And the home of their sires,
They faced death with a smile.

Deed that shall live while yet human
hearts burn;
Say, shall the youth that so matchlessly
strove,

Back to our longing hearts ever return,
To wear the bright leaves of the laurels
we wove?

Shall the flag that they love
Yet wave o'er them again,
With its blue, starry field,
For the dark bars of Spain,
And we greet them once more?

POBRE MULA!

GUNNERS, best on God's footstool
Led by midy fresh from school,
Aim a monster shooting tool
At the heart of Spanish rule—
Misrule.

Spitting fire, but keeping cool,
Reel off death like thread from spool;
Make each trench a bloody pool,
Blanco cables, "Killed a mule."
Dam Phool!

JOE GRISMER.

THE BALLAD OF "TEDDY'S
TERRORS."

AS RELATED BY ROUND-UP RUBE, OF RAT-
TLESNAKE GULCH.

THERE was a lovely regiment whose
men was strong and stout,
Fer some, they had diplomas, and fer some
wus warrants out,
And Wood, he was their colonel bold, an'
Teddy was his mate,
And they called 'em "Teddy's Lamb-
kins," fer their gentleness wus great.

Now a good ole man named Shafter says
to Teddy and to Wood:—
"There's a joint called Santiago where we
ain't well understood,—
So, take yer lamb-like regiment, and if
you are polite
I think yer gentle little ways 'l. set the
matter right."

So when Teddy's boys got movin' and the
sun was on the fry,
And the atmosphere was coaxin' them to
lay right down and die,
Some gents from Santiago who wus mad
'cause they wus there,
Lay down behind some bushes to put
bullets through their hair.

Now, Teddy's happy Sunday School wus
movin' on its way
A-seekin' in its peaceful style some Dagos
fer to slay;
And the gents from Santiago, with aver-
sion in their heart,
Wus hidin' at the cross-roads fer to blow
'em all apart.

There's a Spanish comic paper that has
give us sundry digs—
A-callin' of us cowards an' dishonest Yan-
kee pigs;
And I guess these folks had read it, and
had thought 'twould be immense
Jest to paralyze them lambkins they wus
runnin' up agains'.

So when our boys had pretty near arrived
where they wus at,

And the time it was propitious fer to start
that there combat,
They let 'er fly a-thinkin' they would
make a dreadful tear,
An' then rubber-necked to see if any Yan-
kees wus still there.

Now you can well imagine wot a dreadful
start they had
'o see 'em still a' standin' there and look-
in' bold and bad,
Fer when this gentle regiment had heard
the bullets fly,
They had a vi-lent hankerin' to make them
Spaniards die.

So Teddy, he came runnin' with his glasses
on his nose,
And when the Spanish saw his teeth you
may believe they fioze;
And Wood was there 'long with 'im, with
his cheese-knife in his hand,
While at their heels came yellin' all that
peaceful, gentle band.

They fought them bloody Spaniards at
their own familiar game,
And the gents from Santiago didn't like
it quite the same—
Fer you plug yer next door neighbor with
a rifle ball or two
An' he don't feel so robustous as when
he's a-pluggin' you.

So when the shells wus hoppin', while the
brech-blocks clicked and smoked,
An' the powder wouldn't blow away until
a feller choked,
That regiment of Yankee pigs wus gunnin'
through the bush,
An' raisin' merry hell with that there San-
tiago push.

Then Teddy seen 'em runnin', and he
gives a monstrous bawl,
And grabbed a red-hot rifle where a guy
had let it fall,
And fixin' of his spectacles more firmly
on his face,
He started to assassinate them all around
the place.

So through the scrubby underbrush from
 bay'n't plant to tree,
 Where the thorns would rip a feller's pants,
 a shockin' sight to see,
 He led his boys a-dancin' on, a-shontin'
 left and right,
 And not missin' many Spanish knobs that
 shoved 'emselves in sight.

And when them Santiago gents was fin-
 ished to their cost,
 Then Teddy's boys, they took a look and
 found that they was lost,
 And as their crewel enemies was freed
 from earthly pain,
 They all sat down to wait fer friends to
 lead 'em back again.

That's the tale of Teddy's terrors, and the
 valiant deed they done,
 But all tales, they should have morals, so
 o' course this tale has one.

So paste this idea in yer cage, wotever else
 you do,

Fer perhaps you'll thank me fer it yet
 before yer game is through:—

The soldier-boy that wears the blue is
 gentle-like and meek,

But I doubt he'll mind the Bible if you
 soak him on the cheek;

An' should you get him riled a bit, you
 want to have a care,

Fer if he ever starts to fight he'll finish—
 Gawd knows where!

STEPHEN F. WHITMAN.

THE ADMIRAL AND THE SPANISH MULE.

FROM Matanzas fort came a sad report,
 "The Yankes a mule have slain!"
 But in this they erred, his death was de-
 ferred.

The mule, killed later, was Spain.
 Ten centuries long had this mu'e gone
 wrong

For want of a good, big stick.
 At Manila John lambasted the Don.
 There the mule kicked his last kick!

Three cheers for "our John,"
 The man who slew the Don.
 That Spanish mule we ne'er again shall see.

33

The antiquated roue
 Was "done to death" by Dewey;
 Oh! an admirable admiral is he!

Thus it came to pass when this Spanish ass
 Cried aloud in boastful pride,
 "I don't give a damn for your Uncle Sam!"
 And that's where the old mule died.
 No man, it is said, saw a donkey dead;
 To mules this does not apply.
 Full of shot and shell one mule went to hell,
 And the whole world saw him die!

Three cheers for "our John!"
 The man who slew the Don.
 That Spanish mule we ne'er again shall see.
 The antiquated roue
 Was "done to death" by Dewey;
 Oh! an admirable admiral is he!
 STANISLAUS STANGE.

THE MERRIMAC'S CREW.

HURRAH for the men of the Merrimac,
 Who steamed through the gate of
 hell,

Who, knowing they never might hope to
 come back,

Crept into the range of shot and shell,
 Each with a prayer upon his lips,
 And awaiting the shock he knew

Must soon or late decide his fate—

Hurrah for that gallant crew!

Honor the men of the Merrimac,

Who placed their lives at stake—
 Who gave up all as their gaze fell back
 Along the vessel's wake—

Who knew when they reached the channel
 That they never might journey through,
 Yet bore ahead where the death-line led—
 Hurrah for that noble crew!

Hurrah for the men of the Merrimac,

Who were captured by the foe—
 Who, knowing they never might hope to
 get back,

Went when they were told to go!—
 Who placed their lives on the altar,
 As the martyrs were wont to do!—
 A hero's crown, from the leader down,
 For each of the Merrimac's crew!

S. E. KISER.

THE MERRIMAC.

THUNDER peal and roar and rattle of
the ships in line of battle,
Rumbling noise of steel volcanoes hurl-
ing metal from the shore,
Drowned the sound of quiet speaking and
the creaking, creaking, creaking
Of the steering-gear that turned her
toward the narrow harbor door.

On the hulk was calm and quiet, deeper
for the shoreward riot;
Dumb they watched the fountains
streaming; mute they heard the
waters hiss,
Till one laughed and murmured, "Surely
it was worth while rising early
For a fireworks exhibition of such char-
acter as this."

Down the channel the propeller drove her
as they tried to shell her
From the dizzy heights of Morro and
Socapa parapet;
She was torn and she was battered, and
her upper works were shattered
By the bursting of the missiles that in
air above her met.

Parallels of belching cannon marked the
winding course she ran on,
And they flashed through morning dark-
ness like a giant's flaming teeth;
Waters steaming, boiling, churning; rows
of muzzles at each turning;
Mines like geysers spouting after and
before her and beneath.

Not a man was there who faltered; not
a theory was altered
Of the detailed plan agreed on—not a
doubt was there expressed;
This was not a time for changing, devi-
ating, rearranging;
Let the great God help the wounded,
and their courage save the rest.

And they won. But greater glory than
the winning is the story
Of the foeman's friendly greeting of
that valiant captive band;

Speech of his they understood not, talk to
him in words they could not;
But their courage spoke a language that
all men might understand.

WHEELER AT SANTIAGO.

INTO the thick of the fight he went, pal-
lid and sick and wan,
Borne in an ambulance to the front, a
ghostly wisp of a man;
But the fighting soul of a fighting man,
approved in the long ago,
Went to the front in that ambulance, and
the body of Fighting Joe.

Out from the front they were coming back,
smitten of Spanish shells—
Wounded boys from the Vermont hills
and the Alabama dells;
"Put them into this ambulance; I'll ride
to the front," he said,
And he climbed to the saddle and rode
right on, that little old ex-Confed.

From end to end of the long blue ranks
rose up the ringing cheers,
And many a powder-blackened face was
furrowed with sudden tears,
As with flashing eyes and gleaming sword,
and hair and beard of snow,
Into the hell of shot and shell rode little
old Fighting Joe!

Sick with fever and racked with pain, he
could not stay away,
For he heard the song of the yester-years
in the deep-mouthed cannon's bay—
He heard in the calling song of the guns
there was work for him to do,
Where his country's best blood splashed
and flowed 'round the old Red, White
and Blue.

Fevered body and hero heart! This
Union's heart to you
Beats out in love and reverence—and to
each dear boy in blue
Who stood or fell 'mid the shot and shell,
and cheered in the face of the foe,
As, wan and white, to the heart of the
fight rode little old Fighting Joe!

JAMES LINDSAY GORDON.

**IT'S SPANISH, QUITE SPANISH,
YOU KNOW.**

THEY say at Matanzas they killed but
a mule;
That's Spanish, you know, quite Span-
ish, you know.
To twist out of shape our old cherry tree
rule;
That's Spanish, quite Spanish, you know.
Brave Sampson began a most brisk can-
nonade,
And the guns were all fired by experts
at the trade.
Mr. Blanco reports, "One mule killed,"
undismayed;
That's Spanish, quite Spanish, you know.
What queer things you say and what queer
things you do,
You Spanish, you know, you Spanish,
you know.
When you send home your cables why
not have 'em true,
In Spanish, good Spanish, you know.
We nickname you "Dagos" and you
call us "Pigs;"
It's Spanish, you know, it's Spanish,
you know.
You raise good bananas and raisins and
figs,
That's Spanish, quite Spanish, you
know.
But we beat you at shooting and never
half try,
And as for that mule story, fie, Blanco,
fie!
In your tongue "mentirosa," in ours a
big lie,
That's Spanish—and Yankee, you know.
PHOEBE DAVIES.

EIGHT LONG MILES TO SIBONEY.

IT'S eight long miles to Siboney—
You've got to walk or lie;
For there's them that's wounded worse'n
you
In the carts that's jolting by—
The carts that's jolting by—good Lord!
Packed full of battered men.
And I guess their girls won't know them
If they see them home again.

It's eight long miles to Siboney—
And the road ain't of the best.
That's far enough, God knows, between
A strong man and his rest!
But when you've fought through hell all
day,
And your wounds is stiff and sore,
Why, you've had your fill of hardships,
And you don't want any more.
We're human ammunition,
And we're spent like shot or shell—
But we're winning for the Government,
And they'd ought to treat us well,
But maybe they get reckless,
And they goes it kind of blind,
For they knows there's plenty more like us
That's pressing up behind.
Oh, Uncle Sam! we take your pay,
And we'd better work than talk—
But it's eight long miles to Siboney,
And wounded has to walk,
You needn't spare us fighting,
For we ain't afraid to die—
But take care of those that's hurted now,
And they'll serve you by and by.
CAROLINE DUER.

THE SOLDIER'S WIFE.

HE offered himself for the land he loved,
But what shall we say for her?
He gave to his country a soldier's life;
'Twas dearer by far to the soldier's wife,
All honor to-day to her!
He went to the war while his blood was hot,
But what shall we say of her?
He saw himself through the battle's flame
A hero's reward on the scroll of fame;
What honor is due to her?
He offered himself, but his wife did more,
All honor to-day to her!
For dearer than life was the gift she gave
In giving the life she would die to save;
What honor is due to her?
He gave up his life at his country's call,
But what shall we say of her?
He offered himself as a sacrifice,
But she is the one who pays the price
All honor we owe to her.
ELLIOTT FLOWER.

THAT CUSS, CERVERA.

UNCLE SAM SPEAKS.

BY gum! that blamed Cervera!
I wonder where he's at;
I never hev' had anything
Ter puzzle me like that!

Sometimes he's been ter Martinique,
Sometimes to Curacao;
But just where that cuss is to-night
Nobody seems ter know.

Some say at Santiago
He's fixin' up a plan;
Some say he's in the Wind'ard,
And some the Yucatan.

But east, er west, er any old place,
At wind'ard er at lee—
Ef I can jest get at him—
Is gosh enough for me!

I jest can't sleep fer thinkin'
Of that Cervera cuss;
An' fust you know there'll be some folks
A-pokin' fun at us.

I've heard 'em hintin' now that we
Don't know what we're about.
By gum! this Board of Strategy
Is sorter petered out.

It's mighty puzzlin' what to do
On sech depressin' nights,
With rumors flyin' everywhere
Of these permisc'us fights.

An' while I sit here thinkin',
Cervera's standin' pat.
By gum! I'll send fer Dewey
To find out where he's at!

UNCLE SAM TROUBLED.

By gosh, but I'm plum disgusted
With the way this thing hangs on!
For they say that our strategy's busted
An' that cussed Cervera is gone.
That he's pulled up and left Santiago
Er mebbe not been there at all—
Dad blame that slippery dago,
He'll keep us guessin' till fall!

Why, the boys was all braggin they'd
got him

And was guardin' the hole where he'd
hid;
An' the papers explained how we caught
him,

An' the news came direct from Madrid.
Consarn that Madrid, an' the fellers
That send out them cables we get!
Of all the gosh-blamed story-tellers,
Them chaps are the gosh-blamdest yet!

Fer we couldn't tell when he departed,
Nor guess in what corner to seek.
Why, we didn't know even he'd started
Till he'd been in our midst fer a week.
An' we didn't know then where he went to,
An' we couldn't tell where he hed been,
An' I recon t'll be Sacramento
Where we'll hear from Cervera again.

An' I can't do no fightin' for tryin'
To capture that slippery cuss,
An' the starvin' in Cuby a-dyin',
An' the whole world a-laughin' at us.
For our guns pretty soon'll be rusted
An' the reconcentrados be gone—
By gosh, but I'm plum disgusted
With the way this thing hangs on!

UNCLE SAM SPEAKS AGAIN.

By gosh, they say we've got the cuss
In Santiago Bay,
An' folks that's pokin' fun at us
Ain't got a word to say.
We thought we'd sorter petered out
On strategy, an' then,
By gosh, we jest ker-flopped about
An' petered in again.

I tell you that Cervera kep'
Us guessin' right along.
There's lots o' nights I hardly slep'
Fer fear o'guessing wrong.
A walkin' up an' down the floor,
An' lookin' at the map,
To find a spot on Cuby's shore
Where we cu'd set the trap.

I thought I'd send for Dewey nex',
Last night, as like as not,
Though Schley an' Sampson walked the
decks
An' kep' the water hot.

By gosh, that feller rattled me
A dodgin' in an' out;
'Twas jest like hunting fer a flea,
The way he skipped about.

When all at once I heard 'em shout,
"Cervera's caught at last;
He's cornered an' he can't get out;
We've got him hard an' fast!"
An' there he was, with all his boats,
An' there, by gosh, he'll stay
Until the starry banner floats
In Santiago Bay.

OUR SOLDIER'S SONG.

"When the destruction of Cervera's
fleet became known before Santiago the
soldiers cheered wildly, and, with one
accord, through miles of trenches, began
singing 'The Star Spangled Banner.'"

SINGING "The Star Spangled Ban-
ner"

In the very jaws of death!
Singing our glorious anthem,
Some with their latest breath!
The strains of that solemn music
Through the spirit will ever roll,
Thrilling with martial ardor
The depths of each patriot soul.

Hearing the hum of the bullets!
Eager to charge the foe!
Biding the call to battle,
Where crimson heart streams flow!
Thinking of home and dear ones,
Of mother, of child, of wife,
They sang "The Star Spangled Ban-
ner"

On that field of deadly strife.

They sang with the voices of heroes,
In the face of the Spanish guns,
As they leaned on their loaded rifles,
With the courage that never runs.
They sang to our glorious emblem,
Upraised upon that war worn sod,
As the saints in the old arena
Sang a song of praise to God.

DAVID GRAHAM ADEE.

THEY'LL NEVER GET HOME.

UNCLE SAM, JUBILANT.

BY gosh! but we've got 'em—in old
Santiago
Cervery is bottled—the news is from
Schley.
I know'd mighty well we would get that
there dago
And cork him in tight, in the sweet by
and by.
Things looked purty billous some days,
I'll admit it,
And clouds sorter hung round the Cap-
itol dome
Till Schley's message came, an' 'twas this
way he writ it:—
"I've got 'em" he says, "an' they'll
never git home."

By ginger! it sounded like music fer
sweetness!
I jest got right up an' give three rousin'
cheers
It had such neatness an' sorter complete-
ness
It seem' to fit into my hungerin' ears,
I could jest shet my eyes an' see Schley's
boats a-layin'
Kinder peaceful out there where the
blue billows foam;
I could listen a minute and hear him a
sayin'
"I've got 'em, b' gosh! an' they'll
never git home."

Course the next thing, I s'pose, 'll be
some sort 'o fighting,
(That cussed Cervery won't give up a
ship),
An' he'll try to get out of the place he's
so tight in.
But the Comydore'll see he don't
give us the slip.
That Pole-dee-Barnaby gang made us
weary,
An' we got some disgusted with Seenyor
De Lome,
But I'm sorter attached to that feller Cer-
very,
An' we've got him, 'b gosh! an' he'll
never git home.

THE DISINTEGRATION OF A MULE.

"Our fleet engaged the enemy in a brilliant combat. The battle is a brilliant page in Spanish history. The Spanish Minister of Marine said that it was difficult for him to restrain his joyful emotions."—Spanish despatches.

ALL hail the sailors brave and cool
Of Dewey's bold flotilla;
For Spain has lost another mule
Away off in Manila.

A piece of shell took off his tail,
He grinned the shattered bomb at.
"It is our fleet," he said, "that meet
The foe in brilliant combat."

A solid shot took off his ears;
He smiled a smile of mystery,
And said, "This will turn out a
Brilliant page in Spanish history."

His larboard legs were shot away,
Yet still with smile sarcastic,
"I am not mad," he said, "or sad;
I'm just enthusiastic."

Another shot! What fragments those
That littered up the bay so?
That mule so coy just died of joy—
The Spanish papers says so.

HARRY B. SMITH.

THAT MATANZAS MULE.

THE mule stood on Matanzas shore,
And each true Yankee sailor
Shrieked, "Make it hot with shell and
shot,
He looks like General Weyler."

A gunner on the brave New York
Said, "Now, by Spanish Sancho,
All hands keep cool; I think that mule
Is Governor General Blanco."

Quoth the Cincinnati's pilot,
"That mule is Blanco's master;
I've been to Spain, and to me it's plain,
He looks like old Sagasta."

The captain of the Puritan
Said, "Boys, now make him vanish;
At sea all mules look alike to me,
Especially when they're Spanish."

A red hot shot went to the spot,
Which made that mule go on so
That he fell down and cracked his crown,
As will later King Alfonso.

LOUIS HARRISON.

WHEN THE TROOPS MARCH BY.

I'D like to be in Washington, beneath
the splendid sky,
When, with victorious banners, the troops
come marching by!
I'd like to be in Washington and see Old
Glory fly!
O'er the great and glittering legions when
the troops march by!

I'd like to be in Washington that day!
I'd like to see
The fellows that have worn the wounds in
red for you and me!
To see the old flag rippling like a rainbow
round the sky,
O'er the men of Santiago, when the troops
march by!

I'd like to be in Washington when every
legion comes!
I know my heart would answer to the
beating of the drums!
To see the men who faced the fray—who
did not fear to die—
Oh, I'd like to join the chorus when the
troops march by!

I'd like to be in Washington—I'd like to
see the blades
That were reddened for their country
flash from the old brigades!
Though war may make us weary, though
the green graves make us sigh,
I'd like to shout, "God bless 'em!"
when the troops march by!

FRANK L. STANTON.

n vanish ;
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n so
his crown,

HARRISON.

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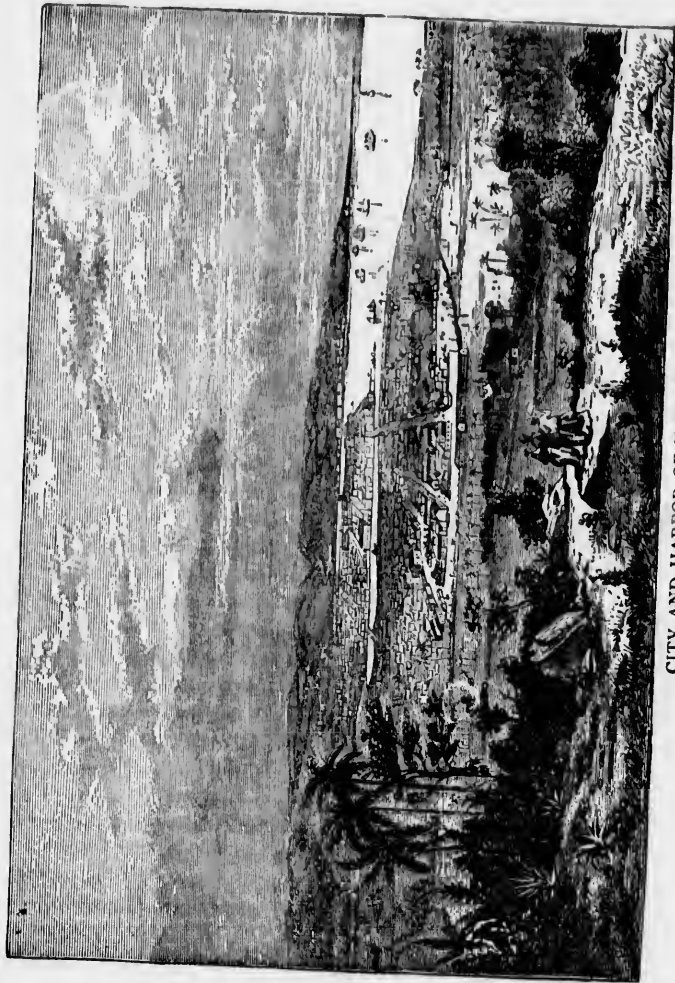
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ANTON.



CITY AND HARBOR OF MATANZAS.

THE LESSON OF THE BARBED WIRE.

THERE'S a lot of tangled wire back
of Santiago town,
Where the captured Dons may view it,
as they curse their dreary fate;
It is twisted, it is jumbled, where the
Yankees cut it down.

Because they didn't have the time to
monkey with the gate,

And those wires teach a lesson, as they
lie, all tangled there;

They should serve, too, as a warning
unto Dons in future years.

For he that knows the story ought to get
it through his hair

That you can't fence out starvation as
you would a herd of steers.

A MURMUR FROM MUDVILLE.

THERE'S been the dingdest earthquake
in what's called our social status;
All the gals we called "our ownest" now
they sca'cely will look at us!
We have plenty faith in beauty, but we
have no place to pin it,
For the gals make no concealment of the
fact that we ain't in it

Since them volunteers came home
From

Santiago!

Through the spring and through the sum-
mer days, we sca'cely need to men-
tion,

We took these gals to picnics, and we
showed 'em much attention;

And they cheerfully attended ev'ry dance
held in their honor,

But there's something seems to whisper to
us each, "Oh! you're a goner!"

Since them volunteers came home
From

Santiago!

Of course we don't belittle all the yarns
them lads are tellin',

How they stormed the hills of Cuba with
the Spaniards round them yellin';

But what hurts us is to notice Sal and Jane
and Sue and others

All a-huggin' them, doggone it! just the
same as they were brothers

Since them volunteers came home
From

Santiago!

Course, our motives they is honest, and
you mustn't misconstrue 'em;

Let them fighters have the glory, let them
have all that is due 'em—

But it does seem kind of meanish, and it
makes our voices husky

When we think the gals that loved us hard
should throw us down McCluskey,

Since them volunteers came home
From

Santiago!

CUBA'S LOST.

THROUGH all war's clamor, loud and
grim,

Above the roar of guns at sea,

Above the bells which chant the hymn

Of strife to cease, of peace to be,

I hear the martyred children moan;

Poor innocents! would they could know

That every pang and every groan

Brought near their tyrant's overthrow.

NINETTE M. LOWATER.

THE OREGON.

TURN back thy prow, O Oregon,

Toward thy Western home;

No focman's ship will bar thy way,

Or cross thy track of foam.

By day, by night, like hounds in leash

No more thy engines strain

To reach the sepulchre where sleeps

Thy sister ship, the Maine.

Oh, nobly hast thou played thy part—

Though half the world away,

Like arrow to its mark ye sped,

To join and win the fray.

Go back, O Oregon, in peace;

'Mid wondrous deeds, and bold,

Thy rush of fourteen thousand miles

Shall evermore be told.

NINETTE M. LOWATER.

McILRATH OF MALATE.

Acting Sergeant J. A. McIlrath, Battery H, Third Artillery (Regulars); enlisted from New York; fifteen years' service.

YES, yes, my boy, there's no mistake,
You put the contract through!
You lads with Shafter, I'll allow,
Were heroes, tried and true;

But don't forget the men who fought
About Manila Bay,
And don't forget brave McIlrath
Who died at Malaté.

There was an act to sing about—
An eighteen-carat deed,
To shine beside the sister gem
Of Switzer Winkelried!

Yes, I was with him, saw him—well,
You want to hear it all—
It is a braver story than
A mighty city's fall!

The night was black, save where the forks
Of tropic lightning ran,
When, with a long deep thunder-roar,
The typhoon storm began.

Then, suddenly above the din,
We heard the steady bay
Of volleys from the trenches where
The Pennsylvanians lay.

The Tenth, we thought, could hold their
own
Against the feigned attack,
And, if the Spaniards dared advance,
Would pay them doubly back.

But soon we mark'd the volleys sink
Into a scatter'd fire—
And, now we heard the Spanish gun
Boom nigher yet and nigher!

Then, like a ghost, a courier
Seemed past our picket toss'd
With wild hair streaming in his face—
"We're lost—we're lost—we're lost!"

"Front, front—in God's name—front!"
he cried:

"Our ammunition's gone!"
He turned a face of dazed dismay—
And thro' the night sped on!

"Men, follow me!" cried McIlrath,
Our acting Sergeant then;
And when he gave the word he knew
He gave the word to men!

Twenty there—not one man more—
But down the sunken road
We dragged the guns of Battery H,
Nor even stopped to load!

Sudden, from out the darkness poured
A storm of Mauser hail—
But not a man there thought to pause,
Nor any man to quail!

Ahead, the Pennsylvanians' guns
In scatter'd firing broke;
The Spanish trenches, red with flame,
In fiercer volleys spoke!

Down with a rush our twenty came—
The open field we pass'd—
And in among the hard-press'd Tenth
We set our feet at last!

Up, with a leap, sprang McIlrath,
Mud-spatter'd worn and wet,
And, in an instant, there he stood
High on the parapet!

"Steady, boys! we've got 'em now—
Only a minute late!
It's all right, lads—we've got 'em whipp'd.
Just give 'em volleys straight!"

Then, up and down the parapet
With head erect he went,
As cool as when he sat with us
Beside our evening tent!"

Not one of us, close shelter'd there
Down in the trench's pen,
But felt that he would rather die
Than shame or grieve him then!

The fire, so close to being quenched
In panic and defeat,
Leap'd forth, by rapid volleys sped,
In one long deadly sheet!

A cheer went up along the line
As breaks the thunder-call—
But, as it rose, great God! we saw
Our gallant Sergeant fall!

He sank into our outstretch'd arms
Dead—but immortal grown;
And Glory brighten'd where he fell,
And valor claim'd her own!

JOHN JEROME ROONEY.

THE MISSING ONE.

I DON'T think I'll go into town to see
the boys come back;
My bein' there would do no good in all
that jam and pack;
There'll be enough to welcome them—to
cheer them when they come
A-marchin' bravely to the time that's
beat upon the drum—
They'll never miss me in the crowd—not
one of 'em will care
If, when the cheers are ringin' loud, I'm
not among them there.

I went to see them march away—I hollered
with the rest,
And didn't they look fine, that day,
a-marchin' four abreast,
With my boy James up near the front, as
handsome as could be,
And wavin' back a fond farewell to mother
and to me!
I vow my old knees trimbled so, when
they had all got by,
I had to jist set down upon the curbstone
there and cry.

And now they're comin' home again!
The record that they won
Was sich as shows we still have men, when
men's work's to be done!
There wasn't one of 'em that flinched,
each feller stood the test—
Wherever they were sent they sailed right
in and done their best!
They didn't go away to play—they knowed
what was in store—
But there's a grave somewhere to-day,
down on the Cuban shore!

I guess that I'll not go to town to see the
boys come in;
I don't jist feel like mixin' up in all that
crush and din!
There'll be enough to welcome them—to
cheer them when they come
A-marchin' bravely to the time that's beat
upon the drum,
And the boys'll never notice—not a one
of 'em will care,
For the soldier that would miss me ain't
a-goin' to be there!

S. E. KISER.

AH, SENOR!

'TIS singularly, wofully grotesque,
That tale of yours of the Matanzas
mule;
Or else you are a dabster at burlesque,
Or—no, 'tis fibbing of the playful
school.
Now, Blanco, 'tis a very feeble figure,
Or else we fired our cannons with one
trigger.
Ah, Senor!

Why, blcss my soul! 'Tis past the sort
of thing
With which 'tis said marines are often
sold.
Now, surely the inflammatory sting
Of some of our projectiles must have
told.
Well, Blanco, you're a feeble rhetorician,
Or else extractum opium fired tactician.
Ah, Senor!

Oh, yes, I see! Your cipher sharp's mis-
take.
"Mule" signifies "one hundred dead
and maimed."
He read it literally. If a fake,
Upon my life you ought to be ashamed,
Now, Blanco! But one mule and nary
Spaniard
Inspired to death by that brave Jacky's
lanyard?
Oh, Senor!

CLAY M. GREENE.

AN ALPHABET FOR WAR TIMES.

A IS for Alger—a Michigan man—
As perhaps you may guess if ap-
pointments you scan.

B is for Bryan, who's entered war's race
To limber his sword arm and rest up his
face.

C's for Cervera, who nearly was slain
To save jobs for a few politicians in Spain.

D is for Dewey, whom Germans condemn
Because he runs things to suit us and not
them.

E is for Evans, who'd like to reach Cadiz
And help to make Spanish the language
of hades.

F is for Furor, torpedo-boat catcher;
What they thought was all right till
Wainwright went to match her.

G is for General Miles, I might mention,
Whose bathtubs and schemes have at-
tracted attention.

H is for Hobson, whose "turn" you
may know
Was one of the hottest we've seen in this
show.

I is for Islands, all 'round the wide world,
This nation will own ere her war flag is
furled.

J is for Jackies, who serve out the shell—
That Spaniards on both sides the earth
know so well.

K is for Spain's little harmless young
King
Who'd best stay some years 'neath the
motherly wing.

L is for Long—naval head in this ruction,
Who saved the New England old maids
from abduction.

M stands for McKinley. How great he
has grown
From the courage, forbearance and wis-
dom he's shown.

N is for Navy, the pride of the nation;
Manned by sailors we know for the best
in creation.

O stands for the shape of the Spanish
don's mouth
When he heard of the smash Dewey
played in the South.

P is for Patriots on Cuban soil,
Who seem most unwilling when called on
to toil.

Q stands for Spain's Queen, who each
night goes to bed
Thanking God that she still has her
crown and her head.

R is for Roosevelt, a tireless chap,
With a chip on his shoulder out hunting
a scrap.

S is for Sampson, aboard the New York,
Who come just too late to help Schley
pull the cork.

T is for Tanner (rather tough on the
letter),
The less that we say about this man the
better.

U is for Union, now firmer than ever,
United with bonds that no bygones can
sever.

V stands for veterans of our past wars,
But Volunteers, too, show their valor by
scores.

W is for Weyler, that butcher atrocious,
Who keeps safe at home when he's talk-
ing ferocious.

Let **X** stand for dollars we'll get back
from Spain
When doughboys and jackies start home-
ward again.

Y is for Yellow Jack, which you may
guess
We've got to defeat or we'll get in a mess.

Z is for Zany, sometimes written "Don't,"
Who perhaps has had more than he fir-
counted on.

A. C. BEEBE.

THE YANKEE DUDE'LL DO.

WHEN Cholly swung his golf stick on
the links,
Or knocked the tennis ball across the net,
With his bangs done up in cunning little
kinks—

When he wore the tallest collar he
could get,

Oh, it was the fashion then
To impale him on the pen—

To regard him as a being made of putty
through and through;

But his racquet's laid away,

He is roughing it to-day,

And heroically proving that the Yankee
dude'll do.

When Algy, as some knight of old ar-
rayed,

Was the leading figure at the "fawncy
ball,"

We loathed him for the silly part he
played;

He was set down as a monkey—that
was all!

Oh, we looked upon him then

As unfit to class with men,

As one whose heart was putty and whose
brains were made of glue—

But he's thrown his cane away,

And he grasps a gun, to-day,

While the world beholds him, knowing
that the Yankee dude'll do.

When Clarence cruised about upon his
yacht,

Or drove out with his footman through
the park,

His mamma, it was generally thought,

Ought to have him in her keeping after
dark!

Oh, we ridiculed him then,

We impaled him on the pen,

We thought he was effeminate, we dubbed
him "Sissy," too—

But he nobly marched away—

He is eating pork, to-day,

And heroically proving that the Yankee
dude'll do.

How they hurled themselves against the
angry foe,

In the jungle and the trenches on the
hill!

When the word to charge was given,
every dude was on the go—

He was there to die, to capture or to
kill!

Oh, he struck his level, when

Men were called upon again

To preserve the ancient glory of the old
red, white and blue!

He has thrown his spats away,

He is wearing spurs to-day,

And the world will please take notice
that the Yankee dude'll do.

S. E. KISER.

THE BRAVEST SAILOR OF ALL.

I KNOW a naval officer, the bravest
fighting man;

He wears a jaunty sailor suit, his cap says
"Puritan."

And all day long he sails a ship between
our land and Spain,

And he avenges, every hour, the martyrs
of the "Maine."

His warship is six inches square, a wash-
tub serves for ocean;

But never yet, on any coast, was seen
such dire commotion.

With one skilled move his boat is sent
from Cuba to midsea,

And just as quickly back it comes to set
Havana free.

He fights with Dewey; plants his flag
upon each island's shore,

Then off with Sampson's fleet he goes to
shed the Spanish gore.

He comes to guard New England's coast,
but ere his anchor falls,

He hurries off in frightful speed, to shell
Manile's walls.

The Philippines so frequently have yielded
to his power,

There's very little left of them, I'm cer-
tain at this hour;

And when at last he falls asleep, it is to
wake again

And hasten into troubled seas and go and
conquer Spain.

ELLA WHEELER WILCOX.

A PEACE'BUL FAMBLY MAN.

OH, de sun shine hot in ev'y spot
 En de young co'n wavin' green;
 En de cotton needin' choppin'
 Des de wuss you ever seen!
 En I ain't got time fer fightin',
 Kase de grass 'll take de lan';
 En de piow en hoe is all I know—
 I a peace'bul fambly man!

Go 'long wid dat musket!
 I buil' on a diffunt plan;
 De craps mus' grow;
 En de whole worl' know
 I a peace'bul fambly man.

Oh, de sun shine hot in e'vy spot
 En de hot san' bu'n yo' feet;
 En de co'n, he say: "Please plough dis
 way,

Kase I pa'ch up wid de heat!"
 En I ain't got time fer fightin',
 Kase de grass 'll make a stan',
 En de plow en hoe is all I know—
 I a peace'bul fambly man!

Go 'long wid dat musket!
 I buil' on a diffunt plan;
 De craps mus' grow,
 En de whole worl' know
 I a peace'bul fambly man!

MY SOLDIER BOY.

WHEN night comes on, when morning
 breaks, they rise,
 Those earnest prayers by faithful lips
 oft said,
 And pierce the blue which shrouds the
 inner skies:
 "God guard my boy; God grant he is
 not dead!"
 "My soldier boy—where is he camped
 to-night?"
 "God guard him waking, sleeping or in
 fight!"
 Far, far away where tropic suns cast down
 Their scorching rays, where sultry damp
 airs rise
 And haunting breath of sickness holds
 its own,
 A homesick boy, sore wounded, suffer-
 ing lies.

"Mother! Mother!" is his ceaseless
 cry.
 "Come, mother, come, and see me ere I
 die!"

Where is war's glory? Ask the trumpet's
 blare,
 The marching columns run to bitter
 strife;
 Ask of the raw recruit who knows as yet
 Naught of its horrors, naught of its loss
 of life;
 Ask not the mother; weeping for her son,
 She knows the heartaches following victo-
 ries won.

CAMP CALLS.

To the various camp bugle calls soldiers
 attach words that reflect this "soldiers'
 privilege" of grumbling to the rhythm
 of the calls. The following are sample
 jingles:

I CAN'T git 'em up!
 I can't git 'em up!
 I can't git 'em up in the morning.
 I can't git 'em up,
 I can't git 'em up,
 I can't git 'em up at all!
 The corporal's worse than the sergeant,
 The sergeant's worse than lieutenant,
 And the captain's the worst of all!

* * *

Go to the stable,
 All ye that are able,
 And give your horses some corn.
 For if you don't do it,
 The captain will know it,
 And give you the devil
 As sure as you're born!

* * *

Oh, where has that cook gone,
 Cook gone,
 Cook gone.
 Where has that cook gone?
 Where the aitch is he-e-e!

Twenty years till dinner time,
 Dinner time,
 Dinner time,
 Twenty years till dinner time,
 So it seems to me-e-e!

Come and git your quinine,
Quinine, quinine, quinine!
Come and git your quinine,
And your pills!

* * *

Soupy, soupy, soup—
Without any beans!
An' coffee, coffee, coffee—
The meanest ever seen!

THE RED, THE WHITE AND BLUE.

WE are marching to the conflict
With a courage born of power,
And our hearts are all undaunted
In the battle's darkest hour.
Where the Philippines lie smiling
In the bosom of the deep,
Where upon Havana's fortress
Spanish soldiers careless sleep:
There shall ring our shout of triumph,
There shall stand our brave and true,
'Neath the starry flag of Freedom,
'Neath the Red, the White and Blue.

We are marching to the conflict,
And we shall not go in vain,
With the Cuban wrong to speed us
And our well-remembered Maine.
By her dead of slow starvation,
By the pangs of child and wife,
By a rule of devastation
And a vain and cruel strife,
Spain has forfeited our mercy,
And her conduct she shall rue;
'Tis a valiant army gathers
'Neath the Red, the White and Blue.

We are marching to the conflict
And shall soon the foeman meet;
But the banner floating o'er us
Never yet has known defeat.
Onward, then, across the waters
That our land from theirs divide,
Onward, then, till Yankee valor
Tests its strength with Spanish pride!
Ere another month be ended
There is noble work to do,
And a glorious achievement
'Neath the Red, the White and Blue.

LALIA MITCHELL.

THE FLAG GOES BY.

HATS off!
Along the street there comes
A blare of bugles, a ruffle of drums,
A flash of color beneath the sky:
Hats off!
The flag is passing by!
Blue and crimson and white it shines
Over the steel-tipped, ordered lines,
Hats off!
The colors before us fly!
But more than the flag is passing by,
Sea-fights and land-fights grim and great,
Fought to make and to save the state;
Cheers of victory on dying lips;
Weary marches and sinking ships;
Days of plenty and years of peace
March of a strong land's swift increase;
Equal justice, right and law,
Stately honor and reverend awe;
Sign of a nation great and strong,
To ward her people from foreign wrong:
Pride and glory and honor, all
Live in the colors to stand or fall.
Hats off!

IRREPRESSIBLE.

I AM the swiftest thing on earth!
I jump from continent to continent!
I leap
Across the deep,
From Occident to Orient!
I never rest,
I never stop!
From east to west,
From field to shop
I swoop—
Now with a whoop
Of exultation,
Now with a tinge of perturbation!
Day after day
I retain my wonderful gait!
I never rest, I never stay—
I am busier than Fate!
I am here and there,
I am everywhere
At the same time—
In every land—in every clime—
I am always busy with a big R,
And men quit eating to consider me—
I am the war Rumor.

A SONG OF THE FIGHT.

O THE glory and the story of the
fight,
The dashing of the war-steeds in the
strife—

The charge, and the retreat,
And the flag the winding-sheet
Of faces staring starward from the strife,
Lost to life—
And the wailing of the mother and the
wife!

O the glory and the story of the fight!
The leaving for the battleground of
Fate,

With glory for the goal,
Where the cannon-thunders roll,
And kisses for the woman at the gate
Who shall wait
For the unreturning footsteps, long
and late!

O the glory and the story of the fight!
Blow, bugles, o'er the flowering meadows—
blow!

But when the fight is done—
Wake ye each trampled one
That sought to see the sun of glory glow!
Bugles blow!
But the dead beneath the drooped flags
shall not know!

ARMY DIET.

MY father says 'at sojers is
The braves' mens 'at ever was;
'At when they hears the shots go "Whiz!"
They don't mind it a bit, bekuz
The whiz means 'at you ain't got hit,
An' so they ist don't keer a bit.

Pa says 'at sojers knows a lot,
An' they can walk "ist like one man."
An' aim so well 'at every shot
Will hit a sneakin' Spaniard, an'
He says they have to eat "hard tacks"
An' carry "raccoons" on their backs.

But when I ast him why they do
He ist busts out a-laughin', nen
He says, "You know a thing or two,
My son!" an' laughs an' laughs again,
An' says, "'At's ist the very thing—
The sojers eats the tax, 'i jing!"

THE YOUNGEST BOY IN BLUE.

When the Second Naval Battalion—
better known, perhaps, as the Brooklyn
Naval Reserve—occupied the old Thir-
teenth regiment armory, at Flatbush ave-
nue and Hanson place, the boys vied with
each other in contributing books, pic-
tures, flags and other things that helped to
brighten the old company rooms and
made them presentable when graced oc-
asionally by the fair sex.

Pinned on the bulletin board in the
Third division room one night, among a
lot of warlike orders, were found the fol-
lowing unsigned verses:

OLD Uncle Sam has a fine, new boy,
The youngest of all in blue;
He's the Naval Reserve, with lots of nerve,
And plenty of courage, too.
So give him a place in the family, lads,
We've plenty for him to do.

At sea he chaffs the sailor men,
And joins in their daily work
With all his might (though he'd rather
fight),
For he never was built for a shirk.
So sling his hammock up for'ard, lads,
And teach him to use the dirk.

On land he elbows and jostles about,
Or marches all day in the sun,
With a cheery smile for every mile,
And a frolic when day is done;
But when you get in a skirmish, men,
He doesn't know how to run.

Then fill your mugs to the young 'un, lads,
Who mixes with every crew;
On land or sea, wherever he be,
We'll always find him true,
And we'll give him a place in the fami-
ly lads,
For there's plenty for him to do.

OF A TRUTH.

THEY say that Dewey is a dude."
"Well, if the story's true,
What glorious deeds, when duty calls
A Yankee dude'll do!"

THE STAY-AT-HOME'S RESOLVE.

I'M going to buy a sailor suit, with *Texas*
 on the cap,
 And I shall be set up for life, no matter
 what may hap;
 For it is quite the fashion now to take our
 men-of-war
 And give 'em gratis everything they choose
 to ask us for.

They ride upon the cable-cars, and don't
 pay any fare;
 They ride upon the whirling "L" as
 freely as the air;
 They go into the theatres, and get the
 finest seats
 At just the same expense as when some
 other fellow treats.

They hie them to the cooling coast, unto
 the big hotels,
 And get the best attention from the lowly
 and the swells;
 And when they ask the landlord for his
 bill, the fellow twirls
 And says, "There's not a cent to pay;
 come out and kiss the girls!"

I'm mighty glad that this is so: 'tis just
 as it should be.
 I rather wish, however, that these things
 would come to me,
 And, though I stayed at home while they
 plunged deep into the row,
 I'm going to buy a sailor suit, and try it
 anyhow.

"ARMA VIRUMQUE CANO."

THEY are shouting the praise of the
 captains, of admirals, commodores,
 too,
 Of colonels, lieutenants and majors; with
 ensigns, cadets, not a few;
 For these there is fame, there is glory—a
 forest of laurels—but when
 Do they honor the dauntless "high pri-
 vate?" I sing of arms and the men!

Of the picket that paces the outpost, a
 target for shot and for shell,
 Uncheered by the voice of a comrade,
 alone in the wild, tangled dell;

Of the sailor on deck in the twilight, who
 watches the bright evening star
 And knows that it shines on his children,
 beyond the horizon afar.

Of the soldier that lies in the trenches,
 scorched and chilled by the sun and
 the rain,
 Before him the bellowing cannon, around
 him the wounded and slain;
 With gaunt finger pointed toward him,
 rides
 Death on his pale horse astride,
 At his heels the dread serpent of fever,
 with hunger and thirst at his side.

Of the gunner whose eye is so steady; of
 the coal-passer down in the hold;
 What they do—what they dare—what
 they suffer—oh! sure not the half has
 been told!

And our Schley made his own fame the
 brighter, to shine through the centu-
 ries, when
 He cried as the city surrendered, "Let
 the officers cheer for the men!"

MRS. SKIPWITH H. COALE.

THE LADIES OF OLD CADIZ.

I'D like to go to Cadiz,
 Just to see those witching ladies,
 Those witching, witching ladies, where
 the orange blossoms blow;
 With their dainty cigarillas,
 And their quite too sweet mantillas—
 Oh, to Cadiz, with its ladies, I will go.

And when our guns were booming,
 With a pity quite consuming
 I would say, "Oh, charming ladies, please
 to hustle now abroad.

For, although we humble Cadiz,
 We don't war against the ladies,
 And the ladies of old Cadiz need not fear
 the Yankee sword."

And with their cigarillas,
 And their all-too-cute mantillas,
 I would load up every cruiser with this
 fascinating crew;
 And so by easy stages
 I would bring these fair hostages,
 All these ladies of old Cadiz, far across
 the ocean blue.

THE REG'LAR ARMY MAN.

HE ain't no gold-laced "Belvidere,"
 Ter sparkle in the sun;
 He don't parade with gay cockade,
 And posies in his gun;
 He ain't no "pretty soldier boy,"
 So lovely, spick and span;
 He wears a crust of tan and dust,
 The Reg'lar Army man;
 The marchin', parchin',
 Pipe-clay starchin',
 Reg'lar Army man.

He ain't at home in Sunday-school,
 Nor yet a social tea;
 And on the day he gets his pay
 He's apt ter spend it free;
 He ain't no temp'rance advocate;
 He likes ter fill the can;
 He's kinder rough an', maybe, tough,
 The Reg'lar Army man;
 The rarin', tarin',
 Sometimes swearin',
 Reg'lar Army man.

No State'll call him "noble son";
 He ain't no ladies' pet,
 But let a row start anyhow,
 They'll send for him, you bet!
 He don't cut any ice at all
 In fash'n's soc' 'nlan;
 He gits the job 'e face a mob,
 The Reg'lar Army man;
 The millin', drillin',
 Made for killin',
 Reg'lar Army man.

They ain't no tears shed over him
 When he goes off ter war;
 He gits no speech nor prayerful 'preach'
 From Mayor or Governor;
 He packs his little knapsack up
 And trots off in the van,
 Ter start the fight and start it right,
 The Reg'lar Army man;
 The ratlin', battlin',
 Colt or Gatlin',
 Reg'lar Army man.

He makes no fuss about the job,
 He don't talk big or brave,
 He knows he's in ter fight and win
 Or help fill up a grave;

He ain't no "mamma's darlin'," but
 He does the best he can;
 And he's the chap that wins the scrap,
 The Reg'lar Army man;
 The dandy, handy,
 Cool and sandy,
 Reg'lar Army man.

JOE LINCOLN.

HOW A SOLDIER IS MADE.

A CHILD is born—it gasps and cries,
 And clasps its wee fists to its eyes;
 It stares at those who stand around,
 And sleeps a stranger unto care,
 While she that smiles o'er joys newfound,
 Prays for him ere
 He needs her prayer.

A hundred childish ills he worries through,
 A thousand times his life hangs by a
 thread;

He falls, when there is nothing else to do,
 From some high perch, and strikes
 upon his head!

Ah, who shall say God keeps him not in
 sight?
 Nor hears the prayers she offers up at
 night.

Behold him bending o'er his book:
 Think of the patience and the care,
 The planning and the toil it took
 To place him there!

Toil and hope and despair,
 Grieving and doubting and joy;
 Days that were dark and days that were
 fair

For those who love the boy;
 Years that have wearily dragged,
 Years that have joyously passed,
 Hopes that have flown and griefs that
 have lagged—
 To make him a man at last.

Hark to the summons that comes!
 Hear the merciless roll of the drums!
 The man for whom plans were made
 He for whom schemes were laid,
 Must brush them aside, for somewhere
 Somebody has wronged some one—
 Let the banner wave high in the air,
 There is soul-stirring work to be done!

Down through the valley and over the
slope,

A regiment sweeps to the fray!
What of the prayers, the toil the hope,
And the lofty plans of yesterday?

An angry shot,
A crimson clot,
And the smiles and tears
Of twenty years

End in a lump of lifeless clay.

S. E. KISER.

THAT STARRY FLAG OF OURS.

UNFURL the starry banner,
'Till with loving eyes we view
The stars and stripes we honor
And the folds of azure blue.
'Tis the pride of all our nation
And the emblem of its powers—
The gem of all creation
Is that starry flag of ours.
Then raise aloft "Old Glory,"
And its colors bright surround,
In battle fierce and gory,
Or in peace with honor bound.
Let it float from spire and steeple,
And from house-tops, masts and towers,
For the banner of the people
Is that starry flag of ours.
Now, behold it, bright and peerless,
In the light of freedom's sky;
See its colors floating, fearless
As the eagle soaring high.
And amid the cannon's rattle
And the bullets' deadly showers,
Ten million men will battle
For that starry flag of ours

THE BRIDES OF DEATH.

THERE'S a cleft in the darkling sea
coast wall
That hides the town like a sheltering
pall,
And the Morro locks down from the
precipice crest
At the sheltered ships on the harbor's
breast—
At the anchored ships that idly swing,
Flying the flag of the Spanish king.

"Nail to the mast the yellow and red,"
The grave old Spanish Admiral said:
And the lovely Infanta led the line,
And the bridesmaids followed her through
the brine—

Followed her out of the harbor mouth
To the fatal tryst in the open south.

Never a bride went down the hall,
In the maze of the dance of her marriage
ball,

With so fine a grace or an air so free
As the Spanish ships stood out to sea;
And never the brides of God took veil,
In the darksome depth of the convent's
pale,

With so lofty a mien of sacrifice
As they bided the fling of the battle's
dice.

Their splendid standards streamed on
high

'Gainst the turquoise blue of the tropic
sky;

Their polished brass work flashes flung,
Like lustrous jewels around them strung;
And their bows were veiled in the flimsy
lace

Of the spray comb tossed by the charging
pace.

But, ah! what terrible guests are these,
Fast gliding in from the outer seas,
Gliding along in drapery black
That fumes and pours from the high
smokestack?

And, ah! what thund'rous chimes that
greet

The stately advance of the bridal fleet?
But is this the peal of the wedding bell—
This roaring voice like the voice of hell?

'Tis the wondrous cry of the pitiless
Fates—

The voice is the voice of the sister States,
Of the sister States of the slaughtered
Maine,

Crying aloud for the blood of Spain—
Battle ship, cruiser, torpedo boat,
That rush like dogs at the Spanish throat.

Alas for the brides in yellow and red
That out of the harbor so lightly sped,

That reel and faint in the fearful dance
Mid the choke of the smoke where the
lightnings glance,
While ever mingles the thunder's roar
With the boom of the surf on the nearing
shore.

They were six that steamed to the open
sea—
The brides and the maids so swift and
free—
And six are the corpses that line the
strand,
Prone in the pools of the tide left sand;
And the gathering vultures circle high
O'er the stiffened limb and the death
closed eye.

THE WAR SHIP DIXIE.

THEY'VE named a cruiser "Dixie"—
that's what the papers say—
An' I hears they're goin' to man her with
the boys that wore the gray;
Good news! It sorter thrills me and
makes me want ter be
Whar' the ban' is playin' "Dixie," and
the "Dixie" puts ter sea!

They've named a cruiser "Dixie." An'
fellers, I'll be boun'
You're goin' ter see some fightin' when
the "Dixie" swings aroun'!
Ef any o' them Spanish ships shall strike
her, East or West,
Just let the ban' play "Dixie," an' the
boys 'll do the rest!

I want ter see that "Dixie"—I want ter
take my stan'
On the deck of her and holler, "Three
cheers fer Dixie lan'!"
She means we're all united—the war hurts
healed away.
An' "Way Down South in Dixie" is
national to-day!

I bet you she's a good un! I'll stake my
last red cent
Thar ain't no better timber in the whole
blame settlement!

An' all their shiny battle ships beside that
ship are tame,
Fer when it comes to "Dixie" thar's
something in a name!

Here's three cheers and a tiger—as hearty
as kin be;
An' let the ban' play "Dixie" when the
"Dixie" puts ter sea!
She'll make her way an' win the day from
shinin' East ter West—
Just let the ban' play "Dixie," and the
boys 'll do the rest!

FRANK L. STANTON.

FOR FUTURE REFERENCE.

SAY, Aguinaldo,
You little measly
Malay moke,
What's the matter with you?
Don't you know enough
To know
That when you don't see
Freedom,
Inalienable rights,
The American Eagle,
The Fourth of July,
The Star Spangled Banner,
And the Palladium of your Liberties,
All you've got to do is to ask for them?
Are you a natural born chump
Or did you catch it from the Spaniards?
You ain't bigger
Than a piece of soap
After a day's washing,
But, by gravy, you
Seem to think
You're a bigger man
Than Uncle Sam.
You ought to be shrunk
Young fellow;
And if you don't
Demalayize yourself
At an early date,
And catch on
To your golden glorious opportunities,
Something's going to happen to you
Like a Himalaya
Sitting down kerswot
On a gnat.
If you ain't

A yellow dog
 You'll take in your sign
 And scatter
 Some Red, White and Blue
 Disinfectant
 Over yourself.
 What you need, Aggie,
 Is civilizing.
 And goldarn
 Your yaller percoon-skin,
 We'll civilize you
 Dead or alive.
 You'd better
 Fall into the
 Procession of Progress
 And go marching on to glory,
 Before you fall
 Into a hole in the ground.
 Understand?
 That's us—
 U. S.

ADMIRAL VON DIEDERICH'S.

ACH, Admiral von Diederichs,
 I van to sbeak mit you ;
 Yust lisen fer a leedle und
 I'll tell you vot to do ;
 Sail from dem Philypeanuts isles
 A thousand miles aboud—
 Fer dot Dewey man vill got you
 Uf

you
 doan'd
 vatch
 ouid !

Ach, Admiral von Diederichs,
 Der Kaiser was a peach,
 I'm villing to atmit id, bud
 Dare's udders on der beach.
 So, darefore, dot's der reason vy,
 Doan'd led your head get stoud,
 Fer dot Dewey man vill got you
 Uf

you
 doan'd
 vatch
 ouid !

Ach, Admiral von Diederichs,
 Vot pitzness haf you got

In loafing py Manila ven
 Der heat-vaves are so hot ?
 Vy doan'd you yust oxcoos yourself
 Und durn your shibs aboud—
 Fer dot Dewey man vill got you
 Uf

you
 doan'd
 vatch
 ouid !

Ach, Admiral von Diederichs,
 Vy vill you be a clams ?
 Go ged some udder islands vich
 Are not old Uncle Sam's,
 Yust wrote to Kaiser Wilhelm, yet,
 Und dell him dare's no douid,
 Fer dot Dewey man vill got you
 Uf

you
 doan'd
 vatch
 ouid !
 G. V. HOBART.

THE ARMY'S NIGHT-GUARD.

THE soldiers lie peacefully dreaming,
 Their tents in the rays of the clear
 Autumn moon,
 Or the light of the watch fires are
 gleaming,
 A tremulous sigh as the gentle night wind
 Thro' the forest leaves slowly is creep-
 ing,
 While the stars up above with their glit-
 tering eyes,
 Keep guard, for the army is sleeping.

NO ANIMOSITY.

"**S**AID the Sergeant to the Don,
 After scrapping at San Juan:—
 'You're a soldier and a brother,
 Let us shake with one another;
 Here's my hardtack, take a gnaw.'

"Said the Jacky to the Dago
 Whom he licked at Santiago:—
 'We plunked you and we sunk you,
 Now we'll feed and clothe and bunk
 you;
 Here's my baccy, take a chaw.'"

AFTER THE BATTLE.

"BRAVE captain! canst thou speak?
What is it thou dost see!
A wondrous glory lingers on thy face,
The night is past; I've watched the night
with thee.
Knowest thou the place?"

"The place? 'Tis San Juan, comrade.
Is the battle over?
The victory—the victory—is it won?
My wound is mortal; I know I cannot
recover—
The battle for me is done!

"I never thought it would come to this!
Does it rain?
The musketry! Give me a drink; ah,
that is glorious!
Now if it were not for this pain—this
pain—
Didst thou say victorious?"

"It would not be strange, would it, if I
do wander?
A man can't remember with a bullet
in his brain.
I wish when at home I had been a little
fonder—
Shall I ever be well again?"

"It can make no difference whether I go
from here or there.
Thou'lt write to father and tell him
when I am dead?—
The eye that sees the sparrow fall numbers
every hair
Even of this poor head.

"Tarry awhile, comrade, the battle can
wait for thee;
I will try to keep thee but a few brief
moments longer;
Thou'lt say good-by to the friends at
home for me?—
If only I were a little stronger!

"I must not think of it. Thou art sorry
for me?
The glory—is it the glory?—makes me
blind;

Strange, for the light, comrade, the light
I cannot see—
Thou hast been very kind!

"I do not think I have done so very
much evil—
I did not mean it. 'I lay me down to
sleep,
I pray the Lord my soul'—just a little
rude and uncivil—
Comrade, why dost thou weep?"

"Oh! if human pity is so gentle and
tender—
Good-night, good friends! 'I lay me
down to sleep'—
Who from a Heavenly Father's love needs
a defender?
'My soul to keep!'

"If I should die before I wake'—com-
rade, tell mother,
Remember—'I pray the Lord my soul
to take!'
My musket thou'lt carry back to my little
brother
For my dear sake!

"Attention, company! Reverse arms!
Very well, men; my thanks.
Where am I? Do I wander, comrade—
wander again?—
Parade is over. Company E, break ranks!
break ranks!—
I know it is the pain.

"Give me thy strong hand; fain would
I cling, comrade, to thee;
I feel a chill air blown from a far-off
shore;
My sight revives; Death stands and looks
at me.
What waits he for?"

"Keep back my ebbing pulse till I be
bolder grown;
I would know something of the Silent
Land;
It's hard to struggle to the front alone—
Comrade, thy hand.

"The *reveille* calls! be strong my soul,
and peaceful;
The Eternal City bursts upon my sight!
The ringing air with ravishing melody is
full—
I've won the fight!

"Nay, comrade, let me go; hold not my
hand so steadfast;
I am commissioned—under marching
orders—
I know the Future—let the Past be past—
I cross the borders."

THE ROLL CALL.

"CORPORAL GREEN!" the orderly
cried;
"Here!" was the answer, loud and
clear,
From the lips of a soldier who stood
near,
And "Here!" was the word the next
replied.

"Cyrus Drew!"—then a silence fell—
This time no answer followed the call;
Only his rear man had seen him fall,
Killed or wounded he could not tell.

There they stood in the failing light,
These men of battle, with grave, dark
looks,
As plain to be read as open books,
While slowly gathered the shades of night.

The fern on the hill-side was splashed
with blood,
And down in the corn where the pop-
pies grew,
Were redder stains than the poppies
knew;
And crimson-dyed was the river's flood.

For the foe had crossed from the other
side,
That day in the face of a murderous fire,
That swept them down in its terrible ire;
And their life-blood went to color the tide.

"Herbert Kline!" At the call, there
came
Two stalwart soldiers into the line,

Bearing between them this Herbert
Kline,
Wounded and bleeding, to answer his
name.

"Ezra Kerr!"—and a voice answered
"Here!"

"Hiram Kerr!"—but no man replied.
They were brothers, these two, the sad
wind sighed,
And a shudder crept through the corn-
field near.

"Ephraim Deane!"—then a soldier
spoke;

"Deane carried our Regiment's colors,"
he said;

"Where our Ensign was shot, I left
him dead,
Just after the enemy wavered and broke.

"Close to the roadside his body lies.
I paused a moment and gave him a
drink.

He murmured his mother's name I think,
And death came with it and closed his
eyes."

'Twas a victory; yes, but it cost us dear—
For that company's roll, when called
at night,

Of a HUNDRED men who went into the
fight

The number was few that answered
"Here!"

A SOLDIER'S LIFE.

A SOLDIER'S life has seen of strife,
In all its forms, so much,
That no gentler theme the world will deem,
A soldier's heart can touch.
In peace or war, in hall or bow'r,
His heart is still the same,
And on the wings of fame will soar,
The daring soldier's name.
But yet the soldier's heart doth feel,
When comrades round him fall;
And tho' with foes he fights with steel,
As friends he smiles on all.
In peace or war, in hall or bow'r,
His heart is still the same,
And on the wings of fame will soar,
The daring soldier's name.

THE CAVALRY CHARGE.

WITH bray of the trumpet
 And roll of the drum,
 And keen ring of bugles,
 The cavalry come,
 Sharp clank the steel scabbards,
 The bridle-chains ring,
 And foam from red nostrils
 The wild chargers fling.

Tramp! tramp! o'er the green sward
 That quivers below,
 Scarce held by the curb-bit,
 The fierce horses go!
 And the grim-visaged colonel,
 With ear-rending shout,
 Peals forth to the squadrons,
 The order—"Trot out."

One hand on the sabre,
 And one on the rein,
 The troopers move forward
 In line on the plain,
 As rings the word "Gallop!"
 The steel scabbards clank,
 And each rowel is pressed
 To a horse's hot flank;
 And swift is their rush
 As the wild torrent's flow,
 When it pours from the crag
 On the valley below.

"Charge!" thunders the leader.
 Like shaft from the bow
 Each mad horse is hurled
 On the wavering foe.
 A thousand bright sabres
 Are gleaming in air;
 A thousand dark horses
 Are dashed on the square.

Resistless and reckless
 Of aught may beside,
 Like demons, not mortals,
 The wild troopers ride.
 Cut right! and cut left!
 For the parry who needs?
 The bayonets shiver
 Like wind-shattered reeds!

Vain—vain the red volley
 That bursts from the square—

The random-shot bullets
 Are wasted in air.
 Triumphant, remorseless,
 Unerring as death,—
 No sabre that's stainless
 Returns to its sheath.

The wounds that are dealt
 By that murderous steel
 Will never yield case
 For the surgeons to heal.
 Hurrah! they are broken—
 Hurrah! boys, they fly—
 None linger save those
 Who but linger to die.

Rein up your hot horses,
 And call in your men;
 The trumpet sounds "Rally
 To color" again.
 Some saddles are empty,
 Some comrades are slain,
 And some noble horses
 Lie stark on the plain;
 But war's a chance game, boys,
 And weeping is vain.

THE REGIMENT'S RETURN.

HE is coming, he is coming, my true-
 love comes home to-day;
 All the city throngs to meet him as he
 lingers by the way.
 He is coming from the battle, with his
 knapsack and his gun—
 He, a hundred times my darling, for the
 dangers he hath run.

Twice they said that he was dead, but I
 would not believe the lie;
 While my faithful heart kept loving him I
 knew he could not die.
 All in white will I array me, with a rose-
 bud in my hair,
 And his ring upon my finger—he shall
 see it shining there.

He will kiss me, he will kiss me with the
 kiss of long ago;
 He will fold his arms around me close,
 and I shall cry, I know.
 Oh the years that I have waited—rather
 lives they seemed to be—

For the dawning of the happy day that
brings him back to me.
But the worthy cause has triumphed. Oh,
joy! the war is over.
He is coming, he is coming, my gallant
soldier lover.

Men are shouting all around me, women
weep and laugh for joy,
Wives behold again their husbands, and
the mother clasps her boy;
All the city throbs with passion; 'tis a
day of jubilee;
But the happiness of thousands brings not
happiness to me;
I remember, I remember, when the sold-
iers went away,
There was one among the noblest who
has not returned to-day.

Oh, I loved him, how I loved him, and I
never can forget
That he kissed me as we parted, for the
kiss is burning yet!
'Tis his picture in my bosom, where his
head will never lie;
'Tis his ring upon my finger—I will wear
it till I die.
Oh, his comrades say that dying he looked
up and breathed my name;
They have come to those that loved them,
but my darling never came.
Oh, they said he died a hero—but I knew
how that would be;
And they say the cause has triumphed—
will that bring him back to me?
E. J. CUTLER.

I WANT TO GO HOME.

I WANT to go home wailed the privit,
'The sarg'ent an' corpril the same,
Fer I'm sick of the camp an' the drillin'
The grub an' the rest of the game;
I'm willin' to do all the fightin'
They'll give me in any old way,
But me girl's all alone an' I want to go
home,
An' I want to go home to-day.
Fer I've marched 'till me throat was a
crackin',
'Till crazed fer the sake of a drink;

I've drilled 'till me back was a breakin',
An' I haven't had gumption to think;
An' I've done my whole share of policin'
An' guard; an' I'm tired of me lay,
Fer me girl's all alone an' I want to go
home,
An' I want to go home to-day.

Do they need us, a dyin' in camp life?
They say it's the water and such;
We think it's more likely we're homesick,
But the life of a privit ain't much.
An' they know we can fight if we have to,
An' they won't have to show us the
way,
But me girl's all alone an' I want to go
home,
An' I want to go home to-day.

THE FALLEN HERO.

HE went to the war in the morning—
The roll of the drums could be
heard.
But he paused at the gate with his mother
For a kiss and a comforting word.
He was full of the dreams and ambitions
That youth is so ready to weave,
And proud of the clank of his sabre
And the chevrons of gold on his sleeve.

He came from the war in the evening—
The meadows were sprinkled with snow,
The drums and the bugles were silent,
And the steps of the soldier were slow.
He was wrapped in the flag of his country
When they laid him away in the mould,
With the glittering stars of a captain
Replacing the chevrons of gold.

With the heroes who slept on the hillside
He lies with a flag at his head,
But, blind with the years of her weeping,
His mother yet mourns for her dead.
The soldiers who fall in the battle
May feel but a moment of pain,
But the women who wait in the home-
steads

Must dwell with the ghosts of the slain.

MINNA IRVING.

THE WOUNDED SOLDIER.

STEADY, boys, steady! Keep your arms ready,
 God only knows whom we may meet here.
 Don't let me be taken; I'd rather awaken
 To-morrow, in—no matter where,
 Than to lie in that foul prison-hole, over there.

Step slowly! Speak lowly! The rocks may have life!
 Lay me down in the hollow; we are out of the strife.

By heaven! the foeman may track me in blood,
 For this hole in my breast is outpouring a flood.

No! No surgeon for me; he can give me no aid;
 The surgeon I want is a pick-axe and spade,
 What, Morris, a tear? Why, shame on you, man!
 I thought you a hero; but since you began
 To whimper and cry, like a girl in her teens,
 By George! I don't know what the devil it means.

Well! well! I am rough, 'tis a very rough school,
 This life of a trooper—but yet I'm no fool!
 I know a brave man, and a friend from a foe;
 And, boys, that you love me I certainly know,
 But wasn't it grand,
 When they came down the hill over sloughing and sand?
 But we stood—did we not?—like immovable rock,
 Unheeding their balls and repelling their shock.
 Did you mind the loud cry, when, as turning to fly,
 Our men sprang upon them, determined to die?
 Oh, wasn't it grand?
 God help the poor wretches who fell in the fight;
 No time was there given for prayers or for flight.

They fell by the score, in the crash, hand to hand,
 And they mingled their blood with the sloughing and sand.

Great heavens! This bullet-hole gaps like a grave;
 A curse on the aim of the treacherous knave!
 Is there never a one of you knows how to pray,
 Or speak for a man as his life ebbs away?
 Pray! Pray!
 Our Father! Our Father!—why don't you proceed?
 Can't you see I am dying? Great God, how I bleed!
 Our Father in heaven—boys, tell me the rest,
 While I stanch the hot blood from the hole in my breast.
 There's something about the forgiveness of sin;
 Put that in! put that in!—and then
 I'll follow your words and say an "Amen."

Here, Morris, old fellow, get hold of my hand,
 And Wilson, my comrade—oh! wasn't it grand
 When they came down the hill like a thunder-charged cloud,
 And were scattered like mist by our brave little crowd?—
 Where's Wilson, my comrade? Here stoop down your head,
 Can't you say a short prayer for the dying and dead?

"Christ-God, who died for sinners all,
 Hear Thou this suppliant wanderer's cry;
 Let not e'en this poor sparrow fall
 Unheeded by Thy gracious eye;
 Throw wide Thy gates to let him in,
 And take him, pleading, to Thine arms;
 Forgive, O Lord, his lifelong sin,
 And quiet all his fierce alarms,"

God bless you, my comrade, for singing that hymn,

It is light to my path, now my sight has
grown dim.
I am dying! Bend down, till I touch
you once more;
Don't forget me, old fellow—God prosper
this war!
Confusion to enemies!—keep hold of my
hand—
And float our dear flag o'er a prosperous
land!

J. W. WATSON.

THE CAPTAIN'S WIFE.

WE gathered roses, Blanche and I, for
little Madge one morning;
"Like every soldier's wife," said Blanche,
"I dread a soldier's fate."
Her voice a little trembled then, as under
some forewarning
A soldier galloped up the lane, and halted
at the gate.
"Which house is Malcolm Blake's?" he
cried; "a letter for his sister!"
And when I thanked him, Blanche in-
quired, "But none for me, his wife?"
The soldier played with Madge's curls,
and stooping over, kissed her:
"Your father was my captain, child!—I
loved him as my life!"
Then suddenly he galloped off and left
the rest unspoken.
I burst the seal, and Blanche exclaimed,
"What makes you tremble so?"
What answer did I dare to speak? How
ought the news be broken?
I could not shield her from the stroke,
yet tried to ease the blow.
"A battle in the swamps," I said; "our
men were brave, but lost it."
And pausing there,—"The note," I said,
"is not in Malcolm's hand."
At first a flush flamed through her face,
and then a shadow crossed it.
"Read quick, dear May!—read all, I pray
—and let me understand!"
I did not read it as it stood,—but tem-
pered so the phrases
As not at first to hint the worst,—held
back the fatal word,

And half retold his gallant charge, his
shout, his comrades' praises—
Till like a statue carved in stone, she
neither spoke nor stirred!

Oh, never yet a woman's heart was frozen
so completely!
So unbaptized with helping tears!—so
passionless and dumb!
Spellbound she stood, and motionless,—
till little Madge spoke sweetly:
"Dear mother, is the battle done? and
will my father come?"

I laid my finger on her lips, and set the
child to playing.
Poor Blanche! the winter in her cheek
was snowy like her name!
What could she do but kneel and pray,—
and linger at her praying?
O Christ! when other heroes die, moan
other wives the same?
Must other women's hearts yet break, to
keep the Cause from failing?
God pity our brave lovers then, who face
the battle's blaze!
And pity wives in widowhood!—But it is
unavailing!
O Lord! give Freedom first, then Peace!
—and unto Thee be praise!

TO ADMIRAL SCHLEY.

HAIL! Hero of our Southern battle
seas!
No wreath of crumbling laurel leaves
thy brow entwines;
America would mete thee more enduring
fame,
And in her heart thy name and deed
enshrines.

THE SOLDIER'S FAREWELL.

HE was ready to start for the scenes of
strife,
Yet he shed never a tear
As he said "good-bye" to his loving wife,
And kissed his children dear.
But he paused to get one parting peep
In the shed where his wheel was kept
When he just collapsed in a sorry heap
And wept and wept and wept.

SOMEBODY'S DARLING.

INTO a ward of the whitewashed halls,
 Where the dead and dying lay,
 Wounded by bayonets, shells, and balls,
 Somebody's Darling was borne one
 day—
 Somebody's Darling, so young and so
 brave,
 Wearing yet on his pale, sweet face,
 Soon to be hid by the dust of the grave,
 The lingering light of his boyhood's
 grace.

Matted and damp are the curls of gold,
 Kissing the snow of the fair young brow
 Pale are the lips of delicate mould—
 Somebody's Darling is dying now.
 Back from his beautiful blue-veined brow,
 Brush all the wandering waves of gold:
 Cross his hands on his bosom now—
 Somebody's Darling is still and cold.

Kiss him once for somebody's sake,
 Murmur a prayer both soft and low;
 One bright curl from its fair mates take—
 They were somebody's pride, you know;
 Somebody's hand hath rested there—
 Was it a mother's, soft and white?
 And have the lips of a sister fair
 Been baptized in the waves of light?

God knows best! he has somebody's love:
 Somebody's heart enshrined him there;
 Somebody wafted his name above,
 Night and morn, on the wings of prayer.
 Somebody wept when he marched away,
 Looking so handsome, brave, and grand;
 Somebody's kiss on his forehead lay,
 Somebody clung to his parting hand.

Somebody's waiting and watching for
 him—
 Yearning to hold him again to her
 heart;
 And there he lies with his blue eyes dim,
 And the smiling child-like lips apart.
 Tenderly bury the fair young dead,
 Pausing to drop on his grave a tear
 Carve in the wooden slab at his head,
 "Somebody's Darling lies sleeping
 here."

THE COMMON SOLDIER.

Nobody cared, when he went to war,
 But the woman who cried on his
 shoulder;
 Nobody decked him with immortelles;
 He was only a common soldier.

Nobody packed in a dainty trunk
 Folded raiment and officer's fare;
 A knapsack held all the recruit
 Might own, or love, or eat, or wear.

Nobody gave him a good-by fete,
 With sparkling jest and flower-crowned
 wine;
 Two or three friends on the sidewalk stood
 Watching for Jones, the fourth in line.

Nobody cared how the battle went
 With the man who fought till the bul-
 let sped
 Through the coat undecked with leaf or
 star
 On a common soldier left for dead.

The cool rain bathed the fevered wound,
 And the kind clouds wept the livelong
 night:
 A pitying lotion Nature gave,
 Till help might come with morning
 light—

Such help as the knife of the surgeon
 gives,
 Cleaving the gallant arm from shoulder;
 And another name swells the pension-list
 For the meagre pay of a common soldier.

See, over yonder all day he stands—
 An empty sleeve in the soft wind sways,
 As he holds his lonely left hand out
 For charity at the crossing ways.

And this is how, with bitter shame,
 He begs his bread and hardly lives;
 So wearily ekes out the sum
 A proud and grateful country gives.

What matter how he served the guns
 When plume and sash were over yonder?
 What matter though he bore the flag
 Through blinding smoke and battle
 thunder?

What matter that a wife and child
Cry softly for that good arm rent
And wonder why that random shot
To him, their own beloved, was sent?

O patriot hearts, wipe out this stain;
Give jewelled cup and sword no more;
But let no common soldier blush
To own the loyal blue he wore.

Shout long and loud for victory won
By chief and leader staunch and true;
But don't forget the boys that fought—
Shout for the common soldier, too.

THE CAPTAIN'S MESSAGE.

THE great ship ploughs through the
murky night,

The wake-waves flash with a phosphor
gleam,

The bow dips deep in a yeasty white
Where the sea-gods strive with the god
of steam.

The shrill wind sings in the cordage high,
The rain-gusts whip on the slanting deck,
And the only star in the cloud-swept sky
Is the glimmering shore-light's warning
speck.

The captain stands on the swaying bridge,
The night-glass held in his sturdy hand,
O'er seething hollow and foam-capped
ridge

He's watched that twinkle that marks
the land;

And now to the speaking-tube he bends
And gives the word to the engineer,
And the great steam whistle wakes and sends
A throbbing shriek through the atmos-
phere.

And there in the village far away,
Where the light looks out on the ocean's
foam,

The people listen and smile and say,
"The captain's sending his message
home;"

And a woman, gazing across the dark,
Smiles soft as the faint notes rise and
swell,

And the children listen and whisper,
"Hark!"

"Father's saying he's safe and well."

The laboring engines whirl and grind,
The ship drives on in her ocean race,
But the captain looks at the light behind
With a tender smile on his sun-burnt
face.

And wife and children may sleep at ease,
With ne'er a fear in a gentle breast;
Love's voice has spoken across the seas—
And the captain's message has brought
them rest.

JOE LINCOLN.

THE NEGRO SOLDIER.

WE used to think the negro didn't
count for very much—

Light-fingered in the melon patch, and
chicken yard, and such;

Much mixed in point of morals and ab-
surd in point of dress,

The butt of droll cartoonists and the tar-
get of the press;

But we've got to reconstruct our views on
color, more or less,

Now we know about the Tenth at
La Quasina!

When a rain of shot was falling, with a
song upon his lips,

In the horror where such gallant lives
went out in death's eclipse,

Face to face with Spanish bullets, on the
slope of San Juan,

The negro soldier showed himself another
type of man;

Read the story of his courage, coldly,
carelessly, who can—

The story of the Tenth at La
Quasina!

We have heaped the Cuban soil above
their bodies, black and white—

The strangely sorted comrades of that
grand and glorious fight—

And many a fair-skinned volunteer goes
whole and sound to-day

For the succor of the colored troops, the
battle records say,

And the feud is done forever, of the blue
coat and the gray—

All honor to the Tenth at La
Quasina!

B. M. CHANNING.

WOMAN ON THE FIELD OF BATTLE.

WHERE hath not woman stood,
Strong in affection's might?
A reed, upborne
By an o'er-maturing current!

GENTLE and lovely form,
What didst thou here,
When the fierce battle storm
Bore down the spear?

Banner and shivered crest
Beside thee strown,
Tell that amidst the best
Thy work was done!

Low lies the stately head,
Earth bound the free:
How gave those haughty dead
A place to thee?

Slumberer! thine early bier
Friends should have crowned,
Many a flower and tear
Shedding around.

Soft voices, dear and young,
Mingling their swell,
Should o'er thy dust have sung
Earth's last farewell.

Sisters, above the grave
Of thy repose,
Should have bid violets wave
With the white rose.

Now must the trumpet's note
Savage and shrill,
For requiem o'er thee float,
Thou fair and still!

And the swift charger sweep,
In full career,
Trampling thy place of sleep—
Why camest thou here?

Why?—Ask the true heart why
Woman hath been
Ever, where brave men die,
Unshrinking seen?

Unto this harvest ground
Proud reapers came,
Some for that stirring sound,
A warrior's name;

Some for the stormy play,
And joy of strife,
And some to fling away
A weary life.

But thou, pale sleeper, thou,
With the slight frame,
And the rich locks, whose glow
Death cannot tame;

Only one thought, one power,
Thee could have led,
So through the tempest's hour
To lift thy head!

Only the true, the strong
The love, whose trust
Woman's deep soul too long
Pours on the dust.

OUR GALLANT SONS.

MY gallant love goes out to-day,
With drums and bugles sounding
gay;

I smile to cheer him on his way—
Smile back, my heart, to me!
The flags are glittering in the light;
Is it their stars that blind my sight?
God, hold my tears until to-night—
Then set their fountains free!

He takes with him the light of May;
Alas! it seems but yesterday
He was a bright-haired child at play.
With eyes that knew no fear;
Blue eyes—true eyes! I see them shine
Far down, along the waving line—
Now meet them bravely, eyes of mine!
Good cheer, my love, good cheer!

Oh, mother hearts, that dare not break!
That feel the stress, the long, long ache,
The tears that burn, the eyes that wake,
For these our cherished ones—
And ye—true hearts—not called to bear
Such pain and peril, for your share—
Oh, lift with me the pleading prayer,
God save our gallant sons!

MARION COUTHOUY SMITH.

BACK FROM THE WAR.

THE spring day was all of a flutter with flags;
The mad chimes were beating like surf in the air;
The beggars had slunk out of sight with their rags;
And the balconies teemed with the rich and the fair.

And below, on each side, the long vistas were set,
In the framework of faces, patient and white—
Wives, mothers, sweethearts, with full eyes wet,
And sick hearts longing to see the sight.
Till at length, when the evening was waning, there ran
A stir through the crowd, and far-off, like a flame,
The setting sun burned on the helms of the van,
And with trampling of hoofs the proud conquerers came.

And with every step they advanced, you might hear
Women's voices half maddened with long-deferred joy;
"Thank God! he is safe. See, my love, we are here,
See! here am I, darling; and this is our boy!"

Or, "Here am I, dearest, still faithful and true;
Your own love as of old!" Or an agonized cry,
As the loved face comes not with the comrades she knew,
And the rough soldiers find not a word to reply.

And pitiful hands lead her softly away,
With a loving heart rent and broken in twain;
And the triumph sweeps onward, in gallant array—
The life and the hope, the despair and the pain.

And the long line sweeps past, and the dull world rolls on,
Though the rapture is dead and the sad tears are dry;
And careles of all, till the progress be done,
Life rides like a conqueror triumphing by.

LEWIS MORRIS.

REVEILLE.

THE morning is cheery, my boys, arouse!
The dew shines bright on the chestnut boughs,
And the sleepy mist on the river lies,
Though the east is flushing with crimson dyes.
Awake! awake! awake!
O'er field and wood and brake,
With glories newly born,
Comes on the blushing morn.
Awake! awake!

You have dreamed of your homes and your friends all night;
You have basked in your sweethearts' smiles so bright:
Come, part with them all for a while again—
Be lovers in dreams; when awake, be men.
Turn out! turn out! turn out!
You have dreamed full long I know,
Turn out! turn out! turn out!
The east is all aglow.
Turn out! turn out!

From every valley and hill there come
The clamoring voices of fife and drum;
And out on the fresh, cool morning air
The soldiers are swarming everywhere.
Fall in! fall in! fall in!
Every man in his place.
Fall in! fall in! fall in!
Each with a cheerful face.
Fall in! fall in!

MICHAEL O'CONNOR.

THE SOLDIER'S CRADLE-HYMN.

FROM a field of death and carnage
To the hospital was borne,
One May morn a youthful soldier,
With a face all white and worn.

Day by day he pined and wasted,
And 'twas pitiful to hear
Through the dreary long night-watches,
That sad call of "Mother, dear."

Weary sufferers, moaning, tossing,
Turned their sad eyes towards his cot;
But that cry was still incessant,
The young soldier heeded not.

It was night; the lights burned dimly;
O'er the couch his mother bent
Lovingly; with soft caresses
Through his hair her fingers went

But he tossed in wild delirium,
From his pale lips still the cry,
With that same sad, plaintive moaning,
"Mother—come—before—I—die."

Then in song her voice rose sweetly,
On her breast she laid his head,
"Hush, my dear, lie still and slumber,
Holy angels guard thy bed."

While she sang his moans grew fainter,
And she watched the white lids creep
O'er his eyes, till calm and peaceful
In her arms he lay asleep.

Dimmer burned the lights, and silence
Reigned within the white-washed walls;
Bearded cheeks were wet with tear-stains,
All forgot were cannon balls.

Far-off scenes rose up to memory,
Tender thoughts—repelled so long—
Crept into the hearts of soldiers,
With that soothing cradle-song.

Morning dawned; but in the night-time
One tired soul had upward sped—
"Hush, my dear, lie still and slumber,
Holy angels guard thy bed."

MARY MCGUIRE.

THE YOUNG AMERICAN.

SCION of a mighty stock!
Hands of iron—hearts of oak—
Follow with unflinching tread
Where the noble fathers led.

Craft and subtle treachery,
Gallant youth! are not for thee;
Follow thou in word and deeds
Where the God within thee leads!

Honesty with steady eye,
Truth and pure simplicity,
Love that gently winneth hearts—
These shall be thy only arts:

Prudent in the council train,
Dauntless on the battle-plain,
Ready at the country's need
For her glorious cause to bleed!

Where the dews of night distil
Upon Vernon's holy hill;
Where above it, gleaming far,
Freedom lights her guiding star:

Thither turn the steady eye,
Flashing with a purpose high;
Thither, with devotion meet,
Often turn the pilgrim feet!

Let the noble motto be,
God—the country—liberty!
Planted on religion's rock,
Thou shalt stand in every shock.

Laugh at danger far or near!
Spurn at baseness—spurn at fear!
Still, with persevering might,
Speak the truth and do the right.

So shall peace, a charming guest,
Dove-like in thy bosom rest;
So shall honor's steady blaze
Beam upon thy closing days.

Happy if celestial favor
Smile upon the high endeavor;
Happy if it be thy call
In the holy cause to fall.

ALEXANDER HILL EVERETT.

THE SINKING OF THE SHIPS.

DARK, dark is the night; not a star
 in the sky,
 And the Maine rides serenely; what danger
 is nigh?
 Our nation's at peace with the Kingdom
 of Spain,
 So calmly they rest in the battleship Maine.
 But, hark to that roar! See, the water
 is red!
 And the sailor sleeps now with the slime
 for his bed.

Havana then shook, like the leaves of the
 trees,
 When the tornado rides on the breast of
 the breeze;
 Then people sprang up from their beds
 in the gloom,
 As they'll spring from their graves at the
 thunder of doom;
 And they rushed through the streets, in
 their terror and fear,
 Crying out as they ran, "Have the rebels
 come here?"

"Oh, see how the flame lights the shores
 of the bay,
 Like the red rising sun at the coming of
 day;
 'Tis a ship in a blaze! 'Tis the battle-
 ship Maine!
 What means this to us and the Kingdom
 of Spain?
 The eagle will come at that loud sound-
 ing roar,
 And our flag will fly free over Cuba no
 more."

Dark, dark is the night on the face of the
 deep,
 In the forts all is still; are the soldiers
 asleep?
 Oh, see how that ship glides along through
 the night;
 'Tis the ghost of the Maine—she has come
 to the fight;
 A flash, and a roar, and a cry of despair;
 The eagle has come, for brave Dewey is
 there.

Oh, Spaniards, come out, for the daylight
 has fled,
 And look on those ships—look with ter-
 ror and dread;
 The eagle has come, and he swoops to his
 prey;
 Oh, fly, Spaniards fly, to that creek in the
 bay!
 The eagle has come—"Remember the
 Maine!"
 And the water is red with the blood of
 the slain.

They rest for a time—now they sail in
 again!
 Oh, woe, doom and woe, to the Kingdom
 of Spain.
 Their ships are ablaze, they are battered
 and rent,
 By the death-dealing shells which our
 sailors have sent.
 Not a man have we lost; yet the battle
 is o'er,
 And their ships ride the bay of Manila no
 more.

Dark, silent and dark, on the face of the
 deep,
 A ship glides in there; are the Spaniards
 asleep?
 The channel is mined! Oh, rash sailors,
 beware!
 Or that death-dealing fiend will spring up
 from his lair;
 He will tear you, and rend you, with wild
 fiendish roar,
 And cast you afar on the bay and the
 shore!

They laugh at the danger, what care they
 for death?
 'Tis only a shock and the ceasing of
 breath;
 Their souls to their Maker, their forms to
 the wave,
 What nation has sons like the home of
 the brave?
 That ship they would steer to the pit of
 despair,
 If duty cried "Onward!" and glory were
 there.

The shore is ablaze, but the channel they gain ;
 A word of command, and a rattle of chain ;
 A flash—and the Merrimac's sunk in the bay,
 And the Spaniard must leave in the
 of the day.
 Santiago and Hobson remembered that he,
 While waves the proud flag of the brave
 and the free.

The Spaniards sail out—what a glorious
 sight !
 Now, sailors, stand by and prepare for
 the fight ;
 O, Glo'ster, in there, pelt the Dons as
 they fly,
 Make us glorious news for the Fourth of
 July !
 And Wainwright remembered the Maine
 with a roar,
 And that shell-battered hulk is a terror
 no more.

Then Schley and the Brooklyn were right
 in the way,
 But Sampson had gone to see Shafter,
 they say ;
 And the Oregon flew like a fury from hell,
 Spreading wreckage and death with the
 might of her shell ;
 Then Evans stood out, like a chivalrous
 knight,
 Giving mercy to all at the end of the fight.

The Colon still flies, but a shell cleaves
 the air,
 Its number is fatal—a cry of despair—
 She turns to the shore, she bursts into flame,
 And down comes the flag of the King-
 dom of Spain ;
 Men float all around, the battle is done,
 And their ships are all sunk for the sink-
 ing of one.

Not ours is the hand that would strike in
 the night,
 With the fiendish intention to mangle
 and slay ;
 We strike at obstruction to freedom and
 right,
 And strike when we strike in the light of
 the day.

W. B. COLLISON.

R. BLANCO'S SOLILOQUY.

Blanco (sitting bolt upright in bed) :

I CANNOT sleep.
 The air is heavy and my breath comes
 thick.
 Grim specters haunt the curtained room,
 and roost
 Upon my bed and give to me the laugh.
 I know them not, and yet I muchly fear
 One is Sapphira, with her ancient spouse,
 While trooping in their rear do swiftly
 come.
 The liars famed in days that are no more.
 Methinks they beckon as they bid me
 come.
 Why should I tremble at these lying
 spooks ?
 Our fleet lies low in far Manila Bay,
 Our fleet lies low beside the Cuban
 strand—
 And I lie here !

Gee, whiskers !

What was that ?
 Methinks it called me with a rude hee,
 haw.
 Again ! ye gods ! and yet, and yet, again !
 I know it now ! It is, it is the dead Ma-
 tanzas mule !
 Yes, yes, I come—hee, haw, I come, I
 come !
 (Falls in a dull stupor. A cannon
 booms from the castle. In a neighbor-
 ing room a typewriter clicks on).

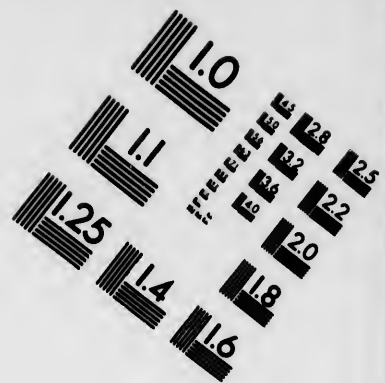
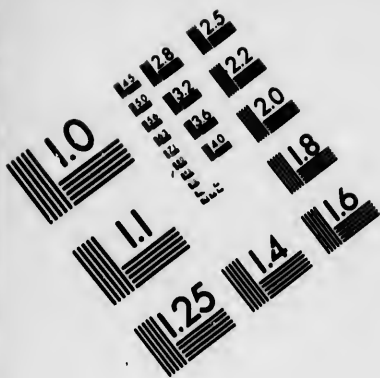
THE SILENT BRAVE.

HOW sleep the brave who sink to rest,
 By all their country's wishes blest !
 When spring, with dewy fingers cold,
 Returns to deck their hallowed mold,
 She there shall dress a sweeter sod
 Than fancy's feet have ever trod.

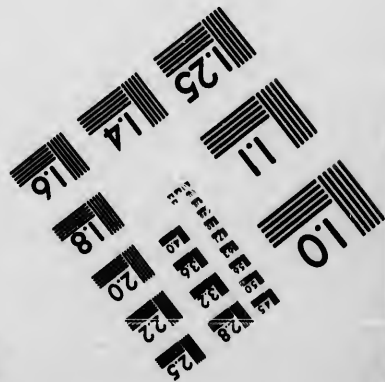
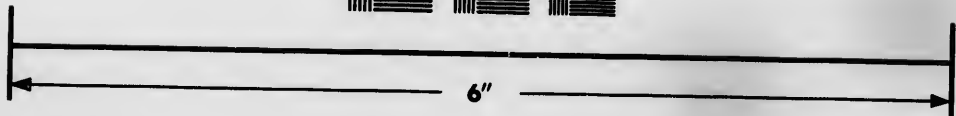
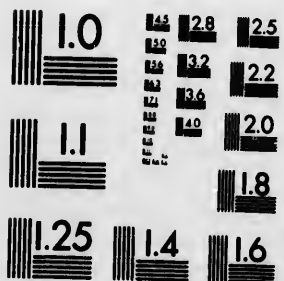
By fairy hands their knell is rung,
 By forms unseen their dirge is sung ;
 There honor comes, a pilgrim gray,
 To bless the turf that wraps their clay ;
 And freedom shall a while repair,
 To dwell a weeping hermit there !

WILLIAM COLLINS.





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WELCOME.

COME home! The land that sent you
forth
From East and West, from South and
North,
Looks wistfully beyond her gates,
Extends her arms and waits—and waits!

At duty's call she stilled her woe;
She smiled, through tears, and bade you go
To face the death you would not shun.
Brave hearts, return! Your task is done.

Not as you journeyed come you back;
A glow is about your track
Of deeds that vanquished tyranny
And set a tortured people free!

Deeds, sprung of manhood's finest grace,
That envious time will not efface;
Deeds that proclaim a nation's worth,
And crown the land that gave them birth.

America but waits to greet
And bless you, kneeling at her feet.
Your standards fair in honor furled,
The proudest mother in the world!

Come home! The land that sent you
forth
From East and West, from South and
North,
Looks wistfully beyond her gates,
Extends her arms and waits!

FLORENCE EARLE COATES.

"DO NOT CHEER."

After the Spanish fleet had struck its
colors off the harbor of Santiago on July
3d, Capt. Philip of the battleship Texas
ordered his crew not to cheer. He as-
sembled his men and gave thanks to God
for the victory which we had that day
gained.

THE smoke hangs heavy o'er the sea,
Beyond the storm-swept battle line,
Where floats the flag of Stripes and Stars,
Triumphant o'er the shattered foe.
The walls of Morrow thunder still their
fear;

Helpless, a mass of flame, the foeman
drifts,
And o'er her decks the flag of white.
Hushed voices pass the word from lip to
lip,
And grimy sailors silent stand beside the
guns,
"Cease firing. An enemy is dying. Do
not cheer."

"An enemy is dying. Do not cheer."
Thy servants' glorious tribute to Thy
name,

Christ, Lord, who rules the battle well,
Who, watching, guards our destinies,
And seeth e'en the sparrows fall.

Redly, through drifting smoke, the sun
looks down

On silent guns and shot-pierced bloody
wreck,

Long lines of weary men, with heads
bowed low,

Give thanks, in presence of Thy reaper
grim.

Thy will be done, O Lord, Thou rulest
all.

J. HERBERT STEVENS.

HE CAME.

THERE was a Don up in a tree,
And a Yankee down below;
"Come down," said the Yankee to the
Don,

But the Don was rather slow.

"What terms," he asked, "will you make
with me

If I come down to you?

No terms? Oh, Mr. Yankee man,
That'll never, never do."

The Yankee took aim with his gun

At the Don up in the tree;

"I'll shoot," he said, "if you don't come
down

Before I've counted 'three.'"

Athwart the Don's dark visage spread
A terrifying frown.

But the Yankee counted "one" and "two,"
And the little old Don came down.

"SWEAR, OH, SWEAR."

Y^E freemen, how long will ye stifle
The vengeance that justice inspires?
With treason how long will ye trifle,
And shame the proud name of your
sires?

Out? out with the sword and the rifle,
In defence of your homes and your
fires!

The flag of the old Revolution,
Swear firmly to serve and uphold,
That no treasonous breath of pollution
Shall tarnish one star on its fold.

Swear!

And hark! the deep voices replying,
From graves where your fathers are lying—
Swear! oh, swear!

In this moment, who hesitates barbers
The rights which his forefathers won;
He forfeits all claim to the charters
Transmitted from sire to son.

Kneel, kneel at the graves of our martyrs,
And swear on your sword and your gun;
I lay up your great oath on an altar
As huge and as strong as Stonehenge,
And then, with sword, fire and halter,
Sweep down the field of revenge.

Swear!

And hark! the deep voices replying,
From graves where your fathers are lying—
Swear! oh, swear!

By the tombs of your sires and brothers,
The host which the traitors have slain;
By the tears of your sisters and mothers,
In secret concealing their pain;
The grief which the heroine smothers,
Consuming the heart and the brain;
By the sigh of the penniless widow,
By the sob of our orphans' despair.

Where they sit in their sorrowful shadow,
Kneel, kneel, every freeman, and swear!

Swear!

And hark! the deep voices replying,
From graves where your fathers are lying—
Swear! oh, swear!

On mounds which are wet with the
weeping,
Where a nation has bow'd to the sod,

Where the noblest of martyrs are sleeping
Let the wind bear your vengeance
abroad;

And your firm oaths be held in the keeping
Of your patriot hearts and your God;
Over Ellsworth, for whom the first tear
rose,

While to Baker and Lyon you look,
By Winthrop, a star among heroes,
By the blood of our murdered McCook,
Swear!

And hark! the deep voices replying,
From graves where your fathers are lying—
Swear! oh, swear!

OVERWORKED GODDESS.

S^{INCE} the Deweys and the Holsons,
And the Sampsons and the Schleys
Have been doing things to make us
Cheer and laud them to the skies—
Since this war against the Spaniards
Has been going on there's one

That is weary every evening,
One whose work is never done.

'Tis the goddess that's presiding
O'er the shining scroll of fame,
Who is charged to do the writing
Down of each new hero's name.

From the sunrise till the sunset
She is busy every day,
Working overtime, without a
Single cent of extra pay.

UNCONDITIONAL SURRENDER.

Y^{ES}; rouse, Americans! And cheer!
And let your voices be heard
Wherever men love liberty
And prize that sacred word.

For lo! on Santiago's heights
Our gallant standard waves,
And freedom dawns on souls of men
Who yesterday were slaves.

Where Shafter leads his conquering train:
With stern, heroic Miles—
Fair Cuba drops her captive chain
And lifts her head and smiles.

The proud Castilian hirelings bow
Before Right's stern decree:
The "Pearl of the Antilles now" now
Is fated to be free.

WHAT COMES AFTER.

EMBLAZONED immortal on history's
pages
The names of our heroes on land and
on sea,
A monument that will outlast countless
ages,
Roll call of the glorious sons of the free;
Our diplomat leader in far off Manila,
Adored of a people—in praise just and
true;
The great flagship Brooklyn's cool, gallant
commandant,
All honor to him, to whom honor is due.

Our general, too, from whose brow wreath'd
in laurels,
Petty jealousy fain would have snatched
the fair crown;
And the boys of the army and boys of
the navy—
By disease and the guns of the Spaniards
mowed down—
Underfed and uncared for, yet still un-
complaining.
Tho' enlisted to warfare—not hunger—
they came;
Oh! shame to the black heart, by whom
they are dying,
Whose neglect is a blot on the nation's
fair name.

Forgetful of self—at the engines, hell
tempered,
Overpowered but staggering still to
their post;
The guns knew of heroes, unhonored in
story,
With naught to gain, albeit risking the
most.
But with God rank is leveled, on man and
commander,
Who e'er combat ended had stemmed
the dark flood,
The voice of the Father fell, sweet, re-
assuring,
"Enter into my rest, ye have done
what ye could."

LILIAN H. DU BOIS.

DIRGE OF THE DRUMS.

DEAD! Dead! Dead, dead, dead!
To the solemn beat of the last retreat
That falls like lead,
Bear the hero now to his honored rest
With the badge of courage upon his breast,
While the sun sinks down in the gleaming
West—
Dead! Dead! Dead!

Dead! Dead! Mourn the dead!
While the mournful notes of the bugles
float
Across his bed,
And the guns shall toll on the vibrant air
The knell of the victor lying there—
'Tis a fitting sound for a soldier's prayer—
Dead! Dead! Dead!

Dead! Dead! Dead, dead, dead!
To the muffled beat of the lone retreat
And speeding lead,
Lay the hero low to his well-earned rest,
In the land he loved, on her mother breast,
While the sunlight dies in the darkening
West—
Dead! Dead! Dead!

ALTON.

TAPS.

TAPS—for the day is finished,
And the moon, in her silvery light,
Whips up from the low horizon
To the star-flecked clouds of night.

Taps—and the day's hard duty
Is o'er, and the time for rest
Sounds forth in its pointed cadence,
And the blowing bugler's blest.

Taps—their duty is ended.
The dead lie side by side.
"Lights out" the bugler's sounding
As they start on their long last ride.

Such is their journey homeward—
To "taps" o'er the broken sod,
To wake on the morn with souls new born
At the "reveille" of God.

HENRY EDWARD WALLACE, JR.

THE MAN WITH THE MUSKET.

SOLDIERS, pass on from this rage of
 renown,
 This ant-hill, commotion and strife,
 Pass by where the marbles and bronzes
 look down
 With their fast-frozen gestures of life,
 On, out to the nameless who lie 'neath the
 gloom
 Of the pitying cypress and pine ;
 Your man is the man of the sword and
 the plume,
 But the man of the musket is mine.

I knew him ! By all that is noble, I knew
 This commonplace hero I name !
 I've camped with him, marched with him,
 fought with him, too,
 In the swirl of the fierce battle-flame !
 Laughed with him, cried with him, taken
 a part
 Of his canteen and blanket, and known
 That the throb of his chivalrous prairie
 boy's heart
 Was an answering stroke of my own.

I knew him, I tell you ! And, also, I knew
 When he fell on the battle-swept ridge,
 That poor-battered body that lay there in
 blue
 Was only a plank in the bridge
 Over which some should pass to a fame
 That shall shine while the high stars
 shall shine !
 Your hero is known by an echoing name,
 But the man with the musket is mine.

I knew him ! All through him the good
 and the bad
 Ran together and equally free ;
 But I judge as I trust Christ will judge the
 brave lad,
 For death made him noble to me !

In the cyclone of war, in the battle's
 eclipse
 Life shook off its lingering sands,
 And he died with the names that he loved
 on his lips.
 His musket still grasped in his hands !
 Up close to the flag my soldier went down,
 In the salient front of the line ;

You may take for your heroes the men of
 renown,
 But the man of the musket is mine.
 H. S. TAYLOR.

IT IS GREAT FOR OUR COUNTRY
 TO DIE.

OH ! it is great for our country to die,
 where ranks are contending ;
 Bright is the wreath of our fame ; glory
 awaits us for aye—
 Glory, that never is dim, shining on with
 light never ending—
 Glory that never shall fade, never, oh !
 never away.

Oh ! it is sweet for our country to die !
 How softly reposes
 Warrior youth on his bier, wet by the
 tears of his love,
 Wet by a mother's warm tears ; they crown
 him with garlands of roses,
 Weep, and then joyously turn, bright
 where he triumphs above.

Not to the shades shall the youth descend,
 who for country hath perished ;
 Hebe awaits him in heaven, welcomes
 him there with her smile ;
 There, at the banquet divine, the patriot
 spirit is cherished ;
 Gods love the young who ascend pure
 from the funeral pile.

Not to Elysian fields, by the still, oblivious
 river ;
 Not to the isles of the blest, over the
 blue, rolling sea ;
 But on Olympian heights shall dwell the
 devoted forever ;
 There shall assemble the good, there
 the wise, valiant and free.

Oh ! then, how great for our country to
 die, in the front rank to perish,
 Firm with our breast to the foe, victory's
 shout in our ear !
 Long they our statutes shall crown, in
 songs our memory cherish ;
 We shall look forth from our heaven,
 pleased the sweet music to hear.

WHEN BANNERS ARE WAVING.

WHEN banners are waving,
 And lances a-pushing;
 When captains are shouting,
 And war-horses rushing;
 When cannon are roaring,
 And hot bullets flying,
 He that would honor win,
 Must not fear dying.

Though shafts fly so thick
 That it seems to be snowing;
 Though streamlets with blood
 More than water are flowing;
 Though with sabre and bullet
 Our bravest are dying,
 We speak of revenge, but
 We ne'er speak of flying.

Come, stand to it, heroes!
 The heathen are coming;
 Horsemen are round the walls,
 Riding and running;
 Maidens and matrons all
 Arm! arm! are crying,
 From petards the wildfire's
 Flashing and flying.

The trumpets from turrets high
 Loudly are braying;
 The steeds for the onset
 Are snorting and neighing;
 As waves in the ocean,
 The dark plumes are dancing;
 As stars in the blue sky,
 The helmets are glancing.

Their ladders are planting,
 Their sabres are sweeping;
 Now swords from our sheaths
 By the thousand are leaping;
 Like the flash of the lightning
 Ere men hearken thunder,
 Swords gleam, and the steel caps
 Are cloven asunder.

The shouting has ceased,
 And the flashing of cannon!
 I looked from the turret
 For crescent and pennon:
 As flax touched by fire,
 As hail in the river,
 They were smote, they were fallen,
 And had melted for ever.

THE CUBAN CRISIS.

RED is the setting sun,
 Redder the Cuban sod;
 Maceo's valiant fight is done
 For freedom and for God.
 The long-leaved pine and the stately palm
 Bend lowly in grief to-night,
 And through the hush of the tropic calm
 There rolls from the sea a mournful psalm,
 A requiem over the right.

Honored with many scars
 Now lies the hero brave;
 Pityingly the southern stars
 Weep o'er the martyr's grave,
 While night winds whisper of deeds so fell
 That nature shudders in sleep,
 And every tree in the crimson dell
 Muttters a secret most dread to tell
 Of treachery foul and deep.

Every land shall know,
 Heaven and earth shall see;
 The whole world weeps when a traitor's
 blow
 Strikes at the brave and free.
 But from Havana comes clang of bells,
 Borne gaily across the lea
 From Morro Castle, where Weyler dwells,
 A drunken wassail the clamor swells
 With plaudits and fiendish glee.

Dark seem the midnights there,
 Dark are the crimes they blot;
 But darker still are the dungeons where
 The friends of freedom rot.
 Their chains clank dull on the slimy walls,
 Their festering bones protrude;
 And day after day the death bell tolls
 As the drifting smoke from the slaughter
 rolls,
 'Mid jeers from the multitude!

Red is the rising sun,
 Red with the wrath of God;
 For Cuba reddens in streams that run
 With blood where her tyrants have trod.
 Still flows to the sea the scarlet tide;
 How long shall it last, O Lord!
 But hell rolls on where the Spaniards ride,
 And frenzied women in terror hide
 From a fate far worse than the sword.

Our skies are obscured with smoke,
 Our seas are stained with blood;
 Our hills still echo the butcher's stroke
 Across the crimson flood,
 Our flag insulted, our brothers slain,
 At last awakens our land;
 Now sweeps a tempest from every plain,
 Our sovereign people have challenged
 Spain,
 The judgment hour is at hand.
 LOUIS S. AMONSON.

FOR CUBA.

HAVE you heard the call from Cuba
 Coming northward on the breeze?
 Have you seen the dark cloud hanging
 To the southward o'er the seas?

It is a gasp for liberty,
 That shudders on the air;
 Spain has relit her torture-fires,
 And men are writhing there.

Oppression's tempest gathers force,
 Its tidal wave rolls high;
 Old Europe's shadow dims the stars
 We kindled in the sky.

The time is come for action,
 Now let the right prevail;
 Shall all our boasted sympathy
 With slaves downtrodden fail?

Shall we be mockers of the faith
 By which our course was set?
 Shall we deny what we received
 From men like Lafayette?

Help! help! the swarthy patriots cry,
 While Spaniards beat them down,
 Because they will not bend the knee
 To one who wears a crown.

The hoary, mediæval lie,
 That robs the power of kings,
 And rivets chains on bleeding hands,
 Once more its logic brings.

At subtle diplomat's pleas
 Let free-born statesmen scoff;
 Poor, drowning Cuba grips our skirt,—
 Shall Freedom shake her off?

Oh no! fling out the fleet and flag,
 To shield her from the storm,
 And let that splendid Island feel
 The clasp of Freedom's arm.
 MAURICE THOMSON.

THE TIME OF WAR.

THE flags of war like storm-birds fly,
 The charging trumpets blow;
 Yet rolls no thunder in the sky,
 No earthquake strives below.

And, calm and patient, nature keeps
 Her ancient promise well,
 Though o'er her bloom and greenness
 sweeps
 The battle's breath of hell.

And still she walks in golden hours
 Through harvest-happy farms,
 And still she wears her fruits and flowers
 Like jewels on her arms.

What mean the gladness of the plain,
 This joy of eve and morn,
 The mirth that shakes the beard of grain
 And yellow locks of corn?

Ah! eyes may well be full of tears,
 And hearts with hate are hot;
 But even-paced come round the years,
 And nature changes not.

She meets with smiles our bitter grief,
 With songs our groans of pain;
 She mocks with tint of flower and leaf
 The war field's crimson stain.

Still, in the cannon's pause we hear
 Her sweet thanksgiving psalm;
 Too near to God for doubt or fear,
 She shares the eternal calm.

She knows the seed lies safe below
 The fires that blast and burn;
 All the tears of blood we sow
 She waits the rich return.

She sees with clearer eye than ours
 The good of suffering born—
 The hearts that blossom like her flowers,
 And ripen like her corn.

AT CLOSE QUARTERS.

SHE wore a dress of navy blue,
The collar white and blue and red;
A striped belt—and stockings, too;
A sailor hat was on her head.
Red, white and blue her chatelaine;
She had a flag beneath her chin,
She wore a badge—"U. S. S. Maine,"
A tiny cannon for a pin.

She wore a shell-comb in her hair,
With army buttons all embossed;
Some swords were also sticking there,
And at her belt small rifles crossed.
Her pocket-book was knapsack shape,
Her smelling bottle a wee canteen
Containing essence of "Crushed Grape"—
The neatest thing I'd ever seen.

Her face was patriotic, too,
And full of everlasting charms;
Her cheeks were red, teeth white, eyes blue;
She also had repeating arms.
In fact, she was in "fighting trim,"
So an "engagement" I did seek;
And though my chance to win was slim,
I cruised around about her cheek.

Puff! Suddenly she fired at me
A perfect fusilade of smiles!
It shook my heart "windward" to "lee,"
Re-echoing for miles and miles!
My rapid-firing lips I turned
Upon her then (for they were loaded),
But when the fast-sent kisses burned,
The powder on her face exploded!

SONG FOR OUR FLEETS.

A SONG for our fleets—our iron fleets,
Of grim and savage beauty,
That plow their way through fields of spray
To follow a nation's duty!
The winds may blow and the waves may
flow
And stars may hide their faces,
But little we reck, our stars o'er deck
Still glitter within their places.

Let never a one who gazes on
This pageant, calm and splendid,
Doubt that our coasts from hostile hosts
Will gallantly be defended!

A desperate foe may wish us woe,
But what is their petty knavery
Against the right, when backed by might
And Anglo-Saxon bravery?

A song for our fleets—our gallant fleets,
'Neath flags of glory flying,
That carry the aid, so long delayed,
To those that are crushed and dying!
And flames may glow, and blood may flow,
But still, with a stern endeavor,
We'll rule the main, and lash foul Spain
From our western world forever!
WILL CARLETON.

"PRIVATE JONES."

I USED to boss him in the store
And oversee his work,
For I had charge of one whole floor
And he was just a clerk.
To-day it's different, if you please;
We've changed respective pegs,
I'm private in the ranks—and he's
Got stripes
Down
His
Legs.

The girls, whose smiles were once for me,
Now scarce vouchsafe a glance,
Such great attraction can they see
In decorated pants.
The erstwhile clerk no longer my
Indulgence humble begs.
I'm down below. He's up on high,
With stripes
Down
His
Legs.

It's "Private Jones, do this and that."
In haste I must bestir—
To Jenkins, on whom oft I've sat,
I'm told to answer "sir!"
One born to rule, it's come to pass
Of woe I drink the dregs—
I'm in the army, with, alas!
No stripes
Down
My
Legs.

EDWIN L. SABIN.

WELCOME HOME!

HANG out your banners! The boys
 are returning
 Laured with honors from distant cam-
 paigns;
 Give them a welcome so rousing and
 burning
 That naught of the hardship and strug-
 gle remains.

Sunburned and valiant, the columns are
 swinging.
 Past the old places that knew them of
 yore.
 Roar out your welcome, while steeples are
 ringing,
 And our fair city flings open the door!

When the gay bandmen their marches
 are playing
 Drown the proud notes with a deafen-
 ing cheer;
 Sweeter than all is the frantic hurraing
 Of the glad thousands that jostle so near.

Cheer them again till the firmaments rattle,
 Fling out the flag they would follow to
 death!
 Past is the pestilence, famine and battle—
 Wars dread attendants they gallantly
 met.

Welcome them home with a welcome the
 rarest,
 Greet them with flowers rained down
 from above—
 Back to the town of the bravest and fairest,
 Back to the City of Brotherly Love!

LOUIS S. AMONSON.

WHERE'S THE BLAME?

SHE sank without a warning note,
 The cry of fear stuck in each throat,
 And, as she swerved with stricken reel,
 They drowned like rats in cage of steel.
 Masters, where's the blame?

'Twas not the crash of fiery fight
 Drew down our flag from mortal right;
 'Neath shining stars and rippling wave
 Unshriven went she to her grave.
 Masters, where's the blame?

Ah, hear ye not the orphans' wail,
 The clamor borne upon the gale?
 While millions rise and sobbing cry,
 "Why was it doomed these men to die—
 Masters, where's the blame?"

PEACE.

THE Pride of the Antilles bowed her
 head,
 She had snapped her teeth in vain,
 Her faith was weak and her hope was dead,
 Crushed by the power of Spain.

'Twas then that a greater power arose,
 And o'er the Western wave
 A voice called "Halt" to Cuba's foes,
 And an arm stretched forth to save.

The voice was the surge of a people's
 soul,
 In the arm was a mighty word,
 In the wake of a war-time thunder's roll
 Was the blood of heroes poured.

Till the heart of the Don no longer braved
 The force of the Iron Hand,
 And the flag of the Great Republic waved
 Throughout that weary land.

The dogs of war have ceased to bark,
 The wings of peace are spread,
 And a gleam of glory lights the dark
 In the graves of a nation's dead.

God grant these hundred days of strife
 May bring a hundred years
 Of plenteousness and peaceful life,
 And an utter dearth of tears.

For men are no less brave at home,
 And women's hearts are stronger
 When soldier sweethearts cease to roam
 And war alarms no longer.

If men must work and women weep,
 Why should it be for others?
 So let the dogs of war still sleep,
 And let all men be brothers.

FRANKLIN TRUSDELL.

THE SAXONS.

WE sing the fame of Saxon name,
 And the spell of its world-wide
 power,
 Of its triumphs vast in the glorious past,
 And the might of the rising hour;
 And our bosoms glow, for we proudly
 know
 With the flag of right unfurled,
 That the strength and skill of the Saxon
 will
 Is bound to rule the world.

And we glory not in the empty thought
 That the Saxon arm is strong;
 Nor alone to know, tho' 'tis surely so,
 That the seas to her belong.
 But this our pride, with Wrong defied,
 And the sin-cloud backward hurled,
 That the word of God, our triumph rod,
 Is bound to rule the world.

In days of yore from the Saxon shore
 Our sea-born fathers came.
 They conquered then by the might of men
 And sword, and spear, and flame;
 But to us 'tis given by the voice of Heaven,
 With the peace flag far unfurled,
 In our Union's might, by the power of
 Right,
 To rule, 'neath God, the world.

In the olden time there were deeds sub-
 lime,
 And dear-bought victories won;
 For the hearts were true on the heaving
 blue,
 Or behind the fortress gun;
 And they championed Right in their rising
 might,
 With their war-flags old unfurled;
 Yea, Wrong went down 'neath the Saxon
 frown,
 But its smile shall rule the world.

And perchance of old, if the truth be told,
 There were brother hearts estranged;
 But the wound is healed and the friend-
 ship sealed
 As the years have upward ranged,

Let the tale of wrong, now dead so long,
 With the old war flags be furled;
 For a peace sublime, in the coming time,
 Is bound to rule the world.

'Tis a mighty dower, this earth-wide
 power,
 And a mighty task involves;
 With our hearts steel-true, let us hold in
 view
 The might of our high resolves;
 Let us stand for Right in our race's might,
 With our fearless flag unfurled;
 For the might of Love from our God
 above
 Is bound to rule the world.

WILLIAM R. WOOD

WE ARE ALL YANKEES NOW.

ONCE our nation was divided.
 And was rent by cruel strife.
 Then the Johnnies and the Yankees
 Threatened long to take its life.

Let us shout for the Union,
 To the Stars and Stripes we'll bow,
 No party lines divide us,
 For we're all Yankees now.

With our millions all united,
 And with freedom's flag unfurled,
 Backed by patriotic freemen,
 Uncle Sam can rule the world.
 HEBER DONALDSON.

HOBSON AND HIS CHOSEN SEVEN.

COME, kings and queens the world
 around,
 Whose power and fame all climes resound!
 Come, sailors bold and soldiers brave,
 Whose names shall live beyond the grave!
 Come, men and women, come, boys and
 girls,
 Wherever our flag to the breeze unfurls!
 Come one, come all, let none stand back,
 Come, praise the men of the Merrimac!
 Out from the water, out from the fire,
 Out from the jaws of death most dire!
 Far up in the fame and light of heaven,
 See Hobson with his chosen seven!

AS TO WAR TAXES.

THEY'VE put a stamp upon our checks,
 As well as on our beer;
 They've taxed the note that often wrecks,
 And things that bring good cheer.
 They've taxed the mortgage on the roof,
 They've taxed insurance, too,
 Until some folks have but reproof
 For schemes for Revenue.

I've but a word of good advice
 For those who make the tax:
 Why not impose some of the ice
 On more deserving backs?
 Why make the man who pays a debt
 Add something to his score,
 When there are several millions yet
 'Twere well not to ignore?

Tax nuisances, not virtues. There
 Is sure no lack of these:
 The man who talks while cutting hair,
 The man demanding fees
 For doing what he ought to do,
 And others of his ilk;
 Pray why ignore the pirate crew
 And put so much on silk?

The Yellow Journalist should be
 Compelled to pay two cents
 On every one-cent extra he
 Brings out with lines immense.
 Tax all the fibs this fellow tells;
 I think you'll surely find
 That you've at last removed the spells
 That weak finances bind.

Tax all the saffron clergymen,
 Forgetful of their place,
 For every word they utter when
 They would incite the race.
 Tax people like our loved Van Wyck,
 And Platt, and Croker, too,
 For every scheming little strike
 Their politics put through.

Tax deals and schemes, tax everything
 Which makes our folk appear
 To be bound fast within a ring—
 You'll find there's plenty here.

Tax everywhere corruption, and
 I think you'll shortly see
 The people in a chorus grand
 Acclaim you splendidly.

JOHN KENDRICK BANGS.

THE BALLAD OF PRIVATE SMITH.

OH, Private Smith went off to the war,
 A-leaving Sally Jones;
 He thought he'd get a good, fat berth,
 But came back skin and bones!

"Oh, Sally Jones," says he to her,
 "In ships we went to roam;
 'Though glad to fight in Cuba, yet
 In transports came we home!"

"'Twas easy tacking on the sea,
 'Twas hard tack on the land;
 We longed for clams—and oysters, too—
 Or even oysters panned!"

"And in the trenches ev'ry day,
 The heavens would bombard—
 And though rain water's very soft
 It always came down hard!"

"Of course we wouldn't got so wet
 Had we not fought with Spain—
 But driving Spanish rulers out
 Brought on the Cuban reign!"

"And those machetes the Cubans used—
 Why here's a trick they'd do;
 One cut at just one Spanish man,
 And one was cut in two!"

"We fought along 'most ev'ry day,
 In rain or broiling heat—
 Consid'ring what we had for food,
 We'd rather fight than eat!"

"And Sally Jones, of you I thought,
 When thick the bullets flew—
 Not one went through my heart, because
 I'd left it home with you!"

"I'd given you my stomach, too,
 If I'd been half-way smart,
 For then, oh Sally, it would be
 As full as is my heart!"

TELLING THEM OF TAMPA.

WEARY months I've spent in Tampa,
 where the luscious hardtack grows;
 'Tis a wond'rous fruit, dear sister, which
 fact every soldier knows.
 And it grows—please pass the butter!—
 grows in Tampa, as I said—
 Sister! just a few potatoes! Mother, won't
 you ; ass the bread!

There's another curious product of that
 most peculiar land:
 'Tis the pig-tree where the pork blooms—
 Mother, this roast-beef is grand!
 And this pig-tree—Sister! pass the stewed
 tomatoes down this way!
 Well, this pig-tree—Mother! say, this
 home-made pickle's all O K!
 Tell you all about our camp life? Cer-
 tainly—please pass the bread!
 Well, we got up in the morning and at
 night we went to bed;
 Then sometimes we—Sister! help me to
 another piece of steak!
 Yes, and then, again, we—Mother! what
 fine gravey you can make!
 Did we have good meals at Tampa? Yes
 indeedy—in a horn!
 Best the land afforded—Sister! give me
 one more ear of corn!
 Meals down there were so delightful that
 I—Mother! pour the tea!
 So delightful that—Say, Sister! is that
 succotash I see?
 Well, as I was saying, camp life is—Say,
 Sister! pass the slaw!
 Camp life is—Say, Mother! just a bit
 more beef—er—medium raw!
 To go back to camp life—Will I have
 some chicken salad, say!
 Will I? Well, you try me, Sister! won't
 you pass the bread this way?
 Down at Tampa—what's that, Mother?
 Did I hear you mention pie?
 Ice-cream, too? This must be heaven in
 the glorious bye and bye!
 Down at Tampa—easy, Mother; just two
 lumps is all I take!
 Down at—Oh, confound old Tampa! Sis-
 ter! won't you pass the cake!

GEORGE HOBART.

A GOOD FIGHTER.

"A H, he's good for naught but fight-
 ing!"
 Oft I've said:
 Long ago when he was little—
 Baby Fred—
 He'd forsake his ball and rattle
 To plunge madly into battle
 For another—
 For his brother:
 Now he's dead!

He was good for naught but fighting,
 Good for naught—
 Had no sense of self or pelf, what's
 Sold or bought—
 Had but little love for learning,
 But to right men's wrongs was burning—
 Ne'er did blunder—
 E'er for under
 Dog he fought.

"He will live and die a fighter,"
 Said his "dad";
 And he did—he wasn't twenty—
 Just a lad—
 And his "daddy" gone before him!
 Now the grass is growing o'er him,
 And I'm lonely
 For the only
 Boy I had.

But his name is one with Glory!
 Grief's alloy
 Cannot ruin golden memories
 Of past joy:
 He who fought but never quarreled,
 He whom deathless fame has laureled,
 Aging never,
 Will forever
 Be my boy!

MARY NORTON BRADFORD.

WAR TIME.

WHEN Willie in the regiment
 Went out to meet the foe,
 His sweetheart stood, with face intent,
 And pale, to see him go.
 Though sank her heart within her breast,
 She did not dare to cry;
 She'd heard in war-time it was best
 To keep her powder dry.

HER PAPA.

MY papa's all dressed up to-day;
He never looked so fine;
I thought when first I looked at him,
My papa wasn't mine.

He's got a beautiful new suit—
The old one was so old—
It's blue, with buttons, oh, so bright
I guess they must be gold.

And papa's sort o' glad and sort
O' sad—I wonder why;
And ev'ry time she looks at him
It makes my mamma cry.

Who's Uncle Sam? My papa says
That he belongs to him;
But papa's joking, 'cause he knows
My uncle's name is Jim.

My papa just belongs to me
And mamma. And I guess
The folks are blind who cannot see
His buttons marked U. S.

U. S. Spells us. He's ours—and yet
My mamma can't help cry.
And papa tries to smile at me
And can't—I wonder why?

AT THE FRONT.

NOT the soldiers only are at the front
to-day,
Not alone the boys in blue who face the
stubborn foe.

In the tent and in the charge, and on the
weary way,
There are unseen sentinels who watch
with eyes aglow.

Mothers who have sent their sons to battle
for the right,

Wives and sweethearts all day long,
whose throbbing hearts are there,
A host of loyal loving ones who help the
gallant fight

beating at the throne of God with
never-ceasing prayer.

These may not thread the jungle, nor
storm the frowning hill,
They stand not in the rifle pit, they
man no sullen gun;
But they are with the army, and with
strength their pulses thrill,
And theirs will be the victor's part
when once the strife is done.

Standing for the old flag, standing first
for God,
Standing for humanity, they meet the
battle's brunt,

These women who, for heartache, scarce
can see the path they've trod,
Since they kissed the lads they loved so
dear, and sent them to the front.

MARGARET E. SANGSTER.

PITY FOR THE SLAIN.

WE have wreathed all our heroes on
land and on sea,
And have lauded their valor from 'A'
unto 'Z,'

Let us turn from the flood of their glories
to see

Where the ebb and the cross-current
runs.

To the fever-cursed peasants in transport
and pen,

To the shark-mangled fragments that once
were called men,

To the targets for Gatlings and Crag-
Jorgensen.

To the men who're in front of our
guns

There are vine-wreathed homes on the
hillsides of Spain,

Where their children will watch for their
coming in vain,

And we turn from our slogan, "Remem-
ber the 'Maine!'"

To remember their wives and their sons.
Let us give all our glories to whom it is
due,

To our heroes who fought under Red,
White and Blue,

But a tear drop in pity; humanity's due
to the men who're in front of our guns.

HONOR THE BRAVE.

HONOR the deeds of heroes done
In battles fought and victories won
By freedom's sons o'er land and sea,
With loud acclaim our greetings be.

Who never faltered at the call,
But bravely answered one and all—
The call that made dark Cuba free,
And led the way to liberty.

What though in death's eternal sleep,
With foemen brave some silence keep,
Their fame will ever cherished be
While time shall last and memory.

Then stifle not one note of praise
When you your highest anthems raise
To Him whose blessing did attend,
Who from beginning saw the end.

W. R. EVANS.

A TOAST TO OUR SHIPS.

WHY do our battleships scour the
main,
What need of big cruisers to thrash old
Spain
When we have a surplus of Yankee pluck,
And the Hist, the Hornet and Wampatuck?

The Spaniards scoffed at our navy of tugs,
Manned by ignorant sailors and thugs;
But a different tune is sung since they
struck
The Hist, the Hornet and Wampatuck.

They blockade, cut cables, pass forts and
fight;
They are in it at all times, day or night,
And Hidalgos flee, when these three run
amuck,
The Hist, the Hornet and Wampatuck.

A toast to brave Jungen, Helm and
Young,
May their praises loud and long be sung;
One foot on the table, boys, "Here's
luck"
To the Hist, the Hornet and Wampatuck.

OUR FLAG.

NOW can the world once more the
glory see
Of this our flag, emblem of liberty.
Now can the tyrant quake with direst fear
As o'er his land our banners shall appear.

Now can the Cubans with triumphant
voice
Lead on their troops to battle and rejoice.
Our starry flag to Cuba peace shall bring,
And through the world great songs of
praise shall ring.

No selfish aim shall lead our flag astray,
No base desire shall point our banner's
way;
Each star has told a tale of noble deed,
Each stripe shall mean from strife a nation
free.

Our glorious past when first with thirteen
stars
On field of blue with white and bright red
bars,
Our flag led on in battle's fierce array,
And freed the land from mighty Britain's
sway.

And since this time when first it was un-
furled,
Our flag has proved the noblest in the
world.
From Cuba's shore out to Manila Bay
Its mighty folds protecting fly to-day.

Beneath this flag with patriotic pride
For freedom's cause great men have gladly
died,
Our noblest sons beneath its folds so free
In conflict died for Cuba's liberty.

Float on, dear flag, our nation's greatest
joy,
Thy starry folds no despot shall destroy;
Stretch out thy arms till war forever cease,
And all the world is universal peace.

CHAS. F. ALSOP.

THE ISLANDS OF THE SEA.

GOD is shaping the great future of the islands of the sea;

He has sown the blood of martyrs and the fruit is liberty;

In thick clouds and in darkness He has sent abroad His word;

He has given a haughty nation to the cannon and the sword.

He has seen a people moaning in the thousand deaths they die;

He has heard from child and woman a terrible dark cry;

He has given the wasted talent of the steward faithless found

To the youngest of the nations with His abundance crowned.

He called her to do justice where none but she had power;

He called her to do mercy to her neighbor at the door;

He called her to do vengeance for her own sons foully dead;

Thrice did he call unto her before she hearkened.

She has gathered the vast Midland, she has searched her borders round!

There has been a mighty hosting of her children on the ground;

Her searchlights lie along the sea, her guns are loud on land;

To do her will upon the earth her armies round her stand.

The fleet at her commandment to either ocean turns;

Belted around the mighty world her line of battle burns;

She has loosed the hot volcanoes of the ships of flaming hell;

With fire and smoke and earthquake shock her heavy vengeance fell.

O joyfulest May morning when before our guns went down

The Inquisition priesthood and the dungeon-making crown,

While through red lights of battle our starry dawn burst out,

Swift as the tropic sunrise that doth with glory shout!

Be jubilant, free Cuba, our feet are on thy soil;

Up mountain road, through jungle growth our bravest for thee toil;

There is no blood so precious as their wounds pour forth for thee;

Sweet be thy joys, free Cuba—sorrows have made thee free.

Nor thou, O noble nation, who wast so slow to wrath,

With grief too heavy laden, follow in duty's path;

Not for ourselves our lives are; not for thyself art thou;

The star of Christian ages is shining on thy brow.

Rejoice, O mighty mother, that God hath chosen thee

To be the Western warder of the islands of the sea;

He lifteth up, He casteth down, He is the King of kings,

Whose dread commands o'er awe-struck lands are borne on eagles' wings.

GEORGE E. WOODBERRY.

SOLDIER TOMMY'S COMING.

CHANGE th' sheets an' cool th' piller,
Go an' buy a hunk o' ice,

Squeeze th' lemons on th' sugar,
Fix it up all cold and nice.

Fryin' doughnuts, settin' biscuits,
Ginger bread an' pancakes, too,

Pies of apples, raisin cookies,
Light as drips of drops of dew.

Hurry up, th' time is speedin',
Work ain't more'n a quarter done,

Stove's a sizzlin', pot's a-bilin',
Hustle, Jane; why don't you run?

Rinse th' berries, peel potatoes,
Grind th' coffee sweet an' brown,

We ain't workin' harder'n others
Everywhere about the town.

Shut th' door an' keep th' flies out,
Wipe away that tear! Be gay,

Fer our Tom, our soldier Tommy,
He's a-comin' home to-day.

ONE SOLDIER DEAD.

A FAIR young mother calmly read
 While one hand rocked the cradle
 bed
 Whereon her first-born slept away
 The twilight of a summer day.
 She carelessly the paper turned
 Till "Latest War News" she discerned:
 "Our loss was small," the dispatches
 said—
 "A skirmish, and one soldier dead."

They troubled not to give his name,
 Or e'en the troop from which he came;
 For who, rejoicing in success,
 Cares if there be one private less?
 Only a soldier lying there,
 With blood upon his sunny hair,
 With no kind friend to raise his head,
 Or treasure the last words he said.

O, happy mother, do you know
 That not so many years ago
 That soldier was a baby, too,
 With face as sweet and eyes as blue
 As those within yon cradle there!
 And knew a mother's tender care,
 Who now must sit alone and weep
 Because he wakes not from his sleep.

And other thousands also said:—
 "Only a private soldier dead,"
 Without a passing thought that he
 Might one of nature's nobles be,
 Or that the words that line contained
 Would wreck a life that yet remained.
 His mother waits for him in vain,
 For he, her only child, is slain.

JEAN PAUL WAYNE.

JIM.

BEFORE he 'listed folks 'd laugh
 At Jim,
 An' sort o' pass a joke 'n' chaff
 At him;
 An' say 'at Jim was tarnal queer,
 An' vow he wuzn't right up here,
 An' sort o' laugh an' kind o' sneer
 At him!

But when they'd seen that uniform
 On Jim,
 Why, hearts got somehow kind o' warn:
 To him;
 An' folks jes' stood along th' route
 T' see Jim's regiment turn out,
 An' mebbe they didn't cheer 'n' shout
 Fer him!

An' then when news arriv' one day
 O' Jim,
 Why, everybody said "Hoo-ray!"
 Fer him.

Fer Jim was right bang in th' fight,
 An' knockin' Spaniards left 'n' right,
 An' folks got thinkin' thet ther' night
 'Bout Jim.

An' when a-marchin' home he come—
 Our Jim!—
 Mebbe folks didn't make things hum
 Fer him!

They took Jim up 'n' made him mayor,
 An' run him fer th' gov'nor's chair,
 An' when Congress meets, why, Jim'll
 be there—

Our Jim!

SHE DOETH WHAT SHE CAN.

SHE sits alone in the window seat,
 Watching the soldiers who throng
 the street.

A tear clings fast to her gentle eye,
 Her bosom heaves with a sudden sigh,
 And her slender fingers that clutch the
 sill

Wave a proud adieu with a royal will.
 But her mouth in its motion never slacks
 O'er the gum she cheweth to pay the tax.

There are women who go to the battle
 front,

Women in hospitals bearing the brunt.
 Women who serve 'neath the Red Cross
 sign,

Women whose mission seems half divine.
 But Annabel sits at the window high;
 She cannot go where the bullets fly,
 But steadily onward through packs and
 packs

She cheweth the gum to pay the tax.

HOLD THE PHILIPPINES.

WHY doth President McKinley, as the
protocol he signs,
Leave as undetermined still the future of
the Philippines?
We have brought the haughty Spaniard
to his knees to sue for peace;
Are we only wise in battle? Are we fools
when fightings cease?
Shall we with a child's abandon throw
what we have won away,
Counting as of no advantage, this, our
gateway to Cathay?
Yield again unto the foeman land whereon
our boys have trod;
Land he could not hold against us? Never,
in the name of God!

WHO'S TO BLAME?

SAYS Sternberg: "Ah me,
I'm sure I hired doctors enough,
And gave 'em quinine and other stuff.
'Tain't me."

Says Alger: "Just see!
I sent 'steen million pounds of meat
For the soldier boys to eat.
'Tain't me."

Says Shafter, says he:
"My business down there was to fight,
And not to see that the grub was right.
'Tain't me."

COLUMBIA TO CUBA.

YES, Oh Sister Cuba,
We heard your troubled call.
We are coming, Sister Cuba,
Yes, we are coming one and all.
Our cleaving prows are flashing back the
spray;
Iron arms, brave hearts, are speeding to
the fray.

No tyrant's iron hand
Shall glean your glorious soil;
Let every man his own command,
Your humblest sons enjoy their toil.
Iron beaks, dashing onward through the
tide,
Are bearing comfort to fair Cuba's side.

A ROUGH RIDER AT HOME.

MY pa's a great Rough Rider,
He was one of Teddy's men,
And he fought before El Caney
In the trenches and the fen.
He came home sore and wounded,
And I wish you'd see him eat;
He's got an appetite, I guess,
Is pretty hard to beat:
It's eat and eat and eat
And it's sleep and sleep and sleep,
For ma won't let us make no noise,
And so we creep and creep.
O, we bade him welcome home.
And we're glad he wasn't killed—
But, gee! he's got an appetite
That never will be filled.

He says he caught the fever,
And he had the ague, too;
And he kind o' got the homesicks
And the waitin' made him blue.
But when he reached the station
And we saw him from the gate
We were the happiest family
You could find in all the State.

WHITE AND BLACK.

YOU call him "man and brother,"
But when the trouble comes,
When eager legions gather
To the long roll of the drums;
When sad farewells are spoken
And hearts are on the rack,
When fond home ties are broken
He must stand aside—he's black.

And yet, on history's pages
His race has made its mark.
Black heroes filled the "crater"
With their bodies stiff and stark.
In honor England holds them,
And rates the Englishman,
With Sikhs and fiery Ghurkas;
The terrors of Soudan.

On many a bloody war path
Through the wild and arid West,
Hot on the murdering hostiles' trail
Our troopers black have pressed,

Though racked by thirst and hunger
Through scorching days and nights,
Until they've struck their quarry
And avenged the slaughtered whites.

★ Then do the black race justice;
They're e-ger for the fray,
And in the reeking Cuban swamps
Thy yet may save the day—
Firm hands to sight the rifle,
Spite the color of their skin.
Though his head be white—our eagle
Has black feathers in his wing.
H. A. ROBY.

MARCHING TO CUBA.

WE'RE going down to Cuba, boys, to
battle for the right.
We're going to show those Spaniards
that we Yankee boys can fight,
And when they see us coming they'll
scatter left and right,
When we march into Cuba.

Hurrah, hurrah, we'll sound the jubilee,
Hurrah, hurrah, boys, Cuba shall be
free;
And so we'll sing the chorus, from Mt.
Gretna to the sea,
While we are marching to Cuba

'Twas in Manila Bay, boys, our ships the
foe did meet,
We didn't need a hurricane to wreck
the Spanish fleet,
But just one Dewey morning and our
vict'ry was complete,
As we were marching to Cuba.

In Santiago harbor Sampson has them
bottled tight.
Hobson put the cork in, and we think
he did it right:
And when they find they can't get out
they'll have to stand and fight,
When we march into Cuba.

With Dewey, Schley and Sampson we
need not have a fear,
For they will guard the harbors while
we attack the rear;

We'll plant our flag on Morro, and give
one mighty cheer,
When we march into Cuba.
W. GILBERT KAYSER.

GOD BLESS OUR BOYS IN BLUE.

Tune—"America."

GOD bless our boys in blue,
Loyal and brave and true,
Oh, bless them all!
Watch o'er them in Thy might,
As they go forth to fight,
To battle for the right,
To stand or fall.

Oh, be with every one,
Each sturdy, gallant son,
Who goes to war.
Be Thou their guard and guide,
Whatever may betide,
Oh, be Thou by their side,
As ne'er before.
ANNA ELIZABETH WILSON.

A TARDY PATRIOT.

BEFORE the troops to war were gone,
With beat of drum and martial tread,
I scorned the gallant boys in blue,
And to myself, contented, said:
"An unjust strife. Why should one go
'To fight beneath the tropics' skies
For half-bred negroes?" This my thought
E'er I had seen fair Gertrude's eyes.

"Why should we war against old Spain?"
I loudly cried. "Can it be brave
To bring a weaker nation to bay
And cast our manhood in the grave?
The cause is not worth while, forsooth;
Red blood the wine that warfare sips:
I care not for the draught," quoth I,
Before I knew of Gertrude's lips.

But when the troops came home from war
And I saw Gertrude, eyes a-light,
From ruby lips warm kisses throw
To men in uniforms bedight;
A patriot, with fervor, then
I changed my mind, as women do.
With all my ardent heart I wished
That I had been a soldier too.

THE BANNER BETSEY MADE.

The first American flag, including the thirteen stars and stripes, was made by Mrs. Betsey Ross, a Quaker lady of Philadelphia.

WE have nicknamed it "Old Glory"
As it floats upon the breeze,
Rich in legend, song and story
On the land and on the seas;
Far above the shining river,
Over mountain, glen and glade
With a fame that lives forever
Streams the banner Betsey made.

Once it went from her, its maker,
To the glory of the wars,
Once the modest little Quaker
Deftly studded it with stars;
And her fingers, swiftly flying
Through the sunshine and the shade,
Welded colors bright, undying,
In the banner Betsey made.

When at last her needle rested
And her cherished work was done
Went the banner, love invested,
To the camps of Washington;
And the glorious continentals
In the morning light arrayed
Stood in ragged regimentals
'Neath the banner Betsey made.

How they cheered it and its maker,
They the gallant sons of Mars,
How they blessed the little Quaker
And her flag of stripes and stars;
'Neath its folds, the foemen scorning,
Glinted bayonets and blade,
And the breezes of the morning
Kissed the banner Betsey made.

Years have passed, but still in glory
With a pride we love to see,
Laureled with a nation's glory
Waves the emblem of the free;
From the rugged pines of Northland
To the deep'ning everglade,
In the sunny heart of Southland
Floats the banner Betsey made.

A protector all have found it
And beneath it stands no slave,
Freemen brave have died around it
On the land and on the wave;
In the foremost front of battle
Borne by heroes not afraid,
'Mid the musket's doomed rattle,
Soared the banner Betsey made.

Now she sleeps whose fingers flying
With a heart to freedom true
Mingled colors bright, undying—
Fashioned stars and field of blue;
It will lack for no defenders
When the nation's foes invade,
For our country rose to splendor
'Neath the banner Betsey made.
T. C. HARBAUGH.

LOST HIS CHARM.

WHEN first he came back from camp,
She coddled and kissed and hugged
him,
And though he looked like a tramp,
All over the town she lugged him.
But now that he's spruced up and shaved,
And shook those togs of yellow,
She regrets the way that she raved,
And she's got another fellow!

MARY DEAR IN NINETY-EIGHT.

O Mary, dear, O Mary, sweet!
Down at your little fairy feet—
Nay, lassie, do not scornful start—
I lay my fortunes and my heart.

"If you will be my own, own wife,
A dream of ease will be your life,
And all that love and gold can do,
O Mary, dear, I'll do for you."

"I scorn your heart, I scorn your gold
I have a sweetheart brave and bold,
One of a battleship's brave crew,
My sailor sweetheart tried and true.

"He has no gold, but strong and leal,
He fearlessly guards his country's weal,
And as he loves his country so,
He'll love his own, own wife, I know"
M. PHELPS DAWSON.

* ALPHABETICALLY ARRANGED.

- A** IS for Admiral, impassionate, cold,
Who waits for instructions, and does
as he's told.
- B** stands for Brooklyn, commanded by
Schley,
The hottest of liners he takes on the fly.
- C** is for Cuba, a tight little isle;
To get which we may have to fight quite
a while
- D** is—yes, Dewey, a teacher of Spanish,
The first lesson caused all his pupils to
vanish.
- E** stands for Evans, who's never so happy
As when there's a chance to get in
something "scrappy."
- F** is for Freedom, which means a great deal
When your neck has been under a vile
Spanish heel.
- G** is for Germany, whose rude employees
Should learn better manners; be taught
to say please.
- H** stands for Heroes, on land and on sea,
Who laid down their lives for their
friends' liberty.
- I**s for Insurgents, who holler for aid;
Then eat up the rations and loaf in the
shade.
- J** is for Jones, Davy Jones, if you will,
Whose lockers we've twice had occasion
to fill.
- K** stands for King, the young King of
Spain,
Who's been led to regret what hap-
pened the Maine
- L** is for Long, who has great common
sense,
And in whom the people place all con-
fidence.
- M**'s for McKinley, we welcome the fact
That he's handling this matter with
very great tact.
- N** is for Nelson, Nelson A. Miles,
On whom we depend to overcome Span-
ish wiles.
- O**'s the Oquendo, a powerful cruiser;
But on a long pig-hunt they managed
to lose her.
- P**'s Porto Rico, the place had some forts,
But, no doubt, ere this they've been
knocked out of sorts

- Q** is for Queen, most unhappy of ladies,
Who fears, perhaps rightly, our visit to
Cadiz.
- R**'s for Reporters; they're well to the
fore,
But they mustn't imagine they're run-
ning this war.
- S** is for Shafter, a man of great girth,
In spite of which fact he is proving his
worth.
- T** stands for Toral, whose acted campaign
Was played for the gallery over in
Spain.
- U** is for Union, the only cement
To strengthen a State and disruptions
prevent.
- V**'s for Yizcaya; she made a great show,
But proving a nuisance, we sent her
below
- W** is for Wainwright, whose motto must
be
"The greater the odds, the better for
me."
- X** is the cross that is put against Spain,
And means that she's out of the Blue
Book again
- Y**'s for the youngsters that sneaked to the
front,
And gave their poor mammas no end
of a hunt.
- Z**'s for the zeal that has hall-marked this
fight;
This quality wins when stamped upon
right. A. C. NEEDHAM.

THE BATTLE OF MANILA BAY.

- A**T break of dawn Manila Bay
A sheet of limpid water lay,
Extending twenty miles away.
- Twenty miles from shore to shore,
As creeping on a squadron bore
As squadron never moved before.
- Majestic in its hidden might,
It passed Corregidor at night,
Inspired to battle for the right.
- And grandly on the Flagship led,
Six ships—Olympia e'er ahead—
With battle flags at each ma-thead

The Baltimore and Raleigh true,
The Petrel, Boston, Concord, too,
Their flags of glory proudly flew.

As early daylight broke upon
The bay—before the rise of sun—
Was seen the flash of opening gun!

'Then every second heard the roar
Of shell and shrapnel bursting o'er
Our brave, undaunted Commodore!

"Hold our fire!" he calmly said,
As from the bridge he bravely led
To death or glory on ahead!

And from his lips or from his hand
But one direction, one command,
"Follow the Flagship by the land."

Full twenty minutes slowly crept
Ere lightning from our turrets leapt,
And pent-up hell no longer slept!

The Spanish fleet, a dozen strong,
Was now in range, and haughty wrong
Was swept by awful fire along.

Explosions wild destruction brought
'Mid flames that mighty havoc wrought,
As either side in fury fought.

So back and forth in angry might,
The Stars and Stripes waved on the
fight,
'Mid bursting shells in deadly flight!

The Spanish decks with dead were
strewn,
Their guns on shore were silenced soon,
Their flags were down ere flush of noon.

Their ships, their batteries on the shore
Were gone to fight again no more—
Their loss, a thousand men or more!

Dawned on the fleet that Dewey led
A miracle, while Spaniards bled;
For on our side was not one dead!

The battle of Manila Bay
From mind shall never pass away—
Nor deeds of glory wrought that day;

For 'mid that battle's awful roar
The Spanish pride, to rise no more,
Was humbled by our Commodore.

CORWIN P. ROSS.

THE POET SOLDIER.

HE wrote good poems all his life,
And after twenty years of strife
His name was simply Amos.
He went to war and killed a Don,
And now he's got brass buttons on,
And now his name is famous.

HARDSHIPS OF WAR.

AT Santiago he had lumbago,
At Tampa the fever and chills;
Before El Caney the weather was rainy,
And there he had other ills.
He reached Camp Alger and got neuralgia,
And at Montauk the fever yellow,
But at home was the blow that laid him
low,
His girl had another fellow.

CLIPS AND COMMENTS.

IT is but a Spanish custom;
It was not the youngster's fault
That he never had the training
Which would help him earn his salt.
And he couldn't raise a protest
When to christen him they came,
And they solemnly afflicted
The poor infant with the name,
"Alfonso XIII, Leon Ferdinand Maria
James Isidore Pascal Antonio."

And it's not at all surprising
That in business of state,
And in military matters
All his people come too late.
For it's likely to occasion
An embarrassing delay
When they rally up their cohorts,
And they stop to shout "Hooray
For Alfonso XIII, Leon Ferdinand
Maria
James Isidore Pascal Antonio!"

THE WARRIOR'S RETURN.

FROM the field of war I come,
Sweet Marie;
Will you kiss me welcome home,
Love to thee?
I am only skin and bones,
All my sweetest songs are groans,
And I am full of army prunes
As can be.

O! I got it in the neck,
Sweet Marie.
I am but a battered wreck,
Don't you see?
In the mud and rain I slept
While the very heavens wept,
And the buzzards vigil kept
Over me!

When I 'listed I was fat,
Sweet Marie;
Never was a Thomas cat
Spry as me.
I could lift a bar'l of beer,
I could run like any deer,
And there never was a tear
In my e'e,
Now I'm thinner than a ghost,
Sweet Marie;
You could make a hitching post
Out of me.
Every joint that's in my frame
Is with fever stiffness lame—
Oh! Gehenna was no name
For the spree!

But I'm with you once again,
Sweet Marie,
Though you seem not to iden-
tify me.
Now that I am on my feet
And will have a chance to eat,
I'll accumulate more meat
Than you see.
From the bitter quinine pills,
(Ugh! O! Gee!)
And from Santiago chills
I am free.
Now I'll live almighty high,
And I soon will be as spry
As the boy you kissed good-by,
Sweet Marie

Sweet Marie, list to me. list to me,
Sweet Marie.
Though a living skeleton now you
see,
I have got the framework yet,
And the meat I soon will get,
We'll be happy yet, you bet,
Swe-e-e-e-et Marie-e-e-e-e.

THE FLAG AT AGUADORES.

An Incident of the War.

THE fleet came steaming up the coast
With Sampson in the lead;
His guns well pointed, fore and aft,
To meet an instant need.

But little prospect then there was
To meet the hoped-for fray,
As Admiral Cervera's fleet
Was land-locked in the bay.

'Twas just off Aguadores fort
When, on the bastions high,
The Suawanee saw the Spanish flag
Flung out against the sky.

"Now it would be discourtesy,"
Said Delehanty then,
"To pass it unsaluted by—
We may not call again."

"Quick! signal to the Admiral,
'Permission ask to bring
That flag to earth'—the signal flew—
But came no answering!

Again the Suawanee's signal waved
Its fluttering, urgent plea,
"Ah, read the answer, read it, man!"
"Take three shots—only three."

"Three shots to bring the Spaniard
down:
They're precious—yes, and few.
Come, sight the good six-pounder now;
Way for Lieutenant Blue!"

Boom! roared the starboard rifle then;
All eyes were turned to shore,
But still the Spanish banner waved
More saucy than before.

Again the big gun's gleaming eye
Flashed quickly o'er the seas:
The wall was rent, but still the flag
Was flaunting in the breeze.

"Come, Blue," said Delehanty then,
His brow with gloom o'ercast,
"The Suawanee has but one more shot—
You must not miss the last."

Again the rifle turned—the sight
Was taken long and well.
Crash! spoke the gun; the hills and shore
Flung back the sounding knell.

And as the smoke was upward blown
Beyond the shaken main,
The flag staff tottered from its hold;
Down dropped the flag of Spain.

Then, bursting from the Yankee decks,
A mighty cheer arose.
It echoed to the shore and struck
New terror to our foes.

And as the echo died away,
There, streaming in the sun,
The flag-ship's signal fluttered out:
"Well done, Snawanee, well done!"
JOHN JEROME ROONEY.

OUR HEROES.

*Air—"Tramp, Tramp, Tramp, the Boys
are Marching."*

IN the battle front you stood
When the fierce onslaught was made,
From the trenches on San Juan hill:
But before the Spanish knew
Our gallant boys in blue
Were upon them in the trenches, brave
and true.

CHORUS.

Welcome home, ye gallant heroes,
Welcome home—yes, one and all,
Who went forth, like gallant men, to fight
our battles again,
In the cause of humanity.

While encamped upon the field,
Ready to fight and not to yield

To any foreign foe or Spanish Don;
For our Yankee boys will fight
In a cause that's just and right,
And they're in it to a man with all their
might.

Some had fallen on the plain,
Others with fevers they were slain,
But their hearts were ever brave and
true;
In mem'ry they shall last,
Though their time on earth is passed,
For they've gone to join the God of bat-
tles in heaven anew.

And our starry banner free,
Shall float o'er America,
For our government has no conquest in
its plan:
Porto Rico we shall keep,
As indemnity Spain can't meet,
To pay for lessons taught by Uncle Sam.

THE MAINE TRAMP, TRAMP, TRAMP.

NORTH, South and East and West the
boys will stand abreast,
At Uncle Sam's first call they will be
there;
A brave and mighty band, they will come
from all the land,
At the summons they will spring from
everywhere!

CHORUS.

Tramp, tramp, tramp, soon we'll be
marching,
Cheer up! we will get at Spain!
Soon our waiting will be past, and
we'll have a chance at last
To revenge the boys who went down
with the Maine.
Let McKinley give the sign, all the men
will fall in line,
The blue will cheer the gray, the gray
the blue!
Everywhere they will unite, and together
they will fight,
To the honor of our country ever true.

From the cotton field they'll come at the
tapping of the drum,
From the cities of the North by thou-
sands pour ;
From the broad plains of the West they
will fall in with the rest,
All heroes brave and trusty to the core.

Let it come whene'er it may, they'll be
ready night or day
To rally 'round Old Glory as of yore :
And a million valiant men will go march-
ing onward when
The old man gives the signal for the
war !

"GOD BLESS OUR SOLDIER BOYS."

THEY daily throng the busy streets,
Their sunburnt faces all unscarred,
With smiles for ev'ry friend who greets,
Their lives and fortunes still unmarred.
We watch them in their uniforms,
And like to hear their fun and noise,
We say, because they braved war's storms:
"God bless our gallant soldier boys !"

They mingle with us once again,
Their warm hands fondly clasp our own ;
The boys who suddenly were men,
Far older in their bravery grown.
Their fresh young hearts are yet un-
changed ;
Just as of old they share our joys ;
Though far and often they have ranged,
God bless our faithful soldier boys !

They rallied round our nation's flag
When came the call for volunteers.
For all were ready, none would lag ;
They went, regardless of our tears.
Their letters are our dearest hoard,
And unjust comment much annoys ;
Each one is worthy of a sword,
God bless our noble soldier boys !

For many know the heat of strife,
The awful sound of shot and shell.
The scenes that were with horrors rife,
Of which some do not care to tell.
Their silence, sadness, too, imparts,
And present pleasure oft alloys ;

Ah, still we say with grateful hearts ;
"God bless our fearless soldier boys !"
MRS. FINDLEY BRADEN.

BATTLE HYMN OF THE REPUBLIC.

MINE eyes have seen the glory of the
coming of the Lord,
He is tramping out the vintage where the
grapes of wrath are stored ;
He hath loosed the fateful lightning of his
terrible swiit sword ;
His truth is marching on.

CHORUS.

Glory ! Glory Hallelujah ! Glory ! Glory !
Glory Hallelujah !
Glory ! Glory Hallelujah ! His truth is
marching on.

I have seen him in the watch-fires of a
hundred circling camps,
They have builded Him an altar in the
evening dews and damps ;
I can read his righteous sentence by the
dim and flaring lamps ;
His day is marching on.

I have read a fiery gospel writ in burnished
rows of steel ;
As ye deal with my contemnners, so with
you my grace shall deal.
Let the hero born of woman crush the ser-
pent with his heel,
Since God is marching on.

He has sounded forth the trumpet that
shall never call retreat ;
He is sifting out the hearts of men before
His judgment-seat ;
Oh, be swift, my soul, to answer Him ;
be jubilant, my feet !
Our God is marching on.

In the beauty of the lilies Christ was born
across the sea.
With a glory in his bosom that transfigures
you and me ;
As He died to make men holy, let us die
to make men free,
While God is marching on.

JULIA WARD HOWE.

THE MAINE RED, WHITE AND BLUE.

Air—"Red, White and Blue."

LET us honor the dead of our nation,
 the sailors so brave and so true;
 The lads who now sleep in the ocean, who
 died for the red, white and blue.
 The battleship Maine is their casket, their
 souls are with God in review,
 And widows and orphans are mourning
 the loss to the red, white and blue.

CHORUS.

Three cheers for the red, white and blue!
 Three cheers for the sailor boys true!
 Three cheers for our loyal White Squad-
 ron,
 And three for the red, white and blue!
 The ironclad Maine at Havana, like a
 monarch of absolute rule,
 Undreaming of woe or disaster, undream-
 ing of knave or of fool,
 Lay at rest and at peace in the harbor, the
 stars watching o'er her brave crew,
 When death and destruction o'ertook her,
 and sullied the red, white and blue.

CHORUS.

Then honor the dead of her crew,
 Then honor the living so true;
 Then honor the royal White Squadron,
 And cheer for the red, white and blue!
 If Treachery's hand held the missile that
 shattered our noble ship Maine,
 America's grieved population will discover
 it, even in Spain;
 And the God of our Fathers in justice to
 the cause of the brave and the true,
 Will guide us in wiping dishonor from our
 beautiful red, white and blue.

JOSEPH KERR.

FROM THE RANKS.

OF Cuba we sing and for Cuba we pray,
 And a ransom for Cuba we offer
 to-day;
 Our men give their manhood, our women
 their toil,

For freedom for those whom the Spaniards
 despoil.
 Pale child of the tropics, you mourn not
 alone,
 A people is roused by your agonized moan;
 And while widows and orphans in Cuba
 are weeping,
 Let them think not the heart of this nation
 is sleeping.

Brave sons of Columbia, rise in your
 might
 And battle again for the weak and the
 right;
 Show despots abroad, with their menacing
 tone,
 That courage still lives 'neath our sinews
 and bone.
 When the giant of carnage takes step at
 your call,
 The firm earth will tremble, the springing
 grass fall.
 When with true hearts around us their
 faithful watch keeping,
 Let us think not the strength of our nation
 is sleeping.

The proud flesh of Spain must the sabre
 cut feel,
 Their canker spot taste of our bayonet
 steel,
 And when guarding our ensign on billow
 or plain,
 Let this be our watchword—"Remember
 the Maine."
 May the flash of the rifle, the boom of the
 gun,
 Be the herald of victory soon to be won.
 Then, while death in the battle-cloud
 o'er them is sweeping,
 Will Spain say, "Lo, the arm of the na-
 tion is sleeping?"

Our navy! How swiftly the star of its
 fame
 Has risen to gild with new lustre our
 name!
 For we've proved to the foeman who faces
 our guns
 That the sea kings still live in our con-
 quering sons.

Old Neptune exults, and his broad bosom
swells

As new trophies are his at each shriek of
our shells;
And as soldier and sailor their night watch
are keeping,
They sing low, "The foes of our nation
are sleeping."

MARIAN A. ELY.

AN IMMORTAL DEED.

THERE'S a gap in the dusky shadows
Where the sky meets the dim coast-
line,
Where the Spaniard guards the harbor
mouth
With cannon, warship and mine.
There's American men at sea to-night;
Look well how your searchlights shine.

A hulk that glides in the shadows past
By the warships grim and tall,
A handful of men on a lonely deck,
Their lives at their country's call:
With a muttered cheer and a low "God
speed,"
Then a silence over all.

There's a cry and a shot from the Morro,
"The American ship is near!"
"Quick! To your guns!" The snots
ring fast,
She's in the fairway clear.
A rattle of chain and her anchors plunge.
The end of her course lies here.

Slow swings with the ebb 'cross channel,
The rudder post grates on the bar—
Torpedoed, she sinks, and the sullen tide
Laps close round stack and spar.
There's a cluster of heads on the shot-
sca'd wave
"Trust to the best of the Yankee tar!"

There's a niche in the temple of freedom,
Where Somers and Cushing stand.
There's a place on the pages of history
For the names of this gallant band.
And this deed shall live till time shall end
In the annals of Yankeeland.

THE SOLDIER'S DREAM.

OUR bugles sang taps, and 'twas time
to turn in
Till morning, and drill, and whate'er
might betide.
Six under one blanket, and that pretty
thin;
And hardtack and bacon the lining in-
side.
The menu to-morrow the same as to-
date—
Just coffee and hardtack and bacon, et
cet.
Et cet. stands for beans, when we're
smiled on by fate,
And the force commissarial doesn't
forget.

While I snuggled that night in the midst
of the heap
(Quite thankful my turn on the out-
skirts had passed,
For we in the middle lie warm, and can
sleep)
A vision perplexing my slumbers har-
assed.
It seemed that I stood in the camp by
myself,
And lo, near at hand, was a big apple
pie;
But as I advanced, there appeared the
same elf
Whose lips I had touched in the dear
by and by.

The girl? Or the pie? The sweet pie?
Or sweet girl?—
The charms of the two for supremacy
fought.
Was ever a soldier with brain so aw-hirl!
Before me was realized my innermost
thought.
Which first? Here were waiting a pie
and a kiss.
The lass was so fair! And the pie was
fresh baked!—
But ere I accomplished the acme of
bliss
A comrade turned over, and then I
awaked.

THE HERO DOWN BELOW.

IN the awful heat and torture
Of the fires that leap and dance
In and out the furnace doors that never
close,

On in silence he must work,
For with him there's ne'er a chance
On his brow to feel the outer breeze that
blows.

For they've locked him in a room,
Down below,
In a burning, blazing tomb,
Down below,

Where he cannot see the sky,
Cannot learn in time to fly,
When destruction stalketh nigh,
Down below.

Though his name is never mentioned,
Though we see or know him not,
Though his deeds may never bring him
worldly fame,

He's a man above the others—
And the bravest of the lot—

And the hero of the battle, just the same.

He's the man who does the work,
Down below,

From the labor does not shirk,
Down below,

He is shoveling day and night,
Feeding flames a-blazing bright,
Keeping up a killing fight,
Down below.

MISTER SOJER MAN.

I AIN'T got time ter fool wid you,
Mister Sojer Man;
Never did look good in blue,
Mister Sojer Man.

'Sides dat, I got my wuk ter do—
Feed myse'f en fambly, too;
Ain't got time ter fool wid you,
Mister Sojer man!

Go 'long now en fight yo' fight,
Mister Sojer Man;
Fling dem bombshells lef' en right,
Mister Sojer Man.

Got ter hoe dat cotton white,
Keep dat nutgrass out er sight;
Go 'long now, en fight yo' fight,
Mister Sojer man!

THE EIGHT YANKEE SEAMEN.

WE have read of the noble six hundred
Who rode to the gate of hell;
How cannon roared right and left of them,
And many a noble man fell.

They were ordered, and each did his duty;
A soldier must always obey—
But the volunteer eight Yankee seamen
Have eclipsed the six hundred to-day.

There was death both below and above
them,

Torpedoes and bullets and shell;
They steamed from our fleet in the midst
of it,

And their comrades wished them fare-
well.

God guarded these kings of the ocean,
He honored the brave and the true;
The nation salutes to their honor;
The enemy honored them, too.

EDWARD G. DRAPER.

PEACE.

THE work is wrought; the cannon's roar
On sea or land is heard no more;
The battle's rage and tumult cease
In songs of victory and peace.

The Heaven-appointed task is done;
The cause for which we fought is won;
And Cuba Libre, fairest gem,
Is set in Freedom's diadem.

The islands of the sea rejoice;
The floods lift up their mighty voice;
From shore to shore the anthems rise—
A nation's grateful sacrifice.

Manila's waters, blue and broad,
Reflect the righteousness of God;
And Santiago's wreck-strewn shore
Resounds His praise forevermore.

Long as the stars shall shine o'erhead,
In deathless fame shall live the dead,—
Their country's glory and renown
Their fadeless, everlasting crown.

The morning breaks! the shadows flee!
Christ's kingdom comes on land and sea;
The rule of love, the reign of good—
The whole round world one brotherhood.

BENJAMIN COPELAND.

OUR AMERICAN WOMEN.

THE maid who binds her warrior's sash
 With smile that well her pain dissembles,
 The while beneath her drooping lash
 One starry tear-drop hangs and trembles,
 Though Heaven alone records the tear,
 And Fame shall never know her story.
 Her heart has shed a drop as dear
 As e'er bedewed the field of glory!

The wife who girds her husband's sword,
 Mid little ones who weep or wonder,
 And bravely speaks the cheering word,
 What though her heart be rent asunder,
 Doomed nightly in her dreams to hear
 The bolts of death around him rattle,
 Hath shed as sacred blood as e'er
 Was poured upon the field of battle!

The mother who conceals her grief
 While to her breast her sons he presses,
 Then breathes a few brave words and brief,

Kissing the patriot brow she blesses,
 With no one but her secret God
 To know the pain that weighs upon her,
 Sheds holy blood as e'er the sod
 Received on Freedom's field of honor!

THOMAS BUCHANAN READ.

MARCH OF THE DEAD BRIGADE.

NO sound disturbs the drowsy dawn,
 As forms the dead brigade;
 Its silent ranks, in serried lines,
 Glide onward toward the springing pines,
 All phantoms in parade.

Their steps bend not the drooping corn.
 These warriors all are ghosts.
 In rank and file, with solemn tread,
 Their captains marching at the head,
 Move on these silent hosts.

From out the tented camp of death,
 Their flag of peace displayed,

With footfall soft as dew at morn,
 These cohorts sweep the bending corn,
 Where battle once was laid.

The mark of God's eternal peace
 Their countenances bear;
 And freed from all unholy hate,
 They shine with that exalted state
 Which heaven's angels share.

THOMAS S. DENISON.

THE MAN WHO COOKS THE GRUB.

WE have read in song and story
 Of "the man behind the gun,"
 He is given all the glory
 Of the battles that are won;
 They are filling up the papers
 With his apotheosis,
 And they tell about his capers
 While the shells above him hiss.
 But behind the grimy gunner,
 Steadfast through the wild hubbub,
 Stands a greater god of battles—
 'Tis the man who cooks the grub.

When the sky is rent with thunder
 And the shell screams through the air,
 When some fort is rent asunder
 And Destruction revels there,
 When the men in line go rushing
 On to glory or to woe
 With the maddened charges crushing
 Heroes who are lying low,
 There is one but for whose labors
 There could be no wild hubbub,
 And the greatest god of battles
 Is the man who cooks the grub.

What of ships with armor plating?
 What of castles on the heights?
 What of anxious captains waiting
 While the careful gunner sights?
 What of all the long-range rifles?
 What of men with valiant hearts?
 These were but impotent trifles,
 But inconsequential parts
 Of the whole, without the fellow
 Who must scour, scrape and scrub—
 For the greatest god of battles
 Is the man who cooks the grub.

THE TIN SOLDIER.

IN the days of peace, of a peace now fled,
 On the hardened pave of a city street,
 Ringing clear, came the measured tread
 And the rhythmic swing of the marching
 feet,
 Swinging along in their brave array,
 While the cynic smiled his smile of
 gall—
 "They're babies out for a holiday,
 They're only tin soldiers; that is all."
 From the lakes to the gulf the war drum
 beats,
 While the bugle sounds for the call to
 death,
 And men surge thick in the city streets,
 While their cheeks burn hot with the
 war god's breath.
 For the blood mounts high in the fevered
 veins
 At the call to arms for a righteous blow;
 Though the field shows red where the war
 god reigns,
 Yet the same tin soldier is the first to go.
 In the sullen roar of the cannonade,
 'Mid bursting bombs and the shriek of
 shell,
 As gallant a charge as was ever made
 Through the flame-lit pit of a flaring
 hell;
 Mowed as the forest before the fire,
 The bulldog merged in his master, man,
 On with a courage that cannot tire—
 'The alleged tin soldier is in the van.
 The ghostly beams of the moon shine
 down
 On a ghastly heap of the mangled slain,
 And it lights a face that is strong and
 brown,
 And a shattered form that held soul and
 brain;
 And the all that is left of that splendid
 whole,
 Touched by the moon in the midnight
 sky,
 Tells at the morning's muster roll
 That the brave tin soldier knew how to
 die!

WE FIGHT FOR LIBERTY.

LIKE a dark cloud of warning our fleet
 rolls out to sea—
 Rolls out upon the ocean to make a peo-
 ple free;
 Across the raging waters behold the
 lightning's flash,
 Across the deep's mad billows hear the
 thunders crash!
 Once more the nation rises, a giant strong
 and bold,
 To strike the blow for freedom, in song
 and story told;
 Let kings turn pale with anger, if angry
 they must be,
 We are the sons of freemen, we fight for
 liberty.
 Let others war for plunder—unholy be
 their fight;
 Although we are the mighty, we fight but
 for the right;
 God bless our arms and armies upon the
 sea and land,
 And may the hand that guides them have
 hold of Thine Own Hand!
 LEE FAIRCHILD.

THE SHIPS ARE SAILING HOME.

SPEED forth the tidings through the
 land,
 From prairied plain to rock-girt strand,
 And o'er the Southern foam—
 Safe from the conflict's wreck and brawl,
 All smoke-begrimed but victors all,
 The ships come sailing home!
 From Santiago's reddened sea
 The rolling billows carry free
 The news to farthest Maine—
 The stately ships are drawing nigh,
 Whose topmost peaks the signals fly
 That wrought such woe to Spain.
 Cheers for their deeds of valor done,
 Cheers for the man behind the gun;
 Let all the banners fly.
 Welcome to Sampson's men of pride,
 Cheers for the Brooklyn's battered side,
 For Cook and dauntless Schley!

Let Texas boast of Philip's name,
While Indiana joins th' acclaim
With Taylor bold and brave;
The Iowa with Evans, see,
Whose heroes for humanity
Risked death the foe to save.

Oh, who can number every name,
Sigsbee, the Gloucester, Wainwright's
fame

And hers, so dearly won;
Cheers for her fight, her journey's length,
God send her captain health and strength,
Clark and the Oregon!

And give a thought to them to-day
'Neath tropic skies, 'mid storm and fray,
A weary length who roam;
How will the cheers dwell far and wide,
When o'er the broad Pacific's tide
The ships come sailing home!

DOROTHY L. MORTON.

HEROES OF WAR AND PEACE.

A Y, that is a story that takes one's
breath,
How the men rowed out in the face of
death.

Rowed as calmly as fishermen may
Who haul their nets at the break of day.

But never was fish net hauled in the weath-
er
That rifle and cannon and shell together,

Rained on those sailors who drew from
its bed
The wise sea serpent and crushed its head.

Heroes of war are they! Song and story
Shall add their names to the list of glory.

But where is the story, and where is the
song
For the heroes of peace and the martyrs
of wrong?

They fight their battles in shop and mine;
They die at their post and make no sign.

And the living envy the fortunate dead
As they fight for the pittance of butter-
less bread.

They herd like beasts in a slaughter pen;
They live like cattle and suffer like men.

Why, set by the horrors of such a life,
Like a merry-go-round seems the battle's
strife;

And the open sea and the open boat,
And the deadly cannon with bellowing
throat,

Oh, what are they all with death thrown
in,

To the life that has nothing to lose or win—

The life that has nothing to hope or gain
But ill-paid labor and beds of pain?

Fame, where is your story, and where is
your song
For the martyrs of peace and the victims
of wrong?

ELLA WHEELER WILCOX.

A BALLAD OF THE ARMADA.

(1588-1898.)

THEN sailed the Armada in its pride,
Oh, whistle ye up the winds, my lad!
And stood to sea with the ebb of tide
With twice ten thousand men inside.
And the leader laughed, "Full luckless
they

Who meet us on our invincible way."
Oh, whistle ye up the winds!

And they dropt away from the friendly
coasts

Oh, list to the shriek in the shrouds,
my lad!

But the heavens made light of their idle
boasts:

For they reckoned without the Lord of
Hosts.

And the storm soon smote them hip and
thigh.

And the billows, wreck-laden, hurried by.
Oh, list to the shriek in the shrouds!

THEY
po
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She lack
ac
To teach

They struggled ahead in the stormy sea,
 D'ye hear the roar of the guns, my lad?
 Till they met that goodly company,
 Drake and Hawkins and Frobisher, three
 Sea scourges they and none their peer.
 With Howard they harried the Spanish
 rear.
 D'ye hear the roar of the guns?

Then fled Castile in sorry array;
 Oh, it's turn the tiller for home, my
 lad!

At Flamborough Head came black dis-
 may:
 In Scottish seas 'twas the devil to pay
 And their souls weren't worth a beggar's
 price

For Fate had played them with loaded
 dice,
 Oh, it's turn the tiller for home!

Time counts three hundred years and more
 Oh, carry the news to Spain, my lad!
 Since the besom of wrath swept the ocean
 floor.

And England showed Philip the open
 door,
 But the sons of the old sea dogs still wait
 The ancient foe at the Western gate.
 Oh, carry the news to Spain!

And we stand as they did in those days
 gone by.
 Oh, remember the loss of the Maine,
 my lad!

Ready for country to do or die;
 Humanity's sake our only cry,
 Full just our cause, inspired by right,
 Boldly we wait the test of might.
 Oh, remember the loss of the Maine!

HARVEY MAITLAND WATTS.

WHAT SPAIN LACKS.

THEY say Spain's schools are few and
 poor, and so
 It isn't strange in war she's very slow:
 She lacks our teachers, wise, profound,
 acute,
 To teach her young ideas how to shoot.

FALL IN LINE.

HARK the drum and bugle call,
 Fall in line.
 Sister States both great and small
 Fall in line.
 On the land and on the sea
 Let the ready watchword be,
 Fall in line.

Veterans of the Gray and Blue,
 Fall in line.
 Sons of veterans strong and true,
 Fall in line.
 Soldiers, sailors, one and all,
 Harken to your country's call,
 Fall in line.

Heard ye well the vaunt of Spain?
 Fall in line.

Heard ye how they sank the Maine?
 Fall in line.

Heard ye Cuba's mortal cry,
 Floating upward to the sky?
 Fall in line.

Let the world our purpose know,
 Fall in line.
 Soon to rout the nation's foe,
 Fall in line.

Cuba free from shore to shore,
 Spain shall rule our seas no more:
 Fall in line.

RUTH RAYMOND.

TO AMERICA.

VICTORY! The roaring guns
 Are hushed and peace again
 Dawns for the hopeless ones
 Cursed by the rule of Spain.
 Mother! Thy noble sons
 Gave not their blood in vain,
 For, where in Earth's domain
 Freedom's fair banners fly,
 There must the flag remain,
 Guarding the noble slain
 Those who have fought to die.
 Guardian of Truth and Right!
 Land of the brave and free!
 Into the realms of night
 Bear the glorious light
 God giveth thee.

N. ALLEN STOCKTON.

THE SONG AT SANTIAGO.

BENEATH the gathering shades of
 night a dying soldier lay,
 While still on Santiago's height the storm
 of death held sway.
 "Is that a song of home?" he said, "or
 sound of angel throng,
 I hear beneath the crash of guns? Oh!
 listen! Hear that song:

(Softly in the distance.)

"The Star Spangled Banner in triumph
 shall wave
 O'er the land of the free and the home of
 the brave."

A lull fell on the field of strife, and by
 the head guns
 The panting gunners bowed their heads,
 devout as hooded nuns;
 And over rifle pit and trench there spread
 a sudden calm.
 The ramparts of the foe were hushed to
 hear the freemen's psalm:
 "The Star Spangled Banner, oh, long
 may it wave
 O'er the land of the free and the home of
 the brave."

Then along the line there rang the an-
 swering cheer on cheer,
 And many a soldier joined the song he
 never more should hear;
 The boys in blue, who bore the blunt of
 battle all day long,
 Had won the height, and through the
 night sent back the victors' song:
 "The Star Spangled Banner, oh, long
 may it wave
 O'er the land of the free and the home of
 the brave."

O, fair Columbia, wisely wield thy sceptre
 so divine;
 No regal despot ever wore a diadem like
 thine;
 Its jewels are thy children's hearts, the
 love of all the free;
 The living and the dying join in love and
 praise to thee.
 "Oh, thus be it ever when freemen shall
 stand

Between their loved land and wild war's
 desolation;
 Blest with victory and peace, may the
 heaven-rescued land
 Praise the power that has made and
 preserved us a nation!
 Then conquer we must, when our cause it
 is just,
 And this be our motto: 'In God is our
 trust;'
 And the Star Spangled Banner forever
 shall wave
 O'er the land of the free and the home
 of the brave!"

GEORGE TAYLOR.

NEW BATTLE HYMN OF THE RE-
PUBLIC.

IN the solemn hush of midnight,
 We have seen the war clouds meet;
 We have heard the burst of battle,
 We have felt its lightning heat;
 We have stilled our heart's loud tumult,
 While the storm came fast and fleet;
 For the Right is leading on.

We have heard an echo ringing,
 Far and faint along the shore;
 We have thrilled as it drew nearer,
 I was the howling wolves of war;
 Lo! The pack is close upon us,
 And the hour of peace is o'er;
 But the Right is leading on.

We have lit the lamp of Freedom,
 And her light must not grow pale;
 We have ushered in a dawning
 Which mankind shall gladly hail;
 May the God who thus hath led us
 Let our triumphs still prevail;
 For the Right is leading on.

We shall pause before the conflict,
 May a solemn silence reign;
 We have met in Life's great bivouac,
 We may never meet again;
 God be with us, God protect us,
 While the angels say amen,
 And the Right is leading on

EFFIE DUGGAN.

A WINNING COMPANY.

IF gran'paw was a soldier now
 He'd show 'em what to do;
 You ought to come an' listen how
 He talks to me and Sue.

He tells us all about the days
 He led his gallant men,
 And all about the different ways
 He won the battles then.

An' ev'ry night when paw comes in
 An' says the fight's begun,
 He tells what they could do to win
 Er what they ought to done.

An' paw he laugh and looks at me
 An' says we'd surely win it
 If gran'paw led a company
 An' Sue an' me was in it.

BEFORE HAVANA.

THE ships swing at the harbor gate.
 The pennons flutter in the breeze,
 An idle line they toss and wait
 Upon those hot and torpid seas.
 The sun-glare gilds the metal bright,
 From turrets dark the cannon frown,
 As through the day and through 'ne night
 They watch before Havana town.

The loyal hearts the time may drag,
 As chafes the ship on anchor chain,
 They long beneath the starry flag
 To raze the walls of haughty Spain,
 But dark and frowning at the gates,
 Each mighty ship swings up and down,
 And, ready on the instant waits
 In sight of old Havana town.

TRIUMPHANT PEACE WITH HONOR.

BOOM, cannon, boom, to all the winds
 and waves!
 Clash out, glad bells from every rocking
 steeple!
 Banners advance with triumph, bend
 your staves!
 And from every mountain peak
 Let beacon fire to answering beacon
 speak;

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Kathadin tell Monadnock, Whiteface
 he,
 And so leap on in light from sea to sea,
 'Till the glad news be sent
 Across a kindling continent,
 Making earth feel more firm and air
 breathe braver.

She that lifts up the manhood of the poor,
 She of the open soul and open door.
 With room about her hearth for all
 mankind,
 The fire is dreadful in her eyes no more,
 From her bold front the helm she doth
 unbind,
 Sends all her handmaid armies back to
 spin,
 And bids her navies that so lately hurled
 Their crashing battle, hold their thun-
 ders in,
 Swimming like birds of calm along the
 unharmed shore.

No challenge sends she to the elder
 World,
 That looked askance and hated; a light
 scorn
 Plays o'er her mouth, as round her
 mighty knees
 She calls her children back and waits the
 morn
 Of nobler day, enthroned between her
 subject seas.

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

THE OLD LANGUAGE AGAIN.

I'VE learnt a lot o' Spanish words,
 I've got so I kin tell
 'Bout "ultimatums," "protocols,"
 An' "armistice," as well.
 But joyously I hail the time
 When I kin rest my brain
 By askin' "How's the price of wheat?"
 An' "What's the chance o' rain?"

Old friends is best. These recent themes
 Were dazzlin', it is true.
 The clash of steel—the roar of guns—
 They thrilled us through an' through.
 But swords may turn to ploughshares now,
 In comfort once again
 We'll query, "How's the price o' wheat?"
 An' "What's the chance o' rain?"

THE NATION'S DEAD AT SANTIAGO.

BENEATH the turf on Cuba's soil their
sacred ashes lie,
The soft, warm breeze from Southern
climes sweeps o'er them with a sigh;
The palm and high palmetto, gently
drooping where they sleep,
Now o'er our fallen heroes cast their
mantling shadows deep.

The cannon's roar and battle cry no more
shall pierce the air,
But birds' melodious trilling rise in sweet-
est cadence there;
The music as of waters, rushing o'er their
pebbly bed,
Now swell kind Nature's harmony around
the sleeping dead.

Their names in polished lustre now are
carved on every heart;
Their epitaph should ever be "They nobly
did their part;"
The toil, the strife, and danger did but
thrill each manly breast,
And fire their hearts with greater zeal to
do their gallant best.

There be dear ones in the Northland who
these sleeping heroes mourn,
We see them pale with anguish, yea, with
aching sorrow worn;
Bethink ye, sad and des'late ones, these
sons, thy noble slain,
Upon a brighter morning, ye will fondly
greet again.

Bethink ye 'twas for Freedom that your
glorious ones have died.
That by their mighty efforts they have
saved the nation's pride;
;Be calm, the God of Battles, sure will
make His judgment plain,
And thy sacrifice shall never, no never be
in vain.

In Fame's proud temple written is the
record of their deeds,
Their names shall oft be sounded where
the path to glory leads;

'Twill be told in martial story how the
foe before them reeled,
And the tyrant's yoke was broken on El
Caney's bloody field.

M. LOUDON HYNDMAN.

HER HEART IS TRUE.

TALKIN' 'bout Mister Hobson, that
went down under the sea,
He may be a-kissin' of all the gals, but
he ain't a-kissin' of me!
I don't kiss none but my feller—he's jest
as sweet as kin be—
An' talkin' 'bout Mister Hobson—he ain't
a-kissin' of me!

Talkin' 'bout Mister Hobson—I reckon
he's good an' grand;
But he ain't as good on the ocean as my
feller is on the land.
I don't kiss none but my feller—no matter
what Hobson may be;
He may kiss all the gals in the country,
but he ain't a-kissin' of me!

Talkin' 'bout Mister Hobson—I reckon
that he's all right,
But he can't get me fer a pardner when
my feller's to dance that night.
Let him kiss all the gals in the country—
they're kissin' him mighty free—
But I'd jest like to tell Mr. Hobson that
he ain't a-kissin' of me!

THE ABSENT BOY.

THEY miss him in the orchard where
the fruit is sunning over,
And in the meadow where the air is
sweet with new-mown hay,
And all about the old farm which knew
him for a lover,
From the early seedtime onward till the
crops were piled away.

They miss him in the village, where no-
thing went without him,
Where to-day the young folks' parties
are dull and incomplete;
They cannot just explain it, there was
such a charm about him,
The drop of cheer he always brought
made common daylight sweet.

And now he's gone to Cuba, he's fighting
for the nation;
He's charging with the others, a lad in
army blue;
His name is little known yet, but at the
upland station,
They all are sure you'll hear it before
the war is through.

And when you talk of battles, and scan
the printed column,
His regiment's the one they seek, his
neighbors think and care;
The more they do not speak it, their looks
grow grave and solemn,
For somewhere in the thick of the strife,
they know, their boy is there.

MARGARET E. SANGSTER.

FOR HUMANITY.

FLING out "Old Glory" to the breeze,
unfurl it once for all,
Beat the long roll upon the drums, and
sound the bugle call;
From North and South the patriots now
are gathering to the fight,
To wield the sword of Justice for human-
ity and right.

The sons of sires who wore the blue, and
the sires who wore the gray,
Beneath our starry banner now, are march-
ing to the fray;
Together they are stepping to the music
of the band,
Where "Yankee Doodle" mingles with
the strains of "Dixie Land."

No greed for conquest leads them on, no
sordid hope of gain,
But the wail of woman's anguish, and the
cry of children's pain
The call of helpless innocents, beneath a
southern sky,
Torn from their fair and fertile fields, and
left to starve and die.

Long has our nation listened to that wild,
despairing cry,
But at last our gallant soldier boys are
sending a reply;

No more shall Cuba groan beneath the
prodd oppressor's wrong,
For they're marching to the rescue now,
a hundred thousand strong.

And when by might of truth and right,
the heaven-appointed band
Have driven all the tyrant horde from off
the bleeding land,
Then smiling Peace, with tender touch,
will heal war's crimson scars,
And Cuba's flag shall float beside "Old
Glory's" Stripes and Stars.

LUCIUS PERRY HILLS.

HONOR THE BRAVE.

HONOR the deeds of heroes done
In battles fought and victories won
By freedom's sons o'er land and sea,
With loud acclaim our greetings be.

Who never faltered at the call,
But bravely answered once and all,—
The call that made dark Cuba free,
And led the way to liberty.

What though in death's eternal sleep,
With foeman brave some silence keep,
Their fame will ever cherished be
While time shall last and memory.

Then stifle not one note of praise
When you your highest anthems raise
To him whose blessing did attend,
Who from beginning saw the end.

W. R. EVANS.

THE DOVE CAME BACK.

WHERE Dewey might have thundered
forth
Unto Manila's doom,
Where brave Cervera sped away
To give our Schley more room,
Where Teddy tore the trocha down
And up the treacherous hill
Led his intrepid millionaires
Along with "Mustang Bill,"
Official quiet reigns supreme,
War's lurid horrors cease,
And o'er the scattered pieces
Cooes the snowy dove of peace.

IN MANILA BAY.

ON the broad Manila Bay
The Spanish cruisers lay,
In the shelter of their forts upon the
shore;

And they dared their foes to sail
Thro' the crashing iron hail
Which the guns from decks and battle-
ments would pour.

All the harbor ways were mined,
And along the channel blind
Slept the wild torpedoes, dreaming
dreams of wrath.

Yea! the fiery hates of hell
Lay beneath the ocean's swell,
Like a thousand demons ambushed in
the path.

Breasting fierce Pacific gales,
Lo! a little squadron sails,
And the Stars and Stripes are floating
from its spars.

It is friendless and alone,
Aids and allies it has none,
But a dauntless chorus sing its daunt-
less tars:

"We're ten thousand miles from home;
Ocean's wastes and wave and foam
Shut us from the land we love so far
away.

We have ne'er a friendly port
For retreat as last resort,
But we'll beard the ships of Spain in
their own bay.

"They have mines beneath the sea,
They have forts upon their lee,
They have everything to aid them in
the fray;

But we'll brave their hidden mines,
And we'll face their blazing lines;
Yes! We'll beard the ships of Spain in
their own bay.

"If we're worsted in the fight,
We shall perish in the right—
No hand will wipe the dews of death away.
The wounded none will tend,

For we've not a single friend;
But we'll beard the ships of Spain in
their own bay.

"No ironclads we sail,
Only cruisers light and frail,
With no armor plates to turn the shells
away.

All the battleships now steer
In another hemisphere,
But we'll beard the ships of Spain in
their own bay.

"Ho! Remember now the Maine!
Up! And smite the ships of Spain!
Let them not forget for years this first
of May!

Though hell blaze up from beneath,
Forward through the cannon's breath,
When Dewey leads into Manila Bay."

There, half-way round the world,
Swift and straight the shots were hurled,
And a handful of bold sailors won the
day.

Never since earth was begun
Has a braver deed been done
Than when Dewey sailed into Manila
Bay.

God made for him a path
Thro' the mad torpedoes' wrath,
From their slumbers never wakened
into play.

When dawn smote the east with gold,
Spaniards started to behold
Dewey and his gallant fleet within
their bay.

Then from forts and warships first
Iron maledictions burst,
And the guns with tongues of flame
began to pray;

Like demons out of hell
The batteries roar and yell,
While Dewey answers back across the
bay.

O Gods! it was a sight,
Till the smoke, as black as night,
Hid the fire-belching ships from light
of day.

When it lifted from the tide,
Smitten low was Spanish pride,
And Dewey was the master of their bay.

Where the awful conflict roared,
 And red blood in torrents poured,
 There the Stars and Stripes are waving
 high to day.
 Dewey! Hero strong and grand!
 Shout his name thro' every land!
 For he sunk the ships of Spain in their
 own bay.

CHARLES WADSWORTH, JR.

THE CHINAMAN IN THE NAVY.

ME be with Dewey on the shippee,
 Me Dewey all me can;
 Me yell like hellee, ki, yi hippee,
 Me fight like Melican man.
 Me no like Dutch, he too much flippee,
 Him all the same big ham;
 Me no like Spanish, too much lippee,
 Me like Melican man.

Me no afraid of shellee hittee,
 Me shoottee all me can;
 Me helpee capture Spanish cittee,
 Me fight like Melican man.
 Me killee Spanish; me no pittee,
 Me donttee give a clamn;
 Me drinkee, smokee, chewee, spittee,
 Me be like Melican man.

Dewey likee us velly muchee,
 Cause Chinee, he no run;
 But Dewey, he no likee Dutchee,
 They gettee near his gun.
 Me fightee allee same for Dewey,
 Me habee plentee fun;
 Me drinkee, smokee, cursee, chewee.
 Me fight like son-of-a-gun.

THE SOUTH AND THE FLAG.

UP with the banner of the free!
 Its stars and stripes unfurl,
 And let the battle beauty blaze
 Above a startled world.
 No more around its towering staff
 The folds shall twine again,
 Till falls beneath its righteous wrath
 The gonfalon of Spain.

That flag with constellated stars
 Shines ever in the van!

And, like the rainbow in the storm,
 Presages peace to man.
 For still amid the cannon's roar
 It sanctifies the fight,
 And flames along the battle lines,
 The emblem of the Right.

It seeks no conquest—knows no fear;
 Cares not for pomp or state;
 As pliant as the atmosphere,
 As resolute as Fate.
 Where'er it floats, on land or sea,
 No stain its honor mars,
 And Freedom smiles, her fate secure,
 Beneath its steadfast stars.

H. L. FLASH.

GUARD THE RED CROSS.

GOD guard the cross, the glowing,
 blood-red cross,
 That emblem dear of care, and Chris-
 tian love
 For suffering ones; yet many a cruel loss
 Lies 'neath it, tho' our flag waves
 proud above.
 Fond aching hearts are seared sore and
 deep
 For those whose lives are peril'd for its
 sake
 'Neath torrid skies; and helpless women
 weep
 And, trembling, raise their prayers from
 hearts that break.

God guard the cross, protect the brave
 and true,
 Who wear it in their hearts or on the
 sleeve.
 Oh, send Thine angels, guard each name-
 less grave,
 And dwell within the hearts of those
 who grieve
 So hasten righteous ends on land and sea,
 That peace—whose sleeve shall bear
 the cross of red—
 Shall end this strife, and we united be
 With those who follow'd, where the red
 cross led.

HARRIETT A. ROCKWELL-WHITE.

BEFORE SANTIAGO.

WHO cries that the days of daring are
 those that are faded far,
 That never a light burns planet-bright to
 be hailed as the hero's star?
 Let the deeds of the dead be lauded,
 the brave of the elder years,
 But a song, we say, for the men of to-day
 who have proved themselves their
 peers!
 High in the vault of the tropic sky is the
 garish eye of the sun,
 And down with its crown of guns a-frown
 looks the hill-top to be won;
 There is the trench where the Spaniard
 lurks, his hold and his hiding place,
 And he who would cross the space be-
 tween must meet death face to face.
 The black mouths belch and thunder,
 and the shrapnel shrills and flies;
 Where are the fain and the fearless, the
 lads with the dauntless eyes?
 Will the moment find them wanting!
 Nay, but with valor stirred!
 Like the leashed hound on the coursing-
 ground they wait but the warning
 word.
 "Charge!" and the line moves forward,
 moves with a shout and a swing,
 While sharper far than the cactus-thorn
 is the spiteful bullet's sting.
 Now they are out in the open, and now
 they are breasting the slope,
 While into the eyes of death they gaze as
 into the eyes of hope.
 Never they wait nor waver, but on they
 clamber and on.
 With "Up with the flag of the stripes
 and stars, and down with the flag of
 the Don!"
 What should they bear through the shot-
 rent air but rout to the ranks of
 Spain,
 For the blood that throbs in their hearts
 is the blood of the boys of Anthony
 Wayne!
 See, they have taken the trenches! Where
 are the foemen? Gone!

And now "Old Glory" waves in the
 breeze from the heights of San Juan!
 And so, while the dead are lauded, the
 brave of the elder years,
 A song, we say, for the men of to-day
 who have proved themselves their
 peers! CLINTON SCOLLARD.

A SONG FOR THE FLEET.

A SONG for them one and all,
 The sister ships of the Maine,
 They have sailed at a nation's battle call
 To save a land from a tyrant's thrall
 That has struggled long in vain!

The coming days shall speak
 The praise of our valiant tars!
 No fear they will wanting prove or weak,
 When proudly flutters from every peak
 The glorious Stripes and Stars!

Then a cheer for the flag unfurled
 On the dawn of that Sabbath-day
 When the shot that the gallant Dewey
 hurled

Crushed the hopes of the Spanish world
 In the far Manila Bay!

And a cheer for the valorous ones
 Who are girt for the gory fight
 Where the tropic tide-race swirls and runs
 Under the frown of the Morro's guns—
 And God be with the right!

CLINTON SCOLLARD.

READING THE NEWS.

OH, bring the atlas, mother,
 The big one bound in red;
 Likewise a magnifying glass
 To show the letters spread
 Across the tinted page, mother,
 Where criss-cross lines confuse,
 For I'm going to read the news, mother;
 I'm going to read the news.

And pray do not neglect, mother,
 To get a gazetteer
 And a Spanish dictionary;
 These words are sadly queer.
 It's a fearful undertaking
 And it's giving me the blues,
 But I'm going to read the news, mother,
 I'm going to read the news.

REFLECTED GLORY.

SHE used to smile upon me,
 But she doesn't any more;
 She holds her head much higher
 Than she ever did before;
 She regards me as a being
 Of a lower sphere to-day,
 For her cousin fought with Dewey
 When he took Manila Bay.

She used to sit and listen
 To the thrilling tales I told:
 She used to look upon me
 As among the brave and bold;
 But I've ceased to interest her,
 She looks down on me to-day,
 For her cousin was with Dewey
 When he took Manila Bay

Oh, I wish her valiant cousin
 Were in Van Dieman's Land,
 And that I had been with Dewey
 To pitch in and take a hand!
 Ah, her manner's cold and distant,
 And her glances seem to say:
 "You were not out there with Dewey
 When he took Manila Bay!"

MY SOLDIER BOY.

WHEN night comes on, when morn-
 ing breaks, they rise—
 Those earnest prayers, by faithful lips
 oft said,
 And pierce the blue which shrouds the
 inner skies,
 "God guard my boy; God grant he is
 not dead."
 "My soldier boy—where is he camped
 to-night?"
 "God guard him waking, sleeping, or
 in fight."

Far, far away where tropic suns cast down
 Their scorching rays, where sultry
 damp airs rise
 And haunting breath of sickness holds its
 own,
 A homesick boy, sore, wounded, suf-
 fering lies:
 "Mother! mother!" is his ceaseless cry,
 "Come, mother, come, and see me
 'ere I die!"

Where is war's glory? Ask the trumpet's
 blare—
 The strife-marching columns run to
 bitter
 Ask of the raw recruit who knows as yet
 Naught of its horrors, naught of its loss
 of life;
 Ask not the mother, weeping for her son:
 She knows the heartaches following
 victories won.

FIDELE H. HOLLAND.

THE NEW ALABAMA.

THAR'S a bran new "Alabama" that
 they're fittin' out for sea,
 An' them that's seen her tell me she's as
 lively as kin be;
 An' them big Havana gin'ruls better
 open wide their gates
 Ef she's any like her namesake of the old
 Confed'rit States!

A bran' new "Alabama!" She orter be
 the best
 That ever plowed a furrow in the ocean—
 east or west!
 An' I'm shore that she'll be heard from—
 jest open wide your gates
 Ef she's any like her namesake of the old
 Confed'rit States!

I bet she's full o' sperrit! I bet her guns'll
 keep
 The Spanish cruisers huntin' fer a harbor
 on the deep!
 She'll storm the forts an' take 'em—
 she'll batter down the gates
 Ef she's any like her namesake of the old
 Confed'rit States!

THE SONG OF DEWEY'S GUNS.

WHAT is this thunder music from the
 other side of the world,
 That pulses through the severing seas
 and round the planet runs?
 'Tis the death song of old Spain floating
 from the Asian main;
 There's a tale of crumbling empire in
 the song of Dewey's guns!

The hand that held the sceptre once of
all the great world seas,
And paved the march with dead men's
bones 'neath all the circling suns,
Grew faint with deadly fear when that
thunder song grew near,
For the dirge of Spain was sounded by
the song of Dewey's guns!

There is music in a cannon, yet, for all
Sons of Peace—

Yes, the porthole's belching anthem is
soft music to her sons

When the iron thunder song sings the
death of ancient wrong—

And a dying wrong was chanted by the
song of Dewey's guns.

SAM WALTER FOSS.

UNITED STATES NAVY'S CAPTURES.

THE Spaniard may sneer or wax wroth
as he will;

Your Uncle Sam cares not a jot.

But when something practical calls for
his skill,

His cannon are there, on the spot.

For fierce counter-phases slight headway
can make

'Gainst professional knaves and their
tools;

The way to awake their remorse is to
take

Their lumber, provisions and mules.

The poet who sang about "arms and the
man,"

And "Mars" in his old epic lay,
Would find some new topics, if he were
to scan

The scene of an up-to-date fray.

He still might describe how men clash
and disperse

In wrath which defeat never cools;

But he'd tack on a verse the renown to
rehearse

Of lumber, provisions and mules.

THE BLACK REGIMENTS.

DE cullud troops, dey marchin'—

De regiments gwine pas';

"En whar did de Guv'ment sen' you?"

"We gwine ter de Tortu-gas!"

Oh, my wife en chillin'!

Make way en lemme pass!

De Guv'ment sen' me fur frum home!

I gwine ter de Tortu-gas!

De cullud troops, dey marchin'—

Dey trompin' down de gras;

"En whar is de Guv'ment sen' you?"

"We gwine ter de Tortu-gas!"

Oh, my wife en chillin'!

Make way en lemme pass!

De Guv'ment sen' me fur frum home—

I gwine ter de Tortu-gas.

X NEGLECTED WIFE.

SHE.

YOU used to kiss me fondly

When you came to tea;

But now you read your paper,

And hardly notice me;

You used to say you loved me,

You praised my eyes and hair;

But now you never tell me

That I am sweet or fair;

You used to take me strolling,

At dusk, beneath the trees,

And often, after dinner,

You held me on your knees;

You used to be so tender,

So thoughtful and so true,

And you were interested

In all I had to do:

But now you never listen

To what I have to say;

The love I had is only

A memory, to-day.

HE.

Ah, foolish girl! 'Tis yours,

The love you're sighing for—

But there—keep still—I'm anxious

To read about the war.

THE PHANTOM SPANISH FLEET.

I 'T was a gnarly sailor man
Tattooed across the breast,
Who waddled toward a coil of rope
And sat thereon to rest.

The beard he wore was grizzly gray,
His face was crimson red,
He spat profusely at the tide
And scratched his ear and said:—

“Time was when I was just a kid,
First follerin’ the sea,
An’ yarns like these was told within
The fo’c’le to me.

“They told me of the spooky ship
Manned by a crew of ghosts
That rassed with the waves about
The Pattygony coasts.

“Likewise an’ similar I heerd
Of speerit craft that would
Come bearin’ down upon you in
Midoccean neighborhood.

“Come bearin’ down upon you till
There wan’t two foot to spare—
Then disappeared in half a wink
An’ left you shakin’ there.

“Ay, man an’ boy, fer forty year
I’ve heerd them tales of old;
I’ve set amongst my mates an’ stared
At dreadful yarns they told.

“But stranger than the lot of them
Rolled up in one, an’ tied,
Is these here statements that we hear
Right now on ev’ry side.

“Ten hundred times as odd as is
That Flyin’ Dutchman case
Is this about the Spanish fleet
Which we’re a-givin’ chase.

“They seen it up by Eastport, Maine,
One pleasant, quiet morn,
An’ next day some one sighted it
A-roundin’ of Cape Horn.

“An’ in between a merchantman
Comes in an’ swears he viewed
Them ships in longitude 16
An’ 80 latitude.

“But just as we have hunted it
An’ when the place is found,
A cable comes from Labrador—
‘Spain’s boats is here, aground.’

“Which makes us happy fer an hour,
An’ then from Mart’ique
We hear: ‘That Spanish squadron’s here
An’ has been fer a week.’

“One ocean captain says he seen
Them vessels out at sea
Headed fer Spain an’ also fer
The coast of Caribbee.

“Yet, speakin’ of the self-same hour,
Another says their smoke
Caught his attention as he was
Ten mile off Cape Saint Roque.

“They fly by night; they fly by day;
A million knots or so
In half a minute is the speed
At which them Spaniards go.

“From Delagoa Bay around
Up to the Benin Bight
Is just a little easy jaunt
That takes up half a night.

“An’ judgin’ by the last reports
About their movements I’m
A liar if them ships ain’t been
Six places at one time.

“It beats the Flyin’ Dutchman cold,
It beats all ghosts an’ such
The way them Spanish warboats chase
Around the world so much.

“Them stories that I used to hear
In old times, as I says,
Ain’t nothin’ to what’s printed in
The papers nowadays.

“As I was sayin’—” Down the pier
A boy, with all his might
Came crying: “Extree! Extree, here!
De latest from de fight!”

The gnarly sailor paid his price
And turned the printed sheet,
Wherein a "special cablegram"
Looked up, his eyes to greet.

"I learn there are no Spanish ships,
And never were," he read.
The sailor man spat at the tide.
"Well, I'll be darned!" he said.

OLD GLORY.

WHAT sudden flash of rippling hues
With high impulse the soul imbues,
While welling joy the eyes suffuse?
Old Glory.

What visions forth scarred battle plains
Where stern emprise and valor reigns—
Triumphant charge and broken chains?
Old Glory.

What marks the path where tempests sweep,
Where freedom's thunder flashes leap
From keels that grapple in the deep?
Old Glory.

What beacons men to kindlier ways
Of commerce, art—Athena's bays,
And "Whatsoever things of praise?"
Old Glory.

What bids surcease to ancient feud
Of race, of creed; of every brood
That bars a world-wide brotherhood?
Old Glory.

Forecasts old earth's eterne release
When tyrants' wiles and power shall cease
In dawn of God's great calm of peace?
Old Glory.
JOHN BROGAN.

DEWEY.

O DEWEY was the morning
Upon the first of May;
And Dewey was the admiral
Down in Manila Bay;
And Dewey were the Regent's eyes
Them orbs of royal blue;
And Dewey feel discouraged?
I Dew not think we Dew.

THE BOYS THAT COULDN'T GO.

THEY'VE wrote a heap o' verse about
A power o' things, this war—
I never knew them poets spout
So smart an' slick before!
They've wrote of many a funny thing—
They've wrote of wounds and woe—
But what I want's some one to sing
The boys that couldn't go.

The boys that haven't had no fun;
The boys that jest set round
And read of what the others done,
Beyond their campin'-ground,
Till some lost heart, and some lost health,
And though they saw no foe,
The deadly fever slew by stealth
Some boys that couldn't go.

The boys that didn't have the luck
To get a single scar,
To show the girls who worship pluck,
The sort o' chaps they are.
To clean your tent, an' curry down
Another feller's horse—
That ain't a thing to make the town
Ring with your name, of course!

And yet, I guess it's jest as hard
To do your duty square,
A chorin' round a stable-yard
Or tent, as anywhere.
I guess to keep a cheerful face
An' pass the time o' day,
An' not get slack but keep your brace,
An' jest obey—obey—

I kind o' think that's jest as brave
As shootin' off your gun,
An' puzzlin' why the last light shave
Didn't put out the sun!
There ain't no corner yet on grit—
There's plenty layin' round,
An' fellers rollin' rich in it
On the home campin'-ground.

We've yelled for Hobson pretty near
Until we split our throats;
But there were others knew no fear
On board the other boats.
If seven hundred fellers cried
Because they warn't allowed
To share the peril at his side—
I'm yellin' for the crowd!

An' so I guess the women think,
 (The sort that think at all);
 Those unscarred soldiers needn't shrink
 To meet 'em in the fall.
 Because, I tell you for a fact,
 (In case you didn't know),
 The boys will find their hearts intact—
 The boys that couldn't go!
 B. M. CHANNING.

IN MEMORIAM.

It was a strange coincidence, and a fitting end for a noble old seaman who had given his life to the service of his country, that Rear-Admiral W. A. Kirkland, U. S. N., and late commandant at Mare Island, Cal., should die the day peace was declared.

"CEASE firing!" Lo, the bugles call—
 "Cease!" and the red flame dies away.
 The thunders sleep; along the gray
 Smoke-shrouded hills the echoes fall.

"Cease firing!" Close the columns fold
 Their shattered wings; the weary troops
 Now stand at ease; the ensign droops;
 The heated chargers' flanks turn cold.

"Cease firing!" Down, with point reversed.
 The reeking, crimson sabre drips;
 Cool grow the fevered cannon's lips—
 Their wreathing vapors far dispersed.

"Cease firing!" From the sponson's rim
 The mute, black muzzles frown across
 The sea, where swelling surges toss
 The armored squadrons, silent, grim.

"Cease firing!" Look, white banners show
 Along the graves where heroes sleep—
 Above the graves where men lie deep—
 In pure, soft flutterings of snow.

"Cease firing!" Glorious and sweet
 For country 'tis to die—and comes
 The Peace—and bugles blow and drums
 Are sounding out the Last Retreat.
 THOMAS R. GREGORY, U. S. N.

THE COWARD.

HIT? Yes, I wuz hit, but then
 So wuz lots of other men.
 Don't feel much like braggin', fer
 All the rest wuz braver, sir.
 When the fierun' begun,
 Somethin' whispered, "Cut an' run!"
 Chances wuz that either I
 Would have to skip, or stay an' die.
 Then the thought of mother came,
 An' I didn't feel the same—
 Seemed to starch me up a bit,
 An'—in a minit I wuz hit.
 Mother she wuz brave you see—
 Father died when I wuz three—
 Worked, she did, both day an' night
 To keep the boy he left fixed right.
 'Member when I wuzn't well,
 How she watched an' dosed me, tel
 I wuz up an' round again.
 Medicine wuz bitter then,
 An' mother'd say, "You Willie, stan'
 An' take your pellet like a man!"
 When the shots wuz thick that day,
 An' Jimmie Brewer by me lay
 Limp' an' bleedin' in the sand,
 An' I heered the Cap's command—
 "Steady boys, an' fire low!"—
 Seemed to feel my courage go;
 Almost wisht I hadn't come;
 Almost wisht I wuz to hum;
 Then—an' Lord, it sounded queer!—
 In the din I seemed to hear
 Mother, sayin', "Willie, stan'
 An' take your bullet like a man!"
 RICHARD R. WIGHTMAN.

GITTIN' CLOSE.

WE'RE purty clost together,
 North, East, an' South an' West;
 It took the stormy weather
 To bring us to our best.
 One flag is ripplin' over
 The ranks on land and sea;
 The man who marched with Sherman
 Stands with the man of Lee!
 We're purty clost together—
 Thar ain't no kind o' doubt;
 It took the stormy weather
 To let the rainbows out!

One flag is ripplin' over
 This bright land of the free;
 The man who marched with Sherman
 Stands with the man of Lee!

Yes, purty clost together;
 An' ef it's storm or strife,
 We'll thank God for the weather
 That finds us one for life!
 For one flag ripplin' over
 That throws her ribbons free
 Where the men who marched with Sher-
 man
 March with the men of Lee!

THE GIANT BATTLESHIP.

O, THE ship she trembles from top
 to keel—
 Though she rates twelve thousand tons!
 And her scorched decks leap with a thun-
 dering throb,

'Neath the roar of her twelve-inch guns!
 Dented and tortured and pierced, she
 stands,

The blows on her ringing plates;
 Grimy and black she signals back
 To the flags of her fighting mates.
 Hear the grinding crash from her armored
 prow,

Hear the rattling Colts from the mast?
 Young Steel Flanks of the living Now
 Is Old Ironsides of the past!

O, then here's to the men where'er they
 be—

The men of steel and steam!
 They're the same old stock from the
 parent block!

When they welcomed the wind abeam.
 Though one shot may equal a broadside's
 weight,

One blow may decide the fight,
 They serve their guns, they aim them
 straight,

And the Flag will be kept in sight!
 The old captains bold—cocked hats and
 gold—

Were made for their country's hour,
 And the Soul of the Ship proclaims the
 mold

Of the mind in the conning tower!

Let us sing the song of Wind and Sail—
 Brave deeds of the captains bold!
 Never a name but was known to fame,
 And was praised in the days of old.
 Let us sing the song of the armored ship,
 With the ramming, roaring bow!
 For the flag is the same, the men are the
 same—

'Tis the song of Then and Now!

A YANKEE SHIP AND A YANKEE CREW.

A YANKEE ship and a Yankee crew,
 Tally hi ho! you know!
 O'er the bright blue waves like a sea-
 bird flew,

Singing hey! aloft and alow!
 Her sails are spread to the fairy breeze!
 The spray as sparkling thrown from
 her prow,
 Her flag is the proudest that floats on the
 seas,

When homeward she's steering now!

A Yankee ship, and a Yankee crew,
 Tally hi ho! you know!
 With hearts aboard, both gallant and true;
 The same aloft and alow!

The blackening sky and the whistling wind
 Foretell the approach of a gale;

And a home and its joys flit over each,
 Husbands, lovers, on deck, there! a sail!

A Yankee ship, and a Yankee crew,
 Tally hi ho! you know!

Distress is the word, God speed them
 through,

Bear a hand aloft and alow!

A Yankee ship, and a Yankee crew,
 Tally hi ho! you know!
 Freedom defends the land where it grew,
 We're free aloft and alow!

Bearing down a ship, in regal pride.
 Defiance floating at each mast-head:
 She's wrecked, and the one that floats
 alongside,

The stars and stripes that's to victory
 wed;

A Yankee ship, and a Yankee crew,
 Tally hi ho! you know!
 Ne'er strikes to a foe, while the sky is blue,
 Or a tar aloft and alow!

CHARGE OF THE TERRORS.

DAMSELS to right of them,
 Beauties to left of them,
 Honors ahead of them,
 Perils behind ;
 No thought of warlike strife,
 Right into social life—
 Into the Four Hundred
 Dash the Rough Riders.

Cow punchers, some of them,
 Blue stockings, some of them,
 Born heroes, all of them,
 Teddy in front :
 Not theirs to be denied,
 Victors where'er betide,
 Sweldom's e'erlasting pride,
 Oh, the Rough Riders.

CHICKAMAUGA ("RIVER OF DEATH.")

OH, we marched down to the river of
 death,
 Seventy thousand strong !
 Fire in the veins, and delight in the
 breath,
 Joy at the start and hope in the heart ;
 Burning to right a wrong.

Red-blooded, firm-bodied, brave enough
 —men
 We were—witness that !—then.
 Rank of us, file of us, did a foot lag ?
 No—by God, and the Flag !

So we drank deep of the river of death—
 Pollution, and fever, and fate ;
 The poison that flies on the wings of the
 breath,
 If a soldier ask bread, set a cross at his
 head,
 Or rot him in camp for the State !

Hush ! They have marched to the River
 of Life—
 Comrades we left behind,
 Who begged for the front, and who ached
 for the strife.
 To them it was given to crumble to
 Heaven,
 We wonder what did they find !

Slowly we crawl from the river of death,
 Try us—we're thousands weak.
 Shrunken in spirit, and shortened in
 breath,
 Wail if you will. But the missing are still,
 And the slain refuse to speak.

Spent-bodied, taint-blooded, shades of
 the strong
 Cry : Who wrought the wrong ?
 Right of it, wrong of it—did a man lag ?
 No ! By God and the Flag !

ELIZABETH S. P. WARD.

THE BATTLE.

MID sullen roar
 Of waves on shore,
 Our battleships went out to sea,
 Big hulls glist'ning,
 As at christ'ning,
 They went to fight for liberty.

Gay crews smiling,
 Time beguiling,
 No man e'er thought of danger near.
 The day was bright ;
 No thought of fight ;
 All thought of friends at home so dear.

Hark the bell tolls ;
 Oft the ship rolls,
 Down in the ocean's dark blue wave,
 Sunlight beaming ;
 Shells are screaming
 Around our sailor boys so brave.

Shrieks of dying,
 Moaning, crying,
 Rent the ship's sulphurous air.
 The battle's o'er :
 From shore to shore,
 High waves old glory in the air.

With mangled crew
 And mournful few,
 From sailing on broad ocean's track,
 No more to fight ;
 Right conquers might ;
 To-day our boats are coming back.

A POEM WITH A MORAL.

FOR THE INSTRUCTION OF GUARDSMEN
WHO DO NOT LIKE "MARTINETTS."

THE 'eathen in 'is blindness bows down
to wood and stone;
'E don't obey no orders unless they is 'is
own;
'E keeps 'is sidearms awful; 'e leaves 'em
all about,
An' then comes up the regiment an'
pokes the 'eathen out.

The young recruit is 'aughty—'e drops
from Gawd knows where;
They bid 'im show 'is stockin's an' lay 'is
mattress square;
'E calls it bloomin' nonsense—'e doesn't
know no more—
An' then up comes 'is company an' kicks
'em round the floor!

The young recruit is 'ampered—'e takes
it very 'ard;
'E 'angs his 'ead an' mutters—'e sulks
about the yard;
'E talks o' "cruel tyrants" 'e'll swing for
by an' bye,
An' the others 'ears an' mocks 'im, an'
the boy goes orf to cry.

The young recruit is silly—'e thinks o'
suicide;
'E's lost 'is gutter-devil; 'e 'asn't got 'is
pride;
But day by day they kicks 'im, which
'elps 'im on a bit,
Till 'e finds 'isself one mornin' with a full
an' proper kit.

An' now the hugly bullets come peekin'
through the dust,
An' no one wants to face 'em, but every
beggar must;
So, like a man in irons which isn't glad
to go,
They moves 'em off by companies, un-
common stiff an' slow.

Of all 'is five years schoolin' they don't
remember much,
Excep' the not retreatin', the step an'
keepin' touch.

It looks like teachin' wasted when they
duck an' spread an' 'op.
But if 'e 'adn't learned 'em they'd be all
about the shop!

RUDYARD KIPLING.

WHO WILL CARE FOR MOTHER NOW?

During one of our late battles, among
many other noble fellows that fell, was a
young man who had been the only sup-
port of an aged and sick mother for years.
Hearing the surgeon tell those who were
near him, that he could not live, he placed
his hand across his forehead and, with a
trembling voice, said, while burning tears
ran down his fevered cheeks: "Who will
care for mother now?"

WHY am I so weak and weary?
See how faint my heated breath,
All around to me seems darkness—
Tell me, comrades, is this death?
Ah! how well I know your answer,
To my fate I meekly bow,
If you'll only tell me truly,
Who will care for mother now?

CHORUS.

Soon with angels I'll be marching,
With bright laurels on my brow,
I have for my country fallen,
Who will care for mother now?

Who will comfort her in sorrow?
Who will dry the fallen tear,
Gently smooth the wrinkled forehead?
Who will whisper words of cheer?
Even now I think I see her
Kneeling, praying for me! how
Can I leave her in her anguish?
Who will care for mother now?

Let this knapsack be my pillow,
And my mantle be the sky;
Hasten, comrades, to the battle,
I will like a soldier die.
Soon with angels I'll be marching,
With bright laurels on my brow;
I have for my country fallen,
Who will care for mother now?

WILLIE HAS GONE TO THE WAR.

THE blue bird is singing its lay
 To all the sweet flowers of the dale;
 The wild bee is roaming, at play;
 And soft is the sigh of the gale;
 I stray by the brook-side, alone,
 Where oft we have wandered before,
 And weep for my loved one—my own:
 My Willie has gone to the war!

CHORUS.

Willie has gone to the war, Willie—
 Willie, my loved one—my own;
 Willie has gone to the war, Willie—
 Willie, my loved one, has gone.

It was there, where the lily-bells grow,
 That I last saw his noble young face;
 But now he has gone to the foe—
 Oh! dearly I love the old place!
 The whispering waters repeat
 The name that I love, o'er and o'er,
 And daisies, that nod at my feet,
 Say: Willie has gone to the war!

The leaves of the forest will fade,
 The roses will wither and die,
 And Spring to our home in the glade,
 On fairy-like pinions, will fly;
 But still I will hopefully wait
 Till the day when those battles are o'er,
 And pine like a bird for its mate,
 Till Willie comes home from the war.

MARCHIN' WID DE BAN'.

O WE'S mighty monstrous happy,
 In de middle ob de day
 When the sun am shinin' brightly
 An' de flags am flyin' gay;
 When a ban' ob sixty pieces
 (Sixty pieces, mo' o' less)
 Plays sich lubly music
 Dat it lull yo' soul to res'.
 Wid de drum majah a-struttin'
 Lak a turkey goblah gran'
 An' we am dancin' an' a-prancin'
 An' a-marchin' wid de ban'.

Keepin' step am jus' ez eazy
 When the ban' begin' to play,
 Jus' comes to us as nachal
 Ez as a hoss come to his hay,

Kas ouah h'ahts am full ob gladness
 When de drums begin to beat,
 Wid dey thumpin' an' a-bumpin'
 While we keeps time wid ouah feet
 De pleasure am jus' 'licious—
 De fines' in de lan'—
 When we am dancin' an' a-prancin'
 An' a-marchin' wid de ban'.

Ef yo' eber has some trubbel,
 In any time ob yeah,
 Collectin' de cullud people,
 A-livin' fuh an' neah,
 Git a ban' ob sixty pieces,
 All dressed in unifohms,
 Wid dem gol' things on dey shouldahs
 An' red stripes 'roun' they ahms,
 Den all de cullud people—
 De yaller, black an' tan—
 Will quit dey situations
 An' go marchin' wid dat ban'.

PHIL. H. BROWN.

TO THE FLYING SQUADRON.

FIERCE flock of sea gulls, with huge
 wings of white,
 Tossed on the treacherous blue,
 Poising your pinions in majestic flight—
 Our hearts take voyage with you.

God save us from war's terrors! May
 they cease!
 And yet one fate, how worse!
 A bloodless, perjured, prostituting peace,
 Glutting a coward's purse!

Oh, if yon beaks and talons clutch and
 cling
 Far in the middle seas
 With those of hostile war birds, wing to
 wing—
 Our hearts shall fight with these.

God speed you! Never fared crusading
 knight
 On holier quest than ye—
 Sworn to the rescue of the trampled Right,
 Sworn to make Cuba free!

Yea, swiftly to avenge our martyred Maine,
 I watch you curve and wheel
 In horrible grace of battle—scourge of
 Spain,
 Birds with the beaks of steel!

VICTOR BLUE.

"MOLE ST. NICHOLAS, June 13.—Lieutenant Blue just returned after a detour of seventy statute miles' observation of the harbor of Santiago de Cuba. He reports Spanish fleet is all there."—SAMPSON.

VICTOR BLUE! What a name it is
For a deed of old renown—
How it stirs the blood, how the fancy
wakes

And brushes the cobwebs down!

Why, you see the flag, its stars and stripes,
You hear the bugles play,
And you know some deed of desperate
need

Has come to blaze the way!

Admiral Sampson paced his deck,
With troubled brow and eye,
While the lights of Santiago flared
Afar against the sky!

He knew that there, in the inner bay,
In a fancied safe retreat,
The Spanish admiral, close and snug,
Had taken his hunted fleet.

But which were the ships and where they
swung

Far back in the winding strait,
Was a little point he wanted to fix
For the pending joint debate!

A light came into the Admiral's eye—
His clouded brow grew free
As he said to his orderly waiting there—
"Send Lieutenant Blue to me!"

In the shadow that night a little craft
Slipped off from the flagship's side,
And, turning, steered for the Cuban
shore,

Borne in on the Carib tide—

And Victor Blue was there alone,
Serene and well content—
Rejoiced at heart to be off again
On the Spanish fox's scent.

He cut the brush—he forged the swamp
In a trackless, wide detour—
But the hills, to the rear of the 'leaguered
town,

Were his box and compass sure.

He heard the sudden clatter of hoofs—

He crouched in the tropic grass—
Then he saw two sabred and booted Dons,
With a strange oath, come and pass!

On through the rank, thick underbrush
He cut and burrowed his way
Till he caught, thro' the tall palmetto
trees,

A gleam of the distant bay;

Higher he climbed—and higher still
He crept to the towering knoll—
When, lo! beneath him the harbor lay
Like a long, indented bowl!

Need I tell the rest?—how the news came
back

To Sampson and gallant Schley;
How Blue had focused Cervera's fleet
With his own—and his good friend's—
eye?

How he came through the perils of instant
death—

The death of the hangman's noose—
Unravelling quite, with his double sight,
The Spanish admiral's ruse?

How he told the names of the hiding ships
In the cays of the winding strait,
And settled a doubtful point or two
For the pending joint debate!

JOHN JEROME ROONEY.

LET ME LIKE A SOLDIER FALL.

YES, let me like a soldier fall
Upon some open plain,
This breast expanding for the ball,
To blot out every stain;
Brave, manly hearts confer my doom,
That gentler ones may tell,
Howe'er forget, unknown my tomb,
I like a soldier fell.

I only ask of that proud race,
Which ends its blaze in me,
To die the last and not disgrace
Its ancient chivalry;
Though o'er my clay no banner wave,
Nor trumpet *requiems* swell,
Enough they murmur o'er my grave:
"He like a soldier fell!"

KISS ME AS OF OLD, MOTHER.

ON the field of battle, mother,
 All the night alone I lay,
 Angels watching o'er me, mother,
 'Till the breaking of the day;
 I lay thinking of you, mother,
 And the loving ones at home,
 'Till to our dear cottage, mother,
 Boy again I seemed to come.

CHORUS.

Kiss me for my brother, sister—
 When I sleep deep in the grave,
 Tell I died true to my country—
 Her honor tried to save.

I must soon be going, mother,
 Going to the home of rest;
 Kiss me as of old, mother,
 Press me nearer to your breast;
 Would I could repay you, mother,
 For your faithful love and care,
 God uphold and bless you, mother,
 In this bitter woe you bear.

TELL MOTHER I DIE HAPPY.

I AM dying, comrades, dying
 As you hear me lightly tread;
 Soon, ah, soon, I shall be lying
 With the silent, sleeping dead.
 I am dying, comrades, dying,
 Still the battle rages near;
 Tell me, are our foes a flying?
 I die happy, mother dear.

CHORUS.

Tell my mother I die happy,
 That for me she must not weep;
 Tell her how I longed to kiss her,
 Ere I sunk in death to sleep.

I am going, comrades, going;
 See how damp my forehead's now;
 Oh, I see the angels coming,
 With bright garlands for my brow.
 Bear this message to my mother;
 How in death that God was near,
 He to bless and to support me;
 I die happy, mother dear.

Lay me, comrades, 'neath the willow,
 That grows on the distant shore;
 Wrap the starry flag around me,
 I would press its folds once more;
 Let the cold earth be my pillow,
 And the stars and stripes my shroud;
 Soon, oh, soon, I shall be marching
 Amid the heavenly crowd.

THE TORPEDO-BOAT.

SHE'S a floating boiler crammed with
 fire and steam;
 A toy, with dainty works like any
 watch;
 A working, weaving basketful of tricks—
 Eccentric, cam and lever, cog and
 notch.
 She's a dashing, lashing, tumbling shell
 of steel,
 A headstrong, kicking, nervous, plung-
 ing beast;
 A long, lean ocean liner—trimmed down
 small;
 A bucking broncho harnessed for the
 East.
 She can rear and toss and roll
 Your body from your soul,
 And she's most unpleasant wet—to say
 the least!

But see her slip in, sneaking down, at
 night;
 All a-tremble, deadily, silent—Satan-
 sly.
 Watch her gather for the rush, and catch
 her breath!
 See her dodge the wakeful cruiser's
 sweeping eye.
 Hear the humming! Hear her coming!
 Coming fast!
 (That's the sound might make men wish
 they were at home,
 Hear the rattling Maxim, barking rapid
 fire),
 See her loom out through the fog with
 bows afoam!
 Then some will wish for land—
 They'd be sand fleas in the sand
 Or yellow grubs reposing in the loam.

JAMES BARNES.

THE MAN WHO DOES THE CHEERIN'.

THIS war with Spain reminds me o'
the Spring o' '61,
About the time or jist afore the Civil
War begun;
A certain class o' heroes ain't remembered
in this age,
Yit their names in golden letters should
be writ on histry's page.
Their voices urged on others to save this
o' country's fall;
I admit they never listened when they
heard Abe Lincoln's call;
They never heerd a eagle scream er heerd
a rifle crack,
But you bet they done the cheerin'
When the troops come back.

O' course it's glorious to fight when free-
dom is at stake,
I 'low a feller likes to know that he hez
helped to make
Another star in freedom's sky—the star
o' Cuby—free!
But still another feelin' creeps along o'
that when he
Gits to thinkin' o' the home he left en
seein' it at night
Dancin' slowlike up aroun' him in a misty
maze o' light.
En a-ketchin' fleetin' glimpses of a crowd
along the track,
En the man who does the cheerin'
When the troops come back.

O' course a soldier hez got feelin's en his
heart begins to beat
Faster, ez ol' Reckollection leads him
down some shady street
Where he knows a gal's a-waitin' under-
neath a creepin' vine,
Where the sun is kinder cautious 'bout
combatin' with the shine
In her eyes—en jist anuther thing that
nuther you er I
Could look at with easy feelin's is a piece
o' pumpkin pie
That hez made our mothers famous—but
down there along the track
Is the man who does the cheerin'
When the troops come back,

It's jist the same in war times ez in com-
mon ev'ry day,
When a feller keeps a-strugglin' en a-peg-
gin' on his way,
He likes to hev somebody come and grab
him by the hand,
En say: "Ol' boy, you'll git there yit;
you've got the grit en sand."
It does him good, en l 'low that it does
a soldier, too;
So even if the feller at the track don't
wear the blue,
He's helped save bleedin' Cuby from the
tyrants en their rack
By leadin' in the cheerin'
When the troops come back.
EDWARD SINGER.

WRAP THE FLAG AROUND ME, BOYS.

WRAP the flag around me, boys, to
die were far more sweet,
With freedom's starry emblem, boys, to
be my winding sheet.
In life I loved to see it wave, and follow
where it led,
And now my eyes grow dim, my hands
would clasp its last bright shred.

CHORUS.

Then wrap the flag around me, boys,
To die were far more sweet,
With freedom's starry emblem, boys,
To be my winding sheet.

O, I had thought to greet you, boys, on
many a well won field,
When to our starry banner, boys, the
trait'rous foe should yield.
But now, alas, I am denied my dearest
earthly prayer;
You'll follow and you'll meet the foe, but
I shall not be there.
But though my body moulders, boys, my
spirit will be free,
And every comrade's honor, boys, will
still be dear to me.
There in the thick and bloody fight never
let your ardor lag,
For I'll be there still hovering near, above
the dear old flag.

ADMIRAL SUSAN JANE.

I MAY be wrong about it, but it seems
to me, by gum!
That this here war we're in ain't bein'
managed right;
I know somebody that I'll bet could fairly
make things hum
And knock the Spaniards out of time
before to-morrow night.
S-s-s-h! Say, don't let her hear us! But
I'll bet if Susan Jane
Could be appointed admiral fer jist
about a day
The powers couldn't stop 'er—it'd all be
up with Spain—
One look from her, and every Don
would want to sneak away.

I'd like to see Cervera or old Blanco when
she got
Him cornered, as she often corners me,
And then look through and through him
—laws! I'll bet he would not
Be long in beggin' fer a chance to
scoot across the sea!
Talk about your fiery looks! One look
from Susan Jane
Jist sets my blood a-tinglin' and upsets
me fer a week—
If she could meet Sagasta that would settle
things for Spain—
She'd make him give up all before he'd
got a chance to speak!

O, I'd like to see old Weyler go if she
was in pursuit,
With a pair of trusty scissors in her
hand!
I'll bet he wouldn't argue, and I'll bet
that he would scoot,
As he'd go it from Old Nick and all his
brimstone eatin' band!—
I wouldn't want to say it, if I thought
that she could hear,
But it'd be a chilly day fer poor old
groggy Spain
If our commodores and admirals were all
to disappear,
And the whole affair was put into the
hands of Susan Jane.

S. E. KISER.

"DIXIE" UP TO DATE.

SONG OF THE SOUTHERN VOLUNTEERS.

I WISH I were in the far, far North
To cheer my comrades starting forth;
Hurrah, hurrah, hurrah, hurrah!
Their fathers were of ours the foes—
But that's forgot like last year's snows.
Hurrah, hurrah, hurrah, hurrah!

CHORUS.

O Yankeeland and Dixie!
Hurrah! Hurrah!
In Yankeeland and Dixieland
We're linked together, heart and hand;
Hurrah! hurrah! for Yankeeland and
Dixie.

They fought in blue, we fought in gray—
But that's a tale of yesterday;
Hurrah, hurrah, hurrah, hurrah!
And now we don the blue again
To down with them those Dons of Spain,
Hurrah, hurrah, hurrah, hurrah!
(Chorus, O Yankeeland and Dixie, etc.)

We're going to drive from Cuba's isle
Starvation, tyranny and guile;
Hurrah, hurrah, hurrah, hurrah!
And when we've downed those Dons of
Spain,
Why then we're coming home again.
Hurrah, hurrah, hurrah, hurrah!
JOHN HALL INGHAM.

A CERVEREAN PARAPHRASE

OF in the stilly night,
Since Hobson's chain hath bound
me,
Sad mem'ry brings the fright
Of Sampson's fleet around me.
When I remember all
The schemes, so linked together,
That lured me to this harbor small,
To 'scape the Sampson weather—
I feel like one who's left alone
In some dim land deserted,
Whose hopes are drunk—whose ships are
sunk,
And all but him departed!

THE VACANT CHAIR.

WE shall meet, but we shall miss him ;
 there will be one vacant chair ;
 We shall linger to caress him, while we
 breathe our evening prayer.
 When, a year ago, we gathered, joy was
 in his mild blue eye ;
 But a golden cord is severed, and our
 hopes in ruins lie.

CHORUS.

We shall meet, but we shall miss him ;
 There will be one vacant chair ;
 We shall linger to caress him,
 When we breathe our evening prayer.
 At our fireside, sad and lonely, often will
 the bosom swell
 At remembrance of the story how our
 noble Willie fell ;
 How he strove to bear our banner through
 the thickest of the fight,
 And upheld our country's honor, in the
 strength of manhood's might.

True, they tell us wreaths of glory ever
 more will deck his brow ;
 But this soothes the anguish only, sweep-
 ing o'er our heart-strings now.
 Sleep to-day, O early fallen, in thy green
 and narrow bed ;
 Dirges from the pine and cypress mingle
 with the tears we shed.

SONG OF ROOSEVELT'S RIDERS.

WE thud—thud—thud down the dusky
 pike,
 We jingle across the plain,
 We cut and thrust, and we lunge and strike,
 We throttle the sons of Spain !
 Our chief has never a tremor shown,
 He's grit cinched up in a belt.
 Oh, they must be for their courage known
 Who ride with Roosevelt.
 We gallop along the gloomy vale,
 We bustle a-down the lane,
 We leap the stream and the toppling rail—
 We burst on the men of Spain !
 It's rattle and clash, the sabers flash,
 The Spaniard host doth melt,
 It's bluff and grit, and it's all things vast
 To ride with Roosevelt !

HE CAME.

THERE was a Don up in a tree,
 And a Yankee down below ;
 "Come down," said the Yankee to the
 Don,
 But the Don was rather slow.
 "What terms," he asked, "will you make
 with me
 If I come down to you?
 No terms? Oh, Mr. Yankee man,
 That'll never, never do!"

The Yankee took aim with his gun
 At the Don up in the tree ;
 "I'll shoot," he said, "if you don't come
 down
 Before I've counted 'three.'"
 Athwart the Don's dark visage spread
 A terrifying frown,
 But the Yankee counted "one" and
 "two."
 And the little old Don came down.

EXIT THE CANNIBAL.

OH, the blithe and eager cannibal has
 has seen his brightest days ;
 They are fading out forever in Old Glo-
 ry's coming rays,
 And the happy missionary will not dread
 the fatal broth,
 As he drops that ragout feeling which was
 common to the cloth.

Oh, no more the paunchy savage will set
 up his steaming pot,
 Out of which the fragrant parson will be
 forked or ladled hot ;
 And no more will grinning henchmen
 squat beside the chief while he
 With a nice discrimination hands around
 the late D. D.

For the Yankee sweeps the ocean, and
 the polishers of bones
 In the Philippines and Sandwiches and far-
 away Ladronez,
 Must resign their meaty diet and come
 down to plainer things,
 For there'll be no more man-eating 'neath
 the eagle's sheltering wings.

THE ANGLO-AMERICAN RACE.

Dedicated to the Albion Society of Philadelphia, and the Society of the Sons of St. George.

WE are one in the bonds of progression,
In the power to toil and to fight,
We are one in our loathing of wrong,
For liberty, honor and right.

CHORUS.

Then hurrah for Peace! but if foes attack,
Then hurrah for the troops and tars,
Hurrah! hurrah! for the Union Jack
When joined with the Stripes and Stars!

We are one in our laws and our language.
We are one in our thought and our song,

We are one in our hatred of traitors,
We are one in our loathing of wrong.

CHORUS.

Then hurrah for Peace! but if foes unite,
'Gainst the world we will not turn back:
The Stars and Stripes shall win the fight,
When joined with the Union Jack!

We have cheered for each other in triumph,
We have wept for each other in vain.
We have quarreled and battled together;
We are friends and as friends shall remain.

CHORUS.

Then hurrah for Peace! but if foes attack,
Then hurrah for the troops and tars!
Hurrah! hurrah! for the Union Jack,
When joined with the Stripes and Stars!

We shall not be parted, my brothers,
Till the Rockies descend from their place.

It is born—The new Union forever!
The Anglo-American Race!

CHORUS.

Then hurrah for Peace! but if foes unite,
'Gainst the world we will not turn back:
The Stars and Stripes shall win the fight,
When joined with the Union Jack.

A STIRRUP CUP.

A Song for the War Correspondent.

A HEALTH all round ere the last bell rings,
Ere the signals shift and the whistle sings;
There's a moment yet while the trains delay,
We've turned life loose on the world to-day!

On an unknown quest for East or West,
East or West on the unknown way.

For some went South when the Cuban rose,
And some turned north to the Yukon snows.

By sledge or steamer, by mail or freight,
From the Koord Kabul to the Golden Gate,

We've gone the rounds of the world-wide bounds,
From the Hoang-Ho to Magellan Strait.

We stood by the guns when the impi broke.

And the field glass strained through the whirling smoke;

We scrawled the dispatch by the thorn-bush fire,

Then a hundred miles to the telegraph wire!

A ride by night, from the field of fight,
A rattling scoop or an Angel Choir!

When the bucks broke loose from the tribe reserve,

We sketched the scalping, and saw them swerve

When the pistols cracked and the rush was stayed

By the crackling line of the News Brigade.

Up the Peace with the Plains Police—
In the Alkali hell our bones are laid.

The big gong clangs from the depot wall;
The whistles shriek and the signals fall;

Around the curve and along the bay—
We're out once more on the open way.

East or West, or cursed or blessed,
We've turned life loose on the world to-day.

FRANK L. POLLOCK.

FITZHUGH LEE.

COOL amid the battle's din
Ice without, but fire within,
Leading to the charge his men,
Much we praise the soldier then ;
But we honor far the more
One who on a foreign shore,
True to duty takes his stand
With his country's flag in hand,
And, though great the peril be,
Bows no head and bends no knee—
Fitzhugh Lee.

Gallant veteran, tried and true,
Hands and hearts go forth to you.
'Mid the sounds that others stir,
Hiss of reptile, yelp of cur,
'Mid our country's foes you stood
With a calm and fearless mood.
Therefore, veteran, tried and true,
Strong our pride has grown in you :
And when you return o'er sea
Warm your welcome here shall be,
Fitzhugh Lee.

Where our mountains milk the sky,
Where our many cities lie,
By Potomac's hallowed stream ;
Where the Hudson's waters gleam,
By the Mississippi's mouth,
East and West and North and South—
Wheresoe'er o'er land and seas,
Floats Old Glory in the breeze,
Wheresoe'er our people be,
All to honor you agree,
Fitzhugh Lee.

THOMAS DUNN ENGLISH.

PEACE JUBILEE CELEBRATION.

WE welcome thee, fair-visaged God of
Peace,
Who cometh smiling through the mist
of tears
To lay thy soothing hand upon our
fears,
And bid the rancor and the bloodshed
cease.—
So, often, when in some dread storm's in-
crease,
Dark clouds engloom all that the heart
reverses,

And the dear light of heaven disappears,
A golden ray of sunlight brings release.

To-day our hearts throb to a cadence fair ;
Our souls are jubilant with high achiev-
ing ;

We fling our starry banners to the air,
Forgetful of all grievances and all griev-
ing ;

Thy brow victorious we wreath with
flowers,

And make the welcome in this joy of ours.
FELIX N. GERSON.

THE WOUNDED HERO.

A WOUNDED soldier of our army,
Like the soldier in Algiers,
Lay dying on the battlefield,
Without strength to dry the tears
Which were Nature's sweetest tribute
From a heart as brave and true
As ever risked being pierced with bullets
For our dear Red, White and Blue.

At last a comrade found the hero
Who had fallen in the strife.
And after weeks of weary watching,
Nursed the trooper back to life.
How, in fancy, he led charges,
When the fever racked his brain,
How he cheered as the Starry Banner
He thought replaced the flag of Spain.

Then he raved of home and mother,
Of the friends so kind and dear,
And the soldier who sat beside him
Wiped the dreamer's manly tear :
Ah ! 'twas Nature's sweetest token
From a heart which led the van—
Which, though brave, was sublimely ten-
der,

And cheered the boys at San Juan.

Back to home and friends and mother
Come the sons of Uncle Sam
Who have not been called to heaven
From the field of San Juan :
And a grateful Yankee nation,
While it cheers the living brave,
Will not forget the heroes
Who lie silent in their grave.

J. J. BURKE.

KING WHEAT.

YOU may tell of your armored cruis-
ers
And your great ships of the line;
And swift or slow may steamers go
Across the billowy brine.
Like thunder may the cannon boom
To greet their flags unfurled,
And for an hour they may have power
To rule the frightened world.

From ocean shore to ocean shore
Lie lines of gleaming steel,
And night and day we hear alway
The ring of rushing wheel;
Though buffalo have left the plain,
And Indian tents are furled,
Nor steam nor hand at wealth's com-
mand
Can rule the busy world.

But where the hillside rises fair
In terraces of green
And on the plain, where wind and rain
Sweep fields of golden sheen,
Where sturdy yellow stalks arise,
With bannered heads unfurled,
Here you may greet the Great King
Wheat,
The ruler of the world.

Oh, hills may shake and vales resound
Beneath the flying car,
And driven by steam and winds a-beam
Our ships ride fast and far;
Cities may crumble 'neath the guns
Which guard our flag unfurled,
Yet all shall greet—at last—King Wheat,
For hunger rules the world.

NINETTE M. LOWATER.

HOSANNAH AND HUZZAH.

ERE ever the guns are silenced;
Ere ever the mandate, Peace!
Shall fall on the raging nations,
Shall bid all their warfare cease;
Ere ever the lamb in slumber
Lies safe 'neath the lion's paw,
We will cry to the East: Hosannah!
We will call to the West: Huzzah!

A hymn to the God of Battles,
Who giveth the conqu'ring sword,
Who harks to the cry for justice,
Who bends for the weak one's word;
A hymn for the grandest triumph,
E'er given the world to cheer,
We will lift that the East may hearken,
We will sing that the West may hear.

Far over the waving banners
The foundry's flame-plumes swirl;
And over the stoker blazons
The flag which we helped unfurl,
But if o'er our hearthstone hovers
The glory of sacrifice—
We will make to the East no moanings,
We will make to the West no cries.

The fires of conquest kindle;
The clang of our sword sounds far;
The lion purs as he watches
His whelp at the game of war.
But ere we forget in our triumph,
And lest we grow faint in our cause,
We will cry to the East Hosannas,
We will shout to the West Huzzahs.

GRACE DUFFIE BOVLAN.

A SONG OF PEACE.

PEACE in the sunlight, and peace in
the rain;
Peace where in meadows the wild doves
complain;
Peace on the fields that were red with the
slain—
Peace in God's country forever!
Peace where the great ships have roared
with their guns—
Where the battle-smoke darkened all stars
and all suns,
Peace in the hearts of the patriot ones—
Peace in God's country forever!

Peace, where no lightnings from heaven
are hurled;
Where the loved flag of freedom forever's
unfurled—
Where the red stripes of glory shall gar-
land the world—
Peace in God's country forever!

F. L. STANTON.

MEMORIAL POEM.

Written for the National Peace Jubilee
at Philadelphia.

THE peace we longed to keep
Our fate denied,
Reluctant we awoke, as from a sleep,
And saw the face of duty deified.
We followed with dismay
The awful hand
That drew us, step by step, along the way
And pointed to an agonizing land.

Nearer it led and nearer
To dreadful death.
While ever to the spirit whispers clearer
A voice that promised something
more than breath ;

A voice that prophesied
Of victory,
Through mildness and compassion sancti-
fied,
Of conquest that ennobles and makes
free.

America to-day
Binds in her hair
The olive and the undecaying bay ;
An adult Nation, gloriously fair,
Who with a mother's pride
Her children gave,
Who feels her triumph, as her oceans,
wide,
And sorrows for her unreturning brave.

Peace is their martyr's crown ;
No length of years
Can chill her love or lessen their renown !
But ah ! her pean falters hushed in tears.

Who are these advancing
With bugle note and drum ;
Their bayonets far glancing ?
Say who are those that come ?
They are thy sons, Great Mother !
Such sons hath any other ?
Be comforted and bless them as they come !

Be comforted ! Though all
Respond not to thy voice,

Though thine impassioned call
Some answer not, nor hear ;
O, Mother with thy valiant ones rejoice,
Who died for man, not glory,
And live in deathless story,
Joined to the names imperishably dear !

Blessed who fall for Freedom,
Where her flag triumphant waves ;
Blessed who sleep in quiet,
With her laurel on their graves,
Remembered through the echoing years
And hallowed by a nation's thankful
tears !
And blest, O blest, the living,
Who fill our hearts with hope and glad
forgiving ;

Who midst the battle's deaf'ning roar,
When fell the ranks, like autumn leaves,
Guarded the standard of the free,
The ægis of their victory ;
Who, fevered, and an-hungered bore
The more appalling tests of tragic war,
And laureate return, and bring to us
their sheaves !

America, my home, how dear to-day !
In beauty and augmented splendor,
With smile of mother-love so tender,
It must each sacrifice for thee repay.
Thou standest regnant and secure,
Thy hands extended to the helpless poor,
Thy war-like brows unbent, thine armor
laid away.

To love devoutly is to pray,
O Land ! for thee, in thy victorious hour,
We lift our souls in supplication,
That righteousness may sanctify thy power
And fill thee with that purer exaltation
Which bides with those who highest heeds
obey.
Oh, may the lips that praise thy strength,
Laud thee for justice, rather, and for
truth,
Welling immediate from thy heart of
youth
To bless thy children first, and all man-
kind at length.

FLORENCE EARLE COATES.

A CENTURY OF PEACE.

A CENTURY of peace has dawned;
 the North and South are plighted,
 And all their lovers' quarrels have been
 forever righted.
 There is no North there is no South, no
 Johnny Reb to bandy;
 No feud, no scores to settle up—no Yan-
 kee Doodle Dandy.

What have we, then? A land serene,
 united, heart-to-hand, sir.
 Which, like a sum of numbers, never
 yields but one true answer.
 Who have we, then, in this great land,
 above its bonded boodle,
 With Northern pluck and Southern nerve?
 His name is Dixie Doodle!

Then hip, hurrah! for this brave youth,
 unbought of bond or boodle—
 The conqueror of future worlds—the grow-
 ing Dixie Doodle!

WHEN DEWEY COMES BACK.

THEY say that Dewey's coming back
 To take a short vacation,
 And when he does there'll surely be
 A lot of jubilation,
 For everybody in the land,
 From youngest to the oldest,
 Will rush to see the hero who
 Is reckoned as the boldest.

They want to see the man who led
 His fleet where dangers bristled,
 And who was coolest when he stood
 Where Spanish missiles whistled;
 The man who bravely sailed where Dons
 Had big torpedoes scattered,
 Who banged away until their ships
 To pieces he had battered.

Yes, he's the man they want to see,
 And far they'll go to meet him;
 They'll strain their eyes as he draws near,
 And joyfully they'll greet him.
 The women, too, will all turn out,
 The matrons and the misses,
 And all the pretty girls will try
 To favor him with kisses.

Upon him then will be conferred
 The freedom of the cities,
 And every band in every town
 Will play its choicest ditties.
 Each orator will hail him with
 Most eloquent expressions,
 And all the citizens will join
 In forming big processions.

Long pent up joy will then break loose,
 And like a flood go sweeping,
 And on Manila's hero then
 All honors we'll be heaping.
 Yes, when brave Dewey comes back home
 There'll be a grand ovation,
 For he's the darling and the pride
 Of all this mighty nation.

RED, WHITE AND BLUE.

Red—
 High overhead
 Sparkles the banner of Mars!
 Red—
 Under the tread
 Poppies asleep 'neath the stars!

Blue—
 —Steadfast and true
 Bends the wide arch of the sky!
 Blue—
 Tenderest hue—
 Chosen of violets shy.

White—
 Shineth the right,
 Until the struggle shall cease!
 —Pure as the light,
 Blossom the lilies of peace.
 JENNIE BETTS HARTSWICK.

TWO FLAGS.

OLD flag of the "far-flung battle line,"
 New flag of the "noble, free."
 Twain in stress of a vanishing time,
 One in the glory to be.

The same tints stream from your gleaming
 folds,
 Your symbols alike ye drew
 Whence meteors flash, and planet holds
 High court in the vaulted blue.

Over the same proud race unfurled,
Race of the stern shibboleth;
Ever tyranny hellward be hurled,
Liberty give us, or death!

Where Freedom beckons on foam or field,
Alike ye flame in the van;
And cross or star on each azure shield
Flash signals of hope to man.

Entwine, and peace comes to the ages,
Light to the regions of gloom,
The triumph of hopes of the sages—
Deserts turned gardens of bloom.

Dark counsels be banished forever,
Where mouthing malice is rife,
Be palsied the hand that would sever
Or dash thee together in strife.

Hail, flag of the "far-flung battle line;"
Hail, flag of the "noble, free!"
Twain in stress of a vanishing time,
One in the glory to be.

JOHN BROGAN.

AT THE FAREWELL.

LET the starry banners fly!
While our boys go marching by,
While there are, beneath the folds
Of the flag the sergeant holds,
Many faces we hold dear—
Many kindred we revere.

Let the starry banners fly!
For their reflex in the eye
Of each shouting follower of
Those the ensign waves above;
Is a picture good to see
In our Nation's history!

Let the starry banners fly!
Wealth of gold could never buy
Bunting bathed in holier red,
Than the blood our sires have shed!
Let the sacred banners fly—
They have worshippers on High.

Let the gleaming banners fly!
For no stars in yonder sky
Shine more brightly in the night
Than our galaxy of white,
Set in field of color true
To the tint of heaven's blue.

Then let every banner fly
While our boys go marching by!
Let their last fond glimpse of us
See Old Glory hovering thus
O'er our heads—the scene will glow
In their hearts where'er they go!

Let them see as they pass by
That we hate to say good-bye—
That we love them as they face
Duty's call, with patriot grace,
And—that we they leave behind
Are the patriotic kind!

JOAN FORD LEFLER.

A BALLAD OF BLUE-JACKETS.

THE Don had his will with the Maine!
He set off his mine with a roar,
He quaffed to our dead his champagne,
And laughed till his sides were sore,
And now he must settle the score,
And pay for his sport, as is right.
Our navy is brave as of yore,
And Yankee blue-jackets can fight.

Perhaps we are not in the vein—
We pigs, as he's called us before—
To laugh at our sailor boys slain,
And so his brave joke we deplore.
But flashing a bolt from the shore
And sinking a ship in the night
Was murder, our blue jackets swore,—
And Yankee blue-jackets can fight.

Our guns at Manila spoke plain,
And sharp was the message they bore,
As swift through the squadron of Spain
Our death-dealing hurricane tore;
As, riddled and rent to the core,
Each cruiser plunged down out of sight.
"One more for our sailors; one more!"
And Yankee blue-jackets can fight.

ENVOY.

Alfonzo, just add to your store
Of learning, this sentiment trite,
Remember the war isn't o'er,
And Yankee blue-jackets can fight.

JOE LINCOLN.

“'WAY UP ALOFT.”

SAW you the ship when it left our shore,
 And vanished over the blue sea-line,
 To seek an anchorage, safe, once more
 And find a port on the watery brine?
 Drilled by officers, true to their call,
 Manned by a sturdy, stalwart crew,
 While, waving protectively over them all,
 Floated the red, white and blue!
 'Way up aloft!

Oh, ship that left such a shining track,
 As she dipped her keel in the ocean's
 foam;
 Never again will she voyage back
 To the weary, waiting ones at home!
 She floundered not on the sandy shoals,
 She struck no rock in a treacherous sea,
 But she sank, with her freight of human
 souls,
 In a harbor's sheltering lee!

Oh, ship, no more will your sailors leap
 To answer their captain's clarion call,
 The jolly tars stern silence keep
 With the waves for their funeral pall!
 For while they slumbered, a cruel blast
 Sundered the strong-girt deck in twain,
 Rent and shivered the bulwarks vast,
 Of our gallant battleship Maine!

Oh, ship, that swept from our sight so
 fast,
 Answering the touch of the helmsman's
 hand,
 Only to lose all your cargo at last,
 And find your grave in a foreign land.
 Remember the Maine! Wipe out the
 debt!
 While children cry and the widows
 weep,
 Shall we, as a nation, so soon forget
 The spot where our sailors sleep!

Oh, mariners, man your ships of war,
 And speed, swift, over the outstretched
 sea;
 Chart your course by humanity's law
 And make your soundings for liberty:
 The compass points with hand so sure
 To justice for those, our nation's dead;
 With God for our pilot—a purpose, pure,

And our loved flag overhead!
 'Way up aloft!

ANNA B. PATTEN.

THOSE WHO GO FORTH TO BATTLE.

“In Rama was there a voice heard,
 Rachel weeping for her children.”

I AM but one of the many—the mothers
 who weep and who mourn
 For the dear sons slain in the battle. Oh!
 burden of sorrow borne
 At the thought of their needed comforts,
 their hardships along the way!
 But we prayed to Thee, loving Father, to
 sustain them day by day;
 Now our hearts are dumb in our anguish,
 and our lips refuse to pray.

They are slain in the cruel battle, the pit-
 iless chance of war!
 From the homes that they were the light
 of, from those that they loved afar,
 With no mother-kisses to soothe them, no
 ministry of loving hand!
 Eut 'tis well with them, now and forever,
 for they live in the “better land,”
 Where Thy peace shall abide forever, and
 never an armed band.

For they were Thy heroes, dear Father;
 they fell as Thy heroes fall,
 And loyal, and true, and undaunted, they
 answered their country's call;
 They laid their young lives on her altar,
 for her will their blood was shed;
 And now there is naught that can com-
 fort the mothers whose hearts have
 bled

For the sons who went to the battle, by
 the chance of the battle dead.

O! God, Thou hast tender pity, and love
 for the broken in heart,
 But not even Thou can'st comfort, for
 there is no comfort apart
 From the son who went out from my cling-
 ing: O God, I cry to Thee!

I grope in the darkness to clasp him—
 that darkness that hides from me
 The sight of Thy hand, dear Father!
 though outstretched to comfort it
 be.

ISIDOR D. FRENCH.

PICTURE OF WAR.

SPIRIT of light and life! when battle
 rears
 Her fiery brow and her terrific spears!
 When red-mouthed cannon to the clouds
 uproar,
 And gasping thousands make their beds in
 gore,
 While on the billowy bosom of the air
 Roll the dead notes of anguish and des-
 pair!
 Unseen, thou walk'st upon the smoking
 plain,
 And hear'st each groan that gurgles from
 the slain!

 List! war peals thunder on the battle-
 field,
 And many a hand grasps firm the glitter-
 ing shield,
 As on, with helm and plume, the warriors
 come,
 And the glad hills repeat their stormy
 drum!
 And now are seen the youthful and the
 gray,
 With bosoms firing to partake the fray;
 The first, with hearts that consecrate the
 deed,
 All eager rush to vanquish or to bleed!
 Like young waves racing in the morning
 sun,
 That rear and leap with reckless fury on!
 But mark yon war-worn man, who looks
 on high,
 With thought and valor mirrored in his
 eye!
 Not all the gory revels of the day
 Can fright the vision of his home away;
 The home of love, and its associate smiles,
 His wife's endearment, and his baby's
 wiles:
 Fights he less brave through recollected
 bliss,
 With step retreating, or with sword remiss?
 Ah no! remembered home's the warrior's
 charm,
 Speed to his sword, and vigor to his arm;
 For this he supplicates the God afar,
 Fronts the steeled foe, and mingles in the
 war!

The cannon's hushed!—nor drum, nor
 clarion sound:
 Helmet and hauberk gleam upon the
 ground;
 Horseman and horse lie weltering in their
 gore;
 Patriots are dead, and heroes dare no
 more;
 While solemnly the moonlight shrouds
 the plain,
 And lights the lurid features of the slain!

 And see! on this rent mound, where
 daisies sprung,
 A battle-steed beneath his rider flung;
 Oh! never more he'll rear with fierce de-
 light,
 Roll his red eyes, and rally for the fight!
 Pale on his bleeding breast the warrior
 lies,
 While from his ruffled lids the white-
 swelled eyes
 Ghastly and grimly stare upon the skies!

 Afar, with bosom bared unto the breeze,
 White lips, and glaring eyes, and shiver-
 ing knees,
 A widow o'er her martyred soldier moans,
 Loading the night-winds with delirious
 groans!
 Her blue-eyed babe, unconscious orphan
 he!
 So sweetly prattling in his cherub glee,
 Leers on his lifeless sire with infant wile,
 And plays and plucks him for a parent's
 smile!

 But who, upon the battle-wasted plain,
 Shall count the faint, the gasping, and the
 slain?
 Angel of Mercy! ere the blood-fount
 chill,
 And the brave heart be spiritless and
 still,
 Amid the havoc thou art hovering nigh,
 To calm each groan, and close each dy-
 ing eye,
 And waft the spirit to that halcyon shore,
 Where war's loud thunders lash the winds
 no more!

ROBERT MONTGOMERY.

PATRIOTS AND PIRATES.

WE praise the heroes of a long-dead
time,
The Spartan or the Roman or the Gaul,
We flatter in oration or in rhyme
The dusty corpses deaf and dumb to all
But here we find beside our very door
True heroes who are battling for the
right—
True heroes, brave as any braves of yore,
True heroes, targets of the tyrant's
might.

We prate of wrongs our own forefathers
felt,
But these have suffered more a thousand
fold:
We boast of brave blows those forefathers
dealt,
But unto these, our neighbors, we are
cold.

We sigh for sufferings of the ancient years,
While men to-day are tortured, hanged
and shot,
While starving babes and women shed
their tears,
And while this island Eden seems a
blot.

Like gaping listeners at some passing
show,
Who melt with pity at an actor's tears,
Applauding, bent with passion to and fro
At glimpses of fictitious hopes and fears.
So we have sighed and sobbed for other
times,
Mourned over urns, hissed tyrants
turned to clay,
Yet idly watched the century's crown of
crimes
And saw true heroes die like dogs to-
day.

Strange, that a people once themselves
oppressed,
Heed not the patriots fighting to be
free;
Strange, they who braved the Briton's
lion crest,
Should let a murderous pirate braggart
be!
O, shame too great for puny human
words,

When gold and silver rule the tongue
and pen!
The eagle in the air is king of birds,
The eagle on the dollar king of men!

O Cuba, as in stories of the past,
Transcendent beauty brought transcen-
dent woe,
Thou, in thy peerless loveliness at last,
Hast seen thy queenly glories sinking
low.

When Elsa, slandered, breathed her fer-
vent prayer,
There came her true knight of the holy
grail;
But no true knight will heed thy deep
despair
And hasten with a swan wing for a sail.

Ah, yes, at last it comes—the swan, the
swan!
O, fairest lady, see thy true knight here!
With white wings fluttering in the roseate
dawn,
His bark shall blanch thy tyrant's cheek
with fear.

Before the fast feet of the northern gale
He comes to face thy false accuser,
Spain;
O, fairest lady, dream no more of fail;
Those heroes, Cuba, have not died in
vain.

WAR.

WHAT worse, you ask, than useless
war—
Sunk ships, stormed cities, States down-
hurled—
The thunderous hammer-strokes of Thor
That crash the rock-ribs of the world?

What worse than horrid war? O cease
The coward cry; is not the curse
Of vile and ignominious peace,
Bought with the price of honor, worse?

What worse than war? A sullied fame;
The scoff of heroes and the scorn
Of history and song; the shame—
The taint—corrupting sons unborn.

Better is war than sordid gain
Wrung from the servile; better far

Than manhood lost and virtue slain,
Is war, war, everlasting war!
Alas! I, too, lament the woe
That war must bring—the blood, the
tears;
Yet Right, to vanquish Wrong, I know
Must oft beat pruning-hooks to spears.
When fallen Liberty's sweet breast
Throbs bare below the Spaniard's knife,
Pause not to drool of worst or best—
First save the bleeding victim's life.
Two strokes sublime Columbia's hand
Hath dealt in war—one stroke to save
From foreign sway our native land—
One stroke to free the negro slave.
Now, once again the great sword awes
The despot—flames o'er land and sea—
A volunteer in Cuba's cause;
Spain falls, and Cuba rises, free!

W. H. VENABLE.

AMERICA SHALL BE FREE.

EACH patriot heart to-day is thrilled,
Each cry of conscience now is stilled,
For Cuba's rights the nation spoke,
And at the word the Spanish yoke
That wet with blood had come to be,
Fell, riven, from a people free.

No more as slaves shall Cuba's fair
In cringing aspect tremble there
Before those despots harsh and rude,
Who pitied none, whose souls so crude
They cared for naught but Castile's lust,
Though humbling millions low in dust.

Lead on, ye sons of freedom's birth,
Till every soul around the earth
Shall breathe the air as free as we,
And serve no master save but He
Who rules the universe from high,
And loveth all beneath the sky.

No higher mission binds us here;
Firm in the right, we know not fear.
In justice' name we launch our boats,
In freedom's cause our flag e'er floats.
Each shot that leaves the cannon's mouth,
In echoes wide from north to south,
Proclaims to all, from sea to sea,
America shall all be free.

THE STORY OF A DRUM.

A REGIMENT in motion and the rattle
of a drum,
With a rat, tat, tat! and rat, tat tum!
Fear is on the face of some,
Others stopping with aplomb;
And steady is the patter and the clatter
of the drum.

Sweeping lines in evocation, fast the wheel-
ing columns come;
And a thousand men are stepping to the
tapping of the drum!
There are countenances glum,
There are senses dull and numb,
But a boy is stepping proudly there, he's
playing on the drum.

The rage and roar of battle, and the rattle
of a drum,
The shrill shot are flying with a zip!
and a zum!
Cruel shells exploding come,
And the bullets hiss and hum,
But a drum still echoes loudly. Will the
thing be never mum?

Darkness on the field of battle, where the
body seekers come!
The storm of death is ended, and dis-
played the struggle's sum—
A pallid face, a drum;
There is blood, and both are dumb.
A story of a drummer and a story of a
drum. T. E. MCGRATH.

DEWEY'S COMING.

THEY say that Dewey's comin'; that's
the word from lips to lips!
I'm talkin' 'bout the feller that sunk all
the Spanish ships
In the far Manila harbor! An', good
folks, when Dewey comes,
There'll be blowin' of the bugles, there'll
be beatin' of the drums!

They say that Dewey's comin'; he's the
feller that we like!
He knew when all the tempest told the
lightnin' where to strike!
He knew the very moment when the
thunder beat its drums,
And we'll blow the sweetest bugles when
Mister Dewey comes!

A CUBAN EPISODE.

'T WAS in front of Santiago, and the
 loudly screaming shell
 Commingled with the cannon's roar and
 ringing Yankee yell;
 While the rattling bullets and the cries of
 fear and pain
 Combined to make a picture none will
 want to see again.

The Spaniards held the trenches and de-
 clared they'd never run
 From all the Yankee porkers that were
 rooting 'neath the sun;
 We soon found they were foemen not un-
 worthy of our steel,
 And some of us, I'm very sure, uneasy
 quite did feel.

This was my first experience in real war's
 inhuman ways,
 And I found it very different from what
 I'd seen in plays;
 But I screwed my courage up and resolved
 to blaze away
 And do some deed of valor that would
 help to save the day.

I aimed at a fat captain, with a large and
 roomy front—
 Big game I always do select when I start
 out to hunt—
 I pulled the trigger, and there was a
 sharp, resounding crack,
 And that Spanish captain doubled up,
 just like a jumping-jack.

'Twas then my conscience smote me and
 shivers through me ran,
 As I thought how I'd deliberately shot
 down a fellow man.
 Yet, while my knees were shaking—my
 courage almost flown—
 I smiled to think 'twas painless, for he
 didn't even groan.

But when the fight was ended, 'mong
 prisoners at the rear,
 I found my robust captain, still alive,
 but acting queer.
 His stomach seemed to hurt him, and,
 asking how he felt,
 I learned my shot I'd wasted—on the
 buckle of his belt.

PRAISE FOR OUR HEROES.

ALL praise to this nation, and the stars
 and stripes
 The Army and Navy when both combined,
 They planted the standard in Manila,
 Santiago and Porto Rico also.
 The Spaniards cleared out when they saw
 this emblem afloat.

All praise to brave Dewey, that hero of
 fame;
 He conquered the Spaniards on the first
 day of May;
 He sunk them and swamped them with
 tactics and skill,
 Himself and his heroes with a triumphant
 will.

All praise to brave Sampson and Schley
 also;
 They chased Cervera wherever he did go.
 He thought to get away his manœuvres
 and schemes,
 But the Fourth of July saw his whole fleet
 strewn along Santiago's beautiful bay.

All praise to George Washington, that
 hero of old.
 He conquered the English and did them
 overthrow.
 He was like St. Patrick when he banished
 the snakes
 Out of Ireland not to return again,
 And he forbid the English to cross the
 Atlantic to the U. States.

All praise to Jack Barry, that saucy Wex-
 ford boy,
 He disposed Lord Howe with his gold
 and his bribes.
 He sunk their old hulks with contempt
 and disdain,
 He would not disgrace old Ireland nor
 put a stain on his name.

All praise to those heroes of Revolution-
 ary fame,
 They fought with perseverance till they
 banished the pirates and knaves,
 They won most victorious, most glorious
 to relate,
 And they gave a name to this country
 called the United States.

THOMAS O'SHEA.

THE SOLDIER'S DREAM.

OUR bugles sang truce ; for the night-
cloud had lowered,
And the sentinel stars set their watch
in the sky ;
And thousands had sunk on the ground
overpowered—
The weary to sleep, and the wounded
to die.

When reposing that night on my pallet
of straw,
By the wolf-scaring fagot that guarded
the slain,
At the dead of the night a sweet vision I
saw,
And thrice ere the morning I dreamt
it again.

Methought from the battle-field's dread-
ful array
Far, far I had roamed on a desolate
track :
'Twas Autumn—and sunshine arose on the
way
To the home of my fathers, that wel-
comed me back.

I flew to the pleasant fields, traversed so
oft
In life's morning march, when my
bosom was young ;
I heard my own mountain-goats bleating
aloft,
And knew the sweet st. in that the
corn-reapers sung.

Then pledged we the wine cup, and
fondly I swore
From my home and my weeping friends
never to part :
My little ones kissed me a thousand times
o'er,
And my wife sobbed aloud in her ful-
ness of heart.

Stay, stay with us!—rest ; thou art weary
and worn !—
And fain was their war-broken soldier
to stay ;
But sorrow returned with the dawning of
morn,

And the voice in my dreaming ear
melted away.

THOMAS CAMPBELL.

THE BABY AND THE SOLDIERS.

ROUGH and ready the troopers ride,
Great bearded men, with swords by
side ;
They have ridden long, they have ridden
hard,
They are travel-stained and battle-scarred ;
The hard ground shakes with their mar-
tial tramp,
And coarse is the laugh of the men in
camp.

They reach the spot where the mother
stands
Wit' a baby clapping its little hands,
Laughing aloud at the gallant sight
Of the mounted soldiers fresh from the
fight.
The Captain laughs out : " I'll give you
this,
A handful of gold, your baby to kiss."

Smiles the mother : " A kiss can't be sold,
But gladly he'll kiss a soldier bold."
He lifts the baby with manly grace
And covers with kisses its smiling face,
Its rosy lips and its dimpled charms,
And it crows with delight in the soldier's
arms.

" Not all for the Captain," the soldiers
call ;
" The baby, we know, has one for all."
To the soldiers' breasts the baby is pressed
By the strong, rough men, and by turns
caressed,
And louder it laughs, and the mother fair,
Smiles with mute joy as the kisses they
share.

" Just such a kiss," cries one trooper grim,
" When I left my boy I gave to him ;"
" And just such a kiss on the parting day
I gave to my girl as asleep she lay."
Such were the words of the soldiers brave,
And their eyes were moist as the kiss they
gave.

COLONEL ROOSEVELT'S REPORTS ON THE BATTLE OF SAN JUAN.



WO reports made by Colonel Theodore Roosevelt to his superior officer in front of Santiago in July were given out by the War Department at Washington, December 22, 1898. Both reports describe the operations of the Rough Riders in the battle of San Juan, the second telling a much fuller story.

In his first report, dated July 4th, he mentions by name many of the troopers who distinguished themselves by their bravery. This part of the report, which was made by Roosevelt as lieutenant-colonel, in charge of the regiment, to Colonel Wood, temporarily in charge of the brigade, was as follows :

"We went into the fight about four hundred and ninety strong. Eighty-six were killed or wounded and there are half a dozen missing. The great heat prostrated nearly forty men, some of them among the best in the regiment. Besides Captain O'Neill and Lieutenant Haskell, who were killed, Lieutenants Leahy, Devereaux and Case were wounded. All behaved with great gallantry. As for Captain O'Neill, his loss is one of the severest that could have befallen the regiment. He was a man of cool head, great executive ability and literally dauntless courage.

Praises Officers and Troopers.

"To attempt to give a list of the men who showed signal valor would necessitate sending in an almost complete roster of the regiment. Many of the cases which I mention stand merely as examples of the rest, not as exceptions.

"Captain Jenkins acted as Major and showed such conspicuous gallantry and efficiency that I earnestly hope he may be promoted to major as soon as a vacancy occurs. Captains Lewellen, Muller and Luna led their troops throughout the charges, handling them admirably. At the end of the battle Lieutenants Kane, Greenwood and Goodrich were in charge of their troops immediately under my eye, and I wish particularly to commend their conduct throughout.

610 ROOSEVELT'S REPORTS ON BATTLE OF SAN JUAN.

"Corporals Waller and Fortescue and Trooper McKinley, of Troop E; Corporal Rhoades, of Troop D; Troopers Albertson, Winter, McGregor and Ray Clark, of Troop F; Troopers Bugbee, Jackson and Waller, of Troop A; Trumpeter McDonald, of Troop L; Sergeant Hughes, of Troop B, and Trooper Goison, of Troop G, all continued to fight after being wounded, some very severely. Most of them fought until the end of the day. Trooper Oliver B. Morton, of B, who, with his brother, was by my side all throughout the charging, was killed while fighting with marked gallantry.

"Sergeant Ferguson, Corporal Lee and Troopers Bell and Carroll, of Troop K; Sergeant Dame, of Troop E; Troopers Goodwin, Campbell and Dudley Dean, Trumpeter Foster, of Troop B, and Troopers Greenwold and Bardehan, of Troop A, are all worthy of special mention for coolness and gallantry. They all merit promotion when the time comes.

"But the most conspicuous gallantry was shown by Trooper Rowland. He was wounded in the side in our first fight, but kept in the firing line. He was sent to the hospital the next day, but left it and marched out to us, overtaking us, and fought all through this battle with such indifference to danger that I was forced again and again to restrain and threaten him for running needless risks.

Had to go Back for His Men.

"Great gallantry was also shown by four troopers whom I cannot identify and by Trooper Winslow Clark, of Troop G. It was after we had taken the first hill. I had called out to rush the second, and having by that time lost my horse, climbed a wire fence and started toward it.

"After going a couple of hundred yards under a heavy fire, I found that no one else had come. As I discovered later, it was simply because in the confusion, with men shooting and being shot, they had not noticed me start. I told the five men to wait a moment, as it might be misunderstood if we all ran back, while I ran back and started the regiment, and as soon as I did so the regiment came with a rush.

"But meanwhile the five men coolly lay down in the open, returning the fire from the trenches. It is to be wondered at that only Clark was seriously wounded, and he called out, as we passed again, to lay his canteen where he could reach it, but to continue the charge and leave him where he was. All the wounded had to be left until after the fight, for we could spare no men from the firing line.

"Very respectfully,

"THEODORE ROOSEVELT."

The second and more important report was addressed to Brigadier General Wood, and dated Camp Hamilton, near Santiago, July 20th. It was as follows:

ROOSEVELT'S REPORTS ON BATTLE OF SAN JUAN. 611

"SIR—In obedience to your directions I herewith report on the operations of my regiment from the 1st to the 17th inst., inclusive.

"As I have already made you two reports about the first day's operations, I shall pass over them rather briefly.

"On the morning of the first day my regiment was formed at the head of the Second brigade, by the El Paso sugar mill. When the batteries opened the Spaniards replied to us with shrapnel, which killed and wounded several of the men of my regiment. We then marched towards the right, and my regiment crossed the ford before the balloon came down there and attracted the fire of the enemy, so at that point we lost no one. My orders had been to march forward until I joined General Lawton's right wing, but after going about three-quarters of a mile, I was halted and told to remain in reserve near the creek by a deep lane.

"The bullets dropped thick among us for the next hour while we lay there, and many of my men were killed or wounded. Among the former was Captain O'Neill, whose loss was a very heavy blow to the regiment, for he was a singularly gallant and efficient officer. Acting Lieutenant Haskell was also shot at this time. He showed the utmost courage and had been of great use during the fighting and marching. It seems to me some action should be taken about him.

Took the Blockhouse.

"You then sent me word to move forward in support of the regular cavalry, and I advanced the regiment in column of companies, each company deployed as skirmishers. We moved through several skirmish lines of the regiment ahead of us, as it seemed to me our only chance was in rushing the intrenchments in front instead of firing at them from a distance.

"Accordingly we charged the blockhouse and entrenchments on the hill to our right against a heavy fire. It was taken in good style, the men of my regiment thus being the first to capture any fortified position and to break through the Spanish lines. The guidons of G and E troop were first at this point, but some of the men of A and B troops, who were with me personally, got in ahead of them. At the last wire fence up this hill I was obliged to abandon my horse, and after that we went on foot.

"After capturing this hill we first of all directed a heavy fire upon the San Juan hill to our left, which was at the time being assailed by the regular infantry and cavalry, supported by Captain Parker's Gatling guns. By the time San Juan was taken a large force had assembled on the hill we had previously captured, consisting not only of my own regiment, but of the Ninth and portions of other cavalry regiments.

"We then charged forward under a very heavy fire across the valley against the Spanish entrenchments on the hill in the rear of San Juan hill. This we also took, capturing several prisoners.

"We then formed in whatever order we could and moved forward, driving the Spanish before us to the crest of the hills in front, which were immediately opposite the city of Santiago itself. Here I received orders to halt and hold the line on the hill's crest. I had at the time fragments of the Sixth Cavalry Regiment and an occasional infantryman under me—three or four hundred men all told. As I was the highest there I took command of all of them, and so continued till next morning.

"The Spaniards attempted a counter attack that afternoon, but were easily driven back, and then until after dark we remained under a heavy fire from their rifles and great guns, lying flat on our faces on a gentle slope just behind the crest.

"Captain Parker's Gatling battery was run up to the right of my regiment and did most excellent and gallant service. In order to charge the men had of course been obliged to throw away their packs, and we had nothing to sleep in and nothing to eat. We were lucky enough, however, to find in the last blockhouse captured the Spanish dinners, still cooking, which we ate with relish. They consisted chiefly of rice and peas, with a big pot containing a stew of fresh meat, probably for the officers.

"We also distributed the captured Spanish blankets as far as they would go among our men, and gathered a good deal of Mauser ammunition for use in the Colt rapid-fire guns, which were being brought up. That night we dug entrenchments across the front.

Stopped Enemy's Advance.

"At three o'clock in the morning the Spaniards made another attack upon us, which was easily repelled, and at four they opened the day with a heavy rifle and shrapnel fire. All day long we remained under this, replying whenever we got the chance. In the evening at about eight o'clock the Spaniards fired three guns and then opened a very heavy rifle fire, their skirmishers coming well forward.

"I got all my men down into the trenches, as did the other command near me, and we opened a heavy return fire. The Spanish advance was at once stopped, and after an hour their fire died away. This night we completed most of our trenches and began to build bomb proofs. The protection afforded our men was good, and the next morning I had but one man wounded from the rifle and shell fire until twelve o'clock, when the truce came.

"I do not mention the officers and men who particularly distinguished

themselves, as I have nothing to add in this respect to what was contained in my former letter.

"There were numerous Red Cross flags flying in the various parts of the city, two of them so arranged that they directly covered batteries in our front and for some time were the cause of our not firing at them.

"The Spanish guerrillas were very active, especially in our rear, where they seemed by preference to attack the wounded men who were being carried on litters, the doctors and medical attendants with Red Cross flags on their arms and the burial parties.

"I organized a detail of sharpshooters and sent them out after the guerrillas, of whom they killed thirteen. Two of the men thus killed were shot several hours after the truce had been in operation, because, in spite of this fact, they kept firing upon our men as they went to draw water. They were stationed in the trees, as the guerrillas were generally, and, owing to the density of the foliage and to the use of smokeless powder rifles, it was an exceedingly difficult matter to locate them.

Food and Medical Supplies Inadequate.

"For the next seven days, until the 10th, we lay in our line while the truce continued.

"We had continually to work at additional bombproofs and at the trenches, and as we had no proper supply of food and utterly inadequate medical facilities the men suffered a good deal. The officers chipped together, purchased beans, tomatoes and sugar for the men, so that they might have some relief from the bacon and hardtack. With a great deal of difficulty we got them coffee.

"As for the sick and wounded, they suffered so in the hospitals when sent to the rear for lack of food and attention that we found it best to keep them at the front and give them such care as our own doctors could.

"As I mentioned in my previous letter, thirteen of our wounded men continued to fight through the battle in spite of their injuries. In spite of their wounds those sent to the rear, many both sick and wounded, came up to rejoin us as soon as their condition allowed them to walk.

"On the 10th the truce was at an end and the bombardment reopened. As far as our lines were concerned, it was on the Spanish part very feeble. We suffered no losses, and speedily got the fire from their trenches in our front completely under control.

"On the 11th we moved three-quarters of a mile to the right, the truce again being on.

"Nothing happened there, except we continued to watch and do our

best to get the men, especially the sick, properly fed. Having no transportation, and being able to get hardly any through the regular channels, we used anything we could find—captured Spanish cavalry horses, abandoned mules, some of which had been injured, but which our men took and cured; diminutive, skinny ponies purchased from the Cubans, etc.

"By these means and by the exertions of the officers we were able from time to time to get supplies of beans, sugar, tomatoes and even oatmeal, while from the Red Cross people we got our invaluable load of rice, corn meal, etc.

"All of this was of the utmost consequence, not only for the sick, but for those nominally well, as the lack of proper food was telling terribly on the men. It was utterly impossible to get them clothes and shoes. Those they had were in many cases literally dropping to pieces.

"On the 17th the city surrendered. On the 18th we shifted camp to here, the best camp we have had, but the march hither under the noonday sun told very heavily on our men, weakened by underfeeding and overwork, and the next morning 123 cases were reported to the doctor, and I now have but half of the 600 men with which I landed four weeks ago, fit for duty, and these are not fit to do anything like the work they could do then.

"As we had but one wagon, the change necessitated leaving much of my stuff behind, with a night of discomfort, with scanty shelter and scanty food for the most of the officers and many of the men. Only the possession of the improvised pack train alluded to above saved us from being worse.

"Yesterday I sent in a detail of six officers and men to see if they could not purchase or make arrangements for a supply of proper food and proper clothing for the men, even if we had to pay it out of our own pockets. Our suffering has been due primarily to lack of transportation and of proper food or sufficient clothing and of medical supplies.

"We should now have wagon sheets for tentage. Very respectfully,

Theodore Roosevelt

PEACE JUBILEES.

In October many towns and cities in all parts of the United States held Peace Jubilees, to commemorate the end of the war, and express the public satisfaction over its results.

Chicago's great peace jubilee began on Monday, October 17th, and continued for several days. President and Mrs. McKinley were present, with several members of the Cabinet, many foreign ministers and secretaries,

Senators, Representatives, Governors, officers of the army and navy, mayors of cities, prelates of the churches and other distinguished men.

Arches were erected across many streets and named in honor of army and navy heroes of the Spanish war. Flags and bunting decorated every building in the downtown district. Countless lines of electric lights were strung for illuminating the streets and every preparation was made to celebrate the victories at Manila and Santiago. There were banquets, parades and a jubilee ball, and the city was crowded for many days.

The jubilee was inaugurated with a union thanksgiving service at the Auditorium. President McKinley attended and listened to addresses by a Jewish rabbi, a Roman Catholic priest, a Presbyterian clergyman and a noted colored orator. The applause for the President was terrific, and at one time he was compelled to rise in his box and respond to the frantic cheering of the audience: The services, however, were of a religious character.

The President's party was driven to the Auditorium at 8 o'clock, and all along the way people lined the streets to watch the passage of the President's carriage. Easily 12,000 people were within the great Auditorium, and probably as many more were on the outside unable to obtain admittance.

A great public meeting was held in the Auditorium on Tuesday. The presiding officer, George R. Peck, spoke briefly. The President was undemonstrative until Mr. Peck said, in reference to peace, "We have given good lives for it, and every life makes it more precious." Then the President applauded. A moment later the orator struck another chord, which seemed to arouse the enthusiasm of the nation's chief. "Our greatest victory," he said, "is the supreme victory which the North and South have won over each other." At this the President and all applauded vigorously.

President McKinley Speaks.

As President McKinley and party arose to leave there were loud calls for the Chief Executive. For fully five minutes the enthusiasm of the audience would not let him speak. Then he spoke as follows: "My fellow citizens, I have been deeply moved by this great demonstration. I have been deeply touched by the words of patriotism that have been uttered by the distinguished men so eloquently in your presence.

"It is gratifying to all of us to know that this has never ceased to be a war of humanity. The last ship that went out of the harbor of Havana before war was declared was an American ship that had taken to the suffering people of Cuba the supplies furnished by American charity (applause), and the first ship to sail into the harbor of Santiago was an American ship bearing food supplies to the suffering Cubans (applause), and I am sure it is the uni-

versal prayer of American citizens that justice and humanity and civilization shall characterize the final settlement of peace, as they have distinguished the progress of the war. (Applause.)

"My countrymen, the currents of destiny flow through the hearts of our people. Who will check them, who will divert them, who will stop them? And the movements of men, planned and designed by the Master of Men, will never be interrupted by the American people." (Great applause.)

The military parade occupied Wednesday, and so great was the crowd of people along the route that the police had great difficulty in keeping an open passage for the men in line.

McKinley Arouses Enthusiasm.

The President rose and uncovered as the veterans of the civil war passed him. This aroused the enthusiasm of the spectators and he was cheered time and again.

When the last man in line had gone by the President was escorted to the Union League Club, where he partook of luncheon as the guest of the club. More than a thousand persons were at the table, including the guests of the city and prominent members of the organization.

While the President was at luncheon a great crowd outside called for him. They would not be denied, and the President stepped out on the reviewing stand. As soon as quiet was restored he said:

"I witness with pride and satisfaction the cheers of the multitudes as the veterans of the civil war on both sides of the contest have been reviewed. (Great applause.) I witness with increasing pride the wild acclaim of the people as you watch the volunteers and the regulars and our naval reserves (the guardians of the people on land and sea) pass before your eyes. The demonstration of to-day is worth everything to our country, for I read in the faces and hearts of my countrymen the purpose to see to it that this government, with its free institutions, shall never perish from the face of the earth.

"I wish I might take the hand of every patriotic woman, man and child here to-day. (Applause.) But I cannot do that. (Voice from the crowd, 'But you've got our hearts,' followed by prolonged cheering).

"And so I leave with you not only my thanks, but the thanks of this great nation, for your patriotism and devotion to the flag." (Great cheering.)

On the 25th, 26th, 27th and 28th of October a National Jubilee to commemorate the return of peace drew to Philadelphia the most notable officials of the Government, and the most renowned commanders and heroes of the war. The festivities, which were attended by hundreds of thousands of people,

who exhibited their patriotism in every possible way, began with a great Naval Parade on the Delaware on the afternoon of the 25th.

The Naval Review was one of the grandest spectacles that has ever been witnessed in this country. Every craft on the river, from the usually inconsequential tugboat to the fleet of massive warships that honored the city with its presence, and from the dingy rowboat to every sailing vessel of material size, was gayly decorated. The multitude of piers that project into the stream on both sides of the river were likewise beautified by a generous display of flags and bunting. The whole scene was inspiring, and, with each Government vessel booming forth a salute of seventeen guns to the Secretary of the Navy as he passed the moored monsters of war on the luxurious steam yacht *May*, the spirit of patriotism was so manifest that one's sense of love for country demonstrated itself in long and loud cheers.

Every class of vessel in the United States navy was represented in the motionless line of warships, from the great massive battleship down to the daring torpedo-boat, as well as that valuable arm of the service represented by the transport and the despatch-boat. The crowd of sightseers realized that, in the battles of the war, all of them performed their duty in the spirit as well as to the letter, on scouting service, or in carrying despatches, on blockade duty, or in pitched engagements, and all, with the heroes on board of them, were accorded that enthusiastic reception which a loyal American people are capable of giving. The men were not forgotten in the admiration of the ships. It is a matter of history that every man, wherever found, down in the engine-room, among the stokers, or behind the guns, performed his whole duty, and the cheering was for them as well as for the ships which they manned.

War Vessels Greeted with Unbounded Enthusiasm.

Following the Secretary of the Navy the great crowds on the boats in the line of parading vessels, over two miles long, cheered lustily as they glided slowly by in their turn in single file. The *Columbia* came in for her share of applause, and then the *Mayflower* recalled by her presence her excellent record, and she was cheered. But when the *New Orleans*, that defiant cruiser whose telling shots were felt by the Spanish forts on the coast of Cuba, was passed, it seemed as if the crowd wanted to board her and personally grasp the hands of her officers and crew.

But if they were demonstrative then, words almost fail to describe their enthusiasm as they passed that battle monster, the battleship *Texas*, the flagship of Commodore Philip's squadron. It was not an easy thing to recall, from her present condition, that the *Texas*, with "Jack" Philip in command,

had taken a foremost part in one of the most marvellous marine battles in naval history. All the other war vessels were greeted with enthusiasm, and the booming of guns which saluted the Secretary of the Navy contributed much to render the occasion both inspiring and impressive.

Much of the interest in the National Jubilee centered in Military Day. Mile after mile, hour after hour of marching men, popular heroes of the Spanish war, officers on horseback, privates on foot, gray-haired Grand Army veterans, the scarred battle flags of the Rebellion, music of bands, enormous numbers of cheering people massed in stands and on sidewalks, the senior general of the United States Army leading the seven-mile line, the President of the United States and the Commander-in-Chief of the Army and Navy reviewing it; and, as a frame to the picture, the city gay with color shining in the clear sunshine of a perfect October day.

Every popular favorite in the parade was liberally applauded. General Miles and General Wheeler, Hobson and his men, the Rough Riders' detachment, the gallant Tenth Cavalry, the colored troopers who came to the relief of Roosevelt's men when they were so hard pressed at El Caney; Captain Sigbee, the marines and the Twenty-first Infantry were received with the wildest demonstrations of delight.

Patriotic Celebration.

President McKinley, who was the guest of the Clover Club, of Philadelphia, said in his address:

"It is most gratifying to me to participate with the people of Philadelphia in this great patriotic celebration. It has been a pageant the like of which I do not believe has been seen since the close of the civil war, when the army of Grant and Sherman and the navy of Farragut and Porter met in that great celebration in Washington and were reviewed by President Lincoln. And I know of no better place in which to have such a celebration than in this glorious city, which witnessed the Declaration of Independence.

"As I stood on the reviewing stand to-day my heart was filled only with gratitude to the God of battles, who has so favored us, and to the soldiers and sailors who have won such victories on land and sea and have given such a new meaning to American valor. No braver soldiers or sailors ever assembled under any flag.

"You had to-day the heroes of Guantanamo, of Santiago, of Porto Rico. We had unfortunately none of the heroes of Manila, but our hearts go out to-night to the brave Dewey"—here the President was interrupted with tremendous cheers—"and to Merritt and to Otis and to all the brave men with them.

"Gentlemen, the American people are ready. If the Merrimac is to be sunk—" here the President turned to the young naval constructor, while every one shouted "Hobson—" "yes, Hobson, is ready to do it and to succeed in what his foes never have been able to do—sink an American ship.

"I propose a toast to the army and navy, without whose sacrifices we could not now celebrate the victory, a toast not only to the men who were in the front, in the trenches, but the men who were willing and anxious to go, but who could not be sent."

The President's speech put every one in excellent humor. He extended his hand to Hobson, who jumped to his feet, blushing, and shook it vigorously.

In all parts of the country the return of the war's heroes very naturally produced a variety of entertainments and other forms of appreciation on the part of enthusiastic citizens. Private soldiers and sailors, as well as the officers who commanded them, were everywhere treated with marked distinction, where the gallantry of the men had resulted in wide-spread publicity, as, for instance, in the case of Hobson and the crew of the Merrimac.

Admiral Schley Gets a Sword.

In Philadelphia one of the most conspicuous testimonials was bestowed—being no less than the presentation to Admiral Schley of a magnificent sword in honor of his victory over Cervera's fleet at Santiago. The sword, including scabbard and belt, was mounted in 18-karat gold and was jewelled with opals and diamonds. It cost \$3500, every cent of which was raised by popular subscription through the Philadelphia *Times*. The sword incident attracted great attention in Philadelphia, and on each of his visits to the city Admiral Schley was met and cheered by patriotic multitudes.

Those participating in the presentation of the sword to Admiral Schley were distinctly representative men of the people of Pennsylvania. Governor Hastings delivered the address of welcome on behalf of the great Commonwealth, and Mayor Warwick delivered the address of welcome for the City of Brotherly Love. The magnificent tribute of the people to Admiral Schley was then presented to him by a Philadelphia school girl, Miss Rena MacNeal, a sister of one of "the men behind the guns" on Admiral Schley's flagship during the great battle on the 3d of July, and who exhibited special heroism at the critical period of the conflict, for which he was justly promoted.

The response of the admiral on receiving the sword was delivered in tremulous tones which told how his patriotic heart swelled with gratitude for the appreciation of his services to the country. His speech was exquisite alike in sentiment and diction, and will be cherished in grateful memory by the people of Philadelphia.

OUR NEW POSSESSIONS.

THE area of Cuba is about equal to that of Pennsylvania, the length being 760 miles, and the width varying from 35 to 130 miles. The productive soil, mineral wealth and climatic conditions of the island entitle it to rank among the foremost communities of the world. The soil is a marvel of richness, and fertilizers are seldom used, unless in the case of tobacco, even though the same crops be grown on the same land for a hundred years, as has happened in some of the old sugar-cane fields. The mountains are of coral formation, while the lowlands of Eastern Cuba at least seem to be composed largely of fossils of sea matter from prehistoric times, and are extremely rich in lime and phosphate, which accounts for the inexhaustible fertility of the soil.

Although founded and settled more than fifty years before the United States, Cuba has still 13,000,000 acres of primeval forests; mahogany, cedar, logwood, redwood, ebony, lignum-vitæ and caiguaran (which is more durable in the ground than iron or steel) are among the woods. If all the land suitable to the growth of sugar-cane were devoted to that industry, it is estimated that Cuba might supply the entire Western Hemisphere with sugar. The island has already produced in a single year for export 1,000,000 tons, and its capabilities have only been in the experimental stage. The adaptability of the soil for tobacco culture has long been known. Cuba takes great pride in the quality of her coffee, and until the war the plantations were flourishing. The land is not suited to the cultivation of cereals.

The tobacco crop on an average, says the Consul General, is estimated at 560,000 bales (one bale is 110 pounds), 338,000 bales being exported and the remainder used in cigar and cigarette manufacture in Havana. The cigars exported in 1896 numbered 185,914,000. Tobacco leaf exported in 1895, 30,466,000 pounds; in 1896, 16,823,000 pounds; the decrease being due to a decree of May, 1896, forbidding tobacco leaf exports except to Spain. About 80,000 of the inhabitants are ordinarily engaged in the cultivation of tobacco.

The several principal cities of Cuba are thus described, and the information will be especially interesting and instructive at this time, when they are under the control of the land and naval forces of the United States: Habana (Havana), the capital city of the province of that name and of the

Island of Cuba, is situated on the west side of Havana Bay, on a peninsula of level land of limestone formation, and is on the narrowest part of the island. Its strategic position at the mouth of the Gulf of Mexico, has aptly given it the name of the Key of the Gulf, and a symbolic key is emblazoned in its coat of arms.

The entrance to the harbor, guarded on one side by the Morro and the frowning heights of La Cabana Fort, and on the other by the Punta and Reina batteries, is narrow, but expands into a wide and deep harbor, where a thousand ships can safely ride. Havana is a strongly-fortified place, surrounded by imposing fortifications, such as the Cabana, Morro Castle, Castillo del Principe, Fort Atares, Punta Reina Battery, and Fort No. 4. The streets are generally narrow in the older part of the city, but outside the walls are many wide avenues.

The city also contains many notable buildings, as the Cathedral, formerly a Jesuit convent, now the depository of the ashes of the immortal discoverer of America; the palace of the government, fine private residences, public parks, and statues of Columbus, Fernando VII., Isabel III., etc. There are many churches and convents; a commemorative chapel fronts the palace, close to a large ceiba tree, under which Diego Velasquez, the founder of the city, celebrated mass in 1519. There are numerous cigar and cigarette factories, tanneries, manufactories of sweetmeats, rum, candles, gas, beer, carriages, soap, perfumery, glycerine, etc.

Climate and Population.

The population of Havana, from reliable official estimate, is about 220,000. Its principal exports to the United States consist of tobacco, fruit, wax and honey, sugar and molasses. All kinds of breadstuffs, lumber, coal and machinery are imported from the United States. The climate is generally warm and humid, and marked by two clearly defined seasons—the wet and dry, the former ranging from June to December; September and October being considered the hurricane months. The trade winds blow generally with great regularity, and the heat of the day is cooled by evening breezes.

Matanzas is beautifully situated on Matanzas Bay, on the north coast of Cuba, sixty miles east of Havana. It is divided into three parts by rivers, the principal business part occupying the central portion, and extending west one and one-half miles. The chief warehouses, distilleries, and sugar refineries are on the south of the river San Juan, easily accessible to railroads and lighters. The population is 49,384, and that of Matanzas province 271,000, according to the 1893 census. The principal industries are rum distilling, sugar refining, and manufacture of guava jelly. There are railroad car and

machine shops. The climate is fine, and Matanzas is considered the healthiest city on the island. With proper drainage and sanitary arrangements, yellow fever and malaria would be almost unknown.

Santiago de Cuba, the second city in size on the island, is probably the oldest city of any size on this hemisphere, having been founded by Velasquez in 1514. It fronts on a beautiful bay six miles long and two miles wide, on the south-eastern coast of Cuba, 100 miles west of Cape Maysi. The population in 1895 was 59,614. The mean temperature in summer is 88 degrees; in winter, 82 degrees. It is regarded as very unhealthy, yellow fever being prevalent throughout the year and small pox epidemic at certain times. These conditions are due to the lack of sanitary and hygienic measures; all refuse matter as well as dead dogs, cats, chickens, etc., being thrown into the streets to decay and fill the air with disease germs. A railroad called the Sabanilla and Maroted, runs from the city to San Luis, twenty-five miles distant, with a branch to Alto Songo, twelve in length. It is largely owned and controlled by citizens of the United States.

Santiago is the headquarters for three large mining plants owned by United States citizens, viz., the Jurugua, the Spanish American, and the Sigua, together representing the investment of about \$8,000,000; the last named are not in operation. Santiago is the capital of this province and oriental region. There are a number of tobacco factories, but the chief business is the exportation of raw materials and the importation of manufactured goods and provisions. Sugar, iron ore, manganese, mahogany, hides, wax, cedar and tobacco are exported to the United States.

City and Harbor of Cienfuegos.

Cienfuegos is on a peninsula in the Bay of Jagua, six miles from the sea. The depth of water at the anchorage in the harbor is 27 feet, and at the different wharves from 14 to 16 feet. The commercial importance of the place was recognized as long ago as 1850, and has increased with the development of the sugar industry. This port is now the centre of the sugar trade for the south of the island. It is connected by rail with Havana and the principal points on the north of the island. The population in 1895 was 24,030. Sugar and tobacco are exported to the United States, and soap and ice are manufactured.

The climate from December 1st until May 1st is dry and moderately warm, the temperature ranging from 60 degrees to 78 degrees during the day and falling several degrees at night. At this season almost constant winds prevail from the north-east or north-west, accompanied by clouds of dust. For the rest of the year the temperature ranges from 75 degrees to 93

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degrees, descending a few degrees at night. During this season there are frequent and heavy rainfalls and windstorms. The yellow fever is then epidemic. But little attention is given by the municipal authorities to hygienic or to sanitary measures. Water for household purposes is sufficiently supplied by two small plants, the principal source being the Jicotea river, 10 miles distant. The death rate is 42.82 per 1000.

Cardenas is a seaport on the north coast of Cuba, about 135 miles east of Havana. In 1893 it had 23,517 inhabitants. The temperature is pleasant during the winter, but from about the middle of May to the middle of October the weather is hot and sultry, the thermometer during the day being usually 94 degrees in the shade and falling some five degrees at night. Sanitary conditions are bad. Yellow fever, typhus, typhoid and pernicious fevers prevail throughout most of the year, being worse in the hot season. Cases of small pox also appear at times.

Trinidad de Cuba is located on the slope of the mountain called La Vija (Lookout), which has an elevation of about 900 feet above sea level. The port, Casilda, lies about one league to the south; the harbor is almost landlocked, and has very little depth. Vessels drawing 10 feet 6 inches are liable to run aground with the least deviation from the tortuous channel. About half a mile west of Trinidad is the river Guarabo, navigable for small boats only. Four miles east lies Masio Bay, which will accommodate deep-draft vessels. The population numbers about 18,000. Sugar and a little honey are exported. The climate is very healthy, the death rate being 21 to 26 per 1000, though sanitary measures are almost unknown. The town is so situated that the heavier it rains the cleaner it becomes. The town and vicinity are considered the healthiest in Cuba.

Statistics of the Island of Cuba.

Area (square miles)	43,220.
Length (miles)	760.
Width (miles)	35 to 130.
Topography	Traversed lengthwise by mountain-range; coast belt low, level and swampy.
Character of soil	Extremely fertile; large forest area.
Climate	Hotter on coast than interior. Occasional ice, but snow unknown.
Mean temperature	77 degrees.
Rainy season	June to November.
Products	Tobacco, sugar, cotton, coffee, rice, maize, fruits.
Minerals	Wealth of granite, gneiss, limestone, copper, coal, silver, iron —all practically undeveloped.
Industries	Agriculture, grazing, timber-cutting.
Exports	Value, \$80,000,000 (to U. S.) in 1893

Imports	Approximately \$23,000,000 in 1892.
Shipping	2,850 vessels cleared principal ports in 1892 (approximately).
Telegraph (miles)	About 3,000.
Railroads (miles)	About 1,000.
Seaports	See "Cities."
Revenue to Spain	('93-'94) Over \$2,000,000 (in taxes).
Expenditure by Spain	War expenses, \$120,000,000 annually.
Population	1,632,000.
Prevailing races	One-third negroes; balance white, Spaniards and native Cubans predominate.
Prevailing language	Spanish.
Prevailing religion	Roman Catholic.
Education	Indifferent, 76.3 per cent. of people illiterate.
Capital, population	Havana, 220,000.
Largest city, population	Havana.
Other cities, population	Matanzas, 49,384; Santiago de Cuba, 59,614; Cienfuegos, 24,030; Puerto Principe, 47,000; Santo Espiritu, 33,000; Cardenas 23,517.
Last Spanish Governor	General Ramon Blanco.
Possession of Spain since	1492—Colonized 1511.
Rivers	760—1 navigable (the Cauto).
Mountains	Pico de Turquino, 7670 feet high.
Animals	Many reptiles, few wild beasts.
Phenomena	High winds, heavy rains.
Distance from Washington	Three days.

The Island of Porto Rico.

The island of Porto Rico has an extent of about 3668 square miles, being 37 miles broad and 108 miles long. The population is placed at 813,937; one-half are white and the balance negroes and creoles. San Juan is situated on a long and narrow island, separated from the main island at one end by a shallow arm of the sea, over which is a bridge connecting it with the mainland, which runs out at this point in a long sand spit, some nine miles in length, apparently to meet the smaller island; at the other end the island ends in a rugged bluff or promontory some hundred feet high and three-fourths of a mile distant from the main island. This promontory is crowned by Morro Castle, the principal fortification of the town. At this end of the island is the entrance to the harbor, with a narrow channel and rocky bottom, so close under the headland that one can almost leap ashore from a passing vessel. The water here is some thirty feet deep.

To a mariner unacquainted with the locality, or when a norther is blowing, this entrance is one of difficulty and danger. After rounding the bluff, one finds a broad and beautiful bay, landlocked, and with a good depth of water which is being increased by dredging. It is by far the best harbor in Porto Rico, and probably as good a one as can be found in the West Indies. How-

ever, it has its drawbacks. Sailing vessels are frequently detained by the northerly winds during the winter months, and even steamers with a draft of over twenty feet are sometimes delayed; but these occasions are rare. When they do occur, the "boca," or entrance to the harbor, is a mass of seething, foaming water, and presents an imposing spectacle.

To see steamers of 16 or 18 feet draft enter in a severe norther is a sight to be remembered, as the great waves lift them up and seem about to hurl them forward to destruction. At such times there is need of a staunch vessel, steady nerves, and a captain well acquainted with the channel, as no pilot will venture out.

Good Specimen of a Walled Town.

The island upon which the city stands is shaped much like an arm and hand; it is about two and a half miles long and averages less than one-fourth of a mile in width. The greatest width is a little over half a mile in the portion representing the hand, which also contains the major part of the city. San Juan is a perfect specimen of a walled town, with portullis, moat, gates, and battlements. Built over two hundred and fifty years ago, it is still in good condition and repair. The walls are picturesque and represent a stupendous work and cost in themselves. Inside the walls, the city is laid out in regular squares, six parallel streets running in the direction of the length of the island and seven at right angles. The houses are closely and compactly built of brick, usually of two stories, stuccoed on the outside and painted in a variety of colors. The upper floors are occupied by the more respectable people, while the ground floors, almost without exception, are given up to negroes and the poorer classes.

The population within the walls is estimated at 20,000, and most of it lives on the ground floor. In one small room, with a flimsy partition, a whole family will reside. The ground floor of the whole town reeks with filth and conditions are most unsanitary. In a tropical country, where disease readily prevails, the consequences of such herding may be easily inferred. There is no running water in the town. The entire population depends upon rain water, caught upon the flat roofs of the buildings and conducted to the cistern, which occupies the greater part of the inner court yard that is an essential part of Spanish houses the world over, but that here, on account of the crowded conditions, is very small.

There is no sewerage, except for surface water and sinks, while vaults are in every house and occupy whatever remaining space there may be in the parts not taken up by the cisterns. The risk of contaminating the water is very great, and in dry seasons the supply is entirely exhausted. Epidemics

are frequent, and the town is alive with vermin, fleas, cockroaches, mosquitoes and dogs. The streets are wider than in the older part of Havana, and will admit two carriages abreast. The sidewalks are narrow, and in places will accommodate but one person. The pavements are of a composition manufactured in England from slag, pleasant and even, and durable when no heavy strain is brought to bear upon them, but easily broken and unfit for heavy traffic. The streets are swept once a day by hand, and, strange to say, are kept very clean.

From its topographical situation the town should be healthy, but it is not. The soil under the city is clay, mixed with lime, so hard as to be almost like rock. It is, consequently, impervious to water and furnishes a good natural drainage. The trade wind blows strong and fresh, and through the harbor runs a stream of sea water at a speed of not less than three miles an hour. With these conditions no contagious diseases, if properly taken care of, could exist; without them the place would be a veritable plague spot.

A study of the orographic features of the island shows that its mountain systems are developed most extensively in its south-central region and in its northeastern division. Taking it as a whole the island is approximately roof shaped, so that the rainfall is rapidly drained off. For drainage purposes there are forty-five considerable rivers and countless rivulets, seventeen of the rivers running to the north, sixteen to the south and nine to the east coast. And it is very noticeable that there is no extensive lake nestling in the highlands of the interior.

The Sickliest Season.

Though there are no extended climatic observations covering the whole Porto Rican territory, the Spanish series of international observations at San Juan, published by the Weather Bureau, show the general conditions prevailing in that city and its vicinity. The most marked feature of the climate is that the summer's heat and rainfall keep up until late autumn. This constancy of tropical heat has a very relaxing effect upon the the body, and is, therefore, injurious to the health of strangers, though the heat is mitigated by trade winds and stiff land and sea breezes. But in August and even later on the north coast the air is often intensely sultry, oppressive and almost calm, with little or no relief, so that Colonel Hinter pronounced this the sickliest time for foreigners. For this reason he advised residents of temperate climates not to visit Porto Rico until November, when the weather becomes exquisitely fine and settled, continuing generally good during the winter and early spring.

In this beautiful island, under new auspices, doubtless there will spring up eventually a number of inviting winter resorts and sanitarium. For in the

winter and early spring Porto Rico is less subject than even Cuba to chilling winds, blowing out from freezing anti-cyclones that move east off the American coast toward Bermuda.

Heat, Rainfall, Winds and Hurricanes.

At San Juan the average temperature in August is very nearly 81 degrees Fahrenheit; in September 80.5 degrees, and in October 79.3 degrees.

The rainfall in the capital—which is a fair index of that along the north-east coast of the island generally—averages about 6.65 inches during August, 5.30 during September, and 7.10 during October. But in some years September brings the heaviest rains. It is obvious that with such heavy rainfall the narrow roads leading from the east coast to San Juan and those skirting the north coast are liable in these months to be at times badly washed by the heavy showers. The southern side of the island is relatively much drier than the northern, though the former is liable to excessive rains during the passage of a hurricane.

The prevailing winds at San Juan from August 1st to October 31st, as deduced from the fragmentary data, are southeasterly and easterly, contrary to the general idea, a rather light sprinkling of northeasterly winds, while southerly winds figure considerably. The calm days in the hottest months average not far from ten per month, and in some months exceed eighteen, and even twenty.

Fortunately for Porto Rico, it does not lie directly in the track of West Indian cyclones. At long intervals it has been visited by a desolating hurricane. The usual track of hurricanes runs in a northwestwardly course, a little north of the island in August and a little south of it in September and October. So erratic, however, are these tremendous whirlwinds of the tropics, so liable to be deflected from their wonted paths, that it will be unsafe to assume, at least until late in autumn, that the danger has passed for Porto Rico. And commanders of all vessels on or near the coasts of the island should exercise extreme vigilance to avoid being caught in a hurricane.

It cannot be said that the anchorages are the best in the world, but a few of them are excellent and most of them sufficiently deep for ordinary craft. Mayaguez Bay, on the west coast, admitting vessels of any size, is the best anchorage in the island. Guanica is the best on the south coast. The east coast is fairly indented and washed by a sea usually smooth. On the rugged north side there are no good anchorages between Arecibo and San Juan, and the ocean current sets to southwestward. But the port of San Juan, affording good shelter, will be an important centre of merchant shipping, as well as an attractive rendezvous for yachts, whose owners are seek-

ing health and pleasure in a winter cruise to the sunny seas of the tropics.

Things go on in San Juan much as they have been going for a hundred years. Hundreds of officers, soldiers and policemen block the sidewalks and appear in the shops and cafes. San Juan has more policemen than any city of the same size on earth. They are not needed. A more quiet and law-abiding population could scarcely be found. Street fights and brawls, so common in American towns, are comparatively unknown. Days pass without a single arrest, and those which do occur are almost invariably for petty thievery. Yet one cannot move without bumping against a policeman armed with a revolver and a heavy short sword.

San Juan wakes early. By seven o'clock the shops are open, and a stirring of wide shutters in the upper stories of the houses shows that even the women are about. Hundreds of men are having their coffee in the cafes. Probably a band is playing somewhere, which means a detachment of troops returning from early mass in the Cathedral. By ten o'clock this early activity has worn itself out. The sun has got well up into the sky, white and hot. It falls in the narrow, unshaded streets, and the cobblestones begin to scorch through thin shoe soles. It is a time to seek the shade and quaff cooling drinks. Business languishes. About eleven shop shutters begin to go up, and soon the streets are as deserted as at midnight.

Shops Closed at Midday.

This is breakfast hour, and until well after noon not a shop or public building will be found open. About two or three, whether the siesta is long or short, people begin to reappear and shops reopen. Gradually traffic revives. By four o'clock, when the Palais de Justice has cast its cooling shadow over half the blazing Plaza, loungers begin to appear to occupy the numerous benches and blink idly at the guards about the gloomy Palais entrance. With each passing hour the city presents a livelier appearance, until at six o'clock it is fully awake and ready for dinner, the principal meal of the day.

In the evening is when the inhabitants of San Juan really live. These are the pleasant hours of the day. From the sea comes a breeze, cool and fresh, to whisper to the few shade trees in the plazas and revive enervated humanity. Twice a week one of the military bands plays in the principal plaza. Then it is worth while to go, hire a comfortable arm chair from a "muchacho" for ten cents in Porto Rican silver and sit and observe and listen.

These military bands—several are always stationed in San Juan—are

equal to Sousa or Herbert on a considerably smaller scale. They play beautifully voluptuous airs of sunny Spain, the strains swelling and quickening until they entice an answer in the livened step and unconsciously swaying bodies of hundreds of promenaders; then slowly dying to a sweet, soft breath, borne to the ear from distant guitars and mandolins. Italian, French and German composers are not neglected, while occasionally there will come a spirited bit from some modern light opera, or even a snatch from a topical song of the day.

On band nights San Juan may be seen at her best. The concerts begin at eight o'clock. Prior to that hour the private soldiers are permitted the liberty of the Plaza, and hundreds avail themselves of the opportunity for an airing. At eight they must retire to their barracks, leaving the Plaza to the officers. The music racks are set at one end of the Plaza, and the musicians stand during the two hours of the concert. By the time the second number on the programme is reached the Plaza is thronged with the wealth, beauty and fashion of the Porto Rican capital. A row of gas street lamps, thickly set, encircles the Plaza, while at each end rise iron towers, upon which are supported electric arc lights. All the houses surrounding the Plaza are illuminated, their bright coloring and Eastern architecture giving an Oriental effect. The balconies—every house has a balcony—are filled with gayly dressed women and officers, and through open windows glimpses of richly furnished interiors can be obtained. On the street level, the Grand Central and other cafés, the Spanish Club and a dozen brilliantly lighted drug stores and shops help flood the Plaza with light and lend life and gayety to the scene.

Many Women in the Throng.

And the women. They are out in force, dressed in the latest fashions of Madrid and Paris. Here and there some gentleman walks with his wife and family, but usually the women promenade alone until joined by male acquaintances. A group of girls will be accompanied by a duenna, who keeps discreetly in the background if any men approach. Often, however, two or more señoritas will promenade entirely alone, with a freedom which would be considered unbecoming in the United States.

This is one of the occasions when rigorous Spanish etiquette is somewhat relaxed and the unmarried women enjoy a fleeting glimpse of social freedom. So the crowd, constantly swelling, until progress is almost impossible, moves in a circle back and forth along the length of the plaza. Mingling with it are scores of police, in their bright uniforms, who seem to have no business there except to accentuate the crush, and hundreds of civilians in their best dress. Nowadays there is a sprinkling of American navy and army officers, in quiet

uniforms, and a good deal of attention they attract. And so it goes, until the concert ends. The band, preceded by an escort of cavalry, marches away to a wonderfully quick quickstep, the lights fade and slowly the crowd disperses through the shadowy streets.

Not all San Juan, however, is to be seen in the grand plaza. Only fashionable and official life centralizes there. In other sections of the city the evenings pass differently. Take a stroll from the brilliantly lighted plaza into the eastern part of town, near the barracks. There the whole lower strata will be found in the narrow, badly lighted streets, or in the Plaza Cristobal Colon and the smaller breathing places of the densely populated city. Here hand organs and dirty wandering minstrels, who perform semi-barbaric music upon cracked guitars and raspy mandolins, accompanied by the "guero"—a native instrument made of a gourd—furnish the music.

Venders of "dulce" squat beside their trays of sweetmeat, dolorously crying their wares. Non-commissioned officers and privates mingle with the people and chat with the women. Everybody smokes cigarettes, even children hardly able to toddle. The shops and meaner cafés are open and crowded. Further on one can wander through streets more narrow and darker than alleys to where the massive gray battlements of the ancient city walls lift their sombre, jagged towers to greet the moon.

Inquisitive sentinels, with rifles in hand, walk here to turn intruders back, but by exercising discretion glimpses may be obtained of tiny balconies ensconced in nooks and crannies high up in the wall and overlooking the sea and the twinkling city. Perhaps a peep may be had into the odd habitations within, with dusky señoritas gazing out through a curtain of flowers and vines. This is a different San Juan from that which promenades in the plaza, but not less interesting.

Statistics of the Island of Porto Rico.

Area (square miles)	3,668.
Length (miles)	108.
Width (miles)	37.
Topography	Mountains in center; narrow level, level belt on coast.
Character of soil	Extremely fertile.
Climate	Hot, but not unhealthy. Northern low lands, superabundance of moisture; south suffers from drought.
Mean temperature	74 degrees.
Rainy season	June to December.
Products	Sugar, molasses, coffee, tobacco, cotton, rice, yams, plantains.
Minerals	Gold, copper, coal, salt—not developed.
Industries	Grazing, agriculture.

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Exports	Sugar, coffee, molasses, tobacco, ('96) \$16,500,000.	To Spain alone ('96) \$6,000,000.
Imports	From Spain ('95), \$9,000,000.	
Shipping	('95) 1,077 vessels and 1,000,000 tons entered ports.	
Telegraph (miles)	470.	
Railroads (miles)	137; 170 projected.	
Seaports	San Juan, Ponce, Mayaguez, Maguabo.	
Revenue to Spain	('94-'95) 5 454,958 pesos (\$5,046,106).	
Expenditure by Spain	('94-'95), 3,905,667 pesos (\$3,612,742).	
Population	813,937.	
Prevailing races	One-half white, the balance negroes and creoles.	
Prevailing language	Spanish.	
Prevailing religion	Roman Catholic.	
Education	Little cared for.	
Capital, population	San Juan, 25,000.	
Largest city, population	Ponce, 35,000.	
Other cities, population	Mayaguez, 27,000; Maguabo, 15,000.	
Possession of Spain since	1510.	
Mountains	El Yunke, 3,688 ft. high.	
Animals	Wild beasts unknown, infested with rats, centipedes, mosquitoes.	
Phenomena	High winds and heavy rains.	
Wants	Good roads and bridges.	
Distance from Washington	Five days.	

The Philippine Islands.

The war between Spain and the United States directed public attention to the Philippine Islands, and the victory of the United States naval squadron and land forces at Manila has emphasized the great resources of these islands. Under the circumstances, a general review of some of the industries of the islands will be interesting.

In 1834, the port of Manila, the capital of the islands, was opened to resident foreign merchants, but before that date the Philippine Islands were little known in the foreign markets and commercial centres of Europe. So decided was the spirit of exclusiveness and abhorrence of foreign intercourse that the Spaniards, in 1738, preferred a war with England to the fulfillment of a contract, for freer commerce, entered into under the treaty of Utrecht. Before 1834, a Mr. Butler applied for permission to reside in and open up a trade between Manila and foreign ports, but the application was promptly rejected, though subsequently the American firm of Russell & Sturgis, having the support of the Governor-General, made a similar application, which was successful, and since then many foreigners have settled in the open ports of the Philippine Islands for business purposes. Banks have been established and other agencies necessary to facilitate and promote trade are now a part of the business machinery of the islands.

During the reign of Isabella II. (1833-1868) a Philippine coin was issued, and about the year 1868 gold coin sold for less than the nominal value in silver, and as much as 10 per cent. was paid to exchange an onza of gold (\$16) for silver. In 1878 gold and silver were worth their nominal relative value, and gold gradually disappeared from the islands, large quantities being exported to China. At the beginning of 1885 as much as 10 per cent. premium was paid for Philippine gold of the Isabella II. or any previous coinage, but at the present day gold is obtainable in limited quantities and about the same rate as sight drafts on Europe.

Manufacturing in the Philippines.

The monetary crisis, attributed by some to the depreciation of silver, was experienced in the islands, and the Spanish Government added to the embarrassment by coining half dollars and twenty-cent pieces without the intrinsic value expressed. It was in consequence of such a false value that exchange fell lower, and in Spain the silver then coined was rejected by the Government officers and merchants, which still further impaired the interests of the islanders. The action of the Spanish Government was a retrograde movement. The coinage of a nation denoting its political condition, the deterioration of it indicates an age of decrepitude.

The manufacturing industry of the islands is in its infancy, and the industrial arts have not been fostered. It may be said that cigars are about the only manufactured export staple, though occasionally some cordage, hides and a parcel of straw or finely split bamboo hats are shipped. In some of the provinces hats and straw mats are made, in others a rough cloth is woven from hemp fibre.

These last are principally woven in the province of Yloilo, where also is made a muslin of pure pine leaf fibre, and a fabric of mixed pine-leaf and hemp filament. The province of Hocos has a reputation for its woolen and dyed cotton fabrics, and that of Batangas produces a special make of cotton stuffs. Pasig, on the river of that name, and Sulipan in Pampanga are locally known for their rough pottery. The centre of the white wood furniture and wood carving is Palte, the extreme east of Sagina de Bay. In Mariquina, near Manila, wooden clogs and native leather shoes are made, and the gold and silver workers are at Santa Cruz, a ward of Manila. In the more civilized provinces the native women produce pretty specimens of embroidery on European patterns, and, on a small scale there are centres of manufacture of straw bags, alcohol, bamboo furniture, buffalo hide, leather, wax candles, and soap.

The first brewery was opened October 4, 1890, in Manila, by Don Enrique

Barretto. The manufactures indicated are supported by native capital, and the traffic and consumption being mostly local, the addition to the wealth of the islands is not large. Outside of the open ports there is little scope for the natives to profitably pursue the industrial arts, and whatever capacity they possess appears to be lost in the want of an opportunity under competent guidance.

There is one railroad running from Manila to Dagupin, about 220 miles, built by a British company, called the Manila Railway Company, Limited; between Manila and Dagupin there are four railway stations. We have no statistics as to the earnings of the road, but the civilizing influence it exerts is quite evident, and shows that when the islands are properly governed, and modern industrial appliances are utilized, the personnel of the natives as well as the resources are capable of great improvement and development.

Agriculture Past and Present.

Agriculture has never flourished in the islands. Before competition in other colonies became so active there were fair remunerative returns from the cultivation of hemp and sugar,—the main staple products; labor was then cheaper, as were the beasts for tilling the soil; the necessities of the laboring classes were fewer, and though the aggregate production was not so large, the natives were in a sounder position than the same class are generally now. It would seem that in passing from the primitive to a more civilized state one may look back with fond regret to the simple wants of the former as compared with those of the latter.

One of the causes of agricultural failure in the islands is the same which results in failure elsewhere. Some embark in agriculture with insufficient capital and end by becoming the slaves of the money lender, having themselves to blame for want of foresight, but invariably blaming the one who loaned them money which they needed, and cursing the lender for the high rate of interest which they agreed to pay.

Thus it is in the Philippine Islands as in other parts of the world, proving that every departure from sound economic laws entails losses if not financial ruin. It is not so certain that the natives of the Philippines are readier to begin work on insufficient capital and pay high rates of interest than the natives of more civilized lands, but a marked characteristic of the islanders is their indifference to adequate provision for crop failures. It is estimated that if all the Philippine planters had to liquidate within twelve months as many as 50 per cent. would be insolvent.

The value of agricultural land is, of course, in proportion to its productive capacity and its nearness to the open port. In the province of Manila,

land is usually higher priced, Manila being the capital and the largest, commercially, of the open ports. In the province of Bulacan, which adjoins that of Manila, an acre that produces 20 tons of cane would probably sell for \$115, while in a province more remote from Manila, the average value of land, yielding 20 tons per acre, would not sell for more than \$75 per acre. The finest sugar-cane producing island is the island of Negos, in the Visaya district, between 9° and 11° N. latitude. The area of the island is about equal to that of Porto Rico, but it has never been made to yield its full capacity.

How Sugar-Cane is Cultivated.

The sugar estates are small, and from those inland the sugar is transported to the open ports in buffalo carts. The system of planting is different from that prevailing in the West Indies. In the latter the planters set the canes out widely, leaving plenty of space for the development of the roots, and the ratoons serve from five to twenty years, while in the Philippines the setting of cane points is renewed each year, with few exceptions, and the planting is comparatively close. The system of labor in the northern and southern parts of the islands is different. The plantations in the north are worked on the co-operative principle. The estate is divided by the owner into tenements, each tenant being provided with a buffalo and agricultural implements to work and attend to the crop of cane as if it were his own property, and when cut and the sugar is worked off, the tenant receives one-third, and sometimes as much as one-half of the output.

The cane crushing and sugar making are at the expense of the tenant, but the landowner furnishes the machinery and factory establishment and takes the risk of typhoons, inundations, droughts, locusts, etc. If the tenant has no means the landlord generally makes the necessary advances against the estimated value of the tenant's share. In the southern part of the islands the plantations are worked on the daily wages system. The sugar produced is of different grades and the price is according to grade.

The staple food of the islanders is rice, which is cultivated more or less largely in every province, and is the only branch of agriculture in which the lower classes of natives take a visible pleasure and which they understand; but much of the land formerly devoted to rice cultivation is now devoted to cultivating sugar-cane, which yields a more valuable return.

Hemp is another staple industry. The hemp plant grows in many parts of the islands, and the leaves so closely resemble those of the banana that it is difficult to distinguish between them, those of the hemp plant being of a darker hue and greener. The plant appears to thrive best on an inclined plane, and though requiring a considerable amount of moisture, it will not

thrive in swampy land, and must be shaded by other trees to attain any great height. The average height of the tree is about ten feet, and being endogenous, the stem is enclosed in layers of half-round petioles.

Preparing Hemp for Shipment.

The hemp fibre is extracted from these petioles which, when cut down, are separated into strips, five or six inches wide, and drawn under a knife attached at one end by a hinge to a block of wood, whilst the other end is suspended to the extremity of a flexible stick. The bow tends to raise the knife, and a cord, attached to the same end of the knife and a treadle, is so arranged that by a movement of the foot, the operator can bring the knife to work on the hemp petiole with the pressure he chooses. The last is drawn through between the knife and the block, the operator twisting the fibre, at each pull, around a stick of wood, while the parenchymatous pulp remains on the other side of the knife. The knife should be without teeth or indentations, but it often has a slightly serrated edge. The fibre is then spread out to dry and afterwards tightly packed in bales with iron and rattan hoops for shipment.

Machinery has not been used with satisfactory results, and this is because the mechanical apparatus should be so arranged as to reduce the tension of the fibre in a strip of bast by means of a cylinder, though experiments have been and are being made, and some are more or less satisfactory. The plant is grown from seed or suckers; if seed, it requires about four years to arrive at cutting maturity, and if from suckers, not more than three are required. The stem should be cut for fibre drawing at the flowering maturity, and in no case should it be allowed to bear fruit, as the fibre is thereby weakened. As the fibre known as Manila hemp is a specialty of the islands, competition and overproduction to the extent of annihilating profits are remote.

The cultivation of coffee dates from the early part of the present century, and some of the original trees are still alive and bearing fruit, but after twenty-five years the tree does not bear profitably. The best coffee comes from Sugon Island, embracing the provinces of Batangas, La Laguna and Cavite. There is one crop gathered in the Philippine Islands; in the West Indies the beans are found during eight months of the twelve, and in Brazil there are three gatherings annually.

The tobacco seed was introduced into the Philippines from Mexico by Spanish missionaries soon after the possession of the islands by Spain, and, from the islands, into the south of China, in the sixteenth or seventeenth century. The Spanish Government for a long time enjoyed a monopoly of the tobacco trade, but the monopoly ceased in 1882, and the cultivation and trade

were handed over to a private enterprise. The Manila cigar has a world wide reputation, and under improved cultivation the quality can be improved.

In addition to the industrial products named, the soil and climate of the islands are favorable to the cultivation of Indian corn, cotton, chocolate, and the bamboo, and all kinds of tropical fruit. It may be said that the Philippine Islands, under the rule of a just government and an intelligent system of cultivation, would become rich in mineral and agricultural products, and a valuable possession, strategically and otherwise.

Admiral Dewey's Achievement.

If the word failure was in Admiral Dewey's lexicon, it is only necessary to consider the position his naval squadron would have been in had the Manila engagement been indecisive, to conclusively show how important it is for the United States to own a base of operations in Asiatic seas and lands. There was not a port in the whole of Asia where Admiral Dewey could have gone to refit his squadron had he met with a reverse. He was excluded by neutrality proclamations from every port, save that of his own brave and loyal heart, which is better than all, but no naval commander was ever so completely isolated from his country as was Admiral Dewey when war was declared between Spain and the United States; and such a condition of affairs should never be allowed to exist again.

The policy of isolation, which has long been the policy of the United States, to every proper extent ought to be abandoned for a policy that will safeguard American interests everywhere against all contingencies, for the most liberal and enlightened nation in the world cannot escape the responsibilities that attend liberality and enlightenment, and has no right to hide its light under a bushel. The rule of Spain in the Philippines is as oppressive as Spanish rule has been in Cuba, and both of these provinces should be freed from a despotism which has crushed the spirit and energy of the inhabitants.

The sun, in his course, does not shine upon any lands of greater fertility than Cuba and the Philippine Islands, and upon none more capable of proportionately contributing to the necessities and comforts of mankind; but under the government of Spain no progress has been made, and honest industry is denied the right of just returns. With Hawaii as a part of the United States, Cuba and the Philippines liberated from serfdom, and the Nicaragua canal cut, the position of the United States would be commanding in both of the great oceans of the world, and enabled to foster commercial enterprises which, in all ages, have been promotive of free institutions. Other nations should not be allowed to monopolize commercial advantages which nature has placed nearest within our reach.

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The following synopsis of the report of Oscar F. Williams, the American Consul at Manila, on the trade relations of the United States and the Philippine Islands, will be interesting in this connection. He says that twenty-two consulates, representing the leading commercial countries of the world, are established at Manila. He adds this surprising statement: "The volume of the export trade coming under my official supervision equals that of my twenty-one consular colleagues combined."

He then shows in detail how the trade of the Philippines with the United States exceeds that of all other countries combined, and is growing at a rapid rate. As indicating the extent of this trade, he says: "To-day I have authenticated invoices for exports to the United States amounting to \$188,606." He says the exports to this country average \$1,000,000 a month. The report states that 216,000 bales of hemp were exported during the preceding three months. Of these, 138,782 went to the United States and 77,218 to Great Britain and other countries. Mr. Williams shows from this that the United States had 64 per cent. of the trade from the Philippines as against 36 per cent. of Great Britain and other countries. He says that in 1897 the increase of shipments to the United States was 133,000 bales and the decrease of Great Britain 22,000 bales.

He adds: "Of the increase of shipments from the Philippines, those to the United States were 54 per cent. greater than to all other countries combined."

He also gives details of the large shipments of sugar, tobacco, hides, shells, indigo and coffee. In the item of sugar, which is second in importance, the shipments to the United States were 55 per cent. of the total to all points. Under a proper government the vast resources of the Philippines could be developed, and these tropical islands would become of great value and importance from a commercial point of view. What is needed is a stable and liberal government, a good system of education, and abundant capital for supporting industries.

Statistics of the Philippine Islands.

Area (square miles)	114,326.
Topography	1,200 islands (Luzon largest).
Character of soil	Volcanic origin. Very fertile; vegetable growth often gigantic.
Climate	November to March, fresh and cool; from April to July, stifling heat.
Rainy season	July to October.
Mean temperature	72 degrees.
Products	Hemp, sugar, coffee, copra, tobacco, indigo, teak, ebony, cedar, fruits, spices.
Minerals	Gold, coal, iron, copper, sulphur, vermillion.
Industries	Agriculture, mining, grazing.

OUR NEW TERRITORIES.

Exports	('96) \$22,000,000.
Imports	('96) \$12,000,000.
Shipping	('95) 304 vessels cleared principal ports.
Telegraph (miles)	720.
Railroads (miles)	220.
Seaports	Manila, Cavite, Iloilo.
Revenue to Spain	('95) \$13,280,130 (estimated).
Expenditure by Spain	('95) \$15,280,130 (estimated).
Population	7,670,000.
Prevailing races	Malays, Chinese, savage tribes, comparatively few Spaniards.
Prevailing language	Spanish and Chinese.
Prevailing religion	Roman Catholic.
Education	Of no importance.
Capital population	Manila, 300,000.
Largest city, population	Manila.
Other cities, population	See seaports.
Possession of Spain since	1660—Spanish rule acknowledged 1829.
Rivers	Very few, all small.
Mountains	Mayon, Buhayan (volcanoes).
Animals	Domestic and burden animals abundant, no wild animals.
Phenomena	Volcanic eruptions, typhoons, earthquakes.
Wants	Freedom from heavy taxation, schools, roads, harbors.
Distance from Washington	Twenty-five days.

The Hawaiian Islands.

A study of this new territory reveals some interesting facts. The islands were discovered in 1720 by Captain Cook, an English navigator. For some abstruse reason, probably because they were too far away to be of any service to any of her colonies, England never took possession of the islands. In fact, her course toward them has been one equivalent to the relinquishment of whatever rights she had to the islands.

Since the islands were discovered attempts have been made to establish a government on them, once by an English body of colonists, and once by French colonists. Both, however, were abandoned in due course of time, neither the English nor French Government thinking it wise or worth while to give official sanction to the same. After awhile a monarchy arose, but a revolution, in which the good offices of the United States troops were found necessary, put an end to it. It was this revolution which made Queen Lil abdicate the throne. Later on, the government became a republic, and it comes into the United States as such.

The Hawaiian Islands are 15 in number, are a little over 2,500 miles from San Francisco, and have a coast over 800 miles long. Altogether they comprise about 6,640 square miles. The shortest distance between any of the islands is five miles, while some of the islands are at least 25 miles apart.

Five of the islands do not possess a single inhabitant. The chief island is Oahu, which contains 600 square miles, and has a population of 40,205. Upon this island is situated Honolulu, which is the seat of the government, or, in other words, the capital of the islands. The island is almost entirely given up to sugar plantations, in which at least 3/4 of its people are engaged.

Only Fourteen Families.

The Island of Nechau contains 97 square miles, and has a population of only 14 families. Ownership of it is claimed by an Englishman, who asserts that he bought it from the former king of the islands. It is given entirely to grazing, and from 30,000 to 40,000 sheep are raised on it annually. The Island of Keani contains 590 square miles, and has a population of 15,392. There is a party of German colonists, who claim that they own the island, which is entirely given up to sugar plantations.

The island that is probably best known throughout the world is Molokai. It comprises 270 square miles, and has a population of 2,307. It is a leper settlement, and over 1,200 of the residents are sufferers from leprosy. The island came into great notoriety several years ago through the death of the celebrated Father Damien, who, it will be remembered, contracted the dread disease while ministering to the spiritual and temporal needs of those who were afflicted with it. At the island of Maui, which contains 760 square miles, and which has a population of 17,726, are the immense sugar plantations of Claus Spreckles, the California sugar king. The island of Lanai contains 105 people, who maintain themselves by grazing. Another large island is Hawaii, which consists of 4,210 square miles, and which has a population of 33,285.

The chief product of the islands is sugar. Sugar forms 99 per cent. of the exports of the islands. In 1897 the sugar sent out from the islands amounted to the enormous total of 502,000,000 pounds. The population of the islands, according to recent statistics, is about 109,000.

The Island of Guam.

The Marianne or Ladron Islands lie to the north of the western end of the Caroline band. They are physically associated with the Japanese Islands. This group has fifteen islands large enough to note. They aggregate about 440 square miles and have about 10,000 inhabitants. The largest is Guam, with 200 square miles and 7,000 inhabitants. This island was captured and the United States flag was hoisted over it by officers and marines from the United States cruiser Charleston on June 21st, 1898. The Charleston was on its way to join Admiral Dewey's squadron at Manila.



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TREATY OF PEACE WITH SPAIN.

THE Peace Commissioners appointed by the United States and Spanish Governments finally reached an agreement respecting the terms for establishing peace between the two Nations. The Commissioners met in Paris on October 1st and at once began their labors. Reports from time to time indicated that serious disagreements had developed, and it was even rumored that it would be impossible to reach an agreement that would satisfy both parties. The result, however, proved the contrary.

The Spanish Commissioners were compelled to yield to the force of circumstances, to realize the hopelessness of further opposition and to accept the inevitable. In other words, the title of the United States to the possession of a vast colonial territory was confirmed and ratified by the joint commission in Paris after negotiations continuing more than two months.

What the Territory Includes.

This territory includes Porto Rico, the island of Guam and the Philippine archipelago, considered in its broadest geographical sense — that is, comprising the Sulu Islands. At the same time the Spanish sovereignty over Cuba was also relinquished.

The length of the proceedings alone would indicate that every concession was wrested with difficulty from the Spanish delegates, while the completeness of their surrender proves the moral strength of the American position. It seemed at one time that the sittings might be dragged out indefinitely. The American Commissioners, however, gradually and skillfully bound down their adversaries to the real issue. At length it became manifest that the moment had arrived when Spain must decide between accepting the essential conditions of the United States or the resumption of hostilities.

The American Commissioners presented a long, detailed reply to all the Spanish objections. The arguments advanced were shown to be inadmissible. The different points of law raised by Spain were discussed and disposed of, and the Americans finally pointed out that as the negotiations had lasted nearly two months, it was impossible to prolong the unreasonably

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strained situation that at any moment might jeopardize the peace of the civilized world.

They therefore, in diplomatic but unmistakable language, gave Spain the choice between an acceptance of their terms and a fresh appeal to arms.

Demands Made on Spain.

These terms were, first, the relinquishment of Spanish sovereignty in Cuba; second, the complete and unconditional cession to the United States of Porto Rico, the Island of Guam, and the Philippines, between latitudes 5 degrees and 20 degrees north, and longitude 115 degrees and 130 degrees east.

The ceding to us of the Philippines cannot have been an after-thought upon the part of the Commissioners, for a careful collation of information from various sources proves that from the very beginning they included the Sulu archipelago in the Philippine group, to which it belongs, both geographically and politically, as it has always been governed from Manila—a view amply borne out by the action of Germany and Great Britain some twenty years before.

Upon the condition that these preliminaries should be accepted the United States Commissioners expressed their willingness to discuss amicably the settlement of the various questions which the change of regime made it desirable to have regulated.

Among these were the purchase of an island in the Carolines, preferably Ualan, the most easterly of the group, for a cable station, the release of political prisoners and the establishment of religious freedom in the Caroline Islands. The necessity of an island, to be used as a naval station, between Honolulu and Guam, is made clear by a glance at the map.

With reference to the second point, the release of political prisoners, the United States could not humanely take any other attitude than one of commiseration and interest in those who have fallen into disgrace while struggling to throw off the rule of Spain in either Cuba, Porto Rico or the Philippines. The Commissioners, therefore, deserve the hearty approbation of all for having included this matter among those it is desirable to have arranged in the peace treaty.

The establishment of genuine religious freedom in the Carolines is also a question intimately concerning the United States. These islands have offered a wide and fertile field for missionary work. The majority of the natives are Christians, and their conversion is in a preponderating measure the work of the American missionaries. Therefore, in endeavoring to secure a real, as opposed to a theoretical religious freedom, the United States Com-

missioners were only assuring to their countrymen peaceful enjoyment of the fruits of their labors in the cause of Christianity.

The Commissioners further went on to discuss the treatment to be accorded to Spanish importations to the Philippines. After assuring the Spaniards that the policy of the United States was an "open door" in these islands they offered to guarantee, during a certain period, identically the same commercial privileges to Spain as would be accorded to America, and, indeed, to Europe. This agreement would still be binding upon the United States, even though their policy in this respect might otherwise undergo modification.

It appears that this term of years is sufficiently long to be worth Spain's consideration, while not so extended as to unduly bind the United States. The Commissioners, in fact, were actuated, on the one hand, by a desire not to pledge the government here to a definite policy for too lengthy a period, and, on the other hand, to avoid the accusation of trifling with their adversaries by making a derisive offer of commercial advantage.

Willing to Agree to the Terms.

This, in substance, was the ultimatum given to the Spanish Commissioners, and subsequently Spain replied to it. While refusing to admit the arguments of the United States, and at the same time disputing the justice of their conclusions, the Spanish delegation yielded to the force of circumstances, and accepted the inevitable, avowing their willingness to agree to these terms.

There was a mutual agreement concerning the indemnity of \$20,000,000 offered by the United States, this being accepted by Spain, as part and parcel of the agreement.

The document presenting this acceptance of our terms by the Spanish Commission contained only 300 words. It opened with a reference to the final terms of the United States, and said that the Spanish Commissioners, after having taken cognizance of the terms proposed by the Americans, replied that their government had tried to give as equitable an answer as possible, but that they were not prepared to commit their government to the acceptance of the principles embodied in the American argument. Spain rejected these principles, the note continued, "as she always has rejected them."

Basing her attitude on the justice of her cause, the note then said, she still adhered to those principles "which she has heretofore invariably formulated."

However, the note added, in her desire for peace she had gone so far as to propose certain compromises, which the Americans had always rejected. She had also attempted, it was further asserted, to have submitted to arbitra-

tion some of the material points upon which the two governments differed. These proposals for arbitration, it was added, the Americans had equally rejected.

These allegations in Spain's reply as to attempted arbitration, referred to her proposal to arbitrate the construction of the third article of the protocol, and also to submit the Spanish colonial debt of Cuba and the Philippines to arbitration. The last proposition was made in a written communication. Subsequent to its presentation, and in return for such arbitration, Spain offered to cede the territory in dispute. The Americans refused both propositions for arbitration.

Spain's reply in substance continued by declaring that the United States had offered, as a kind of compensation to Spain, something very inadequate to the sacrifices the latter country makes at this moment, and she feels, therefore, that the United States' proposals cannot be considered just and equitable.

Spain had, however, exhausted all the resources of diplomacy in an attempt to justify her attitude. Seeing that an acceptance of the proposal made to Spain was a necessary condition to a continuance of negotiations, and seeing that the resources of Spain were not such as to enable her to re-enter upon war, she was prepared, in her desire to avoid bloodshed and from considerations of humanity and patriotism, to submit to the conditions of the conquering nation. She was therefore ready to accept the proposals of the American commission, as presented at the last sitting.

End of a Long Controversy.

The reading and the translation of the document occupied less than five minutes. At the conclusion of the translation the commissioners empowered Senor Ojeda, secretary of the Spanish Commission, and Secretary Moore, of the American Commission, to draw up articles which were to embody the relinquishment of Cuba by Spain and the cession of Porto Rico and the Philippines.

The commissioners left the Foreign Office immediately after the secretaries had been directed to prepare the articles of the peace treaty. There was scarcely any conversation between the American and Spanish commissioners after the adjournment.

Among the Americans only the most grave consideration for their Spanish colleagues was apparent. The Spaniards seemed to be relieved at having arrived at the conclusion of a long controversy.

Having embodied in the treaty articles all the protocol questions, the two commissions entered upon friendly negotiations regarding the matters

suggested in the American ultimatum, matters subsidiary and incidental to the principal provisions, which must form part of the peace treaty as finally signed.

Thus Spain honorably accepted the situation, and while entering a protest against the demands of the United States, yielded to superior force and entered into a treaty upon the conditions imposed. Beyond the general rejoicing that the war was thus definitely and successfully ended, there was no disposition among Americans to exult over the fallen foe. The very completeness of Spain's defeat and her acknowledged helplessness appealed, if not to sympathy, at least to consideration, and strengthened the conviction everywhere of the inevitableness of the result.

The time had come, in the course of history, when Spain's government of her colonies had failed and they must of necessity pass under more enlightened control, for the sake of the people themselves and of the wide interests of humanity. Circumstances threw this necessary task upon the United States, and our ground for rejoicing is that we were equal to the opportunity. We can see now that to Spain's weakness as well as to our strength was due the quickness and completeness of her overthrow in both her Western and her Eastern possessions, and that these have passed into our hands because she was no longer fit to hold them and because in the natural evolution of events their control has devolved upon ourselves.

The Result Could Not Be Otherwise.

Thus the agreement at Paris is not merely the acquiescence of a defeated nation in the demands of its conquerors, but rather the recognition, upon both sides, of an historical event of vast importance which neither side nor both together could successfully avert and which their disagreement could no more than delay. Spain's great part in the development of a new world has long been played and the power she was unable to hold has passed from her finally. That Spain may eventually be the stronger by the concentration of her energies at home is quite conceivable. Whether this country shall become stronger by the wide extension of its energies in new fields must depend entirely upon the use we make of the opportunities and duties which have come to us in the history of the world.

Upon the assembling of Congress at Washington on the 5th of December measures were taken for ascertaining the sentiments of the Senators concerning the terms of the treaty, and it was discovered that without doubt the work of our Peace Commissioners at Paris would be endorsed and the treaty would be ratified by the Senate.

It was thought by the majority of the Senators that our demands on

Spain were quite reasonable under the circumstances. There were others, however, who voiced a certain public sentiment by affirming that we did not want the Philippine Islands at any price and would be better off without them.

Meanwhile the Joint Commission at Paris continued its deliberations. Much of the discussion concerned details as to the guaranteeing of the rights of Spanish citizens in the ceded colonies. The debate was occasionally energetic, and the Spaniards often appeared to be dejected.

The Spanish Commissioners received authority to bind their government on certain matters, but there were important questions on which their instructions were unsatisfactory, and it was thought that many of the details involved in the change of sovereignty in the Spanish possessions would have to be left for settlement by the regular diplomatic processes when relations between the two governments are resumed.

The history of the document which will certify the downfall of the oldest colonial power in the world and the advent of the newest was epitomized by Judge Day in a single sentence: "A peace treaty can contain anything which the victors put into it."

What the Spanish Commissioners Wanted.

The Americans listened with their accustomed patience to the technicalities employed by the Spaniards with their customary shrewdness and persistency against every proposal making for the dismemberment of their empire.

The burden of the Spanish arguments was that matters outside the bare cession and evacuation of the conquered territories, which the Americans proposed to cover by the treaty, were beyond the legitimate and customary scope of a peace treaty. Behind this bulwark Senor Montero Rios, president of the Spanish Commission, fortified himself, bombarding his opponents with a supply of arguments and precedents which inspired the feebly expressed admiration of the Americans. Finally Judge Day summarized the American position in the foregoing memorable utterance. It was given and taken in good spirit, and from that moment the proceedings were entirely friendly.

The bargain for a coaling station in the Carolines was not cemented, and was thought likely to fail. The temper of the Americans in this matter was: We have made you a good offer for an island. You may take or leave it.

The Spaniards seemed disposed to leave it. The Americans did not regard it as a prize which they could demand as one of the natural fruits of the war, while the whole policy of the Spaniards was to confine the negotiations as narrowly as possible to the letter of the protocol signed in Washington and to exclude all extraneous matters. The result of this policy may be the leaving of many details involved in the change of sovereignty over

the various possessions to settlement by the regular diplomatic processes when normal relations between the two governments have been resumed.

TREATY OF PEACE BETWEEN THE UNITED STATES AND SPAIN.

The Treaty of Peace between the United States and Spain was at first comprised in eight articles containing the essential features of the agreement. These were afterwards subdivided into seventeen articles as follows:

The United States of America and her Majesty the Queen Regent of Spain, in the name of her august son, Don Alfonso XIII, desiring to end the state of war now existing between the two countries, have for that purpose appointed as Plenipotentiaries:

The President of the United States, William R. Day, Cushman K. Davis, William P. Frye, George Gray and Whitelaw Reid, citizens of the United States; and her Majesty the Queen Regent of Spain, Don Eugenio Montero Rios, President of the Senate; Don Buenaventura de Abarzuza, Senator of the Kingdom and ex-Minister of the Crown; Don Jose de Garnica, Deputy to the Cortes and Associate Justice of the Supreme Court; Don Wenceslao Ramirez de Villa-Urrutia, Envoy Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary at Brussels, and Don Rafael Cerero, General Division.

Who, having assembled in Paris, and having exchanged their full powers, which were found to be in due and proper form, have, after discussion of the matters before them, agreed upon the following articles:

ARTICLE I. Spain relinquishes all claim of sovereignty over and title to Cuba.

And as the island is, upon its evacuation by Spain, to be occupied by the United States, the United States will, so long as such occupation shall last, assume and discharge the obligations that may under international law result from the fact of its occupation, for the protection of life and property.

ARTICLE II. Spain cedes to the United States the island of Porto Rico and other islands now under Spanish sovereignty in the West Indies and the island of Guam in the Marianas or Ladrões.

ARTICLE III. Spain cedes to the United States the archipelago known as the Philippine Islands, and comprehending the islands lying within the following line:

A line running from west to east along or near the twentieth parallel of north latitude, and through the middle of the navigable channel of Bachi, from the one hundred and eighteenth (118th) to the one hundred and twenty-seventh (127th) degree meridian of longitude east of Greenwich, thence along

the one hundred and twenty-seventh (127th) degree meridian of longitude east of Greenwich to the parallel of four degrees and forty-five minutes ($4^{\circ} 45'$) north latitude, thence along the parallel of four degrees and forty-five minutes ($4^{\circ} 45'$) north latitude to its intersection with the meridian of longitude one hundred and nineteen degrees and thirty-five minutes ($119^{\circ} 35'$) east of Greenwich, thence along the meridian of longitude one hundred and nineteen degrees and thirty-five minutes ($119^{\circ} 35'$) east of Greenwich, to the parallel of latitude seven degrees and forty minutes ($7^{\circ} 40'$) north, thence along the parallel of latitude seven degrees and forty minutes ($7^{\circ} 40'$) north to its intersection with the one hundred and sixteenth (116th) degree meridian of longitude east of Greenwich, thence by a direct line to the intersection of the tenth (10th) degree parallel of north latitude with the one hundred and eighteenth (118th) degree meridian of longitude east of Greenwich, and thence along the one hundred and eighteenth (118th) degree meridian of longitude east of Greenwich to the point of beginning.

The United States will pay to Spain the sum of twenty million dollars (\$20,000,000) within three months after the exchange of the ratifications of the present treaty.

ARTICLE IV. The United States will, for the term of ten years from the date of the exchange of the ratifications of the present treaty, admit Spanish ships and merchandise to the ports of the Philippine Islands on the same terms as ships and merchandise of the United States.

ARTICLE V. The United States will, upon the signature of the present treaty, send back to Spain, at its own cost, the Spanish soldiers taken as prisoners of war on the capture of Manila by the American forces. The arms of the soldiers in question shall be restored to them.

Spain will, upon the exchange of the ratifications of the present treaty, proceed to evacuate the Philippines, as well as the island of Guam, on terms similar to those agreed upon by the Commissioners appointed to arrange for the evacuation of Porto Rico and other islands in the West Indies under the Protocol of August 12, 1898, which is to continue in force till its provisions are completely executed.

The time within which the evacuation of the Philippine Islands and Guam shall be completed shall be fixed by the two Governments. Stands of colors, uncaptured war vessels, small arms, guns of all calibres, with their carriages and accessories, powder, ammunition, live stock, and materials and supplies of all kinds, belonging to the land and naval forces of Spain in the Philippines and Guam, remain the property of Spain. Pieces of heavy ordnance, exclusive of field artillery, in the fortifications and coast defences, shall remain in their emplacements for the term of six months, to be reckoned

from the exchange of ratifications of the treaty; and the United States may, in the meantime, purchase such material from Spain, if a satisfactory agreement between the two Governments on the subject shall be reached.

ARTICLE VI. Spain will, upon the signature of the present treaty, release all prisoners of war, and all persons detained or imprisoned for political offences, in connection with the insurrections in Cuba and the Philippines and the war with the United States.

Reciprocally the United States will release all persons made prisoners of war by the American forces, and will undertake to obtain the release of all Spanish prisoners in the hands of the insurgents in Cuba and the Philippines.

The Government of the United States will at its own cost return to Spain, and the Government of Spain will at its own cost return to the United States, Cuba, Porto Rico, and the Philippines, according to the situation of their respective homes, prisoners released or caused to be released by them, respectively, under this article.

ARTICLE VII. The United States and Spain mutually relinquish all claims for indemnity, national and individual, of every kind, of either Government, or of its citizens or subjects, against the other Government, that may have arisen since the beginning of the late insurrection in Cuba, and prior to the exchange of ratifications of the present treaty, including all claims for indemnity for the cost of the war.

The United States will adjudicate and settle the claims of its citizens against Spain relinquished in this article.

ARTICLE VIII. In conformity with the provisions of Articles I, II and III of this treaty, Spain relinquishes in Cuba, and cedes in Porto Rico and other islands in the West Indies, in the island of Guam, and in the Philippine Archipelago, all the buildings, wharves, barracks, forts, structures, public highways and other immovable property which, in conformity with law, belong to the public domain, and as such belong to the Crown of Spain.

And it is hereby declared that the relinquishment or cession, as the case may be, to which the preceding paragraph refers, cannot in any respect impair the property or rights which by law belong to the peaceful possession of property of all kinds, of provinces, municipalities, public or private establishments, ecclesiastical or civic bodies, or any other associations having legal capacity to acquire and possess property in the aforesaid territories renounced or ceded, or of private individuals, of whatsoever nationality such individuals may be.

The aforesaid relinquishment or cession, as the case may be, includes all documents exclusively referring to the sovereignty relinquished or ceded that may exist in the archives of the Peninsula. Where any document in

such archives only in part relates to said sovereignty, a copy of such part will be furnished whenever it shall be requested. Like rules shall be reciprocally observed in favor of Spain in respect of documents in the archives of the islands above referred to.

In the aforesaid relinquishment or cession, as the case may be, are also included such rights as the Crown of Spain and its authorities possess in respect of the official archives and records, executive as well as judicial, in the islands above referred to, which relate to said islands or the rights and property of their inhabitants. Such archives and records shall be carefully preserved, and private persons shall without distinction have the right to require, in accordance with law, authenticated copies of the contracts, wills and other instruments forming part of notarial protocols or files, or which may be contained in the executive or judicial archives, be the latter in Spain or in the islands aforesaid.

ARTICLE IX. Spanish subjects, natives of the Peninsula, residing in the territory over which Spain by the present treaty relinquishes or cedes her sovereignty, may remain in such territory or may remove therefrom, retaining in either event all their rights of property, including the right to sell or dispose of such property or of its proceeds; and they shall also have the right to carry on their industry, commerce and professions, being subject in respect thereof to such laws as are applicable to other foreigners. In case they remain in the territory they may preserve their allegiance to the Crown of Spain by making, before a court of record, within a year from the date of the exchange of ratifications of this treaty, a declaration of their decision to preserve such allegiance; in default of which declaration they shall be held to have renounced it and to have adopted the nationality of the territory in which they may reside.

The civil rights and political status of the native inhabitants of the territories hereby ceded to the United States shall be determined by the Congress.

ARTICLE X. The inhabitants of the territories over which Spain relinquishes or cedes her sovereignty shall be secured in the free exercise of their religion.

ARTICLE XI. The Spaniards residing in the territories over which Spain by this treaty cedes or relinquishes her sovereignty shall be subject in matters civil as well as criminal to the jurisdiction of the courts of the country wherein they reside, pursuant to the ordinary laws governing the same; and they shall have the right to appear before such courts and to pursue the same course as citizens of the country to which the courts belong.

ARTICLE XII. Judicial proceedings pending the time of the exchange of ratifications of this treaty in the territories over which Spain relinquishes or cedes her sovereignty shall be determined according to the following rules:

TREATY OF PEACE WITH SPAIN.

1. Judgments rendered either in civil suits between private individuals, or in criminal matters, before the date mentioned and with respect to which there is no recourse or right of review under the Spanish law, shall be deemed to be final, and shall be executed in due form by competent authority in the territory within which such judgments should be carried out.

2. Civil suits between private individuals which may on the date mentioned be undetermined shall be prosecuted to judgment before the court in which they may then be pending, or in the court that may be substituted therefor.

3. Criminal actions pending on the date mentioned before the Supreme Court of Spain against citizens of the territory, which by this treaty ceases to be Spanish shall continue under its jurisdiction until final judgment; but, such judgment having been rendered, the execution thereof shall be committed to the competent authority of the place in which the case arose.

ARTICLE XIII. The rights of property secured by copyrights and patents acquired by Spaniards in the Island de Cuba, and in Porto Rico, the Philippines and other ceded territories, at the time of the exchange of the ratification of this treaty, shall continue to be respected. Spanish scientific, literary and artistic works, not subversive of public order in the territories in question, shall continue to be admitted free of duty into such territories for the period of ten years, to be reckoned from the date of the exchange of the ratification of this treaty.

ARTICLE XIV. Spain shall have the power to establish consular offices in the ports and places of the territories, the sovereignty over which has been either relinquished or ceded by the present treaty.

ARTICLE XV. The Government of each country will, for the term of ten years, accord to the merchant vessels of the other country the same treatment in respect of all port charges, including entrance and clearance dues, light dues and tonnage duties, as it accords to its own merchant vessels, not engaged in the coastwise trade.

This article may at any time be terminated on six months' notice given by either Government to the other.

ARTICLE XVI. It is understood that any obligations assumed in this treaty by the United States with respect to Cuba are limited to the time of its occupancy thereof; but it will, upon the termination of such occupancy, advise any Government established in the island to assume the same obligations.

ARTICLE XVII. The present treaty shall be ratified by the President of the United States, by and with the advice and consent of the Senate thereof, and by Her Majesty the Queen Regent of Spain; and the ratification shall

be exchanged at Washington within six months from the date hereof, or earlier if possible.

In faith whereof we, the respective Plenipotentiaries, have signed this treaty and hereunto affixed our seals.

Done in duplicate at Paris, the tenth day of December, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and ninety-eight.

William R. Day

C. K. Davis

Jim P. Feyer

Geo. Gray

Johitland Reid

EUGENIO MONTERO RIOS.

B. DE ABARAZUZA.

J. DE GARNICA.

W. R. DE VILLI-URRUTIA.

RAFAEL CERERO.

The treaty of peace was signed at 8.45 on the evening of December 10th, 1898. The treaty consisted of seventeen articles, it having been found advisable to subdivide two or three of the articles in the draft agreed upon at the last meeting.

The commissioners of the two nations wrote their signatures on two copies of the treaty, one copy being for the archives. The document was prepared by Secretary Moore in behalf of the United States commission and by

Senor Villaurutia for Spain, on account of the illness of Secretary Ojeda, of the Spanish commission.

Each copy contained the English and Spanish texts of the treaty in parallel columns. The wording had been approved previously by the commissioners without a joint meeting, so there was no controversy on the subject.

There was a great contest among the families and friends of the American Commissioners for the pens with which the signatures of the treaty were written. Some of the Americans were provided with handsome pens purchased for the purpose. The Spaniards appeared to be unaffected by the souvenir craze, and contented themselves with the ordinary quill pens.

Arthur Ferguson, the interpreter of the American Commission, requested Senor Eugenio Montero Rios to give him his pen, saying: "Have you any desire to preserve the pen with which you will sign?"

"Not the slightest," said the Spaniard, with a courtly bow.

The signing of the treaty would have afforded a subject for a great historical painting. The group gathered about the table in the stately chamber of the French Foreign Office was impressive, while the fact that the sense of the importance of the issues which the act consummated was deeply felt by all the participants, gave an impressive and solemn tone to the scene.

Details of Signing the Treaty

Around the great mahogany table sat the ten arbiters of the destinies of an old and young nation. Ranged standing behind them were numerous attaches of the American commission. The jets from the crystal chandeliers above the heads of those present magnified the green and scarlet upholstery, giving the whole room a brilliant appearance.

There was a theatrical contrast between the black-clothed actors and the scenery. To the Americans it was a happy ending of the drama of war; for the Spaniards it was plainly a bitter tragedy, none the less painful because long foreseen. They sat silently, as though almost crushed, and none could withhold sympathy from Senor Eugenio Montero Rios, the President of the Spanish Commission, who, coming from his bed, was bundled in a great overcoat, though logs were burning in the fireplace near by.

The spirits of the two bodies were symbolized by the clothes worn by the members of the commission, for the Americans were attired in evening dress for the dinner given to them immediately after the meeting by the Duc de Loubat, and the Spaniards wore black frock coats.

When the seals were prepared to be affixed, attendants were sent to procure ribbons of the French tri-color with which the documents were sealed, as a compliment to the French hosts of the commissions.

The seal being impressed, the commissioners rose, and without formality each member shook the hands of all his antagonists and exchanged assurances of sincere personal esteem.

The signing was finished at 8.54. At that time the door of the chamber opened, and W. R. De Villi-Urrutia appeared and exclaimed to a group of correspondents who were waiting in the corridor, "C'est fini." [It is finished.] The other members of the Spanish commission followed W. R. De Villi-Urrutia and hurried silently through the vestibule to their waiting carriages. The American commissioners strolled out chatting complacently, and as they descended the steps the lights in the chamber were darkened.

Renewal of Commercial Relations.

Further details were soon learned as to the wording of the treaty. The Americans are to pay for the repatriation of the Spanish troops from all the colonies. The Spaniards are to return all prisoners held by them. They are to retain possession of all military stores and munitions of war in the Philippines, and of such ships as have not been captured.

The commercial treaties between the two nations which the war ruptured are to be renewed at the convenience of the two nations.


The United States Peace Commissioners appreciated the respite from the long strain of daily conferences and almost daily sessions with the Spaniards, the intensity of which they hardly realized until it was over.

Warm personal friendships and mutual regard had arisen between the two commissions as the result of their extended controversy at close quarters, and several members of both commissions exchanged calls.

The American Commissioners unofficially informed the Spaniards that they would be glad to have the two commissions dine together. The reply was that the Spaniards would be most pleased, but feared it would be inadvisable, because it might be misconstrued at Madrid, where already much feeling existed against the Spanish Commissioners. Americans in Paris congratulated our Commissioners upon the successful termination of their labors. They had taken a deep interest in the proceedings, feeling confident that the result would reflect honor upon our country.

Considering the importance of the interests at stake and the great variety of details connected with a treaty of peace, the work of the Joint Commission was performed in a very brief space of time. This was owing to the urgency of the American Commissioners, who understood well what demands they were to make upon Spain, and who did not hesitate to present promptly their ultimatum upon every disputed point. They strenuously and persistently avoided all attempts at delay.

ATTACK ON MANILA BY THE INSURGENTS.

HE insurgent army of Aguinaldo, which had resolutely maintained its position near Manila after the town was surrendered by the Spaniards to the American soldiers and sailors, made a fierce attack on the American lines in the evening of February 4, 1899. General Otis, who succeeded General Merritt in command of our infantry at Manila, sent the following official despatch:

“MANILA, February 5, 1899.

“To Adjutant General Cortin, Washington:

“Insurgents in large force opened attack on our outer lines at a quarter to nine last evening; renewed attack several times during night; at four o'clock this morning entire line engaged; all attacks repulsed; at daybreak advanced against insurgents and have driven them beyond the lines they formerly occupied, capturing several villages and their defence works; insurgents' loss in dead and wounded very large; our own casualties comparatively few. Troops enthusiastic and acting fearlessly. Navy did splendid execution on flanks of enemy; insurgents secured a good many Mauser rifles, a few field pieces and quick-firing guns, with ammunition.

“OTIS.”

This message was received from Rear-Admiral Dewey:

“MANILA, February 5, 1899.

“To the Secretary of the Navy, Washington:

“Insurgents here inaugurated general engagement yesterday night, which was continued to-day. The American army and navy are generally successful. Insurgents have been driven back and our line advanced. No casualties to navy.

“DEWEY.”

This cablegram from General Otis was received at the War Department:

“MANILA, February 5, 1899.

“Adjutant General Corbin, Washington:

“Have established our permanent lines well out and have driven off the insurgents. The troops have conducted themselves with great heroism.

ATTACK ON MANILA BY THE INSURGENTS.

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The country about Manila is peaceful, and the city perfectly quiet. List of casualties not as great as at first supposed.

"OTIS."

Defeated in a desperate effort to break through the American lines and enter the city of Manila, the insurgent forces, after fourteen hours of continuous fighting, were driven from the villages of Santa Anna, Paco and Santa Mesa. They were compelled to retreat to a position quite a distance further out in the suburbs than the one they held before attacking the city.

Although it was at first impossible accurately to estimate the number of Americans who fell, it was believed that few of our men were killed. Upward of fifty were wounded. The losses of the insurgents were heavy, the American troops having gone into the engagement with great enthusiasm and determination. They made the streets of the city ring with their cheers when they were notified of the attack and were ordered to advance.

Several of the vessels in Admiral Dewey's squadron participated in the fight, firing on the natives in Malate and Caloocan, and driving them inland from both of those places.

How the Fight Began.

This engagement was brought about by the action of three natives scouts, who, advancing close to the American lines near Santa Mesa, made a feint to go through. They retreated upon being challenged, but returned again in a short time. Once more they retreated. When they returned a third time and attempted to make their way past the outposts of the Nebraska troops a corporal challenged them and then fired. One of the natives was killed and another wounded.

This affair was followed at nine o'clock by a general attack on the American outposts. The insurgents advanced all along the line from Caloocan to Santa Mesa. Our troops lost no time in replying to the attack. Members of the North Dakota, Nebraska and Montana regiments returned the insurgent fire with great vigor and succeeded in holding the natives in check until the main body of the American troops arrived on the scene.

There was a lull in the fighting after the first reply of our troops, but the firing was continued for five hours with much regularity. During the early hours of the morning it became more brisk, and at daylight the American troops made a firm advance.

In the daylight it was found that the insurgents had massed themselves about Santa Mesa and Caloocan, and that they had a considerable force about Gagalangin. Our troops directed their movements primarily against the natives between the first named places, and ultimately drove them out of the two villages. Telling work was done at the same time against the insur-

gents about Galangin, and when the fighting ceased our troops were in possession of Santa Anna, in which village the natives had congregated for weeks prior to the fight.

While the American troops were doing such effective work in repelling the attack, news of the fight was received on board the vessels of the American squadron, and the monitor *Monadnock*, which was lying off Malate, joined with the gunboat *Concord* and the cruiser *Charleston*, lying off Malabon, in firing on the insurgents.

Fierce Fighting in the Darkness.

The following graphic account of the engagement by a correspondent at Manila furnishes further details of the battle:

"The long expected conflict between the Americans and Filipinos has come at last. The clash came at fifteen minutes before nine o'clock Saturday evening, when three daring Filipinos darted past the Nebraska regiment's pickets at Santa Mesa, but retired when challenged. They repeated the experiment without drawing the sentries' fire. But the third time Corporal Greely challenged the Filipinos and then fired, killing one of them and wounding another.

"Almost immediately afterward the Filipinos' line, from Caloocan to Santa Mesa, began a fusillade, which was ineffectual. The outposts of the Nebraska, Montana and North Dakota troops replied vigorously and held their ground until reinforcements arrived.

"The Filipinos in the meantime concentrated at three points—Caloocan, Galangin and Santa Mesa. At about one o'clock the Filipinos opened a hot fire from all three places simultaneously. This was supplemented by the firing of two siege guns at Balik-Balik and by advancing their skirmishers at Paco and Pandacan. The Americans responded with a terrific fire, but owing to the darkness they were unable to determine its effect, and the Utah light artillery finally succeeded in silencing the native battery. The Third artillery also did good work on the extreme left. The engagement lasted more than an hour.

"The United States cruiser *Charleston* and the gunboat *Concord*, stationed off Malabon, opened fire from their secondary batteries on the Filipinos' position at Caloocan and kept it up vigorously. There was another fusillade along the entire line at a quarter to three o'clock, Sunday morning, and the United States seagoing monitor *Monadnock* opened fire on the enemy from off Malate.

"With daylight the Americans advanced. The Californian and Washington regiments made a splendid charge and drove the Filipinos from the

villages of Paco and Santa Mesa. The Nebraska regiment also distinguished itself, capturing several prisoners and one howitzer and a very strong position at the reservoir, which is connected with the water works.

Turned the Right Flank of the Insurgents.

"The Kansas and Dakota regiments compelled the enemy's right flank to retire to Caloocan. There was intermittent firing at various points for many hours. The losses of the Filipinos are very heavy. The American losses are comparatively light. The Ygorates tribe, armed with bows and arrows, made a very determined stand in the face of a hot artillery fire and left many men dead on the field. Several attempts were made in this city yesterday evening to assassinate American officers."

Details of the battle furnished additional particulars of the victory gained by the American troops. The first shot from the American sentry was evidently accepted as a prearranged signal, for it was followed almost immediately by a terrific fusillade along the entire Filipino line on the north side of the Pasig river. The American outposts returned the fire with such vigor that the Filipinos were checked until the arrival of reinforcements.

All the troops in the vicinity were hurried out and the Filipinos ceased firing for half an hour while their own reinforcements came up. At 10 o'clock the fighting was resumed, the American firing line, consisting of the Third Artillery, the Kansas and Montana regiments, the Minnesota regiment, the South Dakota and Colorado regiments, the Pennsylvanians, Nebraskans, the Utah Battery, the Idahos, the Washingtons, the Californians, the Fourth Cavalry, North Dakota Volunteers, Sixth Artillery, and the Fourteenth Infantry.

The Filipinos concentrated their forces at three points, Caloocan, Santa Mesa and Galingatan, and maintained an intermittent fusillade for some hours. They brought artillery into action at Galingatan at 10.30, but only one gun annoyed the Americans to any appreciable extent—a howitzer on the road beyond Santa Mesa. The Third Artillery silenced the Galingatan battery by firing two guns simultaneously, which was followed immediately by volleys from the infantry.

At about midnight there was a lull in the firing lasting until 3.45 A.M., when the whole Filipino line reopened fire. The Americans poured a terrific fire into the darkness for twenty minutes, and then there was another lull until daylight, when the Americans made a general advance.

During the night, in response to Rear-Admiral Dewey's signals flashed across from Cavite, the United States cruiser *Charleston* and the gunboat *Concord*, stationed at Malabon, poured a deadly fire from their secondary battery into the Filipino trenches at Caloocan. After daylight the United

States double-turret seagoing monitor *Monadnock* opened fire off Malate and kept shelling the Filipinos' left flank, while the other vessels shelled the enemy's right flank for several hours.

By 10 o'clock the Americans had apparently completely routed the enemy and had taken several villages, had destroyed hundreds of native huts and had secured possession of the water main, a distance of over six miles. The Tennessee regiment joined the firing line at 10 o'clock on Sunday morning and assisted in capturing Santa Mesa.

A Brilliant Charge.

One of the most notable events of Sunday's work was driving the Filipinos out of their stronghold at Paco by the reserve, a few companies of Californians commanded by Colonel Duboce. The main road to the village was lined by native huts full of Filipino sharpshooters. After they had been firing upon General King and his staff, killing a driver, and firing upon an ambulance of the Red Cross Society, Colonel Duboce ordered the huts to be cleared and burned.

The Filipinos concentrated in Paco Church and convent, where they made a determined stand in the upper stories. A platoon of Californians stationed on a neighboring bridge maintained a hot fire on the Filipinos, but was unable to dislodge them. In the face of a terrible fusillade Colonel Duboce and a few volunteers dashed into the church, scattered coal oil inside of it, and set fire to the oil and retired.

In the meantime Captain Dyer's battery of the Sixth Artillery bombarded the church, dropping a dozen shells into the tower and roof. Company L and part of Company G, of the Californians, charged into the church, but were unable to ascend the single flight of steps leading to the story above.

After the incendiaries had retired a company of the Idaho and Washington Guards, stationed on either side of the building, picked off the Filipinos as they were smoked out. Many of the rebels, however, escaped into the brush in the rear of the church. The Americans captured fifty-three of the insurgents, and during the fighting about the church some twenty of the insurgents were killed. Some 2,500 women, children and non-combatants were allowed to enter the American lines after promising to go to the houses of friends and remain there.

Another intensely exciting incident occurred during the engagement. The Washingtons and Idahos and Companies K and M, of the Californians, made charges across the rice fields between Paco and Santa Anna in the face of a terrible fusillade. The ground over which they passed was covered with dead and wounded natives. The former were buried in groups of five or six

about where they lay, and the latter were brought to the hospital. It was at this stage of the fighting and at Caloocan that the Filipinos suffered their heaviest losses.

The Fourteenth Regulars were in a particularly tight place near Singalon and Colonel Duboce was compelled to rush past them with the reserve in order to prevent the regulars from being cut off. In the last line twelve men were killed before the insurgents retired. Both sides cheered frequently during the engagement. The American "Hurrahs" were almost invariably met by derisive "vivas." Among the natives the Ygorates were specially noticeable for their bravery, about 700 of these naked savages facing artillery fire with their bows and arrows.

The scene at Manila when the alarm was given on Saturday night was wildly exciting. The American soldiers in the theatres and at the circus were called out, the performances were stopped. Filipinos scurried everywhere and the rattle of musketry and the booming of cannon outside the city were plainly heard.

Refugees in the City.

The residents of the outskirts of Manila flocked into the walled city, with their arms full of articles. All the carriages disappeared as if by magic, the street cars were stopped, the telegraph lines were cut and the soldiers hurriedly but silently marched out of the city to the stations assigned to them. The stores were closed almost instantly, foreign flags were to be seen flying from many windows and a number of white rags were hung out from Filipino huts and houses.

On Sunday immense crowds of people visited the water front and gathered in the highest towers to watch the bombardment. There were no steamers or carriages to be seen and the streets were almost deserted. The Minnesota troops, acting as police, searched every native and arrested many of them, with the result that while there were several attempts to assassinate American officers on Saturday, there were none on Sunday. Absolute order was maintained.

The United States flagship Olympia steamed across the bay on Sunday and took a position near the German cruiser Irene and the British cruiser Narcissus, off the Mole. The Americans were determined not to give the Filipinos a chance to recuperate. Two Filipino commissioners from Iloilo and four insurgents officers were arrested on board the steamer Uranus. Many suspects were arrested in various parts of the city.

The good results of the firing were seen in the morning. Nearly all of the native huts on the outskirts of the city were flying white flags. The burial of the dead Filipinos by our soldiers began at once. In one place 180

bodies were found, and in another sixty. Nearly every American regiment engaged reported finding fifty or more of the enemy dead along its front.

Two men on board the *Monadnock* were wounded by rifle shots from the insurgents on the shore, showing the closeness of the monitor to the beach. The slaughter of the insurgents north of the city by the fire of the quick-firing guns of the captured gunboat *Callao*, the 6-inch guns of the gunboat *Concord* and the 8-inch shells of the cruiser *Charleston*, was particularly heavy.

Torn to Pieces by Shells.

The Filipinos had massed along the beach, where they had been driven by General Otis' brigade, and hundreds of them were literally torn to pieces by the terrific rain of shells from the warships. The American troops commanded the river front along the *Pasig*, while the captured Spanish gun-boat *Laguna* from the bay swept the rice fields along the river bank, fairly riddling the village of *Santa Anna* with her Gatling guns.

The American troops while the fighting was going on were disposed in the following manner from the bay on the north around the city to the bay on the south: The Twentieth Kansas Infantry, Third Artillery, First Montana Infantry and Tenth Pennsylvania Infantry, under command of Brigadier-General Otis; the First South Dakota Infantry, First Colorado Infantry and First Nebraska Infantry, commanded by Brigadier-General Hale, both brigades being supported by Batteries A and B, of the Utah Light Artillery, under command of General McArthur; the First California Infantry, first Idaho Infantry, First Wyoming Infantry and First Washington Infantry, under Brigadier-General King; the Fourth Cavalry, Fourteenth Infantry and First North Dakota Infantry, commanded by Brigadier-General Owenshine, both brigades being supported by the Sixth Artillery Division, commanded by General Anderson.

There was some firing to the north of the city early this morning, but the general engagement practically ended on Sunday afternoon. The Fourteenth Infantry suffered most of the fatalities, owing to the close approach of the enemy under the cover of the dense shrubbery and firing at short range from behind huts and other protecting objects. The First Washington Infantry and the Third Artillery also suffered heavily. The Utah artillery division and the Sixth Artillery were splendidly effective in shelling the insurgent trenches on Sunday morning.

The victory of the American troops was complete. The insurgents were driven back ten miles with terrible slaughter. The number of killed and wounded on the American side was insignificant compared with the losses inflicted on the enemy.

The Americans held all the points they captured, and under date of February 7th the following statement of the situation was furnished:

"The Americans are in complete control of the situation within a radius of nine miles of Manila. Their lines extending to Malabon, on the north, and to Paranaque, on the south, are twenty-five miles long.

"While a few detached bodies of the enemy still offer desultory opposition, the main body of the rebels is in full retreat and utterly routed. Of the hordes of troops originally drawn up in battle array against the Americans, fully one-third are incapacitated and the others are scattered in every direction.

"The terrible loss of the rebels may be gathered from the fact that 160 of them were buried in one rice field on Monday, near Pasas, and that 87 were interred between Paco and Santa Anna. A converted river gunboat did terrible execution among the rebels, sweeping both banks of the river with her Gatling guns and her heavier battery. Hundreds of Filipinos undoubtedly crawled into the canebrakes and died there.

"The Americans are working nobly in their efforts to find the wounded and are now bringing hundreds of suffering rebels to the hospitals for treatment. The natives are unable to understand the humane motives which prompt the victors to succor the wounded of the enemy.

Women Even Fought.

"The members of the hospital corps made the startling discovery that there are several women, in male dress and with hair cropped, among the dead. A Filipino colonel came out this morning from Caloocan, under a flag of truce. Several American officers promptly went to meet him, but when the parties met the Filipinos opened fire. The Filipino apologized for the barbarous conduct of his troops and returned to his lines.

"The American troops are being promptly furnished with supplies of all kinds, hospital attendance is supplied up to the firing line, and, in brief, all the wants of our troops are met immediately by the different military departments whose duty it is to attend to such matters.

"The chief of the Ygorates, the Filipino natives who fought so gallantly in the face of our artillery fire, with their bows and arrows, is in a hospital with a shattered thigh. He admits that he never saw modern artillery and was ignorant of its effects until he and his followers met the disastrous fire of Sunday morning.

"The chief is bitterly incensed against the Tagalos for placing the Ygorates in front of the American battery, under the pretense that they were sent to occupy a post of honor, and he intimates that the Ygorates will avenge this treachery when the survivors return."

"Hundreds of women refugees are pouring into Manila from all directions, as the villages around Manila have, as a rule, been destroyed by the troops. The further the Americans extend their lines the more the need of means of transportation increases. The American commanders have already been compelled to impress horses and vehicles on all sides, to the inconvenience, naturally, of the civilians.

"At 9 o'clock last night there was a general fusillade in the Guiapo and Binon districts. The inhabitants of the city generally believed that a battle was raging at their doors, lights were extinguished inside the dwellings and a majority of the people were in a state of terror. Under the circumstances it is remarkable that no casualties were reported. Several shots were fired across the river during the excitement. General Hughes has the interior situation absolutely in hand.

"Artificer Hays, of Company I, of the Colorado Regiment, discovered the missing parts of the pun-ping machinery of the water works buried in a coal pile at Singalon station. The machinery will soon be in working order again, and the employees having promised to return to work this evening, it is improbable that the threatened water famine will occur."

General Aguinaldo, the rebel leader, issued two proclamations. In the first he says:

"I order and command: First. That peace and friendly relations with the Americans be broken and that the latter be treated as enemies within the limits prescribed by laws of war.

"Second. That the Americans captured be held as prisoners of war.

"Third. That this proclamation be communicated to the consuls and that Congress order and accord a suspension of the constitutional guarantee resulting from the declaration of war."

In the second proclamation Aguinaldo says:

"We have fought our ancient oppressors without arms, and we now trust to God to defend us against the foreign invaders."

Peace Treaty Ratified by the Senate.

Not since the excitement immediately following the destruction of the battleship Maine were the people of Washington so aroused as they were when the peace treaty was voted upon in the Senate. The Capitol halls and corridors were thronged from early morning with crowds who were intent upon, witnessing the proceedings. The fact that our flag had been insulted and our soldiers and sailors at Manila subjected to wounds and death accentuated national interest in the pending treaty.

Long before noon the public and private galleries of the Senate were

filled and people streamed into the big marble building on Capitol Hill. But very few Senators were present before the gavel fell at noon. The Senators were in their various committee rooms, discussing the situation, and working with the supposed doubtful Senators to induce them to place patriotism above party and vote for the treaty.

The treaty of peace was ratified in the executive session of the United States Senate, February 6th, by a vote of 57 to 27, the supporters of the treaty mustering but a single vote more than the necessary two-thirds. There was no doubt whatever that the Spanish Cortes would ratify the treaty and the war with Spain was therefore concluded.

When the news of the ratification of the peace treaty reached the President, at his direction it was cabled to General Otis at Manila, who promptly replied acknowledging the receipt of the message containing the information.

The vote in detail on the treaty was as follows :

YEAS:—Aldrich, Allen, Allison, Baker, Burrows, Butler, Carter, Chandler, Clark, Clay, Cullom, Davis, Deboe, Elkins, Fairbanks, Faulkner, Foraker, Frye, Gallinger, Gear, Gray, Hanna, Hansbrough, Harris, Hawley, Jones, Nev., Kenney, Kyle, Lindsay, Lodge, McBride, McEnery, McLaurin, McMillan, Mantle, Mason, Morgan, Nelson, Penrose, Perkins, Pettus, Platt, Conn., Platt, N. Y., Pritchard, Quay, Ross, Sewell, Shoup, Simon, Spooner, Stewart, Sullivan, Teller, Thurston, Warren, Wellington, Wolcott—57.

NAVS:—Bacon, Bate, Berry, Caffery, Chilton, Cockrell, Daniel, Gorman, Hale, Heitfeld, Hoar, Jones, Ark., Mallory, Martin, Mills, Mitchell, Money, Murphy, Pasco, Pettigrew, Rawlins, Roach, Smith, Tillman, Turley, Turner, Vest—27.

Absent and paired—Messrs. Cannon and Wilson for, with White against and Messrs. Proctor and Wetmore for, with Mr. Turpie against.

The Vote Analyzed.

The analysis of the vote shows that 43 Republicans, 9 Democrats and 5 Populists and Silverites voted for the treaty, and 21 Democrats, 4 Populists and Silverites and 2 Republicans against.

Senators Hale, of Maine, and Hoar, of Massachusetts, Republican, voted against ratification, as they had publicly declared that they would do. Senator Mason, of Illinois, finding that the fate of the treaty was in danger, and having heard from every part of Illinois in favor of ratification, voted for ratification, although he had declared himself to be unalterably opposed to the treaty. Senator Wellington, of Maryland, who had been opposed to the acquisition of the Philippines, also voted for ratification. This was largely due to the influence of Senator-elect McComas, who will succeed Senator Gorman.

TREATY OF PEACE RATIFIED.

The Democrats voting for ratification were Clay, of Georgia ; Faulkner, of West Virginia ; Gray and Kenney, of Delaware ; McEnery, of Louisiana ; McLaurin, of South Carolina ; Morgan and Pettus, of Alabama, and Sullivan, of Mississippi.

The Populists and Silver Republicans who voted for ratification were Harris, of Kansas ; Jones and Stewart, of Nevada ; Kyle, of South Dakota, and Manley, of Montana.

The absent members opposed to the treaty and paired were White, of California, and Turpie, of Indiana. The Republican senators paired with them were Proctor, of Vermont ; Wetmore, of Rhode Island, and Wilson, of Washington, and Silver Republican Cannon, of Utah.

Patriotism Above Party.

The ratification of the treaty was due in a great measure to the Senators from Nevada, Stewart, the Populist, and Jones, the Silver Republican. This statement does not detract from the well-performed duty of others. Under the circumstances, while the administration was seeking support, in order that the war with Spain might be honorably terminated, there was no reason to apprehend that the Senators from Nevada, both of whom were opposed to the administration and to the acquisition of the Philippines, would sustain the administration.

But Senator Stewart, who had just been re-elected, announced himself as in favor of treaty ratification. He said : " We must stand by our soldiers and sailors. We will dispose of those islands afterward, for our people do not want to keep them. But I shall vote for the treaty." Very soon thereafter Senator Jones, who had been in consultation with his colleague from Nevada, sent a telegram from the Capitol to the White House, saying to the President : " The treaty will be ratified." That was his means of informing the President how he would vote.

The determination of the Nevada Senators soon became known throughout the Senate chamber, and it produced a decided effect. The opponents of ratification then realized that their efforts had proved abortive and that the humiliation of our fighting soldiers and sailors, and of our entire republic could not be accomplished.

The country experienced a sense of relief in view of the fact that the treaty had been ratified by the Senate and was ready for the President's signature. No doubt was expressed that in like manner it would be ratified by the Spanish Cortes and its operations would immediately go into effect, thus settling the future of the Philippines.

Further military operations in the Philippines resulted in more victories for the American troops, who routed the insurgents and held them in check. Under date of February 14th the following dispatch was received at the War Department in Washington:

"The United States forces, under Brigadier General Miller, captured Iloilo, capital of the Island of Panay, and seat of the so-called government of the Visayan Federation, on February 11th, after a bombardment. The rebels set the town on fire before evacuating it, but the American troops extinguished the flames. There were no casualties on the American side."

Bombardment of Iloilo.

General Miller, on receipt of his instructions from Manila, sent native commissioners ashore from the United States transport *St. Paul* with a communication for the rebel Governor of Iloilo calling on him to surrender within a time stated and warning him not to make a demonstration in the interval. The rebels immediately moved their guns and prepared to defend their position. The *Petrel* fired two warning guns. The rebels immediately opened fire on her. The *Petrel* and the *Baltimore* then bombarded the town, which the rebels, having set on fire, immediately evacuated. American troops were promptly landed and extinguished the fires in all cases of foreign property, but not before considerable damage had been done.

The following official despatch from General Otis confirmed the first reports of the capture of Iloilo:

"General Miller reports from Iloilo that town taken 11th instant and held by troops. Insurgents given until evening of 11th to surrender, but their hostile action brought on engagement during the morning. Insurgents fired native portion of town, but little loss to property of foreign inhabitants. No casualties among the United States troops reported."

General Miller left Manila on December 26 on the transport *Newport*, with the Eighteenth Regular Infantry and a battery of the Sixth Regular Artillery. Later, when it was ascertained that the Panay insurgents had taken possession of the place on the surrender of the Spaniards and refused to withdraw to permit the American troops to occupy it, General Miller was instructed to avoid a conflict, but to guard against any possibility of a repulse in the event that hostilities occurred. The Fifty-first Iowa Infantry was sent to reinforce him. Later the Iowa regiment was withdrawn to Manila to give the men a period of rest ashore, as they had been aboard ship practically ever since they left San Francisco. The First Tennessee Regiment was sent to reinforce General Miller, and he attacked the city when these troops arrived. General Miller had a force of 3,322 men.

SURRENDER OF NEGROS AND CEBU.

On February 21st the transport *Newport* arrived at Manila from Iloilo, having on board Senor Aranita, the President of the provisional government of Negros, and other representative natives of the island. They called upon the American authorities. These men visited General Miller at Iloilo and discussed the situation with him. They then returned to Silay, the principal town in the northern part of Negros, and hoisted the American flag. The flag was also raised at Bacoloo, the capital of the island, and was saluted with twenty-one guns. Afterward the men returned to Iloilo in order to embark for Manila to confer with General Otis.

It was thought this new development would have an important effect on the general situation in the islands. Negros is one of the richest islands in the archipelago, and the principal producer of sugar.

The people of Negros have never sympathized with either the Tagal or Visayan insurgents, and obviously were desirous of settling down to peaceful occupations. It was hoped that other islands would follow this example.

The American Flag Hoisted at Cebu.

It was soon ascertained that the island of Cebu was ready to submit to the authority of the United States. Cebu is one of the most important of the *Vasayas* group of the Philippines. It hoisted the American flag on Washington's birthday, February 22d. A battalion of the Twenty-third Infantry was sent by General Otis to uphold the authority of our government.

On February 21st there was great excitement throughout the city of Manila. Three fires were started by the insurgents at Santa Cruz, Tondo and the Binondo Market. The latter fire worked its way toward the wharves. The natives cut the hose. One thousand native houses and hundreds of business places were burned. The refugees thronged the streets with their rescued property. The houses fired were marked with red.

An idea of the extent of the loss by fires in the suburbs of Manila may be obtained from the figures herewith given:—Sixty buildings of stone and 150 substantial wooden structures with iron roofs were destroyed. In addition 8,000 nipa houses of the natives were burned.

General Hughes appeared promptly on the scene, and it was his energetic measures, without doubt, that stopped a general uprising. The troops, with the American and English residents, were immediately detailed as fire brigades, preventing the spread of the flames to the business quarter.

Three hundred houses were burned (in this district of the city), chiefly native and Chinese. While these events were in progress three fires were simultaneously started in the Tondo and Binondo districts of the city, and, as already stated, more than a thousand houses were burned.

On March 10th Major General Lawton and 1,700 regular troops arrived at Manila. General Lawton immediately took command of our land forces, and it was understood that he would at once inaugurate an aggressive campaign for the purpose of driving back the insurgents, and affording security to the peaceful inhabitants of Manila and the surrounding country.

The flying column under General Wheaton started the aggressive campaign against the insurgents on the morning of the 13th. The line consisted of three troops of the Fourth cavalry on the extreme right, and next in their order the Twenty-second infantry, the Twentieth infantry, the Oregon volunteers, and the Washington volunteers. The latter, who were on the extreme left, were opposite Guadaloupe on the river.

Cannon Boomed Out the Signal for Advance.

A lieutenant of Scott's battery fired the signal gun at five minutes of seven o'clock, and at once the Fourth cavalry, mounted, swung forward. Then all the infantry regiments, formed in three lines, left their trenches and moved on the enemy. It was a beautiful sight, this clock-like regularity of the advance. The cavalry met a heavy fire on the right. The men dismounted and drove the enemy out of their intrenchments.

General Lloyd Wheaton, commanding the United States flying column, attacked and defeated a force of 3,000 Filipinos at Pasig, in the afternoon of the 15th, inflicting a heavy loss upon them. The American loss was slight. The Americans captured many Filipinos. Many bodies of rebels killed in the engagement were seen floating down the river.

The Washington volunteers captured and burned Pateros, meeting with a sharp fire from the enemy while crossing the river. The day's fighting was like that of the preceding week, the insurgents occasionally making a stand, but eventually fleeing.

General Wheaton's column advanced beyond Pasig to the shore of Laguna de Bay, sweeping everything before it. The enemy made a running fight and suffered a severe loss.

The rebels' avenue of communication north and south was closed, the American cordon stretching over a mile from the river to the lake. The rebels were in force at Pateros and Taguig. At about eight o'clock the Twenty-second regular infantry advanced until it encountered a number of volleys. This fire was returned with interest. The strongly fortified village of Gaitai was captured after a desperate fight by the Twentieth regular infantry.

There was much satisfaction in the War Department at Washington over the receipt of this cablegram from Major General Otis:

MANILA, March 15, 1899.

ADJUTANT GENERAL, Washington :

Three thousand insurgents moved down last night to towns of Pasig and Pateros, on shore Laguna de Bay, fronting Wheaton's troops on Pasig River line. By heavy fighting Wheaton has dislodged and driven them back, taking four hundred prisoners and inflicting heavy loss in killed and wounded. He reports his loss as very moderate. He now occupies those towns with sufficient force to hold them.

OTIS.

The information given by General Otis was just what the War Department was expecting to hear from him. It indicated that he was vigorously carrying out his plan of dividing Aguinaldo's forces and crushing them wherever they could be found. It was expected that the advantages gained would be vigorously followed up until Aguinaldo was forced to surrender unconditionally. The exploits of our brave soldiers and sailors have called forth many tributes in verse, among which the following deserves a conspicuous place :

O 'Tis Dewey.

Who rules our ships and gives command?
 Who leads our soldiers on the land?
 What heroes brave the battle's din,
 Assail the foe and victory win?
 Otis-Dewey.

Who watch and guard Manila Bay,
 Each moment ready for the fray?
 Who bid the Yankees sweep the field
 Where fierce insurgents are concealed?
 Otis-Dewey.

Who pour hot shot in rebel ranks,
 And stop that Aguinaldo's pranks?
 Charge on his hordes with sword and gun,
 And like scared rabbits make them run?
 Otis Dewey.

Who wave " Old Glory " at Manila,
 O'er poor man's hut and rich man's villa?
 Who send to Washington report
 That night and day they " hold the fort?"
 Otis-Dewey.

What Admiral across the seas
 His four-starred flag flies in the breeze,
 Defends with pride his country's fame,
 And makes himself a glorious name?
 O 'tis Dewey.

TREATY SIGNED BY THE QUEEN REGENT.

669

The treaty of peace between the United States and Spain was discussed in the Cortes with great vehemence, and during the discussion charges of a serious character against Spanish officers and troops were freely made. It was not believed by our Government at Washington that the Spanish Government would fail to sign the treaty, as this was the only thing now remaining to be done, and if the Queen's signature were not affixed to the Treaty the war would practically be continued.

On Friday, March 17th, the Queen Regent signed the treaty of peace, which was forwarded to the French Ambassador at Washington, M. Jules Cambon, for exchange with the one signed by President McKinley. The draft of the treaty was signed in Paris on December 10th, 1898. The Commissioners appointed by the two Governments began their labors on the 1st of October.

Our Government's Generous Offer.

It was with some difficulty that an agreement was reached, but the \$20,000,000 offered by the United States to Spain in consideration of withdrawing all authority from the Philippines was an offer that Spain could not afford to reject.

The treaty was approved by the United States Senate by a vote of 57 to 27 on February 6th, and was signed by the President February 19th.

It was known that the Spanish Government was influenced to hasten the ratification of the treaty so as to secure the \$20,000,000 appropriated by the United States without delay. The condition of the Spanish treasury was such that this money was needed at once. Under the terms of the treaty of peace the United States had three months after the exchange of ratifications in which to make the payment. It was not the intention of the administration to take advantage of this permissible delay, however, but it was intended to pay the money at once.

It was apparent from General Otis' despatches that he did not purpose to allow the insurgents to recover from the blows he had given them, but would push the campaign. This would be done by throwing out columns to the north and south of the line held by General Wheaton and finishing up the Tagalos in detail.

Despite the good outlook for peace, the Navy Department decided to organize a mosquito fleet in the Philippines, reinforcing Admiral Dewey's command with six tugs assigned to duty along the shore and on the rivers. The tugs were to have rapid-fire and small machine guns and be able to do effective service. It was the intention of our Government to have all the warships in the Philippine waters that might be needed.

Fighting continued near Manila, the object of the American troops being to rout the insurgents, and by one blow end their rebellion. The following despatch reported the steady advance of our forces:

ADJUTANT GENERAL, Washington :

MANILA, March 26.

MacArthur has advanced two miles beyond Polo, nine miles from Manila, and fifteen miles from Malolos; railroad will be repaired to advanced point to-morrow, and troops supplied by cars. MacArthur will press on to-morrow; is now in open country.

Insurgents stoutly resisting behind succeeding lines of entrenchments, from which troops continually drove them.

City perfectly quiet, and native inhabitants appear to be relieved of anxiety and fear of insurgents.

Captain Krayenbuh, commissary lieutenant, Third artillery, mortally wounded.

OTIS.

From detailed accounts of the fighting it appears that at daybreak MacArthur dashed beyond Polo and to the north-east, and captured Meicauayan. This place is two miles beyond Polo. It was not taken without a fight. The insurgents left detachments in all the trenches to delay the advance. Meicauayan is at the base of the rough hills and the jungle.

Fresh Troops Rushed Forward.

The road forward is in clear ground. The railroad over the conquered country to the rear was repaired and fresh troops were rushed forward. Among those who fell at taking of Meicauayan was Captain Krayenbuh, commissary lieutenant of the Third Artillery. He was mortally wounded.

Malabon was burned by the insurgents, and the 5000 rebels who constituted its garrison retreated to rejoin Aguinaldo's main column of insurgents at Malolos. The town of Malinta, beyond the Tuliahan river, was taken by General Wheaton's division. The fighting was sharp all day, and the battlefield was carpeted with the insurgent dead. Our own losses were comparatively slight, though among our dead was Colonel Harry C. Egbert, a hero of two wars.

The plan to cut off the 5000 insurgents in Malolos failed by reason of the roughness of the ground and the thickness of the jungle, which prevented General MacArthur from getting far enough around to the north of Polo to shut the enemy in. We had to be content with a victory consisting of our having driven the enemy from his position. The victory in this light was a sweeping one. The insurgents, though beset with cavalry, infantry and artillery, volunteers and regulars, fought desperately in their trenches. There were engaged the Fourth, Twenty-second and Twenty-third Infantry, the Utah

Troop, the Third Artillery and the Oregon troops. These were stretched out along the railroad from Caloocan to the Tuliahan river.

The rebels destroyed the bridge over the river, and on the further side made their stand. While the engineers were trying to replace the bridge on the iron girders the Second Oregon Regiment dashed across the river, wading and swimming.

The Twenty-second and four companies of the Twenty-third gained the west bank of the Tuliahan about the same time. This brought them exactly opposite Malinta. From the river where the American troops struggled up the bank there is a steady rise of half a mile to the village, which crowns the hills. The crest of the rise was torn up entrenchments, and, with their eyes fixed on these, the Americans moved steadily forward. The light artillery began to throw up the brown earth. The target work was perfect, but no Filipino showed himself and the troops could not tell how much damage was being done.

The rebels had profited by the lessons we had taught them. They reserved their fire until our troops were within 300 yards. The Twenty-second was in the advance when the seemingly dead trenches came to life with a fringe of fire. With Colonel Egbert at the head the Twenty-second dashed at the entrenchments. The Oregon and Kansas troops, at the right and left respectively, were fighting with equal gallantry, but they were in the woods and made no spectacle as fine as that furnished by the advance of the Twenty-second. In the middle of the charge Colonel Egbert fell forward on his saddle, shot through the abdomen.

Death of Colonel Egbert.

Close behind him, struggling through the grass, regardless of the hot fire, came General Wheaton and his staff. They bore the litter with the mortally wounded Colonel back past the General, who bared his head and gave a soldier's greeting to the dying officer.

"It was done nobly," said the General.

"I am done for; I am too old," gasped Egbert. He was dead before they got him to the rear.

The charge swept on until three lines of trenches had been taken and thirty of our men were down, killed or wounded. Despite the new conservatism of the insurgents that led them to hold their fire and to shoot low they did not wait for our troops.

The trenches were empty when the men of the Twenty-second piled into them. While they were gasping there from the heat and the dead and wounded were being brought in to the shade of the trees to be carried across

the river by the Chinese stretcher-bearers, MacArthur's advance guard—the Third Artillery and the Twentieth Kansas Regiment—joined Wheaton.

The advance to Malinta was made over the Nivaliches Rial. Hale's command in the flank movement of MacArthur's division surprised the insurgents in the northern trenches. The Filipinos fled along the railroad, burning rice mills, tearing up the tracks and obstructing all they knew how. They finally took refuge in the church at Malinta, where they made a stand. The American troops were coming on the run, however, and Malinta was taken by assault, the rebels continuing to retreat toward Polo, destroying as they went. As they fell back the insurgents broke up into comparatively small bodies, so the day's fighting was really a series of small battles.

Flight of the Insurgents Toward Malolos.

The Second Oregon found its work cut out for it by 1000 Philipinos west of Malinta. These came from Malabon, and manned four rows of entrenchments. They did not shoot as well as the crowd that faced Wheaton, and abandoned their trenches within an hour. The Third Artillery, with two guns from Utah, and supported by the Kansas troops, also came against some of the entrenched rebels. The American losses were confined to a few wounded.

General MacArthur's division advanced along the torn-up railroad toward Malabon. Ahead of them could be seen the black smoke rising from the burning town. The insurgents realized that they could not hold Malabon, and alarmed at the narrow escape they had from being caught in it, as in a trap, they fled back toward Malolos as fast as they could go.

The day's action was beautifully conducted. When Wheaton's brigade was wading the river the insurgent bullets were churning and splattering the water in their faces. Our soldiers dashed up the north bank dripping, and without stopping to shake the water from them, swept on over the ridge and into the rebel entrenchments. In the midst of it all came volley after volley from the left. And as suddenly as if it had been a battle on the stage, MacArthur's right wing appeared over the hill, cheering wildly.

Their sudden appearance was too much for the insurgents. They threw down their rifles and ran. The American forces, in a great triangle, rushed after them, and the slaughter among the fleeing natives was terrific. It was a magnificent picture of war, with the Fourth Cavalry galloping along the crest of the farthest hills shooting as they rode. Cannon, carbine and rifles were all belching forth death, and the smoke framed it all.

The American army advanced at 6 o'clock on the morning of the 29th, sweeping onward three miles before 10 o'clock, and driving the insurgents beyond Bocave, to the east of Bulacan and on the railroad leading to Malolos. Our troops met with but slight resistance. The Filipinos fired volleys for the purpose of drawing the American fire and disclosing the locality of our positions. Two men of the Pennsylvania regiment and one man belonging to the Dakota regiment were wounded. The Americans remained silent.

Looked as if Swept by a Cyclone.

The country between Marilao and Manila presented a picture of desolation. Smoke curled from hundreds of ash heaps, and the remains of trees and fences torn by shrapnel were to be seen everywhere. The general appearance of the country was as if it had been swept by a cyclone. The roads were strewn with furniture and clothing dropped in flight by the Filipinos. The only persons remaining behind were a few aged persons too infirm to escape. They camped beside the ruins of their former homes and begged passers-by for any kind of assistance. The majority of them were living on the generosity of our soldiers, who gave them portions of their rations. The dogs of the Filipinos cowered in the bushes, still terrified and barking, while hundreds of pigs were to be seen busily searching for food.

Bodies of dead Filipinos were stranded in the shallows of the river, or were resting in the jungle where they crawled to die, or were left in the wake of the hurriedly retreating army. These bodies gave forth a horrible odor, but there was no time to bury them.

The inhabitants who fled from Marilao and Meycauayan left in such a panic that on tables our soldiers found spread money and valuables, and in the rooms were trunks containing other property of value. This was the case in most of the houses deserted. They were not molested by our soldiers, but the Chinese who slipped in between the armies were looting when they could, and took possession of several houses, over which they raised Chinese flags, some of which were torn down. An old woman was found hidden in a house at Meycauayan yesterday just dead, apparently from fright and hunger.

Malolos, the insurgent capital, was captured on the morning of March 31st by the American troops, after a hot fight. The final advance began before daylight. After eating a good breakfast the troops started from their former line in the following order, extending from left to right:

Third United States Artillery; Montana Volunteers; Kansas Volunteers; Tenth Pennsylvania; South Dakota Volunteers; Nebraska Volunteers; Fourth United States Cavalry.

BATTLES AROUND MANILA.

Shortly before 3 o'clock the army began its cautious advance, meeting almost immediately with a heavy fire on the right. The troops advanced regardless of the rain of bullets, driving the insurgents from their trenches into the thickets. The army then advanced two miles and discovered an insurgent outpost strongly entrenched. The natives came forward flying a white flag and asked for mercy. They assured our troops that they were unarmed, but when they returned to their trenches they immediately opened a sharp fire on our lines, which was soon silenced.

Major General MacArthur entered Malolos, the seat of the so-called insurgent government, at half-past nine in the morning, the rebels burning the city and simultaneously evacuating it. The American soldiers went yelling down the street toward the principal square. Several ineffective shots greeted them from a stone barricade at the head of the street, but the troops rushed on, the insurgents fleeing.

The city was found to be burning, but the troops speedily took possession of it. Terrible confusion prevailed. The Chinese were flocking back into the city; the terrified insurgents were firing parting volleys as they retreated, and the troops were returning the fire.

A Brilliant Campaign.

The service of our troops in the Philippines was such as to cause every American heart to swell with pride. There was not one act of cowardice nor a step of retreat, and good generalship was supported by a soldiery whose courage, patience and fighting would make the honor page of any country stand more gloriously forth in its history.

The campaign in the East had, however, peculiar qualities which commended those engaged in it to the hearts of their countrymen. It was fought chiefly by the citizen soldiers, the regiments of the National Guard, not one of whom had until within a few months seen a shot fired in battle, and they all conducted themselves with the precision of regular troops and of veterans.

The regiments furnished by their respective States were volunteers, the boys from the plow, the clerks from the store, and officers who had only until within less than a year looked upon soldiery as a military picnic, a playtime period for armory drills and dances, a matter of uniform and flirtation. But back of this existed the real soldier's spirits, the fighting capacity which belonged to the Old Guard, the armies of Marlborough, Cromwell and Frederick the Great. Being called upon to exhibit it they responded with such splendid courage that the nation which sent them forth began to realize the potentiality of the race and to know that it is a people of strength in war as in the other channels through which it has attained grandeur.

The next event of importance in the Philippines after the downfall of Malolos was the capture of Santa Cruz, on Laguna de Bay, by General Lawton's forces on the morning of April 10th. This was done after a sharp engagement with the rebel defenders, who were commanded by Pac-Wah, a Chinaman.

General Lawton's expedition left San Pedro Macati at dusk on Saturday, intending to attack Santa Cruz at daybreak Sunday, but in navigating the tortuous Pasig River, perhaps through the cunning of the native pilots, several boats grounded, and it was nearly dawn when the troops reached the lake. The expedition then steamed cautiously forward, the Napidan and the Oeste ahead, the Laguna de Bay guarding the rear. Rebel signal fires were lighted on the mountain tops, giving warning of their approach.

It was noon before the white church towers of Santa Cruz appeared in the shadow of a great volcanic mountain on a marshy plain, dotted with occasional palm groves.

A casco, bearing two hundred picked sharpshooters, under Major Weisenberger, mostly of the First Washington regiment, was run into a shallow inlet about five miles south of the city. A few shells were sent towards the intrenchments of the rebels at the edge of the woods, sending the enemy scampering inland. The Americans then landed. Three troops of the Fourth Cavalry, unmounted, were also put ashore on a marshy point, south of the city, under fire from the enemy's trenches.

General Lawton Reconnoitres.

Meanwhile in the town itself there were utter silence and no signs of life. General Lawton, wishing to make an inspection, went on board the Laguna de Bay, and, accompanied by a launch, steamed slowly to the dock, the expedition watching anxiously. When it was discovered by the glasses that the trenches and stone buildings were swarming with white clad soldiers, the boats withdrew, receiving volleys from the trenches thrown up on a marshy plain north of the city.

The boats anchored in compact formation for the night, ready to resist any surprise from rebel gunboats, supposed to be in the lake. At about sunrise the assault began. The American line south of the city stretched two miles inland, and, with its left sweeping the shore, it moved north, while the Fourth cavalymen advanced toward the city from the north, pouring volleys upon the trenches. Simultaneously the gunboats hovered along the shore, shelling the woods ahead of the troops. The Gatling cleared several trenches.

The whole brigade was divided into squads of twelve, and the fighting was carried on in frontier fashion, from behind trees, crawling through bushes

or rushing across the open. The trenches gave considerable resistance when the line was nearing the city, and although the Laguna de Bay and Oeste bombarded for an hour they did not succeed in clearing them entirely.

General Lawton, with the Fourteenth infantry battalions, approached a narrow iron bridge across a creek south of the town. Here a company of Filipinos was intrenched behind a stone barricade at the bridge entrance. The Americans rushed forward in single file, in the face of a galling fire, demolished the barricade with their hands and drove out the enemy, killing a dozen.

Fought from House to House.

The Filipino soldiers in the town, secreted in buildings and firing from the windows, gave the invaders constant annoyance. There was a regular nest of them in the stone jail. The Americans singly or in pairs entered the houses, and took many warriors prisoners.

A considerable body of Filipinos fled northward over the open marshes, but the Gatlings poured upon them a deadly hail. Major Weisenberger deployed the sharpshooters along the shore, and they crept steadily forward, aiding the Gatlings. Finally a large body was sent against the enemy, driving them into the mountains.

General Lawton promptly established headquarters at the fine palace of the Governor. A guard was placed in the church, and within an hour the town was under patrol. Almost all the inhabitants had fled, and only a few Chinese shopkeepers emerged from hiding and resumed business. On the marshes north of the town were found forty dead Filipinos and many wounded, to whom the Americans offered their canteens as if they were comrades.

Later in the day Lawton's flying column captured Pagsajan, and the insurgents fled, after which his unresisted column descended the Lumbang river and found the insurgents assembled in some force at the village of Lumbang, which commands the mouth of the river. The latter was effectively obstructed to prevent the entrance of gunboats. The Laguna shelled the shore from the lake, driving the main force of the insurgents out. Only a small number remained within an old church to oppose the troops. These maintained a steady fire until rushed by the land force.

On the same date there was an offensive outbreak of the Filipinos, when an attack was made on MacArthur's men, who were guarding the railroad line between Malolos and Manila. The rebels massed at Bocave and Marilao. The attack was repulsed, but five American soldiers were killed and fourteen wounded. Many insurgents were slain. General Lawton's victory at Santa Cruz was more sweeping than at first supposed.

A furious battle was fought between the Americans and Filipinos on April 23d. The scene of the battle was Quingan, five miles northeast of Malolos. Major Bell, of the Fourth United States Cavalry, was ordered to make a reconnoissance in order to develop the strength of the insurgents. He took Lieutenant Rutherford and sixty-one men of the Fourth Cavalry. At daybreak this little body of Americans reached the insurgent position. Major Bell and Lieutenant Rutherford, with five men, went ahead of the rest of the reconnoitering party. The insurgents saw them, but withheld their fire, evidently expecting that the remainder of the company would soon come within range.

The Insurgents Open Fire.

Major Bell's orders from General MacArthur explicitly instructed him to ascertain the strength of the enemy. The remainder of the cavalry was advanced. As soon as the little command came within range the insurgents opened with a hot fire. One American soldier was killed and five wounded by the first volley.

Major Bell immediately sent for reinforcements. The cavalry held its ground bravely. The insurgents fought like demons. The Filipinos sent canoe loads of soldiers down the river. These landed on both the right and left sides of the American soldiers, surrounding them on three sides. They were forced back, but they fought hard for every inch of ground which they gave to the rebels.

The Filipinos followed up their advantage. They had driven Major Bell and his men nearly three-quarters of a mile from Quingan, when Major Morford, with a battalion of the First Nebraska Volunteers, hastened up to the assistance of the retreating cavalymen. Instead of the new troops changing the tide of battle and causing the Filipinos to retreat, the insurgents held their ground and fought more savagely. The battle was fought in a fog, which enabled the enemy to keep close to the Americans without being seen.

Next two companies of the Iowa Regiment advanced to the fighting line, but later they were withdrawn, being on guard duty. The rest of the Nebraska Regiment next came up. General Hale arrived shortly afterward with the rest of the Iowans. The Americans were ordered forward to take the positions which the insurgents were holding.

Just as the forward movement began Colonel Stotsenberg came dashing up and took his place at the head of his regiment. He had just returned to Malolos from Manila, where he had been visiting his wife. He heard of the battle, rushed to Quingan and reached his men in time to lead them in the storming of the insurgent trenches. During this charge in the withering hail

of bullets Colonel Stotsenberg was shot. An insurgent bullet pierced his heart. He dropped dead within a few yards of the trenches.

Three guns from the Utah Artillery reached the fighting ground just as the Nebraskans were making their charge. Their advance, assisted by the shells from the artillery, broke the resistance of the insurgents, and after half an hour more of fighting they were driven from Quingan. The village was occupied by the Americans.

Total American Loss.

Of the members of the Seventh Cavalry which came up with General Hale three were killed and five wounded. Five men were killed in the Nebraska regiment, including Colonel Stotsenberg and Lieutenant Sisson, and over thirty wounded. Several members of the Iowa troops were wounded. The total American loss was eight killed and forty-three wounded. Fifteen dead Filipinos were found in the trenches, but it is not believed they suffered heavily, as they were protected during most of the battle.

Major Bell's horse was shot from beneath him. The bullet passed through Major Bell's legging. Major Mallory's horse also was killed. Lieutenant Sisson, of the Nebraskans, was found to have been shot, like his commanding officer, through the heart. The members of the Nebraska Regiment were overwhelmed with grief over the loss of their colonel. Colonel Stotsenberg was noted as an absolutely fearless officer and brave commander. The Nebraska soldiers felt that their loss was irreparable.

Filipinos Driven from their Position.

The American forces, after a series of brilliant and daring forward movements, took and occupied the village of Calumpit April 25th. The Filipinos set fire to the town before they left, and the Americans found the houses burning when they dashed up the village streets after the fleeing insurgents. The Americans first drove the Filipinos from their position on the north bank of the Bagdag river. The defenses at this point were strong and the enemy was found well intrenched and desperately eager to check the American advance, for three intrenchments formed the sole defence with which the Filipinos had guarded the southern approach to Calumpit. The village lies one mile beyond these fortifications taken by our men. It occupies a position on the southern bank of the Rio Grande. After the fortifications had been taken the Americans steadily and pluckily advanced and took possession of Calumpit.

The Filipinos had made elaborate preparations to check the advance of the Americans at the fortification on the Bagdag river. The bamboo cane

growth which fronted the defenses had been cut away, so that the enemy had a clean sweep for their fire and an unobstructed view of the American approach. The defenses were very strong.

General Hale began his advance toward Calumpit down the north bank of the river, which he crossed at Quigua, after a hard fight with the insurgents. He had been instructed to move on to Calumpit from the east, while General MacArthur stood ready to send a column of troops north from Malolos on the railroad when he received word that General Hale's troops had reached a point near Calumpit. In carrying out his part of the plan General Hale met a stubborn, and, at times, desperate opposition from the Filipinos. In charging the enemy's intrenchments our troops lost six men. Eleven were wounded.

In return our men inflicted heavy losses upon the insurgents, for it is believed that 150 of the Filipinos were killed at one point. At another point our men surrounded thirty-eight insurgents who refused to surrender, and continued firing until the last one was killed.

Sharp Firing by Our Machine Guns.

At 8 o'clock in the morning General MacArthur, who was at Malolos, received advice that everything was ready for the advance up the railroad toward Calumpit, and he ordered General Wheaton to load his brigade on the train and proceed northward. The armored cars of the train were filled with men of Wheaton's brigade and the moving fort steamed north, approaching within 1,500 yards of the insurgent intrenchments.

The Filipinos were busy watching the advance of Hale's flanking column. When the ironclad train reached a point on the tracks about 1,500 yards from the enemy the rapid-fire guns of the Americans began playing on the entrenched insurgents. The centre of fire was the breastworks on the north branch of the river and the machine guns were used with good effect. With the machine guns hurling shot, the train was pushed forward steadily until it was well within 500 yards of the insurgents' firing line. The enemy concentrated their fire from the right upon the train.

Under this hot cross fire General Wheaton's men left the train and rushed forward, under an increasing fire. The insurgents had partially destroyed the bridge across the river, and the Americans rushed over the partly demolished structure, jumping into the river and swimming the rest of the way. When the Americans reached the shore the insurgents fell back in good order, maintaining a galling fire during the retreat. The Americans took possession of the works of the enemy and immediately General MacArthur ordered General Hale to the north to make a reconnoissance in force.

The fighting around Calumpit was resumed in the morning of April 26th at 6 o'clock. For the first time the Filipinos employed artillery. They brought two guns into action in the trenches before Calumpit, firing modern shrapnel, which burst over the heads of General Wheaton's men without effect. General Wheaton's brigade advanced in extended order, with the Kansas Regiment to the west of the railroad, and the Montana Regiment to the east of it, and took up a position covering one and a half miles on the south bank of the Rio Grande. On the opposite bank were fortified trenches, from which a few American soldiers would have been able to defy thousands, so strongly were they constructed.

The Americans found the trenches on the south bank of the river deserted, which furnished them with cover from which they could pick off Filipinos whenever one of them showed his head.

When the rebels began firing two puffs of smoke, simultaneously, from the trenches on each side of the railroad track showed they were using cannon, which was a genuine surprise to the Americans. Several shells burst close to General Wheaton's staff, but it seemed that the Filipinos failed to master the machinery of modern shells, as they were unable to get the right range.

Rebels Still Pouring a Heavy Fire.

Young's Utah Battery was ordered into position in the centre of the Kansas Regiment to silence the rebel guns, and at 11 o'clock the rapid-fire guns had been ferried across the river and came into line. At noon the rebels were still pouring a heavy fire in the direction of the Americans, who returned it spiritedly. Two Americans were killed and seven were wounded. At about this time General Hale's brigade was advancing east of the line, apparently to cross the river and attack the rebel trenches in the flank, as the Americans did the previous day.

General MacArthur secured an order issued by Aguinaldo to the rebel commanders telling them to instruct their men to economize their fire, save the empty shells, and not to fire at the enemy when the latter was under cover. The Filipinos were also instructed never to fire at a longer range than 160 yards, and when they had a river or other obstruction in front to hold their fire until within ninety yards.

General Lawton met with the greatest obstacles in the character of the country. He was forced to put his men at work building roads, and the transport service gave him much trouble, bullocks dying of the heat and exhaustion, and Chinamen having to be employed in pulling some of the carts. The natives fled before the expedition, but they swarmed back to their huts as soon as the American troops passed.

The most brilliant exploit and the winning of the greatest American victory in the battles around Manila occurred on the 27th. The taking of the bridge over the Rio Grande at Calumpit was a deed of astonishing daring. It was the most strongly defended position held by the insurgents. Located on the north shore of the Rio Grande, opposite Calumpit, it is the most valuable strategic point in Luzon. The fact that it was guarded by the most trustworthy and best disciplined regiments of General Aguinaldo made the feat more noteworthy. Army officers said the daring displayed by the American troops was almost unparalleled in the annals of modern warfare.

Colonel Funston's Gallant Charge.

It was a red-letter day for the Twentieth Regiment of Kansas Volunteers, commanded by Colonel Funston. One hundred and twenty men belonging to that regiment crossed the river in the face of a deadly fire from 3,000 insurgent Mausers. This torrent of bullets was augmented by a fusillade of a Maxim gun, of which the insurgents had obtained possession.

Colonel Funston, with only nine men, charged the trenches manned by thousands of insurgents, discharging their rifles as they ran up the embankments. The American artillery on the south shore of the Rio Grande poured shot and shell into the Filipino stronghold. The rebels were stampeded. They went to the north, toward Bacolor. Despite the extraordinary risks and chances taken by the Americans our troops suffered very few casualties. Only one man was killed, and the wounded do not exceed a dozen. The insurgents lost heavily, fully twenty-five were killed during the mad charge of Colonel Funston's men on the trenches.

In telling of the engagement, in order to give an adequate idea of the bravery of our troops, and the extraordinary character of their achievement, it is necessary to describe the defense held by the Filipinos, and the topography of the country. The bridge where the desperate fighting took place is about a hundred yards long. It extends over the Rio Grande, and is the gateway, practically, to the entire northern portion of the Island of Luzon. All the ties and rails had been removed from the structure, making it almost impossible to cross, as the men had to creep along the iron framework.

At the further end of the bridge, opposite Calumpit, were the most carefully constructed and formidable earthworks. They seemed almost impregnable. They were in the form of semi-circular trenches around the approach of the bridge. The trenches had roofs of steel rails. These roofs formed a splendid protection against bursting shells, and for a time made the work of the artillery almost futile. These earthworks extended for a long distance in either direction. They were evidently the work of many weeks. An old

Spanish cannon was mounted near the railway, with its muzzle pointed south toward Calumpit.

About 300 yards west of the railroad, on the north shore of the Rio Grande, a deep, narrow stream empties into the river. Beyond this stream are other trenches commanding the south shore of the river. The American forces occupied the south shore, within 400 yards of the insurgent earthworks. Early in the morning the Filipinos began a steady fire from both their infantry and artillery. Most of it was directed upon the freight house where the Sixth Artillery guns were stationed. The Americans, however, returned such a heavy fire that the insurgents were obliged to keep beneath the cover of their earthworks.

It was during this fire that Colonel Funston and his 120 Kansans performed the exploit of the day. They marched down to the river, a distance of 300 yards from the freight house, in plain view of the insurgents. Immediately the Filipino fire was directed upon the Kansas men. Colonel Funston and his men were prepared to cross the river so that they could make a flank attack upon the rebels in the trenches. Privates White and Trembly, of Company D, of the Kansas regiment, stripped off their uniforms, jumped into the river and swam directly toward the Filipino breastworks. Almost immediately they drew the fire from the trenches of the insurgents, but evidently they had not been noticed by the insurgents at the end of the bridge. The latter were fully occupied by the artillery and infantry fire of the Americans.

Great Bravery of Two Soldiers.

When White and Trembly reached the shore they carried a rope to the beach, tied it to an upright of the bridge, and by making a tremendous noise frightened the insurgents out. They had no arms, but they threw clods of dirt into the trenches and kept up such a terrific yelling that the insurgents thought a whole company was upon them. All this time Colonel Funston and his men on the south shore of the river kept up a steady fire, thereby protecting White and Trembly. Two more Kansans followed in a small boat with the clothes and rifles which had been stripped off by Trembly and White, but the boat capsized. Its contents were lost and the two men in it were obliged to swim for their lives.

Colonel Funston in the meantime followed on a raft with about 20 men. Close behind him came two more rafts on which were 30 men. The appearance of this number revealed to the main force of the Filipinos the daring trick which had been practiced upon them. Immediately they directed a wild fire toward the rafts. It was ineffective. As soon as Colonel Funston reached the opposite shore with his 50 men he rushed down to the small

stream which empties into the Rio Grande, about 300 yards from the railroad bridge. His men were yelling like demons. They were pouring a terrific enfilading fire into the main trenches of the insurgents across the small stream.

The Philipinos became panic stricken. There was a regular stampede. When Colonel Funston saw them running he searched for some place to cross, and in so doing got under the fire from several hundred insurgents who had retreated some distance from the smaller stream. A Maxim gun opened on them from a different direction, and this fire compelled them to retire. When the Maxim ceased the Filipinos returned. Finally Colonel Funston found a small boat, and, with Captain Orwig and eight men, crossed the small river, and with this handful of volunteers charged straight into the heavy trenches held by the Philipinos. They chased the insurgents out of their protected position, and by the time Colonel Funston reached the railroad the Kansas and Montana troops began creeping across the bridge.

It was thought the insurgents had fled. They were noticed, however, in a big field to the rear of their entrenchment forming a long skirmish line. Several hundred of them prepared to advance. They appeared greatly demoralized, however. Two generals on horses galloped wildly back and forth endeavoring to restore order. They finally got the Philipinos into fairly good order as a skirmish line. Then generals could be seen by the Americans urging their men to advance. As the line moved forward the Kansas Regiment opened fire from the position on the north bank of the Rio Grande. The insurgents broke again.

Following Up the Insurgents.

The advance had just begun when General Wheaton, who crossed the bridge among the first troops who had gone over under the cover of Colonel Funston's men, ordered all available troops to attack the flying insurgents. As they retreated the Kansas and Montana regiments followed them, while Colonel Funston ordered the Nebraska and the South Dakota regiments to cross the bridge and follow the soldiers from Kansas and Nebraska in the chase. Then followed a long running fight. The insurgents endeavored to reach Minalin, the next station on the railroad. The locomotives were visible there with steam up. Some of the Philipinos succeeded in reaching this train, which steamed rapidly north. About thirty who were unable to get on the train advanced to the American lines under a flag of truce and surrendered. Many escaped through the woods.

Aspalit, the next station, was set on fire by the insurgents and was burned. The Philipinos had evacuated the town before our troops reached it.

The two batteries of artillery known at Manila as the "Mormons" became famous on account of their heroic exploits. Sturdy city men from Pennsylvania, plainsmen from Nebraska, Kansas and South Dakota, and miners and cowboys from Montana and Idaho, have all charged under the protection of the twelve guns of the Utah artillery, and the generals have taken pride in giving credit and promotion to its brave men.

Utah Battery's Brilliant Achievements.

There is special interest in the East, too, in the performances of this organization. Major Richard W. Young, the senior officer of the battalion, is a graduate of Columbia University Law School, a West Pointer, and spent many years on Governor's Island as Judge Advocate of the Department of the East under General Hancock. Major Grant, Commander of the Second battery, was a graduate of the Canadian School of Artillery, and spent many years of his life in the East.

Utah prepared in 1886 for the distinction that has now come to her by purchasing eight 3.2-inch modern field guns immediately after she was admitted to the Union. At that time there was a large sum in the Treasury at Washington, the accumulation of many years' allowances for militia organization. This, on the advice of Major Young, formerly an officer of the Fifth artillery, then a lawyer in Salt Lake City, was used in the purchase of the cannon, and when the war began he was entrusted with the organization of three batteries of volunteers.

Two of these were taken on the transports Colon and China on the second military expedition to Manila, embarking on June 15, 1898, and it was their fortune to be engaged in the first battle with the Spaniards. Four of the guns were posted to guard the advanced post of the American troops in front of Malate. Barely eight hundred yards in front of them were the Spanish trenches and forts, and only the Tenth Pennsylvania was near to support them.

The handful of men at the guns had a memorable taste of war on the night of July 31st, when a tropical rain was flooding the trenches and shutting out everything from their sight. In the midst of the storm the Spaniards opened fire from their trenches, and soon a body of more than three thousand were charging on the guns and the Pennsylvanians.

Captains Young and Grant and almost all the other officers of the batteries were with General Greene at Camp Dewey. The guns were in charge of Lieutenant Orrin M. Grow, who was barely twenty-seven years old. Supported by the Pennsylvanians, the men held to their position, pouring shrapnel in the direction of the Spanish lines, and at one time seeing the faces of their

charging foes by the flash of their guns. Finally when their ammunition was almost exhausted General Greene came up with infantry support, and Captains Young and Grant led the other eager men of the Utah batteries, who were pulling their guns through mud that reached the hubs of the carriages.

Even the advance of the Americans proved a danger for the brave little band, however, for when the Californians saw the flash of the Utah guns in the darkness they opened fire on the two score of men in the trenches and kept it up until they realized they had been shooting at friends.

In the capture of Manila the post of honor was given to the Utah batteries. They opened fire early in the morning on the Spanish fort at Malate, and covered the advance of General Greene's division, which forced its way even to the walls of the old city. Special mention was made of the artillerymen and their officers in the report of the engagement. When the alarm sounded after the insurgent attack on the night of February 4th the Utah guns, now increased to twelve by the capture of cannon from the Spaniards, were in the city. But to each had been given its station, and soon the boys were rattling through the streets, dragging their guns in the midst of bullets that came from every side. At daylight they were guarding the infantry from the beach north of Manila to the Pasig river.

Covers the Advance of Our Infantry.

Two of the guns under Lieutenant W. C. Webb were directly in front of San Juan Bridge, over which had been fired the shot of the American sentry that brought the armies into conflict. So close were the cannon to the enemy that after the first fire the insurgents concentrated their attention on them, and two of the gunners were killed before the infantrymen could reach the rebel trenches.

From one position to another along the whole front of the left wing the Utah batteries for three days covered the advance of the infantry. In the recapture of the Manila water works, on which depended the safety of the city, seven of the guns shelled the insurgents from hill to hill. Churches, convents, monasteries and other buildings wherein Aguinaldo's men took refuge bear the marks of the accurate fire of the Westerners.

On the right wing in this engagement Utah artillerymen acted on the water, Lieutenant Naylor commanding the gunboat Laguna de Bay, dubbed by the soldiers the "Mud Hen," which prepared the way for the advance up the Pasig River. Afterward Major Grant, who had received promotion in company with Major Young for gallantry in action, was put in command of the fleet of gunboats which guarded the Pasig River and swept around Laguna de Bay, disorganizing the insurgents and later covering the landing of Law-

BATTLES AROUND MANILA.

ton's expedition on the lake shore. From Caloocan to Calumpit insurgent works show evidence of the work of the Utah gunners. They were in the advance line of MacArthur's troops, covering the advance with canister that shook the bravery of Aguinaldo's best troops.

As a reward for his efficiency Major Young was offered a commission in the regular army. During the early days of the occupation of Manila he was judge of the provost court, and his name was recommended to President McKinley for an appointment as lieutenant colonel in the Judge Advocate General's Department.

Probably three-fourths of the men in the two batteries are Mormons. Many of them served their two or three years as missionaries for that Church and a Mormon chaplain was with the battalion. Major Young is a grandson of Brigham Young, and an elder and Mormon home missionary. Major Grant is a Gentile in Utah, in company with several of the brave officers in the battalion. There was no church feeling in the batteries, however.

Spain Receives \$20,000,000.

Ambassador Cambon, as the diplomatic representative of the Spanish government in Washington, called at the State Department on May 1st and received from Secretary Hay four warrants for \$5,000,000 each, making \$20,000,000, due to Spain under the treaty of Paris.

There was little formality about the transfer of warrants. The Ambassador showed to Secretary Hay his authority from the Spanish government to receive the money, and after the warrants had been handed him he signed four copies of a receipt. He retained one copy and another was sent to Mr. Storer, the newly appointed American Minister to Spain. A third was sent to Ambassador Porter, at Paris, and the fourth was sent to the Treasury Department to be filed.

This ended the details connected with the treaty of peace between our Government and Spain, and prepared the way for diplomatic relations to be resumed. The negotiations were conducted by Ambassador Cambon with excellent judgment and tact, and his work was highly commended

AGUINALDO SUING FOR PEACE.

General Otis telegraphed the War Department at Washington under date of April 28th, that the commanding general of the insurgents had received from the insurgent government directions to suspend hostilities pending negotiations for the termination of the war and that insurgent staff officers were on the way to Manila for that purpose.

The text of General Otis's dispatch was as follows :

"After taking Calumpit, MacArthur's division crossed the Rio Grande River in the face of great obstacles, driving the concentrated forces of the enemy back on the railroad two miles. MacArthur reports that passage of the river was a remarkable military achievement, the success of which is due to the daring skill and determination of Colonel Funston, under discriminative control of General Wheaton. Casualties slight, number not yet ascertained.

"This morning chief of staff from the commanding general of insurgent forces entered our lines to express admiration of the wonderful feat of the American army in forcing passage of the river, which was thought impossible. Staff officer reports that insurgent commanding general has received from insurgent government directions to suspend hostilities pending negotiations for the termination of the war.

"Lawton's forces well in hand in vicinity of Agnat, east of Calumpit, where he is waiting supplies to be sent to-morrow. Yesterday morning a force of fifteen hundred insurgents attacked troops at Taguig; driven back by Washington regiment. Our loss two killed, twelve wounded."

The dispatch from General Otis was immediately telegraphed to President McKinley at Philadelphia, who sent the following reply :

"OTIS, Manila: Your message announcing the advance of MacArthur's division and the proposal of the insurgents for the suspension of hostilities most gratifying. Convey to officers and men heartfelt congratulations and gratitude for their signal gallantry and triumphs.

"WILLIAM MCKINLEY."

While the insurgents were undoubtedly tired of the war, the leaders were torn with dissensions. There was a suspicion that it was hoped by means of a conference to ascertain what terms they could expect. If they saw that anything was to be gained by continuing the war, an armistice would afford them an opportunity for recuperating their demoralized forces. It is an interesting

commentary on Aguinaldo's scheme that only sixty of the three hundred members of the Filipino Congress took the oath of allegiance which their constitution required.

A Filipino proclamation, replying to the proclamation of the American Commissioners, appeared. It was signed by Madini for the President, and was dated at San Isidro April 15. Written in the usual grandiose style, it declared that President McKinley issued the proclamation in order to force the American Congress to ratify the cession of the islands under the treaty of Paris. "This contract of cession was made with the Spaniards after Spanish domination had been ended by the valor of our troops," the proclamation asserted.

Aguinaldo's Troops Exhausted.

The proclamation complained that the Filipinos were not represented at Paris during the negotiations of the treaty, and that they were without assurances of the fulfillment of American promises. It dilated upon the alleged Anglo-Saxon hatred of blacks, and asserted a desire to enslave them. After deploring a lack of foreign aid in prosecuting the war, the proclamation concluded: "We stand alone, but we will fight to the death. Coming generations will pray over our graves, shedding tears of gratitude for their freedom."

Speaking of the conference with the Filipino leaders, President Schurman, of the Philippine Commission, said that the Filipino emissary began the conversation with a strong plea for the independence of the natives of Luzon. President Schurman replied to Arguelles that he was unable to discuss the independence of the Filipinos.

"I told Arguelles," said President Schurman, "that American sovereignty over the Philippines was an established fact, and for this reason I declined to discuss any kind of a treaty. I also pointed out to Colonel Arguelles that the suspension of hostilities was a military matter which should be settled by the military officers, so I would have to decline to talk on that point. Arguelles seemed very much depressed at not being able to secure the independence of the insurgents. He practically admitted that the resources of the men following Aguinaldo were exhausted. He told me that the insurgents desired peace. He admitted that it should come on terms thoroughly honorable to America, but at the same time said the terms should not be made such as would be humiliating to the Filipinos. Colonel Arguelles claimed he considered the unconditional surrender demanded by General Otis as most humiliating to his countrymen."

President Schurman evidently did not think the terms demanded by General Otis unjust.

The following is a detailed account of the proposals sent by the insurgent authorities. Colonel Arguelles and Lieutenant Bernal, the members of insurgent General Luna's staff, who came through the American lines near Calumpit, arrived in Manila in the afternoon of the 28th to consult with General Otis regarding peace negotiations. They reported that Aguinaldo was at San Isidro.

General Otis said: "The insurgents thought that their position on the river bank at Calumpit was impregnable. There they made a successful stand against the Spaniards in 1896. Our success in storming their strong intrenchments has demoralized them and the people are ready to give up the fight. As to the emissaries who have been sent by General Luna, my opinion is that they desire to gain time. They say that they wish to submit the question of continuing the war or not to their Congress, meeting in May. These leaders think that they represent the Filipino people. I answered that I would be glad to receive emissaries from the insurgent chiefs, provided they came with a proposition for absolute surrender. These were the only terms that I could consider."

Negotiations were Fruitless.

The Filipino officers attracted much attention. They were dressed in uniforms of checked blue and white cloth, and wore straw hats. They carried no sidearms. They were escorted directly to the office of General Otis, where Jacob G. Schurman, president of the Philippine Commission, and Charles Denby, a member of the commission, joined the party. The news of the arrival of Filipino officers under a flag of truce spread through the city rapidly, and many officers went to the palace, while a crowd of natives gathered in the square opposite the palace.

After a two hours' conference the Filipino officers, escorted by American officers, left the palace. They did not look at all pleased as a result of their talk with General Otis and the members of the Philippine Commission, and it was learned that the negotiations for peace had thus far been without effect.

Arguelles and Bernal told General Otis that they represented General Luna, who had been requested by Aguinaldo to ask General Otis for a cessation of hostilities in order to allow time for the summoning of the Filipino Congress, which would decide whether the people wanted peace. General Otis replied in effect that he did not recognize the existence of a Filipino government. Aguinaldo evidently selected the army as a cloak for his Congress, hoping by subterfuge to overcome General Otis' consistent policy of ignoring the Filipino government.

The Filipinos argued that it was impossible to arrange an armistice with-

out the sanction of the Congress. General Otis punctured this assumption by remarking that if Aguinaldo could make war without the Congress he could stop it without reference to that body. One of the conferees remarked after the meeting that the Filipinos were shrewder than white men in diplomacy, as the Malays are credited with being. "General Otis," said President Schurman, in discussing this feature of the case, "is doing with brother Filipinos just what General Grant did to brother Americans at Appomattox."

During the conversation Colonel Arguelles reiterated a dozen times the necessity of enabling the Filipinos to surrender without the loss of honor. "*Pag Con Dignidad*" was the expression he so frequently used. President Schurman suggested what seemed to him a better emollient to the insurgents. He said that if they surrendered immediately the commission would invite them to co-operate with it in proposing a form of government, which would be submitted to President McKinley. He promised that if his suggestions were followed out the views and representations of the Filipino leaders would be considered earnestly by the Commission.

Professor Schurman assured Colonel Arguelles that the Commission desired to draft a scheme of government which would satisfy all legitimate aspirations of the Filipinos. To accept these proposals, he assured the insurgent officer, would bring peace with dignity, and also with influence, to the insurgents. The members of the Commission said that the remarks of Colonel Arguelles which followed this proposition were the first obvious manifestations of weakness. While he demurred at the idea of an unconditional surrender, he evidently was taken greatly with what President Schurman said in regard to the part the Filipinos would be permitted to take in the drafting of the new form of government.

General Lawton Pushing Forward.

While it was the general expectation among the Americans that the Filipino emissaries would return with revised proposals from General Antonio Luna, Major General Otis did not let this prospect interfere with his preparations for pushing the war. He ordered Major General Lawton to return to Angat, a few miles northwest of Norzagaray, and not to advance aggressively while the negotiations were pending. General MacArthur was apparently acting on the same policy, but he was repairing bridges and strengthening the lines of his force, which stretched out with a four-mile front and within a quarter of a mile of the enemy.

The possibilities of peace were gratifying to a great majority of the army, who regarded the war as an unpleasant duty that must be performed according to American traditions. Manila was cheerful over the prospect of a

return to normal life, though there were skeptics who remarked that a truce would enable the insurgents to rest until the rainy season, upon which they were depending as an important aid. The prisoners report that there were 75,000 refugees north of San Fernando. This is not impossible, considering the thickly populated region which the Americans cleared. It was reported also that small-pox was spreading among them.

When Dean C. Worcester, of the United States Philippine Commission, who accompanied the Filipino emissaries from Calumpit, said to Colonel Manuel Arguelles that the Americans were under no obligations to refrain from fighting, the Filipino officer replied: "Would you fight while we are discussing terms of peace?"

Mr. Worcester responded with the suggestion that an armistice would give the Filipino leaders time to escape.

Plan of Government Proposed.

"My God! where would we escape to?" the Filipino exclaimed, referring in this to the menacing hostile tribes behind the Filipino lines. Colonel Arguelles said that he was much disappointed in the results of his mission. He said also that Aguinaldo expected Calumpit to be the cemetery of the American army.

Lieutenant Colonel Wallace, of the First Montana Regiment; Major Adams and Major Shields, who slept on the night of the 28th in General Luna's camp, where they went to inform the Filipinos that their envoys would return in safety, found the Filipino commander cordial, the Filipino troops removing their hats as the Americans passed. The Filipinos complained to them that the Americans used explosive bullets, which is not the fact. The American officers retorted that the copper shells used by the Filipinos are worse than explosive bullets. General Luna said he regretted being obliged to kill Americans, but that was his business.

General Wheaton entertained Colonel Arguelles and Lieutenant Jose Bernal and provided them with horses to return to their camp. In the course of the conference Jacob C. Schurman, chairman of the United States Philippines Commission, told Colonel Arguelles that if the insurgents would now lay down their arms, he and his colleagues of the Commission would consult them regarding the plan of government to be submitted to President McKinley. He said he could not promise that all of their suggestions would be adopted, but he could assure them that there would be a presumption in favor of their suggestions, adding that the commissioners would be especially desirous of satisfying the legitimate aspirations of the Filipinos by granting any reasonable requests.

Mr. Schurman said: "I believe Colonel Arguelles is personally sincere and honest, though I have no means of ascertaining the sentiments and aims of the authorities behind him. The Filipinos people, like other Asiatic peoples, have no trust in mere words, without force behind them, but, with force, I consider a conciliatory spirit of the utmost importance.

"I believe that, when peace has been established, governing the Filipinos will not be a difficult matter, provided we show them firmness, justice and kindness. At the present time they distrust and dislike us, but these sentiments, which are, perhaps, not unnatural, will soon be dispelled by the effects of the good government we have promised to establish there. It will be the foremost duty of American officials to understand and sympathize with the Filipinos themselves."

Celebration of Dewey Day.

May 1st, the anniversary of Admiral Dewey's great naval victory in the harbor of Manila, was observed throughout the United States by a profuse display of flags, by public meetings in some places and by a brilliant naval parade in the waters of the Delaware at Philadelphia. The arrival of the Raleigh, one of Admiral Dewey's ships, at Philadelphia created much enthusiasm.

The day was generally observed, and as an expression of the good will of the United States, President McKinley forwarded to Admiral Dewey the following cablegram: "On this anniversary of your great victory the people of the United States unite in an expression of affection and gratitude to yourself and the brave officers and men of your fleet, whose brilliant achievements marked an epoch in history which will live in the annals of the world's heroic deeds.

(Signed) "WILLIAM MCKINLEY."

General Lawton's force was engaged in hard fighting early in the morning of May 2d. He marched in a westerly direction on Balinag, where a large body of rebels was concentrated. General Hale started from Calumpit at daybreak with the Iowa and South Dakota regiments, and a squad of cavalry and two guns of the Utah battery in a northeasterly direction, to co-operate with the Macabeebes, who asked the Americans to arm them in order that they might fight the Tagals. The Macabeebes had already organized a company of Bolomen to guard the town. They brought Tagal prisoners to General MacArthur.

Refugees reported that the Filipino army was deserting San Fernando and massing at Santo Tomas, where General Luna's headquarters were located, and that strong entrenchments were being constructed at the sides of the railway and on the swamp front, in the best positions possible.

Major Manuel Arguelles and Lieutenant José Bernal, of the staff of General Luna, returned to Manila to renew and urge the request of General Luna for a cessation of hostilities. They found their task a most uncongenial one. The two officers were received in conference by General Otis. The proposals which they had to submit differed but slightly from those which they brought from the Filipino commander in the first place. They desired a little time in which to summon Congress, and expressed themselves as confident that the Congress would decree peace, because the people desired it.

They represented that Aguinaldo was without power to surrender the army, and that the Congress must decide that question. Incidentally the Filipino envoys asserted that Aguinaldo had not yet made a fair test of his strength against the American forces, because only one-third of his army had been assembled together.

The Disguise Thrown Off.

On May 4th there was a conference lasting two hours between Major General E. S. Otis and the envoys who came from General Antonio Luna bearing a proposal for a cessation of hostilities. General Otis adhered to his refusal to recognize the so-called government of the insurgents. The Filipinos then asked for a truce of three months to enable Aguinaldo to summon the Congress and consult with the insurgent leaders or others of the islands. The envoys admitted the contention of General Otis that Aguinaldo had little control over affairs outside of the island of Luzon.

The Filipino envoys then abandoned the pretense under which they came to General Otis that they represented General Antonio Luna, and announced that they came as representatives of Aguinaldo himself. The two emissaries used all their wiles to secure a reply from General Otis to the letter from Senor Mabini, Aguinaldo's Prime Minister and Minister of Foreign Affairs in the dictator's Cabinet, which they presented to General Otis on May 3d; but General Otis refused to make any reply on the ground that to do so would be equivalent to a recognition of the so-called government of the Filipinos.

Major Arguelles said that Aguinaldo knew he would be overpowered in time, but that he would be able to continue the fight for months, and that he would do so unless he were given peace with dignity.

By filling in the roads where it was required, putting canoes on the rivers and plowing fields south of Malolos, the American army was put in a fine position for a decisive blow. General MacArthur moved his headquarters to San Vicente across the Rio Grande. General Wheaton's brigade advanced beyond Apalit. General Hale returned to co-operate with General Lawton.

On May 5th, Major General MacArthur carried San Tomas, after encountering a strong resistance. In spite of the peaceful overtures of their commissioners, the Filipinos vigorously resisted the advance of General MacArthur's division from Apalit towards San Fernando, fighting desperately at long range after running from trench to trench when driven out by the American artillery.

The movement commenced at half-past five in the morning. General Hale's brigade advanced along the road a few miles west of the railway line. General Wheaton, with Hotchkiss and Gatling guns, under the command of Lieutenant Naylor, of the Utah Light Artillery, mounted on hand cars, pushed ahead.

Strong Resistance from the Insurgents.

Both brigades met with resistance simultaneously on approaching the river near San Tomas, which is about eight kilometers from Apalit. The centre span of the railroad bridge had dropped into the river, and the rebels had only left a small force to check General Wheaton, their main body lining the strong trenches in front of General Hale.

Although the attacking force poured a very heavy artillery and musketry fire across the river, the enemy stubbornly resisted for over an hour, ultimately breaking when Major Young shelled their left flank, and then retreating along the river bank under cover.

So soon as they discovered that the nature of the country would permit only a few skirmishers on each side of the embankment, the rebels regained their courage and fought desperately for three-quarters of an hour, in the face of the American volleys and a rapid-fire fusillade, until flanked by the Montana Regiment. Then a general scramble ensued, most of the enemy boarding trains that were in readiness and the others taking the road to San Fernando, after burning the villages of San Tomas and Minalin.

About noon General Wheaton crossed the broken bridge, cleared the stragglers out of the villages and advanced towards San Fernando. General Hale effected a crossing simultaneously, after a slight delay necessary to repair a stone bridge.

After a short rest the advance was continued, General Wheaton encountering the first series of entrenchments near San Fernando. The rebels now opened a hot fire.

Colonel Funston, of the Twentieth Kansas, was wounded, one lieutenant was killed and four were wounded while leading four companies of the Kansas Regiment to outflank the enemy. General Hale pushed along the road, flanking the trenches.

On May 17th General Lawton's advance guard, under Colonel Summers, of the Oregon troops, took San Isidro, the insurgent capital, at 8.30 o'clock A.M. Colonel Summers's command, consisting of the Twenty-second Infantry on the left, the Minnesota Regiment in the centre and the Oregon and North Dakota Regiments on the right, preceded by scouts and accompanied by Scott's Battery of Artillery, advanced from Baluarte at daylight.

The troops first encountered the enemy two miles from San Isidro. The rebels retired when our artillery opened fire. Just outside the town a rebel force estimated to number 2,000 men was entrenched. It made a slight resistance, but evacuated its position when our troops turned its right flank. The enemy's loss was fifteen men killed and twenty wounded. Our troops also captured three prisoners and many rifles. On the American side one soldier of the Oregon Regiment and one of the Minnesota Regiment were slightly wounded. After capturing the town, Colonel Summers' troops continued the advance, pursuing the retreating rebels for several miles.

The expedition under Major Kobbe, of the Third Artillery, consisting of the Seventeenth Infantry, a battalion of the Ninth and one battery of the First Artillery, left Calumpit at daybreak on the 17th, marching from Rio Grande to join General Lawton's division at Arayat. A flotilla of cascoes loaded with supplies also proceeded up the river. The forces were conveyed by the gunboats under Captain Grant.

Natives Return to their Homes.

Although the rebels still threatened San Fernando in considerable force, large numbers of natives, a majority of them being families with their household goods, returned to the town inside the American lines, at Apalit especially. Many of the richer Filipinos came to Manila and laborers resumed work in the rice fields. The latter showed their respect for American sovereignty by removing their hats to the passing trains. Owing to the bad condition of the wagon roads the work of repairing the railroad was actively pushed. All the broken bridges were trestled.

At daylight on the 17th Lieutenant Hill, who, with twenty-five men of the Fourth Infantry, was concealed in the trenches near Pasig, was attacked by a force of rebels, who evidently imagined they could capture one of our outposts, because only a few shots had been fired by the American force. A few volleys put the enemy to flight, the rebels losing five men killed and a number of wounded. The army gunboat Napingdan returned to Manila from the lake, having been disabled by a cannon shot from a rebel position near Santa Cruz, which broke her rudder-post.

The following dispatch had been received at the War Department at Washington on the 17th :

"Situation as follows: Lawton, with tact and ability, has covered Bulacan Province with his column, and driven insurgent troops northward into San Isidro, second insurgent capital, which he captured this morning; is now driving enemy northward into mountains.

"He has constant fighting, inflicting heavy loss and suffering; few casualties; appearance of his troops on flanks of enemy behind entrenchments thrown up at every strategic point and town very demoralizing to the insurgents, and has given them no opportunity to reconcentrate scattered troops. Kobbe's column, with gunboats, proceeding up Rio Grande.

"OTIS."

The dispatch of General Otis regarding the capture of San Isidro by General Lawton, and his forcing of the scattered insurgent ranks into the mountains, was so pleasing to Mr. McKinley that he immediately sent his congratulations to General Lawton in the following telegram :

"To OTIS, Manila: Convey to General Lawton and the gallant men of his command my congratulations upon the successful operations during the past month resulting in the capture this morning of San Isidro.

"WILLIAM MCKINLEY."

Resignation of Aguinaldo's Cabinet.

The members of Aguinaldo's Cabinet tendered their resignations on May 3d. Coupled with the various resignations was the unanimous recommendation that Mabino be retained as Secretary of State. The Filipinos claimed that the motive of this wholesale resignation was to leave Aguinaldo at liberty to appoint a new Cabinet if desired. Aguinaldo, in answer to the resignations, sent a message to the House of Representatives of the so-called Filipino Government and said that he was satisfied with the personnel of the present Cabinet. Then he followed with a long resumé of the situation.

The following are extracts of the statement which Aguinaldo sent to the Filipino Legislature:

"You are obliged to inaugurate your difficult task at the moment of greatest anguish to the country; when the guns of the enemy do not respect either life, honor or public interest. The representative of the American Government brought us from Hong Kong with promises that he would aid in the reconquest of this country's lost liberty. Fortunately the people, anticipating my desires, had thrown off the yoke of Spanish dominion without foreign aid.

"Trusting in the honesty of the Americans, and recognizing that our easy triumph was partly due to their destruction of the Spanish fleet, I have obtained the friendship of those representatives by assuring them that the Filipinos preferred an alliance with America to any other nation. Unfortunately my efforts encountered their pretension, which was as inconceivable as it was firm, that I should be subservient to their orders. My negative answer induced them to decline to recognize our government."

Aguinaldo, in continuing his address to the Legislature, accused the authorities at Washington with precipitating the present hostilities without warning and without declaring war because President McKinley believed the sentiment of the people of America was going rapidly against the acquirement of the Philippines. He acknowledged the superiority of arms, of discipline and of the numbers of the American forces.

The Filipino Commander Praises his Troops.

The Filipino soldiers received warm praise in the address for their bravery in maintaining the unequal struggle, as follows :

"I am deeply moved by such an exhibition of virtue and patriotism. I am convinced that I should not be permitted to abuse the generous sentiment of these unfortunate people any longer, or continue to extend the strife and their sacrifices, unless it is absolutely necessary. I have solicited the members of the American Philippine Commission for a temporary but not general suspension of hostilities. I did this in order to secure time in which to allow the Filipinos to consider the sad situation and debate upon the guarantee of liberty which might be offered by our enemies, but the Americans refused to consider without previous unconditional submission to their orders. Our efforts were all against any such plan, which would oblige us to recognize their sovereignty with no guarantee except their promise of liberty.

"I am now fully convinced that our arms constitute the sole means of gaining our aspirations. I believe this because for the fulfillment of the promises made by the American Government, it is necessary that a formal agreement be drawn up between the Filipinos and the Americans. This agreement must be approved by the American Congress. No such document exists, nor will the Americans give the Filipinos time to draft one conformable with our desires and customs. Therefore it is evident they desire to fulfill the promises they have made only when it is convenient for them.

"It would be cruelty for us to submit with such indiscretion and abandon our defenseless people to the merciless foreign guns and cannon which would vomit their greatest abuses upon us after we had relinquished our arms. You will understand there is no other recourse for me than to

maintain this struggle till death. I rest with the assurance that we will achieve a final triumph, which will be the more brilliant on account of the terrible obstacles we will have to overcome. Providential events unforeseen may change the outcome of this struggle in a single instance."

That the insurgents were disintegrated and demoralized was perfectly manifest. General Lawton, who was pushing the line of the rebel retreat along the Rio Grande, flung his advance, which at last advices was resting at San Miguel, northward about twelve miles, took San Isidro, the second insurgent capital, and when Otis' dispatch was sent was still pressing the enemy northward. The fact that he was sustaining few losses in his forward movement, although in almost continual contact with the enemy, was another proof of their utter demoralization.

More Rumors of Peace.

It was predicted that it would soon be the mountains or the sea for the insurgents. As our troops could be transported by sea to the mouth of the Agno and a new base of operations established there, it would be folly for them to take that course. Scattered, demoralized and disheartened, it was almost certain that the rebels in desperation would retreat into the fastnesses of the mountains, where they would keep up a guerilla warfare indefinitely or until their leaders came to their senses.

General Otis cabled the War Department on May 18th that representatives of Aguinaldo were seeking terms of peace. He said the forces of the insurgents were scattering in the mountains. Following is General Otis's cable:

"Representatives of insurgents' cabinet and Aguinaldo in mountains twelve miles north San Isidro, which abandoned 15th inst.; will send in commission to-morrow to seek terms of peace.

"Majority of force confronting MacArthur at San Fernando has retired to Tarlac, tearing up two miles of railway; this force has decreased to about twenty-five hundred.

"Scouting parties and detachments moving to-day in various directions, Kobbe, with column, at Candava, on Rio Grande. Great majority of inhabitants of provinces over which troops have moved anxious for peace, supported by members insurgent cabinet. Aspect of affairs at present favorable.

"OTIS."

Two Spanish prisoners, who arrived here from Nueva Ecija, said Aguinaldo had lost prestige with the rebel army, which was described as being completely demoralized, short of food, suffering from diseases, afraid of the Americans, and rapidly dissolving into armed bands of pillagers.

On May 24th thirty Filipinos were killed and over sixty wounded in the battle between the American forces and the insurgents, one mile north of San Fernando. The Americans lost one man. Twelve of our troops were wounded. The insurgents made the attack. About 9 o'clock the Filipinos opened fire upon the outposts of General MacArthur's command. The American scouts fought bravely, and held the natives back until they were reinforced by troops from San Fernando. General MacArthur, at the head of two battalions of the Montana Regiment, and General Funston, leading two battalions of the Kansas Regiment; two guns from the Utah Battery, one Hotchkiss and one Gatling gun hurried to the assistance of outposts.

Insurgents Caught in a Trap.

The insurgents were occupying the trenches which they had previously vacated at the fall of San Fernando. The Kansas troops deployed to the right, while the Montana soldiers went to the extreme left. The artillery was left in the centre of the line. The Filipinos made an obstinate resistance. Finally they attempted to retreat, but found themselves flanked by the Kansas troops. General Funston charged his men and drove the insurgents right over into the fire of the Montana volunteers. Finally they escaped from this fearful fire, but they left their dead and wounded where they had dropped on the battlefield. Beside the killed and wounded ninety were made prisoners, while over 100 stands of arms were captured, having been dropped by the natives in their wild flight from the Americans' fire.

An engagement the preceding evening, in which an escort, composed of parts of the Third and Twenty-second Infantry, covered the operation of signal corps men between San Miguel and Balinag, indicated that the insurgents were returning in the wake of General Lawton's command to their former positions. In this running fight one American was killed and one officer and fourteen privates were wounded. Twenty insurgents were captured and many were killed.

The Filipino Peace Commissioners left Manila the next day and returned to the rebel lines to make their report to Aguinaldo. President Schurman said that the visiting commissioners expressed themselves as pleased with their reception and with the friendly attitude of the American authorities. At a seven-hour session the American peace proposition was discussed by the insurgent representatives and the American Commissioners.

The Filipinos were non-committal as to their opinion of the terms offered them. An old resident of Manila, who was familiar with the conditions which existed among the natives of the island declared that, in his opinion, nothing definite would result.

The opening of a new and vigorous campaign against the insurgents was inaugurated on June 1st. The capture of Cainta on the 3rd was followed on the 4th by the occupation of Antipolo after a running fight between the forces of General Hall and the insurgents lasting nearly twenty-four hours, the rebels being forced to retreat by the gallant charges and well-directed fire of the American troops. The artillery played an important part in the battle, our guns shelling the jungle which concealed the rebels and inflicting heavy loss.

The position of the American troops at night indicated that they would sweep the peninsula of Morong, the land projecting to the south into Laguna de Bay, where the insurgents were supposed to have a large force, near the town of Morong, as well as the battery on the western shore of the peninsula, which smashed the propeller of the gunboat Napidan.

The original plan was to surround the forces of General Pio del Pilar, so that he must retreat to the Morong peninsula, where capture would have been inevitable. This was not a complete success, because General Hall's column found the country full of handicaps to marching. There were several streams to be bridged or forded, and the troops frequently floundered through morasses, waist deep in mud, an experience which, under the terrific sun, exhausted the Americans quite beyond endurance. Most of General Pio del Pinar's followers are supposed to have escaped northward, probably reaching Bosoboso, a stronghold in the mountains.

Ran Aground in the Shallows.

Colonel Wholley, having successfully completed his share of the movement, brought the Washington regiment to the river Pasig, where about midnight the men embarked upon cascoes and started for their destination, under the convoy of the gunboats.

They encountered a repetition of the experience undergone by almost every expedition on attempting to enter Laguna de Bay, as the boats went aground in the shallows at the mouth of the river and were detained there several hours. Major General Lawton, in the meantime, was indefatigable, riding from one force to another and supervising the loading of the cascoes, without sleep for two nights.

General Hall's column, which assembled at the water works or pumping station late on the 2nd, under cover of a moonless sky, consisted of the Second Oregon Volunteers, who marched to the point of rendezvous from the city barracks; a battalion of the Second Wyoming Regiment, four troops of the Fourth Cavalry—one mounted on the big American horses which so impressed the natives, the others unmounted—two battalions of the Fourth Infantry, one battalion of the Ninth Infantry, the first six companies of the First Colo-

rado Regiment, and two mountain guns. The men rolled themselves in their blankets and lay upon the wet grass for a few hours under a drizzling rain.

At 4 o'clock on the morning of the 3rd, they began to cross the San Mateo river and about noon easily repulsed a large band of Filipinos about twelve miles east of Manila, between Mariquina and Antipolo. The Oregon regiment, the cavalry, the artillery and the Fourth Infantry accomplished this task, driving the insurgents from the hills, the other troops being held in reserve, but afterwards joining the main column in the pursuit towards the sea.

A running fight was in progress all the afternoon. A Filipino outpost first attacked a few American scouts, whereupon the Fourth Cavalry formed a skirmish line and easily drove the insurgents into the hills. Then the Oregon regiment moved across a wet, soggy rice field, in extended order, toward the hills, where it was believed a large force of the enemy had concentrated. When the Oregonians were within about a mile of the position, the Filipinos opened a heavy fire, the Americans replying and pressing forward more rapidly.

Insurgents Fleeing in a Panic.

After a few volleys the insurgents were seen scattering over the crest of the hills in every direction, and their panic was increased when the artillery opened upon them and the shells began to explode all around them, undoubtedly causing great loss of life. The bombardment by the batteries and the musketry was maintained for nearly half an hour, after which not a Filipino could be seen on the hills, and not a shot came from the position. The heat was intense and the troops suffered greatly, but they continued on the trail taken by the fleeing enemy in the hope of driving them toward the lake.

Colonel Wholley with two battalions of the First Washington Regiment, a battalion of the Twelfth Infantry, two guns of Scott's Battery and a party of scouts under Major Jeisenberger left San Pedro Macari on the 3rd, and after forcing the river Pasig advanced northeast upon Cainta, while General Hall approached the town from the opposite direction, the gunboats Napidan, Covadonga and Ceste co-operating in the river.

This important movement was kept so secret that the public thought the plan was to send General Ovenshine's lines forward against the insurgents who were intrenched south of the city. The Signal Corps displayed admirable enterprise in laying wires with the troops, but the native sympathizers cut them behind the army, even within the American lines.

General Hall's column in the movement upon the Morong peninsula completed a circuit of twenty miles, over rough and mountainous country, having two engagements with the insurgents, one of them severe, keeping up an almost constant fire against scattered bands of rebels for nearly twenty-

four hours from 4 o'clock on the morning of the 3rd, when the column left the pumping station.

The Filipinos were driven in every direction, and the country through which General Hall passed was pretty thoroughly cleared. At 10 o'clock on the morning of the 4th, the column reached a point a few miles from Tay Tay, where General Hall was met by General Lawton, who had already entered the town and found it deserted. General Hall's objective point was Antipolo, ten miles off, and there was desultory firing all along the line of march. The gunboats could be heard shelling the hills in advance of the column.

The column, after driving the rebels from the foothills near Mariachino, with a loss of but two or three slightly wounded, proceeded with all possible haste toward Laguna de Bay, the Fourth Cavalry in the lead, the Oregon Regiment next and the Fourth Infantry last. At 5 o'clock on the 3rd, these three regiments fought their second battle of the day, and it resulted, like the first, in the complete rout of a large Filipino force located in the mountains and having every advantage of position.

Our Troops Poured in a Hot Fire.

In this fight the American loss was four killed—three of the Fourth Cavalry and one Oregonian—and about fifteen wounded. The Filipino loss could not be ascertained, but the terrific fire which the Americans poured into them for half an hour must have inflicted severe punishment. In this engagement our troops made one of the most gallant charges of the war, and the enemy was forced to flee in the greatest disorder.

It was the intention to press on to Antipolo at night, but this was found impossible, owing to the two fights and the constant marching for more than twelve hours, with nothing to eat since morning and no supply train in sight. The troops, moreover, suffered from the intense heat, many being prostrated and all greatly exhausted. Consequently, they bivouacked for the night on the second battlefield.

The cavalry, the Oregonians and two companies of the Fourth Infantry had just crossed a small creek about 5 o'clock on the afternoon of the 3rd and entered upon a sunken road, from which they were emerging upon a small valley surrounded on all sides by high and heavily wooded hills, when the rebels, concealed in the mountains on the three sides of the plain, opened a hot fire and sent showers of bullets into the ranks of the Americans. The latter deployed immediately in three directions.

Then followed a charge across the rice fields and ditches and up the hillsides, from which the shots came all the time pouring in a terrific hail, while

the air resounded with the constant rattle of musketry. The Fourth Cavalry, being in front, suffered the severest loss when the attack opened, two of their killed being sergeants and the other a private.

The natives were unable to stand the vigorous firing of the Americans long, and at the first sign of their wavering the cavalry, Oregonians and Fourth Infantrymen broke into wild cheers and charged still faster up the hillside, pouring in volley after volley, until the enemy left the places where they were partially concealed by the thicket, fled over the summit in the wildest confusion and disappeared in the surrounding valleys.

After the fight was over the firing was continued by the Americans for more than an hour in clearing out the bush and driving away straggling Filipinos. The troops, after camping for the night on the battlefields, started next morning for Antipolo, where it was expected a strong resistance would be made. Antipolo is a place far up in the mountains, which the Spaniards had said the Americans could never capture. It cost Spain the lives of 300 troops.

The Town Entirely Abandoned.

The progress of the column was considerably delayed while passing up the steep mountain grade by a small band of insurgents, but these were effectually routed by the Fourth Cavalry, which was in advance, and the troops reached Antipolo in a few hours. Our lines were immediately thrown around on three sides of the town, and then the final advance was made. But it was found unnecessary to fire a shot. Not a rebel was visible and the town was entirely abandoned. Two hours later, after a conference between General Lawton and General Hall, the column proceeded toward Morong to drive away any rebels found in that quarter.

When the start was made for Antipolo in the morning the Oregon Regiment and the Ninth Infantry were left behind as a rear guard, and there was considerable firing along their lines in clearing the enemy from the high hill between their position and the lake.

Morong was captured at noon on June 5th by Colonel Whalley with the First Washington Regiment and the army gunboats Napidan and Cavadonga. This regiment, which had been stationed at Pasig, moved north together with two battalions of the Thirteenth Infantry, four battalions of the Ninth Infantry, part of the Nebraska Volunteers and Scott's guns of Dyer's Battery. This force, under the command of Colonel Whalley, joined General Hall in the attack on Cainta. It later moved its position near to Taytay and waited there until General Hall struck Antipolo when it took Taytay without loss. No resistance was made to our advance by the enemy, but the journey was exceedingly hard, owing to the difficult road and the intense heat.

At daybreak on June 10th, a force of 4,500 men, under Generals Lawton, Wheaton and Ovenshine, advanced from San Pedro Macati, sweeping the country between the Bay of Manila and Bay Lake, south of Manila. By noon the country had been cleared almost to Paranaque. The Americans lost two officers killed and twenty-one soldiers wounded. The rebels resisted desperately at the stronger of their positions, and left fifty dead in the trenches. Many more wounded were left behind by the rebels in their retreat. The heat during the day was overpowering, and there were many prostrations of American soldiers from that cause.

General Lawton's force consisted of two battalions of the Twenty-first and Ninth Infantry, six companies of the Colorado volunteers and a detachment of artillery. The Nevada Cavalry was under General Wheaton, and the Thirteenth and Fourteenth Infantry, the Fourth Cavalry and a detachment of light artillery were under General Ovenshine.

Drawn Up in Line for the Combat.

It was scarcely dawn when the troops, in a long, silent procession, wound up the hillside behind the American trenches and formed a skirmish line. Concealed in the jungle the advance rebel outposts fired a few shots before being seen. The opposing forces occupied two ranges of crescent-shaped hills.

The artillery, the Colorado Infantry and the Nevada Cavalry swung around the hill-top on the left and opened the battle at 6.30. The rebels made no response from the hills, and the Colorado men cautiously advanced through the thick grass until they were confronted by a trench, from which a few weak volleys were fired. A spirited response followed, and a charge into the trench found it to be deserted.

In the meantime part of the Thirteenth and Fourteenth Infantry Regiments formed in skirmish line, extending a mile to the right, and, supported by the rest of the regiments, swept down the valley and up the hillside toward another trench. Approaching through the morass seriously hampered the Fourteenth, and the rebels, taking advantage of this, poured a galling fire upon them for thirty minutes. The Fourteenth was twice compelled to withdraw for the purpose of finding a safe crossing in the swamp. Finally the trench was enfiladed on both flanks. The rebels fled to the woods and sustained severe loss.

General Lawton then pushed his entire command south, through the centre of the Isthmus until a few miles south of Paranaque, when he swung around and halted on account of the heat.

General Wheaton's brigade moved in a column down the west shore of

Laguna de Bay. After marching some miles in this order Wheaton's troops stretched out in a long skirmish line, swinging towards Paranaque and Las Pinas. The brigade under General Ovenshine advanced between General Wheaton's brigade and Paranaque, joining Wheaton just before he entered Paranaque. General Wheaton's advance over barren country was slow and accompanied with great suffering to the men. The land traversed was high and hilly, devoid of vegetation, and the blazing sun made the sandy soil terrible to march over. Besides, the insurgents constantly harassed the soldiers from the trenches located on the crests of the hills, from which they fired on the Americans and inflicted considerable loss.

The Colorado Volunteers led the advance of General Wheaton's brigade. The march was a constant succession of gallant charges up the hillsides in the face of a galling fire, only to find each time that the insurgents had retreated to the next hilltop before the Colorado men reached them. These tactics were repeated time and again.

Sharp Tactics of the Enemy.

In one instance the Filipinos resorted to a clever deception. The Americans were lured into the trap, and, as a consequence, were subjected to a severe cross-fire for a time. The insurgents had placed a lot of damp straw in what the Americans supposed was a trench along one of the hilltops. The straw was set on fire and the thin line of smoke fooled the Americans into thinking that the trench was full of Filipinos, and that the smoke came from their rifles.

The Americans made a dash for the supposed trench and poured volley after volley into the position. In the meantime the Filipinos, hidden in another trench, were subjecting the Americans to a galling fire. When the Americans discovered the hoax and started for the trench in which the insurgents were hidden the Filipinos retreated in safety.

During the advance, before the conjunction of the two brigades, many insurgents succeeded in passing through the American lines. They subsequently attacked the stragglers and the signal corps in the rear of the general advance and caused much annoyance.

The Fourteenth Infantry, of General Ovenshine's brigade, met with strong opposition from a band of Filipinos, which was in a large and strongly-constructed trench. The Americans were repulsed in their first and second attempts to capture this trench, but the third time they dashed up to the breastwork and gained possession of it, but most of the insurgents succeeded in making their escape.

The most exciting incident of the day was the flank attack made upon

General Wheaton's troops. The Americans were approaching Manila Bay, about a mile south of Las Pinas, for the purpose of completing the semicircle enclosing Las Pinas and Paranaque. General Lawton and General Wheaton, with their respective staffs, were in advance. In the following column were a troop of Fourth Cavalry, the Colorado Volunteers and the Ninth Infantry.

On approaching Zapote River the advance guard met a sudden and fierce fire from across the stream. The Colorado men hurriedly formed a skirmish line along the bank of the river. While attention was thus directed to the force across the river, the American officers were amazed to observe the insurgents had thrown out a long skirmish line 600 yards to the left. As soon as the American line began its advance the insurgents opened with a fierce fire. The American line was between two fires, because all this time the rebels across the river were keeping up an incessant firing on our troops.

Overtaken by a Fearful Storm.

Two guns from the artillery were hurried out. They began to shell the insurgent lines, and the Filipinos, who had made the flank attack, retreated. They ran towards the lake, thus escaping from the semi-circles of American troops which had been drawn around Las Pinas and Paranaque, and also keeping in a position where they would be able to attack the Americans from the rear.

The river opposed further advance, and the troops bivouacked there Saturday night, sleeping on their arms in an open field. During the night a fearful rain-storm came up. The Americans were shelterless. All night long the insurgent bugles could be heard in Las Pinas. Those shrill blasts marked the departure of the Filipinos from that village before the only avenue of retreat was cut off. A big band of insurgents in the rear of the American line began a derisive yelling about midnight. Frequently, above the other din, could be heard the shouts of "Viva los Republica Filipina" (Hurrah for the Filipino Republic).

Early next morning the troops effected a crossing over the Zapote River and marched into Las Pinas. Hundreds of the inhabitants were found there peaceably attending to their affairs and all professedly friendly to the Americans. There were scores of young men of soldier age, but in civilian dress, who watched in silence the Americans enter the town. They offered no resistance, and being apparently friendly were not molested. The *Monadnock* assisted the soldiers by shelling Paranaque before the troops entered the village.

A native priest said that the Filipino troops, numbering 2,000, commanded by General Norils, had withdrawn toward Bacoor the day before.

General Lawton's forces had an all-day battle with the insurgents at Las Pinas on June 13th. He called out the whole force of 3,000, but at 5 o'clock was only able to push the insurgents back 500 yards to the Zapote River, where they were entrenched. The insurgents resisted desperately and aggressively. They attempted to turn the left flank of the American troops. The American loss was conservatively estimated at sixty.

General Lawton unexpectedly stirred up one of the liveliest engagements of the war south of Las Pinas, when he made the attack. The American field guns were engaged in the first artillery duel against a Filipino battery concealed in the jungle. Companies F and I of the Twenty-first Infantry were nearly surrounded by a large body of insurgents, but the Americans cut their way out with heavy loss.

The United States Turret ship *Macadnock*, and the gunboats *Helena* and *Zafiro*, trained their batteries on Bakoor and the rebel trenches near Las Pinas all the morning. Bakoor was once on fire, but the natives stopped the spread of the flames. During the night an insurgent cannon was fired three times at the Americans on the outskirts of the Las Pinas.

General Lawton took a battalion of the Fourteenth Regiment and two companies of the Twenty-first Regiment to locate the rebel battery, and then two guns of the Sixth Artillery and four mountain guns were planted against it at 600 yards distance. The rebels had a large gun, from which they were firing home-made canister loaded with nails, and two smaller guns.

Fighting under Difficulties.

Their shooting was most accurate. The first lot of canister burst directly in front of Scott's guns, and another shattered the legs of a private in the Fourteenth Infantry. Several shots struck the edge of the town. The country traversed was as bad as it is possible to imagine, being mainly lagoons, mud and water fringed with bamboos.

As soon as the fighting opened the Americans were attacked by hidden riflemen on all sides, even the Amigos, or "friendly" natives, in the houses of the town shooting into their rear. The companies of the Twenty-first, skirmishing along the beach, with Amigo guides, found apparently a handful of rebels, who retreated. The men of the Twenty-first followed, and suddenly the rebels opened a terrific fire on the troops from the sides and rear. The soldiers withdrew to the water's edge, finding what shelter they could, and were picked off rapidly. After their ammunition was nearly exhausted, the companies of the Twenty-first retreated, but General Lawton dashed down and rallied the men.

A little group made a desperate stand, General Lawton, Major Starr and

Lieutenants Donovan and Donnelly taking rifles from the wounded men and firing at the enemy, bringing down some of the rebel sharpshooters from a tree. Finally their cartridges were all gone and they were forced to break through the enemy's flank, carrying the wounded to the main body of the troops. Lieutenant Donovan, whose leg was broken, floundered for a mile through a bog, after leading his men in the face of a greatly superior force.

General Lawton ceased fighting until reinforcements could be brought up. Two battalions of the Fourteenth Regiment and one battalion of the Ninth Regiment were hurried to the front, and in the afternoon the battle was resumed. The Monadnock anchored close to the shore and her heavy guns pounded the rebels continuously, while the smaller warships, steaming along the shore, poured bullets from their rapid-fire guns at the enemy.

The Filipino force engaged appears to have been the largest and best organized body of men which had met our troops. The Americans were compelled to advance along narrow roads and over small bridges commanded by earthworks ten feet thick.

At daylight the rebels at Cavite Viejo dropped two shells from a big smooth-bore gun mounted in front of the church into the navy yard. The only damage done was splintering the top of the huge shears on the mole. The gunboats Calao, Manila and Mosquito then proceeded to dismount the gun. After breakfast the rebels opened fire along the beach to Bakoor.

The Insurgents Used Artillery.

After silencing the big gun at Cavite Viejo the gunboats ran close along the shore, bombarding the rebel position. The rebels replied with rifle fire and with the fire of some small pieces of artillery. So vigorous was the enemy's fire that at 9.20 A. M. the gunboat Helena joined the small gunboats already named and the Princeton, Monterey and Monadnock, from their anchorages, dropped occasional big shells among the rebels. This apparently only served to incite the rebels, as they kept up an incessant fire of musketry and artillery near the mouth of the Zapote River, two miles north of Bakoor.

The fire of all seven warships was concentrated on this point shortly after noon, when the upper bay presented the appearance of being the scene of a great naval battle. The rebels were eventually forced to abandon their guns after holding out for about four hours, only to be confronted by General Lawton's force on land and in their rear, where there was heavy fighting.

Beyond the destruction of several buildings along the water front the effect of the bombardment was not known. The only means of crossing the Zapote was by a small bridge which the Filipinos commanded with trenches spreading V-shaped, whence they could concentrate their fire on the bridge.

They also had the advantage of the trees and jungle, so the Americans could hardly see ahead.

When the battle was resumed at 1 o'clock with the reinforcements, our battery having silenced the enemy's guns, the Americans wading waist deep in the mud of the salt flats slowly, and pouring steady volleys of musketry at the rebels, drove their opponents beyond the river. Then the two armies lay facing each other across the deep stream, the enemy practically out of sight, while the men in blue and khaki lay on mud and bushes, many of them without shelter, for three hours, without a moment's cessation in the firing, pouring bullets at the enemy as fast as they could load.

"General Lawton, though exhausted by the morning fight, rallied by sheer will power and was the commanding figure in the battle. General Wheaton and General Ovenshine were equally courageous. In fact, the generals were among the few men on the battlefield who refused to take shelter under the hottest fire. The only approach to the fighting ground was by a narrow, winding road, where the rebel bullets dropped thickly, wounding several of our men.

At 4 o'clock there was an hour's lull in the fighting, and an artillery sergeant galloped back to where two guns of the mountain battery were waiting in reserve and shouted: "Bring up those guns!" The sergeant then tumbled exhausted from his horse.

Twenty wounded men were carried to a cascoe (native boat) waiting on the beach, which was rowed to Paranaque. This battlefield incidentally was formerly the scene of several of the greatest struggles between the Spaniards and the Filipinos.

Hardest Battle of the War.

General Lawton's troops took possession of Bacoor on the morning of the 14th without resistance, the enemy having retreated during the night in the direction of San Francisco and Imus, with the intention of making a stand at the latter town, which was understood to be strongly fortified and was beyond reach of the guns of the navy.

The fight at the Zapote River was the most desperate and obstinate of all that occurred after the beginning of hostilities in February. Almost exactly a year before the insurgents of Cavite province fought the greatest engagement of the Spanish-Filipino war at this same place, defeating a strong force of Spaniards, which had been sent from Manila against them. Their successful defense of the bridge at that time doubtless inspired them with greater courage than they otherwise would have shown. The insurgents of Cavite province are the most warlike of any in the Island of Luzon. This is

the province of Aguinaldo, and the men who were met and defeated by General Lawton's troops were those who did the severest fighting against the Spaniards under the direction of Aguinaldo and his immediate lieutenants.

The Zapote River is two miles east of Bacoor. The Americans captured the passage of the river after a long and desperate battle in which ten were killed and forty-eight wounded. The insurgent loss was forty killed and one hundred and twenty wounded. Forty-eight armed Filipinos were captured by the Americans. The fighting began early in the forenoon and continued until evening. It was accompanied by a terrific bombardment by the American warships lying near the shore. The insurgents used a six-inch cannon with considerable effect. The fighting ranged over a wide district which was almost impassable on account of the salt marshes, deep ditches and thick bamboo jungles with which it is overspread.

Early on the morning of the 13th a battalion of the Fourteenth Infantry, which was doing outpost duty, were fired on from the bamboo thickets in their front. Thereupon Lieutenant Donovan led on 150 men from companies F. and I, of the Twenty-first Infantry, to make an armed reconnoissance to locate the enemy. A native was found who volunteered to conduct the Americans along a practicable passage through the marshes. The Americans were formed in a long column and advanced along a narrow strip of land lying next to Manila Bay, and in this march they passed far beyond the insurgent trenches at the Zapote River. They struck inland, crossing dikes and broad ditches and keeping at all times a sharp lookout for the enemy.

Poured a Terrific Fire into Them.

Suddenly they tumbled on the insurgents' flank and straightway the enemy poured a terrific fire into them, which created great consternation. The centre of the American column broke under this attack and retreated. The two ends of the column, however, stuck to their positions and fought manfully against an overwhelming force. The insurgents rushed through the broken centre, cutting off the American soldiers at the right end of the column from the rest of the force. Thus hemmed in by enemies on all sides except in the direction of the bay, the soldiers retreated to the bridge, where they made a stand and fought for their lives.

Eighteen Americans were wounded under this attack and two were killed, their bodies being left on the field. One of those killed was the native guide. The condition of the remnant, caught and surrounded by the natives, would have been desperate had it not been for the warships in the bay. The commanders of the monitor Monadnock and the gunboat Helena sent 100 sailors ashore in boats with a rapid-fire gun, and these forming with the

soldiers strongly reinforced them. Lieutenant Connelly, who had been wounded, was conveyed to a ship in the bay.

The sailors, on landing and forming for action, directed an enflading fire on the trench guarding the passage of the Zapote River. General Lawton hurried forward a battalion of the Ninth Infantry to the assistance of the soldiers and sailors in their fight. The Monadnock, Helena, Manila, Albay and Callao began shelling the beach, and these combined forces of army and navy soon drove the insurgents back into the jungle.

About 2 o'clock in the afternoon an advance of the left of General Lawton's forces were ordered. The Twelfth and Fourteenth Infantry, with the mountain battery, attacked the insurgents that were entrenched beyond the river. The enemy fought with courage and intelligence, holding their fire until the Americans had come within close range and then pouring forth terrific volleys. The Americans advanced, as usual, by short rushes, doing splendid work, and never faltering in the face of the withering fire. The insurgents held to their trenches with desperation and were only driven out at last almost at the muzzles of the American guns.

The Dead Lie in the Trenches.

After the assault twenty dead insurgents were found in these trenches and seven wounded Filipinos were captured. Doubtless there were many more killed and wounded in these trenches, as counting was interrupted by the insurgents renewing the fight from a new position further on. Once more the battery was hurried forward, and the Ninth Infantry and part of the Twenty-first Infantry advanced with a cheer, meeting a heavy fire from the insurgents posted in the thick woods to the left, to where they had retreated when driven from the trenches. Some shots came also from the woods on the right, through which the right wing of the American forces had made its way an hour before. This last engagement was short but fierce, the insurgents being quickly silenced by the determined attack of the Americans.

By this desperate battle the insurgents lost a district which they superstitiously believed to be invulnerable against any attack of their enemies, it having been the scene of many former victories against the Spaniards. The American forces engaged were all regulars of the Ninth, Twelfth, Fourteenth and Twenty-first Infantry, and all of them showed magnificent valor. The sailors who were landed undoubtedly saved the detachment on the beach from destruction or capture, and the hearty co-operation shown by these, and by the men at the guns on the warships, caused the soldiers to feel the warmest gratitude and affection for the men of the navy.

