James H. Whaley
December 1890
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"This only is the witchcraft I have us'd"
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The February Scribner

COLONEL THEODORE ROOSEVELT'S second instalment of "The Rough Riders" will bring the narrative of the regiment up to the landing of the men in Cuba. First he tells of the last days in Camp San Antonio and of the spirit with which the variegated assortment of picturesque characters took to military discipline—with a number of capital anecdotes; then of the journey to Tampa, which was in itself a memorable experience, and then of the embarkation of the troopers and the generalship it required. Parts of Colonel Roosevelt's story have so much of the glamour of romance that it is hard to realize that it is about real people and events of a few months ago.

A striking series of illustrations from photographs accompanies the text.

SENATOR HOAR (an excellent likeness of whom will appear in the number) will contribute the first of his papers of Reminiscences. It is called "Four National Conventions." He has had the experience, unique in the lives of our statesmen, of being a delegate to four Presidential conventions, presiding over that of 1880. He tells of the inner workings of these and shows some of the little things that changed the destinies of the nation.

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON'S LETTERS. Sidney Colvin's second selection deals entirely with the young man's life in Edinburgh during the years of 1873-'75, and all of this group of letters is addressed to a lady who at that time was his chief friend and confidant, "whose wise sympathy," Mr. Colvin says, "did much to help him through the troubles of the time and give him confidence in his own powers." There are to be illustrations of the scenes referred to in the letters.

WILLIAM MAKEPEACE THACKERAY, by W. C. BROWNELL, will appear in the February number. This is a very thoughtful estimate and analysis of the work of the great Englishman, showing what it is to art, and, which is more important, to life, as seen in the perspective of the end of the century.

GEORGE W. CABLE'S "The Entomologist," his short serial love-story of New Orleans, will continue in the next number. It is to occupy three instalments in all.

JOEL CHANDLER HARRIS has written a new collection of short stories for the magazine, called "The Chronicles of Aunt Minervy Ann," but each is a separate tale in itself; the first of them will appear in the February Scribner. Aunt Minervy is as entertaining and individual in her way as Uncle Remus was in his. A. B. Frost will be her illustrator.

"THE LEPERS," a strange tale of South African life, by W. S. Scully, a magistrate in South Africa, and author of "Between Sea and Sand," will be among the other short fiction of the number. It will be illustrated dramatically by F. C. Yohn, who is chiefly known by his brilliant work in Senator Lodge's "Story of the Revolution."

A STORY OF NEW YORK LOCAL POLITICS will be told in "Riordan's Last Campaign," by Anne O'Hagan, a New York newspaper woman. It will be illustrated sympathetically by Edwin B. Child.

THE DEPARTMENTS—The Point of View and The Field of Art will be continued.
COLONEL THEODORE ROOSEVELT.

Drawn for Scriber's Magazine by Charles Dana Gibson—by courtesy of Life, in which periodical Mr. Gibson's work will appear exclusively.
THE ROUGH RIDERS

BY THEODORE ROOSEVELT

Colonel of the First United States Volunteer Cavalry

RAISING THE REGIMENT

DURING the year preceding the outbreak of the Spanish War I was Assistant Secretary of the Navy. While my party was in opposition, I had preached, with all the fervor and zeal I possessed, our duty to intervene in Cuba, and to take this opportunity of driving the Spaniard from the Western World. Now that my party had come to power, I felt it incumbent on me, by word and deed, to do all I could to secure the carrying out of the policy in which I so heartily believed; and from the beginning I had determined that, if a war came, somehow or other, I was going to the front.

Meanwhile, there was any amount of work at hand in getting ready the navy, and to this I devoted myself.

Naturally, when one is intensely interested in a certain cause, the tendency is to associate particularly with those who take the same view. A large number of my friends felt very differently from the way I felt, and looked upon the possibility of war with sincere horror. But I found plenty of sympathizers, especially in the navy, the army,
and the Senate Committee on Foreign Affairs. Commodore Dewey, Captain Evans, Captain Brownson, Captain Davis—with these and the various other naval officers on duty at Washington I used to hold long consultations, during which we went over and over, not only every question of naval administration, but specifically everything necessary to do in order to put the navy in trim to strike quick and hard if, as we believed would be the case, we went to war with Spain. Sending an ample quantity of ammunition to the Asiatic squadron and providing it with coal; getting the battle-ships and the armored cruisers on the Atlantic into one squadron, both to train them in manœuvring together, and to have them ready to sail against either the Cuban or the Spanish coasts; gathering the torpedo-boats into a flotilla for practice; securing ample target exercise, so conducted as to raise the standard of our marksmanship; gathering in the small ships from European and South American waters; settling on the number and kind of craft needed as auxiliary cruisers—every one of these points was threshed over in conversations with officers who were present in Washington, or in correspondence with officers who, like Captain Mahan, were absent.

As for the Senators, of course Senator Lodge and I felt precisely alike; for to fight in such a cause and with such an
enemy was merely to carry out the doctrines we had both of us preached for many years. Senator Davis, Senator Proctor, Senator Foraker, Senator Chandler, Senator Morgan, Senator Frye, and a number of others also took just the right ground; and I saw a great deal of them, as well as of many members of the House, particularly those from the West, where the feeling for war was strongest.

Naval officers came and went, and Senators were only in the city while the Senate was in session; but there was one friend who was steadily in Washington. This was an army surgeon, Dr. Leonard Wood. I only met him after I entered the navy department, but we soon found that we had kindred tastes and kindred principles. He had served in General Miles's inconceivably harassing campaigns against the Apaches, where he had displayed such courage that he won that most coveted of distinctions—the Medal of Honor; such extraordinary physical strength and endurance that he grew to be recognized as one of the two or three white men who could stand fatigue and hardship as well as an Apache; and such judgment that toward the close of the campaigns he was given, though a surgeon, the actual command of more than one expedition against the bands of renegade Indians. Like so many of the gallant fighters with whom it was later my good fortune to serve, he com-
bined, in a very high degree, the qualities of entire manliness with entire uprightness and cleanliness of character. It was a pleasure to deal with a man of high ideals, who scorned everything mean and base, and who also possessed those robust and hardly qualities of body and mind, for the lack of which no merely negative virtue can ever atone. He was by nature a soldier of the highest type, and, like most natural soldiers, he was, of course, born with a keen longing for adventure; and, though an excellent doctor, what he really desired was the chance to lead men in some kind of hazard. To every possibility of such adventure he paid quick attention. For instance, he had a great desire to get me to go with him on an expedition into the Klondike in midwinter, at the time when it was thought that a relief party would have to be sent there to help the starving miners.

In the summer he and I took long walks together through the beautiful broken country surrounding Washington. In winter we sometimes varied these walks by kicking a foot-ball in an empty lot, or, on the rare occasions when there was enough snow, by trying a couple of sets of skis or snow-skates, which had been sent me from Canada.

But always on our way out to and back from these walks and sport, there was one topic to which, in our talking, we returned, and that was the possible war with Spain. We both felt very strongly that such a war would be as righteous as it would be advantageous to the honor and the interests of the nation; and after the blowing up of the Maine, we felt that it was inevitable. We then at once began to try to see that we had our share in it. The President and my own chief, Secretary Long, were very firm against my going, but they said that if I was bent upon going they would help me. Wood was the medical adviser of both the President and the Secretary of War, and could count upon their friendship. So we started with the odds in our favor.

At first we had great difficulty in knowing exactly what to try for. We could go on the staff of any one of several Generals, but we much preferred to go in the line. Wood hoped he might get a commission in his native State of Massachusetts; but in Massachusetts, as in every other State, it proved there were ten men who wanted to go to the war for every chance to go. Then we thought we might get positions as field-officers under an old friend of mine, Colonel—now General—Francis V. Greene, of New York, the Colonel of the Seventy-first; but again there were no vacancies.

Our doubts were resolved when Congress authorized the raising of three cavalry regiments from among the wild riders and riflemen of the Rockies and the Great Plains. During Wood’s service in the Southwest he had commanded not only regulars and Indian scouts, but also white frontiersmen. In the Northwest I had spent much of my time, for many years, either on my ranch or in long hunting trips, and had lived and worked for months together with the cowboy and the mountain hunter, faring in every way precisely as they did.

Secretary Alger offered me the command of one of these regiments. If I had taken it, being entirely inexperienced in military work, I should not have known how to get it equipped most rapidly, for I should have
spent valuable weeks in learning its needs, with the result that I should have missed the Santiago campaign, and might not even have had the consolation prize of going to Porto Rico. Fortunately, I was wise enough to tell the Secretary that while I believed I could learn to command the regiment in a month, yet that it was just this very month which I could not afford to spare, and that therefore I would be quite content to go as Lieutenant-Colonel, if he would make Wood Colonel.

This was entirely satisfactory to both the President and Secretary, and, accordingly, Wood and I were speedily commissioned as Colonel and Lieutenant-Colonel of the First United States Volunteer Cavalry. This was the official title of the regiment, but for some reason or other the public promptly christened us the "Rough Riders."

At first we fought against the use of the term, but to no purpose; and when finally the Generals of Division and Brigade began to write in formal communications about our regiment as the "Rough Riders," we adopted the term ourselves.

The mustering-places for the regiment were appointed in New Mexico, Arizona, Oklahoma, and Indian Territory. The difficulty in organizing was not in selecting, but in rejecting men. Within a day or two after it was announced that we were to raise the regiment, we were literally deluged with applications from every quarter of the Union. Without the slightest trouble, so far as men went, we could have raised a brigade or even a division. The difficulty lay in arming, equipping, mounting, and disciplining the men we selected. Hundreds of regiments were being called into existence by the National Govern-

ment, and each regiment was sure to have innumerable wants to be satisfied. To a man who knew the ground as Wood did, and who was entirely aware of our national unpreparedness, it was evident that the ordnance and quartermaster's bureaus could not meet, for some time to come, one-tenth of the demands that would be made upon them; and it was all important to get in first with our demands. Thanks to his knowledge of the situation and promptness, we immediately put in our requisitions for the articles indispensable for the equipment of the regiment; and then, by ceaseless worrying of excellent bureaucrats, who had no idea how to do things quickly or how to meet an emergency, we succeeded in getting our rifles, cartridges, revolvers, clothing, shelter-tents, and horse gear just in time to enable us to go on the Santiago expedition. Some of the State troops, who were already organized as National Guards, were, of course, ready, after a fashion, when the war broke out; but no other regiment which had our work to do was able to do it in anything like as quick time, and therefore no other volunteer regiment saw anything like the fighting which we did.

Wood thoroughly realized what the Ordnance Department failed to realize, namely, the inestimable advantage of smokeless powder; and, moreover, he was bent upon our having the weapons of the regulars, for this meant that we would be brigaded with them, and it was evident that they would do the bulk of the fighting if the war were short. Accordingly, by acting with the utmost vigor and promptness, he succeeded in getting our regiment armed with the Krag-
The Rough Riders

Jorgensen carbine used by the regular cavalry.

It was impossible to take any of the numerous companies which were proffered to us from the various States. The only organized bodies we were at liberty to accept were those from the four Territories. But owing to the fact that the number of men originally allotted to us, 7,800, was speedily raised to 1,000, we were given a chance to accept quite a number of eager volunteers who did not come from the Territories, but who possessed precisely the same temper that distinguished our Southwestern recruits, and whose presence materially benefited the regiment.

We drew recruits from Harvard, Yale, Princeton, and many another college; from clubs like the Somerset, of Boston, and Knickerbocker, of New York; and from among the men who belonged neither to club nor to college, but in whose veins the blood stirred with the same impulse which once sent the Vikings over sea. Four of the policemen who had served under me, while I was President of the New York Police Board, insisted on coming—two of them to die, the other two to return unhurt after honorable and dangerous service. It seemed to me that almost every friend I had in every State had some one acquaintance who was bound to go with the Rough Riders, and for whom I had to make a place. Thomas Nelson Page, General Fitzhugh Lee, Congressman Odell of New York, Senator Morgan; for each of these, and for many others, I eventually consented to accept some one or two recruits, of course only after a most rigid examination into their physical capacity, and after they had shown that they knew how to ride and shoot. I may add that in no case was I disappointed in the men thus taken.

Harvard being my own college, I had such a swarm of applications from it that I could not take one in ten. What particularly pleased me, not only in the Harvard but about Yale and Princeton men, and, indeed, in these recruits from the older States generally, was that they did not ask for commissions. With hardly an exception they entered upon their duties as troopers in the spirit which they held to the end, merely endeavoring to show that no work could be too hard, too disagreeable, or too dangerous for them to perform, and neither asking nor receiving any reward in the way of promotion or consideration. The Harvard contingent was practically raised by Guy Mur-chie, of Maine. He saw all the fighting and did his duty with the utmost gallantry, and then left the service as he had entered it, a trooper, entirely satisfied to have done his duty—and no man did it better. So it was with Dudley Dean, perhaps the best quarterback who ever played on a Harvard Eleven; and so with Bob Wrenn, a quarterback whose feats rivalled those of Dean's, and who, in addition, was the champion tennis player of America, and had, on two different years, saved this championship from going to an Englishman. So it was with Yale men like Waller, the high jumper, and Garrison and Girard; and with Princeton men like Devereux and Channing, the foot-ball players; with Larned, the tennis player; with Craig Wadsworth, the steeple-chase rider; with Joe Stevens, the crack polo player; with Hamilton Fish, the ex-captain of the Columbia crew, and with scores of others whose names are quite as worthy of mention as any of those I have given. Indeed, they all sought entry into the ranks of the Rough Riders as eagerly as if it meant something widely different from hard work, rough fare, and the possibility of death; and the reason why they turned out to be such good soldiers lay largely in the fact that they were men who had thoroughly counted the cost before entering, and who went into the regiment because they believed that this offered their best chance for seeing hard and dangerous service. Mason Mitchell, of New York, who had been a chief of scouts in the Riel Rebellion, travelled all the way to San Antonio to enlist; and others came there from distances as great.

Some of them made appeals to me which I could not possibly resist. Woodbury Kane had been a close friend of mine at Harvard. During the eighteen years that had passed since my graduation I had seen very little of him, though, being always interested in sport, I occasionally met him on the hunting field, had seen him on the deck of the Defender.
Captain Jackson.

Lieut. H. K. Proctor.

Troop K, Rough Riders.
when she vanquished the Valkyrie, and knew the part he had played on the Navajoe, when, in her most important race, that otherwise unlucky yacht vanquished her opponent, the Prince of Wales's Britannia. When the war was on, Kane felt it his duty to fight for his country. He did not seek any position of distinction. All he desired was the chance to do whatever work he was put to do well, and to get to the front; and he enlisted as a trooper. When I went down to the camp at San Antonio he was on kitchen duty, and was cooking and washing dishes for one of the New Mexican troops; and he was doing it so well that I had no further doubt as to how he would get on.

My friend of many hunts and ranch partner, Robert Munro Ferguson, of Scotland, who had been on Lord Aberdeen's staff as a Lieutenant but a year before, likewise could not keep out of the regiment. He, too, appealed to me in terms which I could not withstand, and came in like Kane to do his full duty as a trooper, and like Kane to win his commission by the way he thus did his duty.

I felt many qualms at first in allowing men of this stamp to come in, for I could not be certain that they had counted the cost, and was afraid they would find it very hard to serve—not for a few days, but for months—in the ranks, while I, their former intimate associate, was a field-officer; but they insisted that they knew their minds, and the events showed that they did. We enlisted about fifty of them from Virginia, Maryland, and the Northeastern States, at Washington. Before allowing them to be sworn in, I gathered them together and explained that if they went in they must be prepared not merely to fight, but to perform the weary, monotonous labor incident to the ordinary routine of a soldier's life; that they must be ready to face fever exactly as they were to face bullets; that they were to obey unquestioningly, and to do their duty as readily if called upon to garrison a fort as if sent to the front. I warned them that work that was merely irksome and disagreeable must be faced as readily as work that was dangerous, and that no complaint of any kind must be made; and I told them that they were entirely at liberty not to go, but that after they had once signed there could then be no backing out.

Not a man of them backed out; not one of them failed to do his whole duty.

These men formed but a small fraction of the whole. They went down to San Antonio, where the regiment was to gather and where Wood preceded me, while I spent a week in Washington hurrying up the different bureaus and telegraphing my various railroad friends, so as to insure our getting the carbines, saddles, and uniforms that we needed from the various armories and storehouses. Then I went down to San Antonio myself, where I found the men from New Mexico, Arizona, and Oklahoma already gathered, while those from Indian Territory came in soon after my arrival.

These were the men who made up the bulk of the regiment, and gave it its peculiar character. They came from the Four Territories which yet remain within the boundaries of the United States; that is, from the lands that have been most re-
Colonel Leonard A. Wood and Staff.

cently won over to white civilization, and in which the conditions of life are nearest those that obtained on the frontier when there still was a frontier. They were a splendid set of men, these Southwesterners—tall and sinewy, with resolute, weather-beaten faces, and eyes that looked a man straight in the face without flinching. They included in their ranks men of every occupation; but the three types were those of the cow-boy, the hunter, and the mining prospector—the man who wandered hither and thither, killing game for a living, and spending his life in the quest for metal wealth.

In all the world there could be no better material for soldiers than that afforded by these grim hunters of the mountains, these wild rough riders of the plains. They were accustomed to handling wild and savage horses; they were accustomed to following the chase with the rifle, both for sport and as a means of livelihood. Varied though their occupations had been, almost all had, at one time or another, herded cattle and hunted big game. They were hardened to life in the open, and to shifting for themselves under adverse circumstances. They were used, for all their lawless freedom, to the rough discipline of the round-up and the mining company. Some of them came from the small frontier towns; but most were from the wilderness, having left their lonely hunters' cabins and shifting cow-camps to seek new and more stirring adventures beyond the sea.

They had their natural leaders—the men who had shown they could master other men, and could more than hold their own in the eager driving life of the new settlements.

The Captains and Lieutenants were sometimes men who had campaigned in the regular army against Apache, Ute, and Cheyenne, and who, on completing their term of service, had shown their energy by settling in the new communities and growing up to be men of mark. In other cases they were sheriffs, marshals, deputy-sheriffs, and deputy-marshals—men who had fought Indians, and still more often had waged relentless war upon the bands of white desperadoes. There was Bucky O'Neill, of Arizona, Captain of Troop A, the Mayor of Prescott, a famous sheriff throughout the West for his feats of victorious warfare against the Apache, no
less than against the white road-agents and man-killers. His father had fought in Meagher’s Brigade in the Civil War; and he was himself a born soldier, a born leader of men. He was a wild, reckless fellow, soft spoken, and of dauntless courage and boundless ambition; he was stanchly loyal to his friends, and cared for his men in every way. There was Captain Llewellyn, of New Mexico, a good citizen, a political leader, and one of the most noted peace-officers of the country; he had been shot four times in pitched fights with red marauders and white outlaws. There was Lieutenant Ballard, who had broken up the Black Jack gang of ill-omened notoriety, and his Captain, Curry, another New Mexican sheriff of fame. The officers from the Indian Territory had almost all served as marshals and deputy-marshals; and in the Indian Territory, service as a deputy-marshal meant capacity to fight stand-up battles with the gangs of outlaws.

Three of our higher officers had been in the regular army. One was Major Alexander Brodie, from Arizona, afterward Lieutenant-Colonel, who had lived for twenty years in the Territory, and had become a thorough Westerner without sinking the West Pointer—a soldier by taste as well as training, whose men worshipped him and would follow him anywhere, as they would Bucky O’Neill or any other of their favorites. Brodie was running a big mining business; but when the Maine was blown up, he abandoned everything and telegraphed right and left to bid his friends get ready for the fight he saw impending.

Then there was Micah Jenkins, the Captain of Troop K, a gentle and courteous South Carolinian, on whom danger acted like wine. In action he was a perfect game-cock, and he won his majority for gallantry in battle.

Finally, there was Allyn Capron, who was, on the whole, the best soldier in the regiment. In fact, I think he was the ideal of what an American regular army officer should be. He was the fifth in descent from father to son who had served in the army of the United States, and in body and mind alike he was fitted to play his part to perfection. Tall and lithe, a remarkable boxer and walker, a first-class rider and shot, with yellow hair and piercing blue eyes, he looked what he was, the archetype of the fighting man. He had under him one of the two companies from the Indian Territory; and he so soon impressed himself upon the wild spirit of his followers, that he got them ahead in discipline faster than any other troop in the regiment, while at the same time taking care of their bodily wants. His ceaseless effort was so to train them, care for them, and inspire them as to bring their fighting efficiency to the highest possible pitch. He required instant obedience, and tolerated not the slightest evasion of duty; but his mastery of his art was so thorough and his performance of his own duty so rigid that he won at once not merely their admiration, but that soldierly affection so readily given by the man in the ranks to the superior who cares for his men and leads them fearlessly in battle.

All—Easterners and Westerners, Northerners and Southerners, officers and men, cow-boys and college graduates, wherever they came from, and whatever their social
position—possessed in common the traits of hardihood and a thirst for adventure. They were to a man born adventurers, in the old sense of the word.

The men in the ranks were mostly young; yet some were past their first youth. These had taken part in the killing of the great buffalo herds, and had fought Indians when the tribes were still on the war-path. The younger ones, too, led rough lives; and the lines in their faces told of many a hardship endured, and many a danger silently faced with grim, unconscious philosophy. Some were originally from the East, and had seen strange adventures in different kinds of life, from sailing round the Horn to mining in Alaska. Others had been born and bred in the West, and had never seen a larger town than Santa Fé or a bigger body of water than the Pecos in flood. Some of them went by their own name; some had changed their names; and yet others possessed but half a name, colored by some adjective, like Cherokee Bill, Happy Jack of Arizona, Smoky Moore, the bronco-buster, so named because cow-boys often call vicious horses “smoky” horses, and Rattlesnake Pete, who had lived among the Moquis and taken part in the snake dances. Some were professional gamblers, and, on the other hand, no less than four were or had been Baptist or Methodist clergymen—and proved first-class fighters, too, by the way. Some were men whose lives in the past had not been free from the taint of those fierce kinds of crime into which the lawless spirits who dwell on the border-land between civ-
ilization and savagery so readily drift. A far larger number had served at different times in those bodies of armed men with which the growing civilization of the border finally puts down its savagery.

There was one characteristic and distinctive contingent which could have appeared only in such a regiment as ours. From the Indian Territory there came a number of Indians—Cherokees, Chickasaws, Choctaws, and Creeks. Only a few were of pure blood. The others shaded off until they were absolutely indistinguishable from their white comrades; with whom, it may be mentioned, they all lived on terms of complete equality.

Not all of the Indians were from the Indian Territory. One of the gamest fighters and best soldiers in the regiment was Pollock, a full-blooded Pawnee. He had been educated, like most of the other Indians, at one of those admirable Indian schools which have added so much to the total of the small credit account with which the White race balances the very unpleasant debit account of its dealings with the Red. Pollock was a silent, solitary fellow—an excellent penman, much given to drawing pictures. When we got down to Santiago he developed into the regimental clerk. I never suspected him of having a sense of humor until one day, at the end of our stay in Cuba, as he was sitting in the Adjutant's tent working over the returns, there turned up a trooper of the First who had been acting as barber. Eying him with immovable face Pollock asked, in a guttural voice, "Do you cut hair?" The man answered "Yes;" and Pollock continued, "Then you'd better cut mine," muttering, in an explanatory soliloquy, "Don't want to wear my hair long like a wild Indian when I'm in civilized warfare."

Another Indian came from Texas. He was a brakeman on the Southern Pacific, and wrote me telling me he was an American Indian, and that he wanted to enlist. His name was Colbert, which at once attracted my attention; for I was familiar with the history of the Cherokees and Chickasaws during the eighteenth century, when they lived east of the Mississippi. Early in that century various traders, chiefly Scotchmen, settled among them, and the half-breed descendants of one named Colbert became the most noted chiefs of the Chickasaws. I summoned the applicant before me, and found that he was an excellent man, and, as I had supposed, a descendant of the old Chickasaw chiefs.

He brought into the regiment, by the way, his "partner," a white man. The two had been inseparable companions for some years, and continued so in the regiment. Every man who has lived in the West knows that, vindictive though the hatred between the white man and the
Indian is when they stand against one another in what may be called their tribal relations, yet that men of Indian blood, when adopted into white communities, are usually treated precisely like anyone else.

Colbert was not the only Indian whose name I recognized. There was a Cherokee named Adair, who, upon inquiry, I found to be descended from the man who, a century and a half ago, wrote a ponderous folio, to this day of great interest, about the Cherokees with whom he had spent the best years of his life as a trader and agent.

I don't know that I ever came across a man with a really sweeter nature than another Cherokee named Holderman. He was an excellent soldier, and for a long time acted as cook for the head-quarters mess. He was a half-breed, and came of a soldier stock on both sides and through both races. He explained to me once why he had come to the war; that it was because his people always had fought when there was a war, and he could not feel happy to stay at home when the flag was going into battle.

Two of the young Cherokee recruits came to me with a most kindly letter from one of the ladies who had been teaching in the academy from which they were about to graduate. She and I had known one another in connection with Governmental and philanthropic work on the reservations, and she wrote to commend the two boys to my attention. One was on the Academy foot-ball team and the other in the glee-club. Both were fine young fellows. The foot-ball player now lies buried with the other dead who fell in the fight at San Juan. The singer was brought to death's door by fever, but recovered and came back to his home.

There were other Indians of much wilder type, but their wildness was precisely like that of the cow-boys with whom they were associated. One or two of them needed rough discipline; and they got it, too. Like the rest of the regiment, they
were splendid riders. I remember one man, whose character left much to be desired in some respects, but whose horsemanship was unexceptionable. He was mounted on an exceedingly bad bronco, which would bolt out of the ranks at drill. He broke it of this habit by the simple expedient of giving it two tremendous twists, first to one side and then to the other, as it bolted, with the result that, invariably, at the second bound its legs crossed and over it went with a smash, the rider taking the somersault with unmoved equanimity.

The life histories of some of the men who joined our regiment would make many volumes of thrilling adventure.

We drew a great many recruits from Texas; and from nowhere did we get a higher average, for many of them had served in that famous body of frontier fighters, the Texas Rangers. Of course, these rangers needed no teaching. They were already trained to obey and to take responsibility. They were splendid shots, horsemen, and trailers. They were accustomed to living in the open, to enduring great fatigue and hardship, and to encountering all kinds of danger.

Many of the Arizona and New Mexico men had taken part in warfare with the Apaches, those terrible Indians of the waterless Southwestern mountains—the most bloodthirsty and the wildest of all the red men of America, and the most formidable in their own dreadful style of warfare. Of course, a man who had kept his nerve and held his own, year after year, while living where each day and night contained the threat of hidden death from a foe whose goings and comings were unseen, was not apt to lose courage when confronted with any other enemy. An experience in following in the trail of an enemy who might flee at one stretch through fifty miles of death-like desert was a good school out of which to come with profound indifference for the ordinary hardships of campaigning.

As a rule, the men were more apt, however, to have had experience in warring against white desperadoes and law-breakers than against Indians. Some of our best recruits came from Colorado. One, a very large, hawk-eyed man, Benjamin Franklin Daniels, had been Marshal of Dodge City when that pleasing town was probably the toughest abode of civilized man to be found anywhere on the continent. In the course of the exercise of his rather lurid functions as peace-officer he had lost half
of one ear—"bitten off," it was explained to me. Naturally, he viewed the dangers of battle with philosophic calm. Such a man was, in reality, a veteran even in his first fight, and was a tower of strength to the recruits in his part of the line. With him there came into the regiment a deputy-marshall from Cripple Creek named Sherman Bell. Bell had a hernia, but he was so excellent a man that we decided to take him. I do not think I ever saw greater resolution than Bell displayed throughout the campaign. In Cuba the great exertions which he was forced to make, again and again, opened the hernia, and the surgeons insisted that he must return to the United States; but he simply would not go. On one occasion he escaped from the hospital and came eight miles, half of the time on all-fours, in really excruciating agony, to catch up with the regiment; and Dr. Church fixed him up so that he was temporarily all right. The Doctor, however, as in duty bound, directed that he should go to the rear, and that night an ambulance came to take him; but Bell slipped off into the jungle, and lay out there until next morning. Then he cautiously followed in the rear of the regiment until the fight was on at San Juan. When the firing had once begun he knew he would not be sent back; and on he came to fight in the front, resolute, to have his share of the danger and honor. That he did splendidly in battle it is hardly necessary to say.

Then there was little McGinty, the bronco-buster from Oklahoma, who never had walked a hundred yards if by any possibility he could ride. When McGinty was reproved for his absolute inability to keep step on the drill-ground, he responded that he was pretty sure he could keep step on horseback. McGinty's short legs caused him much trouble on the marches, but we had no braver or better man in the fights.

One old friend of mine had come from far northern Idaho to join the regiment at San Antonio. He was a hunter, named Fred Herrig, an Alsatian by birth. A dozen years before he and I had hunted mountain sheep and deer when laying in the winter stock of meat for my ranch on the Little Missouri, sometimes in the bright fall weather, sometimes in the Arctic bitterness of the early Northern winter. He was the most loyal and simple-hearted of men, and he had come to join his old "boss" and comrade in the bigger hunting which we were to carry on through the tropic midsummer.

The temptation is great to go on enumerating man after man who stood preeminent, whether as a killer of game, a tamer of horses, or a queller of disorder among his people, or who, mayhap, stood out with a more evil prominence as himself a dangerous man—one given to the taking of life on small provocation, or one who was ready to earn his living outside the law if the occasion demanded it. There was tall Proffit, the sharp-shooter, from North Carolina—sinewy, saturnine, fearless; Smith, the bear hunter from Wyoming, and McCann, the Arizona bookkeeper, who had begun life as a buffalo-hunter. There was Crockett, the Georgian, who had been an Internal Revenue officer, and had waged perilous war on the rifle-bearing "moonshiners." There were Darnell and Wood of New Mexico, who could literally ride any horses alive. There were Goodwin and Taylor and Armstrong the ranger, crack shots with rifle or revolver. There was many a skilled packer who had led and guarded his trains of laden mules through the Indian-haunted country surrounding some outpost of civilization. There were men who had won fame as Rocky Mountain stage-drivers, or who had spent endless days in guiding the slow wagon-trains across the grassy plains. There were miners who knew every camp from the Yukon to Leadville, and cow-punchers in whose memories were stored the brands carried by the herds from Chihuahua to Assiniboia. There were men who had roped wild steers in the mesquite brush of the Nueces, and who, year in and year out, had driven the trail herds northward over desolate wastes and across the fords of shrunken rivers to the fattening grounds of the Powder and the Yellowstone. They were hardened to the scorching heat and bitter cold of the dry plains and pine-clad mountains. They were accustomed to sleep in the open, while the picketed horses grazed beside them near some shallow, reedy pool.
They had wandered hither and thither across the vast desolation of the wilderness, alone or with comrades. They had cowered in the shelter of cut banks from the icy blast of the norther, and far out on the midsummer prairies they had known the luxury of lying in the shade of the wagon during the noonday rest. They had lived in brush lean-tos for weeks at a time, or with only the wagon-sheet as an occasional house. They had fared hard when exploring the unknown; they had fared well on the round-up; and they had known the plenty of the log-ranch houses, where the tables were spread with smoked venison and calf ribs and milk and bread, and vegetables from the garden-patch.

Such were the men we had as recruits; soldiers ready-made, as far as concerned their capacity as individual fighters. What was necessary was to teach them to act together, and to obey orders. Our special task was to make them ready for action in the shortest possible time. We were bound to see fighting, and therefore to be with the first expedition that left the United States; for we could not tell how long the war would last.

I had been quite prepared for trouble when it came to enforcing discipline, but I was agreeably disappointed. There were plenty of hard characters who might by themselves have given trouble, and with one or two of whom we did have to take rough measures; but the bulk of the men thoroughly understood that without discipline they would be merely a valueless mob, and they set themselves hard at work to learn the new duties. Of course, such a regiment, in spite of, or indeed I might almost say because of, the characteristics which made the individual men so exception-ally formidable as soldiers, could very readily have been spoiled. Any weakness in the commander would have ruined it. On the other hand, to treat it from the stand-point of the martinet and military pedant would have been almost equally fatal. From the beginning we started out to secure the essentials of discipline, while laying just as little stress as possible on the non-essentials. The men were singularly quick to respond to any appeal to their intelligence and patriotism. The faults they committed were those of ignorance merely. When Holderman, in announcing dinner to the Colonel and the three Majors, genially remarked, “If you fellars don’t come soon, everything’ll get cold,” he had no thought of other than a kindly and respectful regard for their welfare, and was glad to modify his form of address on being told that it was not what could be described as conventionally military. When one of our sentinels, who had with much labor learned the manual of arms, saluted with great pride as I passed, and added, with a friendly nod, “Good-evening, Colonel,” this variation in the accepted formula on such occasions was meant, and was accepted, as mere friendly interest. In both cases the needed instruction was given and received in the same kindly spirit.

One of the new Indian Territory recruits, after twenty-four hours’ stay in camp, during which he had held himself distinctly aloof from the general interests, called on the Colonel in his tent, and remarked, “Well, Colonel, I want to shake hands and say we’re with you. We didn’t know how we would like you fellars at first; but you’re all right, and you know your business, and you mean business, and you can count on us every time!”

That same night, which was hot, mosquitoes were very annoying; and shortly after midnight both the Colonel and I came to the doors of our respective tents, which adjoined one another. The sentinel in front was also fighting mosquitoes. As we came out we saw him pitch his gun about ten feet off, and sit down to attack some of the pests that had swarmed up his trousers’ legs. Happening to glance in our direction, he nodded pleasantly and, with unabashed and friendly feeling, remarked, “Ain’t they bad?”

It was astonishing how soon the men got over these little peculiarities. They speedily grew to recognize the fact that the observance of certain forms was essential to the maintenance of proper discipline. They became scrupulously careful in touching their hats, and always came to attention when spoken to. They saw that we did not insist upon the observance of these forms to humiliate them; that we were as anxious to learn our own duties as we were to have them learn theirs, and as scrupulous in paying respect to our
superiors as we were in exacting the acknowledgment due our rank from those below us; moreover, what was very important, they saw that we were careful to look after their interests in every way, and were doing all that was possible to hurry up the equipment and drill of the regiment, so as to get into the war.

Rigid guard duty was established at once, and everyone was impressed with the necessity for vigilance and watchfulness. The policing of the camp was likewise attended to with the utmost rigor. As always with new troops, they were at first indifferent to the necessity for cleanliness in camp arrangements; but on this point Colonel Wood brooked no laxity, and in a very little while the hygienic conditions of the camp were as good as those of any regular regiment. Meanwhile the men were being drilled, on foot at first, with the utmost assiduity. Every night we had officers' school, the non-commissioned officers of each troop being given similar schooling by the Captain or one of the Lieutenants of the troop; and every day we practised hard, by squad, by troop, by squadron and battalion. The earnestness and intelligence with which the men went to work rendered the task of instruction much less difficult than would be supposed. It soon grew easy to handle the regiment in all the simpler forms of close and open order. When they had grown so that they could be handled with ease in marching, and in the ordinary manoeuvres of the drill-ground, we began to train them in open order work, skirmishing and firing. Here their woodcraft and plainscraft, their knowledge of the rifle, helped us very much. Skirmishing they took to naturally, which was fortunate, as practically all our fighting was done in open order.

Meanwhile we were purchasing horses. Judging from what I saw I do not think that we got heavy enough animals, and of those purchased certainly a half were nearly unbroken. It was no easy matter to handle them on the picket-lines, and to provide for feeding and watering; and the efforts to shoe and ride them were at first productive of much vigorous excitement. Of course, those that were wild from the range had to be thrown and tied down before they could be shod. Half the horses of the regiment bucked, or possessed some other of the amiable weaknesses incident to horse life on the great ranches; but we had abundance of men who were utterly unmoved by any antic a horse might commit. Every animal was speedily mastered, though a large number remained to the end mounts upon which an ordinary rider would have felt very uncomfortable.

My own horses were purchased for me by a Texas friend, John Moore, with whom I had once hunted peccaries on the Nueces. I only paid fifty dollars apiece, and the animals were not showy; but they were tough and hardy, and answered my purpose well.

Mounted drill with such horses and men bade fair to offer opportunities for excitement; yet it usually went off smoothly enough. Before drilling the men on horseback they had all been drilled on foot, and, having gone at their work with hearty zest, they knew well the simple movements to form any kind of line or column. Wood was busy from morning till night in hurrying the final details of the equipment, and he turned the drill of the men over to me. To drill perfectly needs long practice, but to drill roughly is a thing very easy to learn indeed. We were not always right about our intervals, our lines were somewhat irregular, and our more difficult movements were executed at times in rather a haphazard way; but the essential commands and the essential movements we learned without any difficulty, and the men performed them with great dash. When we put them on horseback, there was, of course, trouble with the horses; but the horsemanship of the riders was consummate. In fact, the men were immensely interested in making their horses perform each evolution with the utmost speed and accuracy, and in forcing each unquiet, vicious brute to get into line and stay in line, whether he would or not. The guidon-bearers held their plunging steeds true to the line, no matter what they tried to do; and each wild rider brought his wild horse into his proper place with a dash and ease which showed the natural cavalryman.

In short, from the very beginning the horseback drills were good fun, and everyone enjoyed them. We marched out through the adjoining country to drill wherever we found open ground, practis-
ing all the different column formations as we went. On the open ground we threw out the line to one side or the other, and in one position and the other, sometimes at the trot, sometimes at the gallop. As the men grew accustomed to the simple evolutions, we tried them more and more in skirmish drills, practising them so that they might get accustomed to advance in open order and to skirmish in any country, while the horses were held in the rear.

Our arms were the regular cavalry carbine, the "Krag," a splendid weapon, and the revolver. A few carried their favorite Winchesters, using, of course, the new model, which took the Government cartridge. We felt very strongly that it would be worse than a waste of time to try to train our men to use the sabre—a weapon utterly alien to them; but with the rifle and revolver they were already thoroughly familiar. Many of my cavalry friends in the past had insisted to me that the revolver was a better weapon than the sword—among them Basil Duke, the noted Confederate cavalry leader, and Captain Frank Edwards, whom I had met when elk-hunting on the head-waters of the Yellowstone and the Snake. Personally, I knew too little to decide as to the comparative merits of the two arms; but I did know that it was a great deal better to use the arm with which our men were already proficient. They were therefore armed with what might be called their natural weapon, the revolver.

As it turned out, we were not used mounted at all, so that our preparations on this point came to nothing. In a way, I have always regretted this. We thought we should at least be employed as cavalry in the great campaign against Havana in the fall; and from the beginning I began to train my men in shock tactics for use against hostile cavalry. My belief was that the horse was really the weapon with which to strike the first blow. I felt that if my men could be trained to hit their adversaries with their horses, it was a matter of small moment whether, at the moment when the onset occurred, sabres, lances, or revolvers were used; while in the subsequent mêlée I believed the revolver would outclass cold steel as a weapon. But this is all guesswork, for we never had occasion to try the experiment.

It was astonishing what a difference was made by two or three weeks' training. The mere thorough performance of guard and police duties helped the men very rapidly to become soldiers. The officers studied hard, and both officers and men worked hard in the drill-field. It was, of course, rough and ready drill; but it was very efficient, and it was suited to the men who made up the regiment. Their uniform also suited them. In their slouch hats, blue flannel shirts, brown trousers, leggings and boots, with handkerchiefs knotted loosely around their necks, they looked exactly as a body of cow-boy cavalry should look. The officers speedily grew to realize that they must not be overfamiliar with their men, and yet that they must care for them in every way. The men, in return, began to acquire those habits of attention to soldierly detail which mean so much in making a regiment. Above all, every man felt, and had constantly instilled into him, a keen pride of the regiment, and a resolute purpose to do his whole duty unconcomainingly, and, above all, to win glory by the way he handled himself in battle.

(To be continued.)
ON THE FEVER SHIP

By Richard Harding Davis

THERE were four rails around the ship’s sides, the three lower ones of iron and the one on top of wood, and as he looked between them from the canvas cot he recognized them as the prison-bars which held him in. Outside his prison lay a stretch of blinding blue water which ended in a line of breakers and a yellow coast with ragged palms. Beyond that again rose a range of mountain-peaks, and stuck upon the loftiest peak of all a tiny block-house. It rested on the brow of the mountain against the naked sky as impudently as a cracker-box set upon the dome of a great cathedral.

As the transport rode on her anchor-chains, the iron bars around her sides rose and sank and divided the landscape with parallel lines. From his cot the officer followed this phenomenon with severe, pain-taking interest. Sometimes the wooden rail swept up to the very block-house itself, and for a second of time blotted it from sight. And again it sank to the level of the line of breakers, and wiped them out of the picture as though they were only a line of chalk.

The soldier on the cot promised himself that the next swell of the sea would send the lowest rail climbing to the very top or the palm-trees or, even higher, to the base of the mountains; and when it failed to reach even the palm-trees he felt a distinct sense of ill use, of having been wronged by someone. There was no other reason for submitting to this existence, save these tricks upon the wearisome, glaring landscape; and, now, whoever it was who was working them did not seem to be making this effort to entertain him with any heartiness.

It was most cruel. Indeed, he decided hotly it was not to be endured; he would bear it no longer, he would make his escape. But he knew that this move, which could be conceived in a moment’s desperation, could only be carried to success with great strategy, secrecy, and careful cunning. So he fell back upon his pillow and closed his eyes, as though he were asleep, and then opening them again turned cautiously, and spied upon his keeper. As usual, his keeper sat at the foot of the cot turning the pages of a huge paper filled with pictures of the war printed in daubs of tawdry colors. His keeper was a hard-faced boy without human pity or consideration, a very devil of obstinacy and fiendish cruelty. To make it worse, the fiend was a person without a collar, in a suit of soiled khaki, with a curious red cross bound by a safety-pin to his left arm. He was intent upon the paper in his hands; he was holding it between his eyes and his prisoner. His vigilance had relaxed, and the moment seemed propitious. With a sudden plunge of arms and legs, the prisoner swept the bed-sheet from him, and sprang at the wooden rail and grasped the iron stanchion beside it. He had his knee pressed against the top bar and his bare toes on the iron rail beneath it. Below him the blinding blue water waited for him. It was cool and dark and gentle and deep. It would certainly put out the fire in his bones, he thought; it might even shut out the glare of the sun which scorched his eyeballs.

But as he balanced for the leap, a swift weakness and nausea swept over him, a weight seized upon his body and limbs. He could not lift the lower foot from the iron rail, and he swayed dizzyly and trembled. He trembled. He who had raced his men and beaten them up the hot hill to the trenches of San Juan. But now he was a baby in the hands of a giant, who caught him by the wrist and with an iron arm clasped him around his waist and pulled him down, and shouted, brutally, “Help, some of you’s; quick; he’s at it again. I can’t hold him.”

More giants grasped him by the arms and by the legs. One of them took the hand that clung to the stanchion in both of his, and pulled back the fingers one by one, saying, “Easy now, Lieutenant—easy.”

The ragged palms and the sea and block-house were swallowed up in a black
fog, and his body touched the canvas cot again with a sense of home-coming and relief and rest. He wondered how he could have cared to escape from it. He found it so good to be back again that for a long time he wept quite happily, until the fiery pillow was moist and cool.

The world outside of the iron bars was like a scene in a theatre set for some great event, but the actors were never ready. He remembered confusedly a play he had once witnessed before that same scene. Indeed he believed he had played some small part in it; but he remembered it dimly, and all trace of the men who had appeared with him in it was gone. He had reasoned it out that they were up there behind the range of mountains, because great heavy wagons and ambulances and cannon were emptied from the ships at the wharf above and were drawn away in long lines behind the ragged palms, moving always toward the passes between the peaks. At times he was disturbed by the thought that he should be up and after them, that some tradition of duty made his presence with them imperative. There was much to be done back of the mountains. Some event of momentous import was being carried forward there, in which he held a part; but the doubt soon passed from him, and he was content to lie and watch the iron bars rising and falling between the blockhouse and the white surf. If they had been only humanely kind, his lot would have been bearable, but they starved him and held him down when he wished to rise; and they would not put out the fire in the pillow, which they might easily have done by the simple expedient of throwing it over the ship's side into the sea. He himself had done this twice, but the keeper had immediately brought a fresh pillow already heated for the torture and forced it under his head.

His pleasures were very simple, and so few that he could not understand why they robbed him of them so jealously. One was to watch a green cluster of bananas that hung above him twirling from the awning by a string. He could count as many of them as five before the bunch turned and swung lazily back again, when he could count as high as twelve; sometimes when the ship rolled heavily he could count to twenty. It was a most fascinating game, and contented him for many hours. But when they found this out they sent for the cook to come and cut them down, and he carried them away to his galley.

Then, one day, a man came out from the shore, swimming through the blue water with great splashes. He was a most charming man, who spluttered and dove and twisted and lay on his back and kicked his legs in an excess of content and delight. It was a real pleasure to watch him; not for days had anything so amusing appeared on the other side of the prison-bars. But as soon as the keeper saw that the man in the water was amusing his prisoner, he leaned over the ship's side and shouted, "Sa-ay, you, don't you know there's sharks in there?"

And the swimming man said, "The h—ll there is!" and raced back to the shore like a porpoise with great lashing of the water, and ran up the beach halfway to the palms before he was satisfied to stop. Then the prisoner wept again. It was so disappointing. Life was robbed of everything now. He remembered that in a previous existence soldiers who cried were laughed at and mocked. But that was so far away and it was such an absurd superstition that he had no patience with it. For what could be more comforting to a man when he is treated cruelly than to cry? It was so obvious an exercise, and when one is so feeble that one cannot vault a four-railed barrier it is something to feel that at least one is strong enough to cry.

He escaped occasionally, traversing space with marvellous rapidity and to great distances, but never to any successful purpose; and his flight inevitably ended in ignominious recapture and a sudden awakening in bed. At these moments the familiar and hated palms, the peaks and the block-house were more hideous in their reality than the most terrifying of his nightmares.

These excursions afield were always predatory; he went forth always to seek food. With all the beautiful world from which to elect and choose, he sought out only those places where eating was studied and elevated to an art. These visits were much more vivid in their detail than any he had ever before made to these same re-
sorts. They invariably began in a carriage, which carried him swiftly over smooth asphalt. One route brought him across a great and beautiful square, radiating with rows and rows of flickering lights; two fountains splashed in the centre of the square, and six women of stone guarded its approaches. One of the women was hung with wreaths of mourning. Ahead of him the late twilight darkened behind a great arch, which seemed to rise on the horizon of the world, a great window into the heavens beyond. At either side strings of white and colored globes hung among the trees, and the sound of music came joyfully from theatres in the open air. He knew the restaurant under the trees to which he was now hastening, and the foun-
tain beside it, and the very sparrors balancing on the fountain's edge; he knew every waiter at each of the tables, he felt again the gravel crunching under his feet, he saw the maître d'hôtel coming forward smiling to receive his command, and the waiter in the green apron bowing at his elbow, defer-
ential and important, presenting the list of wines. But his adventure never passed that point, for he was captured again and once more bound to his cot with a close burning sheet.

Or else, he drove more sedately through the London streets in the late evening twi-
light, leaning expectantly across the doors of the hansom and pulling carefully at his white gloves. Other hansom's flashed past him, the occupant of each with his mind fixed on one idea—dinner. He was one of a million of people who were about to dine, or who had dined, or who were deep in dining. He was so famished, so weak for food of any quality, that the galloping horse in the hansom seemed to crawl. The lights of the Embankment passed like the lamps of a railroad station as seen from the window of an express; and while his mind was still torn between the choice of a thin or thick soup or an immediate attack upon cold beef, he was at the door, and the chas-
sieur touched his cap, and the little chas-
sieur put the wicker guard over the hansom's wheel. As he jumped out he said, "Give him half a crown," and the driver called after him, "Thank you, sir."

It was a beautiful world, this world out-
side of the iron bars. Everyone in it con-
tributed to his pleasure and to his comfort. In this world he was not starved nor man-
handled. He thought of this joyfully as he leaped up the stairs, where young men with grave faces and with their hands held negligently behind their backs bowed to him in polite surprise at his speed. But they had not been starved on condensed milk. He threw his coat and hat at one of them, and came down the hall fearfully and quite weak with dread lest it should not be real. His voice was shaking when he asked Ellis if he had reserved a table. The place was all so real, it must be true this time. The way Ellis turned and ran his finger down the list showed it was real, because Ellis always did that, even when he knew there would not be an empty ta-
ble for an hour. The room was crowded with beautiful women; under the light of the red shades they looked kind and approachable, and there was food on every table, and iced drinks in silver buckets. It was with the joy of great relief that he heard Ellis say to his underling, "Nu-
mero cinque, sur la terrace, un couvert." It was real at last. Outside, the Thames lay a great gray shadow. The lights of the Embankment flashed and twinkled across it, the Tower of the House of Commons rose against the sky, and here inside the waiter was hurrying toward him carrying a smoking plate of rich soup with a pungent intoxicating odor.

And then the ragged palms, the glaring sun, the immovable peaks, and the white surf stood again before him. The iron rails swept up and sank again, the fever sucked at his bones, and the pillow scorched his cheek.

One morning for a brief moment he came back to real life again and lay quite still, seeing everything about him with clear eyes and for the first time, as though he had but just that instant been lifted over the ship's side. His keeper, glancing up, found the prisoner's eyes considering him curiously, and recognized the change. The instinct of discipline brought him to his feet with his fingers at his sides.

"Is the Lieutenant feeling better?"

The Lieutenant surveyed him gravely.

"You are one of our hospital stewards."

"Yes, Lieutenant."

"Why ar'n't you with the regiment?"

"I was wounded, too, sir. I got it same time you did, Lieutenant."
“Am I wounded? Of course, I remember. Is this a hospital ship?”

The steward shrugged his shoulders. “She’s one of the transports. They have turned her over to the fever cases.”

The Lieutenant opened his lips to ask another question; but his own body answered that one, and for a moment he lay silent.

“Do they know North that I—that I’m all right.”

“Oh, yes, the papers had it in—there was pictures of the Lieutenant in some of them.”

“Then I’ve been ill some time?”

“Oh, about eight days.”

The soldier moved uneasily, and the nurse in him became uppermost.

“I guess the Lieutenant hadn’t better talk any more,” he said. It was his voice now which held authority.

The Lieutenant looked out at the palms and the silent gloomy mountains and the empty coast-line, where the same wave was rising and falling with weary persistence.

“Eight days,” he said. His eyes shut quickly, as though with a sudden touch of pain. He turned his head and sought for the figure at the foot of the cot. Already the figure had grown faint and was receding and swaying.

“Has anyone written or cabled?” the Lieutenant spoke, hurriedly. He was fearful lest the figure should disappear altogether before he could obtain his answer.

“Has any one come?”

“Why, they couldn’t get here, Lieutenant, not yet.”

The voice came very faintly. “You go to sleep now, and I’ll run and fetch some letters and telegrams. When you wake up, may be I’ll have a lot for you.”

But the Lieutenant caught the nurse by the wrist, and crushed his hand in his own thin fingers. They were hot, and left the steward’s skin wet with perspiration. The Lieutenant laughed gauly.

“You see, Doctor,” he said, briskly, “that you can’t kill me. I can’t die. I’ve got to live, you understand. Because, sir, she said she would come. She said if I was wounded, or if I was ill, she would come to me. She didn’t care what people thought. She would come anyway and nurse me—well, she will come. “So, Doctor — old man —” He

plucked at the steward’s sleeve, and stroked his hand eagerly, “old man—” he began again, beseechingly, “you’ll not let me die until she comes, will you? What? No, I know I won’t die. Nothing made by man can kill me. No, not until she comes. Then, after that—eight days, she’ll be here soon, any moment? What? You think so, too? Don’t you? Surely, yes, any moment. Yes, I’ll go to sleep now, and when you see her rowing out from shore you wake me. You’ll know her; you can’t make a mistake. She is like—no, there is no one like her—but you can’t make a mistake.”

That day strange figures began to mount the sides of the ship, and to occupy its every turn and angle of space. Some of them fell on their knees and slapped the bare deck with their hands, and laughed and cried out, “Thank God, I’ll see God’s country again!” Some of them were regulars, bound in bandages; some were volunteers, dirty and hollow-eyed, with long beards on boy’s faces. Some came on crutches; others with their arms around the shoulders of their comrades, staring ahead of them with a fixed smile, their lips drawn back and their teeth protruding. At every second step they stumbled, and the face of each was swept by swift ripples of pain.

They lay on cots so close together that the nurses could not walk between them. They lay on the wet decks, in the scuppers, and along the transoms and hatches. They were like shipwrecked mariners clinging to a raft, and they asked nothing more than that the ship’s bow be turned toward home. Once satisfied as to that, they relaxed into a state of self-pity and miserable oblivion to their environment, from which hunger nor nausea nor aching bones could shake them.

The hospital steward touched the Lieutenant lightly on the shoulder.

“We are going North, sir,” he said. “The transport’s ordered North to New York, with these volunteers and the sick and wounded. Do you hear me, sir?”

The Lieutenant opened his eyes. “Has she come?” he asked.

“Gee!” exclaimed the hospital steward. He glanced impatiently at the blue mountains and the yellow coast, from which the transport was drawing rapidly away.
“Well, I can’t see her coming just now,” he said. “But she will,” he added.

“You let me know at once when she comes.”

“Why, cert’nly, of course,” said the steward.

Three trained nurses came over the side just before the transport started North. One was a large, motherly looking woman, with a German accent. She had been a trained nurse, first in Berlin, and later in the London Hospital in Whitechapel, and at Bellevue. The nurse was dressed in white, and wore a little silver medal at her throat; and she was strong enough to lift a volunteer out of his cot and hold him easily in her arms, while one of the convalescents pulled his cot out of the rain. Some of the men called her “nurse;” others, who wore scapulars around their necks, called her “Sister;” and the officers of the medical staff addressed her as Miss Bergen.

Miss Bergen halted beside the cot of the Lieutenant and asked, “Is this the fever case you spoke about, Doctor—the one you want moved to the officers’ ward?” She slipped her hand up under his sleeve and felt his wrist.

“His pulse is very high,” she said to the steward. “When did you take his temperature?” She drew a little morocco case from her pocket and from that took a clinical thermometer, which she shook up and down, eying the patient meanwhile with a calm, impersonal scrutiny. The Lieutenant raised his head and stared up at the white figure beside his cot. His eyes opened and then shut quickly, with a startled look, in which doubt struggled with wonderful happiness. His hand stole out fearfully and warily until it touched her apron, and then, finding it was real, he clutched it desperately, and twisting his face and body toward her, pulled her down, clasping her hands in both of his, and pressing them close to his face and eyes and lips. He put them from him for an instant, and looked at her through his tears.

“Sweetheart,” he whispered, “sweetheart, I knew you’d come.”

As the nurse knelt on the deck beside him, her thermometer slipped from her fingers and broke, and she gave an exclamation of annoyance. The young Doctor picked up the pieces and tossed them overboard. Neither of them spoke, but they smiled appreciatively. The Lieutenant was looking at the nurse with the wonder and hope and hunger of soul in his eyes with which a dying man looks at the cross the priest holds up before him. What he saw where the German nurse was kneeling was a tall, fair girl with great bands and masses of hair, with a head rising like a lily from a firm, white throat, set on broad shoulders above a straight back and sloping breast—a tall, beautiful creature, half-girl, half-woman, who looked back at him shyly, but steadily.

“Listen,” he said.

The voice of the sick man was so sure and so sane that the young Doctor started, and moved nearer to the head of the cot.

“Listen, dearest,” the Lieutenant whispered. “I wanted to tell you before I came South. But I did not dare; and then I was afraid something might happen to me, and I could never tell you, and you would never know. So I wrote it to you in the will I made at Baiquiri, the night before the landing. If you hadn’t come now, you would have learned it in that way. You would have read there that there never was anyone but you; the rest were all dream people, foolish, silly—mad. There is no one else in the world but you; you have been the only thing in life that has counted. I thought I might do something down here that would make you care. But I got shot going up a hill, and after that I wasn’t able to do anything. It was very hot, and the hills were on fire; and they took me prisoner, and kept me tied down here, burning on these coals. I can’t live much longer, but now that I have told you I can have peace. They tried to kill me before you came; but they didn’t know I loved you, they didn’t know that men who love you can’t die. They tried to starve my love for you, to burn it out of me; they tried to reach it with their knives. But my love for you is my soul, and they can’t kill a man’s soul. Dear heart, I have lived because you lived. Now that you know—now that you understand—what does it matter?”

Miss Bergen shook her head with great vigor. “Nonsense,” she said, cheerfully. “You are not going to die. As soon as
we move you out of this rain, and some food cook——”

“Good God!” cried the young Doctor, savagely. “Do you want to kill him?”

When she spoke the patient had thrown his arms heavily across his face, and had fallen back, lying rigid on the pillow.

The Doctor led the way across the prostrate bodies, apologizing as he went. “I am sorry I spoke so quickly,” he said, “but he thought you were real. I mean he thought you were someone he really knew——”

“He was just delirious,” said the German nurse, calmly.

The Doctor mixed himself a Scotch and soda and drank it with a single gesture.

“Ugh!” he said to the ward-room. “I feel as though I’d been opening another man’s letters.”

The transport drove through the empty seas with heavy, clumsy upheavals, rolling like a buoy. Having been originally intended for the freight-carrying trade, she had no sympathy with hearts that beat for a sight of their native land, or for lives that counted their remaining minutes by the throbbing of her engines. Occasionally, without apparent reason, she was thrown violently from her course; but it was invariably the case that when her stern went to starboard, something splashed in the water on her port side and drifted past her, until, when it had cleared the blades of her propeller, a voice cried out, and she was swung back on her home-bound track again.

The Lieutenant missed the familiar palms and the tiny block-house; and seeing nothing beyond the iron rails but great wastes of gray water, he decided he was on board a prison-ship, or that he had been strapped to a raft and cast adrift. People came for hours at a time and stood at the foot of his cot, and talked with him and he to them—people he had loved and people he had long forgotten, some of whom he had thought were dead. One of them he could have sworn he had seen buried in a deep trench, and covered with branches of palmetto. He had heard the bugler, with tears choking him, sound “taps;” and with his own hand he had placed the dead man’s campaign hat on the mound of fresh earth above the grave. Yet here he was still alive and he came with other men of his troop to speak to him; but when he reached out to them they were gone—the real and the unreal, the dead and the living—and even She disappeared whenever he tried to take her hand, and sometimes the hospital steward drove her away.

“Did that young lady say when she was coming back again?” he asked the steward.

“The young lady! What young lady?” asked the steward, warily.

“The one who has been sitting there,” he answered. He pointed with his gaunt hand at the man in the next cot.

“Oh, that young lady. Yes, she’s coming back. She’s just gone below to fetch you some hardtack.”

The young volunteer in the next cot whined grievously.

“That crazy man gives me the creeps,” he groaned. “He’s always waking me up, and looking at me as though he was going to eat me.”

“Shut your head,” said the steward. “He’s a better man crazy than you’ll ever be, with the little sense you’ve got. And he has two Mauser holes in him. Crazy, eh? It’s a damned good thing for you that there was about four thousand of us regulars just as crazy as him, or you’d never seen the top of the hill.”

One morning there was a great commotion on deck, and all the convalescents balanced themselves on the rail, shivering in their pajamas, and pointed one way. The transport was moving swiftly and smoothly through water as flat as a lake, and making a great noise with her steam-whistle. The noise was echoed by many more steam-whistles; and the ghosts of out-bound ships and tugs and excursion steamers ran past her out of the mist and disappeared, saluting joyously. All of the excursion steamers had a heavy list to the side nearest the transport, and the ghosts on them crowded to that rail and waved handkerchiefs and cheered. The fog lifted suddenly, and between the iron rails the Lieutenants saw high green hills on either side of a great harbor. Houses and trees and thousands of masts swept past like a panorama; and beyond was a mirage of three cities, with curling smoke-wreaths and sky-reaching buildings, and a great swinging bridge, and a giant statue of a woman waving a welcome home.
The Lieutenant surveyed the spectacle with cynical disbelief. He was far too wise and far too cunning to be bewitched by it. In his heart he pitied the men about him who laughed wildly, and shouted, and climbed recklessly to the rails and ratlines. He had been deceived too often not to know that it was not real. He knew from cruel experience that in a few moments the tall buildings would crumble away, the thousands of columns of white smoke that flashed like snow in the sun, the busy shrieking tug-boats, and the great statue would vanish into the sea, leaving it gray and bare. He closed his eyes and shut the vision out. It was so beautiful that it tempted him; but he would not be mocked, and he buried his face in his hands. They were carrying the farce too far, he thought. It was really too absurd; for now they were at a wharf which was so real that, had he not known by previous suffering, he would have been utterly deceived by it. And there were great crowds of smiling, cheering people, and a waiting guard of honor in fresh uniforms, and rows of police pushing the people this way and that; and these men about him were taking it all quite seriously, and making ready to disembark, carrying their blanket-rolls and rifles with them.

A band was playing joyously, and the man in the next cot, who was being lifted to a stretcher, said, "There's the Governor and his staff; that's him in the high hat." It was really very well done. The Custom-house and the Elevated Railroad and Castle Garden were as like to life as a photograph, and the crowd was as well handled as a mob in a play. His heart ached for it so that he could not bear the pain, and he turned his back on it. It was cruel to keep it up so long. His keeper lifted him in his arms, and pulled him into a dirty uniform which had belonged, apparently, to a much larger man—a man who had been killed probably, for there were dark-brown marks of blood on the tunic and breeches. When he tried to stand on his feet, Castle Garden and the Battery disappeared in a black cloud of night, just as he knew they would; but when he opened his eyes from the stretcher, they had returned again. It was a most remarkably vivid vision. They kept it up so well. Now the young Doctor and the hospital steward were pretending to carry him down a gang-plank and into an open space; and he saw quite close to him a long line of policemen, and behind them thousands of faces, some of them women's faces—women who pointed at him and then shook their heads and cried, and pressed their hands to their cheeks, still looking at him. He wondered why they cried. He did not know them, nor did they know him. No one knew him; these people were only ghosts.

There was a quick parting in the crowd. A man had once known showed two of the policemen to one side, and he heard a girl's voice speaking his name, like a sob; and she came running out across the open space and fell on her knees beside the stretcher, and bent down over him, and he was clasped in two young, firm arms.

"Of course it is not real, of course it is not She," he assured himself. "Because she would not do such a thing. Before all these people she would not do it."

But he trembled, and his heart throbbed so quickly that he could scarcely breathe. She was pretending to cry.

"They wired us you had started for Tampa on the hospital ship," she was saying, "and Aunt and I went all the way there before we heard you had been sent North. We have been on the cars a week. That is why I missed you. Do you understand? It was not my fault. I tried to come. Indeed, I tried to come."

She turned her head and looked up fearfully at the young Doctor.

"Tell me, why does he look at me like that?" she asked. "He doesn't know me. Is he very ill? Tell me the truth." She drew in her breath quickly. "Of course you will tell me the truth."

When she asked the question he felt her arms draw tight about his shoulders. It was as though she was holding him to herself, and from someone who had reached out for him. In his trouble he turned to his old friend and keeper. His voice was hoarse and very low.

"Is this the same young lady who was on the transport—the one you used to drive away?"

In his embarrassment, the hospital steward blushed under his tan, and stammered:

"Of course it's the same young lady," the Doctor answered, briskly. "And I
won’t let them drive her away,” He turned to her, smiling gravely. “I think his condition has ceased to be dangerous, madam,” he said.

People who in a former existence had been his friends, and Her brother and Her aunt, gathered about his stretcher and bore him through the crowd and lifted him into a carriage filled with cushions, among which he sank lower and lower. Then She sat beside him, and he heard Her brother say to the coachman, “Home, and drive slowly and keep on the asphalt.”

The carriage moved forward, and She put her arm about him and his head fell on her shoulder, and neither of them spoke. The vision had lasted so long now that he was torn with the joy that after all it might be real. But he could not bear the awakening if it were not, so he raised his head fearfully and looked up into the beautiful eyes above him. His brows were knit, and he struggled with a great doubt and an awful joy.

“Dearest,” he asked, “is it real?”
“Is it real?” she repeated.

Even as a dream, it was so wonderfully beautiful that he was satisfied if it could only continue so, if for but a little while. “Do you think,” he begged again, trembling, “that it is going to last much longer?”

She smiled, and, bending her head slowly, kissed him.

“It is going to last — always,” she said.

THOUGH WE REPENT

By Louise Chandler Moulton

THOUGH we repent, can any God give back
The dear, lost days we might have made so fair—
Turn false to true, and carelessness to care,
And let us find again what now we lack?

Oh, once, once more to tread the old-time track,
The flowers we threw away once more to wear—
Though we repent, can any God give back
The dear, lost days we might have made so fair?

Who can repulse a stealthy ghost’s attack—
Silence a voice that doth the midnight dare—
Make fresh hopes spring from grave-sod of despair—
Set free a tortured soul from memory’s rack?
Though we repent, can any God give back
The dear, lost days we might have made so fair?
THE

LETTERS OF ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON

Edited by Sidney Colvin

EARLY ENGINEERING EXCURSIONS

INTRODUCTION

The following pages contain the first instalment of a series of selections from the correspondence of the late Mr. R. L. Stevenson, which is to be continued in these columns throughout the whole or the greater part of the current year. The task of preparing Mr. Stevenson’s Life and Letters for publication has been entrusted to me by his representatives, in accordance with his own wish repeatedly expressed during his lifetime, and I am now engaged upon the work. In the meantime it has been arranged that a portion of the letters shall appear in advance in the pages of this Magazine, to which Mr. Stevenson was for so long one of the most valued contributors.

Mr. Stevenson, while he lived, was often charged by his friends with being a bad correspondent, and was always amiably ready to admit the charge. Nevertheless, when those of his letters which had been preserved came to be collected after his death, they turned out to be very numerous, dating from almost all periods of his life, and written in all manner of moods to a great variety of correspondents. From the letters chosen for publication, those here selected have been grouped mainly according to subject, having regard only in a secondary degree to order of dates. The group given in this number consists of some of the letters written by Stevenson to his parents in 1868 and 1869, in the course of excursions undertaken by way of training for his intended profession as an engineer. In the former year, 1868, he was sent to watch two important harbor works in course of construction by the family firm, namely, the breakwater at Anstruther on the coast of Fife, and that at Wick, in the northern extremity of Caithness. In 1869 he accompanied his father on board the Pharos, the official steamer of the Commissioners of Northern Lights, on a tour of inspection to the Orkney and Shetland Islands, and related his experiences in long journal letters to his mother.

Some of these letters, as is natural from the circumstances of their origin, exhibit touches of a guide-book quality; nor will the reader expect to find in them the full charm and color of the writing of the R. L. S. of after years. But, on the other hand, it is interesting to perceive how lively a power of observation and expression, what a degree of maturity, alike in intelligence, character, and reading, this Scottish lad of eighteen or nineteen already possessed. In one particular, it must be confessed, namely, in spelling, he shows himself remarkably boyish. But Stevenson in truth never learnt to spell quite in a grown-up manner; and for this master of English letters a catarrh was apt to be a “cattarrh,” and a neighbor a “nieghbor,” and literature “litterature” to the end. To reproduce all these trips and slips in print would be mere pedantry; and the normal orthography has been adopted, except where he himself is aware of his difficulties and laughs over them.

The letters here given will be found to contain the writer’s first notes and observations on several matters turned afterward to literary account in his Essays. Readers familiar with “Memories and Portraits,” and with the later “Random Memories,” first published in this Magazine in 1888, are acquainted already with the “chamber scented with dry rose-leaves at Anstruther;” with the two little Italian vagabonds who ran behind the coach in Caithness; with the storm-shattered breakwater of Wick, “the chief disaster of my father’s life;” and with the memories of Medina Sidonia, at the Fair Isle.

SIDNEY COLVIN.
The Letters of Robert Louis Stevenson

First sheet: Thursday.
Second sheet: Friday. [July, 1868.]

Kensie House (or whatever it is called), Anstruther.

My dear Father: My lodgings are very nice, and I don't think there are any children. There is a box of mignonette in the window and a factory of dried rose-leaves, which make the atmosphere a trifle heavy, but very pleasant.

When you come, bring also my paint-box—I forgot it. I am going to try the travellers and jennies, and have made a sketch of them and begun the drawing. After that I'll do the staging.

This morning I walked over with M. and young B—- to the Quarry, where M. and I bathed: B—- unbuttoned his waistcoat, and then funkéd.

Mrs. Brown "has suffered herself from her stomick, and that makes her kind of think for other people." She is a motherly lot. Her mothering and thought for others displays itself in advice against hard-boiled eggs, well-done meat, and late dinners, these being my only requests. Fancy— I am the only person in Anstruther who dines in the afternoon.

If you could bring me some wine when you come,'twould be a good move: I fear vin D'Anstruther; and having procured myself a severe attack of gripes by two days' total abstinence on chilly table beer, I have been forced to purchase Green Ginger ("Somebody or other's 'celebrated"'), for the benefit of my stomach, like St. Paul.

There is little or nothing doing here to be seen. By heightening the corner in a hurry to support the staging they have let the masons get ahead of the divers and wait till they can overtake them. I wish you would write and put me up to the sort of things to ask and find out. I received your registered letter with the £5; it will last for ever.

To-morrow I will watch the masons at the pier-foot and see how long they take to work that Pife-ness stone you ask about; they get sixpence an hour; so that is the only datum required.

It is awful how slowly I draw, and how ill: I am not nearly done with the travellers, and have not thought of the jennies yet. When I'm drawing I find out something I have not measured, or, having measured, have not noted, or, having noted, cannot find; and so I have to trudge to the pier again ere I can go farther with my noble design.

I had a ride to-day on B.'s pony. He gave me rather a dismal account of its temper, mouth, et cætera. M. told me I must not believe it all, for B. was "not a very daring horseman," he thought. His own groom was more explicit.

"Has Mr. B. a good seat?" I asked.
"Him? Heh no! By G——, he's a pur show i' the saidle, him!"

M. says the divers can't work when the tide's out because of the weight. It has occurred to me that a great part of the weight at least might be taken off; it seems such a pity to lose all the time.

I haven't seen fruit since I left. Love to all.—Your affectionate son,

R. L. Stevenson.

[Anstruther] Tuesday, July, 1868.

My dear Mother: Tell Papa that his boat-builders are the most illiterate folk with whom I ever had any dealing. From beginning to end of their specification, there was no stop, whether comma, semicolon, colon, or point; and to tell whether the adjectives belonged to the previous or the subsequent noun was work for five experienced boat-builders. However, I made daylight of it, copied it, and sent it to Porringer; it took me and Mitchell two hours to understand the part called "the specification," and there were several parts in the "offer" or "tender" which had to be copied as well. So confused, indeed, and so insufficient was the whole thing that the saving clause, smuggled in in the tender, "and things not fully specified needful for efficient service," forms its whole value.

Have you sent the Essays off? Do see to it. Can you find and send to me the last lines of Longfellow’s Golden Legend, beginning—

"It is Lucifer, son of the air," and so on. "Since God put him there, he is God's minister for some good end."

Wednesday.

To-night I went with the youngest M. to see a strolling band of players in the town-hall. A large table placed below the gallery with a print curtain on either side
of the most limited dimensions was at once the scenery and the proscenium. The manager told us that his scenes were sixteen by sixty-four, and so could not be got in. Though I knew, or at least felt sure, that there were no such scenes in the poor man’s possession, I could not laugh, as did the major part of the audience, at this shift to escape criticism. We saw a wretched farce, and some comic songs were sung. The manager sang one, but it came grimly from his throat. The whole receipt of the evening was 5s. and 3d., out of which had to come room, gas, and town drummer. We left soon; and I must say came out as sad as I have been for ever so long: I think that manager had a soul above comic songs. I said this to young M., who is a “Phillistine” (Matthew Arnold’s Phillistine you understand), and he replied, “How much happier would he be as a common working man!” I told him I thought he would be less happy earning a comfortable living as a shoemaker than he was starving as an actor, with such artistic work as he had to do. But the Phillistine wouldn’t see it. You observe that I spell Phillistine time about with one and two I’s.

As we went home we heard singing, and went into the porch of the school-house to listen. A fisherman entered and told us to go in. It was a psalmody class. One of the girls has a glorious voice. We stayed for half an hour.—I remain your affectionate son,

R. L. STEVENSON.

ANSTRUTHER, July, 1868.

KENZIE HOUSE, ANSTRUTHER, Toosda’ [July, 1868].

I am utterly sick of this gray, grim, sea-beaten hole. I have a little cold in my head, which makes my eyes sore; and you can’t tell how utterly sick I am, and how anxious to get back among trees and flowers and something less meaningless than this bleak fertility.

Papa need not imagine that I have a bad cold or am stone blind from this description, which is the whole truth.

Last night Mr. and Mrs. Fortune called in a dog-cart, Fortune’s beard and Mrs. F.’s brow glittering with mist-drops, to ask me to come next Saturday. Conditionally, I accepted. Do you think I can cut it? I am only anxious to go slick home on the Saturday. Write by return of post and tell me what to do. If possible, I should like to cut the business and come right slick out to Swanston.—I remain your affectionate son,

R. L. STEVENSON.

In the interval between July and September, R. L. S. had spent some time with his family at their home in the Pentlands, and then gone north with his father to watch the harbor works in progress at Wick, where he was presently left by himself. The following is the second letter written home after his father had left.

[NEW HARBOR HOTEL, PULTENEY] Wick, Friday, September 11, 1868.

My dear Mother: To go on with my description:—Wick lies at the end or elbow of an open triangular bay, hemmed on either side by shores, either cliff or steep earth-bank, of no great height. The gray houses of Pulteneys extend along the southerly shore almost to the cape; and it is about half-way down this shore—no six-sevenths way down—that the new breakwater extends athwart the bay. . . . Certainly Wick in itself possesses no beauty: bare, gray shores, grim gray houses, grim gray sea; not even the gleam of red tile; not even the greenness of a tree. The southerly heights, when I came here, were black with people, fishers waiting on wind and night. Now all the S.Y.S. (Stornoway boats) have beaten out of the bay, and the Wick men stay indoors or wrangle on the quays with dissatisfied fish-curers, knee-high in brine, mud and herring refuse. The day when the boats put out to go home to the Hebrides, the girl here told me there was “a black wind”; and on going out I found the epithet as justifiable as it was picturesque. A cold, black southerly wind, with occasional rising showers of rain; it was a fine sight to see the boats beat out a-teeth of it.

In Wick I have never heard anyone greet his neighbor with the usual “Fine day” or “Good morning.” Both come shaking their heads, and both say, “Breezy, breezy!” And such is the atrocious quality of the climate, that the remark is almost invariably justified by the fact.

The streets are full of the Highland fishers, lubberly, stupid, inconceivably lazy and heavy to move. You bruise against
them, tumble over them, elbow them against the wall—all to no purpose; they will not budge; and you are forced to leave the pavement every step.

To the south, however, is as fine a piece of coast scenery as I ever saw. Great black chasms, huge black cliffs, rugged and over-hung gullies, natural arches, and deep green pools below them, almost too deep to let you see the gleam of sand among the darker weed: there are deep caves too. In one of these lives a tribe of gypsies. The men are always drunk, simply and truthfully always. From morning to evening the great villainous-looking fellows are either sleeping off the last debauch, or hukling about the cove "in the horrors." The cave is deep, high, and airy, and might be made comfortable enough. But they just live among heaped bowlders, damp with continual droppings from above, with no more furniture than two or three tin pans, a truss of rotten straw, and a few ragged cloaks. In winter the surf bursts into the mouth and often forces them to abandon it.

An émigré of disappointed fishers was feared, and two ships of war are in the bay torender assistance to the municipal authorities. This is the Ides; and, to all intents and purposes, said Ides have passed. Still there is a good deal of disturbance, many drunk men, and a double supply of police. I saw them sent for by some people and enter an inn, in a pretty good hurry: what it was for I do not know.

You would see by papa's letter about the carpenter who fell off the staging: I don't think I was ever so much excited in my life. The man was back at his work, and I asked him how he was; but he was a Highlander, and—need I add it?—dickens a word could I understand of his answer. What is still worse, I find the people here about—that is to say, the Highlanders, not the northmen—don't understand me.

I have lost a shilling's worth of postage stamps, which has damped my ardor for buying big lots of 'em: I'll buy them one at a time as I want 'em for the future.

The Free Church minister and I got quite thick. He left last night about two in the morning, when I went to turn in. He gave me the enclosed.—I remain your affectionate son, R. L. Stevenson.

Wick, September 5, 1868, Monday.

My dear Mamma: This morning I got a delightful haul: your letter of the fourth (surely mis-dated); Papa's of same day; Virgil's "Bucolics," very thankfully received, and Aikman's "Annals,"* a precious and most acceptable donation, for which I tender my most ebullient thank-givings. I almost forgot to drink my tea and eat mine egg.

It contains more detailed accounts than anything I ever saw, except Wodrow, without being so portentously tiresome and so desperately overborne with foot-notes, proclamations, acts of Parliament, and citations as that last history.

I have been reading a good deal of Herbert. He's a clever and a devout cove; but in places awfully twaddle (if I may use the word). Oughtn't this to rejoice Papa's heart—

Carve or discourse; do not a famine fear.
Who carves is kind to two, who talks to all.

You understand? The "fearing of famine" is applied to people gulping down solid vivers without a word, as if the ten lean kine began to-morrow.

Do you remember condemning something of mine for being too obtrusively didactic. Listen to Herbert—

Is it not verse except enchanted groves
And sudden arbors shadow coarse-spun lines?
Must purling streams refresh a lover's loves?
Must all be veiled, while he that reads divine?
Catching the sense at two removes?

You see "except" was used for "unless" before 1630.

Tuesday.

The riots were a hum. No more has been heard; and one of the war-steamers has deserted in disgust.

The "Moonstone" is frightfully interesting: isn't the detective prime? Don't say anything about the plot; for I have only read on to the end of Betteredge's narrative, so don't know anything about it yet.

I thought to have gone on to Thurso to-night, but the coach was full; so I go to-morrow instead.

To-day I had a grouse: great glorification.

* Aikman's "Annals of the Persecution in Scotland."
there is one law which women who claim to be highly civilized and exceedingly superior are constantly breaking—the statute which forbids them to smuggle.)

Scene: An ocean steam-ship. Two sea-chairs side by side.

Dramatis Personae: A Refined and Gifted Instructress of Youth on the home passage from a summer's vacation abroad, and your Philosopher. A perfect sea and sky, which begot confidences.

Refined and Gifted Instructress of Youth. It's rather a bother to have friends ask you to bring in things.

The Philosopher. I always say “Certainly; but I shall be obliged to declare them.” That ends it.

Refined and Gifted. My friends wouldn't like that at all. It would offend them. You mustn't tell, but I have as commissions a dress, two packages of gloves, and a large French doll, in my trunk.

The Philosopher. Yet you will be obliged to sign a paper that you have nothing dutiable and that everything you have is yours.

Refined and Gifted. If I were to declare the things, the duties would all have to come out of my own pocket. I shouldn't have the face to collect it from my friends.

The Philosopher. They expect you to fib, of course. You prefer, then, to cheat the Government rather than disappointment persons who made use of you in order to accomplish that very thing?

Refined and Gifted. You don't put it nicely at all, Mr. Philosopher. Besides, the things are mine. I paid for them with my own money; and, until I am paid back, the things belong to me. There, now, why shouldn't I sign the paper?

The Philosopher. A shallow sophistry. A merchant who acted on that theory would be sent to jail. Will a refined and gifted instructress of youth, whose mission in life it is to lead the young in the paths of virtue, evade the law by a subterfuge?

Refined and Gifted. It's an odious law. My family all believe in free trade.

The Philosopher. Very possibly. But it is the law.

Refined and Gifted (after a pause). I don't care. If I declare the things they would never forgive me, and I can't afford to pay charges on their things myself. I've only just enough money to get home, anyway. Perhaps no one will ask me to sign it. By the way, how much ought I to give the man if he passes everything nicely?

The Philosopher. Nothing. That would be bribery.

Refined and Gifted. Why, I thought all men did that.

The Philosopher. Chiefly women who try to smuggle. (Silence of five minutes.)

Refined and Gifted. I don't care. I shall sign it.

And she did.

Those whose office it is to utter the last word over the dead rarely yield to the temptation to raise the mantle of charity and show the man or woman in all his or her imperfections. Society prefers to err on the side of mercy and forbearance, and to consign dust to dust with beautiful generalizations of hope and congratulation, even though the subject of the obsequies be a widely known sinner. However fitting it may be to ignore the truth in the presence of death, there can be no greater peril for one in your predicament than to cherish the easy-going doctrine that you are willing to take your chance with the rest of the world. The democratic proposition that everyone is as good as his neighbor is readily amended so as to read that, if you are as good as your neighbor, everybody ought to be satisfied. A philosopher has a right to take liberties with the dead which a clergyman must deny himself. "Died at his late residence on the 5th inst., Solomon Grundy, in the sixty-seventh year of his age. Friends are kindly requested not to send flowers." Perhaps you saw it? Very likely you knew him. If so, you may have attended the funeral and heard read over his bier the beautiful words, "I heard a voice from Heaven which said, write Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord," and the hymn, which the family had requested, "Nearer, my God, to Thee." The officiating clergyman was not to blame. Solomon Grundy had worshipped at his church with regularity for twenty years, and had been a fairly generous contributor to foreign and domestic missions, in spite of the fact that
he had the reputation down-town of being close as the bark of a tree. The obituary notices in the newspapers referred to him as "a leading merchant" and "a gentleman of the old school." No wonder that the Rev. Peter Tyson, who is a brave man and has been known to rear on occasions, felt that he could let himself go without injury to his conscience. Besides, even so discriminating a person as your Philosopher saw fit to attend the funeral, and remembering that the old gentleman had given him a wedding present, would probably have ordered a wreath but for the wishes of the family. And yet the facts of Solomon Grundy's life, when examined in a philosophic spirit, serve chiefly to point a moral for one who is in search of the ideal. Read the itinerary of his earthly pilgrimage and judge for yourself:

Infancy (first six years).—No reliable data except a cherubic miniature, and the family tradition that he once threw into the fire a necklace belonging to his grandmother. People who know all about such matters will tell you that during these first six years the foundations of character are laid. The miniature was always said to bear a striking resemblance to his maternal grandfather, who was a man of—nay, nay, this will never do. Those same people to whom I have just referred will tell you that we inherit everything we are, and, if I proceed on that theory, we are done with Solomon Grundy as soon as he was born. Decidedly a young man or woman in search of the ideal cannot afford to palm off on ancestors the responsibility for his or her own conduct.

Boyhood (six to sixteen).—So-called highly respectable surroundings and good educational advantages. Here we are brought face to face again with those same persons whom I have already instanced. They will assure you that Solomon's father and mother and his "environment" were the responsible agents during this period, and that whatever Solomon did not inherit or have settled for him before his sixth year was settled for him by them without the knowledge of said Solomon. This is rather discouraging as a study of Solomon as a conscious, active ego, but it affords you an opportunity, if you are not in search of the ideal, to make your parents and that comfortable phrase your "environment" bear the burden of all your shortcomings until you are sixteen, and serve as an excuse for your shortcomings in the future.

Youth (sixteen to twenty-one).—Now we at least make progress. Solomon enters college. Gets one or two conditions, but works them off and stands erect. High spirits and corresponding consequences. Becomes popular and idle. Subscribes to the faith that the object of going to college is to study human nature, and is fascinated by his own acumen. Sudden revulsion at beginning of senior year. The aims and responsibilities of life unfold themselves in absorbing panorama, and his soul is full of high resolve. The world is his oyster. Studies hard for six months and graduates somewhat higher than had been anticipated. (Curtain descends to inspiring music.) Solomon stands on the threshold of life the image of virile youth, shading his brow and looking at the promised land.

Early Manhood (twenty-one to thirty).—Solomon decides to go into business. Reasons chiefly pecuniary. No special aptitude for anything else. Is sent abroad to study more human nature, acquire breadth of view and learn French. Does so in Paris. Returns with some of his high resolve tarnished, and with only a smattering of the language in question. Goes into the employ of a wholesale dry-goods merchant, and begins at the lowest round of the ladder. Works hard and absordedly. Very little leisure. Devotes what he has to social diversion. Develops a pleasing talent for private theatricals, in the exercise of which falls in love with a pretty but impecunious young woman. (Slow and sentimental music.) Yearns to marry, but is advised by elderly business friends that he cannot afford it. Dejected winter in bachelor apartments. Takes up with Schopenhauer. Spirits slightly restored by first rise on ladder. Eschews society and private theatricals. Forms relations, which recall Paris, with sympathetic, nomadic young person. Gets another rise on the ladder, and is spoken of among his contemporaries as doing well.

Manhood (thirty-one to forty).—Works steadily and makes several fortunate investments. Joins one or two clubs, and gains eight pounds in weight. Grows side-
whiskers or a goatee. Gets another rise, and the following year is taken into the firm. Complains of dyspepsia, and at advice of physician buys saddle-horse. Contributes $50 to charity, joins a book-club and attends two political caucuses. Thinks of taking an active interest in politics, but is advised by elderly business friends that it would interfere with his business prospects. Owing to the death of a member of the firm, becomes second in command. Thinks of changing bachelor rooms and wonders why he shouldn’t marry instead. Goes into society a little and looks about. Gains five extra pounds and makes more fortunate investments. Picks out good-looking, sensible girl eight years younger than himself, with a tidy property in her own right. Is conscious of being enraptured in her presence, and deems himself very much in love. (Orchestra plays waltz by Strauss.) Offers himself and is accepted. Burns everything in his bachelor rooms and sells out all his speculative investments. Regrets to observe that he is growing bald. Impressive ceremony and large wedding-cake.


And that was the end of Solomon Grundy. A highly respectable representative of a second-class man. The term suggests an idea. We have here no first, second, and third class railway carriages, as are found in England and other countries. But it would be interesting, from a philosophical point of view, to invent such a train for the occasion, and bestow our friends and acquaintances, and, indeed, society at large, according to their qualifications. You, of course, are desirous to know who are the persons entitled to travel first-class, in order that you may be introduced to them and avoid intimacy with the others, so far as is consistent with Christian charity and the mutual obligations of social beings. But let me first dip my pen in the ink again.

II

Abracadabra. Presto! Behold the train. The gates are opened and the people press in. There will not be much trouble with the third-class passengers. See how they take their proper places of their own accord. Some of them deserve to ride second-class quite as much as many who will be affronted at not being allowed to go first-class. Do you see that man? He is a commercial traveller, or drummer, and, naturally, early on the ground. He doesn’t hesitate or examine his tickets, but gets directly into a second-class smoking-car, settles himself, and puts on a silk cap. He knows that it is useless to ask for a first-class seat, and he
is going to make the best of it (which is good philosophy). Very likely if you were sitting next to him he would utter some such cheery remark as, "It will be all the same a hundred years hence," and tell you a pat story to illustrate the situation. Did you happen to notice, though, the longing he cast at the first-class coaches as he went by? I feel sure that down in his heart he is ready to admit that there are such things as ideals, after all, and he is making resolutions as to what he would do if he could live his life over again.

Did you notice that stout, fashionably dressed man who stopped and looked at me with a grin? He was trying it on, so to speak. He knew just as well as Tom Johnson, the drummer, that he had no right to travel first-class, but he thought I might admit him on the score of social prestige. He is one of the kindest-hearted of fellows—just the man to whom a friend would apply in a tight place, and I rather think he would be apt to help an enemy, unless it happened that something he had eaten for supper the night before had disagreed with him. He has the digestion of an ostrich, and he needs it, for his skin is full of oil, and whiskey, and tortured goose-liver, and canvas-back ducks, and pepper-sauce, and ripe Camembert cheese, and truffles, and Burgundy, and many other rich and kindred delicacies. He could tell four different vintages of champagne apart with his eyes shut, and he has honor at his club on account of it. His name is Howard Vincent. An illustrious-sounding name, isn't it? He inherits gout from both sides of the family. He does not know Tom Johnson, the drummer. They have moved in different social strata. But they belong to the same order of human beings. There! you notice, he asks Tom for a light, and they have begun to talk together. They are laughing now, and Tom is winking. I shouldn't wonder if they were making fun of the first-class passengers. Vincent has read more or less in his day, and he rather prides himself on what he calls keeping abreast of the times in the line of thought. See, they have opened the window, and are beckoning to me. Let us hear what they have to say.

_Drummer._ Ah, there, philosopher! You wouldn't let us in, and I guess you know your business. We've had a good time in life, anyhow. If the religious folk are right, we shall be in it up to our necks. If they're wrong, they've been wasting a lot of valuable time.

_Howard Vincent._ We've ridden straight, at all events. (Vincent is an authority on sporting matters.) We haven't pretended to be something we were not. We've never cheated anybody, and we've never lied to anybody, and each, according to his light (this last qualification was for Tom's benefit), has been a gentleman. We've been men of the world, and we have found the world a reasonably satisfactory place. We're in no haste to leave it.

_The Philosopher._ And may I add, gentlemen, that each of you has a kind and generous heart?

_Drummer._ Did you observe how pleased they looked when I said that? It was a little weak of me to say it, but I could not help it. Somehow, it is very difficult to be sufficiently severe to such easy-going, pleasant-natured fellows, who are content to take the world as they find it, laugh and grow fat. Moreover, Tom Johnson has for twenty years supported his old mother and invalid sister, and remained single as a consequence; and Howard Vincent has a habit of giving away delightful sums on Christmas Day without advertising the fact. How often, on the occasion of death, do we hear the aphorism that everything counts for nothing save the kindly deeds of the deceased, until one is tempted to believe that a genial commercial traveler, like our friend, with a benignant soul is more admirable and inspiring than a highly sensitive gentleman and scholar. Indisputably this is so if the gentleman and scholar lacks the humanity for which the other is conspicuous; but, nevertheless, it behooves the soul in search of the ideal to beware of the slough of mere warm-heartedness. It is an attribute which, if relied on too exclusively as a leavening force, is readily made to subserve very ordinary purposes. The two Falstaffian men in the second-class car belong there, even though you might find their kindly ways and their stories attractive up to a certain point. They are of the class of men who, more signallly perhaps than any other, bar the path of
the world’s progress toward the stars by means of the argument that what has been must be, and that what is is good enough. They are of the men who shrug their shoulders when the hope is expressed that the abuse of liquor may be lessened and finally controlled; who sneer at the efforts of the police authorities to shut up all the houses of ill-repute, on the ground that prostitution has always existed and must always exist. (That it will never become “unpopular,” as the drummer would tell you in his breezy way.) Assuredly, you need to be on your guard against infatuation with those big, genial and (usually) pot-bellied personages whose large hearts and abundant charity and splendid appetites allow them to discard as unworthy of a sensible man’s regard everything but honesty, reading, spelling and arithmetic (add, in the case of Howard Vincent, a dash of accomplishments and gnostic philosophy), Worcestershire sauce and jests of custom-made humor. Blessed be humor. The man or woman without it is like a loaf of stale bread or a cup of brackish water. But to be content with the mere workaday world and its ways is like travelling perpetually with a grip-sack. When we open the grip-sack, what do we find? The barest necessities of life, without a trace of anything which inspires or refines. I have no desire to betray the private affairs of any commercial traveller, or to imply that the Bible and Shakespeare are not occasionally to be found both in the kit of the travelling man and the English leather trunk of the more elegant man of fashion. I am simply cautioning you, my male correspondents, to beware of accepting as final your world as you find it. Nothing is more sure to make you a second-class person. Mere good-natured common-sense (“horse-sense,” as our drummer would call it) is a useful virtue, but it would keep civilization ordinary to the crack of doom.

Ah! now we are likely to have trouble. Notice, please, the lady coming this way. How graceful and elegant she is. A delicate, refined face and bearing. See how she sidles off from the third and second class passengers with an expression of distaste for them which suggests pain. She cannot bear coarse people. She believes herself to be an intellectual woman with serious tastes. She aims to be a spiritual person and she reads many essays—by Emerson, Matthew Arnold, Pater, and others. She is fond of history and politics; not of this country, because she claims that it is vulgar and lacks picturesqueness. But she can tell you all about the governments of Europe, and who is prime minister of or in authority in each of them. Democracy does not interest her. It seems to her to concern the affairs of dirty or common people; and she cares nothing for the great social questions of the age. They appear to her to clash with personal spirituality and culture. She is very sensitive. She has made a study of music, especially Wagner. She is very particular as to what she has to eat, but the grossness of men, as she calls it, offends her seriously. She believes herself to be not very strong physically, and she is nervous on the subject of arsenic in wall-papers and germs in drinking-water. She has retained her maidenly instincts to the last.

What is that you ask, madam? A seat in a first-class carriage. Excuse me, you cannot go in there. You belong in the second-class section of the train. Mistake? There is no mistake. I understand perfectly. I’m ready to take your word for it that you have read Dante in the original, and I know that you are

Chaste as the icicle
That’s curbed by the frost from purest snow,
And hangs on Dian’s temple.

(Doubtless you recall the quotation.) But you must stay out. Your ticket reads “Personal culture and individual salvation,” and it entitles you to ride in any of those second-class cars. You don’t like the passengers? I am very sorry, I’m sure, but my instructions are explicit. I was told to keep out all ladies of your kind, who think that the ideal is to be attained by hugging themselves to themselves (excuse the coarseness of the metaphor, madam) all their days in a hot-house atmosphere, and playing bo-peep with their own souls. You intend to write a letter about it to the Boston Evening? Oh, very well. You will have to ride second-class, all the same. Enter a clergyman. This seems more promising.
Clergyman. Is this the first-class section? I think my seat must be in here.

Philosopher. First-class here, sir. Tickets, please. (Aside to correspondent.) A modest gentleman, forsooth.

Clergyman (stops fumbling in his pocket for his tickets and sniffs suspiciously). I smell tobacco. Is there a smoking-car on the first-class train?

Philosopher. There is for those who smoke.

Clergyman. An outrage, sir. An unchristian outrage. I suppose next that you will tell me that intoxicating fluids are sold there.

Philosopher. Yes, sir, to those who use them. All the first-class passengers understand the use of such things in moderation. They are not injured by them.

Clergyman. A flimsy argument, sir. Think of the example. I repeat it, sir; think of the example. I protest against it, sir, as a crime against our highest civilization. I—I will have you removed from office. You are not fit to hold your position. I will see the governor about it immediately. I—I—

Philosopher (to correspondent). He fancies that he is arguing on the liquor question before a board of police commissioners. (To clergyman.) The gentleman will come to order.

Clergyman. I insist on having the smoking and drinking car detached, or I will not ride on the train.

Philosopher. You will not ride in the first-class portion of it, in any event. Your ticket reads "Well-intentioned but overbearing visionary enthusiast." Come, sir, pass on, or, in spite of your cloth, I shall be obliged to put you in charge of an officer for disturbing the peace.

I was interrupted here by my wife, Josephine. "Of course I understand," said she, "that he was very overbearing, and I have heard you say before that clergymen are more apt to lose their temper before committees than most other people. But the poor man was desperately in earnest. The whole thing means so much to him. He believes that the world will never be redeemed until liquor and tobacco are no longer used in it. Do you mean that you really think this will never come to pass?"

"Never is a long time, my dear," said I. "But you were discussing the ideal."

"To be sure. Have you ever considered the matter from the moderate-drinker and smoker's point of view? Brain-weary, muscle-tired men have, from generation to generation, found a glass of wine or spirit and a cigar a refreshment and a comfort. Neither agrees with some, and many abuse the use of both. Drunkenness among the poor and tippling among the rich are, perhaps, the greatest enemies of civilization; and, consequently, there is a corps of many women and some men who cry out upon the use of alcohol as incompatible with the world's progress. This sentiment at the polls expresses itself chiefly in very small minorities, unless the voters are reasonably near to some large city or town. The failure of the movement to make important headway might be ascribed to the fact that the mass of people are still unenlightened, were there any signs that the intelligent workers of the world are disposed to side with the wearers of the white ribbon. The use of champagne, claret, brandy, and whiskey continues unabated over the civilized world, if one is to judge by economic statistics and trade circulars. They are quaffed on state and festal occasions, generally with moderation, by lords and ladies, statesmen, lawyers, doctors, bankers, soldiers, poets, artists, and often by bishops and clergymen. At ninety-nine out of every hundred formal dinner-parties in London, Paris, Berlin, or New York, alcohol is offered in some form to the guests as a stimulus to conversation, and, were it not so, there would be ninety-nine grumblers to every one man or woman who, at present, turns his or her glasses down with an ill-bred, virtuous air."

"And yet," said Josephine, "I have heard you say constantly that it would be no particular deprivation to you to give up wine."

"No more it would. In this country, with its stimulating climate, most nervous people are better for a very little if any alcohol, and many men are apt to find that it is simpler not to drink at all. But, remember, we are considering the question whether there is any reason why the man or woman in perfect health, and in search of the ideal, should be a teetotaler, and if there is any probability that the world will banish alcohol and cigars from the digni-
fied occasions of the future. In other words, when the world has learned not to drink and smoke too much, will it cease to drink and smoke altogether? I know that the advocates of total-abstinence argue about the serenity and sane joy of a cold-water banquet, and it may be that we are a trifle hysterical in our declarations that conversation must lag until one has had a glass of champagne; but is not much of the light, masculine laughter of life associated with the fruit of the grape and the aroma of tobacco? Have you ever tried to picture to yourself a world as it would be if there were well-enforced, rigid prohibition everywhere, and the tobacco-plant were no more?"

Josephine gave a little laugh. "You say the masculine laughter of the world. I assure you that much of the masculine laughter which you associate with the fruit of the grape is associated in the feminine mind with conjugal or maternal tears. I quite understand your appeal to the imagination from the masculine point of view. That is, I suppose the words wine and tobacco bring in their train for man many pleasing and even inspiring images; that under their influence the soldier believes himself more brave and wins battles in anticipation; that the artist gets a glimpse of his great picture, and that the tired husband and father sees evolve from the bottom of his beer-mug a transfigured reflection of his wife and children. But we women, who, as a sex, have always done without wine and tobacco, know from experience that, however lofty and delightful your visions at such times, there is always a reaction after alcohol, and that we generally get the full benefit of the reaction. If, how, inspiring visions never came to us and other total abstainers, there would seem to be some reason why we should be willing to bear the brunt of man's inebrieties a little longer; but really, my dear philosopher, is there any reason to believe that we do not entertain visions quite as inspiring and delightful as yours? We drink only tea—too much of it for our nerves, I dare say—but we will gladly give that up if you will abjure alcohol and cigars. There certainly is no poetry in the aroma of tobacco in the curtains, next day, and we pass the morning with it when you have gone down-town. Don't you think there is a great deal of humbug in the notion that in order to laugh lightly and remember gladly men need to be titillated either by wine or tobacco? I'm glad you wouldn't allow that bumptious clergyman to ride in a first-class car, but I don't see why the world should not be just as gay, and many women twice as happy, if there were no wine or tobacco. Only think how light-hearted woman would be if the incubus of man's drunkenness, under which she has staggered for hundreds of years, should be lifted off forever! She would be so bubbling over with happiness that, even though as a consequence man were in the dumps and without visions, she would make him merry in spite of himself."

"Very likely, Josephine. I am disposed to agree with you that the jest and merriment of masculine youth would not be entirely and hopelessly repressed. But you do not take sufficiently into consideration—and in this you imitate the bumptious clergyman who was going to have me removed—the world's cravings and necessities as a world. If, pardon me, men were all women in their appetites, and life were one grand pastoral à la Puvis de Chavannes—if, in short, the world were not the bustling, feverish, perplexing, exhausting, crushing, cruel world, men would not crave stimulants to help them to do their work or to forget it. If there were no alcohol or cigars, would not those who now use either to excess have recourse to some other form of stimulant or fatigue and pain disguiser instead? Why should those who have learned the great lesson of life, self-control, renounce the enjoyment of being artificially strengthened or cheered because others let their appetites run away with them and make beasts of them? I have, indeed, already suggested that it is a dangerous argument to instance an existing state of affairs as a reason against change; but I beg to call your attention to the fact that the world seems to pay very little heed to the lamentations of the teetotalers, so far as total-abstinence is concerned. There has been a change of temper among all classes in the direction of moderation in the use of liquor and wine, and legislation regulating and re-
stricting licenses is becoming popular. But if the wearers of the white ribbon were to make inquiries of the dealers in glass-ware, they would find that no fewer newly married couples, among the educated and well-to-do in every country, buy wine-glasses as a necessary table article, in order to provide wine or beer for those whom they expect to entertain. There are certainly no signs that society, in the best sense, has any intention of adopting prohibition as a cardinal virtue, but many signs that it is seriously determined to make warfare on inebriety, and no longer to proffer it the cloak of social protection when the offenders happen to be what the world used to call gentlemen. One’s ideal should not be too remote from probable human conclusions, and it does not seem likely, from present indications, that man, unless he be persuaded that the moderate use of stimulants is seriously injurious to his health, will ever be willing to banish them from the markets of the world because a certain portion of the community has not the necessary intelligence or self-control to use them with discretion. As for tobacco, it is a long cry from now to the millennium, but a philosopher cannot afford, at this stage of the itinerary, to cut off the smoking-car from the first-class portion of the train, for by so doing he might confound even archbishops and other exemplary personages.”

III

I was interrupted at this point in my letter by the loud ringing of the front-door bell. Glancing at the clock, I observed that it was eleven. Consequently, the servants must have gone to bed. Under these circumstances, a philosopher has to open the front door himself, or submit to a prolonged tintinnabulation. “Ting-a-ling-a, ting-a-ling-a-ling” went the bell again.

“It must be a telegram,” said Josephine. “I wonder what has happened?”

“Oh a dinner-invitation which the servant was told to deliver this morning,” I answered. “One would suppose that, after turning out the gas in the hall, one could work without callers.”

Having lighted up, and having unbolted the inner door, I beheld, through the glass window of the outer, a young man in a slouch hat. Evidently he was not a telegraph-messenger or a domestic. Nor did he have exactly the aspect of a mid-night marauder. Nevertheless, I opened the door merely a crack and inquired, gruffly:

“What do you wish?”

Said a blithe, friendly voice: “I saw your light, and I took the liberty of ringing. Can’t you give me 3,000 words on the death of the Czar of Russia?”

Before he had finished this sentence, he had backed me, by his persuasive manner, from the vestibule into the hall, and I remembered vaguely that I had seen him somewhere.

“I’m the local correspondent of the New York Despatch,” he said, to refresh my memory.

I recollected then that he had tried to interview me six months before on my domestic interior, and that I had politely declined the honor. He was a lean, alert, bright-eyed man of thirty-five with a pleasant smile.

“Isn’t it rather late to ring my door-bell?” I inquired, with dignity. (My mental language was, “What do you mean, you infernal young reprobate, by ringing my door-bell at this hour of the night on such an impudent errand?” But, in the presence of the press, even a philosopher is disposed to be diplomatic.)

“I needed you, badly,” was the reply. “I’ve got to wire to New York to-night three thousand words on the death of the Czar.”

“What do I know about the Czar of Russia? Why don’t you go to the historians or politicians? There are several in the neighborhood. I’m a philosopher.”

“I’ve tried them,” he said, with a patient smile. “They were out or in bed. Then I thought of you. Anything you would say on the subject would be read with great interest.”

“Pshaw!” I answered.

By this time he had backed me into the dining-room, and, under the influence of diplomacy, I searched for a box of cigars. I had no intention of giving him a single word on the deceased ruler of all the Russias, but I wished to let myself down easy, so to speak, and retain his good-will.
“Ah!” he said, settling in a chair, with a Cabana, “this is the first restful moment I have had to-day.” He was pensive during a few puffs, then he added: “A reporter's life is not all strawberry ice-cream. Do you suppose I enjoy rousing a man at this hour of the night? It makes me shiver whenever I do it.”

“I should think it might,” I answered, in spite of myself. “Some men would be apt to resent it.”

“You misunderstand me. I do not shiver from physical fear, but because my sense of propriety is wounded. I dare say,” he continued, looking at me narrowly, “that you think I take no interest in the ideal; that you suppose me to be a materialistic Philistine.”

You will appreciate that this was startling and especially interesting to me under the circumstances. I, in my turn, examined my visitor more carefully. There were evidences in his countenance of a sensitive soul, and of refined intelligence. The thought occurred to me that here was an opportunity to obtain testimony. “I think that every thoughtful man must take an interest in the ideal,” I answered, “and, in spite of the lateness of the hour, I had not set you down as an exception to the rule. Curiously enough, however, I was busy when the bell rang answering a letter from several correspondents in search of the ideal. I will read it to you, if you like, as far as I have got.”

Perhaps I hoped that in submitting he would appear slightly crest-fallen. But, on the contrary, he showed obvious enthusiasm at the suggestion, and begged me to fetch my manuscript at once. Josephine met me at the top of the stairs, and whispered that she had been dying with curiosity to know who it was.

“A reporter,” I whispered, in reply.

“What does he wish for?”

“Three thousand words on the death of the Czar of Russia,” I said, mysteriously; then I picked up my letter and glided away with my finger on my lips. “If he stays too long, dear, you may come down, as a gentle hint.”

I began to read, and, as I read, my heart warmed toward my visitor on account of the absorbed attention he paid to my philosophy. “And now,” said I, when I had finished, “pray tell what is your ideal? You have told me that you were interested in one.”

He shook his head sadly. “No matter about me. It's too late. I can only shiver and go on. But I'm interested in what you’re trying to do, and, if you like, I'm willing to throw in a word now and then while you work it out. I'm glad,” he added, “that you hit the back numbers a rap.”

I told him that he was not exactly intelligible.

“I mean the old familiar aspirants; in particular the lady interested in culture and personal salvation. There was no question about the man of the world and the drummer; one might feel kindly toward them, but of course they must ride second-class, and most newspaper men would ride with them—and some of the editors would have to go third. Easy-going commonness is the curse of democracy, even if I, who am a democrat of the democrats, do say it. But what I like most—and it's the nub of the whole matter—is that you knew enough to throw out that woman; she might equally well have been a man, for there are plenty of the same sort. If you'll excuse my saying so,” he said, biting his cigar fiercely, “I shouldn't have expected it of a philosopher like you, and I honor your intelligence because of it. The man or woman of today in search of the ideal comes plumb up against sweating, bleeding, yearning democracy, and whoever finks, or shirks the situation has no first-class soul—be he or she ever so delicate, or cultured, or learned.”

I could not but feel gratified at his fervor, nor did I mind his bringing his hand down on the table with the last word by way of emphasis, for he had grasped my meaning precisely. Evidently, too, he had taken the bit between his teeth and meant to have his say, for, as he lighted another cigar, his nostrils dilated with suppressed earnestness and his eye gleamed significantly.

“I'm not a man of culture,” he continued. “I have the effrontery, from the necessities of my trade, to ring at your door-bell at midnight, and I know my own limitations, but I know what culture is. When I stand on the cliff and watch the waves hurl themselves against the shore—
when on a peaceful summer's night I view
the heavens in their glory, I realize in
my own behalf something of what those
who have had more opportunities than I
are able to feel, and I know that I am il-
literate and common as compared with
many. But, Mr. Philosopher, what has
been the philosophy of beauty and art and
intellect and elegance through all the cen-
turies until lately? Individual seclusion,
appropriation, and arrogance. The ad-
mirable soul, the admirable genius, the ad-
mirable refinement was that which gloried
in its superiority to the rest of the world
and claimed the right of aloofness. The
monk and the nun lived apart from the
common life, and were thought to walk
nearer heaven because of it. That idea of
the priesthood has nearly passed away, but
aloofness and arrogance are still too typi-
cal of the mental and the social aristocrats.
They glory in their own superiority and
delicacy, lift their skirts if they're women,
hold their noses if they're men, and thank
heaven they are not as the masses are.
They are charitable, they are sometimes
generous, and invariably didactic, but they
hold aloof from the common herd. They
refuse to open the gates of sympathy, and
sometimes it seems as though the gates
will never be opened until they are broken
down by the masses.

My visitor suddenly stopped, and started
to rise from his chair. Turning to in-
vestigate the cause of the interruption, I
encountered my wife, Josephine, armed with
a tray containing a brazier and the essen-
tials for a midnight repast.

"You will be able to talk better if you
have something to eat," she exclaimed,
affably.

The ceremony of introduction having
been performed successfully without caus-
ing our guest to notice that we did not
know his name, I begged him to continue
his address.

"Yes, do," said Josephine, "while I
cook the oysters. I could not help over-
hearing a little of your conversation, so I
know the general drift."

(Note.—That means she had been
leaning over the banisters, listening.)

"A lunch will taste very good," said
the reporter.

(Note.—Here he ran up against one of
my pet prejudices, and for a moment I
almost forgot that I was doing the hon-
ors of my own house. I almost said:
"Speaking of democracy and culture, my
dear sir, I should like to inquire if you
have any authority for your use of the
word 'lunch'? As employed by the ap-
propriating and the arrogant it has long
meant a meal or a bite between breakfast
and dinner; but, as used by democracy,
it seems to apply to afternoon tea or late
supper equally well."

"We were speaking of the ideal," he
continued, addressing my wife, "and I
was just saying that only recently had the
world of noblest thought and aims begun
to recognize that an ideal life must nec-
essarily include interest in and sympathy
for common humanity, and that the mere
aristocrat of religion, of culture, or of man-
ners, has ceased to be the Sir Galahad
of civilization."

"Indeed it must be so," said Josephine,
"and the idea is rapidly gaining ground.
People used to be satisfied with making
charitable donations; now they investi-
gate facts and conditions and give them-
elves. But it isn't always easy for those
who love beauty to avoid shrinking from
people and things not beautiful. There is
nothing which freezes a sensitive, artistic
nature more quickly than dirt and ugli-
ness, and yet the ideal modern soul does
not turn away, but seeks to sympathize
and to share. Might you not, dear
(Josephine was now addressing me, not
the reporter), say that the key-note of the
ideal life is refined sympathy?"

"It certainly is an indispensable attrib-
ute of it," I answered.

"How much easier it is," mused Jose-
phine, as she stirred the oysters in the
melting butter, "to wrap one's self in one's
own aesthetic aspirations and to let the
common world shift for itself. It was pos-
sible, once, to do that and believe one's self
a saint, but that day has passed forever.
It's very hard, though, sometimes, Mr.
Reporter. Constant contact with the
common world is liable to make one ter-
ribly discouraged unless one has abiding
faith in the future of democracy."

"I know it; I know it," he replied,
eagerly. "We're a depressing lot—many
of us. Don't you suppose I understand
how the sensitive soul must suffer when
it has to deal with some of us? Take the
cheap, ignorant, mercenary, city politician, such as disgraces the aldermanic chair of our large cities — there's a discouraging monster for you. There is a host of others; the shallow, self-sufficient, impertinent type of shop-girl, whose sole concern is her finery and her 'fellow'; the small dealer of a certain sort, who adulterates his wares, lies to maintain his cause, and will not hesitate to burn his stock in order to obtain the insurance money; the sordid number who seek to break the wills of their relations who have devised the property to others; the many, too, who make a mess of marriage, and leave wife or husband on the paltriest pleas. I know them well; they are the people, they are humanity, and they can no longer be ignored and loftily set aside as 'the uneducated mass' by those whose finer instincts cause them to live free from these sins. Hard? Of course it's hard, but the best hope for the improvement of society lies in the education and enlightenment of that mass; and this can be compassed only through the efforts and sympathy of the intelligent and refined."

Just then the clock struck midnight. "Bless me!" he exclaimed, "every one will be in bed, and what will become of my telegram on the Czar of Russia? Instead of getting three thousand words from you, I have been giving you that number on your own topic."

"For once, then, I have got the better of a reporter," said I.

"But before I give you any supper, Mr. Reporter," said Josephine, "you must acknowledge, too, that the movement is gaining ground, and that the refined and educated are changing their point of view. Think of the hospitals, think of the museums, think of the colleges, think of the model tenements, the schools for manual training and cooking."

"I do acknowledge it; it is grand and inspiring. I have been merely calling attention to the fact that in the search for the ideal their new point of view must become permanent and extend still farther. To counterbalance your facts I could cite others. Think of the doings of the multi-millionaires, their modern palaces, their extravagant entertainments, their steam-yachts, their home-desecrating wives—a lot of third-class passengers, with no more claim to be considered first-class than the alderman and the shop-girl and the other democrats of whom we were speaking a moment ago. Nothing of the ideal there, and they had such a grand chance! Yes, yes, I do admit, madam, that the efforts and progress of the refined and intelligent during the last quarter of a century have been notable and stirring, but democracy has been neglected for so many centuries that it may prove a little ungrateful at first. And here am I, Mr. Philosopher, keeping your train in three sections waiting all this time."

"The oysters are cooked," said Josephine.

"Five minutes for lunch!" cried the reporter.

(Note.—Confound the man! Why should he call my supper a lunch?)

IV

That beatific mental condition associated by my midnight visitor, the reporter, with people of alleged cultivation and aesthetic tastes, when in the presence of the beauties or marvels of nature, like sunset, mountain scenery, ocean calm and ocean storm, is doubtless a familiar experience to you. The wonder book of nature is constantly being held up by poet and painter as the source of human ideality, and all the traditions of civilization urge you to attain that degree of artistic development under the white light of which the seals of that book become loosened, and you are able to read in the evening star and the mountain torrent lessons of inspiration and truth. Next to nature in their aesthetic potency are her hand-maids, music, sculpture, letters and painting—briefly, the civilized arts, the medium by which mortals seek to woo and hold fast to beauty. We listen to the gorgeous anthems of the world's most famous composers, and our souls thrill and vibrate with emotion; life seems grand and everything possible. We stand before the greatest marbles and canvasses, and we seem to have truth within our grasp and nature almost subjugated. How exquisitely falls on the senses the sublimity of the lines

Fair as a star, when only one
Is shining in the sky.
We catch a glimpse there of what we call heaven. Is there any more satisfactory occupation for a thirsty soul than to scan the fairness of the twilight heavens when the evening star shines alone and the saffron or purple glories of the departing day irradiate the west?

Noi andavam per lo vespero attenti
Oltre, quanto potean gli occhi allungarsi,
Contro i raggi serotini e lucenti.

So wrote Dante in immortal verse, to portray the aesthetic value of a kindred experience.

I selected those lines of Wordsworth because he, of all the poets, suggests more ostensibly in his verse deliberate pursuit of the ideal. Shelley, indeed, reveals a bolder purpose to unmask the infinite, but his mood is oftener that of an audacious stormer of heaven than of a reverend seeker for perfect truth. We feel in Wordsworth a conscious intent to distill from the study of nature and of man a spiritual exhalation, which would enlighten him and enable him, by force of his poetic gifts, to enlighten us as to how best to live. When we think of him, we see him amid the exquisite scenery of his favorite lakes, walking in close communion with God; discerning the manifestations of the infinite in the mountain and the wild flower, in the splendor of the storm and the faithful doings of the humblest lives.

Ever since he wrote Wordsworth has been the patron saint of introspective souls. In his poetry they have found not merely suggestion but a creed. The poet himself was at heart an enthusiast and a revolutionary, and his worship of quiet beauty and subjective refinement was the expression of a design broader and deeper in its scope than many of his followers have been willing to adopt. He revealed not merely the aesthetic significance of the contemplative life which substitutes soul analysis, with God in nature as a guide, for the grosser interests of the flesh, but also the unholliness of class distinctions and of the indifference of man to his fellow-man as distinguished from himself. The followers of Wordsworth were, for the most part, prompt to accept the first without including the second and equally fundamental tenet of his philosophy. What, a quarter of a century ago, was the ordinary practice of the cultivated and refined, who had been stirred either directly or indirectly by the teaching of the great poet to adopt contemplation as the key-note of their daily lives? Their greatest number was in beautiful, rural England; but the spiritual atmosphere breathed by them soon found its way across the Atlantic, and served to exalt and modify the ever moral inclinations of New England.

Picture, if you will, the model country house of the English country gentleman of comfortable means and refined tastes. To begin with, the structure itself is charming; time has bestowed upon it picturesqueness, and art has made it beautiful with the simple but effective arrangement of vines and flowers. There is nothing of the vileness of earth at hand to mar or offend. The proprietor himself, an elder son, has been left with a competence; no riches, but sufficient to enable him to pursue his literary or other refined interests without molestation from pecuniary cares. The interior is tasteful and aesthetically satisfying; the spacious, comfortable rooms contain all that is desirable in the way of upholstery, ornaments, books and pictures. The large drawing-room windows command a fair expanse of velvet lawn, flanked by stately trees. Beyond lies an undulating acreage of ancestral metes and bounds, rich in verdure and precious with associations. Here lives our gentleman the greater portion of the year; lives aspiringly according to his Wordsworthian creed. He eschews or uses with admirable moderation the coarser pleasures and vanities of life. Unselfishness, gentleness, and nicety of thought and speech are the custom of his household. He himself finds congenial occupation in literary or scientific research, in the hope of adding some book or monograph to the world’s store of art or knowledge. His wife, in co-operation with the church, plays a gracious part among their tenants or among the village sick and poor, teaching her daughters to dispense charity in the form of soup, coals, jellies, and blankets. Parents and children alike, jealously intending to attain holiness and culture, continuously take an account of their individual spiritual successes and failures, and though they hold these auditing with God in the church, they renew
them often under the inspiring influence of nature.

The Curfew tolls the knell of parting day,
or, as Dante expressed a similar conception,

'Twas now the hour that turneth back desire
In those who sail the sea, and melts the heart
The day they've said to their sweet friends farewell,
And the new pilgrim penetrates with love,
If he doth hear from far away a bell
That seemeth to deplore the dying day.

This is the hour when the Wordsworthian spirit, refined, conscientious, aspiring, beauty and duty loving, sees through the splendor of the lucent, saffron sky, heaven open, and the angels of God ascending and descending. Not always is the vision so adorable. Often enough the gazer knows the bitterness of divine discontent, and finds the golden glory but a bar, shutting out God. In the favorable hour, though, comes the rapture, and the transfiguration; the exquisite, refined feelings seem to find communion with the infinite, and a voice from heaven to say:

Well done, good and faithful servant.

I have selected this experience of the cultivated English household rather than that of the purely religious life as an example, for the reason that in it the aesthetic side is represented in the soul-hunger, and that the existing conditions of earth are, to a certain extent, taken into account. In the purely religious life, the emotions of the exalted soul have, in the past at least, been prone to exclude the actual conditions of human life from consideration. The thought has been that the earthly existence is travail, and at best a discipline; that the joys of life are vanity, and the mundane problems of life unworthy of the interested attention of the heaven-seeking soul. Modern religious theories have modified this point of view, but certainly in some sects still the aesthetic value of existence is almost contemptuously discarded by religion. I have taken the beautiful lives of the Wordsworthians as an example, also because the religious element is so manifestly cherished and cultivated in them. It is intended in them that art and God should work together, or, more accurately, the precept is that the aesthetic side of humanity is one of the noblest manifestations of the infinite within us. It is significant in this connection that though art has often reached its apogee in periods of moral decay, the ruin of the nation, thus robbed of spiritual vitality, has soon followed, in spite of the glory of its sculpture and canvasses. But that is a mere interjection. The point I wish to suggest is this: The same soul recognizes, when face to face with truth, that what we see in the glory of the sunset, when we think we walk with God, must be, in order to be of value, an inspiration based on the conditions of mundane life. Without this, prayer and adoration become a mere nervous exhalation, reaching out for something which has no more substance than an ignis fatuus. The old saints who lived and died in prayer, ignoring human relations, seem to us to-day to have been wofully deluded. They yearned to be translated from a world to which they had contributed nothing but the desire to be holy. This desire is of the essence of the matter; and so we consent to give their reverences the benison of our distinguished consideration. But aspiring souls, as evidenced by the aesthetic man and woman of culture, presently perceived the error. They recognized that aspiration, to be vital, must start with a conception of the world as it was, and seek a realization of the world as it might be, and that in this seeking lay service to God and preparation for heaven. Proceeding they fixed on unselfish human love and on beauty as the motive of their creed, and endeavored to live lives animated by these principles. This creed has been the real creed of aspiring humanity during the past century and a half, and it still seems sufficient to many. There have been diverse differences of application and administration in connection with it, according as the pendulum swung more or less near to one or the other of the two cardinal points of faith, unselfish love, or exquisite beauty. There have been some who, in their desire to make the relations of man toward those with whom he lived and whom he loved more ideal, have been disposed to ignore the claims of color and elegance; and there have been others so
eager in their allegiance to the cause of beauty that they have exalted sense and emotion at the expense of unselfishness and purity. Essentially, however, the ideal life of the modern centuries has sought to develop the individual soul by stimulating its faculties to cherish self-sacrificing devotion to familiar friends, aesthetic appreciation of form, color and sound, and exquisite personal refinement. The Christian life, in its highest form, from this amalgamation of human traits, has constructed an ideal for the soul founded on something tangible and substantial in human consciousness. When the Christian said, "O God, make me pure and noble," it has been no longer necessary to rhapsodize on a heaven concerning which he knew nothing, and to disclaim all interest in this earth. On the contrary, he has appreciated that conceptions of the ideal must be based on human conditions or they cease to be intelligible, and that the soul which seeks God can reach him only through faithfulness to a method of life, the aim of which is to make the best use of earth and its possibilities.

Beautiful as have been the lives which have resulted from this aesthetic spirituality, the world has been beginning to realize, during the last twenty-five years, that this is a creed partially outworn, or, rather, a creed hampered by its limitations. In taking its suggestion for the ideal from the world, noble society chose to accept economic conditions as they were, and to fashion an ideal which necessarily shut out the larger portion of humanity from the possibility of attaining it. The aesthetic satisfaction which we draw from the sunset is due to the pleasure which conscience feels in its allegiance to an ideal of its own devising, and seeing God is only another term for the solemn identification of man's aspirations. The Wordsworthian soul, as interpreted by his followers, assumed that the political conditions of society were always to remain the same, or, more accurately speaking, it accepted those conditions as permanent and continuously inevitable. In other words, it did not foresee democracy. In short, its ideal was essentially aristocratic and exclusive, and it continues so stubbornly in the present day in many circles. To be sure, it has included and continues to include in its formula the carrying of soups, jellies, coals, and blankets to the poor, and the proffering of educational advantages to the ignorant, but it never has predicated, as essential to the world's true progress, such fundamental changes in the social status of society as would involve the annihilation of class distinctions and a greater general happiness for the mass of humanity. To be sure, there have always been individual philanthropists, who insisted upon these changes as vital, but they have been ignored by the leaders of ideal thought as visionary enthusiasts, or maligned as disturbers of permanent society. It has been the struggle of democracy itself that has been the chief revealer of a new vision in the sunset, until now, at last, the soul in search of the ideal appreciates that it does not walk with God unless it sees in the saffron glory its own sympathy with these new conditions.

The development of this recognition has been tolerably swift in certain directions. New hospitals, new colleges, college settlements among the poor, are concrete evidences of the modern spirit, and equally significant, if less heralded, are the faithful, zealous labors of physicians, teachers, clergymen, and the host of workers in various lines of industry, where the earnest, self-sacrificing work done is rarely if ever paid for, in dollars and cents, commensurate with its value. The serious energy of the best humanity, instead of pluming itself in the seductive contemplation of aesthetic beauty, seems rather to be celebrating the apotheosis of dirt. It feels that the cleansing of the physical and moral filth from our slums, the relief of appalling ignorance and superstition, the combating of political dishonesty and the checking of private greed are more to be desired at this time than great marbles and a great literature. Or, rather, perhaps, it seems probable that great marbles and a great literature will not come to us until the leaven of this new ideal expresses itself in the truths of art. The sane, aspiring soul can no longer be satisfied unless it recognizes the inevitableness and the pathos of democracy and adjusts its human perspective accordingly.

The world of vested rights and wealth is still reluctant to accept this new aestheticism, and the soul in search of the ideal
A Ride into Cuba for the Red Cross

will find the allurements of aristocratic culture still insisted on as the secret of noble living. Social arrogance and the exclusive tendencies of class are slow in yielding to the hostility even of republican forms of government. In this country parents who profess to be Americans still choose to send their children to private instead of to the public schools, in order to separate them from the mass of the people. The doctrine of social caste, thus early impressed upon the youth of both sexes, serves to produce a class of citizens who are not really in sympathy with popular government. If one questions sometimes the depth of purpose of highly evolved man, and doubts the existence of God, it is because of the lavish wantonness of living of some of the very rich in the presence of the thousands of miserable and wretched creatures who still degrade our large cities. But there is this to be said in this connection: This new aesthetic ideal is at least partially the fruit of the awakening of humanity to a keener appreciation of the conditions of human life; but its progress is made certain by the coming evolution of democracy, which slowly but surely will overwhelm the aristocratic spirit forever, even though aestheticism, as realized by the arrogant and exclusive, perish in the process. The ideal life to-day is that which maintains the noblest aims of the aspiring past, cherishing unselfishness, purity, courage, truth, joy, existence, fineness of sentiment and aesthetic beauty; but cherishes these in the spirit and for the purposes of a broader humanity than the melting soul has hitherto discerned in the sunset, the ocean, or the starry heavens. There are among us men and women living in this spirit of idealism, and they, O, my correspondents! are the first-class passengers.

A RIDE INTO CUBA FOR THE RED CROSS

By Charles R. Gill, M.D.

M iss Clara Barton expressed to me a desire of becoming acquainted with the condition of the country, and the needs of the people in the regions beyond the city of Santiago, in order that she might relieve their distress in the most intelligent manner, place them in the way of becoming self-supporting, and diminish the congestion of idle people in the city by setting them to work in the country. It was hoped by this plan not only to remove permanently the distress of the people of Santiago province, but also to relieve the generous public of the United States from carrying indefinitely a heavy burden. She was loath to ask me to undertake such an expedition of exploration and investigation, as she well knew the journey was one not without great hardship and danger. I required no urging, however, especially from one who never hesitates herself at personal discomforts or danger; and after a few words, as we were seated upon the stairs of our busy storehouse, I set about my preparation for the expedition—the first of its kind into the interior of Cuba and the first of any size since the war began.

By the kind assistance of Drs. Hubbell and Egan and Mr. Elwell, the provisions, medicines, saddles, and horses were got together. Taking with me two Cuban physicians, a packer, a "práctico" or guide, and two Cuban officers returning to General Garcia, I started. According to Red Cross principle we were unarmed; and except as its sacred insignia should be respected, we were defenceless. The first thing that attracted my attention outside of the city was the number of small wooden forts or block-houses, some partly, some entirely burned. These were always surrounded by a trench, with the usual barbed-wire fence on the outside of the ditch. We began the ascent of the steep hills around Santiago, from the summit of one of which we had a beautiful view of the city and harbor, with the transports at anchor. Santiago could apparently be made impregnable with batteries upon these eminences, and miles of territory could be commanded. The natural defences are very strong indeed, and our army deserves a great deal of credit for having captured it so quickly.
Passing down the other side of the mountain, we went through the ruins of a hamlet burned by the Spaniards, and a little beyond we came upon a relic of man’s inhumanity—the skull of some poor woman lying in the middle of the road. Dismounting, I removed it out of the line of travel, and hid the ghastly reminder under some bushes by the wayside. The women of Cuba! what have they not suffered? They have exhibited a devotion and heroism unsurpassed by any people in the world. The poor women and children, have my profoundest pity; they suffer the greatest terrors and share in none of the so-called “glories” of war.

We came to a small river, upon the banks of which we encamped for the night. Early in the morning, we suddenly encountered, at a turn in the road, an old man. The poor, frightened old fellow would have escaped if he could, but the river on one side and a high hill on the other side of the road prevented him. We quickly got around him and tried to allay his fear. I took him by the hand, shook it warmly and told him that I was an American, that Cuba was free. He would not believe it, for he did not know that Santiago had surrendered and evidently mistook us for Spaniards trying to deceive him. He was exceedingly prudent, and we could learn nothing from him except that he was hunting land turtles. Poor, terrorized old man! he characterizes the so-called “pa-cifico.” Spanish cruelty and deceit have made many such as he.

After awhile, we reached the western slope of the mountain. Here I caught my first glimpse of the interior of Cuba. As far as the eye can reach appears a vast plain, in reality a rolling country. Dark patches of woods contrasting with the lighter green of grass; the silvery threads of streams—the headwaters of the mighty Cauto—and the deep blue of distant mountains together with the coast-ranges to the north and south, form a landscape of rare beauty. The road here branches: the right hand one leads to St. Luis, the left hand one to Manzanillo; we took the middle one and descended into a rich valley. This region is called “Yaera Llaro,” and is about six leguas, or eighteen miles, from Santiago, and was the first considerable extent of good farming land that we saw. The valley is several miles in length, with a small river running through it. The soil is a black loam, the vegetation very rank. We passed through tall grass and under majestic palm-trees, and soon reached the sugar plantation of “Atello.” We could see large frame buildings down a road to our left, and met here a Cuban guard. This consisted of one rather grim-looking and very ragged fellow, mounted upon a tough little horse, and armed with an old rusty carbine. He being uncommunicative, we saluted and passed on. We met a number of country people chewing sugar-cane, who said that with fruit it was all they had to eat; and their appearance did not belie them.

Here are people starving in a land, as rich perhaps as the sun ever shines upon; such are some of the consequences of war. Telling them that we would leave provisions at the first village that we came to, we pressed onward, as the sun was becoming intensely hot and we feared to exhaust our pack animals. In a short time we arrived at the village of Concepción, a collection of thatch-roofed, dirt-floored houses on the top of a hill. The entire population, including the dogs, turned out to see us, and we were besieged, as soon as we stated that we carried medicines and provisions, by such a motley, ragged, cadaverous, and hungry-eyed crowd as perhaps could be raised nowhere to-day, outside of Cuba. Everybody complained of being ill, and each one wanted to be treated first. There were a number of Cuban soldiers suffering from unhealed wounds.

After treating these and dispensing medicines and food, we passed on to Palmas Soreano, of which Concepción appeared to be a suburb. Upon arriving there we went directly to the mayor to pay our respects, and to obtain an empty house as quarters. This individual appeared anxious to help, and immediately set out to find us what we wanted, marching ahead with his cane held very pompously. I thanked him for his kindness, inquired as to the sanitary condition of the town, and suggested sending him a large supply of food for his people, which I was subsequently told he would have promptly sold to his merchant friends. Fortunately, I learned that he was con-
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considered a great scoundrel. He had been one of the worst guerillas of that section of country, and was most thoroughly hated by all the Cubans, who would rather have starved to death than received anything from his hands. By one of those blunders which our dear Government is frequently making in a land in which it understands neither the language nor the people, this man had been placed in authority by some process unknown to ordinary mortals.

I found here a company of United States troops, and was glad to see their honest faces and think that they were equally happy to see me, as they had been sent out on two days’ rations, and had been gone nearly two weeks. They were very anxious to learn what was going on, for being completely isolated they had heard nothing since the day of the Santiago surrender. This was our advanced post, I presume. We were shortly visited by the commander of the Cuban forces, Colonel Dieguez, who was called “El Indio” (the Indian) on account of his personal appearance and his hatred of the Spaniards. He presented us with four horses and a mule, and engaged to send back our jaded ones to Santiago as soon as they had recuperated. He was very kind and attentive to our wants. We found here a great deal of distress and sickness; and we relieved as much as we could without exhausting our supplies. We could have given all of them very easily many times over; but a long and hard journey was ahead of us, and not knowing what distress we should encounter, we therefore could only relieve the most urgent cases. I promised to send them supplies to St. Luis, the end of the railroad, where they could easily obtain them. (This promise has been kept. The Red Cross has established there a large depot of supplies upon my recommendation.)

The town of Palmas Soreano consists of several hundred thatched houses, and perhaps about fifty frame, brick and stone houses, with tiled roofs. It is situated in a valley surrounded by hills. A line of forts stretches from northeast to southwest, with a line of barbed-wire fence in front of them toward the west. Standing in the lookout-box of one, I counted eleven of these small forts or block-houses, from one hundred to two hundred or more yards apart. They are all surrounded with lines of barbed-wire, through which it would be almost impossible to pick one’s way without becoming terribly lacerated. Beyond this entanglement is a deep and wide ditch, crossed by a bridge leading to a covered gate-way. Inside of this the parapet rises, made of logs, stones, and gravel. It has twelve embrasures and incloses an octagonal space about one hundred feet in diameter. Here I found an old brass rifled cannon, howitzer type, marked Seville, July 3, 1789, in a good state of preservation. In the centre of the enclosure stands a square, double-story log building, double-walled, filled with stone, and loop-holed. The second story and the sentinel or look-out box on the very top are accessible only by ladders from the inside; a truly formidable citadel against troops without artillery.

We left Palmas Soreano at seven o’clock in the evening in order to avoid the heat of the day, and travelled until two in the morning, covering a distance of twenty-one miles, when we swung our hammocks in a dense wood, and fell asleep to the music of the rain-drops on our ponchos. At seven o’clock we started through the mud, crossed a small stream, and ascending the bank emerged upon a most beautiful and fertile plain, covered with tall grass, palms, and fruit-trees. We took breakfast at noon on the east bank of the Cauto River. As our stock of provisions had been greatly depleted at Palmas Soreano, I concluded that we must proceed more rapidly, and the journey therefore became more arduous. I had to coax some of my Cuban friends along. I think that they were also inwardly sighing for the palm-groves and friends left behind.

A heavy thunder-shower threatening, I had to work very fast to cover our provisions and to pitch the tent, and had only just finished when the rain descended in torrents. “Our Cuban allies” (the doctors) who had not assisted in the least—being too busy with gastronomic feasts and smoking—very quickly sought the shelter of the tents. I felt inclined to lecture them a little, but the poor fellows certainly looked tired, and they said that they were exhausted and could proceed no farther. I was quite sure that something else
would become exhausted if they continued their tremendous attacks upon the commissary department, and that we all should be compelled to turn back; but I said nothing, and only suggested that they could return by easy stages to Palmas Soreano and wait there for my return, to which they very readily agreed. I then requested them to make a census of the needy people there, and gather statistics of sickness.

After dividing our provisions, and giving them Nicholas Murillo, my best man, as guide and packer, I saw them off on their return journey, and bade them good-by, being really sorry to part company with them. I now turned my horse's head toward the Caunto, which my little caravan soon safely crossed. We entered an open, rolling country where our "práctico," a young Cuban soldier furnished by our good friend, Colonel Dieguez, pointed out to me the place where his father was killed—shot from a block-house on a neighboring hill. I must stop a moment to introduce "Deonesio," as he was a very worthy little fellow, and one type of Cuban soldier. Deonesio Pereia lived at "Alta Gracia" (High Grace). He was twenty years old, but did not look over eighteen, and had been three years in the war, serving without pay, very little to eat, and hardly any clothes—his toes were sticking out of his old shoes. He carried an old carbine, which would have been suicidal for him to match against a "Mauser." His mother had ten children, of which he was the oldest. His brother of eleven years tilled the ground. He said that he wished that the war would end so that his brothers and sisters could learn to read. He was a very intelligent little mulatto, with a kind, sad face, and energetic, soldierly bearing.

This region appeared to me to be particularly well adapted for cattle-raising. I have never seen such luxuriant grass anywhere, although I have crossed our continent several times. It is of the bunchgrass variety, and was as high as my head as I sat on horseback. Cattle are very fond of it and grow fat upon it. We travelled through miles of it this night; and it was certainly very beautiful, waving in the moonlight, which was so bright that I wrote notes of these things as I sat on my horse's back. We slept in an abandoned hut, near the burnt village of Baire. This hut was typical, and was constructed of poles, covered with palm-leaves, and had a hard dirt floor. Though deserted by its owner, it was still occupied by various kinds of active and numerous inhabitants, with whom we soon became well acquainted. "There was a hot time in the old hut that night." The first thing that I saw in the morning as I opened my eyes, was an army of large ants passing rapidly in single file out of my oatmeal bag, each with a grain held proudly high.

After breakfast, we saddled the horses and proceeded to Baire, where we stopped at the "Comandancia Militar, distrito de Igualdo," Captain José Ramos. I was offered a cup of native chocolate, made very thick and coarse, the beans being pounded in a mortar, and without milk. It was not half bad and was quite nutritious. There being some ill here with malaria and scurvy, I gave them remedies, and departed after many adioses.

We had proceeded but a short distance when I discovered a large saddle-gall on one of our pack animals, and I at once turned back to the Prefecture or "Comandancia," where I could get water to cleanse the sore. While here I was led to deliver a little missionary talk upon the social and religious needs of the people. I lamented the deplorable condition of the country, and contrasted it with the progress of the United States; told them that it was largely due to the ignorance in which they had been kept, and that they were many years behind the age, like Spain; that they must learn to read, in order to know what was going on, and what had taken place in the world; that our progress was mainly due to our education, that our laws were just, and that we were free of conscience. I urged them to study the Bible, as the only guide to conduct; to think for themselves, and said that each one was responsible to God and not to any priest or church.

These elementary but fundamental facts were listened to very intently by this appreciative audience. One of them rose and said, in a very earnest and pathetic way, as he placed his fingers upon his eyes: "We are blind; we do not and cannot know what to do." I should have liked
to tarry longer with this simple-minded and sympathetic people.

We saw a woman and child hurrying through the tall grass ahead of us, and the guide said that they were afraid. I rode up to them, but could obtain no responses to any of my advances, and walked along to their hut, a miserable hovel, in which naked children were playing with a pig. The lord of the house I found squatted upon his haunches, where he remained the entire time during our interview, the personification of laziness. The women and children kept staring at me, and finally offered me three cigars, which I refused on the plea of not smoking. Telling them that the United States had freed Cuba, I left.

My guide told me that the hills on each side of the highway were full of people, mostly women and children. The men were in the army, but were allowed to go home occasionally to till the ground. We met no one on the road but armed Cubans, and these few and far between. The sun was very powerful. I travelled by dashes, going ahead and diving in wherever I saw an opening in the tall grass or trees, which led me to some hut. There were no houses along the road, they having been burned by the Spanish columns as they passed. My way of proceeding, while not altogether safe, was certainly very instructive and did not delay my pack train; it enabled me also to do scouting.

There were a number of battles fought here about a month ago, when the Spanish columns passed from Manzanillo to Santiago. I arrived in the afternoon at Igunai, a town surrounded by fourteen small forts built of masonry which are now in ruins. The Cubans, under General Garcia, took it after twelve days of fighting and left a small garrison in it; the Spaniards subsequently retook it and then withdrew.

The one-story houses of masonry, with broken doors and shattered windows, showing all the evidences of war and vandalism, impressed me; and proceeding, I encountered a group of pale, ragged women and naked children sitting on the sidewalk. They showed only too plainly all the signs of starvation in their poor little pinched faces and bodies, while some had the protruding abdomen and bloated appearance that mark one form of fatal cases. They all stared at me with great, lustrous, unearthly eyes. I do not think that I shall ever forget that terrible picture.

Dismounting, I questioned them for awhile and told them that the American Red Cross had brought relief to them from the sympathizing people of the United States and of the world; that we should stop with them for awhile, and to come with all their friends to us as quickly as possible. We proceeded to the "comandancia," where I found Colonel Reyes, with about forty ragged soldiers. I confess that they were not a prepossessing lot. They looked like renegade Spaniards. The Colonel was a large man with Napoleonic whiskers, a cast in one eye, and somewhat sinister-looking. He showed me quarters, directly across the plaza from his, and said that they were the best in the town. As they contained a desk and some chairs, and I saw none of these articles in the other houses into which I happened to look, I could believe him.

We were soon besieged by the sick and starving, and were rushed for several hours. Although we had nothing to eat since early morning, we could not stop. Fearing that some of our horses might be spirited away and killed for food, I had them tied in front of my door, where they could be constantly watched.

Our provisions being distributed, leaving only barely enough to get back on, the sick and the wounded next claimed my attention, and when my work was done, you can believe that I was tired.

We were now forced to return as quickly as possible, and I had to give up, for the present, the idea of seeing General Garcia for General O. O. Howard, who wished to effect a reconciliation between Garcia and General Shafter. I learned from Colonel Reyes that he was ninety miles to the north besieging Holguin, and my horses could not possibly have held out, as they were becoming exhausted by almost continuous travelling.

This town of Igunai, the birthplace of General Garcia, is extremely quaint. It resembles some of the towns in Palestine. A square, or "plaza," with grass and trees in the centre, is surrounded on four sides by one-story, brick stuccoed houses, with very thick walls, stone floors, large, heavy doors, flat, tiled roofs. Arcaded verandas,
Moorish style, extending over the sidewalks, form a sheltered passage around the square. Narrow streets lead from the four corners, and are crossed at irregular distances by others. Poking along through empty houses, I discovered a very large, old-fashioned billiard-table. How it could have been carried over roads that are no more than goat-tracks now is a mystery. Perhaps it might have come four hundred years ago, when roads were better.

We were now on our homeward journey. I concluded to return by another route, forming, as it were, a loop in order to pass over new country that I might understand this region better. We also proceeded through the woods in order to meet the people hidden away there. These woods are almost impassable except along narrow trails, the dense tropical foliage, overhanging vines and clusters of orchids obscuring vision. Twisting and turning along the trails, we came suddenly upon some little hut with a thatched roof and a dirt floor, upon which pigs, chickens, and naked children were often mixed up generally. There might be a little clearing in which was growing corn, sweet potatoes, yams, bananas—sometimes sugar-cane; or the patch might be skilfully hidden away in the woods out of the way of danger; frequently the house was also difficult to locate.

At some of these houses I received a very characteristic answer to my greeting of “How do you do?” A pale, sad-faced woman would answer: “Pasando lo que Dios quiere” (Passing through that which God wishes.) The patient endurance of these poor people is remarkable and beautiful. Old men, women, and children alone are seen. Some have food, most have very little in their houses, and all are sadly in need of clothing. This commodity is practically unobtainable at present. My soldier-guide showed me his uniform which consisted of a patched-up undershirt costing one dollar; a pair of cotton trousers at the same price per yard; a straw hat, and one suspender which he did not quote. He was guiltless of shoes. The hospitality of these poor people is very great. They will share with a stranger whatever they have. If the Cuban has nothing else to offer, he will extend a cigar with rare grace.

We travelled half of the night, and were so tired that we slept upon our horses’ necks. Camped at Juan Varon for a few hours’ rest, but early in the morning we were on our way. We overtook two families on their way to Santiago from Manzanillo. They had two starved, worn-out horses, upon the bare backs of which hung a feeble-looking woman and a lot of small children. An old man, a woman, and a number of half-grown boys and girls were walking. They were all very ragged, thin, and tired. Dismounting I caused those on foot to mount our horses and we proceeded to Palmas. One poor woman, emaciated and almost exhausted, kept exclaiming: “Ave Maria, Virgen de Caridad, cuando se acaba la guerra?” (Ave Maria, virgin of charity, when will the war end?)

We passed a herd of fine beef cattle on their way to Santiago, the first cattle of any description that I had seen. Re-entered Palmas Soreano about August 4th. The American commander told me that my Cuban doctors had left that morning because they could find no food to eat. He himself was on the shortest kind of diet. I went up to the Spanish hospital to get some iodooform for my horses that had sore backs. The American surgeon accompanied me, and very gently hinted that his men were suffering for want of certain medicines. I found the hospital well supplied with these, and inasmuch as “Uncle Sam” had confiscated them, I ordered the Spanish apothecary to hand over quickly the drugs that our American doctor asked for in English. He at first hesitated, saying that some were locked up and that he did not have the keys. Insinuating very gently that such a little thing as that need not hamper “Uncle Sam,” there was no further delay. While thus engaged, up rode the Cuban doctors, having turned back, and with them came Colonel Dieguez, several officers and men. One of the Spaniards in charge wanted to know when they were going back to Spain, to which I responded that they should have gone back years ago, which seemed to please greatly the Cubans, and even some of the Spaniards smiled sadly. We were glad to meet again, and greeted each other warmly.

While thus engaged, laughing and joking with the Cubans and Spaniards, I turned to find myself face to face with a
file of United States soldiers. I could not help but admire the grim-looking fellows, as they stood close to us ready for instant action. Upon learning of our peaceful inten-
tions they withdrew; the Cubans also, in the opposite direction; and we proceed-
ed to our quarters, a large brick stuccoed house on the Plaza.

Shortly afterward the American com-
mander, Captain Lewis, paid us a visit. He asked if we had any malted milk, which fortunately we had, and I was happy to furnish him with it for his sick men. Then came General Cebreco and staff, and our good friend Colonel Dieguez; with them came a large number of sick and wound-
ed, who were attended to promptly.

I shall never forget one poor old man, who was brought to me by his son, a Cuban officer. He was carried in a canvas sling by four men. He had long white hair and beard, and was wasted almost to a skeleton, and as he seized my hand in his dying ones and attempted to kiss it, he cried out: "Oh, Americano! Americano!" and could say no more, for the tears choked his feeble utterances. He had desired to live only long enough to see an American, one of that nation that had liberated his people. I very gently withdrew my hand from his dying clasp, and he was borne away with his hands raised in prayer to—die happy. Tell me not that Cubans have no gratitude toward Americans!

We went out to visit the sick that were too ill to come to us. I also went to the American and Spanish hospitals. After treating all the sick that we could find, we departed for St. Luis. This place is five leguas, or about fifteen miles, distant, and has a population of about seven thousand. Entering the town, we were suddenly con-
fronted by Spanish soldiers with fixed bayonets and thought for a moment that we had fallen into a Spanish trap, but kept up a bold front, and saluting passed on. The town was full of Spanish soldiers, and it was not until we had passed through it that I saw some of our boys in their dark blue flannel shirts, and greasy and soiled dark brown canvas breeches. Poor fel-
loved seeing the sick among the machinery. This was out of a command of one hundred and twenty, I was informed by the hospi-
tal steward. Some of the "well men" were pointed out to me, and these poor fellows were hardly able to stand up. They had been in the fights around Santi-
ago, and said that it was good for them, that the city had surrendered when it did, because, in a few days, they should have been unable to have moved out of the trenches. Most had more or less diarrheal troubles, many of them a climatic fever, and not a few typhoid. They were all
very thin and weak and had been short of rations, but were now doing better and recuperating, especially since they had had a roof over their heads. All appeared very glad to see us, and to hear me speak "United States," as one poor fellow said. We swung our hammocks in a wing of the building, and our Cuban friends were soon sound asleep. I sat up chatting with some of the "well men," and waited upon the sick till very late, then "turned in," only to be awakened shortly by one of the guards, requesting me to go and see a sick officer, which I very gladly did, and fortunately had remedies to help him.

In the morning, leaving the remainder of our medicines with our friends of the night, and bidding them good-by, I arranged with the American commander, Colonel Bisbee, and with Mr. Rousseau, the owner of the plantation, to receive and distribute the supplies of food, medicine, and clothing that would be sent out by the American National Red Cross from Santiago to St. Luis for the relief of that region. Mr. Rousseau accompanied us to St. Luis, where a large storehouse was secured. Passing through the villages of Dos Bocas, Cristo, and Cuevas, we arrived that evening at Santiago, safe and sound, though rather the worse for wear. We had travelled almost continuously for eight days and nights, over a large area of country, and seen many strange and pitiable sights, some of which I wish that I had never beheld. I can conscientiously say that the Cuban people are in a deplorable condition, and I think that they need all the help that the generous people of the United States can send them.

The following day we reported to our honored president, who expressed high appreciation of our labors, and gave us praise greater than we deserved.

I cannot conclude this simple narrative without making an appeal for this suffering people. The distress is there—God knows I have seen it—and I cannot rest easy in knowing it. There never was a cry from suffering humanity more urgent than this from Cuba, at our very doors. We have not relieved it. The war has intensified it for the present, and whatever may be its ultimate benefits thousands of precious lives must yet be lost before adequate relief can reach them.

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WITH THE SIRDAR

By Major Edward Stuart Wortley, C.M.G.

Commanding the Arab Irregular Force

So many graphic details have been given by correspondents of great experience, descriptive of the late campaign in the Sudan, and of the great battle which resulted in the Khalifa's total defeat, that it seems difficult to add to them. However, a brief account of the formation and subsequent proceedings of the Arab Leves on the east bank may be of interest. No correspondent accompanied them, so it is possible to relate the story without fear of repetition.

The duties assigned by the Sirdar to the Arab Irregulars, were to clear the east bank of the Nile in order that a battery of howitzers might be placed in a position on that bank from whence the Mahdi's tomb, the Khalifa's house, and the principal buildings could be shelled, and the great wall be breached, which enclosed the principal part of Omdurman. The Howitzer Battery under command of Major Elmslie, R.A., with its Lyddite shell, was a new experiment in warfare, and the effect of this shell was a subject of considerable speculation. Results, however, fully justified the most sanguine expectations.

The Arabs, of whom the Irregular Force was composed, represented many of the principal tribes of the Sudan. A glance at a map will show their various localities. The most important among them was the Taalim tribe. In the year 1885 this tribe fought with great gallantry against the small British force under Sir Herbert Stewart at Aba Klea and Gubat. They remained hostile to the Egyptian Government for many years. The other tribes who sent contingents to join the Ir-
regular Force were, the Bishariyeh, Haden-
dowah (both of whom fought against us
about Suakim on many occasions), the
Sheikriyeh (a very powerful tribe from the
Gedarif country), the Batahim, Massalam-
iah, Hassaniyeh, Sowarab, Shagiyeh and
Giniab; the last named being commanded
by a son of Zebeh Pacha, who has played
such a conspicuous part in the affairs of
the Sudan for very many years. All these
tribes had been, up to within a few months,
bitterly hostile to the Egyptian Govern-
ment; but, as is invariably the case with
Arabs, they were ready to go with the flow-
ing tide. The moral effect of the great
victory gained by the Sirdar at the battle
of the Atbara was tremendous; foreshad-
owing the near approach of the end of the
Khalifa’s rule. It was thus that they an-
swered to the Sirdar’s summons, and joined
the Irregular Force, being collected to take
part in the advance on Omdurman.

The Ababdeh tribe, not yet mentioned,
who inhabit the desert near Assouan, had
been faithful to the Government through-
out the many years of conflict with the
Dervishes. Being in touch with civiliza-
tion, they presented a more regular ap-
ppearance; they were more or less drilled
under their worthy Sheikh, Achmed Bey
Khalifa; one hundred and fifteen of them
being armed with Martini-Henry rifles,
which they had been taught how to use.

The process of concentration of an
Arab tribe at a certain place on a certain
date, requires considerable patience: it is
always better to fix upon a date a few
days in advance of the one really neces-
sary, for by such means it is possible that
the number of men, which the Sheikh
agree to muster, may be assembled. Time
is little object with an Arab; and he does
not understand our ways of military pre-
cision. “Bukra” (to-morrow) is a favor-
ite thought all over the East.

However, it was on August 24, 1898,
that I first assumed command of this weird
Irregular force, Lieutenant C. Wood, Nor-
thumberland Fusiliers, accompanying me
as my staff officer. They were concen-
trated on the east bank opposite the
Sirdar’s advanced camp at Wad Hamed,
at the foot of the sixth Cataract.

I was met by the head Sheikhs of the
various tribes, who gave me a very cordial
welcome. Each tribe was bivouacked
separately, at some distance from one an-
other. I ordered the whole force to be
assembled under their respective Sheikhs,
in order that I might have some idea of
the material of which my army was com-
posed. Then commenced the beating of
drums, and weird war dances, blowing of
horns and a great hubbub of voices. In
about an hour’s time bodies of men ap-
peared from every direction and paraded
on an open space of ground. Some were
armed with Remington rifles (most of
which were unserviceable), some with flint-
lock muskets bearing the mark of the
Tower of London, some with elephant
guns, while others carried spears and
swords; a large number were armed only
with sticks. Their costumes were of a
very simple description: merely a cloth
round their loins, and a belt round their
waists in which to carry ammunition.

Having assembled the head Sheikhs, I
explained to them the duties the Sirdar
had called them together to perform; and
warned them that any benefits they might
receive in future from the Sirdar’s hands,
would be dependent on their behavior
until the fall of Omdurman. Eight hun-
dred serviceable rifles were then given to
the Sheikhs for distribution. Corn for
seven days was also distributed, together
with a certain amount of biscuit. The
commissariat arrangements for a native
force are not difficult, for Arabs are con-
tent with a very little; and no transport is
required. For the next two or three days
men were constantly arriving in obedience
to the orders of their Sheikhs, until, on
August 27th, the force numbered about
2,500 men, together with a fair propor-
tion of women and children.

On August 27th, having received orders
from the Sirdar to march in conformity
with his advance on the west bank, I or-
dered a start to be made. I rode on about
two miles ahead in order to inspect the
force as they marched, as I was anxious to
see what formation they would assume.
They adopted none whatever. Some were
on camels, some on horses, others on don-
keys, but most of them were on foot, their
women and children straggling along be-
hind them, carrying all their worldly goods.
At intervals rifles were fired in the air, re-
gardless of the direction in which the bul-
lets might go. Having halted this stag-
gling crowd, each tribe was then made to march together, and a more or less compact column was then formed. The Arabs seemed much impressed with this arrangement, each tribe forming line on a broad front, headed by their Sheikhs and mounted men. No incident of any importance occurred until August 29th. On that date, hearing that a village called Gaali was occupied by a small body of the enemy's cavalry and Tehadieh, I started with a mixed force of Ababdeh, Taalin, Batahin, and Sowarab to reconnoitre and attack the Dervishes. The village was surrounded, and the Tehadieh were killed or captured, the cavalry unfortunately escaping. The Arab mode of attack was quaint to a degree: formed in a line, each tribe advanced against a part of the village. When about five hundred yards from the mud houses they halted and commenced to dance, brandishing spears and swords in the air and firing off rifles. After a few moments they resumed the advance, dancing and firing all the while (in the air), when suddenly, with a yell, they rushed at the houses, and, having effected an entrance, they slaughtered everyone within. On this occasion there were very few dervishes, but I thought that if a village was strongly held, an attack conducted in such a fashion might meet with heavy loss. On August 30th I received definite orders from the Sirdar that the right bank of the river was to be cleared of all dervishes as early as possible on September 1st, the gun-boats under Commander Keppel being ordered to assist in the work of demolishing the forts in conjunction with the Arab attack on the villages opposite the Omdurman. The howitzer battery was to be towed in barges, in order to be landed on the east bank as soon as it had been cleared.

On August 31st definite information was obtained by the means of spies that the Khalifa had sent his cousin, a Baggarah Emir named Isa Zeckariah, with about one hundred cavalry and one thousand Tehadieh, to hold the villages on the east bank between Halfiyeh and the Blue Nile. Although no actual contact occurred, the enemy's cavalry were seen retiring before the Arab advance.

On that night a violent storm took place, which rendered the low ground on the bank of the Nile almost impassable for camels, thereby obliging the column to march at a distance from the river and out of touch with the gun-boats.

On September 1st, on arrival at Halfiyeh, which was unoccupied, a halt was made in order that a place of attack should be arranged with the gun-boat flotilla. The gun-boats were to steam ahead and engage the forts, while the Irregulars were to take them in rear, and clear the villages at some distance from the bank.

While yet at a safe distance from the enemy the warlike enthusiasm of the Arabs became intense: dancing was resumed and bullets were flying in every direction except that of the enemy. To each tribe a point of attack was then apportioned, the Taalin being kept in reserve. Two tribes who belonged to the immediate locality were selected for the most important attack.

The order for the general advance was then given. When within about five hundred yards of the villages held by the enemy, the leading tribes halted; they yelled, danced, fired in the air. It was in vain their Sheikhs ordered them to advance. Time, however, being pressing, and this tardiness in attacking not tending toward the accomplishment of the object in view, the Taalin were ordered to carry out the work of clearing the villages; they advanced at a slow pace in a long column, and surrounding house after house in a gallant manner, succeeded in completely routing the Dervishes. The Emir himself was killed with three hundred and fifty of his men, their own loss being fifty and sixty killed and wounded. Meanwhile the forts, which the gun-boats had engaged and silenced, were taken in the rear and their garrisons killed. During the attack, Lieutenant Wood, Captain Buckle, R.A., and two gunners and I had dismounted owing to the swampy state of the ground which caused our camels to slip up. Accompanied by an escort of fifty Arabs, we were crossing the front of a village then held by the enemy when suddenly a party of twenty-five Baggarah cavalry charged straight at us. The Arabs fled; and had it not been for the muddy state of the ground which impeded the advance of the horses, we must have fared badly. However, we succeeded in rallying a few of the Arabs and with their help and our
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**PRICE, 25 CENTS A NUMBER; $3.00 A YEAR**
The March Scribner

COLONEL ROOSEVELT in the third instalment of "The Rough Riders" will describe in detail the famous fight at Las Guasimas, which was the result of a carefully thought-out plan, not an ambuscade. He makes clear just what his men—and the other troops of the brigade also—had to do, and how they did it. The chapter is full of personal incident, and it contains the most vivid and vigorous writing the author has yet done.

The illustrations will be similar in quality to those in this number.

THE BUSINESS OF A THEATRE—which W. J. Henderson, critic of the New York Times, will contribute to the March number—is an elaborate article on a little-known side of the dramatic profession. Very few people have any idea of the immensity and perplexity of the problems confronting the modern theatrical manager, who has a score of troupes out on the road, while in New York he manages several theatres, is engaging new stars, considering new plays, and securing more theatres. The many illustrations have been drawn from life by several artists who had special privileges.

J. W. ALEXANDER, the portrait painter, will be the subject of an appreciative paper by Harrison S. Morris, Secretary of the Pennsylvania Academy of Fine Arts. Permission has been obtained to reproduce a number of the artist's best portraits.

SENATOR HOAR'S REMINISCENCES. The paper appearing in the March number will have to do with The Formation of The Free Soil Party, and the other striking events of that period. The paper will be full of personal matter and will contain many anecdotes of Webster, and notably a hitherto unpublished letter to Senator Hoar's brother, the last anti-slavery letter the great statesman wrote.

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON'S LETTERS. Sidney Colvin's third selection will be those written from the French Riviera in 1873, where he had gone in search of health. They are to his parents, to Mr. C. Baxter, and to the same woman friend who had received so much of the young Stevenson's confidence from Edinburgh during the preceding months.

The letters will be illustrated with drawings by E. C. Peixotto, from photographs.

ROBERT GRANT'S SEARCH-LIGHT LETTERS. Another of these letters will be published in the March Scribner—"To a Modern Woman with Social Ambitions."

GEORGE W. CABLE'S successful short serial, "The Entomologist," will be brought to its conclusion in the next instalment.

PSALM VII will be a short story in a new field by a new man, A. W. Vorse, whose experience in the Arctic has given him his scene.

A NEWSPAPER STORY will be contributed by Jesse Lynch Williams.
SENATOR GEORGE F. HOAR.

THE ROUGH RIDERS

BY THEODORE ROOSEVELT

Colonel of the First United States Volunteer Cavalry

TO CUBA

Up to the last moment we were spending every ounce of energy we had in getting the regiment into shape. Fortunately, there were a good many vacancies among the officers, as the original number of 780 men was increased to 1,000; so that two companies were organized entirely anew. This gave the chance to promote some first-rate men.

One of the most useful members of the regiment was Dr. Robb Church, formerly a Princeton foot-ball player. He was appointed as Assistant Surgeon, but acted throughout almost all the Cuban campaign as the Regimental Surgeon. It was Dr. Church who first gave me an idea of Bucky O’Neill’s versatility, for I happened to overhear them discussing Aryan word-roots together, and then sliding off into a review of the novels of Balzac, and a discussion as to how far Balzac could be said to be the founder of the modern realistic school of fiction. Church had led almost as varied a life as Buck himself, his career including incidents as far apart as exploring and elk-hunting in the Olympic...
Mountains, cooking in a lumber-camp, and
serving as doctor on an emigrant ship.

Woodbury Kane was given a commis-
sion, and also Horace Devereux, of
Princeton. Kane was older than the
other college men who entered in the
ranks; and as he had the same good quali-
ties to start with, this resulted in his ul-
timately becoming perhaps the most use-
ful soldier in the regiment. He escaped
wounds and serious sickness, and was able
to serve through every day of the regi-
ment's existence.

Two of the men made Second Lieuten-
ants by promotion from the ranks while
in San Antonio were John Greenway, a
noted Yale foot-ball player and catcher on
her base-ball nine, and David Goodrich,
for two years captain of the Harvard crew.
They were young men, Goodrich having
only just graduated; while Greenway,
whose father had served with honor in
the Confederate Army, had been out of
Yale three or four years. They were nat-
ural soldiers, and it would be well-nigh
impossible to overestimate the amount of
good they did the regiment. They were
strapping fellows, entirely fearless, modest,
and quiet. Their only thought was how
to perfect themselves in their own duties,
and how to take care of the men under
them, so as to bring them to the highest
point of soldierly perfection. I grew
steadily to rely upon them, as men who
could be counted upon with absolute cer-
tainty, not only in every emergency, but in
all routine work. They were never so
tired as not to respond with eagerness to
the slightest suggestion of doing something
new, whether it was dangerous or merely
difficult and laborious. They not merely
did their duty, but were always on the
watch to find out some new duty which
they could construe to be theirs. Whether
it was policing camp, or keeping guard,
or preventing straggling on the march, or
procuring food for the men, or seeing that
they took care of themselves in camp, or
performing some feat of unusual hazard
in the fight—no call was ever made upon
them to which they did not respond with
eager thankfulness for being given the
chance to answer it. Later on I worked
them as hard as I knew how, and the regi-
ment will always be their debtor.

Greenway was from Arkansas. We
could have filled up the whole regiment
many times over from the South Atlantic
and Gulf States alone, but were only able to accept a very few applicants. One of them was John McIlhenny, of Louisiana; a planter and manufacturer, a big-game hunter and book-lover, who could have had a commission in the Louisiana troops, but who preferred to go as a trooper in the Rough Riders because he believed we would surely see fighting. He could have commanded any influence, social or political, he wished; but he never asked a favor of any kind. He went into one of the New Mexican troops, and by his high qualities and zealous attention to duty speedily rose to a sergeantcy, and finally won his lieutenancy for gallantry in action.

The tone of the officers' mess was very high. Everyone seemed to realize that he had undertaken most serious work. They all earnestly wished for a chance to distinguish themselves, and fully appreciated that they ran the risk not merely of death, but of what was infinitely worse—namely, failure at the crisis to perform duty well; and they strove earnestly so to train themselves, and the men under them, as to minimize the possibility of

Troop H shortly after Arrival at Tampa.
such disgrace. Every officer and every man was taught continually to look forward to the day of battle eagerly, but with an entire sense of the drain that would then be made upon his endurance and resolution. They were also taught that, before the battle came, the rigorous performance of the countless irksome duties of the camp and the march was demanded from all alike, and that no excuse would be tolerated for failure to perform duty. Very few of the men had gone into the regiment lightly, and the fact that they did their duty so well may be largely attributed to the seriousness with which these eager, adventurous young fellows approached their work. This seriousness, and a certain simple manliness which accompanied it, had one very pleasant side. During our entire time of service, I never heard in the officers’ mess a foul story or a foul word; and though there was occasional hard swearing in moments of emergency, yet even this was the exception.

The regiment attracted adventurous spirits from everywhere. Our chief trumpeter was from the Mediterranean—I think an Italian—who had been a soldier of fortune not only in Egypt, but in the French Army in southern China. Two excellent men were Osborne, a tall Australian, who had been an officer in the New South Wales Mounted Rifles; and Cook, an Englishman, who had served in South Africa. Both, when the regiment disbanded, were plaintive in expressing their fond regret that it could not be used against the Transvaal Boers!

One of our best soldiers was a man whose real and assumed names I, for obvious reasons, conceal. He usually went by a nickname which I will call Tennessee. He was a tall, gaunt fellow, with a quiet and distinctly sinister eye, who did his duty excellently, especially when a fight was on, and who, being an expert gambler, always contrived to reap a rich harvest after pay-day. When the regiment was mustered out, he asked me to put a brief memorandum of his services on his discharge certificate, which I gladly did. He much appreciated this, and added, in explanation, “You see, Colonel, my real name isn’t Smith, it’s Vancy. I had to change it, because three or four years ago I had a little trouble with a gentleman, and—er—well, in fact, I had to kill him; and the District Attorney, he had it in for me, and so I just skipped the country; and now, if it ever should be brought up against me, I should like
to show your certificate as to my character!" The course of frontier justice sometimes moves in unexpected zigzags; so I did not express the doubt I felt as to whether my certificate that he had been a good soldier would help him much if he was tried for a murder committed three or four years previously.

known Eastern club, who was serving in the ranks, was christened "Tough Ike;" and his bunkie, the man who shared his shelter-tent, who was a decidedly rough cow-puncher, gradually acquired the name of "The Dude." One unlucky and simple-minded cow-puncher, who had never been east of the great plains in his life,

The men worked hard and faithfully. As a rule, in spite of the number of rough characters among them, they behaved very well. One night a few of them went on a spree, and proceeded "to paint San Antonio red." One was captured by the city authorities, and we had to leave him behind us in jail. The others we dealt with ourselves, in a way that prevented a repetition of the occurrence.

The men speedily gave one another nicknames, largely conferred in a spirit of derision, their basis lying in contrast. A brave but fastidious member of a well-unwarily boasted that he had an aunt in New York, and ever afterward went by the name of "Metropolitan Bill." A huge red-headed Irishman was named "Sheeny Solomon." A young Jew who developed into one of the best fighters in the regiment accepted, with entire equanimity, the name of "Pork-chop." We had quite a number of professional gamblers, who, I am bound to say, usually made good soldiers. One, who was almost abnormally quiet and gentle, was called "Hell Roarer;" while another, who in point of language and deportment was
his exact antithesis, was christened "Prayerful James."

While the officers and men were learning their duties, and learning to know one another, Colonel Wood was straining every nerve to get our equipments—an effort which was complicated by the tendency of the Ordnance Bureau to send whatever we really needed by freight instead of express. Finally, just as the last rifles, revolvers, and saddles came, we were ordered by wire at once to proceed by train to Tampa.

Instantly, all was joyful excitement. We had enjoyed San Antonio, and were glad that our regiment had been organized in the city where the Alamo commemorates the death fight of Cockett, Bowie, and their famous band of frontier heroes. All of us had worked hard, so that we had had no time to be homesick or downcast; but we were glad to leave the hot camp, where every day the strong wind sifted the dust through everything, and to start for the gathering place of the army which was to invade Cuba. Our horses and men were getting into good shape. We were well enough equipped to warrant our starting on the campaign, and every man was filled with dread of being out of the fighting. We had a pack-train of 150 mules, so we had close on to 1,200 animals to carry.

Of course, our train was split up into sections, seven, all told; Colonel Wood commanding the first three, and I the last four. The journey by rail from San Antonio to Tampa took just four days, and I doubt if anybody who was on the trip will soon forget it. To occupy my few spare moments, I was reading M. Demolin's "Supériorité des Anglo-Saxons." M. Demolis, in giving the reasons why the English-speaking peoples are superior to those of Continental Europe, lays much stress upon the way in which "militarism" deadens the power of individual initiative, the soldier being trained to complete suppression of individual will, while his faculties become atrophied in consequence of his being merely a cog in a vast and perfectly ordered machine. I can assure the excellent French publicist that American "militarism," at least of the volunteer sort, has points of difference from the militarism of Continental Europe. The battalion chief of a newly raised American regiment, when striving to get into a war which the American people have undertaken with buoyant and light-hearted indifference to detail, has positively unlimited opportunity for the display of "individual initiative," and is in no danger whatever of suffering from unhealthy suppression of personal will, or of finding his faculties of self-help numbed by becoming a cog in a gigantic and smooth-running machine. If such a battalion chief wants to get anything or go anywhere he must do it by exercising every pound of resource, inventiveness, and audacity he possesses. The help, advice, and superintendence he gets from outside will be of the most general, not to say superficial, character. If he is a cavalry officer, he has got to hurry and push the purchase of his horses, plunging into and out of the meshes of red-tape as best he can. He will have to fight for his rifles and his tents and his clothes. He will have to keep his men healthy largely by the light that nature has given him. When he wishes
to embark his regiment, he will have to fight for his railway-cars exactly as he fights for his transport when it comes to going across the sea; and on his journey his men will or will not have food, and his horses will or will not have water and hay, and the trains will or will not make connections, in exact correspondence to the energy and success of his own efforts to keep things moving straight.

It was on Sunday, May 29th, that we marched out of our hot, windy, dusty camp to take the cars for Tampa. Colonel Wood went first, with the three sections under his special care. I followed with the other four. The railway had promised us a forty-eight hours' trip, but our experience in loading was enough to show that the promise would not be made good. There were no proper facilities for getting the horses on or off the cars, or for feeding or watering them; and there was endless confusion and delay among the railway officials. I marched my four sections over in the afternoon, the first three having taken the entire day to get off. We occupied the night. As far as the regiment itself was concerned, we worked an excellent system, Wood instructing me exactly how to proceed so as to avoid confusion. Being a veteran campaigner, he had all along insisted that for such work as we had before us we must travel with the minimum possible luggage. The men had merely what they could carry on their own backs, and the officers very little more. My own roll of clothes and bedding could be put on my spare horse. The mule-train was to be used simply for food, forage, and spare ammunition. As it turned out, we were not allowed to take either it or the horses.
It was dusk when I marched my long files of dusty troopers into the station-yard. I then made all dismount, excepting the troop which I first intended to load. This was brought up to the first freight-car. Here every man unsaddled, and left his saddle, bridle, and all that he did not himself need in the car, each individual's property being corded together. A guard was left in the car, and the rest of the men took the naked horses into the pens to be fed and watered. The other troops were loaded in the same way in succession. With each section there were thus a couple of baggage-cars in which the horse-gear, the superfluous baggage, and the travel rations were carried; and I also put aboard, not only at starting, but at every other opportunity, what oats and hay I could get, so as to provide against accidents for the horses. By the time the baggage-cars were loaded the horses of the first section had eaten and drunk their fill, and we loaded them on cattle-cars. The officers of each troop saw to the loading, taking a dozen picked men to help them; for some of the wild creatures, half-broken and fresh from the ranges, were with difficulty driven up the chutes. Meanwhile I superintended not merely my own men, but the railroad men; and when the delays of the latter, and their inability to understand what was necessary, grew past bearing, I took charge of the trains myself, so as to insure the horse-cars of each section being coupled with the baggage-cars of that section.

We worked until long past midnight before we got the horses and baggage aboard, and then found that for some reason the passenger-cars were delayed and would not be out for some hours. In the confusion and darkness men of the different troops had become scattered, and some had drifted off to the vile drinking-booths around the stock-yards; so I sent details to search the latter, while the trumpeters blew the assembly until the First Sergeants could account for all the men. Then the troops were arranged in order, and the men of each lay down where they were, by the tracks and in the brush, to sleep until morning.

At dawn the passenger-trains arrived. The senior Captain of each section saw to it that his own horses, troopers, and baggage were together; and one by one they started off, I taking the last in person. Captain Capron had at the very beginning shown himself to be simply invaluable, from his extraordinary energy, executive capacity, and mastery over men; and I kept his section next mine, so that we generally came together at the different yards.
The next four days were very hot and very dusty. I tried to arrange so the sections would be far enough apart to allow each ample time to unload, feed, water, and load the horses at any stopping-place before the next section could arrive. There was enough delay and failure to make connections on the part of the railroad people to keep me entirely busy, not to speak of seeing at the stopping-places that the inexperienced officers got enough hay for their horses, and that the water given to those was both ample in quantity and drinkable. It happened that we usually made our longest stops at night, and this meant that we were up all night long.

Two or three times a day I got the men an immediate check to every form of lawlessness or disobedience among the few men who were inclined to be bad that we were enabled to give full liberty to those who would not abuse it.

Everywhere the people came out to greet us and cheer us. They brought us flowers; they brought us watermelons and other fruits, and sometimes jugs and pails of hot coffee, and when we made a long enough stop they were allowed liberty under the supervision of the non-commissioned officers. Some of them abused the privilege, and started to get drunk. These were promptly handled with the necessary severity, in the interest of the others; for it was only by putting

A Company Kitchen.
of milk—all of which we greatly appreciated. We were travelling through a region where practically all the older men had served in the Confederate Army, and where the younger men had all their lives long drunk in the endless tales told by their elders, at home, and at the crossroads taverns, and in the court-house squares, about the cavalry of Forrest and the Stars and Stripes, and everywhere we were told, half-laughing, by grizzled ex-Confederates that they had never dreamed in the by-gone days of bitterness to greet the old flag as they now were greeting it, and to send their sons, as now they were sending them, to fight and die under it.

It was four days later that we disembarked, in a perfect welter of confusion.

Morgan and the infantry of Jackson and Hood. The blood of the old men stirred to the distant breath of battle; the blood of the young men leaped hot with eager desire to accompany us. The older women, who remembered the dreadful misery of war—the misery that presses its iron weight most heavily on the wives and the little ones—looked sadly at us; but the young girls drove down in bevies, arrayed in their finery, to wave flags in farewell to the troopers and to beg cartridges and buttons as mementos. Everywhere we saw Tampa lay in the pine-covered sand-flats at the end of a one-track railroad, and everything connected with both military and railroad matters was in an almost inextricable tangle. There was no one to meet us or to tell us where we were to camp, and no one to issue us food for the first twenty-four hours; while the railroad people unloaded us wherever they pleased, or rather wherever the jam of all kinds of trains rendered it possible. We had to buy the men food out of our own pockets, and to seize wagons in order to get
our spare baggage taken to the camping ground which we at last found had been allotted to us.

Once on the ground, we speedily got order out of confusion. Under Wood's eye the tents were put up in long streets, the picket-line of each troop stretching down its side of each street. The officers' quarters were at the upper ends of the streets, the company kitchens and sinks at the opposite ends. The camp was strictly policed, and drill promptly begun. For thirty-six hours we let the horses rest, drilling on foot, and then began the mounted drill again. The regiments with which we were afterward to serve were
camped near us, and the sandy streets of the little town were thronged with soldiers, almost all of them regulars; for there were but one or two volunteer organizations besides ourselves. The regulars wore the canonical dark blue of Uncle Sam. Our own men were clad in dusty brown blouses, trousers and leggings being of the same hue, while the broad-brimmed soft hat was of dark gray; and very workmanlike they looked as, in column of fours, each troop trotted down its company street to form by squadron or battalion, the troopers sitting steadily in the saddles as they made their half-trained horses conform to the movement of the guidons.

Over in Tampa town the huge winter hotel was gay with general-officers and their staffs, with women in pretty dresses, with newspaper correspondents by the score, with military attaches of foreign powers, and with onlookers of all sorts; but we spent very little time there.

We worked with the utmost industry, special attention being given by each troop-commander to skirmish-drill in the
Once or twice we had mounted drill of the regiment as a whole. The military attaches came out to look on—English, German, Russian, French, and Japanese. With the Englishman, Captain Lee, a capital fellow, we soon struck up an especially close friendship; and we saw much of him throughout the campaign. So we did of several of the newspaper correspondents—Richard Harding Davis, John Fox, Jr., Caspar Whitney, and Frederic Remington. On Sunday Chaplain Brown, of Arizona, held service, as he did almost every Sunday during the campaign.

There were but four or five days at Tampa, however. We were notified that the expedition would start for destination unknown at once, and that we were to go with it; but that our horses were to be left behind, and only eight troops of seventy men each taken. Our sorrow at leaving the horses was entirely outweighed by our joy at going; but it was very hard indeed to select the four troops that were to stay, and the men who had to be left behind from each of the troops that went. Colonel Wood took Major Brodie and myself to command the two squadrons, being allowed only two squadron commanders. The men who were left behind felt the most bitter heartburn. To the great bulk of them I think it will be a life-long sor-
row. I saw more than one, both among the officers and privates, burst into tears when he found he could not go. No outsider can appreciate the bitterness of the disappointment. Of course, really, those that stayed were entitled to precisely as much honor as those that went. Each man was doing his duty, and much the hardest and most disagreeable duty was to stay. Credit should go with the performance of duty, and not with what is very often the accident of glory. All this and much more we explained, but our explanations could not alter the fact that some had to be chosen and some had to be left. One of the Captains chosen was Captain Maximilian Luna, who commanded Troop F, from New Mexico. The Captain's people had been on the banks of the Rio Grande before my forefathers came to the mouth of the Hudson or Wood's landed at Plymouth; and he made the plea that it was his right to go as a representative of his race, for he was the only man of pure Spanish blood who bore a commission in the army, and he demanded the privilege of proving that his people were precisely as loyal Americans as any others. I was glad when it was decided to take him.

It was the evening of June 7th when we suddenly received orders that the expedition was to start from Fort Tampa, nine miles distant by rail, at daybreak the following morning; and that if we were not aboard our transport by that time we could not go. We had no intention of getting left, and prepared at once for the scramble which was evidently about to take place. As the number and capacity of the transports were known, or ought to have been known, and as the number and size of the regiments to go were also known, the task of allotting each regiment or fraction of a regiment to its proper transport, and arranging that the regiments and the transports should meet in due order on the dock, ought not to have been difficult. However, no arrangements were made in advance; and we were allowed to shove and hustle for ourselves as best we could, on much the same principles that had governed our preparations hitherto.

We were ordered to be at a certain track with all our baggage at midnight, there to take a train for Port Tampa. At the appointed time we turned up, but the train did not. The men slept heavily, while Wood and I and various other officers wandered about in search of information which no one could give. We now and then came across a Brigadier-General, or even a Major-General; but nobody knew anything. Some regiments got aboard the trains and some did not, but as none of the trains started this made little difference.
At three o'clock were received orders to march over to an entirely different track, and away we went. No train appeared on this track either; but at six o'clock some coal cars came by, and these we seized. By various arguments we persuaded the engineer in charge of the train to back us down the nine miles to Port Tampa, where we arrived covered with coal-dust, but with all our belongings.

Disembarkation of the Rough Riders at Daiquiri.

The railway tracks ran out on the quay, and the transports, which had been anchored in midstream, were gradually being brought up alongside the quay and loaded. The trains were unloading wherever they happened to be, no attention whatever being paid to the possible position of the transport on which the soldiers were to go. Colonel Wood and I jumped off and started on a hunt, which soon convinced us that we had our work cut out if we were to get a transport at all. From the highest General down, nobody could tell us where to go to find out what transport we were to have. At last we were informed that we were to hunt up the depot quartermaster, Colonel Humphrey. We found his office, where his assistant informed us that he didn’t know where the Colonel was, but believed him to be asleep upon one of the transports. This seemed odd at such a time; but so many of the methods in vogue were odd, that we were quite prepared to accept it as a fact. However, it proved not to be such; but for an hour Colonel Humphrey might just as well have been asleep, as nobody knew where he was and nobody could find him, and the quay was crammed with some ten thousand men, most of whom were working at cross purposes.

At last, however, after over an hour’s
industrious and rapid search through this swarming ant-heap of humanity, Wood and I, who had separated, found Colonel Humphrey at nearly the same time and were allotted a transport—the Yucutan. She was out in midstream, so Wood seized a stray launch and boarded her. At the same time I happened to find out that she had previously been allotted to two other regiments—the Second Regular Infantry and the Seventy-first New York Volunteers, which latter regiment alone contained more men than could be put aboard her. Accordingly, I ran at full speed to our train; and leaving a strong guard with the baggage, I double-quicked the rest of the regiment up to the boat, just in time to board her as she came into the quay, and then to hold her against the Second Regulars and the Seventy-first, who had arrived a little too late, being a shade less ready than we were in the matter of individual initiative. There was a good deal of postulation, but we had possession; and as the ship could not contain half of the men who had been told to go aboard her, the Seventy-first went away, as did all but four companies of the Second. These latter we took aboard. Meanwhile a General had caused our train to be unloaded at the end of the quay farthest from where the ship was; and the hungry, tired men spent most of the day in the labor of bringing down their baggage and the food and ammunition.

The officers' horses were on another boat, my own being accompanied by my colored body-servant, Marshall, the most faithful and loyal of men, himself an old soldier of the Ninth Cavalry. Marshall had been in Indian campaigns, and he christened my larger horse "Rain-in-the-Face," while the other, a pony, went by the name of "Texas."

By the time that night fell, and our transport pulled off and anchored in midstream, we felt we had spent thirty-six tolerably active hours. The transport was overloaded, the men being packed like sardines, not only below but upon the decks; so that at night it was only possible to walk about by continually stepping over the bodies of the sleepers. The travel rations which had been issued to the men for the voyage were not sufficient, because the meat was very bad indeed;

The Dock at Daiquiri where the Troops Landed.
General View of the Landing at Daiquiri—Transports in the Offing.
and when a ration consists of only four or five items, which taken together just meet the requirements of a strong and healthy man, the loss of one item is a serious thing. If we had been given canned corn-beef we would have been all right, but instead of this the soldiers were issued horrible stuff called "canned fresh beef." There was no salt in it. At the best it was stringy and tasteless; at the worst it was nauseating. Not one-fourth of it was ever eaten at all, even when the men became very hungry. There were no facilities for the men to cook anything. There was no ice for them; the water was not good; and they had no fresh meat or fresh vegetables.

However, all these things seemed of small importance compared with the fact that we were really embarked, and were with the first expedition to leave our shores. But by next morning came the news that the order to sail had been countermanded, and that we were to stay where we were for the time being. What this meant none of us could understand. It turned out later to be due to the blunder of a naval officer who mistook some of our vessels for Spaniards, and by his report caused consternation in Washington, until by vigorous scouting on the part of our other ships the illusion was dispelled.

Meanwhile the troop-ships, packed tight with their living freight, sweltered in the burning heat of Tampa Harbor. There was nothing whatever for the men to do, space being too cramped for amusement or for more drill than was implied in the manual of arms. In this we drilled them assiduously, and we also continued to hold school for both the officers and the non-commissioned officers. Each troop commander was regarded as responsible for his own non-commissioned officers, and Wood or myself simply dropped in to superintend, just as we did with the manual at arms. In the officers' school Captain Capron was the special instructor, and a most admirable one he was.

The heat, the steaming discomfort, and the confinement, together with the forced inaction, were very irksome; but everyone made the best of it, and there was little or no grumbling even among the men. All, from the highest to the lowest, were bent upon perfecting themselves according to their slender opportunities. Every book of tactics in the regiment was in use from
morning until night, and the officers and non-commissioned officers were always studying the problems presented at the schools. About the only amusement was bathing over the side, in which we indulged both in the morning and evening. Many of the men from the Far West had never seen the ocean. One of them who knew how to swim was much interested in finding that the ocean water was not drinkable. Another, who had never in his life before seen any water more extensive than the head-stream of the Rio Grande, met with an accident later in the voyage; that is, his hat blew away while we were in mid-ocean, and I heard him explaining the accident to a friend in the following words: "Oh-o-h Jim! Ma hat blew into the creek!" So we lay for nearly a week, the vessels swinging around on their anchor chains, while the hot water of the bay flowed to and fro around them and the sun burned overhead.

At last, on the evening of June 13th, we received the welcome order to start. Ship after ship weighed anchor and went slowly ahead under half-steam for the distant mouth of the harbor, the bands playing, the flags flying, the rigging black with the clustered soldiers, cheering and shouting to those left behind on the quay and to their fellows on the other ships. The channel was very tortuous; and we anchored before we had gone far down it, after coming within an ace of a bad collision with another transport. The next morning we were all again under way, and in the afternoon the great fleet steamed southwest until Tampa Light sank in the distance.

For the next six days we sailed steadily southward and westward through the wonderful sapphire seas of the West Indies. The thirty odd transports moved in long, parallel lines, while ahead and behind and on their flanks the gray hulls of the warships surged through the blue water. We had every variety of craft to guard us, from the mighty battle-ship and swift cruiser to the converted yachts and the frail, venomous-looking torpedo-boats. The war-ships watched with ceaseless vigilance by day and night. When a sail of any kind appeared, instantly one of our guardians steamed toward it. Ordinarily, the torpedo-boats were towed. Once a strange ship steamed up too close, and instantly the nearest torpedo-boat was slipped like a greyhound from the leash, and sped across the water toward it; but the stranger proved harmless, and the swift, delicate, death-fraught craft returned again.

It was very pleasant, sailing southward through the tropic seas toward the unknown. We knew not whither we were bound, nor what we were to do; but we believed that the nearing future held for us many chances of death and hardship, of honor and renown. If we failed, we would share the fate of all who fail; but we were sure that we would win, that we should score the first great triumph in a mighty world-movement. At night we looked at the new stars, and hailed the Southern Cross when at last we raised it above the horizon. In the daytime we drilled, and in the evening we held officers' school; but there was much time when we had little to do, save to scan the wonderful blue sea and watch the flying-fish. Toward evening, when the officers clustered together on the forward bridge, the band of the Second Infantry played tune after tune, until on our quarter the glorious sun sunk in the red west, and, one by one, the lights blazed out on troop-ship and war-ship for miles ahead and astern, as they steamed onward through the brilliant tropic night.

The men on the ship were young and strong, eager to face what lay hidden before them, eager for adventure where risk was the price of gain. Sometimes they talked of what they might do in the future, and wondered whether we were to attack Santiago or Porto Rico. At other times, as they lounged in groups, they told stories of their past—stories of the mining camps and the cattle ranges, of hunting bear and deer, of war-trails against the Indians, of lawless deeds of violence and the lawful violence by which they were avenged, of brawls in saloons, of shrewd deals in cattle and sheep, of successful quests for the precious metals; stories of brutal wrong and brutal appetite, melancholy love-tales, and memories of nameless heroes—masters of men and tamers of horses.

The officers, too, had many strange experiences to relate; none, not even Llewellyn or O'Neill, had been through what was
better worth telling, or could tell it better, than Capron. He had spent years among the Apaches, the wildest and fiercest of tribes, and again and again had owed his life to his own cool judgment and extraordinary personal prowess. He knew the sign language, familiar to all the Indians of the mountains and the plains; and it was curious to find that the signs for different animals, for water, for sleep and death, which he knew from holding intercourse with the tribes of the Southeast, were exactly like those which I had picked up on my occasional hunting or trading trips among the Sioux and Mandans of the North. He was a great rifle shot and wolf hunter, and had many tales to tell of the deeds of gallant hounds and the feats of famous horses. He had handled his Indian scouts and dealt with the “bronco” Indians, the renegades from the tribes, in circumstances of extreme peril; for he had seen the sullen, moody Apaches when they suddenly went crazy or wolfish blood-lust, and in their madness wished to kill whomever was nearest. He knew, so far as white man could know, their ways of thought, and how to humor and divert them when on the brink of some dangerous outbreak. Capron’s training and temper fitted him to do great work in war; and he looked forward with eager confidence to what the future held, for he was sure that for him it held either triumph or death. Death was the prize he drew.

Most of the men had simple souls. They could relate facts, but they said very little about what they dimly felt. Bucky O’Neill, however, the iron-nerved, iron-willed fighter from Arizona, the Sheriff whose name was a by-word of terror to every wrong-doer, white or red, the gambler who with unmoved face would stake and lose every dollar he had in the world—he, alone among his comrades, was a visionary, an articulate emotionalist. He was very quiet about it, never talking unless he was sure of his listener; but at night, when we leaned on the railing to look at the Southern Cross, he was less apt to tell tales of his hard and stormy past than he was to speak of the mysteries which lie behind courage, and fear, and love, behind animal hatred, and animal lust for the pleasures that have tangible shape. He had keenly enjoyed life, and he could breast its turbulent tor-
and on in front of it, gray and sullen in their war-paint.

All next day we rolled and wallowed in the seaway, waiting until a decision was reached as to where we should land. On the morning of June 22d the welcome order for landing came.

We did the landing as we had done everything else—that is, in a scramble, each commander shifting for himself. The port at which we landed was called Daiquiri, a squalid little village where there had been a railway and iron-works. There were no facilities for landing, and the fleet did not have a quarter the number of boats it should have had for the purpose. All we could do was to stand in with the transports as close as possible, and then row ashore in our own few boats and the boats of the war-ships. Luck favored our regiment. My former naval aid, while I was Assistant Secretary of the Navy, Lieutenant Sharp, was in command of the Vixen, a converted yacht; and everything being managed on the go-as-you-please principle, he steamed by us and offered to help put us ashore. Of course, we jumped at the chance. Wood and I boarded the Vixen, and there we got Lieutenant Sharp's black Cuban pilot, who told us he could take our transport right in to within a few hundred yards of the land. Accordingly, we put him aboard; and in he brought her, gaining at least a mile and a half by the manoeuvre. The other transports followed; but we had our berth, and were all right.

There was plenty of excitement to the landing. In the first place, the smaller war-vessels shelled Daiquiri, so as to dislodge any Spaniards who might be lurking in the neighborhood, and also shelled other places along the coast, to keep the enemy puzzled as to our intentions. Then the surf was high, and the landing difficult; so that the task of getting the men, the ammunition, and provisions ashore was not easy. Each man carried three days' field rations and a hundred rounds of ammunition. Our regiment had accumulated two rapid-fire Colt automatic guns, the gift of Stevens, Kane, Tiffany, and one or two others of the New York men, and also a dynamite gun, under the immediate charge of Sergeant Borrowe. To get these, and especially the last, ashore, involved no little work and hazard. Meanwhile, from another transport, our horses were being landed, together with the mules, by the simple process of throwing them overboard and letting them swim ashore, if they could. Both of Wood's got safely through. One of mine was drowned. The other, little Texas, got ashore all right. While I was superintending the landing at the ruined dock, with Bucky O'Neill, a boatful of colored infantry soldiers capsized, and two of the men went to the bottom; Bucky O'Neill plunging in, in full uniform, to save them, but in vain.

However, by the late afternoon we had all our men, with what ammunition and provisions they could themselves carry, landed, and were ready for anything that might turn up.

(To be continued.)
FOUR NATIONAL CONVENTIONS

By George F. Hoar

Senator from Massachusetts

Illustrated with Contemporary Portraits

It has been my fortune to be a delegate from Massachusetts in four National Conventions for the nomination of President and Vice-President—those of 1876, 1880, 1884, and 1888. In the first I was a delegate from the Worcester district, which I then represented in Congress. In the other three I was at the head of the delegation at large. I presided over that of 1880.

The history of these conventions is of great interest. It shows the rudeness of the mechanism by which the Chief Executive of this country is selected, and what apparently slight and trivial matters frequently determine the choice. As is well known, the framers of the Constitution, after considering very seriously the question of entrusting the power of choosing the President to the Senate, determined to commit that function to electoral colleges, chosen in the several States in such manner as their legislatures should determine, all the electors to give their votes on the same day. It is generally stated that the President and Vice-President cannot be from the same State. That is not true. The Constitutional provision is that electors in their respective States shall vote by ballot for President and Vice-President, one of whom at least shall not be an inhabitant of the same State with themselves.

It was intended that the choice of the President should not be a direct act of the people. It was to be committed to the discretion of men selected for patriotism, wisdom, and sobriety, and removed as far as might be from all the excitements of popular passion.

The Constitution further provides that no Senator or Representative, or person holding an office of trust or profit under the United States, shall be appointed an elector. It was undoubtedly the chief object of this last provision to prevent the perpetuation of power in the same hands, or under the same influences, by removing the choice of President wholly from the control of persons wielding National authority. This purpose has been in a considerable measure defeated. The elector, in practice, is a mere agent or scribe. He records and executes the will of the nominating convention of the party to which he belongs, in which the real power of selection is in fact lodged. In these conventions members of Congress, and holders of National office, take frequently an active and influential share. It is remarkable, however, how often the nominating conventions have discarded the candidates who were favored by the holders of executive office in the two Houses of Congress. And where such candidates have been nominated by the convention of either party, they have often been defeated at the polls. General Harrison, in 1840, was nominated instead of Webster or Clay, who were the leaders of the Whig party, and doubtless the favorites at Washington. In 1844, when Mr. Clay received the Whig nomination, he was defeated by Mr. Polk, who had, I suppose, hardly been heard of as a candidate in political circles at the Capital. In 1848 the popular feeling again compelled the nomination of a candidate, General Taylor, over the favorite leaders at the Capital. In 1852 Fillmore and Webster were both rejected by the Whigs for General Scott, and General Pierce was summoned from private life for the Democratic nomination. In 1860 Seward was rejected for Lincoln. And in 1876 Hayes, whose National service had consisted of but one term in the House of Representatives, was chosen as the result of a contest in which Blaine, Conkling, and Bristow, distinguished National statesmen, were the defeated competitors. So, in 1880, Garfield, who had not been much thought of in official circles, was selected as the result of the mighty struggle in which Grant and
Blaine were the principal champions, and in which Edmunds and Sherman, who had long been prominent in National circles, were also candidates.

Republican National Conventions since the War of the Rebellions have been embarrassed by another influence, which I hope will disappear. In many of the Southern States the Democratic Party consists almost entirely of whites who have possessed themselves of the forces of government by criminal processes, which have been a reproach not only to this country but to civilization itself. The Republicans, however numerous, and although having a majority of lawful voters in most of these States, have been excluded wholly from political power. They have however, of course, had their full proportionate representation in the National Conventions of the Republican Party. Their delegates have too often been persons who had no hope for political advancement in their own States, and without the ambition to commend themselves to the public favor by honorable public service, of which that hope is the parent. They have been, therefore, frequently either National officeholders who may reasonably be supposed to be under the influence of the existing Administration, or likely to be governed by a hope of receiving a National office as a reward for their action in the convention; or persons who can be influenced in their actions by money. This Southern contingent has been in several of our National Conventions an uncertain and an untrustworthy force.

The Republican nominating convention of 1876 was held at Cincinnati on June 14th. The delegates from Massachusetts were:


The struggle for the nomination equalled in bitterness and in importance many of the contests between different political parties that had preceded it. While the great majority of the Republicans retained confidence in the personal integrity and patriotism of President Grant, it had become painfully manifest that he was often an easy victim to the influence of unscrupulous and designing men. Indeed, it almost seemed that a charge of dishonesty against any public man attached the President to him the more closely. He had been himself reviled and slandered by his political opponents with a bitterness born of the passions of the war, which had not yet subsided. It seemed as if he thought when the public indignation was aroused by any act of baseness or dishonesty—"They are attacking this man as they attack me. I must stand by him." So, while Grant never lost his hold upon the heart of the Northern people wherever there was a contest in any State for political supremacy, the least worthy faction frequently got his ear and his confidence. He never wavered in his attachment to the doctrines of his party—protection, sound principles of finance and currency, honesty in elections. But the old political leaders, whom the people most trusted, were more and more strangers to his presence, and ambitious and designing men—the Conkling, and Butlers, and Carpenters, adventurers who had gone South to make fortunes by holding office, men interested in jobs and contracts, thronged the ante-chambers of the White House. The political scandals, always likely to follow a great war, seemed to be increasing rather than diminishing during his second term of office. I had occasion myself at the close of an argument before the Senate, on the question of the jurisdiction in the trial of the impeachment of General Belknap for taking bribes for the appointment of post-traders, to enumerate a few of the public scandals then recent, as follows:

"My own public life has been a very brief and insignificant one, extending little beyond the duration of a single term of senatorial office. But in that brief period I have seen five judges of a high court of the United States driven from office by threats of impeachment for corruption or maladministration. I have heard the taunt,
from friendliest lips, that when the United States presented herself in the East to take part with the civilized world in generous competition in the arts of life, the only product of her institutions in which she surpassed all others beyond question was her corruption. I have seen in the State in the Union foremost in power and wealth four judges of her courts impeached for corruption, and the political administration of her chief city become a disgrace and a by-word throughout the world. I have seen the chairman of the Committee on Military Affairs in the House, now a distinguished member of this court, rise in his place and demand the expulsion of four of his associates for making sale of their official privilege of selecting the youths to be educated at our great military school. When the greatest railroad of the world, binding together the continent and uniting the two great seas which wash our shores, was finished, I have seen our national triumph and exultation turned to bitterness and shame by the unanimous reports of three committees of Congress—two of the House and one here—that every step of that mighty enterprise had been taken in fraud. I have heard in highest places the shameless doctrine avowed by men grown old in public office that the true way by which power should be gained in the Republic is to bribe the people with the offices created for their service, and the true end for which it should be used when gained is the promotion of selfish ambition and the gratification of personal revenge. I have heard that suspicion haunts the footsteps of the trusted companions of the President.”

I never thought that the proper way to put an end to this state of things was to abandon what I deem sound political principles, or to abandon the party that was formed to establish them. I should as soon have thought of turning Tory because of like complaints in the Revolutionary war, or of asking George III. to take us into favor again because of like scandals which existed during the administration of Washington and John Adams. But I thought, in common with many others, that a party of sound principles could be made and should be made a party of pure politics.

The two divisions in the Republican Party, which I have indicated, marshalled their forces for the struggle in the convention of 1876. The friends of Mr. Blaine were generally those Republicans who had been dissatisfied with the conduct of the Administration. They embraced, also, the larger number of the enthusiastic young Republicans, who were attracted by Blaine's brilliant qualities, as were those who had come in contact with him by the marvellous personal charm of his delightful and gracious manners. Roscoe Conkling was regarded as the leader of the other party. The House of Representatives, by an almost unanimous vote, had adopted the resolution declaring that it was contrary to sound principle to elect a President for a third term. So that General Grant himself was not a candidate.

But as the time for the convention drew near, there had been an investigation in the House of Representatives into the affairs of the Little Rock and Fort Smith Railroad, which had resulted in some uncomfortable revelations with reference to Mr. Blaine. He was charged with having acquired stocks in railroads which were to be affected by national legislation, either without consideration or for a consideration far below their true value, and of having eagerly sought to acquire other similar stocks, the real consideration which he paid, or expected to pay, being the use of his official influence in behalf of these corporations. This investigation, ordered by the Democratic House of Representatives, was conducted by a majority of the committee charged with it, in a spirit of bitter hostility. The investigation was still in progress when the Republican Convention met. The facts, which were distorted and discolored in public report, impressed many excellent persons unfavorably to Mr. Blaine, and a few with a belief of his guilt. They were used dexterously by his political opponents and by his rivals in his own party, and by some conspicuous persons who had, or thought they had, personal grievances against him, to excite the public mind. On the other hand, as is natural in such cases, the great body of Mr. Blaine's friends clung all the closer to him from a belief that he was the object of unjust and malignant slander.

I was myself a member of the Judiciary
Committee of the House, to whom the investigation was committed. The witnesses were examined by a sub-committee. But they were almost daily compelled to report the questions which arose for decision, to the full committee, and the evidence taken by them was at once printed. I was present at the examination of most of the witnesses, so I was very familiar with the case as it went in. I expected to be charged with the duty of preparing a minority report in case, as was almost certain to happen, the committee found the charges sustained. I had no reason, so far as I then knew, or now know, to be prejudiced or biased in the matter. Mr. Blaine had treated me with courtesy during my service in the House, as he did everybody. He had, as Speaker, never assigned to me any place on committees which was specially agreeable to me, and had put persons, whom I thought less entitled to such distinction, into the chairmanships of the committees of which I was a member. But he was undoubtedly embarrassed in this matter by the large number of Representatives from Massachusetts who had been long in the service. So I had no just cause either for gratitude or for complaint. But I had expected, if he were nominated, although these charges had been made public, to give him my zealous and earnest support as a candidate for the Presidency.

I had, as I have said, occasion to possess myself thoroughly of the evidence against Mr. Blaine when it was produced. I reviewed it carefully during the campaign which preceded the election of 1884. I have reconsidered it again more lately. I did not think at the time, and have never thought since, that Mr. Blaine was guilty either of actual corruption or of a willingness to be corrupted. I do not think he ever sold his official influence, or was willing to sell his official influence, or ever received or desired to receive any compensation for any exercise of his official influence, or his official power. I think the spirit and manner in which the charges against him were pressed and argued before the people, scarcely, if at all, less disgraceful than would have been Mr. Blaine's own conduct if the charges had been true. He was pursued wickedly, malignantly, and revengefully. Some of the men who were most prominent in his condemnation in 1884, declared under great responsibility their high estimate of him in 1876, when all the incriminating matters were well known to them. And others, with a like knowledge were eager for his nomination in 1880, when they were desirous of defeating the renomination of Grant. At the same time I thought then, and think now, that it was wrong, unbecoming, and in bad taste for a man in public life, and especially for the Speaker of the National House of Representatives, to be engaged in speculation or business transactions like those in which Mr. Blaine took part. Speculating in stocks, especially in those which may be, or may be supposed to be, affected by national legislation, seems to me as much out of character for a member of either House of Congress as the ownership of a race-horse, or betting on a race is out of character for a minister of the Gospel.

And I did not think it, under the circumstances, wise to nominate Mr. Blaine, either in 1876 or later. I believed then, and now believe, that he would have been an admirable President of the United States. But I did not think it wise to put at the head of a movement for reform and for purity of administration, a man whose supporters must defend him against such charges, and who must admit that he had most unwisely of his own accord put himself into a position where such charges were not only possible, but plausible. But I was exceedingly anxious that a candidate should be found who would be not only agreeable to Mr. Blaine and his supporters, but whom, if possible, they should have a large influence in selecting.

Such a candidate, it was hoped, might be found in Mr. Bristow. He was a great favorite in his own State. He was a man of spotless integrity and great ability. He had been a Union soldier. He was from Kentucky, and his selection as a candidate would remove the charge of sectionalism from the Republican Party, and tend to give it strength with the white people in the South. He had made an admirable Attorney-General, and an admirable Secretary of the Treasury. He had been appointed to the Cabinet by Grant. He had not been long enough in public service to have encountered the enmities
which almost always attach themselves to men long in office, and he represented no clique or faction. He was a man of clean hands and of pure heart. For a good while it seemed as if the rival aspirations of Blaine and Bristow, might exist without ill-feeling, so that when the time came, the supporters of either might easily give their support to the other, or agree without difficulty in the support of some third person. I gave a banquet at Wormley's in the spring of 1876, which I hoped might have some tendency toward this desired harmony. There were about forty guests. Mr. Blaine sat on my right hand as the guest of honor, and Mr. Bristow on the left. They talked together, as I sat between them, during the whole evening in the most friendly and delightful way, telling humorous anecdotes relating to their own campaigns, as pleasantly as if they had been describing the canvass of some third person whom they were both supporting. I do not believe there was at that time in the heart of either a tinge of anger against each other.

But as the contest went on, Mr. Blaine seems to have become possessed with a belief that the bitter public attacks upon him were instigated by Bristow. Some of the Kentucky newspapers had been specially bitter. The Republican Convention opened in Cincinnati, Wednesday, June 14th. The Sunday morning before, Mr. Blaine fell in a swoon on the steps of the church at the corner of G and Tenth Streets in Washington. He was carried to his house on Fifteenth Street. Bristow was in his office in the Treasury Department when a friend called upon him, and gave him the news of Blaine's attack, and said: "Would it not be well for you to go round and express your interest?" Bristow took his hat, and the two friends went together to Mr. Blaine's house.

An occurrence took place there which satisfied them both that the feeling against Bristow on the part of Mr. Blaine and his near friends was exceedingly strong and implacable. The story was immediately telegraphed in cipher to Mr. Bristow's principal manager at Cincinnati, from whom I had it a day or two before committing it to paper. The facts were communicated by him in confidence to members of the Kentucky delegation.

On the first six ballots the total number of votes cast was 754. Three hundred and seventy-eight were necessary for a choice. Mr. Blaine received votes varying from 285 on the first ballot, to 368 on the sixth. On all these ballots, but two, Bristow had the second largest number, ranging from 111 to 126. On the first and second ballot he was led by Morton, who had 124 and 120 votes, and was closely followed by Conkling, whose highest vote was 99. At the end of the sixth ballot, it had become manifest that the opponents of Blaine, if they expected to succeed, must unite on a candidate. A portion of the Pennsylvania delegation had already voted for Blaine, who was a native of that State. Others had been held in restraint from voting for him with difficulty, by the influence of Don Cameron, chairman of the delegation and a strong adherent of Grant. The New York Conkling men and the majority of the Pennsylvania delegation, led by Cameron, determined to cast their votes for Hayes, of Ohio, to prevent the nomination of Blaine. In doing that they were to unite with their most earnest antagonists and give their support to a candidate who probably sympathized with them less than any other on the list. It was manifest to the Kentucky delegation that they must make their choice between Blaine and Bristow, and that their choice would decide the nomination. They had a hurried consultation and determined to vote unanimously for Hayes. The going over of Kentucky to Hayes was followed by the other States that had opposed Blaine. Hayes had on the final ballot, 384 votes, Blaine 351, and there were 21 cast for Bristow, which had been cast by States standing earlier in alphabetical order on the roll, who had cast their votes before the stampede began. If Kentucky had cast her 24 votes for Blaine, he would have been nominated. I was told by the close friend of Bristow, of whom I have spoken, and I have no doubt he is right, that the Kentucky Republicans had felt very kindly toward Blaine, and their action was determined by the knowledge of the transaction I have just related, thinking that if this bitterness and anger and dislike of Mr. Bristow existed in the mind of Mr. Blaine, it was hardly worth while
for Bristow's friends and supporters to clothe him with the Presidential office. If Bristow had not visited Blaine's house that Sunday morning, Blaine would, in my opinion, have been the Republican candidate for the Presidency.

What would have been the result if Mr. Blaine had been nominated in 1876, it is now idle to speculate. I am satisfied, in looking back, that I myself under-rated his strength as a candidate. But it seems likely that he would have had the votes of all the States which President Hayes received, and would have been stronger in New York.

Mr. Hayes came to the Presidency under circumstances of great difficulty and embarrassment. He was in my judgment one of the wisest, sincerest, and most honest and patriotic men who ever held the office. He had, on the whole, a very able Cabinet. Mr. Evarts was a very wise and able Secretary of State, far-sighted, courageous, and discreet. Wherever in after years any investigator into our history has occasion to study any diplomatic discussion in which Mr. Evarts took part, he will be impressed with the clearness of his vision, the strength of his argument, and the depth of his far-reaching wisdom.

Mr. Sherman's management of the finances was also marked by conspicuous ability. The great achievement of the resumption of specie payment took place in his time. He had a few years earlier bowed somewhat to the popular feeling in the West, and had favored the payment of the Government bonds in paper money. But he had got over that, and then and ever since has been as firm as a rock, and wise as a serpent on the side of keeping the public faith, and of an honest, prudent financial policy.

General Devens was an admirable Attorney-General. The beautiful tribute to his memory by the late Justice Bradley has, I think, no exaggeration in it.

Mr. Carl Schurz had great influence with the people of German birth, a gift of clear and powerful reasoning, a pure and attractive style of English speech. I suppose I could hardly be expected to do him full justice, if I were to undertake an estimate of the character of a man with whom I have of late years so sharply differed in opinion.

Mr. Key, a Southern Democrat, made a respectable and faithful Postmaster-General, and Mr. McCrary, an excellent and popular Secretary of War. The administration of neither of these two officials, however, was marked by any event of much importance.

But President Hayes's Administration was embarrassed by the disputes about his title. The House of Representatives was against him in the first Congress of his term, and in the second Congress the Senate and House were in the hands of political opponents. He also throughout the whole term had to encounter the hardly disguised hostility of nearly all the great leaders of his own party in both Houses of Congress. Conkling never spoke of him in public or private without a sneer. I suppose he did not visit the White House or any Department during President Hayes's term. Mr. Blaine was much disappointed by President Hayes's refusal to give Mr. Frye a place in the Cabinet, which he desired as a means of composing some incipient jealousies in Maine. Hamlin, who was a very influential Senator, was much disgusted by the President's inclination to reform the civil service. This feeling was largely shared by Simon Cameron, of Pennsylvania, an able and patriotic man, who ruled the Republican Party in that State with a despotic hand, and had as little respect for the doctrines of the civil service reformers as you might expect from one of his Highland ancestors who ruled over the Clan Cameron in the days of the Scotch Stuarts. Cameron had also a personal grievance, although I do not think that made any difference in his feeling. He had been proposed by the Pennsylvania delegation for the appointment to the English Mission. But the proposition had not been received with favor by President Hayes. Under these difficulties, it is greatly to his honor that so much of public good was accomplished in his time, and that he handed over the Republic to a Republican successor.

As the time approached for the Republican Convention of 1880, it had become clear that it would witness a mighty struggle. Conkling, Don Cameron, who had succeeded to his father's power in Pennsylvania, Logan, of Illinois, the most distinguished volunteer soldier of the war,
and a great favorite with his old comrades, were the most conspicuous leaders of the party who desired to restore the old Grant regime. They were seconded by Howe, formerly Senator from Wisconsin and later Postmaster-General under President Arthur; Creswell, of Maryland, Postmaster-General in President Grant's first term; Governor Boutwell, of Massachusetts, who had a very distinguished public career as Governor, member of the House of Representatives, Secretary of the Treasury, and Senator. They selected as their candidate their old chieftain, General Grant. He was strong not only in the powerful support of these great political leaders, but in the solid confidence of the business men of the country, in the attachment of the great Methodist denomination to which he belonged, in the love of the old soldiers, in the memory of his great public service, both in war and peace, and the general respect of the whole American people. Against this was the unwritten, but well understood, rule of action by which the people had been governed since the time of Washington, that no person should be elected to the office of President for more than two terms. Against him, also, was the feeling that his judgment, which had been sound and unerring in the selection of fit men for good military service, was very much at fault in choosing men in whom he should confide in civil affairs. There was a further feeling that the influence of unworthy politicians, which had been powerful with him in his second term, would be more powerful if he should go back to the Presidency with their aid.

Mr. Blaine's old popularity had been increased in the four years since his former defeat. Many people believed he had been not only unjustly but cruelly treated, and were eager to record their verdict of acquittal from the malignant charges which had been made against him since 1876. There was a third class, of whom I was one, who felt that it would be unwise to nominate either General Grant or Mr. Blaine. While they had a great respect for the character of Grant, they dreaded the influences which would be sure to surround him, if he should come to the Presidency again. While they had the kindliest feeling for Mr. Blaine and shared the public indignation at the character of the attacks of which he had been the victim, they did not like to have a candidate who would be so handicapped. Mr. Blaine's own imprudence had unquestionably given an opportunity and a plausibility to these slanders. They thought, also, that the nomination of either Grant or Blaine would create a feeling of anger and disappointment in the supporters of the defeated candidate, which would seriously endanger the election. They looked about, therefore, for a person who might not be obnoxious to either the Blaine men or the Grant men, and found such a person in Mr. Edmonds of Vermont. He was a man of ability and long public service. He was not a person calculated to inspire much popular enthusiasm, but answered very well as a standard-bearer although his supporters were ready to transfer their support to another candidate, other than Blaine or Grant, on whom a majority of the Convention should be brought to unite. Mr. Sherman had also a considerable body of supporters who respected him for his eminent talents and long and valuable services.

General Grant had a peculiarly strong hold on the Republicans of Massachusetts. They shared with all patriotic men throughout the country a profound gratitude for his illustrious military services. They had been impressed by a feeling of great respect for his personal qualities. The modesty which led him to refuse to enter Richmond in triumph at the close of the war; the simplicity of behavior; the magnanimity which led him to claim so little praise for himself and give so much of the credit to which he was entitled to Sheridan and Sherman, and others of his military associates; his incorruptible personal honesty; his soundness and firmness in dealing with all questions affecting the public credit, the integrity of the currency, and the rights of citizenship, had endeared him to the people of a Commonwealth which ever valued such traits in her public men. The Methodist denomination, always large in Massachusetts and powerful in her Republican councils, was proud that this famous statesman and warrior was of their fold. As the time for the convention approached, four ex-Governors, men of great personal influence, leaders in the Republican Party, yet of highly different character, who rep-
resented very different shades of Republican opinion—Boutwell, Bullock, Claffin, and Rice—declared themselves in favor of nominating him again. Nothing could have prevented his carrying Massachusetts as by a great wave, but the fact that he had been, in his second term, subject to a most unworthy influence in the matter of appointments to public office. The whole National executive patronage in Massachusetts seemed given up to advancing the personal fortunes of General Butler. Brave soldiers, honored Republicans, were turned out of post-offices and custom-houses, and other high Federal offices, to be replaced by incompetent and dishonorable adventurers, odious in the neighborhoods from which they came, to please this ambitious and unscrupulous man. This excited a deep indignation which culminated when William A. Simmons was made Collector of Boston. Of Butler's particular lieutenants in different parts of the State, four were afterward sent to the State Prison.

A fifth, after committing some noted forgeries, fled, a fugitive from justice, to a South American State with which we had no treaty for the extradition of criminals. Still another was afterward indicted, though he escaped the meshes of the law, as an accomplice in the destruction and plunder of the Maverick Bank. Still another fled from the State to avoid civil responsibility for a notorious fraud. No personal respect for General Grant could induce the Massachusetts Republicans to run the risk of having again a President who was subjected to personal influences like these. But for the appointment of Simmons as the principal Federal officer in Massachusetts, I think she would have supported Grant for a third term. The Edmunds movement would never have been made, and his nomination at Chicago would have been certain.

The State Convention passed resolutions in favor of Mr. Edmunds, and elected as Delegates-at-Large, George F. Hoar, Worcester; Charles R. Codman, Boston; John E. Sanford, Taunton; and Julius H. Seelye, Amherst.

The District Delegates were: Charles W. Clifford, New Bedford; Azariah Eldridge, Varnmouth; William C. Lovering, Taunton; F. A. Hobart, Braintree; Phineas Pierce, Boston; Choate Burnham, Boston; Eustice C. Fitz, Chelsea; J. Otis Weatherbee, Boston; H. Cabot Lodge, Nahant; Daniel Russell, Melrose; Dudley Porter, Haverhill; N. A. Horton, Salem; George S. Boutwell, Groton; George A. Marden, Lowell; R. M. Morse, Jr., Boston; George W. Johnson, Milford; W. S. B. Hopkins, Worcester; William Knowlton, Upton; Alpheus Hardy, Athol; Timothy Merrick, Holyoke; Wellington Smith, Lee; M. B. Whitney, Westfield.

Of these, three were in favor of Grant, namely: Boutwell, Eldridge, Marden; two were in favor of Sherman, and one for Washburn.

The others voted for Mr. Edmunds in the beginning, meaning to defeat both Grant and Blaine if they could, and were ready to agree on any man of respectable character and capacity by whom that defeat could be accomplished.

George F. Edmunds had a high reputation in the country as an able lawyer, and a faithful and independent Senator. He had unquestionably rendered great public service in the Senate. If elected, I believe he would have administered the Presidency on the principles which a large majority of the people of Massachusetts held. He was an excellent debater. He was very fond of criticising and objecting to what was proposed by other men. He seemed never so happy as when in opposition to the majority of his associates. But he possessed what persons of that temper commonly lack, great capacity for constructive statesmanship. Any measure of which he was the author would be likely to accomplish its purpose, and to stand fire.

David Davis, who was President pro tempore of the Senate, used to say he could always compel Edmunds to vote in the negative on a question, by putting the question in the old New England fashion, "Contrary-minded will say no," for Edmunds was always contrary-minded. I once told him, borrowing a saying of an Englishman, that if George Edmunds were the only man in the world, George would quarrel with Edmunds.

The morning after the Massachusetts Convention of 1880, when the convention passed resolutions, proposing Edmunds as a candidate for the Presidency, and plac-
ing me first on the delegation at large, Edmunds came to me and said, I have no doubt with absolute sincerity: "I have seen the proceedings of your convention yesterday. If I know myself, I have no desire to be President of the United States. I do not think I am fit for it, and if I were, I should much prefer my present service as Senator. I would say so in a public letter, but I suppose the chances of my nomination are so slight that it might seem ridiculous to decline." I said, "But, Edmunds, just think of the fun you would have vetoing bills." He smiled, and his countenance beamed all over with satisfaction at the idea, and he replied, with great feeling: "Well, that would be good fun."

So while, as I have said, the Massachusetts delegates, most of them, supported Mr. Edmunds as a person likely to hold some votes until the opposition to Grant might be concentrated on some other candidate to be agreed on as the proceedings of the convention went on, and while I think he would have made an excellent President if he had been chosen, his candidacy was never a very strong one.

This convention was menaced by a very serious peril. A plan was devised which, if it had been successful would, in my judgment, have caused a rupture in the convention and the defeat of the Republican Party in the election. The chairman of the Republican National Committee was Don Cameron of Pennsylvania, then and for some years afterward a Senator of the United States from that State. He was an ardent supporter of President Grant and had been Secretary of War in his cabinet, as his father had been in the cabinet of President Lincoln. Like his father before him, he had ruled the Republican Party of Pennsylvania with a strong hand. He was not given to much speaking. He was an admirable executive officer, self-reliant, powerful, courageous, and enterprising, with little respect for the discontent of subordinates. He was supported by a majority of the delegates from Pennsylvania, although Blaine, who was a native of that State, had a large following there. The New York delegation was headed by Roscoe Conkling, who had great influence over Grant when he was President, and expected to retain that influence if he became President again. The Maryland delegation was headed by J. A. J. Creswell, who had been Postmaster-General throughout the whole of Grant's two administrations. On the Massachusetts delegation, as I have said, was Governor Boutwell, Grant's Secretary of the Treasury during nearly the whole of his first term. On the delegation from Illinois was John A. Logan, the most distinguished and popular of our volunteer soldiers. These men had a large following over the whole country. There were three hundred and eight persons in the convention who could be counted on to support Grant from beginning to end, and about a dozen more were exceedingly disposed to his candidacy. They had obtained instructions from the State Conventions of the three States, New York, Pennsylvania, and Illinois, and possibly one or two others, that I do not now remember, to the delegates from their States to vote as a unit for the candidate who should be agreed upon by the majority. Grant had a majority in each of these States. But there was a minority of 18 in Illinois, 26 in Pennsylvania, and 19 in New York, who were for other candidates than Grant. If their votes had been counted for him it would have given Grant on the first ballot 367 votes, 13 less than the number necessary for a choice. As his votes went up on one of the ballots to 313, it is pretty certain that counting these 63 votes for Grant would have insured his nomination. But there were several contests involving the title of their seats of 16 delegates from the State of Louisiana, 18 from Illinois, and three others. In regard to these cases the delegates voted in accordance with their preference for candidates. This was besides several other contests where the vote was not determined by that consideration. Now if the vote of Illinois, Pennsylvania, and New York had each been cast as a unit, in accordance with the preference of a majority of the delegation in each case, these 37 votes would have been added to Grant's column and subtracted from the forces of his various antagonists; and the 63 votes of the minority of the delegations in these three States would also have been added to the Grant column, which would have given him a total vote of more than 400, enough to secure his nomination. So the
The Secret's Out!

I've heard it said, and heard it read,
That put to any test,
Of all the mites a woman writes,
Her "P.S." is the best.
Though why the best, none ever guess'd,
Nor saw a secret there,
Until a maid in mischief laid
The women's secret bare—
That P.S. means

Pears' Soap
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The April Scribner

(To be published, with an Easter cover in colors, on March 25th)

THE NEW ROMANCE by A. T. Quiller-Couch ("Q"), called "The Ship of Stars," will begin in the April Scribner and continue throughout the greater part of the year.

It is a love-story, full of beautiful and tender color—the sea, old houses, old families, and strange happenings—and a bit of Oxford life. The first instalment will be illustrated by Louis Loeb.

GOVERNOR ROOSEVELT'S next instalment of "The Rough Riders" is called "The Cavalry at Santiago." It describes the famous charge which resulted in the capture of San Juan Hill. This might be called a hand-to-hand account; it is the first description in detail showing just what happened and how, as seen on the spot—and by an officer who had a great deal to do with the success of the hazardous undertaking. Besides the usual series of photographs, there will be a large picture of the famous charge up the hill, by Frederic Remington.

SENATOR HOAR'S REMINISCENCES, in the April number, will have to do with the early days of the Republican party, abounding in anecdotes of the group of great men who were conspicuous in Washington in those times. Senator Hoar has a great memory, and he repeats verbatim certain memorable conversations with Grant, Sumner and others.

THE STEVENSON LETTERS will be of a different sort in the April and succeeding numbers; the writer is no longer a precocious young student, but a rising literary man with a growing circle of literary friends. The illustrations are by Peixotto.

"A WINTER JOURNEY TO THE KLONDYKE," by Frederick Palmer, who had already distinguished himself as a correspondent in the Graeco-Turkish war and by a book upon that subject, will tell how he and certain daring companions succeeded in doing in winter what so many have tried in vain to do in more favorable months. The article will also tell what he saw of the mines and mining. The illustrations will be numerous and unusual.

HENRY VAN DYKE'S "A Lover of Music" will be a tale of winter life in the Adirondacks. He has written a number of short stories of outdoor life to appear in the magazine during the coming months. Walter Appleton Clark has drawn illustrations for this story which surpass anything he has thus far attempted. One of them will appear as frontispiece.

"THE GOSPEL OF RELAXATION," by Professor William James, of Harvard, will be an essay of uncommon value and interest—especially for Americans.

"THE CITY EDITOR'S CONSCIENCE," a newspaper story by Jesse Lynch Williams, will be illustrated realistically by A. I. Keller.

JULIA C. R. DORR'S poem for Good Friday, called "Three Crosses," will be accompanied by decorations by Henry McCarter.

"EASTER IN THE TOWN," another poem, will be strikingly illustrated by W. J. Glackens.
LATTA'S MAGIC.

—Psalm VII. 15, page 352.
THE ROUGH RIDERS

BY THEODORE ROOSEVELT

Colonel of the First United States Volunteer Cavalry

GENERAL YOUNG’S FIGHT AT LAS GUASIMAS

JUST before leaving Tampa we had been brigaded with the First (white) and Tenth (colored) Regular Cavalry under Brigadier-General S. B. M. Young. We were the Second Brigade, the First Brigade consisting of the Third and Sixth (white), and the Ninth (colored) Regular Cavalry under Brigadier-General Sumner. The two brigades of the cavalry division were under Major-General Joseph Wheeler, the gallant old Confederate cavalry commander.

General Young was—and is—as fine a type of the American fighting soldier as a man can hope to see. He had been in command, as Colonel, of the Yellowstone National Park, and I had seen a good deal of him in connection therewith, as I was President of the Boone and Crockett Club, an organization devoted to hunting big game, to its preservation, and to forest preservation. During the preceding winter, while he was in Washington, he had lunched with me at the Metropolitan Club, Wood being one of the other guests. Of course, we talked of the war, which all of us present believed to be impending, and Wood and I told him we were going to make every effort to get in, somehow; and he answered that we must be sure to get into his brigade, if he had one, and he would guarantee to show us fighting. None of us forgot the conversation. As soon as our regiment was raised General Young applied for it to be put in his brigade. We were put in; and he made his word good; for he fought and won the first fight on Cuban soil.

Yet, even though under him, we should not have been in this fight at all if we had not taken advantage of the chance to disembark among the first troops, and if it had not been for Wood’s energy in pushing our regiment to the front.

On landing we spent some active hours in marching our men a quarter of a mile or so inland, as boat-load by boat-load they disembarked. Meanwhile one of the men, Knoblauch, a New Yorker, who was a great athlete and a champion swimmer, by diving in the surf off the dock, recovered most of the rifles which had been lost when the boat-load of colored cavalry
capsized. The country would have offered very great difficulties to an attacking force had there been resistance. It was little but a mass of rugged and precipitous hills, covered for the most part by dense jungle. Five hundred resolute men could have prevented the disembarkation at very little cost to themselves. There had been about that number of Spaniards at Daiquiri that morning, but they had fled even before the ships began shelling. In their place we found hundreds of Cuban insurgents, a crew of as utter tatterdemalions as human eyes ever looked on, armed with every kind of rifle in all stages of dilapidation. It was evident, at a glance, that they would be no use in serious fighting, but it was hoped that they might be of service in scouting. From a variety of causes, however, they turned out to be nearly useless, even for this purpose, so far as the Santiago campaign was concerned.

We were camped on a dusty, brush-covered flat, with jungle on one side, and on the other a shallow, fetid pool fringed with palm-trees. Huge land-crabs scuttled noisily through the underbrush, exciting much interest among the men. Camping was a simple matter, as each man carried all he had, and the officers had nothing. I took a light mackintosh and a tooth-brush. Fortunately, that night it did not rain; and from the palm-leaves we built shelters from the sun.

General Lawton, a tall, fine-looking man, had taken the advance. A thorough soldier, he at once established outposts and pushed reconnoitring parties ahead on the trails. He had as little baggage as the rest of us. Our own Brigade-Commander, General Young, had exactly the same impedimenta that I had, namely, a mackintosh and a tooth-brush.

Next morning we were hard at work trying to get the stuff unloaded from the ship, and succeeded in getting most of it ashore, but were utterly unable to get transportation for anything but a very small quantity. The great shortcoming throughout the campaign was the utterly inadequate transportation. If we had been allowed to take our mule-train, we could have kept the whole cavalry division supplied.

In the afternoon word came to us to march. General Wheeler, a regular game-cock, was as anxious as Lawton to get first blood, and he was bent upon putting the cavalry division to the front as quickly as possible. Lawton's advance guard was in touch with the Spaniards, and there had been a skirmish between the latter and some Cubans, who were repulsed. General Wheeler made a reconnaissance in person, found out where the enemy was, and directed General Young to take our brigade and move forward so as to strike him next morning. He had the power to do this, as when General Shafter was afloat he had command ashore.

I had succeeded in finding Texas, my surviving horse, much the worse for his fortnight on the transport and his experience in getting off, but still able to carry me.

It was mid-afternoon and the tropic sun was beating fiercely down when Colonel Wood started our regiment—the First and Tenth Cavalry and some of the infantry regiments having already marched. Colonel Wood himself rode in advance, while I led my squadron, and Major Brodie followed with his. It was a hard march, the hilly jungle trail being so narrow that often we had to go in single file. We marched fast, for Wood was bound to get us ahead of the other regiments, so as to be sure of our place in the body that struck the enemy next morning. If it had not been for his energy in pushing forward, we should
certainly have missed the fight. As it was, we did not halt until we were at the extreme front.

The men were not in very good shape for marching, and moreover they were really horsemen, the majority being cowboys who had never done much walking. The heat was intense and their burdens very heavy. Yet there was very little straggling. Whenever we halted they instantly took off their packs and threw themselves on their backs. Then at the word to start they would spring into place again. The captains and lieutenants tramped along, encouraging the men by example and word. A good part of the time I was by Captain Llewellyn, and was greatly pleased to see the way in which he kept his men up to their work. He never pitied or coddled his troopers, but he always looked after them. He helped them whenever he could, and took rather more than his full share of hardship and danger, so that his men naturally followed him with entire devotion. Jack Greenway was under him as lieutenant, and to him the entire march was nothing but an enjoyable outing, the chance of fight on the morrow simply adding the needed spice of excitement.

It was long after nightfall when we tramped through the darkness into the squalid coast hamlet of Siboney. As usual when we made a night camp, we simply drew the men up in column of troops, and then let each man lie down where he was. Black thunder-clouds were gathering. Before they broke the fires were made and the men cooked their coffee and pork, some frying the hard-tack with the pork. The officers, of course, fared just as the men did. Hardly had we finished eating when the rain came, a regular tropic downpour. We sat about, sheltering ourselves as best we could, for the hour or two it lasted; then the fires were relighted and we closed around them, the men taking off their wet things to dry them, so far as possible, by the blaze.

Wood had gone off to see General Young, as General Wheeler had instructed General Young to hit the Spaniards, who were about four miles away, as soon after daybreak as possible. Meanwhile I strolled over to Captain Capron's troop. He and I, with his two lieutenants, Day and Thomas, stood around the fire, together with two or three non-commissioned officers and privates; among the latter were Sergeant Hamilton Fish and Trooper Elliott.
Cowdin, both of New York. Cowdin, together with two other troopers, Harry Thorpe and Munro Ferguson, had been on my Oyster Bay Polo Team some years before. Hamilton Fish had already shown himself one of the best non-commissioned officers we had. A huge fellow, of enormous strength and endurance and dauntless courage, he took naturally to a soldier's life. He never complained and never shirked any duty of any kind, while his power over his men was great. So good a sergeant had he made that Captain Capron, keen to get the best men under him, took him when he left Tampa—for Fish's troop remained behind. As we stood around the flickering blaze that night I caught myself admiring the splendid bodily vigor of Capron and Fish—the captain and the sergeant. Their frames seemed of steel, to withstand all fatigue; they were flushed with health; in their eyes shone high resolve and fiery desire. Two finer types of the fighting man, two better representatives of the American soldier, there were not in the whole army. Capron was going over his plans for the fight when we should meet the Spaniards on the morrow, Fish occasionally asking a question. They were both filled with eager longing to show their mettle, and both were rightly confident that if they lived they would win honorable renown and would rise high in their chosen profession. Within twelve hours they both were dead.

I had lain down when toward midnight Wood returned. He had gone over the whole plan with General Young. We were to start by sunrise toward Santiago, General Young taking four troops of the Tenth and four troops of the First up the road which led through the valley; while Colonel Wood was to lead our eight troops along a hill-trail to the left, which joined the valley road about four miles on, at a point where the road went over a spur of the mountain-chain and from thence went down hill toward Santiago. The Spaniards had their lines at the junction of the road and the trail.

Before describing our part in the fight, it is necessary to say a word about General Young's share, for, of course, the whole fight was under his direction, and the fight on the right wing under his immediate supervision. General Young had obtained from General Castillo, the commander of the Cuban forces, a full description of the country in front. General Castillo promised Young the aid of eight hundred Cubans, if he made a reconnaissance in force to find out exactly what the Spanish strength was. This promised Cuban aid did not, however, materialize, the Cubans, who had been
beaten back by the Spaniards the day before, not appearing on the firing-line until the fight was over.

General Young had in his immediate command a squadron of the First Regular Cavalry, two hundred and forty-four strong, under the command of Major Bell, and a squadron of the Tenth Regular Cavalry, two hundred and twenty strong, under the command of Major Norvell. He also had two Hotchkiss mountain guns, under Captain Watson of the Tenth. He started there were advance parties along both roads. There were stone breastworks flanked by block-houses on that part of the ridge where the two trails came together. The place was called Las Guasimas, from trees of that name in the neighborhood.

General Young, who was riding a mule, carefully examined the Spanish position in person. He ordered the canteens of the troops to be filled, placed the Hotchkiss battery in concealment about nine

at a quarter before six in the morning, accompanied by Captain A. L. Mills, as aide. It was at half-past seven that Captain Mills, with a patrol of two men in advance, discovered the Spaniards as they lay across where the two roads came together, some of them in pits, others simply lying in the heavy jungle, while on their extreme right they occupied a big ranch. Where General Young struck them they held a high ridge a little to the left of his front, this ridge being separated by a deep ravine from the hill-trail still farther to the left, down which the Rough Riders were advancing. That is, their forces occupied a range of high hills in the form of an obtuse angle, the salient being toward the space between the American forces, while hundred yards from the Spanish lines, and then deployed the white regulars, with the colored regulars in support, having sent a Cuban guide to try to find Colonel Wood and warn him. He did not attack immediately, because he knew that Colonel Wood, having a more difficult route, would require a longer time to reach the position. During the delay General Wheeler arrived; he had been up since long before dawn, to see that everything went well. Young informed him of the dispositions, and plan of attack he made. General Wheeler approved of them, and with excellent judgment left General Young a free hand to fight his battle.

So, about eight o'clock Young began the fight with his Hotchkiss guns, he himself

Opening at Side of Road through which Left Flank of Rough Riders Deployed.
being up on the firing-line. No sooner had the Hotchkiss one-pounders opened than the Spaniards opened fire in return, most of the time firing by volleys executed in perfect time, almost as on parade. They had a couple of light guns, which our people thought were quick firers. The denseness of the jungle and the fact that they used absolutely smokeless powder, made it exceedingly difficult to place exactly where they were, and almost immediately Young, who always liked to get as close as possible to his enemy, began to push his troops forward. They were deployed on both sides of the road in such thick jungle that it was only here and there that they could possibly see ahead, and some confusion, of course, ensued, the support gradually getting mixed with the advance. Captain Beck took A Troop of the Tenth in on the left, next Captain Galbraith's troop of the First; two other troops of the Tenth were on the extreme right. Through the jungle ran wire fences here and there, and as the troops got to the ridge they encountered precipitous heights. They were led most
gallantly, as American regular officers always lead their men; and the men followed their leaders with the splendid courage always shown by the American regular soldier. There was not a single straggler among them, and in not one instance was an attempt made by any trooper to fall out in order to assist the wounded or carry back the dead, while so cool were they and so perfect their fire discipline, that in the entire engagement the expenditure of ammunition was not over ten rounds per man. Major Bell, who commanded the squadron, had his leg broken by a shot as he was leading his men. Captain Wainwright succeeded to the command of the squadron. Captain Knox was shot in the abdomen. He continued for some time giving orders to his troops, and refused to allow a man in the firing-line to assist him to the rear. His First Lieutenant, Byram, was himself shot, but continued to lead his men until the wound and the heat overcame him and he fell in a faint. The advance was pushed forward under General Young's eye with the utmost energy, until the enemy's voices could be heard in the entrenchments. The Spaniards kept up a very heavy firing, but the regulars would not be denied, and as they climbed the ridges the Spaniards broke and fled.

Meanwhile, at six o'clock, the Rough Riders began their advance. We first had to climb a very steep hill. Many of the men, foot-sore and weary from their march of the preceding day, found the pace up this hill too hard, and either dropped their bundles or fell out of line, with the result that we went into action with less than five hundred men—as, in addition to the stragglers, a detachment had been left to guard the baggage on shore. At the time I was rather inclined to grumble to myself about Wood setting so fast a pace, but when the fight began I realized that it had been absolutely necessary, as otherwise we should have arrived late and the regulars would have had very hard work indeed.

Tiffany, by great exertions, had corralled a couple of mules and was using them to transport the Colt automatic guns in the rear of the regiment. The dynamite gun was not with us, as mules for it could not be obtained in time.

Captain Capron's troop was in the lead, it being chosen for the most responsible and dangerous position because of Capron's capacity. Four men, headed by Sergeant Hamilton Fish, went first; a support of twenty men followed some distance behind; and then came Capron and the rest of his troop, followed by Wood, with whom General Young had sent Lieutenants Smedburg and Rivers as aides. I rode close behind, at the head of the other three troops of my squadron, and then came Brodie at the head of his squadron. The trail was so narrow that for the most part the men marched in single file, and it was bordered by dense, tangled jungle, through which a man could with difficulty force his way; so that to put out flankers was impossible, for they could not possibly have kept up with the march of the column. Every man had his canteen full. There was a Cuban guide at the head of the column, but he ran away as soon as the fighting began. There were also with
us, at the head of the column, two men who did not run away, who though non-combatants—newspaper correspondents—showed as much gallantry as any soldier in the field. They were Edward Marshall and Richard Harding Davis.

After reaching the top of the hill the walk was very pleasant. Now and then we came to glades or rounded hill-shoulders, whence we could look off for some distance. The tropical forest was very beautiful, and it was a delight to see the strange trees, the splendid royal palms and a tree which looked like a flat-topped acacia, and which was covered with a mass of brilliant scarlet flowers. We heard many bird-notes, too, the cooing of doves and the call of a great brush cuckoo. Afterward we found that the Spanish guerillas imitated these bird-calls, but the sounds we heard that morning, as we advanced through the tropic forest, were from birds, not guerillas, until we came right up to the Spanish lines. It was very beautiful and very peaceful, and it seemed more as if we were off on some hunting excursion than as if we were about to go into a sharp and bloody little fight.

Of course, we accommodated our movements to those of the men in front. After marching for somewhat over an hour, we suddenly came to a halt, and immediately afterward General Wood sent word down the line that the advance guard had come upon a Spanish outpost. Then the order was passed to fill the magazines, which was done.

The men were totally unconcerned, and I do not think they realized that any fighting was at hand; at any rate, I could hear the group nearest me discussing in low murmurs, not the Spaniards, but the conduct of a certain cow-puncher in quitting work on a ranch and starting a saloon in some New Mexican town. In another minute, however, Wood sent me orders to
deploy three troops to the right of the trail, and to advance when we became engaged; while, at the same time, the other troops, under Major Brodie, were deployed to the left of the trail where the ground was more open than elsewhere—one troop being held in reserve in the centre, besides the reserves on each wing. Later all the reserves were put into the firing-line.

To the right the jungle was quite thick, and we had barely begun to deploy when a crash in front announced that the fight was on. It was evidently very hot, and L Troop had its hands full; so I hurried my men up abreast of them. So thick was the jungle that it was very difficult to keep together, especially when there was no time for delay, and while I got up Llewellyn's troops and Kane's platoon of K Troop, the rest of K Troop under Captain Jenkins which, with Bucky O'Neill's troop, made up the right wing, were behind, and it was some time before they got into the fight at all.

Meanwhile I had gone forward with Llewellyn, Greenway, Kane and their troopers until we came out on a kind of shoulder, jutting over a ravine, which separated us from a great ridge on our right. It was on this ridge that the Spaniards had some of their intrenchments, and it was just beyond this ridge that the Valley Road led, up which the regulars were at that very time pushing their attack; but, of course, at the moment we knew nothing of this. The effect of the smokeless powder was remarkable. The air seemed full of the rustling sound of the Mauser bullets, for the Spaniards knew the trails by which we were advancing, and opened heavily on our position. Moreover, as we advanced we were, of course, exposed, and they could see us and fire. But they themselves were entirely invisible. The jungle covered everything, and not the faintest trace of smoke was to be seen in any direction to indicate from whence the bullets came. It was some time before the men fired; Llewellyn, Kane, and I anxiously studying the ground to see where our opponents were, and utterly unable to find out.

We could hear the faint reports of the Hotchkiss guns and the reply of two Spanish guns, and the Mauser bullets were singing through the trees over our heads, making a noise like the humming of telephone wires; but exactly where they came from we could not tell. The Spaniards were firing high and for the most part by volleys, and their shooting was not very good, which perhaps was not to be wondered at, as they were a long way off. Gradually, however, they began to get the range and occasionally one of our men would crumple up. In no case did the man make any outcry when hit, seeming to take it as a matter of course; at the outside, making only such a remark as, "Well, I got it that time." With hardly an exception, there was no sign of flinching. I say with hardly an exception, for though I personally did not see an instance, and though all the men at the front behaved excellently, yet there were a very few men who lagged behind and drifted back to the trail over which we had come. The character of the fight put a premium upon such conduct, and afforded a very severe test for raw troops; because the jungle was so dense that as we advanced in open order, every man was, from time to time, left almost alone and away from the eyes of his officers. There was un-
limited opportunity for dropping out without attracting notice, while it was peculiarly hard to be exposed to the fire of an unseen foe, and to see men dropping under it, and yet to be, for some time, unable to return it, and also to be entirely ignorant of what was going on in any other part of the field.

It was Richard Harding Davis who gave us our first opportunity to shoot back with effect. He was behaving precisely like my officers, being on the extreme front of the line, and taking every opportunity to study with his glasses the ground where we thought the Spaniards were. I had tried some volley firing at points where I rather doubtfully believed the Spaniards to be, but had stopped firing and was myself studying the jungle-covered mountain ahead with my glasses, when Davis suddenly said: "There they are, Colonel; look over there; I can see their hats near that glade," pointing across the valley to our right. In a minute I, too, made out the hats, and then pointed them out to three or four of our best shots, giving them my estimate of the range. For a minute or two no result followed, and I kept raising the range, at the same time getting more men on the firing-line. Then, evidently, the shots told, for the Spaniards suddenly sprang out of the cover through which we had seen their hats, and ran to another spot; and we could now make out a large number of them.

I accordingly got all of my men up in line and began quick firing. In a very few minutes our bullets began to do damage, for the Spaniards retreated to the left, into the jungle, and we lost sight of them. At the same moment a big body of men who, it afterward turned out, were Spaniards, came in sight along the glade, following the retreat of those whom we had just driven from the trenches. We supposed that there was a large force of Cubans with General Young, not being aware that these Cubans had failed to make their appearance, and as it was impossible to tell the Cubans from the Spaniards, and as we could not decide whether these were Cubans following the Spaniards we had put to flight, or merely another troop of Spaniards retreating after the first (which was really the case) we dared not fire, and in a minute they had passed the glade and were out of sight.

At every halt we took advantage of the cover, sinking down behind any mound, bush, or tree-trunk in the neighborhood. The trees, of course, furnished no protection from the Mauser bullets. Once I was standing behind a large palm with my head out to one side, very fortunately; for a bullet passed through the palm, filling my left eye and ear with the dust and splinters.

No man was allowed to drop out to help the wounded. It was hard to leave them there in the jungle, where they might not be found again until the vultures and the landcrabs came, but war is a grim game and there was no choice. One of the men shot was Harry Heffner of G Troop, who was mortally wounded through the hips. He fell without uttering a sound, and two of his companions dragged him behind a tree. Here he propped himself up and asked to be given his canteen and his rifle, which I handed to him. He then again began shooting, and continued loading and firing until the line moved forward and we left him alone, dying in the gloomy shade. When we found him again, after the fight, he was dead.

At one time, as I was out of touch with that part of my wing commanded by Jenkins and O'Neill, I sent Greenway, with
Sergeant Russell, a New Yorker, and trooper Rowland, a New Mexican cow-puncher, down in the valley to find out where they were. To do this the three had to expose themselves to a very severe fire, but they were not men to whom this mattered. Russell was killed; the other two returned and reported to me the position of Jenkins and O'Neill. They then resumed their places on the firing-line. After awhile I noticed blood coming out of Rowland's side and discovered that he had been shot, although he did not seem to be taking any notice of it. He said the wound was only slight, but as I saw he had broken a rib, I told him to go to the rear to the hospital. After some grumbling he went, but fifteen minutes later he was back on the firing-line again and said he could not find the hospital—which I doubted. However, I then let him stay until the end of the fight.

After we had driven the Spaniards off from their position to our right, the firing seemed to die away so far as we were concerned, for the bullets no longer struck around us in such a storm as before, though along the rest of the line the battle was as brisk as ever. Soon we saw troops appearing across the ravine, not very far from where we had seen the Spaniards whom we had thought might be Cubans. Again we dared not fire, and carefully studied the new-comers with our glasses; and this time we were right, for we recognized our own cavalry-men. We were by no means sure that they recognized us, however, and were anxious that they should, but it was very difficult to find a clear spot in the jungle from which to sig-
nal; so Sergeant Lee of Troop K climbed a tree and from its summit waved the troop guidon. They waved their guidon back, and as our right wing was now in touch with the regulars, I left Jenkins and O'Neill to keep the connection, and led Llewellyn's troop back to the path to join the rest of the regiment, which was evidently still in the thick of the fight. I was still very much in the dark as to where the main body of the Spanish forces were, or exactly what lines the battle was following, and was very uncertain what I ought to do; but I knew it could not be wrong to go forward, and I thought I would find Wood and then see what he wished me to do. I was in a mood to cordially welcome guidance, for it was most bewildering to fight an enemy whom one so rarely saw.

I had not seen Wood since the beginning of the skirmish, when he hurried forward. When the firing opened some of the men began to curse. "Don't swear—shoot!" growled Wood, as he strode along the path leading his horse, and everyone laughed and became cool again. The Spanish outposts were very near our advance guard, and some minutes of the hottest kind of firing followed before they were driven back and slipped off through the jungle to their main lines in the rear.

Here, at the very outset of our active service, we suffered the loss of two as gallant men as ever wore uniform. Sergeant Hamilton Fish at the extreme front, while holding the point up to its work and firing back where the Spanish advance guards lay, was shot and killed instantly; three of the men with him were likewise hit. Captain Capron, leading the advance guard in person, and displaying equal courage and coolness in the way that he handled them, was also struck, and died a few minutes afterward. The command of the troop then devolved upon the First Lieutenant, young Thomas. Like Capron, Thomas was the fifth in line from father to son who had served in the American army, though in his case it was in the volunteer and not the regular service; the four preceding generations had furnished soldiers respectively to the Revolutionary War, the War of 1812, the Mexican War, and the Civil War. In a few minutes Thomas was shot through the leg, and the command devolved upon the Second Lieutenant, Day (a nephew of
reached had had was under minutes Indians, the found them at vantage skirmish dead my escaped arm in my in...
was merely a lull in the fight, and we might be attacked again; nor did I know what had happened in any other part of the line, while as I occupied the extreme left, I was not sure whether or not my flank was in danger. At this moment one of our men who had dropped out, arrived with the information (fortunately false) that Wood was dead. Of course, this meant that the command devolved upon me, and I hastily set about taking charge of the regiment. I had been particularly struck by the coolness and courage shown by Sergeants Dame and McIlhenny, and sent them out with small pickets to keep watch in front and to the left of the left wing. I sent other men to fill the canteens with water, and threw the rest out in a long line in a disused sunken road, which gave them cover, putting two or three wounded men, who had hitherto kept up with the fighting-line, and a dozen men who were suffering from heat exhaustion—for the fighting and running under that blazing sun through the thick dry jungle was heart-breaking—into the ranch buildings. Then I started over toward the main body, but to my delight encountered Wood himself, who told me the fight was over and the Spaniards had retreated. He also informed me that other troops were just coming up. The first to appear was a squadron of the Ninth Cavalry, under Major Dimick, which had hurried up to get into the fight, and was greatly disappointed to find it over. They took post in front of our lines, so that our tired men were able to get a rest, Captain McBlain, of the Ninth, good-naturedly giving us some points as to the best way to station our outposts. Then General Chaffee, rather glum at not having been in the fight himself, rode up at the head of some of his infantry, and I marched my squadron back to where the rest of the regiment was going into camp, just where the two trails came together, and beyond—that is, on the Santiago side of—the original Spanish lines.

The Rough Riders had lost eight men killed and thirty-four wounded, aside from two or three who were merely scratched and whose wounds were not reported. The First Cavalry, white, lost seven men killed and eight wounded; the Tenth Cavalry, colored, one man killed and ten wounded; so, out of 964 men engaged on our side, 16 were killed and 52 wounded. The Spaniards were under General Rubin, with, as second in command, Colonel Alcarez. They had two guns, and eleven companies of about a hundred men each: three belonging to the Porto Rico regiment, three to the San Fernandino, two to the Talavero, two being so-called mobilized companies from the mineral districts, and one a company of engineers; over twelve hundred men in all, together with two guns.  

General Rubin reported that he had repulsed the American attack, and Lieutenant Tejeiro states in his book that General Rubin forced the Americans to retreat, and enumerates the attacking force as consisting of three regular regiments of infantry, the Second Massachusetts and the Seventy-first New York (not one of which fired a gun or were anywhere near the battle), in addition to the sixteen dismounted troops of cavalry. In other words, as the five infantry regiments each included twelve companies, he makes the attacking force consist of just five times the actual amount. As for the "repulse," our line never went back ten yards in any place, and the advance was practically steady; while an hour and a half after the battle began we were in complete possession of the entire Spanish position, and their troops were fleeing in masses down the road, our men being too exhausted to follow them.

General Rubin also reports that he lost but seven men killed. This is certainly incorrect, for Captain O'Neil and I went over the ground very carefully and counted eleven dead Spaniards, all of whom were actually buried by our burying squads. There were probably two or three men whom we missed, but I think that our official reports are incorrect in stating that forty-two dead Spaniards...
were found; this being based upon reports in which I think some of the Spanish dead were counted two or three times. Indeed, I should doubt whether their loss was as heavy as ours, for they were under cover, while we advanced, often in the open, and their main lines fled long before we could get to close quarters. It was a very difficult country, and a force of good soldiers resolutely handled could have held the pass with ease against two or three times their number. As it was, with a force half of regulars and half of volunteers, we drove out a superior number of Spanish regular troops, stronger posted, without suffering a very heavy loss. Although the Spanish fire was very heavy, it does not seem to me it was very well directed; and though they fired with great spirit while we merely stood at a distance and fired at them, they did not show much resolution, and when we advanced, always went back long before there was any chance of our coming into contact with them. Our men behaved very well indeed—white regulars, colored regulars, and Rough Riders alike. The newspaper press failed to do full justice to the white regulars, in my opinion, from the simple reason that everybody knew that they would fight, whereas there had been a good deal of question as to how the Rough Riders, who were volunteer troops, and the Tenth Cavalry, who were colored, would behave; so there was a tendency to exalt our deeds at the expense of those of the First Regulars, whose courage and good conduct were taken for granted. It was a trying fight beyond what the losses show, for it is hard upon raw soldiers to be pitted against an unseen foe, and to advance steadily when their comrades are falling around them, and when they can only occasionally see a chance to retaliate. Wood's experience in fighting Apaches stood him in good stead. An entirely raw man at the head of the regiment, conducting, as Wood was, what was practically an independent fight would have been in a very trying position. The fight cleared the way toward Santiago, and we experienced no further resistance.

That afternoon we made camp and dined, subsisting chiefly on a load of beans which we found on one of the Spanish mules which had been shot. We also looked after the wounded. Dr. Church had himself gone out to the firing-line during the fight, and carried to the rear some of the worst wounded on his back or in his arms. Those who could walk had walked into where the little field-hospital of the regiment was established on the trail. We found all our dead and all the badly wounded. Around one of the latter the big, hideous land-crabs had gathered in a gruesome ring, waiting for life to be extinct. One of our own men and most of the Spanish dead had been found by the vultures before we got to them; and their bodies were mangled, the eyes and wounds being torn.

The Rough Rider who had been thus treated was in Bucky O'Neill's troop; and as we looked at the body, O'Neill turned to me and asked, "Colonel, isn't it Whitman who says of the vultures that 'they pluck the eyes of princes and tear the flesh of kings?'" I answered that I could not place the quotation. Just a week afterward we were shielding his own body from the birds of prey.

One of the men who fired first, and who displayed conspicuous gallantry was a Cherokee half-breed named Isabel. He was hit seven times, and of course had to go back to the States. Before he rejoined us at Montauk Point he had gone through a little private war of his own; for on his return he found that a cow-boy named Davis had gone off with his sweetheart, and in the fight that ensued he shot Davis. Another man of L Troop who also showed marked gallantry was Elliott Cowdin. The men of the plains and mountains were trained by life-long habit to look on life and death with iron philosophy. As I passed by a couple of tall, lank, Oklahoma cow-punchers, I heard one say, "Well, some of the boys got it in the neck!" to which the other answered with the grim plains proverb of the South: "Many a good horse dies."

We improvised litters, and carried the more sorely wounded back to Siboney that afternoon and the next morning; the others walked. One of the men who had been most severely wounded was Edward Marshall, the correspondent, and he showed as much heroism as any soldier in the whole army. He was shot through the
spine, a terrible and very painful wound, which we supposed meant that he would surely die; but he made no complaint of any kind, and while he retained consciousness persisted in dictating the story of the fight. A very touching incident happened in the improvised open-air hospital after the fight, where the wounded were lying. They did not groan, and made no complaint, trying to help one another. One of them suddenly began to hum, "My Country 'tis of Thee," and one by one the others joined in the chorus, which swelled out through the tropic woods, where the victors lay in camp beside their dead. I did not see any sign among the fighting men, whether wounded or unwounded, of the very complicated emotions assigned to their kind by some of the realistic modern novelists who have written about battles. At the front everyone behaved quite simply and took things as they came, in a matter-of-course way; but there was doubtless, as is always the case, a good deal of panic and confusion in the rear where the wounded, the stragglers, a few of the packers, and two or three newspaper correspondents were, and in consequence the first reports sent back to the coast were of a most alarming character, describing, with minute inaccuracy, how we had run into an ambush, etc. The packers with the mules which carried the rapid-fire guns were among those who ran, and they let the mules go in the jungle; in consequence the guns were never even brought to the firing-line, and only Fred Herrig's skill as a trailer enabled us to recover them. By patient work he followed up the mules' tracks in the forest until he found the animals.

Among the wounded who walked to the temporary hospital at Siboney was the trooper, Rowland, of whom I spoke before. There the doctors examined him, and decreed that his wound was so serious that he must go back to the States. This was enough for Rowland, who waited until nightfall and then escaped, slipping out of the window and making his way back to camp with his rifle and pack, though his wound must have made all movement very painful to him. After this, we felt that he was entitled to stay, and he never left us for a day, distinguishing himself again in the fight at San Juan.

Next morning we buried seven dead Rough Riders in a grave on the summit of the trail, Chaplain Brown reading the solemn burial service of the Episcopalians, while the men stood around with bared heads and joined in singing, "Rock of Ages." Vast numbers of vultures were wheeling round and round in great circles through the blue sky overhead. There could be no more honorable burial than that of these men in a common grave—Indian and cow-boy, miner, packer and college athlete—the man of unknown ancestry from the lonely Western plains, and the man who carried on his watch the crests of the Hamiltons and the Fishes, one in the way they had met death, just as during life they had been one in their daring and their loyalty.

On the afternoon of the 25th we moved on a couple of miles, and camped in a marshy open spot close to a beautiful stream. Here we lay for several days. Captain Lee, the British attaché, spent some time with us; we had begun to regard him as almost a member of the regiment. Count Von Götzten, the German attaché, another good fellow, also visited us. General Young was struck down with the fever, and Wood took charge of the brigade. This left me in command of the regiment, of which I was very glad, for such experience as we had had is a quick teacher. By this time the men and I knew one another, and I felt able to make them do themselves justice in march or battle. They understood that I paid no heed to where they came from; no heed to their creed, politics, or social standing; that I would care for them to the utmost of my power, but that I demanded the highest performance of duty; while in return I had seen them tested, and knew I could depend absolutely on their courage, hardihood, obedience, and individual initiative.

There was nothing like enough transportation with the army, whether in the way of wagons or mule-trains; exactly as there had been no sufficient number of landing-boats with the transports. The officers' baggage had come up, but none of us had much, and the shelter-tents proved only a partial protection against the terrific downpours of rain. These occurred almost every afternoon, and turned the camp into a tarn, and the trails
into torrents and quagmires. We were not given quite the proper amount of food, and what we did get, like most of the clothing issued us, was fitter for the Klondike than for Cuba. We got enough salt pork and hardtack for the men, but not the full ration of coffee and sugar, and nothing else. I organized a couple of expeditions back to the sea-coast, taking the strongest and best walkers and also some of the officers' horses and a stray mule or two, and brought back beans and canned tomatoes. These I got partly by great exertions on my part, and partly by the aid of Colonel Weston of the Commissary Department, a particularly energetic man whose services were of great value. A silly regulation forbade my purchasing canned vegetables, etc., except for the officers; and I had no little difficulty in getting round this regulation, and purchasing (with my own money, of course) what I needed for the men.

One of the men I took with me on one of these trips was Sherman Bell, the former Deputy Marshal of Cripple Creek, and Wells Fargo Express rider. In coming home with his load, through a blinding storm, he slipped and opened the old rupture. The agony was very great and one of his comrades took his load. He himself, sometimes walking, and sometimes crawling, got back to camp, where Dr. Church fixed him up with a spike bandage, but informed him that he would have to be sent back to the States when an ambulance came along. The ambulance did not come until the next day, which was the day before we marched to San Juan. It arrived after nightfall, and as soon as Bell heard it coming, he crawled out of the hospital tent into the jungle, where he lay all night; and the ambulance went off without him. The men shielded him just as school-boys would shield a companion, carrying his gun, belt, and bedding; while Bell kept out of sight until the column started, and then staggered along behind it. I found him the morning of San Juan fight. He told me that he wanted to die fighting, if die he must, and I hadn't the heart to send him back. He did splendid service that day, and afterward in the trenches, and though the rupture opened twice again, and on each occasion he was within a hair's breadth of death, he escaped, and came back with us to the United States.

The army was camped along the valley, ahead of and behind us, our outposts being established on either side. From the generals to the privates all were eager to march against Santiago. At daybreak, when the tall palms began to show dimly through the rising mist, the scream of the cavalry trumpets tore the tropic dawn; and in the evening, as the bands of regiment after regiment played the "Star-Spangled Banner," all, officers and men alike, stood with heads uncovered, wherever they were, until the last strains of the anthem died away in the hot sunset air.

(To be continued.)

THE CUB REPORTER AND THE KING OF SPAIN

By Jesse Lynch Williams

A MR. KNOX sat swinging a pair of good legs over the end of the dock at the foot of East Twenty-sixth Street, smoking vile cigarettes and wishing something would happen. Small monotonous waves slapped the green-coated piles below, which smelled oozy. Out in the channel ferry-boats and tugs tooted in a self-important manner, but Mr. Knox yawned and would not look up at them; and that is the way he spent most of his time.

He had learned that when it was flood-tide the incoming Thirty-fourth Street ferry-boats headed away down the river as if for his dock, just as the patient Twenty-third Streeters pretended to want to land above him when the tide was pulling out. He knew who were the owners of the steam-yachts anchoring there in Kip's Bay; and he could tell many of the harbor tugs and all the Sound steamers by their whistles. That was why he would
not look up unless he heard a new voice come across the water. All this bored him exceedingly.

Hamilton J. Knox had been one of the great men of his day, which was a year or two ago, when in college. He was in the World now. Therefore he was not even a man, it seemed, but a boy learning things about the relative importance of the inhabitants of this planet which all American youths should learn, for those who do not usually live to regret it.

But the contrast in this boy's case was more dramatic, because he had been Hammie Knox, the wondrous half-back of the best foot-ball team in the Western Hemisphere, and had made the winning run of the final game before 20,000 excited people; and this was the greatest romantic glory given to man—at that time, which was shortly before the Spanish war. He had been fondled and fussed over by his friends, and pointed out and stared at by everyone else, and his picture was printed, four-columns wide, in the newspaper on whose staff he was now one of the least important reporters, where he had to say Sir to the man who had respectfully sought the favor of an interview with him on the day the championship was won, and who now riddled and ridiculed his copy and seemed not to appreciate the significance of a gold foot-ball worn on the watch-chain.

Instead of letting his hair grow long and travelling around the country in a special car to play beautiful foot-ball, he had to stay still most of the day in a remote corner of the dreary edge of the city and look at dead bodies. These were brought to a low, ugly building in a black wagon, which unloaded quickly and then trotted off up Twenty-sixth Street, past the gray gates of Bellevue Hospital, after more.

When they first gave him the Morgue and Coroner's Office—they told him it was an advance to have a regular department—he used to stand inside the receiving room and watch. But even his interest in dead bodies had died now that they had become part of his business. So usually he only yawned and called out from his seat in the sun, "Anything good, Tom," without stopping his legs. Tom, the driver, generally said, "Naw, only a floater from North River," with some contempt, for Tom was blasé; a good murder was what he appreciated, an Italian murder, with much cutting.

Murders were what Knox wanted, too, murders or suicides with romantic interest; but when it was a good story the police head-quarters man had already been sent out on it, or else some of the crack general-work reporters, while Knox was left to follow up the dull routine part of it, with the other Morgue and Coroner's Office men, to find out when the inquest was to be held, by which more-or-less Americanized coroner, etc.; then to come back to the monotonous Morgue and observe the people who came to look at the dead face. "Watch their eyes when the cover is first taken off—maybe you can catch the murderer yourself," said the crack reporter, striding off impressively with the Central Office detectives. But such delights never came to Hamilton Knox, who sighed and went back to his seat on the string-piece of the morgue dock, snapped cigarette butts with yellow-stained fingers at the foolish, futile waves, and wished there was a war, so he could go as a correspondent and do big things and get decorated for bravery.

In reporting, as in everything else, to learn your job you have to begin at a dreary bottom. Even if there had been a war just then, no paper would have sent Knox, because he was not good enough. Besides, he was not modelled for a newspaper man in the first place, as will be made clear.

I

On one day in every seven he was not a newspaper man. Wednesday was his day off. He always arose early and dressed excitedly, instead of sleeping late, as most working people do on a holiday; then putting a pipe in his pocket, he took the L train for Cortlandt Street, jumped on the ferry, and when in the middle of the stream carefully doubled up his newspaper, gravely threw it far from him into the boiling wake of the screws, and stuck his hands in his pockets, smiling vindictively. Then, turning his back on New York, he stepped gayly off the ferry, jumped into a familiar train, went down to a certain rural university, and strutted for twenty-four hours.

Here he was not a Mr. Knox, one of
The young reporters, but Hammie Knox, the old star half-back; he was not sworn at over the telephone for falling down on news, but joyously grabbed and welcomed by those who knew him well enough, and stared at and worshipped by those who did not dare, and it felt very good. But on a certain Wednesday morning he left his pipe in another coat.

He had, as usual, cast himself comfortably into a whole seat in the smoking-car; but when he felt in his pockets he only found some copy paper, which had been there for weeks.

He could not smoke, nor were there any other "old" graduates to talk to on the way down. No novels or newspapers are sold on these trains after leaving, and his own paper was floating down the bay, unread (and that alone shows he would never make a newspaper man) ; so, as he could not even read, he took out the copy paper, and decided to write something, with a view to passing away the time and earning his expenses. He was far enough away from the depressing influence of the City Room to feel confidence in his own powers once more, and he made up his mind to show them what he could do with an open field and no one to hinder him. He might not be a war correspondent; but this is what he wrote while Newark, Elizabeth, Rahway, Metuchen, and New Brunswick scurried by the window:

PRINCETON, N. J., 8.30 P.M. [Special].—The King of Spain was burned in effigy here to-night, amid great excitement on the part of the entire student body. The demonstration began with a mass meeting, held on the campus around the historic cannon, a relic of the American Revolution and a fit emblem for the sentiment of the occasion, which was "Cuba Libre."

The brutal policy of Spain and her farcical reforms were vehemently denounced, and the cause of Cuba's independence was enthusiastically extolled. The gathering then formed itself into a large procession which paraded the town, bearing transparencies on which were inscribed various anti-Spanish and pro-Cuban sentiments. At one point in the proceedings the Spanish colors were deliberately dragged in the streets. This act was cheered vociferously.

The procession then returned to the college grounds, where a huge bonfire had been prepared. The leaders of the movement, assisted by a prominent alumnus who does not wish his name used, then produced an effigy of Alfonso XIII. in royal apparel, which was hurled upon the flames amidst numerous hisses and yells.

He continued in this vein as far as Monmouth Junction, repeating himself occasionally, and enjoying it all very much because he was not hampered by any fool facts. This was a much nicer way: write your facts first and make them afterward. He had no doubt of his ability to do this latter; that was merely incidental. There was about a half-column so far, he estimated; and this, at $6 per column, would more than cover the $2.40 spent for the round-trip ticket. As for food and bed, he considered it beneath him to pay for such things on these visits. Still, he would have written more, but just then the old familiar sky-line of towers and distant trees swung out, making his heart jump as it always did. So he wound up quickly with, "At a late hour to-night the embers of the fire were still glowing brightly," which he considered an artistic ending, and signed his name.

"It'll do 'em good," he said to himself, as he stepped off the train at Princeton Junction. "They need stirring up down here. They are getting too well-behaved. They are not the real thing as when I was in college, these boys," he indulgently added; for, being only three miles away, he was beginning to feel his years.

He folded up the MS., stuck it in his pocket, and thought no more about it for awhile, because here was an American Express boy reverently touching his hat and the conductor of the junction train delightfully saluting him by his first name; and in a few minutes more Knox was swaggering up across the campus, with chest puffed out and a scowl on his face, no longer a reporter, but a hero, whose arrival would soon be announced throughout the under-graduate world, for a group of under-classmen, passing along a near-by street had sighted his shoulders from a distance of two hundred yards and said, "That's Hammie Knox."

It was always a little sudden, this transition from what he was in town to what he was in college; and Knox, passing by a couple of awed little town-boys who turned and gazed after him until he was out of sight, had his usual dizzy sensation. But he knew he would get the old campus feeling and would snap back into his proper place again as soon as he could shed his derby hat for a cap and could stick a pipe in his mouth.
So, absent-mindedly knocking a tutor off the walk in his haste, he proceeded to what was formerly his room and threw his suit-case at the bedroom portiere and reached down a cap from the antlers and picked out a congenial-looking pipe from the mantel-piece. The room had again changed hands recently, and he did not know the name of the present occupant, but that did not matter; the latter would see the initials on the suit-case and boast about it afterward. Emitting a loud "wow!" which had been accumulating for six days, Hamilton Knox darted down the noisy entry-stairs and out upon the campus, himself again.

First he strode across the quadrangle—it was an entirely different gait from that of the young man who went from the Criminal Court Building to Newspaper Row—and on down to the University Athletic Field; drifting into the cage to look over the base-ball candidates, who, by the way, found time to look at him. The trainer spied him first, and came running over to shake his hand. "It does me good to see you," he said. Meanwhile the captain dropped his bat and strode across to welcome him, and stood beside him awhile to ask his opinion of the material, which Knox gave; and at the close of the practice, "You are going to lunch with us, aren't you, Hammie?" the captain asked. Hammie said he would.

"Yes, you are right—he's taking on weight," whispered one of the candidates to another, as they followed the ex-half-back out of the dressing-room.

After luncheon he leisurely floated up to the campus again, with a bunch of upper-classmen about him. When he reached the corner of Reunion Hall, he suddenly snapped his fingers, and said, "That's so; I forgot," and, leaving his friends for a moment, stepped into the office of the college daily. "Give me some chalk, will you, please?" he said.

Two under-classmen editors started for it, and nearly tripped over each other; but perceiving that the managing editor, a senior, was also hurrying, they sat humbly down, and hoped the managing editor would not store their presumption up against them.

The mighty one took the chalk, said "Thanks, old man," and strode out to where the bulletin-board hangs outside the office-window. Then he wrote:

He blew the chalk-dust off his fingers, and rejoined the group by the lamp-post, who were now smiling admiringly. Then, throwing his arms over some of their shoulders, he said, "Come on, let's push over to the inn."

Those who had the time to spare followed along in the wake, and several who did not. "He was always a great horse-player, you know," whispered those in the rear.

Knox knew what to expect of the crowd he would find at the inn, so when several "Yea! Hammie!"'s and then a long cheer, with "Ham. Knox" on the end, greeted his entrance to the grill-room, he merely smiled kindly, and as soon as he had said hello to some of them by their first names, hit others on their shoulders or heads, and "How are you, old man?"'ed the rest, he remarked, casually, in the silence he had known would come: "Great scheme you fellows have for to-night." He had winked at his companions.

Those at the tables looked at each other vaguely, and then at him. "What scheme's that, Hammie?"

"I mean the big bonfire, of course, and burning Blanco in effigy, and all that—or is it Alfonso? It seems a reasonable idea. You can count me in all right, all right. But if I were you I'd have a mass meeting first, with horse speeches and all the old Fresh-fire stunts, then a parade. I remember way back in my freshman year, when—why, what's the matter? Haven't you fellows heard about it?"
They had not heard about it.

"This gang is dead slow!" pronounced the prominent alumnus, cruelly. "There's a great big notice on the Princetonian bulletin-board. Why, up on the campus everybody is talking about it." (they were by this time), "while you fellows are sitting here wasting away your glorious half-holiday. You don't appreciate the opportunities of a college course. Just wait till you get out into the wide world and hustle for yourselves. You're getting effete. You're losing the old Princeton spirit. You don't do things the way we did when we were in college. Good-by. I think I'll have to be going——"

"Wait, wait a minute, you old graduate," said one of the gang, somewhat familiarly. "We want to be in it, of course, if there's going to be any fun. Tell us all about it."

Knox did. In half an hour they were lettering transparencies and painting flags and making an inflammable king, while Knox, who said he was sorry he didn't have time to do any of the work, went on over to a room in Witherspoon, where he knew he would find a certain gang playing a game of whist, which he broke up. . . . Now, with these two crowds interested, and the news having gone forth that he approved of the idea, the enterprise was safe, so he spent the rest of the afternoon drifting about the place basking.

II

It began soon after dinner. First a window in West College was lowered, and a big voice bellowed, "Heads out! Fresh Fire."

Every college community has an unpublished code-book. In this one these words no longer refer to a certain custom, now defunct, nor to any sort of fire necessarily; they merely signify abstractly that there is about to be some noise and disorder, usually called horse.

Another voice, across the quadrangle—a shrill one this time—yelled, "Fresh Fi-er-r! Heads out! Everybody, heads out!!"

Other windows opened, and other voices echoed the cry earnestly. A megaphone was poked out of one of the back campus rooms. Coach-horns and bicycle bugles had already begun their work. Shot-guns were banging. All this by way of prelude.

Now the various dormitory stairs began to rattle and entry doors to slam. Dark forms shot across the bars of light on their way to the cannon, the centre of the quadrangle and of campus activity. Most of the voices were out-door voices now. "Everybody come—yea-a," shouted many; and suddenly there sounded, "Rar! ray! ray! tiger, siss, boom, ah, Cuba Libre." It was greeted with many prolonged yea-as and yells. Transparencies, flags, and banners appeared from some place. Each of these was welcomed.

Within five minutes the bulk of the undergraduate body was there. Bowles, the young man whose duty it was to be funny on glee-club trips, mounted the cannon; he commenced an oration beginning, "The war must go on," which referred originally to the Revolutionary war. But that did not make enough noise. A couple of hundred of the others joined hands and began to dance in a circle around him, making him dizzy and drowning out his words. They were shouting "Cuba Libre." Also they yelled, "To hell with Spain."

Then a hoarse authoritative voice, which all recognized as the old half-back's, produced a moderate hush. "Now, fellows," it commanded, "let's pee-rade!" Accordingly, everybody shouted "Yea-a" and paraded. Knox had intended to have some more speeches, but he had forgotten that part. He loved parades. The procession formed itself automatically. They proceeded in lock-step to Nassau Street, where they spread out in open rank, put their hands on each other's shoulders, and chasséd abreast zigzag up the street, yelling pleasantly and unintermittently as they did so. They marched over very much the same route that class reunions take in June, only, instead of singing, "Nassau, Nassau, sing out the chorus free," they sang, "Cubaw, Cubaw, sing out for Cuba Libre;" and instead of cheering for class numerals, they shouted, "What's the matter with Alfonso? He's all right—nit," and other "anti-Spanish sentiments."

The townspeople, the same old patient townspeople, came to the doors and win-
dows and looked on with the same expressions they have been wearing, from generation to generation, ever since Washington led his victorious men into old North. Knox, dressed in a 'Varsity sweater and somebody's stolen duck trousers, was, of course, at the lead. His head was thrown back, and he was having a serene, contented time, oblivious to the Morgue and everything urban, until suddenly, on the way back to the campus, the office of the Western Union Telegraph Company came within his horizon. Then he remembered the despatch in his pocket. Don't you see he was never meant for a newspaper man?

He snatched out his MS., and hastily glanced down the pages by the electric light of the street. "By Jove, I forgot all about the Spanish flag," he exclaimed, clapping his hand to the wad under his sweater. They had reached the campus gate now, and he felt that it was the psychological moment; he ought to lead them in and light the fire, but he did not like to cross out that part about the Spanish flag. Besides, it might make it less than $2.40 worth. "We'll march down to the School of Science and back first," shouted Knox, shoving his copy into his pocket.

"Hammie says down to the School of Science first. Down to the School of Science, fellows." It was repeated down the line.

Meanwhile Knox whipped out the yellow and red flag, and with a joyous yell ran over to the edge of the street and trailed it in the gutter, which happened just then to be occupied by water and notorious Jersey mud. The flag became so muddy that Knox dropped it. Then the whole procession marched over it delightedly.

"So far my stuff is all pat," said Knox to himself, as the procession turned back; "and I can trust them to carry out the rest of it." Excluding himself, he ran over to the telegraph-office, filed his despatch just about as they were to close up, and hurried back to the campus in time to light the goodly pile of timber which had been gathered by faithful Freshmen and soaked with kerosene.

It flared up beautifully and roared, and lighted up the bleak back campus in the rear of Witherspoon Hall; and the mad undergraduate mob began dancing and howling and throwing on more wood. A moment later, at a signal from Knox, a dozen fellows dashed around the corner of Witherspoon and down the terrace with a stuffed foot-ball suit. It had a yellow and red Lord Fauntleroy sash and a 'Tam o' Shanter cap on its wooden painted head, around which hung a placard reading, "Handle with care—one king of Spain!" This they carried three times around through the crowd, which yelled joyously when the king was dumped on the top of the flames. He was soaked with kerosene and crackled up cheerfully. So they yelled, "To hell with Spain." Ditto with Alfonso; ditto Weyler; ditto Blanco; ditto Spain, Weyler, and Alfonso—and gave three times three for Cuba and themselves.

At this point the university police charged down valiantly and dispersed the mob. Knox did not care; his story was now O. K. The police had seen the bulletin-board, and could doubtless have been more effective if they had torn down the pile before it was lighted; but in that case they would have missed the fun. The undergraduates did not mind being dispersed; the thirst for excitement was about satiated. They shouted, "All over, everybody," and departed, some for bed, some for books, and some for beer. All felt better.

It had given them a little helpful recreation, and a serious young professor, who looked on with note-book in hand, an illustration of "the Theory of the Mob," about which he had studied in Germany. As a matter of fact, there was very little patriotic emotion—or any other kind—"swaying" this gathering, except the desire to let themselves loose and expend the surplus energy of youth, which in certain months of the year cannot express itself in athletics, and yet must come out somehow. But this wise young professor did not understand such primitive motives of action, because he came from a large New England university, where life is an old, old story at nineteen or twenty, and the youth of his set were wont to divert themselves by dissecting their souls and making Meredithian aphorisms and patronizing the universe. He was not accustomed to such boyish spontaneity.
When the time came, and it came soon after this, a goodly number of these same yawning lads went to the front to get shot at, and an equal proportion of the New Englanders likewise, and both did the thing equally well; but at this time, down there in their academic seclusion, they did not care so very much about Cuba, and knew less. They were too full of their own undergraduate interests to feel very strongly on such trivial matters as monarchical tyranny or international complications. When they had time to read the papers they generally turned over to the athletic column. But they had no objection to burning Alfonso or anybody else in effigy, if Hamilton Knox said so; and they pronounced it very good horse, and went to sleep prepared to forget all about it, and so did young Knox, who, next morning arose early, caught the 7.10 for New York, stepped yawningly upon a cross-town car for East Twenty-Sixth Street, and found the little monotonous waves still slapping and swashing against the piles of the dock. The smell was just the same.

The paper he had bought on the trip to New York, showed his story on the first page, leaded, and hardly changed at all. He was pleased, but it had about worn off by this time. So he went out to his old place, lighted a cigarette, swung his legs, and wished he could do something. But he had done something.

III

Hamilton Knox's paper knew, as all the newspapers knew, that a crisis was impending. The despatch was an interesting commentary on the most momentous topic of the hour. In other words, it was pronounced "good news" by the night editor, who had immediately telegraphed, "Send half-col. more details, what was on transparencies, etc., stay down there until further notice." That was about the time Hamilton and his young friends were appreciating well-earned rest and refreshment in the grill-room, which was long after the telegraph office windows became dark. The telegram was returned to the editor. So they cursed young Knox, and decided to ask him what he meant by not writing more in the first place.

Now his real reason, it will be remembered, was that the trip from New York to Princeton was not longer; but they forgot all about asking him, because they found the next morning that none of the other papers had a line about it. Young Knox had scored his first beat.

That was something to have done, better than smoking a pipe on the cars at least; but that was not the end of his story.

First, in the offices of every other morning paper in town there were scowls, and unfair remarks about college correspondents; while the afternoon papers were all quietly stealing the despatch for their first editions.

Next, all the big papers, both afternoon and morning editions, began sending men down to Princeton for the good second-day story they thought was there—too good for young Knox, thought his city editor, who let him stay kicking his heels on the dock while the best available man was instructed to "get all the details, names of the speakers, and what they said; secure interviews with the president and dean and the prominent professors, especially the Jingoes. There's a good second-day story in it. These college correspondents don't know anything." The yellow journals despatched "artists" to make pictures of the fire, whose ashes were now cold, and fac-similes of transparencies. So much for the first few hours of the day after Hamilton's holiday.

Meanwhile the New York papers had gone out to the other cities, and the story was clipped and copied, and a hundred clever men all over the East were now writing paragraphs about it. Some praised Princeton's patriotism and some condemned her bad taste, according to the political opinions of the men who paid the writers' salaries. The New York correspondents for Western cities and Western news agencies were flashing the story out to the sections beyond the immediate reach of the fast newspaper trains. But it did not stop there.

The American correspondents for foreign newspapers and news agencies had raised their eyebrows as soon as they saw the head-line. Immediately they began sending deep down under the many miles of waves and water brief accounts of the
holiday doings of Hammie Knox, who sat out on the string-piece of the dock, idly kicking his legs and wishing something would happen.

If will not take long to tell what happened. First the Madrid papers pounced upon it, and then the other important Spanish papers published it with large head-lines, and cabled to London clamoring for more, the Imperial meanwhile writing an inflamed editorial about Yankee pigs, which ran sputtering and exploding like a string of fire-crackers out through the provinces. Spread heads popped out in the morning, like mushrooms, on sleepy old papers in the interior of which no one ever heard before.

That the students at the University of Madrid held an indignation meeting. There were speeches which began like the rolling of potatoes out of barrels, which ended with the sound of many sawmills fighting. All the American flags in the place were torn into shreds, ground into the earth, spat upon. American citizens were jostled on the streets. There was a small-sized riot at the Café Sebastian. Minister Woodford stayed indoors all day, at request. Sagasta's hair bristled.


Now the "second-day" stories were published. From a news point of view they fizzled out. "The university faculty," cabled the foreign correspondents, "profess surprise, and even amusement, that so much has been made of so small a matter. They seem to be trying to show that it was only a boyish prank, not an official university expression. They say it meant nothing."

Now, the Latin races are notoriously humorless. This last bulletin was all that was needed to make them froth at the mouth. "Meant nothing! Does our sacred honor mean nothing? Ah, ha! The Yankee pigs are now afraid. They would belittle this unforgettable insult. They now tremble with fear," etc.

At this point the affair came into diplomatic existence. The correspondents had to wait for the cable. "Government business," they were informed. Something in cipher was cabled from Madrid to Señor De Lome's successor at Washington. He rang for his carriage, told the coachman with yellow and red facings on his livery to drive to the French ambassador's—"pronto!—quickly!"

The ponderous jaws of international conversation had begun to work. They worked all that day and most of the night.

The next day in the Cortes Señor Somebody-or-Other made that now historic speech, the one ending: "And if it is thus the youth in their universities of learning are taught, the time has now come when it is necessary for us as a nation of honor to teach yonder insolent nation of pigs what Spanish honor means, and what it means to insult it! . . . Our forefathers . . . ! Honor to the death! . . . B-r-r-r," etc.; and they all screamed, gnashed their teeth, and shook themselves to pieces in their interesting Latin way. Then came the long-delayed action in regard to the demands of the United States. The vote was taken; the measure was defeated. The rest is history, as well known as the cub reporter's part in it is little known.

At 9.40 P.M. on February 15th, the Maine was blown up. On April 20th came our ultimatum. On April 21st the managing editor said, "Mr. Knox, you are to join the dispatch-boat at Tampa in forty-eight hours; get vaccinated and start this evening." But Hamilton declined. There was something better to do now.

Out upon the taffrail of a crowded transport, sat Trooper Knox swinging a pair of hardened legs and smoking a dirty pipe. He was about to have a chance at what he was best suited for, and he was chatting happily with his bunkie. "Newspaper work is no good," he confided; "they don't give you a chance to run with the ball."
SOME POLITICAL REMINISCENCES

By George F. Hoar
Senator from Massachusetts

I have been asked to contribute to Scribner's Magazine some recollections of the political events of the past fifty years in which I have taken part. It seemed best to tell the story of the four national conventions of which I was a member in one paper. The present and some of the following papers will deal with events which occurred much earlier. Such recollections, even if they come from persons whose truth nobody would question, and relate to most important and striking transactions, are often quite untrustworthy.

I have heard many strange stories from historical investigators of the conflict with each other and with the record in the narratives of eye-witnesses of great events. Such stories are to be received with great caution, unless the narrator make his record close to the time. But as I shall tell my story with full consciousness of this infirmity, I may perhaps hope in a large degree to have guarded against it.

Another thing I ought to say: If I seem to claim too large a share for myself or my near kindred in any transaction, it must be remembered that the share of the story-teller or of his near kindred in important events is apt always to appear large to him. He must describe the transaction as he sees it, or his picture is likely to be not only false but colorless. But I will state nothing of which I do not feel sure, and that I cannot in nearly every case confirm by contemporary records or memory of impartial witnesses.

I became of age at just about the time when the Free Soil Party, which was the Republican Party in another form, was born. In a very humble capacity I stood by its cradle. It awakened in my heart in early youth all the enthusiasm of which my nature was capable, an enthusiasm which from that day to this has never grown cold. No political party in history was ever formed for objects so great and noble. And no political party in history was ever so great in its accomplishment for Liberty, Progress, and Law.

I breathed a pure and bracing atmosphere in those days. It was a time of plain living and high thinking. It was a pretty good education, better than that of any university, to be a young Free Soiler in Massachusetts. I had pretty good company, not in the least due to any merit or standing of my own, but only because the men who were enlisted for the war in the great political battle against slavery were bound to each other by a tie to which no freemasonry could be compared. Samuel G. Howe used, when his duties brought him to Worcester on his monthly visit, to spend an hour or two of an afternoon in my office. I was always welcome to an hour's converse with Charles Allen, the man who gave the signal at Philadelphia for breaking away from the Whig Party. Erastus Hopkins occasionally spent a Sunday with me at my boarding-house. When I went to Boston I often spent an hour in Richard Dana's office, and was sure of a kindly greeting if I chanced to encounter Sumner. The restless and ubiquitous Henry Wilson, who, as he gathered and inspired the sentiment of the people, seemed often to be in ten places at once, used to think it worth his while to visit me to find out what the boys were thinking of. In 1851 I was made chairman of the Free Soil county committee of Worcester County. I do not think there was ever so good a political organization in the country before, or that there ever has been a better one since. The Free Soilers carried all but six, I think, of the fifty-two towns in that county. I was in correspondence with the leading men in every one of them, and could at any time summon them to Worcester, if there were need.

We acquired by the Mexican War nearly six hundred thousand square miles of territory. When the treaty was signed, the struggle began between freedom and slavery for the control of this imperial do-
main. No reader of the history of Massachusetts will doubt her interest in such a struggle. Three things stood in the way of lovers of liberty in the Commonwealth.

First, the old attachment to the Whig party;
Second, her manufacturing interests; and
Third, her devotion to Daniel Webster.

Massachusetts was a Whig State. There were many things which tended to give that great political organization a permanent hold on her people. Its standard of personal character was of the highest. Its leading men—Saltonstall, Reed, Lawrence, Lincoln, Briggs, Allen, Ashmun, Choate, Winthrop, Davis, Everett, and their associates—were men whose private and public honor was without a stain. Its political managers were not its holders of office or its seekers of office. It contained a large body of able and influential men who wielded the power of absolute disinterestedness. They were satisfied if they could contribute, by counsel or labor, to the well-being of the State by the advancement of their cherished political principles. They asked no other reward. The Whigs were in favor of using wisely, but courageously, the forces of the Nation and State to accomplish public objects for which private powers or municipal powers were inadequate. The Whigs desired to develop manufacture by national protection; to foster internal improvements and commerce by liberal grants for rivers and harbors; to endow railroads and canals for public ways by grants of public lands and from the treasury; to maintain a sound currency; and to establish a uniform system for the collection of debts, and for relieving debtors by a National bankruptcy law.

The Whig policy had made Massachusetts known the world over as the model Commonwealth. It had lent the State's credit to railroads. It had established asylums for the blind and insane and deaf and dumb, and had made liberal gifts to schools. The Massachusetts courts were unsurpassed in the world. Her poor laws were humane. All her administrative policies were wise, sound, and economical.

They asked from the National Government only a system of protection that should foster home manufacture, and that they might pursue their commercial and manufacturing occupations in peace.

Daniel Webster was the idol of the people. He was at the fulness of his great intellectual power. The series of speeches and professional and political achievements which began with the oration at Plymouth in 1820 was still in progress. The Whigs of Massachusetts disliked slavery; but they loved the Union. Their political gospel was found in Webster's reply to Hayne and his great debates with Calhoun. It was the one heart's desire of the youth of Massachusetts that their beloved idol and leader should be crowned with the great office of the Presidency.

Mr. Webster tried to avert the conflict by voting against the treaty with Mexico, by which we acquired our great Western territory; but it came. The Whigs feared the overthrow of the Whig Party. The manufacturer and the merchant dreaded an estrangement that would cause the loss of their Southern trade, and with it all hope of a law that would protect their manufactures.

It was in this condition of things that I cast my first vote in November, 1847, shortly after I became of age. The Whig party was already divided into two sections, one known as "Cotton Whigs," and the other as "Conscience Whigs." These names had been suggested in a debate in the State Senate in which Mr. Thomas G. Carey, an eminent Boston merchant, had deprecated some proposed anti-slavery resolutions by saying that they were likely to make an unfavorable impression at the South, and to be an injury to business interests; to which Mr. E. R. Hoar of Middlesex answered, that "he thought it quite as desirable that the Legislature should represent the conscience as the cotton of the Commonwealth."

Both parties struggled for the possession of the Whig organization, and both parties hoped for the powerful support of Mr. Webster. The leader of the manufacturing interest was Mr. Abbott Lawrence, a successful, wealthy manufacturer of great business capacity, large generosity, and princely fortune. He had for some years chafed under Mr. Webster's imperious and arrogant bearing. He was on terms of personal intimacy with Henry
Clay, and was understood to have inspired the resolutions of the Whig State Convention, a few years before, which by implication condemned Mr. Webster for remaining in President Tyler's Cabinet when his Whig colleagues resigned. But the people of Massachusetts stood by Webster. After the ratification of the Ashburton treaty, he had come home to reassert his old title to leadership and to receive an ovation in Faneuil Hall, in which he declared, with a significant glance at Mr. Lawrence, then sitting upon the platform, “I am a Whig, a Massachusetts Whig, a Boston Whig, a Faneuil Hall Whig; and if any man wishes to read me out of the pale of that communion, let him begin here now, and on the spot, and we will see who goes out first.”

The first time I remember seeing Daniel Webster was on June 17, 1843, at Bunker Hill. The students of Harvard, where I was a freshman, had a place in the procession. We marched from Cambridge to Boston, three miles and a half, and stood in our places for hours, and then marched over to Charlestown. We were tired out when the oration began. There was a little wind which carried the sound of Mr. Webster’s voice away from the place where we stood; so it was hard to hear him during the first part of his speech. He spoke slowly and with great deliberation. There was little in the greater part of that weighty discourse to excite a youthful auditor; but the great thing was to look at the great Orator, Waldo Emerson, who was there, said of him:

“His countenance, his figure, and his manners were all in so grand a style that he was, without effort, as superior to his most eminent rivals as they were to the humblest. He alone of all men did not disappoint the eye and the ear, but was a fit figure in the landscape. There was the Monument, and here was Webster. He knew well that a little more or less of rhetoric signified nothing; he was only to say plain and equal things—grand things, if he had them; and if he had them not, only to abstain from saying unfit things—and the whole occasion was answered by his presence.”

He went almost through his weighty discourse without much effect upon his auditors other than that which Emerson so well describes. But the wind changed before he finished, and blew toward the quarter where the boys stood; and he almost lifted them from their feet as his great organ tones rolled out his closing sentences:

“And when both we and our children shall have been consigned to the house appointed for all living, may love of country and pride of country glow with equal fervor among those to whom our names and our blood shall have descended! And then, when honored and decrepit age shall lean against the base of this monument, and troops of ingenious youth shall be gathered round it, and when the one shall speak to the other of its objects, the purposes of its construction, and the great and glorious events with which it is connected, there shall rise from every youthful breast the ejaculation, ‘Thank God, I—I also—am an American!’”

Mr. Webster came to Concord in the summer of 1843 as counsel for William Wyman, President of the Phoenix Bank of Charlestown, who was indicted for embezzling the funds of the bank. This was one of the causes célèbres of the day. Wyman had been a business man of high standing. Such offences were rare in those days, and the case would have attracted great attention whoever had been for the defence. But the defendant’s counsel were Daniel Webster, Rufus Choate, Franklin Dexter, and my brother, E. R. Hoar, a young man lately admitted to the bar. Mr. Webster, notwithstanding his great fame as a statesman, is said never to have lost his eager interest in causes in which he was retained. When he found himself hard pressed, he put forth all his strength. He was extremely impatient of contradiction. The adulation to which he had been so long accustomed tended to increase a natural, and perhaps not wholly unjustifiable, haughtiness of manner.

The Government was represented by Asahel R. Huntington, of Salem, District Attorney for the district which included Essex and Middlesex. He was a man of great intellectual vigor, unquestioned honesty and courage, possessed of a high sense of the dignity and importance of his office, very plain spoken, and not at all likely to be overawed by any opposing counsel, whatever his fame or dignity. Yet he had a huge reverence for Daniel Webster,
whom, like the other Massachusetts Whigs of that day, he probably thought, as another described him—

The foremost living man of all the earth!

The case was tried three times: The first time at Concord, the second at Lowell, and the third at Concord. Mr. Webster had several quite angry encounters with the court and with the prosecuting attorney. He was once exceedingly disrespectful to Judge Washburn, who replied with great mildness that he was sure the eminent counsel’s respect for his own character would be enough to prevent him from any disrespect to the court. Mr. Webster was disarmed by the quiet courtesy of the judge, and gave him no further cause for complaint. At Lowell, where Wyman was convited, Webster saw the case going against him, and interrupted the charge of the judge several times. At last Judge Allen, who was presiding, said: “Mr. Webster, I cannot suffer myself to be interrupted.” Mr. Webster replied: “I cannot suffer my client to be misrepresented.” To which the judge answered, “Sit down, sir.” Mr. Webster resumed his seat. When the jury went out, Judge Allen turned to the bar where Mr. Webster was sitting and said, “Mr. Webster.” Mr. Webster rose with the unsurpassed courtesy and grace of manner of which he was master, and said: “Will the court pardon me a moment?” He then proceeded to express his regret for the zeal which had impelled him to a seeming disrespect to his honor, and expressed his sorrow for what had occurred; and the incident was at an end.

At the first trial at Concord, Mr. Webster had frequent alterations with District Attorney Huntington. In his closing argument, which is said to have been one of great power, and which he began by an eloquent reference to the battle at Concord Bridge, which, he said, was fought by the Concord farmers that their children might enjoy the blessings of an impartial administration of justice under the law, he said that it was unlikely that Wyman could have abstracted these large sums from the bank and no trace of the money be found in his possession. He was a man of small property, living simply and plainly, without extravagant habits or anything which would have been likely to tempt him to such a crime. When Huntington came to reply he said, very roughly: “They want to know what’s become of the money. I can tell you what’s become of the money. Five thousand dollars to one counsel, three thousand dollars to another, two thousand to another,” waving his hand in succession toward Webster and Choate and Dexter. Such fees, though common enough now, seemed enormous in those days. Choate smiled in his peculiar fashion, and said nothing; Franklin Dexter looked up from a newspaper he was reading, and exclaimed, “This is beneath our notice;” but Mr. Webster rose to his feet and said, with great indignation, “Am I to sit here to hear myself charged with sharing the spoils with a thief?” The presiding judge said: “The counsel for the Government will confine himself to the evidence.” That was all. But Mr. Webster was deeply incensed. The jury disagreed. Mr. Webster came to the next trial prepared with an attack on Huntington, in writing, covering many pages, denouncing his method and conduct. This he read to my brother. But Huntington who, as I have said, adored Mr. Webster, was unwilling to have another encounter—not in the least from any dread of his antagonist, but solely from his dislike to have a quarrel with the man on earth he most revered. Accordingly, Mr. Wells, the District Attorney of Greenfield, was called in, who conducted the trial at Lowell and succeeded in getting a conviction. My brother, who was very fond of Huntington, took an occasion some time afterward to tell Mr. Webster how much Huntington regretted the transaction, and how great was his feeling of reverence and attachment for him. Mr. Webster was placated, and afterward, when an edition of his speeches was published, sent a copy to Huntington with an inscription testifying to his respect.

The general reader may not care for the legal history of the trial, but it may have a certain interest for lawyers. Mr. Wyman was indicted for embezzlement of the funds of the bank under the Revised Statutes of Massachusetts, which provided that “if any cashier or other officer, agent or servant of any incorporated bank shall
embezzle or fraudulently convert to his own use the property of the bank, he shall be punished,' etc. It was earnestly contended that a president of a bank was not an officer within the meaning of the statute; but this contention was overruled by the presiding judge, who was sustained in that view by the Supreme Court on exception. There was, however, no such offence as embezzlement known to the common law. So a person who fraudulently converted to his own use the property of another could only be convicted of larceny; and the offence of larceny could not be committed where the offender had been entrusted with the possession of the property converted, the essence of larceny being the felonious taking of the property from the possession of the owner. Further, nobody could be convicted of larceny except on an indictment or complaint which set forth the time and place of each single conversion. So, if a servant or agent appropriated the fund of his principal, the embezzlement extending over a long period of time, and it was not possible to set forth or to prove the time, place, and circumstance of any particular taking, the offender could not be convicted. The statute to which I have just referred was intended to cure both these difficulties: first, by making persons liable to punishment who fraudulently appropriated the property of others, notwithstanding they had come rightfully into possession; and next, the necessity of setting forth the particular transaction was obviated by an enactment that it should be enough to prove the embezzlement of any sum of money within six months after a time to be specified in the indictment.

After the conviction of Wyman, the case was carried to the Supreme Court, which held, as I have said, that the statute making bank officers liable included bank presidents. But the court held that the other part of the statute, providing for the mode of setting forth the offence in the indictment, did not apply to bank officers; and that they could only be held on an indictment which described the particular transaction, with time and place. So the verdict of guilty against Wyman was set aside, and a new trial ordered.

Before the new trial came on at Concord, a statute was passed by the Legislature for the purpose of meeting this very case, extending the provisions of the Revised Statutes as to the mode of pleading in such cases to officers of banks. It was claimed and argued by Mr. Choate, with great zeal, eloquence, and learning, that this was an ex post facto law, which could not, under the Constitution, be made applicable to transactions which happened before its passage. Mr. Choate argued this question for several hours. The court took time for consideration, and overruled his contention. There seemed nothing for it but to go to trial again on the facts, upon which one verdict of guilty had already been had. As they were going into the court-house in the morning, Mr. Choate said to Mr. Hoar, whose chief part in the trial, so far, had been finding the law-books and taking notes of the evidence, "You made a suggestion to me at the last trial which I did not attend to much at the time; but I remember thinking afterward there was something in it." Mr. Hoar replied, "It seems to me that Wyman cannot be convicted of embezzlement unless the funds of the bank were entrusted to him. They must either have been in his actual possession or under his control. There is nothing in the office of president which involves such an authority. It cannot exist unless by the express action of the directors, or as the result of a course of business of the bank." The facts alleged against Wyman were that he had authorized the discount of the notes of some friends of his who were irresponsible, and that he had, in some way, shared the proceeds. Mr. Choate seized upon the suggestion. The Government witnesses, who were chiefly the directors of the bank, were asked in cross-examination whether they had not consented that Mr. Wyman should have the right to dispose of the funds of the bank, or to give him power or authority to dispose of them. They supposed the question was put with the intent of making them morally, if not legally, accomplices in his guilt, or of charging them with want of fidelity or gross carelessness in their own office. Accordingly, each of them indignantly denied the imputation, and testified that Wyman had no power or authority to authorize the discount or to meddle with the funds. When the Government case closed, the
counsel asked the court to rule that as the funds were never entrusted to the possession of Wyman he could not be convicted of embezzlement. The court so held, and directed an acquittal. This is another instance, not unusual in trials in court of the truth of the old rhyme with which the readers of "Quentin Durward" are familiar:

The page slew the boar;
The peer had the gloire.

Mr. Webster always had a strong and kindly regard for my brother. When Mr. Hoar visited Washington in 1836, Webster received him with great kindness, showed him about the Capitol, and took him into the Supreme Court, where he argued a case. Mr. Webster began by alluding very impressively to the great changes which had taken place in that tribunal since he first appeared as counsel before them. He said, "No one of the judges who were here then now remains. It has been my duty to pass upon the question of the confirmation of every member of the bench; and I may say that I treated your honors with entire impartiality, for I voted against every one of you." After the argument was over Mr. Webster gave Mr. Hoar a very interesting sketch of the character of each of the judges, and told him the reasons which caused him to vote against confirmation in each case.

The next time I saw Daniel Webster was on July 4, 1844. He made a call at my father's house in Concord. I was near one of the front windows, and heard a shout from a little crowd that had gathered in the street, and looked out just as Mr. Webster was coming up the front steps. He turned, put his hand into his bosom, under his waistcoat and made a stately salutation, and then turned and knocked at the door and was admitted. He was physically the most splendid specimen of noble manhood my eyes ever beheld. It is said, I suppose truly, that he was but a trifle over five feet nine inches high, and weighed one hundred and fifty-four pounds. But then, as on all the other occasions that I saw him, I should have been prepared to make oath that he was over six feet high and weighed, at least, two hundred. The same glamour is said to have attended Louis XIV., whose majesty of bearing was such that it never was discovered that he was a man of short stature until he was seen measured for his coffin.

Mr. Webster was then in the very vigor of his magnificent manhood. He stood perfectly erect. His head was finely poised upon his shoulders. His beautiful black eyes shone out through the caverns of his deep brows like lustrous jewels. His teeth were white and regular, and his smile when he was in gracious mood, especially when talking to women, had an irresistible charm. I remember very little that he said. One thing was, when the backwardness or forwardness of the season was spoken of, that there was a day—I think it was June 13th—when, in every year vegetation was at about the same condition of forwardness, whether the spring were early or late. A gentleman who was in the room said, "You have the cool breezes of the sea at Marshfield?" "There, as at other sea places," replied Mr. Webster. When he rose to go, he said, "I have the honor to be a member of the Young Men's Whig Club of Boston. I must be in my place in the ranks."

I heard him also in Faneuil Hall, in the autumn of 1844, after the elections in Maine and Pennsylvania and in the South had made certain the defeat of Mr. Clay. I remember little that he said, except from reading the speech since. What chiefly impressed the audience was the quotation from Milton, so common-place now:

What though the field be lost?
All is not lost; the unconquerable will,
And study of revenge, immortal hate,
And courage never to submit or yield,
And what is else not to be overcome.

I also saw Mr. Webster at the inauguration of Edward Everett as President of Harvard, on April 30, 1846. It was perhaps the proudest period of Webster's life. It was also, perhaps, the greatest day of the life of Edward Everett. Webster had been Everett's great overshadower, who would but for him have been the great public man and the great orator of Massachusetts at that time. He had returned from the Court of St. James
Of the head of the great University. By a simple but impressive inaugural ceremony the Governor had just invested Mr. Everett with his office, and delivered to him the keys and the charter. Everett was stepping forward to deliver his inaugural address when Webster, who had come out from Boston a little later, came in upon the stage by a side door. President and orator and occasion were all forgotten. The whole assembly rose to greet him. It seemed as if the cheering and the clapping of hands and the waving of handkerchiefs would never leave off. The tears gushed down the cheeks of women and young men and old. Everything was forgotten but the one magnificent personality. When the din had subsided somewhat, Mr. Everett, with his never-failing readiness and grace, said, "I wish I might anticipate a little the function of my office, and saying—Expectatur oratio in vernacula—call upon my illustrious friend who has just entered upon the stage to speak for me. But I suppose the proprieties of the occasion require that I speak for myself."

It is to the credit of Mr. Everett and of that other great Massachusetts orator, Rufus Choate, that no tinge of jealousy or of envy ever embittered in the smallest degree their hearty love and support of their friend. They were his pupils, his companions, his supporters, his lovers, while he lived, and were his best eulogists when he died.

I heard another speech of his, which I think was never reported. He appeared before a committee of the Legislature as counsel for the remonstrants against the scheme to fill up the Back Bay lands.

I do not think the employment of a Senator of the United States as counsel before the Legislature would be approved by public opinion now.

I do not know what year it was, but probably 1849 or 1850. He had grown old; but I learned more of the fashion of his mental operations than could be learned from his speeches on great occasions, especially after they had been revised for publication. He spoke with great contempt of a petition signed by many of the foremost merchants and business men of Boston. He described with great sarcasm the process of carrying about such petitions, and the relief of the person to whom they were presented on finding he was not asked to give any money. "Oh, yes, I'll sign—I'll sign," as he read out one after another the names of men well known and honored in the city. He threw down the petition with contempt, and the long sheet fell and unrolled upon the floor.

He had a singular habit, which made it wearisome to listen to his ordinary speech, of groping after the most suitable word, and trying one synonym after another till he got that which suited him best. "Why is it, Mr. Chairman, that there has gathered, congregated, come together here, this great number of inhabitants, dwellers; that these roads, avenues, routes of travel, highways, converge, meet, come together, here? Is it not because we have here a sufficient, ample, safe, secure, convenient, commodious, port, harbor, haven?" Of course, when the speech came to be printed all the synonyms but the best one would be left out.

Mr. Webster seemed rather feeble at that time, and called upon his friend Mr. William Dehon to read for him the evidence and extracts from reports with which he had to deal. His tone was the tone of ordinary conversation, and his speech, while it would not be called hesitating, was exceedingly slow and deliberate. I have been told by persons who heard him in the Supreme Court in his later years that the same characteristic marked his arguments there, and that some of his passages made very little impression upon the auditors, although they seemed eloquent and powerful when they came to be read afterward.

His is frequently spoken of as a nervous Saxon style. That is a great mistake, except as to a few passages where he rose to a white heat. If any person will open a volume of his speeches at random, it will be found that the characteristic of his sentences is a somewhat ponderous Latinity.

A considerable number of Democrats joined the Free Soil movement in 1848. Conspicuous among them was Marcus Morton, who had been Governor and one of our ablest Supreme Court judges, and
his son, afterward Chief Justice, then just rising into distinction as a lawyer. The members of the Liberty Party also, who had cast votes for Birney in 1844, were ready for the new movement. But the Free Soil Party derived its chief strength, both of numbers and influence, from the Whigs. The Anti-Slavery Whigs clung to Webster almost to the last. He had disappointed them by opposing the resolution they offered at the Whig State Convention, pledging the party to support no candidate not known by his acts or declared opinions to be opposed to the extension of slavery. But he had coupled his opposition with a declaration of his own unalterable opposition to that extension, and had said, speaking of those who were in favor of the declaration, "It is not their thunder."

He declared in the Senate, as late as 1848, "My opposition to the increase of slavery in this country, or to the increase of slave representation in Congress, is general and universal. It has no reference to lines of latitude or points of the compass. I shall oppose all such extension, and all such increase, at all times, under all circumstances, even against all inducements, against all combinations, against all compromises."

So the Anti-Slavery Whigs eagerly supported him as their candidate for the Whig nomination in 1848.

If Mr. Webster had been nominated for the Presidency in 1848, the Free Soil Party would not have come into existence that year. There would probably have been some increase in the numbers of the Liberty Party; yet the Anti-Slavery Whigs of Massachusetts would have trusted him. But the nomination of General Taylor, a Southerner, one of the largest slave-holders in the country, whose laurels had been gained in the odious Mexican War, upon a platform silent upon the engrossing subject of the extension of slavery, could not be borne. The temper of the Whig National Convention was exhibited in a way to irritate the lovers of freedom in Massachusetts. When some allusion was made to her expressed opinions, it was received with groans and cries of "Curse Massachusetts." But, on the whole, the Massachusetts Whigs shared the exultant anticipation of triumph, and of regaining the power from which they had been excluded since the time of John Quincy Adams, except for the month of Harrison's short official life. But as the convention was about to adjourn, intoxicated with hope and triumph, Charles Allen, a delegate from Massachusetts, a man of slender figure, rose, and with quiet voice declared the Whig Party dissolved. Never was prediction received with more derision; never was prediction more surely fulfilled. He was reinforced by Henry Wilson, afterward Vice-President of the United States.

Immediately on their return from Philadelphia, a call was circulated for a convention to be held at Worcester of all persons opposed to the nomination of Cass and Taylor. The call was written by E. R. Hoar.

This is the call. It should be preserved in a form more enduring than the leaflet, of which I possess, perhaps, the only copy in existence.

"To the People of Massachusetts.

"The Whig National Convention have nominated General Taylor for President of the United States. In so doing they have exceeded their just authority, and have proposed a candidate whom no Northern Whig is bound to support.

"He is not a Whig, when tried by the standard of our party organization. He has never voted for a Whig candidate, has declared that the party must not look to him as an exponent of its principles, that he would accept the nomination of the Democratic Party, and that he would not submit his claims to the decision of the Whigs, acting through their regularly constituted Convention.

"He is not a Whig, if judged by the opinions he entertains upon questions of public policy. Upon the great questions of Currency and Finance, of Internal Improvements, of Protection to American Industry, so far from agreeing with the Whigs, he has distinctly avowed that he has formed no opinion at all.

"He is not a Whig, if measured by the higher standard of principle, to which the Whigs of Massachusetts and of the North have pledged themselves solemnly, deliberately, and often. He is not opposed to the extension of Slavery over
new territories, acquired, and to be acquired, by the United States. He is a Slaveholder, and has been selected because he could command votes which no Whig from the Free States could receive.

"To make room for him, the trusted and faithful Champions of our cause have all been set aside.

"The Whigs of Massachusetts, by their Legislature, and in their popular assemblies, have resolved, that opposition to the extension of Slavery is a fundamental article of their political faith. They have spoken with scorn and upbraiding of those Northern Democrats who would sacrifice the rights and the interests of the Free States upon the altar of party subserviency.

"The Whigs of the Legislature have recently declared to the country, 'that if success can attend the party, only by the sacrifice of Whig principles, or some of them,' they do not mean to be thus successful; that they are determined 'to support a candidate who will not suffer us to be over-balanced by annexations of foreign territory, nor by the further extension of the institution of Slavery, which is equally repugnant to the feelings, and incompatible with the political rights of the Free States'; and that they 'believe it to be the resolute purpose of the Whig people of Massachusetts, to support these sentiments, and carry into effect the design which they manifest.'

"Believing that the support of General Taylor's nomination is required by no obligations of party fidelity, and that to acquiesce in it would be the abandonment of principles which we hold most dear, treachery to the cause of Freedom, and the utter prostration of the interests of Free Labor and the Rights of Freemen:

"The undersigned, Whigs of Massachusetts, call upon their fellow-citizens throughout the Commonwealth, who are opposed to the Nomination of Cass and TAYLOR, to meet in Convention at Worcester, on Wednesday, the 28th day of June current, to take such steps as the occasion shall demand, in support of the PRINCIPLES to which they are pledged, and to co-operate with the other Free States in a Convention for this purpose.'"

My first political service was folding and directing these circulars. The Convention was held, and Samuel Hoar presided. It was addressed by men most of whom afterward were eminent in the public service. Among them were Charles Sumner, Charles Francis Adams, Henry Wilson, E. R. Hoar, Edward L. Keyes, Charles Allen, Lewis D. Campbell, of Ohio, and Abraham Payne, of Rhode Island. Richard H. Dana was present, but I think he did not speak. William Lloyd Garrison and Francis Jackson were present, but took no part whatever. I rode to Boston in a freight-car after the convention was over, late at night. Garrison and Jackson were sitting together and talking to a group of friends. Garrison seemed much delighted with the day's work, but said he heard too much talk about the likelihood that some of the resolutions would be popular and bring large numbers of votes to the party. He said, "All you should ask is, what is the rightful position? and then take it." Among the resolutions was this:

"That Massachusetts looks to Daniel Webster to declare to the Senate and to uphold before the country the policy of the Free States; that she is relieved to know that he has not endorsed the nomination of General Taylor; and that she invokes him at this crisis to turn a deaf ear to 'optimists' and 'quietists,' and to speak and act as his heart and his great mind shall lead him."

Daniel Webster's son Fletcher was present, and heartily in accord with the meeting; and this resolution was passed with his full approval. It met great opposition from the men who had come into the movement from the Liberty Party and from the Democratic Party. The shouts of "No, no; too late" were nearly, if not quite, equal to the expressions of approval. But the president declared that it was passed.

Mr. Webster sulked in his tent during the summer, and at last, on September 1, 1848, made a speech at Marshfield, in which he declared the nomination of Taylor not fit to be made, but gave it a half-hearted support. My brother, Judge E. R. Hoar, had been an enthusiastic admirer of Webster, who had treated him with great personal kindness; and, as I have said, he had been associated with Webster in the famous Wyman trial. Mr.
Webster made a speech in the Senate in August, declaring his renewed opposition to the extension of slavery. Mr. Hoar wrote a letter expressing his satisfaction with that speech, and urging him to take his proper place at the head of the Northern Free Soil movement. This is Mr. Webster’s reply, never before published. It is interesting as the last anti-slavery utterance of Daniel Webster.

“Marshfield, August 23, 1848.

My Dear Sir: I am greatly obliged to you, for your kind and friendly letter. You overrate, I am sure, the value of my speech, it was quite unpremeditated and its merit, if any, consists I presume in its directness and its brevity. It mortified me to see that some of the newspaper writers speak of it as the ‘taking of a position,’ as if it contained something new for me to say. You are not one of them, my dear Sir, but there are those who will not believe that I am an anti-slavery man unless I repeat the declaration once a week. I expect they will soon require a periodical affidavit. You know, that as early as 1830 in my speech on Foote’s resolutions, I drew upon me the anger of enemies, and a regret of friends by what I said against slavery, and I hope that from that day to this my conduct has been consistent. But nobody seems to be esteemed to be worthy of confidence who is not a new convert. And if the new convert be as yet but half converted, so much the better. This I confess a little tries one’s patience. But I can assure you in my own case, it will not either change my principles or my conduct.

It is utterly impossible for me to support the Buffalo nomination. I have no confidence in Mr. Van Buren, not the slightest. I would much rather trust General Taylor than Mr. Van Buren even on this very question of slavery, for I believe that General Taylor is an honest man and I am sure he is not so much committed on the wrong side, as I know Mr. Van Buren to have been for fifteen years. I cannot concur even with my best friends in giving the lead in a great question to a notorious opponent to the Cause. Besides; there are other great interests of the Country in which you and I hold Mr. Van Buren to be essentially wrong, and it seems to me that in consenting to form a party under him Whigs must consent to bottom their party on one idea only, and also to adopt as the Representative of that idea a head chosen on a strange emergency from among its steadiest opposers. It gives me pain to differ from Whig friends whom I know to be as much attached to universal liberty as I am, and they cannot be more so. I am grieved particularly to be obliged to differ in anything from yourself and your excellent father, for both of whom I have cherished such long and affectionate regards. But I cannot see it to be my duty to join in a secession from the Whig party for the purpose of putting Mr. Van Buren at the head of the Government. I pray you to assure yourself my dear Sir, of my continued esteem and attachment, and remember me kindly and cordially to your father.

Yours, etc.,

Daniel Webster.

Honorable E. Rockwood Hoar.”

Mr. Hoar had before had a somewhat interesting interview with Mr. Webster to the same effect. Late in the winter, before the convention at Philadelphia, some young Whigs had a dinner at the Tremont House, to concert measures to support his candidacy. There were forty or fifty present. Mr. Webster was expected to speak to them, but his daughter Julia was very ill. He sent them a message that he would see them at the house in Summer Street where he was staying. So when the dinner was half over, the party walked in procession to Mr. Page’s house. As Judge Hoar described the interview, he seemed very glum. He shook hands with the young men as they passed by him, but said very little. There was an awkward silence, and they were about to take leave, when the absurdity of the position struck Mr. Hoar, who was the youngest of the party, rather forcibly. Just then he heard Mr. Webster say to somebody near him, “The day for eminent public men seems to have gone by.” Whereupon Hoar stepped forward and made him a little speech, which he began by saying that the object of their coming together was to show that, in their opinion, the day for eminent public men had not gone by, and
some more to the same effect. Webster waked up and his eyes flashed and sparkled. He made a little speech full of vigor and fire. He spoke of his name being brought before the Whig convention at Philadelphia, and of his fidelity to the party. He said that whether his own name should be in the judgment of the convention suitable or the best to present to the country the convention would determine, and added, "If the convention shall select any one of our conspicuous leaders, trained and experienced in civil affairs, of national reputation as a statesman, he will receive my hearty support. But if I am asked whether I will advise the convention at Philadelphia to nominate, or if nominated I will recommend the people to support for the office of President of the United States, a swearing, fighting, frontier colonel, I only say that I shall not do it."

Many people think that if Mr. Webster would have supported General Taylor's policy of dealing with the questions relating to slavery it would have prevailed, and that the country would have been pacified and the Civil War avoided. I do not think so. The forces on both sides who were bringing on that conflict were too powerful to be subdued by the influence of any individual statesman. The irrepressible conflict had to be fought out. But Mr. Webster's attitude not only estranged him from the supporters of General Taylor in his own party, but, of course, made an irreparable breach between him and the anti-slavery men who had founded the Free Soil Party. He was the chief target for all anti-slavery arrows from March 7, 1850, to his death.

When I was in the Harvard Law School, Mr. Webster was counsel in a very interesting divorce case where Choate was upon the other side. The parties were in high social position and very well known. Mr. Choate's client, who was the wife, was charged with adultery. I did not hear the closing argument, but my classmates who did reported that Mr. Webster spoke of the woman with great severity and argued the case with a scriptural plainness of speech. He likened the case of the husband bound to an adulterous wife to the old Hebrew punishment of fastening a living man to a corpse. "Who shall deliver me from the body of this death?" But Judge Fletcher, who held the court, decided in favor of the wife.

The meeting which gathered at Worcester in pursuance of this call for the first time inaugurated a party for the sole object of resisting the extension of slavery. The Liberty Party, which had cast a few votes in the presidential election of 1840, and which, in 1844, had turned the scale in New York and so in the nation against Mr. Clay, was willing to support the candidates of other parties who were personally unobjectionable to them in respect. But the Free Soil Party, of which the present Republican Party is but the continuation under a change of name, determined that no person should receive its support for any national office who himself continued his association with either of the old political organizations.

The Free Soil Party in Massachusetts cast in the presidential election of 1848 only about 37,000 votes, but it included among its supporters almost every man in the Commonwealth old enough to take part in politics who has since acquired any considerable national reputation. Charles Sumner, who had become known to the public as an orator and scholar by three or four great orations, was just at the threshold of his brilliant career. Charles Francis Adams, who had served respectably but without great distinction in each branch of the State Legislature, brought to the cause his inflexible courage, his calm judgment, and the inspiration of his historic name. John A. Andrew, then a young lawyer in Boston, afterward to become illustrious as the greatest war governor in the Union, devoted to the cause an eloquence stimulant and inspiring as a sermon of Paul. John G. Palfrey, then a Whig member of Congress from the Middlesex District, discussed the great issue in speeches singularly adapted to reach the understanding and gratify the taste of the people of Massachusetts, and in a series of essays whose vigor and compactness Junius might have envied, and with a moral power which Junius could never have reached. Anson Burlingame, afterward Minister to China, captivated large crowds with his inspiring eloquence. Samuel G. Howe, famous in both hemispheres by his knightly service in the cause of Greek independence, famous also by
his philanthropic work in behalf of the insane and blind, brought his great influence to the new party. Henry Wilson, a mechanic, whose early training had been that of the shoemaker's shop, but who understood the path by which to reach the conscience and understanding of the workingmen of Massachusetts better than any other man, had been also a delegate to the Convention at Philadelphia, and was united with Judge Allen in denunciation of its surrender of liberty. Stephen C. Phillips, a highly respected merchant of Salem, and formerly Whig representative from the Essex District, gave the weight of his influence in the same direction. Samuel Hoar, who had been driven from South Carolina when he attempted to argue the case for the imprisoned colored seamen of Massachusetts before the courts of the United States, one of the most distinguished lawyers of the Massachusetts bar, came from his retirement in his old age to give his service in the same cause; of which his son, E. R. Hoar, was also a constant, untiring, and enthusiastic champion. Richard H. Dana, master of an exquisite English style, the only Massachusetts advocate who ever encountered Rufus Choate on equal terms, threw himself into the cause with all the ardor of his soul. On the Connecticut River, George Ashmun, the most powerful of the Whig champions in western Massachusetts, found more than his match in Erastus Hopkins. William Claflin, afterward Speaker, Lieutenant-Governor, and Governor of Massachusetts, member of the National House of Representatives, and Chairman of the Republican National Committee, was then in early youth. But he had already gained a competent fortune by his business sagacity. He brought to the cause his sound judgment, his warm and affectionate heart, and his liberal hand. He was then, as he has ever since been, identified with every good and generous cause. His stanch friendship was then, as it has ever since been, the delight and comfort of the champions of freedom in strife and obloquy.

Each of these men would have been amply fitted in all respects for the leader of a great party in state or nation. Each of them could have defended any cause in which he was a believer, by whatever champion assailed. They had also their allies and associates among the representatives of the press. Among these were Joseph T. Buckingham, of the Boston Courier, then the head of the editorial fraternity in Massachusetts; John Milton Earle, the veteran editor of the Worcester Spy; William S. Robinson, afterward so widely known as Warrington, whose wit and keen logic will cause his name to be long preserved among the classics of American literature.

Besides these more conspicuous leaders, there was to be found, in almost every town and village in Massachusetts, some man eminent among his neighbors for purity of life, for philanthropy, and for large intelligence who was ready to join the new party. The glowing hopes and dreams and aspirations of youth were inspired by the muse of Whittier and Longfellow and Lowell and Bryant. The cause of free labor appealed to the strongest sympathies of the mechanics of Essex and the skilled laborers of Worcester.

Four years afterward Daniel Webster, as he lay dying at Marshfield, said to the friend who was by his bedside, "The Whig candidate will obtain but one or two States, and it is well; as a national party, the Whigs are ended."

The Whig Party retained its organization in Massachusetts until 1856; but its intellect and its moral power was gone. Mr. Winthrop, as appears from the excellent "Life" just published by his son, had no sympathy with Mr. Webster's position. Mr. Webster died, a disappointed man, in the autumn of 1852. He took no part in political affairs in Massachusetts after 1850. Mr. Choate, who was to follow his great leader to the grave within a few years, transferred his allegiance to the Democrats. Mr. Everett, after a brief service in the Senate, a service most uncongenial to his own taste, resigned his seat in the midst of the angry conflict on the Nebraska bill, and devoted himself to literary pursuits until, when the war broke out, he threw himself with all his zeal, power, and eloquence into the cause of his country.
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THE GOSPEL OF RELAXATION.

THE POINT OF VIEW.
The Passing of the Devil

THE FIELD OF ART.
The Limits of the Theatre (John La Farge)

(The colored cover designed by Maxfield Parrish)
Arthur T. Quiller-Couch (who formerly signed himself "Q") was chosen from among all the writers of the day as best fitted to conclude "St. Ives," the late Robert Louis Stevenson's unfinished romance.

That fact gives some idea of how he is regarded by the foremost literary men of his time. But notwithstanding this, and notwithstanding his great reputation in England, where he is as widely read by the public as he is highly praised by critics and fellow-craftsmen—especially by his early and discerning admirer, J. M. Barrie—there are many lovers of good books in this country who have yet to realize the full literary importance of this vigorous Cornishman.

He has done for the rugged west coast of England and its quaint characters and romantic history what Thomas Nelson Page has done for Virginia and Miss Mary E. Wilkins for New England. He is so devoted to his native Cornwall that he prefers to live there in comparative retirement, despite the attractions of London.

The very conditions that keep him out of the run of current London literary gossip largely account for his "crisp, strong stories, in which no fog, moral or physical, finds any shelter," and for his being placed "among the most imaginative and poetic of the late English novelists."

The titles of his books and a few press comments may be found opposite. A new romance, called "The Ship of Stars," upon which he has been engaged for some time, begins in the present number of this magazine. It is one of the few long stories he has written.

"The Ship of Stars" is a love-story, of course, full of beautiful and tender color—the sea, old houses, old families, and strange happenings—and a bit of Oxford life.

Beginning with the hero's odd boy-life, with its dreams and adventures and its whimsical sweet-
on Sundays, when he preached sermons. In his thoughts, nine times out of ten, Taffy associated his father with a great pile of books; but the tenth time with something totally different. One summer—it was in his sixth year—they had all gone on a holiday to Tewkesbury, his father's old home; and he recalled quite clearly the close of a warm afternoon which he and his mother had spent there in a green meadow beyond the abbey church. She had brought out a basket and cushion, and sat sewing, while Taffy played about and watched the hucksters at their work. Behind them, within the great church, the organ was sounding; but by and by it stopped, and a door opened in the abbey wall, and his father came across the meadow toward them, with his surplice on his arm. And then Humility unpacked the basket and produced a kettle, a spirit-lamp, and a host of things good to eat. The boy thought the whole adventure splendid. When tea was done, he sprang up with one of those absurd notions which come into children's heads:

"Now let's feed the poultry," he cried, and flung his last scrap of bun three feet in air toward the gift weather-cock on the abbey tower. While they laughed, "Father, how tall is the tower?" he demanded.

"A hundred and thirty-two feet, my boy, from ground to battlements."

"What are battlements?"

He was told.

"But people don't fight here," he objected.

Then his father told of a battle fought in the very meadow in which they were sitting; of soldiers at bay with their backs to the abbey wall; of crowds that ran screaming into the church; of others chased down Mill Street and drowned; of others killed by the Town Cross; and how—people said in the upper room of a house still standing in the High Street—a boy prince had been stabbed.

Humility laid a hand on his arm.

"He'll be dreaming of all this. Tell him it was a long time ago, and that these things don't happen now."

But her husband was looking up at the tower.

"See it now with the light upon it!" he went on. "And it has seen it all. Eight hundred years of heaven's storms and man's madness, and still foursquare and as beautiful now as when the old masons took down their scaffolding. When I was a boy——"

He broke off suddenly. "Lord, make men as towers," he added, quietly, after awhile, and nobody spoke for many minutes.

To Taffy this had seemed a very queer saying; about as queer as that other one about "men as trees walking." Somehow—he could not say why—he had never asked any questions about it. But many times he had perched himself on a flat tombstone under the church tower at home, and tilted his head back and stared up at the courses and pinnacles, wondering what his father could have meant, and how a man could possibly be like a tower. It ended in this—that whenever he dreamed about his father, these two towers, or a tower which was more or less a combination of both, would get mixed up with the dream as well.

The gate-house contained a sitting-room and three bedrooms (one hardly bigger than a box-cupboard); but a building adjoined it which had been the old Franciscans' refectory, though now it was divided by common planking into two floors, the lower serving for a feoffee office, while the upper was supposed to be a muniment-room, in charge of the feoffees' clerk. The clerk used it for drying his garden-seeds and onions, and spread his hoarding apples to ripen on the floor. So when Taffy grew to need a room of his own, and his father's books to cumber the very stairs of the gate-house, the money which Humility and her mother made by their lace-work, and which arrived always by post, came very handy for the rent which the clerk asked for his upper chamber.

Carpenters appeared and partitioned it off into two rooms, communicating with the gate-house by a narrow door-way pierced in the wall. All this, whilst it was doing, interested Taffy mightily; and he announced his intention of being a carpenter one of these days.

"I hope," said Humility, "you will look higher, and be a preacher of God's Word, like your father."
His father frowned at this and said: "Jesus Christ was both."

Taffy compromised: "Perhaps I'll make pulpets."

This was how he came to have a bedroom with a vaulted roof and a window that reached down below the floor.

II

MUSIC IN THE TOWN SQUARE

His window looked upon the town square, and across it to the mayoralty. The square had once been the Franciscans' burial-ground, and was really no square at all, but a semicircle. The townspeople called it Mount Folly. The chord of the arch was formed by a large Assize Hall, with a broad flight of granite steps, and a cannon planted on either side of the steps. The children used to climb about these cannons, and Taffy had picked out his first letters from the words Sevastopol and Russian Trophy, painted in white on their lead-colored carriages.

Below the Assize Hall an open gravelled space sloped gently down to a line of iron railings and another flight of granite steps leading into the main street. The street curved uphill around the base of this open ground, and came level with it just in front of the mayoralty, a tall stuccoed building where the public balls were given, and the judges had their lodgings in assize time, and the colonel his quarters during the militia training.

Fine shows passed under Taffy's window. Twice a year came the judges, with the sheriff in uniform and his chaplain, and his coach, and his coachman and lackeys in powder and plum and silk stockings, white or flesh-colored; and the barristers with their wigs, and the javelin men and silver trumpets. Every spring, too, the Royal Rangers Militia came up for training. Suddenly, one morning, in the height of the bird-nesting season, the street would swarm with countrymen tramping up to the barracks on the hill, and back with bundles of clothes and unblackened boots dangling. For the next six weeks the town would be full of bugle calls, and brazen music, and companies marching and parading in suits of invisible green, and clanking officers in black, with little round forage caps, and silver badges on their side-belts; and, toward evening, with men lounging and smoking, or washing themselves in public before the doors of their billets.

Usually, too, Whitsun Fair fell at the height of the militia training; and then, for two days, booths and caravans, sweet-standings and shooting-galleries lined the main street, and Taffy went out with a shilling in his pocket to enjoy himself. But the bigger shows—the menagerie, the marionettes, and the travelling theatre Royal—were pitched on Mount Folly, just under his window. Sometimes the theatre would stay for a week or two after the fair was over, until even the boy grew tired of the naphtha-lamps and the voices of the tragedians, and the cornet wheezing under canvas, and began to long for the time when they would leave the square open for the boys to come and play at prisoner's base in the dusk.

One evening, a fortnight before Whitsun Fair, he had taken his book to the open window, and sat there with it. Every night he had to learn a text which he repeated next morning to his mother. Already, across the square, the mayoralty house was brightly lit, and the bandsmen had begun to arrange their stands and music before it; for the colonel was receiving company. Every now and then a carriage arrived, and set down its guests.

After awhile Taffy looked up and saw two people crossing the square—an old man and a little girl. He recognized them, having seen them together in church the day before, when his father had preached the sermon. The old man wore a rusty silk hat, cocked a little to one side, a high stock collar, black cutaway coat, breeches and gaiters of gray cord. He stooped as he walked, with his hands behind him and his walking-stick dangling like a tail—a very positive old fellow, to look at. The girl's face Taffy could not see; it was hidden by the brim of her Leghorn hat.

The pair passed close under the window. Taffy heard a knock at the door below, and ran to the head of the stairs. Down in the passage his mother was
The Ship of Stars

talking to the old man, who turned to the girl and told her to wait outside.
"But let her come in and sit down," urged Humility.
"No, ma’am; I know my mind. I want one hour with your husband."
Taffy heard the door shut, and went back to his window-seat.
The little girl had climbed the cannon opposite, and sat there dangling her feet and eying the house.
"Boy," said she, "what a funny window-seat, you’ve got! I can see your legs under it."
"That’s because the window reaches down to the floor, and the bench is fixed across by the transom here."
"What’s your name?"
"Theophilus; but they call me Taffy."
"Why?"
"Father says it’s an imperfect example of Grimm’s Law."
"Oh! Then, I suppose you’re quite the gentleman. My name’s Honoria."
"Is that your father downstairs?"
"Bless the boy! What age d’you take me for? He’s my grandfather. He’s asking your father about his soul. He wants to be saved, and says if he’s not saved before next Lady-day, he’ll know the reason why. What are you doing up there?"
"Reading."
"Reading what?"
"The Bible."
"But, I say, can you really?"
"You listen," Taffy rested the big Bible on the window-frame; it just had room to lie open, between the two millions—"Now when they had gone throughout Phrygia and Galatia, and were forbidden of the Holy Ghost to preach the word in Asia, after they were come to Mysia they assayed to go into Bithynia; but the Spirit suffered them not. And they, passing by Mysia, came down to Troas. And a vision appeared to Paul in the night. . . ."
"I don’t wonder at it. Did you ever have the whooping-cough?"
"Not yet."
"I’ve had it all the winter. That’s why I’m not allowed in to play with you. Listen!"
She coughed twice, and wound up with a terrific whoop.
"Now, if you’d only put on your night-shirt and preach, I’d be the congregation and interrupt you with coughing."
"Very well," said Taffy, "let’s do it."
"No; you didn’t suggest it. I hate boys who have to be told."
Taffy was huffed and pretended to return to his book. By and by she called up to him:
"Tell me what’s written on this gun of yours?"
"Sevastopol—that’s a Russian town. The English took it by storm."
"What! the soldiers over there?"
"No, they’re only bandsmen; and they’re too young. But I expect the Colonel was there. He’s upstairs in the mayoralty, dining. He’s quite an old man, but I’ve heard father say he was as brave as a lion when the fighting happened."
The girl climbed off the gun.
"I’m going to have a look at him," she said; and turning her back on Taffy, she sauntered off across the square, just as the band struck up the first note of the overture from "Semiramid." A waltz of Strauss followed, and then came a cornet solo by the bandmaster, and a melody of old English tunes—to all of these Taffy listened. It had fallen too dark to read, and the boy was always sensitive to music. Often when he played alone, broken phrases and scraps of remembered tunes came into his head and repeated themselves over and over. Then he would drop his game and wander about restlessly, trying to fix and complete the melody; and somehow in the process the melody always became a story, or so like a story that he never knew the difference. Sometimes his uneasiness lasted for days together. But when the story came complete at last—and this always sprang on him quite suddenly—he wanted to caper and fling his arms about and sing aloud; and did so, if nobody happened to be looking.
The bandmaster, too, had music, and a reputation for imparting it. Famous regimental bands contained pupils of his; and his old pupils, when they met, usually told each other stories of his atrocious temper. But he kept his temper to-night, for his youngsters were playing well, and the small crowd standing quiet.
The English melodies had scarcely
closed with "Come, lassies and lads," when across in the mayoralty a blind was drawn, and a window thrown open, and Taffy saw the warm room within, and the officers and ladies standing with glasses in their hands. The Colonel was giving the one toast of the evening:

"Ladies and Gentlemen—The Queen!"

The adjutant leaned out and lifted his hand for signal, and the band crashed out with the National Anthem. Then there was silence for a minute. The window remained open. Taffy still caught glimpses of jewels and uniforms, and white necks bending, and men leaning back in their chairs, with their mess-jackets open, and the candle-light flashing on their shirt-fronts. Below, in the dark street, the bandmaster trimmed the lamp by his music-stand. In the rays of it he drew out a handkerchief and polished the keys of his cornet; then passed the cornet over to his left hand, took up his baton, and nodded.

What music was that, stealing, rippling across the square? The bandmaster knew nothing of the tale of Tannhauser, but was wishing that he had violins at his beck, instead of stupid flutes and reeds. And Taffy had never heard so much as the name of Tannhauser. Of the meaning of the music he knew nothing—nothing beyond its wonder and terror. But afterward he made a tale of it to himself.

In the tale it seemed that a vine shot up and climbed on the shadows of the warm night; and the shadows climbed with it and made a trellis for it right across the sky. The vine thrust through the trellis faster and faster, dividing, throwing out little curls and tendrils; then leaves and millions of leaves, each leaf unfolding about a drop of dew, which trickled and fell, and tinkled like a bird's song.

The beauty and scent of the vine distressed him. He wanted to cry out, for it was hiding the sky. Then he heard the tramp of feet in the distance, and knew that they threatened the vine, and with that he wanted to save it. But the feet came nearer and nearer, tramping terribly. He could not bear it. He ran to the stairs, stole down them, opened the front door cautiously, and slipped outside. He was half-way across the square before it occurred to him that the band had ceased to play. Then he wondered why he had come, but he did not go back. He found Honoria standing a little apart from the crowd, with her hands clasped behind her, gazing up at the window of the banquetting-room.

She did not see him at once.

"Stand on the steps, here," he whispered, "then you can see him. That's the Colonel—the man at the end of the table, with the big, gray mustache."

He touched her arm. She sprang away and stamped her foot.

"Keep off with you! Who, told you—Oh! you bad boy!"

"Nobody. I thought you hated boys who wait to be told."

"And now you'll get the whooping-cough, and goodness knows what will happen to you, and you needn't think I'll be sorry!"

"Who wants you to be sorry? As for you," Taffy went on, sturdily, "I think your grandfather might have more sense than to keep you waiting out here in the cold, and giving your cough to the whole town!"

"Ha! you do, do you?"

It was not the girl who said this. Taffy swung round and saw an old man staring down on him. There was just light enough to reveal that he had very formidable gray eyes. But Taffy's blood was up.

"Yes, I do," he said, and wondered at himself.

"Ha! Does your father whip you sometimes?"

"No, sir."

"I should, if you were my boy. I believe in it. Come, Honoria!"

The child threw a glance at Taffy as she was led away. He could not be sure whether she took his side or her grandfather's.

That night he had a very queer dream. His grandmother had lost her lace-pillow, and after searching for some time, he found it lying out in the square. But the pins and bobbins were darting to and fro on their own account, at an incredible rate, and the lace as they made it turned into a singing beanstalk, and rose and threw out branches all over the sky. Very soon he found himself climbing among these branches, up and up, until he came to a Palace, which was really the Assize
Hall, with a flight of steps before it, and a cannon on either side of the steps. Within sat a giant, asleep, with his head on the table and his face hidden; but his neck bulged at the back just like the bandmaster's during a cornet solo. A harp stood on the table. Taffy caught this up, and was stealing downstairs with it, but at the third stair the harp—which had Honoria's head and face—began to cough, and wound up with a whoop! This woke the giant—he turned out to be Honoria's grandfather—who came roaring after him. Glancing down below as he ran, Taffy saw his mother and the bandmaster far below with axes, hacking at the foot of the beanstalk. He tried to call out and prevent them, but they kept smiting. And the worst of it was, that down below, too, his father was climbing into a pulpit, quite as if nothing was happening. The pulpit grew and became a tower, and his father kept calling, "Be a tower! Be a tower, like me!"

But Taffy couldn't for the life of him see how to manage it. The beanstalk began to totter; he felt himself falling, and leapt for the tower.

And awoke in his bed shuddering, and, for the first time in his life, afraid of the dark. He would have called for his mother, but just then down by the turret clock in Fore Street the buglers began to sound the "Last Post," and he hugged himself and felt that the world he knew was still about him, companionable and kind.

Twice the buglers repeated their call, in more distant streets, each time more faintly; and the last flying notes carried him into sleep again.

III

PASSENGERS BY JOBY'S VAN

At breakfast next morning he saw by his parent's faces that something unusual had happened. Nothing was said to him about it, whatever it might be. But once or twice after this, coming into the parlor suddenly, he found his father and mother talking low and earnestly together; and now and then they would go up to his grandmother's room and talk.

In some way he divined that there was a question of leaving home. But the summer passed and these private talks became fewer. Toward August, however, they began again; and by and by his mother told him. They were going to a parish on the North Coast, right away across the Duchy, where his father had been presented to a living. The place had an odd name—Nannizabuloe.

"And it is lonely," said Humility, "the most of it sea-sand, as far as I can hear."

It was by the sea, then How would they get there?

"Oh, Joby's van will take us most of the way."

Of all the vans which came and went in the Fore Street, none could compare for romance with Joby's. People called it the Wreck Ashore; but its real name, "Vital Spark, J. Job, Proprietor," was painted on its orange-colored sides in letters of vivid blue, a blue not often seen except on ships' boats. It disappeared every Tuesday and Saturday over the hill and into a mysterious country, from which it emerged on Mondays and Fridays, with a fine flavor of the sea renewed upon it, and upon Joby. No other driver wore a blue guernsey, or rings in his ears, as Joby did. No other van had the same mode of progressing down the street in a series of short tacks, or brought such a crust of brine on its panes, or such a mixture of mud and fine sand on its wheels, or mingled scraps of dry sea-weed with the straw on its floor.

"Will there be ships?" Taffy asked.

"I daresay we shall see a few, out in the distance. It's a poor, outlandish place. It hasn't even a proper church."

"If there's no church, father can get into a boat and preach; just like the Sea of Galilee, you know."

"Your father is too good a man to mimic the Scriptures in any such way. There is a church, I believe, though it's a tumble-down one. Nobody has preached in it for years. But Squire Moyle may do something now. He's a rich man."

"Is that the old gentleman who came to ask father about his soul?"

"Yes; he says no preaching ever did
him so much good as your father's. That's why he came and offered the living."

"But he can't go to heaven if he's rich?"

"I don't know, Taffy, wherever you pick up such wicked thoughts."

"Why, it's in the Bible."

Humility would not argue about it; but she told her husband that night what the child had said.

"My dear," he answered, "the boy must think of these things."

"But he ought not to be talking disrespectfully," contended she.

One Tuesday, toward the end of September, Taffy saw his father off by Job's van; and the Friday after, walked down with his mother to meet him on his return. Almost at once the household began to pack. The packing went on for a week, in the midst of which his father departed again, a wagon-load of books and furniture having been sent forward on the road that same morning. Then followed a day or two, during which Taffy and his mother took their meals at the window-seat, sitting on corded boxes; and an evening, when he went out to the cannon in the square, and around the little back garden, saying good-bye to the fixtures and the few odds and ends which were to be left behind—the tool-shed (Crusoe's hut, Cave of Adullam, and treasury of the Forty Thieves), the stunted sycamore-tree, which he had climbed at different times as Zacchæus, Ali Baba, and Man Friday with the bear behind him; the clothes' prop, which, on the strength of its forked tail, had so often played Dragon to his St. George. When he returned to the empty house, he found his mother in the passage. She had been for a walk alone. The candle was lit, and he saw she had been crying. This told him where she had been; for, although he remembered nothing about it, he knew he had once possessed a small sister, who lived with them less than two months. He had, as a rule, very definite notions of death and the grave; but he never thought of her as dead and buried, partly because his mother would never allow him to go with her to the cemetery, and partly because of a picture in a certain book of his, called "Child's Play." It represented a little girl wading across a pool among water-lilies. She wore a white nightdress, kilted above her knees, and a dark cloak, which dragged behind in the water. She let it trail, while she held up a hand to cover one of her eyes. Above her were trees and an owl, and a star shining under the topmost branch; and on the opposite page this verse:

I have a little sister,
They call her Peep-peep,
She wades through the waters,
Deep, deep, deep;
She climbs up the mountains,
High, high, high;
This poor little creature
She has but one eye.

For years Taffy believed that this was his little sister, one-eyed, and always wandering; and that his mother went out in the dusk to persuade her to return; but she never would.

When he woke next morning his mother was in the room; and while he washed and dressed she folded his bed-clothes and carried them down to a wagon which stood by the door, with horses already harnessed. It drove away soon after. He found breakfast laid on the window-seat. A neighbor had lent the crockery, and Taffy was much taken with the pattern on the cups and saucers. He wanted to run round again and repeat his good-byes to the house, but there was no time. By and by the door opened, and two men, neighbors of theirs, entered with an invalid's litter; and, Humility directing, brought down old Mrs. Venning. She wore the corner of a Paisley shawl over her white cap, and carried a nosegay of flowers in place of her lace-pillow; but otherwise looked much as usual.

"Quite the traveller, you see!" she cried gayly to Taffy.

Then the woman who had lent the breakfast-ware came running to say that Job was getting impatient. Humility handed the door-key to her, and so the little procession passed out, and down across Mount Folly.

Job had drawn his van up close to the granite steps. They were the only passengers, it seemed. The invalid was hoisted in, and laid with her couch across the seats, so that her shoulders rested against one side of the van and her feet against the other. Humility climbed in after her; but Taffy, to his joy, was given a seat outside on the box.
"C'k!"—they were off.

As they crawled up the street a few townspeople paused on the pavement and waved farewells. At the top of the town they overtook three sailor-boys, with bundles, who climbed up and perched themselves atop of the van, on the luggage.

On they went again. There were two horses—a roan and a gray. Taffy had never before looked down on the back of a horse, and Job's horses astonished him; they were so broad behind, and so narrow at the shoulders. He wanted to ask if the shape were at all common, but felt shy. He stole a glance at the silver ring in Job's left ear, and blushed when Job turned and caught him.

"Here, catch hold!" said Job, handing him the whip. "Only you mustn't use it too fierce."

"Thank you."

"I suppose you'll be a scholar, like your father? Can ee spell?"

"Yes."

"Cipher?"

"Yes."

"That's more than I can. I counts upon my fingers. When they be used up, I begins upon my buttons. I ha'n't got no buttons—visible that is—'pon my week-a-day clothes; so I keeps the long sums for Sundays, and adds 'em up and down my weskit during sermon. Don't tell any person."

"I won't."

"That's right. I don't want it known. Ever see a gipsy?"

"Oh, yes—often."

"Next time you see one you'll know why he wears so many buttons. You've a lot to learn."

The van zigzagged down one hill and up another, and halted at a turnpike. An old woman in a pink sun-bonnet bustled out and handed Job a pink ticket. A little way beyond they passed the angle of a mining district, with four or five engine-houses high up like castles on the hill-side, and rows of stamps clattering and working up and down like ogres' teeth. Next they came to a church town, with a green and a heap of linen spread to dry (for it was Tuesday), and a flock of geese that ran and hissed after the van, until Joby took the whip and, leaning out, looped the gander by the neck and pulled him along in

the dust. The sailor-boys shouted with laughter and struck up a song about a fox and a goose, which lasted all the way up a long hill and brought them to a second turnpike, on the edge of the moors. Here lived an old woman in a blue sun-bonnet; and she handed Joby a yellow ticket.

"But why does she wear a blue bonnet and give yellow tickets?" Taffy asked as they drove on.

Joby considered for a minute. "Ah, you're one to take notice, I see. That's right, keep your eyes skinned when you travel."

Taffy had to think this out. The country was changing now. They had left stubble fields and hedges behind, and before them the granite road stretched like a white ribbon, with moors on either hand, dotted with peat-ricks and reedy pools and cropping ponies, and rimmed in the distance with clay-works glistening in the sunny weather.

"What sort of place is Nannizabuloe?"

"I don't go on there. I drop you at Indian Queen's."

"But what sort of place is it?"

"Well, I'll tell you what folks say of it:

All sea and san's,

Out of the world and into St. Ann's.

That's what they say, and if I'm wrong you may call me a liar."

"And Squire Moyle?" Taffy persevered. "What kind of man is he?"

Joby turned and eyed him severely.

"Look here, sonny. I got my living to get."

This silenced Taffy for a long while, but he picked up his courage again by degrees. There was a small window at his back, and he twisted himself round, and nodded to his mother and grandmother inside the van. He could not hear what they answered, for the sailor-boys were singing at the top of their voices:

I will sing you One, O!

What is your One, O?

Number One sits all alone, and ever more shall be-e-s-o.

"They're home 'pon leave," said Joby.

The song went on and reached Number Seven:

I will sing you Seven, O!

What is your Seven, O?

Seven be seven stars in the ship a-sailing round

in Heaven, O!
One of the boys leaned from the roof and twitched Taffy by the hair. “Hullo, nipper! Did you ever see a ship of stars?” He grinned and pulled open his sailor’s jumper and singlet; and there, on his naked breast, Taffy saw a ship tattooed, with three masts, and a half-circle of stars above it, and below it the initials W. P.

“D’ee think my mother’ll know me again?” asked the boy, and the other two began to laugh.

“Yes, I think so,” said Taffy, gravely; which made them laugh more than ever.

“But why is he painted like that?” he asked Joby, as they took up their song again.

“Ah, you’ll larn over to St. Ann’s, being one to notice things.” The nearer he came to it, the more mysterious this new home of Taffy’s seemed to grow. By and by Humility let down the window and handed out a pasty. Joby searched under his seat and found a pasty, twice the size of Taffy’s, in a nose-bag. They ate as they went. Late in the afternoon they came to hedges again, and at length to an inn; and in front of it Taffy spied his father waiting with a farm-cart. While Joby baited his horses, the sailor-boys helped to lift out the invalid and transship the luggage; after which they climbed on the roof again, and were jogged away northward in the dusk, waving their caps and singing.

The most remarkable thing about the inn was its signboard. This bore on either side the picture of an Indian queen and two blackamoor children, all with striped parasols, walking together across a desert. The queen on one side wore a scarlet turban and a blue robe; but the queen on the other side wore a blue turban and a scarlet robe. Taffy dodged from side to side, comparing them, and had not made up his mind which he liked best when Humility called him indoors to tea.

They had ham and eggs with their tea, which they took in a great hurry; and then his grandmother was lifted into the cart and laid on a bed of clean straw beside the boxes, and he and his mother clambered up in front. So they started again, his father walking at the horse’s head.

They took the road toward the sunset. As the dusk fell closer around, Mr. Ray-mond lit a horn lantern and carried it before them. The rays of it danced and wheeled upon the hedges and gorse bushes. Taffy began to feel sleepy, though it was long before his usual bedtime. The air seemed to weigh his eyelids down. Or was it a sound lulling him? He looked up suddenly. His mother’s arm was about him. Stars flashed above, and a glimmer fell on her gentle face—a dew of light, as it were. Her dark eyes appeared darker than usual as she leaned and drew her shawl over his shoulder.

Ahead, the rays of the lantern kept up their dance, but they flared now and again upon stone hedges built in zigzag layers, and upon unknown feathery bushes, intensely green, and glistening every now and then like metal.

The cart jolted and the lantern swung to a soundless tune that filled the night. When Taffy listened it ceased; when he ceased listening, it began again.

The lantern stopped its dance and stood still over a ford of black water. The cart splashed into it, and became a ship, heaving and lurching over a soft, irregular floor that returned no sound. But suddenly the ship became a cart again, and stood still before a house with a narrow garden-path and a light streaming along it from an open door.

His father lifted him down; his mother took his hand. They seemed to wade together up that stream of light. Then came a staircase and room with a bed in it, which, oddly enough, turned out to be his own. He stared at the pink roses on the curtains. Yes; certainly it was his own bed. And satisfied of this, he nestled down in the pillows and slept, to the long cadence of the sea.
remembered, jumped out of bed, and drew the blind.

He saw a blue line of sea, so clearly drawn that the horizon might have been a string stretched from the corner eaves to the snow-white light-house standing on the farthest spit of land; blue sea and yellow sand curving round it, with a white edge of breakers; inshore, the sand rising to a cliff ridged with grassy hummocks; farther inshore, the hummocks united and rolling away up to inland downs, but broken here and there on their way with scars of sand; over all, white gulls wheeling. He could hear the nearest ones mewing as they sailed over the house.

Taffy had seen the sea once before, at Dawlish, on the journey to Tewkesbury; and again on the way home. But here it was bluer altogether, and the sands were yellower. Only he felt disappointed that no ship was in sight, nor any dwelling nearer than the light-house and the two or three white cottages behind it. He dressed in a hurry and said his prayers, repeating at the close, as he had been taught to do, the first and last verses of the Morning Hymn:

Awake, my soul, and with the sun
Thy daily stage of duty run;
Shake off dull sloth, and joyful rise
To pay thy morning sacrifice.

Praise God, from whom all blessings flow
Praise Him, all creatures here below;
Praise Him above, ye heavenly host,
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

He ran downstairs. In this queer house the stairs led right down into the kitchen. The front door, too, opened into the kitchen, which was really a slate-paved hall, with a long table set between the doorway and the big open hearth. The floor was always strewn with sand; there was no trouble about this, for the wind blew plenty under the door.

Taffy found the table laid, and his mother busily slicing bread for his bread and milk. He begged for a hot cake from the hearth, and ran out of doors to eat it. Humility lifted the latch for him, for the cake was so hot that he had to pass it from hand to hand.

Outside, the wind came upon him with clap on the shoulder, quite as if it had been a comrade waiting.

Taffy ran down the path and out upon the sandy hummocks, setting his face to the wind and the roar of the sea, keeping his head low, and still shifting the cake from hand to hand. Presently he fumbled and dropped it; stooped to pick it up, but saw something which made him kneel and peer into the ground.

The whole of the sand was moving; not by fits and starts, but constantly; the tiny particles running over each other and drifting in and out of the rushes, like little creatures in a dream. While he looked, they piled an embankment against the edge of his cake. He picked it up, ran forward a few yards, and peeked again. Yes, here too; here and yonder, and over every inch of that long shore.

He ate his cake and climbed to the beach, and ran along it, watching the sandhoppers that skipped from under his boots at every step, and were lost on the instant. The beach here was moist and firm. He pulled off his boots and stockings, and ran on, conning his footprints and the driblets of sand split ahead from his bare toes. By and by he came to the edge of the surf. The strand here was glassy wet, and each curving wave sent a shadow flying over it, and came after the shadow, thundering and hissing, and chased it up the shore, and fell back, leaving for a second or two an edge of delicate froth which reminded the boy of his mother's lace-work.

He began a sort of game with the waves, choosing one station after another, and challenging them to catch him there. If the edge of froth failed to reach his toes, he won. But once or twice the water caught him fairly, and ran rippling over his instep and about his ankles.

He was deep in this game when he heard a horn blown somewhere high on the towans behind him.

He turned. No one was in sight. The house lay behind the sand-banks, the first ridge hiding even its chimney-smoke. He gazed along the beach, where the perpetual haze of spray seemed to have removed the light-house to a vast distance. A sense of desolation came over him with a rush, and with something between a gasp and a sob, he turned his back to the sea and ran, his boots dangling from his shoulders by their knotted laces.
He pounded up the first slope and looked for the cottage. No sign of it! An insane fancy seized him. These silent moving sands were after him.

He was panting along in real distress when he heard the baying of dogs, and at the same instant from the top of a hummock caught sight of a figure outlined against the sky, and barely a quarter of a mile away; the figure of a girl on horseback—a small girl on a very tall horse.

Just as Taffy recognized her, she turned her horse, walked him down into the hollow beyond, and disappeared. Taffy ran toward the spot, gained the ridge where she had been standing, and looked down.

In a hollow about twenty feet deep and perhaps a hundred wide were gathered a dozen riders, with five or six couples of hounds, and two or three dirty terriers. Two of the men had dismounted. One of these, stripped to his shirt and breeches, was leaning on a long-handled spade and laughing. The other—a fellow in a shabby scarlet coat—held up what Taffy guessed to be a fox, though it seemed a very small one. It was bleeding. The hounds yapped and leapt at, and fell back a-top of each other, snarling, while the Whip grinned and kept them at bay. A knife lay between his wide-planted feet, and a visgy* close behind him on a heap of disturbed sand.

The boy came on them from the eastward, and his shadow fell across the hollow.

"Hullo!" said one of the riders, looking up. It was Squire Moyle himself. "Here's the new Passon's boy!"

All the riders looked up. The Whip looked too, and turned to the old Squire with a wider grin than before.

"Shall I christen en, maister?"

The Squire nodded. Before Taffy knew what it meant, the man was climbing toward him with a grin, clutching the rush bents with one hand, and holding out the blood-dabbled mask with the other. The child turned to run, but a hand clutched his ankle. He saw the man's open mouth and yellow teeth; and, choking with disgust and terror, slung his boots at them with all his small force. At the same instant he was jerked off his feet, the edge of the bank crumbled and broke, and the two went rolling down the sandy slope in a heap. He heard shouts of laughter, caught a glimpse of blue sky, felt the grip of fingers on his throat, and smelt the verminous odor of the dead cub, as the Whip thrust the bloody mess against his face and neck. Then the grip relaxed, and—it seemed to him, amid dead silence—Taffy sprang to his feet, spitting sand and fury.

"You—you devils!" He caught up the visgy and stood, daring all to come on. "You devils!" He tottered forward with the visgy lifted—it was all he could manage—at Squire Moyle. The old man let out an oath, and the curve of his whip-thong took the boy across the eyes and blinded him for a moment, but did not stop him. The gray horse swerved, and half-wheeled, exposing his flank. In another moment there would have been mischief; but the Whip, as he stood wiping his mouth, saw the danger and ran in. He struck the visgy out of the child's grasp, set his foot on it, and with an open-handed cuff sent him floundering into a sand-heap.

"Nice boy, that!" said somebody, and the whole company laughed as they walked their horses slowly out of the hollow.

They passed before Taffy in a blur of tears; and the last rider to go was the small girl, Honoria, on her tall sorrel. She moved up the broad shelving path, but reined up, just within sight, turned her horse, and came slowly back to him.

"If I were you, I'd go home." She pointed in its direction.

Taffy brushed the back of his hand across his eyes. "Go away. I hate you—I hate you all!"

She eyed him while she smoothed the sorrel's mane with her riding-switch.

"They did it to me three years ago, when I was six. Grandfather called it 'entering' me."

Taffy kept his eyes sullenly on the ground. Finding that he would not answer, she turned her horse again and rode slowly after the others. Taffy heard the soft footfalls die away, and when he looked up she had vanished.

He picked up his boots and started in the direction to which she had pointed. Every now and then a sob shook him. By
and by the chimneys of the house hove in sight among the ridges, and he ran toward it. But within a gunshot of the white garden-wall his breast swelled suddenly and he flung himself on the ground and let the big tears run. They made little pits in the moving sand; and more sand drifted up and covered them.

"Taffy! Taffy! Whatever has become of the child?"

His mother was standing by the gate in her print frock. He scrambled up and ran toward her. She cried out at the sight of him, but he hid his blood-smeared face against her skirts.

V

TAFFY KINGS THE CHURCH-BELL

They were in the church—Squire Moyle, Mr. Raymond, and Taffy close behind. The two men were discussing the holes in the roof and other dilapidations.

"One, two, three," the Squire counted.

"I'll send a couple of men with tarpaulin and rick-ropes. That'll tide us over next Sunday, unless it blows hard."

They passed up three steps under the belfry arch. Here a big bell rested on the flooring. Its rim was cracked, but not badly. A long ladder reached up into the gloom.

"What's the beam like?" the Squire called up to someone aloft.

"Sound as a bell," answered a voice.

"I said so. We'll have 'en hoisted by Sunday. I'll send a wagon over to Wheel Gooniver for a tackle and winch. Damme, up there! Don't keep sheddin' such a muck o' dust on your betters!"

"I can't help no other, Squire!" said the voice overhead; "such a cauch o' pilm an' twigs an' birds' droppin's! If I sneeze I'm a lost man."

Taffy, staring up as well as he could for the falling rubbish, could just spy a white smock above the beam, and a glint of daylight on the toe-scutes of two dangling boots.

"I'll dam soon make you help it. Is the beam sound?"

"Ha'n't I told 'ee so?" said the voice, querulously.

"Then come down off the ladder, you son of a — — ."

"Gently, Squire!" put in Mr. Raymond.

The Squire groaned. "There I go again—an' in the House of God itself! Oh! 'tis a case with me! I've a heart o' stone—a heart o' stone." He turned and brushed his rusty hat with his coat-cuff. Suddenly he faced round again. "Here, Bill Udy," he said to the old laborer who had just come down the ladder, "catch hold of my hat an’ carry en fore to porch. I keep forgettin' I'm in church, an' then on he goes."

The building stood half a mile from the sea, surrounded by the rolling towans and rabbit burrows, and a few lichen-spotted tombstones, slanting inland. Early in the sixteenth century a London merchant had been shipwrecked on the coast below Nanizabuloe and cast ashore, the one saved out of thirty. He asked to be shown a church in which to give thanks for his preservation, and the people led him to a ruin bedded in the sands. It had lain since the days of Arundel's Rebellion. The Londoner vowed to build a new church there on the town's, where the songs of prayer and praise should mingle with the voice of the waves which God had baffled for him. The people warned him of the sand; but he would not listen to reason. He built his church—a squat perpendicular building of two aisles, the wider divided into nave and chancel merely by a granite step in the flooring; he saw it consecrated, and returned to his home and died. And the church steadily decayed. He had mixed his mortar with sea-sand. The stonework oozed brine, the plaster fell piece-meal; the blown sand penetrated like water; the foundations sank a foot on the south side, and the whole structure took a list to leeward. The living passed into the hands of the Dean and Chapter of Exeter, and from them, in 1730, to the Moyles. Mr. Raymond's predecessor was a kinsman of theirs by marriage, a pluralist, who lived and died at the other end of the Duchy. He had sent curates from time to time; the last of whom was dead, three years since, of solitude and drink. But he never came himself, Squire Moyle having threatened to set the dogs on him if ever he set
foot in Nannizabuloe; for there had been some dispute over a dowry. The result was that nobody went to church, though a parson from the next parish held an occasional service. The people were Wesleyan Methodists or Bryanites. Each sect had its own chapel in the fishing village of Ennis, on the western side of the parish; and the Bryanites a second one, at the crossroads behind the downs, for the miners and warreners and scattered farm-folk.

_Ding—ding—ding—ding._

It was Sunday morning, and Taffy was sounding the bell, by a thin rope tied to its clapper.

The heavy bell-rope would be ready next week; but Humility must first contrive a woolen binding for it, to prevent its chafing the ringer’s hands.

Out on the towans the rabbits heard the sound, and ran scampering. Others, farther away, paused in their feeding, and listened with cocked ears.

_Ding—ding—ding._

Mr. Raymond stood in the belfry at the boy’s elbow. He wore his surplice, and held his prayer-book, with a finger between the pages. Glancing down toward the nave, he saw Humility sitting in the big vicarage pew—no other soul in church.

He took the cord from Taffy, “Run to the door, and see if anyone is coming.”

Taffy ran; and after a minute came back.

“There’s Squire Moyle coming along the path, and the little girl with him, and some servants behind—five or six of them. Bill Udy’s one.”

“Nobody else?”

“I expect the people don’t hear the bell,” said Taffy. “They live too far away.”

“God hears. Yes, and God sees the lamp is lit.”

“What lamp?” Taffy looked up at his father’s face, wondering.

“All towers carry a lamp of some kind. For what else are they built?”

It was exactly the tone in which he had spoken that afternoon at Tewkesbury about men being like towers. Both these sentences puzzled the boy; and yet Taffy never felt so near to understanding him as he had then, and did again now. He was shy of his father. He did not know that his father was just as shy of him. He began to ring with all his soul—ding—ding—ding, ding—ding.

The old Squire entered the church, paused, and blew his nose violently, and, taking Honoria by the hand, marched her up to the end of the south aisle. The door of the great pew was shut upon them, and they disappeared. Before Honoria vanished, Taffy caught a glimpse of a gray hat with pink ribbons.

The servants scattered, and found seats in the body of the church. He went on ringing, but no one else came. After a minute or two Mr. Raymond signed to him to stop and go to his mother, which he did, blushing at the noise of his shoes on the slate pavement. Mr. Raymond followed, walked slowly past, and entered the reading-desk.

“When the wicked man turneth away from his wickedness that he hath committed, and doeth that which is lawful and right, he shall save his soul alive. . . .”

Taffy looked toward the Squire’s pew. The bald top of the Squire’s head was just visible above the ledge. He looked up at his mother, but her eyes were fastened on her prayer-book. He felt—he could not help it—that they were all gathered to save this old man’s soul, and that everybody knew it, and secretly thought it a hopeless case. The notion dogged him all through the service, and for many Sundays after. Always that bald head above the ledge, and his father and the congregation trying to call down salvation on it. He wondered what Honoria thought, boxed up with it, and able to see its face.

Mr. Raymond mounted an upper pulpit to preach his sermon. He chose his text from Saint Matthew, Chapter vii., verses 26 and 27:  

“And every one that heareth these sayings of mine and doeth them not, shall be likened unto a foolish man which built his house upon the sand;  

“And the rain descended, and the floods came, and the winds blew, and beat upon that house; and it fell; and great was the fall of it.”

Taffy never followed his father’s sermons closely. He would listen to a sentence or two, now and again, and then let his wits wander.
"You think this church is built upon the sands. The rain has come, the winds have blown and beaten on it; the foundations have sunk, and it leans to leeward. . . . By the blessing of God we will shore it up, and upon a foundation of rock. Upon what rock, you ask? . . . Upon that Rock which is the everlasting foundation of the Church spiritual. . . . Hear what comfortable words our Lord spake to Peter. . . . Our foundation must be faith, which is God's continuing Presence on earth, and which we shall recognize hereafter as God Himself. . . . Faith is the substance of things hoped for, the evidence of things not seen. . . . In other words, it is the rock we search for. . . . Draw near it, and you will know yourself in God's very shadow—the shadow of a great rock in a weary land. . . . As with this building, so with you, O man, cowering from wrath, as these walls are cowering. . . ."

The benediction was pronounced, the pew-door opened, and the old man marched down the aisle, looking neither to right nor to left, with his jaw set like a closed gin. Honoria followed. She had not so much as a glance for Taffy; but in passing she gazed frankly at Humility, whom she had not seen before.

Humility was rather ostentatiously cheerful at dinner that day; a sure sign that at heart she was disappointed. She had looked for a bigger congregation. Mrs. Venning, who had been carried downstairs for the meal, saw this, and asked few questions. Both the women stole glances at Mr. Raymond when they thought he was not observing them. He at least pretended to observe nothing, but chatted away cheerfully.

"Taffy," he said, after dinner, "I want you to run up to Tredinnis with a note from me. Maybe I will follow later, but I must go to the village first."

(To be continued.)

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**AT BREAK OF DAY**

By M. L van Vorst

At break of day when shadows fly,
And still the earth is white with dew,
And light, soft mists on hill-sides lie,
And all the purple meadows through
The morning wind moves like a sigh
(No sullied thing draws ever nigh
When thus the day from God is new),
Oh, then I wake all quietly,
And as from some sweet place most high
On the chaste line of day and night—
Whence holy thoughts will souls imbue
Who wake, praise God, keep pure, walk right—
A boon comes: is't not blest that I
Walk thus thro' fields of God with you
At break of day, when shadows fly?
There were three crosses on the hill,
Three shadows downward thrown;
O, Mary Mother, heard you not
The other mothers' moan?

Your Son—He was the Holy One
Whom angels comforted;
They touched His lips with heavenly wine
In those dark hours of dread!

For Him all nature mourned; the sun
Veiled its resplendent face;
 Darkness and tumult for His sake
Filled all the awful space.

And you—the sword that pierced your heart
Grave prophets had foretold;
You saw the crown above the cross
Clear shining as of old!
O Mary Mother, sitting now
Enthroned beside your Son,
You knew even then the glorious end
For which the deed was done!

You saw the ages bending low
In homage at His feet;
You heard the songs of triumph,
And the music piercing sweet.

Three crosses on dark Calvary's hill—
Three awful shadows thrown;
Three mothers, faint with anguish sore,
Making to God their moan;

But they, those other mothers, who
Bent down to comfort them?
They cowered afar; they had not dared
To touch your garment's hem.

Even if in mockery, your Son
Was crowned and hailed as king;
While theirs—disgraced, dishonored they—
Past all imagining!

They loved like you. Their sons had lain
Like yours in sinless rest,
Cradled to slumber, soft and deep,
On each fond, faithful breast.

Yet now the terror and the shame,
The agony untold,
The deathless mother-love, unquenched
By horrors manifold!

Three crosses on the dreadful hill,
Three shadows downward thrown;
Mother of Sorrows, thou hast borne
Not one sharp pang alone!
THE ROUGH RIDERS

BY THEODORE ROOSEVELT

Colonel of the First United States Volunteer Cavalry

THE CAVALRY AT SANTIAGO

On June 30th we received orders to hold ourselves in readiness to march against Santiago, and all the men were greatly overjoyed, for the inaction was trying. The one narrow road, a mere muddy track along which the army was encamped, was choked with the marching columns. As always happened when we had to change camp, everything that the men could not carry, including, of course, the officers' baggage, was left behind.

About noon the Rough Riders struck camp and drew up in column beside the road in the rear of the First Cavalry. Then we sat down and waited for hours before the order came to march, while regiment after regiment passed by, varied by bands of tatterdemalion Cuban insurgents, and by mule-trains with ammunition. Every man carried three days' provisions. We had succeeded in borrowing mules sufficient to carry along the dynamite gun and the automatic Colts.

At last, toward mid-afternoon, the First and Tenth Cavalry, ahead of us, marched, and we followed. The First was under the command of Lieutenant-Colonel Veile, the Tenth under Lieutenant-Colonel Baldwin. Every few minutes there would be a stoppage in front, and at the halt I would make the men sit or lie down beside the track, loosening their packs. The heat was intense as we passed through the still, close jungle, which formed a wall on either hand. Occasionally we came to gaps or open spaces, where some regiment was camped, and now and then one of these regiments, which apparently had been left out of its proper place, would file into the road, breaking up our line of march. As a result, we finally found ourselves following merely the tail of the regiment ahead of us, an infantry regiment being thrust into the interval. Once or twice we had to wade streams. Darkness came on, but we still continued to march. It was about eight o'clock when we turned to the left and climbed El Poso hill, on whose summit there was a ruined ranch and sugar factory, now, of course, deserted. Here I found General Wood, who was arranging for the camping of the brigade. Our own arrangements for the night were simple. I extended each troop across the road into the jungle, and then the men threw down their belongings where they stood and slept on their arms. Fortunately, there was no rain. Wood and I curled up under our rain-coats on the saddle-blankets, while his two aides, Captain A. L. Mills and Lieutenant W. N. Ship, slept near us. We were up before dawn and getting breakfast. Mills and Ship had nothing to eat, and they breakfasted with Wood and myself, as we had been able to get some handfuls of beans, and some coffee and sugar, as well as the ordinary bacon and hardtack.

We did not talk much, for though we were in ignorance as to precisely what the day would bring forth, we knew that we should see fighting. We had slept soundly enough, although, of course, both Wood and I during the night had made a round of the sentries, he of the brigade, and I of the regiment; and I suppose that, excepting among hardened veterans, there is always a certain feeling of uneasy excitement the night before the battle.

Mills and Ship were both tall, fine-looking men, of tried courage, and thoroughly trained in every detail of their profession; I remember being struck by the quiet, soldierly way they were going about their work early that morning. Before noon one was killed and the other dangerously wounded.

General Wheeler was sick, but with his usual indomitable pluck and entire indifference to his own personal comfort, he
The Rough Riders kept to the front. He was unable to retain command of the cavalry division, which accordingly devolved upon General Samuel Sumner, who commanded it until mid-afternoon, when the bulk of the fighting was over. General Sumner's own brigade fell to Colonel Henry Carroll. General Sumner led the advance with the cavalry, and the battle was fought by him and by General Kent, who commanded we had received no orders, except that we were told that the main fighting was to be done by Lawton's infantry division, which was to take El Caney, several miles to our right, while we were simply to make a diversion. This diversion was to be made mainly with the artillery, and the battery which had taken position immediately in front of us was to begin when Lawton began.

Third Cavalry, Rough Riders, and Cubans at El Poso in Rear of Grimes's Battery.

Two shells burst a few minutes later, killing and wounding a number of soldiers and Cubans. Grimes's Battery is visible on the crest of the hill.

It was about six o'clock that the first report of the cannon from El Caney came booming to us across the miles of still jungle. It was a very lovely morning, the sky of cloudless blue, while the level, shimmering rays from the just-risen sun brought into fine relief the splendid palms which here and there towered above the lower growth. The lofty and beautiful mountains hemmed in the Santiago plain, making it an amphitheatre for the battle. Immediately our guns opened, and at the infantry division, and whose foremost brigade was led by General Hawkins.

As the sun rose the men fell in, and at the same time a battery of field-guns was brought up on the hill-crest just beyond, between us and toward Santiago. It was a fine sight to see the great horses straining under the lash as they whirled the guns up the hill and into position.

Our brigade was drawn up on the hither side of a kind of half basin, a big band of Cubans being off to the left. As yet
the report great clouds of white smoke hung on the ridge crest. For a minute or two there was no response. Wood and I were sitting together, and Wood remarked to me that he wished our brigade could be moved somewhere else, for we were directly in line of any return fire aimed by the Spaniards at the battery. Hardly had he spoken when there was a peculiar whistling, singing sound in the air, and immediately afterward the noise of something exploding over our heads. It was shrapnel from the Spanish batteries. We sprang to our feet and leaped on our horses. Immediately afterward a second shot came which burst directly above us; and then a third. From the second shell one of the shrapnel bullets dropped on my wrist, hardly breaking the skin, but raising a bump about as big as a hickory-nut. The same shell wounded four of my regiment, one of them being Mason Mitchell, and two or three of the regulars were also hit, one losing his leg by a great fragment of shell. Another shell exploded right in the middle of the Cubans, killing and wounding a good many, while the remainder scattered like guinea-hens. Wood’s led horse was also shot through the lungs. I at once hustled my regiment over the crest of the hill into the thick underbrush, where I had no little difficulty in getting them together again into column.

Meanwhile the firing continued for fifteen or twenty minutes, until it gradually died away. As the Spaniards used smokeless powder, their artillery had an enormous advantage over ours, and, moreover, we did not have the best type of modern guns, our fire being slow.

As soon as the firing ceased, Wood formed his brigade, with my regiment in front, and gave me orders to follow behind the First Brigade, which was just moving off the ground. In column of fours we marched down the trail toward the ford of the San Juan River. We passed two or three regiments of infantry, and were several times halted before we came to the ford. The First Brigade, which was under Colonel Carroll—Lieut-
tenant-Colonel Hamilton commanding the Ninth Regiment, Major Wessels the Third, and Captain Kerr the Sixth—had already crossed and was marching to the right, parallel to, but a little distance from, the river. The Spaniards in the trenches and block-houses on top of the hills in front were already firing at the brigade in desultory fashion. The extreme advance of the Ninth Cavalry was under Lieutenants McNamee and Hartwick. They

were joined by General Hawkins, with his staff, who was looking over the ground and deciding on the route he should take his infantry brigade.

Our orders had been of the vaguest kind, being simply to march to the right and connect with Lawton—with whom, of course, there was no chance of our connecting. No reconnaissance had been made, and the exact position and strength of the Spaniards was not known. A captive balloon was up in the air at this moment, but it was worse than useless. A previous proper reconnaissance and proper look-out from the hills would have given us exact information. As it was, Generals Kent, Sumner, and Hawkins had to be their own reconnoissance, and they fought their troops so well that we won anyhow.

I was now ordered to cross the ford, march half a mile or so to the right, and then halt and await further orders; and I promptly hurried my men across, for the fire was getting hot, and the captive balloon, to the horror of everybody, was coming down to the ford. Of course, it was a special target for the enemy's fire.

I got my men across before it reached the ford. There it partly collapsed and remained, causing severe loss of life, as it indicated the exact position where the Tenth and the First Cavalry, and the infantry, were crossing.

As I led my column slowly along, under the intense heat, through the high grass of the open jungle, the First Brigade was to our left, and the firing between it and the Spaniards on the hills grew steadily hotter and hotter. After awhile I came to a sunken lane, and as by this time the First Brigade had stopped and was engaged in a stand-up fight, I halted my men and sent back word for orders. As
The Log in San Juan Jungle over which Most of the Sixth Infantry Crossed in their Advance on the Enemy.

we faced toward the Spanish hills my regiment was on the right with next to it and a little in advance the First Cavalry, and behind them the Tenth. In our front the Ninth held the right, the Sixth the centre, and the Third the left; but in the jungle the lines were already overlapping in places. Kent's infantry were coming up, farther to the left.

Captain Mills was with me. The sunken lane, which had a wire fence on either side, led straight up toward, and between, the two hills in our front, the hill on the left, which contained heavy block-houses, being farther away from us than the hill on our right, which we afterward grew to call Kettle Hill, and which was surmounted merely by some large ranch buildings or haciendas, with sunken bricklined walls and cellars. I got the men as well-sheltered as I could. Many of them lay close under the bank of the lane, others slipped into the San Juan River and crouched under its hither bank, while the rest lay down behind the patches of bushy jungle in the tall grass. The heat was intense, and many of the men were already showing signs of exhaustion. The sides of the hills in front were bare; but the country up to them was, for the most part, covered with such dense jungle that in charging through it no accuracy of formation could possibly be preserved.

The fight was now on in good earnest, and the Spaniards on the hills were engaged in heavy volley firing. The Mauser bullets drove in sheets through the trees and the tall jungle grass, making a peculiar whirring or rustling sound; some of the bullets seemed to pop in the air, so that we thought they were explosive; and, indeed, many of those which were coated with brass did explode, in
the sense that the brass coat was ripped off, making a thin plate of hard metal with a jagged edge, which inflicted a ghastly wound. These bullets were shot from a 45-calibre rifle carrying smokeless powder, which was much used by the guerillas and irregular Spanish troops. The Mauser bullets themselves made a small clean hole, with the result that the wound healed in a most astonishing manner. One or two of our men who were shot in the head had the skull blown open, but elsewhere the wounds from the minute steel-coated bullet, with its very high velocity, were certainly nothing like as serious as those made by the old large-calibre, low-power rifle. If a man was shot through the heart, spine, or brain he was, of course, killed instantly; but very few of the wounded died—even under the appalling conditions which prevailed, owing to the lack of attendance and supplies in the field-hospitals with the army.

While we were lying in reserve we were suffering nearly as much as afterward when we charged. I think that the bulk of the Spanish fire was practically unaimed, or at least not aimed at any particular man, and only occasionally at a particular body of men; but they swept the whole field of battle up to the edge of the river, and man after man in our ranks fell dead or wounded, although I had the troopers scattered out far apart, taking advantage of every scrap of cover.

Devereux was dangerously shot while he lay with his men on the edge of the river. A young West Point cadet, Ernest Haskell, who had taken his holiday with us as an acting second lieutenant, was shot through the stomach. He had shown great coolness and gallantry, which he displayed to an even more marked degree after being wounded, shaking my hand and saying, "All right, Colonel, I'm going to get well. Don't bother about me, and don't let any man come away with me." When I shook hands with him, I thought he would surely die; yet he recovered.

The most serious loss that I and the regiment could have suffered befell just before we charged. Bucky O'Neill was strolling up and down in front of his men, smoking his cigarette, for he was inveterately addicted to the habit. He had a theory that an officer ought never to take cover—a theory which was, of course, wrong, though in a volunteer organization the officers should certainly expose themselves very fully, simply for the effect on the men; our regimental toast on the transport running, "The officers; may the war last until each is killed, wounded, or promoted." As O'Neill moved to and fro, his men begged him to lie down, and one of the sergeants said, "Captain, a bullet is sure to hit you." O'Neill took his cigarette out of his mouth, and blowing out a cloud of smoke, laughed and said, "Sergeant, the Spanish bullet isn't made that will kill me." A little later he discussed for a moment with one of the regular officers the direction from which the Spanish fire was coming. As he turned on his heel a bullet struck him in the mouth and came out at the back of
his head; so that before he fell his wild and gallant soul had gone out into the darkness.

My orderly was a brave young Harvard boy, Sanders, from the quaint old Massachusetts town of Salem. The work of an orderly on foot, under the blazing sun, through the hot and matted jungle, was very severe, and finally the heat overcame him. He dropped; nor did he ever recover fully, and later he died from fever. In his place I summoned a trooper whose name I did not know. Shortly afterward, while sitting beside the bank, I directed him to go back and ask whatever general he came across if I could not advance, as my men were being much cut up. He stood up to salute and then pitched forward across my knees, a bullet having gone through his throat, cutting the carotid.

When O'Neill was shot, his troop, who were devoted to him, were for the moment at a loss whom to follow. One of their number, Henry Bardshar, a huge Arizona miner, immediately attached himself to me as my orderly, and from that moment he was closer to me, not only in the fight, but throughout the rest of the campaign, than any other man, not even excepting the color-sergeant, Wright.
Captain Mills was with me; gallant Ship had already been killed. Mills was an invaluable aid, absolutely cool, absolutely unmoved or flurried in any way.

I sent messenger after messenger to try to find General Sumner or General Wood and get permission to advance, and was just about making up my mind that in the absence of orders I had better "march toward the guns," when Lieutenant-Colonel Dorst came riding up through the storm of bullets with the welcome command "to move forward and support the regulars in the assault on the hills in front." General Sumner had obtained authority to advance from Lieutenant Miley, who was representing General Shafter at the front, and was in the thick of the fire. The General at once ordered the first brigade to advance on the hills, and the second to support it. He himself was riding his horse along the lines, superintending the fight. Later I overheard a couple of my men talking together about him. What they said illustrates the value of a display of courage among the officers in hardening their soldiers; for their theme was how, as they were lying down under a fire which they could not return, and were in consequence feeling rather nervous, General Sumner suddenly appeared on horseback, sauntering by quite unmoved; and, said one of the men, "That made us feel all right. If the General could stand it, we could."

The instant I received the order I sprang on my horse and then my "crowded hour" began. The guerillas had been shooting at us from the edges of the jungle and from their perches in the leafy trees, and as they used smokeless powder, it was almost impossible to see them, though a few of my men had from time to time responded. We had also suffered from the hill on our right front, which was held chiefly by guerillas, although there were also some Spanish regulars with them, for we found their dead. I formed my men in column of troops, each troop extended in open skirmishing order, the right resting on the wire fences which bordered the sunken lane. Captain Jenkins led the first squadron, his eyes literally dancing with joyous excitement.

I started in the rear of the regiment, the position in which the colonel should theoretically stay. Captain Mills and Captain McCormick were both with me as aides; but I speedily had to send them off on special duty in getting the different bodies of men forward. I had intended to go into action on foot as at Las Guasimas, but the heat was so oppressive that I found I should be quite unable to run up and down the line and superintend matters unless I was mounted; and, moreover, when on horseback, I could see the men better and they could see me better.

A curious incident happened as I was getting the men started forward. Always when men have been lying down under cover for some time, and are required to advance, there is a little hesitation, each looking to see whether the others are going forward. As I rode down the line, calling to the troopers to go forward, and rasping brief directions to the captains and lieutenants, I came upon a man lying behind a little bush, and I ordered him to jump up. I do not think he understood that we were making a forward move, and he looked up at me for a moment with hesitation, and I again bade him rise, jeering him and saying: "Are you afraid to stand up when I am on horseback?" As I spoke, he suddenly fell forward on his face, a bullet having struck him and gone through him lengthwise. I suppose the bullet had been aimed at me; at any rate, I, who was on horseback in the open, was unhurt, and
the man lying flat on the ground in the cover beside me was killed. There were several pairs of brothers with us; of the two Nortons one was killed; of the two McCurdys one was wounded.

I soon found that I could get that line behind which I personally was faster forward than the one immediately in front of it, with the result that the two rearmost lines of the regiment began to crowd together; so I rode through them both, the better to move on the one in front. This happened with every line in succession, until I found myself at the head of the regiment.

Both lieutenants of B Troop from Arizona had been exerting themselves greatly, and both were overcome by the heat; but Sergeants Campbell and Davidson took it forward in splendid shape. Some of the men from this troop and from the other Arizona troop (Bucky O’Neill’s) joined me as a kind of fighting tail.

The Ninth Regiment was immediately in front of me, and the First on my left, and these went up Kettle Hill with my regiment. The Third, Sixth, and Tenth went partly up Kettle Hill, and partly between that and the block-house hill, which the infantry were assailing. General Sumner in person gave the Tenth the order to charge the hills; and it went forward at a rapid gait. The three regiments went forward more or less intermingled, ad-
vancing steadily and keep-
ing up a heavy fire. Up "Kettle Hill Sergeant
George Berry, of the Tenth,
bore not only his own regi-
mental colors but those of
the Third, the color-ser-
geant of the Third having
been shot down; he kept
shouting, "Dress on the
colors, boys, dress on the
colors!" as he followed
Captain Ayres, who was
running in advance of his
men, shouting and waving
his hat. The Tenth Cav-
alty lost a greater propor-
tion of its officers than any
other regiment in the battle
—eleven out of twenty-two.

By the time I had come
to the head of the regiment
we ran into the left wing of
the Ninth Regulars, and
some of the First Regulars,
who were lying down; that
is, the troopers were lying
down, while the officers
were walking to and fro. The officers of
the white and colored regiments alike took
the greatest pride in seeing that the men
more than did their duty; and the mortal-
ity among them was great.

I spoke to the captain in command of
the rear platoons, saying that I had been
ordered to support the regulars in the at-
tack upon the hills, and that in my judg-
ment we could not take these hills by
firing at them, and that we must rush
them. He answered that his orders were
to keep his men lying where they were,
and that he could not charge without or-
ders. I asked where the Colonel was, and
as he was not in sight, said, "Then I am
the ranking officer here and I give the
order to charge!"—for I did not want to
keep the men longer in the open suffering
under a fire which they could not effec-
tively return. Naturally the Captain hesi-
tated to obey this order when no word had
been received from his own Colonel. So I
said, "Then let my men through, sir," and
rode on through the lines, followed
by the grinning Rough Riders, whose at-
tention had been completely taken off the
Spanish bullets, partly by my dialogue with
the regulars, and partly by the language I
had been using to themselves as I got the
lines forward, for I had been joking with
some and swearing at others, as the exi-
gencies of the case seemed to demand.

When we started to go through, however,
it proved too much for the regulars, and
they jumped up and came along, their offi-
cers and troops mingling with mine, all
being delighted at the chance. When I
got to where the head of the left wing of
the Ninth was lying, through the courtesy
of Lieutenant Hartwick, two of whose
colored troopers threw down the fence, I
was enabled to get back into the lane, at
the same time waving my hat, and giving
the order to charge the hill on our right
front. Out of my sight, over on the
right, Captains McBlain and Taylor, of
the Ninth, made up their minds indepen-
dently to charge at just about this time;
and at almost the same moment Colonels
Carroll and Hamilton, who were off, I
believe, to my left, where we could see
neither them nor their men, gave the order
to advance. But of all this I knew noth-
ing at the time. The whole line, tired of
waiting, and eager to close with the ene-
my, was straining to go forward; and it
seems that different parts slipped the leash
at almost the same moment.

The First Cavalry came up
the hill just behind, and partly
mixed with my regiment and
the Ninth.

By this time we were all in
the spirit of the thing and
greatly excited by the charge,
the men cheering and running
forward between shots, while
the delighted faces of the fore-
most officers, like Captain C.
J. Stevens, of the Ninth, as
they ran at the head of their
troops, will always stay in my
mind. As soon as I was in
the line I galloped forward a
few yards until I saw that the
men were well started, and
then galloped back to help
Goodrich, who was in com-
mand of his troop, get his men
across the road so as to attack
the hill from that side. Cap-
tain Mills had already thrown
three of the other troops of
View from San Juan Hill of the First Hill and Block-house Captured on the First of July.
the regiment across this road for the same purpose. Wheeling around, I then again galloped toward the hill, passing the shouting, cheering, firing men, and went up the lane, splashing through a small stream; when I got abreast of the ranch buildings on the top of Kettle Hill, I turned and went up the slope. Being on horseback I was, of course, able to get ahead of the men on foot, excepting my orderly, Henry Bardshar, who had run ahead very fast in order to get better shots at the Spaniards, who were now running out of the ranch buildings. Sergeant Campbell and a number of the Arizona men, and Dudley Dean, among others, were very close behind. Stevens, with his platoon of the Ninth, was abreast of us; so were McNamee and Hartwick. Some forty yards from the top I ran into a wire fence and jumped off Little Texas, turning him loose. He had been scraped by a couple of bullets, one of which nicked my elbow, and I never expected to see him again. As I ran up to the hill, Bardshar stopped to shoot, and two Spaniards fell as he emptied his magazine. These were the only Spaniards I actually saw fall to aimed shots by any one of my men, with the exception of two guerillas in trees.

Almost immediately afterward the hill was covered by the troops, both Rough Riders and the colored troopers of the Ninth, and some men of the First. There was the usual confusion, and afterward there was much discussion as to exactly who had been on the hill first. The first guidons planted there were those of the three New Mexican troops, G, E, and F, of my regiment, under their captains, Llewellyn, Luna, and Muller, but on the extreme right of the hill, at the opposite end from where we struck it, captains Taylor and McBlain and their men of the Ninth were first up. Each of the five captains was firm in the belief that his troop was first up. As for the individual men, each of whom honestly thought he was first on the summit, their name was legion. One Spaniard was captured in the buildings, another was shot as he tried to hide himself, and a few others were killed as they ran.

Among the many deeds of conspicuous gallantry here performed, two, both to the credit of the First Cavalry, may be mentioned as examples of the others, not as exceptions. Sergeant Charles Karsten, while close beside Captain Tutherly, the squadron commander, was hit by a shrapnel bullet. He continued on the line, firing, until his arm grew numb; and he then refused to go to the rear, and devoted him-
The Rough Riders

self to taking care of the wounded, utterly unmoved by the heavy fire. Trooper Hugo Brittain, when wounded, brought the regimental standard forward, waving it to and fro, to cheer the men.

No sooner were we on the crest than the Spaniards from the line of hills in our front, where they were strongly intrenched, opened a very heavy fire upon us with their rifles. They also opened upon us with one or two pieces of artillery, using time fuses which burned very accurately, the shells exploding right over our heads.

On the top of the hill was a huge iron kettle, or something of the kind, probably used for sugar refining. Several of our men took shelter behind this. We had a splendid view of the charge on the San Juan block-house to our left, where the infantry of Kent, led by Hawkins, were climbing the hill. Obviously the proper thing to do was to help them, and I got the men together and started them volley-firing against the Spaniards in the San Juan block-house and in the trenches around it. We could only see their heads; of course this was all we ever could see when we were firing at them in their trenches. Stevens was directing not only his own colored troopers, but a number of Rough Riders; for in a mêlée good soldiers are always prompt to recognize a good officer, and are eager to follow him.

We kept up a brisk fire for some five or ten minutes; meanwhile we were much cut up ourselves. Gallant Colonel Hamilton, than whom there was never a braver man, was killed, and equally gallant Colonel Carroll wounded. When near the summit Captain Mills had been shot through the head, the bullet destroying the sight of one eye permanently and of the other temporarily. He would not go back or let any man assist him, sitting down where he was and waiting until one of the men brought him word that the hill was stormed. Colonel Veile planted the standard of the First Cavalry on the hill, and General Sumner rode up. He was fighting his division in great form, and was always himself in the thick of the fire. As the men were much excited by the firing, they seemed to pay very little heed to their own losses.

Suddenly, above the cracking of the carbines, rose a peculiar drumming sound, and some of the men cried, "The Spanish machine-guns!" Listening, I made out that it came from the flat ground to the left, and jumped to my feet, smiting my hand on my thigh, and shouting aloud with excitement, "It's the gatlings, men, our gatlings!" Lieutenant Parker was bringing his four gatlings into action, and shoving them nearer and nearer the front. Now and then the drumming ceased for a moment; then it would resound again, always closer to San Juan hill, which Parker, like ourselves, was hammering to assist the infantry attack. Our men cheered lustily. We saw much of Parker after that, and there was never a more welcome sound than his gatlings as they opened. It was the only sound which I ever heard my men cheer in battle.

The infantry got nearer and nearer the crest of the hill. At last we could see the Spaniards running from the rifle-pits as the Americans came on in their final rush. Then I stopped my men for fear they should injure their comrades, and called to them to charge the next line of trenches, on the hills in our front, from which we had been undergoing a good deal of punishment. Thinking that the men would all come, I jumped over the wire fence in front of us and started at the double; but, as a matter of fact, the troopers were so excited, what with shooting and being shot, and shouting and cheering, that they did not hear, or did not heed me; and after running about a hundred yards I found I had only five men along with me. Bullets were ripping the grass all around us, and one of the men, Clay Green, was mortally wounded; another, Winslow Clark, a Harvard man, was shot first in the leg and then through the body. He made not the slightest murmur, only asking me to put his water canteen where he could get at it, which I did; he ultimately recovered. There was no use going on with the remaining three men, and I bade them stay where they were while I went back and brought up the rest of the brigade. This was a decidedly cool request, for there was really no possible point in letting them stay there while I went back; but at the moment it seemed perfectly natural to me, and apparently so to them, for they cheerfully nodded, and sat down in the grass, firing back at the line of trenches from which the Spaniards
were shooting at them. Meanwhile, I ran back, jumped over the wire fence, and went over the crest of the hill, filled with anger against the troopers, and especially those of my own regiment, for not having accompanied me. They, of course, were quite innocent of wrong-doing; and even while I taunted them bitterly for not having followed me, it was all I could do not to smile at the look of injury and surprise that came over their faces, while they cried out, "We didn't hear you, we didn't see you go, Colonel; lead on now, we'll sure follow you." I wanted the other regiments to come too, so I ran down to where General Sumner was and asked him if I might make the charge; and he told me to go and that he would see that the men followed. By this time everybody had his attention attracted, and when I leaped over the fence again, with Major Jenkins beside me, the men of the various regiments which were already on the hill came with a rush, and we started across the wide valley which lay between us and the Spanish intrenchments. Captain Dimmick, now in command of the Ninth, was bringing it forward; Captain McBlain had a number of Rough Riders mixed in with his troop, and led them all together; Captain Taylor had been severely wounded. The long-legged men like Greenway, Goodrich, sharp-shooter Proffitt, and others, outstripped the rest of us, as we had a considerable distance to go. Long before we got near them the Spaniards ran, save a few here and there, who either surrendered or were shot down. When we reached the trenches we found them filled with dead bodies in the light blue and white uniform of the Spanish regular army. There were very few wounded. Most of the fallen had little holes in their heads from which their brains were oozing; for they were covered from the neck down by the trenches.

It was at this place that Major Wessels, of the Third Cavalry, was shot in the back of the head. It was a severe wound, but after having it bound up he again came to the front in command of his regiment. Among the men who were foremost was Lieutenant Milton F. Davis, of the First Cavalry. He had been joined by three men of the Seventy-first New York, who ran up, and, saluting, said, "Lieutenant, we want to go with you, our officers won't lead us." One of the brave fellows was soon afterward shot in the face. Lieutenant Davis's first sergeant, Clarence Gould, killed a Spanish soldier with his revolver, just as the Spaniard was aiming at one of my Rough Riders. At about the same time I also shot one. I was with Henry Bardshar, running up at the double, and two Spaniards leaped from the trenches and fired at us, not ten yards away. As they turned to run I closed in and fired twice, missing the first and killing the second. My revolver was from the sunken battle-ship Maine, and had been given me by my brother-in-law, Captain W. S. Cowles, of the Navy. At the time I did not know of Gould's exploit, and supposed my feat to be unique; and although Gould had killed his Spaniard in the trenches, not very far from me, I never learned of it until weeks after. It is astonishing what a limited area of vision and experience one has in the hurly-burly of a battle.

There was very great confusion at this time, the different regiments being completely intermingled—white regulars, colored regulars, and Rough Riders. General Sumner had kept a considerable force in reserve on Kettle Hill, under Major Jackson, of the Third Cavalry. We were still under a heavy fire and I got together a mixed lot of men and pushed on from the trenches and ranch-houses which we had just taken, driving the Spaniards through a line of palm-trees, and over the crests of a chain of hills. When we reached these crests we found ourselves overlooking Santiago. Some of the men, including Jenkins, Greenway, and Goodrich, pushed on almost by themselves far ahead. Lieutenant Hugh Berkely, of the First, with a sergeant and two troopers, reached the extreme front. He was, at the time, ahead of everyone; the sergeant was killed and one trooper wounded; but the lieutenant and the remaining trooper stuck to their post for the rest of the afternoon until our line was gradually extended to include them.

While I was re-forming the troops on the chain of hills, one of General Sumner's aides, Captain Robert Howze—as dashing and gallant an officer as there was in the whole gallant cavalry division,
by the way—came up with orders to me to halt where I was, not advancing farther, but to hold the hill at all hazards. Howze had his horse, and I had some difficulty in making him take proper shelter; he stayed with us for quite a time, unable to make up his mind to leave the extreme front, and meanwhile jumping at the chance to render any service, of risk or otherwise, which the moment developed.

I now had under me all the fragments of the six cavalry regiments which were at the extreme front, being the highest officer left there, and I was in immediate command of them for the remainder of the afternoon and that night. The Ninth was over to the right, and the Thirteenth Infantry afterward came up beside it. The rest of Kent's infantry was to our left. Of the Tenth, Lieutenants Anderson, Muller, and Fleming reported to me; Anderson was slightly wounded, but he paid no heed to this. All three, like every other officer, had troopers of various regiments under them; such mixing was inevitable in making repeated charges through thick jungle; it was essentially a troop commanders', indeed, almost a squad leaders', fight. The Spaniards who had been holding the trenches and the line of hills, had fallen back upon their supports and we were under a very heavy fire both from rifles and great guns. At the point where we were, the grass-covered hill-crest was gently rounded, giving poor cover, and I made my men lie down on the hither slope.

On the extreme left Captain Beck, of the Tenth, with his own troop, and small bodies of the men of other regiments, was exercising a practically independent command, driving back the Spaniards whenever they showed any symptoms of advancing. He had received his orders to hold the line at all hazards from Lieutenant Andrews, one of General Sumner's aides, just as I had received mine from Captain Howze. Finally, he was relieved by some infantry, and then rejoined the rest of the Tenth, which was engaged heavily until dark, Major Wint being among the severely wounded. Lieutenant W. N. Smith was killed. Captain Bigelow had been wounded three times.

Our artillery made one or two efforts to come into action on the firing-line of the infantry, but the black powder rendered each attempt fruitless. The Spanish guns used smokeless powder, so that it was difficult to place them. In this respect they were on a par with their own infantry and with our regular infantry and dismounted cavalry; but our only two volunteer infantry regiments, the Second Massachusetts and the Seventy-first New York, and our artillery, all had black powder. This rendered the two volunteer regiments, which were armed with the antiquated Springfield, almost useless in the battle, and did practically the same thing for the artillery wherever it was formed within rifle range. When one of the guns was discharged a thick cloud of smoke shot out and hung over the place, making an ideal target, and in half a minute every Spanish gun and rifle within range was directed at the particular spot thus indicated; the consequence was that after a more or less lengthy stand the gun was silenced or driven off. We got no appreciable help from our guns on July 1st. Our men were quick to realize the defects of our artillery, but they were entirely philosophic about it, not showing the least concern at its failure. On the contrary, whenever they heard our artillery open they would grin as they looked at one another and remark, "There go the guns again; wonder how soon they'll be shut up," and shut up they were sure to be.

The light battery of Hothick's one-pounders, under Lieutenant J. B. Hughes, of the Tenth Cavalry, was handled with conspicuous gallantry.

On the hill-slope immediately around me I had a mixed force composed of members of most of the cavalry regiments, and a few infantrymen. There were about fifty of my Rough Riders with Lieutenants Goodrich and Carr. Among the rest were perhaps a score of colored infantrymen, but, as it happened, at this particular point without any of their officers. No troops could have behaved better than the colored soldiers had behaved so far; but they are, of course, peculiarly dependent upon their white officers. Occasionally they produce non-commissioned officers who can take the initiative and accept responsibility precisely like the best class of whites; but this cannot be expected
normally, nor is it fair to expect it. With the colored troops there should always be some of their own officers; whereas, with the white regulars, as with my own Rough Riders, experience showed that the non-commissioned officers could usually carry on the fight by themselves if they were once started, no matter whether their officers were killed or not.

At this particular time it was trying for the men, as they were lying flat on their faces, very rarely responding to the bullets, shells, and shrapnel which swept over the hill-top, and which occasionally killed or wounded one of their number. Major Albert G. Forse, of the First Cavalry, a noted Indian fighter, was killed about this time. One of my best men, Sergeant Greenly, of Arizona, who was lying beside me, suddenly said, "Beg pardon, Colonel; but I've been hit in the leg." I asked, "Badly?" He said, "Yes, Colonel; quite badly." After one of his comrades had helped him fix up his leg with a first-aid-to-the-injured bandage, he limped off to the rear.

None of the white regulars or Rough Riders showed the slightest sign of weakening; but under the strain the colored infantrymen (who had none of their officers) began to get a little uneasy and to drift to the rear, either helping wounded men, or saying that they wished to find their own regiments. This I could not allow, as it was depleting my line, so I jumped up, and walking a few yards to the rear, drew my revolver, halted the retreating soldiers, and called out to them that I appreciated the gallantry with which they had fought and would be sorry to hurt them, but that I should shoot the first man who, on any pretence whatever, went to the rear. My own men had all sat up and were watching my movements with the utmost interest; so was Captain Howze. I ended my statement to the colored soldiers by saying: "Now, I shall! be very sorry to hurt you, and you don't know whether or not I will keep my word, but my men can tell you that I always do;" whereupon my cow-punchers, hunters, and miners solemnly nodded their heads and commented in chorus, exactly as if in a comic opera, "He always does; he always does!"

This was the end of the trouble, for the "smoked Yankees"—as the Spaniards called the colored soldiers—flashed their white teeth at one another, as they broke into broad grins, and I had no more trouble with them, they seeming to accept me as one of their own officers. The colored cavalrymen had already so accepted me; in return, the Rough Riders, although for the most part Southwesterners, who have a strong color prejudice, grew to accept them with hearty goodwill as comrades, and were entirely willing, in their own phrase, "to drink out of the same canteen." Where all the regular officers did so well, it is hard to draw any distinction; but in the cavalry division a peculiar need of praise should be given to the officers of the Ninth and Tenth for their work, and under their leadership the colored troops did as well as any soldiers could possibly do.

In the course of the afternoon the Spaniards in our front made the only offensive movement which I saw them make during the entire campaign; for what were ordinarily called "attacks" upon our lines consisted merely of heavy firing from their trenches and from their skirmishers. In this case they did actually begin to make a forward movement, their cavalry coming up as well as the marines and reserve infantry,* while their skirmishers, who were always bold, redoubled their activity. It could not be called a charge, and not only was it not pushed home, but it was stopped almost as soon as it began, our men immediately running forward to the crest of the hill with shouts of delight at seeing their enemies at last come into the open. A few seconds' firing stopped their advance and drove them into the cover of the trenches.

They kept up a very heavy fire for some time longer, and our men again lay down, only replying occasionally. Suddenly we heard on our right the peculiar drumming sound which had been so welcome in the morning, when the infantry were assailing the San Juan block-house. The Gatlings were up again! I started over to inquire, and found that Lieutenant Parker, not content with using his guns in support of the attacking forces, had thrust them for-

* Lieutenant Tejeiro, p. 154, speaks of this attempt to retake San Juan and its failure.
ward to the extreme front of the fighting line, where he was handling them with great effect. From this time on, throughout the fighting, Parker's gatlings were on the right of my regiment, and his men and mine fraternized in every way. He kept his pieces at the extreme front, using them on every occasion until the last Spanish shot was fired. Indeed, the dash and efficiency with which the gatlings were handled by Parker was one of the most striking features of the campaign; he showed that a first-rate officer could use machine-guns, on wheels, in battle and skirmish, in attacking and defending trenches, alongside of the best troops, and to their great advantage.

As night came on the firing gradually died away. Before this happened, however, Captains Morton and Boughton, of the Third Cavalry, came over to tell me that a rumor had reached them to the effect that there had been some talk of retiring and that they wished to protest in the strongest manner. I had been watching them both, as they handled their troops with the cool confidence of the veteran regular officers and had been congratulating myself that they were off toward the right flank, for as long as they were there, I knew I was perfectly safe in that direction. I had heard no rumor about retiring, and I cordially agreed with them that it would be far worse than a blunder to abandon our position.

To attack the Spaniards by rushing across open ground, or through wire entanglements and low, almost impassable jungle, without the help of artillery, and to force unbroken infantry, fighting behind earthworks and armed with the best repeating weapons, supported by cannon, was one thing; to repel such an attack ourselves, or to fight our foes on anything like even terms in the open, was quite another thing. No possible number of Spaniards coming at us from in front could have driven us from our position, and there was not a man on the crest who did not eagerly and devoutly hope that our opponents would make the attempt, for it would surely have been followed, not merely by a repulse, but by our immediately taking the city. There was not an officer or a man on the firing-line, so far as I saw them, who did not feel this way.

As night fell, some of my men went back to the buildings in our rear and foraged through them, for we had now been fourteen hours charging and fighting without food. They came across what was evidently the Spanish officers' mess, where their dinner was still cooking, and they brought it to the front in high glee. It was evident that the Spanish officers were living well, however the Spanish rank and file were faring. There were three big iron pots, one filled with beef-stew, one with boiled rice, and one with boiled peas; there was a big demijohn of rum (all along the trenches which the Spaniards held were empty wine and liquor bottles); there were a number of loaves of rice-bread; and there were even some small cans of preserves and a few salt fish. Of course, among so many men, the food, which was equally divided, did not give very much to each, but it freshened us all.

Soon after dark, General Wheeler, who in the afternoon had resumed command of the cavalry division, came to the front. A very few words with General Wheeler reassured us about retiring. He had been through too much heavy fighting in the Civil War to regard the present fight as very serious, and he told us not to be under any apprehension, for he had sent word that there was no need whatever of retiring, and was sure we would stay where we were until the chance came to advance. He was second in command; and to him more than to any other one man was due the prompt abandonment of the proposal to fall back—a proposal which if adopted would have meant shame and disaster.

Shortly afterward General Wheeler sent us orders to intrench. The men of the different regiments were now getting in place again and sifting themselves out. All of our troops who had been kept at Kettle Hill came forward and rejoined us after nightfall. During the afternoon Greenway, apparently not having enough to do in the fighting, had taken advantage of a lull to explore the buildings himself, and had found a number of Spanish intrenching tools, picks, and shovels, and these we used in digging trenches along our line. The men were very tired indeed, but they went cheerfully to work, all the officers doing their part.

Crockett, the ex-Revenue officer from
Georgia, was a slight man, not physically very strong. He came to me and told me he didn’t think he would be much use in digging, but that he had found a lot of Spanish coffee and would spend his time making coffee for the men, if I approved. I did approve, very heartily, and Crockett officiated as cook for the next three or four hours until the trench was dug, his coffee being much appreciated by all of us.

So many acts of gallantry were performed during the day that it is quite impossible to notice them all, and it seems unjust to single out any; yet I shall mention a few, which it must always be remembered are to stand, not as exceptions, but as instances of what very many men did. It happened that I saw these myself. There were innumerable others, which either were not seen at all, or were seen only by officers who happened not to mention them; and, of course, I know chiefly those that happened in my own regiment.

Captain Llewellyn was a large, heavy man, who had a grown-up son in the ranks. On the march he had frequently carried the load of some man who weakened, and he was not feeling well on the morning of the fight. Nevertheless, he kept at the head of his troop all day. In the charging and rushing, he not only became very much exhausted, but finally fell, wrenching himself terribly, and though he remained with us all night, he was so sick by morning that we had to take him behind the hill into an improvised hospital. Lieutenant Day, after handling his troop with equal gallantry and efficiency, was shot, on the summit of Kettle Hill. He was hit in the arm and was forced to go to the rear, but he would not return to the States, and rejoined us at the front long before his wound was healed. Lieutenant Leahy was also wounded, not far from him. Thirteen of the men were wounded and yet kept on fighting until the end of the day, and in some cases never went to the rear at all, even to have their wounds dressed. They were Corporals Waller and Fortescue and Trooper McKinley of Troop E; Corporal Rhoades of Troop D; Troopers Albertson, Winter, McGregor, and Clark of Troop F; Troopers Bugbee, Jackson, and Waller of Troop A; Trumpeter McDonald of Troop L; Sergeant Hughes of Troop B; and Trooper Gerien of Troop G. One of the Wallers was a cow-puncher from New Mexico, the other the champion Yale high-jumper. The first was shot through the left arm so as to paralyze the fingers, but he continued in battle, pointing his rifle over the wounded arm as though it had been a rest. The other Waller, and Bugbee, were hit in the head, the bullets merely inflicting scalp wounds. Neither of them paid any heed to the wounds except that after nightfall each had his head done up in a bandage. Fortescue I was at times using as an extra orderly. I noticed he limped, but supposed that his foot was skinned. It proved, however, that he had been struck in the foot, though not very seriously, by a bullet, and I never knew what was the matter until the next day I saw him making wry faces as he drew off his bloody boot, which was stuck fast to the foot. Trooper Rowland again distinguished himself by his fearlessness.

For gallantry on the field of action Sergeants Dame, Ferguson, Tiffany, Greenwald, and, later on, McIlhenny, were promoted to second lieutenancies, as Sergeant Hayes had already been. Lieutenant Carr, who commanded his troop, and behaved with great gallantry throughout the day, was shot and severely wounded at nightfall. Among the men whom I noticed as leading in the charges and always being nearest the enemy, were the Pawnee, Pollock, Simpson, of Texas, and Dudley Dean. Jenkins was made major, Woodbury Kane, Day, and Frantz, captains, and Greenway and Goodrich first lieutenants, for gallantry in action, and for the efficiency with which the first had handled his squadron, and the other five their troops—for each of them, owing to some accident to his superior, found himself in command of his troop.

Dr. Church had worked quite as hard as any man at the front in caring for the wounded; as had Chaplain Brown. Lieutenant Keyes, who acted as adjutant, did so well that he was given the position permanently. Lieutenant Coleman similarly won the position of quartermaster.

We finished digging the trench soon after midnight, and then the worn-out men laid down in rows on their rifles and dropped heavily to sleep. About one in
ten of them had blankets taken from the Spaniards. Henry Bardshar, my orderly, had procured one for me. He, Goodrich, and I slept together. If the men without blankets had not been so tired that they fell asleep anyhow, they would have been very cold, for, of course we were all drenched with sweat, and above the waist had on nothing but our flannel shirts, while the night was cool, with a heavy dew. Before anyone had time to wake from the cold, however, we were all awakened by the Spaniards, whose skirmishers suddenly opened fire on us. Of course, we could not tell whether or not this was the forerunner of a heavy attack, for our Cossack posts were responding briskly. It was about three o'clock in the morning, at which time men's courage is said to be at the lowest ebb; but the cavalry division was certainly free from any weakness in that direction. At the alarm everybody jumped to his feet and the stiff, shivering, haggard men, their eyes only half-opened, all clutched their rifles and ran forward to the trench on the crest of the hill.

The sputtering shots died away and we went to sleep again. But in another hour dawn broke and the Spaniards opened fire in good earnest. There was a little tree only a few feet away, under which I made my head-quarters, and while I was lying there, with Goodrich and Keyes, a shrapnel burst upon the Spaniards, not hurting us in the least, but with the sweep of its bullets killing or wounding five men in our rear, one of whom was a singularly gallant young Harvard fellow, Stanley Hollister. An equally gallant young fellow from Yale, Theodore Miller, had already been mortally wounded. Hollister also died.

The Second Brigade lost more heavily than the First; but neither its brigade commander nor any of its regimental commanders were touched, while the commander of the First Brigade and two of its three regimental commanders had been killed or wounded.

In this fight our regiment had numbered 490 men, as, in addition to the killed and wounded of the first fight, some had had to go to the hospital for sickness and some had been left behind with the baggage, or were detailed on other duty. Eighty-nine were killed and wounded; the heaviest loss suffered by any regiment in the cavalry division. The Spaniards made a stiff fight, standing firm until we charged home. They fought much more stubbornly than at Las Guasimas. We ought to have expected this, for they have always done well in holding intrenchments. On this day they showed themselves to be brave foes, worthy of honor for their gallantry.

In the attack on the San Juan hills our forces numbered about 6,600.* There were about 4,500 Spaniards against us.† Although the engineers are excluded, Lieutenant Tejeiro mentions that their colonel, as well as the colonel of the artillery, was wounded. Four thousand five hundred is surely an understatement of the forces which resisted the attack of the forces under Wheeler. Lieutenant Tejeiro is very careless in his figures. Thus in one place he states that the position of San Juan was held by two companies comprising 250 soldiers. Later he says it was held by three companies, whose strength he puts at 400—thus making them average 100 instead of 135 men apiece. He then mentions another echelon of two companies, so situated as to cross their fire with the others. Doubtless the blockhouse and trenches at Fort San Juan proper were only held by three or four hundred men; they were taken by the Sixth and Sixteenth Infantry under Hawkins's immediate command; and they formed but one point in the line of hills, trenches, ranch-houses and block-houses which the Spaniards held, and from which we were driven. When the city capitulated later, over 8,000 unwounded troops and over 16,000 rifles and carbines were surrendered; by that time the marines and sailors had of course gone, and many of the volunteers had disbanded.

In dealing with the Spanish losses, Lieutenant Tejeiro contradicts himself. He puts their total loss on this day at 593, including 24 killed, 121 missing, and 2 prisoners—517 in all. Yet he states that of the 540 men at Caney but 80 got back, the remaining 460 being killed, captured, or missing. When we captured the city we found in the hospitals over 2,000 seriously wounded and sick Spaniards; on making inquiry we found that over a third were wounded. From these facts I feel that it is safe to put down the total Spanish loss in the battle as at least 1,200, of whom over a thousand were wounded or killed.

* Lieutenant Tejeiro, while rightly claiming credit for the courage shown by the Spaniards, also praises the courage and resolution of the Americans, saying that they fought,
Our total loss in killed and wounded was 1,071. Of the cavalry division there were, all told, some 2,300 officers and men, of whom 375 were killed and wounded. In the division over a fourth of the officers were killed or wounded, their loss being relatively half as great again as that of the enlisted men—which was as it should be. I think we suffered more heavily than the Spaniards did in killed and wounded (though we also captured some scores of prisoners). It would have been very extraordinary if the reverse was the case, for we did the charging; and to carry earthworks on foot with dismounted cavalry, when these earthworks are held by unbroken infantry armed with the best modern rifles, is a serious task.

"con un arrojo y una decision verdaderamente admirables." He dwells repeatedly upon the determination with which our troops kept charging though themselves unprotected by cover. As for the Spanish troops, all who fought them that day will most freely admit the courage they showed. At El Caney, where they were nearly hemmed in, they made a most desperate defence: at San Juan the way to retreat was open, and so, though they were seven times as numerous, they fought with less desperation, but still very gallantly.

THE CITY EDITOR'S CONSCIENCE

By Jesse Lynch Williams

The telegraph editor with the bald head was hanging his umbrella on the gas-jet over his desk, so that no one would walk away with it by mistake or otherwise. The copy-readers were taking off their coats and cuffs and sitting down to their day's work. Nearly all the reporters had arrived; and one of them had already been sent down to the weather bureau to find out what sort of a day it would be, while another was on his way uptown on the elevated railroad to the home of a prominent citizen who had died during the night, just too late for the morning papers. Others were seated along the rows of tables waiting for assignments, and finishing the perusal of the morning papers, which was part of their business. Murdock, arriving late, came into the room quietly, taking off his coat, but the City Editor, on the way from the telephone-closet, dashed down upon him:

"If you can't get down here before 8:30, you'd better not come at all. This is no morning paper. Don't take off your coat. Run up to the Tombs Police Court and see if you can't get something good for the first edition."

That was what the City Editor said all in one breath, faster than you can read half of it, then hurried up to The Desk and hammered the bell six times in rapid succession with the open palm of his hand, each stroke coming down quicker and harder than the one before it, until the last was but a dead, ringless "thump." And when Tommy or Johnny came running to The Desk, the City Editor snarled in his quick, tense voice:

"Here, if you boys can't answer this bell quicker, you'll all be fired. Run upstairs with this copy."

Johnny took it meekly but quickly, and ran (until out of the editor's sight) up to the composing-room, put the copy on the foreman's desk, then walked over to the inky-armed galley-boy and confided, "Maguire's chewing the rag again." That was the way the day began, a little after eight o'clock.

It usually began in some such way. But this one was not to end as usual.

Maguire had no business to be so sarcastic with Murdock for being a few minutes late, especially as Murdock was usually one of the first men down in the morning, and Maguire knew it. So a few minutes later when he turned to Brown, one of the other reporters, he said, in a very gentle tone, as if asking a great favor of him:

"Say, Brown, take that story off the 'phone for me, will you please?—'bout a bull that's broken loose on the way to a slaughter-house uptown—been terrorizing people in Fifty-ninth Street, near the river—make half a column of it—vivid and exciting; you know how we want it."
Moisten the soap-wafer and moisten the top of a new cake. Stick the worn piece on the new cake; then all the soap is used, not a particle is lost. Pears' is the soap that lasts longest.
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PRICE, 25 CENTS A NUMBER; $3.00 A YEAR
"A VICTORY FOR THE PEOPLE," by William Allen White, a short story of political life in the Middle West, will appear in the June Scribner. It is written from a thorough, practical knowledge of the people and conditions that make up the little drama, and is made especially attractive by a fine vein of wholesome and stirring sentiment. The illustrations are by W. R. Leigh.

With the "RETURN HOME," Col. Roosevelt brings his vivid record of "The Rough Riders" to an end. In this final chapter he deals with the conditions that had to be met immediately after the surrender of Santiago, the lack of supplies, and necessity for getting away from Cuba to save further needless sacrifice of lives by disease, and describes the final scenes and farewell to his men at Montauk Point with strong feeling and a loyal appreciation of the dangers and privations they had shared together.

In her paper, in the June Scribner, on "THE MODERN GROUP OF SCANDINAVIAN PAINTERS," Miss Cecelia Waern writes of the work of such famous artists as Zorn, Thaulow, Larsson and others, whose work made such a marked impression at the World's Fair, and who have taken their place among the most admired painters of to-day.

THE FIGHTING IN THE PHILIPPINES is described in an illustrated account of what will remain the typical battle of the campaign—the opening engagement on February 4th. It is by P. G. McDonnell, one of the best-informed correspondents in the field, and is an intelligent description of the situation that brought about the conflict with the Filipinos, as well as a most spirited story of what our Western troops accomplished under new conditions.

A story by a new writer, especially appropriate in connection with Decoration Day, will appear in the June Scribner. "A BURIAL BY FRIENDLESS POST," by Robert Shackleton, deals with an incident in the daily life of a great city institution, and presents a touching picture of an old war veteran and the pride of the old army spirit.

THE STEVENSON LETTERS, to appear in the June Scribner, of the years 1880-82 are from Davos, the resort in the Swiss mountains where the author had for a companion John Addington Symonds, who spent the greater part of his life there. One of the letters to his mother contains a charming and characteristic Christmas sermon, and several of the others deal with a number of new literary projects.

Few writers on musical subjects have ever brought to their work the technical knowledge combined with the high poetic sensibility that belonged to Sidney Lanier. It is his quality as a poet that lifts his MUSICAL IMPRESSIONS out of the domain of mere criticism into real word interpretation of sound. A second series of these Impressions will appear in the June Scribner.

Another of Joel Chandler Harris's inimitable "MINERVY ANN" stories will appear in the June Scribner. In this shrewd old colored woman, with her quick appreciation of character and droll sayings, Mr. Harris has given us one of his most amusing creations. The illustrations have been drawn by A. B. Frost.

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Painted by F. Hopkinson Smith.

THE BOATS THAT SAIL UP AND DOWN.

—Between Showers in Dort, page 998.
JULY 20, 1898, I received an order to report to Major-General Shafter, U. S. V., at the palace in Santiago de Cuba. On reporting I was informed that I had been detailed to take command of the city, to maintain order, feed the poor, and do everything possible to facilitate the prompt re-establishment of business.

At this time it was estimated that of the population of 50,000, 15,000 were sick. In addition to the inhabitants, we had in the city 2,000 sick Spanish soldiers and as many more in camps just outside. Our own army was encamped about the city, and had 5,000 sick. The inhabitants had just returned from the horrible pilgrimage to Caney, where 18,000 people, representing every class, had been herded in tents, buildings, brush shelters, and in little enclosures made of bed-sheets, old pieces of canvas, palm-boughs—in fact, anything to
protect the women from public gaze and to keep out the sun; as for the rain it poured through on an average twice a day, increasing greatly the misery of the situation. In the streets were piled decomposing heaps of refuse of all kinds, and with these surroundings, half buried in pestilential filth, the wretched people had spent long days of suffering. The food at Caney had been chiefly composed of green fruits and vegetables, and the drinking-water had been taken from a stream thoroughly polluted. Many of the very aged and very young died, and those who survived dragged themselves back to Santiago more dead than alive, bearing in their bodies the germs of disease soon to terminate their lives. All along the road between Caney and Santiago limp forms were stretched under the shade of friendly trees and bushes, some of them dead, and some of them with barely life enough to move. About the latter were their unhappy families and friends striving to get them back alive to Santiago. Most of those who had fallen by the roadside were old, very old men and women, sometimes little children.

Of the Spanish soldiers thousands were sick from the deadly malaria and exposure in the trenches where, in common with our troops, they had been drenched and baked by turns, and lived in the freshly upturned earth, deadly with the germs of malignant tropical malaria. The people of the city were exhausted from exposure and want of food. Long lines of wan, yellow, ghastly looking individuals dragged themselves wearily up and down the filthy streets, avoiding the dead animals and heaps of decomposing refuse, or sank wearily in some friendly shade, seeking to recover strength in sleep. Frightful odors poured out of abandoned houses, speaking more strongly than words
One of the Most Unhealthy Streets in the Lower Part of Town.

of the dead within. The very air seemed laden with death. All about one passed and repassed funerals all day and all night. Men could not bury the dead fast enough, and they were burned in great heaps of eighty or ninety piled high on gratings of railroad iron and mixed with grass and sticks. Over all were turned thousands of gallons of kerosene and the whole frightful heap reduced to ashes. It was the only thing to be done, for the dead threatened the living and a plague was at hand.

Men did not want to work, yet work had to be done. At first they were gathered up by soldiers in groups of one hundred, and put to cleaning out the frightful traces of death in the deserted houses. Horrible deadly work it was, but at last it was finished. At the same time numbers of men were working night and day in the streets removing the dead animals and other disease-producing materials. Others were engaged in distributing food to the hospitals, prisons, asylums, and convents—in fact to everybody, for all were starving. What food there was, and it was considerable, had been kept under the protection of the Spanish army to be used as rations. Some of the far-seeing and prudent had stored up food and prepared for the situation in advance, but these were few. All of our army transportation was engaged in getting to our own men the tents, medicines, and the thousand and one other things required by our camps, and as this had to be done through seas of mud it was slow work. We could expect no help from this source in our
distribution of rations to the destitute population, so we seized all the carts and wagons we could find in the streets, rounded up drivers and laborers with the aid of the police, and worked them under guard, willing or unwilling, but paying well for what they did. At first we had to work them far into the night. Everything on wheels in the city was at work. Men who refused and held back soon learned that there were things far more unpleasant than cheerful obedience, and turned to work with as much grace as they could command. All were paid a fair amount for their services, partly in money, partly in rations, but all worked; some in removing the waste refuse from the city, others in distributing food. Much of the refuse in the streets was burned where collected, and much was burned outside at points designated as crematories. Everything was put through the flames. In the Spanish military hospital the number of sick rapidly increased. From 2,000, when we came in, the number soon ran up to 3,100 in hospital, besides many more in their camps. Most of the sick were suffering from malaria, but among them were some cases of yellow fever. Poor devils, they all looked as though hope had fled, and, as they stood in groups along the water-front, eagerly watching the entrance to the harbor, it required very little imagination to see that their thoughts were of another country across the sea, and that the days of waiting for the transports were long days for them.

Among our own men a disease had developed which the best experts declared to be yellow fever of a mild type, but sure to be followed by a severe form. Brigades could hardly muster enough men for guard duty, and, although quartermasters, teamsters, packers, and soldiers were working their hearts out and themselves into the grave to get rations out to the troops, it was difficult to do it. The fresh beef was landed as a rule in good condition, but the rain and sun made sad work of it in the long hours required to haul it out to camp. Such was the general situation, and over us all like a cloud hung the dreaded yellow fever. When would it catch us? Like a ghost it stalked among
the men and through the town, visible, but as yet hardly tangible. No wonder men’s spirits were low and that old men died. Life was to them worse than death. Men and women were engaged in a struggle for life; all else passed for naught. Orders were issued making it a crime to conceal the presence of contagious disease or to fail to report a death promptly. Every nerve was strained to clean the city streets, yards, vaults and all infected places. All who could work were compelled to do so. Food was issued to all the institutions, and stations were established in every ward, where food was issued from 7 A.M. to 4 P.M. Doctors were assigned to each ward to make house-to-house visits, leaving orders for food and giving such medicines as were at hand. Meat was furnished the diet kitchen established by Mr. Michael-sen, German Vice-Consul, which fed 5,000 per day, and rations were issued to from 18,000 to 20,000 people. One day the issue ran up to 51,000, though the average was about 18,000. Every effort was made to improve the physical condition of the people who were perishing from anæmia and fevers, in order that they might be capable of resisting the aftereffects of the starvation period. Hospitals were established on the water-front in the Cuban Boat Club and in every suitable building.

A yellow fever hospital was established on an island in the harbor. A small detention hospital for suspected cases was established on the outskirts of the city. All cases of yellow fever were taken from there to the island hospital in a small launch, without any unnecessary delay or
exposure. Our troops garrisoning the city were placed in the best possible camp in the suburbs, and the closest watch kept on the situation. Soon the death-rate began to drop, and with the improvement in the sanitary condition of the city came improvement in the health and spirits of all classes of people. Water was very scarce. In fact it was the most needed article in Santiago, and during all of the sickly season we were much hampered for want of it. We had no end of work in getting the old broken-down system of water-supply, built in 1839, in anything like working order. Thousands of leaks existed which had to be constantly patched up, and frequently the main was injured by disorderly bands outside of the city. In fact, life was one great struggle to get even with the situation. Gradually the water-system was put in such condition that the regular supply could be counted on, and by dividing the city into sections and turning the full flow into one section at a time for a certain number of hours we managed to supply every one with the water absolutely necessary. The old system of cisterns found in all Spanish towns was of great service, and the water collected in these helped out the rather scanty supply from the pipes. Food was scarce and, incredible as it may seem, many of the merchants were profiting by the situation and holding up prices far above what was necessary, thus forcing the starving to purchase at exorbitant figures. As soon as their position was appreciated orders were issued regulating the price of food-stuffs. This was a matter of the greatest importance, for in the city where we were issuing food there was enough to eat, and, could it have been purchased at a fair valuation, much needless suffering and many lives would have been saved. Meat was in great demand and much needed, as the people had been living upon vegetables and fruits, and had become weak and anæmic. The physical improvement in the appearance of the people was very noticeable shortly after the reduction in
the price of food-stuffs, and the complete reorganization of our relief stations for the distribution of food and medicines. A more cheerful spirit came over them; workmen worked better and were more cheerful at their work; women and children were seen in the "plazas," showing improvement in health and spirits. When we first opened the ration stations for the distribution of food the sights presented were, indeed, pathetic. Long struggling lines of human beings, tattered and starving, some barely able to stand, others still strong, but all fierce with hunger, swayed and pushed and fought fiercely for their places in the line. All classes and all ages were repre-

sented, and the issue force worked from early in the morning until after dark, issuing and issuing, with no time to weigh things or bother about the exact amounts authorized or required. Women spread out their shawls or stripped off their skirts, and somehow managed to get a place in which to store away, in separate packages, the bacon, sugar, hard-tack and rice, which constituted the bulk of their rations. Outside these stations the soldiers, with their rifles without bayonets and used only as bars, strove to push the crowd back, to keep order, and to protect the weak. After the rations had been issued the people passed by the doctor on the way out to receive such assistance as

Cleaning the Street in Front of the Mayor's Office.
Showing one of the wagons of American make on the left.
he could give. These were strange and very unusual sights for an American, and very unpleasant ones. Thousands of people dying with hunger and forgetful of everything else present a phase of human character not often seen on this side of the world.

The police system was re-established with native policemen. Orders were given fortunate enough to secure the services of a thoroughly efficient man in Major Barbour, the present head of this department in Santiago. With his assistance, systematic work was at once commenced. The medical officers in charge of the different wards reported in writing all premises which required cleaning up—and they were legion. In addition to these reports
Rolling Down a New Macadam Street.

Rebuilding the Military Road Between Santiago and El Caney.
it is old, tumble-down, and in need of a vast amount of repair, but the work has been started and, what is more to the point, the people appreciate this fully and are interested in it. They have seen their city death-rate fall steadily as the season grew more unhealthy, and during the worst month, September, they saw it at a point below the normal for the month, despite the frightful hardships of the siege and its going to their homes, in most instances to rebuild them. Generally speaking, good order obtains everywhere, and my officers go about all over the province without any other escort than a couple of mounted Cuban police. They are always kindly received and treated with respect. We are still sending food into the interior, and also medicines. Roads are being built, and telephone and telegraph lines constructed.

Portion of the Plaza in Front of the Old Cathedral.
Military head-quarters in the building with the American flag.

prostrating effects. American surgeons, or Cuban surgeons in the pay of our army, were placed in charge of the different hospitals, and rations and medicines, together with such other supplies as we could obtain, were furnished them. In a similar manner, all the towns occupied by American troops were brought under wholesome regulations as well as those in which there were no garrison, and at present, the situation is very favorable. Of course there is a great deal of destitution in the province, and the people are still very poor.

The Cuban army in this province has practically disbanded, and the soldiers are

In Santiago the streets are being paved, a modern water-system is under consideration, and large additions to the present water-supply have been made. The Barber Asphalt Company is starting in to lay sanitary pavements, and a dredging company is about to commence work on the harbor to carry out, into deep water, the dangerous refuse which lines the water-front and underlies the harbor and which, I believe, is the source of whatever yellow fever we may have in Santiago.

The courts have been thoroughly organized and are performing their duty efficiently and to the great satisfaction of the
One of the Many Large Dumps About the City where Garbage is Burned.
people of the city and province. Important modifications in the rules of civil and criminal procedure have been recommended with a view to insuring more prompt and more certain administration of justice. These suggested modifications meet the cordial approval of the judges, of the local lawyers, and of the intelligent people of the province. No attempt has been made to effect any radical changes in the municipal law of the land, which continues to be administered by the new courts to the general satisfaction of the people. Many schools have been established in all towns with income enough to support them as well as many in the smaller and poorer towns which have received direct assistance from the public revenues. Some thirty kindergartens for children under seven years of age have just been established in the city. The people are especially desirous to have a normal school for boys established here, and one for girls, for the purpose of properly educating natives for the duties of teachers. A general scheme for public education has been formulated which will harmonize the instruction throughout the province.

Since October of last year the province has been practically self-supporting, and in addition to paying all the expenses for the improvements already mentioned it has been able to accumulate nearly a quarter of a million of dollars for sanitary work in the city and harbor. I find the Cubans willing to work, in fact anxious to do so, and ever since they have realized that they would all receive a regular salary for the work which they performed there have been many more workers than we have had work for.

The adaptability of our younger officers for this new work has been well exemplified by my aides, First Lieutenant E. C. Brooks, Sixth Cavalry, and Second Lieutenant Matthew E. Hanna, Second Cavalry, who have done most valuable work in all departments, and, what is best of all, have done it to the complete satisfaction of the people with whom they have come in contact. I have also been very fortunate in having with me Captains Mendoza and Mestre, Cuban gentlemen of broad intelligence.

As an example of some of the sanitary problems which have constantly confronted us in this province, I would cite the condition of the district of Holguin after
the evacuation by the Spaniards in November. Three thousand cases of the most horrible type of small-pox were left scattered through the city and the villages immediately adjacent. Thousands had died, and the streets were filled with filth, dead animals, and wrecked furniture. Refuse of all sorts had been thrown into the wells, and, in fact, the condition which confronted us in Holguin was one of the greatest difficulty, requiring immediate and most vigorous action. The district was put under the command of Colonel Duncan N. Hood, with instructions to establish a rigid military quarantine and to immediately isolate all cases, establishing the necessary hospitals to render such isolation possible. He had the assistance of a large corps of doctors and entire discretion as to the methods of procedure. His work has been wonderfully successful, and with the intelligent and energetic co-operation of Dr. Woodson of the army, assisted by many Cuban physicians, he was able to check the epidemic in less than a month. In two months the number of cases had been reduced to less than 1,200. All of the patients were in carefully isolated camps under medical supervision. The entire city of Holguin had to be cleaned and scraped from end to end. Thousands upon thousands of loads of infectious material had to be removed, house after house disinfected, and, in fact, the volume of work was simply enormous; but it was accomplished quickly and effectively, and to-day the people are once more going back to their homes and business is resuming its normal condition. This is only an instance of what has been done and of what must be done in other provinces, if we are to make Cuba what it may be made, a comparatively healthy and attractive country to live in.

General Wood and Other Officials at the Review of the Street Cleaning Department on the Alameda.
TO CELESTINE IN BRAVE ARRAY

By E. S. Martin

Shielded and hid by such a panoply;
Garbed for defence; feathered to fortify
And add to stature;
Oh, but it seems a far, far cry
From thee to nature!

Bless thy capitulating eyes, whose ray
Out of this fort of raiment finds a way
To prove thee human,
By signals sure, that to my signal say,
This is a woman!
When the shrapnel burst among us on the hill-side we made up our minds that we had better settle down to solid siege work. All of the men who were not in the trenches I took off to the right, back of the Gatling guns, where there was a valley, and dispersed them by troops in sheltered parts. It took us an hour or two's experimenting to find out exactly what spots were free from danger, because some of the Spanish sharp-shooters were in trees in our front, where we could not possibly place them from the trenches; and these were able to reach little hollows and depressions where the men were entirely safe from the Spanish artillery and from their trench-fire. Moreover, in one hollow, which we thought safe, the Spaniards succeeded in dropping a shell, a fragment of which went through the head of one of my men, who, astonishing to say, lived, although unconscious, for two hours afterward. Finally, I got all eight troops settled, and the men promptly proceeded to.
make themselves as much at home as possible. For the next twenty-four hours, however, the amount of comfort was small, as in the way of protection and covering we only had what blankets, rain-coats, and hammocks we took from the dead Spaniards. Ammunition, which was, of course, the most vital need, was brought up in abundance; but very little food reached us. That afternoon we had just enough to allow each man for his supper two hard-tacks, and one hardtack extra for every four men.

During the first night we had dug trenches sufficient in length and depth to shelter our men and insure safety against attack, but we had not put in any traverses or approaches, nor had we arranged the trenches at all points in the best places for offensive work; for we were working at night on ground which we had but partially explored. Later on an engineer officer stated that he did not think our work had been scientific; and I assured him that I did not doubt that he was right, for I had never before seen a trench, excepting those we captured from the Spaniards, or heard of a traverse, save as I vaguely remembered reading about them in books. For such work as we were engaged in, however, the problem of intrenchment was comparatively simple, and the work we did proved entirely adequate. No man in my regiment was ever hit in the trenches or going in or out of them.

But on the first day there was plenty of excitement connected with relieving the firing-line. Under the intense heat, crowded down in cramped attitudes in the rank, newly dug, poisonous soil of the trenches, the men needed to be relieved every six hours or so. Accordingly, in the late morning, and again in the afternoon, I arranged for their release. On each occasion I waited until there was a lull in the firing and then started a sudden rush by the relieving party, who tumbled into the trenches every which way. The movement resulted on each occasion in a terrific outburst of fire from the Spanish lines, which proved quite harmless; and as it gradually died away the men who had been relieved got out as best they could. Fortunately, by the next day I was able to abandon this primitive, though thrilling and wholly novel, military method of relief.

When the hardtack came up that afternoon I felt much sympathy for the hungry unfortunate in the trenches and hated to condemn them to six hours more without food; but I did not know how to get food into them. Little McGinty, the broncobuster, volunteered to make the attempt, and I gave him permission. He simply took a case of hardtack in his arms and darted toward the trenches. The distance was but short, and though there was an outburst of fire, he was actually missed. One bullet, however, passed through the case of hardtack just before he disappeared with it into the trench. A trooper named Shanafelt repeated the feat, later, with a pail of coffee. Another trooper, George King, spent a leisure hour in the rear making soup out of some rice and other stuff he found in a Spanish house; he brought some of it to General Wood, Jack Greenway, and myself, and nothing could have tasted more delicious.

At this time our army in the trenches numbered about 11,000 men; and the Spaniards in Santiago about 9,000, their reinforcements having just arrived. Nobody on the firing-line, whatever was the case in the rear, felt the slightest uneasiness as
Bomb-proofs Behind the Main Trenches Before Santiago.

(The position taken by the Rough Riders in their second charge on July 1st.)
to the Spaniards being able to break out; but there were plenty who doubted the advisability of trying to rush the heavy earthworks and wire defences in our front.

All day long the firing continued—musketry and cannon. Our artillery gave up the attempt to fight on the firing-line, and was withdrawn well to the rear out of range of the Spanish rifles; so far as we could see, it accomplished very little. The dynamite gun was brought up to the right of the regimental line. It was more effective than the regular artillery because it was fired with smokeless powder, and as it was used like a mortar from behind the hill, it did not betray its presence, and those firing it suffered no loss. Every few shots it got out of order, and the Rough Rider machinists and those furnished by Lieutenant Parker—whom we by this time began to consider as an exceedingly valuable member of our own regiment—would spend an hour or two in setting it right. Sergeant Borrow had charge of it and handled it well. With him was Sergeant Guiltias, a gallant old fellow, a veteran of the Civil War, whose duties were properly those of standard-bearer, he having charge of the yellow cavalry standard of the regiment; but in the Cuban campaign he was given the more active work of helping run the dynamite gun. The shots from the dynamite gun made a terrific explosion, but they did not seem to go accurately. Once one of them struck a Spanish trench and wrecked part of it. On another occasion one struck a big building, from which there promptly swarmed both Spanish cavalry and infantry, on whom the Colt automatic guns played with good effect, during the minute that elapsed before they could get other cover.

These Colt automatic guns were not, on the whole, very successful. The gun detail was under the charge of Sergeant (afterward Lieutenant) Tiffany, assisted by some of our best men, like Stephens, Crownshield, Bradley, Smith, and Herrig. The guns were mounted on tripods. They were too heavy for men to carry any distance, and we could not always get mules. They would have been more effective if mounted on wheels, as the Gatlings were. Moreover, they proved more delicate than the Gatlings, and very readily got out of order. A further and serious disadvantage was that they did not use the Krag ammunition, as the Gatlings did, but the Mauser ammunition. The Spanish cartridges which we captured came in quite handily for this reason. Parker took the same fatherly interest in these two Colts that he did in the dynamite gun, and finally I put all three and their men under his immediate care, so that he had a battery of seven guns.

In fact, I think Parker deserved rather more credit than any other one man in the entire campaign. I do not allude especially to his courage and energy, great though they were, for there were hundreds of his fellow-officers of the cavalry and infantry who possessed as much of the former quality, and scores who possessed as much of the latter; but he had the rare good judgment and foresight to see the possibilities of the machine-guns, and, thanks to the aid of General Shafter, he was able to organize his battery. He then, by his own exertions, got it to the front and proved that it could do invaluable work on the field of battle, as much in attack as in defence. Parker’s Gatlings were our inseparable companions throughout the siege. After our trenches were put in final shape, he took off the wheels of a couple and placed them with our own two Colts in the trenches. His gunners slept beside the Rough Riders in the bomb-proofs, and the men shared with one another when either side got a supply of beans or of coffee and sugar; for Parker was as wide-awake and energetic in getting food for his men as we prided ourselves upon being in getting food for ours. Besides, he got oil, and let our men have plenty for their rifles. At no hour of the day or night was Parker anywhere but
where we wished him to be in the event of an attack. If I was ordered to send a troop of Rough Riders to guard some road or some break in the lines, we usually got Parker to send a Gatling along, and whether the change was made by day or by night, the Gatling went, over any ground and in any weather. He never exposed the Gatlings needlessly or unless there was some object to be gained, but if serious fighting broke out, he always took a hand. Sometimes this fighting would be the result of an effort on our part to quell the fire from the Spanish trenches; sometimes the Spaniards took the initiative; but at whatever hour of the twenty-four serious fighting began, the drumming of the Gatlings was soon heard through the cracking of our own carbines.

I have spoken thus of Parker's Gatling detachment. How can I speak highly enough of the regular cavalry with whom we marched to blood-bought victory under the tropic skies of Santiago? The American regular sets the standard of excellence. When we wish to give the utmost possible praise to a volunteer organization, we say that it is as good as the regulars. I was exceedingly proud of the fact that the regulars treated my regiment as on a complete equality with themselves, and were as ready to see it in a post of danger and responsibility as to see any of their own battalions. Lieutenant-Colonel Dorst, a man from whom praise meant a good deal, christened us "the Eleventh United States Horse," and we endeavored, I think I may say successfully, to show that we deserved the title by our conduct, not only in fighting and in marching, but in guarding the trenches and in policing camp. In less than sixty days the regiment had been raised, organized, armed, equipped, drilled, mounted, dismounted, kept for a fortnight on transports, and put through two victorious aggressive fights in very difficult country, the loss in killed and wounded amounting to a quarter of those engaged. This
The Rough Riders

is a record which it is not easy to match in the history of volunteer organizations. The loss was but small compared to that which befell hundreds of regiments in some of the great battles of the later years of the Civil War; but it may be doubted whether there was any regiment which made such a record during the first months of any of our wars.

After the battle of San Juan my men had really become veterans; they and I under-
stood each other perfectly, and trusted each other implicitly; they knew I would share every hardship and danger with them, would do everything in my power to see that they were fed, and so far as might be, sheltered and spared; and in return I knew that they would endure every kind of hardship and fatigue without a murmur, and face every danger with entire fearlessness. I felt utter confidence in them, and would have been more than willing to put them to any task which any crack regiment of the world, at home or abroad, could perform. They were natural fighters, men of great intelligence, great courage, great hardihood, and physical prowess; and I could draw on these qualities and upon their spirit of ready soldierly obedience to make up for any deficiencies in the technique of the trade which they had temporarily adopted. It must be remembered that they were already good individual fighters, skilled in the use of the horse and the rifle, so that there was no need of putting them through the kind of training in which the ordinary raw recruit must spend his first year or two.

On July 2d, as the day wore on, the fight, though raging fitfully at intervals, gradually died away. The Spanish guerillas were causing us much trouble. They showed great courage, exactly as did their soldiers who were defending the trenches. In fact, the Spaniards throughout showed precisely the qualities they did early in the century, when, as every student will remember, their fleets were a helpless prey to the English war-ships, and their armies utterly unable to stand in the open against those of Napoleon's marshals, while on the other hand their guerillas performed marvellous feats, and their defence of intrenchments and walled towns, as at Saragossa and Gerona, were the wonder of the civilized world.
In our front their sharp-shooters crept up before dawn and either lay in the thick jungle or climbed into some tree with dense foliage. In these places it proved almost impossible to place them, as they kept cover very carefully, and their smokeless powder betrayed not the slightest sign of their whereabouts. They caused us a great deal of annoyance and some little loss, and though our own sharp-shooters were continually taking shots at the places where they supposed them to be, and though occasionally we would play a Gatling or a Colt all through the top of a suspicious tree, I but twice saw Spaniards brought down out of their perches from in front of our lines—on each occasion the fall of the Spaniard being hailed with loud cheers by our men.

These sharp-shooters in our front did perfectly legitimate work, and were entitled to all credit for their courage and skill. It was different with the guerillas in our rear. Quite a number of these had been posted in trees at the time of the San Juan fight. They were using, not Mausers, but Remingtons, which shot smokeless powder and a brass-coated bullet. It was one of these bullets which had hit Winslow Clark by my side on Kettle Hill; and though long-range fighting the Remingtons were, of course, nothing like as good as the Mausers, they were equally serviceable for short-range bush work, as they used smokeless powder. When our troops advanced and the Spaniards in the trenches and in reserve behind the hill fled, the guerillas in the trees had no time to get away and in consequence were left in the rear of our lines. As we found out from the prisoners we took, the Spanish officers had been careful to instil into the minds of their soldiers the belief that the Americans never granted quarter, and I suppose it was in consequence of this that the guerillas did not surrender; for we found that the Spaniards were anxious enough to surrender as soon as they became convinced that we would treat them mercifully. At any rate, these guerillas kept up in their trees and showed not only courage but wanton cruelty and barbarity. At times they fired upon armed men in bodies, but they much preferred for their victims the unarmed attendants, the doctors, the chaplains, the hospital stewards. They fired at the men who were bearing off the wounded in litters; they fired at the doctors who came to the front, and at the chaplains who started to hold burial service; the conspicuous Red Cross brassard worn by all of these non-combatants, instead of serving as a protection, seemed to make them the special objects of the guerilla fire. So annoying did they become that I sent out that afternoon and next morning a detail of picked sharp-shooters to hunt them out, choosing, of course, first-class woodsmen and mountain men who were also good shots. My sharp-shooters felt very vindictively toward these guerillas and showed them no quarter. They started systematically to hunt them, and showed themselves much superior at the guerillas' own game, killing eleven, while not one of my men was scratched. Two of the men who did conspicuously good service in this work were Troopers Goodwin and Proffit, both of Arizona, but one by birth a Californian and the other a North Carolinian. Goodwin was a natural shot, not only with the rifle and revolver, but with the sling. Proffit might have stood as a type of the mountaineers described by John Fox and Miss Murfree. He was a tall, sinewy, handsome man of remarkable strength, an excellent shot and a thoroughly good soldier. His father had been a Confederate officer, rising from the ranks, and if the war had lasted long enough the son would have risen in the same manner. As it was, I should have been glad to have given him a commission, exactly as I should have been glad to have
given a number of others in the regiment commissions, if I had only had them. Proffit was a saturnine, reserved man, who afterward fell very sick with the fever, and who, as a reward for his soldierly good conduct, was often granted unusual privi-

General Wood and Lieutenant-Colonel Dorst.

leges; but he took the fever and the privi-

leges with the same iron indifference, never grumbling and never expressing satisfaction.

The sharp-shooters returned by night-

dark. Soon afterward I established my pickets and outposts well to the front in the jungle, so as to prevent all possibility of surprise. After dark, fires suddenly shot up on the mountain-passes far to our right. They all rose together and we could make nothing of them. After a good deal of consultation, we decided they must be some signals to the Spaniards in Santiago, from the troops marching to reinforce them from without—for we were ignorant that the reinforcements had already reached the city, the Cubans being quite unable to prevent the Spanish regulars from marching wherever they wished. While we were thus pondering over the watch-

fires and attributing them to Spanish machinations of some sort, it appears that the Spaniards, equally puzzled, were setting them down as an attempt at com-

munication between the insurgents and our army. Both sides were accordingly on the alert, and the Spaniards must have strength-

ened their outlying parties in the jungle ahead of us, for they suddenly attacked one of our pickets, wound-

ing Crockett seriously. He was brought in by the other troopers. Evidently the Spanish lines felt a little nervous, for this sputter of shooting was immediately followed by a tremendous fire of great guns and rifles from their trenches and batteries. Our men in the trenches responded heavily, and word was sent back, not only to me, but to the commanders in the rear of the regiments along our line, that the Spaniards were attacking. It was imperative to see what was really going on, so I ran up to the trenches and looked out. At night it was far easier to place the Spanish lines than by day, because the flame spurted shone in the darkness. I could soon tell that there were bodies of Spanish pickets or skirmishers in the jungle-covered valley, between their lines and ours, but that the bulk of the fire came from their trenches and showed not the slightest symptom of advancing; moreover, as is generally the case at night, the fire was almost all high, passing well overhead, with an occasional bullet near by.

I came to the conclusion that there was no use in our firing back under such cir-

cumstances; and I could tell that the same
conclusion had been reached by Captain Ayres of the Tenth Cavalry on the right of my line, for even above the cracking of the carbines rose the Captain’s voice as with varied and picturesque language he bade his black troopers cease firing. The Captain was as absolutely fearless as a man can be. He had command of his regimental trenches that night, and, having run up at the first alarm, had speedily satisfied himself that no particular purpose was served by blazing away in the dark, when the enormous majority of the Spaniards were simply shooting at random from their own trenches, and, if they ever had thought of advancing, had certainly given up the idea. His troopers were devoted to him, would follow him anywhere, and would do anything he said; but when men get firing at night it is rather difficult to stop them, especially when the fire of the enemy in front continues unabated. When he first reached the trenches it was impossible to say whether or not there was an actual night attack impending, and he had been instructing his men, as I instructed mine, to fire low, cutting the grass in front. As soon as he became convinced that there was no night attack, he ran up and down the line adjuring and commanding the troopers to cease shooting, with words and phrases which were doubtless not wholly unlike those which the Old Guard really did use at Waterloo. As I ran down my own line, I could see him coming up his, and he saved me all trouble in stopping the fire at the right, where the lines met, for my men there all dropped everything to listen to him and cheer and laugh. Soon we got the troopers in hand, and made them cease firing; then, after awhile, the Spanish fire died down. At the time, we spoke of this as a night attack by the Spaniards, but it really was not an attack at all. Ever after my men had a great regard for Ayres, and would have followed him anywhere. I shall never forget the way in which he scolded his huge, devoted black troopers, generally ending with “I’m ashamed of you, ashamed of you! I wouldn’t have believed it! Firing; when I told you to stop! I’m ashamed of you!”

That night we spent in perfecting the trenches and arranging entrances to them,
doing about as much work as we had the preceding night. Greenway and Goodrich, from their energy, eagerness to do every duty, and great physical strength, were peculiarly useful in this work; as, indeed, they were in all work. They had been up practically the entire preceding night, but they were too good men for me to spare them, nor did they wish to be spared; and I kept them up all this night too. Goodrich had also been on guard as officer of the day the night we were at El Poso, so that it turned out that he spent nearly four days and three nights with practically hardly any sleep at all.

Next morning, at daybreak, the firing began again. This day, the 3d, we suffered nothing save having one man wounded by a sharp-shooter, and, thanks to the approaches to the trenches, we were able to relieve the guards without any difficulty. The Spanish sharp-shooters in the trees and jungle nearby, however, annoyed us very much and I made preparations to fix them next day. With this end in view I chose out some twenty first-class men, in many instances the same that I had sent after the guerillas, and arranged that each should take his canteen and a little food. They were to slip into the jungle between us and the Spanish lines before dawn next morning, and there to spend the day, getting as close to the Spanish lines as possible, moving about with great stealth, and picking off any hostile sharp-shooter, as well as any soldier who exposed himself in the trenches. I had plenty of men who possessed a training in wood-craft that fitted them for this work; and as soon as the rumor get abroad what I was planning, volunteers thronged to me. Daniels and Love were two of the men always to the front in any enterprise of this nature; so were Wadsworth, the two Bulls, Fortescue, and Cowdin. But I could not begin to name all the troopers who so eagerly craved the chance to win honor out of hazard and danger.

Among them was good, solemn Fred Herrig, the Alsatian. I knew Fred’s patience and skill as a hunter from the trips we had taken together after deer and mountain-sheep through the Bad Lands of the Little Missouri. He still spoke English with what might be called Alsatian variations—he always spoke of the gun de-

tail as the “gondètle” with the accent on the first syllable—and he expressed a wish to be allowed “a holiday from the gondètle to go after dem gorillas.” I told him he could have the holiday, but to his great disappointment the truce came first, and then Fred asked that, inasmuch as the “gorillas” were now forbidden game, he might be allowed to go after guinea-hens instead.

Even after the truce, however, some of my sharp-shooters had occupation, for two guerillas in our rear took occasional shots at the men who were bathing in a pond, until one of our men spied them, when they were both speedily brought down. One of my riflemen who did best at this kind of work, by the way, got into trouble because of it. He was much inflated by my commendation of him, and when he went back to his troop he declined to obey the first Sergeant’s orders on the ground that he was “the Colonel’s sharp-shooter.” The Lieutenant in command, being somewhat puzzled, brought him to me, and I had to explain that if the offence, disobedience of orders in face of the enemy, was repeated he might incur the death penalty; whereat he looked very crestfallen. That afternoon he got permission, like Fred Herrig, to go after guinea-hens, which were found wild in some numbers round about; and he sent me the only one he got as a peace offering. The few guinea-hens thus procured were all used for the sick.

Dr. Church had established a little field hospital under the shoulder of the hill in our rear. He was himself very sick and had almost nothing in the way of medicine or supplies or apparatus of any kind, but the condition of the wounded in the big field hospitals in the rear was so horrible, from the lack of attendants as well as of medicines, that we kept all the men we possibly could at the front. Some of them had now begun to come down with fever. They were all very patient, but it was pitiful to see the sick and wounded soldiers lying on their blankets, if they had any, and if not then simply in the mud, with nothing to eat but hardtack and pork, which of course they could not touch when their fever got high, and with no chance to get more than the rudest attention. Among the very sick here was gallant Captain Llewellyn. I feared he was going
to die. We finally had to send him to one of the big hospitals in the rear. Doctors Brewer and Fuller of the Tenth had been unwearying in attending to the wounded, including many of those of my regiment.

At twelve o'clock we were notified to stop firing, and a flag of truce was sent in to demand the surrender of the city. The negotiations gave us a breathing spell.

That afternoon I arranged to get our baggage up, sending back strong details of men to carry up their own goods, and, as usual, impressing into the service a kind of improvised pack-train consisting of the officers' horses, of two or three captured Spanish cavalry horses, two or three mules which had been shot and abandoned and which our men had taken and cured, and two or three Cuban ponies. Hitherto we had simply been sleeping by the trenches or immediately in their rear, with nothing in the way of shelter and only one blanket to every three or four men. Fortunately there had been little rain. We now got up the shelter tents of the men and some flies for the hospital and for the officers; and my personal baggage appeared. I celebrated its advent by a thorough wash and shave.

Later, I twice snatched a few hours to go to the rear and visit such of my men as I could find in the hospitals. Their patience was extraordinary. Kenneth Robinson, a gallant young trooper, though himself severely (I supposed at the time mortally) wounded, was noteworthy for the way in which he tended those among the wounded who were even more helpless, and the cheery courage with which he kept up their spirits. Gievers, who was shot through the hips, rejoined us at the front in a fortnight. Captain Day was hardly longer away. Jack Hammer, who, with poor Race Smith, a gallant Texas lad who was mortally hurt beside me on the summit of the hill, had been on kitchen detail, was wounded and sent to the rear; he was ordered to go to the United States, but he heard that we were to assault Santiago, so he struggled out to rejoin us, and there-
Religious Service held on San Juan Hill.

At the conclusion of this service General Wheeler said, "I am pleased to say there will be no more fighting, the enemy has surrendered."
after stayed at the front. Cosby, badly wounded, made his way down to the sea-
coast in three days, unassisted.

With all volunteer troops, and I am inclined to think with regulars too, in time
of trial, the best work can be got out of the men only if the officers endure the same
hardships and face the same risks. In my regiment, as in the whole cavalry division,
the proportion of loss in killed and wounded was considerably greater among the officers
than among the troopers, and this was exactly as it should be. Moreover, when we
got down to hard pan, we all, officers and men, fared exactly alike as regards both
shelter and food. This prevented any grumbling. When the troopers saw that
the officers had nothing but hardtack, there was not a man in the regiment who would
not have been ashamed to grumble at faring no worse, and when all alike slept out
in the open, in the rear of the trenches,

and when the men always saw the field
officers up at night, during the digging of
the trenches, and going the rounds of the
outposts, they would not tolerate, in any
of their number, either complaint or shir-
king work. When things got easier I put
up my tent and lived a little apart, for it
is a mistake for an officer ever to grow too
familiar with his men, no matter how good
they are; and it is of course the greatest
possible mistake to seek popularity either
by showing weakness or by mollycoddling
the men. They will never respect a com-
mander who does not enforce discipline,
who does not know his duty, and who is
not willing both himself to encounter and
to make them encounter every species of
danger and hardship when necessary. The
soldiers who do not feel this way are not
worthy of the name and should be handled
with iron severity until they become fight-
ing men and not shams. In return the
The Rough Riders

officer should carefully look after his men, should see that they are well fed and well sheltered, and that, no matter how much they may grumble, they keep the camp thoroughly policed.

After the cessation of the three days' fighting we began to get our rations regularly and had plenty of hardtack and salt pork, and usually about half the ordinary amount of sugar and coffee. It was not a very good ration for the tropics, however, and was of very little use indeed to the sick and half sick. On two or three occasions during the siege I got my improvised pack-train together and either took or sent it down to the sea-coast for beans, canned tomatoes, and the like. We got these either from the transports which were still landing stores on the beach or from the Red Cross. If I did not go myself I sent some man who had shown that he was a driving, energetic, tactful fellow, who would somehow get what we wanted. Chaplain Brown developed great capacity in this line, and so did one of the troopers named Knoblauch, he who had dived after the rifles that had sunk off the pier at Daiquiri. The supplies of food we got in this way had a very beneficial effect, not only upon the men's health, but upon their spirits. To the Red Cross we owe a great deal. We also owed much to Colonel Weston of the Commissary Department, who always helped us and never let himself be hindered by red tape; thus he always let me violate the absurd regulation which forbade me, even in war-time, to purchase food for my men from the stores, although letting me purchase for the officers. I, of course, paid no heed to the regulation when by violating it I could get beans, canned tomatoes, or tobacco. Sometimes I used my own money, sometimes what was given me by Woody Kane, or what was sent me by my brother-in-law, Douglas Robinson, or by the other Red Cross people in New York. My regiment did not fare very well; but I think it fared better than any other. Of course no one would have minded in the least such hardships as we endured had there been any need of enduring them; but there was none. System and sufficiency of transportation were all that were needed.

On one occasion a foreign military attaché visited my head-quarters together with a foreign correspondent who had been through the Turco-Greek war. They were both most friendly critics, and as they knew I was aware of this, the correspondent finally ventured the remark, that he thought our soldiers fought even better than the Turks, but that on the whole our system of military administration seemed rather worse than that of the Greeks. As a nation we had prided ourselves on our business ability and adroitness in the arts of peace, while outsiders, at any rate, did not credit us with any especial warlike prowess; and it was curious that when war came we should have broken down precisely on the business and administrative side, while the fighting edge of the troops certainly left little to be desired.

I was very much touched by the devotion my men showed to me. After they had once become convinced that I would share their hardships, they made it a point that I should not suffer any hardships at all; and I really had an extremely easy time. Whether I had any food or not myself made no difference, as there were sure to be certain troopers, and, indeed, certain troop messes, on the lookout for me. If they had any beans they would send me over a cupful, or I would suddenly receive a present of doughnuts from some roundup cook who had succeeded in obtaining a little flour and sugar, and if a man shot a guinea-hen it was all I could do to make him keep half of it for himself. Wright, the color sergeant, and Henry Bardshar, my orderly, always pitched and struck my tent and built me a bunk of bamboo poles, whenever we changed camp. So I personally endured very little discomfort; for, of course, no one minded the two or three days preceding or following each fight, when we all had to get along as best we could. Indeed, as long as we were under fire or in the immediate presence of the enemy, and I had plenty to do, there was nothing of which I could legitimately complain; and what I really did regard as hardships, my men did not object to—for later on, when we had some leisure, I would have given much for complete solitude and some good books.

Whether there was a truce, or whether, as sometimes happened, we were notified that there was no truce but merely a further cessation of hostilities by tacit agree
ment, or whether the fight was on, we kept equally vigilant watch, especially at night. In the trenches every fourth man kept awake, the others sleeping beside or behind him on their rifles; and the cossack posts and pickets were pushed out in advance beyond the edge of the jungle. At least once a night at some irregular hour I tried to visit every part of our line, especially if it was dark and rainy, although sometimes, when the lines were in charge of some officer like Wilcox or Kane, Greenway or Goodrich, I became lazy, took off my boots, and slept all night through. Sometimes at night I slept not only along the lines of our own brigade, but of the brigades adjoining. It was a matter of pride, not only with me, but with all our men, that the lines occupied by the Rough Riders should be at least as vigilantly guarded as the lines of any regular regiment.

Sometimes at night, when I met other officers inspecting their lines, we would sit and talk over matters, and wonder what shape the outcome of the siege would take. We knew we would capture Santiago, but exactly how we would do it we could not tell. The failure to establish any depot for provisions on the fighting-line, where there was hardly ever more than twenty-four hours' food ahead, made the risk very serious. If a hurricane had struck the transports, scattering them to the four winds, or if three days of heavy rain had completely broken up our communication, as they assuredly would have done, we would have been at starvation point on the front; and while, of course, we would have lived through it somehow and would have taken the city, it would only have been after very disagreeable experiences. As soon as I was able I accumulated for my own regiment about forty-eight hours' hardtack and salt pork, which I kept so far as possible intact to provide against any emergency.

If the city could be taken without direct assault on the intrenchments and wire entanglements, we earnestly hoped it would be, for such an assault meant, as we knew by past experience, the loss of a quarter of the attacking regiments (and we were bound that the Rough Riders should be one of these attacking regiments, if the attack had to be made). There was, of course, nobody who would not rather have assaulted than have run the risk of failure; but we hoped the city would fall without need arising for us to suffer the great loss of life which a further assault would have entailed.

Naturally, the colonels and captains had nothing to say in the peace negotiations which dragged along for the week following the sending in the flag of truce. Each day we expected either to see the city surrender, or to be told to begin fighting again, and toward the end it grew so irksome that we would have welcomed even an assault in preference to further inaction. I used to discuss matters with the officers of my own regiment now and then, and with a few of the officers of the neighboring regiments with whom I had struck up a friendship—Parker, Stevens, Beck, Ayres, Morton, and Boughton. I also saw a good deal of the excellent officers on the staffs of Generals Wheeler and Sumner, especially Colonel Dorst, Colonel Garlington, Captain Howze, Captain Steele, Lieutenant Andrews, and Captain Astor Chanler, who, like myself, was a volunteer. Chanler was an old friend and a fellow big-game hunter, who had done some good exploring work in Africa. I always wished I could have had him in my regiment. As for Dorst, he was peculiarly fitted to command a regiment. Although Howze and Andrews were not in my brigade, I saw a great deal of them, especially of Howze, who would have made a nearly ideal regimental commander. They were both natural cavalry-men and of most enterprising natures, ever desirous of pushing to the front and of taking the boldest course. The view Howze always took of every emergency (a view which found prompt expression in his actions when the opportunity offered) made me feel like an elderly conservative.

The week of non-fighting was not all a period of truce; part of the time was passed under a kind of nondescript arrangement, when we were told not to attack ourselves, but to be ready at any moment to repulse an attack and to make preparations for meeting it. During these times I busied myself in putting our trenches into first-rate shape and in building bomb-proofs and traverses. One night I got a detail of sixty men from the First, Ninth, and Tenth, whose officers always helped us in
every way, and with these, and with sixty of my own men, I dug a long, zigzag trench in advance of the salient of my line out to a knoll well in front, from which we could command the Spanish trenches and block-houses immediately ahead of us. On this knoll we made a kind of bastion consisting of a deep, semi-circular trench with sand-bags arranged along the edge so as to constitute a wall with loop-holes. Of course, when I came to dig this trench, I kept both Greenway and Goodrich supervising the work all night, and equally of course I got Parker and Stevens to help me. By employing as many men as we did we were able to get the work so far advanced as to provide against interruption before the moon rose, which was about midnight. Our pickets were thrown far out in the jungle, to keep back the Spanish pickets and prevent any interference with the diggers. The men seemed to think the work rather good fun than otherwise, the possibility of a brush with the Spaniards lending a zest that prevented its growing monotonous.

Parker had taken two of his Gatlings, removed the wheels, and mounted them in the trenches; also mounting the two automatic Colts where he deemed they could do best service. With the completion of the trenches, bomb-proofs, and traverses, and the mounting of these guns, the fortifications of the hill assumed quite a respectable character, and the Gatling men christened it Fort Roosevelt, by which name it afterward went.*

During the truce various military attachés and foreign officers came out to visit us. Two or three of the newspaper men, including Richard Harding Davis, Caspar Whitney, and John Fox, had already been out to see us, and had been in the trenches during the firing. Among the others were Captains Lee and Paget of the British army and navy, fine fellows, who really seemed to take as much pride in the feats of our men as if we had been bound together by the ties of a common nationality instead of the ties of race and speech kinship. Another English visitor was Sir Bryan Leighton, a thrice-welcome guest, for he most thoughtfully brought to me half a dozen little jars of devilled ham and potted fruit, which enabled me to summon various officers down to my tent and hold a feast. Count von Götzen, and a Norwegian attaché, Gedde, very good fellows both, were also out. One day we were visited by a travelling Russian, Prince X., a large, blond man, smooth and impenetrable. I introduced him to one of the regular army officers, a capital fighter and excellent fellow, who, however, viewed foreign international politics from a strictly trans-Mississippi standpoint. He hailed the Russian with frank kindness and took him off to show him around the trenches, chatting volubly, and calling him "Prince," much as Kentuckians call one another "Colonel." As I returned I heard him remarking: "You see, Prince, the great result of this war is that it has united the two branches of the Anglo-Saxon people; and now that they are together they can whip the world, Prince! they can whip the world!"—being evidently filled with the pleasing belief that the Russian would cordially sympathize with this view.

Shortly after midday on the 10th, fighting began again, but it soon became evident that the Spaniards did not have much heart in it. The American field artillery was now under the command of General Randolph, and he fought it effectively. A mortar battery had also been established, though with an utterly inadequate supply of ammunition, and this rendered some service. Almost the only Rough Riders who had a chance to do much firing were the men with the Colt's automatic guns, and the twenty picked sharpshooters, who were placed in the newly dug little fort out at the extreme front. Parker had a splendid time with the Gatlings and the Colts. With these machine guns he completely silenced the battery in front of us. This battery had caused us a good deal of trouble at first, as we could not place it. It was immediately in front of the hospital, from which many Red Cross flags were flying, one of them floating just above this battery, from where we looked at it. In consequence, for some time, we did not know it was a hostile battery at all, as, like all the other Spanish batteries, it was using smokeless powder. It was only by the aid of powerful glasses that we finally discovered its real nature. The Gatlings and Colts then actually put it out of action, silencing the big guns and

* See Parker's "With the Gatlings at Santiago."
the two field-pieces. Furthermore the machine guns and our sharp-shooters together did good work in supplementing the effects of the dynamite gun; for when a shell from the latter struck near a Spanish trench, or a building in which there were Spanish troops, the shock was seemingly so great that the Spaniards almost always showed themselves, and gave our men a chance to do some execution.

As the evening of the 10th came on, the men began to make their coffee in sheltered places. By this time they knew how to take care of themselves so well that not a man was touched by the Spaniards during the second bombardment. While I was lying with the officers just outside one of the bomb-proofs I saw a New Mexican trooper named Morrison making his coffee under the protection of a traverse high up on the hill. Morrison was originally a Baptist preacher who had joined the regiment purely from a sense of duty, leaving his wife and children, and had shown himself to be an excellent soldier. He had evidently exactly calculated the danger zone, and found that by getting close to the traverse he could sit up erect and make ready his supper without being cramped. I watched him solemnly pounding the coffee with the butt end of his revolver, and then boiling the water and frying his bacon, just as if he had been in the lee of the roundup wagon somewhere out on the plains.

By noon of next day, the 11th, my regiment with one of the Gatlings was shifted over to the right to guard the Caney road. We did no fighting in our new position, for the last straggling shot had been fired by the time we got there. That evening there came up the worst storm we had had, and by midnight my tent blew over. I had for the first time in a fortnight undressed myself completely, and I felt fully punished for my love of luxury when I jumped out into the driving downpour of tropic rain, and groped blindly in the darkness for my clothes as they lay in the liquid mud. It was Kane’s night on guard, and I knew the wretched Woody would be out along the line and taking care of the pickets, no matter what the storm might be; and so I basely made my way to the kitchen tent, where good Holderman, the Cherokee, wrapped me in dry blankets, and put me to sleep on a table which he had just procured from an abandoned Spanish house.

On the 17th the city formally surrendered and our regiment, like the rest of the army, was drawn up on the trenches. When the American flag was hoisted the trumpets blared and the men cheered, and we knew that the fighting part of our work was over.

Shortly after we took our new position the First Illinois Volunteers came up on our right. The next day, as a result of the storm and of further rain, the rivers were up and the roads quagmires, so that hardly any food reached the front. My regiment was all right, as we had provided for just such an emergency; but the Illinois new-comers had of course not done so, and they were literally without anything to eat. They were fine fellows and we could not see them suffer. I furnished them some beans and coffee for the elder officers and two or three cases of hard-tack for the men, and then mounted my horse and rode down to head-quarters, half fording, half swimming the streams; and late in the evening I succeeded in getting half a mule-train of provisions for them.

On the morning of the 3d the Spaniards had sent out of Santiago many thousands of women, children, and other non-combatants, most of them belonging to the poorer classes, but among them not a few of the best families. These wretched creatures took very little with them. They came through our lines and for the most part went to El Caney in our rear, where we had to feed them and protect them from the Cubans. As we had barely enough food for our own men the rations of the refugees were scanty indeed and their sufferings great. Long before the surrender they had begun to come to our lines to ask for provisions, and my men gave them a good deal out of their own scanty stores, until I had positively to forbid it and to insist that the refugees should go to head-quarters; as, however hard and merciless it seemed, I was in duty bound to keep my own regiment at the highest pitch of fighting efficiency.

As soon as the surrender was assured the refugees came streaming back in an endless squalid procession down the Ca-
BETWEEN SHOWERS IN DORT

By F. Hopkinson Smith

ILLUSTRATIONS FROM PAINTINGS BY THE AUTHOR

Here be inns in Holland—not hotels, not pensions, nor stopping-places—just inns. The "Bellevue" at Dort is one, and the "Hol-

land Arms" is another, and the—no, there are no others. Dort only boasts these two, and Dort to me is Holl-

land.

The rivalry between these two inns has been going on for years, and it still con-

tinues. The "Bellevue," fighting for place, elbows its way years ago to the water-

line, and took its stand on the river-front, where the windows and porticos could

overlook the Maas dotted with boats. The "Arms," discouraged, shrank back into its corner, and made up in low windows, smok-

ing-rooms and private bath-room—on for the whole house—what was lacking in porticos and sea view. Then fol-

lowed a slight skirmish in paint; red for the "Arms" and yellow-white for the "Bel-

levue," and a flank movement of shades and curtains; linen for the "Arms" and lace for the "Bellevue." Scouting parties were next ordered out of porters in caps, banded with silk ribbons, bearing the names of their respective hosterries.

Yacob of the "Arms" was to attack weary travellers on alighting from the train, and acquaint them with the delights of the down-stairs bath, and the dark-room for the kodakers, all free of charge. And Johan of the "Bellevue" was to give minute descriptions of the boats landing in front of the dining-

room windows and of the superb view of the river.

It is always summer when I arrive in Dordrecht. I don't know what happens in winter, and I don't care. The ground-

hog knows enough to go into his hole when the snow begins to fly, and to stay there until the sun thaws him out again. Some tourists could profit by following his example.

It is summer then, and the train has rolled into the station at Dordrecht, or be-

side it, and the traps have been thrown out, and Peter, my boatman—he of the "Red Tub," a craft with an outline like a Dutch vrouw, quite as much beam as length (we go a-sketching in this boat)—Peter, I say, who has come to the train to meet me, has swung my belongings over his shoulder, and Johan, the porter of the "Bellevue," with a triumphant glance at Yacob of the "Arms," has stowed the trunk on the rear platform of the street tram—no cabs or trucks, if you please, in this town—and the one-horse car has jerked its way around short curves and up through streets embowered in trees and paved with cobble-stones scrubbed as clean as china plates, and over quaint
bridges with glimpses of sluggish canals and queer houses, and so on to my lodg-
ing.

And mine host, Heer Boudier, waiting on the steps, takes me by the hand and
says the same room is ready and has been for a week.

Inside these two inns, the only inns in Dort, the same rivalry exists. But my
parallels must cease. Mine own inn is the "Bellevue," and my old friend of
fifteen years, Heer Boudier, is host, and so loyally compels me to omit mention of any
luxuries but those to which I am accus-
tomed in his hostelry.

Its interior has peculiar charms for me. Scrupulously clean, simple in its appoint-
ments and equipment, it is comfort itself.
Tyne is responsible for its cleanliness—or rather, that particular portion of Tyne
which she bares above her elbows. No-
body ever saw such a pair of sledge-ham-
er arms as Tyne's, on any girl outside of
Holland. She is eighteen; short, square-
built, solid as a Dutch cheese, fresh and rosy
as an English milkmaid; moon-faced, mild-
eyed as an Alderney heifer, and as strong as
a three-year-old. Her back and sides are
as straight as a plank; the front side is
straight too. The main joint in her body
is at the hips. This is so flexible that,
wash-cloth in hand, she can lean over the
floor without bending her knees and scrub
every board in it till it shines like a Sun-
day dresser. She wears a snow-white
cap as dainty as the finest lady's in the
land; an apron that never seems to lose
the crease of the iron, and a blue print
dress bunched up behind to keep it from
the slop. Her sturdy little legs are cov-
ered by gray yarn stockings which she
knits herself; the feet thrust into wooden
sabots. These clatter over the cobbles as
she scurries about with a crab-like move-
ment, sousing, dousing, and scrubbing as
she goes; for Tyne attacks the sidewalk
outside with as much gusto as she does
the hall and floors.

Johan the porter moves the chairs out
of Tyne's way when she begins work, and,
lately, I have caught him lifting her bucket
up the front steps—a wholly unnecessary
proceeding when Tyne's muscular de-
velopments are considered. Johan and I
had a confidential talk one night, when he
brought the mail to my room—the room
on the second floor overlooking the Maas
—in which certain personal statements
were made. When I spoke to Tyne about
them the next day, she looked at me with
her big blue eyes, and then broke into a
laugh, opening her mouth so wide that
every tooth in her head flashed white
(they always reminded me somehow of
peeled almonds). With a little bridling
twist of her head she answered that—but,
of course, this was a strictly confidenti-
al communication, and of so entirely private
a nature that no gentleman under the cir-
cumstances would permit a single word of
it to—

Johan is taller than Tyne, but not so
thick through. When he meets you at the
station, with his cap and band in his hand,
his red hair trimmed behind as square as
the end of a whisk-broom; his thin, par-
rentesis legs and Vienna guarded
waist—each detail the very opposite you
will note from Tyne's—you recall imme-
diately one of George Boughton's typical
Dutchmen. The only thing lacking is his
pipe; he is too busy for that.

When he dons his dress-suit for din-
er, and bending over your shoulder
asks, in his best English: "Mynheer,
don't it now de feesh you haf?" you
lose sight of Boughton's Dutchman
and see only the cosmopolitan. The
transformation is due entirely to continen-
tal influences—Dort being one of the
main highways between London and Paris
—influences so strong that even in this
water-logged town on the Maas, bonnets
are beginning to replace caps, and French
shoes sabots.

The guests that Johan serves at this inn
of my good friend Boudier are as odd
looking as its interior. They line both sides
and the two ends of the long table. Stout
Germans in horrible clothes, with stouter
wives in worse; Dutchmen from up-
country in brown coats and green waist-
coats; clerks off on a vacation with ko-
daks and Cook's tickets; bicyclists in
knickerbockers; painters, with large kits
and small handbags, who talk all the time
and to everybody; gray-whiskered, red-
aced Englishmen, with absolutely no con-
versation at all, who prove to be dis-
tinguished persons attended by their own
valets, and on their way to Aix or the
Engadine, now that the salmon-fishing in
Norway is over; school-teachers from America, just arrived from Antwerp or Rotterdam, or from across the channel by way of Harwich, their first stopping-place really since they left home—one travelling-dress and a black silk in the bag; all the kinds and conditions and sorts of people who seek out precious little places like Dort, either because they are cheap or comfortable, or because they are known to be picturesque.

I sought out Dort years ago because it was untouched by the hurry that makes life miserable, and the shams that make it vulgar, and I go back to it now every year of my life, in spite of other foreign influences.

And there is no real change in fifteen years. Its old trees still nod over the sleepy canals in the same sleepy way they have done, no doubt, for a century. The rooks—the same rooks, they never die—still swoop in and out of the weather-stained arches high up in the great tower of the Groote Kerk, the old twelfth century church, the tallest in all Holland; the big-waisted Dutch luggers with rudders arsenic green—what would painters do without this green?—doze under the trees, their mooring lines tied to the trunks; the girls and boys, with arms locked, a dozen together, clatter over the cobbles, singing as they walk; the steamboats land and hurry on—"Fop Smits's boats" the signs read—it is pretty close, but I am not part owner in the line; the gossips lean in the doorways or under the windows banked with geraniums and nasturtiums; the cumbersome state carriages with the big ungainly horses with untrimmed manes and tails—there are only five of these carriages in all Dordrecht—wait in front of the great houses eighty feet wide and four stories high, some dating as far back as 1512, and still occupied by descendants of the same families; the old women dress in ivory black, with dabs of Chinese white for sabots and caps, and push the same carts loaded with Hooker's green vegetables from door to door; the town crier rings his bell; the watchman calls the hour.

Over all bends the ever-changing sky, one hour close-drawn, gray-lined with slanting slashes of blinding rain, the next piled high with great domes of silver-white clouds inlaid with turquoise blue or hemmed in by low-lying ranges of purple peaks capped with gold.

I confess that an acute sense of disappointment came over me when I first looked down these gray canals, rain-varnished streets, and rows of green trees. I saw at a glance that it was not my Holland; not the Holland of my dreams; not the Holland of Mesdag nor Poggenbeck nor Kever. It was a fresher, sweeter, more wholesome land, and with a more breathable air. These Dutch painters had taught me to look for dull, dirty skies, soggy wharves, and dismal perspectives of endless dykes. They had shown me countless windmills, scattered along stretches of wind-swept moors backed by lowering skies, cold gray streets, quaint, leanover houses, and smudgy, grimy interiors. They had enveloped all this in the stifling, murky atmosphere of a western city slowly strangling in clouds of coal-smoke.

These Dutch artists were, perhaps, not alone in this falsification. It is one of the peculiarities of modern art, that many of its masters cater to the taste of a public who want something that is not in preference to something that is. Ziem, for instance, had, up to the time of my enlightenment, taught me to love an equally untrue and impossible Venice—a Venice all red and yellow and deep ultra-marine blue—a Venice of unbuildable palaces and blazing red walls.

I do not care to say so aloud, where I can be heard over the way, but if you will please come inside my quarters, and shut the door and putty up the key-hole, and draw down the blinds, I will whisper in your ear that my own private opinion is that even Turner himself would have been an infinitely greater artist had he built his pictures on Venice instead of building them on Turner. I will also be courageous enough to assert that the beauty and dignity of Venetian architecture—an architecture which has delighted many appreciative souls for centuries—finds no place in his canvases, either in detail or in mass. The details may be unimportant, for the soft vapor of the lagoons oftentimes conceals them, but the correct outline of the mass—that is, for instance, the true
proportion of the dome of the Salute, that incomparable, incandescent pearl, or the vertical line of the Campanile compared to the roofs of the connecting palaces—should never be ignored, for they are as much a part of Venice, the part that makes for beauty, as the shimmering light of the morning or the glory of its sunsets. So it is that when most of us for the first time reach the water-gates of Venice, the most beautiful of all cities by the sea, we feel a certain shock and must begin to fall in love with a new sweetheart on the spot.

So with many painters of the Holland school—not the old Dutch school of landscape-painters, but the more modern group of men who paint their native skies with zinc-white toned with London fog, or mummy dust and bitumen. It is all very artistic and full of "tone," but it is not Holland.

There is Clays for instance. Of all modern painters Clays has charmed and wooed us best with certain phases of Holland life, particularly the burly brown boats lying at anchor, their red and white sails reflected in the water. I love these boats of Clays. They are superbly drawn, strong in color, and admirably painted; the water treatment, too, is beyond criticism. But where are they in Holland? I know Holland from the Zuyder Zee to Rotterdam, but I have never yet seen one of Clays's boats in the original wood.

Thus by reason of these smeary, up and down fairy-tales in paint have we gradually become convinced that vague trees, and black houses with staring patches of whitewash, and Vandyke brown roofs are thoroughly characteristic of Holland, and that the blessed sun never shines in this land of sabots.

But doesn't it rain? Yes, about half the time, perhaps three-quarters of the time. Well, now that I think of it, about all the time. But not continuously; only in intermittent downpours, floods, gushes of water—not once a day but every half hour. Then comes the quick drawing of a gray curtain from a wide expanse of blue, framing ranges of snow-capped cumuli; streets swimming in great pools; drenched leaves quivering in dazzling sunlight, and millions of raindrops flashing like diamonds.

II

But Peter, my boatman, is waiting on the cobbles outside the inn door, cap in hand. He has served me these many years. He is a wiry, thin, pinch-faced Dutchman, of perhaps sixty, who spent his early life at sea as man-o'-war's-man, common sailor, and then mate, and his later years at home in Dort, picking up odd jobs of ferriage or stevedoring, or making early gardens. While on duty he wears an old white travelling-cap pulled over his eyes, and a flannel shirt without collar or tie, and sail-maker's trousers. These trousers are caught at his hips by a leather strap supporting a sheath which holds his knife. He cuts everything with this knife, from apples and navy plug to ship's cables and telegraph wire. His clothes are water-proof; they must be, for no matter how hard it rains, Peter is always dry. The water may pour in rivulets from off his cap, and run down his forehead and from the end of his gargoyle of a nose, but no drop ever seems to wet his skin. When it rains the fiercest, I, of course, retreat under the poke-bonnet awning made of cotton duck stretched over barrel hoops that protects the stern of my boat, but Peter never moves. This Dutch rain does not in any way affect him. It is like the Jersey mosquito—it always spares the natives.

Peter speaks two languages, both Dutch. He says that one is English, but he cannot prove it—nobody can. When he opens his mouth you know all about his pretensions. He says—"Mynheer, dot manus ist er blowdy rock." He has learned this expression from the English sailors unloading coal at the big docks opposite Pappendrecht, and he has incorporated this much of their slang into his own nut-cracking dialect. He means of course "that man is a bloody rogue." He has a dozen other phrases equally obscure.

Peter's mission the first morning after my arrival is to report that the Red Tub is now lying in the harbor fully equipped for active service. That her aft awning has been hauled taut over its hoops; that her lockers of empty cigar-boxes (receptacles for brushes) have been clewed up; the cocoa-matting rolled out
THE BEGINNING OF THE WAR
TWO ARTICLES BY RICHARD HARDING DAVIS
IN THIS NUMBER

PUBLISHED MONTHLY WITH ILLUSTRATIONS
Pears' Soap
AND AN
ANGLO-AMERICAN ALLIANCE
WOULD IMPROVE
THE COMPLEXION
OF THE
UNIVERSE
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**PRICE, 25 CENTS A NUMBER; $3.00 A YEAR**
The Fiction (August) Number

(With the second of the Albert Herter colored covers)

THE ANNUAL FICTION NUMBER will this year, in addition to the complete short stories and the serial matter mentioned below, have the added value of the following war articles.

THE WAR as described by Richard Harding Davis. The next of Mr. Davis's series of vivid impressionistic descriptions will be an article on The Army at Tampa showing what has really been going on there while we have thought the land forces were idle. Mr. Davis, to whom a staff office was recently offered, has gained a great deal of inside information, which it will be right to make public by the time of the appearance of the August number. The article will be illustrated by many photographs taken by the author and by Dwight L. Elmendorf.

The first of Mr. John R. Spears's promised articles on The Naval Side of the War will also appear in this number. This also will be fully illustrated both by photographs and drawings.

CAPTAIN A. T. MAHAN, U. S. N., will contribute the second of his papers on "John Paul Jones in the American Revolution," describing the fight between the "Bonhomme Richard" and the "Serapis" from an expert point of view. It will be illustrated by Carlton T. Chapman and others, and will contain a plan of the famous fight prepared by Capt. Mahan himself.


The Pelican, a story of a type of "intellectual" woman, which, though familiar in fact, is new to fiction, is by MRS. EDITH WHARTON.

GORMLEY'S SCOOP is a newspaper story with an element of the supernatural, by E. A. WOLCOTT, by a San Francisco journalist. Illustrated by Peter Newell.

RED ROCK, a Chronicle of Reconstruction, by THOMAS NELSON PAGE, illustrated by B. West Clinedinst, will continue.

EDWARD SANFORD MARTIN contributes a striking sea-poem, "The Sea is His"—the most important poetic effort Mr. Martin has yet made,—and for it HENRY MCCARTER has designed eight pages of elaborate illustration in color.

THE OTHER CONTENTS—The Story of the Revolution, by Senator Lodge, illustrated by PYLE, YOHN, PEIXOTTO, and others; the usual departments, poems, etc., will make up the rest of the number.

CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS, 153-157 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK
CLARK ON THE WAY TO KASKASKIA.

THE FIRST SHOT OF THE WAR

BY RICHARD HARDING DAVIS

IT was half-past four on the afternoon of April 22d, and that peace which only exists when the sun is at $103^\circ$ brooded over the coral islands of Key West and over the warships of the North Atlantic Squadron in her bay. The flags at the mast-heads moved irritably in the hot air, the palms at the Custom-house moved not at all, but were cut against the glaring blue sky like giant petals of tin; in the streets the colored drivers slept in their open hacks, and on the porch of the hotel a long row of officers in white duck and of correspondents in yachting caps sat with their chairs tilted back and with their feet on the railings before them, in a state of depressed and sweltering silence.

For two months they had been waiting at Key West. They had waited while the President's message had been postponed once, and three times, while Representatives and Senators moved and amended and referred, while foreign powers had offered services more or less friendly, and while all the machinery of diplomacy had been put in motion to avert, or to delay, the inevitable end. And they had lost hope and interest. For three weeks the White Squadron had been disguised in her war-paint of lead. The decks of the warships had been cleared for action, and the great battle-ships that were to lead the way, and which stood seven miles nearer to the goal than the others, for three weeks had strained and tugged at their anchor-age, like dogs struggling in their chains.

Ever since February the fifteenth, when the Maine settled into the mud of Havana Harbor, these men at Key West had held but one desire and one hope, and at half-past four of that hot and peaceful afternoon their reward came. It wore, when it came, the obvious and commonplace garb of every day. A small boy fell off of his bicycle in front of the hotel and ran his eyes along the porch until they rested on a correspondent of the New York Herald. To him he handed a telegram, and, mounting his wheel...
again, rode away up the hot and dusty street. The correspondent opened the envelope with his thumb, and read: "Rain and hail," and started, and then, seeing that the watchful eyes of half the row were upon him, turned his back and took a narrow code-book from his pocket, and ran his finger down its page. He held it toward me, as I stood looking over his shoulder, and I read: "Rain and hail"—"War is declared, fleet ordered to sea." And a few moments later the porch was empty, the hall of the hotel was piled high with hand-bags and sailors' kits, and hackmen were lashing their horses down the dusty street; and at the water's edge one could see launches, gigs, and cutters streaking the blue surface of the bay with flashes of white and brass; signal flags of brilliant reds and yellows were spreading and fluttering at the signal halyards; wig-waggers beat the air from the bridges, and across the water, from the decks of the monitors, came the voices of the men answering the roll: "One, two, three, four! one, two, three, four."

There were still ships to coal, or Captain Sampson, who had become Admiral Sampson since half past four, would on the word have started to blockade Havana. But as they could not be left behind, all of those ships that were ready were moved outside the harbor and the fleet was signalled to have steam up at four o'clock the next morning. That night as the sun sank—and it sinks at Key West with a splendor and glory that it assumes in but few other ports of the world—it spread a fiery red background for thirteen black ships of war outlined with gallows-like yards against it. Some still lay at anchor sparkling with cargo lights and with the coaling barges looming bulkily along side, and others moved across the crimson curtain of the sky less like ships than a procession of grotesque monsters of the sea, grim, inscrutable, and menacing.

War had been declared. It had come at last, and as the fleet lay waiting for the day, it is a question if any man in the squadron slept that night, but did not instead keep watch alone, and wonder what war might bring to him. To whom would it bring honor, to whom honor with death, to whom would the chance come and who would seize it when it came, and who would make it come?

In the quick changes of war and under its cruel tests, unknown men would become leaders of men, and those who had attained high places and had risen and fattened in the days of peace, would be pushed aside into oblivion; the newspaper-made generals would see a gunner's mate become in an hour the nation's hero, new conditions and new problems would rise to find men ready to grasp them—anything was possible—new alliances, new enemies, and new friends. The declaration of war meant all these things, a new map and a new chapter in the history of the world.

And yet while men wondered as to what the morrow might bring forth, the physical aspect of the night was one strangely in contrast with the great change of the day. We could imagine the interest and excitement which the declaration of war had roused in all corners of the country; we knew that for the moment Key West was the storm-centre of the map of the United States, and that where the squadron would go, what it would do, and how soon it would move upon the enemy were questions that men were asking in clubs, and on street corners; we knew that bulletin-boards were blocking the streets of lower New York with people eager for news, and that men and women from at least to Boston were awake with anxiety and unrest.

And yet at the heart of it all, in the harbor of Key West, save for the water lapping against the great sides of the ships and the bells sounding in chorus across the stretches of the bay, there was only silence, and the night wore every aspect of peace. For though all through that night the vessels talked with one another, they spoke in a language of signs, a language that made less sound than a whisper. That was the only promise for the morrow, their rows of lanterns winking red and white against the night, and vanishing instantly in mid-air, and the great fingers of the searchlights sweeping grandly across the sky, halting upright for a moment, and then sinking to the water's edge, measuring out the heavens and carrying messages of command to men many miles at sea.

The morning of the twenty-third awoke radiantly beautiful with light and color.
The First Prize of the War, Buen Ventura, Showing Some of the Prize Crew on Deck.

In the hollows of the waves deep blue and purple shadows caught the million flashes of the sun, and their white crests danced in its light. Across this flashing picture of light and movement and color, the leaden-painted war-ships moved heavily in two great columns, the battle-ships and monitors leading on the left, the cruisers moving abreast to starboard, while in their wake and on either flank the torpedo-boats rolled and tossed like porpoises at play. To the active imagination it might have appeared that each was racing to be the first to throw a shell into Cabanas prison, to knock the first stone from the ramparts of Morro Castle, to fire the first
shot of the War of '98. But the first shot of the war was reserved for no such serious purpose.

For while the houses of Key West were still well in view, there came into the lines of the squadron a courteous Spaniard, who, unsuspecting and innocent of war, steered his tramp steamer, the Buen Ventura, into the very jaws of the enemy. And it was upon him that the honor fell of receiving the first shot our navy had fired "in anger" in thirty years. It was an unsought-for honor which probably the Spanish captain did not appreciate.

According to his own story, as he told it that same afternoon in the harbor of Key West, when he saw so many "beautiful" war-ships flying the American flag, he said to himself: "Behold! the courtesy of my race requires that I salute these beautiful war-ships." Those are his exact words. And in admiration and innocence this poor man raised the red and yellow standard of Spain.

This was at half past five in the morning of April 23d. Lieutenant Frank Marble was officer of the deck on the flagship, and from the forward bridge he had reported the presence of a vessel on the starboard bow. The admiral signalled the ship nearest the Buen Ventura, which happened to be the Nashville, "What colors does the stranger show?"

Both the Helena and the Nashville signalled back "Spanish," and the answer came from the flagship, to the Nashville, "Capture her."

The signal as it is in the code-book is really much fuller than that, but that is its meaning. So the Nashville fired a shot across the Buen Ventura's bow. Patrick Walton fired it. It was the first shot of the war. A second shot followed, and the Buen Ventura hove to, and a prize crew, under Ensign Magruder, boarded her, and a press boat buried her bows in the water and rushed back to the United States with the news that the squadron had taken her first prize, and that the blockade had begun. And so it came about that a fluttering of flags and a couple of shots aimed at a flashing, dancing sea formed the first hostile act of our war with Spain.

THE FIRST BOMBARDMENT

ILLUSTRATIONS FROM PHOTOGRAPHS BY THE AUTHOR.

FOR twelve days after war was declared the flagship New York lay ten miles off Morro Castle, blistering in the sun by day and made beautiful by the moon at night. She was the Central Office of the blockading squadron, and from her, messenger boys, in the shape of black and grimy torpedo-boats, carried orders to the men-of-war that stretched along the coast from Cardenas to Bahia Honda. While they lay waiting or patrolling their
stations, alert and watchful, the flagship planned and arranged and issued commands. She was the bureau of information for the fleet, the mouth-piece of the Strategic Board at Washington, and all through the hot brilliant days her red and yellow signals fluttered and flapped and her wig-waggers beat the air. Other war-ships drew up beside her and their officers came on board to receive instructions, tug-boats converted into auxiliaries flew to her for aid, to ask for the loan of a few casks of drinking-water, or the services of a mechanic to mend a leak, or to deliver the mail-bags and, what was of equal value, clothes from the laundry.

The New York was the clearing-house of the fleet, the first to receive the news, the one place from which news was disseminated. It came to us from officers of prize-crews on their way back to their ships, who halted to report to the Admiral and to tell their adventures to the wardroom mess, and it was brought to us by the fleet of press-boats, which in return received the news of the day on the flagship. Sometimes they received this through a megaphone, sometimes they sent a correspondent over the side to get it at first hand, and sometimes, when the sea was rough, we threw it to them done up in a glass bottle. The flagship was the only place from which to view and comprehend the blockade. What was seen from a press-boat was at long range; from their decks the motive and result of any move was of necessity problematical. It was like reporting the burning of the Waldorf-Astoria from the Brooklyn Bridge. The ob-

The First Bombardment
server in the distance might see much smoke and some flame, but whether the cause of the fire were accidental or incendiary, whether there were loss of life or deeds of heroism, he could only guess.

In its creature-comforts life on board the flagship was like that on board of a yacht cruising in summer seas; but overshadowing its comforts was an organization as complete as that of the Bank of England, and discipline as absolute as that of a monastery. In no military post, from Knightsbridge Barracks to Gibraltar, from Fort Houston to Fort Sill, nor in Greece, Egypt, France, Russia, or Germany have I seen discipline better observed, or such "smartness," or such intelligent obedience as I noted during the ten days that I remained on the New York. In that time there were many novel experiences to impress one; there was much that was entirely new and quite incomprehensible. There were some exciting races after blockade runners, some heavy firing, some wonderful effects of land and sea and sky, some instances of coolness and courage and of kindness and courtesy, but what was more impressive than all else besides, was the discipline of the ship’s company and the perfection of her organization. Many men can swagger and be brave and shoot off a gun. That our sailors are brave no one has ever doubted, even before the victory of Manila harbor, but the best sailor is the man who not only can stand by his gun, but who can stand watch eight hours on end without stealing a few minutes’ sleep; who respects himself, his
ship and her officers, who is as thoroughly in earnest when he is alone cleaning a bit of brass-work, as when he is aiming a four-inch gun in the presence of the enemy. And a more earnest, alert, and self-respecting class of men than were on the New York are not to be found in any class or profession in our country, and that is as true of the Admiral as of the crew, and of the crew as of the Admiral.

It was very difficult to believe that we were really at war. A peaceful blockade does not lend itself to that illusion. From the deck of the New York, we overlooked the coast of Cuba as from the roof of a high building, and all that we saw of war was a peaceful panorama of mountain-ranges and yellow villages, royal palms and tiny forts, like section-houses along the line of a railroad, and in the distance Morro Castle and the besieged city of Havana basking in a haze of glaring sunlight.

So, the first prisoner of the war was almost as much of a surprise to the ship as the ship was to him. Up to the time of his arrival a Spaniard, to most of the officers and crew, was an unknown quantity,—a picture of a bull-fighter in the comic papers, something hidden away somewhere along the smiling line of coast. The first prisoner introduced us to the enemy, and his uniform of blue drill, his Panama hat and his red and yellow cockade made the Spaniard for the first time real and human. I had seen Spanish officers in Cuba swaggering in cafes and plazas, tramping at the head of their troops through dusty roads, directing the burning of huts and cane-fields and giving the order to fire on insurgent prisoners, and I must confess to a sneaking sense of joy when this poor Second Lieutenant came silently into Captain Chadwick's cabin twisting his hat between his hands, and sank gracefully into the chair they placed for him. The first question Captain Chadwick asked was whether he would have breakfast, but the prisoner said he had no appetite; then the captain offered him a cigar, but he shrugged his shoulders and bowed and said he did not care to smoke. Then the Captain told Sylvester Scovel, who was interpreting whenever the Captain's Spanish failed him, to ask the prisoner where he came from and how he happened to get caught. But to every one of these questions Scovel added six of his own, inquiring as to how many troops the Spaniards had placed along the coast, where forts were situated, where patrols met, and how deep the water was in certain ports. Every now and then Chadwick would say, "That will do, tell him he is free;" but Scovel would object: "No, don't let him go yet, he is telling me things he shouldn't."

And then Scovel would smile with his innocent blue eyes upon the prisoner, nod encouragingly, and the unhappy Lieutenant would proceed to give him the information that the blockading squadron desired.

The name of Sylvester Scovel is probably better known in Cuba than that of any other American, even than that of Fitzhugh Lee. He is certainly more cordially hated than any other of the "nation of pigs," and a reward of ten thousand dollars was for some time placed upon his head. The Spaniards captured him once, after he had eluded them, hundreds of times; the Senate of the United States demanded that he should be set at liberty, and after a month's imprisonment he was released. To-day if he should be taken in Cuba, he would be shot or hung on the instant, and the death of no other American would, I believe, cause such universal rejoicing among Spanish officers and Spanish residents. Consequently, it was rather amusing to see the Spanish Lieutenant Juan de Rio clinging close to Scovel's elbow, and showing him the utmost deference and gratitude. Scovel wore a yachting cap and a suit of blue serge, so it is probable that the Spaniard mistook him for one of the ship's junior officers. But when they parted, after Scovel had shown him over the ship, there was a little scene. They had said farewell with many flourishes and the Spaniard had, after the fashion of his race, made a little speech to the effect that he saw it as impossible to surpass the courtesy of an American officer as to surpass his war-ship.

"You have been most kind to me," he added, "and I should like to know your name. I shall always remember it."

Scovel laughed and nodded. "My name is Sylvester Scovel," he said, bowing, "I am the correspondent of the New York World."
The Spanish have no sense of humor, and this one could not rise to the occasion. He only gasped and stared, and backed hastily away. He can hardly be blamed. It must be bewildering to find that you have been overwhelmed with courtesies by the man whose death, had he been your prisoner and you had killed him, would have brought you a reward of $10,000, and a vote of thanks from your Government.

The bombardment of the shore batteries at Matanzas came out of a clear sky. We knew something unusual was going forward, but only that. We had been lying off Morro and we suddenly started at good speed to the east, and when we reached Matanzas we came slowly in toward the mouth of the harbor, and then drifted. The New York was nearly two miles away from the shore, but with a glass we could see soldiers gathered on a long rampart of fresh earth. To the naked eye the yellow soil made a line against the green mangia bushes on the point.

I was in a gun-turret on the main deck listening to a group of jackies disagreeing as to whether the port before us was that of Matanzas or Cardenas. I had visited both places and ventured the opinion that it was Matanzas. So they crowded in to ask about the houses that we saw on shore, and as to whether there were mines in the harbor, and what we were doing there anyway, and I was just congratulating myself on having such a large and eager audience, when someone blew a bugle and my audience vanished, and six other young men came panting into the gun-turret, each with his hair flying and his eyes and mouth wide opened with excitement. All bugle calls were alike to me, so I asked if that particular one was "general quarters," and a panting blue jacket as he rushed by shouted "Yes, sir!" over his shoulder and ran on. Everybody was running, officers, middies, and crew, everyone seemed to have been caught just at the wrong end of the ship and on the wrong deck at the exact point farthest from his division. They all ran for about a minute in every direction, and then there was absolute silence, just as though someone had waved a wand over each of them and had fixed him in his place. But it was apparently the right place. Captain Chadwick ran down the ladder from the forward bridge and shouted at Ensign Boone, "Aim for 4,000 yards, at that bank of earth on the point." Then he ran up to the bridge again, where Admiral Sampson was pacing up and down, looking more like a calm and scholarly professor of mathematics than an Admiral. For the Admiral is a slow-speaking, quiet-voiced man, who studies intently and thoughtfully the eyes of everyone who addresses him, a man who would meet success or defeat with the same absolute quietness, an intellectual fighter, a man who impresses you as one who would fight and win entirely with his head.

Ensign Boone's gun was in the waist amidships, and he had been especially chosen to fire the first gun because the Captain had picked him out from among the other junior officers as an eager and intelligent ensign, and also because the jealousy that rages between the eight-inch guns in the fore and after turrets is so great that not even the Admiral himself would dare to let one of them fire the first shot of the war—that is, the first shot "with intent to kill"—for fear of hurting the feelings of the others. So Captain Chadwick cut the knot by ordering Ensign Boone to let loose first. It was a proud moment in the life of Ensign Boone, and as he is one of the class that was turned out of Annapolis before its time, he is a very young man to have had such an honor thrust upon him. But, fortunately, he is modest and bore it bravely.

At first I tried to keep count of the shots fired, but it was soon like counting falling bricks. They seemed to be ripping out the steel sides of the ship and to be racing to see which could get rid of the most ammunition first. The thick deck of the superstructure jumped with the concussions, and vibrated like a suspension bridge when an express train thunders across it. They came crashing from every point, and when you had steadied yourself against one volley, you were shaken and swayed by the backward rush of the wind from another. The reports seemed to crack the air as though it were an opaque body. It opened and shut and rocked you about with invisible waves. Your ear-drums tingled and strained and seemed to crack, the noise
was physical, like a blow from a base-ball bat; the noise itself stung and shook you. The concussions were things apart, they shook you after a fashion of their own, jumping your field-glasses between the bridge of your nose and the brim of your hat, and hammering your eyebrows. With this there were great clouds of hot smoke that swept across the decks and hung for a moment, hiding everything in a curtain of choking fog, that tasted salt and rasped your throat and nostrils, and burned your eyes.

The ship seemed to work and to fight by herself; you heard no human voice of command, only the grieved tones of Lieutenant Mulligan rising from his smoke-choked deck below, where he could not see to aim his six-inch gun, and from where he begged Lieutenant Marble again and again to "Take your damned smoke out of my way." Lieutenant Marble was vaulting in and out of his forward turret like a squirrel in a cage. One instant you would see him far out on the deck, where shattered pieces of glass and wood-work eddied like leaves in a hurricane, and the next pushing the turret with his shoulder as though he meant to shove it overboard, and then he would wave his hand to his crew inside and there would be a racking roar, a parting of air and sea and sky, a flash of flame vomiting black smoke, and he would be swallowed up in it like a wicked fairy in a pantomime. And instantly from the depths below, like the voice of a lost soul, would rise the protesting shriek of Dick Mulligan asking, frantically, "Oh, will you take your damned smoke out of my way!"

The New York did not have all the fighting to herself, for the Puritan and the Cincinnati were a few hundred yards out at sea, and almost broke their signal hal-yards in begging the Admiral to be allowed to come in too. They were like school-boys snapping their fingers at the school-master in their eagerness to show off their knowledge, and well they showed it. An impudent battery had opened from the eastern coast of the harbor and they turned on that. The Puritan was a wonderful sight, her decks were lashed with two feet of water, the waves seemed to be running in and out of her turrets, and the flames and smoke from her great guns came from the water-line, so that it looked to us as though she were sinking and firing as she sank. The Cincinnati fired broadsides as rapidly as a man can shoot a self-cocking revolver; it was perhaps the most remarkable performance of the day. The aim throughout was excellent — although it is not necessary to say that of American marksman-ship—and the shots fell fairly in the ramparts, throwing the earthworks fifty feet in the air and cutting them level with the ground. Only three shots from the batteries struck near the New York, and none of them came closer than one hundred yards. The engagement lasted fifteen minutes, but it was so exciting while it lasted that they did not seem more than five.

On the whole, the concussions were not as deafening as I had been led to think they would be, but in other ways the bombardment gave me the worst shaking up I ever received, though I once, with nine other unfortunates, dropped down the elevator-shaft of the Life Building; but the shock of that was like stepping off a bicycle in comparison. What the effect would be on one, if an enemy's shots of like force were striking and bursting around the ship, I cannot even imagine. The thought of it makes me want to take off my hat to every blue-jacket I meet.

No shots passed near us as I say, but I found the wear and tear from our own guns alone during that quarter of an hour in which they were in action far more trying than all the Turkish shells had been at Velocontins, when they raced continuously overhead for the better part of two long, hot days. But there you were a free agent, you only moved because you thought you were going to be hit; on the New York you moved because you could not help yourself, because the guns of your own side beat you about and deafened and blinded and shook you.

It is not likely that anyone will undervalue the qualities of our sailors, but no one need feel the least afraid of giving them too much honor, or of praising them beyond their deserts. Their footing on one of these floating iron foundries in action is about as secure as that of a parcel of flies on a window-pane when someone hits it with a rock. With the army, a soldier always has the satisfaction of knowing that if he is not victorious he can retreat
through several States before he is forced into the Pacific Ocean, but the sailor of our navy has no such consolation. He must either win, or sink in his coffin.

The men in the German Emperor's favorite regiment, the Red Hussars, take an oath on enlisting that they will never surrender, but that sooner than be made prisoners they will die fighting. Every man in the American navy, whether he is an oiler or a commodore, is qualified to enter that crack regiment, for when he enlists he virtually makes that promise to his countrymen on shore, "I win or I sink."

MANILA AND THE PHILIPPINES

By Isaac M. Elliott

ILLUSTRATIONS FROM PHOTOGRAPHS IN THE COLLECTIONS OF JOSEPH EARLE STEVENS AND THE AUTHOR

My knowledge of the Philippine Islands was acquired while United States Consul at Manila from 1893 to 1896. The information which I gathered in the course of my official career is often incomplete, but anyone who has come in contact with Spanish colonial government will realize why I have been unable to give accurate specific figures in regard to trade questions. It is to the interest of the government to conceal the value of the imports and exports, because the undisturbed corruption of the Spanish officials is made possible through false returns in regard to these questions.

In fact, the government of the Philippines has been an illustration of Spanish misrule from the early massacres of the natives in the sixteenth century down to the present era of high taxes and official robbery.

Both natives and foreigners are oppressed by the elaborate system of taxation. Every male pays what is known as a head tax (céudula personal), which ranges from fifty cents for a young clerk to one hundred dollars a year for a man engaged in an independent business. Then there is a tax for the privilege of doing business, called the patente, which is gauged by the value and amount of the business, and every merchant is compelled to show his books. As an illustration of how high this tax is, I may mention that a drug store with a perfumery department in Manila pays one thousand dollars per year.

Real estate is also subject to a heavy tax. There is a tree-tax of twenty-five cents for each tree cut down, large or small. In Manila there is a carriage-tax of three dollars for each wheel. A horse is taxed four dollars per year. Then there is an elaborate system of stamp-taxes. All legal documents must be written on stamped paper, worth from five cents to one dollar per sheet. If a poor man enters into a law-suit, the smallest case would probably cost him four dollars in stamp-taxes, and everybody concerned, up to the judge who hears the case, gets a fee.

Importers are subject to the additional imposition of petty fines, which are inflicted for all sorts of insignificant offences. One man was fined one hundred dollars because a cargo of hundreds of cobblestones was one stone short of the number stated in the manifest. In the year ending in 1896 the collector of customs at Manila collected eighty-two thousand dollars in these petty fines, all of which legally became his personal property.

Not only are the duties on imports very heavy, but there is a large export duty. Spanish misrule and oppression in the Islands is exerted also through the Church. The Church really owns a great many of the plantations in fee, on which the planters pay oppressive rents. They also have their own banks engaged in the business of lending money to the planters at usurious rates of interest. To put it in a nutshell, it may be said that the Church lives off the natives, and the Spanish officials live off the importers.
There are one hundred and fifty-one holidays observed, including Sundays. These of course reduce enormously the earning capacity of every man. Constant religious processions fill the streets, and images are carried, arrayed in the most costly raiment and covered with jewels. The churches are enormously rich. While I was in Manila one order alone sent a branch in America $1,500,000. While the
Church has absorbed a great deal of money from the people, still it has been the civilizing factor, and has built schools and churches all over the Philippine Islands, where the poor as well as the rich are always welcome.

It is said that the civil authority in many respects is actually subject to the religious, and that a large part of the real estate of the city is in the possession of the religious have nothing to do with this insurrection. All that the United States has to apprehend is that, having been oppressed for so many years, the insurgents may, if let loose, indiscriminately slaughter, loot, and destroy all foreigners. Under a liberal government, however, and if the Mestizos, whose part in affairs I shall describe later, are used as intermediaries, they will become a docile, orderly element.

orders. One writer says that "The personal liberty of the common man may almost be said to be in their keeping."

With these various forms of oppression by the government, and by the Church, it is not wonderful that the planters and their dependent plantation workers have risen in revolt. The insurrection in the Philippines, of which we have heard so much, is really a righteous uprising of the producing class against misgovernment. They are the Malays and half-castes, who have been robbed of their rightful share of the returns of their industry, and have taken up arms against the government. The savages, or Negritos, The well-known historical facts in regard to these Islands since their discovery by Magellan, in 1521, need not be here repeated. There is great discrepancy in the accounts of the number of the islands, by reason of the hundreds of them that are simply rocks in the sea without inhabitants. There are probably 1,200 separate islands in the Archipelago, of which four hundred are inhabited. Most of these contain only wild bands of the Negritos, the original natives, who have never been conquered or civilized. Actual Spanish dominion is limited to the western coast of the largest island, Luzon, of which Manila is the capital; to the eastern coast of
Mindoro Island, immediately south of Luzon; to Panay, a large island over which the Spanish have complete control and whose port is Iloilo, of which Admiral Dewey has already taken possession; and to the southeast of it, Negros and Cebu islands, where the Spaniards have partial control at certain seaports. The largest island in the whole group next to Luzon is Mindanao, where the Spaniards have never gained a foothold except in two or three fortified coast-towns. The absolute ruler is the Sultan of Buhatan, who controls an immense sultanate of Malayans who were converted to Mohammedanism. It thus appears that Spanish dominion is practically confined to narrow sea-coast strips, and that the great bulk of the territory of the Philippines is unsubdued and undeveloped, and inhabited by the original savage Negritos, who roam the islands unmolested and give no trouble whatever, unless interfered with in their fastnesses.

The inhabitants of the Philippine Islands who are to be considered in commercial questions are the Malayans, the Chinese, the Europeans, the English, and the Americans. When one speaks of the “natives,” he generally refers to the Malayans and the half-castes, who are the descendants of Malayans and various foreign races who have intermarried with them. These are called Mestizos, and are often well educated. The wealthy Mestizos or half-castes send their children to Europe to be educated, and they are very apt pupils, too. I know a number of young men who are graduates of the best colleges in Europe.

The commercial and industrial life is founded on the great natural adaptability of the soil for producing tobacco, hemp, and sugar. Plantation life is the industrial unit on which the whole commercial system turns. These plantations are large or small, according to the wealth of the proprietor, who is generally a Malay. All the work of the plantation is done by other Malayans, and on some of the large plantations as many as five or six hundred of these live in little bamboo houses, just as the negroes lived on the old cotton plantations in the South. The planter furnishes these workers with food and clothes.
The food is rice and fish and is very cheap, and the clothes are the most primitive—the men wearing white drilling and the women gorgeous-colored calicoes. An account is kept of the supplies furnished to the plantation-hands, and when the crop has been harvested a settlement takes place, resulting sometimes in a small balance of a few dollars in cash, which is paid to the workers; very often they are in debt to the planter.

Of course, the planter must have a certain amount of capital in order to purchase his supplies of food and clothing, and here is where the middle-man steps in. The middle-man is generally a Mestizo (half-caste), who is often a man of considerable education, tact, and shrewdness. It is his business to contract with the planters for their entire crops in advance, furnishing them with the needed capital. He makes these contracts on behalf of the great firms—English, German, French, American—who manage the export trade of the islands. These exporters are the original sources of the capital on which the whole industrial machinery depends. They lend money to the Mestizos at a high rate of interest, probably ten or twelve per cent., and the Mestizos sublet it to the planters at exorbitant rates, often as high as fifty per cent. a year. It is by this increased rate of interest that the Mestizo makes his money. As a consequence, the planter is almost always in debt, and the only men who make money are the exporters and the middle-men.

Of the products of the islands exported, America gets most of the sugar, part of it, however, going to Hong Kong. The tobacco is sent to Australia, New Zealand, and India, and to the European countries, while very little of it comes to the United States. On the other hand, we use most of the hemp which is produced for binder twine, rope, etc.

As is well known, America was supreme in the Philippine trade from the opening of the export business of the island on a large scale until within a few years. The reasons for the decline of American influence were largely the drawing out of capital by the older members of the great American trading firms, and their leaving
the business to younger members of their families, who found themselves with great responsibilities and a reduced capital. Gradually English firms, with abundant capital, succeeded to the bulk of the business. The last American firms in Manila were crowded out three years ago by Spanish intrigues, caused by the hatred of Americans growing out of the Cuban troubles. This overthrow was managed by the thousand and one petty annoyances of legal machinery that the Spaniards exerted against American firms.

The commerce of these islands has been estimated by some authorities at $50,000,000 a year, but it is probably much greater; the chief exports being sugar, tobacco, and hemp. Of Manila cigars, the yearly product is several hundred million, one factory alone employing 10,000 hands; and of Manila hemp the yearly product is probably 200,000 tons, eight-tenths of which is bought by the United States. One factory in Manila produces 40,000,000 cigarettes in a single year.

The imports are also of enormous value. The United States sends the Philippines chiefly kerosene oil and flour, while England, Germany, and France sell them print cloths, white drilling, hardware, canned goods, etc. There are other large towns in the islands, but most of the imports are landed at Manila and are shipped to these by local steamers. One company alone has twenty-seven steamers engaged in local and coastwise trade; their ships ranging in size from 500 to 3,000 tons.

The mineral wealth of these islands is not believed to be of great importance, although vast regions are practically unexplored. Gold has been found, but not in paying quantities. A discovery of immense value was made a few years ago in an accidental manner. The American ship Richard Parsons was wrecked on the western coast of the Island Mindoro. Captain Joy, of Nantucket, Mass., and his crew were forced to cross to a port on the eastern coast in order to reach any vessel that could carry them to Manila. To do this they made a seventeen days' journey through the wilderness and over a range of mountains. In these mountains they came upon great ledges of coal, which are outcropping, and thousands of tons had
Typical Attitudes and Expressions of Native Residents in Manila.

broken off and accumulated at the base of the cliffs. On hearing of this discovery the Spanish Government immediately confiscated the lands, but they have never done anything toward developing this great deposit of coal. All the coal now used in the islands is imported from Australia.

When the American fleet entered the harbor of Manila they passed in the night the Island Corregidor, which is a rocky hill five hundred feet in altitude. On it is the famous Corregidor Light. It rises in the midst of a channel about eight miles wide leading into the nearly circular bay of Manila, across which, about twenty-eight miles away to the northeast, lies the city of Manila at the mouth of the river Pasig, which divides it. The country where the city lies seems low and flat, and all that one

Native Manila Wood Carvings.
sees from the harbor is an occasional white tower. Fifty miles back the mountains rise to a height of 4,000 to 6,000 feet.

Around the right-hand shore, about half way to the city, is a jutting sand-slip, on which is situated Cavite. Here were the docks, marine railways, arsenals, and low fortifications, under the shelter of which lay the Spanish fleet until destroyed by Admiral Dewey.

As you approach the city, on the shore of the bay there is seen the broad embankment and boulevard, called the Luneta, where the social world of Manila walks and drives in the evening. The main features of this parade are furnished by the European residents, of whom there are nearly four thousand, including Spanish officers and their families, and those attached to the civil government. Only five or six hundred of these are English, American, German, or French. An estimate made in 1887 gave the population at 154,000, but this is far below its present numbers. With the suburbs under the municipal government of Manila the total population is probably 400,000. A very important element in the population is the 50,000 Chinese, but by far the greatest is the half-castes.

The old city is entirely surrounded by two walls, a moat on the outside, also one between the inner and outer walls. Entrance was had by crossing drawbridges, which until 1871 were drawn up at 9 P.M. There were five of these entrances, three facing the sea and two on the opposite side, facing the Pasig River. I do not believe that there are better examples of the old style of fortifications in existence than those of Manila, and it will be a pity if we are compelled to destroy them. In my time the walls surrounding the old city were covered with old-fashioned cannon, which could do little damage to our modern fleet of war-ships. Opposite to the old city and under the same municipal government, is the new city called Binondo, where all the large business houses are situated, as are also the banks, hotels, and beautiful residences. The new Governor-General's palace is in this part of the city.

The average day of a foreigner engaged in business in Manila is something as follows: A bath in the early morning and then a light breakfast. At seven o'clock the men go to their business offices and work until twelve, when offices are closed and everybody takes a two hours' rest, during which luncheon is served, and then a short siesta taken. From two o'clock until six or seven business is carried on as in the morning; even the banks keep open until five o'clock. When business is over for the day the employés put on fresh white clothes and help to swell the throng of people who promenade the streets, so that they are almost impassable. At eight o'clock everybody is at dinner, which is the social function of the day. The staple food is rice, which is eaten by rich and poor alike. Chicken is always served at dinner, and native fruits. All the potatoes that the Europeans get come from China, and all the wheat and flour from California. The apples are brought from Hong Kong and sell at from ten to fifteen cents apiece. The cost of living for a European is very high on account of the extremely heavy duties imposed by Spain. The wages paid to servants are, however, very small. These servants use a Malay dialect, known as Tagalog. Most of them in the town speaks Spanish fluently, a few English.

The great and universal amusement is cock-fighting. I do not know how many cock-pits there are in and about Manila, but there must be over one hundred, some of them capable of holding over 10,000 people; these pits are in bamboo buildings with thatched roofs.

In regard to the climate which a foreigner encounters, it is easy to exaggerate its discomforts; although it is tropical, still even in summer the climate may be called healthy. From December to March there are warm days, with cool nights and little rain. During March, April, and May the days are hot, dry and dusty, while the thermometer rises to 96° at noon; but the nights are not uncomfortable. In the latter part of May and of June there are thunder-storms every afternoon with a tremendous downpour of rain. The greatest heat occurs in these months, the thermometer rising frequently to 105° in the shade. July, August, and September are the months of the great typhoons, and while Manila escapes the greatest fury of these, still enough of their force remains to demolish many houses. During October and
November storms lessen in frequency and severity, and the weather gradually settles into the fine days of December. There are two scourges prevalent, small-pox among the natives, and malarial fever among the Europeans. A person once contracting this intermittent malaria in its worst form seldom fully recovers from its debilitating effects. The cholera was a few years ago very disastrous, and one hundred people a day frequently died in Manila, but since the gift of the new water-works to the city, by an old Spanish resident, the cholera has almost disappeared. It must be remembered with regard to this whole matter of health that a large part of the conditions that have hitherto prevailed has been directly the consequence of misgovernment, ignorance, and antiquated methods; and that the knowledge and improvements which we should introduce, if the Philippines remained a permanent possession, would minimize the dangers of the climate.

JOHN PAUL JONES IN THE REVOLUTION
By Captain A. T. Mahan, U. S. N.
FIRST PAPER

It is a somewhat singular circumstance that the most renowned battle of the United States Navy during the Revolutionary War—one of the most illustrious, also, fought at any time under any flag—while it certainly and deservedly redounds to the glory of America, represents above all the remarkable personal qualities of a single man, who at that period of his career rather disavowed than rejoiced in the name of American. “Though I have drawn my sword in the present generous struggle for the rights of men,” wrote Paul Jones to the Countess of Selkirk, in May, 1778, “yet I am not in arms as an American. I profess myself a citizen of the world, totally unfettered by the little mean distinctions which diminish the benevolence of the heart and set bounds to philanthropy.” “I have drawn my sword only from motives of philanthropy, and in support of the dignity of human nature,” he tells the French Minister of Marine a few months later. Jones served well the cause to which he thus devoted himself, and was among the first to come forward to sustain it upon the sea; but if he enunciated such visionary sentiments upon the quarter-deck, or round the mess-tables, of the vessels upon which he sailed in the early part of the war, that circumstance, and the fact of his foreign birth, may have given rise to the doubts of his fidelity, which his correspondence shows to have arisen among the hard-headed, practical, and wholly unsentimental seamen embarked in the same cause. In the hour of civil strife, the native of one section of the country who throws in his lot with the other cannot wholly avoid the suspicions of his neighbors. It was notoriously so with officers of Southern birth, who during the Civil War of 1861–65 ranged themselves on the side of the Union. Farragut himself did not escape the doubt at the first; although he, like Jones, had willingly sacrificed his nearest personal interests to conviction of right.

The motley crew of the Bonhomme Richard, gathered from many nationalities, and controlled to common action only by the invincible energy of its commander, might, without much straining of analogies, be considered the complement of his own fanciful ideal, the realization, though somewhat disreputable, of a world-citizenship unfettered by any mean distinctions of patriotism or of party. The experiences he had of their fidelity might well have suggested to Jones a doubt as to whether the great ends of universal humanity are best served by such a forced disregard of the narrower and more intense ties which bind man to man in the smaller groups, whose rivalries and frictions promote, rather than retard progress. Fortunately, before the hour of extreme trial arrived, a reinforcement of Americans, lately released from captivity in England, afforded a nucleus, unified by the patriotic sentiment of common origin and common interests, round which the heterogeneous elements of the
majority could cling and crystallize. There was a droll story current in the United States Navy after 1812, that to a lieutenant sent with a flag of truce to a British blockading ship, the commander of the latter expressed surprise at the result of some of the single-ship actions. "Half your crews, you know, are British," said he. "Well," replied the lieutenant, "the other half are Americans, and that, I presume, makes the difference." The Americans in the Bonhomme Richard's crew were a minority; but they flavored it as salt does food, and they were led by a lion.

It would give a very imperfect idea of John Paul Jones, however, were the impression allowed to remain, uncorrected, that he was distinguished merely by extraordinary energy, valor, and endurance. On the contrary, he belongs to that class of true sea-kings, whose claim to the title lies in the qualities of the head as well as of the heart. In the latter, indeed, there was with him an alloy of baser metal, of self-seeking, to which fault of our common manhood the narrow fervor of patriotism—love of home and of country—affords a better corrective than the vague philosophical prattle of the eighteenth century, with its Rights of Man and its citizenship of the world. Jones possessed considerable originality of ideas, resultant upon his insight into conditions round him and his appreciation of their relative value; and this quick natural perception received direction and development from habits of steady observation and ordered thought. He was also, notwithstanding his superb self-reliance, a man conscious of his deficiencies as well as of his powers; intent therefore upon self-improvement, upon the acquisition of knowledge and of experience.

From the time that the American Revolution drew him away, in 1775, from the schemes formed a year or two before, of quitting "the sea-service in favor of calm contemplation and poetic ease, the affections of the heart and the prospects of domestic happiness," he gave himself to thinking, widely and closely, how the struggle could be carried on most advantageously, and how he could best fit himself to play a prominent part as the contest grew and spread. "To be diffident," he wrote in 1782, to the United States Minister of Marine, "is not always a proof of ignorance, but sometimes the contrary. I was offered a captain's commission at the first, to command the Providence, but declined it. . . . I had sailed before this Revolution in armed ships and frigates, yet when I came to try my skill, I am not ashamed to own I did not find myself perfect in the duties of a first lieutenant. If midnight study, and the instruction of the greatest and most learned sea-officers, can have given me advantages, I am [now] not without them. I confess, however, I have yet to learn. It is the work of many years' study and experience to acquire the high degree of science necessary for a great sea-officer. Cruising after merchant-ships, the service in which our frigates have generally been employed, affords, I may say, no part of the knowledge necessary for conducting fleets and their operations."

Upon this follows a number of practical suggestions for the development of the United States Navy, illustrated by facts and events drawn from naval history, remote and recent, which show, beyond the possibility of a doubt, the extent of his information and his industry in acquiring it. That his knowledge was not raw, but well digested, is equally evident from his reflections and conclusions. Though Scotch by birth, his professional thought, as here shown, bears clear traces of the association which he diligently sought with the first French officers of the day, whose eager scholar he was while his little ship lay in port amid their great fleets. Let it be remembered, too, that the man who in 1782 wrote the words quoted, humbly confessing his defects, had three years before fought a frigate-fight excelled by none for tenacity of purpose and desperate valor; had had his ship there sink under his feet; had received sword and medal from the King of France, the thanks of his adopted country, the compliments of Washington. Where such strength of head and of heart meet, only opportunity is wanting to bring great events to pass. One opportunity only Jones had. It was not equal to his qualities, but the event will never pass from men's memories.

John Paul Jones was born in 1747, in the parish of Kirkbean, upon the Solway Firth, in the southwestern part of Scotland. His family name was Paul, that of Jones
being assumed later. Thirty miles south of Kirkbean, on the other side of the Frith, and therefore in England, is the port of Whitehaven, whence he sailed during the early part of his maritime career, which began at the age of twelve. His voyages, of which, however, only an incomplete record remains, were chiefly to the West Indies and to the North American continent. In the latter an elder brother, William Paul, had settled at Fredericksburg, in Virginia. There John Paul visited him from time to time, as opportunity offered; and when William died, in 1773, leaving a considerable property, John went there to live and to settle the estate. It was then that he formed the purpose, before quoted, of abandoning the sea; moved thereto, doubtless, by the prospect of a reasonable competence which had thus opened to him.

The troubles of the colonies with the mother-country, however, had begun already. A recent settler, without family ties on the spot, with sisters in Scotland, Jones very well might have remained at least passively a loyalist; but he was a reading man always, and had imbibed, as before remarked, the ideas and the jargon of the century. With his native temperament and capacities, it was well nigh impossible that he should remain inactive in such stirring times, while his acquired views, his new interests, and the weakening hold of home affections, consequent upon absence since boyhood, combined to impel him to take sides with the fellow-citizens among whom he was then living, rather than with those in the old country. For this he was called then a traitor; not wholly unnaturally, for the doctrine of indefeasible allegiance was still maintained by Great Britain. It is singular, however, to find him again so styled in a very recent English work. A rebel he doubtless was; a traitor, perhaps, technically, as Washington might be called for the same reason; but he betrayed no trust. The disproportion of the term measures the intensity of the alarm caused on the coasts of England, by a man who clearly understood the value of the offensive, and brought the ravages of war home to a government which—from the American point of view—was inflicting upon its enemies sufferings wanton, or at the least excessive. If Paul Jones be a traitor, what epithet is left for Benedict Arnold?

It was at about this time, certainly before receiving his appointment in the navy of the colonies, that John Paul assumed the name Jones, from his father's Christian name, John. This step was unusual in the country of his birth, though frequent once in Wales, and in this case it has never been explained. Whatever his reason, it was by this now historic name, Jones, that he was appointed the senior lieutenant of the first naval force organized by the Congress of the Colonies, on December 22, 1775. There being but five officers of command rank in the new service, Jones was sixth in order of seniority in the whole body.

His first cruise in the Revolution was made in this subordinate capacity, as first lieutenant of the Alfred, of thirty guns,* the flagship of a small squadron under Commodore Esek Hopkins, the commander-in-chief of the new navy. The expedition sailed February 17, 1776, from the capes of the Delaware, and went to the Bahama Islands, where a certain amount of injury was done to British interests; but upon the whole the enterprise was not successful, and a rencontre with a British man-of-war off Block Island was considered to result discreditably. In this censure Jones was not involved, and soon after returning to the United States he was ordered, on the 10th of May, 1776, to command the Providence, a very small vessel mounting twelve four-pounders.

The British expeditions against New York under the two Howes were now approaching the coast, from Halifax and England, and maritime activity naturally increased as summer drew near. Jones was at first employed in convoying duty, but in August, 1776, he sailed "on a cruise," with orders largely discretionary. After a few days spent in the neighborhood of Bermuda, his enterprising spirit led him again to the enemy's coast, in the waters between Nova Scotia and Cape Breton Island, where he entered the principal ports, taking possession of the fishery and the shipping, which he either burned or carried away. His entire absence was

* Jones himself speaks of the Alfred as of thirty guns. Mr. J. R. Spears, in his "History of Our Navy" (New York, 1897), says that she had twenty nine-pounders and four smaller guns.
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(John Paul Jones in the Revolution). Drawn by
I. W. Taber

THE ROCKING-CHAIR PERIOD OF THE
WAR
Illustrations from photographs taken for SCRBNER’S
Magazine by Dwight L. Elmandorl.
Richard Harding Davis

THE CHASE OF CERVERA
With a double-page picture of Sampson’s fleet by
John R. Spears
L. A. Shafer, and a diagram of the manoeuvres at
San Juan, after sketches by the author.
John R. Spears

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Illustrated from sketches by the author and
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J. F. J. Archibald

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THE LANDING OF THE ARMY
GORMLEY’S SCOOP. A Newspaper Story.
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THE POINT OF VIEW. Development by Incubator.

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Charles Warren

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SECOND PAPER.
Illustrated by Peixotto and Taber; and with plans
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and with documents.
Richard Harding Davis

RED ROCK—A CHRONICLE OF RECONSTRUC-
TION. Chapters XXX.—XXXI.
With illustration by B. West Clinedinst.
Kenneth Grahame

THE FIELD OF ART. “How shall we know the Greatest Pictures?”—
(John La Farge).
Arthur Willis Colton

Henry Cabot Lodge

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PRICE, 25 CENTS A NUMBER; $3.00 A YEAR
The September Scribner
(To be published August 25th)

RICHARD HARDING DAVIS's vivid and picturesque War articles, forming, as they have, a consecutive history of the war thus far, are by this time well enough known to need no additional description. The September number will contain either one or two more of the series, and they also will be illustrated.

JOHN R. SPEARS, the well-known correspondent, and W. J. HENDERSON, the well-known writer, who is of the New York Naval Reserve, will tell of certain hitherto unexploited phases of modern warfare on the sea. This is the first modern naval war, and consequently it is full of features totally new in history.

Also, EPISODES OF THE WAR, such as those related in the present number by Mr. Archibald and Mr. Spears, will be contributed by various officers and writers in the September and succeeding numbers.

THE JUNGFRAU RAILWAY. Apropos of the opening of the first section of this wonderful road, pronounced the most daring example of modern mountain engineering, Edgar R. Dawson, M.E., has written a brief, untechnical description of it. Illustrated.

MUTINY ON THE FLAGSHIP, by Anna B. Rodgers, the wife of a naval officer, will be a short story of an Ensign and an Admiral's daughter.

C. D. GIBSON will contribute a series of five full-page drawings called Noon. This is the second of the collection of drawings he has made for the magazine called "A New York Day," of which the first group, "Morning," appearing in the June number, was pronounced Gibson's best work.

In THE STORY OF THE REVOLUTION Senator Lodge will write of Gen. Greene's Campaign in the South. Illustrated by Pyle, Yohn, Peixotto and others.


RED ROCK—A CHRONICLE OF RECONSTRUCTION, Thomas Nelson Page's serial, illustrated by B. West Cline-dinst, will continue.

THE FIELD OF ART will contain a discussion of "A Newly Discovered Refinement in Architecture," by William H. Goodyear.

THE CONSCIENCE OF A BUSINESS MAN will be a short story of Capital and Labor, by Octave Thanet, illustrated by A. B. Frost.

POEMS, the departments, etc., will make up the rest of the September Number.
Drawn by I. W. Taber.

DECK OF THE BONHOMME RICHARD DURING THE FIGHT WITH THE SERAPIS.

—John Paul Jones in the Revolution.
THE ROCKING-CHAIR PERIOD OF THE WAR

By Richard Harding Davis

Illustrations from Photographs Taken for the Magazine by D. L. Elmendorf.

After Dewey's victory on May 1st, and while Sampson was chasing the will-of-the-wisp squadron of Spain, the army lay waiting at Tampa and marked time. The army had no wish to mark time, but it had no choice.

It could not risk going down to the sea in ships as long as there was the grim chance that the Spanish fleet would suddenly appear above the horizon line and send the transports to the bottom of the Florida straits. The army longed to be "up and at them;" it was impatient, hot, and exasperated, but there was true common-sense in waiting and a possible failure in an advance without a convoy, and so it continued through the month of May to chafe and fret and perspire at Tampa.

Tampa was the port selected by the Government as the one best suited for the embarkation to Cuba. There is a Port of Tampa, and a city nine miles inland, of the same name. The army was distributed at the port and in the pine woods back of the city, and the commanding generals of the invading army, with their several staffs, made their head-quarters at the Tampa Bay Hotel.

And so for a month the life of the army was the life of an hotel, and all those persons who were directly or indirectly associated with the army, and who were coming from or going to Key West, came to this hotel and added to its interest. It was

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fortunate that the hotel was out of all proportion in every way to the size and wealth of Tampa, and to the number of transient visitors that reasonably might be expected to visit that city. One of the cavalry generals said: "Only God knows why Plant built an hotel here; but thank God he did."

The hotel stands on grounds reclaimed from the heavy sand of the city. It is the real oasis in the real desert—a giant affair of ornamental brick and silver minarets in a city chiefly composed of derelict wooden houses drifting in an ocean of sand; a dreary city, where the sand has swept the paint from the houses, and where sand swamps the sidewalks and creeps into the doors and windows. It is a city where one walks ankle-deep in sand, and where the names of avenues are given to barren spaces of scrubby undergrowth and palmettoes and pines hung with funereal moss.

In the midst of this desolation is the hotel. It is larger than the palaces which Ismail Pasha built over-night at Cairo and outwardly not unlike them in appearance, and so enormous that the walk from the rotunda to the dining-room helps one to an appetite.

It has great porches as wide and as long as a village street, shut in behind screens of climbing vines and clusters of mammoth red and yellow flowers. In the made-grounds about it are made-gardens of flowers of brilliant colors, and palms and palmettoes of every shape and of every shade of green.

Birds sing over the flower-beds, and peacocks strut and chatter. It is like an Eastern garden, and the hotel itself struggles against the brick and plaster lines to be Oriental too. It has the curved tops of a mosque over the doors and windows; great crescents are cut in the woodwork and stamped in the plaster, and are flung out against the sky, and minarets that glow at night like a dozen light-houses are distributed along the great lines of its roof. Arches of colored electric lights spread out over the door-way, and Turkish rugs and palms in pots fill miles of hall-way.

It is something between Shepheard's Hotel, at Cairo, and the Casino Roof Garden.

Someone said it was like a Turkish harem with the occupants left out. For

Captain Arthur H. Lee and Count von Goetzen, British and German Military Attachés.
prove too slow, telegraphed for supplies, not knowing that they could walk North and back again before the army would move.

Those were the best days of the time of waiting. Officers who had not met in years, men who had been classmates at West Point, men who had fought together and against each other in the last war, who had parted at army posts all over the West, who had been with Miles after Gerontimo, with Forsythe at Wounded Knee, with Hardie and Hunter in the Garcia campaign along the Rio Grande, were gathered together apparently for an instant onslaught on a common enemy, and were left to dangle and dawdle under electric lights and silver minarets. Their talk was only of an immediate advance. It was to be "as soon as Sampson smashes the Cape Verde fleet." "It will be all over in two weeks," they said. "We're not going to have a look in at all," they growled. "Do you know what we are? We're an army of occupation, that's all we are. Spain will surrender when her fleet is smashed, and we'll only march in and occupy Havana." So they talked and argued and rooked and drank gallons of iced tea, and the hot days wore into weeks. Life then centred around the bulletin-board; men stood eight deep, peering over each other's shoulders as each new telegram followed fast and was pasted up below the last. Outside, in the sun, horse dealers from every part of the State led their ponies up and down before the more or less knowing eyes of dough-boy officers and war correspondents, and this daily sale of horses was the chief sign of our activity—this and the frequent reappointment of commanding generals.

One day General Wade was the man of the hour, the next it was General Shafter, and every day came promises of the arrival of the Commander-in-Chief himself. "Miles is coming in a special car," everybody told everybody else. "Now we shall certainly start," everybody said, and each man began to mobilize his laundry, and recklessly paid his hotel bill and went over his campaign kit for the thirtieth time. But the Commander-in-Chief did not come until after many false alarms, and gloom fell upon the hotel, and many decided it would be cheaper to buy it outright than to live there any longer, so they slept under canvas with the soldiers, and others shaved again and discarded piece by piece the panoply of war. Leggings and canvas shooting-coats gave way to white duck, fierce sombreros to innocent straw hats, and at last wives and daughters arrived on the scene of our inactivity, and men unstrapped their trunks and appeared in evening dress.

It was the beginning of the end. We knew then that whether Sampson smashed the ubiquitous fleet or not, we were condemned to the life of a sea-side summer.
of the insurgent camp; Major Grover Flint, who had been "marching with Gomez," told us of him; William Astor Chandler, in the uniform of a Cuban colonel, from which rank he was later promoted to that of captain in our own volunteer army, talked of Africa with Count von Goetzen, the German military attaché, who was also an African explorer; Stephen Bonsal and Caspar Whitney, both but just back from Siam, discoursed on sacred elephants and white ants; and E. F. Knight, the London Times correspondent, lingered with the army of the rocking-chairs for a day before swimming into Matanzas harbor and going to Cabañas prison. Captain Dorst tried to explain why the Gussie expedition failed, as though its name were not reason enough; and young Archibald, who accompanied it, and who was the first correspondent to get shot, brought wounds into contempt by refusing to wear his wound in a bloody bandage, and instead hid his honors under his coat.

There were also General O. O. Howard, and Ira Sankey, who bustled about in the heat, preaching and singing to the soldiers; Miss Clara Barton, of her own unofficial Red Cross Army; Mr. George Kennan, and Mr. Poulteny Bigelow, who had views to exchange on Russia and why they left it, and General Fitzhugh Lee, looking like a genial Santa Claus, with a glad smile and glad greeting for everyone, even at the risk of his becoming Vice-President in consequence; and there was also General "Joe" Wheeler, the best type of the courteous Southern gentleman, the sort of whom Page tells us of in his novels, on whom politics had left no mark, who was courteous because he could not help being so, who stood up when a second lieutenant was introduced to him, and who ran as lightly as a boy to help a woman move a chair, or to assist her to step from a carriage. There was also, at the last, Lieutenant-Colonel Theodore Roosevelt, with energy and brains and enthusiasm enough to inspire a whole regiment, and there were military attachés in strange, grand uniforms, which kept the volunteer army gaping.

But the two men of greatest interest to the army of the rocking-chairs were probably America's representative, Frederic Remington, and Great Britain's representative with our army, Captain Arthur H. Lee. These two held impromptu receptions at
every hour of the day, and every man in the army either knew them or wanted to know them. Remington was, of course, an old story, but Lee, the new friend and the actual sign of the new alliance, ran him close in popularity. There was no one, from the generals to the enlisted men, who did not like Lee. I know many Englishmen, but I know very few who could have won the peaceful victory this young captain of artillery won; who would have known so well just what to see and to praise—and when to keep his eyes and mouth shut. No other Englishman certainly could have told American stories as well as he did and not have missed the point.

Many strange experiences and many adventures had fallen to the lot of some of these men, and had the war been delayed a little longer, the stories they told under the colored lights of the broad verandas would have served for a second "Thousand and One Nights," and would have held as great an interest. They were as familiar with the Kremlin as with the mosque of St. Sophia, with Kettner's Res-

Correspondent Bargaining for a Horse.

Cuban Volunteers Marching.
The Rocking-Chair Period of the War

restaurant as with the Walls of Silence. They knew the love-story of every consul along the Malaysian Peninsula and the east coast of Africa, and why he had left home; they disagreed as to whether laced leggings or heavy boots are better in a Borneo jungle; they talked variously in marks, taels, annas, and shillings; they had been chased by lions, and then, feeling some doubt as to his nerve, dropped four thousand feet out of a balloon to test it.

On the whole, it was an interesting collection of men—these generals with new shoulder-straps on old tunics, these war correspondents and military attachés, who had last met in the Soudan and Greece,
elephants and had shot rhinoceri; and they had themselves been fired over, with the Marquis Yamagata in Corea, with Kitchener in Egypt, with Maceo in Cuba, and with Edam Pasha in Thessaly. One of them had taken six hundred men straight across Africa, from coast to coast; another had explored it for a year and a half without meeting a white man. This man had explored China disguised as a Chinaman and Russia as a Russian; that had travelled more hundreds of miles on snow-shoes than any other American, Indian, or Canadian; there was one who had been to school with an emperor, and another who had seen an empress beheaded, and another who had shot thirteen and these self-important and gloomy Cuban generals, credulous and mysterious; these wealthy young men from the Knickerbocker Club, disguised in canvas uniforms and Cuban flags, who are not to be confused with the same club’s proud contribution to the Rough Riders. There were also women of the Red Cross Army, women of the Salvation Army, and pretty Cuban refugees from Havana, who had taken a vow not to dance until Havana fell. Each night all of these people gathered in the big rotunda while a band from one of the regiments played inside, or else they danced in the big ball-room. One imaginative young officer compared it to the ball at Brussels on the night before
Waterloo; another, less imaginative, with a long iced drink at his elbow and a cigar between his teeth, gazed at the colored electric lights, the palm-trees, the whirling figures in the ball-room, and remarked sententiously: "Gentlemen, as General Sherman truly said, 'war is hell.'"

Four miles outside of this hotel, sleeping under the pines and in three inches of dirty sand, there were at first ten thousand and then twenty-five thousand men. They were the Regulars and Volunteers, and of the two, the Volunteers were probably the more interesting. They were
an unknown proposition; they held the enthusiasm of amateurs; they were making unusual sacrifices, and they were breaking home-ties which the Regulars had broken so long before the war came that the ties had had time to reknit. The wife or mother of the Regular had grown accustomed to his absence, and had arranged her living expenses on a basis of his monthly pay; the family of the Volunteer, on the contrary, were used to see him come home every evening and hang his hat in the hall, and had been living on the salary he received as a book-keeper, salesman, or mill-hand. So the Volunteers had cares which the Regulars did not feel for those at home, as well as the discomforts of the present moment. Neither of them showed much anxiety as to the future.

The first two regiments of Volunteers to arrive at Lakeland, which lies an hour's ride farther back than Tampa, were the Seventy-first New York and the Second Massachusetts. They made an interesting contrast. The New York men were city-bred; they had the cockney's puzzled contempt for the country. Palm-trees, moss hanging from trees, and alligators were as interesting to them as the first sight of a Pathan prisoner to a British Tommy. Their nerves had been edged by the incessant jangle of cable-cars and the rush and strain of elevated trains. Their palates had been fed on Sunday papers and Wall Street tickers; their joys were those of the roof-gardens, and Muschenheim's, of Coney Island, and the polo grounds. The Massachusetts men, on the other hand, were from the small towns in the western half of Massachusetts; they were farmers' sons, and salesmen in village stores; some of them were country lawyers, and many of them worked in the mills. They took to the trees and lakes contentedly; their nerves did not jerk and twitch at the enforced waiting; they had not been so highly fed with excitement as the New York boys; they did not miss the rush and hurry of Broadway. Their want was curiously in character. One of them "wanted to see a stone fence once more before he was shot," and another "wanted to drink water from a well again out of a bucket." He shut his eyes and sucked in his lips at the recollection. The others all nodded gravely; they all knew they had drunk out of wooden buckets. The New York men knew nothing of stone walls. They made jokes of their discomforts, and added others from Weber & Fields, and their similes showed that they had worked when at home in the law courts, the city hospitals, and in the department stores. "The food was not exactly Shanley's," they said, and the distance across the lake was about that of the home stretch at Morris Park. They were more restless, nervous, and argumentative than the New England men, and they held the Spaniard in fine contempt. They "wouldn't do a thing to him," they said. The Massachusetts men were more modest. I told them that the New York men were getting up athletic sports, and running races between the athletes of the different companies. "Oh, well," said one of the New Eng-
land men, "when they find out who is their fastest runner, I'll challenge him to run away from the first Spaniard we see. I'll bet I beat him by a mile." It is a good sign when a regiment makes jokes at the expense of its courage. It is likely to be most unpleasant when the fighting begins. It seemed a fact almost too good to be true, that the great complaint of the New York men was the superabundance of beans served out to them, and that the first complaint of the sons of Massachusetts was that they had not received beans enough. "Beans for breakfast, beans for lunch, beans for dinner—what t'ell!" growled the New Yorkers.
“And as for beans,” shrieked a Massachusetts warrior, “they don’t give you enough to fill a tablespoon.”

The Regular soldier was professionally indifferent. He was used to camp-life, and regarded soldiering as a business. Indeed some of them regarded it so entirely as a business, and as nothing more, that those whose time had expired in camp did not re-enlist for the war, but went off into private life in the face of it. That is where they differed from the Volunteer, who left private life the moment war came. A great many of these time-expired Regulars did not re-enlist because they preferred to join the Volunteers, where advancement is more rapid, and where their superior experience would soon obtain for them the rank of sergeant, or possibly a commission.

Those who did remain were as fine a looking body of soldiers as can be seen in any of the Continental regiments. Indeed, there are so few of them that the recruiting officer has only himself to blame if he fails to pick out the best, and the result of his selection is that the men of our Regular army correspond to the corps d’élite of European armies. Whether it was General Randolph’s artillerymen firing imaginary shrapnel at imaginary foes, or the dough-boys in skirmish line among the roots of the palmettoes, or at guard-mounting, or the cavalryme swimming their horses, with both horse and man entirely stripped for action, the discipline that he is an American; but there were three Englishmen whose profession had qualified them to know soldiers of every land, and who were quite as enthusiastic over the cavalry as any American could be—as is Frederic Remington, for instance. For one thing, all of our men are physically as large as Life Guardsmen, and what they lose in contrast by lack of gold and pipe-clay, and through the inferiority of their equipment and uniform, is made up to them in the way they ride a horse. A German or English trooper sits his horse like a clothes-pin stuck on a line—the line may rise or sag, or swing in the wind, but the clothes-pin maintains its equilibrium at any cost, and is straight, unbending, and a thing to itself. The American trooper, with his deep saddle and long stirrup, swings with the horse, as a ship rides at anchor on the waves; he makes a line of grace and strength and suppleness from the rake of his sombrero to the toe of his hooded stirrup. When his horse walks, he sits it erect and motionless; when it trots, he rises with it, but never leaves the saddle; and when it gallops he swings in unison with it, like a cowboy, or a cockswain in a racing-shell.

It was a wonderful sight to see two thousand of these men advancing through the palmettoes, the red and white guidons fluttering at the fore, and the horses sweeping onward in a succession of waves, as though they were being driven forward by the wind. It will always puzzle me to know what the American people found to
occupy them of such importance as to keep them from coming to see their own army, no matter how small it was, while it was rehearsing and drilling among the pines and palms of Florida. There will be few such chances again to see a brigade of cavalry advancing through a forest of palms in a line two miles long, and breaking up into skirmishers and Cossack outposts, with one troop at a trot and another at a walk, and others tearing, cheering through the undergrowth, their steel swords flashing over their heads and the steel horse-shoes flashing underfoot. It was a fine spectacle, and it was due to such occasional spectacles in and around the camps that the rocking-chair life was rendered bearable.

But at last it came to an end, for the Commander-in-Chief finally arrived, and with him his staff in the new uniform, looking very smart and very soldierly; and all the other officers who had been suffering at Tampa, in heavy blue tunics without pockets, gazed but once upon the staff, and with envy, and then telegraphed frantically for the khaki outfit that would not come. We were all desperately hurried then; we had no idea where we were going, nor for how long. No secret, be it said to the credit of the censor and the staff officers, was ever better kept; but we knew, at least, that we were going, and that was joy, and the tears and rage of those who were to be left behind was a fine thing to see.

One hour we thought Santiago was the place, and the next Porto Rico, and the next we swung back to Santiago. We thought this because A, of such a staff, had told B, of another staff, who had told C, that we would take only ten days’ rations. On the other hand, the Japanese military attaché had been told to take his tent with him; so that must mean a landing at Mariel. Still, the censor had objected to the word “spurs,” so it must be Matanzas. It was all quite as absurd as that, and, as a matter of fact, no one knew up to the hour when we were ordered on board. By the time this is printed we all shall know perhaps that it was none of these places. But wherever it may be, the deck of a transport going somewhere is better than a rocking-chair locked to the piazza of an hotel.

![Transports Waiting for the Troops at Port Tampa.](image-url)

Cincinnati, Wasp, Foote.

Sampson’s Fleet Sailing

Drawn by L. A. Shafer from
due East, Thursday May 26th.

diagram by John R. Spears.
THE CHASE OF CERVERA

By John R. Spears

At 12.15 o'clock on the morning of Wednesday, May 4, 1898, the battleships Iowa and Indiana left the anchorage off Sand Key light, Key West, and headed away to the south at cruising speed. To the spectators, and to about every man of the crews as well, their sailing thus was a mystery. For, with the flag-ship they had been recalled from their blockading stations off the Cuban shore, three days before, and during the interval at the anchorage the crews had been engaged in preparations that, even to a landman, could mean but one thing, and that an impending battle. For each of the three ships was loaded full of coal and other supplies, the small boats were busily engaged in bringing off from Fort Taylor bags of sand, that were piled in places about the decks that lacked protection from an enemy’s fire, and thick chain-cables were distributed where they might serve the purpose of armor rather than that for which they were designed. Farragut, at the mouth of the Mississippi, did not labor more faithfully or effectively than Sampson did now for the protection of the crews. On top of all this, was the still more important fact that neither the Admiral nor any of his staff, nor the Captain of either of the ships, would say a word about the event that impended, and as for the rest of the officers, very few, if any, knew what was to be done.

As the reader remembers, the war was not then two weeks old, and it had been conducted on the basis of a peaceful blockade. Some of us who were spectators when the battle-ships sailed that night, guessed the policy had been changed, and that the better one of pushing the fight would now prevail. Very likely a foothold on Cuban soil was to be taken—possibly Havana itself was to be attacked. We had heard, indeed, that Admiral Cervera, of the Spanish Navy, had been at the Cape Verde Islands with a considerable fleet, and that he had sailed, but that he was in any way involved in these preparations, did not seem at all likely. Why should he risk his ships in a conflict with the superior force under Admiral Sampson?

As the night wore away at the anchorage, the lights of the cruiser Detroit disappeared, followed by those of a Yankee steam-coaster, the Niagara, that had come to the flag-ship loaded with coal. Then, at the peep of dawn, the flag-ship herself got up her anchor and away we all went—the flag-ship and the newspaper despatch boats—heading straight for the blockade rendezvous off Juruco Cove, twelve miles east of Havana, where we found, on arriving soon after midday, the two battle-ships awaiting us.

Thereat the three big fighters formed in line, and without incident, save when the flag-ship went in chase of two strange steamers, only to learn that they were newspaper boats, we held a steady course to the east until soon after nightfall, perhaps 7.30 o’clock.

At that time we were very nearly abreast of Cardenas light-house, and we had just noticed its white gleam when, as if by magic, eight vertical lines of red and white signal lights appeared out of the night ahead of us.

A few moments later the moon came from behind some heavy clouds, and there, on the silver-white water, lay the monitors Terror and Amphitrite, the cruisers Detroit and Montgomery, the torpedo boat Porter, the armed tug Wompatuck and the coal carrier Niagara.

Not since the days of sailing frigates has a more beautiful sea picture been seen than that off Cardenas light, that night; though the truth is, few of us considered its beauties very much. We were thinking a deal more of what was to come, because the presence of the supply-ship told us very plainly that we were bound on a long cruise, and no cruise could be more prolonged than one in which a search was to be made for the Spanish fleet from the Cape Verdes. And a search for the Cape Verde fleet it proved to be.

Perhaps, before giving further details of
this search—a search that ended with the bombardment of San Juan de Porto Rico, I may be permitted to say, on the authority of men who know, that the squadron which Admiral Sampson had to take when going in chase of the Spanish was not only most remarkable; it was, from at least one point of view, simply absurd. One need not be a trained naval man to understand this. For consider the Spanish squadron. Admiral Cervera had four modern ships, every one of which was rated at a speed of twenty knots, not to mention his swift torpedo-boat destroyers like the Furor. His was a twenty-knot squadron, well armored and well armed. To catch this twenty-knot squadron Admiral Sampson had the twenty-one knot New York, the seventeen-knot Iowa, the 15.5 knot Indiana, the 10.5 knot Terror and Amphitrite, a squadron that at best was fit to make for brief intervals a speed of ten knots and for a full day’s passage no more than eight. This is not to criticise the Admiral, he had to take what was given to him.

Placing the 10.5-knot Amphitrite in tow of the 17-knot Iowa, Admiral Sampson, at ten o’clock on the night of May 4th, started in chase of the 20-knot Spaniards. The next morning he had to take the Terror in tow of the New York, and thereafter we all moped at an average speed of under seven knots, away through the long narrow channel that lies between the Bahama group on the north and the chain that is formed by Cuba, Hayti, and Porto Rico, on the south.

Save for the capture on the 5th of a little Spanish brigantine that was coming all the way from the Argentine Republic with a load of dried beef for Havana, there was little of stirring interest done by
the squadron for several days. We cruised along in line of battle after a fashion. The New York with the Terror in tow on the right (south), the Iowa with the Amphitrite in tow on the left, and the Indiana astern of all formed a compact, and, for the purpose of defence, a formidable fighting nucleus. And there was the Detroit on outpost at the north with the Montgomery in a similar place on the south, while the swift Porter was alternately shuttling to and fro as a messenger, or dragging lazily over the sea from a tow line astern of the Detroit. To a novice the squadron was unquestionably of unceasing interest.

The towing was necessary, of course, in order to save coal. Not that no coal was used on the monitor, however, for when the longitude of Cape Hayti, Hayti, was reached, they had to refil their bunkers, and so indeed did the Detroit and Montgomery. Fortunately—most fortunately, the weather favored. The sea was so smooth that the thin-sided Niagara was able to take both monitors alongside at once, like a pair of twins, and nurse them up. The Porter, too, got coal across the deck of a monitor, and after that the two cruisers had a turn. The coaling was completed on Monday, May 9th.

After that we loitered off the port until despatches had been sent to and received from Washington, and then we jogged along to the eastward again, until the afternoon of May 11th. It was a jog perforce. The monitors could not serve as cruisers, coax them as their officers might, and even the machinery of the Indiana was not in perfect trim for such service.

At five o'clock on the 11th, the Admiral shifted his flag to the Iowa. We were then less than fifty miles from San Juan, Porto Rico, and from the despatches received at Cape Hayti, there was reason to suppose that Admiral Cervera's ships were lying there refitting for a raid either on Yankee blockaders or the Yankee coast. An attack on the port was therefore inevitable, and it seemed not at all improbable that Cervera, who, if there, had learned from the Spanish consul at Cape Hayti of the presence of the Yankees, would come out to meet us on the open sea, where the superior speed of his ships would be of some advantage to him.

That it was a night of sleepless vigilance among the American ships scarcely need be said. Not a light of any kind, save well-shrouded taffrail followers, was displayed after nightfall. No one even took a smoke on deck, and the usual strokes of the bells to count the hours were omitted.

In perfect silence, and well-nigh invisible to each other, we drifted in until, at three o'clock on the morning of the 12th, the flickering electric lights of the city streets came into view, and then all hands were called on every ship.

A most impressive moment was that as we came on deck and saw the dim traces of the city through the night. One who was there knows now how the tiger feels as it creeps up on its sleeping prey.

In the flush of dawn that soon came on apace, the city appeared out of the shades as a yellow-walled checker of houses blanketed over a low ridge, lying east and west along the sea. At the east the ridge fell away into a sandy beach that was lost in a swamp. Along the front the trade-wind waves broke in tossing masses against a precipitous wall that, at the west, rose into a bluff seemingly fifty feet high, and there, dark and frowning, stood the ancient Morro Castle, at once a fortress and a hopeless prison for political offenders.

At the foot of this bluff lay the channel leading to the harbor behind the ridge, and there was where every Yankee afloat hoped we would find the Spanish fleet.

Over to the west, across this channel, was a tiny island, and back of all, rising terrace on terrace, in the gloom, were the hills and mountains. It was a scene of growing beauty in the morning light, but the mind could not dwell on that, for there was our squadron, still silent and dark, drifting steadily toward the harbor. But the order of the ships was changed, now that a battle impended.

Ahead of all—a thousand yards in advance of the flag-ship Iowa—steamed the little cruiser Detroit, sent there by the Admiral. We could see that a man was on a tiny platform, over each rail, swinging a lead to take the depth of water, and while we looked, a tiny American ensign, that had been set just over the breech of her after pivot gun by an enthusiastic gunner, to the joy of the whole squadron, a few days before, was observed in place flapping
vigorously in the brisk morning breeze. And that is something worth telling, too, trifling as it may seem, because at that moment not another piece of bunting, save the Admiral’s flag, was to be seen in all the squadron.

To the right, at a distance of five hundred yards off the flag-ship’s bow, and heading well in toward the westerly side of the channel (toward Cabras Island), was the tug Wompatuck. She was towing a small boat that had a red flag flying from an improvised staff, and this boat was to be anchored and left whenever the water shoaled to ten fathoms, in order that the squadron might have a landmark to steer by, later, when the fight was on, and smoke obscured the marks ashore.

At this time Admiral Sampson was on the bridge of the Iowa, with Captain Robley D. Evans, who is affectionately called “Fighting Bob,” by his men. And for the other officers of this ship as well as of every other ship off San Juan, it must be said that every one was either on bridge or superstructure unless he was stationed below. And so, too, of every member of the crew. Few, indeed, of these men had ever been under fire, but as was noted by more than one observer, there was only one difference between their bearing now and that when at common drill. They were at once silent and alert.

And another fact about them will be significant to those who know the history of the navy. Many of them were picking their teeth—all had been served with an early breakfast.

Even as the growing light showed that the ships were well within range of the Morro showed, too, a fort on a small island west of the channel, and a succession of new works extending from the Morro easterly along the precipitous front of the city and away to the sandy beach at the east—even then the men looked on in silence and with no other move as they waited for the call to quarters, than an occasional glance at the officers who were in immediate charge of them.

Finally—it was at five o’clock precisely—the call was heard, and away they ran. In a minute they reached their stations and began to cast loose and provide the guns with the speed and certainty of a practice drill. But to what was done in practice drill was now added one other operation. Men walked to and fro scattering gray sand thickly over the decks, sand that would give the men a foothold, though the blood from dead and wounded were flowing in floods, where work had to be done.

Eight minutes later some signals fluttered to the signal yard on the military mast of the Iowa, and a minute or two later we saw the ensigns begin to rise to the trucks of masts and staffs all over the fleet—holiday ensigns, work-a-day ensigns, ensigns for use in foul weather; new ensigns and ensigns that were old and patched. Even the Admiral’s flag came down from the truck of the Iowa’s military mast and was hoisted—where does the reader think? To a smoke-stack guy in order that Old Glory might float highest of all. Battle-ships and monitors have few spars and those of the smallest size, but by 5.15 o’clock there was not a ship afloat off San Juan that did not display at least three ensigns to the honor of the nation.

Up to this moment not a sign of life had been seen on shore save as the flicker of the street lamps and the flash from the light-house tower told of some who were on duty there. The flag-ship was now perhaps eighteen hundred yards from the Morro. The Detroit, at a distance of one thousand yards nearer, turned to the east, called the leadsmen from the chains, and steamed slowly across the sea front of the old fortress. The tug Wompatuck cut loose the small boat on the western edge of the channel and having anchored it there, started out to sea. And then, at a word from the Admiral, at 5.17 o’clock, a lean six-pounder at the starboard end of the Iowa’s bridge, was aimed at a port in the curtain wall of the Morro and fired. The battle was on.

Instinctively, as the sharp crack of the little rifle was heard, all eyes turned toward the Detroit. She was so close in shore, and an instant return fire at her was expected. And so we saw, but can never describe, how the gunner who had kept the flag flying over the breech of his pivot gun took it from its place, rolled it up, shoved it into the open breast of his shirt, and then, as he turned the gun to point at the enemy, flung open the breech, while another shoved home the cartridge.
At this moment the eight-inch guns in the forward turret on the shore side of the Iowa began to talk. For an instant the gunner glanced over at the Iowa, turned to look where the shot struck on the face of the fort, and then bending low over his own gun, he took a clear-eyed marksman's aim at the nearest port and pulled the trigger.

In quick succession, from aft forward, the men at the other guns followed—six clean five-inch rifles were worked so swiftly that their sharp reports blended into a rattle and whirl that was like the old-time ratchet call for boarders, and it thrilled the spectators till some involuntarily shouted aloud for the glory of the flag and the honor of these men who were fighting for it.

And then came the thunder of the twelve-inch guns of the Iowa. The rifles of the Detroit had strung the nerves till we shouted, but there was that in the sound of these mighty guns that bade us stand still and be silent. The spurtting flame, the bulging clouds of smoke, the whirring roar of the huge shells, the distinct thud when they struck, followed by the dull boom of the shells' explosion—it was a moment full of awe to those who now saw war afloat for the first time. What it was to those ashore, God knows!

And then came the Indiana, with her great thirteen-inch guns in the main turrets and the eight inch in the lesser ones, to join in. With every discharge of a great gun, the ship beneath it shivered under the recoil. The jumping gases literally dragged the heated air up from the stoke holes, so that the men below felt the breath of the discharge. Even spectators who were two miles away on a press-boat felt the tremble of each discharge, as one feels an earthquake shock.

For six minutes, by the writer's time, the ships fired without reply from land, and then a gun on the parapet of the old Morro belched flame and smoke, and hurled a big round shell far out over the sea, where it exploded more than fifty feet in the air.

We laughed heartily at that display of fireworks—at the idea of firing an old smooth-bore at a modern battle-ship—but later we felt like taking our hats off to the gunner who did it.

With the first shot from the shore the torpedo boat Porter began to attract attention. In the printed plan of attack, issued to the squadron on the day before, Admiral Sampson had said: "The Porter, when the action begins, will cross the harbor-mouth behind the Iowa and get close under the cliff to the eastward of the Detroit and torpedo any Spanish cruiser trying to get out of the harbor."

In obedience to this, she had rolled along under the walls of the battle-ship, that was now turning across the mouth of the harbor herself; in fact, lay with her broadside facing the first anchorage. But now the Porter began to draw ahead, and in a few minutes had reached her station. It seemed a safe station at first—so far as the guns of Morro Castle were concerned it was perfectly so—but within a few minutes—it was at 5.29 o'clock—a gun in one of the works over near the Tierra Gate suddenly awoke the echoes with a report not born of a smooth-bore. Another and another followed from the same works, and then two rifles from near the market-place, and two more from the height of land just back (to the southeast) of the old Morro, spurted flame and white smoke. Nor was that all they spurted, for from each white burst of smoke came something with an eager, whining cry, that made the nerves of the unaccustomed quiver as never before. It takes a sailorman to look at a weapon like that smilingly, but Captain John C. Fremont, of the Porter, is just that. He found his boat within easy range of the easterly guns, and its "armor," as he called its walls, was just three-eighths of an inch thick. Worse yet, he was within musket-range of the nearest works, and he might have been swept under the sea by a field-piece located anywhere alongshore. But from 5.30 o'clock until peremptorily ordered out of range by the Admiral at 8, the Porter flirted to and fro over the rolling seas, where all might see and shoot —flirted, to the exasperation of every sal-low gunner ashore and the exuberant delight of every man afloat. Exuberant is used advisedly, for, when word was passed on the press-boat that Fremont was shooting back with his little one-pounders at the nearest Spanish fort, the firemen in the stoke-hole came up on deck to yell their approval.
Having delivered a full round from all the guns that would bear at the Spanish works as she lay broadside to them, the Iowa turned about and headed out to sea. The Indiana had already opened fire before the Iowa was done, and she in due course followed. The New York came next, and last of all were the Amphitrite and Terror. The whole line was moving slowly—"only about twenty-five turns per minute," as an engineer on the Iowa expressed it afterward—and it was 6.10 o'clock—about an hour after the squadron cleared for action—when the Terror, bound out, fired the last shot of the first round.

For nearly an hour the American fleet had been firing steadily at the old Morro, and for half an hour our ships had been under the fire of perhaps twenty modern guns on shore, it being impossible to count them accurately on account of smoke.

Of the marksmanship on our side, it is necessary to say that during this round it was on the whole bad. The aim of the big guns was particularly bad, for many shots intended for the Morro, built on a hill sixty feet above the sea, really splashed in the water at the foot of the bluff.

When asked about this, the officers explained that when firing the first rounds they gave their guns the exact elevation called for by the range-finders (1,400 yards), although the range-finder merely showed the horizontal distance of the fort, and made no allowance for the height of the guns above the sea. Moreover, there was a sea on that disturbed the unaccustomed. The lighter guns, such as the five-inch rifles on the Detroit, were, however, handled more like sporting weapons, and so sent home their shots. These repeatedly drove the men from the guns in the Morro.

But if the work of the Yankees in the first round be called bad, an adjective for the marksmanship of the Spaniards is lacking. It is a matter of mathematical demonstration, that, with one or two exceptions, not a gunner ashore took any other aim than an attempt at a line shot. For we watched particular guns and their shots carefully, and we saw that these gunners splashed the water short of or beyond the huge targets continuously, without arriving any nearer than at the first shot. In every case where a shot struck near a ship (say within a quarter of a mile or so), the next shot from the same gun invariably struck at least twice as far away. There was, indeed, a certain circle, so to speak, a dead line some two miles out from the Morro, where many shot fell, and of that something will be said further on.

The one gun that seemed to have a marksman behind it stood away off to the east of the city, on a sandy point, where some old barracks are found. It was apparently a six-inch rifle, and the gunner was unable to reach the battle-ships, because the Tierra Gate batteries were in his way. But the torpedo boat Porter got within his range before the end of the first round; and at the Porter this sand-beach gunner tried his skill, and soon demonstrated his superiority to the others, for he more than once compelled her to move. He was persistent in following the Porter. The first shot at her, after she took a new position, invariably fell wide away, but the second struck never more than a third of a mile from her, the third usually but two hundred yards away, and the fourth so close that she would snap back with her little one-pounders, and skip away in search of an unmolested view of the battle. It is not unlikely, however, that this gunner saw that he had for a target a ship that could not shoot back effectively.

As the last of the armored squadron steamed out to sea, the Detroit turned slowly around, bringing her port battery to bear on the fort. Opening fire with this, she steamed slowly down wind across the mouth of the channel. History tells how the Constitution and the Java became fogged in by the smoke of battle, until only a towering cloud that flamed and thundered could be seen drifting down the wind. We saw such a cloud as that. It was a thunder-cloud that splashed the earth with blood instead of rain, and made it a desert instead of living green.

As the Detroit was turning around, the gunners on the face of the Morro worked with tremendous energy, for to them the squadron seemed retreating, and the Detroit about to follow. The air over the little cruiser was full of projectiles, and it must not be forgotten that even the old smooth-bore shell was deadly for her if it should happen to hit. Some of us who watched her turned sick at the thought of
friends on board, but they—well, her captain stood on the end of the bridge as she turned, and with a revolver fired at a floating sardine can a servant had thrown overboard—hit it five times, too, before it got under water, as a shipmate who saw it is willing to testify.

A minute after the can sank the port battery took up the range, beginning at the easterly end of Morro's sea face. One could tell where her shots were aimed by the sudden cessation of fire from that region. By turns the crew of every gun but one in that face was driven away, and that crew was the one on the parapet around the old smooth-bore that had at first excited our mirth. We didn't laugh now. His gun might be out of date, but his courage wasn't.

During most of the first round of the squadron, the Montgomery had been idle perforce. Under orders she was "to remain in the rear of the column, stopping outside of the fire from Morro on the lookout for torpedo-boat destroyers." If Fort Canuelo fires, she is to silence it."

We saw her do that duty. Under the starboard quarter of the Terror, she drifted in until opposite the west side of the mouth of the harbor channel. Had any torpedo boat been there to venture out, we think it would have found the peril from her five-inch guns too great to face. But none was there to come, and it seemed as if her crew would have to be content with the satisfaction of having been entirely ready and willing. But as the last of the squadron turned out to sea the guns of Fort Canuelo suddenly began to belch. Canuelo stands on a sand-bar on the west side of the channel, and fairly commands the channel entrance. With skilled gunners there, the Spanish should have sunk both the Detroit and the Montgomery at the first round, and ripped the superstructures of the armor-clads to scrap-iron, before they had been ten minutes under fire. As it was, they did not fire a second round, for the Montgomery opened on them with such fierce energy that they slumped like prairie dogs into their bomb-proofs, and there they remained.

Having failed to bring out the Spanish squadron by this first round, Admiral Sampson, turned, when about four miles out at sea, and came back to try once more, with the ships in the same order. The crews had had a breathing spell, and that means that they had taken stock of the mistakes of the firing in the first round. We who were non-combatants had thought of this, and our glasses were on the forward turret of the Iowa when, at 6.40 o'clock, the guns once more warmed to their work. Apparently both guns were fired together, and there was no guesswork about the range, this time, for both shots struck home in the wall of the Morro. There had been a wicked battery just where these shot struck, and we strained our eyes to see what the result was, but effort was vain, for from that time on until the round was over, the wall of the Morro was wholly obscured in clouds of dust. We know, however, that the guns in that part of the wall were fired no more in that battle.

Following the guns of the Iowa came, of course, those of the Indiana, she joined in while yet the Iowa was working away, and then came the New York also, so that all three were firing together. The picture had been, as a whole, one of pyrotechnics on the first round, but now it was one of death and desolation. For not only were the huge projectiles crashing in the walls of the Morro; they were passing through and over it into the town beyond. The Ballaja Barracks, back of the cemetery, caught the first shot to fall in the city. A red cloud of brick dust that sprang up was followed by the black smoke of a conflagration. Another cloud of brick dust, with another smoke of fire, was seen over the ridge to the south, a minute later, and before the round was done, no less than seven fires were counted in the westerly part of the town.

We had looked upon the island town, with its tile-covered houses, the green sea at its foot, and the fleecy trade-wind clouds in the blue sky above and beyond it, with pleasure. We had seen the wicked gleam amid the puffing white wreaths of smoke from the cannon fired back at us from behind the low yellow earthworks, and had listened to the fandango music of their shells with the eager joy of battle. But all this feeling disappeared before these smoke-stained clouds of dust raised by our mighty shells. For these were falling now among the innocents—the women and the
little ones—and the heart turned sick at the thought of it.

A third round followed. The Detroit, the Montgomery, and the Porter were ordered out of range. It was comforting to note how slowly they obeyed the order, and it was inspiring to see how the Terror, in the last round, lingered long for another and another parting shot. The last shot from the Amphitrite that preceded her was fired at 7.40 o’clock. The last from the Terror, in the natural course, should have been heard not more than fifteen minutes later, but at 8 and at 8.10, and again at 8.15, as with watch in hand we followed her, we saw the stern turret belch its fire.

The battle had lasted precisely three hours on our side. To the credit of the Spanish let it be said that they were by no means quelled. In the batteries of new guns east of the Morro there was never a minute after they were called there when the crews were not at their stations. Their last shots were fired from the two guns in the hill-crest battery back of the Morro at 8.29 o’clock.

More than that, in spite of their wretched marksmanship, the Spaniards managed to hit two of our ships. During the last round, as the New York was drawing out of range—was passing the two-mile dead line—a six-inch shell struck an awning stanchion high on the superstructure aft on the port side, and burst. The fragments killed one seaman, broke the leg of another, and slightly wounded three. A boat and a search light were wrecked and many parts of the superstructure scarred. Ashort time before this, a larger shell struck a gallows-frame on the Iowa, cut it half off, and, bursting, wounded three men. These facts, with what follows, are worth considering by those interested in the destructiveness of modern weapons.

What damage we did to the Spanish has not yet been definitely determined. A newspaper printed in the town notes thirty houses, including churches and the Ballaja Barracks, that were “considerably damaged” by the projectiles, not half of which exploded, however. It says, also, that at Morro “the damage was evidently considerable.” The highest report of killed was forty, and of wounded seventy.

In short, to speak bluntly, the Spanish squadron was not there, and we accomplished nothing decisive. That the city might have been captured, had that been the object, will probably not be disputed even by the educated Spaniards. There has been much talk about the mines in the Spanish harbors, and the fate of the Maine makes American seamen somewhat nervous on the subject of submarine mines. But that nervousness is not in any sense fear. The monitors and the little cruisers would have found their way to the inner harbor of San Juan while the battle-ships at short range attended to the sea-coast forts, had that been the order.

Having missed Cervera, and having failed to locate him by wire or by swift scouts like the St. Paul and St. Louis, Sampson could only turn back to Key West.

Meantime, as the reader will remember, we had had what we called a flying squadron under Commodore Schley at Hampton Roads. Among other swift wings, there was the Texas, rated at 17.8 knots. Two of the flyers, the Columbus and Minneapolis, had been sent scouting to Bar Harbor and other New England ports, but when we reached Key West we found off Sand Key the Brooklyn (flagship), the Massachusetts, and the Texas, under Schley, besides the famous lancer St. Paul, rigged as a scout. Cervera had been into Curaçao—there was no doubt about that. Just where he was then was a question, but here were reinforcements to help gather him in, and Sampson was as quick as the coaling facilities permitted, to take advantage of what had been sent him.

Within a day—on Wednesday—the St. Paul was sent flying away to the southward of Cuba to find the lost trail, and Schley, with the Brooklyn, Massachusetts, and Texas, followed next day, while on Friday morning the Iowa was sent to join him.

There was, at this time, a report at Key West that Cervera’s fleet was in Cienfuegos, while another report located him in Santiago.

On careful consideration of these reports, both were rejected by experienced men on the ground that Cervera was too bright a man to bottle himself in any such port as these—too enterprising, as well as bright, for that matter. Had he not come across the sea to fight rather than slink?
Certainly, that was what his reputation would imply. The reports, most likely, had been sent out to deceive, and the place to look for Cervera was on the north coast of Cuba, where he would be found making a dash for Havana and gathering in blockading tugs as he travelled along.

With this theory in mind, Admiral Sampson gathered his remaining forces to go in quest of the elusive Spaniards. At noon on Saturday, May 21, 1898, he held a consultation with a number of his subordinates at the old rendezvous of Juruco Cove, and next day he sailed slowly away to the east. It was not a very large fleet at first. There were the New York, the Indiana, the Puritan, the Miantonomoh, the Machias, and the torpedo boats Foote and Rogers. Incidentally, there were six newspaper despatch boats, but these eventually dwindled to four, while the war-fleet was augmented as it travelled, until it stretched out in the two long lines shown in the engraving [pp. 142, 143].

That was a beautiful sea display from which this engraving was made—beautiful, but not to say magnificent, because that adjective implies more power than the quality of the majority of the ships would warrant. Nevertheless, it was the best that the previous naval policy of the nation permitted, and what the ships lacked in quality would have been made up by the spirit of the personnel had the Spaniards appeared.

Alas! The Spaniards even then had proved that cowards slink more dangers than brave men run, for they had hidden away in the mountain-locked channel of Santiago. They were like fish in a pound-net, and it only needed a Hobson to close the neck of the purse that they might be held fast.

Sampson, who had counted on the dash and enterprise of Cervera, had his cruise in vain. But he had sent Schley to the south coast. For a day or so Schley lingered off Cienfuegos, deceived by a lot of merchantmen and gun-boats that his night scouts mistook for men-of-war. But on Tuesday, May 24th, the insurgents sent him a message saying that Cervera had been in Santiago.

On arriving at Santiago the tale seemed incredible, for there lay the St. Paul blockading the harbor. How did it happen that the Spaniard, with four swift cruisers let a converted merchantman lie there unmolested day after day?

But there he lay, nevertheless, and very soon Schley had determined the fact. There was, in fact, a fight with one of them on May 31st, when the Iowa, the Massachusetts and the effective armored cruiser New Orleans, attacked the shore batteries, for the Cristobal Colon came to the neck of the harbor to aid the forts in beating off the detested Yankees.

It was now time for Sampson to hasten to the scene, and this, of course, he did. And then followed the act that closed the neck of the purse-net.

With the squadron was a collier bearing the ill-fated name of Merrimac. At the suggestion of Naval Constructor Richmond Pearson Hobson, who had been cruising on the New York, this steamer was stripped, and prepared with torpedoes, so placed that when exploded they would instantly sink her. Having prepared his ship, Hobson, with seven men, steered her with the flood-tide boldly into the channel, starting at three o'clock in the morning on Friday, June 3d. It was a most perilous undertaking, for she had to risk the mines and endure the bombarding of three forts. But Hobson was the man for the place, and when he had reached the narrowest part of the channel, he dropped his anchor, let the ship swing broadside to, and then he sank her. Cadet Powell, of the New York, had followed the steamer in with a steamer-launch, in order to pick up Hobson and his men should they escape alive. His errand was but little less perilous than Hobson's, and he faithfully executed his orders. But Hobson lost his small boat. He was obliged to take to a life-raft instead, and so he drifted ashore, to be captured by the Spaniards.

Hobson is a handsome, modest fellow, one whom his acquaintances were proud to know before his name was on the lips of the world. The hope of the nation lies in the fact that every class graduating at Annapolis has a plenty of Hobsons and Powells, who need only the chance that these men made and had to prove their worth.
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AND OTHER ILLUSTRATED
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A NEW YORK DAY—NOON—Drawings by C. D. Gibson

THE CONSCIENCE OF A BUSINESS MAN.
Illustrations by A. B. Frost.

ENGLAND. A Poem.

THE WORKERS—THE WEST. VI. A ROAD BUILDER ON THE WORLD'S FAIR GROUNDS.
Illustration by W. R. Leigh.

THE STORY OF THE REVOLUTION.—GREENE'S CAMPAIGN IN THE SOUTH.
(To continue through the year.) Illustrated with drawings by Howard Pyle, E. C. Peixotto, F. C. Yohn, and with portraits.

THE EPIGRAMMATIST. A Poem.

THE JUNGFRAU RAILWAY.
With illustrations.

THE POINT OF VIEW. The Future of Scenery—The Question of "Living Longer"—Enter, the Mothers.

THE FIELD OF ART. Newly Discovered Refinements in Architecture. (W. H. Goodyear.)
The October Scribner

(To be published September 24th)

THE WAR

RICHARD HARDING DAVIS will continue his thrilling narrative of the War from the Guasimas fight, which is described in the current issue, up to the date of going to press. Mr. Davis was on the fighting line during the continuous engagements of July 1st and 2d, and took active part in the conflict. Mr. Davis is now in the field with General Miles at Porto Rico, and his accounts of the amusing scenes, the enthusiasm of the natives for the United States, and all the dramatic incidents of the occupation of this new territory may be expected in early numbers of the magazine. His articles will, as heretofore, be fully illustrated from his own photographs and from photographs and drawings by artists representing SCRIBNER'S at the front.

EPISODES OF THE WAR, which have proved such an entertaining feature, will be continued with several vivid narratives of personal adventure by army officers, correspondents, wounded men, etc.

Brief papers on subjects growing out of the War may be expected from John R. Spears, the authority on naval affairs; Miss Aline Gorren, who will write on "American Unpopularity Abroad"; and others.

C. D. GIBSON will continue a series of five full-page pictures—the third of the four groups of drawings he has made for the magazine called "A New York Day" (of which Noon, appearing in the present number, is a good example). "Evening" will show Gibson's idea of the typical scenes of a typical New York evening—indoors and out of doors.

DRUMMED OUT, by Harrison Robinson, author of "How the Derby was Won," is a pathetic story of a peculiar sort of bravery on the part of a recruit to the recently organized volunteer army. Illustrated by Yohn.

OCTAVE THANET will contribute another of her Labor and Capital stories called "Johnny's Job," this one being a love-story as well. It is illustrated by A. B. Frost in his inimitable manner.

THE WORKERS—The West. A very different kind of experience from that he has been describing is the subject of Mr. Wyckoff's next paper, "From Chicago to Denver." Instead of seeking for work he was sought all along the way, and instead of soul-depressing factories and sweat-shops he was in the broad rich farms of the Northwest where he seemed to be idyllically happy. Illustrated by Leigh.

THE STORY OF THE REVOLUTION. "The Test of Endurance" Senator Lodge calls the years 1779-81, and shows that, while the picturesque events of those two years took place, as we all know, in the South, many do not seem to know that what prevented the American struggle from failing was Washington's unromantic hard work in the North, keeping the British where he wanted them. The illustrations are by Pyle, Yohn, Peixotto, and others.

THOMAS NELSON PAGE'S serial, Red Rock, a Chronicle of Reconstruction, illustrated by B. West Clinedinst, will continue.

POEMS, THE DEPARTMENTS and miscellaneous matter will make up the rest of the number.

CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS, PUBLISHERS
153-157 FIFTH AVE., NEW YORK CITY
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THE BATTLE OF HOBKIRK'S HILL

Charge of Colonel Washington's cavalry against the British right flank to cover the American retreat.

—The Story of the Revolution.
THE ROUGH RIDERS' FIGHT AT GUASIMAS

BY RICHARD HARDING DAVIS

The first accounts of the fight of the Rough Riders at Guasimas came from correspondents three miles away at Siboney, who received their information from the wounded when they were carried to the rear, and from an officer who stampeded before the fight had fairly begun. These men declared they had been entrapped in an ambush, that Colonel Wood was dead, and that their comrades were being shot to pieces. When the newspapers came into camp this week, it was evident that the version these wounded men gave of the fight had been generally accepted in the States as the true account of what had occurred, and Colonel Wood and Lieutenant-Colonel Roosevelt, while praised for their courage, were condemned editorially, for having advanced into the enemy's country without proper military precautions, for rushing blindly into an ambuscade, and through their "recklessness" and "foolhardiness" sacrificing the lives of their men.

Indeed, one Congressman, who from the marble rotunda of the Capitol was able
to master a military problem in a Cuban swamp two thousand miles away, declared that Roosevelt ought to be court-martialed.

It is quite true that the fight was a fight against an enemy in ambush; in a country with such advantages for ambush as this, the Spaniards would be fools to fight us in any other way, but there is a vast difference between blundering into an ambush and setting out with a full knowledge that you will find the enemy in ambush, and finding him, there and then driving him out of his ambush and before you for a mile and a half into a full retreat. This is what Major-General Joseph Wheeler planned that General Young and Colonel Wood should do; so if the conduct of these officers was reckless, it was recklessness due to their following out the carefully prepared orders of a veteran general.

At the time of this fight General Wheeler was in command of all troops on shore, and so continued as long as General Shafter remained on board the flag-ship. What orders he gave then were in consequence final, but in starting General Young and Colonel Wood to the front when he did, he disarranged the original order in which the troops were to move forward as it had been laid down by General Shafter before the transports arrived at Baiquiri. According to this original plan, General Lawton’s division of infantry should have been in the van, and in pushing forward regiments from his own division of dismounted cavalry General Wheeler possibly exceeded his authority. That, however, is entirely a question between the two major-generals and does not concern either General Young or Colonel Wood, who merely obeyed the orders of their superior officer. The fact that the Rough Riders, in their anxiety to be well forward, had reached Siboney by making a forced march at night, does not alter the fact that their next forward movement on Guasimas was not made in a spirit of independence but by order of the commanding general.

On the afternoon of July 23d a Cuban officer informed General Wheeler that the enemy were intrenched at Guasimas, blocking the way to Santiago. Guasimas is not a village, nor even a collection of houses; it is the meeting-place of two trails which join at the apex of a V, three miles from the seaport town of Siboney, and continue merged in a single trail to Santiago.
General Wheeler, accompanied by Cubans, reconnoitred this trail on the afternoon of the 23d, and with the position of the enemy fully explained to him, returned to Siboney and informed General Young and Colonel Wood that he would attack the place on the following morning. The plan was discussed while I was present, so I know that so far from anyone's running into an ambush unaware, everyone of the officers concerned had a full knowledge of where he was to go to find the enemy, and what he was to do when he got there. No one slept that night, for until two o'clock in the morning troops were still being disembarked in the surf, and two ships of war had their searchlights turned on the landing-place, and made Siboney as light as a ball-room. Back of the searchlights was an ocean white with moonlight, and on the shore red camp-fires, at which the half-drowned troops were drying their uniforms, and the Rough Riders, who had just marched in from Baquiri, were cooking their coffee and bacon. Below the former home of the Spanish comandante, which General Wheeler had made his head-quarters, lay the camp of the Rough Riders, and through it Cuban officers were riding their half-starved ponies, scattering the ashes of the camp-fires, and galloping over the tired bodies of the men with that courtly grace and consideration for Americans which invariably marks the Cuban gentleman. Below them was the beach, and the roaring surf, in which a thousand or so naked men were assisting and impeding the progress shoreward of their comrades, in pontoons and shore-boats, which were being hurled at the beach like sleds down a water-chute.

It was one of the most weird and remarkable scenes of the war, probably of any war. An army was being landed on an enemy's coast at the dead of night,
but with somewhat more of cheers and shrieks and laughter than rise from the bathers in the surf at Coney Island on a hot Sunday. It was a pandemonium of noises. The men still to be landed from the "prison hulks," as they called the transports, were singing in chorus, the men already on shore were dancing naked around the camp-fires on the beach, or shouting with delight as they plunged into the first bath that had offered in seven days, and those in the launches as they were pitched headfirst at the soil of Cuba, signalized their arrival by howls of triumph.

On either side rose black overhanging ridges, in the lowland between were white tents and burning fires, and from the ocean came the blazing, dazzling eyes of the searchlights shaming the quiet moonlight.

The Rough Riders left camp after three hours' troubled sleep at five in the morning. With the exception of half a dozen officers they were dismounted, and carried their blanket-rolls, haversacks, ammunition, and carbines. General Young had already started toward Guasimas with the First and Tenth dismounted cavalry, and according to the agreement of the night before had taken the eastern trail to our right, while the Rough Riders climbed the steep ridge above Siboney and started toward the rendezvous along the trail to the west, which was on high ground and a half mile to a mile distant from the trail along which General Young was marching. There was a valley between us, and the bushes were so thick on both sides of our trail that it was not possible at any time, until we met at Guasimas, to distinguish his column.

As soon as the Rough Riders had reached the top of the ridge not twenty minutes after they had left camp, which was the first opportunity that presented itself, Colonel Wood took the precautions he was said to have neglected. He ordered Captain Capron to proceed with his troop in front of the column as an advance guard, and to choose a "point" of five men skilled as scouts and trailers. Still in advance of these he placed two Cuban scouts. The column then continued along the trail in single file. The Cubans were
just at a distance of two hundred and fifty yards; the "point" of five picked men under Sergeant Byrne and duty-Sergeant Fish followed them at a distance of a hundred yards, and then came Capron's troop of sixty men strung out in single file. No flankers were placed for the reason that the dense undergrowth and the tangle of vines that stretched from the branches of the trees to the bushes below made it a physical impossibility for man or beast to move forward except along the beaten trail.

Colonel Wood rode at the head of the column, followed by two regular army officers who were members of General Wheeler's staff, a Cuban officer, and Lieutenant Colonel Roosevelt. They rode slowly in consideration of the troopers on foot, who carried heavy burdens under a cruelly hot sun. To those who did not have to walk it was not unlike a hunting excursion in our West; the scenery was beautiful and the view down the valley one of luxuriant peace. Roosevelt had never been in the tropics and Captain McCormick and I were talking back at him over our shoulders and at each other, pointing out unfamiliar trees and birds. Roosevelt thought it looked like a good deer country, as it once was; it reminded McCormick of southern California; it looked to me like the trail across Honduras. They advanced, talking in that fashion and in high spirits, and congratulating themselves in being shut of the transport and on breathing fine mountain air again, and on the fact that they were on horseback. They agreed it was impossible to appreciate that we were really at war—that we were in the enemy's country. We had been riding in this pleasant fashion for an hour and a half with brief halts for rest, when Wood stopped the head of the column, and rode down the trail to meet Capron, who was coming back. Wood returned immediately, leading his horse, and said to Roosevelt:

"Pass the word back to keep silence in the ranks."

The place at which we had halted was where the trail narrowed, and proceeded sharply downward. There was on one side of it a stout barbed-wire fence of five strands. By some fortunate accident this fence had been cut just where the head of the column halted. On the left of the trail it shut off fields of high grass blocked at every fifty yards with great barricades of undergrowth and tangled bushes and chapparal. On the other side of the trail there was not a foot of free ground; the bushes seemed absolutely impenetrable, as indeed they were later found to be.

When we halted the men sat down beside the trail and chewed the long blades of grass, or fanned the air with their hats. They had no knowledge of the situation such as their leaders possessed, and their only emotion was one of satisfaction at the chance the halt gave them to rest and to shift their packs. Wood again walked down the trail with Capron and disappeared, and one of the officers informed us that the scouts had seen the outposts of the enemy. It did not seem reasonable that the Spaniards, who had failed to attack us when we landed at Bajiquiri, would oppose us until they could do so in force, so, personally, I doubted that there were any Spaniards nearer than Santiago. But we tied our horses to the wire fence, and Capron's troop knelt with carbines at the
"ready," peering into the bushes. We must have waited there, while Wood reconnoitred, for over ten minutes. Then he returned, and began deploying his troops out at either side of the trail. Capron he sent on down the trail itself. G troop was ordered to beat into the bushes on the right, and K and A were sent over the ridge on which we stood down into the hollow to connect with General Young's column on the opposite side of the valley. F and E troops were deployed out in skirmish-line on the other side of the wire fence. Wood had discovered the enemy a few hundred yards from where he expected to find him, and so far from being "surprised," he had time, as I have just described, to get five of his troops into position before a shot was fired. The firing, when it came, started suddenly on our right. It sounded so close that—still believing we were acting on a false alarm, and that there were no Spaniards ahead of us—I guessed it was Capron's men firing at random to disclose the enemy's position. I ran after G troop under Captain Llewellyn, and found them fighting their way through the bushes in the direction from which the volleys came. It was like breaking through the walls of a maze. If each trooper had not kept in touch with the man on either hand he would have been lost in the thicket. At one moment the underbrush seemed swarming with troopers, and the next, except that you heard the twigs breaking, and the heavy breathing of the men, or a crash as a vine pulled someone down, there was not a sign of a human being anywhere. In a few minutes they all broke through into a little open place in front of a dark curtain of vines, and the men fell on one knee and began returning the fire that came from it.

The enemy's fire was exceedingly heavy, and the aim was low. Whether the Spaniards saw us or not we could not tell; we certainly saw nothing of the Spaniards, except a few on the ridge across the valley. The fire against us was not more than fifty to eighty yards away, and so hot that our men could only lie flat in the grass and fire in that position. It was at this moment that the men believed they were being fired on by Capron's troop, which they imagined must have swung to the right, and having lost its bearings and hearing them advancing through the underbrush, had mistaken them for the enemy. They accordingly ceased firing and began shouting in order to warn Capron that he was firing on his friends. This is the foundation for the statement which was frequently made that the Rough Riders had fired on each other, which they did not do then or at any other time. Later we examined the relative position of the trail which Capron held, and the position of G troop, and they were at right angles to one another. Capron could not possibly have fired into us at any time, unless he had turned directly around in his tracks and aimed up the very trail he had just descended. Advancing, he could no more have hit us than he could have seen us out of the back of his head. When we found many hundred spent cartridges of the Spaniards a hundred yards in front of G troop's position, the question as to who did the firing was answered.

It was an exceedingly hot corner. The whole troop was gathered in the little open place blocked by the network of grapevines and tangled bushes before it. They could not see twenty feet on three sides of them, but on the right hand lay the valley, and across it came the sound of Young's brigade, who were apparently heavily engaged. The enemy's fire was so close that the men could not hear the word of command, and Captain Llewellyn, by word of voice, and Lieutenant Janeway, unable to get their attention, ran among them, batting them with their sombreros to make them cease firing. Lieutenant Colonel Roosevelt ran up just then, bringing with him Lieutenant Woodbury Kane and ten troopers from K troop. Roosevelt lay down in the grass beside Llewellyn and consulted with him eagerly. Kane was smiling with the charming content of a perfectly happy man, exactly as though it were a polo match and his side had scored. When Captain Llewellyn told him his men were not needed, and to rejoin his troop, he led his detail over the edge of the hill on which we lay, although the bullets were passing three feet high. As he disappeared below the crest, walking quite erect, he was still smiling. Roosevelt pointed out that it was impossible to advance farther on account of the net-
work of wild grape-vines that masked the Spaniards from us, and that we must cross the trail and make to the left. The shouts the men had raised to warn Capron had established our position to the enemy, and the firing was now fearfully accurate. Sergeant Russell, who in his day had been a colonel on a governor’s staff, was killed, and the other sergeant was shot through the wrist. In the space of three minutes nine men were lying on their backs helpless. The men drew off slowly to the left, dragging the wounded with them. Owing to the low aim of the enemy, they were forced to move on their knees and crawl on their stomachs. Even then they were hit. One man near me was shot through the head. Returning two hours later to locate the body, I found that the buzzards had torn off his lips and his eyes. This mutilation by these hideous birds is, no doubt, what Admiral Sampson mistook for the work of the Spaniards, when the bodies of the marines at Guantanamo were found disfigured in the same fashion. K troop had meantime deployed into the valley under the fire from the enemy on the ridge. It had been ordered to establish communication with General Young’s column, and while advancing and firing on the ridge, Captain Jenkins sent the guidon-bearer back to climb the hill and wave his red and white banner where Young’s men could see it. The guidon-bearer had once run for Congress on the gold ticket in Arizona, and, as someone said, was naturally the man who should have been selected for a forlorn hope. His flag brought him instantly under a heavy fire, but he continued waving it until the Tenth Cavalry on the other side of the valley answered, and the two columns were connected by a skirmish-line composed of K troop and A, under Captain “Bucky” O’Neill.

G troop meanwhile had hurried over to the left, and passing through the opening in the wire-fence had spread out into open order. It followed down after Captain Luna’s troop and D and E troops, which were well already in advance. Roosevelt ran forward and took command of the extreme left of this line. Wood was walking up and down along it, leading his horse, which he
thought might be of use in case he had to move quickly to alter his original formation—at present his plan was to spread out his men so that they would join Young on the right, and on the left swing around until they flanked the enemy. K and A troops had already succeeded in joining hands with Young’s column across the valley, and, as they were capable of taking care of themselves, Wood was bending his efforts to keep his remaining four companies in a straight line and revolting them around the enemy’s “end.” It was in no way an easy thing to do. The men were at times wholly hidden from each other, and from him; probably at no one time did he see more than two of his troops together. It was only by the firing that he could tell where his men lay, and that they were always steadily advancing. The advances were made in quick, desperate rushes—sometimes the ground gained was no more than a man covers in sliding for a base. At other times half a troop would rise and race forward and then burrow deep in the hot grass and fire. On this side of the line there was an occasional glimpse of the enemy. But for a great part of the time the men shot at the places from where the enemy’s fire seemed to come, aiming low and answering in steady volleys. The fire discipline was excellent. The prophets of evil of the Tampa Bay Hotel had foretold that the cowboys would shoot as they chose, and, in the field, would act independently of their officers. As it turned out, the cowboys were the very men who waited most patiently for the officers to give the word of command. At all times the movement was without rest, breathless and fierce, like a cane-rush, or a street-fight. After the first three minutes every man had stripped as though for a wrestling-match, throwing off all his impedimenta but his cartridge-belt and canteen. Even then the sun handicapped their strength cruelly. The enemy were hidden in the shade of the jungle, while they had to fight in the open for every thicket they gained, crawling through grass which was as hot as a steam bath, and with their flesh and clothing torn by thorns and the sword-like blade of the Spanish “bayonet.” The glare of the sun was full in their eyes and as fierce as a limelight.

When G troop passed on across the trail to the left I stopped at the place where the
column had first halted—it had been converted into a dressing station and the wounded of G troop were left there in the care of the hospital stewards. A tall, gaunt young man with a cross on his arm was just coming back up the trail. His head was bent, and by some surgeon’s trick he was advancing rapidly with great strides, and at the same time carrying a wounded man much heavier than himself across his shoulders. As I stepped out of the trail he raised his head, and smiled and nodded, and left me wondering where I had seen him before smiling in the same cheery, confident way and moving in that same position. I knew it could not have been under the same conditions, and yet he was certainly associated with another time of excitement and rush and heat, and then I remembered him. He had been covered with blood and dirt and perspiration as he was now, only then he wore a canvas jacket and the man he carried on his shoulders was trying to hold him back from a white-washed line. And I recognized the young doctor with the blood bathing his breeches as “Bob” Church, of Princeton. That was only one of four badly wounded men he carried on his shoulders that day over a half-mile of trail that stretched from the firing-line back to the dressing station under an unceasing fire. And as the senior surgeon was absent he had chief responsibility that day for all the wounded, and that so few of them died is greatly due to this young man who went down into the firing-line and pulled them from it, and bore them out of danger. Some of the comic paragraphers who wrote of the Knickerbocker Club dudes and the college swells of the Rough Riders organization, and of their imaginary valets and golf clubs, ought, in decency, since the fight at Guasimas, to go out and hang themselves with remorse. For the same spirit that once sent these men down a white-washed field against their opponents’ rush-line was the spirit that sent Church, Channing, Devereux, Ronalds, Wrenn, Cash, Dudley Dean, and a dozen others through the high hot grass at Guasimas, not shouting, as their friends the cowboys did, but each with his mouth tightly shut, with his eyes on the ball, and moving in obedience to the captain’s signals. Judging from the sound, our firing-line now seemed to be half a mile in advance of the place where the head of the column had first halted. This showed that

El Polo, Immediately After the Spanish Fire Cesscd. A shell entered, killing Cubans inside.—Page 285.
The Rough Riders' Fight at Guasimas

haunt the places of the dead, and the whistling of the bullets in the trees, the place was as silent as a grave. For the wounded lying along its length were as still as the dead beside them. The noise of the loose stones rolling under my feet brought a hospital steward out of the brush, and he called after me:

"Lieutenant Thomas is badly wounded in here, and we can't move him. We want to carry him out of the sun some place, where there is shade and a breeze." Thomas was the first lieutenant of Capron's troop. He is a young man, large and powerfully built. He was shot through the leg just below the trunk, and I found him lying on a blanket half naked and covered with blood, and with his leg bound in tourniquets made of twigs and pocket-handkerchiefs. It gave one a thrill of awe and wonder to see how these cowboy-surgeons, with a stick that one would use to light a pipe and with the gaudy 'kerchiefs they had taken from their necks, were holding death at bay. The young officer was in great pain and tossing and raving wildly. When we gathered up the corners of his blanket and lifted him, he tried to sit upright, and cried out, "You're taking me to the front, aren't you? You said you would. They've killed my captain—do you understand? They've killed Captain Capron. The — — — Mexicans! They've killed my captain."

The troopers assured him they were carrying him to the firing-line, but he was not satisfied. We stumbled over the stones and vines, bumping his wounded body against the ground and leaving a black streak in the grass behind us, but it seemed to hurt him, more than it did him, for he sat up again seizing the men by the wrists imploringly with his bloody hands.

"For God's sake, take me to the front," he begged. "Do you hear me, I order you; damn you, I order— We must give them hell; they've killed Capron. They've killed my captain."

The loss of blood and the heat at last mercifully silenced him, and when we had reached the trail he had fainted and I left them kneeling around him, their grave boyish faces filled with sympathy and concern.

Only fifty feet from him and farther down the trail I passed his captain, with his body propped against Church's knee.
and with his head fallen on the surgeon's shoulder. Capron was always a handsome, soldierly looking man—some said that he was the most soldierly looking of any of the young officers in the army—and as I saw him then death had given him a great dignity and nobleness. He was only twenty-eight years old, the age when life has just begun, but he rested his head on the surgeon's shoulder like a man who knew he was already through with it and that, though they might peck and mend at the body, he had received his final orders. His breast and shoulders were bare, and as the surgeon cut the tunic from him the sight of his great chest and the skin, as white as a girl's, and the black open wound against it made the yellow stripes and the brass insignia of rank seem strangely mean and tawdry.

Fifty yards farther on, around a turn in the trail, behind a rock, a boy was lying with a bullet-wound between his eyes. His chest was heaving with short, hoarse noises which I guessed were due to some muscular action entirely, and that he was virtually dead. I lifted him and gave him some water, but it would not pass through his fixed teeth. In the pocket of his blouse was a New Testament with the name Fielder Dawson, Mo., scribbled in it in pencil. While I was writing it down for identification, a boy as young as himself came from behind me down the trail.

"It is no use," he said, "the surgeon has seen him; he says he is just the same as dead. He is my bunkie; we only met two weeks ago at San Antonio; but he and me had got to be such good friends—but there's nothing I can do now." He threw himself down on the rock beside his bunkie, who was still breathing with that hoarse inhuman rattle, and I left them, the one who had been spared looking down helplessly with the tears creeping across his cheeks.

The firing was quite close now, and as I continued the trail was no longer filled with blanket-rolls and haversacks, nor did pitiful, prostrate figures lie in wait behind each rock. I guessed this must mean that I was now well in advance of the farthest point to which Capron's troop had moved before it had deployed to the left, and I was running forward feeling confident that I must be close on our men when I saw far in advance the body of a sergeant blocking the trail and stretched at full length across it. Its position was a hundred yards in advance of that of any of the others—it was apparently the body of the first man killed. After death the bodies of some men seem to shrink almost instantly within themselves; they become limp and shapeless, and their uniforms hang upon them strangely. But this man, who was a giant in life, remained a giant in death—his very attitude was one of attack; his fists were clinched, his jaw set and his eyes, which were still human, seemed fixed with resolve. He was dead, but he was not defeated. And so Sergeant Fish died as he had lived—defiantly, running into the very face of the enemy, standing squarely upright on his legs instead of crouching, as the others called to him to do, until he fell like a column across the trail. "God gives," was the motto on the watch I took from his blouse, and God could not have given him a nobler end; to die, in the forefront of the first fight of the war, quickly, painlessly, with a bullet through the heart, with his regiment behind him, and facing the enemies of his country.

The line at this time was divided by the trail into two wings. The right wing, composed of K and A troops, was advancing through the valley, returning the fire from the ridge as it did so, and the left wing, which was much the longer of the two, was swinging around on the enemies' right flank, with its own right resting on the barbed-wire fence. I borrowed a carbine and joined the remnant of L troop which was close to the trail.

This troop was then commanded by Second Lieutenant Day, who on account of his conduct that morning and at the battle of San Juan later, when he was shot through the arm, was promoted to be captain of L troop, or, as it is now officially designated, Capron's troop. He was walking up and down the line as unconcernedly as though we were at target-practice, and an English sergeant, Byrne, was assisting him by keeping up a continuous flow of comments and criticisms that showed the keenest enjoyment of the situation. Byrne was the only man I noticed who seemed to regard the fight as in any way humorous. I suspect Byrne was
Irish. I saw no one who was in the least alarmed, which could not be said of one of the regiments at the battle of the 1st of July; but at Guasimas no one had time to pose, or to be flippant, or to exhibit any signs of braggadocio. It was for all of them, from the moment it started, through the hot, exhausting hour and a half that it lasted, a most serious proposition. The conditions were exceptional. The men had made a night march the evening before, had been given but three hours troubled sleep on the wet ground, and had then been marched in full equipment up hill and under a cruelly hot sun, right into action. Not one man in that regiment had ever fired a Krag-Jorgensen carbine until he fired it at a Spaniard, for their arms had been issued to them so soon before sailing that they had only drilled with them without using cartridges, and perhaps eighty per cent. of them had never been under fire before. To this handicap was also added the nature of the ground and the fact that our men could not see their opponents. Their own men fell or rolled over on every side, shot down by an invisible enemy, with no one to retaliate upon in return, with no sign that the attack might not go on indefinitely. Yet they never once took a step backward, but advanced grimly, cleaning a bush or thicket of its occupants before charging it, and securing its cover for themselves, and answering each volley with one that sounded like an echo of the first. The men were panting for breath; the sweat ran so readily into their eyes that they could not see the sights of their guns; then limbs unused to such exertion after seven days of cramped idleness on the troopship trembled with weakness and the sun blinded and dazzled them; but time after time they rose and staggered forward through the high grass, or beat their way with their carbines against the tangle of vines and creepers. A mile and a half of territory was gained foot by foot in this brave fashion, the three Spanish positions carried in that distance being marked by the thousands of Mauser cartridges that lay shining and glittering in the grass and behind the barricades of bushes. But this distance had not been gained without many losses, for everyone in the regiment was engaged. Even those who, on ac-

count of the heat, had dropped out along the trail, as soon as the sound of the fight reached them, came limping to the front—and plunged into the firing-line. It was the only place they could go—there was no other line. With the exception, of Church’s dressing station and its wounded, there were no reserves.

Among the first to be wounded was the correspondent, Edward Marshall, of New York, who was on the firing-line to the left. He was shot through the body near the spine, and when I saw him he was suffering the most terrible agonies, and passing through a succession of convulsions. He nevertheless, in his brief moments of comparative peace, bore himself with the utmost calm, and was so much a soldier to duty that he continued writing his account of the fight until the fight itself was ended. His courage was the admiration of all the troopers, and he was highly commended by Colonel Wood in the official account of the engagement.

Nothing so well illustrated how desperately each man was needed, and how little was his desire to withdraw, as the fact that the wounded lay where they fell until the hospital stewards found them. Their comrades did not seek that excuse to go to the rear.

The fight had now lasted an hour, and the line had reached a more open country, with a slight incline upward toward a wood, on the edge of which was a ruined house. This house was a former distillery for arguardienti, and was now occupied in force by the enemy. Lieutenant-Colonel Roosevelt on the far left was moving up his men with the intention of taking this house on the flank; Wood, who was all over the line, had the same objective point in his mind. The troop commanders had a general idea that the distillery was the key to the enemy’s position, and were all working in that direction. It was extremely difficult for Wood and Roosevelt to communicate with the captains, and after the first general orders had been given them they relied upon the latter’s intelligence to pull them through. I do not suppose Wood saw more than thirty of his men out of the five hundred engaged at any one time. When he had passed one troop, except for the noise of its volley firing, it was immediately lost to him in
the brush, and it was so with the next. Still, so excellent was the intelligence of the officers, and so ready the spirit of the men, that they kept an almost perfect alignment, as was shown when the final order came to charge in the open fields. The advance upon the ruined building was made in stubborn, short rushes, sometimes in silence, and sometimes firing as we ran. The order to fire at will was seldom given, the men waiting patiently for the officers’ signal, and then answering in volleys. Some of the men who were twice Day’s age, begged him to let them take the enemy’s impromptu fort on the run, but he answered them tolerantly like spoiled children, and held them down until there was a lull in the enemy’s fire, when he would lead them forward, always taking the advance himself. It was easy to tell which men were used to hunting big game in the West and which were not, by the way they made these rushes. The Eastern men broke at the word, and ran for the cover they were directed to take like men trying to get out of the rain, and fell panting on their faces, while the Western trappers and hunters slipped and wriggled through the grass like Indians; dodging from tree-trunk to tree-trunk, and from one bush to another. They always fell into line at the same time with the others, but they had not exposed themselves once while doing so. Some of the escapes were little short of miraculous. The man on my right, Champneys Marshall, of Washington, had one bullet pass through his sleeve, and another pass through his shirt, where it was pulled close to his spine. The holes where the ball entered and went out again were clearly cut. Another man’s skin was slightly burned by three bullets in three distinct lines, as though it had been touched for an instant by the lighted end of a cigar. Janeway was shot through his shirt across the breast, and Roosevelt was so close to one bullet, when it struck a tree, that it filled his eyes and ears with tiny splinters. Major Brodie and Lieutenant Thomas were both wounded within a few feet of Colonel Wood, and his color-sergeant, Wright, who followed close at his heels, was clipped three times in the head and neck, and four bullets passed through the folds of the flag he carried. One trooper, Rowland, of Deming, was shot through the lower ribs; he was ordered by Roosevelt to fall back to the dressing station, but there Church told him there was nothing he could do for him then, and directed him to sit down until he could be taken to the hospital at Siboney. Rowland sat still for a short time, and then remarked, restlessly, “I don’t seem to be doing much good here,” and picking up his carbine, returned to the front. There Roosevelt found him.

“I thought I ordered you to the rear,” he demanded.

“Yes, sir, you did,” Rowland said, “but there didn’t seem to be much doing back there.”

He was sent to Siboney with the rest of the wounded, and two days later he appeared in camp. He had marched from Siboney, a distance of six miles, and up hill all the way, carrying his carbine, canteen, and cartridge-belt.

“I thought you were in hospital,” Wood said.

“I was,” Rowland answered, sheepishly, “but I didn’t seem to be doing any good there.”

They gave him up as hopeless after that, and he continued his duties and went into the fight of the San Juan hills with the hole still through his ribs. Another cowboy named Heffner, when shot through the body, asked to be propped up against a tree with his canteen and cartridge-belt beside him, and the last his troop saw of him he was seated alone grimly firing over their heads in the direction of the enemy. Church told of another young man shot through the chest. The entrance to his wound was so small that Church could not insert enough of the gauze-packing to stop the flow of blood.

“I’m afraid I’ll have to make this hole larger,” he said to the boy, “or you’ll bleed to death.”

“All right,” the trooper answered, “I guess you know best, only you’d better hurry.” The boy stretched out on his back and lay perfectly quiet while Church, with a pair of curved scissors, cut away the edges of the wound. His patient neither whimpered nor swore, but stared up at the sun in silence. The bullets were falling on every side of them, and the operation was a hasty one, but the trooper made no com-
The Rough Riders' Fight at Guasimas

ment until Church said, "We'd better get out of this; can you stand being carried?"

"Do you think you can carry me?" the trooper asked.

"Yes."

"Well, I guess you know," the boy answered, holding up his arms.

Another of the Rough Riders was brought to the dressing-station with a shattere
t ankle, and Church, after bandaging it, gave him his choice of riding down to Siboney on a mule, or of being carried a day later, on a litter.

"If you think you can manage to ride the mule with that broken foot," he said, 
"you can start at once, but if you wait until to-morrow, when I can spare the men, you can be carried all the way."

The cowboy preferred to start at once, so six hospital stewards lifted him up and dropped him on the mule, and into a huge Mexican saddle. He stuck his wounded ankle into one stirrup, and his untouched one into the other, and gathered up the reins.

"Does it pain you? Do you think you can stand it?" Church asked, anxiously. The cowboy turned and smiled down upon him with supreme disdain.

"What, stand this?" he cried. "Why, this is just like getting money from home."

Toward the last, the firing from the enemy sounded less near, and the bullets passed much higher. Roosevelt, who had picked up a carbine and was firing occasion
tly to give the direction to the others, determined upon a charge. Wood, at the other end of the line, decided at the same time upon the same manoeuvre. It was called "Wood's bluff" afterward, for he had nothing to back it with; while to the enemy it looked as though his whole force was but the skirmish-line in advance of a regiment. The Spaniards naturally did not believe that this thin blue line which suddenly broke out of the bushes and from behind trees and came cheering out into the hot sunlight in full view, was the entire fighting force against it. They sup
pose the regiment was coming close on its heels, and as they hate being rushed as a cat hates water, they fired a few parting volleys and broke and ran. The cheering had the same invigorating effect on our own side as a cold shower; it was what first told half the men where the other half were, and it made every individual man feel better. As we knew it was only a bluff, the first cheer was waveri
g, but the sound of our own voices was so comforti
g that the second cheer was a howl of triumph. As it was, the Spaniards thought the Rough Riders had already disregarded all rules of war.

"When we fired a volley," one of the prisoners said later, "instead of falling back they came forward. That is not the way to fight, to come closer at every vol
ey." And so, when instead of retreating on each volley, the Rough Riders rushed at them cheering and filling the hot air with wild cowboy yells, the dismayed enemy retreated upon Santiago, where he announced he had been attacked by the entire American army. One of the residents of Santiago asked one of the soldiers if those Americans fought well.

"Well," he replied, "they tried to catch us with their hands."

I have not attempted to give any account of General Young's fight on our right, which was equally desperate, and, owing to the courage of the colored troops of the Tenth in storming a ridge, equally worthy of praise. But it has seemed better not to try and tell of anything I did not see, but to limit the article to the work of the Rough Riders, to whom, after all, the victory was due, as it was owing to Colonel Wood's charge, which took the Spaniards in flank, that General Wheeler and General Young were able to advance, their own stubborn attack in front having failed to dislodge the enemy from his rifle-pits.

According to the statement of the en
dy, who had every reason not to exag
gerate the size of his own force, 4,000 Spaniards were engaged in this action. The Rough Riders numbered 534, of whom eight were killed and thirty-four wounded, and General Young's force numbered 464, of which there were eight killed and eight
teen wounded. The American troops ac
cordingly attacked a force over four times their own number intrenched behind rifle-pits and bushes in a mountain-pass. In spite of the smokeless powder used by the Spaniards, which hid their position, the Rough Riders routed them out of it, and drove them back from three different barr
icades until they made their last stand in the ruined distillery, whence they finally
drove them by assault. The eager spirit in which all this was done is best described in the Spanish soldier’s answer to the inquiring civilian, “They tried to catch us with their hands.” It should be the Rough Riders’ motto.

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**THE SANTIAGO CAMPAIGN**

**SOME EPISODES**

**A WOUNDED CORRESPONDENT’S RECOLLECTIONS OF GUASIMAS**

By Edward Marshall

**T**his cannot be an accurate and complete account of the first serious engagement between our military forces and those of Spain on Cuban soil, for before the engagement was over I was shot. So I saw only a part of it, and shall content myself with describing a few of my experiences on the field and among the wounded.

Colonel Wood ordered a halt of the First Volunteer Cavalry, better known as the Rough Riders, about six o’clock in the morning of June 24th. The men thought it one of the frequent pauses for rest which had been allowed them during the hard march. The group surrounding the colonel, consisting of Lieutenant-Colonel Theodore Roosevelt, Captain O’Neill, Adjutant Tom Hall, Richard Harding Davis and myself, knew that the stop had been caused by a message softly whispered in the Colonel’s ear by a Cuban scout from the small body which preceded us. The Colonel quickly detailed a few men to go forward with the scout. Then he began to crack jokes.

We had stopped near the end of a beautiful lane, carpeted with grass almost as soft as the turf in the garden of an old English country house. The tropical growth on our right shot up rank and strong for ten or fifteen feet, and then arched over until our resting-place was almost embowered. On the left was a narrow, treeless slope on which tall Cuban grass waved lazily.

We waited ten minutes. I went down the line among the men. They were unconcerned, and were not talking of war. These volunteers had been so long in preparation; so many weary days had elapsed since they first buttoned their uniforms over hearts beating with tremendous primary patriotic enthusiasm, that now they were taking things calmly, and talking about dogs, and the imperfections of army shoes. One man persistently blew paste balls at his neighbors. (Two hours later I saw him lying livid and dead in the high grass. He had been hit by a different kind of missile.) Spaniards and fighting seemed as far away to them as the cities of Asia Minor do to the school-boy studying geography, they had been carrying idle guns and ammunition so long. Indeed, it was hard for any of us to realize the actuality of the enemy.

“——! Wouldn’t a glass of cold beer taste good?” said one, whereupon others threw pebbles and sand at him for suggesting such an impossible ecstasy. There was much good-humor.

I returned to the group around the Colonel. An instant later, with surprising unexpectedness, like that of the explosion of a lamp in a drawing-room, a rifle cracked, and with a long z-z-z-z-z-eu, a bullet went directly over and not far above our heads. The noise of the Mauser bullet is not impressive enough to be really terrifying until you have seen what it does when it strikes. It is a nasty, malicious little noise, like the soul of a very petty and mean person turned into sound. Its beginning and its ending are pitched a little lower than its middle. Its beginning is gradual, but its ending is instantaneous.
There was no more gossip in the ranks. The men sprang to their feet without waiting for an order. As they did so a volley which went over our heads came through the mysterious tangle on our right. A scattering fire was heard from the direction in which the scouts had gone. Then silence.

Colonel Wood was apparently the only man not impressed. It was as if he had not heard the shots. He finished his sentence without a change in voice or position. Then he began to give orders. Colonel Roosevelt took about a third of the regiment into the forest on the right. They were preparing to go with a rush when the first wounded man came back. He had been with the Cuban scouts. His face was covered with blood. He was sobbing like a child, and the sobs had to struggle through a smooth flow of profanity. I asked him if he was badly hurt. I shall expurgate his reply.

"Hurt? Naw! I ain't hurt. Naw! I'm a blim-blamed fool, an' I set off one of my own cartridges while I was loading. My face and eyes are full of powder and I can't fight."

Then he sat down on the grass and the sobs got the better of the profanity. He was probably the victim of a defective cartridge. The pain of his cut and burned face must have been intense, but he didn't even know of it. His only feeling was that now he couldn't fight. It was later found that he had lost the sight of one eye.

Colonel Wood heard this man's or some other's profanity and called out, sternly:

"Stop that swearing. I don't want to hear any cursing to-day."

I heard the men pass the order down the line which stretched along the lane behind us. I don't know whether the incredible happened and the men actually did not swear after that, or whether it was wholly chance, but I am perfectly certain that I heard not another oath during that part of the fight which I witnessed.

By the time Roosevelt and his men had begun to break their way through the growth at the right Colonel Wood, with the majority of what was left of the regiment, had started down the grassy slope at the left. The z-z-z-z-eus of the Mausers had ceased to be novel. They were constant. I kept as near to Colonel Wood as I could.

No one seemed frightened. These men who had scarcely been able to realize the existence of real war with a real Spanish army a few moments before, waded into it when it came with an excited delight which amounted to ecstasy. I did not see one exhibition of cowardice that day. Once I thought I had found a coward. A man was running wildly toward the rear. I stopped him and asked what he was running away from. He restrained himself with difficulty from braining me with his carbine. He had torn off the sole of one shoe, and the accident hampered his movements. He was running wildly about in a temperature of not less than one hundred and three degrees, searching for a dead man to take a shoe from. He was running so that he could get quickly back to where the firing was. I showed him the dead man and helped him take the shoe off. He was very grateful, and after he had once more gained protection for his foot he started on the double quick for the firing line.

Neither Colonel Wood nor any other officer that I saw made any effort to hide from the Spaniards, who were plainly visible and in great force across the gently beautiful little valley before us.

The setting was fitter for a fête champêtre than for a battle. The swaying smoothness of the rank grass was rarely broken by anything but the polished gray trunks of royal palms which held their bunches of greenery almost a hundred feet above the little men who were firing guns at the other little men across the valley, all shouting and raging and bleeding and dying.

I injured my left arm and had to hold my notebook against one of these palms as I wrote. First came z-z-z-z-eu-zip, and then three or four fronds from the majestic palm fluttered slowly down. A Mauser bullet had cut them off. Then came three sudden muffled "boums," each accompanied by a shuddering tremor of the splendid trunk. Mauser bullets had buried themselves somewhere in its quivering fibre.

Adjutant Hall was back of me. He stepped out into the open. The enemy marked him and the zeu, zeu, zeu of the
bullets going over his head and the zip, zip of the bullets in the grass at his feet were as frequent as rain-drops until he stepped behind one of the rare bushes. He had exposed himself recklessly but was not touched by a bullet. Meantime Colonel Wood wandered slowly about on horseback among his men with the bullets continuously shrieking their devilish song in his ears, and playing their infernal tattoo on the ground near him. He left the battle-field without a scratch. It was wonderful.

I was watching him with a fascinated interest, wondering how soon he would fall off his horse, when I heard a man wailing dolorously. I turned and saw a soldier whom I had before observed pumping cartridges into his gun and then using them for his country with a regularity like that of a machine churn. He was lying behind a little knoll and had not only his own cartridge-belt but another taken from some dead or wounded soldier. I hurried to him.

"Are you hurt?" I asked.

"Hurt? No;" he exclaimed, "but my leg's asleep and I can't get up, and my gun's jammed. Gi' me a gun! Gi' me a gun! Can't ye gi' me a gun?" I got him a gun and the machine churn started up again before a first-aid man had rubbed the circulation into the helpless leg.

All the time we were advancing. All the time the Spaniards were slowly retreating. One body of them became plainly panic-stricken and started to run madly, throwing away arms and other encumbrances as they went. A Captain who stood near Colonel Wood prepared his men to fire.

"Don't shoot at retreating men!" ordered the Colonel. But our soldiers wanted to kill Spaniards and had already begun to blaze away. The Colonel was forced to order the bugle call "cease firing" to be sounded before he could make them stop.

I saw many men shot. Every one went down in a lump without cries, without jumping up in the air, without throwing up hands. They just went down like clods in the grass. It seemed to me that the terrible thud with which they struck the earth was more penetrating than the sound of guns. Some were only wounded; some were dead.

There is much that is awe-inspiring about the death of soldiers on the battle-field. Almost all of us have seen men or women die, but they have died in their carefully arranged beds with doctors daintily hoarding the flickering spark; with loved ones clustered about. But death from disease is less awful than death from bullets. On the battle-field there are no delicate, scientific problems of strange microbes to be solved. There is no petting, no coddling—nothing, nothing, nothing but death. The man lives, he is strong, he is vital, every muscle in him is at its fullest tension when, suddenly, "chug" he is dead. That "chug" of the bullets striking flesh is nearly always plainly audible. But bullets which are billeted, so far as I know, do not sing on their way. They go silently, grimly to their mark, and the man is lacerated and torn or dead. I did not hear the bullet shriek that killed Hamilton Fish; I did not hear the bullets shriek which struck the many others who were wounded while I was near them; I did not hear the bullet shriek which struck me.

This bit of steel came diagonally from the left. I was standing in the open, and, from watching our men in the front, had partially turned to see Roosevelt and his men on the right. The troops about me were full of tales of Roosevelt's bravery and the splendid conduct of his soldiers. But I did not see Roosevelt. "Chug" came the bullet and I fell into the long grass, as much like a lump as had the other fellows whom I had seen go down. There was no pain, no surprise. The tremendous shock so dulled my sensibilities that it did not occur to me that anything extraordinary had happened—that there was the least reason to be worried. I merely lay perfectly satisfied and entirely comfortable in the long grass. It was a long time before anyone came near me. The fighting passed away from me rapidly. There were only left in the neighborhood of my little episode the dead (I could see a dead man not far away if I looked through the grass near the ground level), other wounded, and a few first-aid-for-the-injured men who were searching for us. I heard two of these men go by calling out to the wounded to make their whereabouts known, but it did not occur to me to answer them. The sun was very hot and I had some vague thoughts of sunstroke, but they were not
specially interesting thoughts and I gave them up. It seemed a good notion to go to sleep, but I didn't do it.

Finally three soldiers found me, and, putting half a shelter-tent under me, carried me to the shade.

There were several wounded men there before me. The first-aid men came along, learned that my wound was at the side of and had shattered the spine, and, shaking their heads gravely, gave me a weak solution of ammonia as a stimulant. I heard one of them say he would run for the surgeon. He came in a few moments and I was surprised because he examined me first. He told me I was about to die. The news was not pleasant, but it did not interest me particularly.

"Don't you want to send any messages home?" he asked. "If you do, you'd better write 'em—be quick."

I decided to take his advice.

Not far away was a young man shot through both knees. I had plainly heard the words "his wound is mortal" passed among around the other wounded in hoarse whispers, and, as I turned my head, I could see them all looking at me sorrowfully, and one or two had tears in their eyes. The surgeon had done what he could for all of us, and had gone away on a keen run to some other group. The young man who had been shot through both knees painfully worked his way across to me.

"I'm a stenographer at home," he said, grasping my hand and smoothing it gently. "Let me take your messages for you."

He searched my pockets, got pencil and paper, and I stupidly and slowly dictated three letters. I am sure I had no real conception of anything that had happened since the bullet struck me until, as he finished the last letter, he rolled over in a faint with upturned eyes. Then I understood my dreadful but unintentional cruelty and tried to help him. I couldn't move. For the first time I knew that I was paralyzed.

The next I knew, Stephen Crane and Richard Harding Davis were bending over me. They found men to carry me on the tent-cloth to the field hospital.

Another of the thousand instances of unselfishness which I saw on the battle-field gave me almost as great a shock at the field hospital as the incident of the stenographer had under the tree. Trumpeter Cassa, who had uncomplainingly helped to carry me in that tent-cloth, had lost two fingers near the middle joint, and must have grasped the canvas with the bloody stumps.

From the field hospital to Siboney was a rough march of over six miles. It was quite dark when we reached Siboney and joined the group of wounded to be transferred to the hospital-ship Olivette.

There is one incident of the day which shines out in my memory above all others now as I lie in a New York hospital writing. It occurred at the field hospital. About a dozen of us were lying there. A continual chorus of moans rose through the tree-branches overhead. The surgeons, with hands and bared arms dripping, and clothes literally saturated, with blood, were straining every nerve to prepare the wounded for the journey down to Siboney. Behind me lay Captain McClintock, with his lower leg-bones literally ground to powder. He bore his pain as gallantly as he had led his men, and that issaying much. I think Major Brodie was also there. It was a doleful group. Amputation and death stared its members in their gloomy faces.

Suddenly a voice started softly,

My country, 'tis of thee,
Sweet land of liberty,
Of thee I sing.

Other voices took it up:

Land where my fathers died,
Land of the Pilgrims' pride—

The quivering, quavering chorus, punctuated by groans and made spasmodic by pain, trembled up from that little group of wounded Americans in the midst of the Cuban solitude—the peculiar, most heartfelt song that human beings ever sang.

There was one voice that did not quite keep up with the others. It was so weak that I did not hear it until all the rest had finished with the line,

Let Freedom ring.

Then, halting, struggling, faint, it repeated, slowly,

Land—of—the—Pilgrims'—pride,
Let Freedom

The last word was a woful cry. One more son had died as died the fathers.
HOW THE SPANIARDS FOUGHT AT CANEY

By Joseph Edgar Chamberlin

It is a kind of sorrow to me that the finest, most desperate, most brilliant battle of the Santiago campaign should represent itself to me forever now as a fight that the Spaniards made against us—as one of which they were in an especial way the heroes, in spite of noble, unfailing, distinguished bravery on the part of our soldiers. I shall never cease to see, when the word Caney is spoken, a line of some fifty or sixty light-blue-clad men standing in a trench, the line bent in the middle at right angles by the square turning of the ditch; at the bending of this line some blue-jacketed young officer standing, always exposed to the belt, and sometimes, as he stood up on the level ground, exposed to the feet; the men rising at the word of this officer's command for hours and hours, delivering volley after volley full in our faces; standing, as they did so, exposed to the waist, confronting 3,000 men, grimly and coolly facing death, drawing their dead up out of the trench as they fell to make standing room for living men, holding thus their trench immovably from morning until evening—this is what Caney will always mean to me first of all, by virtue of an impression as vivid as the light of day and as ineffaceable as the image of death.

I say it is a sorrow, because I should like to have my picture of the first great fight I was ever in centre around some such deed of my own countrymen. But the trench-fighting of the Spaniards with their Mausers was in very fact the heart and centre of that day's work; and as for that, the heroism of our men appears none the less in the light of the heroism of their antagonists.

These figures of Spaniards in the shallow ditch were really very uncouth. Their jackets of poor, thin blue cotton were merely loose tunics, too short and coarse to have any dignity, and the trousers were baggy and ill-fitting. On their heads, as long as they wore them, the men had great straw hats, almost black with use, with brims turned up behind and down before. Sometimes the hats came off; and with my glass I watched along the trench the shaggy black heads of Castilian youths—which looked better.

Once it might be said that no one ever saw a battle, but since smokeless powder came in one may at least see a good part of one, especially in such an open country as the bit of land around Caney. (In the reports they call it "El Caney;" but no Cuban or Spaniard has ever spoken of it to me otherwise than as Caney simply.) A little town built on a low oblong hill; a town of low houses, some roofed with thatch, some with good red tiles; a town with a towered church, and, across the ravine at the south of it, made by a running stream, a citadel on a sharper, higher hill. This citadel was an old stone fort, made after the principles of Vauban; formidable once, but a little breached by time. But around it was a trench, too—not the one I have told of, which was down on the eastern edge of the town, but like it, and filled with men with Mausers.

We came upon the town at eight o'clock in the morning, after a long march the evening before, up through the mountains to the eastward, after a bivouac up in there until daybreak, and then a long march again. We were Chaffee's brigade of Lawton's division, and we were the extreme right of the attack. When the Seventeenth Infantry, with which I marched, came down over the hills, we saw the Spaniards apparently running out of the town under the fire of the Seventh and Twelfth Regiments, which had got in ahead of us. Bah! the fight won before we got to it! But almost at the same moment the Spaniards went running back. Apparently they had gone out to take a position which now they found it was too late to take.

Then we found them in their trenches. There is a preparation for a modern battle which is like the old sanding of the decks of the man-of-war to drink up the blood; it is the removal of the pack or blanket-roll which the infantryman carries. We advanced along the line made
by a barbed-wire fence overgrown with bushes. Beyond and below we heard the fierce crackling of musketry-fire and the occasional boom of larger guns. Suddenly we heard another sound close by, which was like the pattering of heavy hail-stones coming from a great height, among the leaves of the little trees by our side. This sound was made by the bullets of the Mausers, coming up on the ridge, and clipping the leaves off the trees with a kind of spattering sound. Our Colonel, Haskell, marched well in advance of the regiment. "Remove your packs, and leave one man to each company to guard property," he commanded. So, we all took off our packs and put them down on the ground, and, except for the one man from each company, went into the fight.

Then on up over a ridge, where the Seventh Regiment had been before us, and where we found four of their dead under our feet, and also Captain Jackson, of that regiment, with a bullet through his nose. The fortunes of war are grotesquely horrible. Here I first felt, in the keen interest in the fight, that indifference to the sight of death which is, perhaps, the most terrible thing about a battle. I found here an admirable view. I could watch the artillery firing on the stone fort—vain firing, with every shot missing now, but interesting. With dead men at my feet I saw, completely absorbed in the sight, the Seventh Regiment charging up on a hill still nearer the fort, creeping, rushing, rushing, creeping, now flat on their faces, now running with bent knees—every moment nearer the crest, and every moment a man falling, for a withering fire came all over the hill from somewhere—who could tell? It was a fine sight, that advance of the Seventh. I knew the regiment was half made up of recruits, and I trembled lest they should flinch. But not one of them did.

With my field-glass at my eyes I watched this fine sight a moment, and then, realizing that my regiment had passed, I rushed across an open space at the foot of the hill after it. Then for the music of buzzing rifle-balls, and the sight of death! On the ground lay our Colonel, Haskell. Like all the old '61 men who knew not the magazine rifle nor the flat trajectory, he had scorned a crouching position. He went into the fight well in advance of his men, and advanced, with drawn sabre, at the full height of his manhood; and he went down like a log, with three Mauser
bullets through some part of his body—one at the breast, one at the knee, one through the heel. Did not those three bullets, measured along the height of a man, tell the story well of what the fire-swept zone of the Mauser rifle is?

Two episodes here worthy of telling. One was this: the regiment was on its face directly after the Colonel went down, in a little lane that offered some shelter, and two lieutenants, Hardaway and Roberts, called for volunteers from the men to go out and take the Colonel to this lane. They could have had all the regiment, but they took five men—and three of these were shot before they got back and laid the Colonel in the shade.

The other episode was this: the quartermaster of the regiment, Lieutenant Walter M. Dickinson, having no company command, had asked and been granted the privilege of going by the Colonel's side. I had seen that there was a strong affection between the older and the younger man. Very much at the same moment that the Colonel fell, a ball shattered Dickinson's arm. He could not help to lift his commander, and came running back for aid; then he returned bravely to the Colonel, and received a wound through his body from which he died before sunset.

On a battle-field it is as good to be a fool as to be brave. I went over this trebly-swept hollow of death alone, upright, at an easy walk. Being alone, it seemed clearly to me that there was not much danger. Bullets that would hit a regiment would be likely to miss one small man. I am told that my logic was bad; but the bullets missed me.

Now, in the lane, we were ordered to lie down, and kept there rigidly by the brigade commander to hold it. Here we did what we could for poor Haskell and Dickinson; and here we found just what sort of fight the Spaniards were making. Down our lane came, from the southwest, the fire from the stone fort, just in a line with us; straight across the lane came a fire which presently we located; it was from that trench that I first told you of, with its fifty or sixty light-blue men in the big straw hats. Straight from the eastern came still another fire, raking down from the other direction; it came from a Spanish block-house up on a hill there. We had bullets from three sources. Hold the lane! Now and then it was the fashion of our men to sing out, with a cool rising inflection, "I've got it!" It was their way of telling that they were shot. Eight of them died in and about the lane. Some of these did not call out "I've got it," but sent up a wild despairing cry to their God. For them the surgeon's bandages were a vain attention.

But a thing that fascinated me, as I have said, was the sight of the Spaniards in this trench at the right of the town—exactly facing us as we looked at the eastern end of the place. Between some rude houses in the edge of the town was a space of ground sloping down to a meadow, and across this space, and turning at right angles, a trench had been dug, apparently quite freshly. From any point on our long lane we looked down on the men in this trench. My glass revealed every movement they made—even the cool turning of the head that was in one big straw hat to make some observation to another. Though our regiment had no orders to fire, the strain that these cool fighters in the ditch put on our men was more than flesh and blood could bear; soon the Krag-Jorgensens were roaring along the lane in the ears of our wounded and dying. In the very midst of the ripping, crashing detonations of these guns we could clearly see the Spaniards rising to deliver their volley fire; no smoke obscured our vision, nor did the pour of our bullets in upon their trench restrain them from coolly answering our fire. As often as the roar ceased with us, we heard the cracking of their rifles. Very soon the ear learned to distinguish the difference between the reports of the Mauser and the Krag-Jorgensen. We heard the Mausers in strange quarters, almost as if above us; but it was not until night that we learned that we had been under the fire of sharpshooters in the tower of the church in the town, and that some of the havoc among us had been done by these. Poor Dickinson, lying there on his litter, was shot again through the leg, and still a fourth bullet grazed his elbow. How we need the image of a relentless Fate to account for all the bullets finding out one man!

So all day long the fight went on.
due time the artillery got the range of the stone fort, but it did little harm. No shell fell, visibly to us, in the town. To right and left the terrible recruits of our Seventh Regiment deployed, pouring in a hot fire on the Spaniards in the ditch. Still these Spaniards rose as if they were part of a machine, and delivered their deadly fire.

At three o'clock the flag went down on the fort; no American officer had supposed that it could possibly remain there after eleven. The Spaniards still clung to the fort, and had to be cleared out, and their small residue captured, by a charge of the Twenty-fourth Infantry — brave black men who ran up the rough hill like goats.

The citadel gone, the town would surely surrender. So everybody supposed. But we who were watching the trench at the eastern end of the town saw the straw hats and black heads rising mechanically still, to deliver volleys across the meadow straight at us.

Gradually the American lines on the other side closed in on these men. They and their commander, who now stood erect on the level ground above the trench, appeared to take no heed of the situation of their comrades. They seemed to assume that they had been placed there to defend the ditch, and they had no other thought than to defend it. I have heard that at about this time a body of Spanish troops left Caney and made their escape. But I can declare that none deserted this trench, and though I could clearly see the meadows to the northward of the town, practically the only direction now from which they were not menaced by the Americans, I saw no Spaniards escape. As a matter of fact the men in this trench kept up their fire from it until after everything else in and about the town had surrendered. Then the defenders of the trench, which the soldiers had called the Hornet’s Nest, put down their guns, walked empty-handed through the town and up to the fort, and gave themselves up there—reverently taking up the tools which the officers of the Twenty-fourth Regiment gave them with which to bury, in the very trench they had defended so long, their comrades who had been killed. How many Spaniards had thus defended this town all day against a division of Americans? The estimates have varied; but the best possible give no more than seven hundred at any time.

Even then the battle of Caney was unfinished. Away off to our right was the block-house on the hill which had given us an occasional raking shot all day. Chaffe’s brigade marched on to San Juan that night, but the block-house remained, a thorn in the flesh of the American position. It was not until next day that a force went up, and, at a considerable sacrifice, captured it. They found three men in it! I was at General Shafter’s headquarters when these three Spaniards were brought in. They had made a long march in the hot sun, and a friend of mine who stood by offered them water from his canteen.

“Why should we drink,” said the non-commissioned officer who had commanded the block-house, “when we are about to die?”

“I think you are not to die,” said Lieutenant Noble, smiling; “we are civilized men, and you are brave ones!”
AN ARTIST AT EL POSO

By Howard Chandler Christy

On July 1st réveillé was sounded at 6 a.m. in the camp of the Second Infantry, Regulars, and instantly the camp was astir, for on that day the advance upon Santiago was to be made. Men crawled out from under blankets heavy with dew and began preparations for the morning's meal, for soldiers know it is not well to go into a fight on an empty stomach. Later the officers of the head-quarters' mess gathered quietly around the camp-fire where breakfast was served. Scarcely a word was spoken. Suddenly off to the right and ahead a deep boom! and we knew Capron's battery had opened fire on the Spanish works in front of Caney. Along the road which leads to El Poso the narrow roads were crowded with troops marching silently to the front through the morning mist; only the voices of command, the rattling of tin cups, and the tread of marching feet were heard.

After crossing a little creek we came in sight of a little knoll to the left, where Grimes's battery was planted. At the foot of the hill is the artistic old Spanish building called El Poso, and in the yard and the adjoining open space were crowded the Rough Riders, artillery horses, officers, and some Cubans, while on the knoll beside the battery were the foreign military attachés and some correspondents who were eager to see all. Directly in front was a dense Cuban forest into which regiment after regiment was marching, and somewhere in that thick undergrowth was forming a line of battle.

In front or beyond is a steep hill on which stands the San Juan Block House, and to the right and left along the crest of the hill are the Spanish intrenchments. Beyond these the military barracks and some houses of Santiago could be seen.

It must have been 9.30 or 10 a.m., and the sun was pouring down an intense heat, when the Captain of the battery ordered everyone to one side and gave the command to load.

"Number one, ready! Fire!" The gun fairly leaped into the air, and a shell went whizzing toward San Juan. Instantly a dozen field-glasses were levelled and the gunners peered through the dense smoke.

"Too far. Lower your sights one hundred and fifty yards."

"Number two, ready! Fire!" and No. 2 covered itself and gunners in white smoke—again too far! No. 3 came in for its share and a cloud of yellow smoke arose in front of the Block House. Something went wrong with No. 4, and only the report of her primer was heard.

Again, "Number one, Ready! Fire!" A cheer went up from the attachés and correspondents, for a shell went through the roof and exploded, covering itself in a reddish smoke and throwing pieces of tile and cement into the air.

It was all very beautiful standing there by the side of the battery, surrounded by friends and in apparent safety, watching the effect of the shells on the Spanish works, but suddenly a voice down in front called out, "Here it comes!" and instantly everyone, excepting the men of the battery, ducked or threw themselves flat on the ground, and the first Spanish shell came screaming directly over our heads, and boom! it went just back of us, throwing the shrapnel among our men. Instantly another shell came, which burst in front of the building and in the ranks of the troops gathered there. Several men were wounded; one poor fellow had his leg torn off. Another shell penetrated the roof and exploded inside, where several Cubans were hiding. They were literally blown through the windows and door. One shell tore up the ground in front of gun No. 1, and others exploded just back of the building, killing men who were already badly wounded.

When the direction of the shots was ascertained, the attachés and two or three correspondents made a rush to the left to get at least a few yards out of range. One man clutched at the arm of Richard Hard-
The Santiago Campaign

ing Davis and excitedly cried, "Isn't this awful?"

Davis quietly replied, "Very disturbing; very disturbing."

On a slight elevation still farther to the left stood Captain Paget of the English Navy and with him Count von Goetzten and the Japanese attaché. Far in front the balloon was slowly moving down, trying to keep pace with the firing line. Crash! came a volley from the Spanish rifle-pits, and pop-pop-pop went the Krag-Jorgensens. Volley after volley followed, and the great battle of Santiago had begun.

So dense were the woods it was impossible to locate the American troops, excepting by the balloon, which was soon shot to pieces, and it gradually sank out of sight among the trees.

Just then someone called out, "Look over to the right! See those men rushing across that field! Now they are hid by the trees—look! Wheeler's brigade is charging that hill. There are the Stars and Stripes!"

Up that hill, right into the face of the Spanish Mausers, rushed hundreds of men, and on the crest they stopped to form in line of battle. Wounded men dropped from the ranks and sank into the tall grass. At this point the Spanish artillery caught sight of them, and sent shell after shell tearing through their ranks. Men were seen to be thrown into the air and lie bleeding where they fell. Did these brave fellows falter? Not one bit of it! The line spread out and the vacant places filled in, and there, under that terrific fire, they formed in line of battle.

At this point Captain Paget cried out, "Boys, do you know—I have located the Spanish artillery!" (They were using smokeless powder, and up to this time no one knew where they were.) "Look where I point, at the foot of that tall palm. Do you see? There is the flash of the gun!"

All eyes were now turned toward the troops at the foot of San Juan, for they were advancing straight up that hill. There were twelve or fifteen men ahead of the others. They rushed up to within fifty feet of the Spaniards. Just at this point, by some inexcusable mistake, one of our own shells exploded directly in the midst of this brave little company and another burst over their heads. Captain Paget spoke up again: "I believe they are going ahead without waiting for the main line."

Up over that hill they go with a wild rush—with the others right at their heels. The Spaniards leave their trenches, but from the Block House and other intrenchments a deadly fire is poured into them. Now they reach the crest of the hill and the color-sergeant turns and waves the flag to those in the rear. Then he turns his face toward the enemy and away he goes with the others—at a dead run straight to the Block House.

They swarm all about it. The fighting is terrific! In less than a minute it is ours!

To the right and in front Wheeler's brigade is charging the intrenchments on the crest of the hill, and as far as the eye can see our troops are advancing on the enemy and the extreme right.

Volley after volley is heard near the village of Caney, and then the distant boom of Capron's battery. The village was taken that afternoon about 3.30.

Captain Paget pulls out his note-book: "Let me see—what time is it by your watch? 1.30 P.M.? The Block House and the entire Spanish lines taken by our boys. If I hadn't seen it, it wouldn’t have been true! Those fellows—without the immediate aid of artillery—charging an enemy armed with repeating rifles, machine guns, and field artillery, and by 1.30 in the afternoon the whole line, Block House included, taken!"

And he tucked his white trousers into the tops of his socks, and away he went, shouting: "Boys, the victory is ours! The victory is ours!"
A WAR-SHIP COMMUNITY

By W. J. Henderson

THE "drum and trumpet chronicles" of the time peal and throb with the fierce music of war. The mind is invited to consider the way of the battle-ship and be wise. In every imagination there dwells a picture of a huge, dun-walled fabric, moving without apparent control, conscious, as it were, of its own enormous power, smoking in huge jets of strength from its mighty breathing-pipes, and hurling sheets of devastating flame from its sides. Everyone, too, knows, that behind those triple walls of steel there are men—sailor-men—stripped to the waist, carrying powder and shell to those spurting guns, aiming and firing the weapons, and talking in uncouth English of the fearful things they will do to the "Dagoes." We know; too, that there are officers there; men who direct the movements of the half-striped sailors and who order all things well or ill. And thus we get a constant image—a huge Leviathan of the vasty deep, filled full of semi-nude Jonahs, rushing about with a mighty spouting of fire and smoke and sowing the air with hurlings of death.

But sometimes, for all that, the ponderous battle-ship rocks on mirrored waves as gently as a babe's cradle, while the faint tinkle of a banjo comes from the secret abysses under the superstructure, and the gentle breath of song mingles with the odor of deifying tobacco. For the Leviathan is not always devouring, though she may be seeking to devour. In her hours of inactivity nearly five hundred men go on living and breathing within her citadel, and there is a community whose constitution and history are as those of some sunk Atlantis of the western ocean.

Most of us have some idea of the life of the officers of a man-of-war. We know
An Incident of the Blockade.
The crew of the U. S. Battle-ship Indiana watching a chase.

that they dwell in the after-part of the ship (except in the old monitors, which are crab-like), and that they have separate rooms with berths in them, like the state-rooms of a steamboat. And we know that there are seniors and juniors, commanders and commanded; but I wonder how many persons could tell how their housekeeping is conducted? Who makes the lieutenant's bed and who buys his food? Most people fancy that the parental government provides the lieutenant's food, but it does not. The lieutenant must carry his own bed-linen with him when he goes to sea, and he must arrange for the provision of his own food. The navy regulations specify how it is to be done, but they make no requisition for the amount to be expended.

The "wardroom mess" is the title of the social organization of the officers, and its *deus ex machina* is the caterer. He is one chosen from among his brothers to buy the food, and woe be to him if he does not know how to provide a good mess for $1 per day for each man. For every officer has to pay his monthly mess bill out of his salary. Uncle Sam does not make him any special allowance for edibles. Breakfast, on a man-of-war, is eggs, eggs, evermore eggs. You may have your eggs in any style, as long as they are eggs. Two poached eggs on toast and a cup of coffee the ward-room boy will serve to you at almost any time between 7.30 and 8.30 A.M. At twelve o'clock comes luncheon, which is usually called "breakfast." If ever a naval officer invites you to breakfast with him, he means luncheon, and he will give you a very substantial meal. Dinner takes place at 6 or 6.30 P.M., and on a flag-ship is accompanied by much activity on the part of the band. Once a month the caterer presents his bill. There is also a caterer for the wine and cigar mess, which is separate from the food mess. Claret, beer, ginger-ale, sherry, and soda are the chief ingredients of the wine mess. Whiskey and brandy are not allowed on board, except in the medical stores. If you need a cocktail, you must be on terms of confidence with the doctor.

The ward-room boys, who wait upon the officers, are almost invariably Japanese. Once in a while there is a Chinaman among them. These Japs are good boys, but they show a decided aversion to speak-
ing English, and an intolerable fondness for such names as Matsusama or Yamata. They are generally known as "William." That is easier. Now when the dun sides are vomiting flame and smoke, where is William? In the ward-room pantry, washing dishes? Not at all. The ward-room boys belong to that part of the ship's company known as "idlers." The idlers are those who do not do duty as seamen, and most of them are in the powder division. That is the portion of the crew whose business it is to get the ammunition out of the magazines and put it on the hoists which carry it up to the guns. That is the sort of work in which William is engaged in time of action, away down in the dim chambers below the water-line, where he will never know whether the ship is sinking till the water comes in upon him. And William does his work very well, too, in spite of his apparent ignorance of English, and his general aspect of mild-eyed wonder. He has his station also at "fire quarters," which is the general call for the extinction of a fire. William is then usually one of those who hold the nozzle of a hose pipe, or else he is one of those who bring hammocks to throw upon the flames and smother them. William is usually cool and courageous and goes a long way toward explaining how the Japs whipped the Chinese.

Now, "Jacky," as the sailor-man is called, does not have to provide either his own bed-linen nor his own food. He does not provide bed-linen, because it is a luxury for which he has no use, and, even if he had, he would not know where to put his linen when he was not sleeping upon it. Jacky's bed is a hammock, and it is a folding, portable bed of the most improved kind. People who swing hammocks on verandas in the summer know nothing whatever about Jacky's style of bed. His is made of an oblong piece of stout canvas, fitted with eye-holes in the ends. In the eye-holes are made fast small ropes, called "clews," and these are lashed at their outer ends to a ring. When Jacky's folding-bed is open for use, it hangs by these rings from hammock-hooks fitted to

Stowing Hammocks on the San Francisco.
sleep, and in war times he does very often need
a nap, he must perforce
seek the gentle caresses
of a steel battle-hatch
or an oily alley-way,
where cooks and marines
do break in and
coal-passers corrupt.
But a paternal Government
provides the hammock
for Jacky, and
also allows him the use
of the deck.

The same paternal Government also supplies the fighting sailor
man and the idler alike
with food. It allows
thirty cents a day for the
rations of each man, and
thus presents a cheerful
problem in house-keeping. There are two persons upon whom the

the beams under the decks. Jacky has a mattress and a
blanket in his bed, and he
has to keep them there.
When he “turns out,” as
getting up is called, he rolls
his hammock up on its long-
est axis and lashes it with a
rope provided for that pur-
pose. There must be seven
turns in the lashing, with one
exactly in the middle. The
clews are tucked in under
the lashing. Jacky is allowed
about ten minutes to turn out
and lash his hammock. Then
he goes up on the spar deck
and hands the hammock to
one of the stowers, who
drops it into the nettings.
The “nettings” are simply
troughs in the ship’s rail. A
tarpaulin is hauled over the
hammocks and laced down to
keep the rain out, and there
they stay till they are served
out again at night. In the
meantime, if Jacky desires to
solution of this problem falls. They are the paymaster and the cook. And the greater of these is the cook, for the paymaster has only to purchase the food, whereas the cook must, in some manner, contrive to make it sustain the life of the crew. In the merchant service, where ten cents a day is allowed for the support of a seaman, cooks are fond of making a menu wholly of "dog." Now, The quantity of potatoes is decided by the number of men in the crew. The paymaster’s yeoman, assisted by his valuable factotum, known as the Jack-o’-the-Dust, measures out the precise amount of each article allowed to the crew. This is served out to the ship’s cook. After that the store-rooms are locked up. Now, on men-of-war the rations are served out for two or three days, sometimes for a week. If, therefore,

"dog" is made chiefly of hardtack, put to soak overnight so that it becomes a sort of pulp. With the aid of molasses, which cuts a large figure in all ship’s stores, this pulp is made into a mush and fried. It is not bad, but it is so frequent that you soon cease to wonder that it is called "dog." Man-o’-war Jack does not get "dog" very often, but his cook must be possessed of secrets similar to that of the process of manufacturing this curious dish.

The amount of each article of food, even to salt and pepper, allowed to each man for one day is fixed. The articles are provided by contract. For instance, the paymaster gets all the potatoes from a certain man as "per contract No. 2008." the cook cannot make them last that long, the crew must go hungry. There is no possible way to get any more supplies. The paymaster is under a bond of $25,000. If he buys more supplies than his vessel is allowed, he must foot the bill himself.

The ship’s cook is a little king in his own domain. Uncle Sam pays him from $20 to $35 a month, according to the size of the ship, and he gets perquisites from the messes. The sailors are divided into so many messes, according to the parts of the ship in which they sling their hammocks at night. Each mess has its own cook, appointed almost invariably from among those of its own number having the least value as seamen. These cooks
work under the general supervision of the ship's cook, and heaven only has mercy on them if their work is not well done. A berth-deck cook who does not know how to make a fine hot dish out of canned corned beef and the "slush" left over from the fried pork of the previous day—well, it were better for him that a breech block were tied around his neck and that he were cast into the sea.

Jack's table hangs under the deck-beams when it is not in use, and is at all times innocent of napery. Enamelled plates, tin cups, iron knives, forks, and spoons are the table-ware, and scant time is expended in the nicer courtesies of eating. Jack has only half an hour for his meal and his smoke, and when the bugler blows the call to mess, the sailor-man proceeds on the "get-there" principle and does not stop the business action of his jaws to chatter idle thoughts. Twenty minutes or so are enough for the process of cleaning up after meals, yet it is all done with thoroughness, and the ever-watchful master-at-arms—"Jimmy Legs," as he is known because of his ceaseless prowling—sees to it that the work is well done.

All the cooking of the ship is done on one great range in what is called the "galley." The captain, who eats in solitary state in his own cabin, the officers, who mess together in the wardroom, the junior officers, who refresh their youthful strength in the "steerage," the warrant officers and the chief petty officers, who have separate messes, all have their cooking done on the galley-range. Here, too, the steaming "early morning coffee" is prepared. Jacky has to go to work washing down decks as soon as he is up in the morning, and he has to have a bracer of coffee before he is quite fit for that. The ship's cook is called very early, sometimes as early as three o'clock, by a messenger sent by the officer of the deck. There is always an officer on deck, day and night, even in port; and he is responsible for the carrying out of the routine of the ship. So when Jacky is up and dressed he gets his coffee and then he goes to work. At 7.30 he gets his breakfast and he is thoroughly ready for it. At eight o'clock he is dressed for the day and the colors go up. If the ship is in port all hands are on duty from "colors" to sunset, but in the dog watches

Galley of the New York.
Cooks and Japanese ward-room servants.
—from 6 to 8 P.M.—Jacky is allowed considerable leeway, as he calls it.

It is then that he smokes his pipe and takes his ease and sings his songs. It is then that the marines relax their vigilance, and the corporal of the guard smiles upon a little skylarking. The marine is a being of whom most people know absolutely nothing. I have even seen in one of the most accurate New York papers a picture, labelled "Landing Marines at Forty-second Street," in which not a single marine appeared. Newspaper editors, like other landsmen, are prone to fancy that a marine must be a sailor. Usually he is so far from it that he excites in a sailor nothing but contempt. A marine is a soldier who does duty on a war-ship. His duty is chiefly that of a policeman. He stands guard, and sees that Jacky does not misbehave himself. He wears a soldier's uniform and learns a soldier's drills. He is employed sometimes at the secondary batteries when general quarters are sounded.

The marines of a ship have their own mess and their own berthing space, and they form a little community apart. Of course Jacky does not love the marines, and naturally the marines are not enamoured of Jacky. Yet there is one touch of nature which makes them kin. That is the post-office. It is a marine who acts as mail orderly—the functionary who carries the mail to the post-office and brings it back. But he must not deliver Jacky's letters to him. The mail goes to the executive officer, who assorts it. That which belongs to the men is turned over to the master-at-arms, who distributes it. When Jacky wishes to buy postage-stamps he calls at the office of the sergeant of marines. If Jacky cannot write a very good letter himself, he gets a shipmate to do it for him. He would not allow a marine to do that. Jacky's ideas of those sea-soldiers are summed up in his old saying: "A messmate before a shipmate, a shipmate before a stranger, a stranger before a dog, and a dog before a marine."

What does Jacky do when he desires a shave or a hair-cut? Well, there is the ship's barber—or barbers, if it is a large vessel. Do not conjure up a picture of a Broadway barber-shop. There is no such luxury in the iron avenues of a war-ship. A seat on a mess-bench, a tin cup of cold water, and the heavy hand of an enlisted man, who has taken up the work
The Hospital ("Sick Bay"), U. S. Battle-ship Massachusetts.

The Crew of the Massachusetts at Mess.
of the barber because he belongs to the inglorious army of idlers, cannot write "A. B." after his name, and is, therefore, fit for nothing else. I was once on a cruiser which carried a regular barber. I think he was in the powder division at quarters. The barber has plenty to do. You will see few beards and many clean-shaven faces in a crew of three hundred men.

There are tailors and shoemakers, and printers, too, on board men-of-war. No community can get along without these needs of the daily life of our time, and a ship’s company is a community. In these stern times of war it is a community that must live within itself for long periods. Off yonder, behind the blue rim of the deep-breathing sea, are leaden-tinted cruisers scouring the waters day and night, the steel watch-dogs of our coast. They seldom come into port, and when they do, it is to catch up a hasty cargo of coal and fresh supplies, and away again. And that is no joke, either. The vessel tugs at her anchor in the swift-running tide, while her commanding officer paces the deck impatiently waiting for the coal-barges. Presently the quartermaster reports them in sight and preparations are made for getting the coal on board. The barges come alongside and are made fast. The men tumble into them and begin the hot, dusty, choking labor of filling the bags, or other receptacles, with coal. The bags are hoisted in over the side and the coal is passed to the bunkers. The air around the ship is filled with the fine black dust. The men’s faces become grimed with it. Their nostrils smart with it, and their eyes run tears which plough black and white furrows down their cheeks. But the word is "Hurry," for today we must take aboard one hundred tons of fuel for our roaring furnaces, and tomorrow away to sea to hunt the flying Spaniard.

The coal is aboard and a short, puffy navy-yard tug comes snorting and fuming alongside. On her deck stands our paymaster’s clerk with a bundle of papers—invoices of stores. The deck around him is covered with heavy boxes and barrels. Man the tackles again, lads. Here are 1,000 pounds of beef and 1,000 pounds of pork. See that you store the pork on the starboard side and the beef to port, or you’ll hear from the Executive Officer. Bear a hand now, up with those fifty barrels of hard tack and in with those fifty barrels of beans. Here are bushels and bushels of potatoes, and one hundred twelve-pound cans of corned beef. Where on earth can we be going? It’s a far cruise this time, boys, with blue water under the forefoot and a long roll to leeward. Strike the boxes and barrels below. Get the hose out and flush down the decks. Drive the dust and dirt down the scuppers into the sea. Call all hands. Up anchor. Four bells and ahead full speed. Turn to and clean the guns. Out to sea we go again. Put out every light on the ship. You, officers, if you wish to leave the ward-room to go on deck, see that you close one door before you open another. Not for your lives must you let a gleam of light flash out. No pipes nor cigars on deck. Some unseen enemy might spy the light. No talking; that might be heard. Through the fathomless gloom, a dim, uncertain shape, our vessel steals, watching the gloomy depths around her through a hundred restless eyes. Yonder comes the gray and yellow of a misty dawn at sea. Jaundiced lights and ashen shadows play along the water and flicker against the mouse-like skin of our ship. A man comes up from below in a hurry. He speaks to the officer of the watch. The next instant the rapid ringing of the ship’s bell is heard, followed by some blasts of the bugle. It is the call to fire quarters. Is there really a fire on board or is it only a drill?

Jacky must not ask questions, but must bound to his post. Fire quarters means all hands. Officers who were up most of the night must turn out. Engineers rush to the engine-room or to the pumps. Divisional officers dash to the parts of the ship in which their divisions are situated. Every man in the ship knows his duty. The fire-station bill shows it. Some uncoil and lead out hose, while others are coupling it. Others get the nozzles and screw them on. Still others close ports and water-tight bulkheads. Some get hammocks and prepare to smother flames, and others form bucket lines. The engineer force looks after pumps and connections. The ship hums with the rapid rush of feet, but no one speaks except those who have commands to give, and all hands are alert and well-disciplined.

Was there really a fire? Yes, away
down in a gloomy place below decks, and some dark-faced fire-room workers put it out by turning steam on it. Bugler, sound the call to secure. Coil up the hose. Restore the hammocks and the buckets. All quiet again, and an eye out on every point of the compass. What will it be next?

It is a nerve-racking life in time of war, and might be a demoralizing one in time of peace. It wears out Jacky’s heart as well as his trousers and his shoes. So in days of comparative idleness he often amuses himself by printing a newspaper—the Ocean Wave or the Bounding Billow—with the latest news from the fo’k’sle, special dispatches from the boiler-rooms, and condensed rumors from that foreign land abaft the mainmast where the king and his court dwell.

When Jacky is not reading his paper, he helps the tailor to put together a white working-suit of particularly natty cut, or the shoemaker to patch a hole in a shoe. Jacky’s working suits are better than those for sale in the South Street stores, and Jacky has a knowing way of making a knife lanyard which is as ornamental as a lady’s lace. And when Sunday morning inspection comes around, and the Captain gravely promenades the decks between the slightly swaying lines of sailor-men, some of them feel that perhaps his eagle eye has noted the special neatness of their “rig,” and they are accordingly filled with the pride of their kind. For Jack, like other men, is fond of a good appearance, and it is only in the discharge of the grim duties of war or the grimy duties of coaling that he consents to give ocular proof of the fact that he, like the rest of us, is made of the dust of the earth.

Little enough does Jacky see of Sunday morning inspections in the seething days of the Havana blockade or the warlike watches off Santiago’s doomed forts. Even the old familiar drill of clearing ship for action is out of practice there, for the ships lie cleared all the time. Clearing for action means removing from the decks everything that can in any possible manner impede the rapid and effective movement of the guns or be shattered by shell in such a way as to make dangerous splinters. Off Cuba the big war-ship lies cleared for action always. There are only a few things to be done when the call comes. Only a moment ago Jacky was reading his home-made paper, or watching the tailor mend his trousers. This minute the quartermaster on watch has reported the flagship’s signal to go to general quarters, and the bugle has sounded the call.

The marine sergeant has bounded from his desk; the tailor has stopped his needle; the ward-room boy has dropped the half-cleaned dish; the cadet has left the unfinished letter to his mother, and the lieutenant his half-smoked pipe. The marines have dashed to their places at the secondary battery, and the seamen to theirs at the great guns. The cadet has gone to the masthead to keep the range, and the lieutenant is on the gun-platform of the after turret, between the two 13-inch guns. The ward-room boy and the rest of the powder division have gone to the magazines and shell-lockers.

“Cast loose and provide.”

Training and elevating gear is loosed and tested; breech-blocks are thrown open, gas-checks are examined, implements necessary for the working of the guns are provided. In the turrets the hydraulic power is turned on, and the smoke-fans are started. But there is little to do. In these days we are ready all the time. In a moment comes the order to load. The ammunition-jaists in the turrets come clanking up with the huge projectiles and the massive cartridges. The hydraulic rammer glides forward and pushes the great 1,100-pound shell into the chamber; the powder follows, and the big breech-plug is swung into place and locked. The electric wire is attached to the primer. Jacky, stripped to the waist, the perspiration pouring off him in audible streams, falls back. The lieutenant on the gun-platform turns the brass circles on the sighting-telescopes to the correct range. He opens the hydraulic valve and elevates the breech of the gun. He whirls the little wheel in front of him and revolves the turret. Good! Now he puts his hand on the exhaust-valve. The breech of the gun comes slowly down; the muzzle goes slowly up. It reaches its level. The lieutenant touches the electric button. There is an appalling roar. The tremendous breech of the gun comes thundering back along its recoil-rail. The turret fills with whirling smoke and stifling odor. It trem-
bles on its firm base. But Jacky has opened the big breech and is sending a hose-stream of water in to clear the gun for the next shot.

Thus in the turret. On the superstructure a dozen six-pound rapid-fire guns are yelling in short, sharp yells and hurling a hail of steel at the shore batteries. The ship moves slowly along her course, surrounded by a vast curtain of swirling smoke pierced with long spurs of gleaming flame. The chief quartermaster, silent and stern, keeps his eye glued upon the compass-bowl as he steers the ship. Shells shriek overhead and burst on every hand. The captain peers through the slits in the conning-tower, and issues his orders to his aides in quick words or silent gestures. The ship's company is at work, and the enemy is driven from his guns. A few hours hence, and the silence and gloom of the night-watch will settle down again, and Jacky, sleeping beside his steel thunderer, will dream of a navy-yard wharf, shore-liberty, a river of grog, and a mountain of tobacco.

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THE CALL OF THE BUGLES

By Richard Hovey

 BUGLES !
 And the Great Nation thrills and leaps to arms !
 Prompt, unconstrained, immediate,
 Without misgiving and without debate,
 Too calm, too strong for fury or alarms,
 The people blossoms armies and puts forth
 The splendid summer of its noiseless might ;
 For the old sap of fight
 Mounts up in South and North,
 The thrill
 That tingled in our veins at Bunker Hill
 And brought to bloom July of 'Seventy-six.
 Pine and palmetto mix
 With the sequoia of the giant West
 Their ready banners, and the hosts of war,
 Near and far,
 Sudden as dawn,
 Innumerable as forests, hear the call
 Of the bugles,
 The battle-birds !

 Have put their knapsacks on—
 They are the valiant vanguard of the rest !
 Not they alone but all our millions wait,
 Hand on sword,
 For the word
 That bids them bid the nations know us sons of Fate !

 BUGLES !
 And in my heart a cry,
 —Like a dim echo far and mournfully
 Blown back to answer them from yesterday !
 A soldier's burial !
 November hillsides and the falling leaves
 Where the Potomac broadens to the tide ;
 The crisp autumnal silence and the gray
 (As of a solemn ritual
 Whose congregation glories as it grieves,
 Widowed but still a bride) ;
 The long hills sloping to the wave ;
 And the lone bugler standing by the grave !

 Taps !
 The lonely call over the lonely woodlands !
 Rising like the soaring of wings,
The Call of the Bugles

Like the flight of an eagle!
Taps!
They sound forever in my heart!

From farther still,
The echoes!—still the echoes!
The bugles of the dead
Blowing from spectral ranks an answering cry!
The ghostly roll of immaterial drums,
Beating reveille in the camps of dream,
As from far meadows comes
Over the pathless hill,
The irremeable stream!
I hear the tread
Of the great armies of the Past go by;
I hear
Across the wide sea-wash of years between
Concord and Valley Forge shout back
from the unseen
And Vicksburg give a cheer!

Peace to the valiant, sleep and honored rest!
But we—awake!
Ours to remember them with deeds like theirs!
From sea to sea the insistent bugle blares;
The drums will not be still for any sake;

And as an eagle rears his crest,
Defiant, from some tall pine of the North,
And spreads his wings to fly,
The banners of America go forth
Against the clarion sky.
Veteran and volunteer,
They who were comrades of that shadow host
And the young brood whose veins renew the fires
That burned in their great sires,
Alike we hear
The summons sounding clear
From coast to coast—
The cry of the bugles,
The battle-birds!

The imperious bugles!
Still their call
Soars like an exaltation to the sky;
They call on men to fall,
To die—
Remembered or forgotten, but a part
Of the great beating of the nation's heart!
A call to sacrifice!
A call to victory!
Hark, in the empyrean
The battle-birds!
The bugles!
MUTINY ON THE FLAG-SHIP

By Anna A. Rogers

There were mornings of hard work among the wives of the North Atlantic squadron at the rendezvous in Hampton Roads, before the fleet went South for the winter. And afternoons of gayety, laughter, music and dancing, for it must be done with a brave front, as sailors return to their ship after burying a comrade in some far strange land, their feet keeping step to a wanton jig, even if hearts lag a bit out of time. And there were long quiet evenings spent apart loverlike, by each couple, young and old alike, in those strangely happy homes in the Navy, that have no habitation, but where reigns good love and an abiding tenderness, preserved with pathetic significance, by separation and the ever-haunting element of danger.

Some of the women had a way of meeting after breakfast in Mrs. Kirk’s rooms at the hotel at Old Point Comfort, as she, among other advantages, always travelled with a hand-sewing machine, and a wonderful arrangement of her own for heating an iron over gas-jets. So in face of all the bed-linen, towels, and napkins to be hemmed and marked for the sea-outfits, besides the usual ingenious beautifying of cramped state-rooms, to acknowledge Mrs. Kirk’s popularity once for all had at least the merit of frankness.

“Where do you get all your ideas?” exclaimed little Miss Catherwood, who had just borrowed a pattern of the very last thing in ornamentally useless shoe-bags, and was slashing excitedly into pale green denim, sitting on the floor under Mrs. Kirk’s eyes.

“My dear child, I’ve been ‘on the road,’ as Joe calls it, twenty-three years. I’ve fitted that man out for sea six times, counting broken cruises, you know; besides my son’s two Academy cruises, to say nothing whatever of three ward-room messes; for I couldn’t let those poor men—of course Joe said it was none of my business, and if he didn’t give me enough trouble to keep me occupied it could be easily remedied—you know the way he goes on! Well, all the same I simply could not sit still and see them pay the scandalous prices they always do for table-cloths—ordinary checker-board trash, mind you—and china, and glass and—”

“Thanks be to what’s-his-name, those days are over!” interrupted Mrs. Holster, in her rattling way. She was short and stout and purple in the face as she knelt before a flat-topped trunk eking out, by agonized pressure, the waning heat of a flat-iron, on a last pillow-case corner.

“I remember the days when it used to cost the doctor seventy-five dollars to fit out for sea-service. Now, since the Department supplies the mess things, we get off with about twenty-five,” remarked pale, serious Mrs. Cleveland, who admitted did not show for it, but who was known to have that rare form of naval happiness called “money of her own.”

“As I was saying,” resumed Mrs. Kirk, a little austerely at the interruption, naturally expecting a sort of grateful attention at least, in return for other more tangible liberalities.

“Come in!” screamed Mrs. Holster, who never burdened herself with points of etiquette, in response to a knock at the door.

Mrs. Kirk raised her eyebrows, deliberately took off her glasses, then arose and opened the door, the embroidered sponge-bag still in her hand.

“Mrs. Catherwood’s compliments, and is Mrs. Kirk at home?” said the bell-boy, lifelessly.

“Well—er,” hesitated Mrs. Kirk, turning and eying the general condition of congested confusion.

“We’d all better leave,” suggested Mrs. Cleveland, calmly threading the needle of the sewing-machine.

“Just give us two seconds to scratch up our things,” seconded Mrs. Holster, making a palpable feint at moving.

Miss Catherwood alone scrambled to her feet at the first word of the bell-boy,
jumbled all her work together, and slipped out of the door.

"Oh, not at all," ventured Mrs. Kirk, watching the others attentively.

"Mrs. Catherwood's compliments, and is Mrs.——" again began the colored boy, as irritably as he dared.

"I quite understand, Robert, and you may say to Mrs. Catherwood that Mrs. Kirk is at home——"

"I declare it's too bad," ejaculated Mrs. Holster, in a greatly relieved tone, settling down comfortably beside the trunk.

"and will see her in the ladies' reception-room," continued Mrs. Kirk, triumphantly.

An imbittered silence followed Mrs. Kirk's smiling exit.

Finally Mrs. Cleveling sighed and said:

"I think she might have let her come right in, she's only one of us after all, with all her airs—and it wouldn't have hurt anybody, that I can see."

"It's something about Molly Catherwood's engagement, you may be sure. Mrs. Kirk and Mrs. Catherwood have been at it tooth and nail, ever since Mr. Spencer proposed and was accepted. He's one of Mrs. Kirk's pets, you know. I can't get much out of her—she's as tight as an oyster—but I worm it out of James, and there's precious little those men miss! They say Mrs. Catherwood seems to fairly hate her step-daughter, and is moving heaven and earth to break the engagement. The Admiral's as helpless as a baby in his wife's hands. He's one of those domestic-peace-at-any-price sort of men, you know. Mrs. Kirk says he's out of his element on land. And do you know, Mrs. Cleveling—of course you won't repeat this—they say the step-mother sent for Mr. Spencer, since we've been here, and told him that he ought to release Molly, as there's somebody else the girl really cared for, and she considered it her duty to——"

"No!" cried the other, stopping in the middle of a seam in the laundry-bag.

"Yes, indeed, and Mr. Spencer was perfectly wild, and rushed back to the ship and wrote an awful letter to Molly, and Molly didn't understand, and was half-crazy, until she sent for Mrs. Kirk—her own moth-

er's old friend—and how long do you think it took that woman to untangle the whole thing?" Mrs. Holster demanded, laughingly.

"She's a handful," said the other.

"Precisely forty-five minutes—you see, Mr. Spencer had to signal for a shore-boat after he got her note."

"Well, if Mrs. Kirk's backing her, and I'm any judge, Molly'll marry her ensign in the end," and Mrs. Cleveling gave a dry little laugh, as she shook and began folding her work.

"Exactly so," giggled Mrs. Holster. After which they felt mutually impelled to rise and leave, but not before putting everything in almost painful order, and picking up the very last thread.

There was a hop on the flag-ship that afternoon, from three to six, to which the Admiral's wife did not go, but to which her step-daughter did, under Mrs. Kirk's eagle wing.

"How did you manage it?" whispered the girl, nestling up to her friend in the steam-launch, her brown, clear child's eyes looking gratefully up into the gray-haired woman's deeply lined, lovable old face.

"There's a way of thundering generalities at long range, and if one's aim is anyway good; little pop-gun personalities are very soon silenced—you may find it useful to remember that some day, dear," was the unsatisfactory reply.

As Mrs. Kirk stepped on deck a few minutes later, a broad-shouldered young officer seized her hand and whispered:

"Is she here? Did you bring her? Has she come, Mrs. Kirk? I haven't really let myself more than hope, but as I have the deck, I couldn't get ashore to find out, and——"

"If you'll stop talking one second, Basil Spencer, and give me a chance, I was about to tell you that she——"

"You angel!" he cried; and against all maritime and social laws, he squeezed by the line of people filing up the gangway ladder, and grasped the little white-gloved hand held out from the shadowed depths of the steam-launch.

"It's barn I was and bred in a bit av a lane contagious to Ballyneen—Cark, ye know—and I'll take me oat' to the sound av birds a-mating, and that's moighty loike
"I don't owe a copper cash on earth, Mrs. Kirk."

"Paid for all your uniforms?"

"Yes."

"Including the last change of the last Secretary in the cap, shoulder-straps, and blouse?"

He laughed and nodded.

"Got anything on the books?"

"Six hundred and thirty-four dollars since Molly said 'yes,' and of course I joined the Mutual Aid," he replied, proudly: "Stingy? Why my wine bill for last month was just seventy cents, and I begrudged that."

"Good! Well—er, is there possibly anyone dependent upon you?"

"Not now," he said, gently, "there's only my sister left and my pay wouldn't keep her in white violets."

"Perhaps there's a little something outside your pay?" wheedled Mrs. Kirk. He fairly shouted:

"Oh, come in! take a chair, get out your knitting, do; make yourself perfectly at home," he mocked.

"I propose to my young friend."

"Well, yes—there's about seven and a half cents a year—nothing to blow about."

"Molly has about 'seven and a half cents' too, from her mother."

"Has she? I didn't know," he muttered, hastily, in the American shame-faced way.

"Yes, and everything counts in the Navy; it'll come in very handy some day. I remember so well at the end of the first month we were married, there was exactly five dollars left of the family funds, and we tossed up to see whether he should buy one of the new-shaped derby hats, or I a pair of cork-soled boots I had taken a fancy to. Joe won it, and then, bless you! we spent it like the two happy young idiots we were, on the theatre and oysters and musty ale afterwards—down Boston way."

They laughed together, and then he asked, meekly, still not daring to let his eyes wander:

"Please, ma'am, is the little figure in gray still there?"

"It is, and dancing with a far handsomer man than you."

"Who's that?" he demanded, sharply,
turning truculently to see, to her intense delight.

"You may go now; I've done with you."

He strode away, but after a few steps he returned and exclaimed:

"By the bye, Mrs. Kirk, what was it all about, anyway? This catechism? And have I passed?"

She waved him off.

"You have passed—the rest is my affair."

The rest seemed to consist in tracking Admiral Catherwood to his cabin, where, having a slight cold, he held a reception between dances all the afternoon.

Mrs. Kirk waited for one of the hulls in the intermittent stream and then settled comfortably down on the transom beside his desk.

The Chief Engineer was turning over photographs in the after-cabin, and beside him the widow whose open designs upon him was one of the jokes of the flag-ship, so Mrs. Kirk had the Admiral quite to herself.

"It seems like old times to come into your cabin for a little chat," she began, smiling into the fine, white-bearded face before her.

"A long, long time ago, wasn't it, Mrs. Kirk?" he said, smiling back.

"You were captain then—one of the war captains, weren't you? And we were all young together."

"In the Mediterranean."

"Yes."

"Remember Venice?"

"Dear old days!"

There was a short silence, then he glanced about and lowered his voice.

"She—she had an especial fondness for Venice, do you remember?"

"Yes."

"And do you remember that morning on the piazza when the pigeon lighted on her shoulder——"

"A little white one, yes."

"And she suddenly ran to me and burst out crying, to our dismay, and she said it was all too good to last, she was too happy, too——" His voice broke, and hers took it up and mused very softly, to give him time.

"And she dropped her little cornucopia of corn, and the pigeons came in a whirl about us, standing there in the warm sunshine."

She waited a moment in silent sympathy and then said:

"Molly grows more and more like her mother every day, don't you think so, Admiral?"

"Yes, but she'll never be as beautiful. And yet it almost hurts sometimes; and one evening (I think I must have been dozing) I called her by her mother's name. It was a shock to us all," he added, grimly.

Mrs. Kirk found no difficulty in imagining the situation in its several bearings.

"I wonder," he began, hesitatingly, turning toward the desk in his revolving chair—"do you know, Mrs. Kirk, I've got a little carte de visite of Annie, I'd like to show you. I like it better than any I ever had of her."

He gave an embarrassed cough, and then began fumbling with the lock of one of the side-drawers of his desk. She sat watching him with kindly eyes, as he leaned over a bundle tied separately, from which he gently drew an envelope. And then it was his turn to watch Mrs. Kirk's face for a reflex of his own admiration.

A much more acute observer of women than the Admiral would never have supposed for an instant that she considered it a wretched likeness of a much-loved face, nor that she was saying to herself, at that moment:

"The longer the Admiral is married to the second Mrs. Catherwood, the more tender grow all memories of the first Mrs. Catherwood."

It was very easy after that for her to say, making a move at last on the board she had set to her liking:

"Well, if Mr. Spencer will only make Molly half as happy as you did her mother——"

"Why, there's nothing in that, is there?" he asked, surprised.

"There's everything in it, Admiral."

"Is that so? Is that so? Mrs. Catherwood seems to think it'll blow over. To be sure, Molly came off one night and took dinner here alone with me, and she told me a long rigmarole, and laughed and teased and whispered with her little nose tucked into my blouse, but I didn't pay
much attention to it, especially after I'd talked it over with Mrs. Catherwood."

"It's hard to give up our babies, isn't it?" she said, gently; "but Annie's little girl is a woman now, and she has chosen, and Joe and I think very wisely. I've known him since he was a cadet; he graduated in my boy's plebe year."

"Fine enough young fellow, as far as I know; but, good Lord, Mrs. Kirk, he's only an ensign."

"Annie fell in love with an ensign once."

"So she did; so she did," he laughed, softly to himself, and added, naively:

"But what Molly can find in young Spencer to want to spend her entire life with him, is beyond me!"

It was her turn to laugh, saying:

"Don't you think all our marriages are more or less of a mystery to our relations?"

"Um—Yes, I dare say, and to ourselves, too, sometimes," he ruminated; then he recognized his inadvertence with a start, and asked, quickly:

"You were saying—?"

"That you have no real objection to him, then."

"No, no; not in the least—and we must have Annie's wee bairn happy—I insist on that," he said, with all the vehemence of cowardice.

"Because, of course, I would not push anything you personally opposed for the world, and I warn you, Admiral, I've gone heart and soul in for this little love-affair."

She arose as she spoke, and held out her hand.

The Chief Engineer rewarded Mrs. Kirk with a glance of strenuous gratitude, then she approached and carried off the reluctant widow.

"She'll land you yet, Chief," laughed the Admiral, when they had the cabin to themselves. Smiling feebly and muttering something about "signing the steam-log," the old Chief shrank sheepishly away.

Mr. Spencer had been relieved at eight bells, had laid aside the belt and binocular of office, and had assumed an immediate continuous and triumphant guard over the small person in gray.

He had cornered her, so that no living thing born of woman could approach her, and there Mrs. Kirk's sweeping glance found and brooded over them.

They were past the laughing ripple and splash of love running over its first sunny shallows, and were among the sad, sweet silences of deeper pools, farther down nearer the sea of nature's ends, and the gray eyes looked into the brown eyes smilelessly.

"Molly," demanded Mrs. Kirk, abruptly, an hour later, as they walked down the wharf to the hotel, "has the Admiral's wife really anyone else in her mind, or is it a man of straw?"

"I'm afraid so," was the luminous reply.


"Handsome, stupid, young, only what's called 'rising,' I believe; but oh, Mrs. Kirk! he's perfectly, awfully, disgustingly horrid."

"Some sort of relation of hers, perchance."

"How did you know?" in amazement.

Mrs. Kirk cleverly turned a scornful snort into an extremely lady-like cough.

That evening she noticed that Molly did not appear at dinner, and she strolled past the Catherwood table on her way out, and stopped to inquire.

"Mary overdid it this afternoon, as she always does when I'm not with her," was the sweet response, with that voice and air of ultra-refinement that Mrs. Kirk found so wearing. The Admiral started to say something, but changed his mind, and Mrs. Kirk passed on.

"Oh, Mrs. Kirk, please, please stop one minute—come into my room—something awful's happened. I've been watching for you," cried a forlorn little figure in a voluminous wrapper, darting out suddenly upon her.

Mrs. Kirk threw out an arm and swept the girl back into her room, shut and locked the door, closed the transom in a flash, then extended both arms toward Molly, who cast herself into them and broke into violent sobs.

"Oh, nothing's quite so hopeless as that, dear heart; nothing's as bad as that," cooed Mrs. Kirk in her motherly way, patting Molly's shoulder, and letting her have her cry out. Finally came in gasps:

"She—she's just told us—papa and me—that she's booked us for Havre—she and I—to sail next Wednesday—and the fleet
doesn't sail till Saturday; and that—that man is going, too, for he wrote me so months ago. And papa said—Oh, Mrs. Kirk, papa said: 'D—damn everything!' and that did seem just—just too much,' and Molly renewed her weeping.

"I should think it might," came soothingly from Mrs. Kirk.

"And they'll hide letters and things— I'm just as sure—and ruin both our lives forever and ever—Basil's and mine."

"So that's why your father couldn't meet my eye to-night, poor old dear," was Mrs. Kirk's sole comment.

After awhile, she said:

"Go and bathe your face now, Molly, and when you get quite quiet again, come and sit down here opposite me; I've got something to say. I made up my mind yesterday to interfere—although it's a thing I'm constitutionally opposed to, as you know—and this only hurries matters somewhat."

When the poor little grief-distorted face was turned to her once more, Mrs. Kirk drew a long breath, and leaning forward, said:

"Now are you ready for something tremendous? Something radical?"

"Anything you——" A sharp rap on the door made them both start guiltily, and they waited in silence with fingers on their lips, until an impatient swish of vanishing skirts announced a danger passed.

"Then if you and Mr. Spencer have a grain of sense and will-power between you, you'll get married at once—here, this week, at the Post Chapel, and then you and I can join the fleet later at Key West when they go there for drills; and then we——"

"Mrs. Kirk!" cried the girl, now on her feet, staring wildly, "that's just what Basil was begging me to do this afternoon!"

"Sensible Basil! Oh, I'll put you through—leave them all to me." Mrs. Kirk was extremely exhilarated.

"It can't be done—it simply cannot be done," protested Molly, walking to and fro excitedly, the tide of difficulties rising momentarily around her very feet.

"You—you haven't anything that would do for a quiet morning wedding, have you? Something that would be suitable, with a bunch of roses and just the right hat and gloves?" The younger woman hesitated, and forthwith fell into the trap.

"My new winter suit came this very morning from Baltimore. It might—I don't know—" Molly began to laugh, recklessly.

"It's not black?" fairly shrieked the other in a sudden panic.

"No, the new blue."

"Something new, Something blue,"

sang Mrs. Kirk, breaking off suddenly with "Hat too? The whole business?"

"The whole business."

"Let me see it," ordered Mrs. Kirk, rising, and after that of course the rest of it was a mere matter of time.

A half hour later, just as Mrs. Kirk was leaving the room, the girl flew up to her and then stood silent, with flushed, downcast face, pretending a sudden interest in the other's belt-ribbon.

"What is it, Molly?"

Miss Catherwood reached up and drew the gray head down to her and whispered:

"You mustn't—please, don't write and let Basil think I've—I've jumped at it, will you?"

Justly indignant, Mrs. Kirk replied:

"What sort of a woman do you take me for?"

"Well, I was just going back to the ship," remarked Lieutenant-Commander Kirk, savagely, when his wife finally swept into their apartment and found him, watch in hand, obstinately refusing to do anything but count the flying moments.

"I've been waiting exactly three-quarters of an hour; and considering the fact that I've been on duty for the last forty-eight hours, I did expect——"

"Joe Kirk, you ought to be ashamed of yourself. Don't you suppose I'd far rather be sitting quietly here, worshiping you, than trying to untie knots in other people's lives, and sacrificing every inclination I have?" she exclaimed, wrathfully.

He began to laugh and sat watching her, with eyes in which his own wrath had suddenly died completely away.

"Well, Sue, so you're at it again," was all he said; and although she struggled against it, she soon added her laugh to his. Then she went to him with the old caress she knew he was waiting for.

"Listen!" she exclaimed, standing back before his chair, and she poured out the
Mutiny on the Flag-Ship

whole plot down to the benediction. Then she braced herself for the verdict.

He began solemnly, his eyes on the chandelier:

"The punishment of death or such other punishment as a court-martial may adjudge, may be inflicted on any person in—"

"Joe, what do you mean?"

He mumbled on:

"Who makes or attempts to make, or unites with any—"

"Joseph D. Kirk, if you—"

"does not immediately communicate his knowledge to his superior or commanding officer," he ended, impressively. Then when he was tired of laughing at her, he said:

"Why, Sue, its mutiny, that's what it is! And somebody will dangle on the yard-arm for it—you'll see."

"You don't suppose—" she began, nervously.

"Oh, go on, go on! Have your fun out, amuse yourself; dear; don't mind me," he cried, in evident enjoyment.

Mrs. Kirk was never very clear in her mind about the next three days, but several facts stood clearly out from the general jumble. Notably, Mrs. Clevering's ravishingly successful trip to Baltimore in Miss Catherwood's behalf, where the lengths to which she made a very modest check go, were almost beyond belief. While Mrs. Holster, although hysterical from excitement, cut, ripped, sewed, and pressed till Molly fairly cried over a blister she discovered on her small, fat thumb.

"People have such an aggravating way of disproving one's previous estimate of them when it comes to emergencies," remarked Mrs. Kirk to her husband, who found the whole situation singularly stimulating.

Mrs. Kirk, among other things, had had a short talk with Mrs. Catherwood, then a long talk with the Admiral, who then had a very brief one with his wife, the result being that he retreated to the flag-ship, and did not come ashore till the day of the wedding, while Mrs. Catherwood had her meals served in her room and refused to see anyone.

The four other women in the "Navy corner" met and conspired together in Mrs. Kirk's historic rooms, where Mr. Spencer was wont to vent publicly upon her thin, cold knuckles, in a manner hitherto quite foreign to him, some of his pent-up gratitude.

"You angel!" again fell from his lips.

"Ah, if I could only convince Joe of that," she sighed; thereupon Molly appealed to the others, and pouted and scolded with the prettiest pretense of jealous rage, her eyes and cheeks and voice one quiver and blaze of happiness.

Mrs. Catherwood did the right thing in the end, as Mrs. Kirk felt almost sure she would, and none but the few initiated ever fancied what was hidden beneath that gracious smile and motherly solicitude.

The radiant, insistent presence of Mr. Spencer's sister "in a costume," as Mrs. Holster said, "that simply placed the whole affair," helped them all to that conventional pose, which Mrs. Kirk yearned for with an inconsistency that even she found incorrigible.

There was the usual crush and perfumed rustle in the little old church inside the fort; the organ throbbing through the vibrating silence; the lane of softened light from the open door; the women with that air of festivity that they always manage to achieve on even the most limited notice; the officers from the fleet and garrison in their several uniforms; flowers here and there in high light; then silence—and the chaplain of the flag-ship began to read the service in a voice that sent a quiver of relief through Mrs. Kirk's over-wrought nerves. She stared at the Admiral's epaulets, and above them at his silvery head before the altar, with tired eyes that would fill with tears in memory of old days, when all their heads were young; and then she felt about blindly, until her hand found rest in Joe's strong quiet grasp of perfect understanding.

"I'm after tellin' yer!" whispered Moriarty, with a poke at the fireman, as he sent the steam-launch flying on its way to the flag-ship, where the Admiral gave the wedding-breakfast.

And while the launch waited, floating idly, Moriarty went back to it, more at his ease.

"Cushla machree!" he cried, with a kiss to the ship.

"Colleen bawn!" returned the fireman,
not to be left behind at weddings, if only hailing from the Bowery.

"Agus asthore!" snapped Moriarty, firing up.

"Alannah!"

"Musha!"

"Mavourneen!"

"Manim asthee hu, asthore gahl macree!" hissed Moriarty wildly, and the fireman gave it up.

Later, after the young couple had slipped away to Virginia Beach—so they said, one never knows—the Admiral found a chance to say hurriedly to Mrs. Kirk, to her great bewilderment of mind:

"Don't blame me altogether, it was a sort of bargain, to make things go off smoothly for little Molly—please don't blame me altogether, and the boy's out there—and—and—you understand." But she didn't in the least till later.

She was in the depths of a natural reaction toward evening, when one of the Japanese ward-room boys from the flag-ship brought her a note from her husband.

"Poor old Sue, more trunks, more stifling cars, more rolling ships! We're on the road again, dear. I knew I'd hang for that mutiny, sooner or later. Orders have just come detaching me, and sending me to the command of that cherished old navy tub, the Monocacy, popularly known as the Jinrikisha, which is at present in sweet, savory Chemulpo. Never mind, old girl, the joy of saying 'I told you so,' tides over everything for me, and you're to go along, of course. I'll draw three months' advance—so cheer up, your blessed boy is out there; we'll see him in Kobe, if all goes well—and then I'll command my first ship at last!"

"Joe, Joe, what have I done?" wailed Mrs. Kirk, tears running down her face. "This is her work—the—the fiend! She bullied the Admiral into it—that's what he meant." Then suddenly she began to laugh. She dried her eyes, and just as she was, letter in hand, she knocked at Mrs. Catherwood's door, and burst into the room with nicely calculated impulse, and quite without her accustomed ceremony.

"Oh, do forgive my running in on you in this way, but I have a piece of good news that really wouldn't keep a second. Joe has just got orders to the China Station! Just what we've been plotting, and planning, and wire-pulling, and hoping, and longing for for two mortal years. My boy is out there; may be you didn't know? We have friends all over Asia; we were there ten years ago, and then Joe'll have his first command, and he's perfectly delighted, and we'll go out together overland and by mail steamer, and—it makes me feel young again, just to think of it;" she stopped, fairly out of breath.

"How very nice," was all Mrs. Catherwood said, but her thin, delicate face, had turned white, and her eyes were more malignant slits as she faced her enemy.

"Now, I must go and tell the others, and write a good-by to the dear Admiral, and another to Molly Spencer—how smoothly that runs, doesn't it?" Mrs. Kirk went on almost girlishly; chuckling softly to herself, as she strode down the hall:

"I do wish Joe could have seen that!"
Beecham's Pills—Are Absolutely Without a Rival

Mr. Lionel Decle, the famous African explorer, was wise enough to provide himself with a box of Beecham's Pills while traveling in Africa, and thus saved his life when attacked with the tropical fever.

Read what he says:

"The next day I was as bad as ever, but, thanks to a good dose of Beecham's Pills, I had an excellent night, and I truly believe that they saved my life."—Extract from "Three Years in Savage Africa," by Lionel Decle.

BEECHAM'S PILLS cure dyspepsia, heartburn, water-brash, wind, sour, sick or weak stomach, constipation, biliousness, disordered liver, sick headache, mental depression, loss of memory, female ailments and a thousand other ailments which arise from some trouble in the digestive system.

With a box of BEECHAM'S PILLS in your pocket you are well prepared to resist all the above and kindred ailments anywhere and everywhere.
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The November Scribner

(To be published October 24th)

THE WAR

RICHARD HARDING DAVIS'S series of vivid war articles will be continued in the next number with a description of the brief but brilliant campaign in Porto Rico. This will bring Mr. Davis's narrative of the late war up to the time of the signing of the protocol. The photography for this article proves to be particularly fortunate.

CAPT. F. E. CHADWICK of the flag-ship New York has written an authoritative article on "The Navy in the War." Now that the war is over there is a great deal to be said about the lessons it has taught. This article, perhaps the first of the sort to be written by an acknowledged authority, will give Capt. Chadwick's deductions made from his experience with the modern sea-fighting machine in actual fights.

JOHN R. SPEARS writes on "Torpedo Boats," telling what he thinks of their value in the light of their experience in warfare. It is needless to speak of the author's equipment for writing the article.

THE WOMAN'S PARIS will be the title, in the November number, of an article of unusual originality and distinction by Miss Ada Cone, treating Paris as the centre of women's aesthetic interests, and giving a brilliant sketch of that "crucible wherein the social conditions of the passing moment are transmuted into apparel"—that triangle formed by the Avenue de l'Opéra, the Rue de Rivoli and the Rue de la Paix and its continuations—looked down upon from the Vendôme Column by Napoleon, "strange presiding genius over the chiffons of a sex he despised."

The illustrations are from drawings made by Albert Herter in Paris.

THE WORKERS—THE WEST. Mr. WYCKOFF'S striking contribution in this issue is an account of the final stage of his journey across the continent as laborer. "From Denver to the Pacific" relates his experience with the mines and miners in the Cripple-Creek region and how he finally reached the Coast. It is illustrated by W. R. Leigh.

C. D. GIBSON'S A NEW YORK DAY is concluded with a series of five full-page drawings called "Night," giving the characteristic midnight and later scenes of a typical metropolitan night, indoors and out.

THE STORY OF THE REVOLUTION. SENATOR LODGE'S NOVEMBER instalment, "Yorktown," brings the narrative towards the close of the great struggle. It is illustrated by Pyle, Yohn, Peixotto and others.

THE PELICAN, by EDITH WHARTON, is a keen and clever study of a modern type of woman, with a highly original plot.

RED ROCK, a Chronicle of Reconstruction, by THOMAS NELSON PAGE, illustrated by B. West Clinedinst, will be concluded in the November number.
Arnold tells his wife of the discovery of his treason.
THE PROBLEMS WHICH PRESENTED THEMSELVES TO THE COMMANDING GENERAL OF THE SANTIAGO EXPEDITION MIGHT BE PLACED IN A LIST, AS FOLLOWS:

1. To disembark 12,000 men and supplies from thirty-four transports.
2. To move the men, rations, ammunition, and artillery toward Santiago, up a steep and narrow trail through a wooded country.
3. To reconnoitre the approach to Santiago, to clear away any forces which might retard the advance of the army upon it, and, finally, to take Santiago by assault, or by siege.

The selection of a landing-place for the army was one much discussed, and, possibly, Siboney and Baiquiri were as suitable for the purpose as any of the others might have been, but when we recollect the original purpose of the expedition they seem unnecessarily distant from the seat of the proposed operations. The original reason for sending an army to Santiago was a
somewhat peculiar one. It was because our war-ships could not reach the war-ships of the enemy. It has often happened that an army has asked the navy to assist it in an assault upon a fortified port. But this is probably the only instance when a fleet has called upon an army to capture another fleet. Cervera and his ships of war lay bottled up in Santiago harbor, and on account of the forts and mines which guarded the approach to the inner harbor, our vessels could not reach him. Accordingly, the army was asked to attack these forts in the rear, to capture them, to cut the wires connecting them with the mines in the harbor, and so clear the way for our fleet to enter and do battle with the enemy.

To carry out this programme, the army might have landed at Aguadores, on the east of the mouth of the harbor of Santiago, and at Cabanas, on the west. Each of these ports is but three miles in the rear of the batteries which guard the entrance to the harbor. To convey troops, and artillery, and rations three miles would not have been a difficult problem. Or, had the navy decided against Aguadores as a suitable landing-place, it would still have been possible to have made the landing at Siboney, and then marched the troops along the railroad which clings to the coast from Siboney to Aguadores, under the shelter of a steep range of cliffs. This ad-
which he could very easily have done. When General Nelson A. Miles arrived he decided that the attack on the forts was even then the proper method to pursue in order to capture the city, and he ordered General Guy Henry to reconnoitre Cabanas, and prepare to land artillery. General Henry made the reconnaissance, but before further movement was ordered, the surrender of Santiago, which had been made necessary by the departure of Cervera from the harbor, and by the capture of the hills overlooking the city by our army, was an accomplished fact.

The disembarkment at Baiquiri was a marvellous and wonderful thing. Only two men were drowned. What makes this so remarkable is the fact that the boats carrying the men were run up through the surf, and either beached, or brought to a pier so high that to reach it the men had to jump from the boat at the exact moment it rose on the wave. Seven thousand men were put ashore in this way. The greater part of the pier was covered with loose boards, and the men walked on these or stepped across open girders, two feet apart. While doing this, they carried their packs, arms, and ammunition. Three weeks later, when I returned to this pier with General Miles, then on his way to Porto Rico, the loose boards were still loose, and he land-
ed in the same way, by scrambling up the pier as the boat rose, and picked his way over the same open girders. During those three weeks, thousands of men, thousands of tons of supplies, and thousands of boxes of ammunition had been piled up high upon this pier, and carried away from it, and yet, apparently, no attempt had been made to render it safe, either for the arms or for the men. It was still impossible to cross it without running the risk of stepping into space, or of treading on the end of a loose board and falling between the girders. It was obviously the work of the engineers to improve this wharf, or build a better one. But the engineers happened to be on board the transport Alamo, and on the day of landing General Shafter sent the Alamo to Acaradones for three days to build pontoon bridges for the Cubans. In consequence, the men whose services at that time were most greatly needed, were thirty-six miles up the coast, employed as ferrymen for our Cuban allies.

At Siboney matters were rather worse, as there was not even a pier as inadequate as that at Baiquirí. There the men were dumped out into the surf and waded for the shore. After several days, a pier was begun, but it also was washed by the waves, and only lighters and tugs could approach it. This made it necessary to handle the supplies four or five times, instead of landing them directly from the transports on a pier big enough, and in water deep enough, to allow the transports to draw up alongside.

'To add to the confusion which retarded the landing of supplies, the transport captains acted with an independence and in disregard of what was required of them, that should, early in the day, have led to their being placed in irons. The misconduct of the transport captains was so important a matter that much more space must be devoted to it than can be allowed here. In a word, they acted entirely in what they believed to be the interests of the “Owners,” meaning, not the Government, which was paying them enormous rents per day, but the men who employed them in time of peace. For the greater part of each day these men kept from three to twenty miles out at sea, where it was impossible to communicate with them, and where they burned coal at the expense of the Government. Had they been given stations and ordered to anchor over them, they could have been found when the supplies they carried were wanted, and the cost of the coal saved. I was on six different transports, and on none of them did I find a captain who was, in his attitude toward the Government, anything but insolent, un-American, and mutinous, and when there was any firing of any sort on shore they showed themselves to be the most abject cowards and put to the open sea, carrying the much-needed supplies with them.

When our war-ships had destroyed the Maria Theresa, and four hundred of her Spanish crew were clinging to the wreck, the captain of one of the transports refused to lower his boats and go to their aid. This was after the firing had entirely ceased, and there was no danger. Had it not been for the Gloucester, which had just been engaged with the enemy, and her two small shore boats, the entire four hundred prisoners would have been washed into the sea, and drowned. The English Government pays the merchant vessels it uses for transports, ten per cent. over their usual freight rates, our Government paid these transports two hundred to three hundred per cent. over freight rates, possibly because our Government, like nature, is not economical, and for the reason that many of the vessels were passenger carriers, as well as freighters. But the greater number of the owners, before sending their vessels south, stripped them of everything needed on a passenger-ship, even of bed-linen and towels, and sent them to sea undermanned, so they were virtually nothing but freight carriers and ocean tramps. The fact that this floating collection of stores was in shore one day, and out of sight twenty miles at sea the next, was one of the causes of the failure to supply the troops with rations. These captains knew that the soldiers at the front needed food, and that the food needed was in the hulls of the ships they commanded, but in order to save the owners a smashed davit, or a scratched hull, or for no other reason than their own will, they allowed the men at the front to starve while they beat up and down as they pleased.

Had there been a strong man in command of the expedition, he would have or-
Grimes's Battery at El Poso.

The third Spanish shell fell in among the Cubans in the block-house and among the Rough Riders.—Page 399.
ordered them into place, stern and bow anchors would have kept them there, and a signal officer on shore could have communicated with them at their different stations in the harbor. But there was no Captain of the Port appointed, and instead of a Signal Officer to wig-wag to them, the transports were chased over many miles of sea in small row-boats. The transport captains were civilians for the time being, under the direction of the Government, and were amenable to military laws. But unfortunately there was no strong man in command to control them. When the stevedores mutinied at Guanica, and at the Port of Ponce, under General Miles, they were given three minutes to resume work, with the choice of being put in irons if they did not, and were informed if they jumped overboard and tried to escape, they would be shot in the water as deserters.

This inability to keep the transports near the shore, and the inexcusable failure to build a wharf on which to land supplies, explains why the rations came so slowly to the front. To get them there was the first problem of the Commanding General, and each succeeding day, as the tide rose higher, and the surf became more dangerous, it continued to confront him with graver insistance.

After the fight on June 24th, at Guasimas, the army was advanced along the single trail which leads from Siboney on the coast to Santiago. Two streams of excellent water run parallel with this trail for short distances, and some eight miles from the coast crossed it in two places. Our outposts were stationed at the first of these fords, the Cuban outposts a mile and a half farther on at the ford nearer Santiago, where the stream made a sharp turn at a place called El Poso. Another mile and a half of trail extended from El Poso to the trenches of San Juan. The reader should remember El Poso, as it marked an important starting-point against San Juan on the eventful first of July.

For six days the army was encamped on either side of the trail for three miles back from the outposts. The regimental camps touched each other, and all day long the pack-trains passed up and down between them, carrying the day's rations. The trail was a sunken wagon road, where it was possible, in a very few places, for two wagons to pass at one time, but the greater distances were so narrow that there was but just room for a wagon, or a loaded mule-train, to make its way. The banks of the trail were three or four feet high, and when it rained it was converted into a huge gutter, with sides of mud, and with a liquid mud a foot deep between them. The camps were pitched along the trail as near the parallel stream as possible, and in the occasional places where there was rich, high grass. At night the men slept in dog tents, open at the front and back, and during the day spent their time under the shade of trees along the trail, or on the banks of the stream. Sentries were placed at every few feet along these streams to guard them from any possible pollution. For six days the army rested in this way, for as an army moves and acts only on its belly, and as the belly of this army was three miles long, it could advance but slowly.

This week of rest, after the cramped life of the troop-ship, was not ungrateful, although the rations were scarce and there was no tobacco, which was as necessary to the health of the men as their food. Tobacco to many people is a luxury, to men who smoke it is a necessity. The men before Santiago, who were forced to go without their stimulant for four days, suffered just as greatly as a dipsomaniac who is cut off from alcohol. When I said this before, in a cable from Santiago, an army officer wrote to some paper and ridiculed the idea, and asked if we were to believe the American soldiers were hysterical, nervous girls. They are not that, of course, but these men before San Juan actually suffered as much for tobacco as they did for food. With a pipe the soldier can kill hunger, he can forget that he is wet and exhausted and sick with the heat, he can steady his nerves against the roof of bullets when they pass continually overhead, as they did on the 2d of July. After leaving Siboney, the regulars paid $2 for a plug of tobacco which usually costs them eight cents. Those who could not get tobacco at all smoked dried grass, roots, and dry manure. For several nights the nerves of some of them were so unstrung for the need of the
stimulant that they could not sleep. That is a condition of nerves to be avoided if possible when men are going into a battle.

The transports carried all the tobacco needed, but in the mind of some commissary officers tobacco is in the class with canned peaches, jellies, and lime-juice, a sort of luxury to be issued after the bacon and coffee and hard-tack have been sent to the front. This should really be considered equally important with the coffee, which the soldier needs three times a day. His tobacco he must have every hour of the day.

But in spite of the lack of tobacco and food, the six days ashore were interesting and busy. The men scoured the woods and hills for mangoes and coconuts and loafed in the shade beside the beautiful streams, and their officers reconnoitered the hills above them. But I cannot find out that anyone reconnoitered the wooded basin which lies before San Juan. I know a man who says he knows another man who told him he did so, but of thorough reconnaissance there was absolutely none.

The temper of the young officers was keen for just such adventure, any number of them were eager to scout, to make actual surveys of the trails leading to Santiago, to discover the best cover and the open places, where the fords crossed the streams, and the trails which flanked the Spanish trenches. But their services were not required. Major-General Chaffee seems to have been the only officer who acquainted himself with that mile and a half of unknown country into which, on the 1st of July, the men were driven as cattle are chased into the chutes of the Chicago cattle-pen. His rank permitted him to take such excursions on his own responsibility, but there were hundreds of other officers who would have been glad of a like opportunity, and there were, in the Rough Riders' Regiment alone, several hundred men who for years had been engaged in just that work, scouting and trailing. But the only reconnaissance the officers were permitted to make was to walk out a mile and a half beyond the outposts to the hill of El Poso, and to
The Battle of San Juan

look across the basin that lay in the great valley which leads to Santiago. The left of the valley was the hills which hide the sea. The right of the valley was the hills in which nestle the village of El Caney. Below El Poso, in the basin, the dense green forest stretched a mile and a half to the hills of San Juan. These hills looked so quiet and sunny and well kept that they reminded one of a New England orchard. There was a blue bungalow on a hill to the right, a red bungalow higher up on the right, and in the centre the block-house of San Juan, which looked like a Chinese Pagoda. Three-quarters of a mile behind them, with a dip between, were the long white walls of the hospital and barracks of Santiago, wearing thirteen Red Cross flags, and, as was pointed out to the foreign attaches later, two six-inch guns a hundred yards in advance of the Red Cross flags.

It was so quiet, so fair, and so prosperous looking, that it breathed of peace. It seemed as though one might, without accident, walk in and take dinner at the Venus Restaurant, or loll on the benches in the Plaza, or rock in one of the great bent-wood chairs around the patio of the Don Carlos Club.

But, on the 27th of June, a long, yellow pit opened in the hillside of San Juan, and in it we could see straw sombreros rising and bobbing up and down, and under the shade of the block-house, blue-coated Spaniards strolling leisurely about or riding forth on little white ponies to scamper over the hills. Officers of every regiment, attaches of foreign countries, correspondents and staff officers, daily reported the fact that the rifle-pits were growing in length and in number, and that in plain sight from the hill of El Poso, the enemy was intrenching himself at San Juan, and at the little village of El Caney on the right, where he was marching through the streets. But no artillery was sent to El Poso hill to drop a shell among the busy men at work among the trenches, or to interrupt the street parades in El Caney. For four days before the American soldiers captured the same rifle-pits at El Caney and San Juan, with a loss of two thousand men, they watched these men diligently preparing for their coming, and wondered why there was no order to embarrass or to end these preparations.

It is not a difficult task to criticise the conduct of a campaign when it is finished, to show how Santiago should have been taken after it has been taken; but long before the army moved there were general officers who saw how the approach on the city should be made, and who did not wait until after the 1st of July to explain what should be avoided.

Five days before the battle of San Juan General Chaffee, in my hearing, explained the whole situation and told what should be done and foretold what eventually happened if certain things were left un-
"Of course, the enemy knows where those two trails leave the wood," he said; "they have their guns trained on the openings. If our men leave the cover and reach the plain from those trails alone they will be piled up so high that they will block the road." This is exactly what happened, except that instead of being led to the sacrifice through both trails the men were sent down only one of them, and the loss was even greater in consequence. This is recorded here because even if the general in command did not know what to do, it is satisfactory to remember that we had other commanders there who did, with less political influence, but with greater military intelligence. It is quite safe to say that there is not the least doubt in the minds of any of the officers of the Fifth Army Corps, that had the attack on Santiago been planned by Generals Chaffee, Kent, or Lawton it would have been conducted as admirably as was the Porto Rican campaign, under Generals Miles, Schwan, Henry, and Wilson, and with the loss of one-fourth the number of men who were sacrificed under the command of Shafter. General Shafter saw the field of battle only once before the fight took place. That was on June 29th, when he rode out to El Poso Hill and surveyed the plain below. He was about the last officer in his army corps to climb that hill and make this survey, and he did
not again go even that far to the front until the night after the battle, and he did not see the trenches for days after the battle had taken place. His trip to El Poso, which was three miles distant from his headquarters, was apparently too much for his strength, and the heat during the ride prostrated him so greatly that he was forced to take to his cot, where he spent the greater part of his stay in Cuba before the surrender. On the day after the battle of San Juan he said, hopelessly, to a foreign attaché: "I am prostrate in body and mind." He could confess this to a stranger, and yet so great was the obstinacy, so great the vanity and self-confidence of the man, that, although he held the lives and health of 13,000 soldiers in his care, he did not ask to be relieved of his command. Instead, he relieved General Wheeler of his command, and while General Wheeler was living in the captured trenches under a constant fire, Shafter himself remained three miles in the rear. I do not think his not coming to the front was due to personal timidity, although in their anger and exasperation at his absence his officers freely accused him of allowing his personal safety to stand in the way of his duty; in other words, they called him a coward, and so little regard had they for him that I have heard a colonel countermand his orders in the presence of other generals. His remaining in the rear was undoubtedly due to physical disability, and to the fact that he was ill and in pain.

There are some people who claim that the very fact of Shafter's retaining command when he was suffering showed his bull-dog pluck and courage, but I cannot accept that point of view. A man who could not survive a ride of three miles on horseback, when his men were tramping many miles on foot with packs and arms, and under a tropical sun; who was so occupied and concerned with a gouty foot that he could not consider a plan of battle, and who sent 7,000 men down a trail he had never seen, should resist the temptation to accept responsibilities his political friends thrust upon him, responsibilities he knows he cannot bear. This is the offence that I impute to Shafter, that while he was not even able to rise and look at the city he had been sent to capt-

Map of the Country before San Juan.

This map is reproduced to show how inadequate was the information furnished the commanding generals, concerning the nature of the country before San Juan. It is a copy made by Mr. Davis of the only map issued to General Sumner, the night before the battle. His aides copied this copy and had no other information by which to direct and maneuver all the regiments of the Cavalry division.
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ture, he still clung to his authority. His self-confidence was untouched. His self-complacency was so great that in spite of blunder after blunder, folly upon folly, and mistake upon mistake, he still believed himself infallible, still bullied his inferior officers, and still cursed from his cot. He quarrelled with Admiral Sampson; he quarrelled with General Garcia; he refused to allow Colonel Greenleaf, Surgeon-in-Chief of the army, to destroy the pest-houses in Siboney; he disobeyed the two orders sent him by General Miles from Tampa and again from Washington, directing him not to allow our soldiers to occupy the Cuban houses; he insulted all of the foreign attachés collectively, and some individually, and he related stories in the presence of boy officers which would have been found offensive in the smoking-room of an ocean steamer.

The unthinking answer which is invariably made to every criticism on General Shafter is that, after all, he was justified in the end, for he did succeed, he was sent to Cuba to take Santiago and he took Santiago. He did not take Santiago. His troops, without the aid they should have received from him of proper reconnaissance and sufficient artillery, devotedly sacrificed themselves and took the hills above Santiago with their bare hands, and it was Admiral Cervera who, in withdrawing his guns which covered the city, made a present of it to the American army. It must not be forgotten that the departure of Cervera's fleet removed Santiago's chief defence, and the cause of Shafter's coming to Cuba as well. The American people cannot have forgotten Shafter's panic-stricken telegram of July 2d, when he said that our lines were so thin that he feared he might have to withdraw from the position his men had taken. It came like a slap in the face to everyone who believed Santiago was already ours. Nor can they have forgotten that on the very next day Cervera, having preferred to take a desperate chance to save his fleet, rather than remain on guard before the city, and having withdrawn, Shafter no longer cabled of retreat, but demanded surrender. The admirers of Shafter, if such there be, answer to this: "Yes, but Cervera would not have left the harbor if Shafter had not arrived and captured the hills above the city." The truth, however, is that it was not on account of Shafter, but in spite of Shafter, that the hills were taken. I now shall try to make clear how his plan of attacking the city not only failed, but, before it was abandoned, caused terrible and needless loss of life; how it finally was disregarded by the generals at the front, and how the battle was won without him, for he did not see the battle of San Juan, nor direct the battle of San Juan, nor was he consulted by those who did.

On the afternoon of June 30th, Captain Mills rode up to the tent of Colonel Wood, and told him that on account of illness, General Wheeler and General Young had been relieved of their commands, and that General Sumner would take charge of the Cavalry Division; that he, Colonel Wood, would take command of General Young's brigade, and Colonel Carroll, of General Sumner's brigade.

"You will break camp and move forward at four o'clock," he said. It was then three o'clock, and apparently the order to move forward at four had been given to each regiment at nearly the same time, for they all struck their tents and stepped down into the trail together. It was as though fifteen regiments were encamped along the sidewalks of Fifth Avenue and were all ordered at the same moment to move into it and march down town. If Fifth Avenue were ten feet wide, one can imagine the confusion.

General Chaffee was at General Lawton's headquarters, and they stood apart whispering together about the march they were to take to El Caney. Just over their heads the balloon was ascending for the first time and its great glistening bulk hung just above the tree-tops, and the men in the different regiments, picking their way along the trail, gazed up at it open-mouthed. The headquarters camp was crowded. After a week of inaction the army, at a moment's notice, was moving forward, and everyone had ridden in haste to learn why.

There were attachés, in strange uniforms, self-important Cuban generals, officers from the flag-ship New York, and an army of photographers. At the side of the camp, double lines of soldiers passed slowly along the two paths of the muddy road, while, between them, aides dashed
up and down, splashing them with dirty water, and shouting, "You will come up at once, sir." "You will not attempt to enter the trail yet, sir." "General Sumner's compliments, and why are you not in your place?"

Twelve thousand men, with their eyes fixed on a balloon, and treading on each other's heels in three inches of mud, move slowly, and after three hours, it seemed as though every man in the United States was under arms and stumbling and slipping down that trail. The lines passed until the moon rose. They seemed endless, in-terminable; there were cavalry mounted and dismounted, artillery with cracking whips and cursing drivers, Rough Riders in brown, and regulars, both black and white, in blue. Midnight came, and they were still slipping forward.

General Sumner's headquarters tent was pitched to the right of El Poso hill. Below us lay the basin a mile and a half in length, and a mile and a half wide, from which a white mist was rising. Near us, drowned under the mist, seven thousand men were sleeping, and farther to the right, General Chaffee's five thousand were lying under the bushes along the trails to El Caney, waiting to march on it and eat it up before breakfast.

The place hardly needs a map to explain it. The trails were like a pitchfork, with its prongs touching the hills of San Juan. The long handle of the pitchfork was the trail over which we had just come, the joining of the handle and the prongs were El Poso. El Caney lay half way along the right prong, the left one was the trail down which, in the morning, the troops were to be hurled upon San Juan. It was as yet an utterly undiscovered country. Three miles away, across the basin of mist, we could see the street-lamps of Santiago shining over the San Juan hills. Above us, the tropical moon hung white and clear in the dark purple sky, pierced with millions of white stars. As we turned in, there was just a little something in the air which made saying "good-night" a gentle farce, for no one went to sleep immediately but lay looking up at the stars, and after a long silence, and much restless turning on the blanket which we shared together, the second lieutenant said: "So, if anything happens to me, to-morrow, you'll see she gets them, won't you?" Before the moon rose again, every sixth man who had slept in the mist that night was either killed or wounded; but the second lieutenant was sitting on the edge of a Spanish rifle-pit, dirty, sweaty, and weak for food, but victorious, and the unknown she did not get them.

El Caney had not yet thrown off her blanket of mist before Capron's battery opened on it from a ridge two miles in the rear. The plan for the day was that El Caney should fall in an hour. The plan for the day is interesting chiefly because it is so different from what happened. According to the plan the army was to advance in two divisions, along the two trails. Incidentally, General Lawton's division was to pick up El Caney and when El Caney was eliminated, his division was to continue forward and join hands on the right with the divisions of General Sumner and General Kent. The army was then to rest for that night in the woods, half a mile from San Juan.

On the following morning it was to attack San Juan on the two flanks, under cover of artillery. The objection to this plan, which did not apparently suggest itself to General Shafter, was that an army of twelve thousand men, sleeping within five hundred yards of the enemy's rifle-pits might not unreasonably be expected to pass a bad night. We discovered the next day that not only the five hundred yards but the whole basin was covered by the fire from the rifle-pits. The army could not remain in the woods even by daylight when it was possible to seek some slight shelter, but according to the plan it was expected to bivouac for the night in these woods and in the morning to manœuvre and deploy and march through them out to the two flanks of San Juan. How the enemy was to be hypnotized while this was going forward it is difficult to explain.

According to this programme, Capron's battery opened on El Caney and Grimes's battery opened on the pagoda-like block-house of San Juan. The range from El Poso was exactly 2,400 yards, and the firing, as was discovered later, was not very effective. The battery used black powder, and, as a result, after each explosion the curtain of smoke hung over
the gun for fully a minute before the gunners could see the San Juan trenches, which was chiefly important because for a full minute it gave a mark to the enemy. The hill on which the battery stood was like a sugar-loaf. Behind it was the farm-house of El Poso, the only building in sight within a radius of a mile, and in it were Cuban soldiers and other non-combatants. The Rough Riders had been ordered to halt in the yard of the farm-house and the artillery horses were drawn up in it, under the lee of the hill. The First and Tenth dismounted Cavalry were encamped a hundred yards from the battery along the ridge. Later I took pains to find out by whose order these troops were placed within such close proximity to a battery, and was informed, by the general in command of the division, that his men had been put in that exact spot by the order of the Commanding General. They might as sensibly have been ordered to paint the rings in a target while a company was firing at the bull’s eye. For the first twenty shots the enemy made no reply, when they did it was impossible, owing to their using smokeless powder, to locate their guns. The third shell fell in among the Cubans in the block-house and among the Rough Riders and the men of the First and Tenth Cavalry, killing some and wounding many. These casualties were utterly unnecessary and were due to the stupidity of whoever placed the men within fifty yards of guns in action. Until after the trenches of San Juan were taken by the infantry the artillery’s part in the attack on Santiago was of little value. The hills of San Juan and the fort at El Caney were finally taken by assault and with but little aid from the heavier arm. There were only sixteen three-inch guns with this expedition, which set forth with the known purpose of besieging a city. Military experts say that the sixty guns left behind in Tampa would have been few enough for the work they had to do. It was like going to a fire with a hook and ladder company and leaving the hose and the steam-engines in the engine-house. If the guns which were left at Tampa, and the siege-guns which were left on the transports at Baiquiri had first played on the San Juan hills, and put out the fire there, so many men of the hook and ladder contingent would not have been sacrificed.

A quarter of an hour after the firing began from El Poso one of General Shafter’s aides directed General Sumner to advance with his division down the Santiago trail, and to halt at the edge of the woods.

“What am I to do then?” asked General Sumner.

“You are to await further orders,” the aide answered.

As a matter of fact and history this was probably the last order General Sumner received from General Shafter, until the troops of his division had taken the San Juan hills, as it became impossible to get word to General Shafter, the trail leading to his headquarters tent, three miles in the rear, being blocked by the soldiers of the First and Tenth dismounted cavalry, and later, by Lawton’s division. General Sumner led the Sixth, Third, and Ninth Cavalry, and the Rough Riders down the trail, with instructions for the First and Tenth to follow. The trail, virgin as yet from the foot of an American soldier, was as wide as its narrowest part, which was some ten feet across. At places it was as wide as Broadway, but only for such short distances that it was necessary for the men to advance in column, in double file. A maze of underbrush and trees on either side was all but impenetrable, and when the officers and men had once assembled into the basin, they could only guess as to what lay before them, or on either flank. At the end of a mile, the country became more open, and General Sumner saw the Spaniards entrenched a half mile away on the sloping hills. A stream, called the San Juan River, ran across the trail at this point, and another stream crossed it again two hundred yards farther on. The troops were halted at this first stream, some crossing it, and others deploying in single file to the right. Some were on the banks of the stream, others at the edge of the woods in the bushes. Others lay in the high grass which was so high that it stopped the wind, and so high that it almost choked and suffocated those who lay in it.

The enemy saw the advance and began firing with pitiless accuracy into the jammed and crowded trail, and along the whole
border of the woods. There was not a single yard of ground for a mile to the rear, which was not inside the zone of fire. Our men were ordered not to return the fire but to lie still and wait for further orders. Some of them could see the rifle-pits of the enemy quite clearly and the men in them, but many saw nothing but the bushes under which they lay, and the high grass which seemed to burn when they pressed against it. It was during this period of waiting that the greater number of our men were killed. For one hour they lay on their rifles staring at the waving green stuff around them, while the bullets drove past incessantly, with savage insistence, cutting the grass again and again in hundreds of fresh places. Men in line sprang from the ground and sank back again with a groan, or rolled to one side clinging silently to an arm or shoulder. Behind the lines hospital stewards passed continually, drawing the wounded back to the streams, where they laid them in long rows, their feet touching the water's edge and their bodies supported by the muddy bank. Up and down the lines, and through the fords of the streams, mounted aides drove their horses at a gallop, as conspicuous a target as the steeple on a church, and one after another paid the price of his position and fell from his horse wounded or dead. Captain Mills fell as he was giving an order, shot through the forehead behind both eyes; Captain O'Neill of the Rough Riders, as he said, "There is no Spanish bullet made that can kill me." Steel, Swift, Henry, each of them was shot out of his saddle.

Hidden in the trees above the streams, and above the trail, sharpshooters and guerillas added a fresh terror to the wounded. There was no hiding from them. Their bullets came from every side. Their invisible smoke helped to keep their hiding-places secret, and in the incessant shriek of shrapnel and the spit of the Mausers, it was difficult to locate the reports of their rifles. They spared neither the wounded nor recognized the Red Cross, they killed the surgeons and the stewards carrying the litters, and killed the wounded men on the litters. A guerilla in a tree above us shot one of the Rough Riders in the breast, while I was helping him carry Captain Morton Henry to the dressing-station, the ball passing down through him, and a second shot from the same tree, barely missed Henry as he lay on the ground where we had dropped him. He was already twice wounded and so covered with blood that no one could have mistaken his condition. The surgeons at work along the stream dressed the wounds with one eye cast aloft at the trees. It was not the Mauser bullets they feared, though they passed continuously, but too high to do their patients further harm, but the bullets of the sharpshooters which struck fairly in among them, splashing in the water and scattering the pebbles. The sounds of the two bullets were as different as is the sharp pop of a soda-water bottle from the buzzing of an angry wasp.

For a time it seemed as though every second man was either killed or wounded, one came upon them lying behind the bush, under which they had crawled with some strange idea that it would protect them, or crouched under the bank of the stream, or lying on their stomachs and lapping up the water with the eagerness of thirsty dogs. As to their suffering, the wounded were magnificently silent, they neither complained nor groaned, nor cursed.

"I've got a punctured tire," was their grim answer to inquiries. White men and colored men, veterans and recruits and volunteers, each lay waiting for the battle to begin or to end so that he might be carried away to safety, for the wounded were in as great danger after they were hit as though they were in the firing line, but none questioned nor complained.

I came across Lieutenant Roberts, of the Tenth Cavalry, lying under the roots of a tree beside the stream with three of his colored troopers stretched around him. He was shot through the intestines, and each of the three men with him was shot in the arm or leg. They had been overlooked or forgotten, and we stumbled upon them only by the accident of losing our way. They had no knowledge as to how the battle was going or where their comrades were, or where the enemy was. At any moment, for all they knew, the Spaniards might break through the bushes about them. It was a most lonely picture, the young lieutenant, half naked, and wet with his own blood, sitting upright beside
the empty stream, and his three followers crouching at his feet like three faithful watch-dogs, each wearing his red badge of courage, with his black skin tanned to a haggard gray, and with his eyes fixed patiently on the white lips of his officer. When the white soldiers with me offered to carry him back to the dressing-station, the negroes resented it stiffly. “If the Lieutenant had been able to move, we would have carried him away long ago,” said the sergeant, quite overlooking the fact that his arm was shattered.

“Oh, don’t bother the surgeons about me,” Roberts added, cheerfully. “They must be very busy. We can wait.”

As yet, with all these killed and wounded, we had accomplished nothing—except to obey orders, which was to await further orders. The observation balloon hastened the end. It came blundering down the trail, and stopped the advance of the First and Tenth Cavalry, and was sent up directly over the heads of our men to observe what should have been observed a week before by scouts and reconnoitring parties. A balloon, two miles to the rear, and high enough in the air to be out of range of the enemy’s fire, may some day prove itself to be of use and value. But a balloon on the advance line, and only fifty feet above the tops of the trees, was merely an invitation to the enemy to kill everything beneath it. And the enemy responded to the invitation. A Spaniard might question if he could hit a man, or a number of men, hidden in the bushes, but had no doubt at all as to his ability to hit a mammoth glistening ball only six hundred yards distant, and so all the trenches fired at it at once, and the men of the First and Tenth, packed together directly behind it, received the full force of the bullets. The men lying directly below it received the shrapnel which was timed to hit it, and which at last, fortunately, did hit it. This was endured for an hour, an hour of such hell of fire and heat, that the heat in itself, had there been no bullets, would have been remembered for its cruelty. Men gasped on their backs, like fishes in the bottom of a boat, their heads burning inside and out, their limbs too heavy to move. They had been rushed here and rushed there wet with sweat and wet with fording the streams, under a sun that would have made moving a fan an effort, and they lay prostrate, gasping at the hot air, with faces aflush, and their tongues sticking out, and their eyes rolling. All through this the volleys from the rifle-pits sputtered and rattled, and the bullets sang continuously like the wind through the rigging in a gale, and shrapnel whined and broke, and still no order came from General Shafter.

Captain Howse, of General Sumner’s staff, rode down the trail to learn what had delayed the First and Tenth, and was hailed by Colonel Derby, who was just descending from the shattered balloon.

“I saw men up there on those hills,” Colonel Derby shouted; “they are firing at our troops.” That was part of the information contributed by the balloon. Captain Howse’s reply is lost to history.

General Kent’s division, which was to have been held in reserve, according to the plan, had been rushed up in the rear of the First and Tenth, and the Tenth had deployed in skirmish order to the right. The trail was now completely blocked by Kent’s Division. Lawton’s Division, which was to have reinforced on the right, had not appeared, but incessant firing from the direction of El Caney showed that he and Chaffee were fighting mightily. The situation was desperate. Our troops could not retreat, as the trail for two miles behind them was wedged with men. They could not remain where they were for they were being shot to pieces. There was only one thing they could do—go forward and take the San Juan hills by assault. It was as desperate as the situation itself. To charge earthworks held by men with modern rifles, and using modern artillery, until after the earthworks have been shaken by artillery, and to attack them in advance and not in the flanks, are both impossible military propositions. But this campaign had not been conducted according to military rules, and a series of military blunders emanating from one source had brought seven thousand American soldiers into a chute of death, from which there was no escape except by taking the enemy who held it by the throat, and driving him out, and beating him down. So the generals of divisions and brigades stepped back and re-
linquished their command to the regimental officers and the enlisted men.

"We can do nothing more," they virtually said. "There is the enemy!"

Colonel Roosevelt, on horseback, broke from the woods behind the line of the Tenth, and finding its men lying in his way shouted: "If you don't wish to go forward, let my men pass, please." Captain Bigelow and the other junior officers of the Tenth, with their negroes, instantly sprang into line with the Rough Riders, and charged at the blue block-house on the right.

I speak of Roosevelt first because, with General Hawkins, who led Kent's Division, notably the Sixth and Sixteenth Regulars, he was without doubt the most conspicuous figure in the charge. General Hawkins, with hair as white as snow, and yet far in advance of men thirty years his junior, was so noble a sight that you felt inclined to pray for his safety; on the other hand, Roosevelt, mounted high on horseback, and charging the rifle-pits at a gallop and quite alone, made you feel that you would like to cheer. He wore on his sombrero a blue polka-dot handkerchief, à la Havelock, which, as he advanced, floated out straight behind his head, like a guidon. Afterward, the men of his regiment, who followed this flag, adopted a polka-dot handkerchief as the badge of the Rough Riders. These two officers were notably conspicuous in the charge, but no one can claim that any two men, or any one man, was more brave, or more daring, or showed greater courage in that slow stubborn advance than did any of the others. Someone asked one of the officers if he had any difficulty in making his men follow him. "No," he answered, "I had some difficulty in keeping up with them." As one of the Brigade Generals said: "San Juan was won by the regimental officers and men. We had as little to do as the referee at a prize fight who calls 'time.' We called 'time' and they did the fighting."

I have seen many illustrations and pictures of this charge on the San Juan hills, but none of them seem to show it just as I remember it. In the picture papers the men are running up hill swiftly and gallantly, in regular formation, rank after rank, with flags flying, their eyes aflame, and their hair streaming, their bayonets fixed, in long, brilliant lines, an invincible, overpowering weight of numbers. Instead of which I think the thing which impressed one the most, when our men started from cover, was that they were so few. It seemed as if someone had made an awful and terrible mistake. One's instinct was to call to them to come back. You felt that someone had blundered and that these few men were blindly following out some madman's mad order. It was not heroic then, it seemed merely terribly pathetic. The pity of it, the folly of such a sacrifice was what held you.

They had no glittering bayonets, they were not massed in regular array. There were a few men in advance, bunched together, and creeping up a steep, sunny hill, the tops of which roared and flashed with flame. The men held their guns pressed across their breasts and stepped heavily as they climbed. Behind these first few, spreading out like a fan, were single lines of men, slipping and scrambling in the smooth grass, moving forward with difficulty, as though they were wading waist high through water, moving slowly, carefully, with strenuous effort. It was much more wonderful than any swinging charge could have been. They walked to greet death at every step, many of them, as they advanced, sinking suddenly, or pitching forward and disappearing in the high grass, but the others waded on, stubbornly, forming a thin blue line that kept creeping higher and higher up the hill. It was as inevitable as the rising tide. When it had reached the halfway point, and we saw they would succeed, the sight gave us such a thrill as can never stir us again. It was a miracle of self-sacrifice, a triumph of bull-dog courage, which one watched breathless with wonder. The fire of the Spanish riflemen, who still stuck bravely to their posts, doubled and trebled in fierceness, the crests of the hills crackled and burst in amazing roars, and rippled with waves of tiny flame. But the blue line crept steadily up and on, and then, near the top, the broken fragments gathered together with a sudden burst of speed, the Spaniards appeared for a moment outlined against the sky and posed for instant flight, fired a last volley and fled before the swift-
moving wave that leaped and sprang up after them. The men of the Tenth and the Rough Riders, rushed the block-house together, the men of the Sixth, of the Third, of the Ninth Cavalry, of the Sixth and Sixteenth Infantry, fell on their faces along the crest of the hills beyond, and opened upon the vanishing enemy. They drove the yellow silk flags of the cavalry and the Stars and Stripes of their country into the soft earth of the trenches, and then sank down and looked back at the road they had climbed and swung their hats in the air. And from far overhead, from these few figures perched on the Spanish rifle-pits, with their flags planted among the empty cartridges of the enemy, and overlooking the walls of Santiago, came, faintly, the sound of a tired, broken cheer.

THE REGULARS AT EL CANEY
BY CAPTAIN ARTHUR H. LEE, R.A.
British Military Attaché

In dealing with the events of July 1st, it is necessary to draw a clear distinction between the struggle for El Caney on the right and the fight at San Juan on the left. The former was premeditated, the latter was not.

In the original scheme of the Commanding General the programme for July 1st was substantially as follows:

General Lawton's division was to attack El Caney at daylight, and it was expected that the enemy would quickly abandon this post, which then menaced our right flank. Meanwhile, the remainder of the Fifth Corps was to advance along the main trail toward Santiago, pushing back the Spanish outposts and occupying the line of the San Juan River. There it was to deploy and await Lawton, who, having taken El Caney, was to wheel to his left and form up on the right of the main line. All these movements were to be completed by the evening of the 1st, and then the whole army would combine for the assault of San Juan on the 2d.

Such was the original proposition, but only the El Caney end of it was carried out. For various and imperative reasons, which I will not enter into here, the storming of the San Juan heights was effected prematurely by the men of Kent's and Wheeler's divisions. This spontaneous rush was the first battle of San Juan, which someone has happily described as "a grand popular movement" rather than a pre-arranged military plan.

The story of San Juan has been told and retold by many able writers, but El Caney has been somewhat neglected, and, as I was an eye-witness of the stubborn fight there, I venture to attempt a description of this one authorized item in the programme of the day.

El Caney is a small, compact village about four miles to the northeast of Santiago, upon the main road to Guantanamo. At the southeast corner is a steep conical hill, one hundred feet high, crowned by an old-fashioned but strong stone fort, which forms a prominent feature in the landscape and commands the whole village and its approaches. On the day of the fight this fort was extensively loop-holed, and was further strengthened by a deep rifle-trench outside on the south and east sides. At intervals round the rest of the village were some half dozen smaller block-houses, connected by short lengths of trenches with wire entanglements in front. In addition the old stone church and nearly every house was loop-holed and prepared for defence. The Spaniards had long recognized the military importance of El Caney, and had arranged its defences with the greatest care and no mean skill. The garrison consisted of about 1,000 infantry, with no artillery or machine guns.

The strong post had been carefully reconnoitred by Brigadier-General Chaffee in person on June 28th and 29th, and he
had submitted a plan of attack which was afterward carried out almost to the letter.

I feel it only just at this point to mention that however novel the absence of reconnaissance in other directions, nothing could have been more enterprising or systematic than General Chaffee's exploration of his own theatre of operations. I had the pleasure of accompanying him on more than one occasion, and derived much profit from a study of his methods.

Leaving his staff behind, he would push far to the front, and finally, dismounting, slip through the brush with the rapidity and noiselessness of an Indian. My efforts to follow him were like the progress of a band-wagon in comparison, but I gradually acquired a fairy-like tread and a stumbling facility in sign language, which enabled me to follow the general without too loudly advertising our presence to the Spaniards. On one occasion we approached so close to the Spanish pickets that we could hear the men talking over their suppers, and until I began to speculate on the probable efficacy of the British passport that was my sole defensive weapon. In this silent Indian fashion General Chaffee explored the entire district, and was the only man in the army to whom the network of bridle-paths round El Caney was in any sense familiar.

At 3 p.m. on June 30th his hungry patience was rewarded by the general order to advance, and a few minutes later his command, the Third Brigade of the Second Division, some 1,600 strong, had struck camp and slipped off quietly along the rough and narrow trail that had been selected and cleared out the day previous. With us marched Capron's four-gun battery, which halted near its chosen position on a knoll a mile and a half to the southeast of El Caney. The rest of Lawton's division followed at intervals during the night and at daybreak the following morning. Ludlow's Brigade took up its position close to Capron's battery, whilst Miles's brigade was concentrated at the Ducoureaud House on the main road between El Caney and Santiago.

Our chief fear throughout the march was that the Spaniards at El Caney would learn of our advance and evacuate the place before we could surround and capture them. In the light of future events this anxiety seems somewhat ludicrous, for the enemy had no idea whatever of retreating and was apparently quite as anxious for a fight as we were.

Nothing could have been more cautious than our advance, and the long column slunk silently through the jungle, the advance guard preceded by a small party of Cubans. Suddenly a single shot rang out with such startling clearness that the nerves leapt and every man's hand went instinctively to his weapon. General Chaffee gripped his cigar a little harder with his teeth, but not a word was said, and the column proceeded without ever learning whether the shot had been fired by a Cuban scout or an enterprising guerilla.

At sundown we halted behind a ridge, about a mile to the southeast of El Caney, and the men bivouacked in their tracks preserving strict silence and lighting no fires. We often laughed afterward over the precautions of that night, realizing how far more comfortable we might have been if we had not underestimated the courage of the Spaniards.

Twice during the night the horses stampeded and dashed into our bivouac, but the troops stood this trying test well and not a shot was fired.

Shortly before daylight we resumed the march, and threading our way through narrow, slippery paths and over a succession of razor-backed ridges closed in upon the enemy. On gaining the reverse slope of the little grassy ridge that commands the village upon the north and east sides the brigade deployed, Twelfth Infantry on the left, Seventh on the right, with the Seventeenth held in reserve behind the Seventh. The Spaniards had no outposts and we were enabled to occupy this strong preliminary position without a shadow of resistance.

From the crest of the ridge we could look right down into the village, its thatched and tiled roofs half hidden by the large shade-trees that we afterward learned to dread as the lurking-places of sharpshooters. In the village itself profound quiet reigned, and there was no sign of life beyond a few thin wisps of smoke that curled from the cottage chimneys. Beyond lay the fertile valley with a few cattle grazing, and around us on three sides arose, tier
upon tier, the beautiful Maestra Mountains, wearing delicate pearly tints in the first rays of the rising sun. To our left stretched the thick green jungle, with its rippling bamboo-groves and clumps of royal palm, with here and there a gorgeous scarlet "Flamboyant" to break the green monotony. The only landmark in all this wide expanse was the great red-roofed Ducoureaud House, a deserted country seat that lay midway between El Caney and Santiago. Three miles away in this direction loomed the long undulating ridge of San Juan, streaked with Spanish trenches, and behind it showed up clearly the faint pink buildings with twinkling windows and innumerable Red Cross flags that marked the city of Santiago.

The whole scene was pre-eminently one of peace, and it was almost impossible to realize that war was the business of the day.

Immediately in front of us, and at the left end of the village, was the abrupt cone-shaped hill, incredibly smooth and steep, and on its extreme tip the little mediaeval fort perched itself like a hat.

Above the little bastion flapped lazily the red and yellow flag of Spain, and lounging outside the gateway was a group of soldiers in their light blue pajama uniforms and white straw slouch hats. If they were aware of our presence they seemed remarkably indifferent to it, though they watched with apparent interest the movements of Capron's battery, which now showed black in a small green clearing a mile or more to our left.

On the left of the artillery and on the south side of the village the remainder of Lawton's division was coming into line, Ludlow's Brigade in front, with Miles's in reserve to guard against any interference from Santiago.

At 6.35 the intense peacefulness of the scene was broken by a white puff from Capron's battery, and before the report reached our ears the Spaniards outside the fort had vanished with the rapidity of prairie dogs. Simultaneously appeared a fresh row of hats that sprouted from the ground like mushrooms and marked the position of the deep rifle-pits and trenches on the glacis of the fort and at various points round the village.

For the next quarter of an hour our battery kept up a leisurely fire upon the stone fort, eliciting no reply, and so little disturbing the white hats that someone suggested they were dummies. Our disbelief in the fighting qualities of the Spaniards died hard!

The plan of attack was, briefly, to surround the village with Chaffee's Brigade on the north and east sides, and Ludlow's Brigade on the south and west, and then to press home a convergent infantry attack. To insure the smooth success of such an operation, a previous and heavy bombardment is necessary, at the close of which the enemy should be too demoralized to effectively resist the assault. At El Caney, however, our total artillery force was but four guns, and these were quite unequal to the task of demoralizing the enemy, or, indeed, of effecting anything beyond the knocking to pieces of the stone fort and one of the southern block-houses. Consequently the infantry had to do all the fighting, and the brunt of it fell upon the men of Chaffee's Brigade. Their skirmish line pressed forward, and soon the sharp crackle of musketry was busy along both lines. The sense of hearing told one this, but to the eye there was nothing visible beyond the irregular black fringe of prone men on our side and the sprouting white hats on the other. The Spanish powder was absolutely smokeless and even with the strongest glasses it was impossible to detect the position of their sharpshooters. On the other hand the smoke from Capron's battery rose in dense white clouds that hung over the intervening ground like the haze from a prosperous brick-field.

Gradually the marksmen picked up the ranges and stray droves of Mauser bullets passed overhead with a peculiar and uncomforting sound like the crackling of dry pea-pods. Then the aim grew steadier and men ducked their heads at the sharp snicking overhead that sent the leaves fluttering down to their feet. Still there was nothing dreadful or alarming, and the only physical discomfort arose from the slanting sun on our backs and an unpleasant singing in the ears from the reports of our own rifles.

Then a whisper came my way that a man on our left was hit, and the news seemed so unexpected that I hurried off to see him lest he should prove the only
The regulars at El Caney.

Redrawn from a rough sketch map made during the fight by Captain Lee. The curved lines represent contours at about twenty feet vertical elevation.

casualty of the day. I found him shot through the thigh and regarding the surgeon with a dazed, half-frightened look as his wound was being dressed. Then a young lieutenant with a white surprised face strolled up from somewhere, queerly supporting his hand on his head. He had been hit in the arm and seemed more puzzled than hurt. Then a bad case was carried in—shot through the body—and one began to attach a new significance to the popping overhead and the clipping of the leaves.

The dressing station of the Twelfth Infantry was badly placed, exposed to a raking fire which shook the nerves of the wounded but seemed powerless to affect the imperturbability of the surgeon. I remember noting with astonishment his solicitude over his patients' underclothing, until I realized that an only shirt is, perhaps, even more valuable to a wounded man than to a sound one.

For the next three hours the fight was a continuous infantry duel at about six hundred yards' range, though our skirmish line was edging in cautiously all the time. The expenditure of ammunition, on our side especially, was enormous and improvident, for there was little target visible; but the Spanish sharpshooters concealed in the trees, cottages, and block-houses were replying with deadly effect. They knew every range perfectly and picked off our men with distressing accuracy if they showed as much as a head.

Sight-seeing was difficult and humiliating. One proceeded after the manner of the Biblical serpent, and if one didn't actually "eat grass," one kept remarkably close to it. The quickest movement from point to point, or a temporary rise to snap one's camera, was inevitably rewarded with a special visitation of bullets that cut the grass round one, raised little puffs of sand, and generally made one wish one hadn't done it!

At one point eight marksmen of Captain Evans's company crept forward to occupy a small advanced knoll, and five of them were hit in less than as many minutes. At another point, seven men of the Seventh Regiment broke through a hedge into the field beyond and instantly a volley killed three of them and wounded the remaining four. These, of course, were isolated ex-
amples, but they came under my personal observation and give some idea of the severity of the fire.

Throughout the morning the fire of Capron's battery was kept up, but in such a deliberate fashion, five and ten minutes elapsing between successive rounds, that it was of little material assistance to the infantry attack. Meanwhile Ludlow's Brigade was closing in on the south and west sides of the village, and his two regular regiments (Eighth and Twenty-second Infantry) were hotly engaged with the enemy's riflemen in the block-houses and behind the loop-holed walls. The Second Massachusetts Volunteers, which formed the Third Regiment of this Brigade, were unfortunate early in the day. On entering the main road from Santiago to El Caney they were struck by some long-range volleys, and on attempting to reply the smoke from their Springfield single-loaders drew so much fire in their direction that they were halted where they stood, and, after suffering considerable losses, were withdrawn from the fight.

About ten o'clock there was a slight lull in the battle, during which I witnessed a cool act of daring. Two men of the Twelfth Infantry crept forward alone, armed only with pliers, and skilfully taking advantage of the cover afforded by a few bushes and folds in the ground passed along the whole east front of the village, within two hundred yards of the enemy's trenches, cutting the barbed-wire fencing which would have impeded our assault. Both these gallant fellows returned in safety after completing their work with great deliberation and thoroughness.

On the northeast side of El Caney is a smooth grassy ridge that commands the edge of the village at a range not exceeding three hundred yards. Fifty yards behind the crest of this ridge is a slightly sunken road with hedges on both sides. This commanding point had necessarily to be seized, and it was here that the hottest fighting of the day occurred. The Seventeenth Infantry advanced up the road and commenced to deploy to the right through a gap in the hedge. No sooner, however, did they appear in the field beyond than the head of their column was struck by a heavy fire. Colonel Haskell, who was leading, was hit three times in a very few seconds, his quartermaster was killed by his side, and a number of the leading men were knocked over. This was evidently not a good line of advance, and the regiment was withdrawn into the hollow and extended farther to the right, where it did excellent service for the remainder of the day. The Seventh Infantry was less fortunate. It deployed behind the ridge and then advanced until the firing line was extended along the whole crest. Here it was exposed to a terrible cross fire from the village itself and from several of the block-houses. Hour after hour the men stood it without flinching, the fierce sun scorching their backs, and suffering heavy losses from an enemy who was practically invisible and to whom they could not reply effectively.

About noon I crossed over to their position and on nearing the sunken road noticed that it was full of men lying down. I asked an officer of the regiment who was coming down the road if those were his reserves I saw, and his reply was somewhat startling—"No, Sir, by God, they are casualties." And indeed they were. On reaching the spot I found over a hundred killed and wounded laid out in as many yards of road and so close were they that one could only pass by stepping over them. There was a strange silence among these men, not a whimper or a groan, but each lay quietly nursing his wound with closed eyes and set teeth, only flinching when the erratic sleet of bullets clipped the leaves off the hedge close above their heads. Many looked up curiously at my strange uniform as I passed and asked quickly and quietly, "Are you a doctor, sir?" I could but shake my head and they would instantly relapse into their strained intent attitudes, whilst I felt sick at heart at the thought of my incompetence. Some of the slightly wounded were tending those who were badly hit, and nothing could have surpassed the unskilled tenderness of these men. I was astonished, too, at their thoughtful consideration. "Keep well down, sir," several said as I stopped to speak to them. "Them Mausers is flying pretty low, and there's plenty of us here already."

The heat in the little road was intense,
there was no shade nor a breath of air, and the wounded lay sweltering in the sun till the head reeled with the rank smell of sweat and saturated flannel. Right amongst the wounded lay, curled up, a Cuban, apparently asleep. Upon approaching him, however, it was only too apparent that he had been dead for several days, and on the tree overhead two sleek and gorged vultures looked down furiously at his ever-increasing companions. The stench was overpowering and a sudden lull in the battle brought into sickening prominence the angry buzzing of the disturbed flies and the creaking of the land-crabs which waited in the bushes.

But the worst feature of it all was the scarcity of doctors. Hour after hour these wounded men had lain in the scorching sun, unattended and often bleeding to death. Their comrades had in many cases applied the first-aid dressings in rough and unskilled fashion, but so far as one could see there had been no medical assistance. The nearest dressing station was three-quarters of a mile to the rear, and while the medical staff there was undoubtedly more than busy it was chiefly with such cases as were slightly enough wounded to walk down for aid.

One man I noticed lying very quiet in a great pool of blood. A comrade with a shattered leg was fanning him with a hat and keeping the flies off his face. I sat down beside them, and seeing the man was shot right through the stomach knew there was nothing I could do beyond giving him a little water. I asked him how he felt and he replied, with difficulty: "Oh! I am doing pretty well, sir." His companion then said, "Well, sir! if you can, you might send a doctor along to see this man. He was one of the first hit, about eight this morning, and no one has seen him yet." The wounded man here broke in "That's all right, Mick; I guess the doctors have more than they can do looking after them as are badly hurt, and they will be along soon." I looked at my watch and it was nearly one o'clock.

A mile to the north of El Caney, on the summit of the first foot-hill, stood a blockhouse of the smallest type, with a garrison of ten men at the most. The task of attacking this fortress was intrusted to several hundred of our Cuban allies, who advanced against it at the first peep of day. These men were infantry, excellently armed and equipped by the United States Government, but they apparently misunderstood the situation and adopted the more dignified, and possibly congenial rôle of field artillery. In pursuance of this idea they occupied an excellent artillery position about one mile to the east of the blockhouse, and clung to it with unparalleled tenacity throughout the day. Taking every advantage of cover, they subjected the distant stronghold to a ceaseless withering fire from their newly acquired Springfields, to the great detriment, I fear, of their own shoulders, and to the vast indifference of the enemy. Possibly the block-house was struck—certainly none of its occupants were—and beyond the occasional and contemptuous reply of a single Mauser shot it is doubtful if the garrison fully realized that it was the object of attack. At about two in the afternoon a messenger arrived, breathless, to state that the Cuban forces had run out of ammunition, and needed a fresh supply at once. General Chaffee's reply was prompt, spicy, and vigorous, so much so, indeed, that the Cuban left even more hurriedly than he came, and we heard no more of our allies till the fight was safely over.

At exactly one o'clock a lucky shell from Capron's battery hit the flag-staff on the fort and hurls the flag half-way down the slope. This shot was vociferously cheered, and seemed to raise the spirits of the sorely harassed Seventh. Wishing to see how they were faring I crawled through the hedge into the field beyond, and incidentally into such a hot corner that I readily complied with General Chaffee's abrupt injunction, "Get down on your stomach, sir." Indeed I was distinctly grateful for his advice, but could not fail to notice that he was regardless of it himself. Wherever the fire was thickest he stroiled about unconcernedly, a half-smoked cigar between his teeth, and an expression of exceeding grimness on his face. The situation was a trying one for the nerves of the oldest soldier, and some of the younger hands fell back from the firing-line and crept toward the road. In a moment the General pounced upon them, inquiring their destination in low,
unhoneyed accents, and then taking them persuasively by the elbow led them back to the extreme front, and having deposited them in the firing-line stood over them while he distributed a few last words of pungent and sulphurous advice. Throughout the day he set the most inspiring example to his men, and that he escaped unhurt was a miracle. One bullet clipped a breastbutton off his coat, another passed under his shoulder-strap, but neither touched him, and there must be some truth in the old adage that fortune favors the brave.

The Seventh were suffering terribly at this point, but took their medicine with heroic stoicism. The fire of the invisible sharpshooters snipped the grass around them and threw the sand in their eyes. Motionless they lay, their rifles at the ready, while they watched, with keen intentness, for a sign of the hidden foe. Suddenly a man would raise on his elbow, take careful aim, fire, and then sink back on his face as the answering bunch of bullets kicked up the dust around him. Too often one of these would find its mark and man after man would jump convulsively, then limply collapse or painfully crawl from the firing line with that strained dazed look that inevitably marked the wounded.

Close in front of me a slight and boyish lieutenant compelled my attention by his persistent and reckless gallantry. Whenever a man was hit he would dart to his assistance regardless of the fire that this exposure inevitably drew. Suddenly he sprang to his feet gazing intently into the village, but what he saw we never knew, for he was instantly shot through the heart and fell over backward clutching at the air. I followed the men who carried him to the road and asked them his name. "Second Lieutenant Wansboro, sir, of the Seventh Infantry, and you will never see his better. He fought like a little tiger." A few convulsive gasps and the poor boy was dead, and as we laid him in a shady spot by the side of the road the sergeant reverently drew a handkerchief over his face and said, "Good-by, Lieutenant, you were a brave little officer, and you died like a true soldier." Who would wish a better end?

Often during the day the well-known expression "A shot fired in anger" recurred to my mind, and it seemed strangely inappropriate. I saw many thousand shots fired during the campaign, but not one "in anger." Most men were anxious, many were excited, and not a few afraid, but however hard the fight or however great the losses they never seemed to be angry—that is with the enemy—even when their best friends were killed. Anger, in the popular sense, is one of the unrealities of war.

Generals Garcia, Lawton, Ludlow, and Chaffee inspecting our lines at El Caney.
At 1.30 our situation was extremely serious; we were holding our own and no more, and we were losing far more heavily than the enemy. At this moment an order came from General Shafter for Lawton's division to neglect El Caney and to move to the assistance of the main line which was hotly engaged at San Juan. To comply with this order at once would have entailed a demoralizing retreat in the very face of the enemy, and so the attack was pressed with redoubled vigor. General Chaffee was given discretion to assault when he saw a favorable opportunity, and meanwhile our artillery fire briskened and did its most effective work of the day. Shell after shell struck the stone fort, tearing great breaches in the walls, and two regiments of Colonel Miles's Brigade, the Fourth and Twenty-fifth Infantry, which had been summoned from the Ducoureaud House, were now ably seconding Ludlow's attack on the south side of the village.

The rattle of musketry was now fierce and continuous, and just as one felt the ammunition supply could hold out no longer General Chaffee gave the welcome order for the Twelfth to storm the fort. This gallant regiment had long been straining at the leash, and needed no second word. Pushing rapidly up the ravine that skirted the east side of the village they swung to the right, and with Captain Haskell's battalion leading dashed up the hill. Another moment and they swarmed over the wire fences and the trenches beyond like a hive of angry bees, and amidst the cheering of the rest of the line drove the enemy helter-skelter over the crest of the hill. The first man into the fort was James Creelman, the well-known correspondent, and Caspar Whitney, carrying his entire personal effects, was not far behind. Creelman showed great gallantry, summoning the Spaniards inside the fort to surrender, and being shot through the shoulder in a successful attempt to recover the Spanish flag that was lying on the glacis.

It was just three o'clock when the hill was taken and we who were up there behaved as if the fight was all over. The men ran about like schoolboys, cheering and waving their hats; the officers were shaking hands and congratulating each other; some of us who were hot and hungry were enjoying the mangoes left behind by the Spaniards, when it gradually dawned upon us that we were forming a target for somebody. The bullets were spattering against the walls of the fort, and several men were hit, before we grasped the simple fact that though we held the hill the enemy held the village, and that in our elevated and exposed position we formed an admirable target for fire from three directions. There was no cover possible, so our men simply lined up round the fort and, standing up, pumped their magazines into the offending block-houses. Meanwhile the remainder of the infantry pressed home their attack with such resistless vigor that the Spanish garrison became demoralized and commenced to stream out of the northwest end of the village. The need of a cavalry regiment to carry out the pursuit was now very apparent, but the Spaniards, as they retreated, suffered considerable loss from the cross fire of Ludlow's Brigade, and many men were shot down in the streets as they broke from the houses and ran.

The scene round the fort was now strangely dramatic. Fringe the hill-top on the right and firing into the village were the men of the Twelfth Infantry, mixed
with the advance guard of Bates’s Brigade, which had just arrived from San Juan. On the left, below the gate of the fort, a mob of excited Cubans, who now made their first appearance, were blazing away their ammunition with amazing rapidity at a solitary Spanish fugitive, emitting strange yappings the while. Needless to say the Spaniard escaped unhurt, and I felt inclined to congratulate him. In the centre, at the foot of the stone wall, sat a lonely group of eight or nine prisoners, guarded by four hot but happy privates. The Spaniards persisted in preparing for instant death, and would not be comforted either by encouraging smiles or the offer of water and hard-tack. One of them was a lieutenant of the Twenty-ninth Regiment, a handsome, well-dressed young fellow, who regarded the scene around him with an anxious and forlorn expression. He presumably felt that he was partly responsible for the situation, and wondered if it had made him unpopular. He bore himself with great dignity, however, until General Chaffee strode up and with a kindly smile gripped him by the hand. Then the Spaniard’s sangfroid deserted him, and he became nervous and voluble. It was an interesting contrast of the two nationalities; the typical Indian fighter, stern, grizzled, and impassive, quietly regarding the slight and excitable Spaniard as he told his story with much shrugging of shoulders and constant references to the “Fortune of War.” In the midst of it all an emaciated rooster appeared from its prison place and scurried to and fro, crowing lustily as our men pursued it amid loud cheers and laughter.

This was the lighter side of the picture. Inside the shattered fort the walls were splashed with blood and a dozen dead and wounded were laid out on the floor, or wedged under the débris. An attempt was made to bring out the wounded through the gate of the fort, but this was still exposed to a persistent fire from one of the southern block-houses. Consequently Creelman and others had to be hoisted up and hauled out through a breach in the wall, ten feet from the ground; a difficult and painful operation.

The trench around the fort was a gruesome sight, floored with dead Spaniards in horribly contorted attitudes and with sightless, staring eyes. Others were littered about the slope, and these were mostly terribly mutilated by shell fire. Those killed in the trenches were all shot through the forehead, and their brains oozed out like white paint from a color-tube.
In the height of the excitement Private Abel of the Twelfth Infantry scrambled up on the roof of the fort with the colors of his regiment and waved it amidst a wild burst of cheering and enthusiasm. His captain was admiringly drawing my attention to this act when a couple of bullets clipped the tin roof under the man's feet, and hastily furling the flag he fell flat upon his face. This unrehearsed effect raised such a chorus of chaff and good-natured laughter that the plucky fellow leaped to his feet again, threw Old Glory wide to the breeze, and waved it defiantly until ordered to come down and not expose himself further. May he long live to wear the medal of honor that will doubtless be his reward!

At a quarter to four the firing died away and our troops were in possession of the village that had so long defied their efforts. The fighting had been fierce and continuous for nine long hours, and our loss was nearly five hundred killed and wounded out of a total of some 3,500 troops actually engaged. This was a heavy price to pay for the possession of an outlying post, defended by an inferior force; but it only bore out the well-known military axiom that the attack on a fortified village cannot succeed, without great loss of life, unless the assailants are strong in artillery. The four American guns at El Caney were ridiculously inadequate for the purpose in hand, and that the attack succeeded was entirely due to the magnificent courage and endurance of the infantry officers and men. No praise could be too high for their soldierly devotion, but in commending them one must not forget the stubborn bravery of the Spanish defence.

The garrison at El Caney did not exceed 1,500 men, and though they had every advantage on their side of perfect cover and a knowledge of the ranges they fought like gallant soldiers and lost over half of their number in killed, wounded, and prisoners. Among the killed was their Commander, General Vara del Rey, with his brother and two of his sons. There was no more talk after that day of "The degeneracy of the Spaniards as a fighting race," and both sides had henceforth a well-grounded respect for each other's fighting qualities. This was as it should be.

I did not wait to see the occupation of the village and the bringing in of the Spaniard prisoners, as it was now nearly four o'clock and the heavy firing in the direction of San Juan reminded me that the fight there was still in progress; and that I might yet see the last few hours of it. I therefore mounted once more and started across country, the cheering of the victors at El Caney sounding fainter and fainter behind me, while the growing storm of musketry ahead rose and fell in crackling gusts like the Chinese fire-cracker orgie at the height of their New Year feast.

THE DAY OF THE SURRENDER OF SANTIAGO

By James F. J. Archibald

Early on the morning of July 17th, mounted orderlies rode along the trenches encircling the fated city of Santiago de Cuba and sought the general officers of the line. "The commanding-general's compliments and the division and brigade commanders accompanied by their staff are to assemble at corps headquarters to witness the surrender of the Spanish forces."

That was all, and yet it told of the end of a campaign, the closing of a series of hardships such as men-at-arms are seldom required to endure.

A few days before General Miles and General Shafter had gone out between the lines and under the spreading branches of a magnificent tropical tree, that will stand a monument to the scene, had met General Toral, the Spanish leader, and had made the final agreement which would bind the surrender. Then General Miles and his staff left for Porto Rico in order not to rob his lieutenant of any of the glory
of the day. This tree, under which the terms of surrender were signed, stands between the lines of the opposing forces about in the centre of the American line. It is scarred by many bullets from both sides, and was indeed a fitting canopy for the scene. This day’s work was, of course, most important, but it was so quietly done and marked with so little ceremony, that except for a few close by the incident passed unnoticed, as these conferences had become of daily occurrence. Yet that was the end, the real close of that terrible struggle against a determined foe who was fighting a hopeless fight. With the news that the struggle was ended came a feeling of collapse. The men and officers alike began to feel weary. The excitement of a possible attack was gone. The order that announced the surrender to the men in the trenches closed by saying, “There will be no cheering.” Few felt like cheering, for they suddenly realized that they were tired—worn out by days of work and of fighting. The order prohibiting cheering was afterward explained by the fact that the negotiations for the surrender had not been completed, and our commander feared to excite the enemy.

Then passed two or three days of waiting and of conjectures as to what was to come. We had become used to truces, but during these there was the chance that at any moment they would end and the fighting commence again—but now it was all ended. The sick-reports of the regiments increased steadily from that day, and for the first time in the weeks of marching and fighting the rifles and the double row of cartridges in the belts became heavy.

When the order came for all generals with their staff-officers to assemble at corps headquarters, there was a subdued excitement that pervaded all headquarters. I was a guest of General McKibbin, who commanded the Second Brigade, Second Division, who had recently won his star by bravery in action, and I was invited to accompany his staff. We rode to division headquarters and joined General Lawton and proceeded to corps headquarters, where the generals from all along our ten miles or more of trenches were assembling. The commanding general’s tent was on a small mound, and the open space around the little hill was crowded with staff officers and orderlies, who waited while their chiefs paid their respects to the corps commander.

While waiting, a correspondent came up accompanied by a couple of other writers and told of how they had just been refused, most emphatically, permission to enter the city or to see the surrender, except from the lines. I sought out General Shafter’s chief aide, Lieutenant Miley, who did such heroic work during the battle of July 1st, 2d, and 3d, and asked permission and was refused in emphatic terms. Hardly had he done speaking when Captain McKittrick, of General Shafter’s staff, came up and said, “The General asks me to invite you to accompany his staff to witness the surrender and the flag-raising in the city.”

This permission to witness the events of that 15th of July was the greatest favor ever conferred upon me. To see the Stars and Stripes go slowly to the top of the mast on the palace was worth the hardships of the campaign many times over.

By the time all the general officers and their staffs had arrived there were about two hundred, and with their orderlies and a couple of troops of cavalry it made a goodly parade of brave men as they swung into the road toward Santiago.

General Shafter and “Fighting Joe” Wheeler led the way, and then came such a staff of general officers as are seldom gathered about a commander. Lawton and Kent, whose work in the days when death was on every hand will make a bright page in history. Ludlow, who left the engineer corps to make one of the bravest line officers our army has ever known, and who kept pushing the right of our line farther and farther around the city, building trenches and works for other brigades to occupy. Randolph, whose artillery brigade came to the front when roads had long since been pronounced impassable for guns. A host of other generals, whose deeds we have read and applauded. We turned from the road into an open field a few hundred yards beyond the tree where the preliminary meeting had taken place. As we rode toward the place of meeting, General Toral came forward with his staff. There was a striking contrast between the leaders of the two armies.
General Shafter wore the same blue blouse that he had worn during the entire campaign. He was just the plain American soldier, but not so with the Spanish leader, for his uniform of blue linen was gorgeously decorated and resplendent with gold lace, and his breast was decked with medals of honor.

One might have thought it was a meeting of old friends and not the acknowledgment of defeat. Smiles everywhere and bright looks from the defeated Spaniards more marked than from our own officers. Intense interest and curiosity was shown on both sides, for this was the first time the opposing forces had been afforded a good look at each other.

Whatever mistakes or blunders may have been made during the campaign there were none on this day. General Shafter conducted the ceremonies with a grace worthy of an American leader.

General Toral rode forward and smilingly saluted General Shafter, who stretched forth his hand and heartily shook that of the Spanish general. He congratulated General Toral upon the bravery of his men and of their gallant defence of Santiago, and both expressed satisfaction that the campaign had closed. All this was communicated through an interpreter.

There was no giving up of General Toral’s sword, as it had been previously arranged that the Spanish officers should retain their side-arms. A naval officer on foot stepped up to General Shafter and surrendered the one little gun-boat that had been left in the harbor when Cervera made his suicidal dash. The general thoughtfully apologized for not dismounting, saying that his size made remounting inconvenient. This little incident seems trivial when retold, but when one realizes how polite the Latin races are the courtesies shown them were timely indeed. Then followed a presentation of all the generals on both sides, after which the trumpets of a battalion of Spanish infantry struck up a lively march and the body of soldiers marched past the assembled officers with all their arms and equipments. They then halted a short distance away and deposited their arms and countermarched past the general without arms. This was the ceremony of the disarming of the Spanish forces, and later the entire army did the same thing, but time would not permit witnessing the entire force lay down their arms.

This formal surrender of the army took place about half-past nine, and immediately after General Shafter and General Wheeler turned and rode toward Santiago followed by the host of staff officers, the two troops of the Second United States Cavalry, and the Ninth United States Infantry. There was no advance guard, although the way into the city was lined with Spanish soldiers still armed, but confidence was placed in them and that confidence was not broken. Between the lines, and especially as we neared the city, the condition was terrible. All along the road were carcasses of horses, most of which still had the saddle, bridle, and in many cases saddle-bags full of effects, on the dead animals. This state of affairs showed the hasty retreat under a terrific fire the enemy experienced during the three day’s battle. Shallow graves along the road had been scratched open by vultures and the odor was horrible in the extreme. The first barricade we encountered was the cleverly conceived barbed-wire entanglement that did not close the road but compelled one entering to zigzag, back and forth, so that entrance under fire would be next to impossible. Then came barricades of sand-filled barrels covering trenches. Side streets blocked with paving-stones, leaving loop-holes. The thick-walled houses were also loop-holed and would have made excellent fortifications. To have attempted to have taken the city by infantry assault would have meant the loss of thousands of our men.

As we rode through the streets toward the Plaza the way was lined by thousands of Spanish soldiers eager to see their conquerors, and to watch their expressions one might have thought we were coming as their guests. Many companies were drawn up and saluted or presented as we passed. Nearly all of the officers touched or lifted their caps, and their salutations were returned by many of our party. And why should they not feel that we were welcome? To them our coming meant food, it meant the end of three years’ hard work and fighting in which they had no heart; it meant home. No wonder we were greeted as friends. When we rode into the Plaza up-
on which the Governor's palace and the
grand old cathedral faces, the same recep-
tion awaited us even from the Governor-
General himself. The officers dismounted
and went into the palace, while the Ninth
Infantry cleared the centre of the Plaza
and awaited orders.

General Leonardo Ross y Roderigues
bade the generals and their staff welcome
in a most cordial and effusive manner as
we were ushered into the audience-hall of
the palace. The generals were seated at
one end of the hall, General Shafter and
General Wheeler sitting beside the Gov-
ernor-General, and they had not conferred
long when His Eminence, the Archbishop
Francisco Saenz de Uturni, attended by
several of his order, arrived to perform his
part of the surrender, for the Church is a
wonderful power in Santiago. His robes
of state of purple were rich, and he wore
many decorations upon his breast. This
was the same man who declared that with
ten thousand men he would raise the Span-
ish standard over the capital at Wash-
ington. His interview with the American
commander was of short duration and
as he passed out of the palace and crossed
the plaza to the cathedral a great defer-
ence was shown by the crowd to this Prince
of the Church.

Shortly before twelve the officers came
out of the Governor's palace and assem-
bled in a group in the Plaza and awaited
the event for which the great struggle had
been made. In the centre of the square
the cavalry band stood awaiting the ap-
proaching hour of noon. All eyes were
fixed on the cathedral clock, and at five
minutes before the sun was at its height
the commanding officer of the Ninth In-
fantry gave the command "Attention;" it
was echoed by the cavalry officer
whose command was drawn up in the
street facing the palace, and for full five
minutes the troops stood without a move-
ment. Captain McKittrick had meanwhile
mounted to the roof and bent the flag to
the halyards of the mast over the
palace entrance. The space surrounding
the square was packed with the Spanish
officers and men and with the residents of
Santiago. On one side of the Plaza the
Spanish officers' club was crowded with
members, café La Venus's windows and
doors were packed, as in fact were all the
buildings. The approach to the Cathed-
ral opposite the Palace was a position
of advantage well crowded. It was a re-
spectful crowd, and one that assembled
from mere curiosity. The Spanish offi-
cers showed plainly that their position
was one that they keenly felt at heart.

The citizens of Santiago and the rank
and file of the Spanish army gave evidence
of real, unconcealed pleasure, and many
raised their hats in salute to the flag.

Finally the five minutes of tense waiting
was ended, and as the grand old cathedral
chimes pealed forth the hour of noon, Cap-
tain McKittrick slowly hauled the flag to
the masthead while the band played "The
Star Spangled Banner," and the officers
uncovered and the troops presented, and
Santiago de Cuba became an American
city. As the flag floated over the Palace
the batteries in the trenches boomed the
national salute, and band after band along
the line took up the grand anthem. Then
the men in the trenches yelled as only
American soldiers can yell. It wasn't a
cheer, it was a good yell. All along
that full ten miles of trenches the men gave
vent to pent-up enthusiasm.

Not so in Santiago. We did not cheer.
We did not feel like it, for victory has
almost the sadness that I might imagine de-
feat would have, and when the band fol-
lowed with "Stars and Stripes Forever,"
there was a feeling of sadness, for all about
us were pinched, wan faces of the hungry
citizens and the sorrowful faces of the de-
fated officers, who covered heavy hearts
with gracious manner to their foe. There
could not be too much said in praise of the
manner in which the enemy's officers
treated us on the very day when our flag
replaced theirs, and no one would know-
ingly criticise the action of continuing the
Spanish officials in power, or keeping the
guarda civil, their famous regiment, on
duty in the city. They were ready to do
all in their power to make our day perfect,
and yet I saw many a strong, brave Span-
iard brush away a tear as their banner gave
way to ours. The scene was intense in
the extreme, yet no one felt like exulting.
That evening at sunset I heard vespers
chanted in the old Cathedral and heard an
old priest pray for the success of the arms
of Spain, but the sun set with the Ameri-
can flag floating over the city.
"This only is the witchcraft I have us'd"
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The December Scribner

(To be published Nov. 23)

JOSEPH CHAMBERLAIN ON AMERICA AND COLONIAL EXPANSION

There is no one on either side of the Atlantic whose word on this, the most pressing question of the day, could command more attention than that of the English Colonial Secretary, the Rt. Hon. Joseph Chamberlain, who is not only the greatest English political leader of the day, but has had the widest experience of colonial affairs and policies, is the greatest advocate of colonial expansion in England, and is also one of the most ardent friends of the people of the United States, whom he has many times and again recently visited, and with whom he has strong personal ties.

RICHARD HARDING DAVIS’S “In the Rifle Pits” will be a graphic description dealing with certain memorable days of the Santiago Campaign. It will be illustrated as usual.

THE TAKING OF MANILA will be graphically described by Capt. T. Bentley Mott, U. S. A., Gen. Merritt’s aide-de-camp, whose part in the affair was so highly praised also by Gen. Greene in his official report.

THE CHRISTMAS NUMBER

in addition to the above special articles, will be rich in the short fiction and art for which it has always been noted.

Color Printing

THE CHIEF ARTISTIC FEATURE will be F. J. Stimson’s remarkable version of the first part of Wagner’s Ring of the Nibelung, and Maxfield Parrish’s notable color illustrations and decorations that accompany it.

Fiction includes:


THE HOTEL AT PESCADORES, by Arthur Colton, a Stocktonesque story about a sailing vessel in the middle of a Peruvian forest, illustrated by Frank Verbeck.

Other Contributions

STEVENSON AT PLAY, a mimic war correspondence of the late novelist, contributed by Lloyd Osborne.

“RUSKIN AS AN ARTIST,” by his old pupil and friend, Spielmann, with illustrations from works for the most part never before published.

SENATOR LODGE will conclude “The Story of the Revolution” with a reference to America’s relations with England, which will prove a surprise to many.

WALTER APPLETON CLARK, who has recently made a name for himself by his work in Scribner’s, will contribute the frontispiece.
OFFICERS WATCHING THE ARTILLERY PLAY ON COAMO

Drawn by F. C. Yohn from a photograph by Richard Harding Davis.
THE PORTO RICAN CAMPAIGN

BY RICHARD HARDING DAVIS

WHEN the men who accompanied our army to Porto Rico returned to their own people again, they found that at home the Porto Rican campaign was regarded as something in the way of a successful military picnic, a sort of comic-opera war, a magnified field-day at Van Cortlandt Park. This point of view was hardly fair, either to the army in Porto Rico or to the people at home. It cheated the latter of their just right to feel proud.

In comparison to the Santiago nightmare, the Porto Rican expedition was a fête des fleurs, but the reason for this, apart from the fact that the country, unlike Cuba, had not been devastated and that the Porto Ricans, unlike the Cubans, were most friendly, was one which should make all Americans pleased with themselves and with their army. It should give them such confidence in the army and its generals as we like to honestly feel when we boast of anything to which we can prefix the possessive pronoun, whether it be our local baseball nine, our express trains or elevators, or our army and navy.

Porto Rico was a picnic because the commanding generals would not permit the enemy to make it otherwise. The Spaniards were willing to make it another nightmare—they were just as ready to kill in Porto Rico as in Cuba—but our commanding general in Porto Rico was able to prevent their doing so. A performance of any sort always appears the most easy when we see it well done by an expert—even golf looks possible as Whigham plays it. All he does is to hit a ball with a stick. But you might go out and hit the same ball with the same stick for a year and no one would think of giving you silver cups. Anyone who has seen a really great matador face a bull in a bull-ring certainly thought that the man had gained his reputation easily. He walks about as unconcernedly as you walk about your room, and when he is quite ready he waits for the bull, takes a short step to one side, thrusts his sword into the bull's neck, and the bull is dead. The reason the Spanish bull gored our men in Cuba and failed to touch them in Porto Rico was entirely due to the fact that Miles was an expert matador and Shafter was not; so it is hardly fair to the commanding general and the gentlemen under him to send the Porto Rican campaign down into history as a picnic.

This is not saying that it was not a picnic, but explaining why it was so. A general who can make an affair of letting blood so amusing to his men that they regard it as a picnic is something of a general.

One of the lesser evils of the Cuban campaign was that it gave our friends, the enemy in Europe, the idea that the way
that particular expedition was conducted was typical of the way every other expedition would be conducted which we might send over sea. If they should act seriously on that idea, they may find themselves abruptly and painfully undeceived. The European can say, to our discredit, that we failed to feed our soldiers in the field, and to care for them when they were wounded and ill, but they cannot say that the soldiers did not do their share, even though republics were ungrateful and political officials incompetent.

Even our own people had just cause to be alarmed at the bungling and waste of life in Cuba. So it might be well, both at home and abroad, to emphasize at once the fact that we have other generals in the field.

That the people do not know more concerning the Porto Rican expedition is partly due to the fact that the majority of newspaper correspondents were detained in Cuba by sickness and quarantine, and that those who reached the island were too few in number to give the expedition there the acclaim it deserved. For three days there were only two correspondents with the army in Porto Rico, and never more at any time than ten. In Cuba there were a hundred. Moreover, the campaign was nipped by peace almost before it could show its strength; but from the start, it was one with which any of the great military powers would have been pleased and satisfied. And this in spite of the fact that the regiments engaged, with but three exceptions, were composed of volunteers.

The army in Porto Rico advanced with the precision of a set of chessmen; its moves were carefully considered and followed to success; its generals, acting independently and yet along routes reconnoitred by General Roy Stone and Major Flagler, and selected by General Miles, never missed a point nor needlessly lost a man, nor retreated from a foot of land over which they had advanced. Every day the four different columns swept the Spaniards before them in a net, capturing town after town, and company after company. Their fights were but skirmishes, but the skirmishes were as carefully thought out, and the enemy was as scientifically surrounded, attacked, and captured, as though great battles had been fought and thousands of lives lost in accomplishing the same end. There was more careful preparation and forethought exhibited in the advances our generals
made upon the little towns they captured in Porto Rico, than was shown in the entire campaign against the city of Santiago—General Chaffee's reconnoissance and capture of El Caney alone always excepted. The courage of the men is not under discussion now; what we are considering here is a comparison of good generalship with bad, and the American reader, for his own better content, should not belittle a clean-cut, scientific campaign by calling it a picnic. He should remember that in Porto Rico eight cities and towns, with 100,000 inhabitants, were won over to the United States at the cost of very few men killed. Santiago, with its 40,000 inhabitants, was won for the Cubans at the cost of thousands of men killed and wounded in battle and wreaked by fever. As an eye-witness of both campaigns one is convinced that the great success of the one in Porto Rico was not due to climatic advantages and the co-operation of the natives, but to good management and good generalship.

Juanica is a pretty little harbor protected by very high cliffs. The town is one street, which runs back for a mile under the shade of crimson trees, with houses of gay colors on either side of it. Back of the one street are lanes crowded with huts of palm-leaves. The Gloucester ran into the harbor and fired a three-pounder at a Spanish flag on a block-house. This was the first intimation that anyone, except General Miles, had received that the American troops were to land on the south coast of Porto Rico. When the news reached Washington the War Department was surprised, because it thought that General Miles would land at Fajardo, in the north; the Spaniards were surprised as a matter of course, and the newspaper boats were so overtaken with surprise that, with one exception, none of them hove in sight for three days.

The first landing was made by the blue-jackets of the Gloucester. They built a trocha of stones and barbed wire across the one street, and called it Fort Wainwright, and killed four Spaniards with a Colt's quick-firing gun. Then they wig-wagged for reinforcements, and the regulars of the artillery came in to give them countenance. Meanwhile, the Gloucester fired at the ridges about the harbor and a troop of cavalry on a hill, and as she
was short-handed, the Paymaster and the Surgeon had to help feed the guns. It can be truly said that life on the Gloucester was seldom dull. When the Spaniards had fled, 2,000 volunteers from Massachusetts and Illinois, and more regulars of the artillery were put on shore, and in a few hours were camped along the street, and the inhabitants, who had fled to the hills before the hideous bombardment of the Gloucester's three-pounder, returned again to their homes. The Porto Ricans showed their friendliness to the conquerors by selling horses to the officers at three times their value, and the volunteers made themselves at home on the doorsteps of the village, and dandled the naked yellow babies on their knees, and held marvellous conversations with the natives for hours at a time, in a language entirely their own, but which seemed to give universal satisfaction.

The next morning there was an outpost skirmish, in which the Sixth Massachusetts behaved well, and the next evening there was a false alarm from the same regiment. This called out the artillery and the Illinois regiment, and the picture the shining brown guns made as they bumped through the only street in moonlight was sinister and impressive. To those of us who had just come from Santiago the sight of the women sitting on porches and rocking in bent-wood chairs, the lighted swinging lamps, with cut-glass pendants, and the pictures and mirrors on the walls which we saw that night through the open doors as we rode out to the pickets, seemed a part of some long-forgotten existence. We know now that the women were dark of hue and stout, that the pictures were chromos of the barber-shop school, and that the swinging lamps were tawdry, and smoked horribly; but at that moment, so soon after the San Juan rifle-pits, the women of Juanica were as beautiful as the moonlight, and their household gods of the noblest and best.

The alarm turned out to be a false one, and except for the pleasure the spectacle had afforded the fat, brown ladies on the porches, the men had lost half a night's sleep to no purpose. Later, they lost the other half of the night because our outposts on the hills would mistake stray mules and cattle for Spaniards, and kept up an unceasing fire about the camp until sunrise. Some of their bullets hit the transport on which General Miles was sleeping, and also the ship carrying the Red Cross nurses, who were delighted at being under fire, even though the fire came from the Sixth Illinois. From remarks made the next morning by General Miles, he did not seem to share with them their delight.

After three days, General Guy Henry moved on to occupy Juaco, and General Miles proceeded down the coast to the
port of Ponce. The city of Ponce, which lies two miles back from the port, surrendered officially and unofficially on four separate occasions. It was possessed of the surrender habit in a most aggravated form. Indeed, for anyone in uniform it was most unsafe to enter the town at any time unless he came prepared to accept its unconditional surrender. In the official account sent to Washington by Captain Higginson of the Massachusetts, the city of Ponce and the port surrendered to Commander Davis of the Dixie, so General Miles reports—so history, as it is written, will report. But, as a matter of fact, the town first surrendered to Ensign Curtin of the Wasp, then to three officers who strayed into it by mistake, then to Commander Davis, and finally to General Miles.

Ensign Curtin is a grandson of the war governor of Pennsylvania. He is about the youngest-looking boy in the navy, and he is short of stature, but in his methods he is Napoleonic. He landed, with a letter, for the military commander, which demanded the surrender of the port and city, and he wore his side-arms, and an expression in which there was no trace of pity. The Captain of the Port informed him that the military commander was at Ponce, but that he might be persuaded to surrender if the American naval officer would condescend to drive up to Ponce, and make his demands in person. The American officer fairly shook and quivered with indignation. "Zounds," and "Gadzooks," and "Damme, sir," would have utterly failed to express his astonishment. Had it come to this, then, that an ensign, holding the President's commission, and representing such a ship of terror as the Wasp, was to go to a mere colonel, commanding a district of 60,000 inhabitants? "How long will it take that military commander to get down here if he hurry?" demanded Ensign Curtin. The trembling Captain of the Port, the terrified foreign consuls and the custom-house officials thought that a swift-moving cab might bring him to the port in a half hour.

"Have you a telephone about the place?" asked the Napoleonic Curtin. They had.

"Then call him up and tell him that if he doesn't come down here in a hack in thirty minutes and surrender, I shall bombard Ponce!"

This was the Ensign's ultimatum. He turned his back on the terrified inhabitants and returned to his gig. Four hacks started on a mad race for Ponce and the central office of the telephone rang with hurry-calls.

On his way out to the ship, Ensign Curtin met Commander Davis on his way to the shore. Commander Davis looked at his watch. "I shall extend his time another half hour," said Commander Davis. Ensign Curtin saluted sternly, making no criticism upon this weak generosity on the part of his superior officer, but he could afford to be magnanimous. He, at least, had upheld the honor of the navy, and he will go down in the history of the war as the midy who demanded and obtained a surrender by telephone.

General Miles landed in the morning after Curtin had taken the place, and Mr. Curtin came ashore in the same boat with us. We asked him if he had already landed and he replied modestly that he had, but he spared the commanding general's feelings by making no reference to his own part in the surrender. In the boat with General Miles were the two head-quarter flags of the commanding general of the army, four officers of his personal staff, Curtin and four regulars. One of these regulars spoke three languages, and as a soldier of the Foreign Legion of France had carried the first French flag to the shore of Tonquin. Although this was not known until later, one of the head-
quarters flags of the United States army was handed to him to carry to the shore of Porto Rico. When one remembers that there are 25,000 regulars in our army to whom it might have been given, it was a curious coincidence that that particular honor should have fallen to that particular man. He was in no way unappreciative of the honor. He stood up in the bow and waved the heavy silk flag from one side to the other until the boat rocked, and at the sight the several thousand people who were waiting for General Miles on the wharves and housetops and swamping the small boats in the wake of his gig shouted “Vivas” and shrieked and cheered. Suddenly the Franco-American soldier held up the flag as high as he could place it, and in most excellent and eloquent Spanish called upon the people of Porto Rico to welcome the commanding general of the United States. There was a momentary hush of surprise that an American soldier should show such knowledge of their own tongue, and then a wilder burst of “vivas,” and another pause to hear if there was more to follow. There was much more to follow. From the bow of our boat our self-elected orator assured them that the coming of General Miles brought them liberty, fraternity, peace, happiness, and wealth. He promised them no taxes, freedom of speech, thought and conscience, “three acres and a cow,” plurality of wives, “one man, one vote,” and to every citizen a political office and a pension for life. Before the gig had touched the landing-steps the United States Government, in the person of that soldier, was pledged to give Porto Rico everything in its power and beyond its power to grant. So General Miles landed in triumph. After that speech it is small wonder that Americans were popular in Porto Rico.

Later in the day, General Miles and General Wilson, in full dress uniform and beautiful white gloves, received the homage of Ponce from the balcony of the Alcalde’s palace. They made a very fine appearance, but as no men go unshaven in Porto Rico except priests, the populace were greatly disturbed to find that it was General Miles and not General Wilson who was the commanding general of our army. “He should have been an archbishop,” they said, but later he convinced them that the mustache does not make the soldier. Nothing could have been more enthusiastic or more successful than their open-air reception. The fire companies paraded in their honor, and ran over three of their own men, which gave the local Red Cross people a grand chance to appear on the scene, each man wearing four red crosses, to carry away the wounded. This created some confusion as the firemen preferred to walk, but the Red Cross people were adamant and bore them off on stretchers whether they would or no. The only thing wanting to complete the picture was an American flag. It was only a detail, but the populace seemed to miss it. It was about the only article with
which the expedition was not supplied. Frantic cabling to Washington repaired the loss, and within a week, flags were sent out all over the island and raised upon the roofs of many a city hall. Ponce itself held more foreign flags than we had ever seen. Judging from their number one would have thought that the population was composed entirely of English, Germans, French, and Swiss and members of the Red Cross Society. It was explained later that the Spanish residents had been assured that the American soldiers would loot their houses, and so for their better protection they had invited all their friends who were subjects of foreign powers to come and spend a few days, and bring their flags with them. On one very handsome house belonging to a very rabid Spaniard, who apparently had a surfeit of spare bedrooms, there were as many flags as there are powers forming the European concert. He was taking no chances.

The first week of the American occupation of Ponce, when new conditions arose every hour, was full of curious interest. There were financial questions to be answered, as to the rate of exchange and the collection of taxes and customs dues; questions of local law as opposed to martial law. There were Spanish volunteers swearing allegiance to the United States, and Porto Ricans to be sworn in as judges and registrars. The American post-office opened for business, telephone wires which had been cut for strategic reasons were repaired for the public service, the railroad was set in motion at the point of the bayonet, and signs reading "English spoken here" were hung outside of every second shop. In the bandstand in the Plaza, where for many years

Troops Entering Ponce.
Drawn from a photograph taken by the author.
The Spanish military band had played every Sunday and Thursday, the provost-guards slept and cooked, and banged on a hoarse rheumatic piano. "Rosy O'Grady" and "The Banks of the Wabash" superseded "The March of Isabella" of the three nights previous, and an American company reopened the opera-house with a variety performance; a newspaper called La Nueva Era was issued in twenty-four hours, printed half in Spanish and half in English; and twenty miles out, at Coamo, where two roads met, an energetic volunteer who combined enterprise with patriotism nailed up a sign with a hand pointing north and reading:

GO TO JAMES GETTS FOR CLOTHING,
WARRINGTON, WIS.

The people of Ponce were certainly the most friendly souls in the world. Nothing could surpass their enthusiasm or shake their loyalty. If a drunken soldier, of whom there were surprisingly few, entered the shop or home of a Porto Rican, the owner could not be persuaded to make a charge against him. The natives gave our men freely of everything, and the richer and better class of Porto Ricans opened a Red Cross hospital at their own expense and contributed money, medicines, cots, and doctors for our sick soldiers. They also placed two American Red Cross nurses in charge and allowed them absolute authority.

Peace came too soon to allow the different generals who were making the ways straight to show all that they could do and how well they could do it. In view of this fact it was almost a pity that peace did come so soon. For with the bungling at Santiago and the scandal and shame after the war of the treatment of our sick soldiers on the transports and in the fever camps, the successes which would have followed the advance of the different expeditions across Porto Rico would have been a grateful relief. The generals, with the exception of General Schwan, were handicapped, to a degree, by the fact that their commands were, for the greater part, composed of volunteers; but the personality of the generals, each in his different way, made this count for little, and they obtained as good service out of the men as the work there was to be demanded. It was not in the field alone, where they were on their native heath, that these generals distinguished themselves; but in governing and establishing order in the towns which they capt-
ured, where their duties were both peculiar and foreign to their experience, they showed to the greatest advantage. They went about the task of setting up the new empire of the United States as though our army had always been employed in seizing islands, and raising the flag over captured cities. They played the conquerors with tact, with power, and like gentlemen. They recognized the rights of others and they forced others to recognize their rights. Wherever it was possible to do so, General Miles propitiated the people by employing local labor. Within an hour after the firing had ceased at Juanaica, he was renting oxcarts and oxen from the native ranch-owners and buying cattle outright. At Ponce he employed hundreds of local stevedores who had been out of work for many days. He set them to unloading the transports and coaling the war-ships, and when he learned that the boss stevedores were holding back part of the men’s pay he corrected the abuse at once, and saw that each man received what was due him. General Wilson in his turn, as military governor of the city and district of Ponce, was confronted with many strange conditions. He had to invent oaths of allegiance, to tranquilize the foreign consuls, to protect rich Spaniards from too enthusiastic Porto Ricans, to adopt a new seal for the city, and a new rate of exchange; to appoint new officers in the courts, to set free political prisoners, and to arrest and lock up political offenders against the new régime.

But the work was not confined to the cities, and soon each of the generals had changed the magistrate’s chair for the saddle. It was a beautiful military proposition as General Miles laid it down. Four columns were to traverse the island and from four different directions, and drive all the enemy outside of San Juan back into that city, so leaving none but friends on the flanks and in the rear. By taking all the towns en route and picking up every Spaniard it met on the way, the army would surround San Juan with the island already won. Then with the navy in the harbor and the army camped about the city; San Juan would, as a matter of common sense, surrender.

Peace interfered with the completion of this plan, but its inception and start was most brilliant and successful. General Wilson was sent down the centre along the military road with directions to follow it straight on to the capital. On the right end of the rush-line, General Brooke and General Hains were to swing around to take Guayana and strike the military road back of Cayey and Aibonito just as Wil-
by night to the rear of the town over a steep mountain trail which would have broken the hearts of any less enthusiastic soldiers; and on the following morning the rest of the command, horse, foot, and artillery, acted as "beaters" for it, and swept the Spaniards back into the waiting arms of the Pennsylvanians. The retreating enemy found the volunteers perched serenely upon the hills which overhung their only road of escape to San Juan. After a short fight, in which the Spaniards lost their commanding officers, who behaved with most exceptional and reckless bravery, and with seven killed and ten wounded, they surrendered to the number of one hundred and fifty. The casualties of the Pennsylvanians were ten wounded.

General Hains, in the meantime, closed up on these towns from the south. General Roy Stone, with a mixed command of Porto Ricans, United States volunteers and regulars, was sent to Adjuntas to reconnoitre and clear the way. General Guy Henry was sent out to follow the same route and to take the city of Arecibo in the north. On the extreme left, General Schwan, with a splendid command composed entirely of regulars, was given a sort of roving commission to fight anything he saw, and then to take Mayagüez and beat up toward Arecibo to join Henry. As soon as those columns were on the way, General Miles was to follow wherever his advice and presence would be of the most value.

The generals lost no time in getting to work. Juana Díaz was, in theatrical parlance, a one-night stand, and it surrendered without a fight to General Wilson, but the taking of Coamo, the next city on his list, was one of the prettiest skirmishes of the campaign. One regiment, the Sixteenth Pennsylvania, was sent...
Third Wisconsin Volunteers Passing Spanish Rifle-pit Thrown Up Across the Street in Coamo.
Drawn from a photograph taken by the author.
while, had taken Guayama from four hundred Spaniards at the cost of one officer and four men wounded, all of the Fourth Ohio. On the 13th, General Schwan's regulars found the Spaniards intrenched in force at Las Marias and drove them back and out of Mayaguez, a city of 30,000 inhabitants. In this fight, two privates were killed and fourteen enlisted men and Lieutenant Byron were wounded. The Spanish loss was thirty in killed and wounded, and the Lieutenant-Colonel, with fifty privates, was taken prisoner. General Stone engaged the enemy in a night skirmish beyond Adjuntas and drove the Spaniards back, carrying their killed and wounded with them. There was no loss among his own men.

In the meanwhile, General Wilson had advanced toward Aibonito and found the Spaniards strongly intrenched with artillery and quick-firing guns upon the high hills which protect that city. An effort to dislodge the enemy was attempted on the day before peace was declared. It was made by the artillery, under Major Lancaster. It advanced to within two thousand yards of the enemy's intrenchments, and unlimbered in a field to the left of the road under a terrific fire of shrapnel, common shell, and Mauser bullets. The Spaniards fortunately fired too high to touch the artillery, but did much damage to our infantry on the bluffs above. As a spectacle, it was one of the most exciting fights of the war. Not only could the artillerymen see each other's guns plainly without the aid of a glass, but they could see the men who served them as well, and they answered shell with shell and with the speed of a ball volleyed across a tennis net. It was in this fight that a shrapnel shell struck the road within ten inches of the foot of the British naval attaché, Captain
Paget, and lifted five Wisconsin volunteers off their feet and knocked them down. For a moment Paget was lost to view in a cloud of dust and smoke, from which no one expected to see him reappear alive, but he strode out of it untouched, remarking, in a tone of extreme annoyance, "There was a shell in the Soudan once did exactly that same thing to me." His tone seemed to suggest that there was a limit to any man's patience. A few minutes later, a solitary tree beneath which he was sitting was struck by another shell which killed two and wounded three men. Major Woodbury, the surgeon-in-chief of the command, who was under fire for the first time, assisted the men to the ambulances, while the Mauser bullets cut many holes in the air above him; he behaved as cheerily and coolly as any man I ever saw in a fight. Paget, who had been in a dozen campaigns, took it all as a matter of course, and assisted one of the wounded men out of the range of the bullets from the side of a steep and high hill. The sight did more to popularize the Anglo-American alliance with the soldiers than could the weightiest argument of ambassadors or statesmen.

Just as this fight ended, Lieutenant Hains, whose gun occupied the most exposed position in a turn of the road and the one farthest in advance, was shot through the body by a bullet. It half turned him, and he staggered into the arms of his sergeant, who caught him around the waist and helped him to the ambulance. One night on the transport, after we had shared a very bad dinner, he had recklessly promised to give me a good one "when we take San Juan," and I had reminded him of this promise frequently. When I came up to him after he was shot, he raised his eyes and said, faintly, "I am afraid I can't give you that dinner at San Juan." I naturally pretended that I thought he was not badly hurt, and said we would put off the dinner until we met in New York.

"Very well," Hains said, closing his eyes. "If it's just as convenient to you, we'll wait until we get to New York." A man who can joke about his dinner engagements when a bullet has just passed through him from his shoulder to his hip is a good man to keep in the army, and fortunately for the army Hains lived.

A day after the fight at Aibonito, Peace laid her detaining hand on the shoulder of each general, and the operations closed for thirty days. Peace came differently to different men. One major of volunteers who had already established his nerve on polo-fields and as a most reckless rider, without a moment's hesitation, threw his hat high in the air and cried, "Thank God! Now I won't get killed." On the other hand, the artillerymen of Battery B of Pennsylvania, when they heard peace had come, swore and hooted and groaned. They were behind a gun pointed at the enemy, who was intrenched to the left of Guayama. The shell was in the chamber, the gunner had aimed the piece and had run backward, but before it spoke, Lieutenant MacLaughlin, of the Signal Corps, galloped upon the scene shrieking, "Cease firing, peace has been declared!" Whereat the men swore.

Peace came with Porto Rico occupied by our troops and with the Porto Ricans blessing our flags, which must never leave the island. It is a beautiful island, smiling with plenty and content. It will bring us nothing but what is for good, and it came to us willingly with open arms. But had it been otherwise, it would have come to us in any event. The course of empire to-day takes its way in all points of the compass—not only to the West. If it moves as smoothly, as honorably, and as victoriously always as it did in Porto Rico, our army need ask for no higher measure of success.
Dance light, little maid, in your old-world gown,
In your high-heeled slippers and powdered hair;
Small wonder "King Louis turned to look,"
If the real marquise was but half so fair.

With outstretched, patient, beseeching hands
Poor Pierrot follows you through the world,
And you care less for his hopeless love
Than for one bright lock on your white brow curled.

Would you treat one so if the play were real?
Or is gay coquetry part of the dress,
With the satin slippers and silken train
And laces, light as your lips' caress?

The years are swift and the play is short,
But jest and earnest may oftimes meet,
And, in jest or earnest, I pray you, dear,
Dance light, for my heart lies under your feet.
THE NAVY IN THE WAR

BY CAPTAIN F. E. CHADWICK
Commanding Flagship New York, and Chief of Staff to Admiral Sampson

I

In January, 1898, the larger ships of the North Atlantic Squadron, composed then of but fourteen ships, the New York (flag), Iowa, Texas, Massachusetts, Indiana, Brooklyn, Maine, Terror, Marblehead, Montgomery, Nashville, Detroit, Fern, and Vesuvius, were ordered into the Gulf of Florida, which they were to use until April 1st as an exercising ground, and then return to Hampton Roads. The smaller ships named above were already South, actively engaged in suppressing filibustering, in which, despite Spanish unbelief, we spent effectively a great deal of time, energy, and money. The squadron had been held back for two winters in Northern waters on account of the susceptibilities of the Spanish Government, and it finally sailed for Tortugas Harbor, which was to be our head-quarters, with no idea of anything happening beyond the ordinary routine of naval service.

On the night of February 15th a torpedo-boat brought the startling news of the destruction of the Maine. We at once moved to Key West, and there for six weeks the New York, Iowa, and Indiana laid outside the reef, seven miles from the port and practically at sea, awaiting events. The Texas and Massachusetts had been ordered to Hampton Roads to join the newly formed Flying Squadron. The ships already there were reinforced by the concentration of the remainder of the squadron, and when, on April 21st, at 5.30 P.M., the telegraphic button was touched in Washington, the ships began to move at midnight and by the next evening the blockade of Havana had begun.

In the meantime, owing to the ill-health of Admiral Sicard, we had changed chiefs, Captain Sampson being appointed to the command. The selection was wisely made, as no one has more fully the confidence and affection of the service. The appointment came to him unsought and absolutely unexpectedly, and the most modest, least self-seeking, and the most single-minded of men, he could not quite comprehend the falling to himself of this great responsibility, which was, at the same time, as it turned out, so great a good fortune to the country.

The situation for the Navy, as it was necessarily to develop, was as follows: The blockade of a coast line nearly 2,000 miles in length (greater in reality than the line blockaded during our civil war, when we had over six hundred ships in commission); the occupation of a base upon the Cuban coast, the reduction of the more important points on the island, and finally and most important, the finding and destruction of the Spanish naval force. The taking of Havana meant, of course, the taking of Cuba, so that the first thought of the Admiral was its capture. The order of battle by which the batteries were to be assaulted, at close range, was prepared and in the hands of the captains; but the Government's objection to risking our heavy ships to such an extent against fortifications, in the face of the fact that we should probably have to meet, sooner or later, a force of excellent new ships, which may be calculated to have been about three-fourths that of our own at sea, prevented this being carried out. There is no doubt that it was correct in its decision from one point of view—i.e., it was the perfectly safe one; but casting back, I think no one conversant with events would say that the easy silencing of these batteries was not a certainty, and with their silencing the city, situated as it is, was at our mercy. But combined with the need of preserving our ships to meet the enemy's ships was the fact that we had no land force to hold Havana; that, in the meantime, the city would probably
have been subject to pillage and to great destruction of property by the large Spanish force which it would have been impossible to control properly with the comparatively small number of men who could have been landed from the fleet.

A broad view of the strategic phase at once brought into prominence the island of Porto Rico, with the port of San Juan, a thousand miles eastward of Havana, the natural base for Spanish naval operations. A large quantity of coal was stored there, and from this point, if from anywhere, raids on our own coast were to be anticipated.

When it was found that Havana was not to be assaulted (of which determination, of course, we were informed before the actual breaking out of hostilities), it was a strong question whether a powerful division of the fleet, consisting of the New York, Iowa, Indiana, Montgomery, and Detroit, should not be advanced to the eastward, to await the declaration of war, which appeared imminent, and upon receipt of this information at some halfway point, as Cape Haytien, at once seize San Juan, at that time very illy protected either by mines or batteries.

There never has been any doubt in my own mind of the advisability of so doing, and also of at once sending on to the Spanish coast three or four fast cruisers of large coal endurance for the purpose of occupying the Spanish mind at home.

The probability of hostilities had naturally awakened timidity along our own coasts, and the demand for naval defence was such as to hamper, seriously, the Navy department. This would have been spared by the action mentioned. The Flying Squadron, formed of the Brooklyn, Texas, Massachusetts, Minneapolis, and Columbia, powerful and efficient ships, was held in Hampton Roads as a protection to a point already covered by one of our largest forts, and a patrol fleet was formed to look after the onslaught of a raiding fleet from Spain, which proved purely phantasmal, and which, from the standpoint of our present knowledge, was almost an impossibility to our enemy.

The blockade was thus, on the morning of April 22d, begun, extending from Cardenas and round the westward part of the island to Cienfuegos on the south, a monotonous and harassing work of unceasing vigilance and hardship, with no events for some days, excepting the capture of numerous Spanish merchant steamers, the reduction of the food-supply of the western end of Cuba, and the occasional firings at newly formed batteries to prevent work, as at Matanzas, which were merely casual incidents magnified by a grandiloquent press into battles.

This was the first phase of the war. The second and vastly more important one began with the formation of a Spanish squadron, under Admiral Cervera, which took station at the Cape Verde Islands, and whose movements at once became of prime importance.

They sailed on April 29th, the squadron being made up of the second-class battle-ship Cristobal Colon, perhaps the finest of her class afloat, the three armored cruisers, Infanta Maria Teresa, Vizcaya, and Almirante Oquendo, and three torpedo-boat destroyers, Furor, Tornado, and Pluton. Their natural destination was Havana, using San Juan as a stepping-stone. The extreme probability of this latter caused the Commander-in-Chief to move eastward May 4th with a portion of the fleet, consisting of the New York, Indiana, Iowa, the monitors Tornado and Amphitrite, the cruisers Montgomery and Detroit, the torpedo-boat Porter, and a collier to the commanding position of the Windward Passage (between Cuba and Hayti), leaving Commodore Watson in command off Havana with the monitors Puritan and Miantonomoh as the main part of his means of defence against Cervera, should he escape the Commander-in-Chief. Cape Haytien was used as a point of telegraphic communication, and it was decided, after communicating with the Department, to continue to San Juan with the hope of finding Admiral Cervera there. The squadron arrived off the port early in the morning of May 12th and at once began a warm bombardment of the fortifications, which was as warmly turned, and which lasted some two hours. It was evident that there would be no great difficulty in forcing a surrender, as the defences on the west were very slight and our ships could take up a position on that face and remain without any serious injury—but Cervera's squad-
ron was not there; it was already two weeks out from the Cape Verdes; our squadron could move at very low speed on account of the monitors; we were 1,000 miles from Havana, which had to be covered; the Flying Squadron, so far as we knew, was still North; we had no land force with which to hold the place, and had no time to spare to await one if we were to look after Cervera—all these considerations made immediate movement westward imperative, and, with great regret at the necessity for leaving work undone, the squadron started the same evening for Havana.

Communicating at Porto Plata we found that Cervera had arrived at Curacao, and that the Flying Squadron was on its way to Key West to assist in covering the approaches to Havana. Hurrying westward, and acting in accordance with orders of the Department, the Flying Squadron was sent off Cienfuegos, and the Admiral took charge off Havana, as we were convinced that the destination of the Spaniards was one of these ports. Information arrived the day after the departure of the Flying Squadron that Cervera had entered Santiago the same day the Flying Squadron had left Key West, May 19th.

The Admiral, collecting all ships which could be spared from the blockade of Havana, took position in Nicholas Channel, covering the approach from the eastward, and ordered the Flying Squadron, which had now been incorporated with his command, at once to Santiago with orders to blockade the port. Commodore Schley started east, but, telegraphing the Navy Department, after arriving in the vicinity of Santiago, that he proposed returning with his squadron to Key West for coal, the Commander-in-Chief, at the earliest moment, left the northern squadron on May 30th with the Oregon, Mayflower, and Porter for Santiago, sending a dispatch that the Spanish squadron must be blockaded in Santiago at all hazards. Just before leaving Key West, to which the flagship had gone to communicate with the Department, a dispatch was received from Commodore Schley showing that he had finally arrived off Santiago.

The Oregon had just arrived from her long and brilliant journey from the Pacific, had coaled, and had joined the squadron in Nicholas Channel; on being signalled, asking if she could keep up a speed of thirteen knots, she answered fourteen if necessary, and the small squadron started at the former speed for Santiago. On arrival early in the morning of June 1st, the division, under Commodore Schley, was found blockading the port. On passing the entrance we observed the Cristobal Colon and one of the Vizcaya class near the harbor entrance, but at 10.30 A.M. they shifted their moorings farther in and out of sight. A bombardment had taken place the day before in which these ships had taken part.

There was then a month of close blockade with several attacks upon the batteries, the occupancy of the Bay of Guantánamo, thirty-eight miles east of Santiago, as a naval base, the arrival, June 20th, of an army corps of 16,000 men, the investment of Santiago from the land side on the east and north, the sortie of Admiral Cervera on July 3d, the complete destruction of his ships, several bombardments of the city of Santiago from the sea with eight-inch shell at a distance of over four miles, and the surrender on July 16th of the city and the eastern district of the province of Santiago. Immediately following was the invasion of Porto Rico, which offered no resistance at the ports which were seized. The south side of this island was completely in our possession when, on August 12th, was issued the President's proclamation of a suspension of hostilities.

The following is a list of the ships which we had on hand at the breaking out of the war and held in readiness at Key West for service in Cuban waters:

| New York | Nashville |
| Iowa | Cincinnati |
| Indiana | Helena |
| Terror | Castine |
| Montgomery | Wilmington |
| Marblehead | Detroit |
| Porter | Dupont |
| Foote | Winslow |

Torpedo-Boats:

- Newport
- Puritan
- Machias
- Dolphin
- Amphitrite
- Mayflower

This was increased by the addition of revenue vessels, converted yachts, light-house tenders and tugs carrying usually batteries made up of three and six-pounder guns, Maxim Nordenfeldt one-pounder
rapid-fire and Gatlings—some few were provided with four and five-inch guns.

North there were in the Flying Squadron the armored ships Brooklyn, Texas, Massachusetts, Minneapolis, and Columbia; the large transatlantic liners New York, Paris, St. Louis, and St. Paul, which were taken over, first used as scouts and then gradually armed, and a number of fast merchant vessels, such as the Yorktown and El Sol, which were transformed into cruisers, with excellent batteries of rapid-fire five- and six-inch guns.

The following is a full list of all in commission July 1st, ninety-eight in all:

New York
Iowa
Indiana
Massachusetts
Oregon
Brooklyn
Columbia
Minnesota
Texas
Puritan
Newark
San Francisco
Miantonomoh
Amphitrite
Terror
New Orleans
Cincinnati
Mayflower
Detroit
Montgomery
Marblehead
Topeka
Dolphin
Wilmington
Algonquin
Calumet
Hamilton
Hudson

Helena
Nashville
Catawba
Machias
Annapolis
Vicksburg
Mariana
Newport
Princeton
Vesuvius
Fern
Bancroft
Aileen
Badger
Dixie
Eagle
Gloucester
Harvard
Hawk
Hiss
Hornet
Oneida
Peoria
Prairie
McLane
Morrill
Windom
Maryland

Scorpion
St. Louis
St. Paul
Stranger
Siren
Sylvia
Viking
Vixen
Wasp
Yale
Yankee
Yankton
Yosemite
East Boston
Gov. Russell
Leyden
Samoset
Apache
Massasoit
Nezinscot
Osceola
Pascataqua
Sioux
Tecumseh
Wompataw
Armeria
Mangrove
Maple
Suwanee

Torpedo-Boat Flotilla.

Porter Du Pont Winslow Foote Rodgers Somers Ericsson Cushing Gwin Talbot

The first development of importance was the great inadequacy of the monitor type to the service attempted. These ships had no quality whatever in their favor under such conditions; their coal-supply was very limited, their speed was low (as it must always be in such a type), they were hells of suffering to their crews, which bore their discomforts most heroically, and above all their rapid period of oscillation made them such poor gun platforms, that accurate shooting from them, unless the water was perfectly smooth, was impossible. I have no hesitancy in saying that our experience condemned them unqualifiedly for general service; it is a type for smooth harbor use only. The good estimate of the large armored cruiser and battle-ship, on the other hand, became quickly accentuated, ships of the New York and Brooklyn type, with their heavy gun-fire, high speed, great radius of action, and very fair armor-protection, have shown themselves to be a primal necessity of a well-organized naval force. The New York, for instance, could easily keep the sea a month without coaling; could spring at any time to thirteen or fourteen knots, and, in a short time, to seventeen or eighteen; was equal to meeting, on fair terms, anything short of a heavily armored battle-ship, and developed altogether a general utility, which speaks in strongest terms for her type. The battle-ships are misplaced on an ordinary blockade such as that off Havana, but had to be so used, owing to our paucity of material. It was using a sledge hammer to crack a nut—but their value shone, with brightest lustre, at once when the blockade of the enemy’s fleet in Santiago was established. Though ships of the New York class were quite the equal of the Vizcaya and, under the conditions of her partial disarmament, of the Cristobal Colon (she did not have her two ten-inch turret guns), the battle-ships were those which enabled the search-light to illuminate the harbor entrance so that, as Admiral Cervera himself said, it made it impossible for him to leave at night.

Immediately upon his arrival, Admiral Sampson had sunk the Merrimac with a view of so closing the harbor that Cervera’s squadron might be thereafter a negligible quantity, and our forces, with the exception of a small watch upon the harbor, be at liberty to be employed elsewhere. So, shut up in a place of no military importance, they would have been as if they were not, and a sure prey later. But the Merrimac failed to sink where designed, and it was at once determined to injure the batteries so that a battle-ship might lie in close and make it impossible, by the steady use of her search-lights, for anyone to come out unknown to us, or without being subject to a powerful attack. This scheme was carried out thoroughly; the battle-ships took two-
hour turns of service, beginning at dusk, when they moved into such a range that the search-light would be thoroughly effective. They were thus frequently within a mile of the batteries, and every detail of the narrow cañon, with cliffs two hundred feet high, forming the harbor entrance (the channel being but three hundred and fifty feet wide) was made visible as in the day. It was a bold thing to do, but it was in keeping with the whole habit of mind of our Commander-in-Chief, whose idea constantly expressed in speech and act was to be in close touch with the enemy. He had, in a very forcible degree, the great Nelsonian characteristic of wanting to get at the foe. Inside the lighting ship were three pcket-vessels of the small auxiliaries, and still farther in, three steam-launches, carrying each a one-pounder in the bows, with an armed crew eked out by an addition of four marines. These were thus close under the cliffs of the entrance and were frequently subjected to musketry fire. The outer line was finally drawn in to a distance in which each ship was at night but two miles from the Morro, so that the squadron for night work was thus disposed.

be forewarned. The severity of work fell upon the battle-ships, and though their captains no longer had the torpedo-boat to fear as a surprise, there was the imminent danger of fire at close range from the batteries which looked down on them. The ships themselves were regarded as "immune" from serious injury by anything mounted ashore, and were, for this reason so used, but their upper works would have severely suffered, and in these their crews were largely stowed at night, the weather being too warm to keep them below. Anxiety for their men told heavily and made the work a very trying one; but during the whole period of nearly a month not a shot was fired by the enemy at any one of the ships while on this duty; why is as yet unknown. We, surely, had the case been reversed, would not have been so forbearing. The long and brilliant beam of light shone through the entrance and over the intervening hills as far as Santiago, six land-miles distant, and the whole procedure can only be properly described in the remark of the British Naval Attaché, who, on looking at it from the deck of the New York, exclaimed, "What a d——d impertinence!" The reader, I hope, will forgive

The immense relief in general from anxiety, as to torpedo attack, resulting from this arrangement, must be felt to be appreciated; the anxious strain of watchfulness, incessant as it had been off Havana, and for the first few nights off Santiago, at once gave place to a feeling that if such attack were attempted, we should at least

The slight intemperance of his language, but a strong adjective was not out of place. The watch described was varied frequently at night by the coughing up (for so it sounded) of a gun-cotton projectile from the Vesuvius, the explosion of which at times shook the earth for a radius of miles. I remember one of her earlier
The Navy in the War

efforts, when lying asleep on the transom of the chart-house forward (my usual night resting-place), I awoke conscious of a heavy jar to the whole ship's structure which must have been transmitted from the point of the shell's impact, through the earth, and up through the three hundred fathoms of water, on the surface of which we were lying. I knew at once what it was, and went on to the bridge to observe the other two which were sure to follow sooner or later, as she was prepared to fire three in rapid succession.

There is no question of the terrifying effect of these shells upon an enemy; so long as they were expected the men at the batteries remained away from their guns and under cover, and there is also no question of their great destructiveness. They ploughed great pits in the earth, and had they fallen fairly in a battery, must have put the guns hors de combat for a time, at least.

The method of blockade at Santiago is that which could have served only in such a place. Nowhere else than in Cuba are found harbors of such a character, and here they are not infrequent; Mariel, Bahia Honda, Cienfuegos, Nuevitas, Banes, Nipe, and several others being similar. Havana is of like formation, but differs in that the city is built on one side of the entrance, and thus fully exposed from the sea; the others are deep pockies with a narrow neck, in some cases so narrow and tortuous that though the water is deep it is very difficult of entrance to a ship of more than moderate length.

The action of July 3d, resulting in the destruction of Admiral Cervera's squadron, while showing the value of Napoleon's maxim of heavy battalions, and the still greater value of accurate gun-fire (without which the heavy battalions would not amount to much), showed, beyond any question, the necessity of making ships practically incendible. We had long before, in the New York, in preparation for battle, cut away and thrown overboard tons of our highly finished oak bulkheads. The Spaniards could probably have stood our gun-fire longer, but it was impossible to withstand the ship's burning under them. Nothing was more amazing than the rapidity of this outbreak of flame; the Vizcaya, for instance, when she turned shoreward, showed a few jets of smoke in her after-structure; by the time she had covered the mile and a half to two miles which had separated her from the land, she was all afire aft, and a great column of flame was leaping upward near her main-mast. It was a grand but melancholy sight to see these splendid ships (two of which I had seen so lately received in Havana with such pardonable pride, where, for two weeks, we were side by side in the little Mangrove) powerless on the reef, a towering mass of smoke and flame, their crews gathered forward awaiting the destruction, which seemed so imminent, from the frequent explosions of ammunition. When we had passed miles beyond, a deep thunderous sound, and a lofty column of smoke, hundreds of feet high, told to us, looking back, the explosion of the Vizcaya's magazine, and still farther east was a like cloud from the Oquendo. The action of the men of the rescuing parties, under the circumstances, was fine and noble beyond any praise which I can give.

It is reported that one of the earliest shells fired, cut the fire-main of the Maria Teresa, and they could do nothing to prevent the spread of the fire. This illustrates also the necessity of the mains being below the protective deck, with facilities below for cutting off any connection which may be cut above. We had made many preparations to this end in our own ships which were, in some cases, equally defective with the Spanish.

Armor played but a small part; the ten-inch water-line belts of the Vizcaya class were not struck by any heavy shell, and the Colon was struck but five times by anything, her surrender being due to inability to keep up the effort to escape and the fact that she had no chance against the overpowering force of four heavy ships in pursuit. Her captain states that she was not struck after leaving the vicinity of the harbor. When the thirteen-inch shell of the Oregon, fired from a range of 9,000 yards (somewhat over five land miles), began to fall near, she at once saw the hopelessness of her case.

The eleven-inch guns in the turrets of the Vizcaya class were en barbette, that is, they looked over the turret and not through a port in the turret. They had
an overhead protection of a spherical two-
and-three-quarter-inch shield covering
the entire turret. This, in the Oquendo,
had been pierced by an eight-inch shell
at the edge of the opening for the gun,
which had burst inside and had killed
every one in the turret. When boarded
the second day after the action, all were
found at their posts, a petty officer in the
attitude of aiming. This occurrence illus-
trates what was strongly borne in upon
us, viz., that no armor should be used
which is not sufficient to protect. Light
protection sufficient to burst a shell is
far worse than none; in the case men-
tioned, the shell, if the curved shield had
not been there to burst it, by the resis-
ance offered sufficient to cause the fuse to
act, might have passed over harmlessly.
A six-inch had passed through a shield
of a five-and-a-half-inch broadside gun of
the Maria Teresa, and bursting must have
killed the entire gun’s crew. Of course,
such shields as mentioned will protect
from ordinary shell fragments; but the
larger fragments of a moderate-sized shell
have enormous cutting power, the anchor-
chain of the Iowa, for example, the links
of which are of iron two and a-half inches
in diameter, being cleanly cut in two by
a fragment of a five-and-a-half-inch shell
which burst on her berth-deck.

The summation of our experience seems
to show that unless protected by armor
which will really protect, safety lies in
occupying a post as near the enemy as
possible and as exposed as possible. Thus
the men in the tops and on the bridge
were less liable to suffer than those below
on the decks, as the actual projectile
would probably have to hit them, whereas
those below were subjected to the frag-
ments of the shell which burst on meeting
the first obstacle, and these fragments
seemed numberless. The quantity of scars
left by a single shell was amazing.

Following this principle, the crews should
keep close in to the engaged side, one
man only may be injured there as against
many on the farther side within the field
of dispersion, and this field means every-
where to the right and left.

The above, of course, does not mean
that no armor shall be employed but the
heaviest, but it does favor the use of armor
sufficiently thick to keep out all lighter
shell, and the entire discontinuance of
inch or two-inch protection.

The quick destruction of the Spanish
squadron was largely due to the frequent
bombardments in which our ships had
been engaged. These had sometimes
been long continued, and had been, to
the crews, a most effective fire discipline.
Our men had thus become accustomed to
being frequently under fire, and had also the
experience, which cannot be overvalued,
of frequently handling their guns against
the enemy. They soon grew out of reck-
less expenditure of ammunition and settled
down to deliberate and careful handling
of the guns. San Juan and the frequent
engagements off Santiago thus more than
repaid us; when the Spanish ships ap-
peared our men went through what may
be called an every-day experience against
an enemy which had scarcely fired a shot
for months. It was in this that the quick
winning of the battle lay. Our fellows
had lived with their guns, sleeping along-
side them at night, there being always a
sufficient watch to fire and load, and one
who was lookout through the port, peering
into the outside darkness for the possible
enemy. The phrase “outside” darkness
may however be misleading, as there was
no offsetting inside light, the ship was
darkened so that not a light should show,
the absolutely necessary lights, as at the
compass, etc., being screened so that but
a mere peep hole was allowed the men at
the wheel. It is extraordinary how invis-
ible a ship may thus be made even on a
fine night, and if seen at all, all sense of
size is usually lost; the largest may be taken
for a torpedo-boat—but no light must be
shown; the faintest glimmer will reveal.
Our torpedo-boats frequently picked up our
ships while blockading and we were new
to the work, by the accidental display of
a light used by the midshipman of the
watch for some necessary duty.

Which brings the question of the utility
of such boats. They played a very small
part during the war from the point of view
of actual offence, though commanded, at
least on our side, by able, most active and
most zealous officers, who were more than
ready to do. We began with six, all of
which went on to the blockade with us,
and did duty of all sorts. This was a mis-
take from a material point of view; they
are too fragile for the rough tossing of the Gulf Stream off Havana, and for the constant running to which they are unavoidably subjected if within call. They require careful nursing if they are to be of any value when needed. Four were finally brought off Santiago, with the final result of complete breakdown and uselessness, notwithstanding the care and overhauling received at Guantánamo, where they were in quiet and unmoled waters.

But there is no question of their being an admirable source of anxiety to an enemy. They carry with them, or with their name, the powerful element of unlimited possibilities, and whatever their actual shortcomings they must always act at least as an admirable anti-soporific. In saying all this, I do not mean to decry the great value of torpedo-boats. It only so happened that on our side at least, circumstances were against them.

Our boats were too few in number to be used in an assault upon the ships in Santiago Harbor, under the circumstances of protection which had been elaborated by the enemy, a principal one of which was a heavy boom of logs across the narrow throat of the channel, protected also on each side by numbers of rapid-fire guns, and by musketry at close range. They would have been destroyed, beyond any reasonable doubt, without ever getting beyond this boom, but they were, no doubt, an element in preventing a night sortie, in the interval preceding our illumination of the channel.

The Vesuvius, previously untried, has within her the germ of great possibilities. The present range of her guns is limited, being now but about a mile and a half, but within this limit she is very effective. Her true point of use would have been off Havana had we attacked the place, as a large part of the town and harbor would have been subject to her shells. I must confess myself a believer in the system for such purposes where extreme accuracy is not a necessity. The action of her high-angle fire brings up the consideration of mortar fire to which we were subjected off Santiago. But one ship, the Indiana, was struck by such fire, and she by an eight-inch shell which went through one deck before exploding and then perforated another deck. The destruction was great, but not greater than that produced by a shell fired in the ordinary manner, and the experience goes far to do away with the preconceived ideas of the effect of mortar fire. It can only have the effect of great destruction assigned it (and upon which supposition we have extensively designed a good deal of our coast defence) by the use of a very much delayed action fuse, enabling the shell to go very deeply into the ship before explosion. In any case the shell must be a large one to be effective in this way.

There was, however, an example of high-angle fire which was most effective, and which influenced greatly in the early surrender of Santiago. This was the bombardment of the city from the sea with eight-inch shells, and the threat to use thirteen-inch. The eight-inch were, however, perfectly effective. They were fired from close in shore, over the intervening hills, some two hundred feet high, at a range of from 8,000 to 8,500 yards (about four and a half to five land miles), and fell with great accuracy, as many as sixteen falling in one street in a space of two squares’ length. A number of houses were totally destroyed and many more injured. Three of the battle-ships had been placed in position preparatory to firing thirteen-inch shell, when the surrender was agreed upon. Though the effect of firing such heavy shell would have been very interesting from the technical standpoint, their destructiveness would have been such that we can only congratulate ourselves that it was not necessary to proceed to such extremity. These mighty masses, eleven hundred pounds in weight and with a bursting charge of seventy pounds of powder, would have destroyed the town. General Linares bears marked testimony to the efficiency of our fire in his telegram of the 12th of July to the Spanish Government, stating that surrender was inevitable, one of the causes mentioned being the “cannonading . . . by sea from the squadron, which has perfect ranges and bombards the city by sections with mathematical precision.”

Of course one of the first elements of a fleet’s efficiency is a motive-power which shall be kept in good order, and if I were to name any one thing more potent than another in preserving serviceability, it would be sufficient fresh-water for the boil-
ers; nearly every ship was deficient in ability to make sufficient for her needs in this regard; the consequence was that with the constant use of salt-water the scale deposited so thickly upon the crown sheets of the corrugated furnaces, that the metal softened, and the top of the furnace collapsed from its cylindrical form and made it dangerous to carry proper pressures. Some of our most effective ships suffered in this way, to their immense loss in efficiency. The cause was largely obviated by an order requiring a pipe to be run from one of the boilers to the main condenser; a large distilling apparatus was thus devised which furnished an ample supply. A ship with several boilers could easily afford to use one for this purpose, and although the boiler would need to be scaled from time to time, it was always ready when steam was on it to join up with the other boilers in case of need, and there was thus no loss in effectiveness. The value of speed can hardly be overrated, and speed primarily depends on good boilers; unless these are in condition, the ship is practically a "lame duck," a constant worry, care, and anxiety to all concerned. Had all the squadron which went east in May to San Juan been able to steam thirteen knots, much shorter work would have been made of the Spanish fleet; our want of mobility was not only a soul-wearing torment, but it prevented any attempt at keeping rapid touch with our enemy. The experience was one which brought home vividly the necessity of ability to keep a high-sustained speed, which means high power, which means also thoroughly efficient and (in other words) well-looked-after machinery, which, again, means facilities for instant repair. This last element appeared upon the scene somewhat late, but none the less welcome.

The Vulcan arrived in Guantánamo Bay well equipped both with mechanics and tools, and did most valuable service. Previously, ships had had to go to Norfolk and New York for much that she was able to do. Our only other resource near Cuba was the machine shop at Key West, which, in the earlier days of the war, was not able to meet all demands. The only criticism I would make in regard to the Vulcan is that she was not large enough. It would have been better to have had a considerably larger ship.

No one can understand the value of such an adjunct who has not had to look round for ships to go on duty; the long list of waiters for repairs or overhauling was sometimes heart-breaking; a full third of such a force as ours had at all times to be counted off as unavailable for such reasons, and others.

The armored ships (except the monitors, which were always ailing), as a rule, kept up nobly; they are in themselves large machine-shops, and the flag-ship, in particular, I think I may say, took a motherly interest in healing the wounds of the small fry which naturally had to come to her to report their needs. The machine-shop was going night and day, while on the north blockade, in meeting such requirements as fell within the ship's capabilities.

But, after all, the greatest questions were coal and ammunition, and these were well met; the supply was admirably kept up; the work of the Bureau of Ordnance was throughout amazingly well done; where all did so well it is no derogation to others to so speak, as the work of this Bureau was of a more difficult character than that of any other. Coaling at sea we found more or less a failure; it resulted in starting plates and opening seams in the colliers, and, in a general way, was not satisfactory, though we managed it when necessary. It finally came down to the use of two great bases, Key West and Guantánamo, the latter, occupied on June 10th, being a place which seemed made for our purposes. In the words of the Spanish Commander reporting to his Commander-in-Chief in Santiago, in a captured letter, "the American Squadron in possession of the outer bay has taken it as if for a harbor of rest, they having anchored as if in one of their own ports." Its occupancy was one of the pieces of good fortune which went far to aid in the destruction of the Spanish fleet and the fall of Santiago. I do not believe in the need of many fixed coaling stations; the mobile collier is the best resource, much the cheapest and much the most satisfactory from many points of view.

The hospital service of the fleet was well maintained; the Solace, flying the Red Cross, was admirably fitted and conducted and met all our wants. But it must be said that these wants were not great. Our im-
munity from the enemy's shot was one of the marvels of warfare; plenty fell about us, especially at San Juan and in the action of July 3d, on both which occasions the ships were at times in a hail of projectiles, but in each instance we escaped but with only one man killed and a small number wounded. We had the same immunity from sickness, our average number being but about two and a half per cent. of our force, with nothing serious. The Marine Battalion of six hundred men was kept ashore in almost perfect health, showing what can be done when conditions are properly met. There is nothing during the war more to the Navy's credit than the excellent manner in which health was preserved. It must, of course, be said that we had had long experience in such climates, and knew what we were facing, but all the same the results are an honor to the service. The health of his ship's company is, of course, at all times one of the naval commander's principal thoughts, and he regards a high sick-list as a discredit to the ship and himself. He thus has the lifelong and habitual thoughtfulness for his men, found perhaps nowhere else to the same degree, the good results of which were so markedly shown in the present instance. Our medical staff deserves high praise for its watchfulness and general good work in every detail of its profession.

The fresh-food supply was also well kept up, though somewhat deficient in some of the simpler wants of the sailorman, among whose primal needs are unlimited potatoes and onions; but if anything was wanting anywhere, in any department, the want was not made known by murmurs. In the whole period I heard no note of discontent; everything bore the impress of cheerfulness and wholesome zeal; all small disgruntlements were swallowed up in the great desire of the men to do their duty to the utmost, and they seemed to have no other thought. I think there could have been no higher spirit than that which seemed to extend everywhere among the hundred ships, great and small, of this great fleet.

And why did the Spanish fall so markedly?

Having seen something of Spain, I have my theories, and they are as follows: We are accustomed to look upon the Spaniard as a European. He is not one; he is largely a Moor in blood, and much more in character. The Moor did not possess his country for eight hundred years and leave it as if he had not been there. It is from him the Spaniard of to-day gets his religious fanaticism, his fatalism, much of his architecture and music, his pride and ceremonious manner, his social characteristics (appearing chiefly in his treatment of women), his tribal instincts and want of administrative capacity, which have made it impossible for the various petty kingdoms of Spain ever to really unite under one stable government; his want of capability of preparation, and finally his bloodthirstiness, which last, unhappily, cannot be denied.

The Spaniard has never really faced a civilized foe, excepting in guerilla warfare (in the Napoleonic period), since the wars he waged in the Netherlands. He has had no preparation for war on a great scale. He bought and built fine ships, officered them by gallant men, the officers of the Spanish navy having been at all periods of their best blood; but there was throughout their service the want of system, the want of drill, the general want of preparation which one would look for in the Turk or Moor, but not in the European. Looking over the log-book of the Cristobal Colon, extending from June 14, 1897, to July 3, 1898, there is no mention of target practice by the larger ships. How could they hope to compete with men who lived, so to speak, these months with lock-string in hand and whose eyes were constantly looking over the gun-sights at the enemy? When the time came, how could there be a question as to result, and I think there was none in the mind of any man in our fleet; there was a confidence born of preparation which went in itself far toward victory.

One extraordinary trait may be mentioned which is inexplicable. It was first brought to my mind by General Calixto Garcia. The fine old soldier and ideal specimen of an old warrior had but just arrived from the interior, and had come on board the flag-ship for a consultation with our Commander-in-Chief. He had had a preliminary jaunt of some seventeen miles in a very lively yacht, the Vixen,
and when he came aboard he was very seasick. He remained lying down during his stay. The Admiral made a remark regarding the probability of a Spanish attack at a certain point. The old man raised himself upon his elbow and said, with great earnestness: "The Spaniards never attack; they never attack." And this, in a general way, seems to be true. They resist and will resist nobly, but they do not seem to have in them the capacity of initiative. Cervera's sortie may seem a denial of this, but it is not so; his effort was to escape, not to make an assault upon our fleet; what firing he did was simply incidental to his endeavor to get away, and was in the nature of defence and not attack.

I may say as an ending to this paper, and as an interesting bit of the history with which it deals, that the fact last mentioned is known from various conversations with the surviving officers of the Spanish squadron giving their reasons for their tactics on the momentous morning of July 3d. They knew the only two ships of our squadron off the port reckoned their equals in speed were the New York and Brooklyn—the one at the eastern, the other at the western end of the blockading line. They desired to make either Cienfuegos or Havana, and thus preferred going westward.* It was thought that they could run by and leave behind the heavy and supposedly slower battle-ships, and easily overcome with their superior force the only fast ship they had to meet in that direction. They did not reckon upon the immediate closing-in of the battle-ships and the murderous effect of our first fire, which practically decided the battle before they had left the immediate vicinity of the port, and left open no question of running by except in the case of the Cristobal Colon, which, by keeping well in shore, started westward practically uninjured. The splendidly sustained speed of the Oregon, wholly unsuspected by the Spaniards, brought the Colon within range of her thirteen-inch guns, which were the only guns of any of the ships in chase which reached, and which the Oregon, much the nearest ship, began to fire on finding her eight-inch fall short. Six thirteen-inch shells were fired with a range beginning at 8,500 yards, rising to 9,500, and falling finally to 8,900 (five land miles), at which distance the shell fell near the Colon's stern, whereupon she hauled down her flag and turned inshore.

* Cienfuegos is about three hundred miles to the west of Santiago; it is, roughly, six hundred to Havana by Cape Mayy and eight hundred by Cape San Antonio, but the fact of a strong division of our fleet being at Guantánamo, thirty-eight miles to the east, had its weight as to the course to be taken for Havana. The shoal waters within the belt of keys west of Cape Cruz were also in view as a refuge.

THE LARGER JOY

If Spring return, and not to thee come back
Joy, and fresh savour of remembered things,
If not thy heart within thy bosom sings
With every pilgrim of the skyey track
Home-bound once more, on swift, exultant wings,
And every flower new gilding earth's dull black,
If all abundance prove thy proper lack,
All gold, thy gloom, all faith, thy falterings,—
Alarum then! O then art thou betrayed;
Look to thy birthright! it is no base fee
To cease with Youth, or with thy single good;
Thou hast thy part in Nature's plenitude,
And all delight is thine, if thou wilt see
Thy portion merged in hers, nor be afraid.
THE GREAT SECRETARY-OF-STATE INTERVIEW

By Jesse Lynch Williams

THIS was the first important assignment they had given him since he had become a newspaper man.

The Star was the name of the paper, a bright afternoon paper that printed very few pictures and a great deal of news. The name of the new reporter was Rufus Carrington, and most of the time they seemed to forget his existence and made him sit idle in the middle of the busy room, getting in people's way, just as they do with all cubs, letting them soak in the atmosphere of the place. This seemed all wrong to Rufus, who thought that a newspaper man, of all men in the busy city, ought to be the busiest.

He had supposed that reporters went out upon the street and prowled about blindly on the lookout for news, like policemen after arrests, and he had wondered what part of the town he would have to patrol, and whether to wear his reporter's badge on the breast of the waistcoat or at the bottom, like a college-club pin. But he soon found that each reporter was sent for a particular piece of news, the existence of which was determined in some mysterious way by the City Editor, who had his fingers on the pulse of the strenuous metropolis and scowled most of the time.

The few assignments he got were, for the most part, minor obituaries—"obits"—they were called—or to run down stories which the news-bureaus sent in (on type-written tissue-paper, called "flimsy") to see if they were correct; and no one said anything about badges, which he had discovered were seldom worn, except at fires. Of late they had taken to sending him to the Weather Bureau occasionally to find out what kind of a day it was going to be, or to a police court to look out for picturesque cases, which a cub doesn't always recognize when he sees; and of those he does cover he may forget to find out the age, address, initials, or occupation of someone in the story, or the name or precinct of the policeman, or the place or time of the occurrence, or the time or place of the arrest: if so, "Run, get back and get your facts!" growled the City Editor. And the chances were good that not a line of it would be printed in the paper after all.

Reporting was a very different job from "journalism," as he had pictured it from a romantic distance. He did not breathe a word concerning his high ideals about the Power of the Press, and his worthy ambition to cleanse it he had postponed indefinitely. His present ambition was to keep from being sworn at by the City Editor, who sometimes made him feel that he had missed his calling. It is at this stage that most of them (who go into newspaper work, calling it journalism) quit and try something else, and shudder ever afterward at the mention of reporting.

Rufus did not quit, because, if you care to know it, he intended to become a great writer some day, and he believed that this was the way to go about it. He thought a little disagreeableness for a couple of years would not hurt him; and it would be very pleasant afterward to read that "From the year so-and-so till the year so-and-so the author engaged in newspaper work; then, with the appearance of his first book . . . ."

This was a responsible assignment, and he meant to do well with it. It was right that he should, because they were thinking of dropping him at the end of the week, along with a couple of other cubs who were not catching on rapidly enough. The only reason they had sent him up to get the interview was that a good part of the staff, which was small, was up across the Harlem this afternoon on the big railroad catastrophe, and the rest of the good reporters were down the bay on a grounded-steamer story, and the regular political writers were off on more important interviews.

At least they thought they were going
to be more important. The interview with the Secretary of State turned out to be the story of the day, the biggest story of many days, in some respects; but this would not have been the case if young Carrington had not been sent to cover it.

"He probably won't say much," Van Cise, the City Editor, had said, "but watch him if he gets to talking about the Convention. You understand? That's the story to-day, of course."

"Of course," said Carrington, the cub, putting on his hat excitedly. He did not understand at all. He was not interested in conventions and seldom read the political columns. All he understood was that they were sending him to interview the Secretary of State of these United States; and it felt good. So he hurried down the stairs with his brows knit like the older reporters starting out on their big stories.

He felt considerably awed when he arrived at the Fifth Avenue Hotel and was led into the small parlor where the other reporters were waiting, because here he found himself face to face with some of the best-known newspaper men on Park Row, and a number of prominent correspondents for out-of-town papers. A couple of them smiled as though they thought he was pretty young to cover the story. Rufus took a seat all alone in the corner by the door and tried not to appear conscious, and when they stopped looking at him he looked at them. Donaldson had once been a foreign correspondent. The man beside him sometimes wrote editorials. They were all older than he was. Some of them had beards, some wives, and some political aspirations. At that point the Secretary of State entered.

He was smiling his public-occasion smile, looking scholarly in a frock-coat which fitted better than most public men's frock-coats, and he was followed by his stenographer, who seemed tired and had an offensive blond beard, and was to take down every word said from the moment the Secretary of State took his seat until he left the room.

The important one said, "How do you do, gentlemen?" very cordially, and began shaking hands with them all; with Carrington, too, who did not know whether or not to say he was glad to meet him.

The Secretary of State told his stenog-
tary seemed to be less the scholar now and more the shrewd-eyed but smiling politician. Somehow Rufus was rather sorry about that.

But he could not keep up with the rapid current of the talk at all. He did not know which was the current and which were the eddies. All the others seemed to know, and some of them began to jot down occasional notes on copy-paper or on the margins of their newspapers while he looked at them and wondered what they wrote, and wished he knew something about politics. The others knew a great deal about politics. Most of them could tell all the initials and ambitions of all the minor politicians in the State, and of all the big politicians in every State. They understood the national significance of this State Convention.

The Secretary understood a good deal about reporters. He knew that among those to whom he was giving audience there were two or three of the best interviewers in the country, and they knew he knew this. So the merry game of lead-up and dodge-away again had been carried on for nearly twenty minutes, and the Secretary of State seemed to have the merriest time of them all. He was smiling serenely. Baffling interviewers was one of his recreations.

Donaldson was sharpening his lead-pencil. "What is the cause," he said boldly, "of the administration's antagonism toward Holliday?" He went on whittling his pencil.

General Holliday had chin-whiskers and was the best type of Western statesman. Wolf, the machine man, was no type of statesman; he was a politician. Everyone knew, including the Secretary of State, that Holliday was a better man than Wolf. What decent reason could the administration give for being opposed to the better man? And if the Secretary of State said there was no opposition, he knew, none better, what might be the result. But he had reasons for not wanting to express a preference for either wing of the party. Whatever was said would, in half an hour, be flashed into every big newspaper-office in the country and, what was of more consequence, into the Convention Hall of the Western city. If he refused to answer that, too, would be news, and news that he did not care to have disseminated. It required some thinking to reply, but the reply came without any of the delay that has been made here: "I am not aware that any antagonism has been manifested toward General Holliday on the part of the administration."

It came out very easily apparently, and it was an answer that could be published without embarrassment to the administration. There had been no manifestation of antagonism; that was true.

A momentary lull followed. The reporters were not stopping to admire the Secretary's skilful answer, but they were so anxious to follow it up before he changed the subject that everyone waited for everyone else to do it.

Young Carrington had carefully put down the question and answer, although he did not appreciate the significance of either. He was sitting next to the Secretary of State, and he was the only one who had not said a word. He wanted to show that he was not so green as they thought he was. His heart began to thump, but he stopped chewing his pencil and said to the big man, in a brave voice, "What I would like to know sir, is, will Holliday have the support of the administration if he is nominated? Will he?"

That was what they all wanted to know. But it came out so naively, as if the idea had just occurred to him (and so it had), that some of them burst out laughing. The Secretary laughed a little, too, and, turning kindly toward the boy, who had dropped his eyes, said, with a queer, ironical smile, in an amused tone, "He would have the heartiest support the administration could give." Then turned and smiled around at the rest of the room as much as to say, "You know what I mean by that," and the others thought they did know what he meant by that and smiled at his ironical evasion, and smiled, too, at the ignorance of the cub. But they were too hot upon the scent of news to delay the interview long and were soon busy asking other questions.

Meanwhile, the cub reporter, wondering why they laughed, sucked in his lower lip and wrote: "He would have the heartiest support the administration could give," but without the queer smile which he had not
seen and without the subtle emphasis which he had not appreciated.

"How did you make out?" snapped Van Cise, as Carrington came into the room.

It was getting on toward time to go to press with the last edition, and the City Editor was in a hurry to get things cleared up.

Rufus returned jocularly, "Oh, he's the same old fox." He had heard one of the other reporters say that on the way out of the hotel. "Just as we were beginning to get at what we wanted, he jumped up, said he had an engagement and left the room with his stenographer."

The City Editor bent over some proofs again. "Write two sticks—but wait; didn't he say anything about Holliday and the Convention?"

"Hardly anything. Said Holliday would have the backing of the administration, but—"

The City Editor's head popped up. "That Holliday would have what? Say that again." He looked sharply at the boy.

"Why, he merely said that if Holliday was nominated the administration would back him."

"Are you sure about that? Are you sure he said the administration would support Holliday?"

"If nominated," returned Carrington. "That's news," said Van Cise, getting excited internally; "sit down and write all you've got." He glanced at the clock and then began talking very rapidly. "Write as fast as you can. Begin your story 'The administration has come out at the eleventh hour in favor of Holliday. The Secretary of State in an interview this afternoon said, that if Holliday were nominated he would have the heartiest support the administration could give'—quote his exact words. Add that this statement is a great surprise to everybody. Point out the probable effect on the Convention when this news gets there. Then go back and tell of the time of his arrival in town, write the interview chronologically, lead up to this statement again, and—oh, here comes Hopper. Good! See here, Hopper, you take this story with Carrington. Rewrite it and fill in. He doesn't know anything about politics. Never mind your other story. This is more important."

Hopper bristled up with interest. He reached for some copy-paper. The cub mopped his brow. He gasped to himself, "At the hotel they said the story was no good!"

"Come on now," said Hopper. Carrington began a sentence, scratched it out, began it over again. "Hurry," said Hopper, "there's not much time."

The City Editor had rushed into the private office, and now Reed, the managing editor, ran out exclaiming, joyously, "Flat-footed for the General!" and tore down to the end of the room. They were making the forms ready. He began shouting new orders. This was to be the story of the day. It was going in the first column. That involved a new make-up of the first page. The office-boys were asking each other what was the big news that had just come in. The copy-readers knew all about it already. Carrington, the cub, was writing faster than he ever wrote before. Hopper was grabbing his sheets almost before he reached the bottom of them, running his pencil through some words, filling in others, calling "copy" to the boys who carried the sheets to the compositors, who were making the type-setting machines hum. Carrington was now writing on page 5. Page 3 was already in type. "I suppose," he whispered to himself, "they were bluffing at the hotel. Just like me to get fooled."

A few minutes later there was a sudden burst of cheers in the Convention Hall of the Western city. Upon a bulletin-board had been written a message sent by Reed, the managing editor, to the Evening Star's correspondent.

For three minutes there was much cheering and throwing up of hats from the Holliday men all over the hall. The Evening Star was always popping out with exclusive news, and it was a clean, reliable paper.

It had come just in time. Other dispatches already arrived had reported "the administration continues its past policy of silence." And in a few minutes more the balloting might have begun and the machine would have rushed its man in.

Now several honest Holliday men tried to take the floor at once, and shouted, "Mr. Chairman." The chairman hammered with
his gavel and shouted, "Order! order!" And there was no order, because the machine men were clamoring also. Finally someone beckoned to the band, which played vigorously and soon drowned out the tumult. Then the voices stopped. Then the band stopped. Then the Holiday men popped up and tried to get the floor. Again the machine men rose to points of order and disorder.

Meanwhile, over in the press corner of the platform, the Convention's correspondents also were excited—for correspondents. "How in thunder did they get a beat on that?" one of the New Yorkers was asking. Another said, "You'd think he'd give a private interview to any other paper in town before The Star."

"But I can't understand," said the Boston Advertiser man, "why he gave this news privately to anyone. If the administration were coming out for Holliday, you'd think they'd tell everyone."

"Of course," said a Westerner, "they'd take pains to give it out as a public statement, wouldn't they?"

"If it were anyone but Reed," said one of the New Yorkers, "I would say it was clearly a fake to secure his own promised fat office through Holliday next fall."

"Reed wouldn't dare fake on a thing like that, even if he were that sort," said the Baltimore Sun man. "It would simply kill him, kill his political chances, and kill him as a newspaper man."

But the Evening Star correspondent wore a confident smile, and only said, "It's a beat on the whole country, and will nominate Holliday as soon as these Western jays regain their heads." But relaxing his confident smile, he turned around and swiftly wrote this dispatch to the home office, like a good newspaper man: "How about interview? All others say non-committal. Did you have a private interview? I say so here. Better verify before you go to press."

But this did not get through to New York for many precious seconds.

When the dispatch came in, Reed, the Managing Editor, was leaning against the make-up stone, fanning himself and feeling relaxed, excited, but joyous. The older members of the staff, who knew him well enough, were half-jokingly congratulating him on his prospective office. If Holliday received the nomination to-day, as the better element of the party all over the country had been praying, his election in the fall was practically certain. And it took only this added straw for Reed to get the consulshe he wanted from Washington. The younger men looked on and grinned, and wished they dared congratulate him. He was a managing editor who was liked as well as feared.

"I'd feel better, though," they heard him say, "if we could hear from the Convention. I've tried three times to get them on the long-distance phone; but the Convention wire is still busy. They ought to get to balloting pretty soon."

"Who got this story?" asked another reporter, just down from Harlem. "Carrington," answered someone. Carrington, pretending not to hear, was leaning back in his chair with his feet on the table, very much as the older men sit after writing their big stories. Others had written The Story of other days, but few of them had ever felt the Managing Editor lean over them while writing, and say, "Good work, my boy!" and pat them on the back.

It was at this point that Van Cise, the City Editor, looking excited, came running down the room toward Carrington. Close behind him came Mr. Reed with a scared look on his face, a telegram in his hand. "Mr. Carrington," the latter began, "did you ask him that question alone? Did you?"

Carrington looked up puzzled. The Managing Editor's voice was more nervous than he had ever heard it before.

Van Cise interrupted vigorously: "Quick! did you? The Secretary of State—Damn it, say something!"

Young Carrington was wondering what there was to be excited about. "Alone? Oh, why—yes, sir; I asked that question all by myself." He smiled up good-naturedly.

"Good!" exclaimed the City Editor, slapping the desk. "Why didn't you say so before? Then, Mr. Reed, it must be a beat, sir."

But Reed, looking closely at Carrington, only said, "This is all pat, then? Read that," His tone was gentle, as though talking to a scared child. "Quick; this is important." Carrington saw his
hand tremble as he held out the tele-
gram.

The cub reporter took his feet down
from the table. "Why—why, no, sir," he
said, getting up, "I didn't have any pri-
ivate interview."

Reed simply stared at him, but Van
Cise exclaimed, "What! you just now
said—"

"No, I said I asked that question
by myself—on my own hook, that is.
Why, the others were all right there. I
thought—"

"All right there!" exclaimed Van Cise.
Reed dropped his hand to his side, and
began to blink and smile weakly.

"Good Lord!" groaned Hopper. The
rest of the room were gathering round the
group, and looked from Reed to Carrin-
ton. Van Cise shouted at the cub, two feet
away from him: "Young man, see here,
did you or did you not quote the
Secretary of State correctly? This means
a good deal to us."

"Well, look at my notes," he held
them up for everybody, looking round for
sympathy; but there was none.

"Oh, damn your notes! Did you, or
did you not, quote him correctly?"

"Why, I thought you—"

"Never mind what you thought."

"Well, all I can say is—"

"Did you, or did you not, quote him
correctly?" thundered Van Cise.

"Well, all I can say—" returned Carrin-
ton, his voice breaking in the middle,
"is that I sat right next to him and wrote
exactly what he said to me, word for
word, and if the other papers missed it,
that's not my funeral. And you can't get
me to acknowledge anything else, no mat-
ter what you say."

This just what Reed, and Van Cise,
and all the staff wanted to hear, although
they did not look it. Reed was still smil-
ing limply.

"If it isn't so, I'll resign," added the
cub, in a lower tone.

"We know that," said Van Cise, and
one man laughed.

"Wait a minute, Van," said Reed, in a
dreadful whisper, "it may come out all
right. Now, Carrington"—everyone was
listening intently—"did the other report-
ers hear you ask that question; were they
paying attention?"

The cub reporter waited while the clock
ticked three times. "Why, come to think
of it, they were laughing at something just
then; but I was not paying much atten-
tion to them. That was not what I was
sent there——"

"Boys," said Reed, gently, "it may
come out all right." The rest of the room
looked at each other. "Now, Mr. Car-
rington, you run up to the hotel and get
your interview confirmed. Here's the
proof. Ask whether it's right or wrong.
Hopper, you go with him; run." Then,
turning to the Make-up Editor, "Stop the
presses until we hear from them." This
showed how badly rattled was the calm-
looking Managing Editor. The Make-
up Editor looked at him and said, "They
are running now, sir; we're out on the
street already." The newsboys' voices
could be heard through the open win-
dows.

"Here's the flimsy's story," said a copy-
reader, ripping open an envelope which
a boy had just brought in. "Late, of
course."

"What does it say?" asked Reed.
The copy-reader shook his head. "It
does not back us up," he said, handing it
to Reed, who skimmed over the type-
written words, rumpled up the tissue pa-
per and dropped it on the floor. "If this
had only come just five minutes ago," he
moaned. "Van Cise," he added, very
gravely, "if our story is not con-
firmed——"

"Why, we've lost our beat," said the
City Editor, "and your office."

"Some of us will lose a great deal more
than that," said Mr. Reed, sinking into a
chair. He meant his reputation as an
honest man.

Up at the Polo Grounds the New-
yorks had tied the Baltimores in the ninth
inning. Down in the Street, Chicago Gas
had closed three points higher than it was
before luncheon. Over in the criminal
part of the Supreme Court the jury had
come in at last and said solemnly, "Mur-
der in the first degree." But along the
Row the Evening Star had quietly ap-
peared with a big beat in its last edition,
and all the other afternoon papers were
sad and excited about it. But none of
them was half so sad at being beaten as
the Star was at beating them. And of
the *Star* staff no one felt worse than the young author of the beat. Unless it was Reed.

A long half-hour had passed. Every newspaper along the Bow had sent men up to the hotel to get the Secretary of State to affirm or deny the *Star*'s beat. Holliday might be nominated at any moment. So might Wolf. Telegrams were flying back and forth. The Secretary of State had received a bushel.

Although the last edition of the *Star* was out long ago, no one in the office had gone home, not even the women.

"Any word from Hopper yet?" asked Reed. He had stopped making jagged marks on copy-paper now and was pacing up and down the room instead.

"No," replied Van Cise, ringing off and leaving the telephone closet open behind him. "They haven't been able to get anywhere near the old man."

"Well, why not?"

"Sends out word that he gave one interview to-day with the express understanding that he would be left alone the rest of the time."

"What's he doing?"

"Still closeted with Judge Devery and Colonel Hancock."

"Well, can't they get him to say something about our interview? He has surely seen it by this time."

"Hopper says they've tried to bribe the Secretary's stenographer; tried sending American District Telegraph boys with sealed messages; tried every scheme they can think of. The place is full of reporters. The morning papers are taking it up too, now—"

"Yes," said Reed, his foolish smile reappearing, "and they'll make a big story of it if our news proves to be wrong."

"Hopper says most of them think that we had an exclusive interview some time to-day and sent Carrington up for the general interview as a blind. It was just like the kid to let us in for this."

"What does the kid say?"

"Still sticks to it, Hopper says, and keeps showing him his ragged-edge notes."

"Say, come here, Van," said Reed.

A boy had just come in bearing copies of an extra edition of the *Evening Earth*. In the first column, correspond-
Hopper went on: "Well, first, you understand, Young, the stenographer, got down to the question, 'What is the cause of the administration's antagonism toward Holliday?' and the answer was 'I'm not aware that any antagonism has been manifested toward General Hol'—Hello? Hello there? Can you hear?"

"Yes, shut up, go on."

"'toward General Holliday on the part of the administration.' Then several of the fellows who were there at the first interview nodded their heads and said, 'There! what did I tell you? That's the cause of the young fellow's misunderstanding.' But up jumps that Earth man, Munson—you know Munson—and shouts, 'Misunderstanding? Hell! It was misrepresentation, malicious misrepresentation, the worst trick ever perpetrated in Park Row'—something of that sort, and was starting out to telephone down to the Earth about it. But just then the boy here jumps up, 'Hold up there, Munson—wait a minute, you fellows (his voice got awfully shrill), the next question, sir! Have him read the next question—the very next question.' The Secretary of State waves his hand for silence and smiles a little. He had a piece of paper in his hand all the time, but I didn't know what it was then. 'Gentlemen,' he said, 'that seems reasonable; let us finish the interview. Young will read the next question, and, gentlemen, we are all likely to make mistakes; but my stenographer was never known to; I agree to stand by.'"

"Go on! go on!" Reed interrupted. "Give us the facts."

"Well, Young cleared his throat, and everybody quieted down. 'Question,' he reads, 'What I would like to know, sir, is, Will Holliday have the support of the administration if he is nominated? Will he?' Answer: 'He would have the heartiest support the administration could give—'"

"What!" cried Van Cise. Then from Reed, "Ah, say that over again, Hopper."

Hopper repeated it and then continued "Well, then, the boy jumps up, and shouts, 'There, there, there! What did I tell you! Now, will you stop jumping on me, Hopper?' How about it, eh? Well, you ought to seen that sick-looking crowd. They hadn't anything to say. They only looked at the kid and then at each other, while Carrington and I put on our hats to go, grinning back at them. The Secretary of State was grinning them, too, on the folly of being too certain. What?"

"Say,' interrupted Reed, 'didn't either of you get the Convention on the long-distance telephone?' The Managing Editor's instincts were coming back.

"No, but—"

"Well, why—"

"Wait a minute. Then the Secretary waves the piece of paper in his hand, and says, 'One moment, gentlemen, before you go, allow me to read you this message just received from the Convention. Then he read, 'Holliday, 175; Wolf, 132. I bid you all good afternoon,' he said, and bowed us out. So you see that the old fox had been holding off confirming or denying our interview until——"

"Hopper," interrupted Reed, "report at once to the office; we'll get out a special edition on this—Begin your copy on the way down in the train—A good detailed story about the interview, and how it was confirmed and all that. We'll write the politics of it down here. The Convention end is coming in over the wire now. Make your best time—and say, bring Carrington along with you; we want to see him. Good-by." And they both rang off.

In Hopper's story he referred interestingly to what The Earth had published (which, by the way, meant a big job for some lawyers next month), quoted all the Secretary's words, dramatically described the reading of the stenographer's notes and had a lot of fun with the old reporters, who let a mere boy flick a big beat out from under their very noses.

Just after the paper went to press, Mr. Reed came down to where the cub was standing with a wide grin on his face. In one hand the editor held a telegram. He put the other on Carrington's shoulder and said, "Mr. Carrington, this is the second telegram from the Convention I have shown you to-day." It read, "Please accept my heartfelt thanks for bringing me the nomination. John H. Holliday."

"I don't know," the Managing Editor added, "but that it ought to have been sent to you in the first place." However, Rufus got something at the end of the week which he appreciated just as much.
CLOSED DOORS

By Charlotte Perkins Stetson

When it is night and the house is still,
When it is day and the guests are gone,
When the lights and colors and sounds that fill
Leave the house empty and you alone:

Then you hear them stir—you hear them shift—
You hear them through the walls and floors—
And the door-knobs turn and the latches lift
On the closet doors.

Then you try to read and you try to think,
And you try to work—but the hour is late;
No play nor labor nor meat nor drink
Will make them wait.

Well for you if the locks are good!
Well for you if the bolts are strong,
And the panels heavy with oaken wood,
And the chamber long.

Even so you can hear them plead—
Hear them argue—hear them moan—
When the house is very still indeed,
And you are alone.

Blessed then is a step outside,
Warm hands to hold you, eyes that smile,
The stir and noise of a world that's wide,
To silence yours for a little while.

Fill your life with work and play!
Fill your heart with joy and pain!
Hold your friends while they will stay,
Silent so shall these remain.

But you can hear them when you hark—
Things you wish you had not known—
When the house is very still and dark,
And you are alone.
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Illustrated from his paintings and sketches (many unpublished).

RECENT DEVELOPMENTS OF POLICY IN THE UNITED STATES

And Their Relation to an Anglo-American Alliance.

THE FALL OF MANILA — August 13, 1898

With photographs by the author.

MRS. H. HARRISON WELLS'S SHOES — A Newspaper Story.

SEPARATION — A Poem.

WAGNER'S RING OF THE NIBELUNG

Part I — The Rape of the Rhine-Gold. With decorations and illustrations in color by Maxfield Parrish.

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A Martial Elegy for Some Lead Soldiers

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Illustrated by A. I. Keller.

THE HOTEL AT PESCADORES — A Sailor's Yarn.

Illustrated by Frank Verbeck.

THE POINT OF VIEW — A Christmas After War.

THE FIELD OF ART — Schools of Architecture and the Paris School

(Montgomery Schuyler and Henry Rutgers Marshall).

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THE PLANS FOR 1899 ARE ANNOUNCED ON THE FOLLOWING PAGES
The JANUARY SCRIBNER

OL. THEODORE ROOSEVELT will begin the first of his war writings, "The Story of the Rough Riders," in the next number. The first instalment will be called "Raising the Regiment," and will tell how the idea originated and how it was carried out by Col. Roosevelt and his friend and senior officer Col. Wood. Everyone has heard of the great variety of Americans that composed the now-famous regiment: cow-punchers and college foot-ball players, Western dept. sheriffs, and Eastern athletes, Cherokee Indians and Knickerbocker Club men. Col. Roosevelt will tell who many of them were individually, how they joined the regiment, and numerous personal anecdotes of them. Then he will sketch the organizing of the men into a regiment, how they were brought to San Antonio, welded together, drilled into shape, and made a fighting machine. There will be over a dozen illustrations, from photographs taken at San Antonio, Tampa, and elsewhere.

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON'S LETTERS will begin their serial publication in the January number—to run throughout the year. There are so many of them that there will be space in the magazine only for the most interesting. The selection and arrangement have been most carefully made by Sidney Colvin, Stevenson's literary executor, who edits the letters; they will appear arranged according to topics. The first group, addressed chiefly to his parents, were written in his early youth, 1868-9, when they were trying to make an engineer of him, and had sent him off to examine various engineering examples at Wick and along the Orkney and Shetland islands, where he found a great deal to exercise his descriptive abilities upon; and it is interesting to note, though the descriptions are crude, how much color and feeling the lad of nineteen gets into them. The illustrations will be eight pictures, of scenes in Wick, Anstruther, etc., and a fac-simile of one of the letters containing a drawing by the young Stevenson.

GEORGE W. CABLE opens "The Entomologist," his short serial love-story, with a characteristic bit of description of the part of New Orleans peculiarly his own, and then introduces the quaint characters of the tale in a manner that will recall his earlier books. Each instalment of the story will be accompanied by a full-page drawing by Albert Herter, whose illustrations for the latest edition of "Old Creole Days" have been pronounced so successful.

RICHARD HARDING DAVIS will contribute a love-story of the war, the first fiction he has written from his war experience. It will be about the return of a fever patient on a hospital ship. Among the other short fiction it is possible at this early date to announce only "The Peacock," a fantastic tale about Paradise written by Arthur C. Smith, and illustrated dramatically by A. B. Wenzell.

"A RIDE INTO CUBA" will be contributed by Dr. Charles R. Gill, a Red Cross Surgeon, who, after the fall of Santiago, at the request of Miss Barton, set out to learn the truth about the condition of the natives. He relates what he learned, and the difficulties and dangers of his journey which he took entirely unarmed.

ROBERT GRANT'S SEARCH-LIGHT LETTERS which begin in the next number, are, as already announced, informal essays on human topics, in the shape of replies to various letters brought in to Mr. Grant in consequence of his "Reflections of a Married Man" and "Opinions of a Philosopher." The first is "To a Young Man or Woman in Search of the Ideal," and it is written with the combination of humor and uncommon sense that makes Mr. Grant's writings so popular.

THE DEPARTMENTS, THE POINT OF VIEW and THE FIELD OF ART, will continue.
Drawn by Walter Appleton Clark.

DAILY BREAD.
DAILY BREAD

By Josephine Preston Peabody

When the long gray day is done,
Spent at weary seams,
Homeward comes my Heart to me
With the flock of dreams.

"And what tidings, ruddy Heart?
Shall we ever share,
Hand in hand, the sun and wind,
Seeking all that's fair?"

"Not to-morrow, Dear-to-me!
Ours are parted ways;
Thine the spinning, mine to seek
Fortune of the days."

O, and it is cold without
My own Heart to sing;
O, and it's a lonely way
My Heart goes wandering!

But I fold the web, at dusk,
As a maid beseems;
And my sun-burned Heart comes home,
With the flock of dreams.
IN THE RIFLE-PITS

BY RICHARD HARDING DAVIS

THE position of the regulars immediately after they had taken the San Juan hills was painfully suggestive of Humpty-Dumpty on the wall. They did not suggest Humpty-Dumpty at the time, but now one sees that their attitude then was quite as precarious as his and almost as absurd.

Along the top of each hill were tiny groups of not more than from a dozen to fifteen soldiers. They were sprawling on their backs, panting for breath, or sitting with their elbows on their knees and panting for breath. By some miracle they had arrived at this supreme elevation, and they found themselves suddenly in complete possession of several block-houses and rows and rows of abandoned rifle-pits. Three hundred yards below them, in the valley that stretched between Santiago and the hills on which they crouched, thousands of Spanish rifles were spluttering furiously and shrieking with rage and disappointment, making the crest of hills behind which our men lay absolutely untenable. At their feet were the sunny slopes up which they had just climbed, and which were still swept by fierce and sudden showers of falling bullets. They could neither retreat nor advance, and they were so few that to one coming up the hill they suggested Sunday groups of workmen picnicking on the hills of a city park. They were so few in number, so utterly inadequate to the extent of hills they had captured and were supposed to hold, that their position was like that of a man clinging to a church steeple and unable, without breaking his neck, to slip down on any side; but who still proclaimed to the air about him, “See how I.
hold this steeple!' Their own point of view and sense of relief and surprise were thus best expressed in the words of Stephen Crane's trooper, who sank upon the crest of the hill, panting, bleeding, and sweating, and cried: "Well, hell, here we are!"

I watched the cavalry take the hills they captured from a place on the trail about three hundred yards behind them, near a ford of the San Juan stream, which was later picturesquely called the Bloody Bend, because so many men were hurt there, and because it was used as a dressing station for the wounded. General Wheeler was seated at this ford at the foot of a great tree, and gathered about him were different members of his staff—his son, and Captain William Astor Chanler, and Captain Hardie, who was, much to his disgust, in command of the General's bodyguard, and so could not storm the hill with his regiment. I told General Wheeler that the cavalry had just reached the top of the hill, and I think from his answer that this was the first information that he had received of the fact that the hills were captured. At the same moment an aide rode up and said, "General Wheeler, we have taken the San Juan block-house. It is now possible for you to come up to the front." General Wheeler at once rose and walked on up the three hundred yards of trail to the hill; but about half an hour before he reached it I saw General Sumner riding over the hills with his aides, Captain Howse, Lieutenant Harmon, who was wounded, but who still sat in his saddle, and Lieutenant Andrews of Troop G, Third Cavalry, who had lost his horse, but who trotted along beside Sumner on foot. I mention this, because in General Shafter's general order congratulating the troops on the victory of San Juan, he gave the entire credit for the
In the Rifle-Pits

Generals Wheeler, Chaffee, and Lawton in Consultation.

work of the cavalry division to General Wheeler, speaking of him as leading the dismounted cavalry at the front. He did not mention General Sumner at all. As a matter of history, General Sumner bore the heat and brunt of the day, and was in command of the cavalry division long after the hills were taken, until about four o'clock, when General Wheeler reassumed command. General Wheeler has won so many laurels in the Civil War, and again in this last war, that he does not need honors which belong to another. General Kent, who was also mentioned in the same general order for the good work of his infantry, was most magnanimous, and at the time of the fight gave the credit of the advance to his brigade commander, General Hawkins. In the minds of the army of the rifle-pits this disclaimer on his part did not so much help General Haw-}

kins, who had distinguished himself before the eyes of all, as it added to the great popularity of General Kent. Later General Shafter corrected his original error, and in his final report states that Sumner, and not Wheeler, commanded the cavalry at the battle of San Juan.

During the days while the armies camped in the rifles-pits it was necessary to pass frequently over the trail from the Bloody Bend to the foot of the hill on which stood the San Juan block-house, and I now know that the distance between those two points is not over three hundred yards. But on the morning of the first of July, when Mr. Campbell, the Herald artist, and I followed on the footsteps of the regulars it seemed to stretch for many weary miles. It was so long that morning that at about every fifty feet we found it necessary to sit down and rest. We were generally overcome with fatigue wherever there was a tree. There were few trees large enough for our purpose, and they were all occupied.

Everyone had been under fire for five hours; but at no place or time dur-
ing the entire war did the fire of the enemy seem so unpleasant as it was that morning along that trail. Bullets passed without giving a moment's respite at several different heights, and while doing so made a most demoralizing amount of noise. They struck the trees overhead, the ground underfoot, and cut holes in the air on every side. Sometimes a shrapnel shell burst and tore the men it hit into ribbons of flesh. Dead horses and the bodies of the regulars lay all along the trail, and no one who was not wounded, or supporting wounded, passed down it from the front. It was interesting to observe the pressure which men put upon their nerves suddenly slip from them, and to see them flying panic-stricken for a tree, or dropping on their knees and sliding along the ground. It showed that a man when he is alone can only bear a certain amount of danger, as he can only stand a certain amount of physical fatigue. You would see a soldier walking along the trail quite boldly for a little way, and then a bullet would come too close to his head, or too many of them would whistle by at the same moment, and his nerves would refuse to support the strain any longer, and he would jump for the bushes and would sit there breathing heavily until he mustered up sufficient will-power to carry him farther on. It was hardest for the wounded who had just fallen during the charge up the hill. They had paid their dues, and felt that they deserved a respite; but the bullets pursued them cruelly all the way down the trail, following them like live things, and driving them as with whips to efforts far beyond their strength. There was one big tree which everyone who was at San Juan will remember, and which stood on the left of the trail just between the two streams. It was the rest-house for many men that morning, and it apparently served them well, for a few days later we counted forty-two bullet holes in its trunk. Two officers who were making maps on little boards which hung from their shoulders like a pedler's tray made for this tree, and three regulars and Campbell and I joined them. It was as though we were seeking shelter from a hailstorm. One of the regulars was crowded out to one side, and he suddenly rolled over on top of us, crying, "I've got it, I've got it," in such a cheerful tone of delight that we did not believe him, and told him to sit still and not spoil our formation. But he showed us where the bullet
had entered his shoulder. We might have been under that tree yet had not General Kent ridden by at a gallop, sitting up very stiff in his saddle and, as it were, looking the bullets straight in the eye. He made the group behind the tree feel uncomfortable, so the officers with the drawing-boards and the rest of us scrambled to our feet and went up after them. We found our men lying on their backs along the hills just below the crest. They were still panting after their climb, and were not at that time making any effort to return the fire of the enemy. To have done
so would have been inviting death, for bullets from machine-guns and Mausers were clipping the crest of the hills unceasingly.

I believe Campbell and myself were the first of the correspondents to climb the hills, and we only did so after they had been taken. About an hour later Stephen Crane and John Hare, of Collier's, came up, and later John Fox, of Harpers', and James Whigham, the golf champion, who was acting as the correspondent of the Chicago Tribune, and Sir Bryan Leighton, a correspondent of the New York Journal. These were the only correspondents I saw that far up on that day, although several others who had been in the Caney fight arrived later.

To reach the crest of the hill I had to pass through a company of infantry which had been sent up in skirmish order to support the artillery during the three minutes in which it was engaged. These men were lying on their faces about fifty feet below the crest, and as I passed among them on my way back I noticed that they wore in their hats the silver badge of the Seventy-first New York and I suppose the regiment below in the block-house from which I had just seen these men detached was the remainder of the Seventy-first. In my despatch to the Herald, which I wrote immediately, I mentioned the fact that the Seventy-first was at that writing holding the crest of the San Juan hill. In this I was mistaken, for the company I had seen, with one other, were the only companies of the regiment that took part in the charge. I believe the one on the hill was Company F, under the command of Captain Rafferty. When the newspapers arrived from New York, it appeared from their accounts of the battle that the hills of San Juan had been taken by the Rough Riders and the Seventy-first New York. One paper even said, "Inspired by the example of the Rough Riders, the Sixth and Ninth Regulars charged the hill with undaunted courage." This injudicious praise was as distasteful to the Rough Riders as it was unfair to the regulars. The Rough Riders were no better than the regulars, although they behaved just as well; but when Colonel Roosevelt, in his letter to the Secretary of War, boasted that they were five times as good as any other regiment of volunteers, he was in my opinion far too modest. They were many times as good as any other volunteer regiment that I ever saw in action and out of action, which is also the same as saying that any regiment of regulars is many times better than any other regiment of volunteers.

After the withdrawal of the artillery General Wheeler came up and established head-quarters in a cut between two of the hills. He remained there, and never left the rifle-pits until Santiago fell.

It was now about four o'clock in the afternoon, and our men were by this time greatly in need of food, and especially of water, for a battle is the most thirst-creating of all experiences. About the same hour the ammunition wagons came up and halted above General Wheeler's headquarters, and men from the hills were sent to bring back cartridges. The colored regulars of the Tenth were the first to come down after the ammunition, and seemed overjoyed at the fact that the wagons held cartridges and not, as some supposed, rations. The negro soldiers established themselves as fighting men that morning, and chuckled as they shoved the cartridges into their belts. About five o'clock the Spaniards rallied and poured in a furious fire, which it is now believed was intended to cover the retreat of a large number of their comrades in the direction of Santiago. Only a few of our troops replied to this outburst of bullets, the remainder retiring lower down the hill, and allowing them to expend themselves in the wood below. When the sun sank that night the situation was not encouraging. The enemy was still firing with unabated enthusiasm, and our men were returning his fire with equal desperation. They were seldom more than a company at any one spot; and there were bare spaces from 100 to 200 yards apart held by only a dozen men. There was no sleep that night for any of the soldiers, and many were kept at work digging fresh defences. This work was inspired by General Wheeler, who sent to the rear for entrenching tools, and encouraged the brigade generals to make every effort to strengthen the position already won. In the morning Lawton's division, after a cruel night march from beyond El Caney, arrived at the rifle-pits and capped those
hills farthest to the right. The firing continued viciously all that day; but our losses were small, while, as we learned later, the enemy’s losses were exceedingly heavy. One of the Spanish prisoners said they amounted to over 1,000 in killed and wounded. When our men advanced up the trail on the morning of the battle they had been ordered to put their blanket rolls and haversacks in different places along the line of march, and details were left behind to guard these belongings. But a few hours later, when the wounded came straggling to the rear, the surgeons ordered these men who were on guard to help carry the wounded to the field hospitals, and so the two miles of ponchos and blankets and rations were abandoned along the trail, and every one who passed up and down it helped himself to whatever he happened to need, and the Cubans to as much as they could carry. The result was that on the 2d of July the greater number of the men were still without shelter of any sort, and with almost nothing to eat.

That evening the now celebrated conference of the Generals was held at El Poso. The moonlight and the random firing which punctuated the silence of the night gave the meeting a dramatic and picturesque interest. Shafter lay on a door which had been taken from the El Poso farmhouse, and the other Generals stood around him whispering together. At some distance from them were their aides, and still farther removed were the men of General Shafter’s cavalry escort, leaning with their elbows on their saddles, and wondering, as we all did, as to what the conference might bring forth. Those who took a part in it now say that the question of retreating from the position on the hills was discussed that night, but not seriously considered; but if it was not considered then, it was the one topic of the following morning.

After a tour of the rifle-pits, where I learned what the different commanding officers thought of the situation, I wrote a long despatch to the Herald in which was set forth the serious nature of our position. This despatch was criticised later, on the ground that it had given information of our condition to the enemy. It was stated that the despatch which appeared on July 7th in the New York Herald had been recabled to the Paris Herald, that from Paris it was forwarded to Madrid, and that the next day, on July 8th, the authorities in Madrid communicated its contents to General Toral—so giving the garrison in Santiago increased confidence and hope, and encouraging it to hold out longer against us. It was even suggested that the writer should be shot for treason. It is most unpleasant to be accused of treason, and perhaps I may be allowed to point out now that on July 8th the garrison at Santiago offered to surrender the territory which they occupied. So if the despatch ever reached Santiago, so far from giving the garrison hope and confidence and inspiring it with a desire to hold out longer, it either had no result whatsoever or a result exactly opposite from the one it was suggested it would produce.

After Cervera’s fleet was destroyed on the 3d the strain was perceptibly relaxed, the firing ceased, and we entered into a more cheerful state of existence under the white flag of truce. The rifle-pits from this time on were divided against themselves into two parties, one of which, without meaning to reflect upon it in any way, might be called the faction of the Alarmists. These gentlemen were peace-at-any-price men, and at one time their anxiety to finish off the campaign was so great that they seriously threatened the honor of the army and of the country by wishing to accept the original terms of General Toral’s offer of evacuation. President McKinley’s message, ordering them to accept nothing less than unconditional surrender, came to them like a sharp slap in the face, and filled the hearts of the younger officers and men with the greatest possible amusement and relief.

The days that followed July 3d were filled with innumerable visits to the Spanish lines under flags of truce. To the men in the pits, who knew nothing of the exigencies of diplomacy, these virgin flags were as offensive as those of red are to the bull. The men had placed their own flags along the entire line of trenches; and though they afforded the enemy a perfect target and fixed our position as clearly as buoys mark out a race-course, the men wanted the flags there, and felt better at seeing them there, and so there they re-
mained. The trenches formed a horse-shoe curve five miles in length, and the entire line was defiantly decorated with our flags. When they fluttered in the wind at full length and the sun kissed their colors, they made one of the most inspiring and beautiful pictures of the war. The men would crouch for hours in the pits with these flags rustling above them, and felt well repaid for their service; but when they saw crawling across the valley below the long white flag of truce, their watchfulness seemed wasted, their vigilance became a farce, and they mocked and scoffed at the white flag bitterly. These flags were sent in so frequently that the men compared them to the different war extras of a daily paper, and would ask, "Has that ten o'clock edition gone in yet?" and, "Is this the base-ball edition coming out now, or is it an extra?"

One of the regulars said to me in great perplexity, "I can't make out this flag of truce gag. It reminds me of two kids in a street fight, stopping after every punch to ask the other fellow if he's had enough. Why don't we keep at it until somebody gets hurted?"

One of the cowboys of the Rough Riders expressed the same idea in professional phraseology: "Now that we got those Mexicans corralled," he said, "why don't we brand them?"

We extended Tolar's time so frequently that it reminded Major-General Breckenridge of a story. General Breckenridge as Inspector-General, who represented the Commander-in-Chief at Washington, was never ruffled or bored or indignant, but, instead, was always politely amused and content. He told many stories, and told them exceedingly well. The stories were good in themselves, and it was invariably the case that you discovered later that they had summed up the situation in a line.

"A drunken man," so General Breckenridge related, "once considered himself insulted by John L. Sullivan, and, without recognizing who Sullivan was, gave him three minutes in which to apologize. Sullivan appreciated his opponent's condition and said, 'I don't need three minutes, I apologize now. What more will you have to drink?' and departed. When he had gone the barkeeper said to the man, 'Do you know who that was you wanted to fight just now?'

"The drunken man said he did not know, nor did he care.

"'Well, that was John L. Sullivan,' said the barkeeper, 'the champion pugilist of the world. Now what would you have done if he hadn't apologized in three minutes?'

"The drunken man gave the question a few moments' brief consideration. 'I guess I would have extended his time,' he said."

I lived in the rifle-pits from July 3d to 15th, after both sides had appointed Peace Commissioners and the surrender was a fact. Mr. Akers, of the London Times, and Mr. Roberts, of the Brooklyn Eagle, for a part of that time also lived on the San Juan hills. The remaining sixty correspondents lived at El Poso, or at Shafter's head-quarters, three miles in the rear, or at Siboney, thirteen miles in the rear. At head-quarters they were just as uncomfortable as we were in the trenches and in much greater danger, as it was much easier to keep out of range on the hills than when approaching or leaving them along the trail. But the life in the rifle-pits was much more interesting than was, that at head-quarters. You were in constant sight of the enemy who was not more than three hundred yards distant; you could keep in better touch with our own men, and the different parleys and peace negotiations took place under your eyes.

The most interesting event which passed in view of the rifle-pits was the return of Lieutenant Hobson. Hobson had been a prisoner for six weeks. On some days we were told he was dead, but at last we were assured he was alive. We could see the walls of his jail from our pits; and, he could see our five miles of fluttering flags crowding closer and closer to him every evening, and signalling him silent messages of hope and encouragement. Between his iron bars he could watch our men moving along the yellow trenches or peering toward him through a field-glass, and the sentries—those tall gaunt regulars who had taken the hills with their blood and who were now creeping up on him by night nearer and nearer, winning the ground between him and themselves, by the sweat of their brows. And late
one afternoon, in the sight of thousands of the enemy and of his own countrymen, he rode out a free man and into his inheritance. Few men, certainly very few young men, have ever tasted such a triumph. The men who had made it possible for him to leave his cell and to breathe free air again had waited for his coming for many hours, crouched by the hundreds along the high banks of the narrow trail through which he must come. They were not of his branch of the service, they were not even brother officers, their attitude toward him was one of attention and salute, they were the men who had been gathered from every point of the Union to be drilled and hammered and fashioned into the thing called a regular. They were without local or political friends or conditions, they had no staff of artists and reporters at their heels to make them heroes in spite of themselves; but they were the backbone of the war—the professional fighting-machines, the grumbling, self-respecting, working regulars. Hobson rode down into this mob in fresh white duck, pale with the pallor of the prison, and touching his cap with grave gratitude. And they dashed at him with a roar of ecstasy, with a wild welcome of friendly cheers. As brave men they honored a brave man; and this sun-tanned, dirty, half-starved, fever-racked mob of regulars danced about the educated, clever engineer as though the moment was his, and forgot that at the risk of their lives they had set him free, that the ground he rode over had been splashed with their blood.

The kind and the degree of discomfort which our men endured in the rifle-pits was variously understood by those at home. These latter appreciated the conditions which existed on the San Juan hills according to whether they themselves had ever roughed it on hunting trips or in camp. Some said, airily, that such hardships were the lot of every soldier; others, with less experience and with hearts more tender, regarded the life on the hills as a month of torture. One mother in Richmond refused to leave that city during the heat of the summer because she could not bear to think that she was cool and comfortable while her son was sweating in the tropics; and you hear of others who fasted from the good things of the table because some relative before Santiago was without them. In Philadelphia a group of wealthy young women, each with a husband or brother at the front, stoically gave each other luncheons composed of bacon and hardtack, forgetting that the sauce of appetite and life in the open air makes bacon and hardtack as palatable as White Mountain cake. As was developed later, when the fever raged in every regiment, the life on the hills was not a healthy one; but the constant excitement and the unusual nature of our surroundings at the time made up for many things. The men themselves grumbled at this but little; and when they did grumble, it was not that their condition was so hard, but at the fact that so many of the evils of that condition were quite unnecessary. Of the necessaries of life, or what seemed necessaries when at home, both officers and men were quite destitute. They were like so many Robinson Crusoes on a desert island. The Spanish rifle-pits in front and the devastated country in the rear afforded them as few comforts as a stretch of ocean. For three years the land back of us toward Siboney had been successively swept by Cuban insurgents and Spanish columns. There was, in consequence, not a cow to give milk, or even a stray hen to give eggs. The village of Sevilla, which one of the Boston papers described as having been taken by our troops with no loss of life, consisted of the two ruined walls of one house. The rest of the village was on the ground, buried under trailing branches and vines. There was not even a forgotten patch of potatoes or of corn. Mangos (which the men fried, or ate raw, and by so doing made themselvesvery ill), limes, and running water was all that the country itself contributed to our support. Money had no significance whatsoever. For a Cuban pony, which in time of peace one can buy for $15 gold, I offered $150 a week rent, promising to return the pony when the campaign was finished, and to throw in a McClellan saddle as well; and though this offer was made many times to many Cubans, I could not get the pony. Later, when everybody began to steal everything that the owner was not sitting upon at the time and guarding with a gun, it was possible to buy a horse for less money. In the trenches a match was so precious a possession that, when you
saw a man light his pipe with one instead of at the cooks' fire, you felt as though you had seen him strike a child. Postage stamps were, of course, unknown; and those who could not write "soldier's letter" on their envelopes had to give up corresponding. Writing-paper at one time became so scarce that orders and requisition papers were made out on the margins of newspapers and on scraps torn from note-books and on the insides of old envelopes.

The comic paragraphers found much to delight them in my cabled suggestions that the officers and men were suffering from want of a place to bathe and for clean clothes. Of course, bathing is an effeminate and unmanly practice, and the American paragrapher is right to discourage cleanliness wherever he finds it; but cleanliness is an evil, nevertheless, which obtains in our army, and those of the officers who were forced to wear the same clothes by night and by day for three weeks were so weak as to complain. One officer said, "I do not at all mind other men's clothes being offensive to me, but when I cannot go to sleep on account of my own it grows serious." This is not a pleasant detail, but it describes a condition which existed. The personal belongings of the officers had been left behind on the transports, and, as the pack-trains were sorely needed to bring up the rations, they never saw razors and fresh linen again until they purchased them in Santiago. A tooth-brush was the only article of toilet to which all seemed to cling, and each of the men carried one stuck in his hat-band until they appeared to be a part of the uniform. Nothing seemed so much to impress the foreign attaches as the passing of company after company of regulars, each with a tooth-brush twisted in his hat band.

I lost my saddle-bags for three days, but they were found and returned to me by one of the Rough Riders. "There was nothing in the saddle-bags to identify you as the owner," he said, "but somebody told me you had lost yours, so I brought these over." His blue shirt happened to be unbuttoned as he spoke, and on the undershirt he wore I read "R. H. Davis." I pointed out this strange fact. "Davis," he cried, beseechingly, "there was fifty dollars of yours in those saddle-bags, and bacon and quinine, and we never
touched them. We gave them all back, but that clean undershirt I had to have. I'm only human. I will part with my life before I give you back that shirt." They asked the other over his shoulder.

"I dunno," said the regular. "But he's a general for sure. He was smoking a cigar."

During those days there was constant danger that a storm might set in and drive the transports out to sea and destroy the trails and cause the streams to overflow their banks and so cut off the army from its base of supplies. There was a bridge across each of the two streams near the hills, but one was only an old gate which some one had found and thrown across the stream from bank to bank, and the other bridge was made of bamboo. The story was that when the Thirty-fourth Michigan arrived at this stream on their way to the front one of them who was a lumberman offered to throw a bridge across it in order to save the regiment from the wetting which would ensue if the
Looking Toward Santiago from the Trenches in Front of the San Juan Block-house.

The Trenches of the Fourth Infantry.
men waded across it as every one else had been doing for a week. This bridge of the lumberman was considered to be rather a joke on the Engineers, but they denied the truth of the story and claimed that they had built the bridge themselves. But as for seven days they had neglected to build any bridge over this stream, which was not more than ten feet wide, it does not much matter who did bridge it eventually. The absence of a bridge at this stream was very important, because fording it kept the men in a constant state of dampness which helped bring on the fevers which followed later. The heavy storm on the morning of the 13th swept away the gate and the bamboo bridge, and the swollen stream overflowed its banks, delaying the pack-train with the rations, and Captain Treat's artillery, and cutting off all direct communication with the transports. I am positive that there was no bridge until the 7th of July, for it was being built late on the afternoon of the 6th when we rode with Hobson to Siboney. The men working on it then told him it was not yet strong enough to bear the weight of his horse.

I wish to speak of one of the Rough Riders whom I knew but slightly, but whom I saw constantly about the camp and on the march, and whom I admired more as a soldier than almost any other man in the regiment. This was Sergeant Tiffany, who, by tradition and previous environment, was apparently the least suited of men to perform the work he was ordered to do. But he played the part given him as well as it could have been played. He was the ideal sergeant, strict in discipline to himself and to others, doing more than his share of the day's work sooner than leave the work ill-done, never stooping to curry favor from his men, but winning it by force of example and smiling with the same cheerful indifference when an intrenching tool made his hands run with blood, or a Spanish bullet passed through his hat, as one did when he charged the block-house at San Juan. He stood at salute and took his orders from men with whom for many years he had been a college-mate and a club-mate, recognizing in them only his superior officers, and there was not a mule Skinner or cow-puncher in the regiment that did not recognize in him something of himself and something finer and better than himself.

When Roosevelt promoted him to a lieutenancy for bravery at the battle of San Juan, I heard him say:

"Tiffany, I am especially glad to give you this step, because you are about the only man who has never by sign or word acted as though he thought he deserved promotion. There are some who are always very busy whenever I pass, and who look at me as though they meant to say, 'See how humble I am, and how strictly I attend to my duties. You who know how important a person I am at home will surely recognize this and make me an officer.' But you have never acted as though you expected to be anything but a sergeant all your life, and you have done your work as though you had been a sergeant all your life, and so I am glad of this chance to make you a lieutenant."

Death, which had so often stepped back to let Tiffany pass forward with his men, touched him when it came with that same courtesy which he had always shown to
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I did not see the ceremony of the raising of our flag over Santiago. The surrender itself had become an accomplished fact, and as the campaign in Porto Rico promised better things, I left the rifle-pits when General Miles sailed for Juanica. In consequence I missed the entrance into Santiago, but I was so fortunate as to be one of the only two correspondents who landed with the army in Porto Rico.

The life in the rifle-pits was a most interesting and curious experience, and one full of sad and fine and humorous moments, but on looking back at it now the moments, which one remembers best and which one will remember the longest are, I think, those which came at sunset when the band played the national anthem. The men would be bending over the fires cooking supper or lying at length under the bomb proofs stretching limbs cramped with two hours’ watch in the pits, the officers would be seated together on a row of wooden boxes, and beyond the moun-

Trenches of the First Cavalry Before Santiago.

Seventy-first New York Volunteers Digging Trenches Before Santiago, about July 10, 1898.

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tains the setting sun lit the sky with a broad red curtain of flame, and then to these tired, harassed, and hungry men would come the notes of the Star-Spangled Banner which bore with it something of a call to arms and something of a call to prayer. Those who have heard it and who have cheered it in the hot crowded theatres, in the noisy city streets, cannot really know or understand it. They must hear it very far away from home with great palm-trees giving it an unfamiliar background, with a listening enemy a few hundred yards distant, with the sense of how few of your own people are about you, and of how cut off they are, and how dependant upon one another. As the instruments beat out the notes each night the little discomforts of the day cease to exist, the murmurs of the rifle-pits, which were like the hum of a great bazaar, were suddenly silent, and the men before the fires rose stiffly from their knees, and those in the gravelike trenches stood upright, and the officers stepped from their tents into the sight of the regiment. On every hill as far as one could see, rows and rows of motionless figures stood facing the direction from which the music came, with heads uncovered and with eyes fixed on the flags that rose above the hills where their hands had placed them.

When the music had ceased, the men pulled on their hats again and once more began to fry a piece of hardtack in a layer of grease and fat, but for a moment they had seen the meaning of it all, they had been taken outside of themselves and carried back many miles to the country for which they fought, and they were inspired with fresh courage and with fresh resolve.

Cubans Working in Artillery Trench.
JOHN RUSKIN AS AN ARTIST

ILLUSTRATED FROM HIS PAINTINGS AND SKETCHES (MANY UNPUBLISHED)

By M. H. Spielmann

WHEN, in the course of a lecture upon Michael Angelo, Sir Edward Poynter turned fiercely upon John Ruskin and rent him for failing to appreciate the great Florentine, he impatiently dismissed the critic as one “ignorant of the practical side of art.” Now “amateur” is the word which the artist who adopts painting as a profession flings at him who does not sell his work. He rarely stops to ask himself whether or not the amateur has had a training as severe and thorough as his own, or whether it may not be due to a sense of modesty, or, generally, to his abstention from the usual exhibitions, and not from incompetence, that the outsider has failed to conquer public recognition. That recognition it
was never Ruskin's ambition to obtain; his love of art was too passionately disinterested to draw public approval upon his own performances. His mission in life, he held, was to proclaim the beauties in the works of others—not his own. He had, according to his lights, to make reputation for some painters and upset that of others who were in unjustifiable enjoyment of it; and to equip himself for the task—but in nowise to exalt himself—he placed himself under the best masters of the day, and, by dint of hard work and intense application, he became a draughtsman of extremely high accomplishment. His limitations as an artist are clear and well-defined, but his merits are not less obvious, striking with astonishment every visitor to the University Gallery of Oxford, and silencing every hostile critic, who, as at the Turner Exhibition at the Fine Art Society's Gallery (London, 1877), could see his drawings hanging, not unworthily, beside those of the mighty landscape-painter himself.

I do not mean to claim too much for Ruskin as an artist, for his limitations were not only those of temperament, but equally of material. Oil-color he never worked in. His experiments in that medium convinced him that he did not care for it in his own practice, and that for his purpose in art—whether as exercises in pure and subtle color or as a means of record—aquarelle came more naturally to his hand and to his taste. His temperament was not one to be bound by "the oily medium;" its daintiness required a method more delicate in handling and more rapid in effect, and what Alfred Hunt used to call the "witchery of water-color" suited alike his pleasure and his needs. I have always thought that Ruskin, who was too much of an artist to be a complete philosopher, was too much of a philosopher to be a complete artist. Yet, though not an oil-painter, Ruskin has proved his ability at once as a painter in water-color, as a sketcher, a draughtsman with the point, and an etcher, and in all but the last has shown a proficiency of which it may be said that, in certain respects, he has rarely been excelled.

It was by no late study in life that John Ruskin became an artist; through no tardy determination to reinforce his art-writing and base it upon a practical knowledge of his subject. From his early youth, his four great accomplishments were exercised and acquired simultaneously, and, as he grew, his knowledge of drawing, literature, architecture, and mineralogy grew also, the study of any one being always reflected in or influenced by the other three. A glance at his course of study—somewhat irregular though it may seem—will prove better than any argument how far Ruskin's education fitted him to be an artist, and how far his claim, advanced in "Modern Painters" (Preface, first edition) may stand, that "the writer is no mere theorist, but has been devoted from his youth to the laborious study of practical art."
When a boy, still in frocks, is asked by an artist what the background of his portrait shall be, and answers “blue hills” (instead of “gooseberry bushes,” as, with humorous pride, Ruskin himself expresses it), it may certainly be deduced that, in the baby breast, there is implanted a love of landscape little common among our infant population; and when the child, besides loving to hearken to descriptive passages from Walter Scott, devotes himself to the copying of prints and of the most beautiful forms of typography on which he can set his hands, he may fairly be credited with a taste for nature and art, with strong leanings toward execution. Such was the case with Ruskin. He was no more than eleven when, with a success hardly less surprising than his patience, he copied with a pen, line for line and dot for dot, the wonderful etched illustrations to “Grimm’s Fairy Tales” by “the immortal George” Cruikshank. By such study and application he even thus early began to learn the
value of line, both for its own sake and as an expression of form, and to appreciate the relative qualities and characteristics of the pen and the etching-needle, and, furthermore, to acquire that insistence on the use of the point, as means for early training, as against that of the brush, which, in accordance with the theory of Mr. Herbert Spencer, the School Board for London preferred to adopt. In the following year, 1831, he was rewarded by being placed under Mr. Runciman, the drawing-master, who taught him the "Harding manner;" that is to say, the soft pencil used boldly, conventionally rich and showy in general effect—a method not at all agreeable to the boy, who was even at that early time opinionated on matters of art. Perspective was more to his taste, for it enabled him to gain an insight into the representation of architecture, and he forthwith set about drawing cottages and working out the elevations and masses of the castles of Dover and Battle. He was already topographical and diagrammatic in his artistic treatment of buildings.

A posting-journey to the Alps, undertaken in 1832, did much to develop the artistic faculties of the boy, who devoted himself to making sketches in the manner of Samuel Prout, to please his father; but the love of Turner, whose illustrations to Rogers’s "Italy" had set him all aflame, now filled his youthful heart. Indeed, he tried to make a book of the kind for himself, reproducing what he saw, in picture, prose, and verse. The practice was excellent, and he was not deterred in the self-imposed task by his very lively sense of the humorous aspect of undertaking such a monumental task at such an interval of ability and age. Turner and Prout were now his models; sometimes he imitated the one, sometimes the other, occasionally both together, until he developed into Ruskin the artist, with the stupendous aims of the one, and the precision, accuracy, and local truth of the other. By both these great men was fed his love of architecture, not only in its artistic but in its constructional character; and how thoroughly he understood it, and how earnestly he had practised the rendering of it, may be seen in the remarkable drawing of the Scala Monument, executed in 1835—a really wonderful achievement, in its complexity of drawing and perspective, which he afterward repeated in color. In the
same year he obtained special leave (for he was not yet a boy of fifteen) to study in the Louvre, and he applied himself to copying Rembrandt, attracted by his tremendous mastery of light and shade, and not yet repelled by the aethetical considerations which led him, years afterward, to denounce the great master of the Netherlands.

But Ruskin was never an artist, pure and simple. He was in fact a Nature-worshipper; and the complete student of Nature must needs be at once an artist, a man of science, and a thinker; that is to say, a humanitarian. Ruskin was all three, and probably paid his tribute to Rembrandt chiefly for his lessons in light and color, just as he loved a rocky foreground partly for the sake of its geology, and architecture for its perspective and, generally, for its demonstration of the laws of construction and of optics. Indeed, no sooner was Rembrandt copied with searching analysis than another turn was given to young Ruskin’s mind by his love of mineralogy and botany, and landscape now absorbed his whole attention and stamped his character and future career.

After partial recovery from an attack of pleurisy, Ruskin once more went abroad, taking with him, among his art materials, a “cyanometer,” a device which he invented to test the scale and depth of blues of the Rhone and of Alpine skies. In his pencil-work, in drawing and sketching alike, he again adopted the manner of Prout as being more easy of reproduction. He generally outlined his work on gray paper, in pen or pencil, and touched it with body-color in avowed imitation of the lithographs by Prout, Nash, Haghe, and others who, popular already, were to found a new era not only in the decoration of books but in the art-education of the day. He could now draw thoroughly well, all but the figure; and his father, a water-color amateur of the Girtin school—an example of whose clever, formal work Mr. Ruskin to this day accords an honored place in the very midst of the superb collection of Turner’s works, in his bedroom at Brantwood—determined to place the youth in the hands of Copley Fielding for “finishing.” Fielding was at that time the President of the Water-Color Society, and his talent and teaching-power were appraised as second only to those of Turner himself. But he was of little use to one of Ruskin’s individuality and strength of character; and when the young student, whose application to his art was so earnest and sustained that his health was more than once on the point of breaking down, visited the Royal Academy and saw that the works of Turner echoed the sentiments in his heart, with enough of poetry and science to satisfy his double passion, the seed that germinated into “Modern Painters” was planted then and there.
But he did not take the new direction all at once. The drawings of the follow-
ing year (1837), the result of a tour in the north of England, are extremely Prout-
esque in method, although they lean as much toward the feeling and execution of Turner. Even when he studied in Rome, sketching there in 1840 and 1841, his work was still “partly in imitation of Prout, partly of David Roberts”—that Scottish painter of cathedrals whose art in later years he was so severely to criticise. Ruskin admitted that his own work was at this time full of weaknesses and vulgarities; but he had not yet made the little drawing of an ivy branch—his first drawing of leaf-age in actual growth—that changed the course of his whole art-life and emanci-
pated from conventionalism his whole art-
thought.

This event occurred in 1842. He had been taking lessons from J. D. Harding, whose spiritual view of art and nature cor-
responded with his own, but whose gen-
eral principles formed an efficient antidote to the exaggerated admiration for the tricks as well as for the art of Turner which, after first enlightening, now began to disturb Ruskin’s artistic outlook. Harding had taught him to generalize leafage; but one day, as Mr. Collingwood has recorded, sitting down to draw a tree-stem with its clinging ivy, Ruskin saw, while studying it, how he obtained a perception of its beauty —inherent, and of arrangement of design —by following it with reverent accuracy—instead of losing it by the broad generaliza-
tions that were in vogue. Thenceforward unflinching thoroughness was the young man’s guiding principle in art, the cause of his championship of the Preraphaelite School, that was to follow six years later, and the origin of his famous behest (“se-
lecting nothing”) that has since been so misapplied, misunderstood, and misquot-
ed against him. But Ruskin employed the services of Harding still, for the sake of the sympathy that was between them; but while the master was swiftly brushing in his brilliant drawing of a whole coun-
tryside, bathed in the sidelong rays of a sun half obscured by threatening storm-
clouds (or some such fervent artificial subject of his), he would laugh at the reb-
ellious pupil who, devout in his new art-
religion, would “pore into foreground
weeds” and find his subject there. His drawings of the Alps were no longer attempts at effects; they were careful studies of rock-formation; his street drawings were less for architectural picturesqueness than for accurate free-hand rendering of the structure and enrichments of the houses. Yet he did not give up his painter’s study of the Old Masters; but in 1844, after another visit to the Louvre, he finally realized which was the road that destiny had pointed out to him, for he could not walk on two at once; and he thenceforward gave up geology, so far as æsthetic study was concerned (though not at all as a subject for general cultivation, and for the special purposes which are so brilliantly displayed in “Modern Painters”), and threw himself into the study of the history and criticism of art. He studied the works of the Old Masters, from the emotional side, as earnestly as Morelli did later from the material; for man’s, rather than the technician’s, interest in art was his guide, at this time, in his attitude toward his subject.

Meanwhile, Ruskin proceeded with the education of his hand and eye, but not with the brush alone. He had shown a command of the point and of water-color in scores of drawings, notably in his exquisite representation of the Chapel of St. Mary of the Thorn, at Pisa, soon to be torn to ruins—a work that would be notable coming from the hand of any man; and now, to illustrate “The Seven Lamps of Architecture,” he turned his attention to etching, which he practised with more success than might have been expected from one of his mercurial temperament. During the next year, 1850, he made drawings for “The Stones of Venice,” as exquisite and delicate as the plates that were engraved from them. Thus, for twenty years—to carry the examination no farther—we find Ruskin an enthusiastic, continuous, and indefatigable worker in the arts; and yet men who do not share his artistic views, but who on matters of fact should be better informed, seek habitually to dismiss his theories and set aside his conclusions on the ground that “Ruskin is an amateur,” because, forsooth, he never painted for money.

I come now to one of Professor Ruskin’s principal limitations and its effect. This defect was concisely formulated by my friend Professor Herkomer when he said that “Ruskin never finishes his work to the edges.” There is deeper and wider truth in the assertion than Mr. Herkomer, at the moment, had probably any immediate notion of. It is not in art alone that
At the Falls of Glenfinlas. Water color—study of rock and flora—(when Millais was painting his portrait beside the Falls, 1854).

By permission of Mrs. Arthur Severn.

Ruskin has not finished his work "to the edges." We see it in the books he has left incomplete—in the synthetic schemes and series, literary and social, that have been left half done. As an artist, like the philosopher he is, he is profound and analytical rather than complete, having spread himself over everything, interested himself in everything, and always been anxious to deal with a next subject as soon as it has cropped up. There are among his drawings exceptions, of course, numerous and notable, to this unfortunate characteristic of "unfinishedness;" but they are not numerous enough to destroy the rule. And this rule, it must be confessed, is the stranger, inasmuch as to Ruskin the complete artist represents the complete Man—perfect in his sense-functions, in his mentality, and his morality in its broadest signification, in his refinement and culture, self-restraint, and industry; in short, in all the virtues and the majority of the graces.

Now, this tendency to incompletion
arises from two causes: the first, the natural impatience of temperament, and the second, the scientific basis on which the main tenets of his artistic creed are founded, colored though they may be by ethics, poetry, or romance.

Indeed, although he would recoil before no trouble, before no expenditure of pains or care, once he obtained the main object of this work Ruskin would be content to leave the rest unfinished. To a friend who asked him why he did not complete a landscape of which only the middle was elaborated, he quickly replied: "Oh, I've no time to do the tailoring." He had command of infinite patience for the working out of the details that interested him in the scene before him, but rarely, if ever, had he sufficient, once those details were secured, to draw in the complementary skies or what not. Not that skies lacked interest for him. On the contrary, we heard as an "aside" when he was delivering his lecture, "The Storm-Cloud of the Nineteenth Century," that for many years he had kept an illustrated diary of the sky as seen from Brantwood—"bottled," as he himself expressed it, "as my father bottled his sheries." But there were other things that interested him more: and when he was not making drawings of cloud-forms for a distinct practical purpose—such as his chapter in "Modern Painters"—he cared less for them when considered only for their purely pictorial effect.

In truth, although Ruskin admitted that "art was not meant to teach science," Nature, the scientific phenomenon that involves the whole world, absorbed his faculties even when, if half unconscious of it, he reared upon it his theories of morality. His art is record rather than creation, and his aim, broadly speaking, scientific in its essence rather than artistic. He has declared, in one of those moments of clear introspection which illumine his character with so bright and exquisite a light, "I am no poet—I have no imagination." A poet he was and is; but imagination or invention of the higher pictorial sort he had not. He did not realize the truth at first, but sought to restrain much play of imagination in others as harmful. To Sir Edward Burne-Jones, who loved to realize his invention and ideals, not only in the figures in his pictures, but in every sort of accessory, he would say, "Ned, Ned, go to Nature;" and only in later days did he regretfully recognize his limitation, as conveyed in the pathetic words spoken to me years ago—"I might have made such charming records of things!"

From the first, with an interval given to a somewhat morbid leaning to fanciful exaggeration, he preferred "records of things," often making even his most exquisite drawings savor somewhat of the diagrammatic. There is always some
of banks and mosses, in the manner of William Hunt, of plants or ferns, of glaciers or clouds or mountain forms, deliberate accuracy has been the main inspiration—manifest testimony to the belief that science is at the root of nature, and reverential nature, with the love and praise of God, at the root of all true art. Thence Ruskin deduced his final axiom, "All great art is praise;" textually repudiating, however, the saying forced upon him, that none but good men can

object beyond the beauty of the drawing to be produced, the drawing itself never being the finality in the painter's eyes. If it be of a mountain, it is to show the beauty of that mountain, but not the beauty of his own handiwork; and if color, to show the beauty of the color which God has given us. This is Ruskin's humility throughout—not his skill, but the loveliness of creation, it is his object to display. The artist in him will present a perfect suggestion of a scene, but the scientist insists on working out the details of that in it which interests him most (not necessarily the most delightful position), and he leaves the rest in remonstrance of the spectator's unapproved interest in the other parts. Whether in his studies

Study of Two Rays of a Peacock's Feather, Magnified Five Times. (Ruskin Museum.)

produce good art. And so, despising the finishing of a drawing for the sake of effect, of mere sensual enjoyment, or what he calls "amusement," he has always preferred to devote himself to the bit that best illustrated a theory, that offered the greatest difficulty and severest self-discipline, or that presented some delight apart from "objectless" artistic display.

How much this scientific aspect lost him artistic power others can judge as well as Ruskin, or better. A rigid self-training in botany, geology, tree and cloud and mountain forms, all reproduced with equal degree of accuracy, for their own sake, led him to accord equal and unvaried importance to a seaweed and a sunset, to a bit of quartz and to Mont Blanc, to a dead leaf and a forest, or a sculptured fragment and a cathedral, to a coin or a ruined capital and a statue or a Gothic tomb; and not until 1858, when studying the noblest works of Titian and Veronese, did he learn the full relation between line and color. After that time his "topography," whether simple or Turnerian, is as far as possible laid aside, and the imaginative or poetical essays begin to take precedence over the historical or imitative. But middle age is too late to change a long-fixed habit of thought and practice, and although Ruskin in later years made rapid artistic sketches no longer "tight" (of which one is reproduced on page 656), which would have been impossible to him in his earlier years, the neat and careful hand may be traced in them down to the very end.

Market Place of Abbeville. (Pure pencil.)
By permission of the University of Oxford.

This respect for fact often betrayed Ruskin into the Nature-mirror theory of art; the belief that because a thing "was there" in a landscape, therefore it must be shown there in the drawing too. The duty of the artist, if something "is there" that militates against the composition, is to remove it or to modify it. That Ruskin did not do so, but preferred sometimes to throw upon Nature the responsibility of some discordant element in his picture, is all the stranger, inasmuch as no one was more appreciative of composition in the works of others—"the quality above all others," he says somewhere, "which gives me delight in pictures." And so for many years
this desire to regard drawing as a means to an end, and that end record, or the realization of a well-defined sentiment, reduced his Art from the position of Mistress of the Imagination to that of Handmaiden to Fact. It will, I think, be recognized that his flowers are poetic botany, his skies poetic meteorology, his rocks poetic geology, and his architectural arabesque forms poetical geometry, the love of science underlying all his exquisite handling of the point, the wonderful delicacy of elaboration, the purity and vivid color of his transparent washes, and the delightful though rather peculiar quality of his body-color. It is all poetic fact arbitrarily and exquisitely set down.

Ruskin’s other chief limitation as an artist is dependent on his having failed to study the human figure, which gave Sir Edward Poynter the opportunity of declaring “Of beauty of form he seems to have no perception whatever.” This appears to me to overstate the case completely, for Ruskin’s knowledge and keen appreciation of architecture and architectural and sculptural forms, as well as of nearly all forms of animal life, is based upon the liveliest sensitiveness to “the round” and particularly to “style.” But Ruskin’s view of art was always less Greek than Christian, and less Latin than Gothic; and the study of the nude—that is, the human form—had no place in his artistic ambitions. The human figure, indeed, was the one form of nature which he did not worship. He both spoke and wrote against the study of the nude, objecting to “the undressedness of it” in modern hands and in northern lands. But the result on his own art, while leaving him all his elegance, daintiness, refinement, and grace, with all his other merits, is to rob it of the vigor which one feels it lacks. One recog-
nizes the truth of the German professor's reply to an English student who came to him to learn landscape-painting: "You must draw nothing but the skeleton and the figure; there is no other way of painting landscape." Yet Ruskin could copy the figure admirably, with full intelligence of its construction, and his portrait of himself shows what he might have done in this section of his art. So much it was needful to say for the full understanding of Ruskin's artistic achievement, of his extraordinary excellence in some directions, and of his weakness in another. These delimitations made clear, there is still left enough warmly to applaud in his work, and to justify the claim that when that work comes to be more widely known a place will be found for the artist among the most brilliant executants with the pencil, the most sensitive and delicate of draftsmen, and most dainty and exquisite of colorists.

Taking, then, the view that the visible beauty of the world is the beauty of nature, that nature is mainly represented by the landscape, and that the beauty of landscape is therefore the demonstration of God, Ruskin devoted himself mainly to this section of art alike with pencil, brush, and etching-needle. With the pencil he for some time followed Prout, his neighbor at Denmark Hill, whose work appealed to him as a link between the sister arts of architecture and water-color; of this, examples may be seen in drawings here published. Later on, greater delicacy and less elementariness refined his pencil in the direction of Turner's most delicate architectural manner; and later, as in the "Market Place of Abbeville" (page 666), or the views on the Grand Canal of Venice (page 657—in which, however, there are still some reminiscences of Prout), there are elegance, firmness, and exquisiteness of which Maxime Lalanne might have been proud. Of these drawings a very considerable number are in existence, some of those among the hundred and more at Oxford, measuring between two and three feet wide, a number in pure pencil, and others heightened by, or drawn entirely in, color. These are remarkable for the success with which texture, material, and reflected lights are rendered. Not Mr. Alma-Tadema himself could surpass Mr. Ruskin in this direction, in this medium. And at the same time in this work there is usually a breadth which those who only know the microscopic power of Ruskin's eye—which Madame Rosa Bonheur once referred to as "son œil d'oiseau"—would be unprepared for. And all the while his color is pure, clear, vivid, and delicate. In this section of his art he studied William Hunt, the figure, fruit, and flower painter of his adoration, but his work was more refined and less robust, in exact proportion as Ruskin was more intellectual and cultivated and less vigorous than the other. When he was a boy twelve years old, Ruskin said he "saw nature" with the eyes of Turner, who was then sixty years of age; but in his "forty years of happy work between 1830 and 1870" his precocious and individual talent "found itself" in due and early course.

In the first place he lost his "drawing-master method"—the method acquired by studying other men's styles—and evolved a manner of his own. At one time this seems to have had some affinity with the process of Rossetti, as is shown by some of his unfinished water-colors. When not aiming at pure transparent tints, he would lay in flat colors, and then work
All sorts of people use Pears’ Soap, all sorts of stores sell it.
The “Pittsburgh boy” had enlisted at seventeen. He had been ill with a long fever. He wanted a furlough, and with a curious trust that anything could be done if he could only get to the President, he had slipped into the White House, and by chance met Lincoln, who listened to his story and gave him this note.*

Many applications reached Lincoln as he passed to and from the White House and the War Department. It was, no doubt, as he crossed the park that he saw the “colored man with one leg” designated in the check shown in facsimile on page 158, and after listening to his story, gave him the money to help him out of his trouble.

Mr. A. W. Swan of Albuquerque, New Mexico, relates a pleasing incident that fell under his own eye between Lincoln and a soldier in this same path between the White House and the War Department:

“In company with a gentleman, I was on the way to the War Department one day. Our way led through a small park between the White House and the War Department building. As we entered this park we noticed Mr. Lincoln just ahead of us, and meeting him a private soldier who was evidently in a violent passion, as he was swearing in a high key, cursing the Government from the President down. Mr. Lincoln paused as he met the irate soldier, and asked him what was the matter. ‘Matter enough,’ was the reply. ‘I want my money. I have been discharged here, and can’t get my pay.’ Mr. Lincoln asked if he had his papers, saying that he used to practise law in a small way and possibly could help him. My friend and I stepped behind some convenient shrubbery where we could watch the result. Mr. Lincoln took the papers from the hands of the crippled soldier, and sat down with him at the foot of a convenient tree, where he examined them carefully, and writing a line on the back, told the soldier to take them to Mr. Potts, Chief Clerk of the War Department, who would doubtless attend to the matter at once. After Mr. Lincoln had left the soldier, we stepped out and asked him if he knew whom he had been talking with. ‘Some ugly old fellow who pretends to be a lawyer,’ was the reply. My companion asked to see the papers, and on their being handed to him, pointed to the endorsement they had received. This indorsement read: ‘Mr. Potts, attend to this man’s case at once and see that he gets his pay. A. L.’ The initials were too familiar with men in position to know them to be ignored. We went with the soldier, who had just returned from Libby Prison and had been given a hospital certificate for discharge, to see Mr. Potts, and before the Paymaster’s office was closed for the day, he had received his discharge and check for the money due him, in the meantime not knowing whether to be the more pleased or sorry to think he had cursed ‘Abe Lincoln’ to his face.”

It was not alone the soldier to whom the President listened; it was also to his wife, his mother, his daughter.

*The “Pittsburgh boy” is still living, at Washington, Pennsylvania. His name is W. B. Post, and it is to his courtesy that we owe the facsimile of the note.

“I remember one morning,” says Mr. A. B. Chandler, “his coming into my office with a distressed expression on his face and saying to Major Eckert, ‘Eckert, who is that woman crying out in the hall? What is the matter with her?’ Eckert said he did not know, but would go and find out. He came back soon, and said that it was a woman who had come a long distance expecting to go down to the army to see her husband, that she had some very important matters to consult him about. An order had gone out a short time before to allow no women in the army, except in special cases. She was bitterly disappointed, and was crying over it. Mr. Lincoln sat moodily for a moment after hearing this story, and suddenly looking up, said, ‘Let’s send her down. You write the order. Major.’ Major Eckert hesitated a moment, and said, ‘Would it not be better for Colonel Hardie to write the order?’ ‘Yes,’ said Mr. Lincoln, ‘that is better; let Hardie write it.’ The major went out, and soon returned, saying, ‘Mr. President, would it not be better in this case to let the woman’s husband come to Washington?’ Mr. Lincoln’s face lighted up with pleasure. ‘Yes, yes,’ he said; ‘let’s bring him up.’ The order was written, and the woman was told that her husband would come to Washington. This done, her sorrows seemed lifted from Mr. Lincoln’s heart, and he sat down to his yellow tissue telegram with a serene face.”

The futility of trying to help all the soldiers who found their way to him must have come often to Lincoln’s mind. “Now, my man, go away, go away,” General Fry overheard him say one day to a soldier who was pleading for the President’s interference in his behalf; “I cannot meddle in your case. I could as easily bail out the Potomac with a teaspoon as attend to all the details of the army.”

LINCOLN AND COMPANY K.

The President’s relations with individual soldiers were, of course, transient. Washington was for the great body of soldiers, whatever their condition, only a half-way house between North and South. The only body of soldiers with which the President had long association was Company K of the 150th Pennsylvania Volunteers. This company, raised in Crawford County, in northwestern Pennsylvania, reached Washington in the first days of September, 1862. September 6th, Captain D. V. Derickson of Meadville, Pennsylvanie, who was in command of the company, received orders to march his men to the Soldiers’ Home, to act there as a guard to the President, who was occupying a cottage in the grounds.

“The next morning after our arrival,” says Mr. Derickson, “the President sent a messenger to my quarters, stating that he would like to see the captain of the guard at his residence. I immediately reported. After an informal introduction and handshaking, he asked me if I would have any objection to riding with him to the city. I replied that it would give me much pleasure to do so, when he invited me to
take a seat in the carriage. On our way to the city, he made numerous inquiries, as to my name, where I came from, what regiment I belonged to, etc. 

"When we entered the city, Mr. Lincoln said he would call at General Halleck's headquarters and get what news had been received from the army during the night. I informed him that General Cullum, chief aid to General Halleck, was raised in Meadville and that I knew him when I was a boy. He replied, 'Then we must see both the gentlemen.' When the carriage stopped, he requested me to remain seated, and said he would bring the gentlemen down to see me, the office being on the second floor. In a short time the President came down, followed by the other gentlemen. When he introduced them to me, General Cullum recognized and seemed pleased to see me. In General Halleck I thought I discovered a kind of quizical look, as much as to say, 'Isn't this rather a big joke to ask the Commander-in-chief of the Army down to the street to be introduced to a country captain?'"

"Supposing that the invitation to ride to the city with the President was as much to give him an opportunity to look over and interview the new captain as for any other purpose, I did not report the next morning. During the day I was informed that it was the desire of the President that I should breakfast with him and accompany him to the White House every morning, and return with him in the evening. This duty I entered upon with much pleasure, and was on hand in good time next morning; and I continued to perform this duty until we moved to the White House in November. It was Mr. Lincoln's custom, on account of the pressure of business, to breakfast before the other members of the family were up; and I usually entered his room at half-past six or seven o'clock in the morning, where I often found him reading the Bible or some work on the art of war. On my entering, he would read aloud and offer comments of his own as he read.

"I usually went down to the city at four o'clock and returned with the President at five. He often carried a small portfolio containing papers relating to the business of the day, and spent many hours in them in the evening. I often found Mr. Lincoln to be one of the most kind-hearted and pleasant gentlemen that I had ever met. He never spoke unkindly of any one, and always spoke of the rebels as 'those Southern gentlemen.'"

This kindly relation began with the captain, the President extended to every man of his company. It was their pride that he knew every one of them by name. "He always called me Joe," I heard a veteran of the guard say, a quaver in his voice. He never passed the men on duty without acknowledging their salute, and often visited their camp. Once in passing when the men were at mess, he called out, "That coffee smells good, boys; give me a cup." And on another occasion he asked for a plate of beans, and sat down on a camp-stool and ate them. Mrs. Lincoln frequently visited the company with the President, and many and many a gift to the White House larder from enthusiastic supporters of the Admin-

istration was sent to the boys—now a barrel of apple butter, now a quarter of beef. On holidays, Mrs. Lincoln made it a rule to provide Company K with a turkey dinner.

Late in the fall of 1862, an attempt was made to depose the company. Every member of the guard now living can quote verbatim the note which the President wrote settling the matter:

EXECUTIVE MANSION, Washington, November 1, 1862.

To Whom it May Concern: Captain Derickson, with his company, has been for some time keeping guard at my residence, now at the Soldiers' Retreat. He and his company are very agreeable to me, and while it is deemed proper for any guard to remain, none would be more satisfactory than Captain Derickson and his company.

A. LINCOLN.

The welfare of the men, their troubles, escapades, amusements, were treated by the President as a kind of family matter. He never forgot to ask after the sick, often secured a pass or a furlough for some one, and took genuine delight in the camp fun.

"While we were in camp at the Soldiers' Home in the fall of 1862," says Mr. C. M. Derickson of Mercer, Pennsylvania, "the boys indulged in various kinds of amusement. I think it was the Kepler boys who introduced the trained elephant. Two men of about the same size, both in a stooped position, were placed one ahead of the other. An army blanket was then thrown over them so that it came about to their knees, and a trunk, improvised by wrapping a piece of a blanket around a small elastic piece of wood, was placed in the hands of the front man. Here you have your elephant. Ours was taught to get down on his knees, stand on one leg, and do various other tricks. While the elephant was going through his exercises one evening, the President strolled into camp. He was very much amused at the wonderful feats the elephant could perform, and a few evenings after he called again and brought a friend with him, and asked the captain if he would like to have his friend see him perform. Of course it was done, to the great amusement of both the President and his friend."

No doubt much of the President's interest in Company K was due to his son Tad. The boy was a great favorite with the men, and probably carried to his father many a tale of the camp. He considered himself, in fact, no unimportant part of the organization, for he wore a uniform, carried a lieutenant's commission, often drilled with the men or rode on his pony at their head in reviews, and much of the time messed with them. One of the odd duties which devolved upon Company K was looking after Tad's goats. These animals have been given a place in history by Lincoln himself in telegrams to Mrs. Lincoln, duly filed in the rec-
ords of the War Department: "Tell Tad the goats and father are very well, especially the goats," he wired one day; and again, "All well, including Tad's pony and the goats." They were privileged beings on the White House lawn, and were looked after by the company because of Tad's affection for them. They met an untimely end, being burned to death in a fire which destroyed the White House stables, February 10, 1864.*

LINCOLN AND THE HOSPITALS.

The two most harrowing consequences of war, the havoc of the battlefield and the disease of camp life, from the beginning to the end of the Civil War, centered in Washington. It was the point to which every man disabled in the Army of the Potomac must come sooner or later for care or to be transferred to the North. After battles, the city seemed turned into one great hospital. For days then a long, straggling train of mutilated men poured in. They came on flat cars or open transports, piled so close together that no attendant could pass between them; protected occasionally from the cold by a blanket which had escaped with its owner, or from the sun by green boughs placed in their hands or laid over their faces. When Washington was reached, all that could be done was to lay them in long rows on the wharfs or platforms until ambulances could carry them to the hospitals. It is when one considers the numbers of wounded in the great Virginia battles that he realizes the length and awfulness of the streams which flowed into Washington. At Fredericksburg they numbered 9,600; at Chancellorsville, 9,762; in the Wilderness, 12,087; at Spottsylvania, 13,416.

In the early days of the war, Washington was so poorly supplied with hospitals that after the first battle of Bull Run churches, dwellings, and government buildings were seized to place the wounded in, and there were so few nurses that the people of Washington had to be called upon. Very rapidly little settlements of board barracks or of white army tents multiplied in the open spaces in and around the town, quarters for the sick and wounded. Nurses poured in from the North. Organizations for relief multiplied. By the end of 1862, Mr. Lincoln could scarcely drive or walk in any direction about Washington without passing a hospital. Even in going to his summer cottage, at the Soldiers' Home, the President did not escape the sight of the wounded. The rolling hillside was dotted with white hospital tents during the entire war. In many places the tents were placed close to the road, so as to get more air, the grounds being more thickly wooded than they are now. As he drove home, after a harrowing day in the White House, the President frequently looked from his carriage upon the very beds of wounded soldiers.

Every member of the government, whether he would or not, was obliged to give some attention to this side of the war. It became a regular feature of a congressman's life in those days to spend every Saturday or Sunday afternoon in the hospitals, visiting the wounded men from his district. He wrote their letters, brought them news, saw to their wants. If he had not done it, his constituents would have disposed of him in short order.

In the President's family the needs of the hospitals were a constant interest. Mrs. Lincoln visited them regularly, and through her many delicacies went to the inmates. Among the papers of Francis S. Corkran, formerly of Baltimore, Maryland, is the following telegram from Mr. Lincoln:

EXECUTIVE MANSION,
WASHINGTON, September 30, 1863.

HON. FRANCIS S. CORKRAN,
BALTIMORE, MARYLAND.

Mrs. L. is now at home and would be pleased to see you at any time. If the grape time has not passed away she would be pleased to join in the enterprise you mentioned.

Yours truly,

A. LINCOLN.*

The "enterprise" was simply to furnish grapes to the hospitals.

In the unpublished telegrams of the War Department is the following:

EXECUTIVE MANSION,
WASHINGTON, August 16, 1862.

HON. HIRAM BARNEY,
NEW YORK.

Mrs. L. has $1,000 for the benefit of the hospitals, and she will be obliged, and send the pay if you will be so good as to select and send her $200 worth of good lemons and $100 worth of good oranges.

A. LINCOLN.

In 1862, Mr. Lincoln called Dr. D. Willard Bliss from the field to Washington, to aid in organizing a more perfect system of general hospitals in and about the city. One result of Dr. Bliss's coming was the building of

*These recollections of President Lincoln and the White House Gard I owe to the courtesy of Mr. M. M. Miller of Hartstown, Pennsylvania; Mr. C. M. Berickson, Mercer, Pennsylvania; and to Mr. Boyles and Mr. Dickson of Meadville, Pennsylvania.

*An unpublished telegram loaned by Mr. Clarence G. Corkran of Lutherville, Maryland.
Armory Square Hospital, one of the best conducted institutions of the Civil War. Lincoln gave his personal attention to the building of Armory Square, and for a long time met Dr. Bliss twice each week to consider the ingenious appliances which the latter devised to aid in caring for and treating the wounded. Some of these appliances the President paid for out of his own pocket. Not infrequently he had some suggestion to make for the comfort of the place. It was due to him that Armory Square became a bower of vine and bloom in the summer.

"Why don't you plant flower seeds?" he asked Dr. Bliss one day. The doctor said he would if he had seeds. "I'll order them for you from the Agricultural Department," replied the President, and sure enough he did; and thereafter, all through the season, each of the long barracks had its own flower bed and vines.

The President himself visited the hospitals as often as he could, visits never forgotten by the men to whom he spoke as he passed up and down the wards, shaking hands here, giving a cheering word there, making jocular comments everywhere. There are men still living who tell of a little scene they witnessed at Armory Square in 1863. A soldier of the 140th Regiment, Pennsylvania Volunteers, had been wounded in the shoulder at the battle of Chancellorsville and taken to Washington. One day, as he was becoming convalescent, a whisper ran down the long row of cots that the President was in the building and would soon pass by. Instantly every boy in blue who was able arose, stood erect, hands to the side, ready to salute his commander-in-chief. The Pennsylvanian stood six feet seven inches in his stockings. Lincoln was six feet four. As the President approached this giant towering above him, he stopped in amazement, and casting his eyes from head to foot and from foot to head, as if contemplating the immense distance from one extremity to the other, he stood for a moment speechless. At length, extending his hand, he exclaimed, "Hello, comrade, do you know when your feet get cold?"*

Lincoln rarely forgot a patient whom he saw a second time, and to stubborn cases that remained from month to month he gave particular attention. There was in Armory Square Hospital for a long time a boy known as "little Johnnie." He was hopelessly crippled—doomed to death, but cheerful, and a general favorite. Lincoln never failed to stop at "little Johnnie's" cot when he went to Armory Square, and he frequently sent him fruit and flowers and a friendly message through Mrs. Lincoln.

Of all the incidents told of Lincoln's hospital visits, there is nothing more characteristic, better worth preservation, than the one following, preserved by Dr. Jerome Walker of Brooklyn:

"Just one week before his assassination, President Lincoln visited the Army of the Potomac, at City Point, Virginia, and carefully examined the hospital arrangements of the Ninth, Sixth, Fifth, Second, and Sixteenth corps hospitals and of the engineer corps, there stationed. At that time I was an agent of the United States Sanitary Commission attached to the Ninth Corps Hospital. Though a boy of nineteen years, to me was assigned the duty of escorting the President through our department of the hospital system. The reader can imagine the pride with which I fulfilled the duty, and as we went from tent to tent I could not but note his gentleness, his friendly greetings to the sick and wounded, his quiet humor as he drew comparisons between himself and the very tall and very short men with whom he came in contact, and his genuine interest in the welfare of the soldiers.

"Finally, after visiting the wards occupied by our invalid and convalescing soldiers, we came to three wards occupied by sick and wounded Southern prisoners. With a feeling of patriotic duty, I said, 'Mr. President, you won't want to go in there; they are only rebels.' I will never forget how he stopped and gently laid his large hand upon my shoulder and quietly answered, 'You mean Confederates!' And I have meant Confederates ever since.

"There was nothing left for me to do after the President's remark but to go with him through these three wards, and I could not see but that he was just as kind, his hand-shakings just as hearty, his interest just as real for the welfare of the men as when he was among our own soldiers.

"As we returned to headquarters, the President urged upon me the importance of caring for them as faithfully as I should for our own sick and wounded. When I visited next day these three wards, the Southern officers and soldiers were full of praise for ' Abe' Lincoln, as they called him, and when a week afterwards the news came of the assassination, there was no truer sorrow nor greater indignation anywhere than was shown by these same Confederates."

LINCOLN AND THE DESERTER.

One great cause of sorrow to Lincoln throughout the war was the necessity of punishing soldiers. Not only did the men commit all the crimes common to society, like robbery and murder; they were guilty of others peculiar to military organization and war, such as desertion, sleeping on post, disobedience to orders, bounty jumping, giving information to the enemy. As the army grew larger, desertion became so common and so disastrous to efficiency that it had to be treated with great severity. Lincoln seems to have had his attention first called

to it seriously when he visited McClellan's army in July, 1862, for he wrote to McClellan, July 13th:

My dear Sir: I am told that over 160,000 men have gone into your army on the Peninsula. When I was with you the other day, we made out 86,500 remaining, leaving 73,500 to be accounted for. I believe 23,500 will cover all the killed, wounded, and missing in all your battles and skirmishes, leaving 50,000 who have left otherwise. Not more than 5,000 of these have died, leaving 45,000 of your army alive and not with it. I believe half or two-thirds of them are fit for duty to-day. Have you any more perfect knowledge of this than I have? If I am right, and you had these men with you, you could go into Richmond in the next three days. How can they be got to you, and how can they be prevented from getting away in such numbers for the future?

A. LINCOLN.

About the same time, Buell reported 14,000 absentees from his army. In the winter of 1862 and 1863 it grew worse. General Hooker says that when he took charge of the Army of the Potomac in January, 1863, the desertsions were at the rate of 200 a day. "I caused a return to be made of the absentees of the army," he continues, "and found the number to be 2,922 commissioned officers and 81,964 non-commissioned officers and privates. These were scattered all over the country, and the majority were absent from causes unknown."

When the Bureau of the Provost-Marshal was established in March, 1863, finding and punishing deserters became one of its duties. Much of the difficulty was due to the methods of recruiting. To stimulate volunteering for long periods, the government began in 1861 to offer bounties. The bounties offered by the government were never large, however, and were paid in installments, so that no great evil resulted from them. But later, when the quota of each State and district was fixed, and the draft instituted, State and local bounties were added to those of the government. In some places the bounties offered aggregated $1,500, a large part of which was paid on enlistment. Immediately a new class of military criminals sprang up, "bounty-jumpers," men who enlisted, drew the bounty, deserted, and re-enlisted at some other point.

The law allowed men who had been drafted to send substitutes, and a new class of speculators, known as "substitute-brokers," appeared. They did a thriving business in procuring substitutes for drafted men who, for one reason or another, did not want to go into the war. These recruits were frequently of a very poor class, and a large percentage of them took the first chance to desert. It is said that, out of 625 recruits sent to reinforce one regiment, over forty per cent. deserted on the way. In the general report of the Provost-Marshal-General made at the close of the war, the aggregate deserting was given at 201,397.

The result of all this was that the severest penalties were enforced for desertion. The President never ceased to abhor the death penalty for this offense. While he had as little sympathy as Stanton himself with the frauds practised and never commuted the sentence of a bounty-jumper, as far as I have been able to discover, over the great number of sentences he hesitated. He seemed to see what others ignored, the causes which were behind. Many and many a man deserted in the winter of 1862-1863 because of the Emancipation Proclamation. He did not believe the President had the right to issue it, and he refused to fight. Lincoln knew, too, that the "copperhead" agitation in the North reached the army, and that hundreds of men were being urged by parents and friends hostile to the Administration to desert. His indignation never was against the boy who yielded to this influence.

"Must I shoot a simple-minded soldier boy who deserts," he said, "while I must not touch a hair of a wily agitator who induces him to desert? This is none the less injurious when effected by a father, or brother, or friend into a public meeting, and there working upon his feelings until he is persuaded to write the soldier boy that he is fighting in a bad cause, for a wicked administration of a contemptible government, too weak to arrest and punish him if he shall desert. I think that in such a case, to silence the agitator, and save the boy, is not only constitutional, but withal a great mercy."

Another cause he never forgot was that mortal homesickness which so often ate the very heart out of a boy away from home for the first time. It filled many a hospital cot in the Civil War, and shriveled the nerves and sapped the courage until men forgot everything but home, and fled. Lincoln seemed to see in a flash the whole army history of these cases: the boy enlisting in the thrill of perhaps his first great passion; his triumphal march to the field; the long, hard months of seasoning; the deadly longing for home overtaking him; a chance to desert taken; the capture. He could not condemn such a boy to death.

The time Lincoln gave to listening to the intercessions of friends in behalf of condemned deserters, the extent of his clemency, is graphically shown in the manuscript
records of the War Department which refer to prisoners of war. Scores of telegrams are filed there, written out by Lincoln himself, inquiring into the reasons for an execution or suspending it entirely. These telegrams, which have never been published, furnish the documentary proof, if any is wanted, of the man’s great heart, his entire willingness to give himself infinite trouble to prevent an injustice or to soften a sorrow. “Suspend execution and forward record for examination,” was his usual formula for telegrams of this nature. The record would be sent, but after it was in his hands he would defer its examination from week to week. Often he telegraphed, “Suspend execution of death sentence until further orders.” “But that does not pardon my boy,” said a father to him once.

“My dear man,” said the President, laying his hand on his shoulder, “do you suppose I will ever give orders for your boy’s execution?”

In sending these orders for suspension of execution, the President frequently went himself personally to the telegraph office and watched the operator send them, so afraid was he that they might not be forwarded in time. To dozens of the orders sent over from the White House by a messenger is attached a little note signed by Mr. Lincoln, or by one of his secretaries, and directed to Major Eckert, the chief of the office: “Major Eckert, please send above despatch,” or “Will you please hurry off the above? To-morrow is the day of execution.” Not infrequently he repeated a telegram or sent a trailer after it inquiring, “Did you receive my despatch suspending sentence of——?”

Difficulty in tracing a prisoner or in identifying him sometimes arose. The President only took additional pains. The following telegrams are to the point:

**Executive Mansion,**
Washington, D. C., November 20, 1863.

**Major-General Meade,**
Army of Potomac.

If there is a man by the name of K—— under sentence to be shot, please suspend execution till further order, and send record.

A. Lincoln.

**Executive Mansion,**
Washington, D. C., November 20, 1863.

**Major-General Meade,**
Army of Potomac.

An intelligent woman in deep distress called this morning, saying her husband, a lieutenant in the Army of the Potomac, was to be shot next Monday for desertion, and putting a letter in my hand, upon which I relied for particulars, she left without mentioning a name or other particular by which to identify the case. On opening the letter I found it equally vague, having nothing to identify it, except her own signature, which seems to be Mrs. A—— S. K——. I could not again find her. If you have a case which you think is probably the one intended, please apply my despatch of this morning to it.

A. Lincoln.

In another case, where the whereabouts of a man who had been condemned were unknown, Lincoln telegraphed himself to four different military commanders, ordering suspension of the man’s sentence.

The execution of very young soldiers was always hateful to him. “I am unwilling for any boy under eighteen to be shot,” he telegraphed Meade in reference to one prisoner. And in suspending another sentence he gave as an excuse, “His mother says he is but seventeen.” This boy he afterwards pardoned “on account of his tender age.”

If a reason for pardoning was not evident, he was willing to see if one could not be found:

S—— W——, private in——, writes that he is to be shot for desertion on the 6th instant. His own story is rather a bad one, and yet he tells it so frankly, that I am somewhat interested in him. Has he been a good soldier except the desertion? About how old is he?

A. Lincoln.

Some of the deserters came very close to his own life. The son of more than one old friend was condemned for a military offense in the war, and in the telegrams is recorded Lincoln’s treatment of these trying cases. In one of them the boy had enlisted in the Southern Army and had been taken a prisoner. “Please send him to me by an officer,” the President telegraphed the military commander having him in charge. Four days later he telegraphed to the boy’s father:

Your son—— has just left me with my order to the Secretary of War to administer to him the oath of allegiance, discharge him and send him to you.

In another case, where the son of a friend was under trial for desertion, Lincoln kept himself informed of the trial, telegraphing to the general in charge, “He is the son of so close a friend that I must not let him be executed.”

And yet, in spite of the evident reluctance which every telegram shows to allowing the execution of a death sentence, there are many which prove that, unless he had what he considered a good reason for suspending a sentence, he would not do it. The following telegrams are illustrative:
EXECUTIVE MANSION,
WASHINGTON, D. C., November 23, 1863.

E. F. EVANS,
West Union, Adams County, Ohio.

Yours to Governor Chase in behalf of J—— A. W—— is before me. Can there be a worse case than to desert, and with letters persuading others to desert? I cannot interpose without a better showing than you make. When did he desert? When did he write the letters?

A. LINCOLN.

In this case sentence was later suspended "until further orders."

EXECUTIVE MANSION,
WASHINGTON, D. C., April 21, 1864.

MAJOR-GENERAL DIX,
New York.

Yesterday I was induced to telegraph the officer in military command at Fort Warren, Boston Harbor, Massachusetts, suspending the execution of C—— C——, to be executed to-morrow for desertion. Just now, on reading your order in the case, I telegraphed the same order withdrawing the suspension, and leaving the case entirely with you. The man's friends are pressing me, but I refer them to you, intending to take no further action myself.

A. LINCOLN.

WAR DEPARTMENT,
WASHINGTON City, April 25, 1864.

MAJOR-GENERAL MEADE,
ARMY OF POTOMAC.

A Mr. Corby brought you a note from me at the foot of a petition, I believe, in the case of D——, to be executed to-day. The record has been examined here, and it shows too strong a case for a pardon or commutation, unless there is something in the poor man's favor outside of the record, which you on the ground may know, but I do not. My note to you only means that if you know of any such thing rendering a suspension of the execution proper, on your own judgment, you are at liberty to suspend it. Otherwise I do not interfere.

A. LINCOLN.

It is curious to note how the President found time to attend to these cases even on the most anxious days of his administration. On the very day on which he telegraphed to James G. Blaine in response to the latter's announcement that Maine had gone for the Union, "On behalf of the Union, thanks to Maine. Thanks to you personally for sending the news," he sent two telegrams suspending sentences. Such telegrams were sent on days of great battles, in the midst of victory, in the despair of defeat. Whatever he was doing, the fate of the sentenced soldier was on his heart. On Friday, which was usually chosen as execution day, he often was heard to say, "They are shooting a boy at—— to-day. I hope I have not done wrong to allow it." In spite of his frequent interference, there were 267 men executed by the United States military authorities during the Civil War. Of these, 141 were executed for desertion, and eight for desertion coupled with some other crime, such as murder. After those for desertion, the largest number of executions were for murder, sixty-seven in all. As to the manner of the executions, 187 were shot, seventy-nine hung, and in one case the offender was sent out of the world by some unknown way.

Incidents and documents like those already given, showing the care and the sympathy President Lincoln felt for the common soldier, might be multiplied indefinitely. Nothing that concerned the life of the men in the line was foreign to him. The man might have shown cowardice. The President only said, "I never felt sure but I might drop my gun and run away if I found myself in line of battle." The man might be poor and friendless. "If he has no friends, I'll be his friend," Lincoln said. The man might have deserted. "Suspend execution, send me his record," was the President's order. He was not only the Commander-in-chief of all the armies of the United States, he was the father of the army, and never did a man better deserve a title than did he the one the soldiers gave him—"Father Abraham."

ONE VIRGINIA NIGHT.

By Kenneth Brown.

Most of the wedding-guests were in the parlor. In one corner of the sitting-room were the hero and the heroine. Of what? Oh! nothing much, only of each other. The room was bare of furniture, for dancing; she sat on a footstool, clasping her hands around her knees and looking down at him; and he sat on a music-book, for the sake of his clothes, at the heroine's feet, for the sake of her. A red-headed girl and her escort were over in the opposite corner, and she made complimentary remarks about the heroine in a stage undertone. The remarks were strictly true, but the heroine
and some one began to play plaintive airs from Heller’s “Studies,” and “Martha,” and part of the “Pathetic Sonata” which fitted in. The people sat down on the sofa and the chairs, then on footstools, and the men on the floor. The bride nestled down at her father’s feet, and leaned against his knees, arranging her dress around her in the way girls have to keep it from getting soiled, until she appeared like a flabby nautilus.

Some listened to the music, and some talked softly of the wedding and of the bride’s chances for happiness. There were those who had married and lived unhappily ever after; yet the woman who had suffered most was the most optimistic. To the hero it seemed a long time that the heroine required him to be good. He was really more unhappy than if she had not given him the hope of driving in with her; he kept telling himself that there was not the faintest chance—he was Polycrates throwing his ring into the sea.

At last she came and stood beside him. “I will come if I can,” she said in a low tone; then moved a step away from him, and raising her voice spoke of other matters, for the room to hear. She asked him one or two questions without getting an answer; stopped, and looked inquiringly at him.

“You may as well go on talking for the gallery,” he said; “I am paying absolutely no attention, except to what you said first; there is nothing else I care for now—if it is only true.”

She moved a step nearer to him, and stooped down to examine the ferns on the mantelpiece. “Please don’t look at me like that,” she whispered; “it’s such a—such a give-away.”

He dropped his eyes to her hands nervously arranging the ferns. “I must be ‘good’ with my eyes, too, must I? But it isn’t polite to gaze at the ceiling while talking—with now don’t give the obvious retort that in that case it would be wiser not to talk.”

They were standing very close together, as people who examine ferns sometimes do. She raised her eyes to his; she who could preach so well had better practice, for her soul was in her eyes, and much protestation would be needed to unsay what her eyes revealed.

She left him standing by the ferns and the candles, in front of the mantelpiece. To him it all was background to her eyes, it and the people and the lights, and further back the
music, and even the wedding ceremony itself. He felt as though he had been lost and drunk up in her eyes—as though there remained but the husk of himself, now that she was gone.

Next came the getting ready to drive to the train. Some men who had waited, half-sentimentally, to go down with the bride, bustled about cheerfully, glad of the nearer prospect of sleep. One of the girls called to know in which carriage the heroine was going, and the hero's heart stopped as he waited to hear her answer, certain that she would not dare, before them all, to say that she was going with him. But the heroine was upstairs, and the hero kept on telling himself that at the last minute something would happen to prevent.

At last she came down. There was a block of various vehicles driving up to the door, and he asked her in a low tone if she would mind walking to where his horse was tied to a tree. "He does not stand well," he explained. She went with him, disbelieving the excuse, out into the dark beneath the trees; and they drove down the winding road behind a "dayton" full of cheerful men, the horse plunging and trying to run, from his long wait in the cool air.

"It was true, you see, you boy of little faith."

"And now I can look at you in the starlight without fear and without reproach—or rather without fear of reproach."

"No, you can't. I can look at you in the starlight; but you, poor thing, have to be circumspect, as though there were a dozen people around, because the road is narrow and on your driving depends the unbrokenness of two very nice necks—and it's so unmystical to break a girl's neck."

They trotted swiftly along the sinuous, undulating road. On the left the dark, wooded hills rose steeply from the edge of the road, while on the right the meadow, three or four feet below them, invited an easy upset. The red Piedmont clay makes night driving an affair of keen sight, not reflecting that glimmer of light which dirt or gravel roads do. Providence has wisely given the red roads to the South, where such obstacles to social intercourse are not considered.

The heroine held the hero's left hand between hers. At times he had to snatch it suddenly away, to save them from driving over the edge of an unprotected bridge, or down into a more than usually encroaching ditch; for driving a not-over-well-broken horse with one hand requires more care than the hero was willing to give, when the heroine was beside him. The stars above them gave that light more clear and unearthly than any moonlight; and for a time the hero was content.

When they got out on the country road he no longer had to pay so much attention to the horse. He looked at her pure, starlit face beside him, and once or twice he leaned toward her till his cheek touched hers.

"Some one will see," she said gently, but not moving from him.

"Please, ma'am, how good do you think people's sight is?" he asked.

"But it is getting lighter!" she protested.

"Yes, I expect the moon is beginning to rise—I shall have to drive a little more slowly."

"O-h!" she laughed; "I wish I hadn't spoken." A long hill was before them, and when they got to the top, they saw the waning moon just rising in the east and dimming the stars.

"And you are coming back with me, too, aren't you?" he asked when they were half-way to town.

"Why are you never content?" she reproached him. "When you have something, you are always worrying about something else."

"But you will, won't you?" he persisted. "Please don't ask me! No, I don't believe I can. There will be plenty of room in the trap, and it would be silly for you to drive 'way out in the country again with me."

It was the matter of the sweet, the thought of this drive back which he could not have. It in a way spoiled the present for him, and yet in a way also it made every moment with her inexpressibly dear. He pleaded most of the rest of the way to be allowed to drive her home, but she would not promise. "It would look so," she said, which is a strong argument with a girl. Just before they got to the station she yielded a little. "Well, if I can without its seeming funny, I will," she said reluctantly; and with that he had small hope.

The train was late, as the night train in Virginia always is when any one is going away. The bride sat on a bench, near the stove which tempered the chill of the October night. The other girls clustered around her; sitting down, and getting up again to stray off into the corners of the room with
the men. At times couples went out on the platform to see whether the train was coming, and to watch the moon and the long shadows it cast across the country.

The bride and the heroine sat all the time together, loving each other as girls do on mournful occasions. The heroine was the only one of the girls who didn't wander off; and she stayed partly because the bride cared for her more than she did for any of the others, but more because she had driven in with the hero and felt as if she must do penance for that. The hero stood in front of them, that the electric light might not shine into their eyes. This was kind of him, since he wanted to see the heroine's eyes; but he was willing to do anything to earn the drive home.

The three happened to be alone once, and he resolved to risk everything on one throw.

"I wish to ask you something"—he leaned toward the bride. "Mayn't I drive her home?"

"Oh! but that's absurd," quickly interposed the heroine, "to take you all that way out into the country again, when I can just as well as not go back in the trap with the others."

Then the hero was glad he had not waited the course of events. He paid no attention to the heroine's disclaimer; the bride was his friend, and he felt that she would understand.

"Mayn't I?" he asked again. "You're a nice married lady now, and can say.""

"Why, yes——" The bride broke off and turned to the heroine. "Do you want to go with him?" she demanded.

It was the critical moment. The hero dared not glance at the heroine. His eyes would have implored too much, and others might see the imploring, and then she certainly would say no.

For just an instant she hesitated. Then, quite naturally, she answered, "Yes, I think I should like to go with him."

She got up and stood by the stove as some of the moon-gazers came in.

"Then it is all settled?" he said in an undertone.

She nodded, moved slightly away from him, and talked to others with vivacity. The hero knew the safest way now was to act as though there were only one course open. He thought the train would never come; and when it came, it did not hasten away again as a well-regulated train should, but locomoted about, puffing and panting like a broken-winded old horse that has been over-driven.

When the heroine was safe in the hero's buckboard at last, he sighed.

"That was such a sigh," she said.

"Now I am perfectly happy," he said.

"Are you, dear?" she answered. "I don't believe I have ever seen you perfectly happy before. It's worth something to make you so." She put out her hand and took his again, and he gave it, though there were still corners to turn. He was willing to drive by faith.

The trap took the other road, and for a time the heroine did not even worry lest they should not get home as soon as it. The splendor of the moon descended on them. Late as the hour was, there was not yet the feel of morning that, earlier in the summer, so soon chases the glorious night away. When the road dipped into the hollows it was cool, so cool that the hero doubled the rug and wrapped it all around the heroine's knees; and she did not protest at his depriving himself, but leaned a little more toward him and thanked him.

The horse traveled steadily along. He seemed to know that this was one of the times when a horse should show his sagacity. Up the long hill, into the warm upper air, the horse walked.

"We are going very slowly," the heroine said.

"Yes," he answered, and she said no more.

The moonlit landscape stretched out at their feet; it was hard to believe that anything sordid or wicked could exist amid such beauty. The hero turned to the heroine: "It seems to me now, dear, as if, even if we were married, I should be satisfied with this. I don't suppose I should, but it seems so to-night."

She did not answer, she only pressed a little closer to her bosom the hand she held in hers. The horse began of his own accord to trot down the other side of the hill, and the hero let the reins flap on his back.

"Such a night as this, dearest, is worth dying for; it would make a life worth having lived." His voice was so low that she could hardly hear him.

"Yes," she answered.

Far below, where the two roads came together, they could hear the trap and the hoof-beats of the horses.

"We must hurry a little now," she said, turning to him.

He slapped the reins on the horse's back, and the horse jumped forward, and clattered down the hill.
DEWEY'S CAPTURE OF MANILA.

BY OSCAR KING DAVIS,

Correspondent of the New York "Sun" at Manila.

HOW THE SPANIARDS CAME TO SURRENDER WITHOUT A STUBBORN RESISTANCE.—NOTES FROM THE DIARY OF M. EDOUARD ANDRE, THE MEDIUM OF THE NEGOTIATIONS.

FEW days after the surrender of Manila to the Americans on August 13th of last year, the commanding general, in a general order, formally congratulated his troops "upon the capture by assault of the defenses of Manila." There had been a little fighting on the American right as our troops advanced that day, and this general order served to make the men who had been engaged feel satisfied with their work. There were a few men, however, in the fleet which had been waiting in front of Manila for over three months who smiled a little over this order, because they knew that the surrender was due to negotiations which had been carried on between Admiral Dewey and the Spanish captain-generals for a period of several weeks. These negotiations had been conducted through the friendly offices of M. Edouard André, the Belgian consul in Manila, who had been very steadfast in his faith that they would result satisfactorily. It was known to some extent among the Americans that these negotiations were proceeding, and some at least, if not all, of the general officers knew in detail what was going on. But on the morning of August 14th, Admiral Dewey said to me:

"I have been working for a month for this, and I was the only man who believed I could succeed. Merritt did not believe it, Anderson and Greene did not believe it; why, even my flag lieutenant thought I would not succeed."

This is the story of how those negotiations were conducted. It is taken from the notes M. André made in his diary at the times of his various visits to Admiral Dewey and the Spanish commanders. It will be seen from this how completely the Spanish army, at least, knew what was going to hap-

pen. General Anderson has assured me that although he was the second in command of the American land forces, he did not know how far the negotiations had gone, nor did he have any idea how definitely the arrangements had been completed.

It is a fact that all the summer the Spaniards knew that they were facing surrender. Several white flags had waved over the city during the greater part of the 1st of May, after it became apparent that Montojo's fleet had been destroyed. Augustin, the Spanish Captain-General, knew that he could make no defense; and Jaudenes, who succeeded him, really hoped for nothing more than the honorable capitulation he got. But as time went on and the Americans delayed attacking, the Spaniards began to pluck up heart and determined to make at least a show of resistance. Spanish honor, which is peculiarly theatrical, required some sort of a spectacle if it was to be saved. The Spanish custom of court-martia
ing and sometimes shooting officers who surrender had to be reckoned with, and the Spanish commanders argued that they might as well die gloriously in defense of the city, even though a few hundred or a few thousand innocent lives were lost because of their action, as to go home and die disgracefully for surrendering the city, even though all the lives of the innocent were saved. Admiral Dewey, however, held tenaciously to the idea that it was best to save the lives of the non-combatants; and in the end he prevailed.

ANDRÉ'S FIRST VISIT TO DEWEY.

Manila was in an intensely nervous state during the month of May. The suspense was very great. Business was at a standstill. Nothing came in or went out. Every day the Spaniards expected to see the American transports come into the bay with the soldiers to destroy the city. It was with a
view of ending, if possible, this state of affairs that M. André decided to offer his services to Admiral Dewey. He had lived in Manila for a good many years, and he knew the conditions there very well. His official station, as well as his business, had brought him into more or less intimate relations with the Spanish officials, and he understood that they realized clearly how they were situated. About the 1st of June, M. André paid his first visit to Admiral Dewey. He wanted to get the Admiral’s permission for a little Spanish steamer—which was lying in the Pasig River—to go out into the bay under the French flag for the use of French and Belgian refugees. This request Admiral Dewey granted at once. While M. André was waiting on the “Olympia” with Admiral Dewey, the captain of the British gunboat “Swift” came on board, saying that he had mail from Hong Kong, and asked if he would be allowed to land it. Admiral Dewey appeared to be in doubt, and turned to Captain Parfit of the French cruiser “Bruix,” who had accompanied M. André, and asked him and the Belgian consul if they thought it would be all right to land the mail. They said they thought it would be, and Dewey replied:

“Well, all right. Let them have the letters. It will please their families. I hope the ladies will have a good opinion of me. How about them? Are they frightened? I hope not, for I do not make war against women and children.”

On June 8th, M. André went out to visit the Spanish trenches to the south and east of Manila. In command of the Paco Bridge he found Captain Don Juan de la Concha, who had been in command of the cruiser “Don Juan de Austria” on the Ist of May and had taken his sailormen into the trenches to help keep the insurgents out. André stopped to talk with Captain Concha, and General Jaudenes, who was then second in command, came up. Captain Concha was in a bad temper. Some of his men had been killed, and he didn’t like it. He said he was unwilling to lose Spanish lives in fighting for the monks, and went on to rail against the friars and to say that the country was priest-ridden. Jaudenes agreed with him. André said he was going to see Augustin, the Captain-General, and asked leave to use the names of Jaudenes and Concha. Both agreed. That night André called upon Augustin, and found the archbishop there. Nevertheless he spoke plainly to the Captain-General, and told him how Jaudenes and Concha felt. Augustin listened closely to all André had to say. He made little comment, but gave André the impression that he agreed with the two commanders. Afterward he kept shifting the troops in the trenches constantly to prevent their coming to an understanding with the insurgents.

In the latter part of June, M. André had several conversations with Admiral Dewey, and was interested in negotiating with the insurgents on behalf of Augustin. The Spanish General Monet and Augustin’s family had been taken prisoners at San Fernando, Pampanga, and Augustin was particularly anxious to have André arrange for their release. André finally got from Pedro Paterno, one of the insurgent leaders, a promise that nothing should happen to the prisoners if Augustin would publish a decree of self-government. Augustin permitted Paterno to publish a pamphlet authorized by the Spanish general, stating the basis of self-government, but explaining that he had no power to grant autonomy. He promised, however, that if all the chiefs would sign a proper agreement to end the rebellion, which was then gathering force, he would then make concessions. The chiefs demanded the concessions first, and said they would sign afterward. Then they added to their demands the expulsion of the friars. So nothing came of the negotiations.

About this time it was reported in Manila that 7,000 American troops had landed in Sual, on the north coast of Luzon. This report produced great alarm in Manila. A day or two later, Manila was stirred up again by the report that Câmara’s squadron was coming and that it had been seen in Chinese waters. A few days later, it was reported that the reinforcements under Câmara had passed Aden and that the squadron consisted of several armored ships, transports with 10,000 men, and three colliers. The uncertainty as to what was going to happen rendered it practically impossible for M. André to make any advance toward a pacific surrender of the city to the Americans. He had talked only in general terms to Augustin so far, and had at no time made a definite proposition. However, he had gone far enough to lead him to believe that Augustin recognized the inevitable, or would recognize it if it became apparent that reinforcements could not reach him.

This was the situation when, on the 30th of June, the United States cruiser “Charleston” and the transports “Australia,”
"Peking," and "City of Sidney," with General Anderson and about 2,500 men, arrived to reinforce the Americans. The next day, when M. André saw Augustin, the Spaniard told him that the American reinforcements consisted of 2,300 very young and very green volunteers, 300 regulars, 300 artillery-men, and 100 sailors. A few days later, Augustin asked André to find out how many American troops were coming and when they would come. He also wanted to know when the despatch-boat "Zafiro" would be sent to Hong Kong again. He wanted to send some despatches to his government, and he was accustomed to make use of the American despatch-boat for this purpose, mailing his despatches to Hong Kong either through André or through Dr. Krüger, the German consul. André went to see Admiral Dewey about this time, and was informed that General Merritt was coming with 20,000 troops and that two battleships would come along in a few days. Dewey told André that he would give forty-eight hours' notice before he attacked the city.

Two or three days after this, André went again to the "Olympia" to see Admiral Dewey, and while he was there the "McCulloch" got under way and started for Malabon, on the bay just north of Manila. She steamed in very close to the city, and the Admiral saw her, and had signal made calling her back. Then he signaled to Captain Hooper to come aboard. When Captain Hooper came aboard, Admiral Dewey said:

"Would you like to die?"

"No," said Captain Hooper, very much surprised.

"Do you like to disturb people?" asked the Admiral.

"No," replied Captain Hooper again.

"Then," said the Admiral, "why do you go within range of the guns in there? Don't you know that the Spaniards are trembling with anger? They will fire on you, and I shall be obliged to bombard Manila, and I don't like to do it."

Captain Hooper went back to the "McCulloch," and took a course further from the city on his way to Malabon. But before André left the ship that afternoon, Admiral Dewey found opportunity to ask him to report to Augustin the conversation with Captain Hooper which he had overheard that afternoon.

About this time, Augustin ordered the captain of the port to place his best launch at the disposal of M. André. André was obliged to go very frequently to visit the "Olympia," which was then lying in front of Cavité, seven miles from Manila. The launch "Trueno" was given to him, and from that time until the surrender of the city he kept it pretty busy.

THE SPANISH COMMANDER HOPELESS.

It was on July 23d that Augustin practically admitted the hopelessness of his case by consenting to have André negotiate with Admiral Dewey. Theretofore all of André's work had been rather roundabout. All who were concerned understood what was going on clearly enough, but each kept up the fiction of concealment. Now, however, Augustin talked openly with André, and agreed that the Belgian should consult the American Admiral and should report to Dewey the substance at least of Augustin's conversation. There had been a time, earlier in the month, when Augustin had felt much more sanguine of his own position. This was when a despatch had been received, on July 8th, reporting that Shafter had lost 1,000 men near Santiago and had been repulsed. The news that had come since that time, however, of the difficulties with which Cámara was struggling had practically destroyed the hopes which Augustin had cherished of receiving reinforcements. So when André talked with Augustin on July 23d, he found the Captain-General more willing to speak plainly than he had ever been before. It was on the occasion of this interview that André made his first definite reference to the surrender. Augustin said that he was willing to surrender to the Americans, but he wanted to know how the Admiral would manage to keep the insurgents out of the city, in case the Spaniards should surrender. André asked how strong the insurgents were, and Augustin replied that they had taken 12,000 rifles from the militia-Filipino; had bought 10,000 in Hong Kong, and had got 1,600 either captured from the guardia civil or taken from the arsenal at Cavite after the May 1st fight. André suggested to Augustin that he should have a letter to Admiral Dewey setting forth the Spaniard's views with reference to a possible surrender. Augustin thought a minute, and replied:

"Que sea de palabras—let it be by speech."

"How will he keep out the Indians when he attacks Manila?" asked Augustin after a minute's silence, "and prevent them from mingling with his own troops? Suppose I should surrender to the Americans! Would
they allow us to go to a province where there is now no war against the Americans; for instance, Iloilo?"

At this same interview Augustin told André that he thought he should make it a condition of surrendering that Aguinaldo and other insurgent chiefs should either be surrendered to him or that they should be taken care of by the Americans. "Get them out of the way," was the way he put it.

The next day, André went to see Admiral Dewey and reported the interview which he had had with the Spanish general. He told the Admiral Augustin's estimate of the strength of the insurgents and how anxious the Spaniard was to prevent the Indians from getting into the city. He suggested himself that the Admiral should get Aguinaldo and his chiefs on a steamer and hold them. To this the Admiral replied:

"I am sorry, but I can't do it."

A little later in the conversation, which continued for some time, the Admiral said:

"They can't do otherwise; they must surrender one of these days."

André then went back to his conversation with Augustin, and remarked again upon Augustin's anxiety to know what the Americans would do in case he surrendered. To this Admiral Dewey replied that they would enter the city and keep the Indians out; that the Spanish troops would be sent to Spain; the Americans would replace the Spaniards in the trenches, and in this way prevent the insurgents from getting into the city. The Spaniards should retain their side-arms and have all the honors of war. Aguinaldo should not be permitted to enter the city if the Spanish general desired that he be kept out. André asked the Admiral if he had treated with the Indians, and Dewey replied that he had made no promise whatever to the insurgents.

The day after General Merritt arrived, André went again to see Admiral Dewey on the "Olympia." Signal was made to the "Newport," and General Merritt came over from the transport, and there was a long conference on the flag-ship. The Admiral, the General, and the consul sat on the quarter-deck of the "Olympia," and had a general discussion of the situation and of possible plans for the capture of the city. General Merritt asked many questions as to the conditions in Manila: were the people scared; were the Indians strong; did the people have confidence in their generals; were they tired; were they hungry; would they hold out?—all about them. This talk lasted for more than an hour, and then General Merritt asked M. André the direct question how could Manila be taken.

André's reply was that the attack must be made on the one side only, in order that the insurgents could be kept out. He suggested that all the American troops be landed south of Manila, and pushed in quickly through Malate, spreading out toward Paco, and so on around to the north. It was impossible to attack from the north, he said, owing to the character of the country, which was full of swamps that would make the attack very difficult, if not impossible; and where it was not swampy, was covered with Nipa huts that would be fired, absolutely stopping the advance of troops.

Until this time General Merritt had only asked questions, letting Admiral Dewey do most of the talking. But now he began to talk about the condition of his troops and to express the fear that there would be a great deal of sickness among the men. To this André replied that it was quite unnecessary to attack Manila; that the surrender could be arranged; that if the General undertook to take the city by any other means, he would only have a good many men killed uselessly. André then asked General Merritt what his relations would be with the insurgents. General Merritt replied that he had come with orders not to treat with the Indians; not to recognize them, and not to promise anything to them.

"Aguinaldo is just the same to me," he said, "as a boy in the street."

A CONFISCATED INSURGENT LETTER.

On July 28th, M. André had another talk with Augustin. He reported his interview with Dewey, and Augustin was encouraged by the Admiral's assurance that the insurgents would be kept out. At this time Augustin showed André a letter which had been taken from a native who was going through the Spanish trenches at Pasay on the way to Manila. The letter was not signed. It said:

Dear Knapp: I gave the 2,000 to Emma and Don Emilio (Aguinaldo) orders me to issue a loan of $400,000 to deposit in Hong Kong. He writes that the loan should be made among the rich Bulacanos, and to give them receipts.

Augustin suggested that André should show this letter to Admiral Dewey, because he believed that Aguinaldo wanted to raise money and run away. He also wanted to
know if the Admiral knew anything about negotiations for peace.

The next day, André went to see the Admiral, showing the letter that Augustin had given him the day before. The Admiral read it, shrugged his shoulders, and said, with reference to Augustin's suggestion:

"It may be, but I don't believe it."

A few days before this interview Admiral Dewey, at M. André's request, had released two surgeons, two assistant surgeons, and some officers who were sick, who had been among the prisoners taken at Guam, or on the little gunboat "Leyte." Two of these doctors had told Augustin that they had seen Americans selling ammunition to the insurgents. Augustin had complained to André about it, and this day, after being with Admiral Dewey, André went into Cavite, and inquired among the Spanish prisoners in Fort San Felipe. Several of them said that the Americans were selling ammunition and rifles, but the insurgents whom André asked laughed and said it was a Spanish lie—which it was.

SPANIARDS HEAR OF CERVERA'S DEFEAT.

On July 30th, André saw Augustin again, but for a very short time. There was a little talk as to the surrender. Augustin was particularly anxious to know whether anything had been heard about peace negotiations. The news about the destruction of Cervera's fleet and the fall of Santiago had been confirmed, so that even he was compelled to believe it. He foresaw the approaching cessation of hostilities, and began to hope that he would be able to hold out until an armistice had been arranged, and so save the Philippines to Spain.

André went out at once and saw Admiral Dewey, but the Admiral had heard nothing about the negotiations for peace, except what was contained in a press telegram to Hong Kong. The Admiral gave André a copy of this telegram to show to Augustin. It said:

The Americans will not consent to suspend hostilities until Spain gives binding pledges that she will abide by a broad preliminary condition of peace.

Dewey said again that, when he got ready to attack the city, he would notify the commanders of neutral warships in the bay, who would tell their consuls. André said that he had better hurry up, for they were all sick and half starved in Manila, and were hopeless, realizing that they would be obliged to surrender to the Americans. They were beginning to wonder why the Americans delayed so long.

On the night of July 31st, the Americans in our trenches south of Malate mistook the regular Sunday evening musketry practice of the Spanish for an attack, and there was some pretty sharp fighting, in which we lost several men. The next day, when André called on Captain-General Augustin, the Spaniard expressed great surprise because of the occurrence of the night before. He said he didn't understand why the Americans had exposed themselves to the Spanish guns by attacking the Spanish trenches. It was very foolish indeed, he said, because nothing was to be gained.

In an interview with André two days later, Augustin declared that the Spanish had not attacked the Americans that night, but that the only purpose of their fire was to keep the insurgents out. No one slept in Manila that night, Augustin said. He himself had gone to the trenches. He had been surprised by the American fire. At first he thought it was the usual Sunday night insurgent attack, but he was convinced by the volley firing that it came from the Americans. André asked him why it was that the Spaniards had permitted the Americans to throw up breastworks and intrench themselves in plain view of the Spanish fortifications, and without molestation for three days. Augustin replied that they did not shoot at the Americans, because they were glad to see them displacing the insurgents. The American action was confirmatory of the American promise through M. André to keep the insurgents out of the city. Augustin was very much surprised to find that the Americans believed that they had been attacked by the Spaniards, and again said that they had begun firing simply because they supposed they had been attacked by the insurgents.

In this 3d of August interview, Augustin gave André a curious list of guns which he said the Spaniards had disabled in the American trenches: two fourteen-centimeters; one twelve-centimeter; two nine-centimeters; one eight- and four fifteen-centimeters. He said that the Americans had only two rapid-fire thirty-eight-millimeters and four of from nine to twelve millimeters left.

André started to return to his office after this interview, but was called back by Augustin, who asked him to find out exactly what the American loss had been. While he was there, Colonel Tejeiro, the chief of staff, came in and gave some papers to Augustin.
The Captain-General turned to André, and said:

"Sit down. It is a telegram I have just received from Madrid. I will read it to you."

The telegram was dated July 22d, and said:

We are hurrying peace negotiations. It is very necessary for you to hold out at all hazards. Hold your position at all cost. We highly commend your behavior and that of the citizens of Manila, and we shall reward it in time.

WHY AUGUSTIN WAS DISMISSED.

This telegram was signed "Sagasta." With it was another telegram, dated two days later, or July 24th. This telegram dismissed Augustin from the captain-generalship, and ordered him to surrender the command to Jaudenes. It expressed the hope that Jaudenes would understand how necessary it was for him to hold the city for Spain—"conservar las Filipinas a la soberanía de la España," was the language of the telegram.

André said that it was very queer to send a telegram one day giving him great praise which he deserved and two days later to send a telegram dismissing him. Augustin smiled, and showed André his telegraph book, saying, "This is why."

The telegram which he showed to M. André was a long one, describing very fully the extremely critical condition of affairs in Manila. Augustin had told the Sagasta government frankly that his troops were exhausted by hard and continuous work in the trenches; that they were suffering greatly from sickness; that they had no food; that the men could hardly walk because their legs were swollen so terribly as a result of exposure in the trenches; that the rain was pouring continually; that the people had nothing to eat—there was no bread; that there was no chance of rescue; that there was no hope; that the morale of the troops and the citizens was very low; that the American forces were constantly increasing; that the city was completely besieged by insurgents; that it was impossible to get away or to get food supplies through the lines. In view of all these things, General Augustin "declined the responsibility of the situation caused by the return of Cámara's squadron to Spain."

It was for sending this telegram that he was deposed and ordered to turn over the command to Jaudenes, and it was with that fact staring him in the face that André undertook to get Jaudenes into the same frame of mind with reference to surrendering to the Americans in which Augustin had been.

Jaudenes was familiar with a great deal that had gone on between André and Augustin. He had a long talk with Augustin with reference to the matter, and then had an interview with André, in which the Belgian consul went over again the most forcible of his arguments for avoiding a bombardment. Finally Jaudenes said:

"Well, go on. Go see the Admiral. It is better to have bad news than no news at all. But what are the Americans doing, not taking Manila, anyway? Maybe they are afraid now, with this water pouring down. Not used to that, hey? If it were whisky, now, they'd like it."

André explained that the delay was probably due to the impossibility of debarking troops or supplies in the very bad weather which was prevailing at that time. Jaudenes looked out of the window at the ships of Dewey's squadron, and said, with a shrug of his shoulders: "If it was not for those ships, we would lick ’em."

After the first conflict between the Spaniards and the Americans, the firing was renewed nearly every night. It was almost impossible to keep the American soldiers from shooting, and when they did shoot, they invariably provoked a heavy Spanish fire in which some of them were hurt. This went on for a week, to the very great regret of Admiral Dewey, who had hoped most earnestly to capture the city without the loss of a man—as he had destroyed the Spanish fleet on May 1st. He had not intended to threaten to bombard the city until after the arrival of the monitor "Monadnock." But his patience was exhausted by the continued loss of life among our troops, and on August 7th he sent in the notice to Jaudenes that he would begin the bombardment of the city at any time after forty-eight hours without further notice. General Merritt joined in this notice. Admiral Dewey had told André that the continued killing of the American soldiers in the trenches was ridiculous, and he was forced to proceed without waiting for the "Monadnock," in order to stop it. At the same time, he sent word to Jaudenes that he would give the city a chance to surrender, because he did not desire to bombard.

M. André was in the city when this ultimatum, as it was called, was delivered through the British consul. His first news of it came from a street report. He went at once to the palace and saw Jaudenes,
who showed him the letter. André translated it. He had a short talk with Jaudenes then, and went at once to see the Admiral. To André’s question as to what he would do, Admiral Dewey replied that on the 9th he would move on the city and demand its surrender.

"If they do not surrender," he said, "I will bombard."

Then he asked if André thought there would be a stout defense. André replied that he did not; that the people knew that the fall could not be avoided. He urged the Admiral not to bombard the city, and in any event to respect the walled city itself. Admiral Dewey replied that he was very willing; in fact, he was very much in hopes that he would not be obliged to bomb the city, but that the Spaniards had guns and fortifications, and he supposed these guns would fire on him, and of course he must return the fire if they did. He said, also, that behind the guns he saw flags with a red cross. He asked what that meant. André said he didn’t know, but would find out. Dewey said again that, if the city would surrender, he would do everything possible to keep the insurgents out, but he could do that only if the Spaniards did not oblige him to make a long struggle and could, on their part, keep the insurgents out on the north and east. He said that he could begin the bombardment at any time after forty-eight hours, but not necessarily as soon as forty-eight hours had expired.

M. André went at once to Manila and found that Jaudenes had asked for another day, on the ground that he had no place to put the sick and wounded and the women and children. This request of Jaudenes had been transmitted through Ramsden, the British consul. André found Jaudenes, and had a long talk with him about the situation, in which Tejeiro, who had been called in by Jaudenes, took part. André told them that the best thing they could do would be to withdraw as many people as possible from Malate; to remove all officers who could not be relied upon absolutely to obey any orders that might be given them, and to send to the front only officers who could be trusted implicitly. This was because some of the officers had got the idea that Jaudenes meant to surrender and were protesting very vigorously that the honor of Spain demanded a "die-in-the-last-ditch" defense. André told the Spaniards the strength of the American batteries, and showed them how impossible resistance was. He told them that the monitors "Monterey" alone was enough to burn the city. It could approach very close, had very large guns, and could withstand terrific fire. Then he asked why the red-cross flags were flying behind the batteries. Jaudenes replied that he had sick in the houses flying the flags. André said that he must remove either the flags or the guns; Dewey would be obliged to fire, and he couldn’t respect even a red-cross flag behind the battery. Then André asked Jaudenes specifically not to fire the guns on the water-front, because Dewey surely would reply and would destroy the city with a great
loss of life—particularly among the sick. André impressed upon Jaudenes the necessity of keeping the guns quiet, particularly the guns on the water-front.

Jaudenes considered the matter, and contemplated the removal of the flags and the sick. But he found that it was impossible, because every house in Manila—the walled city—was filled with persons who had abandoned their homes in the suburbs to avoid the insurgents. Malate and Ermita had been absolutely deserted since July. There was nobody even in Paco. Jaudenes did not dare put anybody out of the walled city for fear of the insurgents. Even the churches were full, and Jaudenes was afraid to try the suburbs on the north for the same reason that he was afraid of those on the south. Toward the close of this interview Jaudenes began to admit to André the very great difficulties in the way of firing the water-front guns, and it seemed to André that he accepted the notion of surrender more philosophically. André hammered away at this strong point—if you can’t remove the people, he said, keep the guns quiet. At the end of the conference, Jaudenes was not so sharp in his refusal, and finally admitted that perhaps the guns wouldn’t fire if Dewey did not fire. André said that Dewey would not begin to fire first, and asked Jaudenes that he might tell Dewey that Jaudenes would not fire first. Jaudenes agreed, and André went at once to see the Admiral. That was on August 8th.

In the interview with the Admiral, André said that Jaudenes could not withdraw the red-cross flags, because they were flying over hospitals which held the sick who could not be removed to the walled city, for it was crowded to its utmost limits, but that Jaudenes promised not to fire first. Then André said that the forces at Malate would be composed of men who could be relied upon completely to obey orders, and that the Spaniards would keep the insurgents out north and east of Manila. Dewey asked if the Spaniards would fight; would they not surrender. André replied that Jaudenes could not surrender without fighting, because his own men and officers would turn against him, and also that he could not decide by himself, but that such a question must be decided by the chief officers in command.

M. André then asked Admiral Dewey again what conditions he would give in case Jaudenes should capitulate. Dewey replied that if the resistance was prolonged he could not give an honorable capitulation, and would treat the Spaniards with all rigor. If, however, Jaudenes would capitulate, he would give the same terms that had been given to General Toral at Santiago. Dewey urged André to do his best to induce Jaudenes not to make a longer resistance and not to fire the Luneta guns.

That afternoon M. André took up quarters on board the cold-storage ship “Culgoa,” which had brought a cargo of frozen meat from Australia for use of the fleet. She was, at that time, under the Belgian flag. The next morning, August 9th, M. André went to the “Olympia” to find out, if he could, whether there would be time for him to go in and make one more effort with the Spaniards before Dewey opened up on the city. He found the Admiral in a very bad humor, and Captain Lamberton told him that the attack...
on the city had been postponed. It became apparent soon afterward that this had been done for the convenience of the army; but it proved to be, on the whole, a fortunate circumstance for Dewey. At that time the arrangement with Jaudenes had not reached the status which was attained a little later and which ultimately rendered the surrender of Manila comparatively bloodless. The Admiral had made all his dispositions for the attack on that morning; then General Merritt came over to see him and asked that the advance be delayed for a little while. While this matter was under discussion, some one asked General Merritt if he knew what the stage of the tide in the estuary south of Malate would be by the time his troops would reach it. General Merritt had not considered that, and when the tide tables were looked up, it was found that the water in the estuary would not be at a satisfactory stage for fording in the morning until the following Saturday, or August 13th. So the attack was postponed, and M. André went into the city to make one more effort with Jaudenes. He went directly from the boat landing to the Ayuntamiento, which he found deserted. Afterward he found Jaudenes in the church of San Augustin, and told him that the attack had been postponed. There is a big gun before the city wall right in front of the Ayuntamiento, and the fact that Jaudenes had left the headquarters’ building caused M. André to believe that he meant to have the sea-front guns fired, and was taking himself out of range of the reply. This moved the Belgian consul to make an extra effort, and he decided to go beyond the limit of his instructions from Admiral Dewey and put in a proposition for himself. It will be seen how effective that proposition was.

AN EXCITING INTERVIEW WITH JAUDENES.

At the commencement of his interview, André gave General Jaudenes Admiral Dewey’s message with reference to the terms of capitulation with which he would be satisfied, based entirely upon the requirement that there should be no long or determined resistance. Jaudenes was inclined to delay and make talk about the matter, in his usual fashion; and then André fired a shot for himself by declaring that if Jau-
Denes made a stout resistance the Americans would be compelled to let the insurgents come into the city, and that the rebels would probably make Jaudenes and all of the officers and the priests prisoners, and would take them to the provinces of Bulacan and Pampanga, where they were in absolute control, to hold them until the Spanish government ransomed and sent ships for them.

Jaudenes was tremendously excited at this suggestion. He is a little man with red whiskers and a hysterical manner. He is very near-sighted, and when he is very much in earnest, he walks up to any person to whom he may be talking and gets just as close as he can, as if to be enabled to observe the effect of his argument on his opponent by any change of facial expression. He jumped out of his chair at André's remark, and began walking excitedly about the room. The Americans, he said, would never allow the rebels to take the city and make the Spaniards prisoners. For himself, he was willing to surrender to white people, but never to niggers. The Americans had no heart; it was no way to make war.

The bait having been taken thus greedily by Jaudenes, M. André went on to play the fish a little.

"Oh, never mind," he said, "it will only be for a little while. Spain will send fast ships for you, and you will have made a great defense of the city."

Jaudenes leaped up and down, and ran up to André, and shook his finger in the Belgian's face, and shouted:

"Spain has done nothing, nothing. She will do nothing. She would let us rot in the provinces." And he went on to express an opinion of his country and his government which cannot be reported.

It was working very well, and M. André was encouraged to go on. He said that Jaudenes could not expect the Americans to take care of the Spaniards, and then suggested that the Captain-General summon a meeting of commanding officers and propose to them to choose between an honorable capitulation, retaining their side-arms, and exposing themselves, on the other hand, to the liability of being taken prisoners by the rebels and sent into the provinces to await relief from Spain.

Jaudenes walked about the room in wild excitement, and called Colonel Tejeiro, the chief of staff. As Tejeiro came into the room, Jaudenes ran up to him, and, in a voice trembling with emotion, ejaculated:

"Look here! See what the Yankees are going to do! The pigs are going to have the rebels take us prisoners, and send us to the provinces!"

He went on to explain M. André's proposition that a meeting of commanding officers be summoned to determine whether or not the city should be surrendered without material defense. Tejeiro agreed that the meeting should be held, and then M. André blandly inquired when.

"I don't want to stay here," he said. "They may bombard the city any minute, and I don't want to be here when they begin to shoot. Have the meeting right away, decide right now whether to surrender or not. I must go back to my ship to be out of the way when the bombardment begins."

"Ah," said M. André to me. one day when he was describing this scene, "there was no siesta in Manila that day."

Jaudenes protested that it was impossible to have the meeting of officers so quickly. The officers were with their men in the trenches, he said, and it would be impossible to get them into the city for the conference before two o'clock. André finally agreed to wait until two o'clock, and went over to his office in Binando, promising to be back at two o'clock. He was at the Ayuntamiento soon after two, and found that sure enough the officers were then in conclave. After a few minutes' waiting, Jaudenes came out, and said that they had decided to defend themselves, because Spanish law prohibited a surrender without a fight. They must fight, or they would lose position, both in Spain and in the army. It was the general opinion, he admitted, that Manila must fall, but they would at least make some defense. He was very angry with a colonel of artillery who had held out for a "death-in-the-last-trench" defense, and declared that this colonel disregarded altogether any sentiment of humanity. For himself, he would rather surrender than have thousands killed unnecessarily. He was very much excited, but after a little he became more calm, and again promised André that the guns of the city would not fire if Dewey would not fire.

André asked him not to fire the Luneta guns, because Dewey certainly would respond to the fire and would knock down the town, with tremendous destruction of life and property.

Jaudenes replied that he could not promise not to fire the Luneta battery, but that it depended upon the Americans themselves. If they acted quickly enough in assaulting the entrenchments, and kept their men-of-
war from getting into too close proximity to these big guns, there probably would not be much difficulty. But it was essential that the American soldiers should advance very rapidly in pushing the Spanish force before them in order to keep out the insurgents. Jaudenes then went back into the meeting, and André waited. In a few minutes Tejeiro came out, and said that the meeting was finished and that those who had been present were signing the minutes. André asked Tejeiro if he would let the Americans assault Malate without much resistance. Tejeiro replied that he could promise nothing, but that the Americans surely would shell the entrenchments from the warships before the advance began. Of course, under such conditions the Spanish soldiers could not maintain their position, and would be obliged to retreat or be killed to the last man, which no general would allow. Tejeiro supposed that the infantry would assault the trenches, and said that if he saw a chance of repulsing them with some advantage to himself he would do it. But if he saw that it was impossible and no practical result would be attained, he would rather retreat than have his men killed with no gain.

It was late in the afternoon when M. André returned to the "Culgoa." The next day he reported to the Admiral all that had occurred in his talk with Jaudenes and Tejeiro. The Admiral then had some talk with André with reference to the plan of attacking the city, and André explained what the Spaniards thought would be done. It had been practically agreed, as definitely as such an agreement could be made, that the city guns should not fire first, and the Luneta guns would fire only if the ships came in too close range. There would be comparatively few Spanish troops in Malate, so that other parts of the entrenchments about the city could be reinforced in order to keep the insurgents out. Dewey should shell the trenches along the south, keeping his ships out of range of the Luneta guns until the Spanish soldiers could retreat from their trenches. Then the Americans should assault the trenches and advance by the beach toward the walled city. As the Americans came north one part of them would turn to the right at the Spanish trenches and occupy the Spanish position, thus effectually keeping Aguinaldo's men away from the city.
Dewey said that this plan was all right; he would think about it. André asked him if he would attack the next day, and the Admiral replied, "I guess not." Then André said he would go to Manila the next day and try to persuade Jaudenes not to fire the Luneta guns. Dewey was insistent that there should be no firing with these big 9.6 rifles, because he would be compelled to reply, and certainly a part of the city at least would be destroyed.*

THE CONCLUDING INTERVIEW WITH THE SPANIARDS.

It was not till the morning of August 12th that André went again to the city. He reached it about eight o'clock in the morning, and was informed that Jaudenes was in San Augustín church. André went to the church, but found everybody there asleep. He started away, and met Jaudenes in the street. Jaudenes got out of his carriage, and walked with André back to his palace in Santa Potencia. André tried again to convince Jaudenes of the futility of resisting, but Jaudenes hardly replied to André's arguments. Just as they reached the palace Tejeiro came up, and Jaudenes said:

"The consul wants me to keep the Luneta guns quiet. I really believe I cannot promise it, because I don't know the intentions of the enemy, and I don't want to lose any chance if there is any still left for me."

"The General is right," said Tejeiro to André. "He cannot bind himself not to take advantage of any mistake made by the Americans. Only the Americans themselves, by acting cautiously and intelligently, can make it possible for him not to attack with the Luneta guns. He certainly will not have his soldiers massacred by an unnecessary defense."

Tejeiro went on to say that as soon as the American troops should advance to the Spanish trenches he would consider any longer resistance to be useless, and he only hoped that the Americans would keep out the insurgents, because he was afraid that otherwise the people would be massacred and plundered.

André was disgusted because there was no definite promise to keep the Luneta guns quiet, and went away telling Jaudenes and Tejeiro that he would leave the city in the afternoon.

While André had been making all this effort to exact a promise from Jaudenes not to fire the Luneta guns, he had been making other definite arrangements which practically convinced him and Admiral Dewey that the Spaniards had small intention of making a stubborn resistance. A few days before this interview of August 12th in Santa Potencia, Jaudenes said: "How can I know when they ask me to surrender?"

André had said that he would ask Admiral Dewey, and asked Jaudenes how he would answer in case he were willing to surrender. Jaudenes replied that a white flag would be hoisted over Fort Santiago in the walled city. Tejeiro was with Jaudenes at this time. Jaudenes said that the flag would be hoisted at this place because from the fort it could be seen from Malate and from the bay. When André reported this to Admiral Dewey, the Admiral called Mr. Brumby, his flag lieutenant, and André repeated the conversation, pointing out to Brumby on the map the place where the flag would be hoisted and marking the spot with a pencil. When André asked Dewey what signal would be used and in what way it would be displayed, the Admiral asked Mr. Brumby if the international code had such a word as surrender. Mr. Brumby brought the code and pointed out to André the signals that would be hoisted on the "Olympia," and gave him drawings of the four international code flags D-W-H-B, the international code-hoist for surrender. André took these drawings to Jaudenes and left them with him, explaining how the signal would be hoisted on the "Olympia." Then André said that if Jaudenes was willing to surrender, he himself would come in with the American representatives in the launch "Trueno," the American commanders not caring to send their officers in an American launch. André told Jaudenes that he would land at the jetty on the city front at the end of Malecon Drive. Jaudenes was glad to get the information, and agreed to all, telling André to come along.

When he left Jaudenes and Tejeiro at Santa Potencia on August 12th, André went to his office, and stayed there until the afternoon. When he went down to his launch, he found Mr. Ramsden, the British vice-consul, who was acting for the Americans.

* To the Spanish advice not to send his ships in too close to the big rímes on the Luneta, Dewey made no response of any character until August 13th. Then he sent the "Monterey" in squarely in front of the Luneta battery. The monitor's forward twelve-inch rifles were trained full on the Luneta battery, and Commander Lestze kept on going in until he was in danger of taking the monitor, which draws less than sixteen feet of water, aground.
He asked him if Jaudenes would surrender without resistance. While they were talking Tejeiro came along in a small launch with another officer. He was looking for André to give him a final statement of his views of the situation. It was not a promise to surrender without resistance, but it was a reiteration, in effect, of his declaration that he would not consent to see his soldiers sacrificed without a positive result. He wanted to be assured that the Americans would deal honorably—como caballeros—with the Spaniards, and would consider that the Spanish governor could capitulate only to save the people of Manila. André told him that the American commanders were determined to treat the Spaniards with the greatest consideration that could possibly be given under such circumstances. He assured Tejeiro that he would not come to Manila with the commissioners unless he was satisfied absolutely that such was the case, and that he would not have interested himself in the negotiations in any way unless he had become convinced that the Americans would treat the Spaniards honorably. The coming of the commissioners in his launch and his presence with them would be sufficient to assure the Spanish commanders that what he had told them was true and would be carried out. “I don’t doubt you,” said Tejeiro, “and I know I can trust you.”

André went directly to the “Olympia” and reported to Admiral Dewey all that had occurred. When he told of the personal pledge which he had given for the Americans, Admiral Dewey assented readily, and said: “Yes, indeed. Of course we will do the best we can.”

Then M. André told the Admiral again of the necessity of having the American troops act very quickly in their advance in order to keep the insurgents out. He also asked the Admiral how many American troops would attack Malate. Dewey replied, “About fifteen thousand.”

“I’m no Spanish general,” said the Belgian; “don’t try to scare me.”

Then they talked the whole situation over again.

When André referred again to the Spanish advice not to get the ships too near the big Luneta guns, the Admiral laughed and said: “That’s all right; they’d better not fire, or I’ll disable them.”

That evening Dewey told André that he would attack Manila the next morning at nine o’clock, and said that he wanted André to stay near the “Olympia” with his launch. He called Mr. Brumby, and had the flag lieutenant show André the signal which would be hoisted on the “Olympia” when the launch was wanted alongside the flag-ship. Then he said he would do quick work and he expected to have it all over in about two hours, but if the Spaniards showed any stubbornness he would shell the city; he did not desire to bombard, and would do it only if forced by circumstances.

At nine o’clock on the morning of August 13th, André took the “Trueno,” and with the Belgian flag at the staff and the white flag in the bow, went over to the “Olympia.” All the captains were in Captain Lamberton’s cabin. The Admiral was there also. The Admiral said that they had just had a meeting, and told André to tell the captains what would be done. He got a map, and André pointed out the place on it where the white flag was to be hoisted. Dewey pointed out to André the position of the ships, and told what the plan of attack would be. Then André went back to his launch, and almost immediately the ships got under way and moved over to the attack.

It will be remembered that the attack consisted simply of firing a few shells at the old fort at Malate, and that none of the city guns or of the Luneta guns fired a shot at our ships. The thoroughness of our fire can be understood from the fact that on the “Raleigh” the ranges were given at the start by the captain himself as 7,000 yards, but after a few shots had been fired, although the ship had not changed position materially, one of the gun captains found the range to be 1,700 yards. He had just passed the word along to the other guns in that battery when the captain ordered the bugle to sound, “Cease Firing.”

After the shelling was over, André saw his recall go up on the “Olympia,” and steamed back to the flag-ship, where he found Mr. Brumby and Lieutenant-Colonel Whittier, who represented General Merritt, and took them into the city. According to the arrangement, the signal had been set on the “Olympia” and the white flag had been flown above the city. In response also to the signal from the “Olympia,” the Spaniards had flown a signal expressing their desire to have a conference; and it was to this conference that Mr. Brumby and Colonel Whittier went in. At the conference the preliminary terms of the surrender were settled which afterward were extended and ratified. This is the real story of the surrender of Manila.
OLCOATH, "the old pit," is the deepest and the richest of the tin mines of Cornwall. Her treasures appear to be inexhaustible. Only two years ago new deposits of great importance were discovered, and yet men have been busy looting her ever since 1758. The shareholders under the present lease had divided up to 1893, that is to say, in eighty-six years, the sum of $4,600,000, and during the same period the lords of the manor, now represented by a young gentleman named Basset, had received in dues upward of $1,247,895. The main shaft now goes down to a depth of 450 fathoms below the adit, which is over thirty fathoms from the surface, so that the lowest depth is nearly 3,000 feet.

It is in this lowest depth of all that perhaps the nerve of the stranger is most tried. The heat is very great; the atmosphere is close and stifling; a heavy weight seems to lie upon the chest; the pressure on the drums of the ear is very strong. Imagination lends its terrors. There is between one and the light of day a honeycombed mass of more than half a mile in height. What if this mass should settle down? Now and again the deep silence is broken in upon by the dull yet menacing sound of distant reverberations. There are men blasting the rocks over one's very head. And there is the pouring cataract within hand's reach, and under foot a shallow pool has formed itself from the overflow. If the pump working half a mile overhead should break down, this pit would fill up at the rate of 185 gallons a minute. This pump has been working almost without interruption since the year of the battle of Waterloo, when it was first erected, and has raised in that time a mass of water

THE DEEP MINES OF CORNWALL.
A LIFE OF POVERTY, TOIL, AND TRAGEDY, SUPPORTED BY RARE PIETY.

By R. H. Sherard.

MINERS AT THEIR WORK.
which would weigh nearly 35,000,000 tons, and would fill a cube whose side measured more than 350 yards. These figures recur to one with striking significance at the very bottom of this well 3,000 feet in depth.

The galleries on the different levels extend in the aggregate to close upon eighty miles, and as one looks at a sectional map of the Dolcoath lode one thinks of a busy town well laid out with avenues and streets. In these dark alleys 600 men are busy every day; while up above, on the surface, about 800 persons more—men, women, and children—are employed. For the men on the surface a term of some contempt is used. They are known as the "grass" men, and for courage have no reputation. On these the Cornish lasses look for the most part with disdain.

At Dolcoath the descent into the mine is by a gig or iron cage, which is in two stories, and, at a pinch, accommodates twelve miners. It is lowered and raised by a steel cable wound and unwound on a gigantic wheel which is worked by an engine. The cable is over half a mile in length, for the lowest point to which the gig descends is 425 fathoms below the surface. Some of this distance is on the underlie; much is sheer and perpendicular. The gig is now almost flat on its side, now hangs straight over a abyss. Its motions are jerky and irregular; its descent is very rapid. There is always a suggestion, at least, of danger. The cable has been known to snap. In August of 1853 a terrible fatality of this nature occurred at Wheal ("wheal" or "hue") means "mine") Agar. There were twelve men in the gig, and a thirteenth, contrary to regulation, had clambered on to the roof, and was standing there, holding on by the cable. The men had done their work, and were going home. It is reported that, according to general custom, they sang hymns as they ascended. On reaching the surface the man on the roof stepped off, and turned round to watch the issue of his mates. But where the gig had been but a second previously was now nothing but a gaping void. The rope had snapped, and the gig, with its living freight, had been dashed to the bottom of the shaft. Not one of the poor bodies could be recognized in the mass of human débris that was brought up from below.

On another occasion, when the cable parted and a headlong rush to death had begun, the lives of the men were saved in such a way that one cannot wonder at the belief of the miners that there was miraculous inter-

vention on their behalf. The rush of the freighted gig flicked the loose cable attached to it like a whip, so that it lashed around an upright timber that came within its reach. The steel strands cut into the timber until it was nearly severed—nearly, but not quite. The cable jammed, the gig was arrested in its plunge, and the men were saved.

Other such miraculous escapes are on record. There is living in Camborne to-day a miner named Bennett, who, with five other men, in the cage at Tincroft Mine, fell 200 fathoms, at which depth a gate, closed over a depth of sixty feet of water, arrested them. The gig with its freight weighed over a ton. Yet only one man was injured. His ankle was broken. Bennetts tells the story as follows: "Everything seemed to go right till we got below the sixty-fathom level. Then I noticed we were going faster, and said: 'What in the world is he streaking us down like this for? He must mean to drop us at the 258 instead of the 130.' Then the gig began to roll, twist, and strike violently against the sides of the shaft, and I knew that something had gone wrong and the gig was beyond control. I expected we should plunge right to the bottom and be smashed into a jelly. Everything depended on the rate at which the rope was being reeled off the revolving drum of the whim-engine. In the center of the gig is an iron bar which runs from bottom to top, and as I realized there was bound to be a smash, I clutched the bar and hoisted my feet off the floor. At last we struck a gate which was fixed across the shaft at the 320-fathom level, and for a moment we did not know what was happening. If the gate had been open instead of closed, we should have been plunged in ten fathoms of water at the bottom of the shaft and have been drowned in a moment; so it was a marvelous escape.'

At Botallack Mine, in 1876, nine men were killed in a similar accident. At Dolcoath, in May, 1892, there was another miraculous escape. The shaft of the fly-wheel broke, and the gig, containing four miners, fell 800 feet sheer fall, but was jammed at the sharp turn which the shaft takes from perpendicular to underlie, and so stopped, 300 feet from certain destruction.

The fear of such falls is on many of the men, and these will not use the gigs, but either use the man-engine or "walk down" to their work—they call the laborious descent of perpendicular ladders "walking down," and describe their ascent as "walking up." In the Levant Mine, to reach the
lowest level, one must walk down eighty ladders, sheer for the most part, and the shortest of them thirty feet long. A man who thus walks down to the bottom of this mine in half an hour is reckoned agile. It may take him an hour to walk up.

As to the man-engine, one would fancy its menace of danger would more distress the nervous than the suspended gig. It is a monstrous upright beam, on which at every twelve feet is a step that accommodates one man and no more. Above each step is a vertical iron bar by which one can hold on. The beam, actuated by machinery, moves up and down like the piston of a pump, a distance of twelve feet. On each side of the narrow and dripping shaft in which the man-engine works, every twelve feet, are affixed "sollars," or wooden platforms, on which there is just room for a man to stand. To descend by the man-engine, the miner must take his place on the first step when this is level with the platform on the surface. The downward stroke of the beam conveys him down twelve feet, where the step on which he is standing is on a level with the first "sollar." Here the engine pauses for two or three seconds, so that he has just time to step off on to the platform before the upward stroke begins. This brings on to a level with the narrow and slippery platform on which he is standing the second step affixed to the upright beam, and on this he now takes his place, to be carried down another twelve feet to the next sollar. And so he goes on, stepping on and off till the end is reached—150 or 200 times it may be, if he has to go to the bottom of the mine. The ascent is made in similar fashion; he mounts from sollar to sollar, and at each changes to another step on the beam, the lift each time being upward instead of downward.

It is hazardous work, and to the beginner so perplexing that visitors are seldom allowed to descend by the man-engine. By missing a step and taking the wrong one, you are carried up instead of down, and, confused and flurried, are exposed to the greatest danger. The greater danger would appear to be in the ascent, for one hears not infrequently of fatal accidents to miners going up, but those going down do not seem to have mishandled often. The danger lies, of course, mainly in carelessness. "You must mind your own spinning," said a miner.
A GROUP OF MINERS IN LEVANT MINE.

One must keep square to the beam and in the middle of the step. There must be no protrusion of head or limbs, for the opening in the sollar, or platform, just fits the step, and anything that protrudes beyond the little square must be dashed aside. It is the task set to the beam of the man-engine to move up twelve feet and move down twelve feet, so that for the space of two seconds the steps will come straight and level with the sollars. That task it performs with the brutal, unreasoning discipline of machinery. It makes no allowance. Up and down, and a pause of two seconds in between. Nothing can stop it or arrest its motion. If a miner, wrapped up in domestic affairs, lets his head hang forward out of the bounds of the tiny square, the platform above must remove the obstruction. And so with anything else. Yet the miners often do forget. Custom has made them familiar and indifferent. These smoke their pipes, these sing hymns, many step off backward on to the slippery platforms. The very man who constructed the man-engine in Levant Mine, and knew its dangers, was killed and battered out of shape a few days after he had put it in.

Yet cruel and merciless as it is, the man-engine in its symmetry and method has a distinct beauty of its own. An ascent of miners singing a hymn in chorus to the rhythmic beat of the machine, seen from the corner of a more spacious sollar, is a memorable sight. One by one the yellow figures, o'ercrooked over on the face and hands, rise from the abyss, step off and on, and so ascend, singing as they go. The scene is lighted by the tiny flame of the green tallow dips that by a pat of clay are made fast to the curious head-dress that each wears. One hears the chorus rising from below and falling from above.

His gentleness, his piety, his resignation might make one forget, in speaking to the Cornish miner, the heroism of his life, the titanic efforts that go to each daily task. To his work he carries from the surface his keg of water, his "hoggan-bag," and a tin carelessly slung over his shoulder which is full of charges of dynamite. In the "hoggan-bag" is his "croust," or lunch, most generally a lump of baked dough set round with potatoes—a "pasty," it is called. His hoggan-bag he handles with more care than the dynamite tin, which he throws off and snatches up with the contempt of long familiarity. Indeed, accidents are rare. The one of which the miners talk most readily was
not an accident, but an escape, in which again they trace the hand of God. This is the story of Verran, the miner who, when a "hole" was about to explode, sent his comrade to the surface and knelt down in prayer, awaiting death. The explosion came, the rocks were flung up and down and around the kneeling form, and made an arch over and about him, and protected him from the flying fragments, so that he was found safe and whole.

The wages of the miners—wages for which they may be said to risk limb and life every hour of their working day—are lower than any other wages paid in any part of the Kingdom for skilled labor, such as mining undoubtedly is. According to the official statements, mine-girls earn from twenty-four cents to thirty-six cents a day; "grass" men, or surface laborers, earn fifteen dollars a month; and underground miners earn from seventeen dollars to twenty-seven dollars a month. But you rarely hear a Cornish miner complaining of his lot, and undoubtedly the main secret of his patience is his faith in God, his resignation to the dispensations of Providence. There are no truer Christians to be found throughout the British Isles than these poor rough miners of Cornwall. God is always in their thoughts. He is always before their eyes. Going and coming and at their work they sing hymns. They see in every disaster and every escape from disaster a direct manifestation of Providence. In September, 1893, a "run" took place by which eight men were entombed in a gallery, 412 fathoms down, beneath thousands of tons of rock. Among them was a young man named Osborne, who, hailed by the rescuing party after forty-five hours of strenuous labor, was asked if any one was with him. "Nobody is here," he answered, "but God and myself." He was heard at intervals again, and what he always and only said was, "Praise the Lord." When they reached him at last, they found only his dead body, and it was seen that he had been terribly battered by the fall of the rocks. His feet had been crushed to a pulp.

The danger of "runs," that is to say, the downfall of tons of rock and rubbish which the timbering has been insufficient to support, is what, perhaps, is most feared by the miners. The "run" is so sudden that, when men are at work within the course of it, there is rarely any escape. There was a terrible accident of this kind in Dolcoath Mine.

"I had not been sawing more than three minutes," said the one survivor, Richard Davies, "when I heard some timber cracking, and then came a tremendous deafening rush of stuff which knocked me eight or nine feet away under the levelers at the bottom of the level. I was struck on the head and legs. My partners aimed to run, but they must have been knocked down where they stood, and buried. Dick James called out
to Charley White, 'Look out, Charley!' The noise was so terrific I was unable to hear any more.'

The downfall was of thousands of tons of rock, so that the gallery was choked with stuff for a distance of twenty-eight yards. The displacement of air by this fall was so great that a man named Ned Tregarthen, who was standing many yards away, was stripped naked. Other men were dashed down, and cut and bruised. A stationary coach, or iron trolley, was blown a distance of twenty feet, and upturned. Men in a level 400 feet above felt the earth shake beneath them. The noise was deafening. It was as the simultaneous discharge of thousands of cannon. With such force were the granite rocks ground together that fire flashed. And in the midst of this were eight men, only one of whom, Davies, lived to tell the tale.

'When I came to myself,' he said, 'I found my head screwed between the rocks. There was a balk of timber over my legs. I could hear the stomachs of some of my comrades 'guddling;' but I never heard them groan. I lay there in the dark, and I thought of mother and father, and of my soul, and I thought I should never come out alive. I shouted at the top of my voice for help, but no one could have heard me. I also called out to learn if any of my comrades were alive and near, but I found I was alone. I got very cramped and sore, and I could hardly move to hammer on the timber above me with a piece of stone, to see if I could make the party hear, for I could hear them sounding outside. The place was very hot, and full of dynamite smoke from the blasting by the rescue parties. I began to fear that blasting might make the earth run together again; but all through I can say that I kept a good heart, although I could tell from the smell after a while that there was a dead body near. I cried for mercy a long time. I must have fallen asleep, for when on Thursday afternoon about six, two days after the accident, the relief party asked me whether I knew what day it was, I replied it was Wednesday afternoon. At about six o'clock on Thursday evening some one called to me, 'William John, are you all right?' They thought I was Osborne. I said, 'I'm the son of Joseph Davies up to Troon.' The man said, 'Cheer up, Dick, old man; we will be in there to you directly.' At last Jacob Smith said, 'Les have your hand.' Then I heard him say, 'I 'ave got un now, Dicky. How es it so cold?' 'No,' said I, 'both my hands are free.' He had taken hold of the hand of a corpse which was lying near to me.'

The spot where this disaster occurred may be seen to-day. The level has been cut afresh through the rocks that fell, and the timbering has been replaced. But on one side is pointed out a jagged mass of rocks heaped up in wild confusion, and under these is shown a little empty space where for fifty hours William Osborne lay, under such peine
three cores. The morning core descends into the mine at six, and leaves at two, when the afternoon core comes in. This works till ten, when the night core takes its place. The men prefer to work on the morning core, although in the short days of those so working night comes twice—the night above, the blacker night below. But whether in morning, afternoon, or night core, the men work their utmost. Only for a few minutes are the eight hours broken into for rest, when the pares squat down, and, with "croust" from hoggan-bag, and "keg" (water-barrel), partake of their humble meal. For the rest of the time they are straining every nerve to do their worst by the rock, as though a grudge against its menacing surface underlay their strong resolve of duty. Now and then they have a breathing-space, and this is when, a hole having been charged with dynamite, they are waiting till the charge explodes. While some give the warning cry of "Fire," the others sing their hymns and sing on till the tearing, cracking roar summons them back to their work.

All day long the heavy silence of the mine is broken in upon by the sounds of blasting. The detonation varies, according to the distance, from the popping of a cork to the roar of thunder. Proximity to such an explosion is always for those unaccustomed to it a troubling experience, but the miners do not mind it. What harasses them most is the smoke, the foul air which follows upon the blasting. They call it the "funk;" and the "funk," in its effect on their lungs, but mainly in its hindrance of their work, is looked upon by them as one of their worst enemies.

A HANGING TRAM-ROAD AT 388-FATHOM LEVEL, DOLCOATH MINE.

For et dure as never the barbarous ages imposed in any Newgate on any suffering soul. There he lay "alone with God," and praised the Lord till the mountainous mass had choked his pious breath, with a roar of cataracts in his ears, and in his eyes flames from the grinding rocks.

In the remote workings the heat is so great that the men strip to the waist to battle with the granite rocks, and terrible is their aspect as seen by the flickering light of the tallow dips clinging to the wall. Their bodies stream with perspiration, the wet skins gleaming in the light. Red mud is splashed like the blood of the wounded mine upon their murderous hands and arms. It stains their hair, their beards, and puts upon their faces, as it were, fantastic masks. Their eyes flash under the excitement of the tremendous effort; the knotted muscles revolt against the restraining skin.

Each twenty-four hours is divided between
a few inches to many yards. Where the lode is wide and high its removal leaves a huge excavation, called a stope, cathedral-like in its dimensions. We came upon one which was over ninety feet high and about as long, and some thirty or forty feet broad, from the bottom of which one could count twenty different points at which stoping operations were conducted. The galleries are cut out, and the lodes are removed either by hand-power or compressed-air power, and both in conjunction with dynamite. Hand-power—that is to say, the hammer and the borer—and air-power—that is to say, the rock-drill worked by compressed air, which is brought in piping from the engine-room above to the various drills, of which one is at work at the very bottom of the mine—are used according to the hardness of the stone which has to be worked. The Cornish miners are very skilful with hammer and borer. In a recent competition a pair of three men from Tincroft Mine bored a depth of thirteen inches in six minutes and forty-three seconds, with an average of ninety-one blows of the seven-pound hammer per minute. The rock-drill, in competitions, proceeds at about six times this rate of speed, and needs the attendance of two men only. Where two men working eight hours will bore two or three holes from eighteen to thirty inches, a boring-machine will bore twenty holes in the same time. The cost of hand-labor and machine-labor is the same.

The ore thus obtained is carried to the surface, where it is first broken into small pieces by the spolling-maidens—girls in picturesque bonnets, not unlike those of French sisters of charity, who earn five-pence a ton, and are busy all day long swinging heavy hammers and shoveling the broken stuff into carts in which it is conveyed to the stamps. In the stamps the ore is crushed to the consistency of sand. It is then conveyed by water streams into large vats, or buddles, where it is freed more or less from the waste, and then it is burnt in kilns to free it from arsenic. The arsenic, which was formerly regarded as a waste product, is now an article of great commercial value. Finally the ore, now of the consistency of fine powder and of a rich chocolate color, is packed in bags and sent to the smelters. This powder contains on an average from sixty-five to seventy per cent. of pure tin.

Of all the mines which ten or fifteen years ago were working in the St. Just district, which is a few miles to the northeast of the

THE EXTREME END OF LEVANT MINE, UNDER THE ATLANTIC, A MILE OUT FROM SHORE, WHERE THE OCEAN ABOVE IS MANY HUNDRED FEET DEEP.
THE DEEP MINES OF CORNWALL.

The extremity of England, Land’s End, the Levant Mine is to-day the only one left active.

To reach it from St. Just church town, one walks for two miles and a half past ruined mine after ruined mine. Were it not for the romantic beauty of cliff and sea, that walk would be one of the most depressing and melancholy of progresses that could be found anywhere in England. The tottering chimneys of the abandoned engine-houses, the weed-overgrown mountains of waste, the deserted count-houses, add to the desolation of this bleak and wind-parched landscape. Upon the faces of the miners whom one meets, returning homewards, there is a look which, no doubt, is but the effect of their extreme exertion, but which to some may seem the result of an ever-haunting fear. And indeed the lower depths of the Levant Mine might scare the hardy to whom imagination is not wanting.

The entrance to the shaft is in the side of the cliff, and by the time three perpendicular ladders have been “walked down,” one is on a level with the sea. Then each step downward takes one lower beneath the ocean. It is said by some, and by others denied, that at the forty-fathom level in St. Just Mine one can hear the boulders rolling overhead and the roar of the waters. For my part, after spending hours in the mine, I must say that, though I hearkened eagerly, I could detect no sound of the ocean overhead. In Botallack Mine, hard by, which is now abandoned, the noise, they say, was most perceptible, and the roaring, when the Atlantic was in one of its wilder moods, was the horror of the workers. There is a point in Levant Mine, a point reached after climbing down 2,000 feet and walking for an hour down winding galleries, where one is a mile out from the shore, under the Atlantic. But between you and the bottom of the sea, which is here many hundred feet deep, is a roof many hundred feet in depth of solid granite.

A horrid hole it is, this extreme end of the lowest level of Levant Mine, full of the fumes of dynamite, black, cramped, and ominous. The walls trickle, and one forgets the intervening mass and fancies this water a “God-sent” warning against an impending rush of the sea. The sea has never broken into any of these mines at St. Just, but terrible calamities of drowning occasioned in other ways have occurred to keep the danger ever before the miners’ eyes. In the deserted galleries of the neighboring Wheal Owles, twenty bodies wash to and fro in the waters of a subterranean lake—the bodies of nineteen men and one lad who were drowned on January 10, 1893. In breaking down the rock in a deep level, a pool of water, unsuspected, was tapped, and poured forth and engulfed them; a pool of water now extending a mile and a half from St. Just church town to thirty fathoms beneath the Atlantic Ocean. This was the most terrible mining accident by water in Cornwall since a waterspout, traveling from the sea, burst over East and North Rose Mine in the Newlyn East district on July 9, 1846, and drowned fifty-three men, and bruised and wounded many more with a bombardment of rocks carried by it into the shaft from the burrow or waste heap. I think the miners from Levant must never pass Wheal Owles without a thought of the twenty mates below steering to and fro on the tide of that black lake in the black night, deep down below the cliff and sea.

But what will perhaps rather fill the mind of one who stands here, is the thought that England does not end there where the map denotes, because, a mile west, beneath the sea, there are Englishmen in yellow rags, advancing westward inch by inch, cutting their way, by the flickering light of green tallow-dips, through solid and hardest granite. fighting, straining, streaming with sweat, who, in their brief moments of rest, sing hymns to God’s praise out there under the sea in the night.
McCLURE'S MAGAZINE
FOR JULY.

[Image of a horse-drawn carriage in a countryside setting.]
THE BEST OF REASONS.

"This soap is simply lovely."
"Of course, dear, it's Pears'."

All sorts of people use Pears' Soap all sorts of stores sell it,—especially druggists.
STARBOARD QUARTER VIEW OF THE "ALMIRANTE OQUENDO."

From a photograph taken on the morning of the day after the battle, July 4th, by J. C. Hemment; copyrighted, 1898, by W. R. Hearst. Smoke was coming out of the "Oquendo's" bow at the time the picture was taken.
THE ARMORED SPANISH CRUISER "VIZCAYA."

Sister ship to the "Almirante Oquendo" and the "Maria Teresa." From a photograph by West & Sons, Southsea, England. Displacement, 7,000 tons; length, 364 feet; speed, 18.5 knots; maximum coal supply, 1,650 tons; complement, 500 men. Armor: belt, 12 inches; deck, 2 to 3 inches; barbettes, 5 inches; turrets, 12 inches. Guns—main battery: two 11-inch Hontoria, ten 5.5-inch Hontoria rapid-fire guns. Secondary battery: eight 6-pounders, ten 1-pounders rapid-fire. Several machine guns. Torpedo tubes, six. All three ships were built in Spain.

THE DESTRUCTION OF CERVERA'S FLEET.

WITH A COMPLETE PICTORIAL RECORD, COMPRISING PORTRAITS OF ALL THE COMMANDERS, PICTURES OF ALL THE SHIPS, SCENES FROM THE BATTLE, AND VIEWS OF ALL THE WRECKS.

I.—AS SEEN BY AN EYE-WITNESS ON THE "BROOKLYN," COMMODORE SCHLEY'S FLAGSHIP.

BY GEORGE E. GRAHAM

EDITOR'S NOTE.—At the time of the great naval battle that resulted in the destruction of the entire Spanish fleet commanded by Admiral Cervera, there chanced to be aboard the ships engaged only two war correspondents. These favored two were Mr. George E. Graham and Mr. W. A. M. Goode, both representing the Associated Press. Mr. Graham was with Commodore Schley on his flagship the "Brooklyn," and thence saw the entire engagement.

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THE ARMORED SPANISH CRUISER "CRISTOBAL COLON."

The "Cristobal Colon" was the fastest and most powerful of the Spanish ships destroyed off Santiago. Displacement, 6,800 tons; length, 323 feet; speed, 20 knots; maximum coal supply, 1,200 tons; complement, 500 men. Armor: belt, 6 inches; deck, 2 to 14 inches; barbettes, 5 inches. Guns—main battery: two 9.84-inch, ten 5.9-inch rapid-fire. Secondary battery: six 4.7-inch rifles, ten 6 and ten 1 pounders rapid-fire, two Maxim guns. Torpedo tubes, four. Built in Italy.

from the lifting of the first suspicious cloud of smoke from the Spanish ships, while they were yet hidden in Santiago harbor, to the final overhauling and capture of the last of them, the "Cristobal Colon," after a thrilling chase of forty-eight miles. Mr. Goode, the meanwhile, was at the side of Admiral Sampson, on his flagship the "New York," and shared in all the anxieties and excitements of that historic pursuit, when the "New York," seven miles east of the entrance of the harbor and headed for Siboney, turned sharply about at the first signal, and, by steaming at her utmost speed, secured for herself a fair share in the fight, and, traversing the whole line, came up in time to see the "Cristobal Colon" surrender to the "Brooklyn" and the "Oregon." In this and the following article Mr. Graham and Mr. Goode tell, expressly for the readers of McClure's, the story of what they saw and what they experienced under these most favorable and, at the same time, most extraordinary conditions. In this connection the following letter will be read with interest:

My dear Graham:

As you may soon leave us, I desire to congratulate you upon your courageous performance of duty during the action with the Spanish fleet under Admiral Cervera, off Santiago de Cuba, on the 3d inst. You were either under my personal observation or of the officers on deck, all of whom testify to your pluck and good work. You remained in the open during the entire action, at the best points of vantage to observe the enemy and our fleet, coolly taking notes, and thus contributing most valuable and reliable information to history and for instruction of future generations. Yours was a devotion to duty, under heavy fire, with no other incentive than to serve the best interests of the trust imposed upon you. With best wishes for your future, and most pleasant impressions from an association on board,

I am cordially yours,

F. A. Cook,
Captain, U. S. Navy, Commanding.
SUNDAY morning, July 3d, off Santiago, Cuba, was as monotonous in its birth as had been the preceding days and Sundays to the American blockading fleet. Five weeks and six Sundays before this third of July, Commodore Schley had run the Spanish quarry to hole, and those first few days before quaint old Morro’s guarding fortress had not seemed so monotonous. Perhaps it was because, in the sunsets and sunrises, in the cool of the night and the warmth of the noonday, we thought we found evidences of the picturesque as described in our primers and geographies, a picturesqueness that exists but in a small degree off southern Cuba. The starlit night had, like other starlit nights, been extinguished by a sudden rush of gray light, a moving away quickly of a curtain of nasty moist mist and the appearance of the hot sun, without a single particolored herald, like that which the North produces and calls sunrise. The sun does not rise in Cuba, it jumps above the horizon with a mystical hand upon an electric lever that extinguishes the myriad of stars. It paled the brilliant gems of color on the masts of the warships, and compelled the signal men to resort to flags as a medium for communication.

It was just such a morning, this day preceding the Union’s national birthday, as was the morning five weeks before when, sitting on the after-bridge of the “Brooklyn,” Commodore Schley saw the fleet of Cervera in the harbor and made to me the caustic remark: “They will never get home.” The sun crept up to where it compelled you for safety, if not for comfort, to avoid its rays; the big awning was spread on the quarter-deck of the “Brooklyn,” and on all the ships preparations were made to add one more day to the monotonous count that figured up five long weeks.

All of the American ships had drifted out to a distance of three miles from Morro, and the heavy war vessels lay bunched to the east near the flagship of Admiral Sampson, the “New York.” The “Massachusetts,” first-class battleship, the “New Orleans,” protected cruiser, and the “Newark,” cruiser and flagship of Commodore Watson, had left the line and were forty miles to the eastward for coal, provisions, and ammunition. The flagship at 8.55 o’clock had signaled “Disregard the motions of the Commander-in-Chief,” and had moved away towards Altareas, seven miles to the east of Morro and out of signal distance. At 9.20 the “New York” was out of signal distance of the fleet, and the command thereupon devolved upon Commodore Schley. The Commodore had come upon deck about nine o’clock, and was sitting well aft on the quarter-deck talking with the writer. There had been several fires noticed on shore to the westward of Santiago the night previous, and Commodore Schley had requested Flag-Lieutenant Sears to ask the “Texas,”
"What is your theory about the burning of the block-houses on the hill last night?" with a view to determining whether the destruction was by Pando's Spanish reinforcements moving east to the aid of Santiago, or whether the Cubans under General Rabi had obtained control. This signal was made at 9.15 o'clock, and we were remarking on the smoke we then saw arising in the harbor when the masthead man cried, "Smoke in the harbor, is moving to the entrance." Anxiety was somewhat removed, however, by the statement that the tug which daily supplied the forts at the entrance with necessaries was moving over toward Estrella battery on the east.

**POSITIONS OF THE SHIPS.**

At this time the big warships had all massed to the east, quite a common occurrence for early morning. The western half of the blockading half circle consisted of the second-class battleship "Texas," the flagship "Brooklyn," and the small converted yacht "Vixen." The "Texas" was exactly south of the entrance, which points southwest, while the "Brooklyn" and the "Vixen," 5,500 yards to the west, rolled lazily in the swell of the Trade Wind sea. With the "Texas" as the central ship, the east was beautifully and effectively guarded by the "Iowa," "Indiana," and "Oregon," battleships, and the converted yacht "Gloucester," the "Brooklyn" nearest shore. The "Iowa" lay at least a half mile beyond the curve of the circle, and, glasses in hand, I remember calling Commodore Schley's attention to it. He answered: "I understand her forward twelve-inch turret is broken, and they are probably trying to fix it." I remember also noticing that the "Gloucester" was very close in to shore, and that, while the eastern end of the line was so formidable that no tactician with common sense would have attempted to pass it, there were openings to the west on both sides of the "Brooklyn" that must have offered tempting invitation to a foe desirous of, and eagerly looking for, a chance to escape. It must also be remembered that the plan of blockade was one of immobility, the ships pointing their noses towards the entrance but not moving, and therefore allowing a fleeing enemy a chance to gain a great advantage in a flying start.

Thus, four American battleships, the "Iowa," "Oregon," "Texas," and "Indiana," with the armored cruiser "Brooklyn," formed the guard, with the two converted yachts, "Gloucester," and "Vixen," as pickets. Of the ships of battle the "Indiana" could not exceed a speed of nine knots, and her forward thirteen-inch turret was out of order, the guns incapacitated; the "Iowa" had steam up but for five knots, and was also having trouble with her forward twelve-inch turret, and the "Brooklyn" had had some of her five-inch guns badly strained by the bombardment of the day before. None of the ships had steam for more than ten knots, and the "Brooklyn's" forward engines were uncoupled. That God was with us on "his own day" will be shown by this plain, unvarnished tale, for in the land-locked harbor lay four heavily armored and heavily armed cruisers, with a speed alleged to average eighteen and one-half knots, and two torpedo-boat destroyers, both of them better armed and swifter...
than either the "Gloucester" or the "Vixen." The conditions, therefore, on this Sunday morning were, that a superior force of the enemy was being held in check by an inferior force outside, and, in addition, the fire of the shore batteries could reach the American ships.

THE ENEMY SEeks TO ESCAPE.

Dressed in a pair of shabby blue serge trousers, a black alpaca coat, and an officer’s white summer hat, with no insignia of rank upon him, Commodore Schley braced his white-shod feet against the hatch combing, tilted his chair back, plucked rather nervously at his imperial, and remarked, "This is pretty slow." Over the water from the "Texas" came a sweet bugle call to church, and the bell tolled softly. Three bells clanged out on the "Brooklyn," and Captain Cook and Executive Officer Mason came on the quarter-deck with their swords on. "We're going to have general muster," said Captain Cook, in response to the inquiring look of the Commodore, and the men began gathering in their various divisions. General muster is compulsory every month in the navy, and the solemn act of reading the Articles of War is gone through with, in a perfunctory sort of way. A look through the glasses showed on all the ships similar tableaux, and the typical quietude of Sunday prevailed. On the forward bridge Navigator Hodgson had relieved the officer of the deck, and Quartermaster Anderson was keeping the long glass trained on the suspicious smoke just back of the high hill at the entrance.

"That smoke is
moving, sir," he said quietly to Mr. Hodgson.

"Give me the glass," said the Navigator, and, fixing it on the hazy smoke in the entrance, he took a long look. Anderson caught the glass as it fell, or it would have been smashed, while Hodgson, picking up the megaphone, yelled, "After bridge, there! Report to the Commodore and the Captain that the enemy's ships are coming out."

There was little necessity for the cadet on the signal bridge to repeat the message. Before he had stumbled down the ladder to the quarter-deck, the strident tones of Lieutenant-Commander Mason could be heard, "Clear ship for action," and the clanging bells notified those below of the summons to battle. Captain Cook rushed forward to the conning-tower to move the ship; and grabbing up his binoculars, Commodore Schley started forward.

I followed him closely, and as he passed the after bridge heard him call to Ensign McCauley, "Signal, 'The enemy is escaping.'" Lieutenant Sears, who was near, shouted back, "We have already done so, sir!" and Schley, as he hurried through the gallery towards the forecastle, answered: "Signal the fleet to clear ship."

As he climbed the ladder to the forecastle, I remember his pulling out my watch, which I had loaned him, and saying to me, "It's just 9.35 o'clock." Just as we reached the point of vantage, a wooden platform two feet high elevated around the conning-tower, there came the sharp detonation of a six-pounder, and we saw from the smoke that the "Iowa" had fired the first shot and was flying the signal, "The enemy is escaping," having run it up several seconds before the "Brooklyn" served the same notice. Following quickly the warning of the "Iowa," the doughty "Texas" opened with a big twelve-inch shot; and, as Captain Cook shouted to the quartermaster, "Full speed ahead," the "Brooklyn's" forward eighteen-inch guns boomed out. From the time of Lieutenant Hodgson's announcement to the time of the boom of the "Brooklyn's" guns was barely three minutes, and what to a layman seemed the direst pandemonium and disorder was the finest of discipline and the acme of order. That men flew by you dropping their shirts from their backs as they ran, that orders flew thick and fast, and that men and officers seemed tumbling over one another was no criterion. That every gun was ready to shoot; that fire had been started under four fresh boilers; that every battle hatch had been lowered; that every watertight compartment was closed; that ammunition was ready for the reloading of the guns; that the fire pumps were on and the decks wet down, and that every man of 500 was in the place assigned to him for battle, completes an indisputable miracle.

THE "BROOKLYN" CLOSES IN.

Turning so as to fire her port battery, the "Brooklyn" moved northeast towards the harbor entrance, while the big battleships, somewhat slower in their movements, pointed straight in. Glasses in hand, Commodore

![Diagram showing the successive relative positions of the ships.](image-url)
Schley tried to make out the enemy’s ships. It was a trying and nerve-destroying moment. The terrific effect of the eight-inch gun fire on one’s ear drums, the distressing taste of the saltpeter, the blinding effect of the dense smoke, and the whiz of projectiles of the enemy in close proximity, all were forgotten, and you stared through your benumbed glasses at the entrance full of smoke, a yellow mass at which the first terrible fire of the American ships was directed with such frightful effect. Out of the midst of it there suddenly projected a black, glistening hull, the position of which showed it to be pointing westward. Would the others follow, or would they break through at different points? Still the frightful fire of the ships continued, and flashes of brilliancy from the mass of smoke in the entrance showed that the enemy had opened. The western battery on the crown of the hill was also dropping shot to the westward.

At Commodore Schley’s elbow stood Flag-Lieutenant Sears, also with glasses glued to his eyes. For a minute the pall of smoke rose, and then Lieutentant Sears exclaimed:

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WRECK OF THE TORPEDO DESTROYER "FUROR."

From a photograph taken the day after the battle, and kindly loaned by the "New York Herald.

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AS SEEN FROM THE FLAGSHIP "BROOKLYN."
PORT SIDE OF THE "MARTA TERESA" AS SHE LAY ON THE SHOALS THE DAY AFTER THE BATTLE.

From a photograph taken on the morning of July 4th by J. C. Hemment; copyrighted, 1898, by W. R. Hearst.
"They are all out, and coming to the westward, Commodore!"

"Yes," answered this cool commandant, "and the torpedo boats are with them." Then turning to Captain Cook, he said: "Have your rapid-fire guns ready for those fellows, Cook," and the Captain, smiling, pointed to the guns where the men were already firing. It was just 9.45, and Ensign McCauley hoisted the signal to the fleet to "Close up."

A CRITICAL SITUATION FOR THE "BROOKLYN."

The situation for the "Brooklyn" now seemed desperate. The great ship was pointing and moving directly toward the Spanish ships coming out to the west. Every inclination, had a decision been made suddenly, was to turn in the same direction, to the west, to head them off. But had this inclination been followed, the "Brooklyn's" starboard side would have been so placed that any one of the Spanish fleet would have been able to ram her and sink her, or torpedo her, with the same fatal result.

The "Maria Teresa," the "Vizcaya," the "Colon," and the "Oquendo" were now in plain view, in the order named, with the torpedo boats "Furor" and "Pluton" following. Suddenly the "Vizcaya" left the westward-pointing line and headed straight for the "Brooklyn." Almost at the same instant that Lieutenant Sears reported this, Commodore Schley said to Captain Cook: "Put your helm hard a-port," and the ship began to move around to starboard, steering a circle toward the enemy, instead of away from him. It was evident that neither the "Vizcaya" nor the "Maria Teresa" quite understood this movement, for both immediately changed their course and ran nearer shore. Around in a short circle moved the "Brooklyn," her port side a perfect mass of flame and smoke, as the six eight-inch, six five-inch, and eight six-pounders belched forth the deadly shot. Then, as she swung towards the four Spanish ships, her star-
board battery opened, and the din was terrific.

"Tell the men at the guns to fire deliberately and make every shot tell," called Schley to Captain Cook, and out of the choking smoke and fire Lieutenant-Commander Mason could be heard quietly instructing the men in the turrets as to the distance. The "Brooklyn" had described a perfect circle, and, although under a deluge of shot and shell, uninjured, pointed west and began her famous fight. The "Colon" could be seen sneaking up behind the Spanish line, as if intent upon getting away, while the "Oquendo" and "Maria Teresa," evidently striving vainly to shield the torpedo boats, were receiving a most horrible baptism of shot and shell.

The instant the "Colon" had cleared the harbor, she started up the line behind the three other ships, doing but little firing. The two long, snaky torpedo destroyers following her also attempted to hide themselves; but Captain Wainwright, in the "Gloucester," had seen them, and in a moment the little converted yacht was bearing down upon them. At the same instant, every ship in the fleet opened upon them with the rapid-fire one and six pounders. Like an avenging angel seeking more tribute for the "Maine" dis-
aster, a great shell from one of the big warships, either the "Iowa," the "Indiana," or the "Oregon," whizzed over the top of the "Gloucester," and struck the "Pluton" in the middle, and with a roar and a plunge she vanished from sight as if the sea had opened up a great grave to receive her. The "Furror" got partially behind the "Oquendo," which was now directing a heavy fire on the "Texas" and the "Brooklyn;" but the "Gloucester," despite the shore batteries, turned in after her, and fairly riddled her with small projectiles. Stung to death, she turned for shore, and broke in two on a reef, the wild surf sounding her requiem. Those of her crew who survived flung themselves wildly into the surf, but some were rescued by the crew of the "Gloucester."

It was at this time, looking back from the quarter-deck of the "Brooklyn," that the frightful work being accomplished on the Spanish ships by the American squadron could be appreciated. It was one yellow pall of smoke where the American ships were, from out of which would shoot blasting flames whose tongues licked caressingly the ends of steel projectiles as they sped on their journey: to attempt to analyze which of these engines of destruction did the terrific work on the enemy would be extreme self-assumption. No man who aided in fighting ships that day can say more than that his projectile was aimed to hit the black crafts that, with but a slight steam-like smoke from their guns, tried vainly to creep along the coast to the west. The active firing had begun at 9.40 o'clock. The "Oquendo," still working her guns, caught fire at 10.22, and for ten minutes her men tried to put it out. But from the military tops and the superstructures of the big warships was pouring a deadly fire of rapid-fire six-pounders, while the "Iowa" and "Texas" were dropping four and six inch shells in her. Just ahead of her was the "Maria Teresa," the flagship, while the "Vizcaya" was passing along inside of the two, followed by the "Colon." The punishment being inflicted on the "Maria Teresa" was not so heavy as that on the "Oquendo," but the "Brook-
Stern view of the "Vizcaya" as she lay wrecked on the beach.

From a photograph taken on the morning of July 4th by J. C. Hemment; copyrighted, 1898, by W. R. Hearst.
The large hole was made by a shell from the American ships. Later the explosion of the forward magazine destroyed the mast and demolished the superstructure generally. From a photograph taken on the morning of July 4th by J. C. Hemment; copyrighted, 1898, by W. R. Hearst.
lyn” was raking her fore and aft. Suddenly, in the full, a big shell from the “Texas” crashed through her just above her armor belt. It evidently cut her fire mains, for the next instant, when a shell from the “Brooklyn” smashed through the side, just forward of her beam, and exploding set fire to her, she turned to the beach helpless. It was just 10.31 when the flagship of Cervera ran to the beach a mass of flames, and five minutes later, and but half a mile farther west, the “Oquendo,” half her men killed and the ship fairly riddled with shell, followed. In less than forty minutes the two best ships in the Spanish navy had been destroyed, as well as two torpedo boats, and the superiority of guns and men over armor was demonstrated.

In this forty minutes many singular things had happened, demonstrating the bravery of men. The almost hysterical enthusiasm that actuates men in a moment of great danger had passed. The coolness of a partial despair born of a knowledge that careful work and quick work were their salvation had grown on all in the fight. The messengers, who, traversing the most dangerous portions of the ship, had at first rushed headlong to the delivery point, shrieking the message, began to move more sedately; the gunners watched the effect of a shot before they fired again; the men came out of the turrets for a breath of air, and discussed with disdain the shooting of the enemy, although we were hit several times. Captain Cook on the “Brooklyn,” scorning the protection of eight inches of steel in his conning-tower, walked about and discussed the ship’s movements with Schley, and the men not busy at the guns would get in exposed positions to see “where the Dagoes were.” The Spanish had opened fire with their rapid-fire guns; and partly because the forecastle where I stood was covered with smoke from our own guns, and partly because I wanted to know how the men in the various divisions were conducting themselves, I started to make a tour of the ship.

To the lee of the forward eight-inch turret stood a young man named George H. Ellis. He was assisting the Navigator, Mr. Hodgson, to obtain the range or distance from our ship to the enemy. Captain Cook had just called to him to ask him the range. The “Vizcaya,” “Maria Teresa,” and “Colon” were then devoting their attention to us, and the fire was hot. Without an instant’s hesitation, Ellis stepped into the open and, with the stadiometer to his eye, obtained the range. Turning to Commodore Schley, he said: “Fourteen hundred yards to the ‘Vizcaya,’ sir.” There was that low, moaning song, like a lost soul, that a shell makes; then we saw Ellis’s body waver and fall headless to the deck, while men wiped from their faces and clothes the brain that had just given us necessary information. In the turrets it was pretty hot work, and, like a whale blowing, the men would come up alternately to get a bit of fresh air. In Lieutenant Doyle’s starboard eight-inch turret one of his best gunners complained, “Sir, I can’t see the shots drop,” and Mr. Doyle replied, “Well, that’s all right. When you don’t see them drop in the water, you’ll know they’re hitting.”

In the after turret Lieutenant Rush, with a bandanna handkerchief about his brow, ducked his head out of the turret top, and sang out, “Say, which of those ships do you wish us to hit?” And Lieutenant-Commander Mason, who was coming by with a word of commendation for the men, said: “Just soak the ‘Vizcaya;’ she’s our prey,” and Rush dived below, and began firing.

Up forward on the gun decks was a six-pounder gun that in this close forty minutes’ action had been doing valiant work. As they were putting in a cartridge the shell loosened from the casing and became wedged. This was on the side near the enemy, but there was not a moment’s hesitation. Out on the gun’s muzzle crawled Corporal Robert Gray of the Marine Corps, a rammer in his hand ready to drive the shell out. The gun was hot, and he could not retain his hold; so he dropped down to the sea ladder. Over his head was the frightful blast and draft of the big gun, while around him pattered the shot of the enemy. He failed in his attempt, and gunner Smith then tried it, but he too failed. It looked as if the gun would have to be abandoned, but Private MacNeal of the squad asked permission to make an attempt, and was allowed to try it. Clinging to the hot gun, with death by water assured if he dropped, or was knocked off by the concussion, and the enemy firing at him, he got the rammer in the muzzle and rammed out the shell, amidst cheers from his comrades. I watched these men closely. None of them showed the slightest sign of heroic exhilaration. It was evidently to them a duty of the commonest sort. A few minutes later a six-inch projectile smashed into a compartment just below them. They laughed at the gunner’s aim when they found nobody hurt. Five minutes later I photographed a man at the
after masthead fixing up one of the battle flags, the halyards of which had been shot away. The fire was deadly about him. He would not give his name.

About the decks the men not actually busy at the guns enjoyed the fight hugely. When a big shell hit the upper works and exploded with a roar, they would make disparaging remarks about Spanish gunnery. At one time, during a lull in the battle, but while the "Colon" was near enough to us to shoot, and I believe was shooting, I took pictures of the men standing on top of an eight-inch turret, in easy range of the enemy's guns, and cheering Commodore Schley.

THE FIGHT WITH THE "VIZCAYA."

At 10.36 the positions of the ships were singularly favorable to the enemy carrying out his plan of escaping with at least one or two of his ships. The battleship "Indiana" had been unable to keep up the pace set by the leaders of the Spanish ships, and the battleship "Iowa," arriving at the point where Cervera’s flagship had run ashore, stopped to pick up drowning Spaniards of its crew. Both the "Indiana" and the "Iowa" had done splendid work in assisting in the destruction of the two torpedo boats and the cruisers "Maria Teresa" and "Oquendo;" but their lack of speed forbade them continuing the chase. The "Oregon," which had been at the farther end of the line, had gone outside of these other battleships and was coming rapidly to the west, smoke pouring from her funnels. The movement was at first not understood, but when it became apparent that she was leaving the other battleships behind and was coming to the aid of the "Brooklyn," now almost alone with two heavily armored and heavily armed ships, a cheer went up from Schley’s flagship for Captain Clark and his splendid crew.

"Not that we can’t lick ’em," said a gunner’s mate to me after the cheer, "but it’s good to have help." I agreed with him very cordially, for at this time we were directly abeam the "Vizcaya," while the "Colon" was half a mile forward of us and both were in a position to broadside us. The "Texas"
was making heroic efforts to stay with us, but we were going at more than her maximum speed, and she fell behind. The "Oregon," at 10.38, was about one and a half miles astern of the "Brooklyn," and gaining every minute.

Now began a fight that was to set the naval world thinking and discredit the predictions of the prophets. The "Vizcaya," with armor double the thickness of the "Brooklyn" and guns of larger caliber, had often been placed by critics as the superior of the "Brooklyn;" and there was a low murmur of approval on the latter ship as the word was passed to concentrate fire on the former. Commodore Schley said to Captain Cook, "Get in close, Cook, and we'll fix her." A little turn of the helm sent the "Brooklyn" in to within a thousand yards of the enemy, and there they were broadside to broadside. "Nine hundred and fifty yards," called the messengers into the turret decks, and the answer was the terrible boom of the big eight-inch guns, followed by the tenor of the five-inch and the shrill treble of the six-inch and the one-pounders. The smoke was so dense that it was hard to see the target, but up forward we could see the "Colon" spitting out smokeless fire from her side. When five minutes had passed and we had not felt the ship tremble with the concussion of Spanish shells, we looked at one another in amazement. The water about us and between the "Brooklyn" and the "Vixen," which had kept near us, absolutely boiled, while the song of the shells over us and a few muffled explosions on deck told that the Spanish aim was not so bad. Suddenly a marine in the foretop at a one-pounder gun shrieked down, "Every shot is telling," and as the word passed aft to the gun crews, the shooting became more vigorous, and two thousand pounds of explosive metal went banging against the "Vizcaya" every three minutes. The secondary battery fire, of one and six pounders, was unusually deadly, the Spanish gunners in the "Vizcaya's" superstructure being driven from the guns. At 10.50, after twenty minutes of this close engagement, the "Oregon" got near enough to land several six-inch projectiles in the "Vizcaya" and to drop a few thirteen-inch shells about the "Colon," which was rapidly drawing away to the westward. At precisely 10.54 the "Vizcaya" was seen to be on fire, and at the same time she swerved out from shore, as though to ram the "Brooklyn" as her dying effort. The fire of the big cruiser was too hot for her, evidently, for at 11.06 she turned in to shore and hauled down her colors. The "Texas" and "Vixen" were seen to be about a mile to the rear of the "Oregon," and the "Vizcaya" was now left to them and the "Iowa," the latter staying by her finally.

What seemed to be now a forlorn hope faced Commodore Schley, but faith in the "Brooklyn" and in the splendid battleship "Oregon," now close on the chase, never faltered, and he remarked to me, "We may be able to wing that fellow, and then Clark and Philip will get a show at him, even if he sinks us." Captain Philip's "Texas" could be seen about five miles astern. The "fellow" alluded to was the "Cristobal Colon," which, so far as indications went, had to this point escaped unharmed and now had a lead of about four miles over the "Brooklyn" and the "Oregon." The "Colon's" accredited speed was nineteen and a half knots, and while the "Brooklyn's" is greater than that, it was impossible to make more than seventeen knots, because the forward pair of engines were not coupled up and were lying useless. The "Oregon" had a speed at the most of fifteen and one half knots; so it appeared as if the chances of escape were good, and everybody believed that for one ship to get away would spoil the day's victory. There was one chance, however, and Schley, quick to see it, determined to take advantage of it. The "Colon" was running close in to shore, and to continue her course had to make a long detour to the south around Cape Cruz, sixty miles west. The "Brooklyn" was two miles farther out to sea than the "Colon," and, after consultation with Captain Cook and Navigator Hodgson, it was concluded to run a straight course to Cape Cruz and try and head off the chase. The "Oregon" in the meantime stayed in close, so as to get a range on the "Colon's" broadside if she tried to run directly south. This line of tactics having been decided upon, the chase, which lasted from 11.25 to 1.15, began.

Up to the mainmast of the "Brooklyn" went the signal "Cease firing," and Commodore Schley said to First Lieutenant Mason, "Get all your men out for an airing." In an instant the top of every gun casemate and every turret was a mass of half-naked, perspiring, but jubilant, cheering men. Even the men from the powder magazines below the protective deck came up, and joined the crowd. The "Colon," in sheer desperation, was firing a few shells, but they fell so short that there were only jeers for them.
Suddenly a big fellow on Lieutenant Simpson’s turret called, "Three cheers for Commodore Schley," and there were three roars that drowned even the "Colon's" gun thunder and made me wonder if the vigor of the jubilant Americans would not drive terror to the hearts of the crew of the "Colon." Then somebody aft proposed three cheers for the "Oregon," and they were given with a will, and returned with interest.

But if these scenes, lacking in tragedy, were going on above decks, there were men far below the steel protective deck still fighting for the flag; men who are seldom spoken of, but who are always heroes. At the fires in the coal rooms, and at the great engines,
in a temperature of from 130 to 150 degrees, were men fully as patriotic and enthusiastic as those on deck, and the successful ending of the day now depended upon them. Into the furnaces the coal was piled, while in almost a white heat naked men kept the fires clear. At the big engines stood the engineers, closely watching for any flaw. Higher and higher climbed the steam, and faster and faster turned the great screws. Once in a while the great steel prison would open while a man was lifted over the heat by the heat, but the moment the air revived him he would go back to his furnace prison. One man who gave way was carried up on deck, and his four fellow workers stood about with anxious eyes to see if he would recover. He opened his eyes, looked around at them, and said: "Why the devil don't you fellows get back to work. What are yer standin' there for?" And as they slunk away he said to the doctor, "Say, Doc, are we catching the Dago?"

Perhaps it is a new thing in the navy, and perhaps it is not, but one thing struck me forcibly: from the beginning of the fight Commodore Schley issued instructions that all news of any advantage gained by us should be communicated about the ship to those who could not see, and it seemed to raise the esprit de corps at least a hundred per cent.

The chase continued for about an hour and a half without much gain on either side, the "Colon" at 12.15 having a lead of about four and one-quarter miles. Forced draught for the furnaces was being used on the "Brooklyn," however, and she began to gain slowly. At the same time it was apparent that the tactics adopted by Commodore Schley had worked well, and it was evident that the "Colon," in rounding Cape Cruz, would be near enough for the "Brooklyn," and probably the "Oregon," to broadside with their large guns.

It was at this time that Captain Clark on the "Oregon," in facetious mood, signaled over to Commodore Schley, "A strange vessel to the eastward. Looks like an Italian," and knowing the ship had been purchased from the Italian government, the Commodore answered back, "Yes, I guess it was built in Italy."

A moment later a pennant went up at the masthead of the "Oregon," and there was a shout of approval as the glasses made it out to read "Remember the Maine," as if the burning ships on shore spoke not of remembrance and retribution.

At 12.20 Commodore Schley directed the "Oregon" to try a large shell, and at 8,500 yards a thirteen-inch shell rushed like a great railroad train by the "Brooklyn" and struck just short of the chase. A signal was sent to tell the "Oregon" the effect, and then she tried another. This time it hit just astern, and threw tons of water on the deck of the "Colon." The effect must have been terrifying; and when at 12.40 the "Brooklyn" opened up with her eight-inch and landed a few shots against the "Colon's" side, it became evident that the game was cornered. However, everybody expected that the ship of the enemy would put up a last fight and only surrender when overpowered; and we were all very much surprised when, at 1.15 o'clock, down came the ensign of Spain and the ship ran ashore.

It may have been a revengeful providence, it may have been a mere accident, but it certainly was a peculiarly strange coincidence that the last of the fleet of Cervera and the flower of the Spanish navy should have gone ashore at the very spot where the ill-fated "Virginious" expedition tried to land. The ship surrendered to Captain Cook.

As the "Brooklyn" and the "Oregon" moved in upon the prey, the men poured out of the fire rooms, black with smoke and dirt and glistening with perspiration, but wild with joy; and when some wag raised a broom to the masthead, there was a roar of applause from the "Oregon" and an answer from the "Brooklyn." Climbing up to the bridge, Commodore Schley gazed down at the jubilant men with just the suspicion of a tear in his eye. "Those are the fellows who made this day," he said, pointing to...
them, and then ordered Ensign MacCauley to make signal "The enemy has surrendered." Five miles to the east, the "Texas" saw the signal, and repeated it to Admiral Sampson on the "New York," some miles farther away. It was not, however, recognized by that ship, which also failed to answer Commodore Schley's two signals: "A glorious victory has been achieved. Details will be communicated later," and "This is a great day for our country." The Spanish losses were about 600 lives, 1,200 prisoners, and $12,000,000 worth of property. The American loss was one man killed and three wounded, all from the "Brooklyn:" a fact little short of a miracle in view of the further fact that the "Brooklyn" was hit over thirty times.

FRIGHTFUL WRECKS.

A little later, accompanied by my faithful but not always reliable camera, I had the privilege of coming back towards Santiago on the "Vixen," in close proximity to the wrecks, and examined them carefully. It was not a sight one could exult over. It was pitiful to see these great modern war engines, helpless and destroyed, swaying slightly with the roll of the heavy surf. The "Colon," which had not been fired, but sank by the dastardly work of its own crew, had rolled over on its starboard side helpless, and the sea was beating wildly against it.

The "Vizcaya," fourteen miles from the entrance of the harbor that for six weeks had been its refuge, lay up on a reef, its steel plates broken and unbolted by the terrible heat, the sides a dull, dirty red; the military masts flat on the deck through the explosions of the magazines; and the interior a crematory for the unfortunate dead. On the bridge lay the half charred remains of an officer.

The "Maria Teresa" and the "Oquendo," as if keeping doleful vigil with each other, lay but six miles west of Morro, tributes to the magnificent gunnery of the American fleet and to the brief time it takes modern guns to destroy modern ships. How many men perished shut up beneath the protective decks will probably never be known, as terrible fire and frightful explosions disposed of the bodies. The "Oquendo" was riddled with shot, and her forward turret, safe from the flames, contained the bodies of an officer and two men standing by their guns, but killed by concussion from an eight-inch shell. The "Maria Teresa" was less terribly damaged, but with all her fire mains cut by shells and with her decks burning fiercely, she had to surrender. She had been hit about thirty times.

So perished from the earth the bulk of the sea power of Spain.
ADMIRAL SAMPSON'S FLAGSHIP, THE ARMORED CRUISER "NEW YORK."

From a photograph taken by J. C. Hemment, the day after the battle, when the "New York" was transferring wounded prisoners to the "Solace;" copyrighted, 1898, by W. R. Hearst. Displacement of the "New York," 8,200 tons; speed, 21 knots; length, 380 feet, 6½ inches. Armor: belt, 4 inches; deck, 3 to 6 inches; barbettes, 10 inches; turrets, 5½ inches. Guns—main battery: six 8-inch and twelve 4-inch rapid-fire. Secondary rapid-fire guns: eight 6-pounders, two 1-pounders, four Gatlings, and two field guns. Torpedo tubes, two.

THE DESTRUCTION OF CERVERA'S FLEET.

II.—AS SEEN BY AN EYE-WITNESS ON THE "NEW YORK," ADMIRAL SAMPSON'S FLAGSHIP.

By W. A. M. Goode.

It was a beautiful Sunday morning. The day before, July 2d, the fleet had bombarded the forts of Santiago for the fourth time. At half-past nine o'clock the bugler rung up: sounded the call to quarters, "enemy is rushed to their stations. The bugler snatched his bugle, and blew "general quarters." From the "Iowa's" yard this signal was run up: "The enemy is escaping to the westward." From the forward bridge of the "Iowa," a six-pounder boomed out to draw the attention of the other ships to the signal fluttering in the breeze (the diagram on page 409 shows the CAPTAIN CLARK of the "Oregon."

The "Oregon" was struck by only three shots during her wonderful performance on July 3d, two of them being fragments of shells, and none doing any great damage. Displacement, 10,288 tons; speed, 16.8 knots; maximum coal supply, 1,596 tons; complement, 473 men. Armor: belt, 18 inches; deck, 2½ inches; barbettes, 17 inches; turrets, 16 inches; casements, 6 inches. Guns—main battery: four 13-inch, eight 8-inch, four slow-fire 6-inch. Secondary rapid-fire battery: twenty 6-pounders, six 1-pounders, four Gatlings, and two field guns. Torpedo tubes, three.
position of the ships at this time, 9.33 A.M.) One by one the quarter-decks of the other ships became deserted, as the white masses of men scrambled forward. Officers jumped into the turrets through manholes, dressed in their best uniforms. There was no time to waste; scarcely enough to get the battle hatches screwed on tight. Captains rushed into their conning-towers. "Jingle, jingle," went the engine-room telegraphs. In the fire rooms officers in inspection uniforms and firemen in clean white jumpers mixed with the grimy men already on watch. "Steam, steam!" they cried. It was for no tedious bombardment that these men grasped shovels and started blazing fires under cold boilers. It was the chance of their lifetime, the naval engagement fervently hoped for by all, from Admiral Sampson down. The news seemed almost too good to be true. Below decks, where men work and see not, they said: "It is a false alarm. They will turn back. It is too good to be true."

But they struggled with black coal until it glowed red, and gave speed and power to the gray, steel hulls; they hauled up ammunition by the light of battle lanterns until it was piled high on the decks above; they cursed, and cheered, and worked with a fierce enthusiasm that not a hundred bombardments could inspire. And when it is remembered that all the ships except the "Oregon" had steam in their boilers for only five knots, and that the Spanish cruisers started out at thirteen knots, it can be realized how nobly these men below our battle gratings did their duty.

About a minute after the six-pounder had been fired from the "Iowa," that battleship started to move in towards the harbor. From under the shadow of Morro Castle came the "Maria Teresa." From her port side puffs of smoke curled up, while above and behind her, from the heights of Santiago harbor, jets of smoke shot out from the batteries. Countless geyser's around our slowly approaching battleships showed where the Spanish shells exploded in the water. One by one the Spanish cruisers came out, swinging around the western point of the narrow harbor entrance, the neck of the bottle which so far had held them tight. All opened fire as soon as the bows showed around Estrella Point. The battle was on,
The 13-inch shells from the “Indiana” entered the “Maria Teresa” under the quarter-deck and exploded, causing terrible havoc. Displacement of the “Indiana,” 10,288 tons; speed, 15.5 knots; maximum coal supply, 1,927 tons; complement, 476 men. Armor: belt, 8 inches; deck, 2 inches; barbettes, 17 inches; turrets, 15 inches; casemats, 6 inches. Guns—main battery: four 13-inch, eight 8-inch, four 6-inch slow-fire. Secondary rapid-fire battery: twenty 6-pounders, six 1-pounders, four Gatlings. Torpedo tubes, two.

but at long range. Thirteen-inch shells from the “Oregon” and the “Indiana” and twelve-inch shells from the “Texas” and the “Iowa” spurted water between the advancing Spaniards. The two or three miles which still separated the fleets prevented great accuracy of aim. Secondary batteries had not yet been called into use.

The flagship “New York” was near Altarres, seven miles to the east of Morro Castle, preparing to disembark Admiral Sampson, so that he might visit General Shafter. Horses were waiting at Siboney for the Admiral and his party. Time and again Admiral Sampson had wished to personally visit General Shafter, but until this morning he had delayed his visit, saying, “If I leave, I’m sure something will happen.” Then the situation of the army became critical, and demanded a personal interview between the commanders of the land and naval forces. Much against his will, Admiral Sampson bowed to the inevitable. Had the Spanish fleet come out twenty minutes later the Admiral of the North Atlantic squadron, the largest ever assembled under the command of one man, would have been riding over the hills to the army’s front. As it was, the “New York” had just time to turn and chase the “Maria Teresa” as she came out of the harbor.

During the entire engagement the flagship was within signal distance of the other ships, and those on board had a better view of the battle even than those on the ships that did the heavy fighting, so thick was the smoke from our own guns, which unfortunately are not provided with smokeless powder.
The “Iowa” fired the first warning shot of the battle, a 3-pounder. She was struck on the starboard side during the early part of the engagement by two 6-inch projectiles, one of which broke off her hatch plate and the combing of a water-tight compartment. Displacement, 11,340 tons; speed, 17.1 knots; maximum coal supply, 1,785 tons; complement, 506 men. Armor: belt, 14 inches; deck, 2½ inches; barbettes, 15 inches; turrets, 15 inches; casements, 6 inches. Guns—main battery: four 12-inch, eight 8-inch, six 4-inch rapid-fire. Secondary rapid-fire: twenty 6-pounders, four 1-pounders, four Colts, two field guns. Torpedo tubes, four.

**BESIDE SAMPSON ON THE “NEW YORK.”**

My first impression from the “New York,” standing on the bridge beside Admiral Sampson, was that part of the enemy’s fleet would escape. It seemed impossible for the battleships to head off the Spanish cruisers from passing the western point. If Cervera had divided his forces, it is more than likely that one or two of his ships might have escaped for the time being. For fifteen minutes, while the long range firing continued, the “New York,” rapidly coming up from the eastward, was the only ship which stood directly in the way of a flank movement by the Spanish fleet. All glasses were trained on the enemy’s ships. The four cruisers were now so close to the western shore that it was hard to make them out. Every moment I expected to see at least two of them head across the mouth of the harbor and make for the southeast, attacking the “New York” on the way. The torpedo destroyers “Pluton” and “Furor” came out of the harbor about two miles astern of the “Oquendo,” the last of the cruisers. White smoke from their tiny guns mixed with the black clouds that poured from their smokestacks. The shore batteries kept up an incessant fire to the westward.

Up to this time the scene had resembled in many respects the six bombardments I had seen and grown weary of. Inside the turrets of our battleships officers and gun captains were firing deliberately and with great care. They could hear the whistle of shells passing over their heads, for throughout the Spaniards fired high. The shells sounded different from those at the San Juan and Santiago bombardments. They were high-power modern projectiles, and did not stop to sing the weird tunes of a dropping shell. At this period of the battle the hardest fight
was going on in the engine and fire rooms, for it was evident that without speed the result was doubtful. Each captain acted on his own responsibility, following out to the best of his ability Admiral Sampson’s previously published plan of battle. The Admiral’s instructions had been simple. All he said was, “Should the enemy come out, close in and head him off.” There were no elaborate evolutions based on signals. Each man knew what was expected of his ship. From the flagship, now abreast of Morro, fluttered the signal “Close into the mouth of harbor and engage the enemy;” but there was little need for it; in fact it is doubtful whether it was seen in the excitement of the first moments of battle.

THE FULL FURY OF THE BATTLE.

It was not until the leading Spanish cruiser had almost reached the western point of the bay, and when it was evident that Cervera, with fatal policy, was leading his entire fleet in one direction, that the battle commenced in its full fury. The “Iowa” and the “Oregon” had headed straight across Morro for the shore, intending to ram one of the leading Spanish vessels. The “Indiana” was heading after them. The “Texas” was on the port beam of the “Oregon,” while the “Brooklyn” was heading straight for the western point. All were like white clouds resting lightly on the sunlit sea, punctured every few seconds with flashes of fire. The smoke from the big turrets drifted so completely over them that it was only when it lifted for a moment that we could distinguish the ships. They were keeping up an incessant fire on the rapidly approaching cruisers and torpedo boats. The tiny unprotected “Gloucester” had steamed right across the harbor mouth, and was headed for the “Oquendo,” at

From a photograph by E. M. Hart. The injuries received by the “Texas” were of a comparatively trifling nature, and were mainly the effect of the discharge of her own great guns across her deck. Displacement, 6,315 tons; speed, 17.8 knots; maximum coal supply, 850 tons; complement, 380 men. Armor: belt, 12 inches; deck, 2 inches; turrets, 12 inches. Guns—main battery: two 12-inch, six 6-inch slow-fire. Secondary rapid-fire battery: six 1-pounders, four 37-millimeter Hotchkiss, two Gatlings. Torpedo tubes, two.
closer range than any other ship, engaging the cruiser and also firing at the "Pluton" and the "Furor," which were approaching on the Gloucester's starboard beam.

Over our own and the Spanish ships huge shells winged their way, throwing the water high into the air as they exploded. Then it became apparent that the "Iowa" and the "Oregon" could not ram the leading vessels; so Captain Evans and Captain Clark sheered off until on a parallel course with the leading ships of the enemy, and brought their starboard broadsides to bear. The "Brooklyn" also changed her course. Then began the terrific slaughter. The rapid-fire guns of the "Iowa," nearest the "Maria Teresa," belched forth. The "Oregon" followed suit. The "Indiana," the "Texas," and the "Brooklyn" joined in. Six-inch, four-inch, six-pounder, and smaller shells were rained into the cruisers as they passed along in their desperate effort to escape. The battleships also directed a heavy fire against the "Pluton" and the "Furor," but clouds of black smoke from each of these small crafts, showing where shells struck, soon proved that the bigger ships could leave the torpedo boats to the "Gloucester" and the "New York." The "Oregon," going like an express train, firing main and secondary batteries simultaneously, flashed across the "Iowa's" bows, blanketing the fire of the "Texas." The "Oregon's" terrific broadsides at about twelve hundred yards, added to those of the "Iowa," the "Indiana," and the "Brooklyn," drove the Spaniards from their guns. Perfect masses of flame shot out from our battleships. Which ship did the most effective work will never be known. Gun crews, stripped to the waist, shoved shell into the breeches until the breeches glowed with heat. Rapid-firing records were broken time and again. In the turrets officers watched as well as they could the effect of their shells, and shouted to their perspiring men what they saw. Down the black passage that opens into the turret and leads to the magazines the glad word was passed. The men who worked down there cheered, though their throats were rasped with smoke and saltpeter. Through the chinks in the conning-tower, through which "Fighting Bob" Evans says he never thought you could see so much, it was seen that few flashes were coming from the guns of the "Maria Teresa" and the "Almirante Oquendo." The "Vizcaya" and "Christobal Colon" were seen forging ahead, the "Colon" leading. A moment later clouds of smoke burst out from the after ports of the "Maria Teresa" and
the "Almirante Oquendo." Then flames leaped from the portholes. Slowly both ships turned and headed for the shore. "They're on fire! We've finished them!" shouted the gun crews. Down came the Spanish flags. Somebody on the "Iowa" shouted the news through the engine-room tube. From the depths of that ship came a thunderous cheer that rose above the din of battle. Lieutenant Scheutz, the Navigator of the "Iowa," threw his arms around Lieutenant Hill, and embraced him with such glad vehemence that Hill's ribs were almost broken.

This was at 10.20 A.M. The "Vizcaya" and the "Colon" were still being pursued. The "Brooklyn" was some distance off, on the "Vizcaya's" port beam. The "Oregon" forged after them, followed by the "Iowa." Again the rapid-fire batteries did their awful work, setting fire to the "Vizcaya's" cabin and sending fragments of bodies floating down the streams of water with which the Spaniards, all in vain, flooded their decks. At 10.36 A.M. the "Vizcaya" hauled down her flag, and, burning fiercely, headed for the shore at Acerradero. The "Oregon," going sixteen knots, pushing aside the sea until it frothed up white and angry around her bow, clung on to the "Colon." Further to the southward was the "Brooklyn." Behind came the "Texas," the "Vixen," and the "New York." It was a grand chase. Now and then great puffs of smoke came from the forward thirteen-inch guns of the "Oregon." The "Brooklyn" tried her eight-inch guns, but they fell short. Gradually the "Oregon's" shells began to strike nearer. Smoke poured in such volumes from the "Colon" that many thought she was afire. Far ahead Cape Cruz loomed up. Safely inside of it, close to the shore, was the "Colon" (as shown in Diagram 3, page 409). At fifteen minutes past one the "Colon" headed in for the beach, hauled down her flag, and ran ashore at Rio Tarquino. Then what cheering, what wild exultation as the "Oregon," the "Brooklyn," the "New York," the "Texas," and the "Vixen" came up in a bunch, the "Brooklyn" first, having headed across the "Oregon's" stern, the latter ship making a long turning circle to head off the "Colon" should she play any tricks.

Such was the battle in a general way, as I saw it, and as I can gather from reports, official and personal, from the ships that were engaged. Owing to the smoke, accounts differ on various points, but I believe that the foregoing fairly represents the naval engagement of Santiago, in which four splendid Spanish cruisers, practically second-class battleships, and two of the best torpedo- destroyers in the world were defeated and wrecked, with the loss of only one man, Yeoman Ellis of the "Brooklyn," and without serious damage to any of our ships. All

ADMIRAL SAMPSON AND CAPTAIN CHADWICK ON THE "NEW YORK."

From a photograph taken by the author. A larger portrait of Admiral Sampson was published on page 179 of McClure's Magazine for June, and an article on Admiral Sampson will appear in an early number.
THE DESTRUCTION OF CERVERA’S FLEET.

THE "OREGON," THE "TEXAS," AND THE "INDIANA" FIRING ON SPANISH SHIPS.

From a photograph taken by Benjamin C. Heald, U. S. N.

the ships were struck several times, but the majority of the shells struck armor and simply glinted off. One shell went into the "Iowa" on her starboard bow a little above the water line, passed through her unprotected five-foot cofferdam, and exploded four yards in board, where it hit an armor hatch on the berth deck. The accompanying sketch shows the erratic course of the fragments after the shot exploded. One small fragment, after passing through several bags of sand protecting an ammunition hoist, cut clean in two a link of the heaviest anchor chain made. At least three hundred holes were made in the thin steel deck and bulkheads in the immediate vicinity of the explosion. The noise when the shell exploded was terrific. One Jackie told me he thought the whole ship had blown up. The gas from the shell filled the compartment, and this made it very difficult for the men to put out the fire which started on the protected deck below, where fragments of shell had passed through as the armor hatch was blown up.

ENTHUSIASM OF THE MEN.

From my own point of view, on the superstructure of the "New York," the entire battle was magnificent, though immediately around me there was not the terrible energy that was shown on the ships more directly engaged. However, even on these the scenes were not so very different from those enacted during bombardments, except that the men worked with a fierce enthusiasm which can only come from seeing your enemy right before you. As the "New York" left Aetares in the rear and sped across the harbor mouth after the Spanish fleet, every man aboard was wildly anxious to get well into the fight. Through two months of weary blockading and occasional bombarding, the flagship and her crew had waited for such an opportunity. But above this sense of personal pride and love of ship, everybody felt that the Admiral should have the chance.
to be in the thick of the fight. That he should miss the battle seemed cruel. Even the firemen, who worked tirelessly below to get full steam on the boilers, felt this, and worked the harder. Indeed, worship of the Admiral—it is nothing less, and is inspired almost solely by his potent strength of char-

His continual order was: “Let us get on, on after the enemy.” The Spaniards on shore, unhindered by opposing fire, proved themselves better marksmen than ever before. I had been under the fire of forts six previous times, and had never failed to duck as the shells whizzed close to us, but this morning the absorbing interest of the combat ahead of us drove away all realization of danger. The crew got out on the fo’castle, and led by Captain Chadwick, waving his gold-laced cap, cheered the little “Gloucester” to the echo. We were then close to the torpedo destroyers, both burning fiercely amidships. Each is said to have had a crew of seventy, and only twelve men from each escaped alive. Many of them had been blown to pieces. It was pitiful to see these beautiful long, black boats lying helpless in the water, huge columns of smoke telling of thin hulls.

Right across our bows the smoking “Maria Teresa” was heading for the beach, closely followed by the “Almirante Oquendo.” By the time we passed, Cervera’s flagship was ashore at Nimanima, and the

When the “New York” came up with the “Gloucester,” after firing four shots at one of the torpedo destroyers and hitting her fair amidships, the forts kept up a vigorous fire. The Admiral would not answer it, though two shells exploded just over the flagship and others dropped all around. “Oquendo” at Juan Gonzales, both little inlet distant from each other about half a mile and from Morro Castle about six miles. The race had been short. The stern of the “Maria Teresa” was almost under water. Both ships were about half a mile from the surf that broke on the thickly wooded shore. Clustered over their decks were groups of men. At the bow of each was a white streak leading down to the sea. It was composed of men dropping from the red-hot decks into the water. Already in the sea were long rows of the heads of men swimming shorewards. Now and then a magazine exploded, and the fires spread forward. Inside the hulls, the bodies of the helpless wounded were being burned. The Cubans on shore could hear,
amid the hissing of flame and explosion of ammunition, the shrieks and groans of Spaniards, as the flames from the burning woodwork gradually encircled them. But we on the "New York," as we sped by in hot chase of the "Vizcaya" and "Colon," knew nothing of the awful scenes enacting aboard the beached vessels. It was hours afterwards before we knew that many among those white groups on the burning decks were either so badly wounded or so paralyzed with fear that they could not drop over the side and swim for the shore. There was no cheering from the "New York's" crew as they watched the burning enemy. The sight was too awful to allow the struggling spirit of certain victory to find vent in shouting.

On we went, until the "Vizcaya" was on our starboard beam, beached and blazing, and the "Iowa" close on our port side. We gave a loud cheer to Captain Evans, who was standing at the stern shouting, "No one hurt;" and the crew of the "Iowa" crowded over turrets and cheered the Admiral, their old commander.

**RESCUING THE SPANIARDS.**

"Those Cubans are shooting them Spaniards!" yelled a quartermaster, standing beside me. From the bushes at Aserradero came puffs of smoke. Little jets rose in the water among the Spaniards swimming from the blazing "Vizcaya" for the shore. I ran up on the bridge. "Admiral," I said, "do you see those Cubans shooting at the Spaniards, naked and escaping from a burning ship?" He waited for a moment, looked carefully, then said: "The 'Vizcaya' couldn't have chosen a worse place. They ought to have known that Aserradero is a hotbed of Cubans." But the "Iowa's" boat with a flag of truce was already headed for the "Vizcaya," and the "Ericsson" was signaled to also go in to her assistance. The "New York" continued on after the "Colon," her decks shaking with the vibration of the engines. It was not until the next day that we heard how gallant American officers and Jackies had clambered up the red-hot sides of the "Vizcaya" and carried wounded men down into boats; how others swam around the "Vizcaya's" stern and implored the wounded men to drop into the sea from the rope ladder to which they clung with frenzied tenacity; how one "Iowa" man shook this rope ladder until armless, legless, half-burned Spaniards fell headlong into the water, clutching at everything they saw. They had, in some instances, to be knocked senseless before they could be pulled into the boat. All this time terrific explosions were rending the "Vizcaya's" decks, smoke, flames, and burning splinters rising almost as high as the green Cuban hills which formed the peaceful background.

Behind us, as we headed after the "Colon," rose three great columns of smoke, marking the destruction of the crack cruisers of the Spanish navy. The torpedo destroyers had ceased burning and were sunk close inshore. Our guns were trained on the "Colon," and the crew was at "general quarters," but there was no need of firing, for the shells from the "Oregon" had had the desired moral effect. When we passed the "Texas," the "Vixen," the "Brooklyn," and the "Oregon," there was great cheering. As we stopped within hail of the "Colon" we saw the flag of Spain, bedraggled, lying in folds on the quarter-deck of the stranded ship. Captain Cook of the "Brooklyn" had just boarded her. He was in the center of a group of Spanish officers. All of the prisoners were finally put on board the "Resolute," which had now come up, except General Paredeoa and his staff, who came aboard the "New York." Later followed the daring feat by Captain Chadwick, in ramming the sinking "Colon" further upon the beach, an achievement accomplished by searchlight, watched eagerly by the "Colon's" former crew and officers, and as wonderful as anything that had happened that day.

The next day I went aboard the "Iowa." A white-bearded, venerable man was sitting on the quarter-deck under the awning. He was talking in French to Passed-Assistant Surgeon Crandall about his country home in Spain. "Une très petite villa, près Cadiz," he was saying. Then he went on, talking poetically, pastorally; saying how his two daughters loved to go out when the early morning dew lay on the ground, and gather flowers. It was Admiral Cervera. You would never have thought that, the day before, he had commanded the flower of Spain's navy, and that since then he had seen the shell-riddled hulls of his vessels burning on the shores of Cuba.
THE COMMERCIAL PROMISE OF CUBA, PORTO RICO, AND THE PHILIPPINES.

BY GEORGE B. WALDRON.

The two Connecticut brothers who swapped possessions with each other until both became rich, are fairly entitled to stand for Yankee thrift and shrewdness. These qualities in a century have enabled the United States to grow in wealth four times as rapidly in population; so that today this nation of 75,000,000 people possesses $90,000,000,000 of wealth. Yet so intent have Americans been on conquering the problems at home, that they have hardly turned their attention to the world fields.

Now, however, a new era has dawned, and the United States are to take their place among the first nations of the world, not alone in bigness and in wealth, but in the competitive sale of the products of their hands and brains. Whatever else this war with Spain may do for us, it is bound to open new avenues of trade in her colonies of the East and West Indies. The islands of Cuba and Porto Rico on our eastern coast, and the Philippines, with the Carolines, the Ladrones, and other Spanish islands, on the west, together with our newly acquired Hawaiian possessions, furnish fields of unique trade opportunities. All these islands lie in the tropics, whither heretofore not an acre of our country has extended.

The natural avenues of trade are not with the sun, along parallels of longitude, but north and south, between zones of differing climate. Hence these island groups are most favorably located. They can send us the fruits of the tropics which our temperate climate produces too sparingly or not at all, and receive in return our grain and manufactures—an exchange mutually desirable and useful. Given these sources of trade, and there is scarcely a product in the world that could not be raised within our enlarged borders.

A NEW TERRITORY EQUAL TO NINE GOOD STATES.

These islands have peculiar advantages of location for us. Just off our South Atlantic coast lies Cuba. Nearly 800 miles long and from thirty to 125 miles wide, the island has an area of 42,000 square miles, or about that of the State of Ohio. Easily reached from the great harbors of the Atlantic is Porto Rico, equal to Long Island in length, but twice as broad. In the Pacific, in line with our rapidly expanding trade with Japan, China, and Australia, are the Philippines and other Spanish islands. Extending over a sea area of some 1,200 miles north and south, and double the distance along the equator, these islands number about 2,000. Many are too barren and insignificant, perhaps, ever to be of practical value. But the Philippine group itself is peculiarly fertile and surprisingly extensive. Luzon alone, upon which stands the city of Manila, has 47,000 square miles—equal in size to the State of New York. With Mindanao, scarcely inferior in size, the other islands would equal the six New Engand States, and bring the total up to 114,000 square miles.

Here, then, are Cuba and Porto Rico in the Atlantic, and the Hawaiian and Philippine groups in the Pacific, whose destiny has become intertwined with our own. Their combined area is 168,000 square miles, equaling New England, New York, Pennsylvania, and New Jersey. Their population is about 10,000,000, or perhaps one-half that of these nine home States. The Philippines, with three-quarters of the entire population, and Porto Rico, with 800,000 people, alone approach our own Eastern States in density. Cuba, prior to the war, was about as well populated as Virginia, and the Hawaiian group is as well peopled as Kansas. What, then, can these islands do for us?

SUGAR AND COFFEE FOR NEARLY ALL THE WORLD.

Americans use more sugar in proportion to population than any other nation of the world. The total consumption last year was not less than 2,500,000 tons. This is enough to make a pyramid that would overtop the tallest pyramid of Egyptian fame. Of this total, 2,200,000 tons came from foreign countries, the Spanish possessions and Hawaii
sending about twenty-five per cent. Five years earlier, when our imports were less by half a million tons, these islands supplied double this quantity, or nearly two-thirds of the nation's entire sugar import. But that was before Cuba had been devastated by war and when she was exporting 1,106,000 tons of sugar to other countries. Restore Cuba to her former fertility, and the total sugar crop of these islands will reach 1,500,000 tons, or two-thirds our present foreign demand.

But no one supposes that these islands have reached the limit of their production. Hawaii has doubled her sugar export within the past few years. Cuba, in the height of her former prosperity, had but a fraction of her sugar land under cultivation. Were all the land in use on that island, that is suited to raising sugar, it is estimated that Cuba alone could supply the demand of the entire Western Hemisphere. Add to this the possibilities in the other islands, now only at the beginning of their development, and no American need fear a lack of material to supply his sweet tooth.

With sugar, Americans rank their coffee. The annual consumption of this berry reaches 700,000,000 pounds. Yet, until Hawaii became ours, not a pound could be grown for commerce within our borders. Of the coffee imported, scarcely a half million pounds comes from these islands east and west. Still the coffee product of Porto Rico reaches 50,000,000 pounds a year. Once Cuba far outstripped her sister island in this crop, raising in a single year 90,000,000 pounds. But that was early in the century, before the island had been devastated by frequent wars. To-day almost her last coffee plantation is destroyed. But what Cuba has done she can do again, and in richer abundance, under the stimulus of American energy and skill.

The Philippines produce a coffee not equal to the best Mocha to be sure, but with a flavor peculiarly its own, and so well appreciated by the Spaniards that most of the 600,000 pounds annually raised go to that country. The Hawaiian Islands are but at the beginning of their coffee raising. Within five years their exports have increased nearly forty fold. It may be many years before these island groups will be able to produce coffee enough for the entire nation, but in five years they will be sending us a quarter of our imports of this favorite berry, and in a decade that total can easily be doubled.

TOBACCO—HAVANAS CHEAP ENOUGH FOR ANY SMOKER.

An important product of these islands which finds its way to the United States is tobacco. Our own tobacco crop averages 500,000,000 pounds, and of this, from 250,000,000 to 300,000,000 pounds goes to other countries. But the tobacco lover has a fondness for certain flavors that our own soil will not produce. The result is that no less than 25,000,000 pounds of leaf tobacco is imported, of which until recently Cuba supplied three-fourths. That island, in addition, sends out 200,000,000 cigars and 50,000,000 packages of cigarettes a year, of which forty per cent. enter the United States.

The Philippines also come in for a large place in tobacco cultivation. About 250,000,000 pounds of leaf tobacco and 150,000,000 cigars are exported. Little of this is sent directly to the United States. The Spaniard, however, is credited with a shrewdness truly Yankee in quality, since much of the "pure Havana" is said to be supplied to the Cuban factories from these East Indian islands. Under the fostering care of American enterprise and capital, this industry should develop into many fold its present value, and the time easily come when the laboring man, as well as the millionaire, enjoys his after-dinner "Havana" or "Philippine."

MANILA HEMP—TROPICAL FRUITS.

Famous the world over is the manila hemp of the Philippines. The United States import about 100,000,000 pounds a year, and of this, ninety per cent. comes directly from those islands. About twice this quantity is produced there, and hemp forms one of the chief sources of wealth to the islanders. With the demand for hemp ever increasing, and the opportunities for its culture meagerly used, there is no reason why this product may not be largely multiplied to the profit of all alike.

With the cocoa tree, the banana, the pineapple, the mango, and other tropical fruits, the islands offer an appetizing variety. But, rich as are the present Philippines, the country is scarcely at the beginning of its possibilities. Only one acre in fifteen of the soil is cultivated, and that in the wasteful and slovenly way characteristic of the native and Spanish races. Under American skill and thrift the products may be easily multi-
plied ten fold their present volume, and be vastly improved in quality.

Very similar opportunities await the Americans in Cuba. Of the 26,000,000 acres, only 2,000,000 have ever been under the plow. Yet the fertile land is easily four fold the present cultivated area. There are besides some 15,000,000 acres of virgin forest, containing such valuable timber as mahogany, cedar, logwood, redwood, ebony, and lignum vitae. So rich is the soil that fertilizers are seldom used except for tobacco, though the same crops have been grown for a hundred years.

UNTOLD RICHES IN IRON AND GOLD.

Cuba is rich in iron also—how rich no one can tell. About 140 mines have been located. Near Santiago are two mines worked by American capital, and producing from 30,000 to 50,000 tons of ore a month. This iron grades in quality with the richest in the world. Taken to our Bethlehem mills, some of it has been forged into Harveyized steel armor for the protection of American battleships in aid of "Cuba libre." On the south coast are numerous deposits of manganese, and an American company has facilities for supplying 200 tons a day. Nearly all the manganese used in this country comes from the Black Sea regions and from the northern part of South America. With the copper, coal, asphalt, and other minerals known to be in that country, Cuba has resources which are bound to be of inestimable value when her industries are dominated by men of American brains and push.

Minerals are known to be in the other islands, notably the Philippine group. Copper is abundant in Luzon particularly. Lead is found in Cebu, while iron ore underlies wide sections of Luzon and Mindanao. Undoubtedly there are extensive coal measures also, but these are little explored. Most interesting of all to the American are the gold deposits. These extend over a wide area, though their value as yet is little known. Should they prove rich, the Philippines may become another California or Klondike for rapidity of settlement and increase in wealth.

THE NEED OF THE ISLANDS FOR AMERICAN BREADSTUFFS.

Not less important are the opportunities these islands of the Atlantic and Pacific offer to our own export trade. If they can give us an abundance of the things we cannot raise at home at all, or only with difficulty, they can also take from us products that we can most easily supply. None of these islands are natural grain countries. Some of them raise a little corn, but that only with difficulty. For bread they must look to other countries, and particularly to the broad prairies of our own United States.

This is peculiarly true of Cuba. Yet so cunningly has the tariff been regulated at Madrid that it was cheaper to send our flour to Spain than to send it to that island directly from our own ports. Of course the Cubans paid the freight both ways, as well as the tolls and the pilferings to which the grain was subjected by Spanish officers on the way. This abuse was no small factor in bringing about the revolt against the mother country. Up to the opening of the war, American exports to Cuba ran from $20,000,000 to $25,000,000 a year, or only about one-third as much as the imports from Cuba to this country.

The Philippines as a field for American exports are practically a new country. These islands have been taking about $20,000,000 from foreign countries, but of this scarcely $100,000 was from the United States. It is a question of only a few months when England, Germany, and Spain will be forced to share this rich field with us.

Our annual demand upon tropical products reaches $225,000,000, which is a third of our entire imports. Of this, these island groups five years ago were supplying $100,000,000. To-day, because of Spanish wars, the aggregate has dropped below $40,000,000. When peace again prevails they can easily return to their former standard, and under American protection perhaps more than double this trade. But in the best years they have taken from us barely $30,000,000, and now their imports from us are but half that value. They took $5,000,000 in breadstuffs, $3,000,000 of our meat, and $7,000,000 of iron and steel manufactures. Not less than 65,000,000 pounds of pork and beef have found their way to these islands in a single year. No wonder that the Spanish can understand the significance of American pigs.

Thus much does our foreign trade mean with thinly populated islands under a government that uses every effort to discourage intercourse with Americans. When the population is multiplied two fold in number and ten fold in ability to produce and to consume,
what then will be our mutual trade? Fewer than 5,000,000 British colonists in Australasia exchange goods with the world to the value of $650,000,000 annually, and of this more than a third is with the mother country. When our own new colonies of the Atlantic and the Pacific reach the measure of their American development, not less than this should be their standard of trade with their mother, America, and with the world.

THE PASSING OF McIVOR.

BY CY WARMAN,

Author of "Tales of an Engineer," "The Express Messenger," "The Story of the Railroad," etc.

ANY of my readers will remember McIvor, who as he oiled the notorious 107 said to the paymaster, whose train he was to take out, "It's all poppycock—there's no such thing as an unlucky engine. This Friday talk is child's talk." And then, glancing up at the new moon, he made a wish. Later, when he hung the reprobate's boiler on a big rock in the black cañon, he came from the cab more than ever of the opinion that he was never to be killed on an engine. When he took desperate chances, it was not to save himself, but other people and his engine.

McIvor was a Virginian. Before the beard broke through his boyish face, he entered the army. He went in at one end of the war and came out at the other end, with whiskers and scars, but still proud of Virginia.

After the war, young McIvor became a locomotive engineer on one of the Southern railways. One day a lot of negroes, feeling their freedom, said they would ride on the engine, and McIvor was unable to put them off. Finally one of them, being especially frisky, said he would run the engine, and McIvor said he would not. After that there was confusion in the cab, and when it was all over, the engineer stood looking at a smoking six-shooter, letting the engine jog along to the end of the run. Along the track three negroes lay dead or dying, and a half dozen other negroes, some limping and all scared, were humping it across a meadow toward the wood. The engineer's left hand had been cooked while he was struggling to keep out of the fire-box, for the negroes had playfully attempted to poking him through the furnace door. I have heard it hinted that McIvor succeeded in locating four more of his torturers, making seven altogether; and then he went North.

I have always respected McIvor.

Taking account of the war, the negroes, and his after experience on a new railroad in the then new West, McIvor had many narrow escapes. Like most men who have lived long at the front of an express train, he was quick to act in the face of danger. One night, when the road was new and unfenced, he was falling along the Tomeche, forty minutes late, with No. 7 full of hungry people anxious to reach La Veta Hotel at Gunnison, famous as an eating-station in the days when the main line lay over Marshall Pass. The first snow was falling in the hills, and a band of half wild horses were hurrying down in the autumn twilight to a lonely ranch at the mouth of a cañon. McIvor saw them coming towards him in a deep cut. He was on a down grade, and he knew it would be impossible to stop. As he reached for the whistle he pulled the throttle wide open, for to slow down at such a time was to increase the danger. Instinctively he shouted to the fireman, who was down by the furnace door, to "look out;" and taking alarm from the cry of the engine and McIvor's voice, the fireman went up against the sloping side of the dirt cut, and rolled unconscious, but almost unharmed, along with the wind of the train. The little rockaway engine, with her wheels on sand, tumbled into the herd at a frightful rate. McIvor said he could feel the horses slamming up against his front end. They crashed over the pilot, tearing away the signal lamp, the headlight, and the stack. As soon as it was over, McIvor stopped, backed up, and found his fireman.

"You told me to jump," the fireman stammered.

"I did nothin' of the sort," said McIvor; "I merely said 'look out.'"
When the company settled with the ranchman for that night's work, they paid him for thirteen horses. McIvor had made a record that has never yet been broken; but a man with less "sand" might have made it thirteen human beings.

A few years ago a young man employed as a watchman at one of the division stations on that same railway, in a fit of anger, struck a conductor with a piece of plank, and killed him. The conductor was very popular in the town. His friends, assembling quickly, called it murder, and went at once to the jail where the young man had been locked up and murdered the murderer.

When it was all over and the men saw what had been done, they were alarmed. The good people of the town were shocked, and the whole community was sorely grieved over the tragic death of two respected citizens. Naturally, the grand jury inquired into the matter, and McIvor was one of the first men arrested. Two or three witnesses swore positively that they had heard McIvor's Virginia voice shouting at the head of the mob. Other men, equally reputable, offered to swear that McIvor was elsewhere at the moment of the hanging; but McIvor refused to let them testify in his behalf.

When, some time later, McIvor was brought from the jail to be tried, he said he was not guilty. He had a friend high in the Masonic order, as he was himself, and this man came and testified that McIvor was not in the mob, and proved it beyond the shadow of a doubt, and McIvor went free. Then some people accused him of "playing horse" with the State; but that was not true. McIvor had gone to jail to give another man, who had the same Southern accent, time to get out of the country, and he "got."

McIvor was an interesting combination of strength and weakness. As shown here, he was loyal to a friend and would suffer for him; but I don't think he ever wholly forgave an enemy. On his engine he would face death with a smile. On the ground he was as weak and erring as a village belle who has inherited her mother's beauty and a deep longing for the stage. He railroaded at all times and in all places, and used his engine or the time-card to illustrate what he had to say. Once his fireman fell in love with an interesting widow who kept a boarding-house, and he asked McIvor's consent.

"Well," said the engineer, thoughtfully, "she's sho' onto heh job; but it seems to me, Johnny, that it wud be bettah to get one just out o' the shop, an' break heh in to suit you. In that case, ye'd know all heh weak points."

Sitting the other day with Mr. John A. Hill, in his luxurious office on the fifteenth level of a big Broadway building, facing the little park just opposite the small-panel window at which Mr. Dana used to sit, we fell to talking of McIvor and his quaint sayings. Before he became known as the author of "John Alexander's Philosophy" and as the chief owner of the "American Machinist," Hill used to double-head with McIvor over the hills of Colorado.

"I sent him a story the other day," I said, "that he will recall when he reads it."

Swinging his swivel chair until he faced me squarely, Hill asked, with some surprise: "Why, don't you know that McIvor's dead?"

And now, coming back to my work after a few day's dissipation in the second city in the world, I find a letter from the little town where, for the past fifteen years, McIvor had stabled his iron horse. It was written by one of the foremen in the shops, I fancy, and was meant only to carry the news of the engineer's death and to say that his brother, who had come up from the South to settle the dead man's affairs, had expressed the wish that some acknowledgment might be made of the receipt of my story. The brother, as he read the story, had smiled through his tears, the letter said, for he had often heard McIvor himself tell the story. The two men had parted many years ago, and now the brother, coming to the little town where McIvor had lived, found four or five thousand dollars, some real estate, a few shares of mining stock—and a grave. The steady hand that had held in it hundreds of lives almost every day for the past twelve years is resting there. Perhaps of the men and women who read this recital not a few have at some time slept down the steep mountain and through the dark cañon while McIvor kept watch in the engine cab. McIvor is dead; and, as he always said it would be, he died in bed, "with his boots off."

I have no right to print the foreman's letter, but I can give the story in my own way, which, however, can never impress you as this letter has impressed me:

McIvor had been ill for three or four years—some trouble with the spine, a thing common enough among enginemen. He would lay off for a while, go up and down the coun-
try, experimenting with the many hot springs of the West and fooling with widely advertised Chinese doctors—who are usually brought in from the nearest laundry, hung about with baggage checks, and propped up on a sort of throne under a big umbrella. Finally, a few months ago, his engine went into the "back shops" to be rebuilt, and McIVor's friends persuaded him to go to the hospital, get well, and be ready for her when she should come out. This hospital is maintained by the employees and the company, and McIVor, who had been one of the directors, knew that it was not a bad place—much better, in fact, than the average hotel; and so, after fighting down a natural dread of such institutions, he finally went to live at the hospital. For a while he was reasonably well contented, but his health did not improve; indeed he seemed to grow worse from week to week.

At first he kept quiet—racing, as it were, with his engine, to see which would get out first. Then when the newly turned wheels had been replaced beneath the boiler, the old engineer used to cross the teetering foot-bridge that hung over the Arkansas and sit for hours watching the workmen putting the engine in shape for the road. "Towards the last," writes his friend, the foreman, "the doctor used to try to keep him away, for he would not go back to the hospital at noon to eat. All day, from the first to the last whistle, he would sit by, getting up now and then to help adjust the different parts of the machine."

Every new device in the store McIVor would have. The old-fashioned oil-cups had to be removed and glass ones put on instead. The latest patent lubricators and a spring seat in the cab he asked for, and the master mechanic, knowing that these things were not for McIVor, said, "All right—give it to him," and then went into his office to think. Day by day, as the engine assumed her normal shape, growing bright and beautiful under the painter's touch, the engineer wasted away.

In the course of time he began to realize this fact, for now he urged them to get her out as soon as possible, so that he might break her in for the road. By the time the last touches were being put on the new engine, it was necessary for some one to walk over the swinging bridge with the engineer when the six o'clock whistle blew. Finally she was finished and fixed up, but that night they had to carry McIVor over the river to the hospital, and the next day he was unable to leave his bed.

Nobody spoke now of the engine to him, and he never spoke of it himself. One day, a week or two after his last trip over the bridge, the master mechanic went in to see him. McIVor was lying apparently asleep, with his face to the wall. Presently a whistle sounded, and, turning quickly on his back, he looked steadily into the face of the master mechanic. The master mechanic knew what was in his mind, and, pitying him, waited for him to speak.

"That's the Hund'ed-an'-sixty-eight," said McIVor.

"It's Blodget," said the master mechanic, evasively, "coming in with Mr. Jeffrey's special."

"It makes no difference who's handlin' heh, or what she's haulin', that's th' Hund'ed-an'-sixty-eight," said McIVor, and he turned his face once more to the wall.

That evening some friends came in to see him, and McIVor said abruptly: "Look a-heah! When I leave the rail, I want you—all to plant me whuh I go down, an' don't let my people go haulin' me about; I'm tia'd, an' I want a rest."

"Say," he called as his friends were leaving, "ast Mistah Jones's padon for th' way I spoke to him to-day. Come to think, I guess I don't own the engine anyway, only it seems they might a kep' heh whistle closed till I was out o' hea'hn."

But that was the last time the whistle came to trouble him, for before the Hundred-and-sixty-eight came in on her next trip McIVor was dead.
It is impossible to be in Turkey very long without hearing of Nasr-ed-din, the famous hoja, or teacher, of whose remarkable sayings and doings the people are always talking. Who he was nobody knows; when he lived no one can say; perhaps he never lived; but he is today the most interesting character in the Sultan's wide empire. He is at once the clown and philosopher, the hero and buffoon, of a nation. He is loved and laughed at; and the wisdom embodied in his homely experiences has perhaps settled more quarrels than the Koran, for there is no argument that will convince a Turk so quickly as an aptly quoted story.

Here are a few Nasr-ed-din tales that I have put down in English as they have come to my notice:

One day a neighbor came to Nasr-ed-din and said: "Hoja Efendi, will you lend me your donkey to ride on to-day?"

The hoja replied that the donkey was not there, but the words had scarcely left his lips when the donkey brayed in the stable. Then the neighbor chided him for his deceit; but Nasr-ed-din, unabashed, said: "What kind of a man are you, to take a donkey's word rather than mine?"

It happened once that Nasr-ed-din was awakened in the middle of the night by his wife, who whispered to him in fright that there were robbers in the house. "Get up," she urged, "and drive them away."

"Hush, woman," said the hoja, knowing that the house was bare. "Let them search well, and if they find anything we will go shares."

One day Nasr-ed-din went to a feast in poor clothes, and saw that no man paid him respect. So he went home and put on his fine fur coat, and came to the feast once more. Then all the guests crowded about him, and bade him dine with them. Whereupon the hoja took off his fur coat, and laying it by the table, said: "Eat, Mr. Coat, the invitation is for you."

A man came to Nasr-ed-din one day to borrow a piece of string. The hoja went into the
house for a few minutes, and coming out, said that all his string was being used to spread flour on.

"How is it possible to spread flour on string?" asked the man, wondering.

"That is nothing," said Nasr-ed-din; "if I was bound not to lend my string, I would even spread water on it."

One of the kinsmen of Nasr-ed-din was very ill, and neighbors called to ask after his health. "He died yesterday," said the hoja, "but today he is a little better."

A man came to the hoja on one occasion and asked what he would charge to teach his son to read.

"Three hundred piasters," said Nasr-ed-din.

"That is a high price," said the man; "for that I could buy six donkeys."

"Buy them," said Nasr-ed-din, "and your son will make the seventh."

Nasr-ed-din had a dream one night, and he dreamed that a man offered him nine piasters in a bargain.

"It is not enough," said the hoja; "you must give me ten." Just then he woke up, and finding no money in his hand, closed his eyes in haste and cried, "Give them quick; I'll take nine."

One day Nasr-ed-din be-
he went back into the house, his wife asked him what the trouble was.

"It's all right," he said; "they were quarreling about our blanket. As soon as they got it the quarrel ended."

One day Nasr-ed-din went up the mountain to cut wood, and being in a happy state of mind, he sat on the limb which he was cutting. Just then a shepherd warned him of his danger, but even as he spoke the limb broke, and the hoja got a fall. Nasr-ed-din lay there for some time reflecting on this happening, and the shepherd went his way. But presently the hoja sprang up and ran after the shepherd, calling, "Stop, man, I have things to say to you." And when he had come up to the shepherd, he said: "My friend, you are wiser than I: you knew when the limb was going to break; therefore tell me now the day when I shall die."

To pacify Nasr-ed-din, the shepherd said: "When it happens that your donkey brays once carrying a load up-hill, then you may know that you are half dead. And if the donkey brays again, then you will be entirely dead."

Some time after this, as Nasr-ed-din was driving his donkey up-hill with a load of wood, it happened that the donkey brayed. Then the hoja remembered the shepherd’s words, and waited in terror for another bray to come. After several minutes the donkey brayed again, whereupon the hoja exclaimed, "Now I am dead," and laid himself down on the road.

Soon the people gathered about him, and some brought a bier and began to bear him to his house.

And as they went they came to a sad place full of mud and water, and paused a moment, hesitating which way to take. Then the hoja lifted himself and said: "When I was alive, I used to go on that side."

At one time Nasr-ed-din went to Diarbekir in search of work, and there he saw very large water-melons, and asked a man what they were. The man, taking Nasr-ed-din for a foolish fellow, told him they were the eggs of donkeys.

Nasr-ed-din believed this, and when he had finished his work in Diarbekir, he bought one of the melons and started home with it. When he reached the top of the hill near his house, he took the melon out of his bag to look at it. But the melon slipped from his hands and rolled down the hill, landing in a rabbit’s hutch. At this the rabbit, being frightened, darted from the hutch. "Behold," cried the hoja, "the cot has come out from the egg," and ran after it. The rabbit took refuge in a vineyard which, by chance, belonged to Nasr-ed-din. And when the hoja came up breathless from the chase, he asked his wife, whom he met, if she had seen the new colt. His wife, thinking that he had really bought a colt, replied, "Blessings on you, man; I am going to ride the colt to the bath-house."

When Nasr-ed-din heard these words, he felt great alarm, thinking that the little colt was hidden by his wife’s garments; so he called out: "Come down from the colt, you cruel woman; you will break its back. It has only just come out of the egg."

While walking in the fields one day, Nasr-ed-din saw horsemen in the distance, and taking them to be robbers, undressed himself hastily and hid his
ed-din gave them soup also. Finally still others came, and said they were friends of the neighbors of the man who brought the hare.  

"Welcome, then," said the hoja, and brought them hot water in glasses.  

"What is this?" asked the guests.  

"This," said Nasr-ed-din, "is water, boiled in the pot where the hare was cooked."

One day a beggar knocked at Nasr-ed-din's door. "What is it?" asked the hoja from the roof.  

"Come down, sir, I beg of you. I have something to say."

When Nasr-ed-din had come down the stairs, the beggar said, "Kind master, please give me some money."

"Come with me," said Nasr-ed-din; and when the beggar had climbed to the top of the house, Nasr-ed-din settled himself in his chair and said: "May God give to you."  

"You might have told me that while I was down below," grumbled the beggar.  

"Yes," said Nasr-ed-din, "and you might have told me your business while I was up here."

One night for supper the wife of Nasr-ed-din boiled the soup a long time, so that it would burn the hoja's throat; but when they sat down, she forgot the trick and took some of the soup herself. Seeing the tears come out of her eyes, Nasr-ed-din inquired what was the matter. Not wishing him to know what brought the tears, the wife replied: "My blessed mother liked soup very much, and I weep because she is dead."

At this the simple-minded hoja began to eat his soup, but at the first spoonful he burst into tears.

"Why do you weep?" asked his wife.

"I weep," said Nasr-ed-din, "that you and your blessed mother did not die together."

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ed-din would whisper in his ear: 'Take care, my brother..."
One day, when the Hoja was putting on his turban, he lost the end of it, and after trying in vain to catch it, he flew into a great rage, and determined to sell the turban. So he took it to the market and sought for a purchaser. But whenever a man came forward to inquire the price, Nasr-ed-din would bend over and whisper in his ear: "Take care, my brother; don't buy this turban, for it is impossible to find the end of it."

HOW THE NEWS OF THE WAR IS REPORTED.

WAR with Spain began, so far as the newspapers were concerned, when the "Maine" was blown up in Havana harbor. The explosion occurred at 9.40 o'clock on the evening of February 15, 1898. At half-past two on the following morning the first reports, filed by the correspondents in Havana, reached New York, and at daylight newsboys in every city in America were crying the extras which gave the details of the disaster. Before noon on the 16th, a tug steamed out of the harbor at Key West with three divers on board. In the few hurried hours after the news reached New York "The World" had telegraphed its representative in Key West, and divers had been roused out of bed, had collected their paraphernalia, and had embarked on the newly chartered tug for Havana.

Early in the afternoon, "The World" correspondent in Havana received the following cabled instructions:

"Have sent divers to you from Key West to get actual truth, whether favorable or unfavorable. First investigation by divers, with authentic results, worth $1,000 extra expense to-morrow alone."

But when the divers arrived, they were not allowed to make a descent, and all that the newspaper sponsors of the enterprise derived from the expedition was a bill of expense amounting to nearly $1,000.

This was the beginning. During the next few days scores of correspondents were rushed into Havana, and half a hundred great newspapers began to fill with news and pictures of the wreck. From the very first, the hand of the Spanish censor worked havoc with the reports. A correspondent never was certain what he wrote would reach his paper. In a week's time the transmission of messages had become so uncertain that the newspapers of New York began telegraphing to different cities along the Atlantic and Gulf coasts to secure suitable despatch-boats for carrying their messages from Havana to Key West, in order to avoid the censor. One paper chartered a boat in New York, another secured one in Charleston, several were hired in Florida ports, and there was a wild rush for Havana.

For a few weeks, messages flew back and forth across the troublous Florida Straits, and each newspaper found itself very well served by a single steamer. But with the approach of actual war and the attendant blockade, a more extended service became necessary, and several newspapers acquired a veritable fleet of vessels—three, four, and five—to patrol the waters of the West Indies.

All of these vessels were swift, ocean-going steamers, capable of making from twelve to fourteen knots an hour, and carrying crews of a dozen men or more, with several correspondents. At least two despatch-boats chartered by New York newspapers were formerly private yachts, fitted with dynamos, powerful searchlights, and a hundred and one other conveniences.

Previous to the declaration of war, the sole service of these despatch-boats was a daily trip between Havana and Key West, and the sole cargo was a little package of copy which a man might carry in the breast pocket of his coat. But it was a most expensive mission. Owing to the threatened hazards of war, ship owners exacted from $5,000 to $9,000 a month for the use of each of these boats, and the newspapers were required to bear the additional expense of fire, marine, accident, and war insurance, which the alarmed underwriters of New York had fixed at the enormous rate of eight per cent. a month—equal in a year to nearly the total value of the boat. One New York newspaper pays $2,200 a month insurance on a single tug—and it has five boats in service in different parts of the world.

In addition to these initial expenses, the
newspapers must buy their own coal and supplies, at war-time prices, and pay the salaries of the correspondents who direct the boats. One managing editor showed me his salary list for a single week, including only war correspondents. It amounted to $1,463.51. A single correspondent, representing another New York paper, is said to receive $10,000 a year.

Nor is this all. Every time a despatch-boat made port in Havana harbor, a rapacious Spanish officer swooped down upon it and collected all manner of fees—health-office fees, custom-house fees, and fees for clear water to use in the boilers, to say nothing of pilotage charges—a total of from $70 to $125 a day for this purpose alone. At the Key West end of the voyage, there were still further charges, rendered necessary by the inevitable medical certificate and the pilot hire. Expenses are paid in cash, and the correspondents find it necessary to go loaded down with all the gold they can carry. Gold will lubricate a way out of almost any difficulty.

These figures will give some idea of the cost of maintaining the war-news service in Cuban waters, and yet they are only the initial expenses. During the height of the "Maine" excitement, and many times afterwards, the correspondents of single New York papers filed as high as 5,000 words a day at the cable office in Key West, often with supplementary censored despatches direct from Havana. The cable rates from Key West to New York are five cents a word for press despatches, making a charge of $250 a day for this item alone; and after a despatch is received, it is often crowded by more important news into a mere paragraph, the greater part of the high-priced message going to the newspaper limbo—"on the floor."

After the correspondents were driven out of Havana and the blockade was begun, the difficulties and hazards of getting the news were immeasurably increased. The correspondents were subjected to a constant and exhausting strain on body and mind, and they knew not at what moment they might find themselves in the thick of a great battle. The blockade off Havana was 120 miles long, and, to "cover" it properly, a newspaper had to speak every ship in the line every day. No one despatch-boat could do this successfully and get back to Key West with the news. Accordingly, several papers employed two boats on the blockade, one at each end. They patrolled the fleet and met near the middle, where they spoke across the tossing water of the straits through a megaphone; and then the steamer which was to act as messenger let down a boat and sent it across to the other. Here a package of despatches, recounting the doings of the last half day, an illustration or two drawn by a special artist, and a number of photographs and films, were taken aboard and transferred to the messenger steamer. With its cargo complete the swift little vessel then sped northward toward Key West, the correspondents who still remained aboard of her working steadily at a long desk in the cabin. If it was at night, the crew of the messenger boat never knew at what moment there might come the shrill challenge of a blockader:

"Ahoy, there! Who are you?"

In such a case, the captain came to instantly, knowing well enough that any indecision might bring a twenty-pound shot crashing through his bows. Not infrequently there were several challenges in a single trip, showing the effectiveness of the blockade.

If the news was very important the messenger boat blew a whistle signal as it entered Key West, and the correspondent on shore hurried out with a launch to bring in the precious budget of reports. A cab was ready at the wharf, and a few minutes later the news was singing over the wires to New York.

The big, rolling men-of-war were always most friendly to the sociable little despatch-boats, even if they did sometimes rouse a weary correspondent out of his bunk at night with a fierce challenge. If anything of importance had happened during the day, an officer was ready to shout the news. In return for the favor, the despatch-boats brought the precious gossip of the line, letters to the men, newspapers, and sometimes light supplies. The Associated Press and the Laffan News Bureau ("The Sun") each had a man on the flagship "New York," as well as on the "Brooklyn" of the flying squadron. They were also represented on several other ships by officers who acted as correspondents. When the despatch-boats of these organizations appeared, the men aboard had their reports all written. If it happened to be rough weather, so that the messenger boat dared not venture near the precipice of steel, the news copy was bottled up and tossed overboard, being afterwards picked up by the men of the despatch vessel—unless some prowling shark had seen fit to swallow it.

When the outworks at Matanzas were bombarded by the "New York" and her con-
sorts, the New York "Herald" boat lay up to the wind, and its correspondent stood calmly in the prow with his watch out, counting the shots that shrieked overhead. There happened to be no other newspaper boat in sight, and the "Herald" ran to cover with a "beat." Since then neither the "New York" nor the "Brooklyn" moves anywhere without a clustering fleet of jealously despatch-boats puffing and snorting in her wake.

After all the excitement and hardship attending the gathering of this war news, the correspondent might arrive in Key West only to make the heart-breaking discovery that he could not get his message through to his paper. Only two cables run between Key West and Punta Rosia, on the mainland of Florida, and government despatches, which take precedence over all others, utilize one of them almost exclusively. Correspondents for half a hundred papers were crowding to secure the early use of the other line, and, if there was some important piece of news to be reported, the wire was soon overloaded, and the poor fellow who came late, sweating and excited, had little chance of getting his message through. To escape the possibility of such a failure, one New York paper made arrangements to have a despatch-boat run with its messages to Miami, on the mainland, but the scheme did not work successfully, owing to the time involved.

Even after the war began, newspaper readers were astonished to see almost daily despatches from Havana, often containing matter which no censor would have passed. How did they get through?

When American correspondents left Havana, many newspapers made arrangements with some friendly Spaniard or Englishman, or in one case with an American who had lived nearly all his life on Cuban soil, to stand watch and send news messages at every possible opportunity. There was little use of employing the cable, owing to the patriotic activity of the censor, although a little veiled news came through in this way. For instance, one despatch read, "General Gomez has retreated from A. to B. with a large force of men." This just suited the censor, and he let it go through. The telegraph editor in New York read between the lines. By consulting a map he found that B. was nearer Havana than A., and that this retreat was in reality an advance upon the Spanish capital. But such subterfuges were uncertain and unsatisfactory, and a far more serviceable plan was formed for entirely eluding the Spanish authorities. The corres-

spondent in Havana quietly wrote out his despatches and sent them down by special messenger to the coast near Mariel, which is only a short distance west of Havana. One paper arranged with a country tradesman who made daily trips to Havana to act as its courier. At five o'clock on Monday, seven on Tuesday, ten on Wednesday, and so on through the week, a different hour for each day, the despatch-boat was to approach the coast, and, upon signal that the enemy was not in sight, send a swift boat ashore for the messages. It was a highly difficult and dangerous mission, but a good many Havana despatches have come by this roundabout route.

In addition to these secret resident correspondents in Havana itself, several newspaper men have ventured into the interior to join the insurgents, although they were well aware that they took their lives in their hands when they did it. All of these men made arrangements to return, at a specified hour, on one of two or three days, to a certain point on the coast, where a warship or a despatch-boat had appointed to meet them.

With the earliest intimations of a declaration of war public interest, which had been centering around the "Maine" disaster, shifted to Washington and Madrid.

The newspapers of New York made elaborate preparations for spreading the first news of the war resolution. A correspondent was on watch in Congress; a score of feet away a telegraph operator sat ready with his finger on the key; the wire was wide open, and in the composing-rooms of at least two New York papers a linotype operator, who was also a telegraph operator, sat at his machine ready to tick the words into type the moment they sprung from the wire. Three minutes after the declaration of war was passed, the newsboys were struggling up out of the "Journal" delivery-room crying an extra announcing the news. In three minutes the correspondent had gathered and written the news—just a line or two of it—the despatch had been sent from Washington to New York, had been set up in type, printed, and delivered on the street, ready for sale at a penny. This remarkable time record was rendered possible by a process known as "fudging." The type lines set by the linotype-telegraph operator are wider at the top than at the base, so that when placed together they form the section of a small cylinder. They are firmly clamped in an ingenious little supplemental machine consisting of a cylinder and an inking roll
for red ink. This is attached to a revolving shaft at the top of one of the huge printing presses, and so arranged that when the paper comes rushing through from the regular type cylinders below, the “fudge” prints a big red “WAR” and a few lines of extra news in spaces left for that purpose in the right hand columns of the edition. This is the genesis of the “Red Extra,” and it is a typical development of modern journalism.

While the correspondents in Washington were busy with the liveliest kind of news, the activities of a great nation stripping for war, the newspapers were experiencing untold trouble in getting news from Spanish points. Distinctly American correspondents found little comfort in Madrid after the departure of General Woodford, but there yet remained Englishmen, Frenchmen, and friendly Spaniards who could send despatches. However, it was impossible for them to cable any news of importance, even to London and Paris papers, owing to the strict Spanish censorship. The correspondents repeatedly filed despatches addressed to English papers with the necessary peseta’s worth of stamps attached, only to find that their work had been unceremoniously thrown into the censor’s waste-basket.

“If you don’t send our messages,” they expostulated, “you should return the cable tolls.”

But the piratical Spanish authorities, one bureau after another, shrugged their shoulders in the expressive Spanish way and returned nothing. More than one New York paper lost thousands of dollars in this manner.

Finally, Madrid correspondents devised a scheme for sending their despatches by special couriers, a six hours’ run by rail, across the Spanish border to Bayonne or Biarritz, in France, where they can cable without molestation. In every case the couriers are required to pay the cable tolls in advance, and, in the present feverish condition of the Spanish people, they must be most circumspect in their demeanor if they expect to escape with their lives, to say nothing of the money which they carry. The total expense for the Spanish news service, including couriers, tolls, and correspondence, sometimes reaches $2,000 a week for a single New York paper.

In addition to its regular correspondence from Madrid, one newspaper engaged, by cable, British residents of Cadiz, Barcelona, and Carthagena to report the movements of Spanish war-vessels. They were instructed to send their messages in French to an alleged commercial house in Paris, in reality the Paris representative of the paper, there to be translated and forwarded to New York. By this means the Spanish censors were thrown off their guard, and for a time the doings of Spanish ships were known in New York almost as promptly as the movements of vessels in the Narrows.

Anticipating trouble at Porto Rico, with the probability of a great naval battle not far distant, several American newspapers, together with the Associated Press, made an attempt to locate correspondents at the Spanish port of San Juan. The “World” sent Mr. George Bronson Rea, who speaks Spanish fluently and who hoped to pass as an Englishman that had long been a resident of Spain. He had made arrangements to send messages by code to a fictitious business office in London. But he met with trouble from the start. He found not only an obdurrate censor, but highly suspicious officials. Upon the receipt of a cablegram containing the word “fortifications,” he was immediately placed under police surveillance and threatened with instant imprisonment if he attempted to escape. A few days later, Mr. Rea, with an eye to cable tolls, sent from St. Thomas this laconic, but graphic, narrative of his adventures:


Since Mr. Rea’s adventures, St. Thomas, in the Danish West Indies, has been made the news base for American correspondence. Here despatches may be sent to New York by way of the Haiti cable, at the rate of seventy-three cents a word, or they may go from Kingston, Jamaica, to the Bermuda Islands and around by Halifax, Nova Scotia, to New York, at the same rate.

At all points where correspondents are sending despatches a newspaper must establish a credit in gold, identify its representative, and prepay the charges on cablegrams. Although this may seem a mere detail of the work, it often involves much exasperating delay and expense.

Wherever there is a censor, no despatches in cipher are allowed. Messages may be “briefed” by the omission of unimportant words, but they must always be in “plain language,” whether English, French, or Spanish. These restrictions have given rise to a
number of exceedingly clever codes, whereby messages may seem to say one thing when they mean quite another. The American newspaper has learned that a Spanish censor will allow a demand for money to go through when he will blue-pencil everything else. Accordingly the codes are made to center around the transmission of money. For instance, a correspondent cables the editor of his paper:

"Send $500 quickly. Wire instructions."

To the Spanish censor this looks like the most innocent of requests, and he is deeply interested in having money come into the country. So he lets it go. At New York it reads in quite a different way—"Battle. Vizcaya' sunk. American fleet now off Porto Rico." If the despatch had read, "Send $600" or "send $700," it would have meant "Almerante Oquendo' sunk," or "Cristobal Colon' sunk;" and if it had been "Cable directions," instead of "Wire instructions," it would have meant "American fleet disabled and retreating." And so on through infinite variations.

One New York paper arranged to protect itself still further by having its code despatches sent by a commercial man in the Spanish port to a supposed banking house in London.

Not to be deterred from the hope of sending the first news of the anticipated naval conflict off Porto Rico, one correspondent used his Yankee wit and chartered the Danish steamer "Tyr," at Baltimore, and went with her at once to St. Thomas. She sailed under the Danish flag, and her captain had his Danish papers. Consequently, if she crossed the track of the Spanish fleet she could not be molested. If she was hailed she could report that she was a Danish steamer bound down from Copenhagen, by way of Baltimore, to St. Thomas, with a cargo of cheese, and the correspondent could lie quietly below and take snap-shots of the Spaniards through a port-hole. If the "Tyr" blundered into a naval conflict, as she could be depended upon to do, she would be as safe from molestation as an English vessel. And yet, even with the protection of a foreign flag, the correspondent takes many desperate chances—but it is a business of chances, and its success is measured in chances.

While these things were happening at the seat of war in Cuban waters, Admiral Dewey was advancing upon Manila, more than 10,000 miles away, and a great naval battle was impending. It was impossible even for a New York newspaper to place a staff correspondent either in Hong Kong or in the Philippine Islands before the action was over, and yet three of the inevitable American reporters were actually being carried with the fleet into the battle in Manila Bay. These were Mr. John T. McCutcheon, an artist and correspondent for the "Chicago Record," and Mr. E. W. Harden of the "Chicago Post," who were fortunate enough to be on board the "McCulloch," and Mr. Joseph L. Stickney of the New York "Herald," who accompanied Admiral Dewey on the "Olympia." Several unrepresented papers succeeded in securing the services of correspondents of London papers at Manila and Hong Kong. Others cabled the United States Consul at Hong Kong, requesting him to engage a suitable person to cable early news of the movements of Dewey's fleet. After the cable was cut, a New York paper, in its eagerness to be the first to tell the tale of victory, chartered a despatch-boat at Hong Kong and ordered it to sail at once for Manila. Some idea of the expense involved in all of these inquiries and instructions, with the resultant despatches, may be formed when it is known that for every message received by cable from Hong Kong the newspapers pay $1.60 a word.

At the Cape Verde Islands, the Canary Islands, Martinique, in the West Indies, Rio Janeiro, and other points from which war despatches have been received, the newspapers of America may have had no regular correspondents, but so well organized is the news service of the world that there is always some man, be his nationality what it may, who is the authorized correspondent of some paper or news association. If he reports to any city in the world, his news finds its way within a few hours to the newspapers of the United States. This was strikingly illustrated by the prompt and definite news which American papers received from the far away Cape Verde Islands the moment the Spanish fleet touched port, the messages coming by way of the Madeira Islands, Lisbon; and Penzance, England, and so to New York, at a cable toll of eighty-six cents a word.

The organization of the news service for reporting the great events at Santiago, and the ingenuity and bravery of the correspondents who attended the land and naval forces through their historic achievements there, call for separate treatment, and cannot be gone into here. It must suffice to say that they form one of the most interesting chapters in all newspaper history.
EDITORIAL NOTES.

McCLURE'S AND THE WAR.

The war with Spain raised new and difficult problems for the editors of all periodicals. It was obviously an opportunity to suffer a large loss or secure a large gain in circulation, and the hard question was how to deal with it so as to have the gain rather than the loss. We have good reason to believe that the course followed by the editors of McCURE’s was not an unwise one. In the last four months—May, June, July, and August—the circulation of the Magazine has increased 428,357 copies over that for the corresponding months of last year, an average increase per month of 107,089 copies.

It is not our design, in dealing with the war, either to compete with the newspapers in gathering and publishing the current news of the war, or to anticipate the labors of the historian by presenting a history of it. Our design is, however, as shown in this and previous numbers of the magazine, to publish carefully written articles by actual participants in the most notable and important events. Thus, in the present number, we give accounts of the destruction of Admiral Cervera’s fleet from two exceptionally well-qualified observers who were on the flagships of Admiral Sampson and Commodore Schley throughout the engagement. In the August number, we published Colonel Rowan’s account of his own hazardous journey across Cuba on a secret mission from the government. In the October number, we shall have a participant’s dramatic account of the life and movements of the army in the investment and capture of Santiago.

A COMBINATION WITH THE “LADIES’ HOME JOURNAL.”

A combination has been formed by the Doubleday and McClure Company and the “Ladies’ Home Journal” for the publication of a series of dainty novelettes and also of a number of books of special practical value. The combined circulation of McClure’s Magazine and the “Ladies’ Home Journal” is more than 1,250,000 copies a month, which means some 6,000,000 readers, certainly the largest list of book-buyers ever reached directly. The editions of these books will be about ten times as large as the usual first printing of new books, and the readers of both periodicals will be supplied at proportionately low prices.

MISS TARBEll’s LATER LIFE OF LINCOLN.

In the November number will begin the second part of Miss Tarbell’s “Life of Lincoln.” The period covered in this work is that of Lincoln’s Presidential career, beginning with the campaign of 1860, when he was first elected, and ending with his assassination in 1865. The point of view of the work is entirely different from that of other lives of the great Civil War President. It will not be a history of the times. It will not attempt to trace the campaigns and describe the battles of the war. It will be, rather, a study of the man Lincoln, depicting his personal relations to all the leading men in public life and in the army and navy, as well as his relations to the common soldier and to the plain people. It will show him in his daily life at the White House and in his summer cottage at the Soldier’s Home, and describe his visits to battlefields, hospitals, camps, and forts.

RUDYARD KIPLING’S NEW STORIES.

We are sure that our readers are interested in Rudyard Kipling’s works, and we are glad to announce that our Book Department will soon publish a new volume by Mr. Kipling, entitled “The Day’s Work.” It will contain nearly all the short stories he has written during the last five years, revealing him in his most mature and strongest work. Other early publications by the Book Department will be “The Lady of Castell March,” by Owen Rhoscomyl, which is the first of an interesting series of Dollar Novels; General Nelson A. Miles’s “Military Europe;” and several important books on nature study, with colored plates, including one by the author of “Bird Neighbors,” entitled “Birds that Hunt and are Hunted,” with nearly fifty colored plates; a “Butterfly Book,” by Dr. W. J. Holland, superbly illustrated in colors; and “Flashtlights on Nature,” by Grant Allen.
BETWEEN TWO SHORES.

BY ELLEN GLASGOW,

Author of "Phases of an Inferior Planet," etc.

HE was leaning against the railing of the deck, gazing wistfully down upon the sea of faces on the landing below. She wore a skirt and coat of brown cloth, and her veil was raised in a white film above her small hat.

In the crowd clustering about her eager for the last glimpse of friends she looked shy and nervous, and her brown eyes were dilated in alarm. Despite her thirty years, there was something girlish in her shrinking figure—a suggestion of the incipient emotions of youth. The fine lines that time had set upon brow and lips were results of the flight of undifferentiated days, and lacked the intensity of experimental records. One might have classified her in superficial survey as a woman in whom temperamental fires had been smothered, rather than extinguished, by the ashes of unfulfilment. To existence, which is a series of rhythmic waves of the commonplace, she offered facial serenity; to life, which is a clash of opposing passions, she turned the wistful eyes of ignorance.

A tall girl, carrying an armful of crimson roses, pressed against her, and waved a heavily scented handkerchief to some one upon the landing. On the other side, a man was shouting directions in regard to a missing piece of baggage. "I marked it myself," he declared frantically. "It was to have been shipped from New Orleans to the Cunard dock. I marked it 'Not wanted' with my own hands, and, by Jove, those dirty creoles have taken me at my word."

She rested her hand upon the railing, and leaned far over. Down below, a pretty girl in a pink shirt waist was kissing her gloved finger tips to a stout gentleman on deck. An excited group were waving congratulations to a bride and groom, who looked fatigued and slightly bored. She yawned and bowed her head to avoid the spoke of a black parasol sheltering the lady on her right. For the first time she recognized in this furtive shrinking a faint homesickness, and her thoughts recoiled to the dull Southern home, to the sisters-in-law who made her life burdensome, and to the little graveyard where the husband she had never loved lay buried. The girl with the crimson roses jostled her rudely, and from behind, some one was treading upon her gown. The insipid heat of the July sun flashed across her face, and in a vision she recalled the sweeping pastures of the old plantation, with the creek where the willows grew and the thrushes sang. Then the odor of the heavily scented handkerchief half sickened her. From the crowd some one was calling to the girl in tones of reassurance: "See you in London? Of course. Booked for 'Campania,' sailing twenty-sixth."

Suddenly the steamer gave a tremor of warning, and a volley of farewells ascended from below.

"Pleasant voyage!" called the man to the girl beside her. "Pleasant voyage!" called some one to the lady on her right. Then she realized that she was alone, and for the first time regretted that her father-in-law had not come. When the news of his delay had first reached her and she had volunteered to start alone, she had experienced a vivid elation. There was delight in the idea of freedom—of being accountable to no one, of being absolutely independent of advice. Now she wished that she had an acquaintance who would wish her godspeed, or shout an indistinct pleasanty from the crowded landing.

The steamer moved slowly out into the harbor, and the shore was white with fluttering good-byes. The girl still waved the scented cambric. Then the distance lapsed into gradual waves of blue.

She left the railing, and stumbled over a group of steamer chairs placed midway of the deck. She descended to her state-room, which was in the center of the ship. At the door she found the stewardess, who inquired if she was "Mrs. L. Smith."

"That is my name, and I am going to be ill. I know it."
"Lie down at once. And about this bag? I thought it would give you more space if I put it in the gentleman's room. He hasn't much luggage."

Lucy Smith looked up in mystification. "But it is mine," she explained, "and I want it."

Then the boat gave a lurch, and she undressed and climbed into her berth.

The next day, after a sleepless night, she struggled up and left her state-room, the stewardess following with her wraps. At the foot of the stairs she swayed, and fell upon the lowest step. "It is no use," she said plaintively, "I can't go up. I can't indeed."

The stewardess spoke with professional encouragement. "Oh, you're all right," she remonstrated. "Here's the gentleman now. He'll help you."

"Isn't there but one gentleman on board?" Mrs. Smith began, but her words failed.

Some one lifted her, and in a moment she was on deck and in her chair, while the stewardess wrapped her rugs about her and a strange man arranged the pillows under her head. Then they both left her, and she lay with closed eyes.

"Perhaps you would like yesterday's 'Herald'?'" said a voice.

She started from an uncertain doze, and looked around her. Hours had passed, and since closing her eyes the sea had grown bluer and the sun warmer. A pearl-colored foam was glistening on the waves. "I beg your pardon," she replied, turning in the direction whence the words came, "did you speak?"

The man in the next chair leaned towards her, holding a paper in his hand. He was tall and angular, with commonplace features, lighted by the sympathetic gleam in his eyes. "I asked if you would like a 'Herald'?'" he repeated.

She looked at him reproachfully. "I am ill," she answered.

He smiled. "Oh, I beg your pardon," he said. "You didn't look it, and it is so hard to tell. I offered a lemon to that gray-green girl over there, and she flew into a rage. But are you ill in earnest?"

"I shouldn't exactly choose it for jest," she returned; "though, somehow, it does make time pass. One forgets that there are such divisions as days and weeks. It all seems a blank."

"But it is very calm."

"So the stewardess says," she answered aggrievedly, "but the boat rocks dreadfully."

He did not reply, and in a moment his glance wandered to the card upon her chair. "Odd, isn't it?" he questioned.

She followed his gaze, and colored faintly. The card read: "Mrs. L. Smith." Then he pointed to a similar label upon his own chair, bearing in a rough scrawl the name, "L. Smith."

"It is a very common name," she remarked absently.

He laughed. "Very," he admitted. "Perhaps your husband is Lawrence Smith also."

The smile passed from her lips.

"My husband is dead," she answered; "but his name was Lucien."

He folded the newspaper awkwardly. Then he spoke. "Nicer name than Lawrence," he observed.

She nodded. "A name is of very little consequence," she rejoined. "I have always felt that about every name in the world except Lucy. Lucy is mine."

He looked into her eyes. Despite her illness, they shone with a warm, fawn-like brown. "I think it a pretty name," he said. "It is so soft."

"It has no character," she returned.

"I have always known that life would have been different for me if I hadn't been called Lucy. People would not treat me like a child if I were Augusta or even Agnes—but Lucy!"

"People change their names sometimes," he suggested.

She laughed softly. "I tried to. I tried to become Lucinda, but I couldn't. Lucy stuck to me."

"It wouldn't be so bad without Smith," he remarked, smiling.

"That was a horrible cross," she returned. "I wonder if you mind Smith as much as I do."

At first he did not answer. To her surprise his face grew grave, and she saw the haggard lines about his mouth which his smile had obscured. "It was a deuced good chance, that I struck it," he said shortly, and opened his paper.

For a time they sat silent. Then, as the luncheon gong sounded and the passengers flocked past, he rose and bent over her chair. "You will have chicken broth?" he said distinctly. "I will send the steward."

And before she recovered from her surprise he left her.

A little later the broth was brought, and
soon after the steward reappeared bearing iced prunes. "The gentleman sent you word that you were to eat these," he said. And she sat up in bewilderment, and ate the prunes silently.

"You are very kind," she remarked timidly, when he came up from the dining-saloon and threw himself into the chair beside her. For an instant he looked at her blankly, his brow wrinkling. She saw that he was not thinking of her, and reddened.

"You were kind—about the prunes," she explained.

"The prunes?" he repeated vaguely. Then he brought himself together with a jerk. "Oh, you are the little woman who was sick—yes—I remember." "They were very nice," she said more firmly.

"I am glad you liked them," he rejoined, and was silent. Then he broke into an irrelevant laugh, and the lines upon his forehead deepened. She saw that he carried an habitual sneer upon his lips. With a half-frightened gesture she drew from him.

"I am glad that you find life amusing," she observed stiffly. "I don't." He surveyed her with a dogged humor. "It is not life, my dear lady, it is—you." She spoke more stiffly still. "I don't catch your meaning," she said. "Is my hat on one side?"

He laughed again. "It is perfectly balanced, I assure you.

"Is my hair uncurled?"

"Yes, but I shouldn't have noticed it. It is very pretty."

She sat up in offended dignity. "I do not desire compliments," she returned. "I wish merely information."

Half closing his eyes, he leaned back in his chair, looking at her from under the brim of his cap. "Well, without comment, I will state that your hair has fallen upon your forehead and that a loosened lock is lying upon your cheek—no, don't put it back. I beg your pardon—"

A pink spot appeared in the cheek next to him. Her eyes flashed. "How intolerable you are!" she said.

The smile in his eyes deepened. "How delicious you are!" he retorted.

She rose from her chair, drawing herself to her full stature. "I shall change my seat," she began.

Then the steward lurched, and she swayed and grasped the arm he held out. "I—I am so dizzy," she finished appealingly.

He put her back into her chair, and wrapped the rugs about her. As she still shivered, he added his own to the pile. When he placed the pillow beneath her head, she noticed that his touch was as tender as a woman's. The sneer was gone from his lips.

"But you will be cold," she remonstrated from beneath his rug.

"Not I," he responded. "I am a tough knot. If the fiery furnace has left me unscathed, a little cold wind won't do more than chap me."

His voice had grown serious, and she looked up inquiringly. "The fiery furnace?" he repeated.

"Oh, predestined damnation, if you prefer. Are you religious?"

"Don't," she pleaded, a tender light coming into her eyes, and she added: "The damned are not kind—and you are very kind."

Her words faltered, but they chased the recklessness from his eyes.

"Kind?" he returned. "I wonder how many men we left in America would uphold that—that verdict—or how many women, for that matter?"

Her honest eyes did not waver. "I will stand by it," she replied simply.

A sudden illumination leaped to his face. "Against twelve good and true men?" he demanded daringly.

"Against a thousand—and the President thrown in."

He laughed a little bitterly. "Because of the prunes?" He was looking down into her face.

She reddened. "Because of the prunes and—and other things," she answered.

A ghost of the sneer awoke about his mouth. "I never did a meaner thing than about the prunes," he said hotly. Then he turned from her, and strode with swinging strides along the deck.

That evening he did not speak to her. They lay side by side in their steamer chairs, watching the gray mist that crept over the amber line of the horizon. She looked at his set and sallow face, where the grim line of the jaw was overcast by the constant sneer upon his reckless lips. It was not a good face, this she knew. It was the face of a man of strong will and stronger passions, who had lived hard and fast. She wondered vaguely at the furrowed track he must have made of his past years. The wonder awed her, and she felt half afraid of his grimness, growing grimmer in the gathering dusk. If one were in his power,
how quietly he might bend and break mere flesh and bone. But across the moodiness of his face she caught the sudden warmth of his glance, and she remembered the touch of his hands—tender as it was strong. She

moved nearer, laying her fragile fingers on the arm of his chair. "I am afraid you are unhappy," she said.

He started nervously, and faced her alm-

ost roughly. "Who is happy?" he de-

manded sneeringly. "Are you?"

She shrank slightly. "Somehow I think

that a woman is never happy," she re-

sponded gently; "but you——"

He leaned towards her, a swift change
crossing his face, his keen glance softening
to compassion. "Then it is dastardly un-

fair," he said. "What is goodness for, if
does not make one happy? I am a rough
brute, and I get my deserts, but the world
should be gentle to a thing like you."

"No, no," she protested, "I am not
good."

His eyes lightened. "Any misdemeanors
punishable by law?"

"I am discontented," she went on. "I
rage when things go wrong. I am not a
saint."

"I might have known it," he remarked,
"or you wouldn't have spoken to me. I
have known lots of saints—mostly women
—and they always look the other way when
a sinner comes along. The reputation of a
saint is the most sensitive thing on earth.
It should be kept in a glass case."

"Are you so very wicked?" she asked
frankly.

He was gazing out to sea, where the water
broke into waves of deepening gray. In

the sky a single star shone like an emerald
set in a fawn-colored dome. The lapping
sound of the waves at the vessel's sides
came softly through the stillness. Suddenly
he spoke, his voice ringing like a jarring
discord in a harmonious whole.

"Five days ago a man called me a devil," he
said, "and I guess he wasn't far wrong.
Only, if I was a single devil, he was a
legion steepled in one. What a scoundrel he
was!"

The passion in his tones caused her to
start quickly. The words were shot out
with the force of balls from a cannon, sus-
tained by the impulse of evil. "Don't," she
said pleadingly, "please, please don't.
"Don't what?" he demanded roughly.
"Don't curse the blackest scoundrel that
ever lived—and died?" Over the last
word his voice weakened as if in appeal.

"Don't curse anybody," she answered.
"It is not like you."

He turned upon her suspiciously. "Pshaw! how do you know?"

"I don't know. I only believe."

"I never had much use for belief," he
returned; "it is a poor sort of thing."

She met his bitter gaze with one of level
calm. "And yet men have suffered death
for it."

Above her head an electric jet was shing-

ing, and it cast a white light upon her small
figure buried under the mass of rugs. Her
eyes were glowing. There was a soft suf-
fusion upon her lashes, whether from the
salt spray or from unshed tears, he could
not tell.

"Well, believe in me if you choose," he
said; "it won't do any harm, even if it
doesn't do any good."

During the next few days he nursed her
with constant care. When she came out
in the morning, she found him waiting at
the foot of the stairs, ready to assist her
on deck. When she went down at night, it
was his arm upon which she leaned and his
voice that wished her "'Good-night'" before
her state-room door. Her meals were served
outside, and she soon found that his watch-
fulness extended to a host of trivialities.

It was not a confidential companionship.
Sometimes they sat for hours without speak-
ing, and again he attacked her with aggres-
sive irony. At such times shesmarted be-
neath the sting of his sneers, but it was
more in pity for him than for herself. He
seemed to carry in his heart a seething
rage of cynicism, impassioned if impotent.
When it broke control, as it often did, it
lashed alike the just and the unjust, the
sinner and the sinned against. It did not
spare the woman for whose comfort he
sacrificed himself daily in a dozen minor
ways. It was as if he hated himself for
the interest she inspired and hated her for
inspiring it. He appeared to resent the
fact that the mental pressure under which
he labored had not annihilated all possibility
of purer passion. And he often closed upon
a gentler mood with burning bitterness.

"How about your faith?" he inquired
one day, after a passing tenderness. "Is it
still the evidence of virtues not visible
in me?"

She flinched, as she always did at his flipp-
ancy. "There is circumstantial evidence
of those," she replied, "sufficient to con-
found a jury."

There was a cloud upon his face. "Of
the 'ministering angel' kind, I suppose," he suggested.
"Yes."
"Your judgment is warped," he went on. "Do you expect to convince by such syllogisms as: It is virtuous to make presents of prunes. He makes me presents of prunes. Therefore he is virtuous?"
She looked at him with wounded eyes. "That is not kind of you," she said.
"But, my dear lady, I am not kind. That is what I am arguing for."
Her lips closed firmly. She did not answer.
"Is the assertion admitted?" he inquired.
Her mouth quivered. He saw it, and his mood melted.
"Do you mean to say," he asked, adjusting the rug about her shoulders and regarding her with an intent gaze, "that it makes any difference to you?"
The fragment of a sob broke from her. "Of course it makes a difference," she answered, "to—to be treated so."
His hand closed firmly over the rug, and rested against her shoulder.
"Why does it make a difference?" he demanded.
She stammered confusedly. "Because—because it does," she replied.
His face was very grave; the hand upon her shoulder trembled. "I hope to God it does not make a difference," he said.
"Look! There is a sail."
They rose and went to the railing, following with unseeing eyes a white sail that skirted the horizon. At the vessel’s side porpoises were leaping on the waves. She leaned over, her eyes brightening, her loosened hair blowing about her face in soft brown strands. There was a pink flush in her cheeks. "I should like to be a porpoise," she said, "and to skim that blue water in the sunshine. How happy they are!"
"And you are not?"
The flush died from her cheeks. "I? Oh, no," she answered.
He leaned nearer; his hand brushed hers as it lay upon the railing.
"Did love make you happy?" he asked suddenly.
She raised her lashes, and their eyes met. "Love?" she repeated vaguely. "That husband of yours," he explained almost harshly, "did you love him?"
Her gaze went back to the water. A wistful tremor shook her lips. "He was very good to me," she replied.
"And I suppose you loved him because he was good. Well, the reason suffices."
She looked at him steadily. "Because he was good to me," she corrected. Then she hesitated. "But I did not love him in the way you mean," she added slowly. "I know now that I did not."
"'Eh!' he ejaculated half absently; and then: "How do you know it?"
She turned from him, looking after the vanishing sail, just visible in the remote violet of the distance. "There are many ways—"
His eyes rested upon the soft outline of her ear, half hidden in her blown hair. "What are they?"
She turned her face still further from him. "It made no difference to me," she said, "whether he came or went. It wearied me to be with him—and I was very selfish. When he kissed me it left me cold."
His gaze stung her sharply. "And if you loved some one," he said, "it would make great difference to you whether he came or went? It would gladden you to be with him, and when he kissed you it would not leave you cold?"
"I—I think so," she answered.
He bent towards her swiftly; then checked himself with a sneering laugh. "I’ll give you a piece of valuable advice," he said; "don’t allow yourself to grow sentimental. It is awful rot."
And he threw himself into his chair. He drew a note-book from his pocket, and when she seated herself he did not look up. There was a gray cast about his face, and his lips were compressed. She noticed that he was older than she at first supposed and that the hand with which he held the pencil twitched nervously. Then she lay watching him idly from beneath lowered lids.
An hour later he looked up, and their glances met. With sudden determination he closed the book and replaced it in his pocket. "You look pale," he remarked abruptly.
"Do I?" she questioned inanimately. "I do not see any reason why I should not."
"Perhaps—so long as it is not unbecoming to you."
"Why will you say such things?" she demanded angrily. "I detest them."
"Indeed? Yes, pallor is not unbecoming to you. It gives you an interesting look."
She rubbed the cheek next him with the edge of her rug until it glowed scarlet. "There!" she exclaimed in resentment.
"That gives you a radiant look," he remarked composedly.

Her eyes flashed. "You will make me hate you," she retorted.

He smiled slightly, his eyes half sad. "I am trying to," he responded.

She stamped her foot with impatience. "Then you won't succeed. I will not hate you. Do you hear? I will not!"

"Is it a question of will?"

"In this case, yes."

"Do you hate as you choose—and love?" he asked.

"I don't know," she replied. "I hardly think I could hate you if I would. Despite your—your hatefulness."

"Not though it were a part of wisdom?"

"Wisdom has nothing to do with—"

"With what?" he questioned.

"With hate."

"Nor with love?"

"Nor with love."

He shook himself free from an imaginary weight, passing his hand across his contracted brow. "Then so much the worse for hate," he responded, "and for love."

As she did not answer he spoke fiercely.

"When you love, love a virtuous, straightforward plodder," he said. "Love a man because he is decent—because he is decent and plain and all the things that the romancers laugh at. Love a fool, if you will, but let him be a fool who goes to his office at nine and leaves it at six; who craves no more exciting atmosphere than the domestic one of house-girl worries and teething babies. If you ever find yourself loving a man like me, you had better make for the nearest lamp-post and—hang—"

"Hush!" she cried, her cheeks flaming. "How—how dare you?" Her voice broke sharply, and she fell to sobbing behind her raised hands.

"My God!" he said softly. She felt his breath upon her forehead, and a tremor passed over her. Then his hands fastened upon hers and drew them from her eyes. He was panting like a man who has run a race.

She was looking straight before her. A small homing bird alighted for a swift instant on the railing near them, scanning suspiciously the deserted corner—and she knew that that bird would be blazoned on her memory forever after. Then she felt the man's lips close upon her own.

"You shall love me," he said, "and right be damned!"

II.

She stepped out upon the deck, her eyes shining. He met her moodily. "Shall we walk up into the bow?" he asked.

She nodded. "This is our last evening," she said. "We will make it long."

"However long we make it, there is always to-morrow."

Her face clouded. "Yes, there is to-morrow," she admitted.

She fell into step with him, and they walked the length of the deck. Once she lost her balance, and he laid his hand upon her arm. When she recovered herself, he did not remove it.

"We will go far up," she said. "We will look straight out to sea and forget what is behind us."

"Can we forget it?" he asked gloomily.

She smiled into his face. "I will make you," she answered. "Put your hands upon the railing—so—and watch the boat as it cuts the waves. Is it not like a bird? And see, the stars are coming out."

The salt spray dashed into their faces as they leaned far over. A wet wind blew past them, and she put up her hand to hold her hat. Her skirts were wrapped closely about her, and her figure seemed to grow taller in the gray fog that rose from the sea. The ethereal quality in her appearance was emphasized.

He drew away from her. "You are too delicate for my rough hands," he said. "Am I?" she laughed softly; then a rising passion swelled in her voice: "I should choose to be broken by you to being caressed by any other man—"

His face whitened. "Don't say that," he protested hoarsely.

"Why not, since it is true?"

"It is not true."

A half-moon was mounting into the heavens, and it lit the sea with a path of silver. The pearl-colored mist floated ahead of the steamer, fluttering like the filmy garments of a water sprite. A dozen stars hung overhead.

"But it is true," she answered. Her words rang clearly, with a triumphant note. For a time he did not speak. In the light of the half-moon she saw the deepening furrows upon his face. His hands were clenched.

"There is time yet," he said at last, "to withdraw a false play. Take your love back."
She trembled, and her lips parted. "I cannot," she replied, "and I would not."

He stretched out his arms, as if to draw her towards him, and she faltered before the passion in his glance. Then he fell back. "What a mess you are making of your life!" he said.

But his warming eyes had reassured her. "The mess is already made," she responded. "But it is not," he returned. Then he summoned his flagging force. "And it shall not be."

"How will you prevent it?"
"By an appeal to reason——"
She laughed. "What love was ever ruled by reason?"
"By proofs."

She laughed again: "What proof ever shattered faith?"
"Great God!" he retorted passionately. "Stop! Think a moment! Look things in the face. What do you know of me?"

"I know that I love you."
"I tell you I am a devil——"
"And I do not believe you."
"Go back to America, and ask the first man you meet."

"Why should I respect his opinion?"
"Because it is the opinion of the respectable public——"
"Then I don’t respect the respectable public."

"You ought to."
"I don’t agree with you."

Again he was silent, and again he faced her. "What is it that you love in me?" he demanded. "It is not my face."

"Certainly not."
"Nor my manners?"
"Hardly."
"Is there anything about me that is especially attractive?"

"I have not observed it."
"Then I’ll be hanged if I know what it is!"
"So will I."

He sighed impatiently. "No woman ever discovered it before," he said, "though I’ve known all sorts and conditions. But then I never knew a woman like you."

"I am glad of that," she responded. "I would give two-thirds of my future——such as it is—if I had not known you."

"And yet you love me."

He made a step towards her, his face quivering. But his words were harsh. "My love is a rotten reed," he said. Then he turned from her, gazing gloomily out to sea. Across the water the path of moonlight lay unrolled. Small brisk waves were playing around the flying steamer. Suddenly he faced her. "Listen!" he said.

She bent her head.

"From the beginning I have lied to you——lied, do you hear? I singled you out for my own selfish ends. All my kindness, as you call it, was because of its usefulness to me. While you looked on in innocence I made you a tool in my hands for the furtherance of my own purposes. Even those confounded prunes were sent to you from any other motive than sympathy for you——"

She shivered, supporting herself against the railing. "I—I don’t understand," she stammered.

"Then listen again: I needed you, and I used you. There is not a soul in this boat but believes me to be your husband. I have created the impression because I was a desperate man, and it aided me. My name is not even Lawrence Smith——"

"Stop!" she said faintly. For an instant she staggered towards him; then her grasp upon the railing tightened. "Go on," she added.

His face was as gray as the fog which shrouded it. "I left America a hunted man. When I reach the other side, I shall find them still upon my tracks. It is for an act which they call by an ugly name; and yet I would do it over again. It was justice."

She was shivering as from a strong wind. "I—I don’t think I understand yet," she said.

"I have led a ruined life," he went on hurriedly. "My past record is not a pretty one—and yet there is no act of my life which I regret so little as the one for which they are running me down. It was a deed of honor, though it left blood upon my hands——"

Her quivering face was turned from him. "I reached New York with the assistance of a friend—the only man on earth who knows and believes in me. He secured a state-room from an L. Smith, who was delayed. I took his name as a safeguard, and when I saw yours beside me at table, I concluded he was your husband, and I played his part in the eyes of the passengers. It succeeded well." He laughed bitterly. "Lawrence was a guess," he added.

Then before her stricken eyes his recklessness fell from him. "Oh, if I could undo this," he said, "I would go back gladly to stand my chances of the gallows——"

A sob broke from her. "Hush," she said wildly. "Have you no mercy—none?"
"You must believe this," he went on passionately, "that at the last I loved you. You must believe it."

She shook her head almost deliriously.

"You must believe it," he repeated savagely. "If I could make you believe it, I would lie down to let you walk over me. You must believe that I have loved you as I have loved no other woman in my life—as I could love no other woman but you. You must believe that, evil as I am, I am not evil enough to lie to you now. You must believe it." He put out his hands as if to touch her, but she shrank away.

"No—no!" she cried. And she fled from him into the obscurity of the deck.

All that night she sat up on the edge of her berth. Her eyes were strained, and she stared blankly at the foam breaking against the porthole. Thought hung suspended, and she felt herself rocking mentally like a ship in open sea. She saw her future brought to bay before the threatening present, and she glanced furtively around in search of some byway of escape. The walls of the little state-room seemed closing upon her, and she felt the upper berth bearing down. She sobbed convulsively. "It was so short," she said.

When she came upon deck next day, it was high tide and the steamer was drawing into Liverpool. She wore a closely fitting jacket, and carried a small bag in her hand. Through her lowered veil her eyes showed with scarlet lids as if she had been weeping. The crowd of passengers, leaning eagerly over the railing, parted slightly, and she caught a glimpse of the English landing, peopled by strange English faces. A sob stuck in her throat, and she fell hastily into a corner. She dreaded setting foot upon a strange shore. She heard the excited voices vaguely, as she had heard them seven days ago upon sailing. They grated upon her ears with the harsh insistence of unshared gaiety, and made her own unhappiness the more poignant.

"Why, there is Jack!" rang out the voice of a woman in front of her. "Lend me the glasses. Yes, it is Jack! And he came up from London to meet me."

Then the steamer drifted slowly to the landing, and the voyage was over. She saw the gangways swung across, and she saw a dozen men stroll leisurely aboard. Yes; the end had come. "There is no harm in good-bye," said a voice at her side.

She turned hastily. He was looking down upon her, his eyes filled with the old haunting gloom. "Good-bye," she answered. He held out his hand. "And you will go home like a sensible woman and forget?"

"I will go home."

His face whitened. "And forget?"

"Perhaps."

"It is wise."

She looked up at him, her eyes wet with tears. "Oh, how could you?" she cried brokenly. "How could you?"

He shook his head. "Don't think of me," he responded; "it is not worth the trouble."

The hand that held her bag shook nervously. "I wish I had never seen you," she said.

Then a voice startled them.

"So you have got your wife safely across, Mr. Smith," it said, "and no worse for the voyage. May I have the pleasure?"

It was the ship's surgeon, a large man with a jovial face. "I am afraid it was not the brightest of honeymoons," he added with attempted facetiousness. She looked up, her face paling, a sudden terror in her eyes.

A man with a telegram in his hand passed them, glancing from right to left. He stopped suddenly, wheeled round, and came towards them.

All at once her voice rang clear. She laid her hand upon the arm of the man beside her. "It is a honeymoon," she said, and she smiled into the surgeon's face, "so bright that even seasickness couldn't dim it. You know it has lasted eight years——"

The surgeon smiled, and the strange man passed on.

Some one took her hand, and they descended the gangway together. As she stepped upon the landing, he looked down at her, his eyes aflame.

"For God's sake," he said, "tell me what it means?"

Her glance did not waver. "It means," she answered, "that I am on your side forever."

His hand closed over the one he held. "I ought to send you back," he said, "but I cannot."

"You cannot," she repeated resolutely. Then her voice softened. "God bless that detective," she added fervently.

Across the passion in his eyes shot a gleam of his old reckless humor. "It was Cook's man after a tourist," he said, "but God bless him."
THE WAR ON THE SEA AND ITS LESSONS.

By Captain Alfred T. Mahan,

Author of "The Influence of Sea Power upon History," "Life of Nelson," etc.

III.

THE REASONS FOR BLOCKADING CUBA.—THE AIMS AND MOVEMENTS OF ADMIRAL CERVERA.

For the reasons stated in my last paper, it was upon Cervera's squadron that the attention of instructed military students was chiefly turned at the outset of the war. Grave suspicions as to its efficiency, indeed, were felt in many quarters, based partly upon actual knowledge of the neglect of the navy practiced by the Spanish government, and partly upon the inference that the general incapacity evident for years past in all the actions of the Spanish authorities, and notably in Cuba, could not but extend to the navy—one of the most sensitive and delicate parts of any political organization; one of the first to go to pieces when the social and political foundations of a state are shaken, as they were in the French Revolution. But, though suspected, the ineffectiveness of that squadron could not be assumed before proved. Until then—to use the words of an Italian writer who has treated the whole subject of this war with comprehensive and instructive perspicacity—Spain had "the possibility of contesting the command of the sea, and even of securing a definite preponderance, by means of a squadron possessed of truly exceptional characteristics, both tactical and strategic:" in short, by means of a "fleet in being."

It is true that in this estimate the writer quoted included the "Carlos V.,” a new and high-powered armored cruiser, and also a number of protected cruisers, and of torpedo vessels of various kinds, all possessing a rate of speed much superior to the more distinctly fighting ships, in which consisted the strength of the United States squadron. Such a fleet, homogeneous in respect to the particular function which constitutes the power of a "fleet in being," whose effectiveness lies in its legs and in its moral effect, in its power to evade pursuit and to play upon the fears of an enemy, should be capable of rapid continuous movement; and such a fleet Spain actually possessed when the war broke out—only it was not ready. "This splendid fleet," resumed our Italian critic, giving rein, perhaps, to a southern imagination, but not wholly without just reason, "would be in a condition to impose upon the enemy the character which the conflict should assume, alike in strategy and in tactics, and thereby could draw the best and greatest advantage from the actual situation, with a strong probability of partial results calculated to restore the equilibrium between the two belligerent fleets; or even of successes so decisive, if obtained immediately after the declaration of war, as to include a possibility of a Spanish preponderance." The present writer guards himself from being understood to accept fully this extensive program for a fleet distinctly inferior in actual combative force; but the general assumption of the author quoted indicates the direction of effort which alone held out a hope of success, and which, for that reason, should have been vigorously followed by the Spanish authorities.

As the Spanish navy—whatever its defects in organization and practice—is not lacking in thoughtful and instructed officers, it is probable that the despatch of Cervera with only four ships, instead of at least the five armored cruisers, well qualified to act together, which he might have had, not to speak of the important auxiliaries also dis-

Note.—The following paper had been written and prepared for publication, as it now stands, before the letters of Admiral Cervera, published in the Madrid "Epoca" of November 5th, were known on this side of the Atlantic.
posible, was due to uninstructed popular and political pressure, of the same kind that in our country sought to force the division of our fleet among our ports. That the Spanish government was thus goaded and taunted, at the critical period when Cervera was lying in Santiago, is certain. To that, most probably, judging from the words used in the Cortes, we owe the desperate sortie which delivered him into our hands and reduced Spain to inevitable submission. "The continuance of Cervera's division in Santiago, and its apparent inactivity," stated a leading naval periodical in Madrid, issued two days before the departure and destruction of the squadron, "is causing marked currents of pessimism, and of disaffection towards the navy, especially since the Yankees have succeeded in effecting their proposed landing. This state of public feeling, which has been expressed with unrestricted openness in some journals, has been sanctioned in Congress by one of the Opposition members, uttering very unguarded opinions, and reflecting injuriously upon the navy itself, as though upon it depended having more or fewer ships." The Minister of Marine, replying in the Cortes, paraphrased as follows, without contradiction, the words of this critic, which voiced, as it would appear, a popular clamor: "You ask, 'Why, after reaching Santiago, has the squadron not gone out, and why does it not now go out?' Why do four ships not go out to fight twenty? You ask again: 'If it does not go out, if it does not hasten to seek death, what is the use of squadrons? For what are fleets built, if not to be lost?' We are bound to believe, Señor Romero Robledo, that your words in this case express neither what you intended to say, nor your real opinion." Nevertheless, they seem not to have received correction, nor to have been retracted; and to the sting of them, and of others of like character, is doubtless due the express order of the Ministry under which Cervera quitted his anchorage.

Like ourselves, our enemy at the outset of the war had his fleet in two principal divisions. One, still somewhat formless and as yet unready, but of very considerable power, was in the ports of the Peninsula; the other—Cervera's—at the Cape de Verde Islands, a possession of Portugal. The latter was really exceptional in its qualities, as our Italian author has said. It was exceptional, in a general sense, because homogeneous and composed of vessels of very high qualities, offensive and defensive; it was exceptional also, as towards us in particular, because we had of the same class but two ships—one-half its own force—the "New York" and the "Brooklyn"; and, moreover, we had no torpedo cruisers to oppose to the three which accompanied it. These small vessels, while undoubtedly an encumbrance to a fleet in extended strategic movements in boisterous seas, because they cannot always keep up, are a formidable adjunct—tactical in character—in the day of battle, especially if the enemy has none of them; and in the mild Caribbean it was possible that they might not greatly delay their heavy consorts in passages which would usually be short.

The two main divisions of the Spanish fleet were thus about 1,500 miles apart when war began on the 25th of April. The neutrality of Portugal made it impossible for Cervera to remain long in his then anchorage, and an immediate decision was forced upon his government. It is incredible that among the advisers of the Minister of Marine—himself a naval officer—there was no one to point out that to send Cervera at once to the Antilles, no matter to what port, was to make it possible for the United States to prevent any future junction between himself and the remaining vessels of the navy. The squadron of either Sampson or Schley was able to fight him on terms of reasonable equality, to say the least. Either of our divisions, therefore, was capable of blockading him, if caught in port; and it was no more than just to us to infer that, when once thus cornered, we should, as we actually did at Santiago, assemble both divisions, so as to render escape most improbable and the junction of a reinforcement practically impossible. Such, in fact, was the intention from the very first; for, this done, all our other undertakings, Cuban blockade and what not, would be carried on safely, under cover of our watching fleet, were the latter distant ten miles or a thousand from such other operations. The writer, personally, attaches but little importance to the actual consequences of strictly offensive operations attempted by a "fleet in being," when of so inferior force. As suggested by Spanish and foreign officers, in various publications, they have appeared to him fantastic pranks of the imagination, such as he himself indulged in as a boy, rather than a sober judgment formed after considering both sides of the case. "I cannot but admire Captain Owen's zeal," wrote Nelson on one occasion, "in his anx-
ious desire to get at the enemy, but I am afraid it has made him overleap sand-banks and tides, and laid him aboard the enemy. I am as little used to find out the impossible as most folks, and I think I can discriminate between the impracticable and the fair prospect of success.” The potentialities of Cervera’s squadron, after reaching the Spanish Antilles, must be considered under the limitations of his sand-banks and tides—of telegraph cables betraying his secrets, of difficulties and delays in coaling, of the sudden occasional accidents to which all machinery is liable, multiplied in a fleet by the number of vessels composing it; and to these troubles, inevitable accompaniments of such operations, must in fairness be added the assumption of reasonable watchfulness and intelligence on the part of the United States, in the distribution of its lookouts and of its ships.

The obvious preventive to the disadvantage thus incurred by Spain would have been to add to Cervera ships sufficient to force us at least to unite our two divisions and to keep them joined. This, however, could not be done at once, because the contingent in Spain was not yet ready; and fear of political consequences and public criticism at home, such as that already quoted, probably deterred the enemy from the correct military measure of drawing Cervera’s squadron back to the Canaries, some 800 or 900 miles; or even to Spain, if necessary. This squadron itself had recently been formed in just this way; two ships being drawn back from the Antilles, and two sent forward from the Peninsula. If Spain decided to carry on the naval war in the Caribbean—and to decide otherwise was to abandon Cuba in accordance with our demand—she should have sent all the armored ships she could get together, and have thrown herself frankly, and at whatever cost, upon a mere defensive policy for her home waters, relying upon coast defenses—or upon mere luck, if need were—for the safety of the ports. War cannot be made
without running risks. When you have chosen your field for fighting, you must concentrate upon it, letting your other interests take their chance. To do this, however, men must have convictions, and conviction must rest upon knowledge; or else ignorant clamor and contagious panic will sweep away every reasonable teaching of military experience. And so Cervera went forth with his four gallant ships, foredoomed to his fate by folly, or by national false pride, exhibited in the form of political pressure disregarding sound professional judgment and military experience. We were not without manifestations here of the same ignorant and ignoble clamor; but fortunately our home conditions permitted it to be disregarded without difficulty.

It may be profitable at this point to recall a few dates; after which the narrative, avoiding superfluous details, can be continued in such outline as is required for profitable comment, and for eliciting the more influential factors in the course of events, with the consequent military lessons from them to be deduced.

On the 20th of April, the President of the United States approved the joint resolution passed by the two houses of Congress, declaring the independence of Cuba and demanding that Spain should relinquish her authority there and withdraw her forces. A blockade, dated April 22d, was declared of the north coast of Cuba, from Cardenas on the east to Bahia Honda, west of Havana; and of the port of Cienfuegos, on the south side of the island. On the 25th of April, a bill declaring that war between the United States and Spain existed, and had existed since the 21st of the month, was passed by Congress, and approved the same evening by the President; thus adding another instance to the now commonplace observation that hostilities more frequently precede than follow a formal declaration. On the 29th of April, Admiral Cervera's division, four armed cruisers and three torpedo destroyers, quitted the Cape de Verde Islands for an unknown destination, and disappeared during near a fortnight from the knowledge of the United States authorities. On the 1st of May, Commodore Dewey by a dash, the rapidity and audacity of which reflected the highest credit upon his professional qualities, destroyed the Spanish squadron at Manila, thereby paralyzing also all Spanish operations in the East. The government of the United States was thus, during an appreciable time, and, as it turned out, finally, released from all military anxiety as to the course of events in that quarter.

Meantime the blockade of the Cuban coasts; as indicated above, had been established effectively, to the extent demanded by international law, which requires the presence upon the coast, or before the port, declared blockaded of such a force as shall constitute a manifest danger of capture to vessels seeking to enter or to depart. In the reserved, not to say unfriendly, attitude assumed by many of the European states, the precise character of which is not fully known, and perhaps never will be, it was not only right, but practically necessary, to limit the extent of coast barred to merchant ships to that which could be thus effectually guarded, leaving to neutral governments no sound ground for complaint. Blockade is one of the rights conceded by universal agreement to belligerent states which directly, as well as indirectly, injures neutrals, imposing pecuniary losses by restraints upon trade previously in their hands. The ravages of the insurrection and the narrow policy of Spain in seeking to monopolize intercourse with her colonies had, indeed, already grievously reduced the commerce of the island; but with our war there was sure to spring up a vigorous effort, both legal and contraband, to introduce stores of all kinds, especially the essentials of life, the supply of which was deficient. Such cargoes, not being clearly contraband, could be certainly excluded only by blockade; and the latter, in order fully to serve our military objects, needed at the least to cover every port in railway communication with Havana, where the bulk of the Spanish army was assembled. This it was impossible to effect at the first, because we had not ships enough; and therefore, as always in such cases, a brisk and perfectly lawful neutral trade, starting from Jamaica and from Mexico, as well as from Europe and the North American continent, was directed upon the harbors just outside the limits of the blockade—towards Sagua la Grande and adjacent waters in the north, and to Batabano and other ports in the south.

Although this, to a considerable degree, frustrated our purposes, it afforded no ground for complaint. On the contrary, we were at times hard driven, by want of vessels, to avoid laying ourselves open to reclamation, on the score of the blockade being invalid, even within its limited range, because ineffective. This was especially the case at the moment when the army was being convoyed from Tampa, as well as imme-
diately before, and for some days after, that occasion; before, because it was necessary then to detach from the blockade, and to assemble elsewhere, the numerous small vessels needed to check the harmful activity of the Spanish gunboats along the northern coast; and afterwards, because the preliminary operations about Santiago, concurring with dark nights favorable to Cervera’s escape, made it expedient to retain there many of the lighter cruisers, which, moreover, needed recoaling—a slow business when so many ships were involved. Our operations throughout labored—sometimes more, sometimes less—under this embarrassment, which should be borne in mind as a constant, necessary, yet perplexing element in the naval and military plans. The blockade, in fact, while the army was still unready and until the Spanish navy came within reach, was the one decisive measure, sure though slow in its working, which could be taken; the necessary effect of which was to bring the enemy’s ships to this side of the ocean, unless Spain was prepared to abandon the contest. The Italian writer already quoted, a fair critic, though Spanish in his leanings, enumerates among the circumstances most creditable to the direction of the war by the Navy Department the perception that “blockade must inevitably cause collapse, given the conditions of insurrection and of exhaustion already existing in the island.”

From this specific instance the same author, whose military judgments show much breadth of view, later on draws a general conclusion which is well worth the attention of American readers, because much of our public thought is committed to the belief that at sea private property—so called—that is, merchant ships and their cargoes, should not be liable to capture in war; which, duly interpreted, means that the commerce of one belligerent is not to be attacked or interrupted by the other. “Blockade,” says our Italian, “is the fundamental basis of the conflict for the dominion of the seas, when the contest cannot be brought to an immediate issue;” that is, to immediate battle. Blockade, however, is but one form of the unbloody pressure brought to bear upon an enemy by interruption of his commerce. The stoppage of commerce, in whole or in part, exhausts without fighting. It compels peace without sacrificing life. It is the most scientific warfare, because the least sanguinary; and because, like the highest strategy, it is directed against the communications—the resources—not the persons, of the enemy. It has been the glory of sea-power that its ends are attained by draining men of their dollars, instead of their blood.

The establishment and maintenance of the blockade was, in the judgment of the present writer, not only the first step in order, but also the first, by far, in importance, open to the government of the United States as things were; prior, that is, to the arrival of Cervera’s division at some known and accessible point. Its importance lay in its two-fold tendency: to exhaust the enemy’s army in Cuba, and to force his navy to come to the relief. No effect more decisive than these two could be produced by us before the coming of the hostile navy, or the readiness of our own army to take the field, permitted the contest to be brought, using the words of our Italian commentator, “to an immediate issue.” Upon the blockade, therefore, the generally accepted principles of warfare would demand that effort should be concentrated, until some evident radical change in the conditions dictated a change of object—a new objective; upon which, when accepted, effort again should be concentrated, with a certain amount of “exclusiveness of purpose.”

Blockade, however, implies not merely a sufficient number of cruisers to prevent the entry or departure of merchant ships. It further implies, because it requires, a strong supporting force, sufficient to resist being driven off by an attack from within or from without the port; for it is an accepted tenet of international law that a blockade raised by force ceases to exist; that it cannot be considered reestablished before a new proclamation, and reoccupancy of the ground in force; whence it follows that merchant vessels trying to enter or depart cannot be arrested, prior to such reestablishment, in virtue of the previous proclamation. Consequent upon this requirement, therefore, the blockades on the north and on the south side, to be secure against this military accident, should each have been supported by a division of armored ships capable of meeting Cervera’s division on fairly equal terms; for, considering the distance between Cienfuegos and Havana, one such division could not support both blockades. In the first paper of this series it has already been indicated why it was impossible so to support the Cienfuegos blockaders. The reason, in the last analysis, was our insufficient sea-coast fortification. The Flying
Squadron was kept in Hampton Roads to calm the fears of the seaboard, and to check any enterprise there of Cervera, if intended or attempted. The other division of the armored fleet, however, was placed before Havana, where its presence not only strengthened adequately the blockading force proper, but assured also the safety of our naval base at Key West; both objects being attainable by the same squadron, on account of their nearness to each other.

It should likewise be noticed that the same principle, of concentration of effort upon the single purpose—the blockade—forbade, a priori, any attempts at bombardment by which our armored ships should be brought within range of disablement by heavy guns on shore. If the blockade was our object, rightly or wrongly, and if a blockade to be secure against serious disturbance required all the armored ships at our disposal—as it did—it follows logically and rigorously that to risk those ships by attacking forts is false to principle; unless special reasons can be adduced, sufficiently strong to bring such action within the scope of the principle, properly applied. It is here necessary clearly to distinguish. Sound principles in warfare are as useful and as necessary as in morals; when established, the presumption in any case is all on their side, and there is no one of them better established than concentration. But as in morals, so in war, the application of principle, the certainty of right, is not always clear. Could it always be, war would be an exact science; which it is not, but an art, in which true artists are as few as in painting or sculpture. It may be that a bombardment of the fortifications of Havana, or of some other place, might have been expedient, for reasons unknown to the writer; but it is clearly and decisively his opinion that if it would have entailed even a remote risk of serious injury to an armored ship, it stood condemned irrevocably (unless it conducted to getting at the enemy's navy), because it would hazard the maintenance of the blockade, our chosen object, upon which our efforts should be concentrated.* There is concentration of purpose, as well as concentration in place, and ex-centric action in either sphere is contrary to sound military principle.

The question of keeping the armored division under Admiral Sampson in the immediate neighborhood of Havana, for the purpose of supporting the blockade by the lighter vessels, was one upon which some diversity of opinion might be expected to arise. Cervera's destination was believed—as it turned out, rightly believed—to be the West Indies. His precise point of arrival was a matter of inference only, as in fact was his general purpose. A natural surmise was that he would go first to Porto Rico, for reasons indicated in a former paper. But if coal enough remained to him, it was very possible that he might push on at once to his ultimate objective, if that were a Cuban port, thus avoiding the betrayal of his presence at all, until within striking distance of his objective. That he could get to the United States coast without first entering a coaling port, whence he would be reported, was antecedently most improbable; and, indeed, it was fair to suppose that, if bound to Havana, coal exigencies would compel him to take a pretty short route, and to pass within scouting range of the Windward Passage, between Cuba and Haiti. Whatever the particular course of reasoning, it was decided that a squadron under Admiral Sampson's command should proceed to the Windward Passage, for the purpose of observation, with a view to going further eastward, if it should appear advisable. Accordingly, on the 4th of May, five days after Cervera left the Cape de Verde, the Admiral sailed for the appointed position, taking with him all his armored sea-going ships—the "Iowa," the "Indiana," and the "New York"—and two monitors, the "Amphitrite" and the "Terror." Of course, some smaller cruisers and a collier accompanied him.

It is almost too obvious for mention that this movement, if undertaken at all, should be made, as it was, with all the force disposable, this being too small to be safely divided. The monitors promptly, though passively, proceeded to enforce another ancient maritime teaching: the necessity for homogeneousness, especially of speed and manoeuvring qualities, in vessels intending to act together. Of inferior speed at the best, they had, owing to their small coal endurance, and to minimize the delay in the progress of the whole body consequent upon their stopping frequently to coal, to be towed, each by an armored ship; an expe-

* A principal object of these papers, as stated in the first, is to form a correct public opinion; for by public opinion, if misguided, great embarrassment is often caused to those responsible for the conduct of a war. As concrete examples teach far better than abstract principles, the writer suggests to the consideration of his readers how seriously would have been felt, during the hostilities, the accident which has just [December 14th] befallen the battleship "Massachusetts," a month after the above sentences were written. An injury in battle, engaged without adequate object, would have had the same effect, and been indefensible.
dient which, although the best that could be adopted, entailed endless trouble, and frequent stoppages through the breaking of the tow-lines.

Shortly before midnight of May 7th, the squadron was twenty miles north of Cape Haitien, about six hundred sea miles east of Havana. It was there learned, by telegrams received from the Department, that no information had yet been obtained as to the movements of the Spanish division, but that two swift steamers, the "New York"* and the "St. Louis," lately of the American transatlantic line, had been sent to scout to the eastward of Martinique and Guadaloupe. The instructions to these vessels were to cruise along a north and south line, eighty miles from the islands named. They met at the middle once a day, communicated, and then went back in opposite directions to the extremities of the beat. In case the enemy were discovered, word of course would be sent to Washington, and to the Admiral, if accessible, from the nearest cable port. The two vessels were directed to continue on this service up to a certain time, which was carefully calculated to meet the extreme possibilities of slowness on the part of the Spanish division, if coming that way; afterwards they were to go to a given place, and report. It may be added that they remained their full time, and yet missed by a hair's breadth sighting the enemy. The captain of the "New York" ("Harvard") afterwards told the writer that he believed another stretch to the south would have rewarded him with success. The case was one in which blame could be imputed to nobody; unless it were to the Spaniards, in disappointing our very modest expectations concerning their speed as a squadron, which is a very different thing from the speed of a single ship.

Among the telegrams received at this time by the Admiral from the Department were reports of rumors that colliers for the Spanish division had been seen near Guadaloupe; also, that Spanish vessels were coaling and loading ammunition at St. Thomas. Neither of these was well founded, nor was it likely that the enemy's division would pause for such purpose at a neutral island, distant, as St. Thomas is, less than a hundred miles from their own harbors in Porto Rico.

Immediately after the receipt of these telegrams, the Admiral summoned all his captains, between 12 and 4 A.M., May 9th, to a consultation regarding the situation. He then decided to go on to San Juan, the chief seaport of Porto Rico, upon the chance of finding the Spanish squadron there. The coaling of the monitors, which had begun when the squadron stopped the previous afternoon, was resumed next morning. At 11.15, May 9th, a telegram from the Department reported a story, "published in the newspapers," that the Spanish division had been seen on the night of the 7th near Martinique. The Department's telegram betrayed also some anxiety about Key West and the Havana blockade; but, while urging a speedy return, the details of the Admiral's movements were left to his own discretion. The squadron then stood east, and on the early morning of the 12th, arrived off San Juan. A bombardment of the place followed at once, lasting from 5.30 to 7.45 A.M.; but, as it was evident that the Spanish division was not there, the Admiral decided not to continue the attack, although satisfied that he could force a surrender. His reasons for desisting are given in his official report, as follows:

The fact that we should be held several days in completing arrangements for holding the place; that part of the squadron would have to be left to await the arrival of troops to garrison it; that the movements of the Spanish squadron, our main objective, were still unknown; that the Flying Squadron was still north, and not in a position to render any aid; that Havana, Cerberus's natural objective, was thus open to entry by such a force as his; while we were a thousand miles distant, made our immediate movement toward Havana imperative.

It will be noted that the Admiral's conclusions, as here given, coincided substantially with the feeling of the Department, as expressed in the telegram last mentioned. The squadron started back immediately to the westward. During the night of this same day, Thursday, May 12th, towards midnight, reliable information was received at the Navy Department that Cerberus's squadron had arrived off Martinique—four armored cruisers and three torpedo destroyers, one of the latter entering the principal port of the island.

The movements of the Spanish division immediately preceding its appearance off Martinique can be recovered in the main from the log of the "Cristobal Colon," which was found on board that ship by the United States officers upon taking possession after her surrender on July 3d. Some uncertainty attends the conclusions reached from its examination, because the record is
brief and not always precise in its statements; but, whatever inaccuracy of detail there may be, the general result is clear enough.

At noon of May 10th, the division was 130 miles east of the longitude of Martinique, and fifteen miles south of its southermost point. Being thus within twelve hours' run of the island, Admiral Cervera evidently, and reasonably, considered that he might now be in the neighborhood of danger, if the United States government had decided to attempt to intercept him with an armored division, instead of sticking to the dispositions known to him when he sailed—the blockade of Cuba and the holding the Flying Squadron in reserve. In order not to fall in with an enemy unexpectedly, especially during the night, the speed of the division was reduced to something less than four knots per hour, and the torpedo destroyer "Terror" was sent ahead to reconnoiter and report. The incident of her separating from her consorts is not noted—a singular omission, due possibly to its occurring at night, and so escaping observation by the "Colon;" but it is duly logged that she was sighted "to port" next morning, May 11th, at 9 A.M., and that, until she was recognized, the crew were sent to their quarters for action. This precaution had also been observed during the previous night, the men sleeping beside their guns; a sufficient evidence of the suspicions entertained by the Spanish admiral.

At 10 A.M., by which hour, or very soon afterwards, the communication of the "Terror" with the Admiral recorded by the log must have taken place, there had been abundance of time since daybreak for a fifteen-knot torpedo destroyer, low-lying in the water, to remain unseen within easy scouting distance of Martinique and thence to rejoin the squadron, which would then be forty or fifty miles distant from the island. She could even, by putting forth all her speed, have communicated with the shore; possibly without the knowledge of the American representatives on the spot, if the sympathies of the inhabitants were with the Spaniards, as has been generally believed. However that may be, shortly after her junction the division went ahead again seven knots, the speed logged at noon of May 11th, which, as steam formed, was increased to ten knots. At 4 P.M., Martinique was abeam on the starboard hand—north. At sundown the ships went to general quarters, and the crews were again kept at their guns during the night. By this time Cervera doubtless had been informed that Sampson's division had gone east from Cuba, but its destination could have been only a matter of inference with him, for the bombardment of San Juan did not take place till the following morning. The fact of keeping his men at quarters also justifies the conclusion that he was thus uncertain about Sampson, for the stationariness of the Flying Squadron would be known at Martinique.

After mentioning that the ship's company went to quarters, the log of the "Colon" adds: "Stopped from 5.15 to 6 A.M." Whether the 5.15 was A.M. or P.M., whether, in short, the squadron continued practically motionless during the night of May 11-12, can only be conjectured, but there can be little doubt that it did so remain. The Spaniards still observe the old-fashioned sea-day of a century ago, abandoned long since by the English and ourselves, according to which May 12th begins at noon of May 11th. A continuous transaction, such as stopping from evening to morning, would fall therefore in the log of the same day, as it here does; whereas in a United States ship-of-war, even were our records as brief and fragmentary as the "Colon's," the fact of the stoppage, extending over the logs of two days, would have been mentioned in each. It is odd, after passing an hour or two in putting this and that together out of so incomplete a narrative, to find recorded in full, a few days later, the following notable incident: "At 2.30 P.M., flagship made signal: 'If you want a cow, send boat.' Answered: 'Many thanks; do not require any.' " Log-books do state such occurrences, particularly when matters of signal; but then they are supposed also to give a reasonably full account of each day's important proceedings.

Whatever the movements back and forth, or the absence of movement, by the Spanish ships during the night, at 7.10 A.M. the next day, May 12th, while Sampson's division was still engaged with the forts at San Juan, they were close to Martinique, "four miles from Diamond Rock," a detached islet at its southern end. The next entry, the first for the sea-day of May 13th, is: "At 12.20 P.M. lost sight of Martinique." As the land there is high enough to be visible forty or fifty miles, under favorable conditions, and as the squadron on its way to Curacao averaged eleven knots per hour, it seems reasonable to infer that the Spanish admiral, having received news of the attack
on San Juan, though possibly not of the result, had determined upon a hasty departure, and a hurried run to the end of his journey, before he could be intercepted by Sampson, the original speed of whose ships was inferior to that of his own, and whom he knew to be hampered by monitors.

The Spaniards did not take coal at Martinique. This may have been due to refusal by the French officials to permit it, according to a common neutral rule which allows a neutral only to give enough to reach the nearest national port. As the ships still had enough to reach Curaçao, they had more than enough to go to Porto Rico. It may very well be, also, that Cervera, not caring to meet Sampson, whose force, counting the monitors, was superior to his own, thought best to disappear at once again from our knowledge. He did indeed prolong his journey to Santiago, if that were his original destination, by nearly two hundred miles, through going to Curaçao, not to speak of the delay there in coaling. But if the Dutch allowed him to take all that he wanted, he would, in his final start, be much nearer Cuba than at Martinique, and he would be able, as far as fuel went, to reach either Santiago, Cienfuegos, or Porto Rico, or even Havana itself—all which possibilities would tend to perplex us. It is scarcely probable, however, that he would have attempted the last-named port. To do so, not to speak of the greater hazard through the greater distance, would, in case of his success, not merely have enabled, but invited, the United States to concentrate its fleet in the very best position for us, where it would not only have “contained” the enemy, but have best protected our own base at Key West.

What Cervera’s actual reasonings were is unknown to the writer, and probably will remain unknown until he sees fit to publish them, or until he has appeared before the court-martial which, by the almost universal practice of naval nations, awaits a commander who has lost a ship or incurred a considerable disaster; a practice merciful as well as just, bringing to the light the man’s merits as well as his faults, if such there be, and confronting idle gossip with an authoritative expert judgment. The course being usual, implies no antecedent implication of blame, and therefore is never invidious as regards an individual. Till it is decided whether such a court shall be convened, it is not to be expected that the Spanish admiral will reveal the line of his defence, or lay himself open to attack by the statement of inferences and decisions, which at the time of their formation may have been sound, and yet in the event have proved unfortunate.

In the absence of certain knowledge, conjectural opinions, such as the writer has here educed, are not unprofitable; rather the reverse. To form them, the writer and the reader place themselves perforce nearly in Cervera’s actual position, and pass through their own minds the grist of unsolved difficulties which confronted him. The result of such a process is a much more real mental possession than is yielded by a quiet perusal of any ascertained facts, because it involves an argumentative consideration of opposing conditions, and not a mere passive acceptance of statements. The general conclusion of the present writer, from this consideration of Cervera’s position, and of that of our own government—which will be further elaborated and discussed in the next paper—is that the course of the Spanish admiral was opportunist, solely and simply. Such, in general, and necessarily, must be that of any “fleet in being,” in the strict sense of the phrase, which involves inferiority of force; whereas the stronger force, if handled with sagacity and strength, constrains the weaker in its orbit as the earth governs the moon. Placed in an extremely false position by the fault, militarily unpardonable, of his government, Admiral Cervera doubtless did the best he could. That in so doing he caused the United States authorities to pass through some moments of perplexity is certain, but it was the perplexity of interest rather than of apprehension; and in so far as the latter was felt at all, it was due to antecedent faults of disposition on our own part, the causes of which have been in great measure indicated in the previous papers. The writer is not an angler, but he understands that there is an anxious pleasure in the suspense of playing a fish, as in any important contest involving skill.

To say that there was any remarkable merit in the movements of the Spanish admiral is as absurd as to attribute particular cleverness to a child who, with his hands behind his back, asks the old conundrum: “Right or left?” “It is all a matter of guess,” said Nelson, “and the world attributes wisdom to him who guesses right;” but all the same, by unremitting watchfulness, sagacious inference, and diligent pursuit, he ran the French fleet down. At Martinique, Admiral Cervera had all the
West Indies before him where to choose, and the United States coast too, conditioned by coal and other needs, foreseen or unforeseen. We ran him down at Santiago; and had he vanished from there, we should have caught him somewhere else. The attempt of the Spanish authorities to create an impression that some marvelous feat of strategy was in process of execution, to the extreme discomfiture of the United States Navy, was natural enough, considering the straits they were in and the consciousness of the capable among them that a division of that force should never have been sent across the sea; but, though natural, the pretension was absurd, and, though echoed by all the partisan press in Europe, it did not for a moment impose as true upon those who were directing the movements of the United States ships.

IN THE THIRD HOUSE

A STORY OF POLITICAL LIFE.

HAT makes only seventy-three," said the smooth-faced man; "we've got to get two more."

"We've got to quit loser," said the man with a black mustache, "and we might as well face the music. There's no possibility of getting a single one more. Not a man in the other list can be touched, and you know it as well as I do, Cantwell."

"I know that I'm never whipped until the last name on the roll is called. Send for Shacklett as soon as you can, Baird, and let's go over it again."

Baird stepped over to the button, and called the bellboy. While that youth with carefully-combed hair, blacked shoes, and worn jacket was sauntering up the stairs, Baird wrote a note. He did not look pleased. He stopped in the middle to say that he knew when he was whipped. Cantwell finished his scrutiny of the list of names before him, and then remarked again that they had "got to win out."

The minute hand of the clock held aloft by Mercury on the mantel had not passed over much more than a quarter of a circle before Shacklett came in, with a knock that apparently was merely to announce his arrival rather than to ask admission. He felt at home in that room in the Leland. Six weeks before, he had waited for the answer to his knock before walking in, and for the next three weeks he had entered that door at all times of the day and night. He knew where the cigars were kept, when the box on the table became empty. He knew which of the two chairs on the side opposite the grate and away from the window was the more comfortable. When he came up the elevator, he never gave the number of the room to the boy, but merely said, "Parlor floor." Once when he left the elevator, Senator Cunningham was in the act of leaving this room, and Shacklett walked down the corridor in the opposite direction with an expression of interested amusement on his face and a mental note for future use.

"Good morning," he said impersonally, as he laid his hat and cane on the bed. "How's the game going now? Got 'em all in hand, or have you dropped the cards? It looks up at the Country Club like old Laney's going to give you a fight for your money. Just passed him on the street, and he talked about you without swearing; sure you've got 'em stacked to beat him?" And Shacklett smiled that smile which his friends seldom saw, and his enemies knew only too well meant either a royal flush or else a game of bluff on nothing. It was a pleasant smile.
unless one noticed the eyes; they glittered in a way which meant that the prey was in sight.

"We need two more; can you get 'em?" came from Cantwell like an order from the quarter-deck, and yet with a faint tinge of appeal in the tone.

"Don't know; how bad do you want 'em?" And Shacklett stepped up to the mirror to give his hair that characteristic pat with his fingers.

"Can you get them for three thousand apiece?" said Cantwell. Shacklett turned around, took a cigar, turned that same smile upon both men like a sweeping searchlight, lighted the cigar, and reached for his hat and cane.

"I thought you wanted to see me," he remarked in the most pleasant of tones; "I'll go over to the Senate and see the vote."

"What do you want?" Baird exclaimed; but Cantwell merely reached for the ash-receiver and said, "Can you get two more is what I want to know."

"I can't promise; you know I've got some pretty leary ones now and made them right. It's a long shot, and I can't tell what I can do. If you must have them, I'll try; and I can get them if anybody can, I guess you know; how hard shall I try?"

Cantwell's voice had a vibrant ring as he played his very last card in the words: "I'll give you forty thousand dollars for two more votes; two or none, you understand."

"I can't promise you anything, gentlemen," said Shacklett; "I don't know whether I can get them or not. Give me the money in centuries, and I'll either deliver the votes at roll-call or return it to you this evening. You know it's a big contract, and it's uncertain. You've stirred up such a rare stink that it's worth a man's life to even dream about your bill. You ought to have got..."
home if he was the only man in the district
that could read and write. Every farmer
knows this bill is a plain old Chicago steal,
and you've got to simply ask a man to ruin
himself for so much a ruin. But I'll see if I
can find one willing to be ruined between now
and two o'clock;" and Shacklett broadened
his smile into a little laugh as he went out.
He walked rapidly to the elevator, dropped
to the first floor, and only nodded to several
senators in the lobby on his way to the street.
He was not planning. He had done that
while in Cantwell's and Baird's room. He
wanted to get to the State House in the
shortest time, and he looked a little vexed
when he found no carriage at the entrance
to the hotel. He walked quietly around
the corner, and started up the street that looks
directly up to the Capitol of Illinois through
the grating of the same kind of a railroad
bridge that crosses Buckwheat Creek in Ar-

But Shacklett saw neither the State House
dome nor the ugly, brown bridge. He saw
the face of a girl over at Warsaw. He had
not meant to tell her that he loved her, but
that evening when they were coming home
from Nauvoo along the river road he half
told it, and the girl insisted on his telling
the other half. The moon was only a little
more than a slim crescent hanging over the
Iowa bluffs, but every ray of its spectral
brightness was reflected from each wave in
the river. The lights of Keokuk shone like
a string of gems along the top of the high
bluff, and the red and green lights below
along the western shore and over the locks
of the canal added to the supernatural tone
of the scene. So close that they felt it to
be at their very feet, the Mississippi glided
as smoothly as a giant serpent and as pow-
erful as a monster anaconda. No one can
ride along that river road upon the very
bank without feeling the influence of a power
greater than himself in the clutches of which
he is borne along. One may catch his breath
at its powerful beauty, but he cannot forget
the immensity of it all.
The hoarse tone of an excursion boat
growing out notice of its approach had
turned the conversation between Shacklett
and the girl along the channel of the friends
waiting eagerly in the town for the signal
that the passengers had safely returned.
The next minute Shacklett was talking about
the wrong of making one's friends wait for
him; the echoes of the last long blast from
the boat's whistle had not died away before

he had let slip the thought that was with him
most of the time: a man ought not to ask a
girl to wait until he had gained a competency
upon which to support a wife.
He had meant to stop with that. He had
told her a hundred times with his eyes that
he loved her, and it was in keeping with his
diplomatic character to embrace the oppor-
tunity of saying to her in this way that he
would never tell her so with his lips.
"Do you think that fair to the girl?" she
asked.
"It is the only thing that is just to her," he
replied in a tone that his friends knew
always closed an argument.
"But suppose the girl would rather wait
than accept the other life?"
"She will not be that big a fool; she will
be just as happy with some other fellow as
with me"—that last word was a slip that
he always charged to the witchery of the
omnipotent river. The girl that Shacklett
could love with his whole soul was of neces-
sity a girl that could talk as frankly and yet
as carefully as the shrewdest lobbyist spoke
to the member who was chiefly concerned
about fooling himself as well as his con-
stituents.
"Not if she really loves you," she said
clearly; "and you are doing her the great-
est injury of her life in allowing her to suf-
fer because of false philanthropy on your
part. She has as good a right to cast her
own future as you have to cast yours, and a
much better right than you have to cast hers
for her."

Shacklett hated sham unless there was good
reason for it; he only helped a legis-
lator to fool himself when it was absolutely
necessary in order to obtain results. He
carried to be impersonal.
"No; I can't argue against that—I've
tried to do it to myself—but nevertheless I
shall not tie you up like that house-boat un-
til I am able to pilot you through the rapids"
—and the girl knew that the matter was set-
tled as well as Cantwell knew that it was use-
less to talk to Shacklett about an ordinary
amount for those last two members.
"And, nevertheless, I shall control my
own future," she said. That was four years
ago, and Shacklett knew that the home was
waiting for him when he reached it, as surely
as the house-boat wintering in the canal
would finally tie up in the warm sunlight at
New Orleans.

Now, for the first time, Shacklett saw the
home and the girl closer to him than the rail-

road bridge and the portico of the State House. He had at least fifteen thousand dollars in his pocket that would be his own money, unless Graves made a bull. Graves was not always sure; but this "rake-off" ought to make him as certain as a sharp-shooter. Anyhow, those chances had to be taken. There was no way to improve them except to make Graves over, and that could not be done in two hours.

Once when Shacklett had run over to Hamilton to see the girl, they had watched a lumber boat pushing a raft through the draw of the long bridge. There were acres of lumber, and at the foot of the rapids the force of the current gave it a momentum of millions of tons. But patience and the pilot had swung the long raft through the narrow opening as deftly as the boy guides his little sled on the hill.

They had spoken of how proud they would be after accomplishing the feat that the man at the wheel in the high pilot-house took as a matter of course. Shacklett felt the same elevation now that his self-sacrifice, and what he thought to be the infinitely greater self-sacrifice of the girl, in their patient waiting had at last given him the thing he sought for most in life. He never worked without a definite object. The one thing which he had kept in view for seven years was to lay the toga from a Western State at the feet of the girl in the Senate chamber at Washington. To get the toga seemed infinitely easier than to get the money which would justify him in marrying the girl. Now he had it in his pocket, and in two hours it would be his own—unless Graves failed him.

It might as well be said for the satisfaction of the good people who cannot make the distinction between buying votes in the legislature and other equally illegal methods of obtaining things, that such a thing as stealing the money of the Chicago gang would never have entered Shacklett's mind. If there had been danger of that, Cantwell would not have given it to him, of course. Both knew that there could be no real demand made for the return of the money given for such a purpose by that gang; but both knew it was as safe with Shacklett as with the cashier of the First National Bank. Shacklett had long since got past the stage of moralizing about the purchase of legislators. It was five years before that he was a clerk of committee, and ever since he had been a close student of that particular genus. He read the remarks about bribery in the papers exactly as the rest of us read Tolstoi; and he had no more intention of living up to the standard of the civil service reformers than the rest of us have of living up to the example of Jesus of Nazareth. He watched a new legislature come in as the orator watches the people ushered into his audience; and he looked at the members seriatim as the physiologist studies the animals in his laboratory, but with a little more enjoyment in vivisec-
tion. It was as near right to use a legislator for one's own purpose as it was to open an oyster shell or shoot a bear. The whole genius were in Springfield solely because of the operation of the law of the survival of the strongest in practical politics. If they succumbed to the stronger lobbyist, the law was still fulfilled. Shacklett, however, could not have formulated all this, for he was little given to introspection; but it paints the legislature from his point of view. Below him, his field of vision was filled with the legislature; above him, it could contain only the girl. And as he walked rapidly down under the bridge and up the steps of the State House, he was looking upward at the girl— nearer than she had ever been to him before.

Shacklett took the elevator to the second floor, and went directly to the office of the board of which Graves was chief clerk. As he walked through to the private office of the secretary with his staid dignity, not so much as glancing to either side, nor seeming to notice even Graves, anybody not acquainted in the Third House at Springfield would have been sure that he was the executive officer of the board. That was a way that Shacklett had. He never beckoned a man to him, even by so much as a turn of the eyes; when he went past a friend without speaking, that friend followed him; it saved much suspicion on the part of the people who had an interest in knowing whom he met.

When Graves came into the inner office and shut the door, Shacklett was not sitting down in the best chair as usual; contrary to his habit, he was waiting by the mantel in an attitude of impatient haste. Graves's heart sank as visions of revelations, exposures, and warnings fitted before his mind at the unusual hurry of his old friend.

"Say, do you know where you can get one more vote for the Chicago bill?" Shacklett began at once. "They need two. If you can get one, I'll dig up the other if I have to hold him up with a gun. There's twenty thousand in it for a vote, if you can get it and I can get mine. We've got to get 'em for that money, but two is too big a contract for me. Can you get one of them?"

"Where's the money?" queried Graves.

"In my pocket. We've got less than two hours to get 'em in. Man, we can't let a chance like this slip by us. We can't overlook such a bet."

"I don't know," said Graves slowly; "I believe I can get him. I wouldn't ask it of him for less; but twenty thousand—"

"There's not a man outside now that a thousand won't get as quick as a million. See him right away. I'll see my man, and be back here in an hour. Remember, it's got to be both or none." And Shacklett sauntered out through the outer office, and when once in the corridor, walked as fast as he dared to the elevator.

Down to the first floor, through the east entrance, with sundry nods to some members and a word to others coming in slowly to the Senate and House chambers, into a carriage just dismissed by the lieutenant-governor, and Shacklett was driving as fast as the horses could trot toward the St. Nicholas,— almost as soon as Graves had secured his own hat and met his member in one of the committee-rooms.

Shacklett told the cabman to wait, and went into the long office of the hotel with a sharp look around, then walked through into the writing-room; but the man he most desired to see of all the human family was not there. Up an elevator again, and in ten seconds more he walked into a room without knocking.

Old Senator McNamara was in. He looked very different from the senators from the districts with low numbers, up near Cook County. He was a farmer who had come from Kentucky to the same part of Illinois that Logan, Morrison, Dubois, and others have made famous. He had arrived in time to sit on the knee of Jesse K. Dubois and ask lisping questions about the man Lincoln whose name he heard so often. He had grown up without much schooling, but with the hard sense and Irish wit which made him a natural politician. Best of all, those who lived nearest and knew him best knew that he never had been so much as accused of any questionable act. He was called "John" by most of the inhabitants of three counties, and "Honest John" by the young lawyers who traded school districts with one another in order to "conduct a campaign" with fervid oratory.

"Hello, John," began Shacklett before he removed his hat. "Let that laundry alone, and sit down for about ten minutes. I want to talk to you like a brother."

John McNamara let the collars and cuffs fall to the floor, and dropped into a chair, while Shacklett drew up another, pushed back his hat, and rested both hands on his cane. He was going to talk for twenty thousand dollars—and the girl—and when that hat went back in that way, the other side always went to work with increased energy.
"Now, John," he began at once, "I'm not going to talk about any account with you. You know how the books stand, and I'll admit there's a little balance due me since I turned that trick at the ville for you and knocked out old Putnam; but that cuts no ice now. I did that because you've always been a friend, even if you never got a chance to do much for me. Now's your chance." The old man nodded energetically, and opened his mouth to speak, but Shacklett went on rapidly. "It's the chance of my lifetime. I'm not going to offer to buy you; you know I'm too smart for that, and that I know that a million couldn't touch you with a telegraph pole. But there's twenty thousand dollars in it for me for one more vote for the Chicago bill. You know what that is to me. Will you do it and not take a cent, but do it for me?"

The old senator from Egypt, whom some of the city members got a good deal of fun out of at times, scarcely moved his head, and his tone was as even as if he was discussing the price of wheat or the best crop to follow clover.

"Noel," he said, "I never called on you for anything yet that you didn't accomplish for me. You always got there, and you always got there for me. I don't forget such things. There was that time you came down and saved that convention for me—I know that you gave up a week in Chicago to do that, and there was a hot time among the boys there then, too. I've never done much thanking with words in my life—summers I don't take to tellin' a feller how much I thank him. But I never yet went back on a friend that asked my help.

"You know that it's no use to offer me money, and you haven't done it. If you had, I don't know but what that would o' evened up our score to date. But you know me too well—or maybe you was too smart. Anyhow, I guess you know that there's not money enough to buy me in Chicago—and never will be.

"But I'll vote for the bill for you. I know what the money is to you, and you won't lose any sleep about the morals of spending it, I guess. Only them Chicago fellers and their members mustn't come around me. I'll follow the lead of Forsythe, their steering committee, and if there's any-
thing to be said off the floor, you must come and tell me—now don’t say a word till I’m done talking.”

Shacklett’s eyes were shining, which they had not done for years, and which he had carefully trained them for years not to do, and he was about to become effusively thankful, which he had never been before in his life—though he had never won so much before. But Senator McNamara went on without a change in his tone nor the tightening of his control over himself and his visitor. Shacklett afterward envied him his poise from the bottom of his heart. The next words made Shacklett glad that he had not interrupted the monologue.

“You know my position, Noel,” the stream of language flowed on without a ripple, “and you know exactly what this is to me. The folks down home call me ‘Honest John,’ and no man dares to say a word about my honesty. When the Chicago crowd threw a lot of money into the district to help Walsh beat me, and it got out, that made me solid as long as I want to stay. I’m going to quit now. You know it. I’m going home knowing that I never touched a cent of crooked money and am as honest as I was when I came here.

“But I’m going home covered with the filth of the stock-yards whether I stole a hog or not. They’ll believe that I was bought. I can’t make them believe anything else, and you can’t, by a long shot. They’ll say I got a big pile, for it would take a fortune to get me. They’ll wonder at all the stores o’ nights what I done with it. They’ll come around to sell me their blasted farms and a new buggy; and they’ll watch to see how Mary and the girls dress.

“As long as I live they’ll say to strangers: ‘That’s old John McNamara; he used to be in the Senate, but he sold out the time of them big Chicago deals; he got a big pile; nobody’d a’ believed he’d done it.’

“And then when I die, they’ll say of my children that Bob has a nice farm—his father got rich selling out when he was in the Senate; and that Carrie married well because she was rich—her father made a lot of money when he was a senator and them big Chicago bills was passed. Yesterday I thought I’d go down into my grave old Honest John McNamara; now I’m going to go home disgraced among the people that’ve known me so long, if you say so. It shan’t be said that I ever went back on a friend. If you say so, Noel, I’ll vote for the bills. But I want you to understand the situation. Send me some kind o’ word I’ll understand when the tussle begins in the Senate, and I’ll play your suit.”

The old man got up and began to count his collars on the floor as if his laundry slips were the most important things in the world. The conference was closed, very evidently. Shacklett went out without a word, and with his face as impassive as it was the time he won the twenty-five hundred dollars from the member from Cook County on a pair of sevens.

He did not ring for the elevator, but walked down the stairs, and went out the side entrance. As he passed the Palace, he saw the man he felt sure Graves had in mind, sitting on the sidewalk in front of the office with a clerk in the auditor’s office and a deputy warden of a penitentiary telling stories. Even Shacklett could not guess what he had said to Graves.

For as Shacklett walked up to the State House again, it all depended upon whether Graves had been successful. Shacklett hoped from the bottom of his heart that Graves had failed. That would settle the matter easily. If Graves had not failed, then the whole decision would be on his own shoulders. He had thought it all over before he got to the street. He would be the meanest rascal that ever sold his brother if he accepted McNamara’s offer; he knew that; but then there was the twenty thousand dollars—and the girl. What the girl would think did not matter, for she would never know it. Whether the devil or the training of his own mother won, in either case she would never know anything about it. It was a nasty thing to do, and a dirtier thing than Shacklett had ever done; but a man’s a fool if he does not sell his soul when the devil offers such a price, he reasoned. The more he thought about it, the more mixed up he became; finally by the time that he was passing under the railroad bridge again, he seemed to be watching a struggle going on in some other man’s mind, as he might look at a fight between a brakeman and a tramp on a passing train, which had come into his environment from somewhere indefinite and was going out into somewhere unknown. It was no use to argue it any longer. What Graves had done—or rather had failed to do—would probably settle the whole question, and what was the use of bothering with it now? This was what he found running through his brain as he walked up the pavement to the wide steps. He felt that it was about three to
one that the devil would win, if Graves did have his man. Twenty thousand and the girl, in his own opinion of himself, probably had a bigger "pull" than the inborn and inbred instincts of a gentleman—he gave them no higher name. And so, with the devil a favorite at three to one, he went in to see the end of the game.

As Shacklett entered the door of the outer office, Graves picked up an account book with a preoccupied air, and went into the inner chamber of his chief. Shacklett affably greeted the man in the outer office, shook hands with a postmaster from down country, passed the stenographers and minor clerks in the inner office with dignity, and went on into the private room of the secretary of the board. He gently shut the door, and found Graves standing in the middle of the floor facing him.

"Well, did you get him?" asked Shacklett heartily, and with one of those most cordial smiles generally reserved for asking about the health of the baby of a member from the country.

"You bet I did; did you get yours?" Graves almost shouted.

"What did he say?" asked Shacklett, ignoring the question addressed to himself.

"He wouldn't take a cent of money, but said if I wanted him he'd vote for the bill. Said it would ruin him up at home and all that, and that people would always talk about his family as the children of that man that was in the Senate the time the Chicago bills were passed and sold out to the gang, and all that; but he said he'd vote all right to make me the twenty thousand, if I said so. Did you get yours?"

When Graves had a fortune hanging on the answer, it was cruel of Shacklett to ignore the momentous question again; but he only asked:

"Are you going to have him do it?"

"Course; that twenty thousand's too much for me to let go by; it's kind o' mean, but I can't stand the pressure. What did your man say?" And Graves was almost in a frenzy of impatience.

"Stuff's off; I couldn't get mine," said Shacklett quietly.

**DEWEY AT MANILA.**

OBSERVATIONS AND PERSONAL IMPRESSIONS DERIVED FROM A SERVICE WITH THE AMERICAN FLEET IN THE PHILIPPINES FROM APRIL, 1898, TO OCTOBER, 1898.

BY EDWARD W. HARDEN.

ILLUSTRATED WITH PHOTOGRAPHS TAKEN BY MR. J. T. MCCUTCHEON, AND OTHER PICTURES.

ADMIRAL DEWEY had information regarding the Spanish ships and fortifications in Manila, but the events there have shown that this information was not correct. He had a fairly accurate description of all the Spanish ships in Manila, and he had reports as to the number and size of the guns, of the land fortifications, and their location. He had heard that the Spanish officers were sinking mines in the harbor and bay; but, of course, he did not know their location. He sailed down to Manila with only the most general idea of the sort of resistance he would meet.

The British Government, through the Governor in Hong Kong, declared its neutrality the moment war was declared, and ordered our squadron to leave the waters of the harbor within forty-eight hours. Penalties were provided for any British citizen who gave aid in any way to either belligerent. The selling of coal or supplies of any kind, even provisions, to our ships, was interdicted, and no British citizen was allowed to ship on any of our vessels, or in any way to help our cause.

Admiral Dewey had made every preparation possible. He had purchased two ships, the "Nanshan" and "Zafiro," the first of

EDITOR'S NOTE.—Mr. Harden, accompanied by Mr. McCutcheon, went out on the "McCulboch" and joined Admiral Dewey's fleet just before it sailed for Manila. He remained with it until a short time ago, when he came home to report to the Government on some special investigations that it was a part of his mission to the Philippines to conduct. Thus he was present, and in a position of special confidence, not only through the fighting, but through the even more delicate and trying transactions that followed, and his article is the first account of the entire campaign in the Philippines that the public has yet had.
which had a cargo of 3,000 tons of the best Welsh coal, and in the "Zafiro" he had six months’ stores for the fleet; but the coal supply was sufficient for only a moderate distance of steaming. Then, too, the Admiral had only sixty per cent. of the full war complement of ammunition. He had no base of supplies to fall back upon for coal, ammunition, or provisions; there was no port open to him to which to take one of his ships in case it should become disabled. Seven thousand miles of water separated him from San Francisco—his only refuge.

The order to leave the waters of the bay at Hong Kong was received late on Saturday afternoon, April 23d. He had to be out of the harbor on Monday afternoon. There was, practically, only one place to go—that was to a Spanish port which he could capture and make his own base of supplies. As a matter of fact, our squadron did go first to Mirs Bay, twenty-five miles by sea from Hong Kong, and remained there, in Chinese waters, until Thursday, April 27th. China had not yet declared her neutrality, but she was likely to do so at any time. The Admiral had, therefore, either to go to the Philippine Islands and wrest a port from the Spaniards, or go home. His orders were, "Capture or destroy the Spanish fleet."

There was nothing to be gained by waiting, and Dewey did not hesitate. As soon as Oscar F. Williams, the United States Consul at Manila, arrived in Mirs Bay, the fleet got under way, and headed straight for the Philippine Islands.

The Spaniards knew that we had started, but they expected we would lie outside Corregidor, make a reconnoiter, and, perhaps, send in one or two ships to find out what the conditions were. That is what some naval commanders might have done, but Admiral Dewey was trained in a different school. He had served with Farragut, and he remembered what Farragut said: "Damn the torpedo; go ahead." He went ahead in two senses. He went into Manila Bay, and he took the "Olympia" in first. If a torpedo-boat had been lying there in wait, or if our fleet had passed over mines that could have been exploded, the flag-ship would probably have been the one which would have been singled out for destruction.

On Saturday night we were running down close to Corregidor with all lights out except a single one at the stern, to serve as a guide to the vessel immediately behind. It was the hour before the battle, the most trying that can be experienced. We were slipping down in the darkness on waters which
were supposed to be filled with mines, close by dark hills where we knew that guns had been placed, into a bay where we were practically certain the Spanish ships were lying in wait for us.

**DISCOVERED BY THE SPANISH.**

When the head of our line was still a mile off Corregidor, we saw, from the top of the island near where the lighthouse is, the quick flash of a signal light. It appeared to be a heliograph,—undoubtedly announcing our approach to the south mainland, where there was a telegraph station connected with Manila. We saw the answering flash from the other side of the pass, and we knew that we were discovered. Everyone waited for the flash of a gun and the deep boom which would show that hostilities had begun. There was no sound. Our ships went on with never a stop or a change from the course that had been given, closer and closer to the place where the guns lay in wait for us.

I was standing on the port side of the "McCulloch," looking over towards Corregidor, when a sailor who stood close beside me pointed into the darkness ahead and in a hoarse whisper said: "What is that light?" I looked in the direction he pointed, and there, burning on the water, was a ghostlike light, which flickered, died down, then flamed up again. I thought of torpedo-boats; but torpedo-boats carry no lights to let the enemy know of their approach. Then I thought it was a beacon light placed on the water to give the range of our ships. The silhouette of a
ship's hull against this light would make an excellent target for the gunners. The ships were in line; but in order to lessen the danger of collision, the ship immediately in the rear of the "Olympia" was 100 yards on the starboard quarter, and the one behind that 100 yards on the port. The light was between the two lines of ships, so that each vessel passed within 50 or 100 yards of it. This was most trying. On went the ships; the light flickered and flared. It grew larger as we approached, and finally we were where its light must have shone upon our hull and rigging. Still there was no sound of guns. We were upon it when our suspense was ended. 

An officer of the "McCulloch" figured out that it was a life-buoy accidentally dropped overboard from one of our vessels ahead. The can attached to it, containing a powder which burns when it touches the water, had been set on fire as soon as it struck.

Then the smokestack of the "McCulloch" caught fire, blazing up furiously, and betraying our approach to those who watched on shore. The "McCulloch" had received Australian instead of Welsh coal in Hong Kong, and this fuel makes a great deal of smoke and soot. Three times the smokestack caught fire, and each time we knew that Spanish eyes marked the location of our ship, as well as that of others whose rigging must have shone in the glare. We wondered why they did not open fire. We wondered till the feeling grew into a sort of resentment against the Spaniards. Why did they not fire? At the time we thought, perhaps, they were waiting for us to pass over their hidden mines; but our ships went on and on; and ahead of us, we on the "McCulloch" could see the one light on the stern of each of the six ships which preceded us. The land had grown nearer and nearer, and already the "Olympia," leading the line, had passed the direct range of the batteries of Corregidor. Still there was no sound. Our ship steamed at a speed of six knots until she was about in line. Then it was that for the third time the funnel flared up with a ruddy light. It lasted for a minute. There was a wait of perhaps two minutes, and then came the first shot of the battle of Manila.

THE FIRST GUN OF THE BATTLE.

A flash of fire lighted up a rock called El Fraile, only half a mile to the starboard. The dull boom of a heavy gun followed so close upon the flash that we knew

THE "OLYMPIA," ADMIRAL DEWEY'S FLAG-SHIP. FROM A PHOTOGRAPH TAKEN IN AN INTERVAL OF THE BATTLE.  
This picture was taken by J. T. McCutcheon during the battle of Manila, as the "Olympia" passed the "McCulloch" with flags flying and men cheering, in the intermission between the first and second attacks.
it could not be far away, and we heard above our heads the whistle of a shell, which sounded something like the whirr of a partridge. An order rang out from the bridge of the "McCulloch" to fire five shots from the after starboard gun, but before the first shell could be put in place there was another order—to belay. From the "Concord," only a short distance ahead, a shell from a six-inch gun was fired. Another shot came from the fort, passing close to the "Concord." Then the order for the "McCulloch" to fire her starboard gun was repeated, and three shots were fired in rapid succession, aimed at the dark mass of rock at the right. Two more shots from the fort on El Fraile, and the "Boston" fired two shells—one from her after eight-inch and one from a five-inch gun. Then all was silent again.

When our ships had safely passed the forts at the entrance to the bay, we knew that there was nothing to resist us until we encountered the Spanish fleet. From Corregidor to Manila is a distance of twenty-seven miles, and our ships were headed directly for the city; and from that time on until daylight we steamed slowly, at a speed of six knots an hour, which would bring our ships off the city just at break of day.

The word was passed that all whose duties did not keep them up might sleep. Officers and men threw themselves down on the deck; and all slept as soundly during the three hours between two and five as they had the night before or when the ships were in the harbor at Hong Kong.

As the first gray of morning shone in the eastern skies, our ships rode directly off Manila. Those who had been sleeping seemed to waken at the same moment. Each man...
drank a cup of coffee and went to his station. Ahead of us we could see dimly the masts of ships, which, as the light grew brighter, we saw were merchant vessels. Almost at the same moment, one of the officers, looking through his glass, discovered the tops of the Spanish fighting ships off Cavite. From every mast and gaff were broken out our battle flags, and with the “Olympia” in the lead, we headed for Cavite.

THE FIGHT.

As our ships passed from behind the merchant ships lying in the harbor, the nine-inch guns of Fort Luneta spoke out a welcome—a challenge to us. The shells passed far overhead, and fell harmlessly in the water beyond. Under orders of the Admiral, these shots were not replied to until the “Concord” came in line. The Spanish got the range of our vessels, and the shells were dropping uncomfortably near, when the “Concord” replied with two shots. One of her shells buried itself in the sand twelve feet from one of the
big guns on the "Luneta." This was too close for the Spanish gunners, and not another shot was fired from the fort.

Sangley Point, near Cavite, had two modern breech-loading guns, and these opened fire long before our ships were in range. We did not reply to these shots. Our squadron continued on its course, running almost due south, until within two miles of the shore, when, at a point where it curved around to the west, we turned and followed the contour of the beach, passing parallel to, and perhaps 5,000 yards from, the Spanish ships and forts.

Just as the turn was made, the sun came up from behind the hills with the suddenness of a shot, and tinged the whole bay with red. It shone full upon the Spanish ships, and brought out every mast and rope. As the "Olympia" swung round she opened with her forward eight-inch guns. A puff of smoke, the deep boom of the guns, and there was a splash in the water, apparently within 100 yards of the "Reina Cristina," the Spanish flag-ship. Then the five-inch guns took up the duel, and the "Baltimore," swinging around in line, opened with her big guns. As each ship in our squadron turned into line, the thunder of its guns added to the noise. From a hundred guns on ship and shore the Spaniards replied. Our vessels passed along the entire line of ships and forts, firing as rapidly as the guns could be loaded and properly aimed. On they went, in perfect formation, the single line of battle, the port guns engaging the enemy until the "Olympia" had passed the Sangley Point fort, when she turned sharply about, and proceeded down the course again, a little nearer to the shore, bringing her starboard guns into action. Each ship, as it came to the point where the "Olympia" had turned, swung around, followed into line, and again we passed. Five times our ships went up and down that line, each time with lessened distance, and all the time they kept up a steady, rapid fire upon the enemy. The Spaniards were not slow about returning the fire. There was an almost continuous roar of their guns from the time the "Olympia" opened until, after passing for the fifth time, our vessels turned away, and started slowly across the bay out of the range of fire.

THE STOP "FOR BREAKFAST."

Some interesting stories have been told about the Admiral's withdrawal from action at the time he did. The generally accepted theory is that he wished to give his men breakfast. That is an interesting story; but, unfortunately, it is not true.

When our ships left Hong Kong for Manila, as has been stated, they had only sixty per cent. of their war complement of ammunition. After two hours fighting, the Admiral sent to the powder magazine to inquire how many rounds remained for the five-inch guns. The answer came back, "Fifteen." This gave him much concern. The smoke was so thick that to signal to each ship in the fleet and learn what he wanted to know would have been an extremely difficult thing to do; so he decided to withdraw from action in order to learn how much ammunition remained in the other ships, and to transfer from one to another as this could be done to advantage. After the ships had retired, he found that

Cavite Arsenal  Reina Cristina  Castilla  Don Antonio de Ulloa

OF THE BATTLE.
his question had been misunderstood, and that there had been fifteen rounds fired from each of the five-inch guns. The amount in the ammunition rooms was considerably more than this. Having withdrawn, however, the Admiral concluded to wait until the men could have a little rest and breakfast. The pause was good, for the men were tired, though still eager, and we had a chance to see how our work was being done. Two of the Spanish ships were on fire, and from the shore came the sound of explosions, which indicated that the battle had gone badly for the enemy.

The battle was resumed at 11.20. This time it was a short fight, and at 12.45 our victory was complete. The Spanish flag came down, and signals were run up on the “Olympia” which read: “The enemy has surrendered.”

MANILA WARNED.

As soon as the last Spanish flag had come down, the fleet steamed across the bay, passing defiantly the guns of Manila. They remained silent, and we came to anchor just outside the line of merchant shipping. Admiral Dewey had finished the specific task that had been assigned to him, but his work was not ended.

At two o’clock a pulling boat from the “Olympia” came alongside the “McCulloch,” putting Consul Williams on board. He was bearing an ultimatum from the Admiral to the Captain-General in Manila. The message was brief: “If you fire upon my ships, or if any hostile demonstration is made, I will destroy the city.” The “McCulloch” steamed alongside the “Buccleugh,” an English sailing ship, whose captain carried the Admiral’s note ashore to Ramsay Walker, the British Consul in Manila, who delivered it to Captain-General Augustin. The Captain-General of the Philippines never violated the text of this ultimatum. From that day until the final surrender of Manila, our ships lay unmolested in the harbor. Not a single hostile act was committed.

Sunday night was a time of worry for some of the men in the fleet, because of our knowledge that in the Pasig River there lay one, possibly two, gunboats; and our information was that there were also some torpedo-boats lying behind the forts guarding the entrance to the Pasig. The “McCulloch” was ordered to anchor in the channel, just outside the river’s mouth, and to lie there all night to guard the fleet from any attack from boats lying in the river. The “McCulloch” was equipped with four six-pounders and two three-inch guns, and while she was probably not a match for the vessels in the river, she could, at least, have given warning of their approach.

CUTTING THE CABLE.

The cable line which connects Manila with Hong Kong and the outside world was in operation when our fleet sailed into the bay, and the Spaniards used it after the battle to make reports to the Spanish Government in Madrid. Admiral Dewey sent word to the Spanish that, if they would allow him to communicate with Washington over this cable, he would leave it undisturbed, allowing the authorities in Manila to keep in close communication with Madrid. If this was refused, he would cut the cable. They replied that they would not permit him to use the cable. On Monday afternoon the “Zafiro” was sent out in the bay, off Sangley Point, where, throwing over grappling irons, she steamed slowly across to a point where the chart showed the cable. The first time across she caught it,
DEWEY AT MANILA.

By special permission of the New York "Herald," from a photograph taken by Mr. Stickney, correspondent of the "Herald," who was on the "Olympia's" bridge with Admiral Dewey during the entire fight.

SAILORS ON THE "OLYMPIA'S" FORWARD TURRET DURING A BRIEF "CEASE FIRE" IN THE MIDST OF THE BATTLE.

pulled it up on deck, and cut it in two, one end being buoyed to mark its location. The Admiral did not do this to keep out of communication with Washington. It may be he was well enough pleased not to be under constant orders from home; but that he cut the cable for that reason is only another good story.

TAKING CAVITE'S SURRENDER.

On Monday morning, May 2d, Captain Lamberton, who was Admiral Dewey's Chief-of-Staff, went aboard the "Petrel," which ran over close to Cavite and put him ashore to receive formally the surrender of the Spaniards. It was not at all certain that the surrender would be made without protest, and as Captain Lamberton left the "Petrel" he said to Captain Wood, "If I am not back in an hour, you will open fire upon Cavite." When he got ashore, he found that the Spaniards wanted to talk at great length over the surrender. The time passed, and the Captain, looking anxiously at his watch, saw a half-hour grow to three-quarters, and still no adjustment. Finally, he said, "Unless you surrender unconditionally, and unless I am away from here in fifteen minutes, the 'Petrel' will shell Cavite." The Spaniards had seen the "Petrel" at work the day before, and they did not care for any more of that close inshore fighting; so Captain Lamberton got away within the hour, and all the terms which we had laid down to the Spaniards had been complied with. That afternoon our squadron moved across the bay and came to anchor off Cavite.

I went ashore first on Tuesday, May 3d. By that time the Spaniards had all left Cavite and gone by land into Manila. The troops had taken with them their arms, and the people who lived in Cavite had removed from their homes everything that could be easily transported. Although only two days had passed, the natives from the surrounding country had already been looting the houses.
The marauders could be seen on Bakoor Bay in boats laden almost to the gunwales with all sorts of loot taken from the arsenal before the marine guard was stationed there and from the houses of the town. Before the week ended everything of value was stripped from the houses, and they were left with nothing but the bare walls and floors.

THE WRECKED SPANISH SHIPS.

In the small bay which separates the point of land on which Cavite is located from Sangley Point were the wrecks of three ships—the “Reina Cristina,” the flag-ship of Admiral Montojo; the “Castilla,” and the “Don Antonio de Ulloa.” The “Reina Cristina” and the “Castilla” had been set on fire by shells from the American ships, and for two days had burned, until nothing was left but a mass of twisted iron and charred wood. The “Don Antonio de Ulloa” had been sunk by shells from our ships, but had not burned. She was in some five fathoms of water, and at low tide a good portion of her decks was above water. I went on board the second day after the battle. From the signal lockers I got two signal flags; and one of the boat’s crew, who dived into the cabin, brought up a clock which he gave me. This clock, of American make, had stopped at three and one-half minutes past twelve, indicating, within a few minutes, the time at which the “Ulloa” had sunk. The “Castilla” was still on fire when I rowed around her, and the masts—charred sticks of timber—were still smoking. The “Reina Cristina” was soon burned out, and on the second day there was only a little smoke coming from the forward part of the ship.

In the waters of Bakoor Bay, inside the point occupied by the Cavite arsenal, were the sunken hulks of the eight other Spanish ships which had been destroyed. Only two—the “Isla de Luzon” and the “Isla de Cuba”—were worth saving, and these have since been raised and sent to Hong Kong for overhauling. When this is finished, they will be added to the American fleet in Asiatic waters.

The arsenal at Cavite contained immense quantities of naval stores. There was enough ammunition there to have kept all the guns of the Spanish fleet and of the land forts in continuous action for a week. There were immense quantities of compasses, chains, and anchors, ropes, sails, spars, and all the material which go to the fitting up of a ship. Much of this material was found available for use on our ships, and the holds were quickly filled with naval stores taken from the store-rooms in Cavite.

The guns on Sangley Point and those which guarded the approach to Manila Bay were destroyed by order of Admiral Dewey. There were 10,000 Spanish soldiers in the islands, and the Admiral feared that they might capture some of these fortifications, and that considerable damage might be done to our fleet in consequence. He sent gangs of men to each of the forts, who destroyed the guns by wrapping bands of gun-cotton around them behind the muzzle and exploding these with electricity. The stores of ammunition were blown up, and the defenses of
Manila were destroyed, except those within the city limits.

DEWEY'S REPORT OF HIS VICTORY.

It was not until Thursday, May 5th, that the Admiral started a ship, the "McCulloch," for Hong Kong with the news of the victory. We got under way at two o'clock, having on board Flag-Lieutenant Brumby bearing the Admiral's despatches. The "Boston" and "Concord" were to act as convoy past the mouth of the bay, and the course set by the "Boston," which was in the lead, would have taken our ships out through Boca Grande to the south of Corregidor. When still a mile from the island of Corregidor, the "Boston" made a sharp turn to starboard. The smoke came from her funnels in clouds, and signal flags were run up on her halliards. Before the signals could be made out, one of the officers on the "McCulloch" discovered, just beyond the island, the fighting top of a warship. By this time the signals had been read, and they said: "Clear ship for action." The "Concord" and "McCulloch" had turned sharply with the "Boston," and as we passed further around the point of the island, we could see the outlines of the ship a mile beyond Corregidor. But the wind was carrying her flag directly astern, so that it could not be made out by the people on our ship. She was very large; to us she looked bigger than a mountain. Her hull was painted black, and we took her for a battleship. So far as we knew, Spain had no ships of her size in those waters, but it was the part of wisdom to be prepared. Cleared for action, the ships went as fast as engines could drive towards the stranger. Suddenly the forward eight-inch gun of the "Boston" boomed out. We thought then that there was no question as to what was before us. We looked anxiously through our glasses to see the shot strike, and to see an answering shot from the big guns of the other vessel. A second time the "Boston" fired, and we saw the shot lift the water in a little cove, on the island of Corregidor, where a steam launch was flying the Spanish flag. A shifting of the wind turned the flag of the strange vessel. It was the tricolor of France, on the cruiser "Bruix" from Saigon, too late to see the battle of Manila.

THE ADMIRAL'S FLAG.

President McKinley had directed Secretary Long to cable the congratulations of the President and the American people to the Admiral, and also advice of the latter's promotion to the grade of Rear-Admiral. This cablegram was taken down to Manila by the "McCulloch" on her return trip. We left Hong Kong a little before two o'clock on Sunday, arrived in Manila at two o'clock Tuesday afternoon, and the cablegram was delivered to Admiral Dewey at once. There was a rumor throughout the fleet that the President had recognized the Admiral and his victory, but no official word of it was given out that night. When, at eight o'clock on Wednesday morning, the flags went up, glasses were turned on the "Olympia's" mainmast to see what flag would be run up there. It was the blue flag, but there were two stars on it instead of one, and from
that moment it was Admiral, instead of Commodore, Dewey.

DEWEY AND THE GERMANS.

During the long weeks our ships were lying in Manila Bay blockading the city, there was much to try the patience of the Admiral, but the most serious matter was the attitude of the German ships in the bay. The French were the first to be represented there by naval vessels after the battle, the French cruiser "Bruix" arriving from Saigon on Thursday, May 5th. On Saturday, May 7th, the English cruiser "Immortalité" came in. A few days later the German cruiser "Cor- moran" arrived, and she was followed by the "Irene," and, later, by the "Deutschland," the "Princess Wilhelm," the "Kaiserin Augusta," and the "Kaiser." The German navy had a fleet of eight vessels on the China station, and of these all but two, the "Gefion" and the "Arcona," were sent to Manila under the command of Vice-Admiral Von Diederichs.

To the Americans the German ships were a constant menace. While at no time was there any overt act committed, there was always the danger of it; and for more than two months our ships were outclassed by the ships of another nation which, under no view we could take of the case, needed them in those waters. If they had shown a friendly feeling, or had even been strictly neutral, it would not have been so bad. During all the time, however, the officers of the German fleet were going ashore night and day; were entertained by the Spanish officers; were visiting the Spanish lines, and, as we heard at the time and believed, and as we still believe, they were offering to the Spaniards suggestions as to the placing and handling of their guns.

An outsider not familiar with the situation, coming into Manila and seeing the actions of the two fleets, would have thought that the Germans were blockading the city and that our ships were looking on. The German ships were constantly under way, running up and down the bay, and part of the time some of them were stationed at Mariveles, at the entrance to the bay, while the others were anchored off the city. At night they were constantly signaling, using the Ardois system, or throwing flashes with searchlights on the clouds in the sky.
These flashes could readily be seen at Mariveles Bay.

One night at midnight the flagship signaled the "McCulloch" that a steamer was entering the bay, and ordered her to get under way and speak the stranger. The "McCulloch" had not gone more than a mile when the "Kaiser" began throwing search-light flashes on the clouds. These continued for more than half an hour. There would be nine flashes in rapid succession, then a pause; then nine more and a pause. The "McCulloch" steamed to Corregidor as rapidly as possible, but when she arrived, there was no sign of a ship. Some of our officers declared that this was a prearranged signal from the German fleet to warn an incoming vessel that her presence had been discovered and that we had a ship under way to meet her.

THE "IRENE" INCIDENT.

There has been a good deal of discussion over the "Irene" incident, in which the German cruiser of that name was stopped and boarded by one of our officers. I was on the ship which overhauled the "Irene," so I know what happened. Flag-Lieutenant Brumby came on board the "McCulloch" one morning and ordered her to run down to Corregidor. We steamed away, reaching the island at the entrance of the bay about twelve o'clock. No vessels were in sight; so the "McCulloch" passed Corregidor and went on up the mainland. When about five miles from the island, we saw the smoke of a steamer heading in. We ran on until almost even with her. Then put up the signals, "We desire to communicate with you," at the same time stopping our engines and lowering a boat for a boarding officer. The

AN OVERTURNED GUN ON THE WRECKED "ISLA DE LUZON."

By special permission of the New York "Herald," from a photograph taken by Mr. Stickney, correspondent of the "Herald," at the battle of Manila Bay.
vessel kept right on, and it was not until signals were displayed a second time that she hove to and received our boarding officer. On his return, the officer reported that the vessel was the "Irene"—a point regarding which we were in doubt when the signals were first displayed—and that she was on her way from Subig Bay to Mariveles. She was allowed to proceed. The story was told that the "McCulloch" fired a shot across the "Irene's" bow, but this is not true.

At this time the relations between Admiral Dewey and Admiral Von Diederichs were strained almost to the breaking point. A day or two later, Admiral Dewey sent a message to Admiral Von Diederichs, saying that thereafter vessels would not be permitted to move about in the harbor at night. Admiral Von Diederichs replied that this order would be complied with. But on the same day, his flag-officer went aboard the "Olympia" to say that the German Admiral, while he did not object to the boarding of a vessel of his when it first arrived, must remonstrate against interference with a ship after it had once arrived and had gone out of the bay.

DEWEY TO VON DIEDERICHS.

Admiral Dewey replied that he would board every ship that came into the bay, no matter how often she might have been in before. He said, further, that he was displeased with the actions of the Germans; and he desired to know whether the United States and Germany were at peace or at war. If at peace, he would expect the German Admiral to pursue a different course in future; if at war, he wished to know it in order that he might take action accordingly. This message brought the Germans to time, and from that day on there was less cause for complaint.

NEWS FROM SAMPSON AND SCHLEY.

The first news of the destruction of Cervera's fleet reached Manila July 17th. We had had a ship in Hong Kong, but she left there on Sunday, July 3d, the day the battle occurred, and before the news from Santiago had been received. Our latest despatches said that Sampson's blockade was being maintained, and the ship had to add only the omi-

THE WRECK OF THE SPANISH CRUISER "CASTILLA" IN CANACAO BAY, THE SMOKE STILL ISSUING FROM HER CHARRED SUPERSTRUCTURE.

From a photograph taken by J. T. McCutcheon.
rous news that Cámara's fleet was in Suez, with the ships coaled and ready to start for Manila. This fleet comprised ships which were superior to Admiral Dewey's. I had, by the same ship, a letter from Consul-General Wildman in Hong Kong in which he said that Cámara's fleet was surely on its way and that we were going to have a harder battle than that of May 1st. The days passed, and no further news was received. We were figuring on the date when Cámara would reach Manila, and according to our reckoning ten days more would be sufficient.

A little after twelve o'clock on Sunday, July 17th, smoke was seen at Corregidor. A steamer of some sort was coming in. When she got near enough for us to make her out, we recognized the Japanese cruiser "Naniwa." A steam launch from the "Olympia" took a boarding officer alongside. He returned in a few minutes, and as he slipped aboard the "Olympia" we heard a cheer from the men and knew that some good news had come.

A "cornet" or fleet signal was run up on the "Olympia's" signal halliards, indicating a message for all the vessels of the squadron. We waited breathlessly. Soon we saw on each of the "Olympia's" gun turrets a signal boy who began wigwagging a message. We read it as it came letter by letter:

"Cervera's entire fleet destroyed off Santiago harbor. Americans lose one man killed. Ships uninjured."

Our enthusiasm grew at every wave of the signal flags. When it had ended, a cheer went up from every vessel in the fleet that must have been heard in Manila, seven miles away. The news was soon known to all the people of the city. Captain-General Augustin was incensed that it should have become public, and he put under arrest the Spanish officer who had given it out on his return from the "Naniwa," and threatened to have him shot.

The relations between the Americans and English were very different from those between the Americans and Germans. Communication between Admiral Dewey and the Spanish authorities was carried on through the British ships, and almost every day a launch from the "Immortalité" would come alongside the flag-ship, bringing some message for the Admiral. Captain Sir Edward Chichester, in command of the "Immortalité," and the ranking British officer in the bay, was a frequent caller on Admiral Dewey. According to the story told and believed by the officers in the American fleet, the German Admiral one day sent his flag-officer to put to Captain Chichester this question:

"In case the German fleet should find it necessary to protest against the Americans bombarding Manila, what action would be taken by the British?"

Captain Chichester is said to have replied:

"Say to Admiral Von Diederichs that he will have to call on Admiral Dewey to learn what the British ships will do in such an event. Admiral Dewey is the only man authorized to answer this question."

Admiral Dewey and General Merritt sent an ultimatum to the Captain-General in Manila on Sunday, August 7th, announcing that the American land and naval forces would move on the city at any time after August 10th. On Tuesday, the ships of the foreign fleets were ordered from the danger zone, and the German and French ships steamed down the bay to anchor almost out of sight of our vessels. The British had three warships in the harbor at the time, and the Japanese two, besides a number of merchant vessels put under the flags of these countries to serve as ships of refuge for British and Japanese citizens in Manila. These ships steamed across and came to anchor with our fleet off Cavite.

Early on the morning of Saturday, August 13th, our squadron cleared for action. Battle flags were run up at every mast and gaff, to
be broken out when our ships started for Manila. The British cruiser “Immortalité” also got under way, and passed close astern of the “Olympia.” Her men had manned the rigging; her officers were drawn up at attention on deck, and her band was stationed on the quarter-deck to give us a parting send-off. Just as the Englishman came alongside the “Olympia,” the band struck up the “Star Spangled Banner,” and every Briton cheered. After the “Star Spangled Banner,” the band played “See the Conquering Hero Comes.” Just at nine o’clock, our ships got under way, and stood across the bay for Manila and the last battle of the war with Spain. As the screws began turning, the order rang out, “Break out the battle flags,” and the British tars cheered again in a way that let us know their sympathies were with us.

When the war was over and the peace protocol had put an end to all hostilities, our ships were despatched one at a time to Hong Kong to be docked. The “Olympia” was the first to go, and after she had come to anchor, the men were given the first shore liberty they had had in almost four months. They had plenty of money, and they started in to have a good time, sailor fashion. Every British sailor or soldier seen was impressed into the celebration, and there were in Hong Kong that night scenes of wild hilarity such as the city had not witnessed in many months. The “Kaiserin Augusta” was in the harbor at the time, and some of her sailors were ashore. A crowd of American sailors ran across them in a beer hall, and hostilities began at once. The Germans outnumbered the Americans three to one, and our sailors were having a hard time of it, when there was a shout from a crowd of British sailors who were passing. They immediately took our side, and the result was that the Germans were whipped very thoroughly. Two of them went to a hospital, and three more were carried aboard their ship on stretchers. When it was over, the American and British tars took the oath of brothers-in-blood, and they did not take it on unleavened bread and salt either.

Emilio Aguinaldo y Famy is the full name of the man who has led the Filipinos in their fight against the Spaniards and proclaimed himself President of the Filipino Republic. To Admiral Dewey he is Don Emilio. The Admiral has treated Aguinaldo with uniform courtesy, but he never has recognized him officially in any way. He has never called him General or President, and, what is more to the point, has never written him a letter which Aguinaldo can use in future to show that his operations were carried on with the consent of the Admiral. Aguinaldo came to Manila with twelve other Filipinos on the second trip of the “McCulloch” from Hong Kong. He went ashore at Cavite, and immediately began recruiting volunteers for the insurgent army. After the first day or two on shore, Aguinaldo established headquarters on the main street in Cavite, put out guards, and set up a government of his own. From that time on he worked independently of the Americans, and while Admiral Dewey gave him countenance, he gave him no aid except in allowing his people to take certain stores from the Cavite arsenal. The Admiral received Aguinaldo frequently both on shore and on shipboard. When he saw him on shore, he would stop inside the arsenal grounds and send for Aguinaldo to come to him. That was a small point of etiquette, but it was one which the Admiral always insisted upon. When Aguinaldo went on board the “Olympia,” he was received with every courtesy, but not in his official capacity as President.

Aguinaldo has the most profound respect for Admiral Dewey. During the first two months of the blockade of Manila Bay, fresh provisions for our fleet had to be obtained from shore. The natives used to bring goods off in small boats, and every morning the port side of each vessel was surrounded by a crowd of native bangus offering eggs and chickens, bananas and mangoes to sailors and ships’ stewards. One morning not a native boat was to be seen. Aguinaldo had ordered that no more supplies be taken off to the American ships. That day he sent one of his aids off to Admiral Dewey to ask for some favor. The Admiral referred to Aguinaldo’s order, and pointing his finger at the frightened aid, said: “Tell Don Emilio for me, that this has got to stop, it has got to stop, it has got to stop.” When Admiral Dewey says anything once he means it; when he says it twice he means it harder; but when he says it three times it has got to come or there will be a fight. Aguinaldo evidently knew this, for no sooner had his aid gone ashore than he came back as fast as the steam launch would carry him with the compliments of General Aguinaldo to Admiral Dewey and an assurance that it was all a mistake. From that time on the port gangway ladders were never free from natives with supplies.
New Series of Pictures by C. D. Gibson

McClure's Magazine
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The Secret's Out!

I've heard it said, and heard it read,
That put to any test,
Of all the mites a woman writes,
Her "P.S." is the best.
Though why the best, none ever guess'd,
Nor saw a secret there,
Until a maid in mischief laid
The woman's secret bare—
That P.S. means

Pears' Soap
net. After Lincoln was inaugurated he had nothing to do with Stanton. In fact he did not see him from the 4th of March, 1861, able and loyal; that the country believed in him; that he would administer the department with honesty and energy. Furthermore, he knew of the intimacy between McClellan and Stanton, and as he saw the great necessity of harmonious relations between the head of the War Department and the commander of the army, he was more in favor of Stanton. The appointment was generally regarded as a wise selection, and in many quarters aroused enthusiasm.

McClellan still inactive.

The excitement over the "Trent" affair, the investigation of the War Department, the dismissal of Cameron, and the appointment of Stanton, diverted public criticism from McClellan; but never for long at a time. The inactivity of the Army of the Potomac had become the subject of gibes and sneers. Lincoln stood by the General. He had promised him all the "sense and information" he had, and he gave it. When Congress opened on December 3d, he took the opportunity to remind the country that the General was its own choice, as well as his, and that support was due him:

Since your last adjournment Lieutenant-
executive duty of appointing in his stead a general-in-chief of the army. It is a fortunate circumstance that neither in council nor country was there, so far as I know, any difference of opinion as to the proper person to be selected. The retiring chief repeatedly expressed his judgment in favor of General McClellan for the position, and in this the nation seemed to give a unanimous concurrence. The designation of General McClellan is, therefore, in considerable degree the selection of the country as well as of the executive, and hence there is better reason to hope there will be given him the confidence and cordial support thus by fair implication promised, and without which he cannot with so full efficiency serve the country.

IMPATIENCE IN CONGRESS.

At this time Lincoln had every reason to believe that McClellan would soon move. The General certainly was assuring the few persons whom he condescended to take into his confidence to that effect. The Hon. Galusha A. Grow, of Pennsylvania, Speaker of the House, says that very soon after Congress came together, the members began to comment on the number of board barracks that were going up around Washington.

"It seemed to them," says Mr. Grow, "that there were a great many more than were necessary for hospital and reserve purposes. The roads at that time in Virginia were excellent; everybody was eager for an advance. Congressmen observed the barracks with dismay; it looked as if McClellan was going into winter quarters. Finally several of them came to me and stated their anxiety, asking what it meant. 'Well, gentlemen,' I said, 'I don't know what it means, but I will ask the General,' so I went to McClellan, who received me kindly, and told him how all the members were feeling, and asked him if the army was really going into winter quarters. 'No, no,' McClellan said, 'I have no intention of putting the army into winter quarters; I mean the campaign shall be short, sharp, and decisive.' He began explaining his plan to me, but I interrupted him, saying I did not desire to know his plan; I preferred not to know it, in fact. If I could assure members of Congress that the army was going to move, it was all that was necessary. I returned with his assurance that there would soon be an advance. Weeks went on, however, without the promised advance; nor did the Army of the Potomac leave the vicinity of Washington until Mr. Lincoln issued the special orders compelling McClellan to move."*

Lincoln continued to defend McClellan. "We've got to stand by the General," he told his visitors. "I suppose," he added dubiously, "he knows his business."

DISAPPOINTING NEWS FROM THE WEST.

Towards the end of December McClellan fell ill. The long-expected advance was out of the question until he recovered. Distraught at this idea, the President for the first time asserted himself as commander-in-chief of the forces of the United States. Heretofore he had used his military authority principally in raising men and commissioning officers; campaigns he had left to the generals. Now, however, he undertook to learn direct from the officers the condition things were in, and if it was not possible to get some work out of the army somewhere along the line. The West seemed the likeliest field, and he telegraphed to Halleck, then in command of the Western Department, and Buell, in charge of the forces in Kentucky, asking if they were "in concert" and urging a movement which he supposed to have been decided upon some time before. The replies he received disappointed and distressed him. There seemed to be no more idea of advancing in the West than in the East. The plans he supposed settled his generals now controverted. He could get no promise of action, no precise information. "Delay is ruining us," he wrote to Buell on January 7th, "and it is indispensable for me to have something definite." And yet, convinced though he was that his plans were practicable, he would not make them into orders.

This hesitancy about exercising his mili-

* Interview with the Hon. Galusha A. Grow for this magazine.
From a hitherto unpublished photograph by Brady, in the Civil War collection of Mr. Robert Coster. In the room shown in the picture, cabinet meetings were held from the beginning of Polk’s administration to the close of Lincoln’s, and on the table at which Mr. Lincoln is sitting the Proclamation of Emancipation was signed by him. The figure partially shown on the right is that of Mr. F. B. Carpenter, under whose direction the photograph was taken, as a study for his painting, “The Reading of the Emancipation Proclamation,” now in the Capitol at Washington. On the left is partially shown the figure of Mr. J. G. Nicolay, the President’s private secretary.

Authority came, of course, from Lincoln’s consciousness that he knew next to nothing of the business of fighting. When he saw that those supposed to know something of the science did nothing, he resolved to learn the subject himself as thoroughly as he could. “He gave himself, night and day, to the study of the military situation. He read a large number of strategical works. He pored over the reports from the various departments and districts of the field of war. He held long conferences with eminent generals and admirals, and astonished them by the extent of his special knowledge and the keen intelligence of his questions.”

* * * * *

LINCOLN ORDERS AN ADVANCE OF THE ARMY OF THE POTOMAC.

By the time McClellan was about again, Lincoln had made up his mind that the Army of the Potomac could and must advance, and on January 31st, he, for the first time, used his power as commander-in-chief of the army, and issued his Special War Order No. 1.

Ordered, That all the disposable force of the Army of the Potomac, after providing safely for the defense of Washington, be formed into an expedition for the immediate object of seizing and occupying a point upon the railroad southwestward of what is known as Manassas Junction, all details to be in the discretion of the commander-in-chief, and the expedition to move before or on the 22d day of February next.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

For a time after this order was issued there was general hopefulness in the country. The newspapers that had been attacking the President now praised him for taking hold of the army. "It has infused new spirit into every one since the President appears to take such an interest in our operations," wrote an officer from the West, to the "Tribune." The hope of an advance was short-lived. McClellan had another plan. The mutterings of the country soon began again. Committee after committee waited on the President. He did his best to assure them that he was doing all he could. He pointed out to them how time and patience, as well as men and money, were needed in war, and he argued that, above all, he must not be interfered with. It was at this time that he used his striking illustration of Blondin. Some gentlemen from the West called at the White House one day, excited and troubled about some of the commissions or omissions of the Administration. The President heard them patiently, and then replied: "Gentle-

A PERSONAL BEREAVEMENT.

The burden of anxiety over the inaction of the army was lifted at last. In the West there had been victories at Fort Henry and Fort Donelson. McClellan was moving; the war was going on. But while the country was rejoicing over the new spirit in the con-
duct of the war, Mr. Lincoln was plunged in a bitter private sorrow. Early in February his two younger boys, Willie and Tad, as they were familiarly known, fell sick. The President at the moment was harassed by McClellan's delay to obey his order of January 31st; by the General's plan of campaign, which he did not believe wise, but which he did not feel justified in overruling; and by the night and day pressure of the press, of Congress, and of innumerable private delegations, all of them wanting the war to go on no more than he did. The illness of his children added a sharp personal pang to his anxiety. In the tenderness of his nature he could not see suffering of any kind without a passionate desire to relieve it. Especially was he moved by the distress of a child. Indeed his love for children had already become familiar to the whole public by the touching little stories which visitors had brought away from the White House and which crept into the newspapers:

"At the reception Saturday afternoon, at the President's house," wrote a correspondent of the "Independent," "many persons noticed three little girls, poorly dressed, the children of some mechanic or laboring man, who had followed the visitors into the White House to gratify their curiosity. They passed around from room to room, and were hastening through the reception room, with some trepidation, when the President called to them, 'Little girls, are you going to pass me without shaking hands?' Then he bent his tall, awkward form down, and shook each little girl warmly by the hand. Everybody in the apartment was spellbound by the incident, so simple in itself."

**LINCOLN'S SYMPATHY WITH CHILDREN.**

Many men and women now living who were children in Washington at this time recall

During the war my grandfather, Francis P. Blair, Sr., lived at Silver Springs, north of Washington, seven miles from the White House. It was a magnificent place of four or five hundred acres, with an extensive lawn in the rear of the house. The grandchildren gathered there frequently. There were eight or ten of us, our ages ranging from eight to twelve years. Although I was but seven or eight years of age, Mr. Lincoln's visits were of such importance to us boys as to leave a clear impression on my memory. He drove out to the place quite frequently. We boys, for hours at a time, played "town ball" on the vast lawn, and Mr. Lincoln would join ardent in the sport. I remember vividly how he ran with the children; how long were his strides, and how far his coat-tails stuck out behind, and how we tried to hit him with the ball, as he ran the bases. He entered into the spirit of the play as completely as any of us, and we invariably hailed his coming with delight.*

The protecting sympathy and tenderness the President extended to all children became a passionate affection for his own. Willie and Tad had always been privileged beings at the White House, and their pranks and companionship undoubtedly did much to relieve the tremendous strain the President was suffering. Many visitors who saw him with the lads at this period have recorded their impressions:—how keenly he enjoyed the children; how indulgent and affectionate he was with them. Again and again he related their sayings, sometimes even to grave delegations. Thus Moncure Conway tells of going to see the President with a commission which wanted to "talk over the situation." The President met them, laughing like a boy. The White House was in a state of feverish excitement, he said; one of his boys had come in that morning to tell him

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* Interview for McClure's Magazine by J. McCam Davis.
that the cat had kittens, and now the other had just announced that the dog had puppies.

When both the children fell ill; when he saw them suffering, and when it became evident, as it finally did, that Willie, the younger of the two, would die, the President's anguish was intense. He would slip away from visitors and cabinet at every opportunity, to go to the sick room, and during the last four or five days of Willie's life, when the child was suffering terribly and lay in an unbroken delirium, Mr. Lincoln shared with the nurse the nightly vigils at the bedside. When Willie finally died, on February 20th, the President was so completely prostrated that it was feared by many of his friends that he would succumb entirely to his grief. Many public duties he undoubtedly did neglected. Indeed, a month after Willie's death, we find him apologizing for delay to answer a letter because of a "domestic affliction."

If one consults the records of the day, however, it is evident that Mr. Lincoln did try to attend to public duties even in the worst of this trial. Only two days after the funeral, on February 23d, he held a cabinet meeting, and the day following that, a correspondent wrote to the New York "Evening Post:"

Mr. Lincoln seems to have entirely recovered his health, and is again at his ordinary duties, spending, not infrequently, eighteen out of the twenty-four hours upon the affairs of the nation. He is frequently called up three and four times in a night to receive important messages from the West. Since his late bereavement he looks sad and care-worn, but is in very good health again.

There is ample evidence that in this crushing grief the President sought earnestly to find what help the Christian religion might have for him. Up to this point in his Presidential career he had given frequent evidence of his belief that the affairs of men are in the keeping of a Divine Being who hears and answers prayer and who is to be trusted to bring about the final triumph of the right. He had publicly acknowledged such a faith when he bade his Springfield friends good-by in February, 1861. In his first inaugural address, he had told the country that the difficulty between North and South could be adjusted in "the best way," by "intelligence, patriotism, Christianity and a firm reliance in Him who has never yet forsaken this favored land." When he was obliged to summon a Congress to provide means for a civil war, he started them forth on their duties with the words, "Let us renew our faith in God, and go forward without fear and with manly hearts." In August, 1861, he issued a proclamation for a National Fast Day which is most impressive for its reverential spirit.

But it is not until after the death of his son that we begin to find evidence that Mr. Lincoln was making a personal test of Christianity. Broken by his anxiety for the country, wounded night by death of his loss, he felt that he must have a support outside of himself; that from some source he must draw new courage. Could he find the help he needed in the Christian faith? From this time on he was seen often with the Bible in his hand, and he is known to have prayed frequently. His personal relation to God occupied his mind much. He was deeply concerned to know, as he told a visiting delegation once, not whether the Lord was on his side, but whether he was on the Lord's side. Henceforth, one of the most real influences in Abraham Lincoln's life and conduct is his dependence upon a personal God.
THE ACCOLADE.

By Louise Herrick Wall.

DICK DANA, a strong, well-groomed young fellow, stood staring down at the coals in the grate, taking his punishment, if the truth be told, in rather sullen fashion.

"Of course," Rosalie Thornby was saying in her sweet high voice, letting her wide-apart eyes rest on him calmly in the half-obscenity of the room, "of course, I don't pretend that there is anything exceptional in myself that justifies me in demanding a hero in the man I marry, but I think all women, now-a-days, ask too little—except fetching and carrying—of the men. There was a time when a man won his spurs before he expected to win a woman."

Dick shifted his weight.

"I know," she said, leaning forward and frowning into the fire, "you would like to remind me that you are lieutenant in the swellest company of the swellest regiment in New York. I have not forgotten that, nor the cotillions that you lead so delightfully."

"Now look here, Miss Rosalie," broke in the victim, "it's hardly fair to spring all these ideas on a fellow without giving him a chance. I never knew you expected so much more of a man than other girls; and now you put me through a civil service examination without a chance to cram. You seemed to like to dance and all the rest of it, and I've never noticed that you demanded knight-errantry and that mediaeval business of the other men."

"You are quite right," she replied with spirit, "I do not demand things of men who demand nothing of me. You said you wanted to know my idea of a man, and I have told you. To be the captain of toy soldiers or even to lead a cotillion through two seasons does not, somehow, strike my imagination. Nothing could show better how far apart we are than that the expression of my ideals should remind you of a civil service examination. You men of the North are so desperately utilitarian."

The challenge dropped unanswered, and she went on more gently: "I have an old coat of my father's. He was what you would call a rebel, you know. It is the dirtiest, most faded old thing. There is a bullet-hole in the sleeve, and our Southern moths have tried to help the story by making a lot of other holes. It has seen real service, and somehow its dinginess takes the dazzle out of the gold lace you young fellows wear so jauntily."

Into the man's mind came the memory of a night spent in the Brooklyn streets: militia-men surrounded by a mob of strikers, an icy night sky from which the drizzle fell ceaselessly on a group of men squatting about a feeble bonfire; there were others, without blankets, who huddled in one of the deserted street cars, unable to sleep for the cold. Now and then came a quick closing in of the hooting mob, and a brick-bat or paving-stone crashed in a car-window or scattered the group about the fire. He remembered the rage of spirit under the cowardly attacks of the mob, the rasping inaction, the effort of holding men steady when their anger is your own. It came and went through the man's mind, and left a slight smile on his lip. The girl went on:

"I don't mean to be hard, Mr. Dana," she said, with a caressing accent that meant little from her, whose voice was full of pretty inflections, "but this is not a sudden caprice, as you seem to think. I was fourteen when my father died, and I will show you a silly thing I wrote then, and that I have scarcely looked at since."

As she moved across in the firelight to a clumsy old secretary and drew out the rods to support the leaf of the desk, Dana's gloomy eyes followed her instinctively.

"Shall I make a light?" he asked with constraint.

"No; I know how the paper feels."

She came back presently, and seating herself on the low corner seat, held a single limp sheet toward the fire. The light struck through the old-fashioned cross-barred French paper in a checker work of half-luminous lines, and on the girl's broad forehead and parted hair. The envelope lying
on her lap was labeled "May 4th, 1888." She glanced down the sheet. Then gravely handed it to Dana.

He found a number of short sentences, written with a fine-tipped pen in an unformed hand. Each clause was numbered, and the heading ran: "The Not Impossible."

1. He must not be less than twenty-six years old.
2. He must not wear jewelry.
3. He must not be facetious.
4. He must not ever blow.
5. He must not be a business man, if he can help it.
6. He must be sincere.
7. He must be brave.
8. He must have nice teeth.
9. He must not be fat or very handsome.
10. Above all he must be a man to be proud of.

The young man read through the child's list of requirements, twice over, and returned the paper stiffly.

"I feel honored to have been allowed to see the plans and specifications for your future husband, Miss Thornby. I hope he will come up to expectations, but I think you would have saved yourself trouble in drawing up that paper if the first clause had simply called for a gentleman."

Presently, standing very straight, with his toes turned out, Dana was bowing himself manfully from the field of defeat. And so the solemn young things parted, too concerned with the business of living to taste the humor of life.

A few months later, in the early summer, Dana's widowed sister and her little boy, Jamie Talcott, were staying, not entirely by chance, in the same house where Rosalie Thornby was spending the summer, down at South Hampton. The Talcotts had only been down a few days, and Dana was to spend the week's end with her sister. On a sunny, breezy morning, the two women stood together at the end of the long porch absorbed in earnest talk. From time to time they glanced below to where Jamie, in the shadow of the house, threw up long lines of earthworks. As they talked, the girl gradually moved nearer to the mother; then at some turn in the conversation impulsively clasped her hand over the older woman's, as it lay on the rail. The breeze playing upon them caught the folds of the girl's muslin dress, and for a moment wrapped the two figures together. Beyond the smooth dark head and the bright one lay the blue sea and the surf pounding in on the white sand. An arbor of leafy boughs, built for some festival, had turned brown and dry, making a rich blot of color on the sand, and beneath it lay a yet darker pool of shadow.

"And so I have waited to have it done again until Dick comes down," the mother was saying quietly. "He gets hold of Jamie better than I can, and has helped me before. I think the child bears it well for such a little fellow, but he is not much more than a baby."

The boy, feeling their steady gaze upon him, looked up from the line of tin soldiers he was planting behind his redout, and scrambling to his feet, he called out:

"You better take care or you'll get your heads blown off."

He was still in petticoats, and it was not instantly that one realized that under the blue smock frock, fashioned like an artist's blouse, the boy's back was queer. He had a gallant little face, with steady, softly black eyes—like big black-heart cherries—and full bright lips.

"When the doctor comes, couldn't you let me help. I should love to sing for him—or—or anything," the girl urged.

"You might stay in the next room, and if we needed anyone else, we could call upon you. He has to be undressed, and the standing seems very long to him. No one need know you are there unless you choose."

The door was partly open between two of the upper bedrooms when the doctor came. A table with a folded blanket and sheet stood near the center of the room. Jamie sat half on and half off his mother's lap, screwing about uncomfortably while she tried to feed him from a cup in which bread crumbs and red beef juice made an unpleasant-looking mess. The spoon moved more and more slowly as the boy reluctantly mouthed, and more reluctantly swallowed the food. The doctor was arranging a sort of hanging harness from the ceiling, and the boy's eyes followed his movements as he adjusted the pulley by which the harness was raised or lowered. Presently Jamie pushed the spoon aside petulantly.

"You must eat a big dinner this time, Jamie," Mrs. Talcott remonstrated. "Dr. Pangry is going to put a new jacket on you, and we want this one big enough to hold plenty of dinner."

The boy turned from these trivialities and said imperiously, "I want Uncle Dick." As he spoke came the sound of a brisk step and the clatter of a sword. Dana came in, in full-dress uniform, looking very slim and fit in the close gray, with white crossed shoulder-belts, epaulets, and white gloves.
TAKING HIS PUNISHMENT, IF THE TRUTH BE TOLD, IN RATHER SULLEN FASHION.
"Corporal," he said sharply to the child, "salute!"

The boy slid from his mother's lap, stepped out in his bare feet from the entanglement of the shawl that had covered them, and raising his hand, palm out, to the fur-like blackness of his soft straight hair, saluted his officer.

Motioning sternly to the half-empty cup, Dana said, "Corporal, rations!"

Jamie hesitated a second, then seizing the spoon, gulped hasty spoonfuls. When he had eaten all, he lifted his hand again, and said deferentially, "Were the sentries on duty at the door, sir, when you came in?"

Dana stepped back with measured tread, and opening the door, saw too tiny tin soldiers standing guard, one at each side of the entrance, while two others were lying covered over in a cigar-box half-filled with straw. He came back in a moment, saying:

"I have given them orders to let no one pass the lines without the countersign."

The doctor rolled the table under the suspended harness, examined the white rolled bandages on a small table at his right, felt the temperature of the water in the basin standing beside the bandages, glanced at his watch, and said cheerily:

"All ready, Mrs. Talcott!"

"Right about face!" was Dana's order. Then falling in line, fitting his stride to the boy's step, the leader of cotillions marched his man up to the table. A small housemaid's ladder stood there.

"Mount!" came the order.

The corporal scrambled up, steadied himself with an effort, and stepped out upon the table, his eyes wide and earnest. The blue smock was unfastened and stripped down, leaving the child naked but for the plaster jacket covering his body—a body strangely thick through for the slender brown legs to support. The doctor laid the boy on his back, and with a few quick slashes cut down the front of the plaster cast, and took the child out from the mold that had encased his body for three months, as one might take a little brown almond out of its shell. The mother laid the useless husk gently aside, took from the doctor the underservest he had drawn off over the boy's head, and rolling up the sleeve of her summer dress, plunged one of the rolled bandages into the basin, squeezing and working it to allow the water to penetrate the whole wad. A fresh seamless vest was passed over the boy's head, and drawn snugly down over the narrow hips.

"Attention!" called Dana. "Chest out! Stomach in! Eyes striking the ground at fifteen paces!"

The boy stood erect.

The collar of the harness was next fitted about the child's neck, the leather straps drawn close under chin and nape, and buckled. Then the doctor, pulling on the hoisting tackle, drew the tiny figure up until it was stretched out full length and almost lifted from its feet. The boy's eyes widened as he felt himself lifted by the head; but he had been by this way before, and he only set his soft lips until the fullness was pressed away.

"Now, my man, put up your hands and hold on to the tackle," the doctor coaxed. Jamie turned his eyes to Dana, who nodded sharply. So up went two small dark hands, deeply veined with blue, and the little figure—heavy at the chest and light at the loins—was lifted yet higher, so that the babyish feet barely rested on the table.

Folded strips of white gauze were padded about the bony prominences, and the crooked spine was filled out to offer an even surface, so that the child would not be chafed; then the doctor called for the first plaster bandage. Mrs. Talcott handed him the saturated roll of narrow white crinoline through which plaster of Paris had been sifted. The doctor laid an end upon the boy's side, well down over the abdomen, and gradually unrolling with one hand, modeled with the other the wet cloth about the upstretched figure.

Dana, meanwhile, walked slowly up and down before the table, keeping a keen eye on the boy's face squeezed into the leathern harness.

"Steady, corporal!" he called, when the boy sagged from weariness. But the room was for the most part very quiet except for the clatter of the sword, the even tread, or the sound of the doctor's hands on the wet bandages. Round and round the strips were wound in slow overlapping spirals, up to the hollow pits of the upraised arms, and down over the babyish paunch of the full stomach. The doctor seemed to be shaping the child like dough between his palms, as he wound the pliant swathes close about him. Then Dana cleared his throat, and talked about his regiment. It would take at least a quarter of an hour for the plaster to set, a bad quarter of an hour to hang by the neck with arms clasped over the head, feet touching the table, chest out, stomach in, and eyes striking the ground at fifteen paces.

"We go to the drill because we must," Dana was saying; "and the men wear uni-
forms the color of your smock, with white bands crossed over their backs, and they march all together. When they cross the armory—like this, but all in a row—their legs make X, and you can see the light between in a pattern. It is night-time when they drill, and over their heads is a big round roof like in the railway station, and from the roof electric lights—big shining white eggs like Sinbad the sailor saw—shine down and make it almost as light as day. When the command comes to 'Order Arms!' down go the rifles with a big, big bang, and the noise goes rolling in the roof. You'd think it was the big ball in the bowling alley up there over your head. Then the men march by fours, shoulder to shoulder, so close that you cannot even see the white cross-bands on their breasts. So close, corporal, that the long narrow line looks like a long blue scarf that is being shaken up and down with two hundred heads bouncing on top. Then the music plays and the men step out—all straight and soldierly. That's better, corporal! And when the captain tells us to kneel, we kneel, and when he tells us to fire, we fire. Every good soldier must do as he's told, and that makes a man of him after a while.'

The little blue-veined hands took a fresh grip of the tackle overhead. "Sing about the 'eathen!'" said the mouth that moved with effort in the leather harness.

Then Dick Dana sang, in a big, untrained voice, a tune of his own making, about:

The 'eathen in 'is blindness bows down to wood an' stone;  
'E don't obey no orders unless they is 'is own;  
'E keeps 'is side-arms awful; 'e leaves 'em all about;  
An' then comes up the Regiment, an' pokes the 'eathen out.

The tune had a way of running out and leaving Dick Dana's big voice just talking the words loud, clear, and sing-songy.

The doctor had done his work and was washing the plaster from his hands before the raw recruit, disciplined by hard knocks into an honorable color-sergeant, led his men where

— the ugly bullets come peckin' through the dust;  
An' no one wants to face 'em, but every beggar must.

The doctor felt the cast, snapped it at it with thumb and finger, and the plaster gave back a sound. "Another minute," he commented.  
And Dick Dana, with a fresh augmentation of sound and time, sang:

'E's just as sick as they are; 'is 'eart is like to split;  
But 'e works 'em, works 'em, works 'em, till 'e feels 'em take the hit;  
The rest is 'oldin' steady till the watchful bugles play,  
An' 'e lifts 'em, lifts 'em, lifts 'em through the charge that wins the day!
The doctor unclasped the weary hands from the tackle, unclasped the collar buckle, and lifted the small rigid body in the cast across his two arms, and laid the boy on his side on the table.

"Let him rest here for a few minutes, then put him to bed. He will sleep from exhaustion."

The mother covered him lightly, slipped a tiny pillow under his head, and followed the doctor out.

When they were alone, the young militiaman knelt down beside the table and looked into the face on the pillow, damp with perspiration and discolored about cheeks and chin by the pressure of the straps. The eyes were closed heavily, and regular breathing lifted the little warrior's corselet. Dana took off his plumed cap, and laid his firm ruddy cheek against the small relaxed hand that lay, palm up, uncurled languidly beside the sleeping boy.

He did not hear Rosalie cross the carpeted floor. She hesitated — then drawing his sword lightly from its scabbard, she touched his shoulder with the blade, saying:

"Arise, sir knight! Be faithful, brave, and fortunate as on this day!"

Dana started to his feet — but softly, with an instinct not to arouse the child — and turning, saw the girl balancing the sword between her hands with a movement of sudden fear and flight about her posture.

"What do you mean?" he whispered.

"Don't you know?" she smiled.

Then as his eyes kindled, she stepped aside, and leaning low over the child, kissed the red lips pressed out in happy sleep. Jamie stirred.

"Captain," he murmured, "has some one crossed our lines?" Then more drowsily, "Relieve the sentry at the door, Uncle Dick. My men are — very tired."

GENERAL WOOD AT SANTIAGO.

AMERICANIZING A CUBAN CITY.

By Henry Harrison Lewis.

When Brigadier-General Leonard Wood, United States Volunteers, late Colonel of the Rough Riders, assumed charge of Santiago de Cuba, the domestic, sanitary, commercial, and political conditions of the city were about as bad as they could possibly be. They were not the result alone of the Cuban revolution, the succeeding war between Spain and the United States, and the besiegement of the city by the American army. In immediate hardship and suffering for the citizens of Santiago, the war had been tragically effective; but it would have been much less so had the people not been living, time out of mind, in utter contempt of the most rudimentary precautions adopted by civilized men for the preservation of health and comfort. For two centuries Santiago had borne the reputation of being one of the most unclean cities on earth. Of it an old merchant captain had said: "It could be smelled ten miles at sea." When General Wood assumed the government of it, on the twentieth day of last July, its streets and courts and houses had come to the last degree of filth and noisomeness, and of its forty odd thousand residents, great numbers were sick, no small number were starving, and all were miserable. Bodies of the dead lay in the streets, and as General Wood rode about the city, making his first inspection, vultures flew up before him from feasting on human carcases. There was no food to speak of. The first meal eaten by General Wood himself in the Café Venus, on the Plaza de Armas, cost him fourteen dollars in gold, and the meat served was horse. Gaunt men and women stretched lean arms from the windows, and begged weakly for bread. Some died as they asked, and they remained where they fell. Little children, their distended abdomens speaking eloquently of famine, crawled about the legs of the horses and mutely appealed for crusts.

If ever in this world the extraordinary man, the man of destiny, the man of preëminent power and resource, was needed, it was in Santiago de Cuba during the latter part of July, 1898. The occasion demanded first a physician, to deal with the tremendous sanitary needs; then a soldier, to suppress turbulence and effect a quick restoration of law and order; and, finally, a statesman, to
reëstablish and perfect the civil government. In General Wood was found a man who, by nature, education, and experience, combined in himself a generous share of the special skill of all these three. By special education and subsequent practice, he was a physician; by practice and incidental education, added to natural bent, he was a soldier and a law-giver. The matters that first claimed attention were the feeding of the starving people and the amendment of the city's sanitary condition. As many rations as could be obtained were issued with a free, but careful hand; food depots were established at various places; and before forty-eight hours had passed, actual famine had been brought to an end.
Thereupon, a system for the supply of food, guarded by stringent regulations, was promulgated. Meat had gone up to ninety cents a pound, and was scarce at that. Bread sold for fabulous prices, the few bakers who had flour being arrogant and exacting. The market-place—the center of traffic and, in ordinary times, all life and bustle—was silent and deserted. Shops, factories, and cafés were equally still and unpeopled. The city matadero, or slaughter-house, stood idle, amidst a rank growth of weeds. No supplies of any sort came in from the surrounding country. Only the rations issued from the government depots arrested actual starvation. But very soon there came a change; provisions began to come from the ordinary sources and by the ordinary ways. As the supply increased, however, there was no diminution of prices. General Wood sent for the aldermen representing the different wards of the city, and he also summoned the butchers. When they were assembled in his office, he arranged them in two lines, facing one another. Then, through an interpreter, he asked the butchers, "How much do you charge for your meat?"

"Ninety cents a pound, señor."

"What does it cost you?"

There was hesitation and a shuffling of feet; then one of the men said, in a whining voice, "Meat is very, very dear, your excellency."

"How much a pound?"

"It costs us very much, and—"

"How much a pound?"

"Fifteen cents, your excellency; but we have lost much money during the war and—"

"So have your customers. Now meat will be sold at twenty-five cents a
pound and not one cent more. Do you understand?" Then turning to the aldermen, he charged them to see that his order was carried out to the letter, unless they wanted to be expelled from office.

Thenceforward meat was sold in the markets at twenty-five cents. A similar reduction was made in the prices of bread, vegetables, and all food products. It was the first showing of the master hand to the public, and confidence in the American methods of administration strengthened rapidly.

SANTIAGO'S FIRST CLEANING.

With ample food made fairly secure and the grim specter of starvation banished, General Wood took up his next task. This involved a departure from tradition and custom so violent that the whole community trembled. The city was to be cleaned, and to be kept clean. During the four centuries of its existence absolutely nothing had been done in the way of systematic sanitation. There was no street-cleaning department; the only attempt at street-cleaning had been the occasional sweeping of a few streets about the palace by prisoners from the jail. There being no thought of gathering up street refuse, there naturally was no provision for carrying it off. There were no sewers; there was no drainage, except that of the most accidental kind; there were no carts. Private premises were even less cared for than the streets. In the United States, houses are built inside the yards—in Cuba, the yards are built inside the houses.
This system of building favored the harboring and concealment of filth. In all the interior courts there were cesspools, and these were almost never emptied, and became fountains of foulness and disease. Even in the houses there was the grossest uncleanness. In many of them now, owing to the recent stress of epidemic and starvation, were found decaying human bodies: ten were found in a single house. The death rate, always high in Santiago, became at this time above 200 a day.

In his first proceedings against this un-
in his household. Any person failing to do this will be arrested and put at hard labor on the streets for a period of thirty days. All policemen are ordered to report promptly to the Mayor and the Military Governor all deaths, any cases of malignant fever, and any place which is in an unhealthy condition, coming under their knowledge. Failure on the part of any policeman to do this will be followed by severe punishment.

After the houses had been emptied of human dead, General Wood’s forces turned to clearing the streets of dead animals—horses, dogs, and mules. During the terrible days of the siege, vultures had come from the moun-

squalor, General Wood got little aid or sympathy from either Spaniards or Cubans. He went at it with American workmen, American wagons, and American mules. The neglected human dead were carried outside the city, heaped into piles, sprinkled with kerosene, and burned. In one funeral pyre eighty-seven bodies were consumed. It required ninety hours, in darkness and daylight, to clear one street. A full week passed before there had been any decided improvement wrought. On the fourth day of his administration, General Wood issued the following order:

Every householder will report immediately to the Mayor and the Military Governor any death occurring in flocks of thousands, and hovered in veritable clouds over the city and surrounding country. But the feast had been spread even beyond the capacity of such numerous and voracious guests, and proof of the fact became familiar to the street-cleaners.

After a few days, a house to house sanitary inspection was made, and householders were notified that all cesspools must be emptied without delay. Then an order was issued calling upon housekeepers to collect household garbage in boxes or barrels, and hold it for the wagons that were sent round in the early morning to haul it away. Prior to this, it had been the custom to toss garbage into the
middle of the streets, and trust to the heavy rains to carry it down into the bay. This was a simple plan, and, in some respects, fairly efficient, for Santiago is built upon a back-bone, or ridge, with two-thirds of the streets sloping toward the harbor. But, unfortunately, when the rains had carried the refuse into the bay, it lay piled up along the water front of the city, fermenting in the sun, and breeding no end of disease.

At first there was some demur to the new method; but sharp words, threats, and, in some cases, actual corporal punishment, brought it into general observance; and now the good housewives of Santiago vie with each other in having their garbage boxes ready for the call of the street-cleaners’ carts. More serious objection was raised by the introduction of disinfectants: this caused open rebellion. The previous odors—time-honored and, as it were, the custom of the country—were preferred to the odor of chloride of lime. It was scattered with a liberal hand, nevertheless, and at this writing, requests for it or other disinfectants are received daily by the health department. Moreover, people are beginning to notify the sanitary officer of the existence of unclean cesspools maintained by their neighbors. When the first report of this character was received, there was joy in the hearts of the hard-working Americans. It indicated a change in public sentiment, the importance of which can hardly be over-estimated.

REPAIRING OLD STREETS AND BUILDING NEW ONES.

With the streets become for once fairly clean, General Wood began to consider how he might put them in better repair. Santiago thoroughfares are narrow, winding, and most atrociously paved. The sidewalks are barely three feet in width, and the stone slabs of which they are constructed are irregular, uneven, and, in many places, broken. The center of the street is even worse. A ride of a few blocks in a carriage is an adventure long to be remembered. To add to the trouble, many of the streets, at the time General Wood took them in hand, had been cut and churned by heavy army wagons, with their double-teams of heavily shod mules, until they had become simply rivers of liquid mud.

The business was transacted in a characteristic way by the commanding general. He had bad streets to repair, and there were at hand a number of Cubans whose only support was Uncle Sam. He introduced the needy Cubans to the equally needy streets. A circle was drawn about the city, and a line through the center. The line was Calle Marina, or Marine Street, and part of the circle represented the water front, along which was a really beautiful and picturesque drive, known as the “Alameda.” “Build a boulevard where I have drawn the circle,” ordered General Wood, “and pave Calle Marina after the American fashion. Hire all the Cubans you can use; pay them fifty cents and a ration a day.”

The boulevard is in course of construction; Calle Marina is being paved after the American fashion; and gold, honestly earned, now circulates in the laborers’ quarters of Santiago. The new boulevard passes almost under the shadow of the “Anfiteatro de Toros,” or Bull Ring, where enough dollars have been wasted in a cruel sport to pave all the streets of the city.

For many years the water supply has been a serious question in Santiago. The present water-supply equipment consists of a crude dam up in the mountains, six miles from the town; a small receiving tank, and one eleven-inch main. The entire capacity is only 200,000 gallons daily, or little more than four gallons to the person. It is estimated that the supply is sufficient for but six hours each day, which leaves the city practically without water for eighteen hours out of the twenty-four. A careful calculation disclosed that an expenditure of a trifle over $100,000 would suffice to build a much larger dam, at a place called Dos Bocas, a short distance from the city; and arrangements have already been made to begin the construction of such a dam within a few months. It would have been quite within General Wood’s lawful powers to have himself appropriated the money for this improvement from the public funds; but with characteristic consideration, he laid the matter before representative citizens, and the work is likely to begin very soon, and an issue of the bonds of the city made to meet the cost of it.

In addition to doing all these things, the new administration has made important changes in the system of schools, including the severing of the schools from the Church and the introduction of English into the curriculum; it has established a rural police force; and it has effected a temporary suspension of mortgage foreclosures to enable the small farmers to recover from the effects of the war.
GENERAL WOOD AT SANTIAGO.

A VISIT TO THE JAIL WITH GENERAL WOOD.

General Wood early turned his attention to the careel, or provincial jail—a foul spot in every Cuban city under Spanish rule. In it he found poor wretches of prisoners who had been held closely shut up for years without trial. In many instances there was even no charge of an offense on record against them, and all the jailer could say, when asked how they were held, was, "At the will of the Governor-General." One man had spent ten years of his life encarcelado at the will of an official who had not only forgotten his existence, but had left the country. There was now a general cleaning out at once. Orders were issued that no prisoner should be detained forty-eight hours without either a trial or an investigation; and General Wood, notwithstanding the immense demands on his time, arranged to visit the jail and review all prisoners every Saturday night.

His power was absolute, and while the reorganization of the courts was in progress, he administered justice in person. One Saturday evening I was given an opportunity to witness the novel spectacle of an American military officer sitting in judgment over the malefactors of a Cuban city. We left the palace and walked down the Calle Marina, which represented then the first street repaved in Santiago for over a century. People who met us hastened to salute the tall, powerfully built man in the plain khaki uniform, who held in the hollow of his hand the power almost of a czar. Every bow, every touch of the hat, was carefully and courteously acknowledged. All sorts and degrees of citizens were encountered in the short walk, and none failed to render his respects. We met an American soldier just before reaching the jail. He came upon us suddenly from beyond a corner, and, as he recognized the General, he halted and stood at attention with military promptness. General Wood paused in front of him.

"When did you leave the hospital, Boyd?" asked kindly.

"Yesterday, sir," was the reply.

"And you feel quite well?"

The man nodded.

"Well, take good care of yourself. Keep away from the rum, and be careful what native fruit you eat. And remember that you are responsible not only for your own health, but for the health and efficiency of an American soldier."

"Is that an old acquaintance?" I asked Lieutenant Hanna, the General's aide, who was with us. "Did he serve in General Wood's regiment?"

"No. I think we ran across him in the hospital last week. The General goes through the wards every few days, you know. And he never forgets a face."

The jail, a squat, gloomy pile of adobe, looking sullen and forbidding in the semi-darkness, was finally reached. As we passed into the hall, there was a scurrying of feet and a jingling of keys. Then excited voices began to chatter from behind a stout wooden door.

"We've got the old crew here yet," explained the General with a smile, "I haven't reached the bottom of the hole, and they know all about the old prisoners. When everything is cleared up, I'll put some good men in. And I'll also paint and whitewash and fumigate every square inch in the place. More dead bodies came out of this building than out of any other in the city, you know. Yellow Jack had his stronghold here."

As we passed along the hall to the stairs, wolfish faces appeared at the gratings enclosing the inner court, or patio. The gleaming eyes did not look at Lieutenant Hanna nor at me; they were riveted upon the figure of the General. He represented the law to them, and they were afraid of the law. We found the jailer in his office, on the second floor. He was a little man with a thin, beardless face, and a habit of fondling one ear. His office contained an old-fashioned desk, a quaint cupboard, and a few chairs. The only light came from an oil lamp placed in a bracket. A reflector sent the rays toward the open door, beyond which could be seen a railing, and a misty outline of tropical trees and shrubbery in the court.

"Tell him to bring out, one by one, all the prisoners arrested since Thursday," the General said curtly to his interpreter.

He settled deep down in a chair placed near the center of the room, and rested his chin upon his left hand—a characteristic attitude, betokening a man who could give only a minute to rest and wanted the good of every second of that minute. The first prisoner appeared, coming in from the darkness and blinking as the light struck his eyes. He was a tall, thin Cuban youth, with a thick shock of black hair and a restless glance. He started visibly as he saw the General.

"What's the charge?" asked the latter.

"Theft, your excellency," replied the interpreter. "He was caught stealing oats from the teamster's corral."
"His name?"
"Manuel Ortiz, sir."
"What does he say about it?"
"He denies the charge, sir. Says he found the sack of oats in the road."
"Ever arrested before?"

There was a searching of records; then the jailer shook his head.
"Look again," exclaimed General Wood sternly. "I remember him. He was here less than a month ago. Been stealing on the wharf. Lock him up again, and hold him for trial before the new court. Next."

The little old jailer glanced at his assistant, and dropped his hands with a deprecatory gesture. He could not fathom this wonderful "Americano," whose memory was like the waters of the sea—never-failing. There was something more than human in it.

Another prisoner slipped into the room, and drew up stiffly as he espied the figure in the chair. He wore the uniform of an American soldier; but his face was that of a desperado, and there was insolence and defiance in his attitude.

"What's the name?" asked General Wood, straightening up slightly.
"Private Sullivan, sir," read the interpreter.

"Charge?"
"Drunk and firing revolver in Calle Santo Tomas at midnight."

The General eyed Private Sullivan in silence for fully a minute; then he asked slowly:
"What have you to say for yourself? Are you guilty?"

The man shook his head, and a grin began to form about his mouth. In an instant General Wood was upon his feet. He took one stride, and was at the prisoner's side.

"You will find that this is no laughing matter," he thundered. "Stand erect. Put your heels together. Now answer me. Did you fire a revolver in the street as accused?"

"Yes, sir," the fellow stammered.
"Ten days," ordered the General, seating himself.

As the prisoner turned to leave the room he muttered, "Thank you, sir."
"Make that ten days in the sweat-box," came the command curtly.

Private Sullivan passed out into the darkness, and a second later we heard a defiant laugh from his direction. "Make it bread and water, also," said General Wood, settling back into his former attitude. "If he causes any trouble put him in irons. Next."

A woman was brought in by the jailers. As she caught sight of General Wood, she was restrained with difficulty from falling at his feet. Tears were streaming down her face, and she gasped forth a torrent of words, tossing her arms about like one crazed. "She tried to stab one of the Spanish merchants," explained the interpreter. "Her only son was killed in the arsenal last winter as a Cuban suspect. She has been arrested a number of times."

"Poor woman," murmured the General softly. "Keep her here until we see what can be done. Give her the best care possible."

"There are no insane asylums in the island," he added to me. "The Spanish officials simply neglected the unfortunates. The matter must be attended to at once."

The procession of malefactors continued for fully an hour. Each prisoner was examined, and his case disposed of at once. When we finally left the jail, Lieutenant Hanna whispered to me, "Held at the will of the Governor-General doesn't go here now."

AN EXAMPLE OF GENERAL WOOD'S RESOLUTION.

One day, about the middle of November, the native calentura, or fever, from which General Wood suffered greatly, sent him out to his home, which is on the edge of the town, earlier than usual. He had no sooner reached the house, however, than he was notified by telephone that a bloody riot had occurred at San Luis, a town twenty miles out on the Santiago Railway.

"Give me all the particulars in your possession," he replica to the Signal Corps operator who had rung him up.

"There has been a fight between the new rural police and a number of negro soldiers, supposedly of the Ninth Volunteer Immunes. The soldiers fired on the police, and killed a lieutenant, three natives, and a baby at the breast, sir," was the reply.

The fever was raging in the General; his temperature exceeded 105, and he was so sick and dizzy that he staggered as he walked. But with that indomitable will that had served him on many a night raid against hostile Apaches, he entered his carriage and was driven back to the city. He picked up his chief signal officer, Captain J. E. Brady, at the palace, and hastened to the building occupied by the telegraph department of the Signal Corps on Calle Enramadas. Captain Brady took the key at the instrument.
"Tell the operator to summon the members of the rural guard who were fired on, and the commanding officer of the Ninth Immunes," ordered the General tersely. Henceforward, for three hours, General Wood sat there, questioning, listening, issuing orders—all with a promptness and certainty of judgment that would have been extraordinary in a man quite at his ease; yet all the time, as he could not help showing in mien and features, the raging fever was distressing to the point of agony. Those about him could not but marvel at the man's resolution and endurance. The following day, although still racked with fever, he went by special train to San Luis and investigated the affair in person.

GENERAL WOOD'S CORDIALITY TO THE PEOPLE.

Perhaps the most attractive thing in General Wood is his modesty and democratic simplicity. He is unaffected in his bearing, and quiet in his attire. The newest corporal on duty in Santiago assumes more importance than does this man who yesterday was an assistant-surgeon in the army, and now, carried up at a bound by his personal worth, wears the insignia of a major-general. The entrance of the palace is never closed. Between the ante-room and the General's private office are two short swinging doors, and these doors are free to the touch of private or officer, simple citizen or the highest civil dignitary. The General is never too busy to hear a complaint or to right a wrong.

One day, on entering the outer office, I found fully sixteen persons, among whom were three women, waiting to see him. It was early in the morning, before eight o'clock, and the night before the General had labored with affairs of state until midnight; but he appeared promptly. After a cheery "Good morning," he began with the person nearest him. This was a young lieutenant in the Fifth.

"Wish to see me?" he asked. "Oh, it's about that baseball game for Christmas. Well, I'll do the best I can to help you. We'll stir up this old town and give the natives a treat. Arrange your programme, and come here to-morrow morning at this time. Busy? Of course; but I've always got a minute for anything that will add to the pleasure of our boys down here. They get little enough, goodness knows."

He passed on to the three women, who were poorly attired and evidently of the lowest class of natives. Through an interpreter, they told him a long story, to which he listened with the utmost patience. Then he called his aide, and gave him some instruction. The women left, breathing profuse thanks.

A business man from the States stepped up. He had a project, and he asked the favor of a private interview. It was granted at once. In a few minutes the General returned from his private office and proceeded with the others. He was in the act of greeting a priest in the group when a loud noise sounded in the outer hall. A mob of policemen, fully a half-dozen of them, came lurching toward the door, dragging a panting, struggling negro. His uniform was torn and dusty, and he streamed with perspiration. His face was distorted and bleeding, he rolled his eyes wildly from side to side, and he swore most foully.

General Wood took one stride, and the crowd parted. "Stop that noise," he exclaimed sternly. "What is the matter with this man?"

"He is a deserter from a regiment in San Luis. We found him crazy drunk out near the Bull Ring, sir."

Just then the negro made a supreme effort, and flung the men who had been holding him off against the wall. Before he could make a second move, a hand was placed upon his shoulder, and a voice asked coldly: "Do you want to be shot, my man? Stop this noise at once and go with the policemen. If you utter another oath, I'll give you something you won't forget in a hurry."

It was like a blow between the eyes. The man looked once at the General, and then hung his head. The next moment he was led away as quiet as a lamb.

"His excellency," cried a native in the crowd, "what a man he is!"

GENERAL WOOD AND ONE Sentry SUPPRESS A RIOT.

While the Americans were cleaning the streets, and courts, and houses, and jails of Santiago, and were taking care of the sick and wounded and starving, and were administering all the affairs of the city—working sixteen hours each day—the Cuban residents held aloof, neglecting even to call and pay their respects to the occupant of the palace. There were no public meetings, no contributions, no private offers of assistance, no movement for the aid of Cubans by Cubans save by a few members of the local Cham-
ber of Commerce. The Church, represented by an Archbishop, whose salary under the old régime had been $18,000 a year, and by a number of Spanish priests and different orders, did not turn a hand for the relief of the city or of the province. There was some activity, however; but of a different kind. Among the Cubans, the fact that certain Spanish officials had been retained in office by the Americans—very wisely retained, too, as subsequent events have proved—had created a feeling of positive discontent and antagonism. This came to a climax on the evening of September 22d, the day on which General Calixto Garcia paid his memorable visit to Santiago.

Surrounding the Plaza de Armas are four prominent buildings—the Cathedral, the Palace, the San Carlos Club, which is the Cuban stronghold; and the Spanish Club. The two latter occupy corners diagonally opposite, with the plaza between them. On the night in question, about eight o’clock, General Wood was writing in his office in the palace. At the outer door stood a solitary sentinel, armed with a rifle. Suddenly there burst across the plaza from the San Carlos Club a mob of Cubans—probably 500. Within a few minutes a shower of stones, bricks, bottles, and other missiles struck the Spanish Club, smashing windows and doors. A man, hatless and out of breath, rushed up to the sentry at the palace entrance, and shouted, “Where’s the General? Quick! The Cubans are trying to take the town!”

General Wood was leisurely folding up his papers when the sentry reached him. “I know it,” he said before the man had time to speak. “I have heard the row. We will go over and stop it.”

He picked up his riding whip, the only weapon he ever carries, and accompanied by the one American soldier, strolled across to the scene of the trouble. The people in the Spanish Club had got it pretty well closed up, but the excited Cubans were still before it, throwing things and shouting imprecations, and even trying to force a way in by the main entrance.

“Just shove them back, sentry,” said General Wood quietly.

Around swung the rifle, and, in much less time than is taken in the telling, a way was cleared in front of the door.

“Now shoot the first man who places his foot upon that step,” added the General, in his usual deliberate manner. Then he turned, and strolled back to the palace and his writing. Within an hour the mob had dispersed, subdued by two men, one rifle, and a riding whip. And the lesson is still kept in good memory.

At the time I concluded my visit of observation, there had been just four months of American rule in Santiago de Cuba. Those four months had effected:

The rescue of the population from starvation to a fair satisfaction of all their daily necessities.

The conversion of one of the foulest cities on earth to one of the cleanest.

The reduction of an average daily death rate of 200 down to ten.

A considerable progress in a scheme of street and road improvement that will add immensely to the convenience and beauty of the city.

A radical reform in the custom-house service, resulting in increased revenues.

A reduction in the municipal expenses.

The correction of numerous abuses in the management of jails and hospitals and in the care of the inmates.

The liberation of many prisoners held on trivial or no charges.

The reformation of the courts, and a strict maintenance of law and order.

The freedom of the press.

A restoration of business confidence, and a recovery of trade and industry from utter stagnation to healthy activity.

This unparalleled regeneration had been wrought, not by a host of men native to the locality, exercising offices long established, and enjoying a traditional prestige, but by an American brigadier-general of volunteers, a stranger to the place and the people, embarked in the work on a moment’s notice, and having for his immediate aides only a few fellow army officers, some of whom had been out of West Point less than two years, and all of whom were as new to the situation as himself. It was the tour de force of a man of genius; for in the harder, more fundamental, of the tasks that confronted him here General Leonard Wood had had no previous experience.
THE WAR ON THE SEA AND ITS LESSONS.

By Captain Alfred T. Mahan,

Author of "The Influence of Sea Power upon History," "Life of Nelson," etc.

IV.

THE PROBLEMS PRESENTED TO OUR NAVY BY CERVERA'S APPEARANCE IN WEST INDIAN WATERS AND HOW THEY WERE SOLVED.

The exigencies of a series of papers like the present demand that each should open with at least a brief reference to the conditions under which its predecessor closed. It will be recalled, therefore, that on the 11th of May, Admiral Sampson's vessels, three sea-going armored ships and two monitors, were approaching San Juan de Puerto Rico; and that at 4 P.M. of the same day, the Spanish division, under Admiral Cervera, arrived off the south end of Martinique. At early daybreak next morning, Sampson bombarded San Juan; and a few hours later, Cervera stood on again to the westward—into the unknown for us, but bound in his own purpose to Curacao. At the same time, Sampson also started back for Havana, for reasons before given: the force of which he doubtless felt more keenly because he found himself actually so far away from the center of the blockade and from his base at Key West. When he began thus to retrace his steps, he was still ignorant of Cervera's arrival. The following night, indeed, he heard from a passing vessel the rumor of the Spanish squadron's regaining Cadiz, with which the Navy Department had been for a moment amused. He stopped, therefore, to communicate with Washington, intending, if the rumor were verified, to resume the attack upon San Juan. But on the morning of the 15th—Sunday—at 3.30, his despatch boat returned to him with the official intelligence, not only of the enemy's being off Martinique, but of his arrival at Curacao, which occurred shortly after daylight of the 14th. The same telegram informed him that the Flying Squadron was on its way to Key West, and directed him to regain that point himself, with all possible rapidity.

Cervera left behind him at Martinique one of his torpedo-destroyers, the "Terror." A demonstration was made by this vessel, probably, though it may have been by one of her fellows, before St. Pierre—another port of the island—where the "Harvard" was lying; and as the latter had been sent hurriedly from home with but a trifling battery, some anxiety was felt lest the enemy might score a point upon her, if the local authorities compelled her to leave. If the Spaniard had been as fast as represented, he would have had an advantage over the American in both speed and armament—very serious odds. The machinery of the former, however, was in bad order, and she soon had to seek a harbor in Fort de France, also in Martinique; after which the usual rule, that two belligerents may not leave the same neutral port within twenty-four hours of each other, assured the "Harvard" a safe start. This incident, otherwise trivial, is worthy of note, for it shows one of the results of our imperfect national preparation for war. If the conditions had allowed time to equip the "Harvard" with suitable guns, she could have repulsed such an enemy, as a ship of the same class, the "St. Paul," did a few weeks later off San Juan, whither the "Terror" afterwards repaired, and where she remained till the war was over.

The news of Cervera's appearance off Martinique was first received at the Navy Department about midnight of May 12th—13th, nearly thirty-six hours after the fact. As our representatives there, and generally throughout the West Indies, were very much on the alert, it seems not improbable that their telegrams, to say the least, were not given undue precedence of other matters. That, however, is one of the chances of life, and most especially of war. It is more to the purpose, because more useful to future guidance, to consider the general situation at the moment the telegram was received,
the means at hand to meet the exigencies of the case, and what instructive light is thereby thrown back upon preceding movements, which eventuated in the actual conditions.

Admiral Cervera’s division had been at Martinique, and after a brief period of suspense, was known to have disappeared to the westward. The direction taken, however, might, nay, almost certainly must, be misleading—that was part of his game. From it nothing could be decisively inferred. The last news of the “Oregon” was that she had left Bahia on the 9th of the month. Her whereabouts and intended movements were as unknown to the United States authorities as to the enemy. An obvious precaution, to assure getting assistance to her, would have been to prescribe the exact route she should follow; subject only to the conditional discretion which can never wisely be taken from the officer in command on the spot. In that way it would have been possible to send a division to meet her, if indications at any moment countenanced the suspicion entertained by some—the writer among others—that Cervera would attempt to intercept her. After careful consideration, this precaution had not been attempted, because the tight censorship of the press had not then been effectually enforced, and it was feared that even so vital and evident a necessity as that of concealing her movements would not avail against the desire of some newspapers to manifest enterprise, at whatever cost to national interests. If we ever again get into a serious war, a close supervision of the press, punitive as well as preventive, will be one of the first military necessities, unless the tone and disposition, not of the best, but of the worst of its members, shall have become sensibly improved; for occasional unintentional leakage, by well-meaning officials possessing more information than native secretiveness, cannot be wholly obviated, and must be accepted, practically, as one of the inevitable difficulties of conducting war.

The “Oregon,” therefore, was left a loose end, and was considered to be safer so than if more closely looked after. From the time she left Bahia till she arrived at Barbadoes, and from thence till she turned up off Jupiter Inlet, on the Florida coast, no one in Washington knew where she was. Nevertheless, she continued a most important and exposed fraction of the national naval force. That Cervera had turned west when last seen from Martinique meant nothing. It was more significant, and reassuring, to know that he had not got coal there. Still, it was possible that he might take a chance off Barbadoes, trusting, as he with perfect reason could, that when he had waited there as long as his coal then on hand permitted, the British authorities would let him take enough more to reach Porto Rico, as they did give Captain Clark sufficient to gain a United States port. When the “Oregon” got to Barbadoes at 3:20 A.M. of May 18th, less than six days had elapsed since Cervera quitted Martinique; and the two islands are barely one hundred miles apart. All this, of course, is very much more clear to our present knowledge than it could possibly be to the Spanish Admiral, who probably, and not unnaturally, thought it far better to get his “fleet in being” under the guns of a friendly port than to hazard it on what might prove a wild-goose chase; for, after all, Captain Clark might not have gone to Barbadoes.

It may be interesting to the reader to say here that the Navy Department—which was as much in the dark as Cervera himself—although it was necessarily concerned about the “Oregon,” and gave much thought to the problem how best to assure her safety, was comforted by the certainty that, whatever befell the ship, the national interests would not be gravely compromised if she did meet the enemy. The situation was not novel or unprecedented, and historical precedents are an immense support to the spirit in doubtful moments. Conscious of the power of the ship herself, and confident in her captain and officers, whom it knew well, the Department was assured, to use words of Nelson when he was expecting to be similarly outnumbered, “Before we are destroyed, I have little doubt but the enemy will have their wings so completely clipped that they will be easily overtaken.” Such odds for our ship were certainly not desired; but, the best having been done that could be in the circumstances, there was reasonable ground to believe that, by the time the enemy got through with her, they would not amount to much as a fighting squadron.

Some little while after the return of Admiral Sampson’s squadron to New York, the writer chanced to see, quoted as an after-dinner speech by the chief engineer of the “Oregon,” the statement that Captain Clark had communicated to his officers the tactics he meant to pursue, if he fell in with the Spanish division. His purpose, as so explained, deserves to be noted, for it assures our people, if they need any further assurance,
that in the single ship, as in the squadrons, intelligent skill as well as courage presided, in the counsels of the officers in charge. The probability was that the Spanish vessels, though all reputed faster than the "Oregon," had different rates of speed, and each singly was inferior to her in fighting force; in addition to which the American ship had a very heavy stern battery. The intention, therefore, was, in case of a meeting, to turn the stern to the enemy and to make a running fight. This not only gave a superiority of fire to the "Oregon," so long as the relative positions lasted, but it tended, of course, to prolong it, confining the enemies to their bow-fire and postponing, to the utmost possible, the time of their drawing near enough to open with the broadside rapid-fire batteries. Moreover, if the Spanish vessels were not equally fast, and if their rate of speed did not much exceed that of the "Oregon," both very probable conditions, it was quite possible that in the course of the action the leading ship would outstrip her followers so much as to be engaged singly, and even that two or more might thus be successively beaten, in detail. If it be replied that this is assuming a great deal, and attributing stupidity to the enemy, the answer is that the result here supposed has not infrequently followed upon similar action, and that war is full of uncertainties; an instance again of the benefit and comfort which some historical acquaintance with the experience of others imparts to a man engaged with present perplexities. Deliberately to incur such odds would be unjustifiable; but when unavoidably confronted with them, resolution enlightened by knowledge may dare still to hope.

An instructive instance of drawing such support from the very fountain heads of military history, in the remote and even legendary past, is given by Captain Clark in a letter replying to inquiries from the present writer: "There is little to add to what you already know about the way I hoped to fight Cervera's fleet, if we fell in with it. What I feared was that he would be able to bring his ships up within range together, supposing that the slowest was faster than the 'Oregon'; but there was the chance that their machinery was in different stages of deterioration, and there was also the hope that impetuosity or excitement might after a time make some press on in advance of the others. I, of course, had in mind the tactics of the last of the Horatii, and hopefully referred to them. The announcement Milligan [the chief engineer] spoke of was made before we reached Bahia, I think before we turned Cape Frio, as it was off that headland that I decided to leave the 'Marietta' and 'Nichteroy' [now the 'Buffalo'], and to push on alone. You may be sure that was an anxious night for me when I decided to part company. The Department was, of course, obliged to leave much to my discretion, and I knew that the Spaniards might all close to rapid-fire range, overpower all but our turret guns, and then send in their torpedo-boats." It was upon the "Marietta" that he had previously depended, in a measure, to thwart the attacks of these small vessels; but in such a contest as that with four armored cruisers, she could scarcely count, and she was delaying his progress in the run immediately before him. "The torpedo-boat," he continues, "was a rattlesnake to me, that I feared would get in his work while I was fighting the tiger; but I felt that the chances were that Cervera was bound to the West Indies, and so that the need of the 'Oregon' there was so great that the risk of his turning south to meet me should be run, so I hurried to Bahia, and cabled to the Department my opinion of what the 'Oregon' might do alone and in a running fight.... My object was to add the 'Oregon' to our fleet, and not to meet the Spaniards, if it could be avoided."—It may be added that in this his intention coincided with the wish of the Department. "So when, in Barbadoes, the reports came off that the Spanish fleet (and rumors had greatly increased its size) was at Martinique, that three torpedo-boats had been seen from the island, I ordered coal to be loaded till after midnight; but left soon after dark, started west, then turned and went around the island"—that is, well to the eastward "and made to the northward." This was on the evening of May 18th. Six days later the ship was off the coast of Florida, and in communication with the Department.
The "Oregon" may properly be regarded as one of the three principal detachments into which the United States fleet was divided at the opening of the eventful week, May 12th-19th, and which, however they might afterwards be distributed around the strategic center—which we had chosen should be about Havana and Cienfuegos—needed to be brought to it as rapidly as possible. No time was avoidably lost. On the evening of May 13th, eighteen hours after Cervera's appearance at Martinique was reported, the two larger divisions, under Sampson and
Schley, were consciously converging upon our point of concentration at Key West; while the third, the “Oregon,” far more distant, was also moving to the same place in the purpose of the Department, though, as yet, unconsciously to herself. Sampson had over twenty-four hours’ start of the Flying Squadron, and the distances to be traversed, from Porto Rico and Hampton Roads, were practically the same.* But the former was much delayed by the slowness of the monitors, and, great as he felt the need of haste to be, and urgent as was the Department’s telegram, received on the 15th, he very properly would not allow his vessels to separate until nearer their destination. Precautionary orders were sent by him to the “Harvard” and “Yale,” the two vessels which had before been looking out to the eastward of Martinique for the Spanish division, to coal to the utmost and to hold themselves at the end of a cable ready for immediate orders; while Commodore Remey, commanding at Key West, was directed to have every preparation complete for coaling the squadron on the 18th, when it might be expected to arrive. The “St. Louis,” a vessel of the same type as the “Harvard,” met the Admiral while these telegrams were being written. She was ordered to cut the cables at Santiago and Guantanamo Bay, and afterwards at Ponce, Porto Rico.

The Flying Squadron had sailed at 4 P.M. of the 18th. Its fighting force consisted of the “Brooklyn,” armored cruiser, flag-ship; the “Massachusetts,” first-class, and the “Texas,” second-class, battleships. It is to be inferred from the departure of these vessels that the alarm about our own coast, felt while the whereabouts of the hostile division was unknown, vanished when it made its appearance. The result was, perhaps, not strictly logical; but the logic of the step is of less consequence than its undoubted military correctness. We had chosen our objective, and now we were concentrating upon it—a measure delayed too long, though unavoidably. Commodore Schley was directed to call off Charleston for orders; for, while it is essential to have a settled strategic idea in any campaign, it is also necessary, in maritime warfare at all events, to be ready to change a purpose suddenly and to turn at once upon the great objective—which dominates and supersedes all others—the enemy’s navy, when a reasonable prospect of destroying it, or any large fraction of it, offers. When Schley left Hampton Roads, it was known only that the Spanish division had appeared off Martinique. The general intention, that our own should go to Key West, must therefore be held subject to possible modification, and to that end communication at a half-way point was imperative. No detention was thereby caused. At 4.30 P.M. of the 15th, the Flying Squadron, which had been somewhat delayed by ten hours of dense fog, came off Charleston Bar, where a light-house steamer had been waiting since the previous midnight. From the officer in charge of her the Commodore received his orders, and at 6 P.M. was again under way for Key West, where he arrived on the 18th, anticipating by several hours Sampson’s arrival in person, and by a day the coming of the slower ships of the other division.

But if it is desirable to insure frequent direct communication with the larger divisions of the fleet, at such a moment, when their movements must be held subject to sudden change to meet the as yet uncertain developments of the enemy’s strategy, it is still more essential to keep touch from a central station with the swift single cruisers, the purveyors of intelligence and distributors of the information upon which the conduct of the war depends. If the broad strategic conception of the naval campaign is correct and the consequent action consistent, the greater fighting units—squadrons or fleets—may be well, or better, left to themselves, after the initial impulse of direction is given and general instructions have been issued to their commanders. These greater units, however, cannot usually be kept at the end of a telegraph cable; yet they must, through cables, maintain, with their centers of intelligence, communication so frequent as to be practically constant. The Flying Squadron, when off Cienfuegos, and Admiral Sampson’s division at the time now under consideration, while on its passage from San Juan to Key West, are instances in point. Conversely, dependence may be placed upon local agents to report an enemy when he enters port; but when at sea for an unknown destination, it is necessary, if practicable, to get and keep touch with him, and to have his movements, actual and probable, reported. In short, steady communication must be maintained, as far as possible, between the always fixed points where the cables end, and the more variable positions where the enemy’s squadrons and

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*The distance from Hampton Roads to Key West is increased, owing to the adverse current of the Gulf Stream through much of the route.
our own are, whether for a stay or in transit. This can be done only through swift despatch vessels; and for these, great as is the need that no time be wasted in their missions, the homely proverb, “more haste, less speed,” has to be kept in mind. To stop off at a wayside port, to diverge even considerably from the shortest route, may often be a real economy of time.

The office of cruisers thus employed is to substitute certainty for conjecture; to correct or to confirm, by fuller knowledge, the inferences upon which the conduct of operations otherwise so much depends. Accurate intelligence is one of the very first desiderata of war, and as the means of obtaining and transmitting it are never in excess of the necessities, those means have to be carefully administered. Historically, no navy ever has had cruisers enough; partly because the lookout and despatch duties themselves are so extensive and onerous; partly because vessels of the class are wanted for other purposes also—as, for instance, in our late war, for the blockade of the Cuban ports, which was never much more than technically “effective,” and for the patrolling of our Atlantic seaboard. True economical use of the disposable vessels, obtaining the largest results with the least expenditure of means, never adequate, demands much forethought and more management; and is best effected by so arranging that the individual cruisers can be quickly got hold of when wanted. This is accomplished by requiring them to call at cable ports and report; or by circumscribing the area in which they are to cruise, so that they can be readily found; or by prescribing the course and speed they are to observe—in short, by insuring a pretty close knowledge of their position at every moment. A cruiser with a roving commission is about useless for these purposes; and few things are more justly exasperating than the failure of a cruiser to realize the fact in practice. Of course, no rule is hard and fast to bind the high discretion of the officer senior on the spot; but if the captains of cruisers will bear in mind as a primary principle, that they, their admirals, and the central office are in this respect parts of one highly specialized and most important system in which coöperation must be observed, discretion will more rarely err in these matters, where errors may be so serious. That with a central office, admirals, and captains, all seeking the same ends, matters will at times work at cross purposes, only proves the common experience that things will not always go straight here below. When Nelson was hunting for the French fleet before the Battle of the Nile, his flag-ship was dismasted in a gale of wind off Corsica. The commander of the frigates, his lookout ships, concluded that the Admiral would have to return to Gibraltar, and took his frigates there. “I thought he knew me better,” commented Nelson. “Every moment I have to regret the frigates having left me,” he wrote later; “the return to Syracuse,” due to want of intelligence, “broke my heart, which on any extraordinary anxiety now shows itself.” It is not possible strictly to define official discretion, nor to guard infallibly against its misuse; but all the same, it is injurious to an officer to show that he lacks sound judgment.

When the Flying Squadron sailed, there were lying in Hampton Roads three swift cruisers, the “New Orleans,” the “St. Paul,” and the “Minneapolis.” Two auxiliary cruisers, the “Yosemite” and the “Dixie,” were nearly, but not quite, ready for sea. It was for some time justly considered imperative to keep one such ship there, ready for an immediate mission. The “New Orleans” was so retained, subject to further requirements of the Department; but the “Minneapolis” and the “St. Paul” sailed as soon as their coalings was completed—within twenty-four hours of the squadron. The former was to cruise between Haiti and the Caicos Bank, on the road which Cervera would probably follow if he went north of Haiti; the other was to watch between Haiti and Jamaica, where he might be encountered if he took the Windward Passage, going south of Haiti. At the time these orders were issued, the indications were that the Spanish division was hanging about Martinique, hoping for permission to coal there; and as both of our cruisers were very fast vessels and directed to go at full speed, the chances were more than good that they would reach their cruising ground before Cervera could pass it.

These intended movements were telegraphed to Sampson, and it was added, “Very important that your fast cruisers keep touch with the Spanish squadron.” This he received May 15th. With his still imperfect information, he gave no immediate orders which would lose him his hold of the “Harvard” and the “Yale”; but shortly after midnight he learned, off Cape Haitien, that the Spanish division was to have left Curaçao the previous evening at six o’clock.
—only six hours before this despatch reached him. He at once cabled the "Harvard" and the "Yale," to which, as being under his immediate charge, the Department had given no orders, to go to sea; the former to cruise in the Mona Passage, to detect the enemy if he passed through it for Porto Rico, the "Yale" to assist the "St. Paul" at the station of which he had been notified from Washington. The Department was informed by him of these dispositions. Sampson at the same time cabled Remey at Key West to warn the blockaders off Cienfuegos—none of which were armored—of the possible appearance of the enemy at that port. In this step he had been anticipated by the Department, which, feeling the urgency of the case and uncertain of communicating betimes through him, had issued an order direct to Remey, thirty-six hours before, that those ships, with a single exception, should be withdrawn; and that the vessels on the north coast should be notified, but not removed.

These various movements indicate the usefulness and the employments of the cruiser class, one of which also carried the news to Cienfuegos, another along the north coast, while a third took Sampson's telegrams from his position at sea to the cable port. Owing to our insufficient number of vessels of the kind required, torpedo-boats, of great speed in smooth water, but of delicate machinery and liable to serious retardation in a sea-way, were much used for these missions; to the great hurt of their engines, not intended for long continued high exertion, and to their own consequent injury for their particular duties. The "St. Paul's" career exemplified also the changes of direction to which cruisers are liable; and the consequent necessity of keeping them well in hand both as regards position and preparation, especially of coal. Between the time the "Minneapolis" sailed and her own departure, at 6 P.M. of May 14th, the news of the Spanish division's arrival at Curacao was received; and as there had been previous independent information that colliers had been ordered to meet it in the Gulf of Venezuela, only a hundred miles from Curacao, the conclusion was fair that the enemy needed coal and hoped to get it in that neighborhood. Why else, indeed, if as fast as reported, and aware, as he must be, that Sampson was as far east as San Juan, had he not pushed direct for Cuba, his probable objective? In regard to colliers being due in the Gulf of Venezuela, the reports proved incorrect; but the inference as to the need of coal was accurate, and that meant delay. The "St. Paul" was therefore ordered to Key West, instructions being telegraphed there to coal her full immediately on arriving. She would there be as near the Windward Passage as Curacao is, and yet able, in case of necessity, to proceed by the Yucatan Passage or in any direction that might meanwhile become expedient. It may be added that the "St. Paul" reached Key West and was coaled ready for sea by the evening of May 18th: four days from the time she left Hampton Roads, a thousand miles distant.

While on her passage, the Department had entertained the purpose of sending her to the Gulf of Venezuela and adding to her the "Harvard" and the "Minneapolis," the object being not only to find the enemy, if there, but that one of the three should report him, while the other two dogged his path until no doubt of his destination could remain. Their great speed, considered relatively to that which the enemy had so far shown, gave reasonable probability that thus his approach could be communicated by them, and by cables, throughout the whole field of operations, with such rapidity as to insure cornering him at once, which was the first great essential of our campaign. A cruiser reporting at Cape Haiti was picked up, and sent to the "Minneapolis," whose whereabouts was sufficiently known, because circumscribed, and she received her orders; but they served only to develop the weakness of that ship and of the "Columbia," considered as cruisers. The coal left after her rapid steaming to her cruising ground did not justify the farther sweep required, and her captain thought it imperative to go first to St. Thomas to recoal, a process which involved more delay than on the surface appears. The bunkers of this ship and of her sister the "Columbia" are minutely subdivided: an arrangement very suitable, even imperative, in a battleship, in order to localize strictly any injury received in battle, but inconsequent and illogical in a vessel meant primarily for speed. A moment's reflection upon the services required of cruisers will show that their efficiency does not depend merely upon rapid going through the water, but upon prompt readiness to leave port, of which promptness quick coaling is a most important factor. This is greatly retarded by bunkers much subdivided. The design of these two ships, meant for speed, involves this lack of facility for
recoaling. There is, therefore, in them a grave failure in that unity of conception which should dominate all designs.

The movements, actual and projected, of the cruisers at this moment, have purposely been dwelt upon at some length. Such movements and the management of them play a most important part in all campaigns, and it is desirable that they should be understood, through illustration such as this; because the provision for the service should be antecedently thorough and consistent, in plan and in execution, in order to efficiency. Confusion of thought, and consequent confusion of object, is fatal to any conception—at least to any military conception; it is absolutely opposed to concentration, for it implies duality of object. In the designing of a cruiser, as of any class of warship, the first step, before which none should be taken, is to decide the primary object to be realized—what is this ship meant to do? To this primary requirement every other feature should be subordinated.

Its primacy is not only one of time, but of importance also. The recognition, in practice, of this requisite does not abolish nor exclude the others by its predominance. It simply regulates their development; for they not only must not militate against it, they must minister to it. It is exactly as in a novel or in a work of art, for every military conception, from the design of a ship up, should be a work of art. Perfection does not exclude a multiplicity of detail, but it does exact unity of motive, a single central idea, to which all detail is strictly accessory, to emphasize or to enhance—not to distract. The cruiser requirements offer a concrete illustration of the application of this thought. Rapidity of action is the primary object. In it is involved both coal endurance and facility for recoaling; for each economizes time, as speed does. Defensive strength—of which subdivision of coal bunkers is an element—does not conduce to rapidity of movement, nor does offensive power; they must, therefore, be very strictly subordinated. They must not detract from speed; yet so far as they do not injure that they should be developed, for by the power to repel an enemy—to avert detention—they minister to rapidity. With the battleship, in this contrary to the cruiser, offensive power is the dominant feature. While, therefore, speed is desirable to it, excessive speed is not admissible, if, as the writer believes, it can be obtained only at some sacrifice of offensive strength.

When Admiral Sampson sent off the telegrams last mentioned, before daylight of May 16th, the flag-ship was off Cape Haitien. During her stoppage for this purpose, the squadron continued to stand west, in order not to increase the loss of time due to the slowness of the monitors, through which the progress of the whole body did not exceed from seven to eight sea miles per hour. Cape Haitien is distant from Key West nearly 700 miles; and throughout this distance, being almost wholly along the coast of Cuba, no close telegraphic communication could be expected. At the squadron's rate of advance, it could not count upon arriving at Key West, and so regaining touch with Washington, before the morning of the 19th, and the Department was thus notified. Thirty-six hours later, at 11.30 A.M., May 17th, being then in the Old Bahama Channel, between Cuba and the Bahama Banks, the Admiral felt that his personal presence, under existing conditions, was more necessary near Havana and Key West. Leaving the division, therefore, in charge of the senior officer, Captain Evans of the "Iowa," he pushed forward with the flag-ship "New York," the fastest of the armored vessels. Six hours later he was met by the torpedo-boat "Dupont," bringing him a telegram from the Department, dated the 16th, forwarded through Key West, directing him to send his most suitable armored ship ahead to join the Flying Squadron. This order was based on information that Cervera was bringing munitions of war essential to the defense of Havana, and that his instructions were peremptory to reach either Havana or a port connected with it by railroad. Such commands pointed evidently to Cienfuegos, which place, moreover, was clearly indicated from the beginning of the campaign, as already shown in these papers, as the station for one division of our armored fleet.

The Department could calculate certainly that, by the time its message reached Sampson, his division would be so far advanced as to insure interposing between Havana and the Spaniards, if the latter came by the Windward Passage—from the eastward. It was safe, therefore, or at least involved less risk of missing the enemy, to send the Flying Squadron to Cienfuegos, either heading him off there, or with a chance of meeting him in the Yucatan Channel, if he tried to reach Havana by going west of Cuba. But as Cienfuegos was thought the more likely destination, and was for every reason a port to be effectually blockaded, it was desirable
to reënforce Schley; not by detaining him, under the pressing need of his getting to Cienfuegos, but by a battleship following him as soon as possible. Of course, such a ship might be somewhat exposed to encountering the enemy’s division single-handed, which is contrary to rule. But rules are made to be broken on occasion, as well as to be observed generally; and again, and always, war cannot be made without running risks, of which the greatest is misplaced or exaggerated carefulness. From the moment the Spanish ships were reported at Curacao, a close lookout had been established in the Yucatan Channel.

By his personal action, in quitting his squadron in order to hasten forward, Admiral Sampson had anticipated the wishes of the Department. At 4 P.M., May 18th, he reached Key West, where he found the Flying Squadron and the “St. Paul,” anchored in the outer roads. His own telegrams, and those from the Secretary of the Navy, had insured preparations for coaling all vessels as they arrived, to the utmost rapidity that the facilities of the port admitted. The “St. Paul,” whose orders had been again changed, sailed the same evening for Cape Haitien. The Flying Squadron started for Cienfuegos at 9 A.M. the following day, the 19th, and was followed twenty-six hours later by the battleship “Iowa.” Shortly after the Admiral left the fleet, it had been overtaken by the torpedo-boat “Porter,” from Cape Haitien, bearing a despatch which showed the urgency of the general situation, although it in no way lessened the discretion of the officer in charge. Captain Evans, therefore, very judiciously imitated Sampson’s action, quitted the fleet, and hastened with his own ship to Key West, arriving at dark of the 18th. Being a vessel of large coal endurance, she did not delay there to fill up, but she took with her the collier “Merrimac” for the ships before Cienfuegos.

The remainder of Sampson’s division arrived on the 19th. The monitors “Puritan” and “Miantonomoh,” which had not been to San Juan, sailed on the 20th for the Havana blockade, where they were joined before noon of the 21st by the “Indiana” and the “New York,” the latter having the Admiral on board. Commodore Schley, with the Flying Squadron, arrived off Cienfuegos towards midnight of the same day. The “Iowa” came up twelve hours later, about noon of the 22d, and some four or five light cruisers joined on that or the following days. On the 24th the “Oregon” communicated with Washington off Jupiter Inlet, on the east coast of Florida. Her engines being reported perfectly ready, after her long cruise, she was directed to go to Key West, where she coaled, and on the 28th left for the Havana blockade. It is difficult to exaggerate the honor which this result does to the officers responsible for the condition of her machinery. The combination of skill and care thus evidenced is of the highest order.

Such, in general outline, omitting details superfluous to correct comprehension, was the course of incidents on our side, in the Cuban campaign, during the ten days May 12th–21st, from the bombardment of San Juan de Puerto Rico to the establishment of the two armored divisions in the positions which, under better conditions of national preparation, they should have occupied by the first of the month. All is well that ends well—so far at least as the wholly past is concerned; but for the instruction of the future it is necessary not to cast the past entirely behind our backs, until its teachings have been pondered and assimilated. We cannot expect ever again to have an enemy so entirely inapt as Spain showed herself to be; yet, even so, Cervera’s division reached Santiago on the 19th of May, two days before our divisions appeared in the full force they could muster before Havana and Cienfuegos. Had the Spanish Admiral tried for either of those ports, even at the low rate of speed observed in going from Curacao to Santiago—about seven and five-tenth knots—he could have left Curacao on the evening of May 15th, and have reached Cienfuegos on the 21st, between midnight and daybreak; enabling him to enter the harbor by 8 A.M.—more than twelve hours before the arrival there of our Flying Squadron.

The writer assumes that, had our coast defenses been such as to put our minds at ease concerning the safety of our chief seaboard cities, the Flying Squadron would from the first have been off Cienfuegos. He is forced to assume so, because his own military conviction has always been that such would have been the proper course. Whatever coup de main might have been possible against a harbor not adequately defended—the fears of which, even, he considered exaggerated—no serious operations against a defended seaboard were possible to any enemy after a transatlantic voyage, until recoaled. It would have been safe, militarily speaking, to place our two divisions before
the ports named. It was safer to do so than to keep one at Hampton Roads; for offense is a safer course than defense.

Consider the conditions. The Spaniards, after crossing the Atlantic, would have to coal. There were four principal ports at which they might do so—Havana, Cienfuegos, Santiago, and San Juan de Puerto Rico. The first two, on the assumption, would be closed to them, unless they chose to fight a division so nearly equal to their own force that, whatever the result of the battle, the question of coaling would have possessed no further immediate interest for them. Santiago and San Juan, and any other suitable eastern port open to them—if such there was—were simply so many special instances of a particular case, of which San Juan was the most favorable to them; because, being the most distant, it insured more time for coaling and getting away again before our divisions could arrive. After their departure from Curaçao was known, but not their subsequent intentions, and while our divisions were proceeding to Havana and Cienfuegos, measures were under consideration at the Navy Department which would have made it even then difficult for them to escape action, if they went to San Juan for coal; but which would have raised the difficult close to the point of the impossible, had our divisions from the first been placed before Havana and Cienfuegos, which strategic conditions dictated, but fears for our own inadequately defended coast prevented. The contemplated method was this: Adequate lookouts round Porto Rico were to be kept up, by whom their approach would be detected and quickly cable. Our two divisions were to be kept ready to proceed at an instant’s notice, coaled to their best steaming lines, as far as this was compatible with a sufficiency of fuel to hold their ground after arriving off San Juan. Two of our fastest despatch vessels, likewise at their best steaming immersion, were to be held at Key West ready to start at once for Cienfuegos to notify the squadron there; two, in order that, if one broke down on the way, one would surely arrive within twenty-four hours. Thus planned, the receipt of a cable at the Department from one of the lookouts off Porto Rico would be like the touching of a button. The Havana division, reached within six hours, would start at once; that at Cienfuegos eighteen hours after the former. Barring accidents, we should, in five days after the enemy’s arrival, have had off San Juan the conditions which it took over a week to establish at Santiago; but, allowing for accidents, there would, within five days, have been force sufficient to hold the enemy in check.

Five days, it may be said, is not soon enough. It would have been quite soon enough in the case of Spaniards after a sea voyage of 2,500 miles, in which the larger vessels had to share their coal with the torpedo-destroyers. In case of a quicker enemy of more executive despatch, and granting, which will be rare, that a fleet’s readiness to depart will be conditioned only by coal, and not by necessary engine repairs to some one vessel, it is to be remarked that the speed which can be, and has been, assumed for our ships in this particular case, nine knots, is far less than the most modest expectations for a battleship—such as those entertained by the writer. Had not our deficiency of dry-docks left our ships very foul, they could have covered the distance well within four days. Ships steady at thirteen knots would have needed little over three; and it is sustained speed like this, not a spurt of eighteen knots for twelve hours, that is wanted. No one, however, need be at pains to dispute that circumstances alter cases; or that the promptness and executive ability of an enemy are very material circumstances. Similarly, although the method proposed would have had probable success at San Juan, and almost certain success at any shorter distance, it would at 2,000 miles be very doubtfully expedient.

Assuming, moreover, that it had been thought unadvisable to move against San Juan, because doubtful of arriving in time, what would have been the situation had Cervera reached there, our armored divisions being off Havana and Cienfuegos? He would have been watched by the four lookouts—which were ordered before Santiago immediately upon his arrival there—and by them followed when he quitted port. Four leaves a good margin for detaching successively to cable ports before giving up this following game, and by that time his intentions would be apparent. Where indeed should he go? Before Havana and Cienfuegos would be divisions capable of fighting him. Santiago, or any eastern port, is San Juan over again, with disadvantage of distance. Matanzas is but Havana; he would find himself anticipated there, because one of those vessels dogging his path would have hurried on to announce his approach. Were his destination, however, evidently a North Atlantic port, as some among us had fondly feared, our division be-
fore Havana would be recalled by cable, and
that before Cienfuegos drawn back to Ha-
vana; leaving, of course, lookouts before
the southern port. Cienfuegos is thereby
uncovered, doubtless; but either the Span-
iard fails to get there, not knowing our
movements, or, if he rightly divines them
and turns back, our coast is saved.

Strategy is a game of wits, with many un-
known quantities; as Napoleon and Nelson
have said—and not they alone—the unfore-
seen and chance must always be allowed
for. But, if there are in it no absolute cer-
tainties, there are practical certainties,
raised by experience to maxims, reasonable
observance of which gives long odds. Prom-
inent among these certainties are: the
value of the offensive over the defensive, the
advantage of a central position, and of inte-
rior lines. All these would have been united,
strategically, by placing our armored divi-
sions before Havana and Cienfuegos. As an
offensive step this supported, beyond any
chance of defeat, the blockade of the Cuban
coast, as proclaimed; with the incidental
additional advantage that Key West, our
base, was not only accessible to us, but de-
fended against serious attack, by the mere
situation of our Havana squadron. Central
position and interior lines were maintained;
for, Havana being nearly equidistant from
Porto Rico and the Chesapeake, the squad-
rons could be moved in the shortest time in
either direction, and they covered all points
of offense and defense within the limits of
the theater of war by lines shorter than those
open to the enemy, which is what "interior
lines" practically means.

If this disposition did possess these advan-
tages, the question naturally arises whether
it was expedient for the Havana division,
before Cervera's arrival was known, and
with the Flying Squadron still at Hampton
Roads, to move to the eastward to San Juan,
as was done. The motive of this step, in
which the Navy Department acquiesced, was
the probability, which must be candidly and
fully admitted, that San Juan was Cervera's
primary destination. If it so proved, our
squadron would be nearer at hand. It was
likely, of course, that Cervera would first
communicate with a neutral port, as he did
at Martinique, to learn if the coast were clear
before pushing for San Juan. The result
of his going to the latter place would have
been to present the strategic problem already
discussed.

Cervera heard that our fleet was at San
Juan, went to Curaçao, and afterwards to
Santiago, because, as the Spanish Minister
of Marine declared in the Cortes, it was the
only port to which he could go. Our Ad-
miral's official report, summing up the con-
ditions after the bombardment of San Juan,
as they suggested themselves to his mind at
the time, was quoted in our last article.
In the present we have sought to trace as
vividly as possible the hurried and various
measures consequent upon Cervera's move-
ments; to reproduce, if may be, the per-
plexities—the anxieties perhaps, but cer-
tainly not the apprehension—of the next
ten days, in which, though we did not fear
being beaten, we did fear being outwitted,
which is to no man agreeable.

If Sampson's division had been before
Havana and Schley's at Hampton Roads,
when Cervera appeared, the latter could
have entered San Juan undisturbed. What
could we then have done? In virtue of our
central position, three courses were open.
1. We could have sent our Havana division
to San Juan, as before proposed, and the
Flying Squadron direct to the same point;
with the disadvantage, however, as compared
with the disposition advocated last, that the
distance to it from Hampton Roads is 400
miles more than from Cienfuegos. 2. We
could have moved the Havana squadron to San
Juan, sending the Flying Squadron to Key
West to coal and await further orders:
This is only a modification of No. 1. Or, 3,
we could have ordered the Flying Squadron
to Key West, and at the same moment sent
the Havana division before Cienfuegos; a
simultaneous movement which would have
effect ed a great economy of time, yet in-
volved no risk, owing to the distance of the
Spanish division from the center of opera-
tions.

Of these three measures the last would
have commended itself to the writer, had Cer-
vera's appearance, reported at Martinique,
left it all doubtful whether or not he were
aiming for Havana or Cienfuegos. In our
estimation, that was the strategic center, and
therefore to be covered before all else. So
long as Cervera's destination was unknown,
and might, however improbable, be our coast,
there was possible justification for keeping
the Flying Squadron there; the instant he
was known to be in the West Indies, to close
the two Cuban ports became the prime ne-
cessity. But had he entered San Juan, with-
out previous appearance, the first or the sec-
ond should have been adopted, in accordance
with the sound general principle that the
enemy's fleet, if it can be probably reached,
is the objective paramount to all others; because the control of the sea, by reducing the enemy's navy, is the determining factor in a naval war.

Without dogmatizing, however, upon a situation which did not obtain, it appears now to the writer, not only that the eastward voyage of our Havana division was unfortunate, viewed in the light of subsequent events, but that it should have been seen beforehand to be a mistake, because inconsistent with a well-founded and generally accepted principle of war, the non-observance of which was not justified by the conditions. The principle is that which condemns "eccentric" movements. The secondary definition of this word—"odd" or "peculiar"—has so dislodged all other meanings in common speech, that it seems necessary to recall that primarily, by derivation, it signifies "away from the center," to which sense it is confined in technical military phrase. Our center of operations had been fixed, and rightly fixed, at Havana and Cienfuegos. It was subject, properly, to change—instant change—when the enemy's fleet was known to be within striking distance; but to leave the center otherwise, on a calculation of probabilities, however plausible, was a proposition that should have been squarely confronted with the principle, which itself is only the concrete expression of many past experiences. It is far from the writer's wish to advocate slavery to rule; no bondage is more hopeless or more crush-

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