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HISTORY

OF THE

SPANISH-AMERICAN WAR

EMBRACING A COMPLETE REVIEW OF

OUR RELATIONS WITH SPAIN

BY

HENRY WATTERSON

Illustrated

WITH NUMEROUS ORIGINAL ENGRAVINGS AND COLORED PLATES, ACCURATELY PORTRAYING THE SCENES DESCRIBED

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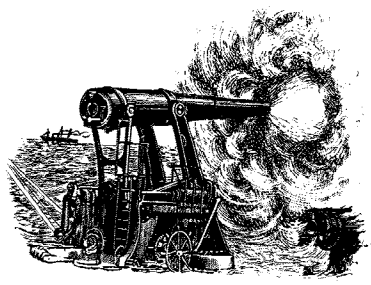
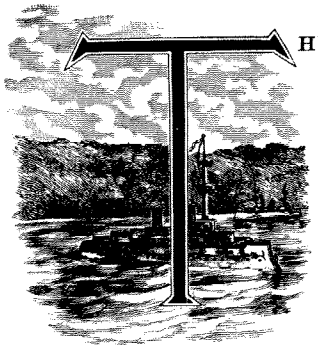


PREFACE



THE war between the United States and Spain was like no other war of ancient or modern times. Begun at once as a protest of civilization and as a plea for humanity, it ended as an act of unpremeditated national expansion; and, from first to last, it abounded in surprises. In its inception, the public men of America were generally opposed to it, as they are apt to be opposed to everything either very original or very decisive; and, if the controlling members of the cabinet at Madrid favored it — as there are some reasons for believing that they did — theirs was rather a choice between two dangers, foreign and domestic, which menaced them, than any deliberate preference for war. In Spain all popular impulse seems to have been wanting. In the United States the declaration of war was forced upon the President and the Congress by the people.

Thus, the war with Spain was essentially a people's war. The destruction of the *Maine* in the harbor of Havana undoubtedly quickened the pulse of the nation and hurried the action of its official representatives. But, long before, the patience of public opinion in the United States had been exhausted by Spanish misrule in Cuba. The time was come to make an end of an intolerable situation. When we consider not merely the oppression and corruption which had marked a cruel despotism existing in sight of us, and exploiting itself in spite of us, but its actual cost to us in the treaty obligation of policing our coasts against the filibusters and in its consequent and constant injury to our commerce, it seems a matter of wonder that the day of reckoning should have been delayed so long.

IN PIOUS HOMAGE

TO THE

Memory of the Heroic Dead

WHO FELL IN THE WAR WITH SPAIN, THIS

VOLUME IS INSCRIBED

TO

THEIR LIVING KINDRED

AS SOME RECOGNITION OF THE SACRIFICES MADE BY THEM

UPON THE

ALTARS OF FREEDOM AND HUMANITY.

From the coming of Cortes and Pizarro to the going of Weyler, the flag of the Spaniard in the Western Hemisphere was the emblem solely of rapine and pillage. The discovery of Columbus seemed to act upon the Spanish imagination as a magic philter, distorting all its evil propensities and filling it with desires impossible of fulfillment. Under its spell the phantoms of the soothsayer and the fancies of the poet took definite shape. With some it was the dream of eternal life; with others a vision of untold riches; but, with all, the perversion of nature. Cut loose from the moorings of common sense, the standards of morality were lost. Incalculable rapacity begot inconceivable brutality, and, as a result, Spain, from the first, became the last of the great European powers. The demon of gold had taken hold of the greatest and noblest of the nations by its very vitals. The craze for lucre, which so often makes of good men bad men, under the most civilizing influences, had, under the most barbaric, diverted the courageous and enlightened Spaniard from the love of poetry and art to the love of money; and, after Columbus and his wondrous New World, Cortes and Pizarro, and the other minor tyrants and robbers, down to Weyler, came in a kind of geometric progression, as simple matters of course.

The flag, as the saying is, had finally dropped upon the dominion of the Spaniard in America. One after another, Spain had been despoiled of her American possessions. It was the moderation of the Great Republic which saved her Cuba and Porto Rico so long. If any other power except the United States had been concerned, she would have lost them fifty years earlier.

In the nature of the case, there could be no spirit of territorial aggrandizement disturbing the serenity of the people of the United States. With the vast area of unoccupied land in the west of their continent, the Americans took little, if any, account of Cuba, whilst Porto Rico was undreamed of. They had no quarrel with Spain. On the contrary, there was a sentimental regard for the Spaniard, an honorable gratitude, as it were, manifested during our great Fair by the honors paid the Duke of Veragua, and the cordial reception given

to the Infanta Eulalia; and the idea of going to war with a nation so weak as we knew Spain to be, was repugnant to every brave and honorable man. There were two circumstances that, among intelligent Americans, weighed far more than the world will ever give us credit even for conceiving. As no orator since Patrick Henry, not excepting Gambetta, Señor Castelar had delivered those principles of civil liberty which are dear to all our hearts. That meant a great deal. It alternately appealed to our republicanism and stirred our enthusiastic admiration. Then there was set before our eyes the figure of a noble woman, with her boy king, in spite of our republicanism, appealing to our manhood. All in all, it cost us a great sacrifice of sensibilities to go to war with Spain.

But what could we do? The situation was inexorable. It was either ruthlessly to beat down, or be ignominiously humiliated. When nations can do nothing they can fight, and fight we did. And so did the Spaniard. But centuries of moral poison, percolating through the veins of the body politic of Spain, had done their work. The obsolete Spaniard was no match for the alert and enterprising American. The war was quickly over. It might not have been so quickly over in the case of Germany and France; but its end would have been the same. Spain has no reason to be ashamed of her part in it. Throughout the United States, at least, the Spanish character stands higher to-day than it did before the war, though the Spaniards have Admirals Montejo and Cervera and General Toral to thank for the maintenance of the national credit.

On our own side, the war has surely paid us back far more than it cost us, at the same time that it has brought us many things not contemplated in the beginning.

It annihilated sectional lines and solidified the Union. It proclaimed us a nation among the nations of the earth; no longer a huddle of petty sovereignties held together by a rope of sand. It dissipated at once and forever the notion that we are a race of mercenary shopkeepers, worshipping rather the brand upon the dollar than the eagle on the shield. It announced the arrival upon the

scene of the world's action of a power which would have to be reckoned with by the older powers in determining the future of civilization. It rescued us from the turbulent discussion of many misleading questions of domestic economy, uplifting and enlarging all our national perspectives. Above all, it elevated, broadened, and vitalized the manhood of the rising generation of Americans. In the heroes who fell in battle, as in those who survived to tell the tale of surpassing endurance and valor, examples of priceless value were set before it; and in such illustrations as Dewey and Hobson, Shafter and Wheeler, coming from extremes of North and South, notice was served upon Christendom of the existence of a homogeneous race of soldiers and sailors destined to carry the flag of the Great Republic to lands perhaps as yet unknown, and certainly able to hold it against all who might dispute its right of way.

The United States engaged in the war with Spain under many disadvantages. It was supposed that the Spanish navy outclassed our navy. It was known that we had no organized army. Europe was rife with evil prognostications. Although the continental nations officially declared their neutrality, the ruling elements, social and political, were all against us. In spite of the millions of Germans among us, the trend of German opinion as delivered by the newspapers of Berlin and Frankfurt and Köln was surprisingly hostile. Though France is a Republic, and our ancient ally besides, the Parisian journals, reflecting on the one hand the interests of the Spanish bondholders and on the other hand the prejudices of polite society, — perhaps also goaded by the avowed friendship of the English, — made haste to open upon us a cross-fire of the most fantastic billingsgate. It was on all sides freely predicted that the raw militia of America could not stand against the trained veterans of Europe, and that the American navy, overmatched in ships by the navy of Spain, and manned by a riff-raff of foreign adventurers, would become the easy prey of such Admirals as Cervera, Montejo, and Camara. There were admissions in some quarters that the superior resources and power of the United States would in the end prevail; but nothing was allowed the Yankees except

grudgingly, and even then rendered in a tone of apology. In Spain it was given out that the South, still mourning the loss of the Southern Confederacy, was ripe for revolt, and that the landing of a Spanish army somewhere on the Gulf coast was only necessary to draw to it a host of rebels waiting for a chance to rise and eager for revenge.

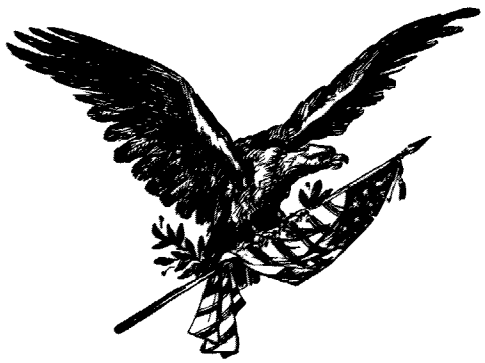
The war dispelled all these illusions. The United States went into it even in its own eyes something of a riddle as to the matter of martial equipment, resources, and capacity. It came out of it a conceded, self-confident world power. The victories of Dewey and Sampson settled forever all question as to the navy. The rapid mobilization of the army proved the wonder of mankind; and, although the army had less opportunity than the navy to show the stuff it was made of, the operations in front of Santiago were sufficient to establish its claim to the respect of the military establishments of Europe and to earn for it and its leaders the admiration of their own countrymen. From Miles, the able and gallant commanding General, to the humblest subaltern, the exhibitions of intrepidity and fortitude and skill were never exceeded by any band of officers or any body of troops of which the history of warfare gives us an account.

The purpose of the pages which follow is to tell the story of these soldiers and these sailors as they themselves revealed it from time to time during the war with Spain. No notice is here taken of any controversy incident to or growing out of the events attempted to be impartially set forth. This history has nought to do with disputing or disputed claims among ambitious rivals. As Admiral Schley observed, there was "glory enough to go round." Having no other aim than to render to Cæsar the things which are Cæsar's, its author has sought to make a simple, lucid narrative of an episode, short indeed, but not too short to glorify American arts and arms. Although written concurrently with the progress of the events it describes, sufficient time was allowed in every instance to ascertain from official and other sources the actual facts of every transaction; and it is believed that it has omitted no essential feature of the operations on land and sea, or failed to give to each of them its fair proportion. An abundance

rather than a scarcity of material for its composition, ready-made by the newspaper correspondents, to whom the author's first and chief acknowledgments are due, has attended its progress toward completion; and his would be but an imperfect account if it failed to mark the daring, energy, and skill, along with entire fidelity to justice and truth, which characterized the part played by these important and inseparable companions of the soldiers in the field. Assuredly nothing has been set down either in wanton praise or blame, so that the whole is submitted to the public with the confident belief that it embraces what, indeed, it purports to be, a complete and authentic account of the war between the United States and Spain.

HENRY WATTERSON.

COURIER-JOURNAL, LOUISVILLE.
October 1, 1898.



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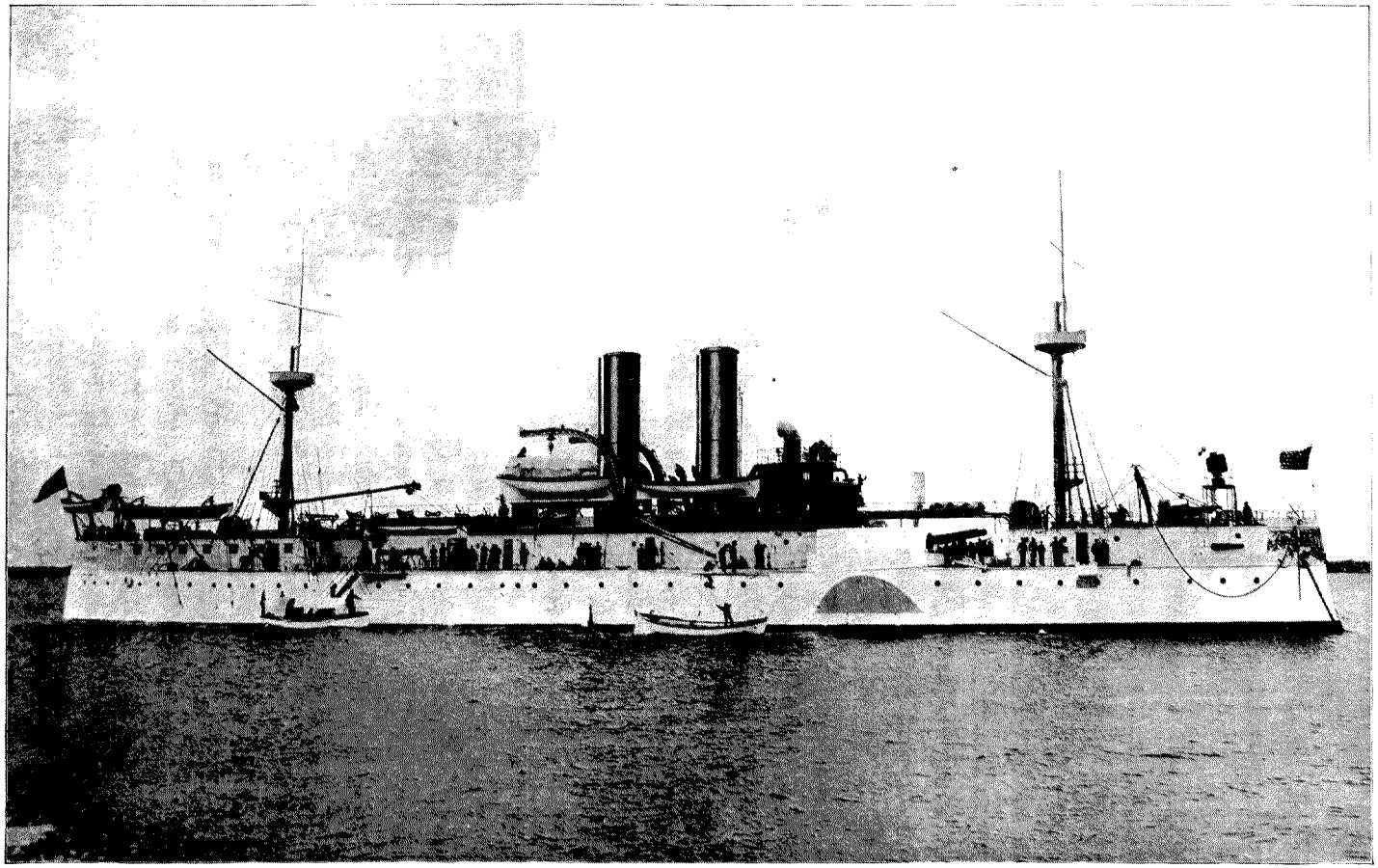
THE DESTRUCTION OF THE "MAINE"

The morning of Wednesday, the 16th of February, 1898, the world was startled by the report that an American battle-ship had been destroyed in the harbor of Havana. This proved to be the *Maine*, an armored cruiser of the second-class, but one of the staunchest afloat, and often described as "the pride of the navy of the United States." Under orders from Washington, the *Maine* had proceeded to Havana upon "a visit of courtesy." Of this visit it was officially stated that it meant "simply the resumption of friendly naval relations with Spain," and was known and approved by the Spanish authorities. The *Maine* steamed out of Key West the evening of the 24th of January, and entered Havana harbor the morning of the 25th, being saluted by all the forts and war vessels, and conducted to her place of mooring by the regular pilot of the port. She was commanded by Captain Charles D. Sigsbee, an officer of experience, upon whose discretion the President and the Secretary of the Navy placed entire confidence. This confidence was fully vindicated by succeeding events.

The relations between Spain and the United States had been much disturbed by the state of affairs in Cuba. For the most part during

quite thirty years an insurrection, sporadic in character, and more or less active, had been going on in the island. As a general thing, and in a general way, the people of the United States sympathized with those uprisings of the Cubans, and not infrequently filibustering expeditions eluded the vigilance of our coast guards. Naturally the Spaniards were kept in constant irritation, although it does not appear that there was any lack of energy or of good faith on the part of the American Government in repressing overt manifestations of friendship for the insurrectionists. Finally, however, public opinion in the United States, grown more concentrated and intense, had forced the McKinley administration to take official cognizance of Cuban affairs and to open diplomatic negotiations with Madrid, looking to the cessation of what had become a war of extermination, ruinous to Cuba and injurious to American interests. As an incident to these negotiations a private letter of the Spanish minister, De Lome, at Washington, had been intercepted by a secret agent of the Cuban Junta and had not only found its way into the newspapers, but was placed in possession of the State Department. This letter grossly reflected upon the President of the United States. Señor De Lome, having acknowledged its genuineness, was promptly given his passports, and, as promptly, a disavowal was demanded from the Spanish Government, which, in spite of the strained relations then existing, the Cabinet at Madrid was not slow to make, first personally and then officially, in very emphatic terms.

Thus far all seemed well. It was known that the administration at Washington sincerely desired peace with Spain, and, as there could not be two opinions touching the character of the De Lome letter and the warrant of the Department of State in requiring a public apology, there was no reason to apprehend that the affair, being amicably closed, would, however disagreeable in itself, have any further consequences. Hence it was that the destruction of the *Maine*, following quickly upon the enforced exit of the Spanish minister, and the controversy which had led up to that exit, not merely came to the people of the United States like a flash of lightning out of a clear



U. S. BATTLESHIP MAINE

DESTROYED IN HAVANA HARBOR, FEB. 15, 1898

sky, but fell upon a public opinion already sensitive to ill impressions from that particular quarter, and prepared to believe almost any evil of Spain and the Spaniards.

There was nothing in the circumstances attending the destruction of the *Maine* calculated to diminish the prejudice thus preconceived. On the contrary everything tended to increase it. In spite of Captain Sigsbee's plea for a suspension of judgment, the people, with few exceptions, leaped at the conclusion of treachery. This did not fix any direct responsibility upon the Spanish Government, but it did arraign the Havana authorities, accusing them at the very least of gross neglect of duty. As will be seen from the sequel there is reason to suspect a yet greater crime and to trace this to agencies which could not have existed outside the military establishment at Havana.

At exactly forty minutes after nine o'clock the evening of Tuesday, the 15th day of February, 1898, without any warning, the battleship *Maine* was blown out of the water and totally wrecked by appliances the exact nature of which yet remains a mystery. All accounts agree that there were two distinct explosions, followed as some declare, by several additional detonations. "On that dreadful night," says Captain Sigsbee, "I had not retired. I was writing letters. I find it impossible to describe the sound or shock, but the impression remains of something awe-inspiring, terrifying, of noise-rending, vibrating, all-pervading. There is nothing in the former experience of any one on board to measure the explosion by. . . . After the first great shock—I cannot myself recall how many sharper detonations I heard, not more than two or three—I knew my ship was gone. In a structure like the *Maine*, the effects of such an explosion are not for a moment in doubt. . . . I made my way through the long passage in the dark, groping from side to side, to the hatchway and thence to the poop, being among the earliest to reach that spot. As soon as I recognized the officers, I ordered the high explosives to be flooded, and then directed that the boats available be lowered to the rescue of the wounded or drowning. . . . Discipline in a perfect measure prevailed. There was no more confusion than

a call to general quarters would produce — not as much. . . . I soon saw, by the light of the flames, that all my officers and crew left alive and on board surrounded me. I cannot form any idea of the time, but it seemed five minutes from the moment I reached the poop until I left, the last man it was possible to reach having been saved. It must have been three-quarters of an hour or more, however, from the amount of work done. . . . I remember the officers and men worked together lowering the boats, and that the gig took some time to lower. I did not notice the rain of débris described by Lieutenant Blandin or others who were on deck at the time of the first explosion, but I did observe the explosion of the fixed ammunition, and wonder that more were not hurt thereby. . . . Without going beyond the limits of what was proper in the harbor of a friendly Power, I always maintain precautions against attack, and the quarter-watch was ordered to have ammunition for the smaller guns ready so that in the improbable event of an attack on the ship it would have been found ready. It was this ammunition which exploded as the heat reached it."

Captain Sigsbee's story is supplemented by many others, varying in personal experience, but agreeing in all the essential features of the catastrophe. The narrative of Lieutenant Blandin is especially graphic. "I was on the watch," the Lieutenant tells us, "and when the men had been piped below I looked down the main hatches and over the side of the ship. Everything was absolutely normal. I walked aft to the quarter deck behind the rear turret, as is allowed after 8 o'clock in the evening, and sat down on the port side, where I remained for a few minutes. Then for some reason I cannot explain to myself, I moved to the starboard side and sat down there. I was feeling a bit glum, and, in fact, was so quiet that Lieutenant Hood came up and asked laughingly if I was asleep. I said: 'No; I am on watch.' . . . Scarcely had I spoken when there came a dull, sullen roar. Then succeeded a sharp explosion, some say numerous explosions. I remember only one. It seemed to me that the sound issued from the port side forward. Then followed a perfect

CHARLES D. SIGSBEE

IN COMMAND OF THE MAINE WHEN DESTROYED IN HAVANA HARBOR

rain of missiles of all kinds, from huge pieces of cement to blocks of wood, steel railings, fragments of gratings and all the débris that would be detachable in an explosion. . . . I was struck on the head by a piece of cement and knocked down, but not hurt, and got to my feet in a moment. Lieutenant Hood had run to the poop and I supposed, as I followed, he was dazed by the shock and about to jump overboard. I hailed him and he answered that he had run to help lower the boats. When I got there, though scarce a minute had elapsed, I had to wade in water to my knees, and almost instantly the quarter deck was awash. On the poop I found Captain Sigsbee, as cool as if at a ball, and soon all the officers except Jenkins and Merritt joined us. The poop was above water after the *Maine* settled to the bottom. Captain Sigsbee ordered the launch and barge lowered and the officers and men, who by this time had assembled, got the boats out and rescued a number in the water. Captain Sigsbee ordered Lieutenant Commander Wainwright forward to see the extent of the damage and if anything could be done to rescue those forward or to extinguish the flames which followed close upon the explosion and burned fiercely as long as there was any combustible above water to feed them. . . . Lieutenant Commander Wainwright on his return reported the total and awful character of the calamity, and Captain Sigsbee gave the last sad order, 'Abandon ship,' to men overwhelmed with grief indeed, but calm and apparently unexcited. . . . Meantime, four boats from the Spanish cruiser *Alfonso XII.* arrived, to be followed soon by the two from the Ward Line steamer *City of Washington.* The two boats lowered from the *City of Washington* were found to be riddled with flying débris from the *Maine* and unfit for use. Captain Sigsbee was the last man to leave his vessel and left in his own gig."

Whilst these dreadful scenes were passing upon the ill-fated battleship, the city of Havana, not yet gone to bed, was roused as it had never been roused before. The shock and flash, coming almost instantaneously the one upon the other, admonished every one of some dire calamity. Quickly the streets were filled with excited people.

Naturally, the first impression of these was that the rebels had effected a successful descent and were entering through some break they had made in the fortifications. The next was that Morro Castle had been blown up. All doubt, however, was soon dispelled by the direction from which the reverberation came, as well as the flames that began to rise above the sinking and burning ship, lighting the heavens far and near, and the eager multitude rushed *en masse* to the water's edge, where the character and extent of the tragedy was at once apparent. "On Tuesday evening," says an eye witness of the explosion. "I strolled down to the river front for a breath of fresh air. I was about two or three hundred yards from the *Maine*. The first intimation I had of an explosion was a crunching sound. Then there came a terrible roar, and immense pieces of débris flew skyward from the *Maine*. Some of them must have been thrown at least three hundred feet. It looked as though the whole inside of the ship had been blown out. Many persons on the pier were nearly thrown from their feet by the force of the explosion. The air became stifling with smoke."

Another account contributed to the history of this tragic night by a guest of the Grand Hotel, related how, sitting in front of that hostelry, he was startled by a peculiar noise, as of the fall of some gigantic edifice, followed by another and a much louder and more distinct report. "We thought the whole city had been blown to pieces," says this authority. "Some said the insurgents were entering Havana. Others cried out that Morro Castle was blown up." Continuing his description of the panic which followed the explosion, he said: "On the Prado is a large cab-stand. The minute after the explosion was heard the cabmen cracked their whips and went rattling over the cobblestones like crazy men. The fire department turned out and bodies of cavalry and infantry rushed through the streets. There was no sleep in Havana that night. The Spanish officials were quick to express their sympathy and acted very well as a whole, but I think their expressions of regret lacked the warmth which would have been characteristic of an American city, had such a disaster occurred under similar circumstances."

CENTRAL PARK, ENGLAND HOTEL, AND TACON THEATRE, HAVANA

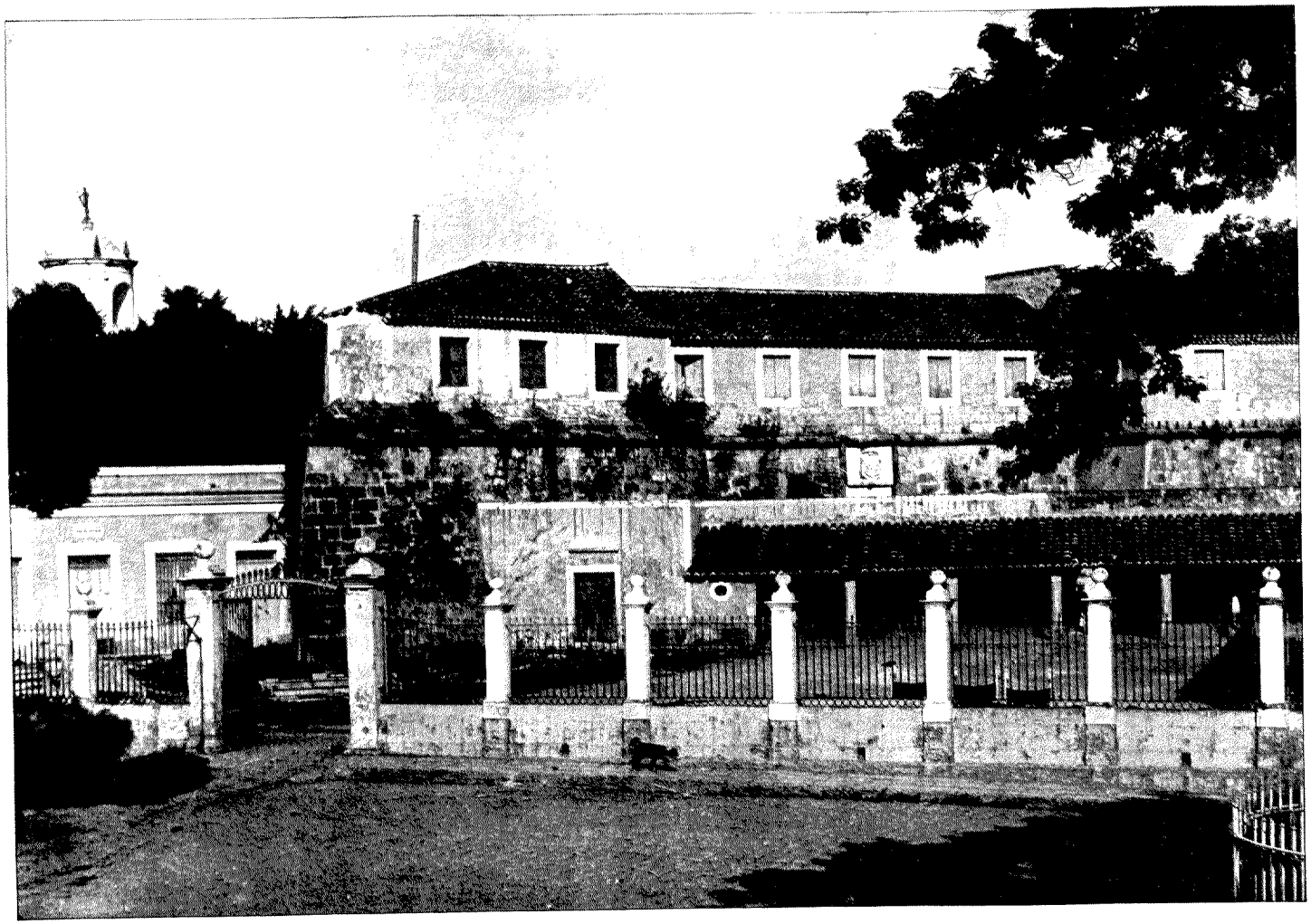
As has been stated the Ward Line steamer *City of Washington* was moored near the battle-ship *Maine* the night of the disaster. One of the passengers on board the *City of Washington* tells this story: "A party of us," says he, "were sitting in the cabin engaged in idle conversation. It was, as nearly as I can recall, between nine and ten o'clock. Suddenly we were startled by a loud report. As by a single impulse our little group rushed to the port holes and saw an immense flash shoot up in the air with a horrible, grinding, hissing noise that might have been an earthquake or a cyclone. Débris of all kinds and a large number of bodies were thrown upward. It was at first believed that the *Maine* was being fired upon, but afterward, as the *City of Washington* was struck by what turned out to be falling débris and she careened, it was thought she was being fired upon. A second explosion took place, and following it we heard groans and cries of 'Help,' 'Help us.' The boats of the *City of Washington* and those of the Spanish cruiser *Alfonso XII.* were hurriedly launched and went to the rescue. I went into one of the boats of the *City of Washington*, and the scenes I witnessed were heartrending beyond description. . . . Two of the small boats on board the *City of Washington* were stove in by the débris from the *Maine*. The battle-ship sank even with the water in about thirty minutes after the explosion. The *City of Washington* was converted into a hospital. Many of the rescued men were brought on board almost nude, and the passengers gave them clothing. The officers of the *City of Washington* did all in their power to make the rescued men comfortable. . . . About half an hour after the explosion Consul-General Lee, the Civil Governor of Havana, and Captain-General Blanco's chief of staff came on board. General Lee remained with us all night.

When all was over, and the casualties were estimated, it was found that 266 seamen, including two commissioned officers, had lost their lives.

In the beginning there was some effort on the part of the Spanish authorities at an ostentatious display of sympathy; but soon this gave

way to a kind of official indifference. Sad, indeed, was the funeral of those of our brave men whose bodies were recovered from the wreck. With every mark of honor they were laid to rest in the beautiful cemetery of the Cuban capital. But there was a striking contrast between the conduct of the native Cubans and the Spaniards on this mournful occasion. The Cuban women in the streets were almost all dressed in mourning, while the Spanish women wore colors. "The only flags I saw in the procession," says one who witnessed the pageant, "were two small ones about three by six inches." This writer continues: "I went aboard the *Alfonso XII.*, and was received politely. The single expression of regret I heard there was from an officer who complained that the force of the *Maine* explosion had broken his toilet bottles. There can be no mistaking the indifference of the Spaniards in Havana over the loss of the war-ship and those aboard. On Thursday, while driving to the cemetery with two American friends, I was assailed with jeers and some one threw a large stone at our carriage. In fact, one or two children yelled after us that they had blown up the 'Americano,' and that they were glad of it. I did not hear one expression of regret for the terrible loss of life from any Spaniard during the time I was in Havana."

There is ample testimony to the truth of this lack of general or spontaneous feeling among the Spaniards, and some evidence that the under-currents of popular sentiment were those of rejoicing. Meanwhile, in spite of the complete annihilation of the battle-ship, there remained in the harbor a ghastly and constant reminder of the tragedy, in the heap of flame-charred wreckage that still showed above the surface of the water. "The huge mast," writes one who reached the scene next day, "looks as if it had been thrown up from a subterranean storehouse of fused cement, steel, wood, and iron. Further aft, one military mast protrudes at a slight angle from the perpendicular, while the poop, on which gathered the band, offers a resting place for the workmen or divers. Of the predominant white which marks our vessels not a vestige remains. In its place is the blackness of desolation and death."



LA FUERZA, HAVANA, ERECTED 1573

Such is, in brief, a résumé of the events of the night of Tuesday the 15th of February, 1898, destined to play so momentous a part in the record of the world's progress. They constitute a fitting prelude to the imperial theme of war which they foreshadowed, for nothing in marine history during peaceful times, not even the famous catastrophe to the *Royal George* in Spithead roadstead toward the close of the last century, nor the Samoan disaster, nor the running down of the *Victoria* by the *Camperdown* in the latter part of this,—though resulting in greater loss of life,—can be brought into comparison, in point of horror and of far-reaching consequences, with the destruction of the *Maine*.

The first intelligence received in the United States seemed to daze the public mind. But the civil and naval authorities acted with rare prudence. Immediately upon reaching shore, and with all the dread reality of an untoward calamity cruelly palpable on every hand, Captain Sigsbee cabled the following message to the Secretary of the Navy:—

"*Maine* blown up in Havana harbor at 9:40 and destroyed. Many wounded and doubtless more killed and drowned. Wounded and others on board Spanish man-of-war and Ward Line steamer. Send lighthouse tenders from Key West for crew and few pieces of equipment still above water. No one had other clothes than those upon him. . . . Public opinion should be suspended till further report. All officers are believed to be saved. Jenkins and Merritt not yet accounted for. Many Spanish officers, including representatives of General Blanco, are now with me and express sympathy."

II.

THE appeal of Captain Sigsbee for a suspension of judgment did not fall upon deaf ears. Whilst the trend of public opinion was not long shaping itself, and falling into the theory of treachery, the more thoughtful among the people of the United States could not bring themselves to believe this possible. That murder upon such a scale, and at once so cold-blooded and wanton, could be deliberately planned and executed at the very high-noon of modern civilization and during a period of

THE OFFICIAL REPORT OF THE NAVAL COMMISSION

profound peace seemed inconceivable. The Government at Washington took its cue from the self-respecting and at the same time the wise and heroic moderation of Captain Sigsbee. It refused to entertain the idea of conspiracy, the Secretary of the Navy going the length of publicly rejecting it. But it was at once resolved by the President and Cabinet that there should be investigation prompt and thorough, and that this investigation should be conducted exclusively by United States officials. To the proposal of the Spanish authorities to unite in the work of fathoming the mystery, a polite negative was returned, and, within forty-eight hours after the tragedy in Havana harbor, a commission, under the presidency of Captain W. T. Sampson, with Lieutenant Commander Adolphe Marix as judge advocate, both naval officers of distinction, were named to proceed to the scene of the disaster and to investigate all the facts, with the purpose of reaching an impartial conclusion and reporting this to the Government.

No limit was set upon the powers of this commission and its investigation was exhaustless. It began its siftings first at Havana and afterward at Key West, but it did not complete its report until the 21st of March, embracing twenty-three days of continuous labor from the date of its organization. Through every means at its command, by the aid of expert divers and wreckers, and innumerable witnesses among the survivors of the tragedy, as well as eye-witnesses of the disaster, and all persons who could throw any light upon the affair, Captain Sampson and his associates sought to penetrate and to bring to light the truth concerning it. But one conclusion stared them in the face from the very outset of their inquiry. The *Maine* was destroyed by means of some explosive outwardly applied by parties unknown. The report declares that the state of discipline on board and the condition of the magazines, boilers, coal bunkers, and storage compartments were excellent, and that no indication of any cause for an internal explosion existed in any quarter. At 8 o'clock in the evening of February 15 everything had been reported secure and all was quiet. At forty minutes past 9 o'clock the vessel was suddenly destroyed. The report goes on to say: "There were two distinct

THE TACON MARKET, HAVANA

explosions, with a brief interval between them. The first lifted the forward part of the ship very perceptibly; the second, which was more open, prolonged, and of greater volume, is attributed by the court to the partial explosion of two or more of the forward magazines. The evidence of the divers establishes that the after-part of the ship was practically intact and sank in that condition a very few minutes after the explosion. The forward part was completely demolished." Then the report continues: "At frame 17 the outer shell of the ship, from a point eleven and one-half feet from the middle line of the ship and six feet above the keel when in its normal position, has been forced up so as to be now about four feet above the surface of the water; therefore, about thirty-four feet above where it would be had the ship sunk uninjured.

"The outside bottom plating is bent into a reverse V-shape, the after wing of which, about fifteen feet broad and thirty-two feet in length (from frame 17 to frame 25), is doubled back upon itself against the continuation of the same plating extending forward.

"At frame 18 the vertical keel is broken in two and the flat keel is bent into an angle similar to the angle formed by the outside bottom plates. The break is now about six feet below the surface of the water and about thirty feet above its normal position.

"In the opinion of the court, this effect could have been produced only by the explosion of a mine situated under the bottom of the ship at about frame 18 and somewhat on the port side of the ship."

These are the conclusions of the court:—

"That the loss of the *Maine* was not due in any respect to negligence on the part of any of the officers or members of the crew.

"That she was destroyed by the explosion of a submarine mine, which caused the partial explosion of two or more of her forward magazines and that no evidence has been obtainable fixing the responsibility for the destruction of the *Maine* upon any person or persons."

Without any comment, or the expression of any sentiment calculated to arouse public feeling, President McKinley submitted this report to Congress as late as the 29th of March, a week after it was completed

at Key West and returned to Rear-Admiral Sicard, in command of the Gulf squadron. Every means was employed to procure delay and to prevent rash judgment in the public mind and precipitate action by Congress. The President had been employing the intervening time with a most persistent and earnest attempt to arrive at some amicable adjustment of all the questions at issue with Spain through the medium of diplomatic negotiation. The Spanish Cabinet at Madrid seemed to be playing a waiting game, a game for time, holding our minister, General Stuart L. Woodford, in a state of helpless abeyance with all sorts of subterfuges, whilst casting about amongst European Powers for help in the event of war, which it anticipated, and otherwise seeking to embarrass the United States and to compromise us in the estimation of other nations. These things, however secretly done, had not escaped the rapt attention of the American people. They had waited patiently the report of their commission. No more than the President did they wish to perpetrate any injustice against Spain. But the public mind was made up that, if it should be clearly shown that the *Maine* was destroyed by external agencies, nothing short of war should be the forfeit. Within an hour after the finding of the report was known to our country, no one doubted that war was inevitable. All well-meaning sophistries were brushed aside by the rude hand of a popular demand for reprisal, and Congress was admonished that it disobeyed the summons at its peril.

III.

WHILST the country waited upon the investigation of the Naval Commission, the course of events was slowly, but, as we now know, surely, drifting toward war. The unanimous adoption by the two houses of Congress of a joint resolution creating an emergency fund of fifty millions of dollars, and placing this enormous sum at the absolute discretion of the President, was significant as an exhibition both of national unity and of warlike purpose. The rapid completion of unfinished battle-

SENATOR PROCTOR'S STARTLING REVELATIONS

FRUIT STAND IN HAVANA

ships in our own ship-yards, and the purchase of others from foreign governments, pointed in the same direction. So, too, did the passage by Congress of an act increasing the artillery arm of the regular service. On the other hand, the demand by Spain for the recall of General Fitzhugh Lee, our Consul-General at Havana, greatly incensed the American idea of fair play, and, although this demand was withdrawn, it left a sting in the popular mind. But a circumstance at first rather private than public in its character, and little noted at the time, was destined to cut a very great figure, indeed, in the ultimate disposition of the event of peace or war. This was the visit of Senator Redfield Proctor, of Vermont, to the island of Cuba.

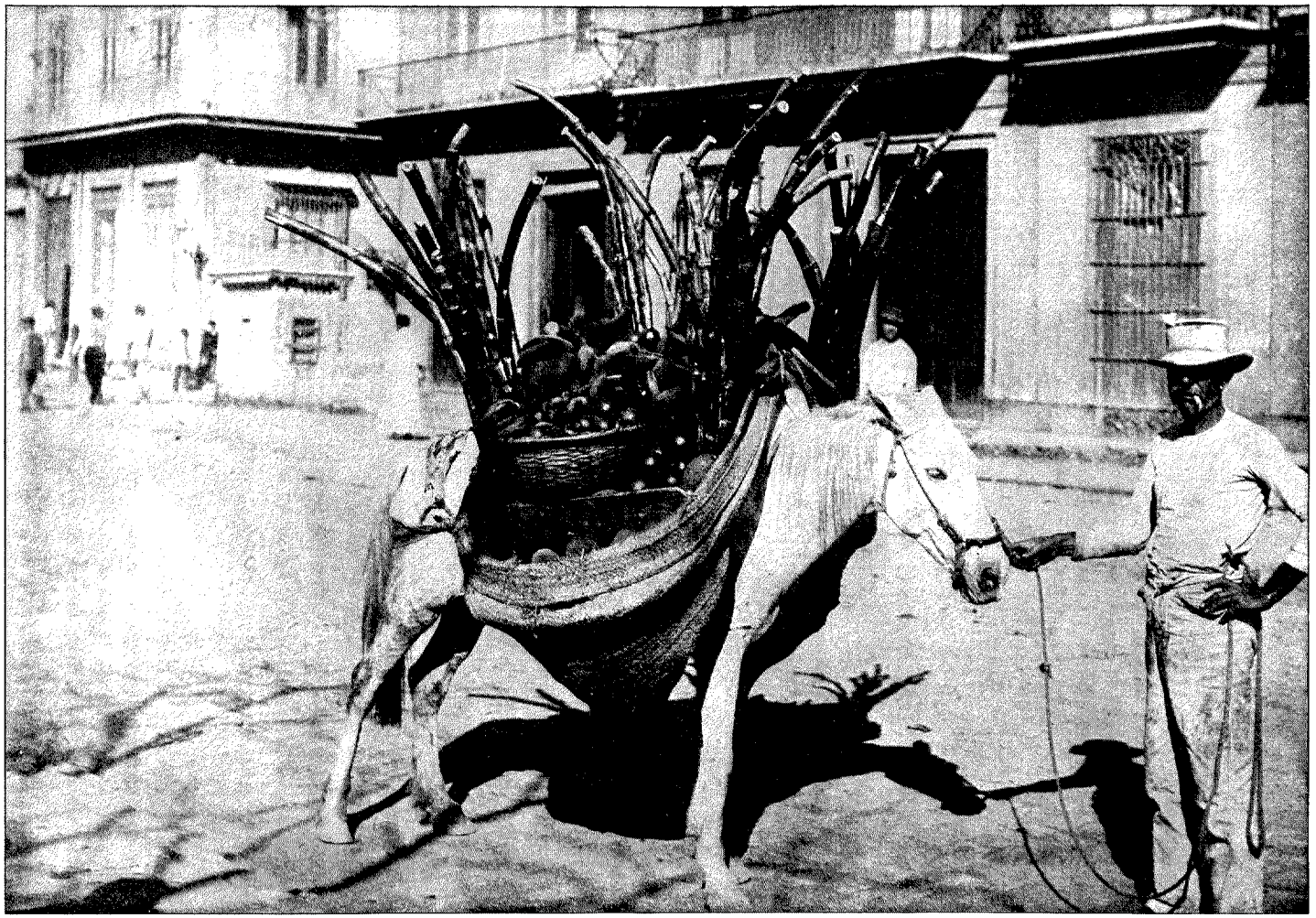
It was said by the newspapers that the Senator went at the request of the President. Be this as it may, Senator Proctor disclaimed official character, and gave out that he was merely seeking, as a Senator and a private gentleman, the satisfaction of his own judgment as to the real state of affairs in Cuba. He went about freely, and, as was thought, incautiously, over the island, and on his return he made a statement in open Senate which created the widest and profoundest impression both upon those who heard it and upon the people at large.

Senator Proctor was known to be one of the least imaginative and most just-minded of men, a hard-headed Yankee, who, all his life had shown himself incapable of being lured or bullied out of any purpose to which he had once enlisted his interest and energies. He rose from his place in the Senate Chamber the 16th of March, and, reading from manuscript, with no attempt at display, delivered a speech, which, for its effect upon results, has never been surpassed in that or in any other deliberative body. From every point of view the statements embraced by this speech were remarkable. It had been most carefully prepared. Every element of sensationalism had been eliminated from it, and, except as far as the facts recited were sensational, it bore not the slightest evidence of an effort to arouse the public mind, already keenly alive to the condition of affairs on the island of Cuba. Every statement was made with the clearness and precision which characterize the accurate demonstration of a problem in mathematics.

Calm and dispassionate, the utterances of the Senator aroused breathless interest. Every person who heard him was convinced that he was putting his observations into exact terms, lest he might subject himself to the charge of being emotional. One of the best characterizations of the speech was made by Senator Frye, of Maine, a few minutes after its delivery. "It is," said he, "just as if Proctor had held up his right hand and sworn to it." That, indeed, was the impression it made upon the Senate. But it made a still greater impression upon the country. It constituted America's highest and best justification for going to war and had more influence in determining public opinion than any other single agency.

The limits of a narrative such as this do not admit of the incorporation of the speech of Senator Proctor entire. But a few salient extracts will serve to show its character and to account for its effect. Having described the city of Havana as showing little evidence of a state of war the Senator said: —

"Outside Havana all is changed. It is not peace, nor is it war. It is desolation and distress, misery and starvation. Every town and village is surrounded by a trocha (trench), a sort of rifle-pit, but constructed on a plan new to me, the dirt being thrown upon the inside and a barb wire fence on the outer side of the trench. These trochas have at every corner and at frequent intervals along the sides what are there called forts, but which are really small block-houses, many of them more like a large sentry-box, loop-holed for musketry, and with a guard of from two to ten soldiers in each. The purpose of these trochas is to keep the reconcentrados in as well as to keep the insurgents out. From all the surrounding country the people have been driven into these fortified towns, and held there to subsist as they can. They are virtually prison-yards and not unlike one in general appearance, except the walls are not so high and strong, but they suffice, where every point is in range of a soldier's rifle, to keep in the poor reconcentrado women and children. Every railroad station is within one of these trochas and has an armed guard. Every train has an armored freight car, loop-holed for musketry, and filled with soldiers and with, as I observed usually and was informed is always the case, a pilot engine a mile or so in advance. There are frequent block-houses inclosed by a trocha, and with a guard along the railroad track. . . . With this exception there is no human life or habitation between these fortified towns and villages, and throughout the whole of the four western provinces, except to a very limited extent among the hills, where the Spaniards have not been able to go and drive the people to the towns and burn their dwellings, I saw no house or hut in the 400 miles of



NATIVE FRUIT SELLER, HAVANA

railroad rides from Pinar del Rio province in the west across the full width of Havana and Matanza provinces, and to Sagua La Grande, on the north shore, and to Cienfuegos, on the south shore of Santa Clara, except within the Spanish trochas. There are no domestic animals or crops on the rich fields and pastures except such as are under guard in the immediate vicinity of the towns. In other words, the Spaniards hold in these four western provinces just what their army sits on. Every man, woman, and child, and every domestic animal, wherever their columns have reached, is under guard and within their so-called fortifications. To describe one place is to describe all. To repeat, it is neither peace nor war. It is concentration and desolation."

These dreadful conditions were brought about by the famous and brutal order of Captain-General Weyler, the first clause of which Senator Proctor quoted and which is here repeated. It reads:—

"I order and command first, all the inhabitants of the country or outside of the line of fortification of the towns, shall, within the period of eight days, concentrate themselves in the town so occupied by the troops. Any individual who, after the expiration of this period, is found in the uninhabited parts will be considered a rebel, and tried as such."

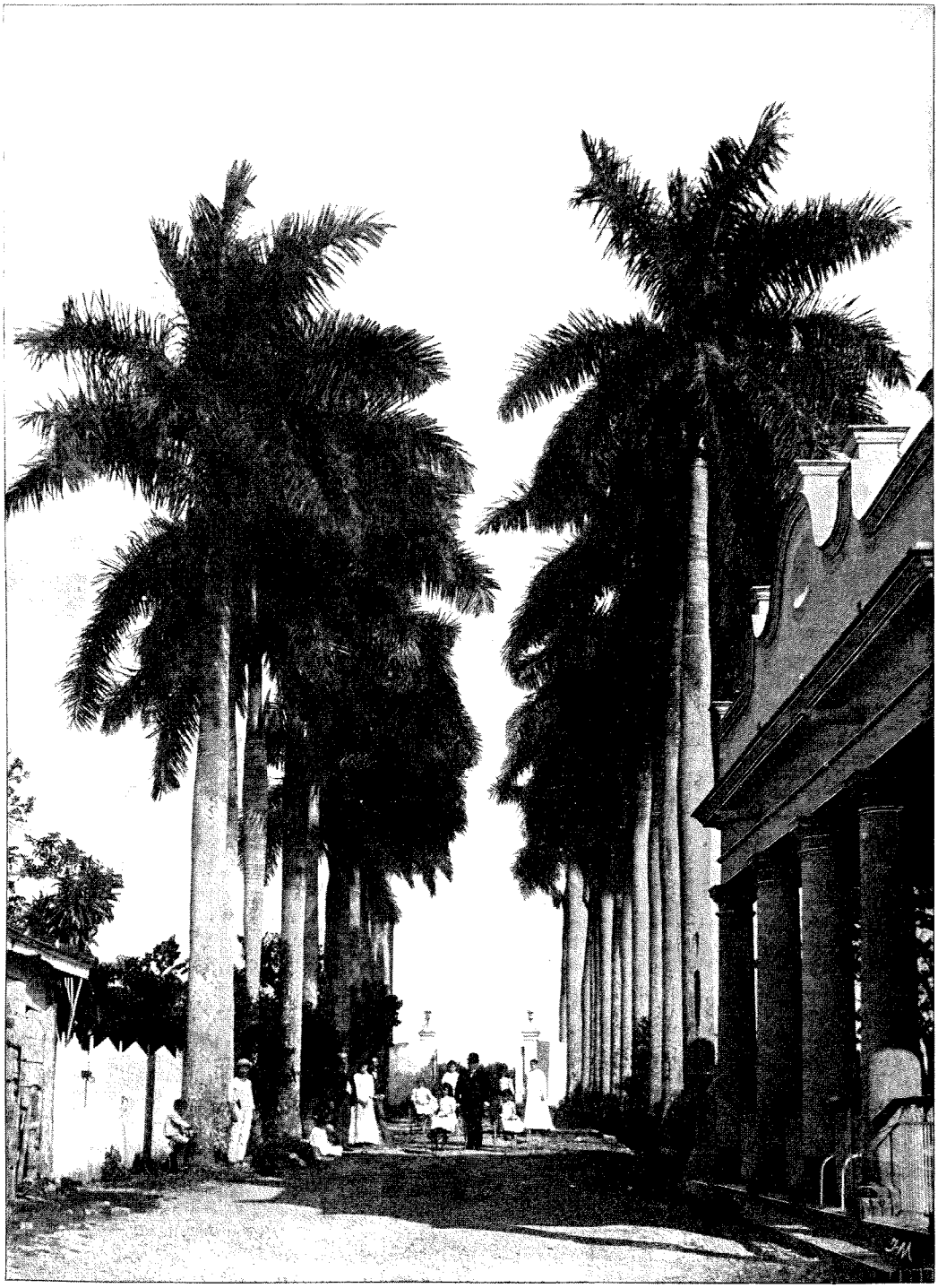
The other three sections forbid the transportation of provisions from one town to another without permission of the military authority, direct the owners of cattle to bring them into the towns, prescribe that the eight days shall be counted from the publication of the proclamation in the principal town of the municipal districts, and state that if news is furnished of the enemy which can be made use of it will serve as a "recommendation."

This was nothing less than an artfully planned scheme to exterminate by starvation and disease the native population. As a consequence, within a single year over four hundred thousand innocent human beings, mostly old men, women, and children, actually perished. Of its operations Senator Proctor gives us this picture. Again we quote:—

"Many, doubtless, did not learn of this order. Others failed to grasp its terrible meaning. Its execution was left largely to the guerillas to drive in all that had not obeyed, and I was informed that in many cases a torch was applied to their homes with no notice and the inmates fled with such clothing as they might have on, their stock and other belongings being appropriated by the guerillas. When they reached the

towns they were allowed to build huts of palm leaves in the suburbs and vacant places within the trochas and left to live if they could. Their huts are about ten by fifteen feet in size, and for want of space are usually crowded together very closely. They have no floor but the ground, and no furniture, and after a year's wear but little clothing except such stray substitutes as they can extemporize. With large families or with more than one in this little space the commonest sanitary provisions are impossible. . . . Conditions are unmentionable in this respect. Torn from their homes, with foul earth, foul air, foul water, and foul food or none, what wonder that one-half have died, and that one-quarter of the living are so diseased that they cannot be saved. A form of dropsy is a common disorder resulting from these conditions. Little children are still walking about with arms and chest terribly emaciated, eyes swollen, and abdomen bloated to three times the natural size. The physicians say these cases are hopeless. . . . Deaths in the streets have not been uncommon. I was told by one of our consuls that they have been found dead about the markets in the morning, where they had crawled, hoping to get some stray bits of food from the early hucksters and that there had been cases where they had dropped dead inside the market surrounded by food. These people were independent and self-supporting before Weyler's order. They are not beggars even now."

Later on, that is the 24th of March, another notable speech was made in the Senate by Senator Thurston, of Nebraska, who, like Senator Proctor, had gone to Cuba for the purpose of seeing and judging for himself. Senator Thurston's speech differed from that of Senator Proctor in being considerably more rhetorical and emotional. The Senator from Nebraska is a finished orator and a man of culture and fancy, and on this occasion his appearance was attended by the incident of a most grievous personal bereavement, which had touched all hearts and was still fresh in the memory of those who listened to him. Mrs. Thurston had accompanied her husband on his voyage, and, although apparently in the best of health, she had suddenly died on ship-board. She was deeply enlisted in the cause of Cuba, and it was in answer to her last wishes that the Senator delivered this speech. Despite its eloquent and glowing words, however, it could add nothing to the stubborn facts given out with mathematical precision by Senator Proctor, and served rather as oil to keep the lamp which the Vermonter had lighted burning bright in the minds and hearts of the people. Indeed, although Senator Gallinger, of New Hampshire,



AVENUE OF PALMS, HAVANA

another senatorial excursionist to Cuba, had preceded Senator Proctor with a narrative hardly less vivid. it was the statement of the ex-Secretary of War, which, coming at the opportune moment, riveted the public attention and gave it definite direction and purpose. It awakened the conscience of the nation and formulated in the popular mind a proclamation of war.

IV.

THE MESSAGE OF THE PRESIDENT AND THE ACTION OF CONGRESS AS TO CUBA

As a means of obtaining some stay of warlike proceedings, the Spanish Cortes had adopted an alleged measure of autonomy for the Cubans and a pretended election had been held in those parts of the island of Cuba still controlled by Spain. The farce deceived no one. It failed wholly to arrest the course of events. Seeing its futility, the Cabinet at Madrid proposed to the insurgents an armistice, which it had refused when proposed by us. The insurgents would not listen to this. With them it was independence or nothing. All that came of Spain's attempt to enlist the Powers of Europe in her scheme to hold the United States, while Spanish rule in Cuba continued intact and unabated, was an offer of mediation simultaneously made at Washington and Madrid by the embassadors of England, Germany, France, Russia, Austria, and Italy, and in both capitals dismissed with polite common-places, neither Government feeling itself in a position to assume publicly any positive attitude. Recourse was had by the Queen-Regent to the Pope of Rome. But his Holiness, having no temporal power, could only throw the influence of his prayers upon the side of humanity and peace.

Throughout this prolonged tension, the Minister of the United States at Madrid, General Woodford, was making concessions to Spain which the public temper in America would hardly have confirmed, whilst Señor Sagasta, the head of the Spanish Cabinet, was temporizing, if not double-dealing, with our representative. Congress, feeling the spur of the popular impulse, was restive and at times turbulent,

held in check only by the hands of the President and the Speaker of the House. The two weeks intervening between the 29th of March, when the report of the *Maine* investigation was submitted to Congress, and the 12th of April, when the President sent in a message relegating to the two Houses the final responsibility of the issue of peace or war, the country was kept in a state of excitement, not merely by the uncertainties of the situation, but by the harassing character of passing events.

Under the order of his Government, General Fitzhugh Lee, Consul-General of the United States at Havana, had, the 9th of April, closed his office, turned over to the English consul the care of American interests and, with a number of other Americans, had embarked for Key West, reaching there the next day. The withdrawal of the Consul-General was the signal for some explosions of popular feeling among the Spanish citizens of Havana, but barring these expressions of ill-will, and the refusal of Captain-General Blanco personally to receive the farewell visit of General Lee, the exodus of the Americans was uneventful. By this time, however, Congress would brook no further delay and on the Tuesday following the safe arrival of General Lee on American soil, that is the 12th of April, Mr. McKinley sent in his message. It reviewed the situation with minute particularity, but with exceeding forbearance. The President repeated the thrice-told tale of Spanish barbarism in Cuba; recounted the friendly efforts of the United States to attain a better state of affairs in the island; related the tortuous course of Spanish diplomacy; cited precedents of international law, with liberal quotations from Presidents Jackson, Grant, and Cleveland in support of his present position; and ended a very able and admirable document, which yet failed to meet the exactions of public opinion, by asking Congress "to authorize and empower the President to take measures to secure a full and final termination of hostilities between the Government of Spain and the people of Cuba, and to secure in the island the establishment of a stable government capable of maintaining order and observing its international obligations, insuring peace and tranquillity and the security of its citizens, as well as our

GOVERNOR-GENERAL JEAN.

vn, and to use the military and naval forces of the United States as ay be necessary for these purposes."

As justification for this demand, the President, with clearness and ·ecision, rested the case of the United States upon the following four ·opositions:—

First — In the cause of humanity and to put an end to the barbarities, ›odshed, starvation, and horrible miseries now existing there, and which the par- s to the conflict are either unable or unwilling to stop or mitigate. It is no swer to say this is all in another country, belonging to another nation, and is ɜrefore none of our business. It is especially our duty — for it is right at our or.

Second — We owe it to our citizens in Cuba to afford them that protection — d indefinitely — for life and property which no government there can or will ord, and to that end to terminate the conditions that deprive them of legal pro- ɜtion.

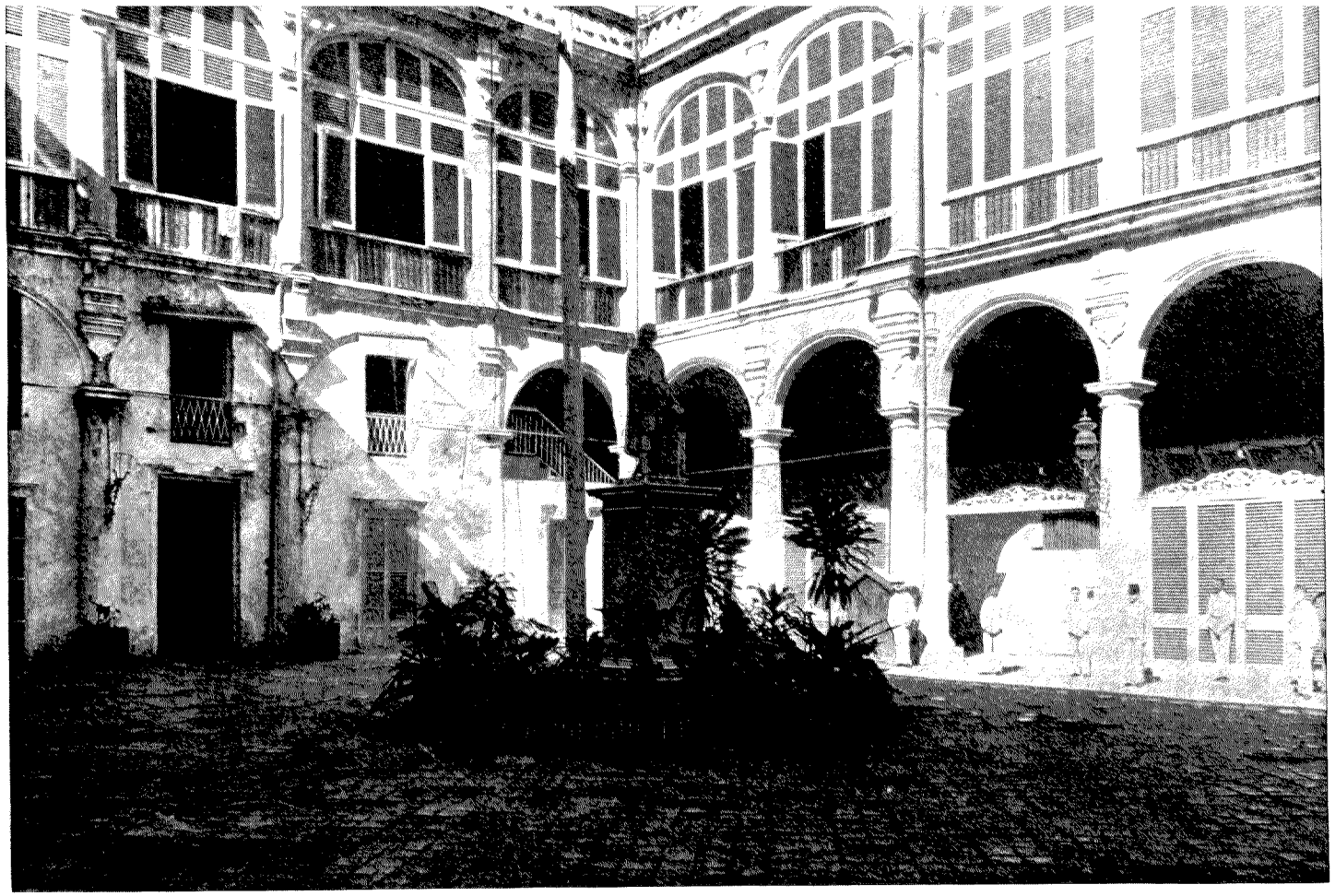
Third — The right to intervene may be justified by the very serious injury to ɜ commerce, trade, and business of our people, and by the wanton destruction of ›perty and devastation of the island.

Fourth — And which is of the utmost importance, the present condition of affairs Cuba is a constant menace to our peace, and entails upon this Government ormous expense. With such a conflict waged for years in an island so near us d with which our people have such trade and business relations — when the lives d liberty of our citizens are in constant danger and their property destroyed d themselves ruined — when our trading vessels are liable to seizure and are zed at our very door by warships of a foreign nation, the expeditions of filibuster- ɡ that we are powerless to repress altogether and the irritating questions and tanglements thus arising — all these and others that I need not mention, with the ·ulting strained relations, are a constant menace to our peace and compel us to ep on a semi-war footing with a nation with which we are at peace.

The war party in Congress was in an overwhelming majority, and this majority the message of the President proved a disappoint- ent. The efforts of Mr. McKinley at delay had been received with ıdisguised impatience, and, joined to his pacific intentions, which ɜre well known, had created a question in the public mind whether case the decision should be left with him, he could be relied on carry out the now set purpose of the people to allow no further uivocation, but to proceed at once by force of arms to compel ·ain to withdraw from Cuba. Without debate the message was

referred to the appropriate committees; but, when Congress adjourned that afternoon, no doubt was anywhere entertained that — a state of war already existing — a formal declaration of war was but the matter of a few days or hours.

The very next day, the 13th of April, Congress began to act. Each of the two committees, to which the President's message had been referred made its returns, each consisting of two reports, one of the majority and the other of the minority. Objections from a senator carried the two reports of the Senate Committee over for a day; but in the House immediate consideration was had. The minority report, offered by the Democrats and recognizing the insurrectionary Cuban government, was voted down, 147 to 190. Then the House by a vote of 322 to 19 adopted the resolutions reported by the majority of its Committee on Foreign Affairs, denouncing Spain's methods in Cuba as inhuman and uncivilized, holding Spain responsible for the destruction of the *Maine*, and directing the President "to intervene at once" for the restoration of order in Cuba, and for the establishment of "a stable and independent government" in the island, for which intervention "he is empowered to use the land and naval forces of the United States." In the Senate, where objection delayed immediate consideration, a majority of the Committee on Foreign Relations reported resolutions declaring that the people of Cuba are and of right ought to be free and independent, denouncing Spanish misrule in the island as "cruel, barbarous, and inhuman," demanding that Spain at once withdraw her forces from the island and empowering and directing the President to intervene with the army and navy of the United States to drive Spain from Cuba. The minority of the Senate Committee, consisting of the Democratic members and Senator Foraker, brought in resolutions definitely recognizing the independence of the insurgent Cuban government. On the 16th, after a debate of three days, the Senate adopted resolutions similar to those adopted by the House, but embracing a recognition of the insurgent government. Thus matters rested over Sunday the 17th, when, after many and prolonged consultations beginning the morning of the



INTERIOR OF THE GOVERNOR-GENERAL'S PALACE, HAVANA

18th and extending far into the night of the 19th, the Conference Committee agreed upon a final report. This declared that the people of Cuba "are, and of right ought to be, free and independent," demanded that Spain at once withdraw from Cuba, directed the President of the United States to use the army and navy if necessary to enforce this demand, and pledged the United States to leave the people of Cuba free, after the expulsion of Spain, to establish their own form of government. Concessions were made by both House and Senate to this agreement, though as the resolutions were at last adopted they proved to be those reported to the Senate by the majority of its Foreign Relations Committee, with the addition of the amendment pledging liberty to Cuba to establish its own government. The conference reported was promptly adopted by the Senate by a vote of 42 to 35. The House, however, did not get through its roll call for more than an hour later, finally adopting the report by a vote of 310 to 6.

Thus was the Congress a unit; and behind it an overwhelming majority of the people.

V.

THE Joint Resolution, as it was finally adopted by the two Houses of Congress and was signed by the President, read as follows:—

FINAL DECLARATION OF WAR

WHEREAS, the abhorrent conditions which have existed for more than three years in the island of Cuba, so near our own borders, have shocked the moral sense of the people of the United States, have been a disgrace to Christian civilization, culminating, as they have, in the destruction of a United States battleship, with two hundred and sixty-six of its officers and crew, while on a friendly visit in the harbor of Havana, and cannot longer be endured, as has been set forth by the President of the United States in his message to Congress of April 11, 1898, upon which the action of Congress was invited; therefore,

Resolved, By the Senate and the House of Representatives of the United States of America in Congress assembled,

1. That the people of the island of Cuba are, and of a right ought to be, free and independent.

2. That it is the duty of the United States to demand, and the Government of the United States does hereby demand, that the Government of Spain at once relinquish its authority and government in the island of Cuba and withdraw its land and naval forces from Cuba and Cuban waters.

3. That the President of the United States be, and he hereby is, directed and empowered to use the entire land and naval forces of the United States, and to call into the actual service of the United States the militia of the several States to such an extent as may be necessary to carry these resolutions into effect.

4. That the United States hereby disclaims any disposition or intention to exercise sovereignty, jurisdiction or control over said island, except for the pacification thereof, and asserts its determination, when that is accomplished, to leave the government and control of the island to its people.

The discretion asked by the President was withheld partly because, as was claimed, Congress should not surrender to the Executive its war-making prerogative, and partly because the war party thought the President was not sufficiently aggressive in temper and purpose. There appeared, however, no reason to find fault with the conduct of the President in the emergency created by the action of Congress. Minister Woodford, at Madrid, was promptly instructed to lay the ultimatum of the United States before the Government of Spain and to demand an answer by the following Saturday, the 23rd of April, it being now Wednesday the 20th. Spain, however, did not wait to be officially advised. Señor Barnabe, who had succeeded Signor De Lome as Spanish minister at Washington, demanded and received his passports at once, taking the train that same evening and, without event of any kind, going through to Toronto, Canada. The instructions from the State Department, sent in cypher, did not reach Minister Woodford at Madrid in time to be translated and delivered to the Spanish premier, Señor Sagasta, that same Wednesday evening, and the action of Congress, being already known, was deemed by the Premier all-sufficient, so that before Minister Woodford had time to present the ultimatum of his Government next day, he was given his passports and told that Spain considered the congressional proceeding of the previous day a declaration of war. Minister Woodford, although furnished an escort to the Spanish frontier, was not so fortunate in the circumstances of his departure from Madrid as Signor

VILLAGE SCENE IN HAVANA PROVINCE

Barnabe had been in his departure from Washington. There was much excitement among the populace, who assembled in noisy crowds about the railway stations, and at Valladolid a mob collected, demanding the surrender of a member of the Minister's official staff and otherwise menacing General Woodford and his party. Without serious accident, however, the frontier was reached, and on Friday evening the Americans arrived in Paris. Thus, although there had been no formal declaration of war on either side, actual war was at hand, a tension little short of a state of war having existed from the day when the *Maine* report had been submitted to Congress.

In the United States the tone of public sentiment was resolute rather than turbulent or embittered. Conscious of their power, and sustained by a sense of intolerable outrage, the people had taken matters into their own hands and had freed the hands both of the Congress and the President. Except upon the immediate seaboard, and in the leading centres of commerce, there had been little thought of a peaceful solution or desire for it. The manhood, as well as the humanity, of the country was thoroughly aroused, and for the moment even party rancor was silenced.

In Spain the response of the ruling classes was, if possible, still more animated. It was vehement and defiant. The Cortes had been assembled in extraordinary session. Even whilst the Congress at Washington was framing the ultimatum to Spain, a scene, both impressive and pathetic, was passing at Madrid. The Queen-Regent with her son, the youthful King of Spain, appeared in the Spanish Senate Chamber, where were assembled not only the Legislative Bodies, the Cabinet, and the great officials, civil and military, but all the wealth and beauty of the capital, gorgeously attired and arrayed. The spectacle was truly magnificent. When Queen Christina and the little King Alfonso appeared, the enthusiasm knew no bounds; though there must have been many among that brilliant throng, who, seeing this stately and noble lady, and reflecting upon the true character and meaning of hurrying events, could not but feel more of sadness than of exaltation. The Queen-Regent read her speech

from the throne, the boy King standing on her right, Señor Sagasta on her left. It described the menaces and insults of America as intolerable provocations which would compel her Government to sever relations with the Government of the United States. She expressed her gratitude to the Pope and Powers, and hoped the "supreme decision of parliament" would sanction the unalterable resolution of her Government to defend the rights of Spain. She appealed to the Spanish people to maintain the integrity both of the dynasty and the nation. "I have summoned the Cortes," she said, "to defend our rights, whatever sacrifice they may entail. Thus identifying myself with the nation, I not only fulfill the oath I swore in accepting the regency, but I follow the dictates of a mother's heart, trusting to the Spanish people to gather behind my son's throne, and to defend it until he is old enough to defend it himself, as well as trusting to the Spanish people to defend the honor and the territory of the nation." Her brave words found their answer in all hearts, and were echoed and re-echoed throughout the Senate Chamber and the nation.

It was not until the 25th of April that Congress passed a bill formally declaring war to exist, and dating this from the preceding 21st of April, though the President had already called out 125,000 volunteer soldiers. Meanwhile, the entire north coast of Cuba, including Havana, had been blockaded, and several Spanish prizes had been captured and brought into Key West by the naval vessels operating in that quarter.

At last after fifty years of unsuccessful but continuous revolution, of heroic sacrifices on the one hand, and oppression incalculable on the other hand, were the Cubans about to feel the friendly hand of the great Republic mailed and stretched out across the Gulf of Mexico to save them from the barbarism and corruption of Spanish domination; and at last after thirty-three years of peace were the patriotism and the manhood of America to be again tested on land and sea, not now, as formerly, in civil strife or in resistance to foreign aggression, but as an aggressive and progressive force, and in direct answer to the call of liberty and humanity.

ALPHONSE XIII., KING OF SPAIN

CHAPTER THE SECOND.

The Making of Armies and Navies.

First Acts of the War and a Comparison of the Combatants — The Organization of the United States Army and the Strengthening of the Navy — The President Calls for 125,000 Volunteers and the Country Answers with 750,000 Applications for Enlistment — Appointment of the General Staff, Including ex-Federals and ex-Confederates — Outbursts of Patriotic Rivalry and Fraternization between North and South — Unification of National Sentiment.

I.

On Tuesday, April 19, the American Congress had declared its ultimatum to the Spanish Government, and the same day, as if intended to be an answering act of defiance, a strong squadron composed of the flower of the swift armored cruisers of the Spanish navy sailed out of the port of Cadiz, westward, with Havana as its ostensible port of destination. The squadron consisted of the first-class armored cruisers *Vizcaya*, *Almirante Oquendo*, *Maria Theresa*, *Cristobal Colon*, and a complement of three torpedo boats and three destroyers. It was under the command of Admiral Cervera, a Spanish officer of high character, who had been naval *attaché* of his government with the United States, and who was well informed of the spirit and strength of American determination.

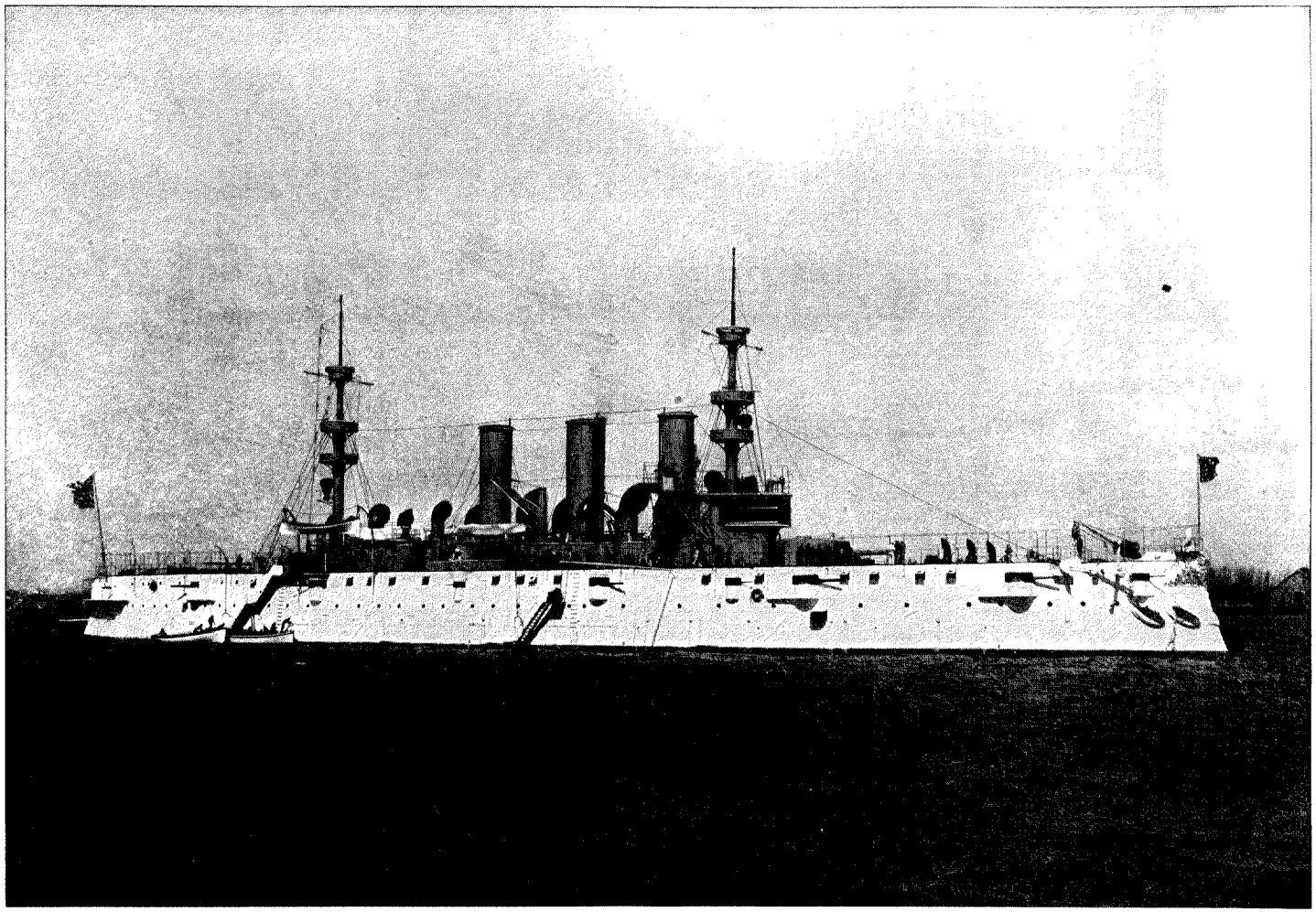
FIRST ACTS OF WAR

The news of this reached Washington immediately by cable, and the President issued orders to Acting Rear-Admiral W. T. Sampson, commanding the North Atlantic squadron of the United States navy, directing a blockade of the north coast of Cuba, particularly the city of Havana, and the port of Cienfuegos on the south coast. A squadron consisting of the two first-class battleships, *Iowa* and *Indiana*, the armored cruiser *New York* (flagship), the *Wilmington*, and *Cincinnati*, and a number of gunboats, and converted auxiliaries, sailed

from Key West before daylight and at 4 o'clock on the afternoon of April 22 an effective and close blockade had been established over the harbor of Havana and the northern coast was under patrol.

These events and movements so quickly passing turned all expectation upon a decisive naval engagement in Cuban waters or an attack by the Spaniards upon one or more of the American coast cities. Feeling leaped to a high pitch of excitement. "Remember the *Maine*" became the war-cry, despite the protests of church societies and ethical bodies against public expression of a desire for vengeance. The belief that the Spanish navy was stronger than our own in fast, ocean-going offensive cruisers and in the torpedo boat arm, at once made the capacity and skill of the American seamen qualities to be counted upon in advance and to be extolled by popular admiration. The fact that 266 such seamen had been done to death by treachery in Havana harbor kindled resentment in the popular heart and the ominous legend "Remember the *Maine*" expressed what statesmen, diplomats, and religionaries might try to cover up in vain. The long and vexatious controversies over Cuban wrongs were concentrated and merged into an irresistible desire to punish a distinct and atrocious crime against civilization and American sailors. It was this feeling that justified to the public the appropriation of $50,000,000 to be used by the President in his discretion for the purpose of strengthening our coast defenses and of adding to the effectiveness of the naval establishment. A large portion of the appropriation had been used in the purchase of steel steamships and their conversion into auxiliary war vessels. From Brazil the newly completed protected cruiser, *Amazonas*, of 3,600 tons, had been purchased and rechristened the *New Orleans*. From the same friendly government the dynamite cruiser *Nichteroy* was afterward obtained and named after the city of Buffalo. This was the result of six weeks of urgent operations by the Navy Department anticipating the course of events. It had, indeed, accomplished much more than this.

When the destruction of the *Maine* occurred the Government, hitherto confident of avoiding war, was without a war supply of



U. S. ARMORED CRUISER NEW YORK

powder, new explosives, and projectiles. These it was necessary to provide suddenly and with secrecy, and upon their purchase and manufacture the President was forced to wait, deferring action in the face of popular impatience which he was estopped from placating by openly avowing the unpreparedness of the Government. It was not until the blockade of Cuba was well established and prolonged that the sources of continuous supply were perfected.

Under these circumstances the people of the United States witnessed the sailing of Admiral Sampson's squadron and waited for collision with the Spanish ships. Four days later the American squadron on the Asiatic station, under command of Commodore George W. Dewey, sailed from Hong Kong under orders to "capture or destroy" the Spanish squadron under Admiral Montejo at Manila, in the Philippine Islands. Then came ten days of wearying uncertainty and doubt. The Spanish ships of Cervera put in at Port St. Vincent, Cape de Verde Islands, and became enveloped in mystery. They were reported as intending to descend upon the North Atlantic coast, and a flying squadron under Commodore Winfield Scott Schley was kept on waiting orders at Hampton Roads to repel such an attempt if made. Atlantic harbors were placed in a state of defense and the old single-turreted monitors used in the Civil War were overhauled, manned, and put in active commission. Ten days were thus passed in tiresome suspense, relieved only by the occasional capture of Spanish merchant vessels as prizes of war, some twenty of which were taken into the harbor of Key West.

II.

MAKING AN ARMY AND NAVY

During a week of waiting, interrupted only by trivial incidents that seemed to be momentous because of the tension, the administration at Washington began a work of hurried organization of the army and navy, the ultimate completion of which demonstrated before the other powers of the world the unequalled resources and celerity of the Americans. There was no question of the disparity between the two nations in wealth,

population, and the means of conducting an aggressive war. But the effective condition of each at the moment of beginning the struggle was involved in doubt. Europe looked on with interest and compared the possibilities.

The regular army of Spain consisted of an apparent force of 150,000 men in Cuba, under the command of General Blanco; of about 60,000 in garrison in the fortresses and principal cities of the mother country, and some 30,000 more scattered through the Philippines, Porto Rico, the Canaries, and other colonies. In round numbers the whole was estimated at about 250,000 troops. These could be increased by calling out the first reserves, numbering about 160,000, consisting of Spanish subjects undergoing instruction by performing compulsory military service—a better organized and more advanced militia than that maintained by the States of the United States. The general reserves, that is the capable fighting material left in Spain, numbered about 1,000,000. The total Spanish military strength in men was therefore about 1,410,000. These numbers could be enlarged by the volunteers of the colonies, but the ineradicable spirit of revolution rendered the loyalty of these colonial volunteers unreliable. They were intractable and the constant source of uneasiness to Spanish governors and commanders.

As against the Spanish military fighting strength, the United States had a regular army that was limited by law to 25,000 men, but which had been depleted by lack of recruitment to about 18,000 men, of which one-third or more were colored regiments. The regular army of the United States, notwithstanding thirty-three years of general peace, had been kept in a state of high efficiency in discipline by the Indian outbreaks in the West, in which courage, skill, endurance, and ingenuity had been developed.

The next military resource was in the militia organizations of the various States, numbering between 150,000 and 200,000 men. The instant mobilization of the State militia was hampered by sentiments growing out of our political institutions. That they could be ordered into the service of the National government at home was not ques-

tioned, but assent to the authority of the President to order them on service out of the United States was not conceded by tradition. To that extent the militia was not so ready an arm as the reserves of European countries constituted. There was no question of the readiness of the militia of the various states to go out of the country and fight. On the contrary, the patriotic spirit of these organizations flamed up at the prospect of war and they were ready as a single man to march against Spain. The question was one merely of procedure, and in order that no controversy might interrupt thorough unity of purpose, the President concluded to call for enlistments in the volunteer army of the United States, announcing a preference for the militia regiments of the States as completed organizations.

The third resource, the body of men of fighting age in the United States, could yield at least 10,000,000 men. As against Spain's limit of 1,410,000, the preponderance of the United States was, of course, overwhelming.

In the naval establishment of each country the number of ships constructed for war was nearly equal, but of greatly differing character, both in purpose and condition. The Spaniard possessed but one battleship of the first-class, the *Pelayo*, of 9,900 tons and moderate speed power. Of armored cruisers of the first-class he possessed six, each about 7,000 tons and having a speed estimated at 20 knots per hour. Of torpedo boats and swift torpedo boat destroyers there were 28, and of smaller torpedo and gunboat craft for harbor service, about 100. The Spanish navy footed up 153 boats of all sorts, but it was in the modern armored cruisers of high speed, carrying great battery power, strongly protected by steel armor, and in the yet untested and mysterious torpedo machines, that its strength was concentrated.

The navy of the United States, before war approached, presented every opposing feature of purpose. The four sea-going battleships of the first-class, the *Oregon*, *Massachusetts*, *Iowa*, and *Indiana*, with the second-class battleship, *Texas*, were regarded more as coast-defenders than as open sea fighters and sailers. In an organized battle, however, their enormous gun power and low freeboard exposures to the

enemy's fire would have found them more than a match for all the large ships Spain possessed. We had but two armored cruisers, the *Brooklyn* and *New York*, each with lighter armor than their adversaries of the corresponding class. There were fourteen protected cruisers of high speed, four double-turreted monitors and twelve torpedo boats, besides a number of gunboats and antiquated craft for harbor protection. Untried experiments were the dynamite cruiser *Vesuvius*, and the ram *Katahdin*, the product of American inventive ideas.

The *Vesuvius* was expected to be more effective in battle than battleships or torpedo boats, but her practical efficiency had been so stubbornly questioned that the government had not duplicated her. She was small, swift, and easily handled, and carried three pneumatic guns, each of which could discharge 500 pounds of nitro-glycerin every five minutes. Nitro-glycerin has five times the explosive power of gun cotton and twenty-five times the explosive power of ordinary powder. The *Katahdin* was designed to destroy the enemy by ramming under the water line.

Such is a brief summary of the appraised and recorded forces of the adversaries at the moment when the destruction of the *Maine* made war imminent. Beneath this open page of the governmental ledger on each side, however, were concealed congenital differences of national and racial character that were to render the instruments of war a mere item of record. It was not the armor, the fortification, or the gun, that was to decide the contest; but the man behind the gun and the institutions behind the man.

Every boy in America is born a machinist and the instinct of mechanical genius has found enlargement in the competition for inventions and in the acceptance and use of all mechanical contrivances. The esteem in which labor is held, the scorn that is felt for ignorance and indolence, the entire freedom of education, of religion, of political contention—all these have made the average American a responsible individual, self-reliant, skillful with his hands, with his head, and cool of heart and mind in moments of trial. This natural

and acquired skill and familiarity with mechanical appliances was required to make the old Springfield rifle and grain powder superior to the Mauser rifle and smokeless powder on battlefields. It was to be relied upon to turn slow battleships into racers that could pursue fleet cruisers, and to take an enormous vessel such as the *Oregon* a flying voyage of 15,000 miles in sixty-six days without hurt to her machinery or equipment, so that she could go into actual battle without needing repairs. When to such type of man is given an implement he adds to its effectiveness and preserves its capacity. Self-poised, openly confident of his resources to the point of boasting, the American has been regarded by Europeans as a vain braggart, and his direct manner of thrusting aside the conventionalities of diplomatic and governmental etiquette — the Circumlocution Office rules of international relations — drew upon him the Spanish epithet of "the Yankee Pig."

England alone, of all the European nations, understood the resolute intelligence, practical skill, and patriotism of the Americans.* The Continent would not believe that we could make out of raw

* Mr. Henry Norman, a distinguished English journalist of great experience, who visited Washington during the opening weeks of the war, wrote to the London *Chronicle* concerning certain features of the American character under the stress of the crisis. After some amusing comments upon "spread-eagle enthusiasm," he said of the army: "After admitting every reasonable criticism, it is a triumph of organization. I doubt if so much, from so little, has ever been accomplished so expeditiously and so uneventfully before. And look at the display of American patriotism. When the volunteers were summoned by the President they walked on the scene as if they had been waiting in the wings. They were subjected to a physical examination as searching as that of a life insurance company. A man was rejected for two or three filled teeth. They came from all ranks of life. Young lawyers, doctors, bankers, well-paid clerks are marching by thousands in the ranks. The first surgeon to be killed at Guantanamo left a New York practice of $10,000 a year to volunteer. As I was standing on the steps of the Arlington Hotel one evening, a tall, thin man, carrying a large suit-case, walked out and got on the street car for the railway station, on his way to Tampa. It was John Jacob Astor, the possessor of a hundred millions of dollars. Theodore Roosevelt's rough riders contain a number of the smartest young men in New York society. A Harvard classmate of mine, a rising young lawyer, is working like a laborer at the Brooklyn Navy Yard, not knowing when he may be ordered to Cuba or Manila. He is a naval reserve man and sent in his application for any post 'from the stoke-hole upward.' The same is true of women. When I called to say good-by to Mrs. John Addison Porter, the wife of the Secretary to the President, whose charming hospitality I had enjoyed, she had gone to Tampa to ship as a nurse on the Red Cross steamer for the coast of Cuba. And all this, be it remembered, is for a war in which the country

recruits efficient soldiers that could face the Spanish regulars. They sneered at the conglomerate American population as composed of sordid mercenaries, the scum and refuse of the world, or emigrants intent alone upon making fortunes with which to return home—having no loyalty or patriotism, and no courage against a trained army of the European standard.

The American people understood their strength and at the same time the weakness of their adversary. They did not make the mistake of estimating the Spaniards as cowards. But they rated Spanish courage as that of desperation rather than of cool tenacity and hope. While the Spaniard believed that Republican institutions rendered the volunteer soldier of America insubordinate under discipline, the American knew that his adversary was a servile dependent upon caste leadership.* That his final courage must depend upon his officers, since they, alone, were informed and intelligent, though corrupted by national degeneration. Caste placed an impassable barrier between the Spanish officer and the line. Under rigid censorship of the printing press, and through religious intolerance, the masses were

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is not in the remotest danger, and when the ultimate summons of patriotism is unspoken. Finally, consider the reference to the war loan. A New York syndicate offered to take half of it at a premium which would have given the Government a clear profit of $1,000,000. But the loan was wisely offered to the people, and the small investor gets all he can buy before the capitalist is even permitted to invest. And from Canada to the Gulf, from Long Island to Seattle, the money of the people is pouring in. As I write, it is said the loan will be all taken up in small amounts.

"Here, then, is the new America in one aspect—armed for a wider influence and a harder fight than any she has envisaged before. And what a fight she will make! Dewey, with his dash upon Manila; Hobson and his companions going quietly to apparently certain death, and ships offering the whole muster roll as volunteers to accompany him; Rowan, with his life in his hand at every minute of his journey to Gomez and back, worse than death awaiting him if caught; Blue, making his 70-mile reconnoissance about Santiago; Whitney, with compass and note-book in pocket, dishwashing his perilous way round Porto Rico—this is the old daring of our common race. If the old lion and the young lion should ever go hunting side by side ——!"

* Major De Grandprey, military *attaché* to the French embassy in Washington, who was present at the battles fought about Santiago early in July, observing the army operations for his government, made this statement to the Associated Press on July 12, after returning: "I have the most complete admiration for your men. They are a superb body, individually and as an army, and I suppose not throughout the world is there such a splendid lot of fighting men. It is the fighting characteristic of the men which is most

in dense ignorance of their adversaries, without practical resources, skillful only in the cunning of cruelty and deception, such as has marked the race since the time of Philip II.

The administration at Washington, representing the type of the practical American, who only needed tools with which to fight, had begun to make the army and navy even before war was declared. While Spain, with a bankrupt treasury, was ostentatiously searching in all European countries to purchase ships of war, the United States obtained three abroad and constructed out of our own merchant marine a squadron of eleven steel cruisers. The American line furnished four steamers, the *St. Louis*, *St. Paul*, *New York*, and *Paris* (the latter two rechristened *Yale* and *Harvard*) and the Morgan line provided four, whose Spanish names were altered to *Dixie*, *Yankee*, *Prairie*, and *Yosemite*. Many other yachts were converted into scout fighters and within two weeks after war began there were eighty-eight effective fighting ships in commission, mostly assembled in Atlantic waters. Six weeks later Congress made appropriations for building fifty-one new ships, the largest authorization in the history of the country.

The making of the army was pushed with equal activity. Promptly on April 22 a bill was adopted for calling out the volunteers, and on the 23d the President issued his proclamation calling for 125,000 men, distributed pro-rata among the several States. Within ten days there were 750,000 applications for enlistment. A few days later a bill was adopted authorizing the President to recruit the regular

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apparent. They are aggressive, eager for action, never needing the voice of an officer to push them forward. Another marked characteristic is the self-reliance of each man; what we call the character of 'initiative.' It is almost unknown in European armies, where every movement and the move to meet each action of the enemy awaits the initiative of an officer. But with your men they fight to the front, meeting each emergency as it arises, overcoming obstacles by their own initiative. Such self-reliant fighting men make an exceptionally impetuous army, for every unit contributes to the irresistible onward movement. The Spanish troops do not have this same characteristic. They are more passive, more cautious. Besides the impetuosity of such fighting material, it has the effect of inspiring a *morale* among the troops, making them feel that success is assured, and at the same time carrying disorder and depression to the ranks of the enemy."

army to an effective strength of 60,000 officers and men, whenever in his judgment it should be needed to place the regular army on a war footing, and the work of recruiting immediately began. Camps of instruction and recruitment for the volunteers were opened in every State, from which regiments, after mustering, were mobilized at Chickamauga National Park, Tennessee, at Camp Alger, Virginia, and Tampa, Florida. The regular troops were collected at New Orleans, Mobile, and Tampa.

On May 4 the President appointed the army staff including the following as Major-Generals: Promoted from the regular army — Brigadier-Generals Joseph C. Breckinridge, Elwell S. Otis, John J. Coppinger, William R. Shafter, William M. Graham, James F. Wade, Henry C. Merriam. Appointed from civil life — James H. Wilson, of Delaware; Fitzhugh Lee, of Virginia; William J. Sewell, of New Jersey, and Joseph Wheeler, of Alabama.

Of the civilians, General Wilson and General Sewell had been distinguished Federal commanders during the Civil War, and General Fitzhugh Lee and General Joseph Wheeler served with corresponding distinction upon the Confederate side. General Sewell did not accept the appointment, however. He was serving as United States Senator from New Jersey, and it was held that his acceptance of a commission in the army would vacate his seat in the Senate. General Wheeler, who was representing his Alabama district in the lower house, entered the service immediately without regard to the point.

As soon as practicable a second call for 75,000 volunteers was issued, and before Spain could land a regiment of reënforcements in Cuba or place a portion of her fleet in Cuban waters, the United States had provided a sufficient and powerful navy and had in service camps on the southern watershed about 150,000 troops, of which 30,000 were efficient enough to force a landing in Cuba within six weeks of enlistment, and 16,000 had been mobilized at San Francisco and transported to Manila under Major-General Merritt to destroy Spanish authority in the Philippines. It was, indeed, a triumph of practical Americanism.

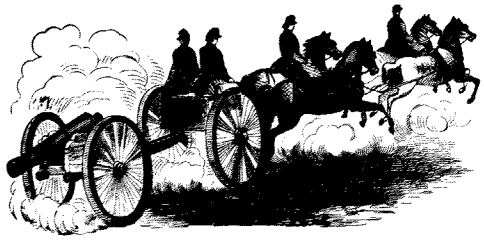
III.

THE declaration of war by the Congress, followed by the proclamation of the President calling for volunteers, proved signals for an extraordinary outpouring of national sentiment. As in 1812 and in 1846, the response of the people was enthusiastic and spontaneous. In each of the forty-five States of the Union there was a generous rivalry for the opportunity to rally around the flag and to serve the country. In Georgia, Alabama, and Texas, no less than in Vermont, Michigan, and Illinois, in Massachusetts and in South Carolina, in Kentucky, Missouri, Indiana, and Wisconsin, in the crowded centers of Pennsylvania, Ohio, and New York, as in the more isolated regions of New Hampshire, Arkansas, and Oregon, the drum-beats and the heart-beats kept time to the music of the nation's anthem and made a cause common to all men. If there had been question anywhere about the wisdom or the justice of the war with Spain, it ended with the call to arms.

THE UPRISING OF THE PEOPLE

During thirty-three years, except upon the Indian frontier, not a hostile shot had been heard in the United States. An entire generation had grown to manhood since the close of the Civil War in 1865. The wounds of prolonged and embittered sectional controversy were healed, indeed, and there had been many evidences that the restoration of the Union was complete, both in spirit and in fact; but there was wanting some great occasion to proclaim to the world the thorough reconstruction of the States, the thorough rehabilitation of the people in the restored, and, in a sense, in the regenerated Union. There was something exhilarating and at the same time pathetic in the promptitude with which party distinctions were dropped by the men who rushed to the national standard, and in the mingling of regiments, without regard to States or sections, into army divisions and brigades. In camp, Tennessee touched elbows with Connecticut, and Mississippi and Maine fraternized as one family, whilst such terms as Republican, Democrat, and Populist were unknown and unheard.

The fathers of the men now enlisted to fight side by side had fought bravely against one another during four years of deadly battle. In many cases veterans of the Union army and survivors of the Confederate army, divided in the former war, were brought together in this as comrades and colleagues. The appointment of the gallant Confederate Generals, Joseph Wheeler, and Fitzhugh Lee, followed by that of other distinguished Southern soldiers, was everywhere hailed with the liveliest acclaim; and very soon upon the assembling of the forces, North and South were given an object lesson of rare impressiveness and value in the exploits of Dewey, the Vermonter, at Manila, and of Hobson, the Alabamian, at Santiago, illustrating the union of skill and daring which was now assured to American arms. In 1861 the country had been divided. Now it was united. Then the sections stood in opposing battle. Now they stood shoulder to shoulder and heart to heart. The world was to witness at last what this union truly means. It was to see arise from the ashes of old, and dead and buried controversies, a power undreamed of by itself before; a vast world-power, with which henceforward the nations of the earth must reckon. The swaddling clothes of National babyhood were gone. The giant stood forth in all the pride of his manhood, armed cap-a-pie and, arrayed on the side of humanity and liberty, ready, willing, and able to give battle to all comers who might challenge his supremacy, wherever he might plant the star-spangled banner, or set up the standards of free government.



CHAPTER THE THIRD.

Dewey and Manila.

Extent and Condition of the Spanish Colonies of the Philippines — The Naval Problems of Offense and Defense in the Pacific — The Movements Preceding the Battle of Manila — Extraordinary Appeal of the Governor-General to Resist the Americans — Commodore Dewey Sails to "Find the Spaniard and Smash Him" — The Extraordinary Battle in Manila Bay in which the Spaniards Were Annihilated by Commodore Dewey's Squadron — The Effect of the Victory upon the United States, Spain, and All Europe.

I.

During the first ten days of the war attention was centered upon the naval field of operations in Cuban waters or upon the Atlantic seaboard of the United States, the great cities along which, it was expected, would invite swift attack from the Spanish ships. Meanwhile in Asiatic waters an event was preparing that was to fill the world with wonder and admiration, and to render American arms glorious in the very first collision with the enemy. This was the enterprise of the American squadron on the Asiatic station against the city of Manila, the capital of the Philippine Islands, colonies of Spain in the Pacific not less valuable and productive than Cuba and Porto Rico in the Atlantic. The Philippines had been first discovered by Spanish adventurers and had been in the possession of the Spanish crown for more than four hundred years, during all of which time the cruelty and rapacity of the sovereigns and of the Governors sent out to administer colonial affairs, had provoked many revolutions and uprisings. The archipelago, which consists of from 1,200 to 1,800 separate islands, only a few of which are of considerable size, contains mixtures of the most savage and intractable populations in the world. These occupy the principal islands of Luzon, Mindanao, Samar,

THE SPANISH PHILIPPINE COLONIES

and Panay. Luzon has an area of about 43,000 square miles, nearly equal to the State of Illinois; Mindanao covers about 38,000 square miles, nearly the area of the State of Kentucky. The land area of the archipelago is estimated at 114,000 square miles, equal to the whole of New England and New York.

In order to comprehend the problems that confronted the American forces in the Philippines, the peculiar contradictions of tribal prejudice and the oppression of the Spanish Government must be considered. The colonial government was administered by a Governor-General, invariably selected in Spain. The place was used to reward crown favorites who could return home after a few years of service with enormous fortunes wrung from natives and foreign immigrants alike by a system of taxation that savored of blackmail and confiscation. The Governor-General had a *junta* or cabinet composed of the Archbishop of Manila, the Captain-General of the army and the Admiral of the navy stationed in the colonies. The administrative power lay with the Governor-General and the Archbishop, and the religious orders of the Spanish Catholic Church were the practical controllers, under their superiors, of the fortunes and the fate of every locality and village that Spanish power had been able to subjugate to its iron rule. The first permanent settlement of the islands had been made by the missionaries, and Philip II. had conferred upon the succession of these peculiar and most rigorous powers of civil and religious government, which have been little changed. The result through four centuries was the acquisition of vast wealth by the religious orders, the possession of well-defined incomes from monopolies and collections, and the perfection of a system of espionage that deprived the inhabitants of refuge from the rapacity of the conquerors. The persistence and intolerance of the system had been secured by excluding all native-born persons from appointment under either the civil or church branches. All civil servants and priests were native-born Spaniards sent out for the purpose, to take their instructions from those already adept in oppression, and ambitious to surpass their predecessors in the fortunes to be accumulated for the

NATIVE HOUSES IN THE PHILIPPINES

home churches or by the court favorites who returned to Spain to dazzle the supporters of the crown with the glories of a short term abroad in the service of their country. The trying climate of the Philippines, which is tropical, subjected to violent monsoons, seasons of drenching rains, and an almost intolerable heat lasting from March to July, has made it necessary to change continually the Spanish administrators. From the Governor-General down to the private soldier, five years was the average length of service possible, so that the native population, estimated at from 8,000,000 to 15,000,000 in numbers, was always under the rule of transient strangers, having no continuing interest in their welfare. There have been, of course, individual instances of honorable and just governors. Among these recognized in recent times was General Blanco, who was afterwards selected to establish the weak experiment of autonomistic government in Cuba. It was, however, the rule, under the very nature of the colonial system, that temptation to oppress, rob, and enslave the natives was held out to every administration in succession, and such temptations are not long resisted by those appointed over uncivilized and ignorant people.

The population of the Philippines was especially difficult to hold in orderly government. Naturally a heterogeneous mass, the problem of assimilating the different tribes and races would have been one difficult to accomplish by the most patient and industrious government, with years of application. The fiercest and most primitive savages inhabit the scattered islands, sometimes two or more antipathetic races occupying the same island and ceaselessly waging war against each other and the government alike. The Aborigines are called "Negritos," or little Negroes, dwarfs, rarely exceeding five feet in stature, intractable and wary mountaineers, indulging in the cruelest pagan rites of sacrifice, including cannibalism, and who have resisted conquest by retiring to mountain fastnesses where they have been slowly diminishing in numbers by self-extinction.

The Manthras, an equally wretched but more contemptible tribe, are nearly as great in numbers as the Negritos. They are a cross

between the Negritos and Malays and are more degenerate, after being at one time warlike and aggressive. The great body of the population is Malayan, with some Chinese and a few Japanese.

A historical writer in the French *Revue des Deux Mondes* has described the most recent condition of the endless conflict in the archipelago in a manner to exhibit the spirit of Spanish colonial government as it is displayed in the capital of Manila and in the restless and unconquered provinces. There, as in Europe and America, Spain set upon every locality she occupied the indelible mark of her sinister and unchanging intolerance and pride. In Manila, as well as in Mexico, Panama, and Lima, was the severe and solemn aspect, the feudal and religious stamp, which the Spaniard impresses upon his monuments, his palaces, his dwellings in every latitude. Manila appeared like a fragment of Spain transplanted to the archipelago of Asia. On its churches and convents, even on its ruined walls, time has laid the sombre, dull-gold coloring of the mother country. The ancient city, silent and melancholy, stretches interminably along gloomy streets, bordered with convents whose flat façades are only broken here and there by a few narrow windows. It still preserved all the austere appearance of a city of the reign of Philip II. But there was a new city within the ramparts of Manila, sometimes called the Escolta, from the name of its central quarter, and this city is alive with its dashing teams, its noisy crowd of Tagal women, shod in high-heeled shoes, and every nerve in their bodies quivering with excitement. They are almost all employed in the innumerable cigar factories whose output inundates all Asia. The city contained 260,000 inhabitants of every known race and color.

From Manila throughout the archipelago the religious fanaticism of the Spaniards radiated and came into collision with manners, traditions, and a fanaticism fully as fierce as those of Spain — the immovable fanaticism of the Mussulman. At a distance of 6,000 leagues from Toledo and Granada, the same ancient hatreds have brought European Spaniard and Asiatic Saracen into the same relentless antagonism that swayed them in the days of the Cid and Ferdinand the

GENERAL VIEW OF MANILA

Catholic. The island of Sulu, on account of its position between Mindanao and Borneo, was the commercial, political, and religious center of the followers of the Prophet, the Mecca of the extreme Orient. From this center they spread over the neighboring archipelagoes. Merciless pirates and unflinching fanatics, they scattered everywhere terror, ruin, and death, sailing in their light proas up the narrow channels and animated with implacable hatred for those conquering invaders, to whom they never gave quarter and from whom they never expected it. Constantly beaten in pitched battle, they as constantly took again to the sea, eluding the pursuit of the heavy Spanish vessels, taking refuge in bays and creeks where no one could follow them, pillaging isolated ships, surprising the villages, massacring the old men, leading away the women and the adults into slavery, pushing the audacious prows of their skiffs even up to within 300 miles of Manila, and seizing every year nearly 4,000 captives.

Between the Malay creese and the Castilian carronade the struggle was unequal, but it did not last the less long on that account, nor, obscure though it was, was it the less bloody. On both sides there was the same bravery, the same cruelty. It required all the tenacity of Spain to purge these seas of the pirates who infested them, and it was not until after a conflict of several years, in 1876, that the Spanish squadron was able to bring its broadsides to bear on Tianggi, a nest of Suluan pirates, land a division of troops, invest all the outlets, and burn the town and its inhabitants, as well as the harbor and all the craft within it. The soldiers planted their flag and the engineers built a new city on the smoking ruins. This city was then protected by a strong garrison.

For a time, at least, piracy was at an end, but not the Moslem spirit, which was exasperated rather than crushed by defeat. To the rovers of the seas succeeded the organization known as *juramentados.* One of the characteristic qualities of the Malays is their contempt of death. They have transmitted it, with their blood, to the Polynesians, who see in it only one of the multiple phenomena and not the supreme act of existence, and witness it or submit to it with

profound indifference. Travelers have often seen a Kanaka stretch his body on a mat, while in perfect health, without any symptom of disease whatever, and there wait patiently for the end, convinced that it is near, and refuse all nourishment and die without any apparent suffering. His relatives say of him: "He feels he is going to die," and the imaginary patient dies, his mind possessed by some illusion, some superstitious idea, some invisible wound through which life escapes. When to this absolute indifference to death is united Mussulman fanaticism, which gives to the believer a glimpse of the gates of a paradise where the excited senses revel in endless and numberless enjoyments, a longing for extinction takes hold of him and throws him like a wild beast upon his enemies. The *juramentado* kills for the sake of killing and being killed, and so winning, in exchange for a life of suffering and privation, the voluptuous existence promised by Mohammed.

The laws of Sulu make the bankrupt debtor the slave of his creditor, and not only the debtor, but the debtor's wife and children are enslaved also. To free them there is but one means left to the husband—the sacrifice of his life. Reduced to this extremity, he does not hesitate—he takes the formidable oath. From that time forward he is enrolled in the ranks of the *juramentados*, and has nothing to do but await the hour when the will of a superior shall let him loose upon the Christians. Meanwhile the *panditas*, or Mohammedan priests, subject him to a system of excitement that will turn him into a wild beast. They madden his already disordered brain, they make still more supple his oily limbs, until they have the strength of steel and the nervous force of the tiger or panther. They sing to him their impassioned chants, which show to his entranced vision the radiant smiles of intoxicating houris. In the shadow of the forests, broken by the gleam of the moonlight, they evoke the burning and sensual images of the eternally young and beautiful companions who are calling him, opening their arms to receive him. Thus prepared, the *juramentado* is ready for everything. Nothing can stop him, nothing can make him recoil. He will accomplish prodigies of valor, borne along

VIEW OF MANILA SHOWING CATHEDRAL

by a buoyancy that is irresistible, until the moment when death seizes him. He will creep with his companions into the city that has been assigned to him; he knows that he will never leave it, but he knows, also, that he will not die alone, and he has but one aim—to butcher as many Christians as he can.

When to such natural antipathies of race and religion are added the iron oppression which Spain has always laid upon peaceful commerce and production, it will be seen that the colonies were in perpetual unrest and that the colonial authorities had little sympathy from even the most peaceful classes. The native Spaniards resident in the country never exceeded 10,000 in number, except on a few rare occasions when large bodies of troops were sent out for specific service. There are about one hundred thousand mixed descendants of Spaniards, who were held in contempt by the natives of Spain as Spaniards of Cuban birth were regarded in Cuba. These 10,000 Spaniards were the civil servants and religious orders, and the favored owners of concessions in manufacturing and planting that conferred monopolies; about 4,000 were soldiers garrisoning Manila and the arsenal forts at Cavité, situated upon a point eight miles south of Manila in the bay and intended to render the defense of the city unquestionable. In addition to the soldiers there were 2,000 sailors and marines, manning a squadron of fourteen warships and gunboats. When war with America was begun these forces were just recovered from the hardships of a fierce revolution, headed by General Emilio Aguinaldo, a native half-breed of great popularity and activity. After bloody uprisings for independence, without money, arms, or supplies, the Spanish had resorted to their usual tactics of bribing the leaders and massacring the disordered followers, duped into surrender by promises of amnesty. The hatred of the natives was still fierce and only awaited opportunity and leadership to blaze with renewed fury.

II.

"FIND THE SPANIARD AND SMASH HIM"

When Congress issued its ultimatum to Spain on April 20, the condition of our Pacific defenses and naval force was such as to cause uneasiness. San Francisco, San Diego, and other seaports were nominally in a state of defense, but no more. The United States naval squadron in Asiatic waters, commanded by Commodore George Washington Dewey, was assembled at Hong Kong. In preparation for events it had been well supplied with ammunition, stores, and coal. It consisted of six ships, as follows: The Commodore's flagship *Olympia*, protected cruiser of 5,900 tons, of high speed and with heavy armament, regarded as one of the best fighting cruisers among the navies of the world; the protected cruisers *Baltimore*, 4,400 tons, *Raleigh*, 3,200 tons, *Boston*, 3,000 tons; the gunboats *Concord*, 1,700 tons, *Petrel*, 890 tons. The dispatch boat *McCulloch* and the steamers *Zafiro* and *Nanshan*, used for supply and collier, were attached to the squadron. The six fighting ships were 7,000 miles from the nearest American port base, since the United States possessed no coaling station in the Pacific nearer than California available for purposes of war. On the California coast were the first-class battleship *Oregon*, the gunboat *Marietta*, and the monitors *Monterey* and *Monadnock*, all purely coast defenders and all unable to cross the Pacific upon their own coal supply. The lack of American merchant steamers in the Pacific rendered it difficult to obtain transports and auxiliary vessels if they should be needed.

The Spanish naval force available at Manila bay, under command of Admiral Montejo, consisted of fourteen ships and gunboats. Four were protected cruisers, one, the flagship *Reina Christina*, well armed and equipped, though of only 3,500 tons displacement. The *Castilla*, *Don Juan de Austria*, and *Velasco* were smaller cruisers, and the remaining eight were gunboats. While the Spaniards had more vessels, they were not as powerful in size or armament combined as the six ships of the American squadron. They were, however, assembled in Manila harbor, under the guns of the forts at Manila and Cavité,

REAR-ADMIRAL GEORGE DEWEY, U. S. N.

with batteries on Corregidor Island, at the entrance to Manila Bay, a position apparently impregnable if properly maintained, especially as the approaches could be covered with mines to render entrance dangerous.

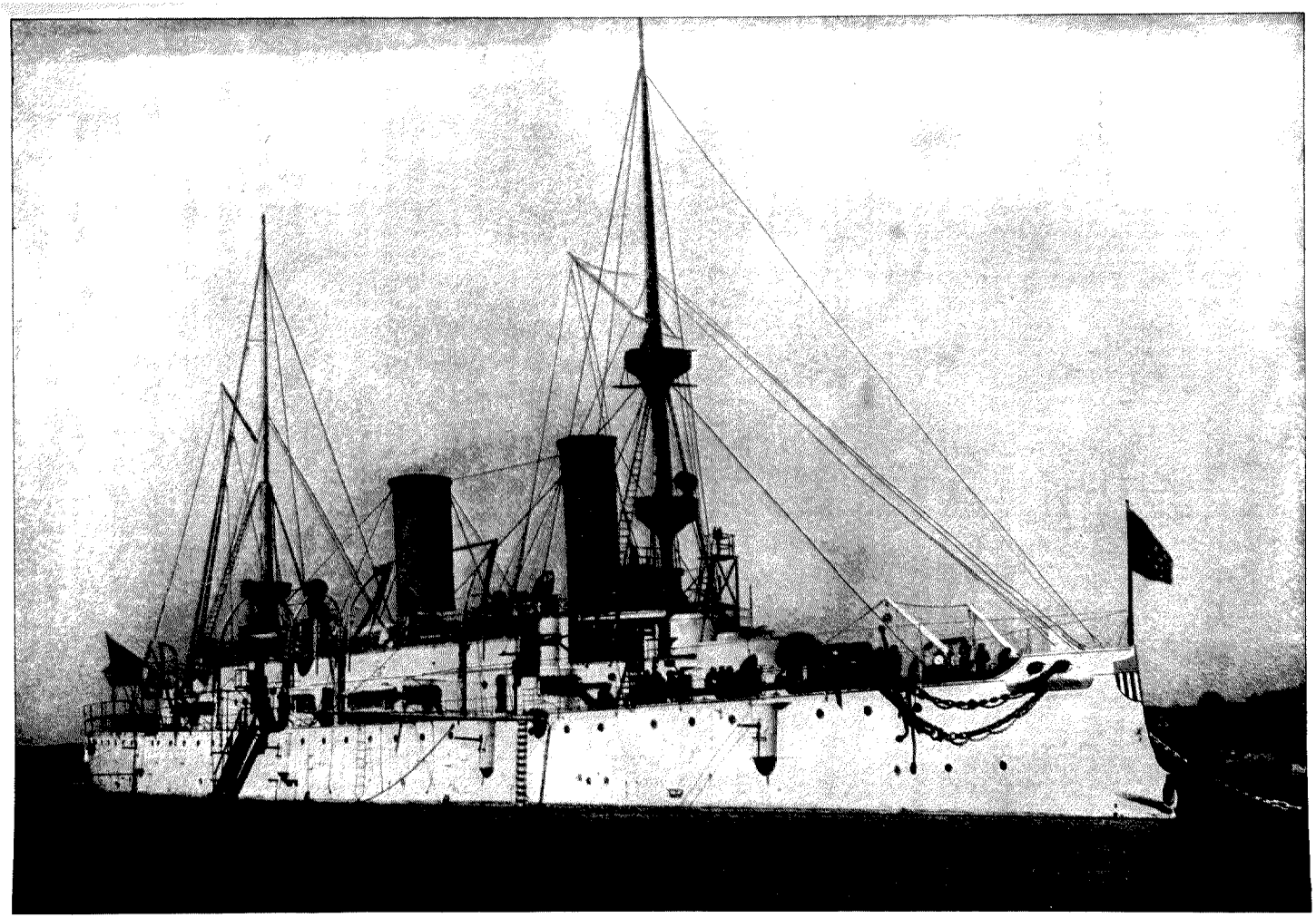
If the Spanish fleet remained at Manila the safety of our Pacific coast against attack was assured, but if declaration of war should be made the American fleet would be forced to leave the neutral harbor of Hong Kong, and, with its supply of coal, stores, and ammunition limited, its effectiveness would also be limited to the period of consumption of these articles without any available source of fresh supply. It was plain that the American squadron must sail for American waters and act upon the defensive, or seek out the Spaniard in the bay of Manila under the guns of his own fortresses and abide the issue of battle. To Americans, eager to test the enemy, to authorities fully confident of the intelligence, courage, skill, patriotism, and readiness of our sailors, there was but one thing to do.

On April 25, when the declaration of war was formally made, Commodore Dewey received orders by cable from the President to "seek the Spanish fleet and capture or destroy it." The same day the British authorities at Hong Kong, after receiving notice of the declaration of war, notified Commodore Dewey that as Great Britain was neutral in the conflict, his squadron would be expected to leave Hong Kong within twenty-four hours under the rules of international agreement. The Commodore immediately set sail without consuming the time remaining to him under the rule, and rendezvoused at Mirs Bay on the Chinese coast, to strip his ships for action and communicate his plans to the officers of his ships. The plan was simplicity itself. It was to obey orders by seeking the Spaniard, finding him as quickly as possible and, without hesitating a moment, to "smash him" with all the might of projectiles that the American ships could deliver. The details of the line of battle and order of ships were also arranged and the preparations aroused the sailors to great enthusiasm. George Washington Dewey was born in Vermont of good old Puritan stock. When he was ordered against Manila he was in his sixty-second year. A

graduate of the Naval Academy at Annapolis in 1858, he had served with courage and distinction in the Civil War. He was a junior officer on the *Hartford* under Admiral Farragut when that commander, entering Mobile Bay and finding the bay mined with explosives that had already destroyed a ship ahead of him, had cried out to the ship's captain who seemed to hesitate: "Go right ahead, Captain, damn the torpedoes!" The same laconic spirit of action was in Commodore Dewey's language thirty-three years later when in Mirs Bay he told his men, "we are to seek the Spaniard and smash him as soon as we find him." To sailors imbued with patriotic pride, far from home, and who cherished a determination to "Remember the *Maine*," the promise of quick battle was full of exciting recompense.

But Commodore Dewey's plan went further than one of mere battle. The Philippine revolutionary leader, Aguinaldo, who had found refuge at Hong Kong, had been invited to coöperate. Supplied with money, arms, and ammunition, he and his influential followers were to be transported to Luzon and landed. In the event of a protracted siege or the miscarriage of plans, the Americans would thus have allies in the rear of the Spanish army and navy, and the revolutionists under the encouragement of new and powerful allies in front, would be able to reduce the Spanish power to impotence for offensive action. These arrangements were perfected in one day, and on Friday, April 29, the American squadron sailed for Manila, distant about 700 miles, requiring three days' steaming.

The Spaniards awaited the approach of the Americans with a display of exultation. Governor-General Augusti announced that after the expected battle Spanish cruisers would be dispatched against San Francisco. The capture of an American trading bark by a Spanish gunboat was made an occasion of popular rejoicing. The means adopted to excite native hatred against the Americans by inspiring dread of them seems incredible and would only be possible in a country where press censorship and general ignorance combine to leave the people at the mercy of unscrupulous rulers. The Governor-



U. S. CRUISER OLYMPIA

General issued a bombastic address in which, after declaring that "the hour of glory had arrived," he reveled in abuse of the Americans:—

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

"Spain, which counts upon the sympathies of all nations, will emerge triumphant from this new test, humiliating and blasting the adventurers from those United States that, without cohesion, offer humanity only infamous traditions and ungrateful spectacles in her chambers, in which appear insolence, defamation, cowardice, and cynicism.

"Her squadron, manned by foreigners, possessing neither instruction nor discipline, is preparing to come to this archipelago with ruffianly intention, robbing us of all that means life, honor, and liberty, and pretending to be inspired by a courage of which they are incapable.

"American seamen undertake as an enterprise capable of realization the substitution of Protestantism for the Catholic religion, to treat you as tribes refractory to civilization, to take possession of your riches as if they were unacquainted with the rights of property, to kidnap those persons they consider useful to man their ships or to be exploited in agricultural and industrial labor.

"Vain designs, ridiculous boastings! Your indomitable bravery will suffice to frustrate the realization of their designs. You will not allow the faith you profess to be made a mockery or impious hands to be placed on the temple of the true God. The images you adore thrown down by the unbelief of the aggressors shall not prove the tombs of your fathers. They shall not gratify lustful passions at the cost of your wives' and daughters' honor, or appropriate property accumulated in provision for your old age.

"They shall not perpetrate these crimes, inspired by their wickedness and covetousness, because your valor and patriotism will suffice to punish a base people that is claiming to be civilized and cultivated. They have exterminated the natives of North America instead of giving them civilization and progress."

As if the defense of Manila were a theatrical spectacle the authorities sent daily to Madrid rhetorical assurances of their security and the preparations to destroy the Americans; of the impregnability of their fleet and forts and the patriotism of the Spaniards and volunteers. Yet it was well known at Manila that the forts alone mounted good modern guns, that the fleet was poorly equipped, that

the insurgents beleaguered the city ready to fall on when the American ships arrived, that the harbor contained few if any effective mines to prevent entrance. During these days thousands of refugees left for Hong Kong on passing ships and the price of food increased alarmingly. Terror was felt by the whole population. The Spanish Admiral, Montejo, whose reputation for courage was unchallenged, took his vessels to Subic Bay, a harbor at the northern entrance to Manila Bay, with the intention of assailing the American fleet unexpectedly as it passed. He found only worthless defenses at Subic and brought his ships back under the guns of Cavité, to give battle inside the bay and support the capital defenses. This Admiral, who was called "The Fighting Montejo" by the Spanish sailors, was at one and the same time to prove his dauntless courage and to demonstrate his utter incompetence to provide against surprise or to make adequate preparation for combat.

III.

THE BATTLE OF MANILA

THE morning of Saturday, April 30, the American squadron was sighted off Cape Bolinao and at 4 o'clock in the afternoon it rounded to off Subic Bay on the sea side of the peninsula that encloses the great bay of Manila on the west. The distance to the city of Manila was about fifty miles. The cruisers *Boston* and *Concord* were detailed to search Subic Bay for the enemy, the crews of all ships standing by their guns ready to engage. There was no trace of the Spaniard in Subic. It was then that Commodore Dewey for the first time made known to the commanders of his ships his intention to force the entrance of Manila Bay under cover of night, and to engage the enemy under the fire of the forts. Slow headway was made down the coast and at 11 o'clock at night the squadron entered the Boca Grande, the larger mouth of the two entrances to the bay.

The bay of Manila is one of the largest and deepest harbors of the world. It has an area of 125 square miles, with a depth approximating

ADMIRAL MONTEJO

COMMANDING SPANISH SQUADRON DESTROYED IN MANILA BAY

the ocean itself. The entrance is twelve miles wide on the south and almost midway rise the rocky islands of Corregidor and Caballos. Corregidor was strongly fortified, armed with heavy modern guns and equipped with searchlights that would have enabled competent defenders to render entering it a hazardous feat. The channel to the north of Corregidor is called the Boca Chica, or small mouth, and the Boca Grande is on the south.

More than twelve hours earlier the appearance of the Americans at Cape Bolinao had been reported to the Spaniards, yet when the squadron in order, with all lights out, and every man at his station, turned Corregidor and headed up the Boca Grande toward the city of Manila, there was not a Spanish patrol to give warning of its approach, and apparently no watch on Corregidor fortress or tower. On board the American ships every man was at his post, and had been for eighteen hours, as he was to be for eighteen hours longer, except for brief moments of rest. Down in the engine and furnace rooms the heat was from 125 to 160 degrees; but no engineer or stoker left his place, save the engineer of the dispatch boat *McCulloch*, who dropped dead from heart disease superinduced by the heat. This happened as the ships were passing in.

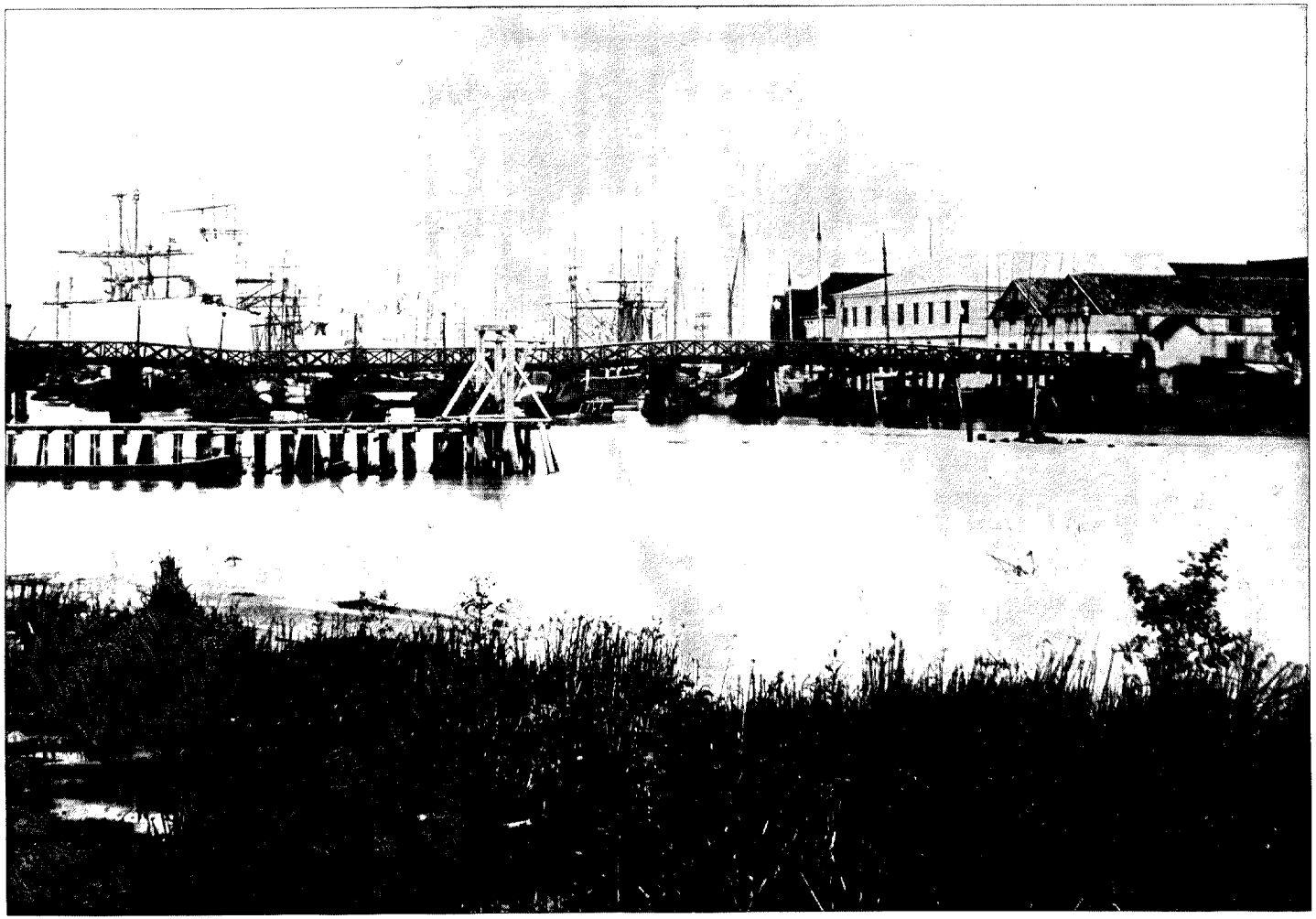
Realizing the preparation that could be made by a warned foe, expecting floating mines, torpedo attacks, and a plunging fire from the lofty fortress on Corregidor, the Americans, hidden only by darkness, slowly and silently as possible filed into the channel, led by the flagship, and began to run the terrible gauntlet of unknown dangers without hesitation.

Half the squadron had passed when sparks escaping from one of the funnels were observed by the watch on Corregidor. Instantly the guns on the fort opened fire upon the squadron, to which the *Boston* and *McCulloch* replied with a few shots, and then silence again reigned. Past the fort the ships slowed down to bare steerway and, all hands resting by their guns, the squadron waited for day to dawn to begin the terrible work that lay before it in the splendid amphitheatre of the mountain-locked bay.

At 5 o'clock in the morning the *Olympia* was five miles from Manila, the spires of whose churches and the towers of whose fortresses could be dimly seen through the glasses of the lookouts. The city lies on the east side of the bay, about twenty-five miles from the entrance, situated upon a low plateau, divided by Pasig River. Volcanic mountains enclose the coasts at varying distances. Eight miles south of Manila, on the same side of the bay, is a low point of land projecting into the water, eked out by the construction of a breakwater, upon which stand the arsenal and fortress of Cavité, commanding the Spanish navy yard. Thus Manila and Cavité were within sea view and gun range of each other, and the theatre of battle was so designed that the combat might be witnessed by the 300,000 people dwelling within range.

The American ships and the Spanish guard at Manila discovered each other at 5 o'clock. As the light increased the Spanish ships were revealed lying under the guns of Cavité, in line of battle almost east and west. At 15 minutes past 5 the light permitted action, and three batteries of heavy guns at Manila and two at Cavité, together with the long range guns of the Spanish ships, opened fire on the Americans. The shots were harmless. Two guns were fired at Manila from our ships, but Commodore Dewey signaled orders not to reply to Manila. It was not his intention to subject the helpless non-combatants of that crowded city to a bombardment, but to "smash the Spanish fleet." So that, while the Manila batteries kept up a continuous fire upon our ships for two hours, without effect, no shells were thrown into the city, which must have been a thing greatly marveled at by those who had described the Americans as pitiless destroyers and cruel cowards.

Under the cross-fire of the enemy Commander Dewey formed his squadron for attack as coolly as if for target practice. His flagship *Olympia* led, followed at regular distance in line by the *Baltimore*, the *Raleigh*, the *Petrel*, the *Concord*, and the *Boston*, in the order named, which formation was preserved without change. Notwithstanding the furious fire of the enemy, our ships moved steadily without replying



PASIG RIVER AT MANILA

for twenty-six minutes, steaming directly for Cavité, which was some miles distant. Commodore Dewey, with his officers, was on the bridge of the *Olympia*, and Captain Gridley, who was fighting the ship, was in the conning tower. The day was clear and the heat intense. On every ship the fighters were stripped to the waist, waiting with natural impatience for firing orders, and eager for close collision in fighting. As the *Olympia* steamed to the attack in the lead two torpedo mines were exploded in her path by the Spaniards, but too far ahead to affect her. The explosions threw enormous columns of water to a great height. The power was sufficient to have destroyed the vessel if it had been successfully managed. In spite of these dangers, and of more to be apprehended, the *Olympia* kept steadily on. No other mines were exploded, however, if any existed.

At 41 minutes past 5 o'clock Commodore Dewey, the *Olympia* then being bow on, 5,500 yards or about three miles, from the fortress at Cavité, called out to Captain Gridley: "You may fire when ready." A moment later one of the 8-inch guns in the forward turret belched forth flame and steel at the flagship of Admiral Montejo. At this signal to engage the enemy an eyewitness with the squadron reports that from the throats of the Americans on all the ships rose a triumphant cheer and the cry, "Remember the *Maine*." And then, from every ship that could train guns on the enemy, poured a rain of shot and shell directed by men who were as deliberate and cool as if they were at play. The deadly accuracy of American marksmanship was exhibited under circumstances so extraordinary that it was destined to stand without precedent or comparison in all naval history.

Sheltered under the guns of Cavité the Spanish cruiser *Castilla* lay anchored by head and stern, broadside to our fire. On either side Admiral Montejo's flagship, the *Reina Christina*, the *Don Juan de Austria*, and the *Velasco* moved in action, while the gunboats behind the breakwater were sheltered to some extent. The Americans at 5,500 yards filing in line past the enemy and, countermarching in a

circle that extended closer to the Spaniard at every turn, sent in a crushing rain of fire from each broadside as it was presented.

Lieutenant L. J. Stickney, a former naval officer who was on the bridge of the *Olympia* as a volunteer aide to Commodore Dewey and who wrote an account of the battle as a press correspondent, thus describes the combat after the first fire of the Americans: —

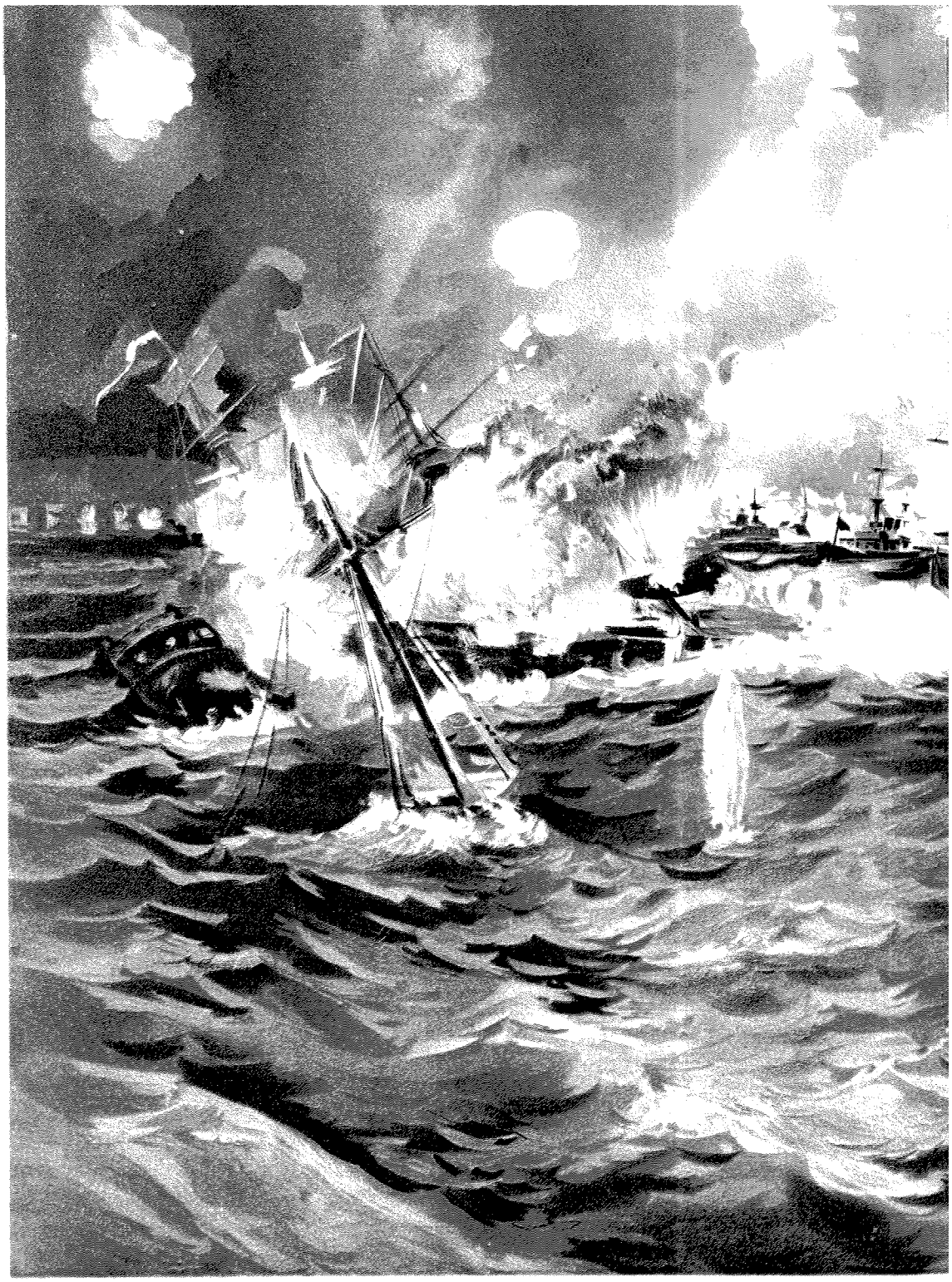
"The Spaniards seemed encouraged to fire faster, knowing exactly our distance, while we had to guess theirs. Their ships and shore guns were making things hot for us. The piercing scream of shot was varied often by the bursting of time fuse shells, fragments of which would lash the water like shrapnel or cut our hull and rigging. One large shell that was coming straight at the *Olympia's* forward bridge fortunately fell within less than one hundred feet. One fragment cut the rigging; another struck the bridge gratings in line with it; a third passed under Commodore Dewey and gouged a hole in the deck. Incidents like these were plentiful.

"Our men naturally chafed at being exposed without returning fire from all our guns, but laughed at danger and chatted good-humoredly. A few nervous fellows could not help dodging, mechanically, when shells would burst right over them, or close aboard, or would strike the water, or pass overhead with the peculiar spluttering roar made by a tumbling rifled projectile.

"Still the flagship steered for the center of the Spanish line, and, as our other ships were astern, the *Olympia* received most of the Spaniards' attention.

"Owing to our deep draught, Commodore Dewey felt constrained to change his course at a distance of 4,000 yards and run parallel to the Spanish column.

"'Open with all guns,' he ordered, and the ship brought her port broadside bearing. The roar of all the flagship's 5-inch rapid-firers was followed by the deep diapason of her turret 8-inchers. Soon our other vessels were equally hard at work, and we could see that our shells were making Cavité harbor hotter for the Spaniards than they had made the approach for us.



NAVAL BATTLE OF

MANILA, MAY 1st, 1898.

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

"One shot struck the *Baltimore* and passed clean through her, fortunately hitting no one. Another ripped the upper main deck, disabled a 6-inch gun, and exploded a box of 3-pounder ammunition, wounding eight men. The *Olympia* was struck abreast the gun in the wardroom by a shell, which burst outside, doing little damage. The signal halyards were cut from the officer's hand on the after bridge. A sailor climbed up in the rain of shot and mended the line.

"A shell entered the *Boston's* port quarter and burst in Ensign Dodridge's stateroom, starting a hot fire, and fire was also caused by a shell which burst in the port hammock netting. Both these fires were quickly put out. Another shell passed through the *Boston's* foremast just in front of Captain Wildes, on the bridge.

"After having made four runs along the Spanish line, finding the chart incorrect, Lieutenant Calkins, the *Olympia's* navigator, told the Commodore he believed he could take the ship nearer the enemy, with lead going to watch the depth of water. The flagship started over the course for the fifth time, running within 2,000 yards of the enemy, followed by all the American vessels, and, as even the 6-pounder guns were effective at such short range, the storm of shot and shell launched against the Spaniard was destructive beyond description."

Two small launches were sent out from the *Castilla* and boldly advanced toward the *Olympia*. They were supposed to be provided with torpedoes to be discharged against the flagship. No sooner was their purpose suspected than the small guns of the *Olympia* were turned upon the two boats with deadly effect. One was riddled and sunk at the first fire and the other, badly damaged, turned back and sought safety.

The enemy fought with desperation. Admiral Montejo with the *Reina Christina*, sallied forth from his line against the *Olympia*, but was met with a concentrated fire from our ships so frightful that

he could not advance. The *Reina Christina* turned and made for the breakwater when an 8-inch shell from the *Olympia* was sent whizzing through her stern, penetrating the whole extent of the ship to her engine-room where it exploded with awful destruction, setting fire to the vessel and rendering her unmanageable.

The fire made such headway that Admiral Montejo abandoned his vessel and taking his flag in an open boat, was transferred to the *Isla de Cuba* gunboat, whence he continued to issue his orders. It was an act of personal bravery so marked that it elicited admiration from all the Americans and was especially commented upon by Commodore Dewey in his report of the battle. Captain Cadarso, of the *Reina Christina*, a Spaniard of noble family at Madrid, was mortally wounded with many others on his ship, but refused to be carried off. He remained with his men and went down with his ship. A shell entered the magazine of the *Don Juan de Austria* and that vessel was blown up. The *Castilla* at her moorings was also on fire by this time, but the firing from the other vessels and the forts was maintained with wild desperation.

The heavy guns from Manila were also keeping up their attack. Commodore Dewey sent a flag messenger to the Governor-General bearing notice that if the firing from that quarter did not instantly cease he would attack and shell the city. The message at once silenced the batteries.

It was now 7:35 o'clock and the men had been in suspense or in exhaustive action for nearly thirty hours. During the two hours of fighting they had been served with only a cup of coffee each. Observing the destruction in the enemy's ranks and desiring to give him time for reflection, but mainly to give his own men refreshment and new strength, Commodore Dewey ordered action to cease and the ships to retire beyond range. This they did, the squadron filing past the *Olympia* with triumphant cheers and steaming across the bay followed by the sullen fire of the enemy. The *Olympia* brought up the rear and orders were issued to serve breakfast bountifully on all the ships.

While the men were refreshing themselves, the commanders of the ships were summoned aboard the *Olympia* to make reports of their condition and for conference. It was then the discovery was made—almost incredible—that no material casualty had occurred to the Americans during an engagement filled with such disaster to the enemy. It seemed miraculous to have gone through a hail of fire without one man being killed or a ship disabled. Meanwhile the Spanish had viewed the withdrawal of our ships with exultation. With the fatuity of over-confidence in their own courage they had construed the American pause for rest as a retreat. To that effect they cabled the Spanish Government, where the news caused excited rejoicings. The Minister of Marine cabled a message of bombastic compliments to Admiral Montejo upon the glory of Spanish sailors. While these messages were yet passing under the ocean the second attack was in progress that was to turn exultation to despair and set the Spanish populace at Madrid on fire with angry protests of deception and betrayal.

After three and a half hours of recuperation, the American squadron got under way at a quarter past eleven o'clock and advanced again to attack the enemy. Buoyed up by the early morning results, the gunners aimed with perfect deliberation and, under orders for "close action," the line steamed up as near as the water-depth permitted, and poured a remorseless fire into the enemy's ships that were now replying slowly. But the guns of Cavité were hard at work and the *Baltimore* was ordered to silence the arsenal. The bay was filled with smoke, and into this the *Baltimore* steered straight for the point of attack. When close up she opened all her batteries, and in a moment the powder magazine of the arsenal blew up with a deafening roar, and the battery of Cavité was destroyed.

The *Boston*, *Concord*, and *Petrel* were ordered to enter the bay and destroy the ships there. The *Petrel* being of very light draught was able to penetrate behind the breakwater up to the gunboats. The Spaniards on board made haste to surrender, and their ships were then scuttled and fired. The only ship left was a transport belonging

to the coast survey, and she was taken possession of by our forces. At 40 minutes past 12 o'clock, the Spanish flag had been hauled down from Cavité and the white flag of surrender was flying. The *Olympia* stood off towards Manila, leaving the other vessels to take care of the wounded on shore.

In this battle the Spanish lost the following vessels: *Reina Christina, Castilla, Don Antonio de Ulloa*, sunk; *Don Juan de Austria, Isla de Luzon, Isla de Cuba, General Lezo, Marquis del Duero, El Correo, Velasco* and *Isla de Mindanao*, burned; the *Manila* and several tugs and launches captured. There were about 1,000 Spaniards killed in the engagement and more than 600 wounded, among the latter Admiral Montejo and his son, a lieutenant, both slightly. The wounded were removed to the arsenal in Cavité, where they were attended by the American surgeons, who gave their skill, science, and labor to succor the unfortunate. Yet while this work of humanity was in progress the Archbishop of Manila was issuing a pastoral letter to his flock in which he called upon all Christians in the island to defend the faith against heretics who designed to erect an insuperable barrier to salvation, intending to enslave the people and forbid the sacraments of baptism, matrimony, and burial, and the consolation of absolution. He declared that if the Americans were allowed to possess the islands, altars would be desecrated and the churches changed into Protestant chapels. Instead of there being pure morality, as then existed, examples of vice only would be inculcated. He closed by appointing May 17 as a day of rejoicing over the renewed consecration of the islands to the sacred heart of Jesus.*

Commodore Dewey sent a message to Governor-General Augusti in Manila proposing to be permitted to use the submarine cable to Hong Kong for the purpose of communicating his reports to the Government at Washington. Augusti refused the permission and Commodore Dewey cut the cable, thus rendering impossible all communication with the world except by mail, by way of Hong Kong, three

* Translation cabled from Hong Kong, May 17, 1898.

days' sail distant. He then sat down before Manila to await reënforcements and orders, the revolutionists under General Aguinaldo cutting off all supplies from the landside, and investing the city in effective siege.

IV.

THE EFFECT OF THE MANILA VICTORY

THE impression made upon the United States and upon Europe by the battle of Manila was in an unexpected degree momentous. The extraordinary nature of the victory won by Commodore Dewey's squadron,—in which the enemy had 1,400 men killed and wounded, lost fourteen ships, valued at millions of dollars, vast stores of coal, supplies, guns, and equipments, together with a great colonial possession of enormous wealth and resources, without the loss of one man or one ship by the victors,—filled the world with amazement and admiration, and caused the United States to ring with enthusiasm for the cool and intrepid commander and his brave sailors. The first news received was through distorted sources at Madrid, where reports came from Manila speaking of glorious action by the Spaniards and confessing Spanish losses by piecemeal. Accustomed to the mendacity of Spanish reports and the duplicity of the officials discharging the function of supervising all information concerning the war, the English-written press of the world eked out from the involved mass of incoherent exultation and evasion the central fact of a sweeping American victory. The moment this was recognized all possibility of obtaining details was destroyed by the cutting of the cable. For a week there was suspense, during which the fact of American victory was confirmed by desperate rioting in Madrid caused by the Spanish people discovering that their losses were greater than Señor Sagasta and his advisers had admitted.

On May 8 the dispatch boat *McCulloch* arrived at Hong Kong from Manila with the first official reports from Commodore Dewey. They consisted of two brief messages, but no commander ever conveyed to his country so much information in detail of such wonderful

achievement in fewer words. The first message, dated Manila, May 1, but sent only when the second was forwarded, was as follows: —

"Squadron arrived at Manila at daybreak this morning. Immediately engaged the enemy and destroyed the following Spanish vessels: *Reina Christina*, *Castilla*, *Don Antonio*, *Isla de Ulloa*, *Isla de Luzon*, *Isla de Cuba*, *General Lezo*, *Marquis del Duero*, *Correo*, *Velasco*, *Isla de Mindanao*, a transport and a water battery at Cavité. The squadron is uninjured; and only a few men are slightly wounded. Only means of telegraphing is the American consul at Hong Kong. I shall communicate with him."

The second, dated at Cavité, May 4, completed his record of the action: —

"I have taken possession of the naval station at Cavité and destroyed its fortifications. Have destroyed fortifications at the bay entrance, paroling the garrison. I control the bay completely, and can take the city at any time. The squadron is in excellent health and spirits. The Spanish loss not fully known, but very heavy; 150 killed, including the Captain of the *Reina Christina*. I am assisting in protecting the Spanish sick and wounded; 250 sick and wounded in hospital within our lines. Much excitement at Manila. Will protect foreign residents."

With these came columns of press reports of the victory. The suspense of a week to Americans accustomed to the procurement and immediate publication of all news at every hazard and at any cost, found relief in a national outburst of praise of the victorious commander and the officers and men of his squadron. In every city and hamlet the news fired the popular imagination. "Dewey day" was set apart in many cities and towns, and school children rehearsed patriotic speeches and songs. Naval authorities of the world testified to the completeness of the demonstration of American fighting ability and to the unprecedented annihilation of an adversary in his own fastness without the slightest loss in return. It was conceded that the name of Dewey was enrolled among the names of immortal naval commanders. The Secretary of the Navy, upon the receipt of Commodore Dewey's reports, cabled to him and his men, in the President's name, the thanks of the American people for the "splendid achievement and overwhelming victory," in recognition of which he appointed Commodore Dewey an Acting-Admiral. On the following Monday

the President sent a message to Congress recommending the adoption of a vote of thanks. "The magnitude of this victory," said the President in his message, "can hardly be measured by the ordinary standards of naval warfare. Outweighing any material advantage is the moral effect of this initial success. With this unsurpassed achievement, the great heart of our nation throbs, not with boasting or with greed of conquest, but with deep gratitude that this triumph has come in a just cause, and that by the grace of God an effective step has thus been taken toward the attainment of the wished-for peace. To those whose skill, courage, and devotion have won the fight, the gallant commander and the brave officers and men who aided him, our country owes an incalculable debt."

To the American people the victory at Manila was indisputable proof of the superiority of American training, discipline, intelligence, mechanical skill, and courage, to the ignorant and undisciplined bravery of the Spaniard. The capacity of the free volunteer in the regular branches of armed science as against the forced conscription of the continental systems was again established, and the people looked now confidently to see the same spirit exhibited in the army organizing to occupy Cuba, Porto Rico, and the Philippines. To those countries that believed the American navy to be manned by foreigners and mercenaries disinclined to stand up at the critical moment, the lesson was startling.

The practical results of the combat at Manila were thus stated by Mr. Beach, an engineer officer on the *Baltimore* during the battle. In writing home after the event he said:—

"We feel that we have had a great victory here, which we ascribe to several causes. First, the Spaniard is always behind the times. He knew that an American fleet was expected and was so sure of his tremendous superiority that he took absolutely no precaution. The night we ran by the forts (in the early morning of the engagement) the Spanish officers were all at a grand ball. The entrance to the harbor was planted with torpedoes; he thought that was enough, and had no patrol, picket boats, or torpedo boats on watch. The result is that we ran by their magnificent guns guarding the entrance to Manila Bay, and were out of range inside before the Spaniards knew it.

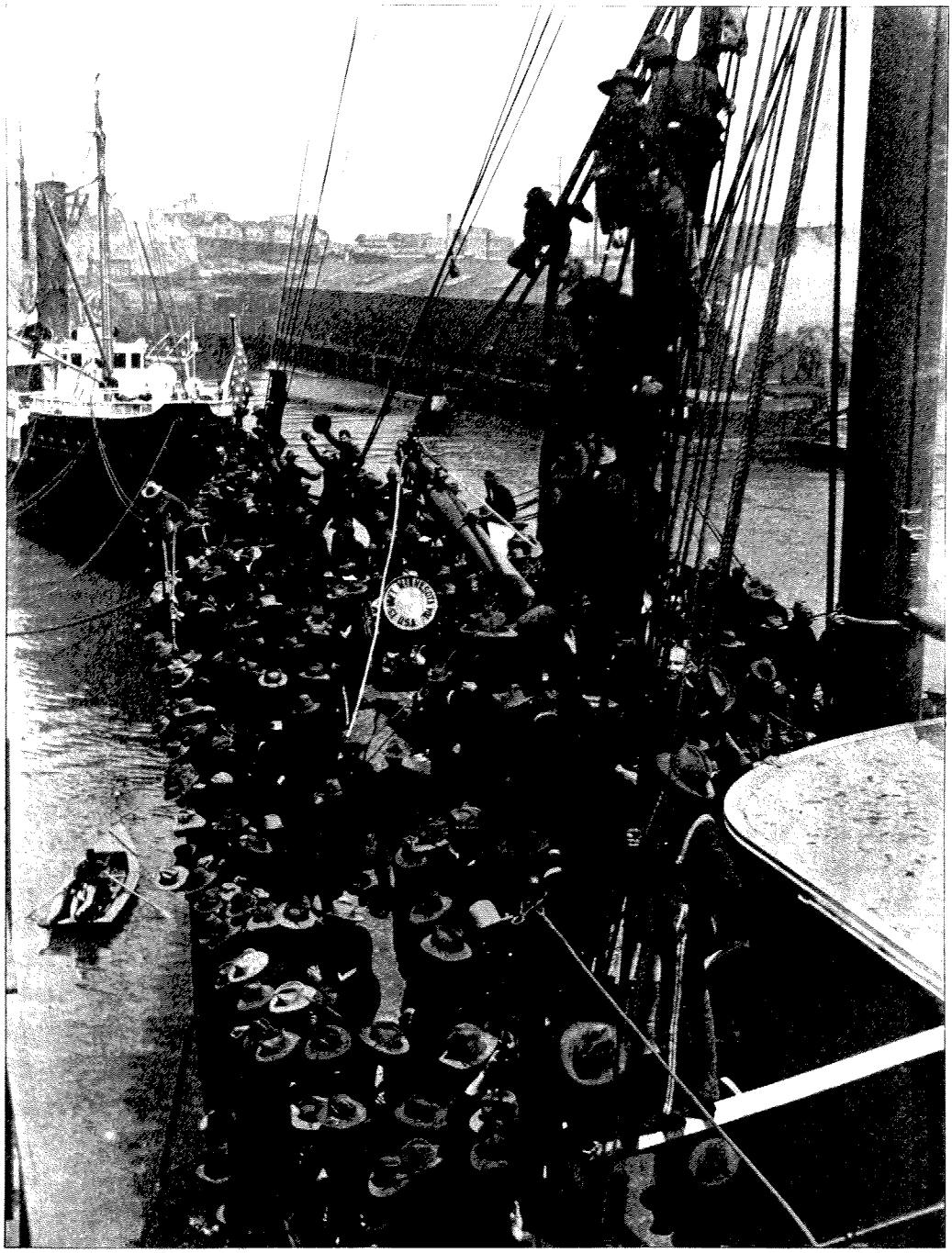
"Another reason for our success was due to Commodore Dewey's orders. Not one of the ships had any intimation that we would run by the forts as we did until thirty miles away. We were by the Spanish forts and at the fleet by 5:30 A. M. on Sunday, May 1. They were ten fighting ships strong, carrying 116 modern guns, to which we opposed a superior fleet of six ships carrying 135 guns. Two of their ships were over 3,200 tons displacement, and the rest were modern gunboats. This fleet was assisted by batteries on shore armed with modern guns, which made their guns superior in number to ours. In number of men engaged, they were undoubtedly far superior to us. The Spaniards were absolutely confident of victory. No other outcome was anticipated by them; no preparation was made for a different result. I think that their ships, combined with their forts, made them equal to us, so far as powers of offense and defense were concerned. They had as many modern guns approximating to the same size as we had, and more men to fire them. They should have been able to have fired as much weight of shot in a specified time as we did.

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

"The damage done by our ships was frightful. I have visited all of the sunken Spanish ships, and, had I not seen the effects of American marksmanship, I would hardly give credit to reports of it. One smokestack of the *Castilla*, a 3,300-ton Spanish ship, was struck eight times, and the shells through the hull were so many and so close that it is impossible that a Spaniard could have lived on her deck. The other large ship, the *Reina Christina*, was perforated in the same way. We did not employ much tactics because there wasn't much need for them. There were the enemy, and we went for them bullheadedly and made them exceedingly sick.

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

The effect of such a crushing defeat upon Spain was correspondingly disheartening. The riots that ensued in her principal cities compelled the government to proclaim martial law in several provinces. In the Cortes the opposition taunted the Government with



DEPARTURE OF UNITED STATES TROOPS FOR MANILA

incapacity and supineness, and recrimination became both bitter and loud. The government had not counted upon nor made plans in the event of defeat any more than had its officials in the Philippines. Yet, with the usual methods of influencing the Spanish people through its power of suppressing or manipulating information in the press, the Cabinet turned to Admiral Cervera's squadron, yet lingering at the Cape Verde Islands, and made ostensible preparations for reprisal.

The threat of sending to the Philippines a new Spanish fleet, much stronger in fighting power than Commodore Dewey's, awoke the Americans to immediate action. The President assigned General Wesley A. Merritt to the command of an army corps of occupation to proceed at once to the support of our fleet at Manila. The forces were to consist of 4,000 regulars and 16,000 volunteer troops, to be accompanied by the cruiser *Charleston*, and the monitors *Monterey* and *Monadnock*. Upon General Merritt was conferred also the supreme power of Military Governor of the Philippines, and an establishment of aides was created to seize and administer the government of those islands under the military laws of the United States as applied to conquered territory. The preparations were carried forward with utmost speed and in a few weeks the first division of the new army was upon the Pacific, preceded by the *Charleston* with supplies of ammunition and stores in convoy.

The step toward holding the Philippines as a conquered territory was not less momentous than the actual destruction of the enemy's forces at Manila. It intimated the acquirement by America of colonies in Asiatic waters, so rich, so potential of power and development, that it injected into the Oriental questions occupying European diplomacy a shock of vital change so startling that the purposes of the United States at once became the absorbing problem of the world's great chancelleries. For that moment the fate of Spain was dwarfed in interest beside the question: What will the United States do with the Philippines? The progress of this question, the most novel and far-reaching that had come upon the country, must, however, be treated in its proper place.

CHAPTER THE FOURTH.

The Blockade of Cuba.

First Work of Admiral Sampson's Squadron — How the Blockade of Havana was Received by the Two Warring Nations and in Havana — The Problems of War in the Atlantic — Spanish Spies Discovered and Captured — The Bombardment of Matanzas — "The Matanzas Mule" Enters into History — The American Baptism of Blood at Cardenas — Death of Ensign Bagley and the Repulse of the Winslow — Unimportant Events of the War.

I.

THE magnificent victory of Dewey's squadron at Manila was won at exactly the opportune moment. The intrepidity, no less than the unexampled skill, of American gunners and sailors so gloriously demonstrated, gave patience for the hard labor of war that was to be undertaken in the work of driving the Spaniards out of Cuba. The first step was taken when, on April 22, part of the squadron under Acting Rear-Admiral Sampson began the blockade of Havana and other Cuban ports. The destruction of Spain's power in Cuba was the chief object of the war, and in the Atlantic Ocean and on Cuban soil the naval and military spirit of both countries could be exhibited upon a larger scale than elsewhere. The blockade of Havana and its tributary ports was therefore an act to challenge at once the vitality of Spanish power. Havana was the keystone of this power in the West Indies. Its large population and vast commerce made it the seat of opulence, and the strongest fortifications and largest garrisons were to be found there. If Spain intended to hold Cuba, she must hold Havana. She could only hold Havana by sending constant reënforcements of troops, with fresh supplies of food and ammunition to maintain them. The first object of the United States, therefore, was to prevent at all hazards the landing of troops and supplies by Spain.

THE BLOCKADE OF HAVANA

HAVANA PANORAMA FROM ACROSS THE BAY

For this reason Sampson's squadron was ordered to blockade Havana as the initial act of war, on April 22.

The following day the President issued a proclamation declaring the blockade to be enforced against all ports on the north coast between Cardenas and Bahia Honda, including Havana, and of the port of Cienfuegos on the south coast. From these ports there were railways to Havana that would enable Spain, by landing supplies at any one of them, to succor the capital. If supplies were landed elsewhere it would be difficult, if not impossible, to transport them to Havana on account of a lack of railway facilities and because the Cuban insurgents could be depended upon to intercept them. The closing of Havana harbor and the harbors of its tributary towns at once put the Spanish army in Cuba upon its own resources for maintenance, or rendered it necessary for Spain to force her way into Havana by the aid of her navy, then in home waters.

The problems of the Atlantic were easily apparent. If Spain sent her navy with troops and supplies to the assistance of Cuba, a great decisive naval battle must be fought in Cuban waters. If she divided her naval force and sent one squadron to Havana and the other to attack the American coast cities on the north, she would divide the American naval force by the necessity of repelling each movement. The Flying Squadron of Spain was that under Admiral Cervera at the Cape Verde Islands; her heavily armored squadron was in Spanish harbors under the command of Admiral Camara. The latter squadron was not in readiness for action, but, by strict censorship of all telegraph and mail channels of communication, the Spanish Government at first succeeded in concealing this fact.

To meet the problem, therefore, Admiral Sampson was sent to blockade Havana, while Commodore Schley, with a small number of battleships and cruisers, waited in Hampton Roads, ready to sail north or south, to aid Sampson, or to repel any descent that might be attempted upon the northern coasts by the Spanish ships.

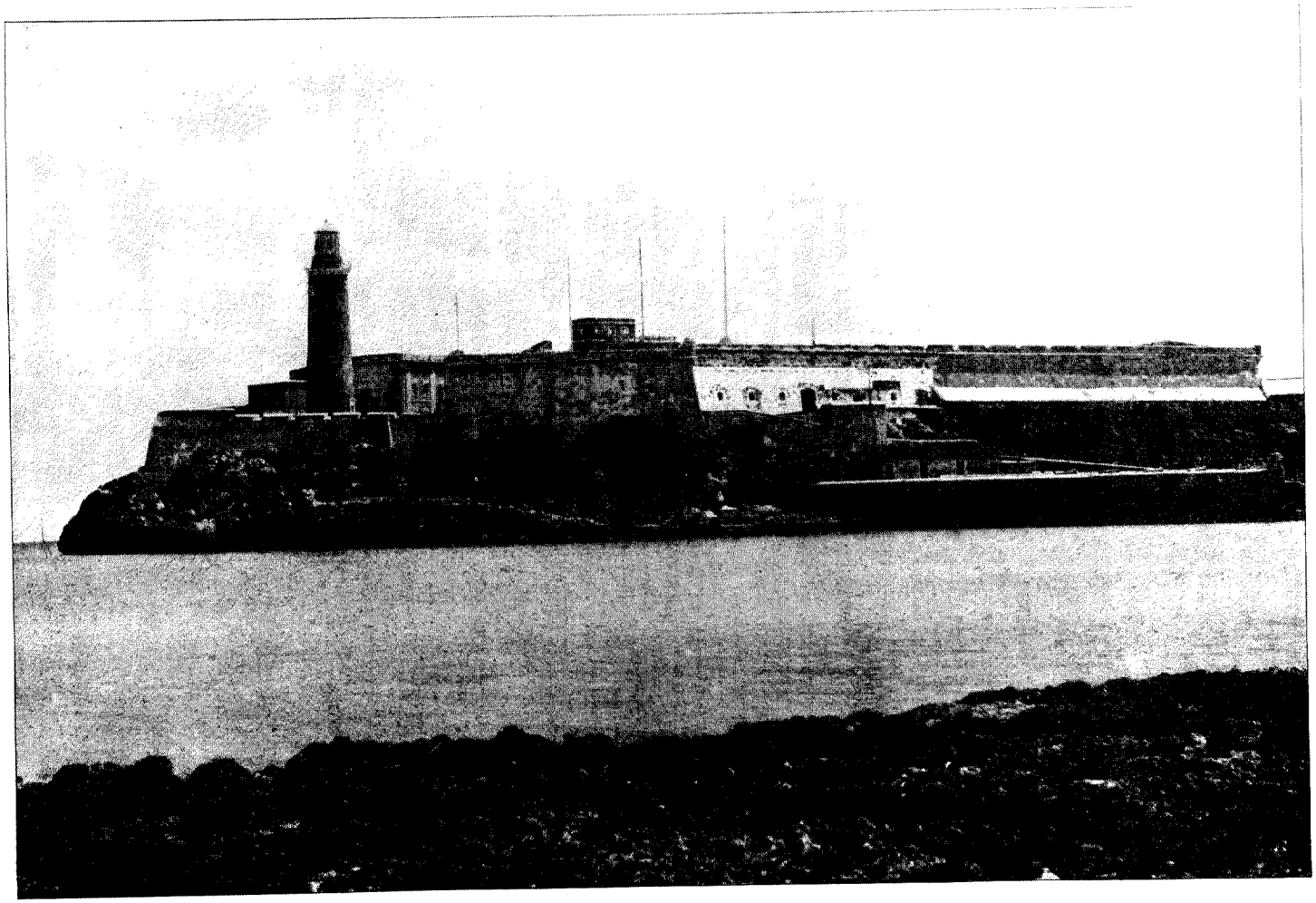
The uneasiness of the American authorities was great, and it was skillfully promoted by Spanish artifice. The Spanish minister, Señor

Polo y Bernabe, on leaving Washington had gone to Canada, accompanied by his secretary, Señor Dubosc, and his naval *attaché*, Lieutenant Carranza. There the two latter succeeded in arranging an ingenious system of spies and manufacturers of false intelligence, aided by Spanish representatives abroad, by which the press was kept excited with reports of Spanish cruisers and other war vessels on the North Atlantic steamer chart line and off the Canadian and eastern coasts.

One of Carranza's spies, George Downing, who had been employed as a steward on the United States cruiser *Brooklyn*, and who had been discharged for causing trouble, was arrested in Washington and his papers seized. The next day he committed suicide by hanging himself in prison, but his papers enabled the secret service officers to entrap Carranza and obtain a private letter which he had written to a friend in Spain, criticising the acts and personal characters of Spanish leaders, admitting that he was engaged in Canada perfecting a spy system, and confessing that Downing had been in his pay. This, although it occurred several weeks after war began and is in this place an anticipation of events, caused the Canadian Government to send Dubosc and Carranza out of the Dominion. But their activity for three or four weeks served to keep the newspapers filled with false rumors and kept the cities of the eastern coast excited with fears that had no real cause. It also deterred the Navy Department from concentrating its vessels for a descent upon Cuba in overwhelming force.

The vital problem remained unaltered by all the incidental possibilities: Spain must relieve and rescue Havana if she meant to retain possession of Cuba.

The sailing of Sampson's squadron on the morning of April 22 was, therefore, of profound significance to America, to Spain, and to Cuba. In Washington the excitement and satisfaction were unconcealed and all over the country the stars and stripes were unfurled, municipal bodies, associations and crowds of people assembling in the streets to give expression to their patriotism and to emphasize their approval of the first act of the war. Business corporations and firms allowed leave of absence to employees, upon full salary, to go



MORRO CASTLE

COMMANDING THE ENTRANCE TO HAVANA HARBOR

with their militia organizations to fight for the freedom of Cuba. Similiar outbursts of national feeling occurred in the cities of Spain.

That evening in Havana all factions of the Spanish loyalists united in a great demonstration of fealty to the crown. The newspaper *El Correo* issued the call in a flaming article full of denunciation of "the treacherous perfidy of a country that does not deserve to be called civilized, because its base and cowardly crimes are the shame of mankind." It called on all faithful Spaniards to unite in the war-cry "down with the foreigner!" The theatres were crowded, patriotic plays were performed and patriotic songs were sung until the singers were hoarse. But Cuban families were leaving by every ship that could clear, and thousands of refugees hurried out of the citadel of Spanish power in Cuba. A number of Spanish officials also deserted their posts and sought safety in flight. This caused great indignation and in all the patriotic shops articles of women's apparel were displayed in the windows placarded "for sale to men who wish to run away like women."

Captain-General Blanco issued an address urging all Cubans, without regard to past differences, to rally against the invader. "If the United States," he said, "wish the island of Cuba, let them come and take it. Perhaps the hour is not far distant when these Carthaginians of America will meet their Zama in this land of Cuba, which Spain discovered, settled, and civilized, and which can never be anything but Spanish. To arms, then! Fellow-citizens, to arms! There will be room for all in the fight. Let all contribute and coöperate with like firmness and enthusiasm to resist the eternal enemies of the Spanish name."

At night he addressed the crowds asking them to resist to the death. The populace answered with cheers and shouts. He continued, holding the national flag in his hand: "I swear to die before I will abandon Cuba, leaving this flag dishonored. The hour has come for us to avenge the wrongs and insults of sixty years. If they want Cuba, let them come and take it. We will kick them into the sea!"

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TOMB OF COLUMBUS, IN THE CATHEDRAL, HAVANA

harbor was concealed a forest of dynamite mines, such as that one which had wrought international and unpardonable murder on the *Maine*. Havana, the beautiful, the luxurious, the romantic, the squalid, and the tyrannous, was defended by the concentrated courage and ingenuity of the flower of Spanish strength.

The possible bombardment of such a capital was indeed momentous to its inhabitants.

An eyewitness of the scenes that night has reported what the Havanese saw and felt when the American ships stood off the entrance to the harbor:—

"The sky and the shore line were pierced with great light beams of the searchlights that swept to and fro and up and down. Now they rested on the stone walls of Morro, now on ships in the harbor, and then on the buildings ashore. The surface of the water was always alight with them, and there was not an object afloat that was not covered by them. There were five of these light beams, and at the end of each could be made out the dim outlines of a ship. What ships they were no one could tell, but their purpose could not be mistaken. They stood well out to sea, and they passed constantly up and down before the entrance to the harbor. Never for an instant did the light beams disappear, and never was the surface of the water unlighted by them.

"Again and again during the night the guns of Morro and Cabanas blazed out the warning, and each signal was greeted in the city with renewed excitement. From the moment of the firing of the first guns the streets were alive. Squads and companies of soldiers marched and countermarched in the squares. The roll of the drum was almost continuous, and was accompanied by the bugle call to arms. The people were wild, some of them with fear, but most of them with patriotism. The frightened ones hid in cellars and in attics. Some of them fled the city, preferring to trust themselves to the insurgent bands that swarm about the province rather than to chance it in a bombardment by the American fleet that they were sure would follow the dawn of day.

"As the night wore on the excitement increased. At the forts every soldier was working at the big guns, getting them in shape to withstand the attack of the morning. The volunteers were there in such crowds that the regular soldiers fell over them in their work, and they cursed and swore at each other as they damned the 'pigs' of Yankees and told each other what they would do when day broke.

"All night long the people swarmed the streets and the river fronts. They crowded the roofs of buildings as well. They demanded impatiently that the forts should open fire and sink the ships, though they knew that the squadron was beyond the reach of the guns.

"Dawn came at last, and at the first sign of it the big light beams went out and the ships that could now be plainly seen steamed off to the east. Why they left or where they were going no one knew, but the Spaniards said the commanders were cowards, and that they were fleeing because they knew that with the light the big guns of the forts would sink them.

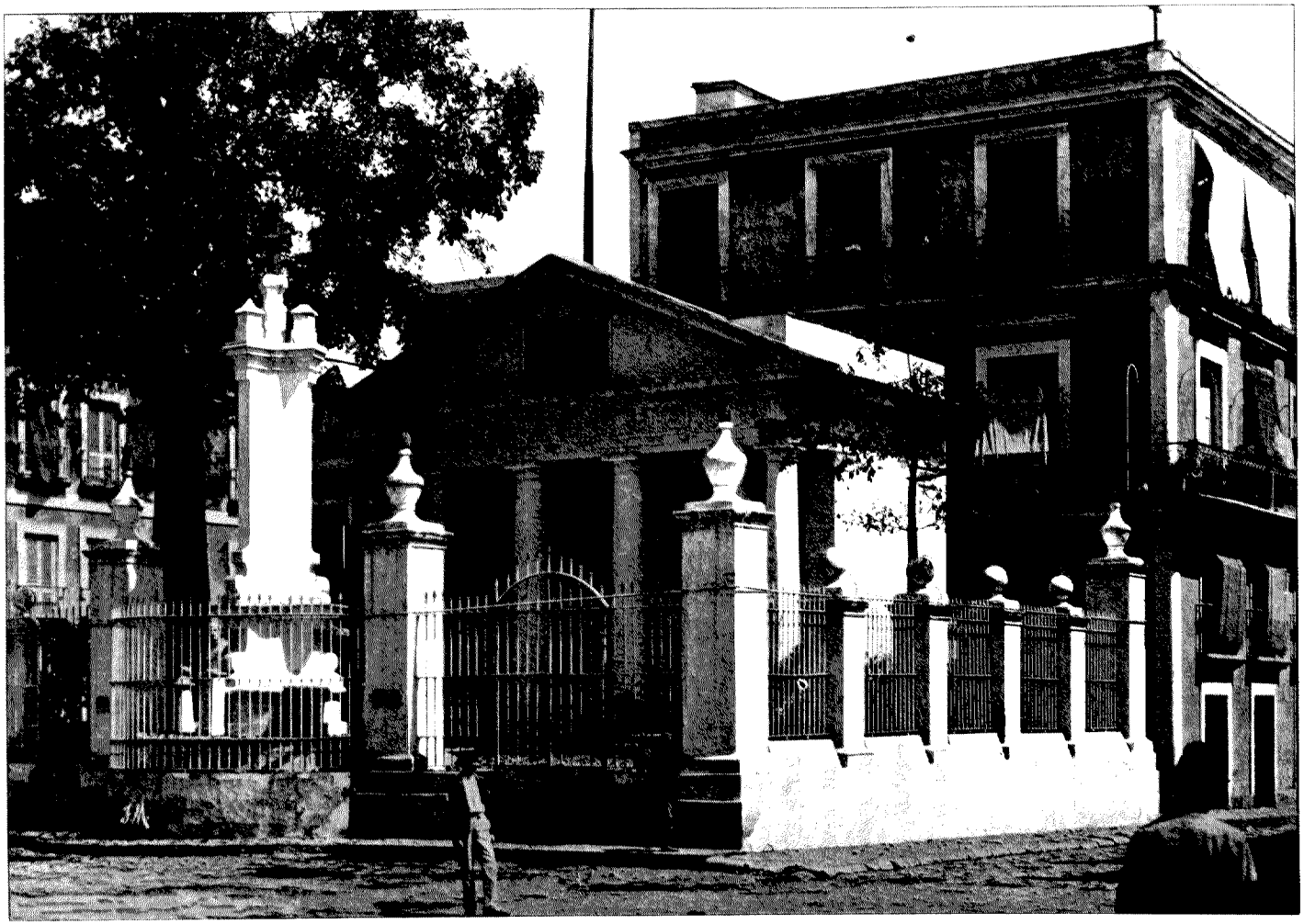
"The excitement and apprehension of the night changed to joy and men hugged each other and laughed and shouted at what they thought an evidence of fear. Some of them went home satisfied that there would be no more seen of them.

"The morning wore away and noon came. There was still no sign of the boats. But at three o'clock this afternoon the lookouts at the forts saw the black smoke of five ships on the horizon to the east. They reported to the Captain-General. A few minutes later it was plainly seen that the smoke came from the visitors of the night before, and again the warning guns sounded. People again crowded into the streets, women and children as well as men. Workingmen and business men left their work and seized their guns and rushed again for the forts. The water front was lined and jammed in less time than it takes to tell it. The rolling of the drums and the bugle calls began again, and the marching and countermarching of the soldiers went on.

"The ships loomed up on the horizon bigger and bigger. They seemed headed straight for the big guns of Morro, and the soldiers manned the guns and prepared for an assault. But the chance never came. By 5 o'clock all five of the ships were directly off the entrance to the harbor, but they were still out of gunshot and they resumed their pacing up and down of the previous night.

"As darkness came the big beams of light shone again. But one ship came into the harbor after the warships were sighted. She was the Italian warship *Giovanni Bausan*. When she was still some distance out the roaring of guns could be heard and puffs of smoke could be seen coming from near the bow of the ship. There were answering puffs from one of the five ships. This all added to the excitement, and the report started and went through the city like wildfire that the boat, which had not then been identified, was a Spanish warship and was giving battle to the fleet. But the sound of the guns and the puffs of smoke died out quickly, and as the strange boat approached the Italian flag was run up and the people learned what she was and that she had merely been saluting, but they wouldn't believe it. They were sure she had fired on the fleet. They prepared to give her a welcome. As she passed the fortifications her sailors yelled, 'Long live Spain,' and cheered the Spanish flag. This set everybody wild with enthusiasm. It led to a demonstration on the French cruiser *Fulton*, which was in port, and the Frenchmen cheered for Spain, too.

"The crowds continued in the streets all night and the excitement kept up. By the moving of the beams of light it could be seen that the warships were constantly shifting their position. Up in the top of the foremast of each signal lights could be seen changing constantly from red to white or blue, and it was evident



EL TEMPLETE, HAVANA

that the commanders of the ships were continually communicating with each other, but of course the signals could not be read, though the officers at the forts tried to decipher them."

It was not the purpose of the United States, however, to wage a war of destruction against either the lives or the property of non-combatants in Cuba. Havana was not to be bombarded, unless all other means of bringing Spain to reason proved fruitless. But the blockade established was rigidly maintained, and no troops, supplies, or food could reach Havana.

This blockade soon became monotonous and the crews grew restless. The only incidents were prize captures of Spanish vessels. The *New York* had taken one, the *Pedro*, just as the squadron reached Havana. The fine Spanish merchantman took the desperate chance of attempting to escape to Spain at the very moment of investment, but was run down and sent to Key West as a prize.

An incident that served to excite popular expectation of trouble with France grew out of the capture of the French steamer *La Fayette*, which was bound from Spanish ports with passengers and food for Havana. She left the Spanish port of Corunna two days after war began, and while she was crossing the French Government requested the American Government to permit her to discharge her passengers at Havana, promising that none of the cargo should be taken off. Our authorities consented to the arrangement and sent notice to that effect to Admiral Sampson. By miscarriage the notice did not come to Admiral Sampson until after the *La Fayette* appeared and steamed towards the harbor. The Frenchman was warned by several blank shots, but he paid no attention until a solid shot crossed his bows and a shell whistled dangerously near his bridge. Then he hove to and made vigorous protest. He had not heard of the blockade. His ship was sent under a prize crew to Key West where its arrival caused a sensation. As soon as the news reached Washington the ship was released by order of the Secretary of the Navy and permission was granted to her to proceed to Havana under the original agreement. The Frenchman landed his passengers at Havana and was so greatly

impressed with the quiet release given to him that he ascribed it to American fear of France. He was proceeding to discharge his cargo, also, in which event he would have been seized as he came out, but the French consul interfered and compelled him to restore all cargo and leave port according to agreement. There was no ill feeling between the two governments over this comedy of errors, but for two or three days there was excited gossip over the possibilities.

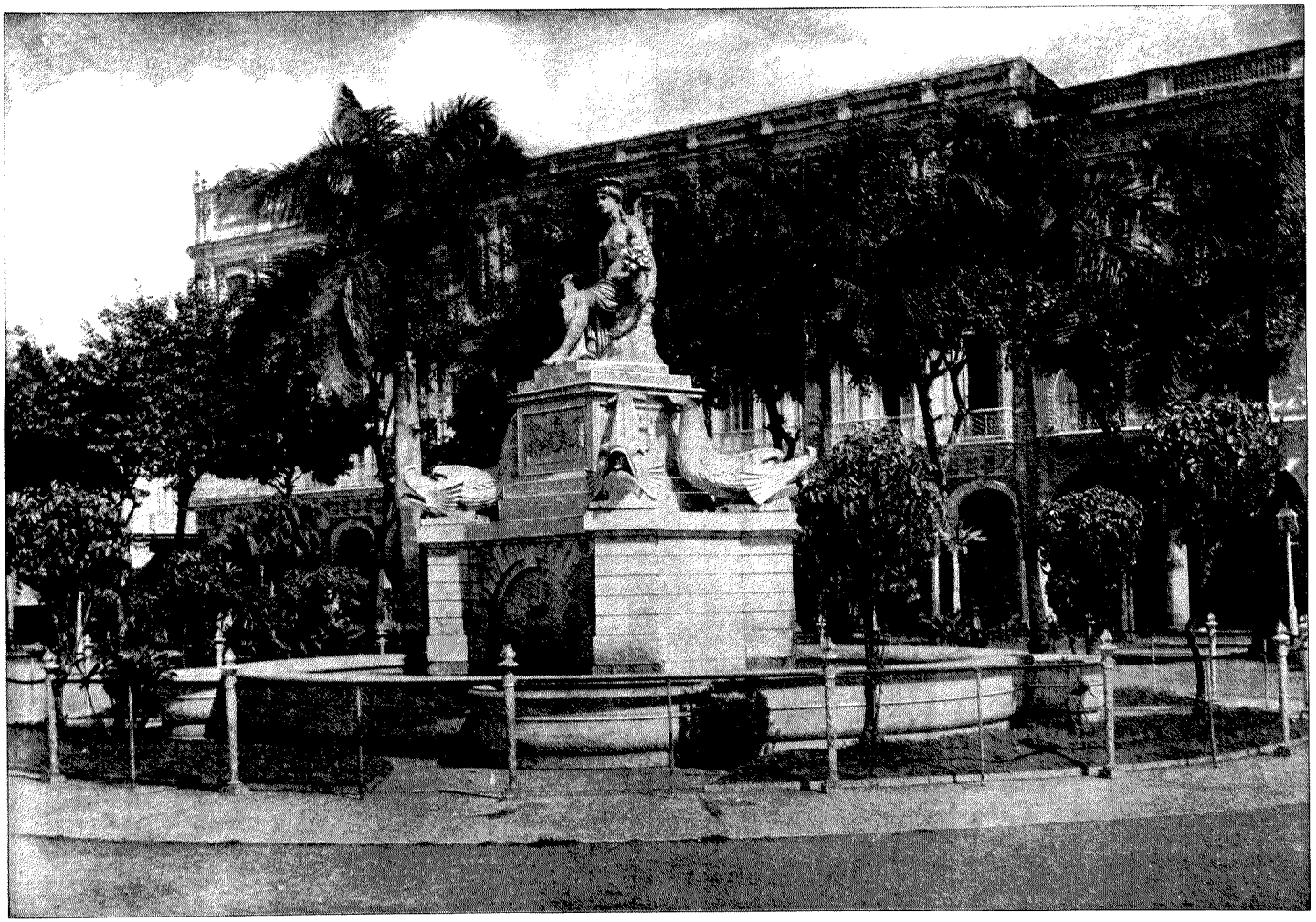
II.

A WEEK of suspense and inaction was passed by the blockading squadron. Not a hostile gun had been fired, not even target practice was achieved. Admiral Sampson had been directed to keep his ships at a sufficient distance from the Havana fortifications and others of a formidable character, in order that the efficiency of his squadron might not be impaired while the Spanish naval force under Cervera remained intact at St. Vincent and Cadiz. But it was not intended that Admiral Sampson should remain silent against the barking of Spanish coast defense guns. Such a policy would make the enemy confident that the American vessels could be shot at without fear of receiving a shot in return, and, besides, it would probably cause the excellent state of discipline now maintained on the blockading squadron to deteriorate. The men were already restless, when, on April 27, the flagship *New York*, the monitor *Puritan*, and the *Cincinnati* steamed off Matanzas Bay to reconnoitre the fortifications and works that were being strengthened and constructed.

THE FIRST HEROES THROUGH DEATH

Matanzas is fifty-two miles east of Havana, on the San Juan River, and was the most important commercial point in Cuba after the capital. It had a population of about 35,000 and the city, situated up the bay and protected by forts on the small bluffs on the coast, was built of stone and ornamented with handsome structures.

The point furthest out from Matanzas, where the Spaniards had been building fortifications, was Point Rubalcava. It is to the west



THE INDIAN STATUE IN THE PRADO, HAVANA

of the harbor, and out from the entrance about three miles. The next nearest point was Point Maya, which is four miles from Point Rubalcava, on the east side of the harbor and directly at the entrance, four miles from Matanzas, which is at the head of the bay. The *New York* ran provokingly near to the first of these fortifications, and in a few minutes there was a puff of smoke from Point Rubalcava, followed by the roar of a heavy gun and the whistle of a shell. At the same time there was another puff of smoke to the east, near Point Maya, and the roar of another gun. It was the expected Spanish marksmanship and the shells went ludicrously wide of the mark.

Instantly the three American ships answered with Yankee accuracy. Going in as close as the water depth permitted, they poured in broadsides that demolished the fortifications, while not one shot of the enemy touched a ship. After fifteen minutes of this kind of target practice, during which a number of Spanish soldiers were killed, the signal to cease firing was given, since the work of days on the forts had been knocked down in a few minutes.

As the signal flew up the halyards on the *New York* the perfection of American marksmanship was displayed by a gunner on board the *Puritan*. At the very moment Rubalcava fired her last shot. The *Puritan* was a long distance away, but her marksman saw the smoke puff out and aimed for that spot with one of the big 12-inch guns. The aim was magnificent. The huge 1,000-pound shell of the *Puritan* struck exactly in the centre of the ring of smoke, hit the cannon from which it had come, smashed it, and drove on into the earthworks, carrying destruction even before it exploded. When it exploded it seemed to those who were watching the shot as if about all the fortifications that remained had vanished into dust. A British artillery officer who was present declared, in an account to the press, that it was the most marvelous exhibition of accurate gunnery in the history of gun firing.

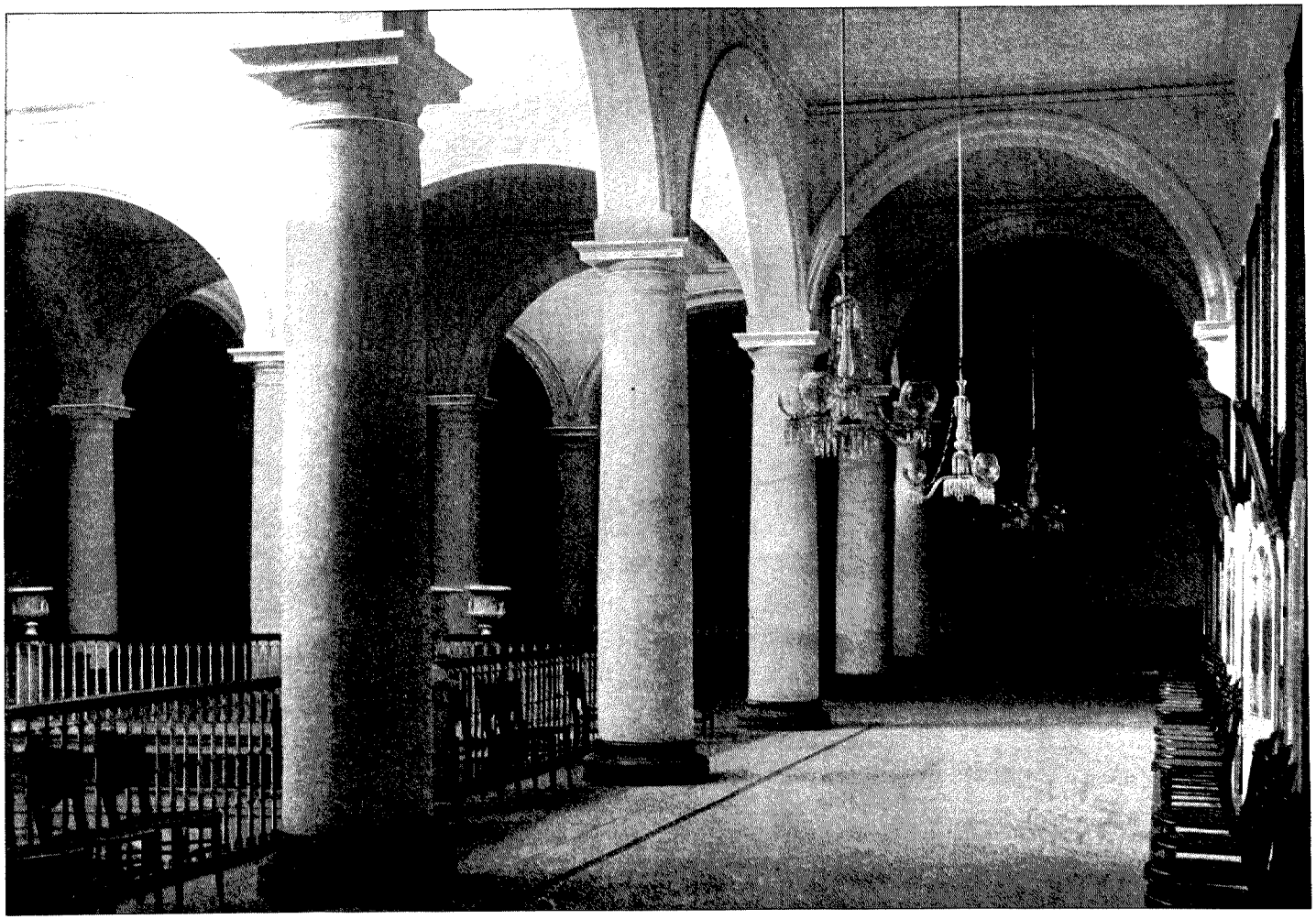
The first humor of the war appeared in this action. "The Matanzas Mule" became famous in verse and in simile. The Spanish Government, pursuing its usual policy of concealing all facts, gave

out what purported to be General Blanco's official report of the bombardment of Matanzas, in which it was gravely declared that the American shells did no damage to the city, but that a mule on the beach had been killed. The American sense of humor seized on this and "the Matanzas Mule" became a figure in history.

From this time forward there was "target practice" for all the ships patrolling the coast against fortifications and against Spanish soldiers that were kept on guard to resist any effort at landing parties to carry supplies to insurgents in the interior. Meanwhile the news of the Manila victory had come and the seamen were restive for an opportunity to repeat in Cuban waters the intrepid work that destroyed Montejo at Cavité.

The first American sailors to find in death the baptism of heroism were killed in a battle between small ships in Cardenas harbor, on the north coast, the 11th of May. The gunboat *Machias*, the torpedo boats *Winslow* and *Foote*, and the revenue tug *Hudson* were blockading Cardenas in the harbor of which were three Spanish gunboats. On the 11th the cruiser *Wilmington* arrived off the harbor and Commander Merry of the *Machias* and Captain Todd of the *Wilmington* decided to send the torpedo boats into the harbor and cut out or destroy the Spanish craft which were coming out and menacing our boats. The *Wilmington* could not enter on account of her draught and the presence of mines in the main channel. The *Winslow* entered the harbor at full speed after a Spanish gunboat, and immediately the vessels of the enemy and a shore battery opened a raking fire upon her, to which the *Winslow* and the *Wilmington* both replied. The Spaniards concentrated their whole attention upon the *Winslow*.

There followed forty minutes in which American heroism and courage rose to splendid heights as described by the reports of the fight. The first shot from the enemy fell among the buoys in the harbor. The next tore through the flimsy hull of the torpedo boat, wrecking the steam steering gear forward and rendering the boat unmanageable. The Spanish trap had caught its victim. The decoy gunboat had lured the fierce little fighter to within range of the shore guns.



CORRIDOR IN THE CASINO, HAVANA

The red buoys marked the range. The *Winslow* could not escape, and it was a fight then to the death. Her three little 1-pound guns began to hurl back missiles at the gunboat, which was now adding its share to the firing.

Again and again the shells crashed into the *Winslow*. A splinter flying from the deck struck Lieutenant John J. Bernadou, the brave commander of the little craft, just below the groin in the right leg. He wrapped a towel about it, using an empty 1-pound shell for a tourniquet, and went on with his duty as commander. When he found that his steam steering gear was gone he rushed aft to arrange the hand gear. A shot wrecked that, too. Steam was already pouring out of a perforated boiler below and the men were coming up. Another shot and the port engine was wrecked. Then went the forecastle gun. But still the brave men kept firing with their two remaining 1-pounders.

Help was coming, for the little *Hudson* was steaming in at full speed, and the *Wilmington's* 4-inch guns were dropping shells all about the murderous battery ashore.

Amidships, near the ammunition stand, was Ensign Worth Bagley calling down to the engineer to back and go ahead with his one remaining engine in his effort to spoil the Spaniards' aim. All the electrical contrivances were wrecked, so the orders went by word of mouth. By the Ensign were working a half dozen of his men. No one had yet been killed, although the craft had been riddled through and through. Then came a shell that struck squarely on the deck and exploded as it fell. The *Hudson* was by this time so close that her crew could hear the words of the men as they went to their death.

"Save me! Save me!" shouted one poor fellow, with his face all torn, as he staggered back and all but fell into the sea. Some one reached an arm to him, caught him by a leg, pulled him back, and laid him on the deck, dead. Ensign Bagley had thrown his hands into the air, tottered forward, and fell against the signal mast, around which he clasped his arms and sank slowly down in a heap. They did not know he was dead until they went to carry him below.

Besides Bagley those killed outright by the shell were two service sailors, and two others, who, mortally wounded, died within an hour.

Now began a spectacle of unrivaled heroism by the *Hudson*. She had come near enough to extend aid to the *Winslow*. A long line was thrown the latter and made fast, but as the revenue cutter backed away this line parted. Another line was made fast after twenty minutes' work. The shells of the enemy were still dropping on every side. The second line held, but the *Winslow* would not tow because she could not be steered, and at last the *Hudson* made fast alongside.

Though crippled, the little torpedo boat was still able to fight, and, with her flag flying and her two remaining guns puffing away at the gunboat, she stuck to the fight. The *Hudson* was fighting, and had been all the time. Her commander, Lieutenant F. H. Newcomb, had kept his two guns firing so rapidly that in the thirty-five minutes she was engaged she fired 120 shots. She escaped with only one shot in her hull, and some insignificant wounds. The bravery of her captain and crew in rescuing the *Winslow* from her perilous position was unsurpassed even by that of the men under Bernadou.

The *Wilmington* meanwhile had played havoc with Cardenas. By the time the smaller vessels were in safety the town along the shore was on fire and the Spanish gunboats had also caught fire, and soon the shore batteries ceased to answer the *Wilmington's* guns. The *Winslow* was badly injured and had to be towed to Key West for repairs. One Spanish gunboat was destroyed, another Spanish steamer was burned, and many of the enemy were killed.

The death of Ensign Bagley and the four sailors brought to the United States the first realization of war. Not a man had been killed at Manila. Bagley was the first to give his life to the cause. He was appointed to the Naval Academy from Raleigh, North Carolina, in 1891, and had been in the service but three years. The five men who were first to lose their lives in the war, fighting against the Spaniards, were buried with martial honors. At the funeral of Ensign Bagley at Raleigh, a great concourse assembled to do honor to

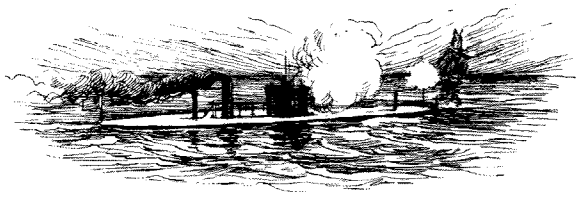
THE PRADO, FROM CENTRAL PARK, HAVANA

his memory. The city was draped in mourning and the first display of patriotic sorrow and homage was equally complete and significant.

During the two weeks that had elapsed since war began, American sailors had achieved glory at Manila and had been baptized with blood at Cardenas. There were several efforts made to land supplies for the insurgents in Cuba, but the first expedition on the steamer *Gussie* was successfully repulsed by the Spaniards without loss to the Americans, but with a loss of ten of their own men killed.

Lieutenant Andrew S. Rowan of the Nineteenth Infantry, regulars, made a most hazardous journey into Cuban forests to find General Maximo Gomez, General-in-Chief of the Cuban forces, to communicate to him the plans of the United States Government with regard to coöperation with the Cuban forces. He made the journey successfully and then worked his way to Nassau, N. P., in an open boat with full responses and reports for the War Department.

At this moment a sequence of extraordinary events was preparing for the world that must be described in detail. Skirmishes and collisions were no longer regarded; marvelous feats of war and of strategy were at hand.



CHAPTER THE FIFTH.

"Bottling Up" Cervera's Squadron.

The Chase of the Spanish Squadron of Admiral Cervera — Its Mysterious Disappearance and Final Appearance in the West Indies — The Battleship "Oregon's" Wonderful Race of 15,000 Miles Against Time — A War Ship's Unparalleled Record of Endurance and Condition — Cervera's Fleet "Bottled Up" in Santiago Harbor — The Heroic Deed of Lieutenant Hobson and His Volunteer Crew — The "Merrimac" Sunk in the Harbor Entrance — "The Cork in the Bottle."

I.

ON THE very day that the *Winslow* was crippled and the first Americans were killed at Cardenas, began a series of puzzling manœuvres in the game of war that were adroitly conducted on both sides, and were destined to end in astonishing successes to both branches of our arms. On April 20, it must be recalled, a Spanish squadron sailed from Cadiz with the ostensible purpose of proceeding to Havana. The movement was promptly met by the blockade of Havana, so that when Cervera's ships reached Port St. Vincent in the Portuguese Cape Verde Islands, they were met with news of the counter-movement. They remained at St. Vincent, and the explanation was made that they were making repairs and arranging their coal supply. Day after day slipped by and then early in May it was announced that Cervera's ships had sailed west, leaving three of the torpedo boats behind. These returned to Cadiz, but whither Cervera's squadron was bound could not be known. The disappearance of this squadron into the mysteries of the Atlantic waste immediately challenged the ingenuity and the speculations of strategists. It was not considered probable that it was sailing to engage Sampson's forces. The result at Manila had instantly demonstrated the great superiority

A NAVAL GAME OF CHESS

ADMIRAL CERVERA

COMMANDING THE SPANISH SQUADRON DESTROYED NEAR SANTIAGO

of American naval skill and American gun fighters, and Admiral Sampson's seamen were eager to prove that superiority by another test.

It was intimated from Spanish sources that Cervera, instead of sailing to succor Havana, was on his way to Manila to fall upon Dewey's light ships and transfer the war to the Pacific again. The dropping of the three torpedo craft was cited as proof of his intention to make a long and swift voyage. His four cruisers were faster than any the Americans were supposed to possess, and, with a good start, he could easily reach Manila days in advance of our ships.

Another suggestion that carried with it much uneasiness was that on his way to Manila, around Cape Horn, Cervera could meet and overpower the United States battleship *Oregon*, which had sailed from San Francisco for Florida some weeks before, and was now making her way northward along the South American east coast. In the estuarial Paraguay River in the Argentine a Spanish torpedo boat, the *Temerario*, lying there on the outbreak of war, was waiting. The *Temerario* was invited to leave by the Argentine government, but she claimed that repairs were necessary and consumed much time. If she were waiting to fall on the *Oregon* in the night, and if Cervera should be able to come to her aid, serious loss might ensue.

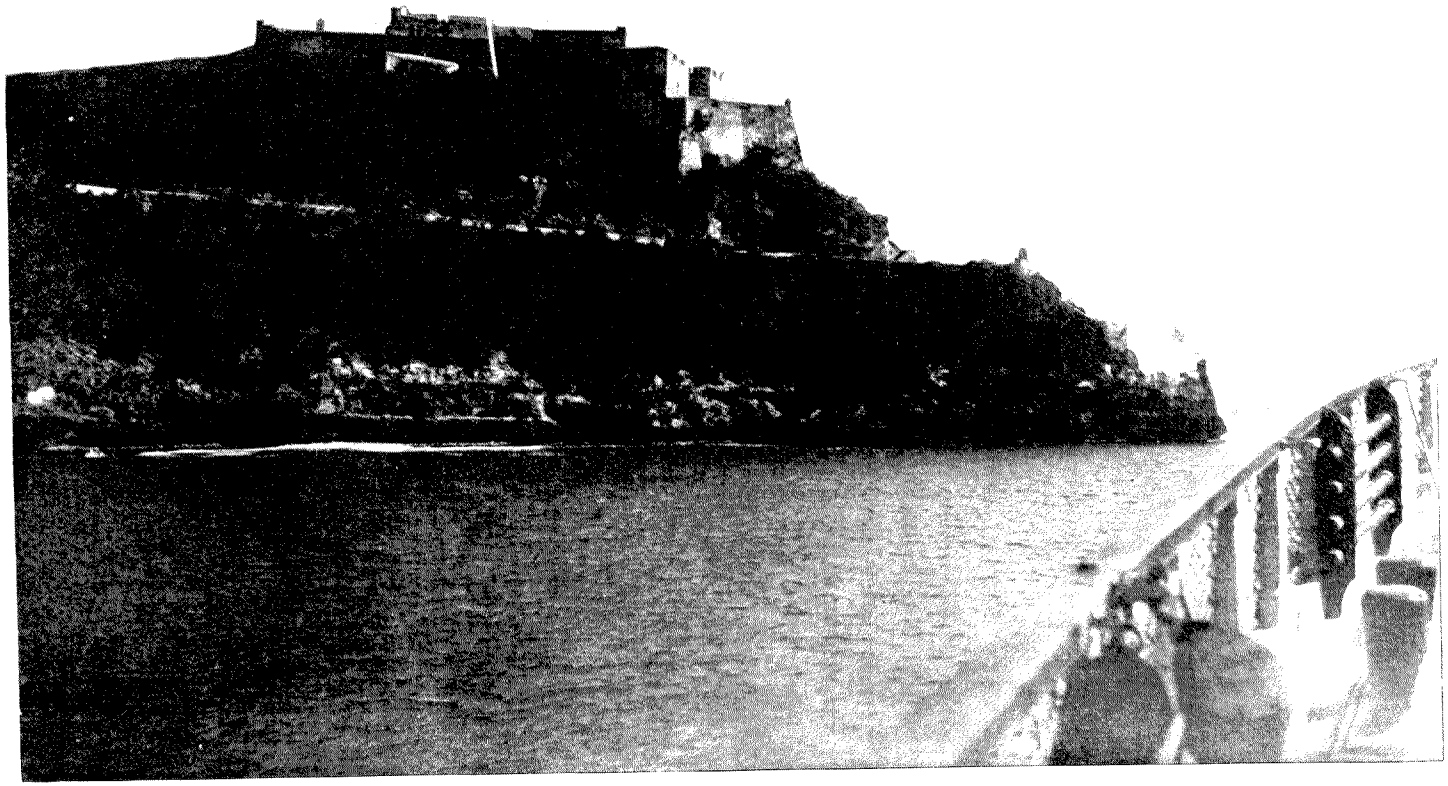
Promoted by the Spanish system of setting afloat false information, the most surprising and startling rumors appeared. Cervera's ships had been sighted off the coast of Canada, supposed to be making for a descent upon New England and eastern coasts; it had gone back to Cadiz; it was going to sink the *Oregon* and then ravage the California coast, left without ships to defend it.

In the midst of this uncertainty our Government was not alarmed, but wary. It determined to seek Spain in a vital part. On the supposition that Cervera had more reasonable orders than those suggested by the Spanish Government, it secretly sent Sampson with four ships to seek Cervera in the ports of Porto Rico where he might be expected to enter for coal and supplies, and to establish a base.

Suddenly on the morning of May 12, Sampson appeared off the city of San Juan, Porto Rico. His squadron was a magnificent fighting force, consisting of the *New York* (flagship), the battleships *Iowa* and *Indiana*, the monitors *Terror* and *Amphitrite*, and the gunboats *Montgomery* and *Detroit*. It was not yet dawn when the ships, with lights out, arrived off the harbor. It was not intended to attack the fortifications unless Cervera's ships were behind them, but as the long black line of ocean monsters crept up close to the entrance, every man was at quarters, the decks were sanded, and destruction was in suspense. The scout *Detroit* was in advance, going as far in as possible in an attempt to reconnoitre the inner harbor. When within a mile of the old fort on the east side of the harbor, the first faint light of dawn sprang up, and in another moment the Spanish gunners in the old fort made out the ships and opened fire at the *Iowa*.

Instantly the battleship's forward guns let fly at the fort, and then swinging around her after guns, she gave the fort a whole broadside. The *Detroit* and *Montgomery* were ordered out of range, and the five armored fighters, steaming in a long ellipse before the forts on either side of the entrance, poured a torrent of shot and shell against the fortifications. The old Morro fort standing on the hill behind which stood the city of San Juan, required a high elevation from our guns, and some of the shells went too high and fell into the city. It was not intended to throw a shot into the town among non-combatants, but the assault having come from the shore, the forts must be chastised.

For three hours the five ships made their death-dealing rounds of the ellipse. The fortifications were irreparably injured. Repeatedly masses of masonry were blown skywards by the shells from the Americans' guns. Fragments from one shell struck the commandant's residence, which was situated near the fortifications, damaging it greatly. The center of the Morro was almost blown away. The shells that passed into the city did not do much damage, and but few persons were killed in the forts, though many were injured. A number of Spanish guns were knocked over and the gunners ran from their



MORRO CASTLE

[illegible] TO SANTIAGO HARBOR

posts and had to be forced back. One of the Spanish shells exploded on the *New York*, killing one American seaman, and wounding five, but not seriously.

The bombardment was carried on in a hazy fog in which the smoke hung, so that the contestants could not see each other well, but again the American gunners proved their accuracy, while the Spanish shells were wholly wide of the mark, except by accident. The fact was ascertained that Cervera was not at San Juan, and Sampson's fleet sailed out of sight again.

Meanwhile Cervera's squadron had been reported at the French island of Martinique, where it had arrived safe and in search of coal. This island was in the path that the *Oregon* might take on her northward way. Then the squadron disappeared again and, on the day after the San Juan bombardment, conclusive information reached Washington that Cervera's ships were off the Dutch island of Curaçao on the Venezuelan coast, where they had met colliers sent ahead with coal. Instantly Commodore Schley's squadron, the *Brooklyn*, *Massachusetts*, *Texas*, *Minneapolis*, *New Orleans*, and the gunboat *Scorpion*, sailed out of Hampton Roads to seek the enemy.

Where was the *Oregon*, meanwhile?

II.

A BATTLESHIP'S OCEAN RACE

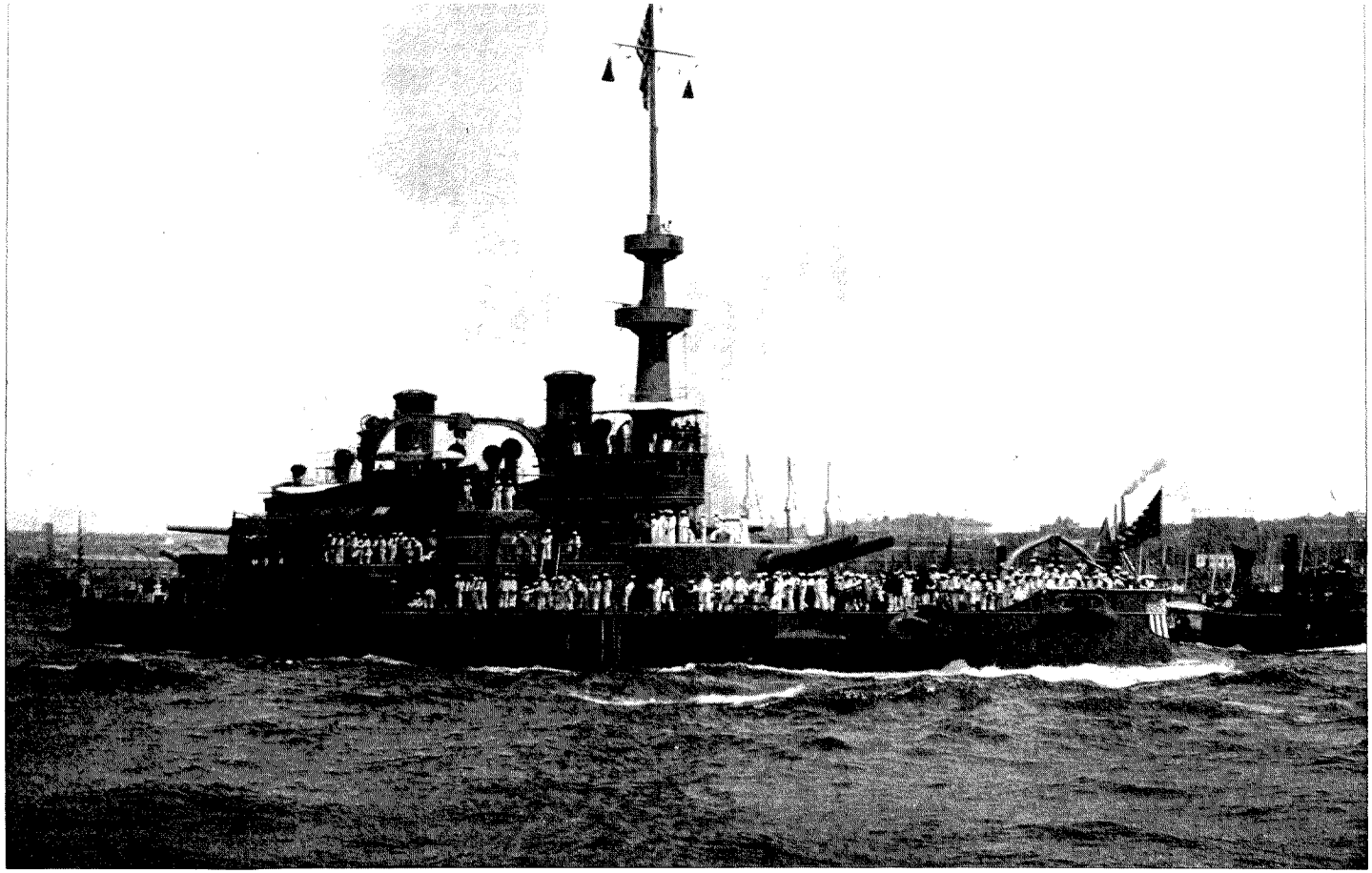
THE United States battleship *Oregon* was making an ocean race against time that proved to be a performance unparalleled in naval history, demonstrating at once the perfection of American shipbuilding, the unsurpassed competency of American engineers in the care of machinery, and the sustained courage and watchfulness of the American crew that manned her. More than a month before war began, on the 14th of March, the *Oregon* had been ordered to Key West to strengthen the squadron there. The ship was at Puget Sound, but on March 19 sailed from the Golden Horn with a journey of nearly 15,000 miles

to make with all the haste possible. There was at that time no apparent danger in the path to be traversed, which lay down the west coast of South America and up the east coast. But there was reason for haste. And besides there was the case of the *Maine*, known to all the crew.

The *Oregon* is a sea-going coast-line battleship of the first class, 348 feet in length, 69¼ feet broad, with a displacement of 10,288 tons, 10,400 horse power in the driving engines, and a speed of nearly 17 knots an hour. The regular complement consisted of 32 officers and 441 men.

A battleship of the first class is intended to be a floating fort of steel armor, carrying the largest guns and the greatest number of batteries of all sizes possible. The interior of this steel fort is, however, the most complex and delicate mechanism that human ingenuity has combined. The guns, weighing many tons, are moved, loaded, aimed, and fired by electrical machinery; the projectiles, ranging from 125 to 1,200 pounds in weight, are brought into turrets and gun rooms by electrical machinery. From "fighting mast" and "conning tower" the range or distance of the target and the speed and direction of the ship are determined by delicate instruments, from which, through electrical connection with the various parts of the ship, the pressing of a button carries orders to fire the gun, steer the ship, or conveys engineer's orders. Such a ship carries from 65 to 160 different engines, every one of which in the hour of battle must move with perfect precision and ease. Such a ship manufactures ice with one machine, distills fresh water from ocean brine with another, and all move and breathe as with life.

Seamen, sailors, such as the old navies had and needed—they have no place upon such a ship. In their stead are scientific machinists and engineers, students of navigation, executives trained to perfectly discipline the various departments, gunners patiently trained to an accuracy of aim practical to attain only within the fifth part of a second,—during which the indicated dot of the range passes the crossed lines upon the lens of the "sight,"—athletic and skilled



U. S. BATTLESHIP OREGON

assistants to the gunners, engineers, and executives, who are responsible for the quick and accurate execution of every detail of the organized operations of the machinery.

A modern battleship is more than a ship and a fort and an army combined: it is the mechanical incarnation of death-dealing power and massed force; it is almost living mechanism of destruction, with the commanding brain in the fighting top, whence, by lines of electricity, all the nerve centers of action from turret to furnace room are controlled and inspired and transformed into parts of one brain. Such a ship probably should not be called "She." Femininity has given way here to the very essence of the masculine, though the old custom of personalizing them may probably continue to prevail.

One does not think of such an engine of force, power, and potential destruction except as typical of man's highest warlike virility. It was so that a poet of the hour saw and pictured the *Oregon*, when she was out on the ocean, making the great and dangerous race of life and death from the Pacific to the Atlantic, fearing no enemy, but rushing to the aid of the fleet—"a mailed knight of the sea."

Thus sang H. J. D. Browne in a poem called "The Voice of the *Oregon*."

"You have called to me, my brothers, from your far-off eastern sea,
To join with you, my brothers, to set a prostrate people free.
You have called to me, my brothers, to join to yours my might,
The slaughterers of our brethren with our armored hands to smite.

"We have never met, my brothers, we mailed knights of the sea;
But there are no strangers, brothers, 'neath the Banner of the Free;
And though half a world's between us and ten thousand leagues divide,
Our souls are intermingled and our hearts are side by side."

The *Oregon*, after leaving San Francisco, sailed to Callao, Peru, without stop, arriving there on April 4, and three days were spent coaling. Ten days later the Straits of Magellan were entered. From spring weather at San Francisco, the ship had crossed the torrid equator, where the furnace room heat of 160 degrees was stifling,

and now the cold of December in the southern zone was encountered, with ice on the decks and wintry blasts in the air.

Here began sleepless watch against the proved treachery of the Spaniard. War had not been declared; nor had it been when the *Maine* was destroyed. Through the narrow straits, marked with many inlets and dangerous places, in which an enemy might waylay, the *Oregon* ran only during daylight, and at highest speed, and then turned the United States shield on the prow northward. At every stopping place, for whatsoever purpose, however brief the stay, two launches were lowered and kept ceaseless round of the ship to make sure no enemy approached. The South American republics were one with us in practical interests in the war, but there were many Spanish-born persons in every port and the perfidy of Havana was not to be repeated with the *Oregon*. The great ship, costing more than three millions, was to be brought home safely.

The Paraguay was passed and no sign of the *Temerario* was seen. The gunboat *Marietta* and the dynamite cruiser *Nichteroy* were picked up on the way, and on April 30 they sailed into Rio Janeiro to coal. There Captain Clark received news of war and of the Cervera squadron's disappearance, and the possibilities of encountering it. Coal was taken on and the *Oregon* put to sea; but not to sail. The great fighter was getting ready to fight, if necessary. Outside the harbor, in the open sea, Captain Clark stopped for target practice with all guns and at varying distances. More than two hundred and fifty rounds were fired with forty-seven misses. The men were up to the mark and ready for work. Then the ship was taken back into the harbor under pretense of "making repairs" and remained there until further orders were received.

On May 3 the ocean was sought and there the battleship left the *Marietta* and *Nichteroy* and hurried on. On May 24 the great ship steamed into Jupiter Inlet, Florida, and Captain Clark reported to Washington that he had arrived safely and was ready to put to sea and fight. The distance had been covered in fifty-five days of actual sailing and sixty-six days actual time, and every part of the delicate

mechanism was in perfect condition and the health and spirit of the crew excellent.

That is what the *Oregon* was doing during the uncertain days when Cervera's squadron was sailing in mystery, and that is where the *Oregon* was, ready for action, a week after Schley had sailed to hunt the enemy.

III.

CERVERA'S squadron was all this time playing hide and seek in the West Indian islands where Spanish sympathizers were many and information doubtful of accuracy. From Madrid came news that Cervera had reported his safe arrival at Santiago de Cuba on the southeastern coast of Cuba, and then came news from the same doubtful source that Cervera had left Santiago. The first statement was true, the latter was fiction; but what was its object? Sampson was covering the Windward Passage and could prevent Cervera from going to Havana by the eastern route. Schley was in the west to close that path.

"BOTTLING UP" THE SPANISH FLEET

On May 20 Cervera's squadron entered the harbor of Santiago, and six days later Schley's squadron appeared off the harbor. Commodore Schley had been intent upon preventing the enemy from getting to Havana, and on his way eastward along the southern coast stopped to see if Cervera had, or would attempt to, put into the harbor of Cienfuegos, where two days were lost in doubts. At Santiago Schley got word that Cervera was in the harbor with all his ships, but the high hills at the entrance and the narrow passage prevented him from seeing the Spanish fleet. It was not until May 30 that Schley sent his famous dispatch to the Navy Department saying, "I have seen the enemy's ships in the harbor with my own eyes." By adroitly sailing in small boats at dawn he had got near enough to the passage to be enabled to see the Spanish war ships.

Cervera was "bottled up."

But the Spaniard had chosen the safest and most impregnable harbor in Cuba. If he was "bottled up," our own ships were "bottled out"; for, owing to the narrowness of the entrance, it would be difficult for us to get inside to attack. On the other hand, however, a blockade of that port would be very easy, and we could starve them into submission. The Spaniards could get little or no supplies in Santiago province, for Calixto Garcia had some well-armed men in that province, and he held most of the interior towns. He was then, indeed, holding Santiago city from the rear, and if we blockaded the port the Spanish fleet would be in a bad way.

On the day that Cervera was seen in the harbor, orders were issued to Major-General W. R. Shafter, commanding the Fifth Army Corps at Tampa, to prepare 15,000 or 20,000 troops for embarkation on transports for Santiago. With the Spanish fleet in the trap guarded by Schley, it was determined to attack Santiago at once by land and sea and make it the base of operations in Cuba. It was a decisive proposition.

On May 31 Commodore Schley bombarded the forts at Santiago for the alternate purpose of inviting Cervera out to give battle or to test the effectiveness of the shore batteries. Firing was exchanged for nearly an hour, in which the guns on the Spanish ships inside participated. The forts were damaged and a shell struck the Admiral's flagship in the harbor and set fire to Admiral Cervera's room. There was no injury to the Americans.

The following day Admiral Sampson arrived with his squadron, and all hope of escape was cut off from Cervera. Still no American ships could venture to enter the harbor, the passage to which was not more than two hundred yards in width. The harbor channels were planted with torpedo mines, four land batteries guarded the narrow door, and, inside, a battery moored upon an old war ship faced the entrance, while Cervera's full squadron lay in wait. For days the American ships lay off the harbor, like cats before a rat-hole, varying the suspense with bombardments of the batteries and with feints intended to draw Cervera out.

MAJOR-GENERAL WM. R. SHAFTER.

The situation was ripe for heroism, and the hero appeared. He was Lieutenant Richmond Pearson Hobson, an assistant Naval Constructor, upon whom Admiral Sampson called to decide whether it would be possible to sink a ship in the harbor entrance and effectually block it. A stopper was to be put into the mouth of the bottle which held Cervera's ships. Lieutenant Hobson, after several days' consideration, came forward with a plan that he pronounced practicable and begged to be permitted to command the enterprise, which seemed to involve nothing less than sending seven men into the jaws of almost certain death, in order that the navy of Spain might be trapped beyond escape, and the sentinel American ships relieved of the strain of watching.

Lieutenant Hobson's daring plan was to take the big ship *Merrimac* straight into the entrance under the fire of forts and ships and sink her suddenly by the aid of torpedoes. It involved the assistance of six men to sail her in, and these, with the commander, had to expect to escape death only by miracle. Admiral Sampson accepted the plan, rewarded Hobson by granting his request to command the perilous enterprise, and then called for six volunteers, one from each of his fighting ships.

Then a spectacle was witnessed that was to make the world ring with surprise and admiration for American seamen. Our sailors had been described by Europeans of the continent as "mercenaries," "the scum and refuse of the world's navies," as mere hirelings, without patriotism, and without courage.

When these "mercenaries" heard the call for volunteers to face the prospect of almost certain death, practically every man on every ship came forward. They not only offered to go, but many wept and begged for the privilege of going. As only six were needed for special duties the choice was narrowed down, but lots were drawn in some instances and record-ratings resorted to in others, to determine thus fairly who should be taken, and so pacify the eagerness of the intrepid crews.

And when the volunteers were put aboard the *Merrimac*, there were eight men instead of seven to go, because a coxswain of the

New York, who had been at work on the *Merrimac*, concealed himself and when discovered at the last moment became insubordinate and refused to leave her. The officers, rigorous as they were in discipline, saw that there was sublimity in the mutineer, and, in silence, left him at the post he had resolved to occupy.

The *Merrimac* was a big ship, 330 feet in length, and the plan was to run her into the entrance, swing her across the channel, and, by exploding torpedoes attached to the hull below the water line and opening all the water valves, sink her instantly and leave her an immovable obstacle to the passage of ships in or out.

In two days the *Merrimac* was made ready, under Hobson's personal supervision, and then the volunteers were called. The list of these would adorn any page of the world's history. They were: —

Lieutenant Richmond Pearson Hobson, an Assistant Naval Constructor.
Osborn Deignan, a coxswain of the *Merrimac*.
George F. Phillips, a machinist of the *Merrimac*.
John Kelly, a water tender of the *Merrimac*.
George Charette, a gunner's mate of the flagship *New York*.
Daniel Montague, a seaman of the cruiser *Brooklyn*.
J. C. Murphy, a coxswain of the *Iowa*.
Randolph Clausen, a coxswain of the *New York*—(the heroic mutineer).

Wednesday night, June 1, was selected for the enterprise; but the night was unfavorable. It was about three o'clock on Friday morning that the start was made. The night was beautiful, with the sea bathed in the splendid luster of tropical moonlight. In the city, far inshore, the lights blinked, and the searchlight on Morro tower burned brightly. On all of the big ships of the American fleet every man of the crews was lying on the decks with his rubber blanket under him, waiting to witness the desperate act.

The *Merrimac* headed straight for the western shore of the harbor entrance, followed by the launch of the *New York*, commanded by Naval Cadet Joseph Wright Powell, of Oswego, New York, with five men. Theirs was a duty scarcely less hazardous than that of the men on the *Merrimac*. There was no apprehension that the men on

NAVAL-CONSTRUCTOR RICHMOND P. HOBSON, U. S. N.

the *Merrimac* would be killed by the explosion of the torpedoes against her hull. The charges were to be controlled by an electric wire that would ignite a fuse so timed as to allow the heroes to leap into a whaleboat and catamaran towed astern. But in case of miscarriage of concerted action and failure to reach the floats, Cadet Powell's launch was to rescue the survivors if she could.

On board the *Merrimac* Lieutenant Hobson stood on the "bridge" of the ship in full uniform, in command. The other men, stripped to the waist and wearing light under-trousers alone, were at their posts. As noiselessly as possible, with three lights showing rearwards, the ship crept towards the Estrella point, with the intention to drop the bow anchor on that side and thus swing with the flood tide across the channel. She had fairly reached the entrance under the cover of a cloud over the moon, when the sentinels on Morro sighted her and a shot was fired into her. In another moment all the Spanish batteries were busy pouring a torrent of shot and shell into the ship, while from inside the harbor the ships cleared for action and centered their metal upon her sides. In the midst of this torrent the heroes of the *Merrimac* calmly stood at their posts and carried out their plan as they could. Then was added to the roar of cannon the crash of the torpedoes that had been set against the *Merrimac's* hull, and, almost immediately, she sank. Still the batteries poured in their deadly hail of missiles for ten minutes, until the absence of all life on the sunken ship indicated that further attack was useless.

Under this fire Cadet Powell and his crew drove the launch of the *New York* close in and hovered on the spot to await the heroes. None came. All night the launch kept watch and even at daylight ran across the entrance under the fire of the batteries to look for survivors. The *Merrimac* lay across the channel.

When broad day was in the sky and no raft or boat could be observed, Cadet Powell steamed off shore for his ship, pursued by Spanish shots.

"No man came out of that harbor alive," he reported to Admiral Sampson, sorrowfully. It was true, and on all the American war

ships the sailors looked at the sunken vessel in the channel, whose masts and funnels could be seen, and thought of the men who had apparently given up their lives for their country's service—and again "Remembered the *Maine*."

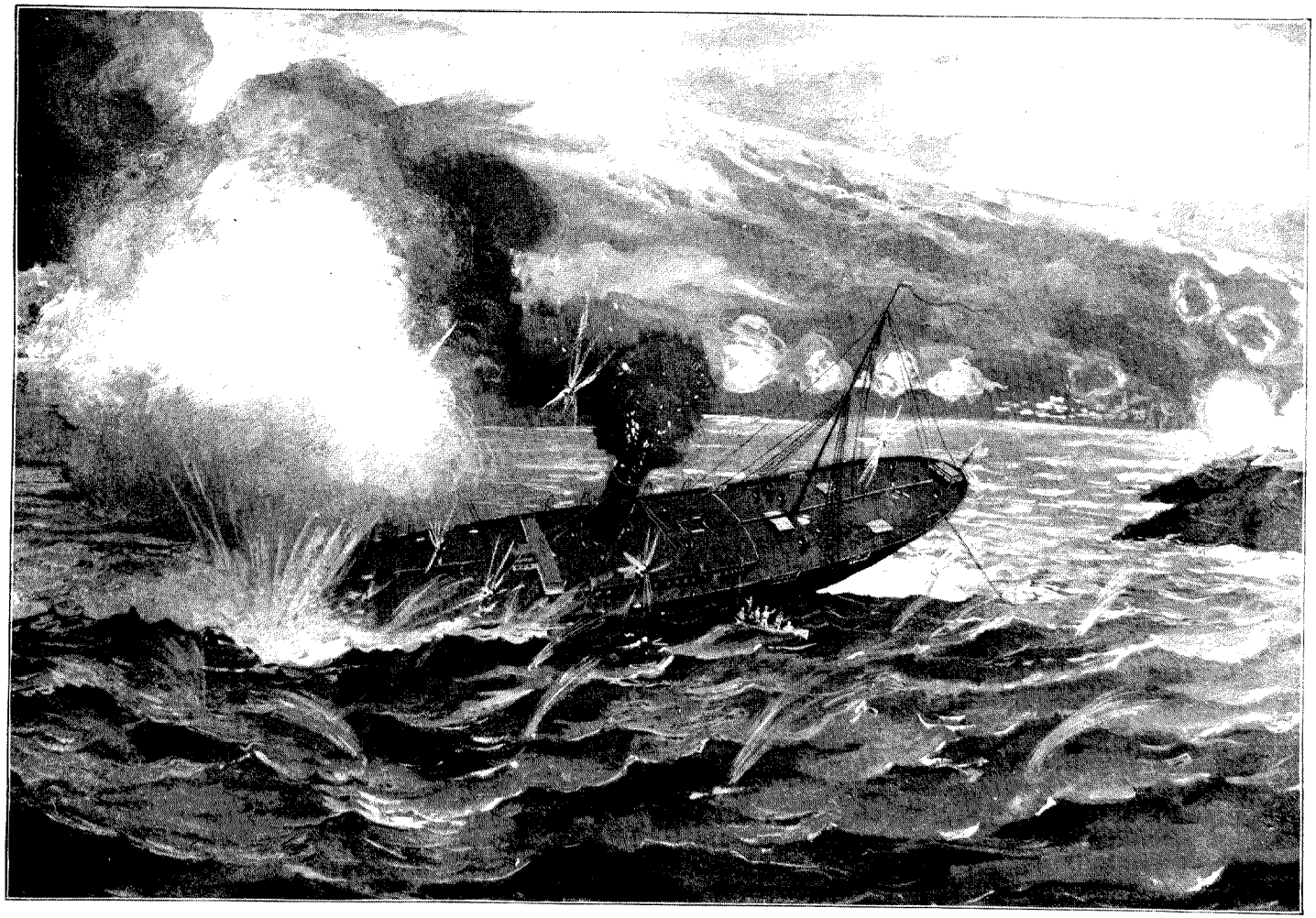
So the long, hot day wore into afternoon, until a small tug, bearing a flag of truce at the peak, came out of the harbor and the yacht *Vixen* went to meet her. A Spanish officer was taken aboard and conveyed to the *New York*. From the *New York's* mast the signal soon went up to the fleet that the *Merrimac's* whole crew were prisoners of war on Cervera's ships, two slightly wounded only, and "all well."

The sea off Santiago harbor seemed to roll up cheers with every wave. The same charm that had protected the American fleet in collision with the Spaniards at Manila seemed to be holding good.

Lieutenant Hobson and his crew were safe. They had executed their plan, escaped to the raft, and were carried into the harbor by the tide, where they were picked up and taken before Admiral Cervera. When he learned from Lieutenant Hobson the truth of the heroic deed, he kissed him on the forehead and declared that men capable of such gallant deeds should not be mourned by their comrades. He at once gave orders to prepare a vessel to convey to Admiral Sampson the news that the eight heroes were honored prisoners of war, and soon afterwards took steps to secure their exchange, although the act was much delayed by the Spanish authorities in Cuba and at Madrid. It was a month before the heroes of the *Merrimac* were exchanged. But during their imprisonment they were treated by Admiral Cervera with great kindness and respect, and they were permitted to receive money and food from the American ships.

The Spanish officer who reported the safety of the men, reported also that the *Merrimac* did not close the channel. "You have made it more difficult," he said, "but we can yet get out." A fact that was afterwards demonstrated. The rush of the tide into the *Merrimac's* shattered hull sank her before she swung squarely across the channel.

But "the cork had been put into the bottle" that held Cervera and his ships. And the American people ceased from worry on that score



SINKING OF THE MERRIMAC

IN FRONT OF THE [illegible] BATTERY, SANTIAGO HARBOR, CUBA

and showered honors on Hobson and his men. The seamen were all promoted to warrant officers, and the President sent a message to Congress eulogizing Lieutenant Hobson and his men, suggesting a vote of thanks and the passage of a special act to enable him to transfer Lieutenant Hobson to the line of the Navy for such promotion as might be determined upon.

Lieutenant Hobson, the hero of the daring enterprise, was not twenty-eight years old when he carried out the action that made his fame world-wide. He was born August 17, 1870, at Greensboro, Hale County, Alabama, and graduated from the university there at the head of his class when he was fourteen. At fifteen he entered the Annapolis Naval Academy. He graduated there at nineteen, the youngest member of his class. His aptitude in mathematics and mechanics was so great that he was sent abroad to take technical courses in construction at French academies, from which he received several medals of distinction. On returning he was placed at the head of the academy course of construction at the Annapolis School, a course he had suggested. He wrote a number of papers upon naval topics, which attracted considerable attention abroad. He, like Admiral Dewey, was so careful of the conventions of dress, manner, and the little amenities of society, that he was esteemed a "dude" among those with whom he enjoyed the relaxations of social life. But, like Dewey, also, the garb of the "dude" covered the clear brain, the cool courage, the quiet heart, and the steel nerves of the dauntless American fighter.

IV.

HOBSON'S STORY OF THE FEAT

Afterwards, on the stage of the Metropolitan Opera House in New York, at a great meeting held to assist the Soldiers' and Sailors' Fund, Lieutenant Hobson, who had come home for the purpose of devising means to raise some of the Spanish ships, told the story of his feat, and described the heroism of the American sailor and soldier in these glowing terms: —

"It is known to everybody that when the call was made for volunteers to go in on the *Merrimac*, men fell over one another in their

haste to be accepted. On the *New York* alone, 140 men volunteered before the order could be passed that no more volunteers were needed. When a few out of this number had been assigned to stations on the *Merrimac*, all, in obedience to orders, lay flat on their faces. Two were stationed by the anchor gear, others by the torpedoes arranged along the side, two in the engine room. It was agreed by each one that he should not even look over his shoulder, no matter what happened to the ship, to any of his companions, or to himself. If wounded he would place himself in a sitting or a kneeling posture, or whatever posture was necessary, so that when the time for his duty came he could do it to the best advantage. And so they lay, each man at his post, and under what difficulties you may understand when I tell you that, out of the seven torpedoes placed along the side, five had been shot away by the enemy's fire before the order was given for the *Merrimac's* crew to gather at the rendezvous on the quarter deck. Projectiles were coming more as a continuous stream than as separate shots. But, through the whole storm, Jacky lay there ready to do his duty as he had been instructed to do it. There was not only the plunging fire from the forts on both sides, but a terrific horizontal fire from the fleet in the harbor, and it seemed as if the next projectile would wipe all the sailors out of life at once. If ever a feeling of 'each man for himself,' a feeling of 'get away from this,' 'get out of this any way, anyhow,' was to be justified it was justified then. Not a man so much as turned his head.

"Then, later, when we were on the catamaran and the enemy's picket boats came crawling up out of the darkness with their lanterns, the impulse was just as strong to slip off the raft and swim for the shore, or for the entrance of the harbor. The simple order was given: 'No man moves until further orders.' And not a man moved or stirred for nearly an hour.

"On that same afternoon, by the kindness of the gallant Commander-in-Chief of the Spanish forces, Admiral Cervera, the party was in prison, and the men's clothing was permitted to be brought to them from the fleet. One of the men, as spokesman for the rest, was allowed to come over to my cell with a package for me. He said: 'We would do it over again to-night, sir.'

"The next day, when it seemed uncertain whether or not a remnant of the Inquisition was to be revived, when the enemy did not know whether it was his fault or ours that a ship had been sunk, and rather inclined to the belief that he had sunk an American battleship and that we were the only survivors out of several hundred, the men were taken before the Spanish authorities and serious and impertinent questions put to them. Remember, they did not know what it might cost them to refuse to answer. Spanish soldiers of the guard stood before them, making significant gestures with their hands, thus: [Mr. Hobson passed his hand edgewise across his throat]; our seamen laughed in their faces. Then a Spanish Major questioned Charette, because he spoke French, and asked him this question:—

"'What was your object in coming in here?' and so long as I live I shall never forget the way Charette threw back his shoulders, proudly lifted his head and looked him in the eye, as he said:—

"'In the United States navy, sir, it is not the custom for the seamen to know, or to desire to know, the object of an action of his superior officer.'

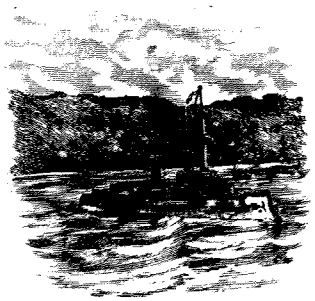
"Take this simple incident,—and, after all, in comparison with the whole war, a very simple incident,—the sinking of the *Merrimac*, and make your own deductions as to the quality of manhood in the United States navy. You will have then a more or less complete but certainly not an overestimated idea of Jacky.

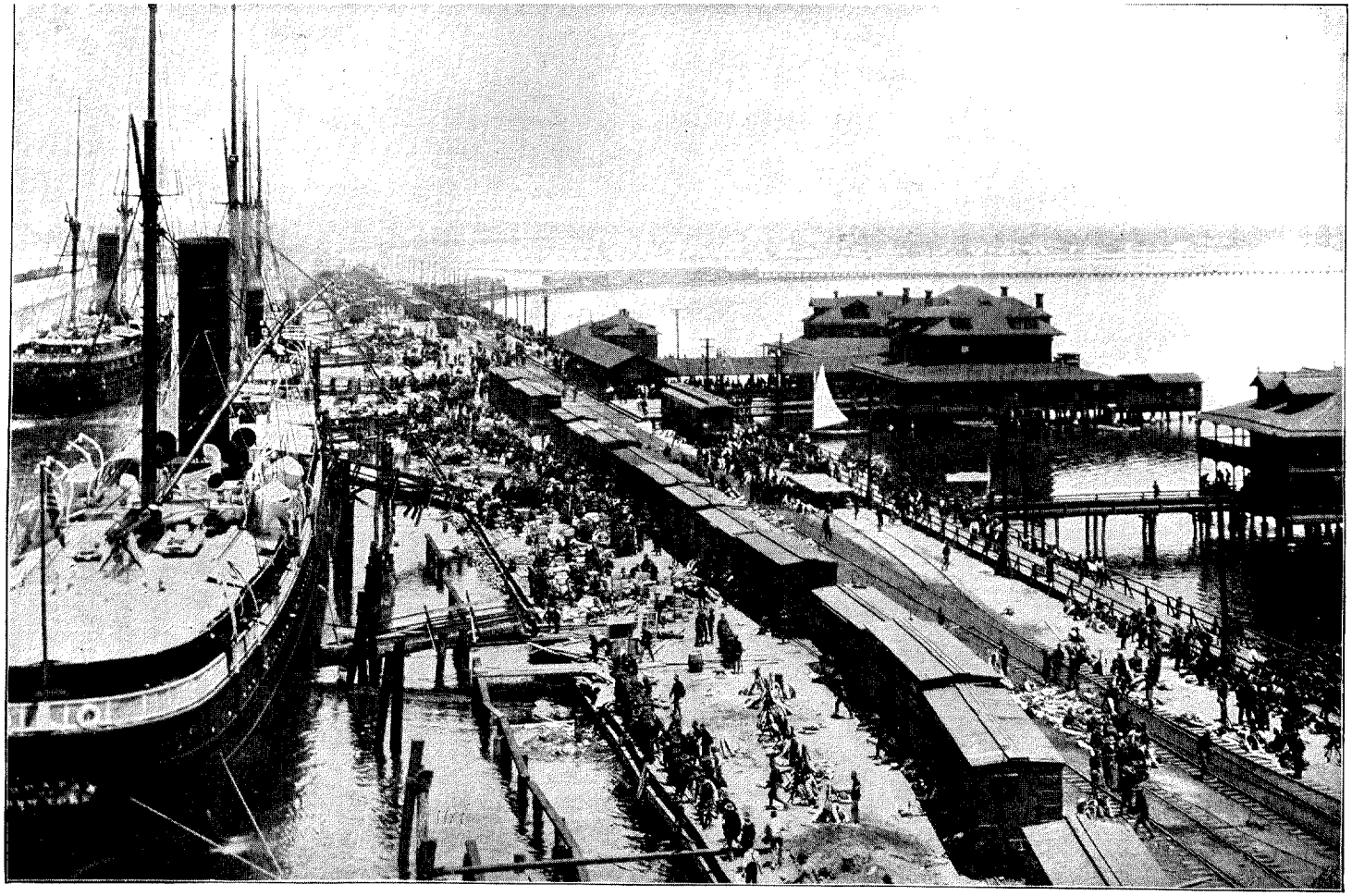
"Experience with the soldier has naturally been restricted for me under existing conditions, but recently from my prison window, which was but little in the rear of the Spanish line of intrenchments, I saw the Spaniards fortifying the city for twenty days. I watched them with critical interest. I saw them bring up guns from the ships and place them. Then I saw our men come up and drive the Spaniards into those intrenchments, and when they had driven them into the intrenchments I saw them go on and try to take the intrenchments themselves. It looked to be an impossible thing, but as yet the artillery was silent. The men came on up the hill and the artillery opened, and my heart sank when I saw that it was flanking artillery. For a moment the

American fire ceased, as though the enemy's guns had been a signal. 'Now, then,' said I to myself, 'this is the place where the individuality of the soldier will appear, for each man there knows that he is just as likely as any other man to be struck with that shrapnel.' None of them had ever been under fire before; they could not be put to a harder test; but how did they respond to it? Instantly after the lull a more rapid fire set in, and a more rapid rush of men up to the trenches. In spite of flanking artillery we had taken those fortified trenches with unsupported infantry, a thing that army experts the world over said could not be done. I have nothing further to say. A sailor cannot go out of his experience."

With a few words of appreciation for the spirit of the volunteer soldiers in the camps who had not had a chance to fight, for the men who wanted to volunteer, but did not have the opportunity, Mr. Hobson closed with these words:—

"I can only say that after seeing our soldiers and our sailors as I have seen them, I thank Heaven that it is vouchsafed to me to devote my life, my whole lifework, I trust, to the country."





SHAFTER'S ARMY EMBARKING AT PORT TAMPA FOR SANTIAGO

CHAPTER THE SIXTH.

The Invasion of Cuba.

Landing of the Marines at Caimanera — Five Days of Almost Sleepless Fighting with Spanish Fighters — First of the Cubans — The Mauser Rifle in Action — Landing of Shafter's Division at Baiquiri, and of Wheeler's at Siboney — United States Soldiers and Their Torments While Marching — The Enemy Vanishes in Retreat — First Use of the Dynamite Cruiser "Vesuvius" in Warfare — Result of the Experiments.

I.

THE hull of the *Merrimac* had scarcely settled at the bottom of the entrance to Santiago harbor when the President instructed Major-General Shafter to proceed with the Fifth Army Corps and effect a landing at or near Santiago. There were 15,000 troops ready for service at Tampa, regulars and volunteers, and it required thirty-five transports, with supply, hospital, and other service ships, and a convoy of men-of-war, to convey them safely to whatsoever point should be deemed best to seize for a base. The ordering and embarkation of the expedition was, of course, therefore, attended with delay and some impatience. Meanwhile the war ships released from continual watch at Santiago reconnoitered the coast to the east and west, conferring with the Cuban allies and seeking to discover the best landing point. To cover the place selected, feints were made at several points, which were bombarded by our ships in turn.

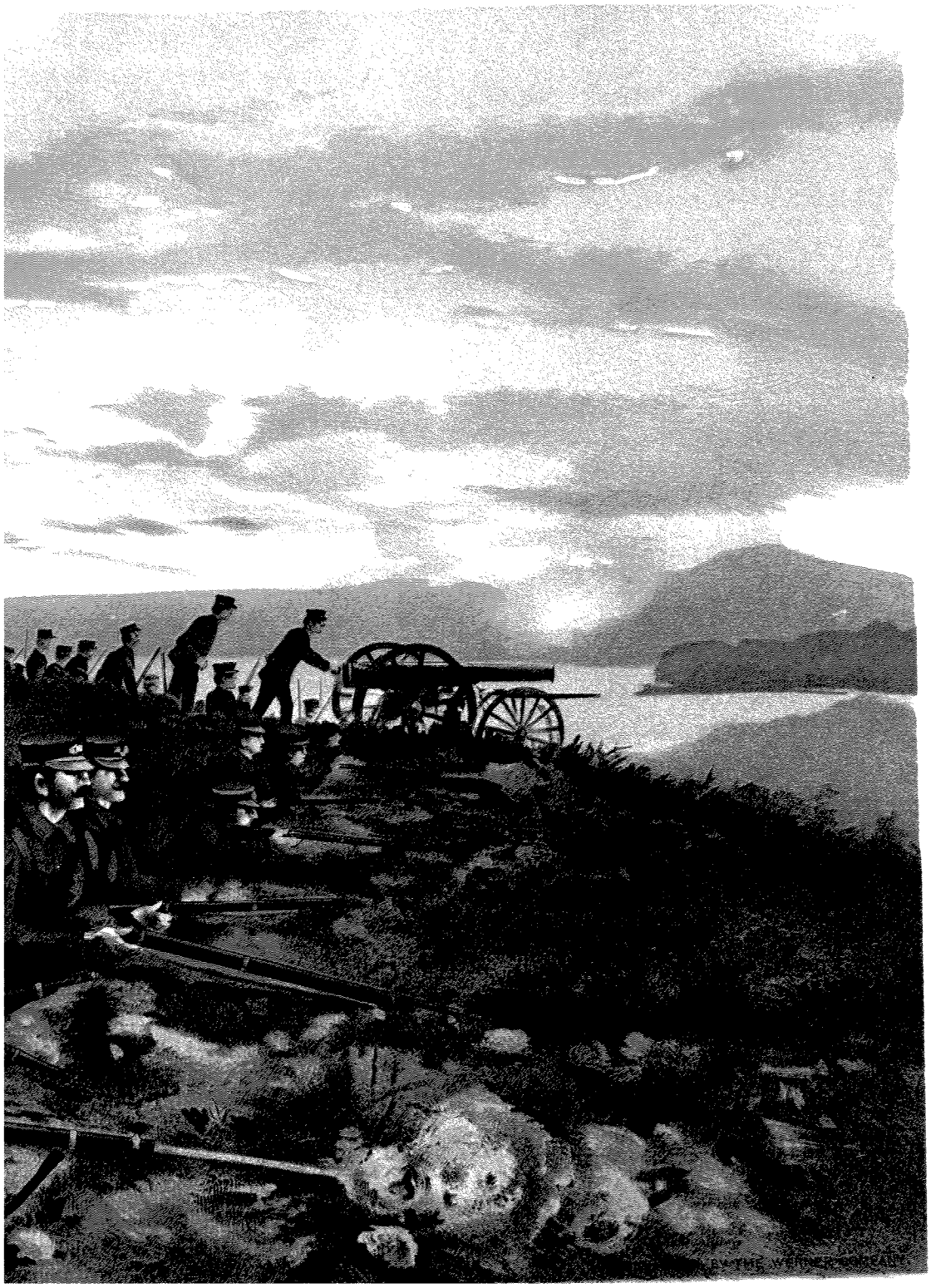
FIRST LANDING BY MARINES AT CAMP McCALLA

The first descent in force was upon the town of Caimanera, in Guantanamo Bay, about forty miles east of Santiago. Caimanera, or Alligator Pool, is a small town situated six miles from the bay entrance, and was the only place of any importance in the shallow harbor. It is the sea terminus of a railroad fifteen miles in length to the towns of Guantanamo, Santa Catalina, and Jamaica northward.

Tuesday, June 7, five ships bombarded the shore batteries, which the Spaniards had constructed for defense, and for eight hours threw shells toward the town in which there was a garrison of about 1,000 Spanish. Here, under the fire of the shore batteries, the *St. Louis* was sent in to cut the cable line, which, under the international agreement, could only be done within three miles of the shore. Protected by her consorts the *St. Louis* lay steady under terrific fire and succeeded in the task without injury. At the end of two days of bombardment the ships had destroyed the shore batteries and forced their way within the entrance of the bay to Fisherman's Point, on the east side.

Here it was that, on Friday, June 10, the first forces of the United States landed upon Cuban soil. They were 650 men of the First Marine Battalion Volunteers of New York, under command of Lieutenant-Colonel Robert W. Huntington. They had been aboard the transport *Panther* since May 22, without setting foot on land. They had encountered a fearful storm off Cape Hatteras, had lain for weeks under a broiling sun, and now, with the prospect of stretching themselves on shore, were full of enthusiasm. The afternoon of the 10th they landed and marched up the steep hillside east of Fisherman's Point to the plateau at the summit, where a grateful breeze was blowing. Then, under the influence of unrestrained enthusiasm, a pole was erected and at ten minutes before two o'clock in the afternoon, Color-Sergeant Richard Silvey, of Company C, raised the Stars and Stripes over Cuban soil, while the men, drawn up with uncovered heads, saluted the flag with cheers. Then, on the hilltop a camp was laid out, tents set up, supplies fetched with enormous difficulty up the side of the hill overgrown with dense brush and the sharp cactus plant that covers the whole country. But this was a labor of enjoyment to the marines sick of being cooped up on shipboard in inaction. No Spaniards appeared to oppose the landing or to resist the establishment of the camp. The sun went down that afternoon upon Camp McCalla, so christened after the commander of the gunboat *Marblehead*, leaving the marines weary with labor but grateful

FIRST HOISTING OF THE STARS AND S



RIPES ON CUBAN SOIL, JUNE 10th, 1898.

for rest assured, and proud of the honor of first landing. Next day the camp was finished and the men gave themselves up to security.

This was to be rudely destroyed, however. About four in the afternoon, while some of the men were bathing, and others lounging, with scouts out among the foothills to the north and east, a Cuban scout rushed into camp and reported that 200 Spaniards were in the tropical forest preparing to attack. Immediately shots were heard in the tangled fastnesses and our men were called to defense. A hundred and fifty who were bathing scrambled ashore, ran up the hill entirely nude, grasped their carbines, and fell into line with their comrades. Then followed a few minutes of fighting.

For the first time the Mauser rifle and smokeless powder of the Spanish regulars were matched against the Lee rifle of the American navy, with its grain powder. The result of the test was to prove the superiority of smokeless powder, at least. The rain of Spanish bullets—more like steel wire nails than conical bullets—came from ambush without betraying the hiding place of the marksman, so that our marines were fighting an unseen foe who could be flushed only by hunting for him. This exposed the hunter more than the hunted.

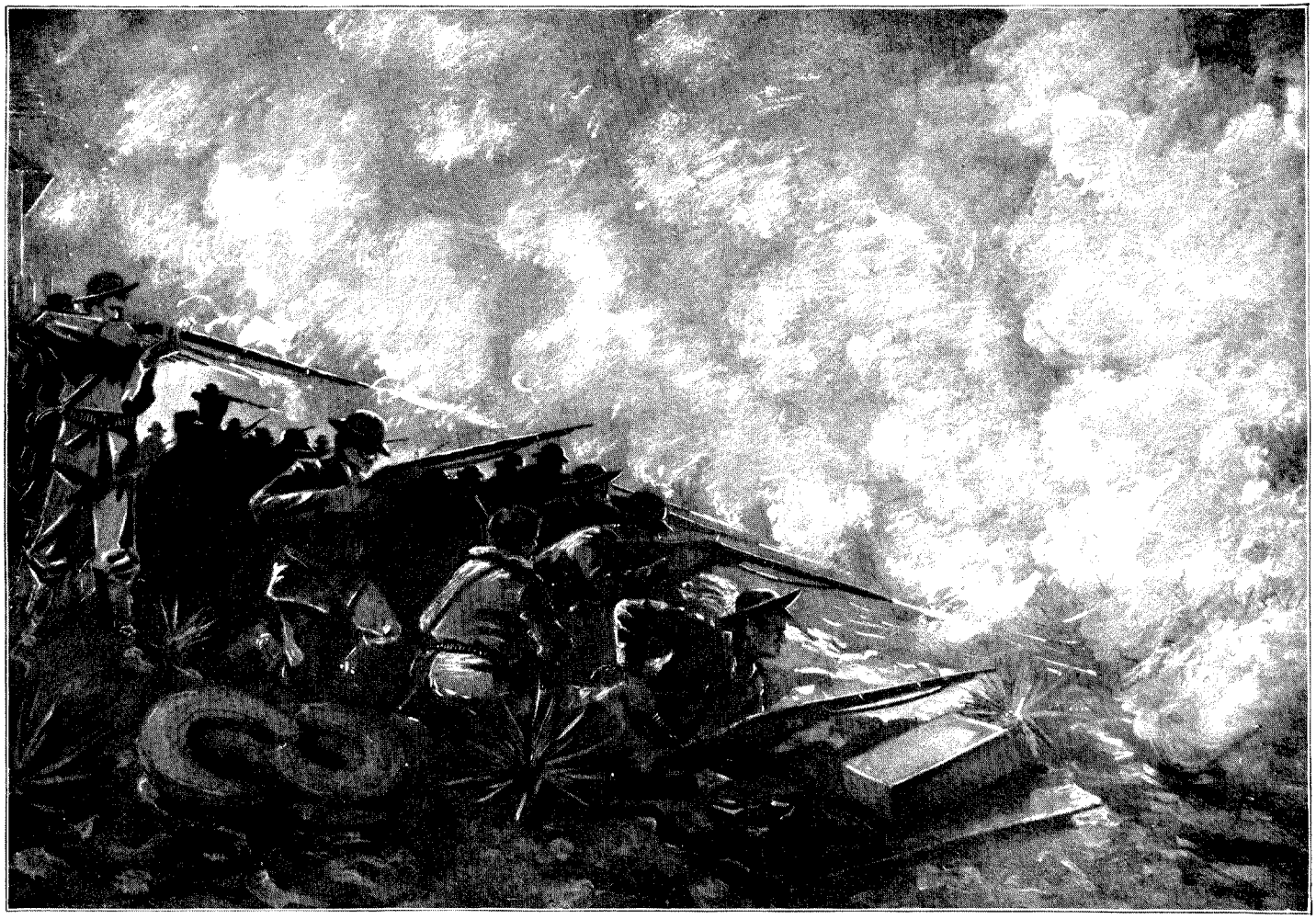
The little skirmish was soon over, but at nine o'clock that night when the moon had come up, burying the thickets in dense gloom and flooding the open spaces with silvery radiance, the Spanish again attacked from the thickets, shooting into the white tents and at the moving figures of pickets or those to be seen in camp. Four of our men were killed and a number wounded. The first to fall was Dr. John Blair Gibbs, of New York, a distinguished young surgeon who had given up a large practice to volunteer. He was the first man to be accepted as a New York volunteer in the navy and the first to be killed in a battle on Cuban ground. He was shot as he came out of the hospital tent into the moonlight. He was surgeon of the battalion.

All night long, without a moment's sleep, the marines sustained the defense, sending out scouting squads into the thickets and amongst the prickly cactus plants, almost impenetrable. They could discover the

enemy only by the flash of his gun. The ships in the bay threw their searchlights into the thickets to assist, but all night the unseen foe beleaguered the marines. When morning dawned there were four marines dead and a number wounded, while there were indications that the Spaniards had carried off their dead and wounded, the number of which could not be ascertained.

When day dawned the marines had been twenty-four hours without sleep. They were not yet to get any. For twenty-four hours afterwards no man in that camp had an hour of sleep or even of rest. The hilltop, which had seemed impregnable to attack, proved to be a target for the hiding foe. So at daylight down came all the clean, white tents, and all the camp luggage and supplies had to be wearily carried down the hill again. Then trenches must be dug around the crown of the hill. In these for a week the men were to crouch by day and sleep by night. They intended to hold Camp McCalla. Huddled on the hilltop they could see nothing, save here and there a flash in the night or a moving bush in the day, but they fired away as best they could. When they were not in camp, they were out in the woods scouting and skirmishing. These expeditions were trying to those untrained to the work. Most of the marines came from the cities. They were absolutely ignorant of woodcraft. None of the men had been taught to fight in this manner. Even the bravest do not like to keep looking for death and have it continually about to seize them.

With the arrival of sixty Cuban scouts and soldiers under the insurgent Colonel Alfredo Laborde, of General Garcia's command, however, on the second day, there was improvement in the situation. They understood the guerilla method of fighting. Their intuition in the thickets astonished the marine volunteers. They would go carelessly through the jungle, apparently keeping no watch and devoid of fear. Then, without there seeming to be any reason for it, they would announce that there were Spaniards in the vicinity and prepare to meet them. They were of immense service as scouts and guides, and enabled the marines in three or four days to hunt down the secreted



THE NIGHT ATTACK ON THE MARINES AT GUANTANAMO

Spaniards, who were killed all through the chaparral as if they were lurking animals.

At the end of five days and nights of scouting, fighting, with almost no sleep, the Spaniards were driven back to Caimanera, and then Camp McCalla was again occupied with the tents of the brave volunteers who encountered the first horrors of the campaign to capture Santiago.

The sailors of the navy on board the war ships in the harbor, who had not expected great things of the volunteers at first, saw the heroic capture of the base with wonder and pride. They volunteered again and again to land and assist the volunteers in keeping the flag aloft. When the last Spaniard was driven back to the trenches of the town, the sailors on the *Marblehead* sent to the volunteers a testimonial of their admiration. It took the form of 340 pounds of "plug" tobacco, sent over and delivered in camp by the impulsive seamen. When it was received the marines were drawn up in line on top the hill, the megaphone was pointed at the *Marblehead*, and then ensued a passage of complimentary greetings between ships and marines, accompanied by cheers and shouts of joy.

In this heroic encounter, which cannot be called a battle, although no battle ever demanded more fortitude or involved more endurance or suffering, the United States forces obtained their first impressions of Spanish and Cuban soldiers. It was, that, while both were brave, they were of no value as disciplined fighters. The Cuban scouts were a total surprise. They could not shoot. The rifles with which they were supplied after their arrival in camp were as so many useless clubs. In the excitement of battle their instinct was to throw them away and take to their machetes. If they did fire, it was from the hip and they were as likely to kill their own men or the Americans as the Spaniards. Their enthusiasm was unbounded. When fighting was on they gave one wild cheer after another: "Viva Cuba Libre," "Viva los Americanos," "Viva Cubanos." They refused the concealment of breastworks, preferring to rise at full length after each volley and, waving their machetes, to shout wild oaths of defiance at their foes,

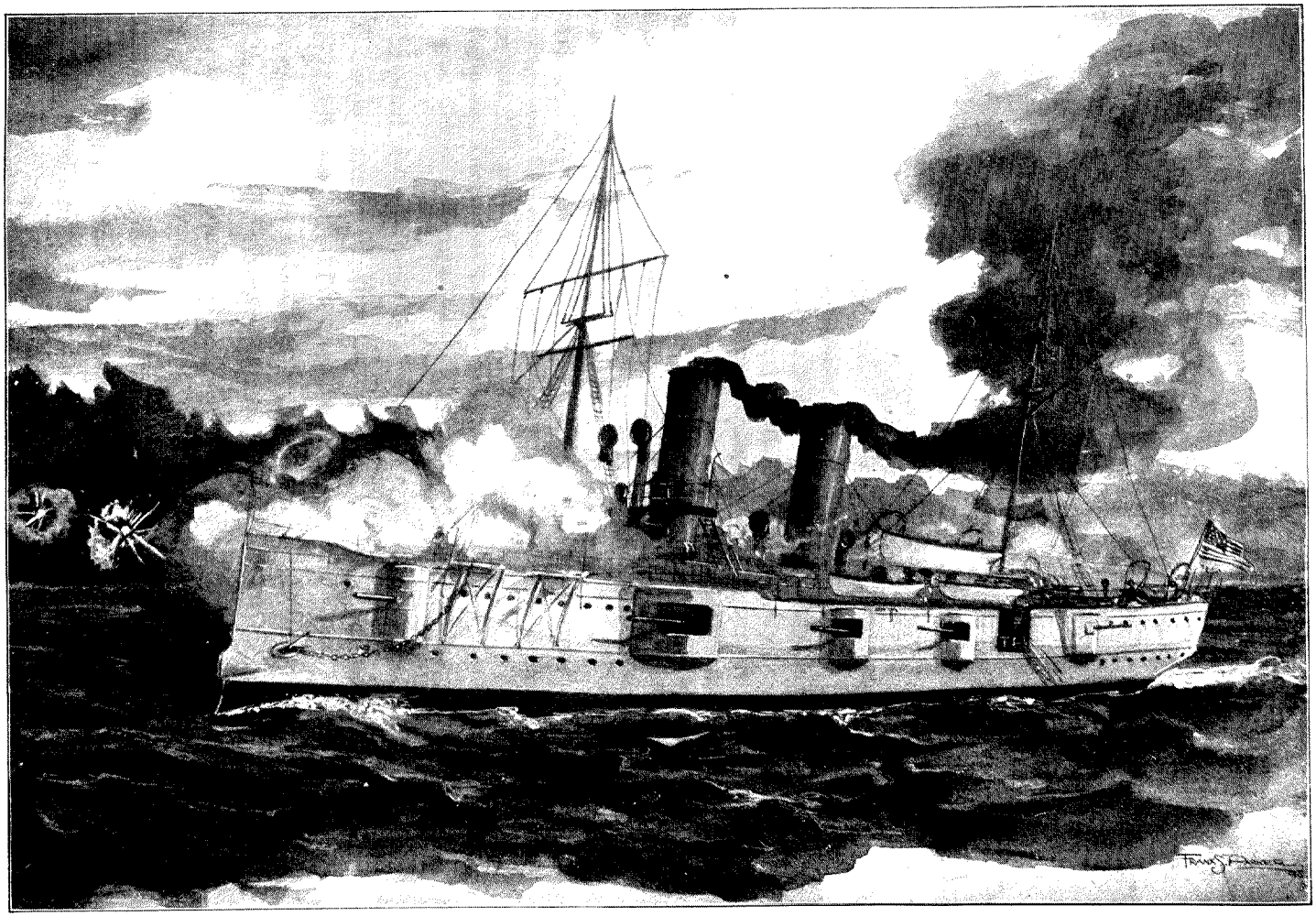
for whom they appeared to have the utmost hatred and contempt. Their endurance was superb. They clambered over the cactus-covered hills in their bare feet all day, easily outlasting the much larger and more powerful Americans, who are not accustomed to such movements.

Most of the Cuban soldiers were negroes, although their officers were white. Some of them were full-blooded blacks, who seemed to inherit the savage blood of their African ancestors. Had it not been for the Americans the Spaniards who were captured would have fared badly. The night the first were captured the Cubans were in tremendous excitement. They hopped about smoking, laughing, and shouting, in utter defiance of camp regulations. While arrangements were being made to have the prisoners taken on board the *Marblehead*, one of the Cubans—a little black fellow with a string of white beads about his neck—approached an American officer. Not being able to speak English, he rolled his eyes suggestively in the direction of the prisoners, tilted back his head, and drew his finger across his throat three times.

"*Si?*" he asked with a nod of his head toward the Spaniards, and again he cut at his throat with his finger.

"No," said the officer, shaking his head positively. The Cuban scowled, grunted, shrugged his shoulders, and walked away in deep disgust.

Deserters began to come in from the Spanish lines in a starving condition and much disheartened. These, with the prisoners captured and their statements and condition, surprised the Americans. Like the Cubans, the Spanish regulars were totally ignorant of the mechanism of the modern rifle. The "sights" on many of the Mausers found on the ground were so badly rusted that they could not be moved, and in such position as to indicate that the only elevation the Spanish soldier knew was "point blank." The Spaniard, like the Cuban again, fired from the hip, disregarding accuracy of aim. The fatalities among the marines were therefore accidental hits. These hits, even if accidental, caused dreadful wounds, and in the second day's fighting gave rise to the charge that the Spaniards mutilated the dead. Careful investigation by our own surgeons entirely disproved the charge.



THE CRUISER MARBLEHEAD

CUTTING SAN CLEMENTE HEAD OUT OF UNDERGROWTH NEAR GUANTANAMO

The long, slender Mauser bullet, at close range, after entering the body appeared to turn around and go tearing and cutting its way through. The aperture at entry was small, but where the bullet came out great holes were torn in the killed and wounded.

II.

THE LANDING OF THE TROOPS

The first division of the United States army of invasion arrived off Santiago June 20. It was commanded in person by Major-General Shafter and consisted of the following troops: —

Infantry regiments: Sixth, Sixteenth, Seventy-first New York Volunteers, Tenth, Twenty-second, Second, Thirteenth, Ninth, Twenty-fourth, Eighth, Second Massachusetts Volunteers, First, Twenty-fifth, Twelfth, Seventh, Seventeenth, Third, Twentieth. Total infantry, 561 officers and 10,709 enlisted men.

Cavalry: Two dismounted squadrons of four troops each from the Third, Sixth, Ninth, First, and Tenth Cavalry, and two dismounted squadrons of four troops each from the first United States Volunteer Cavalry. Total dismounted cavalry, 159 officers, 2,875 enlisted men; mounted cavalry, one squadron of the Second, 9 officers and 280 enlisted men.

Artillery: Light batteries E and K, First Artillery; A and F, Second Artillery; 14 officers and 323 enlisted men. Batteries G and H, Fourth Artillery, siege, 4 officers and 132 enlisted men.

Engineers: Companies C and E, 9 officers, 200 enlisted men.

Signal Corps: One detachment, 2 officers, and 45 enlisted men.

Hospital detachments are included in these official figures. The staff corps numbered 15 officers. The grand total of the expedition was 773 officers and 14,564 enlisted men.

General Shafter, who was on board the transport *Segurança*, went on the *New York* to confer with Admiral Sampson, after which both proceeded to Aserradero, eighteen miles west of the harbor, for a conference with the Cuban General, Calixto Garcia, who held that place with 4,000 of the insurgent troops, under agreement established with General Maximo Gomez, Commander-in-Chief of the insurgent forces. This had been arranged by Lieutenant-Colonel Andrew S. Rowan, and was a part of the occasion of his dangerous journey through Cuba in

search of General Gomez. The three commanders held a long conversation at Aserradero and the plan of invasion was fully agreed upon.

On Wednesday, the 22d, the preconcerted measures for landing were put into effect. The fleet under Sampson separated into small groups of ships and proceeded to attack all the batteries along the coast for many miles. Against the batteries on the west of Santiago, at Aguadores, two and one-half miles east, at Las Altares, eight miles east, and at Baiquiri (or Daiquiri), twelve miles east, the ships attacked with such weight that the batteries were silenced, and the small garrisons were driven in confusion to the hills in the rear. When this was achieved the transports were run in at Baiquiri and at Las Altares where the troops were disembarked without meeting the slightest resistance. These two places were selected in order that the Spanish outposts defending Santiago might be attacked in front by the United States forces landed at Baiquiri, while those disembarking at Altares or Siboney, would be able to fall on the right flank or the rear of the enemy.

Here, again, as at Camp McCalla, the landing was so easily made and the first advance was so little resisted that the campaign began with no intimation of the stout resistance and desperate obstacles that were to be met. The division that went ashore at Baiquiri advanced to the northwest upon a foe that vanished into the jungle and among the hills without making a stand. At Demajayabo, two miles northwest of Baiquiri, the head of the invading column rested on Wednesday night. Thursday morning the vanguard advanced to Juragua, four and a half miles further, without check. General Lawton's brigade, which formed the vanguard of the army, consisted of the Second Massachusetts Volunteers, the Eighth, Twelfth, Twenty-second, First, Fourth, Seventh, and Seventeenth Regular Infantry, and the Eighth, Fourth, and Ninth Cavalry, and a battalion of engineers. The skirmish line was commanded by Colonel Wagner. In it were fifty picked men from the brigade and about two hundred Cubans whose familiarity with the country and the tactics of the Spaniards rendered

them most desirable for this service. Colonel Aguirra was in charge of the Cubans.

Within a mile of Juragua a messenger came in from Colonel Wagner announcing that the Spanish under General Linares had abandoned the place. Brigadier-General Lawton took possession of the town without firing a shot. He found that the Spaniards had retreated so precipitately that they were unable to carry out their purpose of destroying the town by fire. An unsuccessful attempt to burn the railroad shops had been made and a few huts on the outskirts were set on fire. Otherwise property there was unharmed, and the Stars and Stripes were raised over the Government buildings.

General Lawton established temporary headquarters at Juragua and set about taking the precautions necessary to hold it against possible attack. Colonel Wagner's scouting party in advance pushed on in a westerly direction. They had not gone far when the Cubans under Colonel Aguirra stumbled upon the rear of the retreating Spaniards and shots were exchanged. Two Cubans were killed and the others wounded.

General Linares with his 1,200 Spanish forces fell back upon Sevilla, near which is a plantation called Las Guasimas, which was the field of a bloody battle between Cubans and Spaniards in the Ten Years' War, in which the Spaniards lost a thousand killed and were badly defeated.

On Wednesday, also, at Siboney, eight miles east of Santiago Bay and about six miles southeast of Sevilla, the second division of the United States forces under Major-General Wheeler had disembarked. It consisted of the First, Third, Fourth, Eighth, Ninth, and Twenty-fifth Regiments of regulars; the First and Tenth Regiments of cavalry; Roosevelt's Rough Riders; four troops of the Second Regular Cavalry, mounted; the Second Regiment of Massachusetts Volunteers, a battalion of engineers, and a number of horses intended to be used by mounted infantry.

The landing was effected under cover of a fierce fire from the battleships. When the bombardment had ceased, a large number

of famished, ill-clothed Cubans, flocked down the mountain sides to welcome the Americans. Many of them wept when they saw the soldiers who had come to rescue them. The Spaniards who had been driven out of the village and the forts defending the place, applied the torch before they left and when the Americans reached the shore the houses in the village and the forest also were burning.

While the loaded small boats were being pulled ashore the bands on the transports enlivened the proceedings by playing "There'll be a Hot Time in the Old Town To-night." The popular air was greeted with wild cheers from the soldiers and from the bluejackets and marines on the war ships.

Thursday the division set out to effect a junction with the main body under General Shafter. The march ahead was to prove almost intolerable, even to regulars inured to the hardships of marching. The men were equipped with all the impedimenta described by the War Department for campaigning. Each man had his rifle and cartridges, bayonet, pistol, canteen, blanket, poncho, half of a shelter tent, rations, and the other things considered necessary. All had worn the packs in Florida, and it was thought that they had become accustomed to them and would be able to bear them throughout the march.

The progress, as described by those present, under the blazing sun, fighting along half-made trails through cactus and jungle, was in itself heroism. There was no shade to protect the men, and their feet crushed the red earth into a fine dust which rose in clouds, enveloping them from head to foot. It settled in the perspiration on their faces and arms, covering them with a red paste. It worked into the folds of their packs, and was blown out into their faces and down their necks as the packs shifted on their shoulders. Dust and perspiration entered their eyes and nostrils, blinding and choking them; but the men toiled on, unmurmuring and clinging to their packs, heedful of the warnings which they had heard about deserting their shelters and rations.

But now this intolerable condition was to grow worse. As they penetrated further, not only was the burning sun overhead, but the hills shut out the breeze. The packs on the backs of the men

caught in the overhanging brush, causing them to lose their footing. At last one man threw his blanket away. His example was followed by others, and extra clothing, blankets, cans of meat and vegetables, shelter tents, and cooking outfits littered the path along which the army passed. The first guideposts on the way to Santiago were the articles cast aside by that weary, toiling line of soldiers who forced their way over the hills through the hot sun. The practice once begun, it was easy to discard things. Coats, underclothes, and haversacks followed the bulkier articles, and the ground might have been the scene of a retreat instead of a scarcely opposed advance, judging from the litter along the line of march. Many a soldier who started out bravely with all the outfit that his superiors considered necessary finished his first day's march with little besides the clothing he wore, his arms, and his canteen. What was thrown away was not wholly lost, however, for a busy band of Cubans spent their time in picking up the articles cast aside and packing them back to Baiquiri and Siboney where they disappeared in the huts in which the Cubans live.

It was not until night came that regret began to weigh heavily upon our troops. With the setting of the sun the terrific heat passed and the damp night air seemed doubly chill after the exhausting march they had made. The question of food was an important one, too. Many of the men had abandoned their rations, which were not liberal at the outset, and as there was no hope of a supply train reaching the camps before two or three days the situation threatened to become serious. The plight of the men was no worse than that of their officers, and the first regiments that pitched camp did so with a gloomy enough outlook.

Under these circumstances, as on the march, the wonderful good nature of the soldiers came to their aid and made it possible for them to overlook some of the discomforts, dismiss others, and belittle the rest. Despite their weariness and hunger, they went to work without complaint, and by combining and contriving, lending and begging, were able to give something to eat to every one and to provide shelter for most. Bacon and hardtack, in very limited quantity, made up the bill

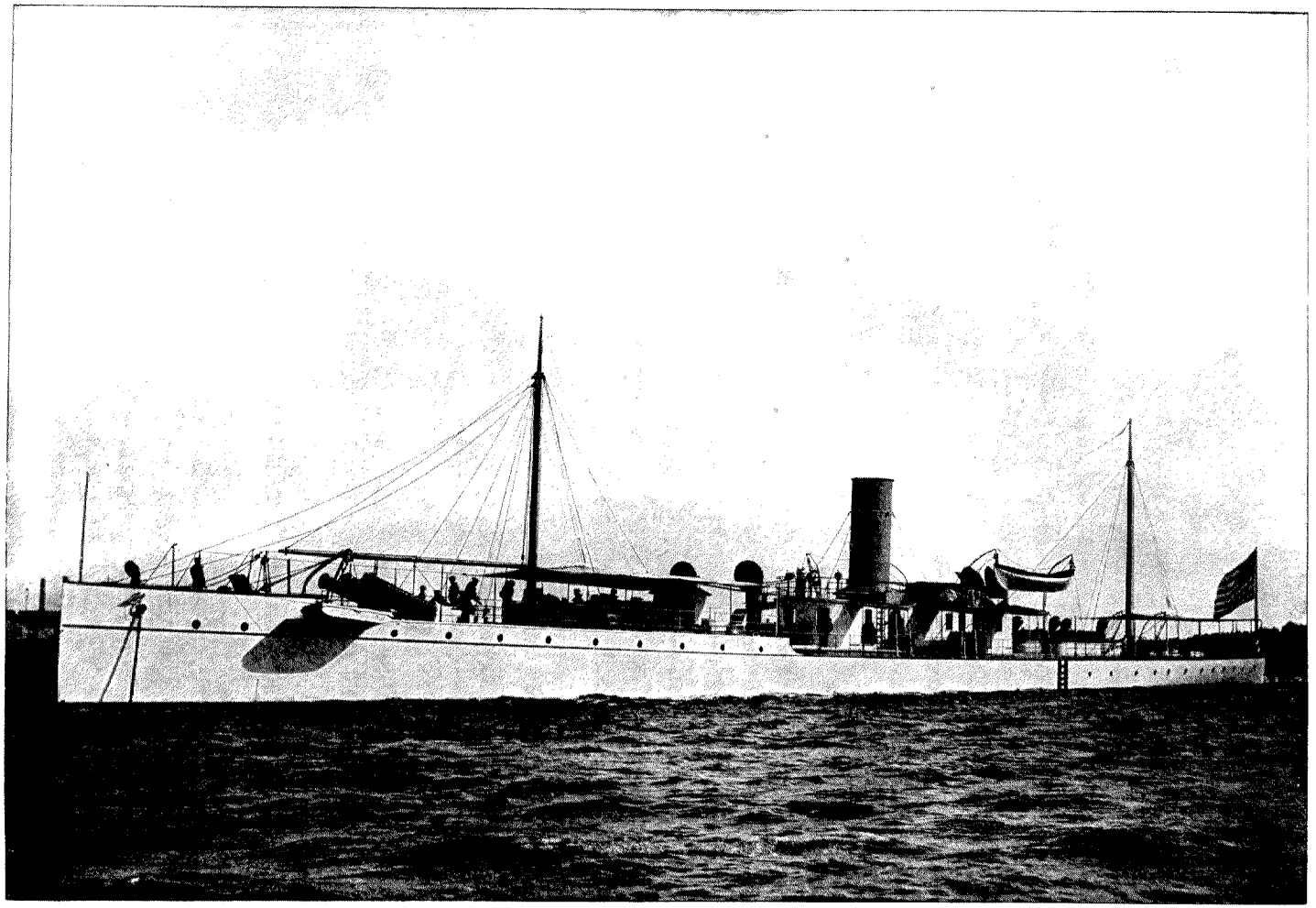
of fare. The coffee supply was also very limited, and almost without exception the men had abandoned the tinned meats and vegetables with which they had been supplied at starting. The fare of officers and men in most of the regiments was identical. The officers had what each had packed for himself and many of them had thrown their supplies away on the march. No hardship borne by the men was not in equal measure borne by their officers, and all alike took the situation philosophically. Fortunately, there was abundance of water in mountain brooks and streams, complete water supply systems at Baiquiri and Siboney, so that the torments of thirst were not added to the exhaustion of heat and hunger on the first days of the march.

III.

THE landing of the troops had been fully covered by the fleet. The Spanish ships in Santiago Bay and the garrison of General Linares in the city had been kept under constant tension by bombardments from the heavy ships of the line. On June 23, Santiago was closed to the sea and our army was starting to invest it by land. General Pando, with a force said to be 12,000 strong of Spanish regulars, was reported to be advancing across Cuba from Havana to the relief of the city. At Manzanillo, a hundred miles west of Santiago, was a garrison of 7,000 Spaniards, but Garcia and his Cubans lay at Aserradero and were to move northward around the bay, so that he would have to be reckoned with by any reënforcements from that direction.

HURLING DYNAMITE WITH THE "VESUVIUS"

During the bombardments of Santiago Bay the first experiment in warfare with pneumatic guns throwing dynamite shells was made. On June 14 the American dynamite cruiser *Vesuvius* hurled into the bay three of these dynamite shells. The Brazilian government had purchased a similar ship, the *Nichteroy* (now the United States ship *Buffalo*), for the purpose of using her against the ships controlled by the naval commanders who had joined the revolutionists. But the *Nichteroy's*



U. S. DYNAMITE GUNBOAT VESUVIUS

guns had never been fired. It has been explained that dynamite has twenty-five times the explosive power of gunpowder. For twelve years the navy had been divided as to the usefulness of the *Vesuvius* in war time, and, until some practical experiments could be made, it was argued that it would be foolish to build more ships of her type. She was one of the early ships completed for the navy and the fastest in the service for many years, but she was always regarded as a failure except by a few officers who had tested her and had the amplest confidence that she would do everything she was designed for. The good results obtained with the pneumatic gun invented by Mefford and greatly improved by Zalinski were, it is true, conceded long ago. The slow, steady action of compressed air as the propulsive force had allowed the use of enormous quantities of high explosives for the bursting charge of the shell, whereas, with ordinary gunpowder to expel the projectile, explosion in the bore had resulted even when comparatively small quantities of dynamite were fired. But many naval officers regarded these weapons as better suited to land forts with stable platforms than to naval uses. Owing to her extreme length and narrowness it was difficult for her to turn in a radius of less than 400 yards, although provided with twin screws. Naval officers have pointed out that another defect was the fact that her three tubes are stationary and can be trained only by the rudder. To train them, therefore, is sometimes a difficult matter in heavy seaway.

Captain Folger, her commander, had said on sailing to join the fleet in Cuban waters: "Whatever we can hit with a shell will be destroyed. But if a shell strikes us first it will not be necessary to erect a monument over us. There will be nothing left of us to bury."

This was the mysterious vessel that arrived at Santiago on June 14 and remained concealed all day behind the big war ships. A Cuban pilot, acquainted with the moorings of Cervera's ships in the bay, went aboard her, and at nine o'clock at night she was sent in towards the mouth of the harbor. She crept in to within six hundred

yards of the shore and took position and range with great care. In three minutes as many shells were fired, one from each of the tubes. The report of the pneumatic guns was peculiar, sounding like a sudden, short cough. The discharge imparted no perceptible force of recoil to the ship.

The first shot struck near the ridge of the hills and exploded with a tremendous roar, not unlike the thunder of a shell. There was, however, very little flame. The light emitted was rather in the nature of a glow. An immense column of earth was blown straight up into the air to a height of two hundred feet.

The effect of the second shot, which struck higher up on the cliff, was similar to that of the first.

The third shot went over the hill and probably reached the supposed position of the torpedo boats in the harbor.

The *Vesuvius* backed out at a high rate of speed, although she was moving with her engines reversed. She swept by a lighthouse tender that was lying to seaward and which was getting away from the fire of the forts, passing her as though the tender were lying at anchor.

Several times the *Vesuvius* repeated her work, though it was afterwards ascertained that no great damage had been done. But the tremendous force of the explosions and the uncertainty of the attack, combined with the lack of flame and report, filled the enemy with terror, and reduced the Spanish sailors to a condition bordering upon nervous exhaustion.

The tubes of the *Vesuvius* are of 15 inches calibre, but she did not fire the full charge they are capable of throwing. Sub-calibre charges of 5- 8- and 10-inch projectiles, containing from 200 to 500 pounds of gun cotton, were used in the attacks on Santiago. It was regarded as practically settled that the *Vesuvius* would play as important a part in completing the destruction of Morro Castle at Havana, if that should be necessary. Her range of effectiveness is from one mile to one mile and a half for smaller charges.

The pneumatic mortar was a match for the Mauser rifle, at least.

CHAPTER THE SEVENTH.

Heroes at Las Guasimas.

First Military Battle of the War—Story of the "Rough Riders" Volunteers, the Officers and Men—With Battalions of the First and Tenth Cavalry They Carry an Impregnable Position at Las Guasimas against Four Times their Force—The Gallantry of Volunteers and Regulars—First Military Deaths in the Field—Humors and Tragedies under Fire.

I.

Friday, June 24, 1898, is a date memorable in the history of the war with Spain. Not so much for what was actually gained in victory, but for what was exhibited of American courage, tenacity, and character in the three factors that made up the fighting forces of United States troops. That day was fought the battle of Las Guasimas, near Sevilla, on the road to Santiago, the first battle of the war. The brunt of it was borne by a battalion of 450 of the regiment of Rough Riders, volunteers, 200 of the First Regular Cavalry, and 224 of the Tenth Regular Cavalry (colored), all dismounted. Not more courage galloped into the lane of death at Balaklava than marched into the treacherous valley bordered by trees concealing hidden forces far in excess of the invaders at Las Guasimas.

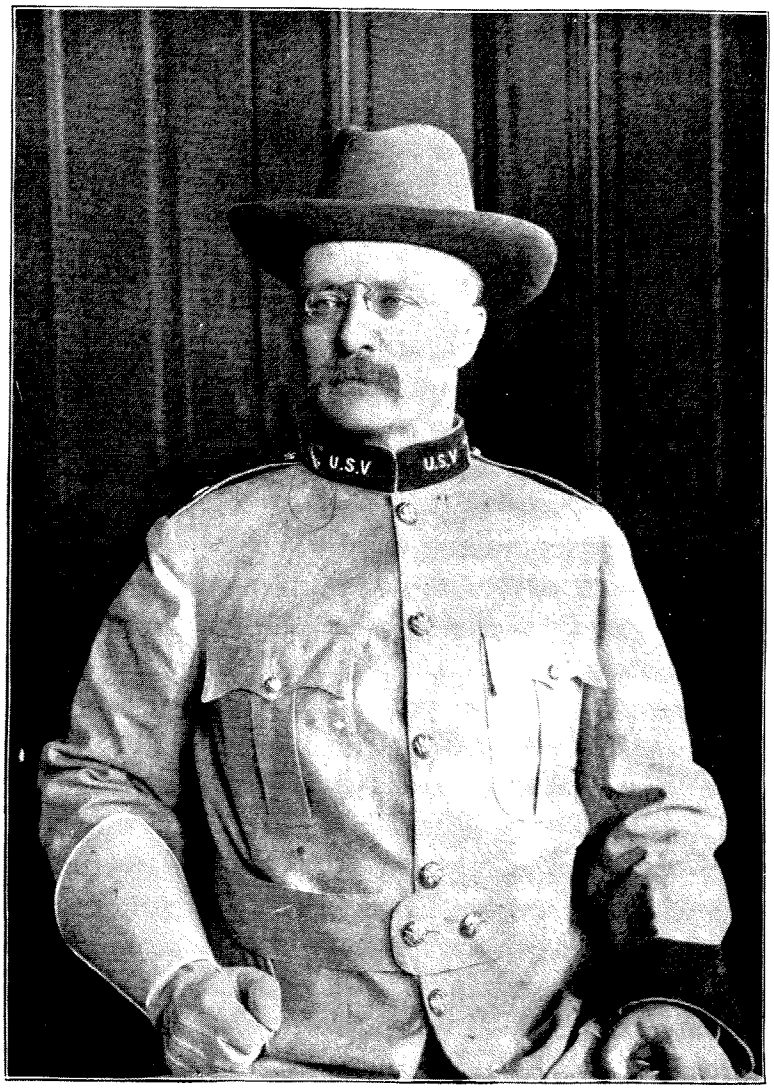
ROUGH RIDERS AND REGULARS

It is the nature of Americans to welcome bold experiments and to applaud success. There was no volunteer body of the war that received as much attention and invited as much interest as the regiment of cavalry known as Roosevelt's Rough Riders. That was its popular name, although Lieutenant-Colonel Roosevelt was but second in command. His was the resolute spirit that prompted its organization and fixed public interest upon it.

The Honorable Theodore Roosevelt was Assistant Secretary of the Navy at the opening of the war. He had long been one of those

characteristic personalities in the public and private life of the United States that represent the vigor of democracy without regard to differences of opinion. Of the old Dutch stock of New York's oldest settlers, he was born to great wealth, and with determined character. Carefully educated in universities, he made his entrance into politics early, with vigorous ideals and practical methods. Greeted with the epithet of the "dude" politician, he received the epithet with the good nature that an athletic, courageous, and good-humored man would naturally exhibit. He was soon a representative in national conventions, was the forlorn hope candidate of his party for the mayoralty of New York, was appointed president of the Civil Service Commission, was Police Commissioner of New York, and became Assistant Secretary of the Navy in 1897. Recognizing then the probabilities of war with Spain he began to encourage the system of State Naval Reserves and made many addresses in which he upheld the manful necessity of war to compel peace and secure justice. The good condition of the navy at the outbreak of war was largely due to his labors and enthusiasm.

When war was inevitable, he resigned his position as Assistant Secretary and asked for a commission to organize a regiment of cavalry of which Dr. Leonard Wood was to be commissioned Colonel. Great was the public surprise. His friends remonstrated with him and urged that he was jeopardizing his career. The authorities suggested that he would be more valuable in the Navy Department. "The Navy Department," he answered, "is in good order. I have done all I can here. There are other men who can carry it on as well as I, but I should be false to my ideals, false to the views I have openly expressed, if I were to remain here while fighting is going on, after urging other men to risk their lives for their country." He declined a Colonel's commission and asked it for his friend, Dr. Wood. There was in his answer the self-reliant courage of American manhood. Mr. Roosevelt had written admirable historical works, exciting stories of adventure in hunting "big game," while he was leading the life of a ranchman in the Far West. He was at once at the beginning and end of the American type, rich, intelligent, industrious, thoughtful, cultured, and had "sand."



LIEUTENANT-COLONEL THEODORE ROOSEVELT
OF THE ROUGH RIDERS, U. S. A.

Colonel Leonard Wood, who was commissioned as Colonel of the regiment of Rough Riders, was an assistant surgeon in the army. He had been with the army on the plains, and General Miles had brought him to Washington as his attendant physician. He was then detailed as physician at the White House; but while surgery was his profession, fighting was his bent. He had the instincts and bearing of a soldier; of New England birth, a graduate of Harvard, he had a record of which any soldier might be proud, and wore a medal of honor which testified to his gallant conduct.

These two commanders, who had lived on the plains of the Far West, turned their eyes in that direction for recruits and the appeal was answered by a response from the most remarkable types of men that the varied population of the United States could produce. With admirable felicity of terse description and picturesque suggestion the regiment was afterwards described by John Fox, Jr., the well-known author, who wrote from Cuba to *Harper's Weekly:* "Never was there a more representative body of men on American soil; never was there a body of such varied elements; and yet it was so easily welded into an effective fighting machine that a foreigner would not know that they were not as near brothers in blood, character, occupation, mutual faith, and long companionship as any volunteer regiment that ever took the field. The dominant element was the big-game hunter and the cowboy, and every field officer and captain had at one time or another owned a ranch. The majority came from Arizona, New Mexico, Oklahoma, and Indian Territory, though every State in the Union was represented. There were graduates of Harvard, Yale, Columbia, Princeton, Cornell, University of Virginia, of Pennsylvania, of Colorado, of Iowa, and other Western and Southern colleges. There were members of the Knickerbocker Club of New York and the Somerset of Boston, and of crack horse organizations of Philadelphia, New York, and New Jersey. There were revenue officers from Georgia and Tennessee, policemen from New York City, six or eight deputy marshals from Colorado, half a dozen Texan Rangers, and one Pawnee, several Cherokees and Chickasaws, Choctaws and Creeks. There were

men of all political faiths, all creeds—Catholics, Protestants, and Jews. There was one strapping Australian and one of the Queen's mounted police, though 90 per cent. of all were native-born Americans. And athletes a plenty—Wrenn, who twice saved America the tennis championship over England, and Larned, the second-best player in the land; Goodrich, the captain of Harvard's crew in 1897, and Bull, who rowed on that crew; Dean, the best quarter-back in Harvard's history, and Greenway, the best end in the history of Yale; Channing and Church, who played football at Princeton; Hollister the runner and Waller the high-jumper of Yale; Stephens the polo player, and Ferguson and Thorpe, the members of Roosevelt's old polo team at Oyster Bay; and besides these, who were all troopers, Lieutenant Devereux, who played good football at Princeton, and Lieutenant Woodbury Kane, who did the same at Harvard, and who helped win his commission washing dishes on a cooking detail for a New Mexico outfit, and washing them, as a superior said, "d——d well."

"And more: Sergeant McElhinny, the Louisiana planter, who has an island of his own; Captain Jenkins of South Carolina, son of the Confederate general; Captain O'Neill, ex-mayor, ex-sheriff, and hunter of Indian and white desperado, Populist and Free-Silver man; Captain Llewelyn, who carries four bullets in his body; Captain Luna, who demanded at Tampa that he should be permitted to go to the front and show his loyalty because he was the only man of pure Spanish blood holding a commission in the American army; Sergeant Darry, who was Speaker of a Lower House and Gold Democrat candidate for Congress; Heffner, who, though shot mortally, asked Colonel Roosevelt to give him his gun, and, propped against a tree, kept firing until the line went forward; and Lieutenant Thomas, whose father fought in the Civil War, whose grandfather was killed in the Mexican War, who had two great-grandfathers in the War of 1812, three great-grandfathers in the war of the Revolution, while the fourth was Patrick Henry—all these were citizens of New Mexico. Lastly, there was Captain Capron, who fell—the fifth from father to son in the United States army, a captain of Indian scouts, an expert in Indian sign language, and a great hunter."

What finer or more thorough description could be given, that would set forth the swinging characteristics of that regiment of conglomerate Americans who were called "Roosevelt's Rough Riders" until they were dismounted at Tampa to go to the front on foot. Then the irresistible instinct of humor in Americans instantly dubbed them "Wood's Weary Walkers." These were the volunteers who were to be first under fire and to die on Cuban soil.

At the other extreme were the two troops of the Tenth Regular Cavalry, men whose fathers had been slaves and whose capacity to fight had long been doubted by unbelievers, but whose record of intrepidity and exhaustive service on the frontier with its twin regiment, the "Black Ninth," was well known to the War Department and signalized by many medals of honor for courage and gallantry. Nearly every man black, nearly every man disciplined by years of service, these sons of former slaves had a place in equity in the first line to fight for the freedom of Cuba.

Between these extremes were the two hundred men of the First Regular Cavalry, white troops, with ranks suddenly filled with recruits. Yet all these cavalrymen were to fight on foot — dismounted cavalry.

II.

THE BATTLE AT LAS GUASIMAS

Las Guasimas is so called from the tree *la guasima*, which is the characteristic growth of the locality, a low wide-spreading tree with strong boughs extending almost horizontally out from the trunk. It bears nuts rich in nutrition for the swine herded by the farmers. The spot is about six miles inland from Baiquiri and near Sevilla.

General Young's brigade of troops, the vanguard of the army, had been marched from the coast to Siboney in the afternoon of June 23, and went into camp. Its object was to effect a junction with the other division of the army and threaten the flank of the retreating Spaniards. That night Cuban scouts reported to General Young the presence of the enemy in a strong position at Las Guasimas beyond Siboney. It was

the junction of a mountain trail and a valley roadway. It was determined to attack next morning and fight the first battle of the war. Colonel Wood of the Rough Riders was ordered to take his battalion over the mountain trail, supported by the two troops of the First Regular Cavalry, while the two troops of Tenth Cavalry followed the valley road.

The march began at dawn and the Rough Riders climbed the hill. After proceeding several miles, moving with difficulty along a narrow trail that would not admit of more than four men abreast, while the scouts and skirmishers were working their way through dense underbrush, the advance entered upon the top of a ridge that pointed towards high hills ahead and on either side—holding the ridge like a horseshoe. The hills outlooking the ridge were covered with trees amid which the Spanish were concealed, from 2,000 to 3,000 strong. The 900 United States troops were in a *cul de sac* that was to have the force of an ambuscade, because of the enemy's enormously greater number and stronger position. The country around was a chaos of high hills and peaks. So numerous were these that a tenacious force, fertile in resource, ought to have been able to annihilate an invading force much larger than the defenders. The Americans were marching with heavy packs and suffered greatly with the heat. The First Cavalry behind and the Tenth in the valley road at the foot of the ridge, were inured to the heat and moved cheerily along.

The advance halted for relief from the heat to permit men in ranks to fall out on the roadside and recover.

Captain Allyn Capron of Troop L, Rough Riders, was riding "at point," or ahead of the main body, when he became aware of the presence of Spaniards on the hill to his right. He sent word back to the main body and the men were deployed on both sides of the trail with injunctions to keep silence. The news that Spaniards were within striking distance had suddenly developed in this remarkable body of hard riders and dead-shots a spirit of strange hilarity. Some of them laughed aloud and exchanged jokes. Quiet was restored and the advance proceeded cautiously.

Suddenly from the hill on the right a Spaniard stood up from cover and fired the first shot. Thomas Isbell of Troop L, a dead-shot, saw him rise and almost as soon as the Spaniard had fired, he fell dead with Isbell's bullet through his head.

Then from the three sides that encircled the ridge the enemy began to pour a furious plunging fire upon the volunteers, who were now at a disadvantage because of the smokeless powder employed by the Spaniards. These first volleys were mostly concentrated on Troop L, in advance. Captain Capron was killed in the first few minutes. It was difficult for our soldiers to see the enemy through the underbrush, but every advance step of an American offered a plain target upon which the Spanish riflemen could concentrate their fire.

After the first shock of encounter, the Rough Riders were ordered ahead at double-quick, shooting as they ran. The Mauser bullets from an overwhelming force were dropping our men dead and wounded about, when the rage of the volunteers began to find vent in curses at their inability to get sight of the enemy and take vengeance.

"Don't swear, men!" cried out Colonel Wood, with cool good-humor, "Don't swear or you'll catch no fish!"

Lieutenant-Colonel Roosevelt, who, with Colonel Wood, was in front encouraging the men, picked up a Krag-Jörgensen rifle that had been dropped by a wounded trooper and leaping forward ahead of his men began firing shot after shot into a blockhouse that stood at the head of the slope.

Then the men steadied down and fought with the precision of regulars. Five times during the advance the volunteers were ordered to cease firing and they obeyed instantly, a proof of discipline remarked by the regulars as most unusual.

Forty or fifty men had fallen, when the battalion cleared the underbrush and could see the blockhouse at the top of the slope with a clear open space between.

After a moment's pause for formation, the volunteers, with Lieutenant-Colonel Roosevelt marching in front of the line, made a dash for the blockhouse, the men raising the terrible yell of the Western Indians as

they went. A murderous fire poured from the blockhouse. Lieutenant-Colonel Roosevelt turned and, waving his sword, called on his command to follow him up the hill.

The Spaniards poured a steady fire and for a second the volunteer fighters hesitated under the shock of it. At that critical moment the Tenth Cavalry on the valley road to our left and the First Cavalry in the rear that had been ordered against the wings of the enemy had made their attacks and charged up the slopes with the intrepidity of disciplined veterans. The sound of their guns was echoed by cheers from the Rough Riders who dashed against the blockhouse with cyclonic force. At the sight of such impetuous daring the enemy burst from the fort and ran to the cover of the woods behind, leaving seventeen dead on the ground as they fled. Then they gave way on both wings and 3,000 Spaniards were in full flight before 950 Americans that had fought againt enormous odds and disadvantages.

No pursuit was possible, and our victorious troops camped on the ground and held it.

It was charged that the Rough Riders were led into ambush by the unnecessary carelessness of the officers. This charge was immediately dispelled by the reports of General Wheeler and General Young, stating that the movement was made under orders and for the purpose of forcing a collision. It was probably true that the force of the enemy was largely underestimated by the Cuban scouts that discovered them.

But the result of the encounter was, beyond all its cost, of great value to our troops. Our army was as irresistible as our navy against great odds. The Spaniards were plainly disheartened and confused by the result of the battle. So sure were they of victory that they had brought some of their women with them to witness the defeat of the Americans. The fact was, the unfaltering advance of our men, after volleys had been poured into them from the front and flanks was a killing surprise for the Spaniards. By Spanish rules of war the Americans were whipped early in the fight, and so badly whipped that their invincible volleying and rushing were like the resurrection of men

who ought properly to remain dead. Indeed, they complained that the Americans did not fight under the rules of civilized warfare, but, like savages, charged on without fear of death, when they should have retreated.

III.

THE victory at Las Guasimas was not dearly bought—as casualties in battles go—but the list of dead and wounded produced a great impression upon the public at home. First to fall was Captain Allyn K. Capron of Troop L, Rough Riders, one of a family of soldiers. His father was Captain Allyn Capron of the First Regular Artillery. Allyn K. was one of three sons and was ambitious to enter West Point Academy, but, with a younger brother, failed of appointment. They were not turned from their purpose, however, but enlisted in the regular army, and by conscientious work and study both finally won commissions as Second-Lieutenants. Allyn K. Capron got a transfer to the Rough Riders and was made Captain of Troop L. He was a well-built, handsome man, about twenty-seven years of age. He was very courageous and very popular in his troop. His friends were not at all surprised to learn that he was in the thick of the fight, and he died a hero. After being mortally struck he turned to a Sergeant standing near. "Give me your gun a minute," he said to the Sergeant, and, kneeling down, deliberately aimed and fired two shots in quick succession. At each a Spaniard was seen to fall. The Sergeant, meantime, had seized a dead comrade's gun and knelt beside his Captain and fired steadily. When Captain Capron fell he gave the Sergeant a parting message to his wife and father, bade the Sergeant good-bye in a cheerful voice, and was then borne away dying.

THE FIRST MILITARY HEROES

The second on the list was Hamilton Fish, Jr., prospective millionaire, athlete, adventurer, ranchman, laborer, Sergeant of Rough Riders. He was one of a family that has rendered conspicuous service

to this country from the days of the Revolution. His great-grandfather, Colonel Nicholas Fish, was a gallant soldier of the Revolution, esteemed especially by Washington. His grandfather was Hamilton Fish, fifty years ago Governor of New York, and afterwards a United States Senator, and, finally, Secretary of State in the Cabinet of President Grant. Young Fish's father, the Honorable Nicholas Fish, who was just graduated from college as the Civil War was drawing to a close, has been United States Minister to Belgium and Switzerland, and was at the time of his son's death an honored resident of New York City. His uncle, the Honorable Hamilton Fish, was long an able and conspicuous member of the New York Assembly, and subsequently, as its Speaker, sustained the honorable record of his family. Young Fish was about twenty-six years old. Like most members of the family he was very tall, standing six feet three inches in his bare feet. He was of powerful build. For two or three years he was a student at Columbia University, and was a crack oarsman. He was a fine boxer and was magnetized with animal spirits and the love of danger. Wild, prankish, yet good-natured, this young man who was called "incorrigible" met his death with the simplicity of a hero. Standing behind a tree, firing, a comrade in the open fell wounded. Young Fish stepped out, drew the wounded man behind the tree, stepped out in the open to take his place and was shot the next moment. He lived twenty minutes and died without complaint.

Captain Maxim Luna of the Rough Riders was of pure Spanish blood and enlisted in New Mexico for the purpose of fighting to obtain for Cuba the freedom he had found in the United States.

Among the wounded were Major Alexander O. Brodie of the Second Battalion, Major James L. Bell of the First Cavalry, and half a dozen officers of the three commands. The wounded numbered about fifty.

The stories of heroism were characteristic. One of the men of Troop E, desperately wounded, was lying between the firing lines in an open spot. Assistant Surgeon Church hurried to his side and, with bullets falling all around him, calmly dressed the man's wound, bandaged it

and walked unconcernedly back, soon returning with two men and a litter, bringing him into the lines. While engaged in his duties, another Rough Rider who was standing behind a tree ahead, called aloud, "Doctor, you'll get shot if-you-don't-watch-out."

The Surgeon turned his face, laughed at the man behind the tree, and retorted: "Well, what business have you here without getting killed?" And each resumed his work with a smile.

In the hardest of the fighting during the advance, the New York "swells," as the aristocratic privates were called, began to sing popular songs and apply the words to the occasion, amidst laughter and applause.

Edward Marshall, a newspaper correspondent, who was in the thick of it, was shot, the ball striking his spine and causing paralysis. He was borne to the rear and, as his condition seemed desperate, he called for his chief, asked for a cigarette, and lying on the stretcher smoking, dictated the story of the battle as far as he had seen it, between moments of paroxysm. When he was asked where he had been struck, he smiled and answered, "All over, I guess, because I don't feel it anywhere."

The courage of the black troops as they charged deliberately up the slope was everywhere applauded. There was no hurry, no hesitation, but cool deliberation. When a man was struck his comrade turned and called "Hospital!" with as much presence of mind as if it were a sham battle. The black troops displayed fine courage and discipline.

There was not lacking courage among the enemy. They were badly disciplined and poor marksmen, but there were individual instances of daring that were repaid with death by the American dead-shots.

There were two hundred Spanish killed and many wounded. That they had carefully planned the fight was plain, because their wounded were carried off to Santiago in wagons, of which there was a long train.

CHAPTER THE EIGHTH.

Closing in on Santiago.

The Terrible Hardships of the Troops Moving from Baiquiri to Attack — Spaniards Terrorize Citizens and Soldiers with Tales of "Yankee" Cruelty — Preparing the Line of Assault and Cutting Off the Enemy's Supplies — The Feint on Aguadores and Santiago by the American Fleet and Duffield's Troops — Two Days of Murderous Gun-Firing.

I.

THE fierce and irresistible onslaught of our cavalry on the enemy at Las Guasimas sent the Spaniards flying back upon the outposts of Santiago. They made no effort to hold Sevilla, which General Wheeler occupied next day and whence, on Sunday, he sent the advance guard with Cuban scouts two miles ahead to take position near the hill of San Juan. Rest was needed and delay was required to bring up field guns and reënforcements from Baiquiri. Then, too, the dreaded rainy season began on Saturday and the camps and roads were deluged with the downpour. The troops chafed, and the officers also, but it was necessary to have the siege guns and to draw them over the trail through the jungle.

THE ADVANCE ON SANTIAGO

A newspaper correspondent on the ground admirably described in the New York *Sun* the condition, the prospects, and spirit of the army during this wait of six days.

"No man," he wrote, "who has not gone over this trail, no man who was not in the terrible downpour of rain which drenched the American army to the skin this afternoon, can understand the suffering of our troops and the heroism with which they bore it.

"Cavalrymen, dismounted for the first time in years, and infantrymen from cool Michigan and Massachusetts, toiled hour after hour along these so-called roads and paths, through the jungles of cacti, poison vines, and high grass that cuts like a razor, in a blistering

sunlight that makes the skylines of the distant hills shimmer and waver before the eyes, while from the stagnant pools strange, gray mists float upward, and vultures, with outstretched wings, look greedily down from above.

"The vegetation torn down and trampled under foot by our troops has fermented, and a horrible sour breath arises from the earth. Curious stenches steal from hidden places in the jungle.

"Thousands of gigantic land crabs, spotted with yellow and red, wriggle and twist themselves along the sides of the roads, with leprous, white claws clicking viciously, a ghastly, dreadful sight to young soldiers fresh from New York, Boston, and Detroit. Ragged Cubans slip noiselessly through the undergrowth or sprawl under the shade of huge gossamer trees watching with childish pleasure the steady onpush of their American defenders.

"The heat is almost intolerable. The sun is like a great yellow furnace, torturing everything living and turning everything dead into a thousand mysterious forms of terror.

"The fierce light swims in waves before the eyes of the exhausted soldiers. This morning a young infantryman reeled and fell in the road almost under the feet of the mule ridden by your correspondent. When I helped him to his feet he smiled and said: 'It's all right. I never struck such a place as this, but I must get to the front before the fight begins. I had to lie to get into the army for I am only seventeen years old.' Five minutes after he was trudging along gallantly.

"Two hours later the first great tropical rainstorm we have encountered fell from the sky, not slantwise, but straight down. It was the first actual test of the army in a most dreadful experience of the tropics. For three hours a great, cold torrent swept down from the clouds, drenching the soldiers to the skin, soaking blankets, and carrying misery into all our vast camp, reaching out on either side of the trail, extinguishing camp fires, and sending rivers of mud and red water swirling along the narrow road, dashing over rocks where the trail inclined downward, and through this filthy flood the

army streamed along, splashing in the mud and water or huddling vainly for shelter under the trees.

"An hour before the heat was so intense that men reeled and swooned; but now came one of the mysterious transformations of the tropics. The whole army shivered, and robust men could be seen shaking from head to foot, turned gray and white. Millions of land crabs came clattering and squirming from under the poisonous undergrowth, and the soldiers crushed them under their heels. Every man who had quinine swallowed a dose. The officers, splashed with mud to their hips, hurried here and there, urging the men to strip naked when the rain was over and dry their clothes at the camp fires.

"Presently thousands of men were standing about naked while the sun drew up thick vapors from the earth and vicious tropical flies stung their white skins. The American army is a noble body of men when it is stripped. Think of the tremendous strain of heat like this and rain like this in one day on men from a northern climate, and yet there was not one word of complaint anywhere.

"The writer has seen several armies in the field, but he never saw a more splendid exhibition of cheerful endurance. One thought which seemed to run like an electric current through the army was anxiety to get to the front. The soldiers everywhere begged to have their regiments put in the first line of attack. The weather is nothing to them, the possibility of disease is nothing to them, exposure and hunger do not trouble them. They want to fight. You can see it in their faces; you can hear it in their talk."

During six days a cordon of these men was drawing around the enemy. The situation and the plan of attack may be briefly described. Six miles from the sea at the head of the bay of the same name, lies the city of Santiago, surrounded on all sides by high mountains which rise almost straight up from the water. These mountains stand in ridges practically running parallel with the coast. Between the first and second ridges is Santiago. Two and a half miles east of the entrance of the harbor is Aguadores, directly south of Santiago itself. Southeast of Santiago, on the top of a hill, is San Juan. About three

miles northeast of the city is El Caney. Santiago is a walled city, and the three small towns were its outposts. General Shafter first intended to take it by siege, then concluded to carry it by assault, and, in the end, both plans were adopted.

From Aguadores to El Caney the line of the invading army presented nearly six miles of front when arrayed for attack. It consisted of about 12,000 soldiers of the United States, together with a force of Cubans, under the command of General Calixto Garcia, estimated at from 3,000 to 4,000 men, many of whom were occupied in scouting service. Refugees and deserters from Santiago reported that there were 12,000 Spanish regulars in the city under General Linares, of which number 4,000 were sick or disabled. A condition of terror prevailed among the inhabitants, who had been told that 40,000 American troops were marching on the city. It was declared also that the United States troops were picking up Cubans as they advanced and were forcing them to carry guns and to fight in the front. The women of the city were terror-stricken at the tales that were told of the cruelties and outrages perpetrated by the hated "Yankees."

The Spaniards warned Cubans that all who left the city would be killed by the Americans. They added that the Cubans who left the city to join the American army were all shot as soon as they got in range of the "Yankee" guns; that the Americans were killing *pacificos*, men, women, and children. The better class of Cubans knew that all these stories were false and did their best to counteract them. They were not very successful, however, as the Spaniards declared they had absolute proof.

The situation in Santiago was desperate. There was famine everywhere. The soldiers, of course, had most of the food, but it was of the poorest quality and greatly restricted as to quantity. Civilians had to shift for themselves. Practically all the food in the city consisted of black bread, which, in most cases, was unfit to eat. Many were starving because they could not get even this. Water was scarce, owing to the cutting off of two of the sources of supply by the Americans. There were many wells in the city, however.

Meanwhile the enemy was preparing to defend Santiago to the bitter end. Trenches and earthworks were constructed and in front of these were erected barbed-wire fences, many in number, to prevent our troops from making any of the tremendous charges such as had swept away the Spaniards at Las Guasimas. But the Americans had prepared for this with details of soldiers supplied with steel "clippers" to precede the main body and cut down the fences. Naval guns from the batteries of the disabled war ship *Reina Mercedes* in the harbor were landed and mounted at the various points of defense, and the guns on Admiral Cervera's ships were relied upon to throw a great weight of shell and solid shot into our troops.

From Manzanillo on the west General Pando was expected to come to Linares' assistance with a force estimated at from 5,000 to 11,000 men. It was proposed to send General Garcia with his Cubans to prevent this, but when General Shafter heard that food was scarce and disease prevalent in Santiago, he decided that it was better to have Pando's force enter and increase the distress. "Besides," he added, "we will know then where all the Spanish forces are." General Pareja at Caimanera, with a number of Spaniards, was kept busy with the United States marines and war ships in the harbor and could not reach Santiago.

On June 30 the investment was complete. The Cuban outposts nearest to the city had reached a picturesque old stone house three miles from Santiago. The portholes and turrets of the old building were a few days before manned by a hundred Spanish soldiers. Now the house was held by fifty Cubans. From this position the city of Santiago could be distinctly seen below. Red Cross flags were flying in many places, apparently to discourage gunners. All this time the advanced skirmish and picket lines were exchanging desultory shots, with little effect. The methods of the Cubans in picketing the advance excited admiration among American officers and troops. The work is of such a character that it would have been impossible for the Americans themselves to do it as well, owing to their ignorance of the country and their lack of exact knowledge of Spanish

methods. The ragged, half-starved insurgents in the harassing undergrowth and almost impassable defiles left not a single footpath or knoll unguarded. At least three sentries were at every point. No one could pass without their knowledge. They would sit on one knee, crouched over, with guns at half-cock, for hours at a time, watching patiently every wave of grass or movement of the trees that might indicate the presence of the enemy.

II.

AT EARLY morning on July 1 the American army and navy began a continuous assault on the enemy from Aguadores on the sea to El Caney on the northeast of Santiago. Never before in warfare had there been massed so many powerful and ingenious engines of destruction to be wielded on both sides by men of acknowledged courage, and on the side of the United States, at least, by men of the highest competence and training. The assault was actually three separate battles, although two of them, inland—San Juan and El Caney—involved each other and the same troops.

BOMBARDING AGUADORES AND SANTIAGO DEFENSES

The attack on Aguadores by General Duffield with the Michigan Volunteers and some Cubans, aided by the war ships, was purely a feint to prevent the Spanish forces there from going to the assistance of those at points nearer Santiago. General Duffield's four battalions were loaded in cars on the railroad and transported westward from Siboney until the fire of the enemy was met. Then they were taken off the cars and marched forward to the assault.

Aguadores is on the sea side. Through the mountain in its rear is a pass through which the railway line extends. Batteries were on the crags on the west side of the rocky pass and a masonry fort on the east side, half a mile inland. Standing off the shore were the United States cruiser *New York*, with Admiral Sampson on board, and the *Suwanee* and *Gloucester*, converted yachts. Communication

between the ships and General Duffield was maintained by signals made by means of a white flag "wig-wagged" by code.

At seven o'clock eight companies marched inland to get in the rear of Aguadores. An hour later the sound of firing was heard, indicating that the pretense of assault had been commenced by the army. According to signal, the war ships then began their part of the work. The *Suwanee* began shooting at the fort and got the range on the second shot. The *New York's* aim was remarkably accurate, the shore batteries being struck every time by her shells. Clouds of smoke, red with dust, obscured everything. This was kept up for an hour, and it seemed that every inch of the vicinity had been ploughed up by the missiles. In the meantime the *Suwanee* kept firing at the fort. Every shell went through and exploded inside.

There was a huge red and yellow flag at the corner of the fort. Commander Delahanty of the *Suwanee* fired and hit it just at the base of the staff. The men on the *New York* and *Gloucester* cheered lustily. No one was seen within the fort, but the tilted flagstaff was straightened. The Commander fired four more shots and hit the fort every time, but not the flag. The fifth time the flag and staff were tilted again. The sixth shell struck the flag squarely in the middle, tearing it to ribbons; the seventh severed the pole, at a range of 2,000 yards.

This splendid marksmanship was received with cheers and the roar of siren whistles on the war ships. The men on the *New York* and *Gloucester* were so interested that they had ceased firing; but now they resumed, and it rained shell everywhere. The fort was hit often; great holes were knocked in it, and blocks of granite were thrown into the air to fall into crumbled dust.

The answering fire, if any, was too feeble to be noticed. Now and then there was a puff of smoke at places where batteries were supposed to be. The next moment a shell from one of the ships would strike the spot. No shots from the forts were seen to land on the ships.

While the firing was in progress the *Yale*, *Newark*, and *Vulcan* arrived, crowded with soldiers. They ran close alongside the *New*

York. The soldiers cheered every shot. They wanted to land, then, but the sun was too high.

All the ships carried great American flags, the *Newark* the largest of all. She sailed in under the guns of Morro so that from her decks the Spaniards could be seen with the naked eye, but she did not draw their fire, although she steamed up and down twice. She signaled to the *New York* for permission to join in the fire against Aguadores, but the flagship refused. The *Newark* continued parading in front of Morro until eleven o'clock. Then firing ceased for half an hour and the ships took up new positions, opening again. After the second renewal of the firing the bushes on shore parted and men in single file came out. The first carried a Red Cross flag, the last had the same banner in his hand; the party had half a dozen wounded men and two dead.

There was another stop at noon; then the firing was resumed with greater energy, the shots being aimed at the masked batteries. The result was not seen from the ships, but the soldiers inland saw the great shells burst passing over their heads. The firing lasted until 2:20 o'clock, and ceased for the day. The soldiers who came out said the shells had ruined all the fortifications.

Next morning, responding to the advance made by the army on San Juan and El Caney and for the purpose of distracting the Spaniards in the city and on the ships in the bay, a magnificent bombardment began of the forts and batteries at the entrance and of the inner harbor and of the Spanish positions about Santiago itself. The tremendous assault was to deceive the enemy's navy into the belief that the American ships intended to force their way past the sunken *Merrimac* into the bay. It succeeded, as it was afterwards admitted that the nervous strain of expectation had exhausted the Spanish sailors.

At sunrise the line of the United States war ships was formed. It comprised the *Gloucester*, *New York*, *Newark*, *Indiana*, *Oregon*, *Iowa*, *Massachusetts*, *Texas*, *Brooklyn*, and *Vixen* in the order named. The gunners received orders to fire slowly, but not to lose opportunities.

The firing began at a signal raised upon the *New York* at ten minutes to six o'clock. The first shot was fired from the forward turret of the flagship. It was immediately answered by the batteries to the east and west of the harbor entrance. The other ships quickly followed the *New York*, and the bombardment became general. The Spanish guns replied for ten minutes, then the gunners seemed to desert them. Sampson's fire was maintained steadily for half an hour, when the *Newark* was ordered out of the line.

The manœuvring of the battleships during the action evidently surprised the enemy. As the ships changed position, moving on to give those behind them a place, the Spaniards began to shout, in the belief that they were retiring disabled. But it was poor satisfaction, for every Spanish shot was answered by one that struck almost the spot whence the last puff of smoke came from the Spanish batteries. The *Oregon*, which led the way, firing deliberately, sailed in almost to the entrance of the harbor. The *Indiana* swung in to the east of the *Oregon*. When she opened up, every one of her guns was brought to bear upon the east battery, and the result was observed by the dust and the masses of earth and brick, with here and there a cannon, hurled high into the air. The ship was concealed by smoke, but, belching fire every second, she rained shells true to the mark until the east battery ceased to answer.

The *Oregon* took Morro Castle for her mark, and knocked great holes in it. The big flag on the castle, which had waved lazily above the smoke of every engagement, was lost sight of when the *Oregon* opened fire at just seven o'clock. As the flag was knocked over an exultant yell from the battleship was taken up on the other ships and wild cheering followed. One shell struck the face of the old castle, which was now crumbling. At the next shot a large section of the ramparts seemed to be carried away. After this there was no reply.

The *Oregon* and *Indiana* were then ordered inshore until their guns were brought to bear upon the Punta Gorda battery, behind Morro. They passed to the west directly under all the outer guns, firing quickly as they went. A great explosion was seen on Tivoli Hill, where Punta

Gordo is, and there were thirty distinct explosions, all within a small area. A shell went through the cabin of Admiral Cervera on his flagship in the bay, setting it on fire. Another exploded on the deck of a Spanish ship, killing and wounding several sailors. One of the great 13-inch shells, not intended to cause such injury, struck the façade of the Cathedral in Santiago and caused great damage to the old church.

The firing lasted until eight o'clock, when the fleet was signaled that the shells thrown toward the Spanish positions might endanger our own troops. Then firing ceased, but no such magnificent naval spectacle had been witnessed up to that time. Again the marksmanship of American gunners was demonstrated to be unsurpassed.

CHAPTER THE NINTH.

San Juan and El Caney.

The Terrible Struggles Outside of Santiago—Wheeler and Kent's Advance from El Pozo Up the Valley to San Juan—"The Bloody Corner" and the Heroism of Our Troops—Hawkins's and Roosevelt's Charges on the Hill—Chaffee's Great Fight at El Caney and the Dearly Bought Victory—Scenes and Incidents of the Battles—A Foreign Opinion.

I.

While the war ships and Duffield's brigade were hammering Aguadores and the bay of Santiago, General Shafter's two divisions under General Wheeler and General Lawton were charging the outposts of San Juan and El Caney with an impetuous vigor that was to overthrow the superior strength of the enemy in his own chosen intrenchments. General Lawton's division composing the right wing of the American line was sent against El Caney, a village three miles northeast of Santiago, protected by fortifications, a blockhouse, and trenches. On Lawton's right General Garcia with 2,000 Cubans covered the roads leading to Santiago to cut off any reënforcements.

BATTLE OF SAN JUAN

The center of the army was at El Pozo, about four or five miles south of El Caney, under Generals Wheeler and Kent. Its objective was the high hill of San Juan, almost a part of the suburbs of Santiago and the highest eminence in close reach of the city. It was defended by trenches, two houses converted into defenses, and its approaches were covered by mazes of barbed wire obstacles and innumerable hiding places for sharpshooters along the available road. The flanks of the roads were also defended by numerous hills, each occupied and defended by Spaniards, rendering advance one continuous series of skirmishes, amounting altogether to a day's battle.

The fighting line of our army consisted of about 13,500 men; 1,500 under Duffield on the left, about 7,000 under Wheeler and Kent in the center, and 5,000 under Lawton, engaged on the right. Of this number there were three regiments of volunteer infantry and one of volunteer cavalry. The remainder were the regulars with their recruited force. The cavalry under Wheeler was dismounted.

Before daylight Friday morning (July 1), everything was in readiness. Wheeler had planted Grimes's battery of field guns in the San Juan valley, menacing a hillside plantation called El Pozo which had been converted into a blockhouse. There were four guns in Grimes's battery, and they were but three miles from the walls of Santiago with San Juan hill between.

The first gun of the battle was fired by Captain Capron of the First Battery, who was with Lawton on the right. His son had been killed at Las Guasimas a week before.

But the battle itself was to begin in the center, at El Pozo, the first intrenched hill on the road to San Juan. It is almost impossible to describe the action at San Juan, which was a battle fought largely without orders, with orders that could not be delivered, and in opposition to orders. What plan there was, at first, was thrown to the winds through necessity. It was a battle without record, except the actual experiences as remembered by officers and men. It is asserted that it was no part of Shafter's intention to take San Juan on that day, unless El Caney could be reduced early; so that Lawton could move along the ridge to the southwest and attack San Juan in the flank or rear. It is also asserted that Shafter believed El Caney could be taken in a short engagement, and that his army would be before the walls of Santiago in one day and capture the city the next.

Whatever the intention, the obstinacy of the Spanish defense proved much greater than was expected; yet, however much the fighting qualities of the Spaniards were underestimated, the unflinching courage of the Americans was to overcome all the failure of plan, estimate, and actual resistance, and to surprise the world with unsurpassed heroism.

General Wheeler, with his two cavalry brigades, commanded by General Samuel S. Sumner and Colonel Leonard Wood, had moved to within two and a half miles of San Juan on the night before, and was resting on the hillside on the left of the valley, through which ran the shallow San Juan River, and the Santiago wagon road. Across the valley was Hawkins's brigade of Kent's division of infantry, and in the rear of these the two brigades of Colonel Wikoff and Colonel Pearson. They were out of sight of the enemy's guns on San Juan.

At half-past six in the morning Grimes's battery opened fire on El Pozo, for the purpose of uncovering the enemy's position. He provoked no reply for twenty minutes, when the Spaniard, having obtained our range by the smoke of Grimes's guns, answered. It was first detected by a muffled report, followed by the sinister singing and hissing whizz of shrapnel that came over the brow of the hill where Grimes was posted, and burst into death-dealing fragments. The shot revealed our disadvantage. Grimes was employing 3.2-inch field guns with black powder. The Spaniards were replying with 5-inch guns and smokeless powder. Nothing could be seen of the enemy's position; our troops were fighting spectres in jungle and hills. For ten minutes the Spanish artillery fired away and Grimes responded, though his gunners were picked off and the enemy's fire was being concentrated upon our men in the bushes behind. Then the troops were ordered off. At the same moment the Spanish battery ceased firing and remained entirely silent against all attempts to draw their fire.

It was a successful ruse to draw the Americans out. Hawkins's brigade moved down the hillside to the river and road, a narrow passage at that point, under orders from Kent to advance up the road toward the objective point. When they reached the ford they were met with orders to let the cavalry under Sumner and Wood have right of way. This resulted in confusion, owing to the narrow roadway and a new form of attack that now began.

From every tree top, from every bush-crowned knoll and jungle thicket in the vicinity, front, sides, and rear, sharpshooters of the

enemy, hitherto silent, began to pour in deadly and galling fire upon our troops as they emerged upon open ground. Using smokeless powder, the position of these sharpshooters was not revealed. They were covered by the fan-like sprays of foliage. All that could be known was what the ear discovered of the continuous crackle of the rifles, and what the eye observed of our men falling dead and wounded as they entered the open spot at the ford, where the water was thrashed by the rifle balls as if hail were falling.

Under this baptism of fire, forty minutes were lost in permitting the cavalry to pass, and then, without waiting longer, the infantry were marched along parallel to the cavalry, a tedious and dangerous movement, necessitating slow progress, and presenting masses to the sharpshooting fire of the enemy.

After moving ahead the advance entered an open spread of the valley, from which San Juan could be seen. The view was full of deception. It was apparently a smooth, green hill, with clumps of trees and bushes here and there, and houses among them. But each clump proved to be the summit of an intervening hill, defended by barbed wire and Spanish troops. From this point of view it was determined that San Juan could be captured by assault upon the Spanish right, to the left of the road.

At this moment a message was received from Lieutenant-Colonel Derby, who was scouting from a balloon over our army, that there was a narrow pathway along a creek branching off to the left of our advance, but some distance in the rear. This path had been ingeniously covered by the Spaniards from passing observation, but from the balloon it was clearly visible.

The value of the path to deliver the brigades in the rear by a detour against the enemy's right at San Juan, was instantly perceived and General Kent rode back to deflect his troops in that direction, while two regiments of Hawkins's brigade and the cavalry pushed ahead under the galling fire.

Upon arriving at the point indicated, a ford at which a small creek entered the San Juan, Kent and his staff met the first battalion of

the Seventy-first New York Volunteers coming foward to join their brigade under Hawkins.

The ford and cross-path here combined to make a small, open, rock-covered, swampy spot, overgrown at the edges by tall grass and bushes, closed in by tall trees and jungle growth that also lined the creek and path that entered from the left or west side. Halting the battalion, General Kent gave instructions to the officer in command to proceed west by the path.

This was the spot since called "The Bloody Bend of San Juan." As the battalion entered the open and moved to the left, entirely inexperienced in war, without any knowledge of the shock of sudden fire from ambush, they were assailed by deadly volleys from every tree top and ambuscade about the ford. Little wonder that these raw troops were for the time being thrown into confusion and recoiled from the shock. Kent ordered them to lie down in the grass and thickets. Soon after the Second and Third battalions came up, and, being informed of the dangers of the ford, were prepared against the shock. It was the highest test of the pride and courage of these volunteers that, disdaining the cover of bushes and trees, they marched erect through the deadly angle, while the trained regulars behind, practiced in the science of war, and knowing the value of avoiding danger until the final blow is to be delivered, crawled and wriggled on their bellies through the grass and bushes until they were in the shelter of the narrow path.

Immediately behind this regiment came the Third brigade commanded by Colonel Wikoff. It consisted of the Ninth, Thirteenth, and Twenty-fourth Regulars. Its passage of the "Bloody Bend" was the beginning of a record of soldierly heroism never surpassed in American history. Moving into the open it seemed to invite a concentration of all the ambuscaded Spanish hatred. Colonel Wikoff was killed a moment after he had reached the ford. Lieutenant-Colonel Worth of the Thirteenth succeeded him and in five minutes fell wounded. He was succeeded by Lieutenant-Colonel Liscum of the Twenty-fourth, who also fell in five minutes badly shot. Lieutenant-Colonel Ewers of

the Ninth then became commander. The brigade had had four commanders in eleven minutes.

A brigade under Lieutenant-Colonel E. P. Pearson was hurried up, and two of the regiments, the Second and Tenth, were sent to the left, while the Twenty-first was ordered forward to take the place, in Hawkins's brigade, of the Seventy-first New York that was now attached to Pearson's.

The three divisions of our army toiled and fought with dogged persistence for hours against continuous ambuscades, only less concentrated and dismaying than those at the "Bloody Bend." The cavalry in front, marching to get opposite the enemy's left, advanced the entire distance through this deadly fire, being torn by shrapnel from San Juan whenever they came into view in the flat and broadening valley, having continually to make detours to drive the enemy from the hills that rose on the sides, and which were defended by trenches, barbed wire, and trees concealing sharpshooters no eye could detect. With the cavalry, occasionally parallel, sometimes in advance, marched Hawkins's infantry, under the same force of resistance, while the brigades of Pearson and Ewers, detouring to the left, were passing hillside ambuscades.

It is not wonderful, therefore, that—now advancing, now stopping to make a diversion against a hill—commands, regiments, battalions, and companies became confused, orders went astray, and the rear guard became the advance without knowing it. But not one body of these troops turned back. That determination of American character, developed by years of struggle against the silent immensity of plains and forests, which in deadliest temper develops into patience and coolness, shone out all along the line of march through that awful ambuscade, with a steady glow that was but accumulating force for explosion.

No troops ever made better use of their advantages than the Spaniards did about San Juan. Ingenuity had seized upon every bush and every weapon that could be brought into play. No place of concealment was neglected, no opening left unguarded. Knowing the range to every

open spot, through which our troops must pass, concealed by smokeless powder, they were spirits of air, terrible because unseen.

After two or three hours of advance the cavalry were on the east front of San Juan, Hawkins's brigade was on the southeast, and Pearson's and Ewers's brigades were on the south and southwest. Between our lines that had been moving along the valleys there were several intervening hills almost like terraces leading to San Juan itself. The hill of San Juan that had appeared so gentle in ascent from a distance, now rose high up from the valley.

From this time, about two o'clock in the afternoon, all accounts of the battle that have been available are confused with respect to the general action and are based upon individual observations by officers of their own commands, unable to correctly perceive the forces supporting or operating at another part of the field.

A halt was called. Nothing had been heard from Lawton's division at El Caney, except the booming of Capron's guns from time to time. To take San Juan without Lawton's assistance was not in orders, and yet there was nothing left but to take the hill, go into camp under the very muzzles of its artillery and rifles, or to retreat. Retreat was ignored as impossible, and encampment under fire as absurd.

It was a moment pregnant with heroism. It was delivered of thousands of heroes, one of whom by his conspicuous rank, his intrepid coolness and magnetic control of men, stood out among them all. This was Brigadier-General Henry S. Hawkins, whose conduct in another part of the field was duplicated by Colonel Theodore Roosevelt, and on yet another side by regiments and battalions, with no orders or settled leadership, whose men acted upon the intelligence that perceived opportunity and seized it by common impulse.

After conference, the brigade under Hawkins was ordered to advance up the terrace in the direction of San Juan. The movement took them out of the cover of trees and bushes in the valley and across the open and unprotected hillside upon which a growth of high grass offered the only chance of safety in crawling. The two regiments that were with him, the Sixth and Sixteenth, went doggedly up the hill, squirming

in the grass where they were deployed. The Twenty-first had not arrived. Yard by yard the cool regulars drove the enemy back from clumps of bushes and thickets until they found themselves over the last terrace, with the center of San Juan hill rising in front of them, crowned with trenches in which the enemy was lying in force.

At about the same moment, it appears beyond all question, the brigade of Colonel Ewers on the left, consisting of the Ninth, Thirteenth, and Twenty-fourth, arrived from its jungle detour and appeared before the right of the enemy at the foot of San Juan itself. Colonel Ewers had not been able to get his regiments so connected as to communicate his succession to the command; but these regulars had advanced under battalion orders and by companies. They halted as they saw the hill and realized the charge to be made. The men of the Twenty-fourth began to sing the "Star Spangled Banner" and took off their hats in the very teeth of the enemy that was harassing them with deadly fire.

Then, on their right, General Hawkins, a magnificent soldierly figure, tall, stalwart, with a white moustache, pointed gray beard, and the eye of an eagle, rode out in front of his two regiments, the Sixth and Sixteenth, and scornfully turning his back to the Spanish line, every man in which marked him for death, cried:—

"Boys, the time has come. Every man who loves his country, forward and follow me!"

He turned his horse and with set face rode forward up the hill. Two thousand Americans leaped to their feet with a tremendous cheer in which the "Rebel yell" and the Indian yell were mingled, and dashed up the hill after their fearless leader. Through volley after volley of withering fire, during which men reeled and fell out, while their unhurt comrades sprang to fill the gap, the men, steadying down from the first rush, climbed and pulled themselves up the slope until they could see the strained and amazed eyes of Spaniards gazing at a spectacle never before witnessed in war—the dogged advance of those intrepid Americans who would not be denied by even the yawning hell that modern instruments of war could belch in their faces.

Our men fired as they went and then, with a last rush, bayonets on, they sprang for the trenches from which the astounded Spaniards turned and ran like rabbits, while our troops, breathless as they were, shot them as they fled, but could not pursue.

General Hawkins smiled grimly. He had not received a scratch in the terrific mêlée, but down the hill lay scores of his brave soldiers, dead or wounded. In that day's fighting the heroic Sixth had lost 119 killed and wounded, and not a man was "missing." The Sixteenth lost 101, with only six missing.

On the left of Hawkins, the Ninth, Thirteenth, and Twenty-fourth had heard the cheer of their comrades on their right and they, too, had charged up the hill on the enemy's right, going through the same deadly fire and resistance. It was a longer distance and they had none but the line officers to lead them on. When they had nearly reached the summit a Gatling gun, that had been brought up by Hawkins, was planted so as to enfilade the Spanish trenches before the Third brigade, and with a yell the Americans made a savage rush, bayonetting the Spaniards who had not been quick to run, and driving the enemy flying into the trenches outside Santiago's walls.

On the right, at about the same time, the cavalry was maintaining American heroism by equally glorious work. Under the brow of the first hill leading to San Juan, a council of war was held upon the advisability of charging the main hill. There was some suggestion that the loss of life necessary could not be justified. Colonel Roosevelt argued that the only way to capture the hill was at once, when our troops were at its foot. General Wheeler had listened without comment.

"If you will let me, I will lead the way," cried Colonel Roosevelt, turning to General Wheeler.

Without a word Wheeler gave the daring volunteer that inscrutable look which in the hour of extremest peril gives consent and confers death or honor.

Roosevelt sprang to the front of his Rough Riders, flashed his sword, and cried "Forward, charge the hill!"

The Rough Riders, some of the Twenty-first Infantry now come up, and some of the Ninth and Tenth (black) Cavalry followed him with cheers and, with a determined rush that carried them to the very top of the ridge, they fell upon the trenches from which the enemy had fled in confusion. Now it was discovered that there was yet another hill, that had been masked by the ridge of that captured, and which was a little higher. Roosevelt, excited with the enthusiasm of battle, called for another charge and dashed forward, followed by only five men. Observing this he rode back and cried: "I did not think you would refuse to follow where I would lead."

With one impulse the troopers followed him up the hill. His horse was shot, but the rider fell upon his feet and, seizing a rifle, climbed up, firing as he went. That hill, also, was captured.

And now for an hour the Americans hid under the cover of their captured places, avoiding the artillery onslaught from the trenches before them, and waiting for the cover of night.

What company or what regiment was first at the top of San Juan hill that day? What matters it? All were there at different points when needed. What spot was the top of that deadly hill? They were all American companies and regiments — any one of them was brave enough and worthy to be first!

II.

THE CAPTURE OF EL CANEY

Off to the right of the army that took San Juan out of the "very jaws of hell," General Lawton began the attack on El Caney at six o'clock in the morning, when Capron's battery fired the first gun at the fort. The report echoed and reëchoed and died away. There was no reply. Another shot followed, and then another. Still there was no reply. It seemed as if the Spaniards would not fight. That view of it, however, was a great mistake. The Spaniards had no artillery at El Caney, and our own troops had none but the four field guns under Capron, distant a mile and a half from the village. El Caney, situated on the top of a hill, had at its southeast corner a steep, bare, conical hill, upon the top of which